

## Cable viewers get chance to watch K-State in bowl

Local Kansas State University fans will be able to watch the K-State Wildcats and the Rutgers Scarlet Knights do battle in the inaugural Texas Bowl in Houston's Reliant Stadium on Dec. 28.

Oberlin cable will carry it on NFL Network, Channel 60, which has recently been added to the lineup.

Apparently that isn't the case across the state. In fact, our own Sen. Pat Roberts talked with National Football League Commissioner Roger Goodell, urging him to permit Kansans to watch the televised coverage of what could be one whale of a bowl game.

A news release from the senator leads one to believe Kansans won't be able to watch the game. We don't know what area or areas of the state the senator is referring to, but out here we are already popping the corn, chilling the refreshments, cleaning off the grill and getting ready for the showdown.

If you have friends in areas of the state that won't be able to watch the game, invite them out, much like you would pheasant hunters to experience some of the advantages of small, rural town life. It's not often we can brag about having something they don't.

In a news release from Sen. Roberts, he says: "Every Kansan should be able to cheer on their team, be it the Wildcats, the Jayhawks or the Shockers. This issue is symptomatic of a long-running dispute between the NFL Network and certain cable providers.

"While I hope the parties can come to a long-term mutually acceptable resolution, I do not believe K-State fans should be kept from seeing the Texas Bowl simply because they subscribe to a particular cable company."

Maybe the NFL Network might find it in their heart to give Wildcats fans, without cable service, a Christmas gift in the form of relaxing whatever hold it has on that exclusive, so they can watch the game, too.

We were in hopes as the Kansas Jayhawks' season rolled on that they, also, would end up

in a bowl game. But that hope didn't materialize. It would have been nice and would have been a feather in the state's cap if both of its major universities were to appear in bowl games in closing weeks of 2006.

Oh, yes, we would be remiss if we did not point out that Sen. Roberts is a graduate of Kansas State University. But we would bet that most Kansans, regardless of university allegiance, would like to see the game.

And, jokingly, if Sen. Roberts' clout isn't enough, maybe a call to another powerful K-State grad, who also now teaches a course at the university, would be in order. That's Gen. Richard Myers (Ret.), former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He could park the military at the doorstep of the NFL Network.

Strange, but we had never given any thought to the possibility that many Kansans, apparently, won't be able to watch this particular bowl game.

Not many people gave the Wildcats' new head coach, Ron Prince, any chance of getting his team to a bowl game in this, his first season. But he did!

And we'll be watching it.

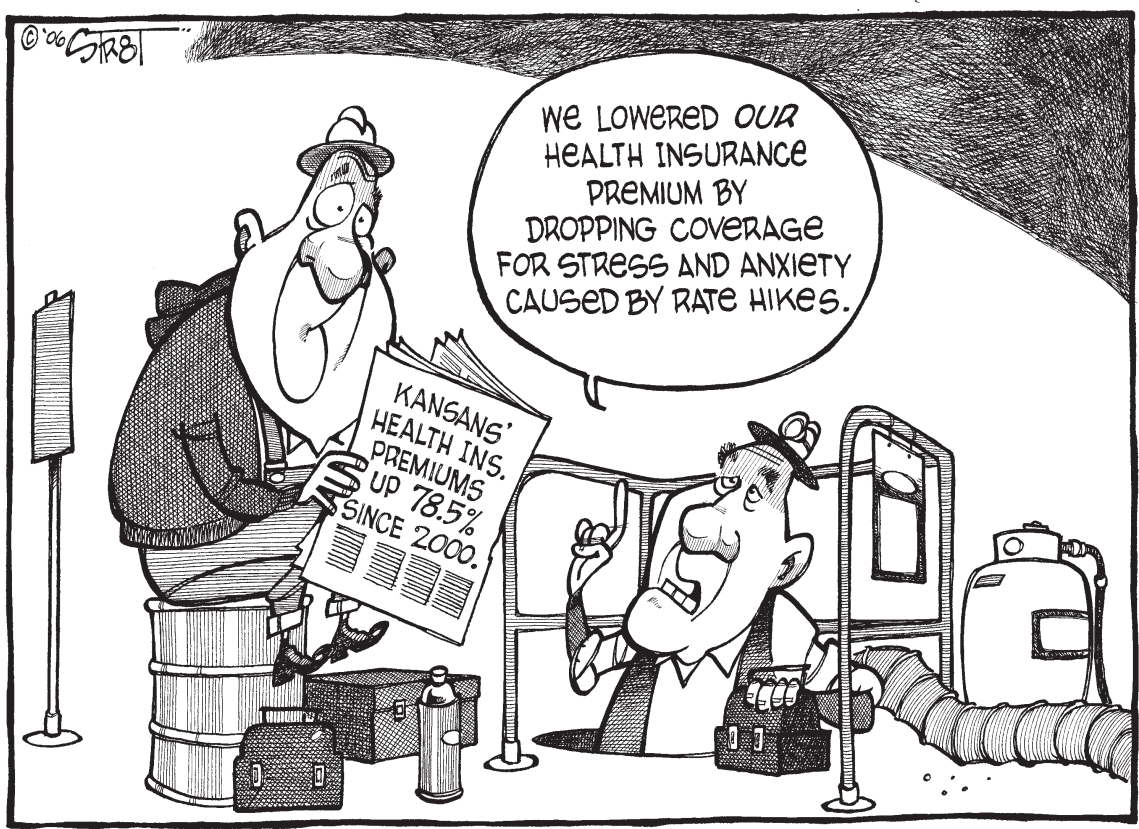
While on the topic of sports, how long are we going to put up with the behavior of NBA teams that literally battle it out on the court with fists and kicks and knockdowns, and NFL players who choose to spit in another player's face in response to happenings on the field? The spitter was badboy Terrell Owens, and the wild brawl involved the Knicks and the Nuggets.

