

Senate vote signals shift in support for subsidies

A Senate vote last month may signal an end to the so-called "direct payment" farm subsidies growers have depended on for many years.

While both Kansas senators voted against the amendment, it passed 84-15. The amendment would limit direct payments to farmers reporting less than \$1 million a year in adjusted gross income.

And while the immediate effect may be slight — the current limit is \$1.2 million, with exceptions, and the next farm bill won't be written until next year — the mood of the Senate seems pretty clear. These payments will be limited more to farmers who might really need them.

And down the road, as Congress struggles to fit the Farm Bill into the debt limit process, there's talk of eliminating direct payments altogether. House and Senate Ag Committee members of both parties have agreed to cut \$23 billion from the program over 10 years, nearly half the \$50 billion total.

The alternative may be even deeper cuts in the bill as the "supercommittee" formulates its plan to chop the federal budget. Republican Sen. Tom Coburn sponsored the amendment last month; opposition came mostly from Agriculture Committee members and other farm-state members, who pleaded for time to work out a budget agreement.

But the future seems pretty clear, and it probably won't include direct payments.

With farm states having less and less in-

fluence in Congress, in fact, farmers may struggle to hang onto other programs they depend on more. These include crop insurance and disaster payments, including coverage for "uninsurable" crops.

In an era when the influence of rural America is fading and the farm vote means less to national politicians, farmers and farm groups need to step back and consider just what counts the most. Already, the so-called Farm Bill is mostly a welfare package, the result of deals made over the years to secure city support for rural issues.

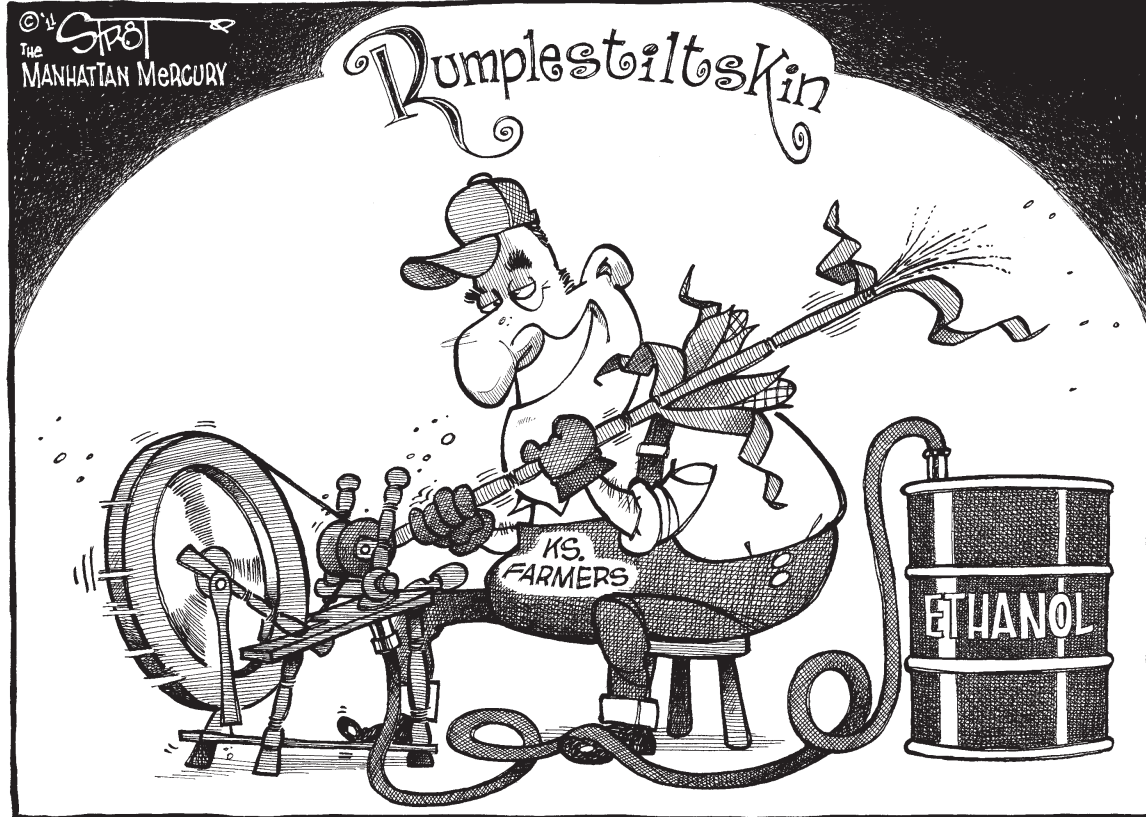
Today, the bill covers everything from Food Stamps to the Women, Infants and Children nutrition program. But the time is coming, if it's not already here, when urban interests will figure out that they don't need to make deals to pass their programs. They have the votes; we don't.

