

## Splitting farm bill in two may make passage hard

You have to hope the House Republicans know what they are doing, splitting the Farm Bill into separate agriculture and welfare legislation.

Farmers have gotten by for years with a sort of unholy alliance of Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives, who came together every few years to pass a farm bill. This year, in the era of polarity, that system has broken down.

In years past, liberals on both sides of the aisle could vote for the farm bill because it contained authorization for Food Stamps, nutrition programs, school lunches and other "agriculture-related" assistance. Conservatives and farm-state legislators — often the same people — got what they wanted for farmers.

And if anyone objected to the "wasteful" spending on the other part of the bill, the deal implied by the big-tent farm bill kept them quiet.

This has been important for farmers, because their numbers and influence have been declining. They still rank among the stronger business lobbying forces because the Farm Bureau and other groups have them well organized. Farmers show up on Capitol Hill in numbers a farm-state senator or representative can't ignore. And nearly every state has its farm vote.

The numbers keep shifting in favor of the cities, however. Even in Kansas, each census brings news that there are fewer of us in rural areas and more of them in cities and

suburbs.

And while a strong farm sector is in most everyone's best interest, a lot of people don't know that. Most Americans today have never seen where their food comes from and really don't have much idea who grows it. They think bread comes from Sarah Lee and steak from Omaha, hamburger from McDonalds and cotton from Walmart.

Perhaps splitting the farm bill will allow all the programs to be judged on their own merits. The conservative House Republicans will certainly want to chop heck out of the every-burgeoning food-stamp program.

But many city liberals have their sights on farm subsidies. They will be waiting in the Senate, where the Democrats are in charge and the rules are different.

In the end, the two houses will have to compromise both bills, and perhaps the grand alliance can be put back together.

Farmers can hope and work for some kind of deal that keeps the most important programs going, particularly crop insurance and emergency relief. Liberals will vote for "environmental" parts of the bill, but programs like direct payments will be on the line for elimination or limitations.

And increasingly, farm groups may have to choose parts of the bill they need the most.

This may not be what we want to see, but it looks like the future. Here's hoping the House strategy helps — and not hurts.

— Steve Haynes



## Fasting is serious in 'Turkiye'

It's Ramadan—the Islamic month of fasting.

Normally, I would neither know nor care, but this year, I watched and to a small extent participated in the process.

We just spent eight days in Turkey, where most of the population is Islamic. This included our guides and bus drivers, and most of them were observing the month-long fast.

We were especially amazed and in admiration of our group leader Ishmael, who sat and talked to us while we ate and drank our way across the country—and didn't touch so much as a drop of water until sundown each day.

Then there was our guide at the ruins of Ephesus, an ex-army man. He led us around the ruins, explaining and herding a bunch of journalists who kept going off in the wrong direction to take a picture. Under a cloudless sky, the temperature ranging from 99 to 108. He found us every bit of shade in the place. He also was fasting.

Ramadan is something between Lent and Thanksgiving. The rules are tough. You can't eat or drink anything, even water, between first light and sundown.

First light, Ishmael told us, comes at 4:10 a.m., when you can tell the difference between a black hair and a white one on a man's head. I



### Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes  
cynthia.haynes@nwkansas.com

was up at 4:10 one day, and I'd say that you have to have really good eyesight to distinguish anything at that time of the morning.

Sundown fell about 8:30 each night. We had supper in a family home and ate at several restaurants that had televisions going. As soon as it was sundown, the television showed a muezzin doing the evening call to prayer. That's when everyone dived in.

I have always thought of Ramadan as similar to Lent, only more strict. And in many ways it is. But it's also a lot like Thanksgiving, when families gather and people wish each other a happy holiday.

Each evening, as the muezzin's chant drifts across the city from the minarets of a hundred mosques, the faithful break their fast. And they usually do this with family and friends in a feast. They stay up eating and talking and then get a little sleep before having an early — and since they can't eat after 4:10 a.m.,

its a really early — breakfast. Ishmael got to eat with us two or three times when we had supper late.

Most of the time, we ate early when the restaurants had little or no business, but you could see the tables were set, the food cooking. People would start to arrive about 8:15 to celebrate the end of their daily fast.

July is sort of a brutal month for a time when you can't drink water during the day. It's hot and the days are long. But Ramadan is a movable feast. It is set by the Islamic lunar calendar and moves through all months of the modern year. This year, it started July 9 and will end Aug. 7.

The people of Turkey were wonderful hosts, and I would love to return again sometime — but sometime when everyone could go out to lunch together.

## It's July, so turn the heat up

Whoever heard of running the furnace in July?

But that's exactly what I woke up to Sunday morning. The chill in the air had awakened Jim and after shutting our bedroom door to the balcony, he had headed downstairs. I found him bundled up in a blanket, wearing heavy wool socks with the furnace cranked up to 75. His teeth were practically chattering and he swore he was freezing while I was perfectly comfortable going barefooted, wearing light cotton pajamas. We can never seem to get our internal thermostats balanced so we are both comfortable.

All complaining aside, though, the moisture in the air has been a welcome relief. Light rain has fallen for the better part of two days. Sometimes it was fog as thick as pea soup; sometimes it was a dewy mist. Whatever it was, it was wet. Hasn't measured much in the rain gauge, but we'll take whatever we can get.