Fines are nearing \$1 million for the NBA brawl, along with suspensions of up to 15-20 games. That's still not stiff enough, but it's a start.

Stuff like this is what gives professional sports a bad name.

These are not — repeat NOT — role models. They are multimillionaire brats.

— Tom Dreiling



## Security catches wrong 'fish'

My wife was impatient. She was getting downright antsy. I could see the signs: looking around, toe tapping, quizzical expression.

"Where is that man?" she was thinking. I wasn't far, 20 yards or less. I was just down the hall, talking to a guy from Oklahoma.

We were frozen. Couldn't move a muscle. Not a game, though.

We'd been caught in a lockdown after a security breach at the Charlotte, N.C., airport.

I'd wandered off innocently enough. We had a three-hour layover between planes at Charlotte. We were talking about how to kill the time.

Cynthia said she wanted to go into a bookstore we came to. She always wants to go into a bookstore. Every bookstore she sees.

I wanted to go to the restroom. I said I'd meet her outside.

When I came back out, she was still in with the books, so I started looking around for a restaurant guide. We were trying to decide where to eat as we walked around, trying to clock some miles during the layover.

As I wandered down the corridor toward the "B" concourse, a woman in a Transportation Security Administration uniform jumped out from the end of the screening area to the right.

"Nobody move," she said. "Some guy ran off with his bag. We've declared a breach."

I've heard of that. When there's a breach, they have to assume the bag or the person has introduced bad things into the secured area. They



## Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
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close off the whole concourse until it's searched, the offender found and dragged off to meet the FBI.

Other security agents and airport cops started streaming in. The first two cops ran off to help the agent who had chased the offender. Others started forming up the lines.

On one side were people trying to get to "B" to catch planes. Cynthia was somewhere behind them.

On the other side was a growing multitude of people getting off planes that had arrived at "B," people who needed to catch a plane or a bite to eat or just go home.

They were just inches from the exit, and they wanted out. They were unhappy, and growing unhappier by the minute.

One airport cop took charge there. "We could be here awhile, folks," he said, "so you might as well relax and sit down and take it easy."

Every couple of minutes, someone in a hurry to make a connection would push to the front of the line, only to be told to settle down. The cop was polite, but oh so firm.

The guy from Oklahoma and I were caught in the middle, directly off the end of the security checkpoint, where we'd been frozen. In the checkpoint, people were frozen at the metal detector, putting on their shoes, waiting on the X-ray machine. Nobody moved.

I kept calling Cynthia, but she'd turned her phone off on the last flight. The guy from Oklahoma and I started making book on when she'd notice.

You could tell she was getting irritated, but no amount of waving would draw her eye.

Finally, after about 25 minutes, my phone rang.

"Did you fall in?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I'm frozen."

"See the mob of people down the hall. It's a lockdown. I'm there."

"Well, what were you doing down there?"

"Looking for food," I said. "I saw monitors and thought there'd be a restaurant guide."

About that time — saved by the bell — some higher up at Transportation Security decided that anyone who wanted out could leave, as long as they weren't carrying the missing yellow-and-black bag. Those who had flights to catch could be re-screened and come back on the concourse.

By the time I'd gone down to U.S. Airways and begged another boarding pass and gone back through security, killing three hours was no problem. In fact, after grabbing a bite to eat, we had to run to catch the flight to Kansas City.

So, I figured, the government really was looking out for me.

## Writer mad at city council

To the Editor:

I tried, I really did try, to just let this go, but the more I think about it, the more I just can't.

I had heard about the "ill-fated" city council meeting from several people but until last night had not seen a copy of the taped meeting. I must say, I was not only totally appalled but really embarrassed and a little concerned to think this group of power-hungry, ineffectual, narrow, closed-minded people are responsible for making the decisions that affect our entire town.

There was a statement made several weeks ago that "rules are rules." That is all well and good, but when is that going to start?

I heard there was a dog running loose on Main Street the other day and a male worker was going to call animal control, but checked the dog's tags first, then did not call because the dog belonged to (a city official). "Rules are rules?"

