

# \* Man popular with friends from school

(Continued from Page 1A) mer helper on July 19, 2004. Mr. Jansonius said. He worked the summers of 2004 and 2005 and his junior year, 2006, began helping during the school year under the work-study program. Mr. Cook continued work-study and summer work through graduation in May 2007, then during the summers of 2008, 2009 and 2010.

Mr. Jansonius wrote a letter of recommendation for Mr. Cook for the G.H. Lippelman Jr. Scholarship.

"Corey was laden with so much potential, more than he knew," said Mr. Jansonius. "I constantly reminded him of that. I anxiously waited for the leader he was to become, the lives he was going to touch, the good he was going to do, the man he was destined to be."

Classmates remember Corey as a friend who was always there for them.

"Corey was a great friend to me," said Chet Ely. "I have a lot of great memories of he and I hunting, fishing and just hanging out when we had nothing else to do."

"He was always there when something was wrong and I needed someone to talk to. Corey was like the brother I never had. Rest in peace, Corey. You will be greatly missed."

Kyle Glodt, now a student teacher at the high school, said he, Corey, Jobey Black, Seth Ritter and Breck Simonsson hung out. Mr. Glodt said they took a bunch of road trips together and went camping in high school.

Mr. Glodt said Corey had sent him a text Saturday night and wanted to hang out.

"The whole thing is 'a bummer,'" said Mr. Glodt. Corey had worked so hard to get into the Air Force, he had all his ducks in a row and something like that happens.

"He was the one friend you could always count on," he said.

"Corey and I were the two young-

## Prayer vigil to start Sunday

Preachers, pastors, deacons and elders are being called to serve at a prayer and preaching vigil for Decatur County following the slaying Sunday of 22-year-old Corey Cook, an Air Force enlisted man home on leave.

The 24-hour-a-day vigil is set to begin at 3 p.m. Sunday at The Gateway in Oberlin and will last as long as there are preachers to lead anyone wanting to pray.

Organizer John Paulson said he hopes the vigil will last a week.

"People have been praying for a revival (in Oberlin)," he said, "and maybe this is how the Lord is starting it."

If you can lead at least one hour of prayer, call Mr. Paulson at (785) 386-8635.

est in our class," said Mr. Simonsson, "and I always felt like that brought us a little closer together. We shared a lot of great memories together throughout the years. He was a great person and friend. I know I'll miss him dearly."

Tricia Dorshorst said she Corey, Mr. Black and Andy Gilliam went to the same daycare and, at the high school, she had a locker next to Corey for six years.

"I knew him very well," she said. "He was like a brother."

"Everyday he made me laugh. No matter how I was feeling, he would always make me smile, and that's one of the things I will never forget about him."

His old boss summer up for all the young man's friends.

"The greatest loss of life is the loss of untold human potential," said Mr. Jansonius.

## Making fall art



AT THE GRADE SCHOOL, teacher Judy Elwood put the finishing touches on her extended learning family's scarecrow, which the students made last Wednesday.

— Herald staff photo by Kimberly Davis

# \* Last killing occurred 14 years ago

(Continued from Page 1A) that they happened to stop in Oberlin," said County Attorney Steve Hirsch, "or an act of the Devil. Only one guy knows for sure, and we won't know until we catch him."

The killer, Gary R. Grant, 50, was picked up less than a week later in Arkansas, where he had lived at one time.

Mr. Grant was arrested by Rod Pfeifer, the police chief of Dover, Ark., a small town in the central part of the state.

A driver reported a suspicious hitchhiker and the chief, who was out with his wife when the call came, stopped the man on the side of the road and asked him his name.

The man told him it was Gary Grant. The county sheriff had received notice from Kansas authorities just a few days earlier to be on the lookout for Grant, since he had lived in Dover 10 years earlier and still had relatives there.

Mr. Grant was brought back to Oberlin and had his first appearance

in District Court on Sept. 16. He was bound over for trial in December and held in the Decatur County jail on a \$500,000 bond.

Mr. Grant, who refused to enter a plea, was represented by Norton attorney Mark Whitney. The court entered a plea of not guilty when Mr. Grant refused to respond to the charges. He was also charged with stealing the victim's car, later found in Oklahoma.

Mr. Grant said he had been hitchhiking when Mr. Isenhour picked

him up. The two travelled together for a while, he said, adding that they argued and fought. He never said why he killed the man.

A jury trial was scheduled for March 16 to 20. Mr. Grant, who by then had entered a guilty plea, was sentenced to life in prison. Under Kansas law, he will be eligible for a parole hearing in 15 years.

That will be sometime next year.

# \* Meeting planned in Colby

(Continued from Page 1A)

Gove, Lane, Trego and Rush counties and part of Ness — could be affected since its counties are sparsely populated and continued to lose people over the past 10 years.

Rep. Hineman said it's inevitable that western Kansas districts will get larger because almost all are short on population. His is almost 4,000 people under ideal size. One or more western Kansas districts could be eliminated entirely, he said, and the seats given to eastern Kansas, where the population has been growing.

The committee will come up with a redistricting proposal to submit to the Legislature in January. If approved, the new districts will take effect for the 2012 election.