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Plans, at this moment, are for our two girls in Dallas, Halley and Kara, 14-year old granddaughter, Taylor and a niece, Pam, from Little Rock to all come for the fair. Add in Dick and Donna's boys, Kirk and Sheldon, plus Brian, who lives here now, possibly, Mark and they're going to make it a mini-Kelley Cousins Reunion.

With that in mind, I batted my eyes at Jim and coyly asked if there was any way he could pretty-please do just a couple of itty-bitty little jobs for me. It worked, because he agreed without even asking what the jobs were.



### Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
cplots65@gmail.com

I want to get the last guest bedroom finished before the kids get here. We had always thought we would "bump out" the bedroom walls and make dormers on both sides, but we finally came to our senses and decided to leave the steeply sloped ceilings. The drywall seams have never been filled and I would really like to have that done, (so I can paint the room) a ceiling fan hung, the window trimmed and cornice boxes made for the one lounge and two bedroom windows. There will be other things, but those were my main "wants".

Imagine how excited I was to see Jim carrying in, not one, not two, but all three cornice boxes. Custom made to fit each window. One is already padded and covered with an iridescent green silky fabric I've been saving just for this occasion. The curtains are almost done and I couldn't be happier.

-ob-

It had to go. I couldn't stand it any longer.

I had wanted a change in hairstyles so for the last six months I had been letting it grow. Trouble is, I never liked it. Something was always wrong. Curl it under and it flipped up. Pouf it up and it would

go flat.

Jim made no secret of the fact that he preferred my hair short. The deciding factor came when he said, "You know, short hair makes you look younger."

That did it. I immediately called my friend, Barbara, who also happens to be my hairstylist and said, "Help. Can I get a haircut today?"

She came to my rescue, cut off about a bushel of hair and has me back to normal. Your job, now, is to tell me I don't look a day over.... pick a number...just so it's not over 66.

### From the Bible

Jesus answered them and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled. Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you; for him that God the Father sealed."

—John 6: 26-27

## Trip just scratches the surface

Where to start?

For 5,000 miles over first the Atlantic, then Europe, you don't know what's ahead. Only one of us has been to Turkey, or Turkiye, as the natives spell it. We know what we've read, seen on television, learned in school. This is for real.

We are on what's commonly known as a "junket," a trip for journalists organized and partly paid for by the something called the Niagara Foundation, which is interested in bringing people from other nations together with those of Turkey.

And while we know what we know, there's more to it than that.

Eastbound, the flight is about 10 1/2 hours with a tailwind. You fly not east, but a "Great Circle" route toward Greenland, Iceland, over Britain and Germany and down across Romania to the Black Sea. Mostly, it's night, but the pilot announces sunset and sunrise. Most of us wonder why.

We arrive in Istanbul the next morning, having lost seven hours since New York. We get the afternoon off to rest and refresh, then go out for dinner, the first of many feasts.

From the hotel, Istanbul spreads out to the west, north, east and — across the Sea of Marmara — to the south. The skyline is punctuated by the towers of modern office and apartment buildings and by the minarets of hundreds of mosques. The weather is 80s, clear and beautiful.

We spend the next couple of days touring this ancient city, occupied by humans for as much as 8,000 years. Makes our sesquicentennials seem silly. A modern city of some



### Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
steve.haynes@nwkansas.com

15 million, Istanbul has light rail, a subway, a busway, freeways — and traffic, lots of traffic.

The city was the capital of the eastern, or Holy Roman, or Byzantine, empire until the conquest by Turkish muslims eight centuries ago. Today, they say the population is 99 percent Muslim, with a smattering of other "people of the book," Christians and Jews.

Istanbul's climate is moderated by the sea, but when we fly south, we find ourselves hiking around ancient Ephesus on a cloudless day with the temperature well into three digits (or in metric Turkiye, 35 to 37C). The coast of the Aegean Sea has mountains and pine trees, and lots of fire breaks bulldozed into the forest.

Farther east, we find country more like Colorado or New Mexico, with a touch of Kansas. Golden fields of wheat and barley stubble cover the valleys, and here and there, combines (red and green) clean up the last of the grain. Around Kayseri, there's little water and the streams lead north into a huge, shallow salt lake.

Snow-capped peaks dominate the horizon, and the weather is cool, 70s to 80s by our standards. We go no farther than the center

of the country, which could hold Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa with, it appears, room to spare. We drive to Cappadocia, where early Christians hid from Roman soldiers in quarters carved out of soft volcanic rock. We find that the government is trying to encourage people to stay here, rather than leaving for overcrowded Istanbul. It sounds familiar.

We ride a fast (150 mph) train to the capital, Ankara, and see the parliament building, tour the city, then it is back to Istanbul for a couple more days.

On Saturday night, we watched the now-weekly demonstration downtown on television. The Polis are shooting people with water canon mounted on strange-looking tanks. Demonstrators throw things. No one dies. Where we are, hardly anyone notices.

All too soon, and yet, soon enough, we are on the way home. Wherever we have gone, people have welcomed us and gone out of their way to help visitors, whether they knew who we were or just saw us standing on a street corner. Such a place; so much to tell.

This is just the beginning. Oh, and it's 11 1/2 hours home, against the wind.

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E-mail: oberlin.herald@nwkansas.com

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