There are dogs all over town that are allowed to run loose on a continual basis and the owners are never ticketed.

These dogs are usually bigger than Rose Eskew's miniature pony,

## Letter to the Editor

Scout, would ever have gotten, and given the opportunity, would wreak more havoc than the pony would.

Scout never chased anyone down the street, never bit anyone, didn't bark when you went into the yard, was housebroken and loved riding in the car.

There are dogs in town who literally charge the fence when people walk by. Are these vicious dogs? Absolutely! Is anything done about them? NO!

A "barnyard animal?" I think not, and anyone who thinks so is sadly mistaken (definition or not). These tiny ponies are being trained and used all over the United States as "service animals" for the seeing and physically impaired.

Mayor Ken Shobe would have known these things had he bothered to read the printouts Rose gave him.

The council has the power to change or revise ordinances should they see fit.

The ordinance could be written to

state these cases would be reviewed on an individual basis. The fact that these people are so closed-minded that they refuse to even consider change, I find very disturbing for the future of our town.

If there needs to be a "special election," I say, "Git'er done."

In closing, I am saying a prayer that these meetings are not seen by anyone outside our community because this was truly embarrassing for our town.

I know there are a lot of people who are unhappy about the pony/chicken "thing" because I have talked to a lot of them. I only hope those who are unhappy will let the council members know how they feel.

I don't really expect this to make the paper. I hope it does, but I am sending a copy to every council member also.

And, YES, I will sign my name.

Bev Reiter  
Oberlin

## Children make show special

There is nothing more "Christ-masy" than a Sunday School Christmas program.

Our church held its annual soup supper last night. It was followed by a program put on by the children's Sunday School classes, including the 2- and 3-year-olds.

Parents held their breath, hoping their little darling wouldn't "act up". Some were rewarded with perfect little angels and other parents lived their worst nightmare.

Wisely, the program directors had the youngest perform first, then asked the parents to stand so their children could find them and be able to watch the rest of the program from the security of their mom or dad's lap.

They were so cute.

The little girls were in rustling taffeta dresses with their tresses tumbling down in long curls. The lone little boy had on a very grown-up shirt and tie. I think he is destined for stardom. He felt totally at ease, stepped up to the microphone and belted out his own rendition of "Away in a Manger."

The little ones were followed by the traditional pageant. With one minor change. Right before show time, the directors opted not to have Mary be pregnant.

It was a real disappointment for the actress selected to portray the mother of Christ. Probably a disappointment for the mother of the actress, too. They had worked hard to get the pillow suspended (without falling) in just the right place. But, staging did not allow for any out-of-view time for Mary to "deliver," so consequently, Baby Jesus simply appeared in his manger, and was moved center-stage by two shepherds.

Jim and I love to help with these productions and ever since we made the costumes for an Easter cantata, we have been called on to outfit the church's productions. Most of the costumes are adult-size, so we do a lot of belting and pinning, but it works.



## Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
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This year's pageant included a talking donkey. Since Jim is the creative side of our team, I turned that one over to him. He sacrificed a pair of sweat pants to make a hood with long, floppy ears; picked up some "hair" at a craft store for the mane and tail; added a gray sweat shirt and another pair of sweat pants for the body; and our donkey was complete.

My sister-in-law, Mary, is a hairdresser. She contributed an old hairpiece for the innkeeper's beard.

The 4-year-olds through fourth-graders made up the chorus, arranged on risers behind the actors. Some of their antics were as entertaining as the pageant.

One little boy on the front row (why are they always on the front row?) kept fidgeting and waving at his parents; his cousin, standing next to him, managed to pull his arms out of the sleeves of his sweater and stood there "armless"; and more than one child decided, mid-performance, that they needed to go to the

bathroom. In the children's defense, they all stepped up to the directors and asked permission. It was an epidemic. One started and several more followed. There was nothing for the directors to say except, "Hurry back."

All the songs were new. We had rapping shepherds and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was belted out with a "bop-sha-bop" chorus.

I hope you saw at least one Sunday School pageant during this Christmas season. The sheer joy of children acting out Christ's birth ought to remind us what this is all about.

Have a Merry Christmas.



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170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749-2243

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Published each Wednesday by Haynes Publishing Co., 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749. Periodicals mail postage paid at Oberlin, Kan. 67749.

Steve and Cynthia Haynes, publishers  
Official newspaper of Oberlin, Jennings, Norcatour, Dresden and Decatur County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, Colorado Press Association, Nebraska Press Association and Inland Press Association.

Subscriptions: One year, \$33 (tax included) in Decatur, Norton, Rawlins, Sheridan, Thomas and Red Willow counties; \$38 (tax included) elsewhere in Kansas; \$42 elsewhere in the U.S. Foreign subscriptions, \$50-\$250 (in US dollars only) extra per year (except APO/FPO). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749-2243.

Office hours: 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri.  
(Also open most Saturdays when someone is in.)