The Senate, which remains more rural than the House, may be the last bastion of farm support, but ag groups will have to figure out what really counts. Direct payments, along with subsidies for alcohol fuel production, may be left on the chopping block.

Both have helped contribute to recent farm prosperity. And it's still vital to the country to have a dependable, low-cost food supply. But in the future, the "farm bloc" will have a lot fewer votes than we are used to.

Get used to it.

This Senate vote may be only a taste of things to come. — *Steve Haynes*



Mom tucked fallen love away

He was my mother's first boyfriend, her first love, I'm told.

He was not my father; in fact, I never met him, but when Mother died in June, I found the old newspaper clippings among her things. Apparently, they'd grown up together in the tiny town of Dardanelle, Ark., on the river west of Little Rock.

"Dardanelle Marine Killed in Pacific Area," the yellowed headline read. "Pfc. Charles McClure is Killed in Action." "Final Rites Tuesday For Dardanelle Hero."

Charles McClure. I'd heard that name all my life. Every time my mother would relate some story of her youth and growing up in that small Arkansas town, she would mention his name along with other friends.

He was a second brother to her in these stories. Charles, her brother Jeff Jr. and she would go fishing, climb trees, play hooky and generally take on the world together.

He had died in the war. When we went through Mother's photo albums and invited Uncle Jeff and our cousins to take the photos they wanted, Jeff asked for the page that had the notices mother had saved about Charles. I said fine, but send me copies.

When the copies came, Jeff, who had served in the Navy during the war, wrote this:

"Cindy, here is the story of Charles McClure's death on Saipan. We later learned that Charles was killed during a mopping up operation during the invasion. He was shot by a Jap in a spider trap. A spider trap was a hole dug that a soldier could stand up in and had a camouflaged top to make it blend in with the environment. As Charles approached his position, he shot him just under his chin and the bullet came out the top



Open Season

By *Cynthia Haynes*
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of his head."

Love, Uncle Jeff.

P.S. "I forgot to tell you, Emma dated Charles a lot when they were in high school. He lived just two blocks down the street from us. I spent many a day in their home."

The copies I received were not complete — maybe the originals weren't. It doesn't make any difference. Here are some excerpts.

"Mr. and Mrs. W.H. McClure were notified Tuesday afternoon by the War Department that their youngest son, Pfc. Charles McClure, age 19, of the U.S. Marine Corps, had been killed in action in the Pacific area."

Another clipping contained a tribute to Charles.

"Remember the little tow-headed McClure boy you have seen around home so much — the one you watched grow up into such a pretty big guy at eighteen? Well, he gave his life for you people not long ago; gave his life trying to make this world a better place for you to live."

"I don't know if he really realized what he died for — he probably didn't — but that was it. He just knew he had another job to do — something that was required of him. That's about what they all think when they go into battle; just 'let's get this thing over with so we can go home — back to Arkansas Tech and home.'

"I don't know what he thought

about when the Chaplain had him kneel down for that last prayer. The kid wasn't very religious, kind of took God for granted, like he did life. So I imagine instead of asking God to spare his life, he thought of the folks at home — wondered how his mother was, and if dad's crop was going to come out all right this year. He was really hoping the folks weren't worrying too much about him.

"He was always willing to do and to give more than his share, in his work, school, play or anything."

"There isn't a question in my mind but that he would have made one of the best citizens Dardanelle ever produced."

Charles was the first soldier from that tiny community to die in the war. He wouldn't be the last.

They brought him home and laid him to rest just after Christmas 1944 in the cemetery where my grandparents and mother's two sisters and their husbands are buried.

Apparently, Mom moved on. During college, she met a young soldier and married him right after the war. They went to live near his home in Kansas.

When Mom went home, though, we always visited the family plot and the McClure plot.

I never quite understood why before now.

Sure feels like winter is here

Perhaps it wasn't Ol' Man Winter we met this week, but it certainly was his baby brother, Blustery Blizzard, who gave us cause to know that fall is over. Boy is it over.

Big, fat, fluffy snowflakes blew and swirled all one day. The only saving grace was the temperature wasn't low enough to let it accumulate. Everything melted almost immediately. So even though we had plenty of snow, we didn't have anything left to show for it.

Bottom line: if you need to cut wood for winter, you better get it done. If you have yard work to finish, you have about two days. And if you've been waiting for a really cold day to make that first batch of chili, the wait is about over.

Another winter season is upon us. Love it or hate it, it's here.

-ob-
What is some of this stuff on television masquerading as entertainment?

There's "Storage Wars," "Border Wars," "Swamp People," "Sister



Out Back

By *Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts*
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Wives," "American Hogggers," "Toddlers and Tiaras," and "Long Island Medium." Have I missed anything?

