

## Big spenders want more of your money for state

The forces of public spending are gathering whatever strength they have left, hoping to get a grip once again on the state budget — and just maybe grab Gov. Sam Brownback by the throat while they're at it.

The people who like to spend other people's money — your money, in other words — are pretty sure Kansas is not spending enough, especially on their pay. A broad coalition is emerging dedicated to battling the conservative governor and returning the state budget to the days of constant growth.

One group, calling itself the "Big Tent Coalition," joined with a group called Kansans for Quality Communities in staging a "statewide" tour to promote public spending. Statewide, to this group, means Salina, Lawrence, Pittsburg and Wichita, by the way, a pretty comprehensive effort for the eastern third of the state.

"Big Tent" appears mostly to represent advocates for families of the disabled, home care and community mental health centers, groups which always want and need more state money.

The "Quality Communities" group, which has been around for a couple of years, lobbying for more state spending, represents both major teachers' unions, the state Association of School Boards, state employee groups and others who depend on state taxes for their paychecks. Members include the state-financed Area Agencies on Aging and also Kansas Citizens for the Arts, which has fought the governor over his veto of money for the state Arts Commission.

In short, these groups represent a huge chunk of those who depend on the state budget for their livelihood. There is no reason why

they can't or shouldn't work together or that they shouldn't want to lobby the state to give them more money. It's their right. Both groups maintain websites that explain who's behind them, so there are no secrets.

Nor is there anything wrong with the state's labor unions, as reported by the Associated Press, "trying to unite" against the governor and for more state spending. They have a right to their position, too.

The thing is, even with a small surplus of around \$200 million this year, after all the cuts made by the last two governors during the recession, Kansas still doesn't have much money to throw around. The state is more or less broke.

Nor do we expect them to do much damage to Sam Brownback, who remains a popular and well-liked governor. Remember, he won a landslide victory last year after scaring off nearly every candidate the Democrats could come up with. People seemed to like his message of fiscal responsibility; it fits with the times.

After two terms in the U.S. Senate, he's no political novice, either. The spenders do not like him, to be sure, but he's sitting in the governor's office and they aren't. Their efforts to boost spending and undermine the governor are not much of a threat.

But it would be interesting to know just how much tax money, yours and mine, has been committed to this effort by school boards and public employees. School districts and Area Agencies on Aging, for instance, seldom spend their own money.

Other than that, though, it's open season on loose money in Topeka. — Steve Haynes

## Bug follows her on to Texas

Whatever "bug" it was that bit me the week before Thanksgiving hitched a ride with us to Dallas and bit me again after we got there. I was sick last Wednesday, only waking long enough to drink some tea and eat a cracker. But then, when it was over, it was over, and I've felt fine ever since.

Unfortunately, even though I didn't think I was contagious, my 12-year-old granddaughter Taylor, got sick, too. And she was way more sick than I'd been. For that I am truly sorry. The morning we left, Taylor was up and had a little color in her face. So, I guess we're all back to normal.

-ob-

Remember how I was bragging about being so organized with my pie crusts, the cranberries and the bread dough? It's a good deal I was. My daughters, Halley and Kara, were able to step right in and make the pies and cranberry salad. After peeling a bag of apples for the pie, Halley said, "Mom, I'm sorry for asking for apple pie. This is entirely too much trouble for just a pie." "Just" a pie! "Just" a pie! That is not "just" a pie. That is my Reserve Grand Champion Apple Pie, thank you very much. And do you know what? The girls' apple pie tasted just as good as mine. So did everything. It was all good.

I confessed later that when I make pies at home, I use my apple peeler



### Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts  
cplotts65@gmail.com

and slicer to speed things up. Halley said, "Then I take back my apology if you have a machine that does it for you."

-ob-

Our daughter Jennifer and her two girls, Alexandria and Aniston, from San Antonio arrived late in the night Wednesday. Ani is 5, and Thanksgiving morning, while her mother and sister ran to the store for some forgotten item, she stayed with us to "help."

