

Guest writer points out county's assets, qualities

Once upon a time, long ago, a Kansas county thrived and hoped and looked forward. That county was one of the more than 400 counties making up the Great Plains of the United States—parts of 10 states from Texas to North Dakota and Montana. These Great Plains contain many of the counties that are also defined as “frontier territory,” that is, having no more than six people per square mile.

Where is that frontier county on the Great Plains? It's Cheyenne County, Kansas—home sweet home to 2,726 people. In the 1930s, the population was more than double that number, but the changes in our county are more than just a population number.

Years ago, the world discovered that this area produces some of the best wheat in the world. This is not idle bragging, as you well know. So we exported wheat, and grew more wheat and exported that. Then we used bigger machinery and more labor-saving equipment so we could farm more acres with less labor. Our young adults recognized that they had time and money for more education, and instead of wheat, we began to export this priceless commodity, our next generation. We didn't realize many would never come back.

This year, I've experienced quite an event: the 50-year reunion of my 1962 St. Francis Community High School graduating class. So many changes...I chose to move back to St. Francis October 2002, and have truly relearned to love this county. Maybe I just learned that it's OK to admit out loud that I love it here, and that it's OK to come back.

The county has lost so many retail businesses from when I was in school. Realistically, we know that “times have changed,” and that business and

consumer tastes and needs have changed. We can't completely blame the internet for our not buying locally—that probably started with the first Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Wards catalogs. That doesn't mean we shouldn't buy locally—if we don't, our communities will go from frontier to ghost towns. How dreadful to think of that happening in our county.

So we don't need as many people to produce even larger agriculture commodities, we buy goods and services elsewhere, businesses go belly up, families move, school enrollments go down, houses are vacant, and so on. Sounds grim, doesn't it.

BUT this isn't the end of the story! We look around, just like the early pioneer settlers did, and see what is needed, and we figure out a way to provide those needs. Did we need a computer store? We have one with a reliable expert who also sells computer and printer supplies. Don't forget the famous steak house! Did we need men's socks? Or a wide variety of kitchen utensils? We have a store for those—and it recently added a new department of drapery rods and supplies. Do we love great beef jerky? There's a business for that, too. Check with the Cheyenne County Development Corporation office to see the list of businesses in the county—you might be surprised!

So we still look forward, but with adjusted goals and expectations. Give me a call at 332-3531 or 332-6197 and tell me what business serves your needs, and what else YOU think is needed.

Carol Redding
Cheyenne County Development Corporation
Board President



Reader likes small town USA

— Letter to the Editor —

For the past 10 years our family has come to St. Francis for various events that the town puts on. We have been here for Christmas, Stearman Fly-In, county fair (our favorite), and the Fourth of July. Last year was a great time with the fireworks show, popcorn, music, and—of course—the parade. The hard work and dedication that the Hilltop and now Uptown Meat Market (Neitzel family) puts into this day-long celebration is amazing. We really enjoyed the “high noon” hot dog eating contest, along with the prizes given, and the 13 “eaters” who were championed by a stuffed Nebraska man who downed 12 dogs/buns. The fire conditions precluded the fireworks show from happening, but now we have Labor Day to look forward to. This was a wise decision by the local council. I have been a professional firefighter for the past 34 years, and I agree with this well thought-out temporary law.

As a career firefighter I am amazed at how professional and safety conscious the Sainty volunteer firefighters are. They respond to emergencies that require them to risk their lives, take time away from their families on holidays and nights, and respond more during the worst that the weather has to give us. All that risk is for no monetary pay. The gratitude from the town is their payback for helping their neighbors during a tragedy or time of need. The EMTs on the ambulances are first rate (I have spoken with several over the years) and also give a lot for nothing more than a thank you and smile. I really enjoy the salutation section that is run every week in the paper and which recognizes others for their assistance during times of need or sorrow. We subscribe to the paper from a generous birthday gift from my in-laws.

This final morning I went “downtown Sainty” (about one minute by foot or 20 seconds by car) and downtown is blocks from any home in town. I wanted to repair a broken sprinkler head at my in-laws' home. At 7:30 Lampe Hardware was

open, and a shaved-head employee greeted me and began helping me get the best suited sprinkler head, piping, and adjustment tool in short order. Several others chimed in with their ideas, and I left well prepared to finish the job. Cheyenne County Lumber sent me to Lampe to get the sprinkler supplies because “we have the lumber supplies and they have plumbing supplies.” Once again, although both are able to sell a variety of hardware, they chose to send me to Lampe because they have plumbing supplies. A friendly sales staff was at the lumber yard as well. The final stop was True Value where I bought some potting soil, lawn seed, and a bag of candy. I was getting hungry for the fresh pork sausage I bought from the Uptown Meat Market the day before (that my mother-in-law was going to prepare). They loaded my truck after noticing my slow pace from having back surgery weeks earlier. The lady was talking about her business, and she relayed that her husband as a Sainty volunteer firefighter responded to several fires the night before and didn't get home until 5 a.m. He loaded my truck, spoke of the fires from Sherman County to south of Idalia, and was back working his business the next morning. Wow.