# There's No Place Like Home

By Eunice Boeve  
Illustrated by Michelle Meade



## Chapter 9

### Lincoln and the Runaway Slaves

*Last Chapter: The twins meet Dave Strait who works at a POW camp where German prisoners were held during WWII. They are surprised to learn that the prisoners are often released to help the local farmers. They meet Walter, whom the Straits invite to Sunday dinners. He has a little dog, a stray he named Mary Sunshine. When he is sent back to Germany after the war, the Straits adopt the dog.*

"Hush," whispered the woman raising anxious eyes toward the ceiling. Her arms tightened about the baby in her arms. The three men in the room froze, dark eyes in dark faces, alert and waiting. Footsteps sounded overhead. One of the men blew out the small candle, plunging the room into darkness.

Seconds before the twins had been in the time machine. Now they were in a cold, damp cave-like room, with floor and walls of dirt. A musty smell mingled with the odor of unwashed bodies and melting candle wax.

Above them, a door lifted, spilling light into the room. The four adults shrank back against the walls. Now Jack and Mollie saw that they were like the others in the room. Their hair and skin as dark, their clothes ragged and worn. Instantly they knew they had been transformed into runaway slaves.

"It's all right," a boy called softly. "I've brought a friend."

A collective sigh of relief followed the boy's words, and the twins could almost feel the tension seep from the room.

A tall, lean man dressed in black descended the stairs and when his face came into view, the twins barely suppressed a gasp. The man was Abraham Lincoln!

Too tall to stand upright, Mr. Lincoln sat on the cellar steps and introduced himself.

"I'm aiming to make a run for president of these United States," he said and went on to explain his interest in the slavery question. "I realize there are both pro and anti-slavery folks here in Kansas. Some, like the owners of this hotel here in Doniphan, are against slavery and will help you folks all they can. Others would report

you in the blink of an eye."

"We're aiming to get to Canada," one man said. "But it shore do seem a long ways off."

"A daunting task," Mr. Lincoln said. "I'm not sure I could do it."

"You could, suh. If you was a slave, you could."

Mr. Lincoln nodded. "I expect I could." "Many times as it takes," one of the men said and went on to tell his story of life in slavery.

"We got no life, but what the master decides. He say we go there, we go there. He say he's going to sell us, he sells us. He say we work here, we work here. He say he feed us hog slop, we eat hog slop. First time I run I was real young, hot-headed like. He put me in a place with no food no water ..."



He shrugged. "Ten days, maybe."

No one spoke, and it seemed to the twins as if the silence was a presence, something they could touch, if they reached out a hand.

"The next time I run, the dogs catch me. The master he whip me 'til my back all blood and pieces of skin."

"And yet here you are," Mr. Lincoln said. "I guess that alone tells the tale."

"It sure do," the man said. "I will be free, even if I die."

"We die, we shed of slavery," one of the other men murmured.

"And your story?" Mr. Lincoln asked turning to him.

His story was of a wife and a child sold away, he knew not where. The couple with the baby told of stealing sleeping medicine to give to the baby. "If he cries, the slave-catchers hear. The Lord willing, this child will grow up free."

"I believe the Lord is willing," Mr. Lincoln said. "It's the people that can't see the evils of slavery that hinder His work."

When the tall, gaunt-faced man turned to question Jack and Mollie, Jack said, "I'd be obliged to know the year we's in, Mr. Lincoln."

"I don't imagine you or your sister were allowed to learn to read or write," Mr. Lincoln answered.

"No suh," Jack said.

"It's 1859," Mr. Lincoln said. The first part of December."

Most of the pictures Mollie had seen of President Lincoln, he'd had a beard. This Mr. Lincoln was clean-shaven. She remembered hearing the story of Grace Bedell. She was a young girl living in New York when Mr. Lincoln was campaigning for president. She wrote to him, suggesting he grow a beard. He did and, of course, won the election. Years later, she and her husband moved to Kansas near Delphos and in later years the town erected a monument in her honor.

"I'll remember your stories whether or not I become president," Mr. Lincoln told them. "And if I am elected ..."

He was interrupted by the boy at the top of the stairs.

"Mr. Lincoln, sir. Someone is coming. You have to get out. Now!"

With a hurried "Good luck," the tall man scrambled up the stairs. The door closed and once again they were in darkness.

After a time of waiting and listening, one of the men relit the candle.

A few hours later, the boy returned with some bread and meat and a bucket of water with a dipper. No one seemed to notice that neither Jack nor Mollie ate or drank anything.

After a time, the boy returned and led them outside to use the privy. They hugged their arms, shivering in the cold darkness. The woman covered her baby with the ragged shawl draped about her shoulders.

Shocked at finding themselves in this cellar room as runaway slaves and feeling

helpless because they couldn't find their glasses, Jack and Mollie slept fitfully through the night leaning against the dirt walls. Once the baby cried, and Mollie wondered how the woman could see to take care of it. She had heard of people dying from too many sleeping pills. If in the dark, the mother gave the baby too much ... She shivered and tried to go back to sleep.

The door opened overhead, bringing the twins out of a restless sleep.

"Get up," a voice called urgently. "It's time to move out."

They hurried up the stairs after the others. It was still dark outside, but because it was winter, they knew it might be morning of the next day. A figure in a dark coat ushered them outside and into a wagon filled with hay.

"Get down," the voice commanded, "and cover yourself."

Jack purposely waited, so he and Mollie would be at the end of the wagon. He knew it would be easier to get away if, or when, they needed to. Whenever that might be.

To Be Continued.

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This is an original serial story that is written and illustrated by two Kansas women. To learn more about them, go to their websites: [www.euniceboeve.net](http://www.euniceboeve.net) and [www.michellemeade.weebly.com](http://www.michellemeade.weebly.com)

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