She was all dressed up so we put an apron on her and she set the table and put celery sticks on a plate. Everything was going fine until Halley noticed Ani taking her apron off. She said, "Ani, what are you doing?"

Ani answered, "I'm done helping. I just want to be Ani again."

-ob-

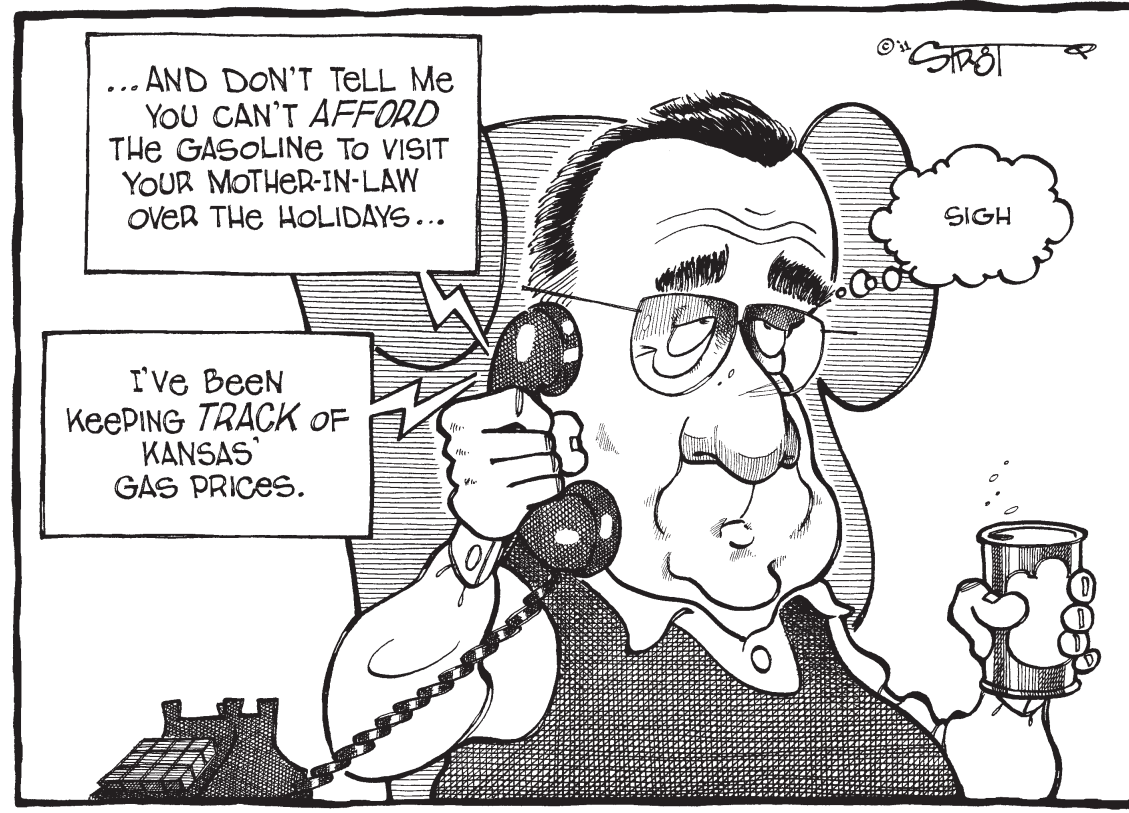
With commercialization, Thanksgiving has become the kick-off of the Christmas shopping season. Jim has gone out with the kids for the Black Friday shopping in years

past, but I never had.

We had poured over the sale flyers and planned our strategy. One carload would go to this mall and the other would go to a certain major discount store. Then we would meet in the middle, combine forces and storm a different mall.

My car went to the discount store. We grabbed our shopping cart and entered the fray. That's where the fun ended. You could not move unless someone in front of you moved. And then you had to move in the direction they moved. It was ridiculous. People impatient with stressed out employees, parents yelling at their children, shoppers pushing and shoving for some perceived "bargain".

