

Quinn Minute – Aunts, Uncles, and Cousins

By Rix Quinn

My friend Mel just got back from an aunt’s funeral, where he met family members he did not know he had.

Personally, I’ve met more relatives at funerals than I have at weddings...but maybe it’s because weddings require an invitation.

Last month, my uncle told me that my third cousin had died. No, two cousins didn’t die before her. She was my third cousin because our great-grandmothers were sisters. Confusing, huh?

The word “removed” just means a different generation. So, my first cousin’s children would be my first cousins once removed.

I had not met the deceased, but her obituary photo looked just like my uncle...but without the beard.

I went to her memorial service so I could mingle with familiar relatives, plus meet new ones. As one of my buddies

says, “You need to know cousins in several states, so you can travel cross-country for free.”

The deceased cousin was 97, and she had lived a busy life. She’d been married four times, each one an upgrade from her prior spouse.

At one time she’d also been a softball umpire. Maybe that’s why she married so much. When a husband disputed her decision, she just called him “out.”

Since the funeral was at the grave site, attendees then walked to a nearby large tent for a reception. I’ve never seen so many familiar-looking folks whose names I didn’t know.

I talked to several second cousins, third cousins, and even one old guy who looked like he’d wandered over because he smelled coffee.

After the event, I remembered what an old friend told me: “Any time an event serves food outdoors, you’ll see lots of aunts.”



A friend of mine from Back East is coming to Kansas this week to spend a few days in the Land of Ahs. He has been here before, but like a lot of people all he really remembers is the I-70 run from Kansas City to the Colorado line, which I think we can all admit is not a very true or flattering representation of our state. Sometimes the shortest distance between two points is just phenomenally boring as all get out. But he is a well-traveled and open-minded man and at the drop of a dime he will go anywhere in the country just to visit friends and check out someplace new. How can you not love that? He is not snobbish at all about his N.Y.C. heritage, which is immense, having worked in theater in the city and having lived on the Upper West Side since the 60s. And though it is safe to say he has seen it all (and trust me, he has) he never ever scoffs at a new place or new people, as if collecting travels and memories to add to his extensive book of life. So, all that being said, the big fat happy elephant in the room is still what we as Kansans always experience—the differences between “out here” and back there.”

Having spent over 30 years on the Eastern Seaboard, specifically in Philadelphia and frequently New York, and coming from Western Kansas, I feel I am a bit of an expert on those differences. And these are rarely political, religious or social issues. What it is REALLY all about is FOOD, GLORIOUS FOOD!

There are things we both eat, like bagels and pizza and sandwiches, and between Back East and Kansas this twain shall never meet. New Yorkers will never accept Midwest Pizza as actual food, nor will they acknowledge our bagels and sandwich shops. And they are right. Their pizza is outstanding, their bagels are beyond compare, and their sandwiches come from delicatessens, not cookie-cutter franchise shops. And when it comes to seafood, besides frozen shrimp in a bag, they beat us to pieces.

So while my guest is here I am not going to try to make spaghetti or a hot pastrami sandwich with Polish Mustard. I am not going to whip up a Philly cheese steak or linguine with red clam sauce. I am going native, and I am going to blow his mind. Because on my menu I have the freshest eggs coming out of my own coop every morning, with the whitest of albumen and orange-est of yolks. He has never had eggs like this. And then the bacon, a rasher of which I got from the neighbor up the road who butchers his own pigs. He has never had bacon like this. And, for the kickers, I am smoking a haunch of venison with apple wood and baking a breast of pheasant.

So, okay N.Y.C., you can have your pizza, but I’m gonna’ wow you. I only wish I could find some “Bull Fries” around here to round off the menu.

Until next week—keep your eyes on the stars and your back to the wind.

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Citywide Cleanup April 21 - May 5

Bins will be placed at the corner of Courthouse Avenue and Wooten Street. There will be a bin for metal items and a bin for general household items. Tree branches need to be taken to the old landfill, call 620-675-2781 to schedule a drop off time.

Unacceptable Items:

- hazardous liquids
- containers filled with chemicals or cleaning products
- paint cans or buckets still containing paint
- motor oil containers if they still have oil in them - cans or buckets still containing varnish or other liquids / chemicals - tires of any kind

Public Notice

Please do not dispose of tires in the dumpsters. This includes the dumpsters located at the Fairgrounds.