In closing, not everything is “as good as it gets” in Sainty. In fact, I hope the community never believes the slogan because the town is what it is because the people never stop trying to be better. The commu-

nity has come together to complete amazing projects like the emergency services building, museum, Old Country Church, proposed arts facility, hospital, nursing home, and much, much more. The community would wilt if they became complacent in believing that they are at their best.

On another note, an old fire chief, a pastor, and my father all gave me a piece of advice over the years. Don't discuss politics or religion, and you will have friendships forever. I am not a Republican or Democrat; rather, I vote for the person who represents the values of my family and my Christian beliefs. (By the way, Mormons claim to be Christian, but many of their beliefs are not Christian. But I regress from my own belief of not discussing religion.) I don't want to be boxed into all of the political ideals that one or the other demands that people have to support if they affiliate with them. Question those outlandish political ads or emails because they probably are not totally true, and question the millions of dollars behind them. Be willing to be tolerant of others and try to understand another's viewpoint. But when in doubt, talk about the weather, crops, or your family, and leave politics out of the conversation to keep that newly found or old friendship.

Thanks for a great time away from Denver, keep striving to be the best, remember the volunteer heroes, and see you for the future, Labor Day. Westminster, Colo.

GOD SAYS
Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.
Matthew 23:24, 25

Casey's Comments

By Casey McCormick
mccormickcasey@rocketmail.com



Kansas City has a wonderful tradition of baseball.

From the old Negro League Monarch teams with Satchel Paige, to a brief stay of the Athletics and a young Reggie Jackson, to the championship Royals led by George Brett, there is a rich history. The “Great American Pastime” is as much a part of the city as delicious barbecue and hot, sticky nights.

ation hosted the Major League Baseball All Star Game at Kaufman Stadium. It is actually the second go around as the mid-summer classic was held at that park in 1973.

We spent last weekend in KC visiting Travis, Brooke, Trey, Nicole and Trevor. Monday Mom and I joined Lexi for college orientation at Washburn in Topeka. Although we were back in Cheyenne County before the All Star Game was played, it was fun to see the city decked out with “It's Our Time” banners and downtown

scmccormick@nwkansan.com

fountains spraying blue water. Many fans could be seen coming and going from Fan Fest as baseball fever was sensed in the air.

The excitement of having the best ballplayers of today displaying their talents in a location that knows the game so well seemed as natural as a rack of ribs at Arthur Bryants on a balmy Kansas City evening.

Open Season

What to do with those eggs?

By Cynthia Haynes



I don't keep chickens, since it's illegal in Oberlin unless you have an acre or more, and our lot barely holds our house, garden and a few trees. But boy, do I have eggs.

They seem to grow in the refrigerator.

First there was the dozen from Carolyn. She raises chickens in Norcatur, and usually has plenty of extra eggs, which she is willing to share with co-workers.

These are good, farm fresh—well at least small-town fresh—eggs with wonderful yellow yolks from chickens that get to scratch in the dirt, eat bugs and have a good ol' time around the yard.

Then there is the dozen from the “egg lady.” I have no idea what her name is, and I'm not sure that Steve does, either. She brings eggs to the Colby Free Press off and on. Everyone there saves their egg cartons in anticipation of her visits, because her eggs are, like Carolyn's, fresh and wonderful.

Then there's the dozen from the grocery store. They are factory eggs from chickens that lay eggs for a living and don't get to wander around

outside, where they could get eaten by foxes and badgers, chased by dogs or get their feet dirty. They all eat perfectly balanced chicken food and their eggs have a standard light yellow yolk—nothing to write home about, but pretty nice to get when the egg lady doesn't show up and Carolyn forgets to bring eggs to Oberlin.

So, last week there I was. Carolyn had forgotten my eggs on Monday, so I bought a dozen. On Tuesday, Carolyn showed up with two dozen. Pat, the office manager said she could use a dozen, so she took one and I took one.

Now I had two dozen eggs for a household of two people. That's a few more than two people who aren't big bacon-and-eggs-for-breakfast eaters can eat in a reasonable time.

Then Wednesday, Steve came home with a third dozen. The egg lady had struck, and he had put in his order weeks before.

What do you do with three dozen eggs?

You boil them for an upcoming picnic and make a lot of deviled

eggs.