After we determined this was not working, we made our escape and regrouped in the car. Halley said, "I'm ashamed to admit I was even a part of it. I'll never do that again." We all agreed: Whatever small amount of money you might save, you lose twice as much in dignity.



## The leftovers finally make it

I finally got to Lawrence last week to see son Lacy's new apartment and take him his food.

I've just never gotten the hang of cooking for two, so when I make soup, spaghetti, chili, stuffed peppers or twice-baked potatoes, I always end up with a potful left over.

The leftovers get individually packaged with item and date on the top. Then they're frozen.

Steve and I eat a lot of leftovers. It's so much easier to cook up one batch of chili and work our way through it then to try to make a batch every time we want some. And with so many leftovers, we can share.

Back when we were living in Kansas City, we would take food to my mother-in-law. In those days, Barbara was a widow who wasn't interested in doing much fancy cooking for herself.

I would make sure that there was a couple of extra portions of almost everything I made and we'd take it to her in Emporia. Of course, compared to Lacy, she was a dainty eater. For her, we needed a lot of really small containers.

The girls received my leftover stocks when they were single and living closer to home. Now, however, I only have one child who lives within reasonable driving distance for frozen food. The girls both moved to Augusta, Ga., and got married. Now they get to make



### Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes  
c.haynes@nwkansans.com

their own leftovers.

My son is the youngest and the only one living alone, so he gets the biggest share of the food.

It had been some time since we had been to Lawrence. The last trip had to be aborted at Salina when the cat we were taking with us went into diabetic shock and ended up in the emergency room. As soon as she got out, we took ourselves, the cat and all of the frozen food and headed back to Oberlin. That was a couple of months ago.

Since then, I've had time to make lots of things and the freezer was getting really full.

We packed up two coolers full and headed east. Son had so many plastic tubs, his freezer wouldn't hold all of them and he had to put a couple in the 'fridge for eating over that week.

Now, I'm making plans to feed the rest of my boys.

Soon we will head off to Georgia to visit the girls, and I'll set about feeding Nik and Brad, my sons-

in-law.

Brad has already requested fried chicken and zucchini bread. Nik is looking forward to spaghetti and lasagna. My daughters are both looking forward to trying out some new, fun recipes with me. We'll work to put some extra leftovers in their freezers before we head back home.

I love feeding my boys. Yes, Steve, you can have some, too. You're my favorite boy.

### From the Bible

But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. Therefore, let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober.  
— 1 Thessalonians 5: 1, 2, 6

## Sun warms an earlier skier

So I'm standing atop a ridge at 11,000 feet. The day is beautiful, temperature above freezing, some clouds, and a storm moving in, but the sun is shining on the peaks of the San Juan range ahead of me and on the Sangre de Cristos a hundred miles to the east.

It looks like winter. It feels a little like winter, and I'm standing on a pair of skis, but I know it's late fall, no more. But if the snow keeps on like it has so far, there could be a lot of it in the mountains this year. Maybe out on the plains, too.

Wolf Creek Ski Area opened about Oct. 8, a record. Opening by Halloween used to be a big deal. 0

In October, I was too busy with Indian Summer and fishing to want to go skiing. Not that I'm much of a skier; I hadn't been on the slopes in two or three years.

Like a lot of Kansans, I did not grow up with skiing. We lived in the Flint Hills, and skiing was not a thing in our family. We had friends who went with church groups or with family, but we saved our mountain vacations for summer.

Dad liked to fish. When Cynthia and I moved to Colorado in 1980, settling only 40 miles from Wolf Creek, I decided maybe I should learn to ski. I wouldn't say I ever became an expert, but I got by. And that led to many happy days on the slopes with the kids and with friends.

Even took the instructor's class-



### Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes  
s.haynes@nwkansans.com

es one year, though they didn't offer me a job. My form wasn't good enough, I'm sure. The kids latched on to winter jobs teaching kids to ski or babysitting. Being a ski instructor meant the oldest one never had to worry about finding a part-time job in college — or for several years after.