Now, I admit I've actually watched some of these. There is some sort of weird fascination in peering into the lives of these people. But I can't understand how they keep coming back, season after season. Unless, of course, it's "Hoarders: Buried Alive."

Now there's a show that has some relevance.

-ob-
My back is my Achilles heel. I can't pinpoint a single incident,

but last week it went out and I have been hobbling around for days. I've had two chiropractic appointments and am walking much better now. It still pains me, but I'm optimistic that it will be fine. My "ice bag" of frozen peas has become my closest companion.

-ob-
Heard this on the radio the other day. "Love does not make your marriage secure. Your marriage makes love secure." That should be a cross-stitch sampler hanging in every home.

From the Bible

And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the LORD of hosts. And now, I pray you, beseech God that he will be gracious unto us: this hath been by your means: will he regard your persons? saith the LORD of hosts.

— *Malachi 1:8-9*

Letters to the Editor

Welcome and thanks to these recent subscribers to *The Oberlin Herald*:

Elsewhere: Duane Blodgett, Midland, Mich.; Robert Corcoran, Tarentum, Pa.; Ronald Cox, Phoenix.

Texas: Martin Johnson, Kerrville; Mary Palmgren, San Antonio.

Colorado: Pat Hall, Denver; Randy Crabill, Aurora.

Kansas: Terry Jones, Scammon; Floyd Bryan, Farlington; Kathy Tuttle, Lawrence; Tom Hickert, Norcat; Anthony Gassman, Dresden.

Oberlin: Mike Coleman, Delores Depperschmidt, Darroll Banzet, Jeff Magers, Phyllis Metcalf, Jan Sater, Willa Urban, Leona Helmcamp, Lucy Schissler.

Alum defends logo tradition

To the Editor:
Here we go again! I thought we could get through another school year without this coming up, but I guess not. Some people just can't stand it.

The Oberlin Red Devil is a mascot. We do not worship him. We do not make sacrifices for him. Not one head of livestock has been slaughtered in his glory. The Oberlin Red Devil is just a mascot. He in no way forces us to take up a life with Satan. If you see this for what it is, you will be amazed how much better you feel. If you are geared up to hate something, why don't you go after those who say the holocaust is just a rumor?

You are saying that young people have died and that the mascot is part of that. How stupid can you sound! I would venture a guess that there has been no one that went to school here and died, went straight

Letters to the Editor



to hell for playing for the Oberlin Red Devils.

I realize that young people have died this year, as in many other years, but the cause of their deaths was not the school mascot! In the years to follow, I hope no more

young people die too soon. However, I thoroughly believe that it is not up to me or you to say. Who can say who is too young to die? Who can say what caused it? Doctors?

What I am trying to impart to you is that school mascots are not for worshiping. They are for what is good in our schools. I really feel that our mascot is not a depiction of Lucifer or Satan or whatever you will call him. I believe our mascot is just for what he is: a mascot that lets everyone know that we are Red Devils.

I would never say anything about the prayer gatherings in front of our school. And I hope you will quit trying to change the school mascot.

John Stanley, Oberlin
Class of '65

... while another rejects 'Satan'

To the Editor:
In response to Pastor John Paulson's letter to the editor in the Nov. 2 paper about the Red Devil emblem hurting our community, I say yes! I agree wholeheartedly!

Do you not agree that Satan has had his way in Oberlin long enough? Can we not see his influence everywhere we turn?

People are hurting, families are

being broken and our young people are dying!

Should we then glorify the devil and the negative impact he has on our lives by painting it on our school and wearing it on our T-shirts? Certainly not!

The devil comes only to steal, to kill and to destroy. Jesus Christ is the only one who can mend our broken hearts and heal our hurting

community. To those who say that the Red Devil is merely a symbol, I say let us then symbolically — and categorically — denounce all that Satan stands for.

Let us take the devil down so that Christ can be lifted up!

Janna Leitner, Oberlin
2003 graduate

Photo Policy

The *Oberlin Herald* wants to emphasize photos of people doing things in the community. If you know of an event or news happening that we should attend, please call 475-2206.

Please be sure to allow a couple of days' notice so we can arrange to be there.

Space in the paper is limited and so is the time of our staff, so we may not be able to get to every event, but we will try.

Because space is so limited, we cannot run team or group photos, any pictures of people lined up or of

people passing checks, certificates and the like. (We will always try to make room for a story about any of these events, however.)

We do run wedding and engagement pictures and "mug" shots with stories and obituaries, when they are provided to us. Please remember that we need a clear, sharp picture. Dark or fuzzy prints will not work.

We cannot return photos unless you submit a self-addressed, stamped envelope with clear instructions for return. Other photos submitted may be picked up at our office within two weeks.

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