Now, most people love my deviled eggs.

It's Steve's mother's recipe. Cut eggs in half, Mash the yolks, mix with mayonnaise, yellow mustard, a little hot sauce, salt and some vinegar. Refill whites with mixture and top with a sprinkle of paprika. Simple and easy.

I made the deviled eggs with two cartons of hen fruit and brought home an empty dish from the picnic. I got loads of compliments.

However, my deep, dark secret is, I hate boiled eggs. I don't like the smell of them boiling. I can't abide eating deviled eggs.

I take a tiny taste of my yolk mixture to see if I have enough mustard, hot sauce, vinegar and salt, then adjust the seasoning.

So, thank you. I'm glad you liked them. I'm especially glad you ate them all.

Two dozen down, and I'm sure I can handle the rest as long as I don't have to eat 'em boiled or deviled.

The Saint Francis Herald

(USPS 475-960)

A Century of Service to Cheyenne County

P.O. Box 1050, St. Francis, Kan. 67756-1050

Published each Thursday by Haynes Publishing Co., 310 W. Washington, St. Francis, Kan. 67756-1050. Entered as periodicals matter at the post office at St. Francis, Kan. 67756-1050, and at additional offices.

Official newspaper of Cheyenne County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, Colorado Press Association and Inland Press Association.

Subscriptions: One year \$38 (tax included) in Cheyenne and adjacent counties; \$42 (tax included) elsewhere in Kansas; \$48 elsewhere in the U.S. Foreign subscriptions, \$28 extra per year (except APO/FPO). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to Box 1050, St. Francis, Kan. 67756-1050



Nor'West Newspapers

8:30 a.m.-noon - 1:00-5:00 p.m.

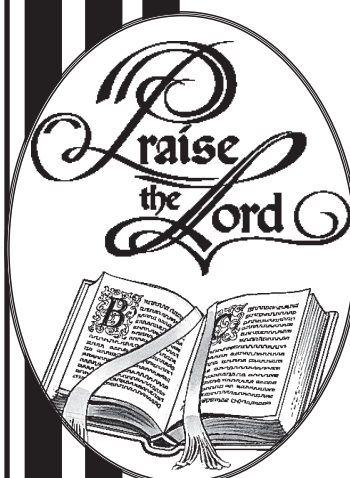
Monday - Friday

(785) 332-3162 Fax - (785) 332-3001

E-mail - sf.herald@nwkansan.com

STAFF

Karen Krien Editor/Publisher
Nathan Fiala Sports Editor
Tim Burr Advertising Manager
Lezlie McCormick Production
Nathan Fiala Office Manager
Margaret Bucholtz Columnist
Casey McCormick Columnist



<p>Church of Christ 332-2380, Pars. 332-3424 502 W. Spencer Norman Morrow - Minister Bible Class 9 a.m. Morning Worship 10 a.m.</p>	<p>St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church 625 S. River • 332-2680 Fr. Roger Meitl Sunday Mass 10:30 a.m. Weekday Mass 8:00 a.m. Confessions Sat. 4-4:30</p>	<p>First Baptist Church 2nd & Scott • 332-3921 J.W. Glidewell, Pastor Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday Evening Service 6:30 p.m., Wed. AWANA Club 6:30 - 8:00 p.m.</p>
<p>United Methodist Church Church Office 332-2292, Church 332-2254, 512 S. Scott Pastor Warren Cico Early Bird Service 8:30 a.m. Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m.</p>	<p>Salem Lutheran Church 332-3002 Pastor Chris Farmer Morning Worship 10:30 a.m. Communion 3rd Sunday</p>	<p>St. Francis Community Church 332-3150 204 N. Quincy Street www.sfccfamily.com Pastor: David Butler Sunday School 9:15 a.m. Worship Service 10:30 a.m. Potluck & Communion - Every 2nd Sunday Wednesday Bible Study 7 p.m.</p>
<p>Seventh-Day Adventist Church 423-650-5663 • 3rd & Adams Pastor James McCurdy Sabbath School 9:30 Morning Worship 10:45</p>	<p>Solid Rock Baptist Church 412 S. Denison Welcomes You! Pastor Allen Coon Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Worship 10:30 Prayer Meeting, Wed 7:30 p.m.</p>	<p>Peace Lutheran Church, AFLC 202 N. College Pastor Randy Nelson Church 332-2928 Parsonage 332-2312 Sunday School 9:30 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. Communion 1st Sunday</p>
<p>First Christian Church Pastor Jeff Landers 332-2956 • 118 E. Webster Bible Fellowship 9:15 a.m. Church Service 10:15 a.m.</p>	<p>St. Francis Equity</p>	<p>St. Francis Herald</p>