But I don't live near a ski area anymore. It takes planning and time off to go skiing, plus money, and I don't always have those. I sure can't just hop in the car and drive up for a half day like we used to.

But the other day, I was in the area, I had the time — and nature had given us the snow. Cynthia said she'd drive with me and hold down a table at the lodge, sipping hot chocolate and writing columns. Having someone to share the drive pushed me over the edge, so to speak. Off we went, on the warmest day of the week, too.

There's something about ski areas. They're almost all beautiful places, set high in some mountain range or in a snow-covered valley.

The best, places like Vail, Santa Fe Mountain, and yes, Wolf Creek, offer incomparable views. And then, you get to ski.

And skiing is like nothing else, once you learn to guide your skis and get your balance. You can glide over the snow all day, or if you're good enough, challenge yourself with bumps and turns, near-vertical slopes and triple-black-diamond hazards. That's not for me.

When I was in practice, I could keep up with the average adult. I spent years waiting for the kids to catch up to me, and more years watching them whiz by, only to have to wait for Dad.

This year, I was just glad to find I could still turn. I spent the day cruising along the groomed slopes, didn't fall and seldom looked really foolish. I had fun. I call that a success.

I should go back, however, work beckons. So does reality. But it was good while it lasted.

## Alumnus asks preacher to join in

To the Editor:  
I am somewhat perplexed and dismayed at the depth of paranoia about the Red Devil being the mascot of Decatur Community High School, and I am very disturbed by Mr. Paulson's personal views about the Red Devil's dangers printed in *The Oberlin Herald* of Nov. 2.

The Red Devil has been the school's logo, mascot, symbol and emblem for nearly 100 years and I can guarantee Mr. Paulson, not one person has been harmed by the Red Devil's influence. He confuses the biblical character Satan with our Red Devil, and then proceeds to blame it for all manner of bad behavior such as adultery, sorcery, murder, drunkenness and more.

Everyone, but especially Mr.

Paulson, needs to understand the Red Devil is not Satan. Our Red Devil is a paper, fabric or photographic symbol of our school mascot and is nothing more.

I have many relatives, parents, siblings, cousins, uncles and aunts and lifelong friends and classmates who are Decatur Community High alumni and are exceedingly proud to be Red Devils. Mr. Paulson says he is a relative newcomer to Oberlin and quite obviously has his own opinion, but has apparently decided to see only bad about it.

The Red Devil is simply a common symbol of all the past, current

and future students and teachers of our school, and it binds us together with a common pride.  
Mr. Paulson would better serve himself, the community and his followers if he were to do a little research and find out about all the great things that happen and all the great people who have attended this school. He can then take pride in the fact that he will gladly be accepted as an honorary Red Devil by the simple fact that he lives in Oberlin.

Barry K. Avery  
North Granby, Conn.  
DCHS Red Devil, Class of 1966

# THE OBERLIN HERALD

Serving Oberlin and Decatur County since 1879

USPS 401-600

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

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

Office hours: 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri.

Phone: (785) 475-2206 Fax (785) 475-2800

E-mail: oberlin.herald@nwkansans.com

### Nor'West Newspapers

#### STAFF

Steve Haynes ..... editor  
Kimberly Davis ..... managing editor  
Mary Lou Olson ..... society editor  
Carolyn Kelley-Plotts ..... proofreader, columnist  
Joan Betts ..... historian  
Cynthia Haynes ..... business manager  
Pat Cozad ..... want ads/circulation  
Tim Davis ..... advertising representative  
Crista Sauvage ..... advertising makeup

Steve and Cynthia Haynes, publishers  
Kimberly Davis, assistant publisher

Official newspaper of Oberlin, Jennings, Norcat, 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, \$38 (tax included) in Decatur, Norton, Rawlins, Sheridan, Thomas and Red Willow counties; \$42 (tax included) elsewhere in Kansas; \$48 elsewhere in the U.S. Foreign subscriptions, \$50-\$250 (in U.S. dollars only) extra per year (except APO/FPO). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749-2243.