The City is charged a fee by the landfill for every tire picked up by the trash truck.



I pray everyone had a wonderful Easter and celebrated in accordance with the holiday!

I understand the meaning of Easter and the true reason we celebrate in regard to the resurrection of our Lord...and all of the various ways we choose to honor our Savior. That being said, the commercial aspect of the holiday sometimes leaves me a bit set back.

The painting and decorating of eggs comes to us all the way from the 13th Century when the eating of eggs was forbidden during Holy Week. Thusly, the eggs laid at that time were designated as Holy Week eggs and decorated and placed so as to not put them to waste.

The Easter Bunny hopped into our lives in the 17th Century, but didn’t really take hold until the 19th Century. Going along with other mystical beings from various religious holidays (Christmas, Valentines Day, etc), the character was created as the holiday creature that decorated and hid the eggs for children to find to enhance the holiday experience.

Today, children decorate their own eggs...defeating the purpose of the Bunny...while parents hide them for the children to find...and then hide them again...and then hide them again...till eventually the eggs come inside...some slightly abused...and cleaned and prepared for the deviled eggs portion of the Easter meal.

I like to attend local community Easter Egg Hunts, but God forbid you are late...because they start promptly at a designated time...and they are over within a few minutes with every egg or prize Hoovered up like a giant vacuum cleaner was run across the property. I have been witness to tardy parents slightly late to the event and then upset with those putting it on because there was nothing left for their child. And God forbid they have the legendary golden egg in the mix...I literally watched a parent knock a kid down so that their child could get to that egg first. Who would have thought that Easter Egg hunting could be considered a competitive sport.

And then there’s the Bunny! Here we have parents handing their children over to a five and half foot tall rabbit in a multi-colored vest and a bow tie (the tie would set me off personally) and not completely understanding why their child is kicking and screaming...this is the stuff that horror movies are made of. Here we are on a regular basis teaching our children to stay away from people promising gifts...for their own safety...but on this particular day it’s OK because mom is here with you.

I did witness one parent exclaim to a child that was afraid to approach the Bunny, “let me show how simple it is” as she attempted to hand her own child over to the Easter Bunny...kicking and screaming as well. I looked down at the first child and got the expression of “nope” as he still backed away.

Easter is an incredible time of celebration as we are reminded of the resurrection of our Lord...and the other stuff...well it has its place as well...as long as we remind our children of the true meaning of the season. And let’s not forget to respect our child’s right to fear that which they do not understand...and I’m talking about that bow tie...it’s creepy y’all.



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Pride of Life Menu

Friday, April 25

Chicken Alfredo on Angel Hair Noodles, Mixed Vegetables, Brownie, Dinner Roll

Monday, April 28

Hamburger Casserole, Green Beans, Chocolate Pudding, Dinner Roll

Tuesday, April 29

Chicken Tenders, Mashed Potato with White Gravy, Cheesy Cauliflower, Pineapple Rings, Dinner Roll

Wednesday, April 30

Ham and Cheese Hot Pocket, Prince Edward Veggies, Ambrosia

Thursday, May 1

Hamburger on Bun with Lettuce and Tomato, Baked Beans, Pasta Salad, Cake

Friday, May 2

Fish Sandwich, Potato Chips, Side Salad, Cinnamon Sliced Apples



Sublette Cash Grain Bids

April 22, 2025

| | | |
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| Wheat | Cash Price | \$4.74 |
| Milo | Cash Price | \$3.95 |
| Corn | Cash Price | \$4.90 |
| Soybeans | Cash Price | \$9.53 |

MANHATTAN, Kan. April 21, 2025 - For the week ending April 20, 2025, there were 5.8 days suitable for fieldwork, according to the USDA’s National Agricultural Statistics Service. Topsoil moisture supplies rated 17% very short, 33% short, 44% adequate, and 6% surplus. Subsoil moisture supplies rated 17% very short, 33% short, 45% adequate, and 5% surplus.

Field Crops Report: Winter wheat condition rated 6% very poor, 16% poor, 37% fair, 37% good, and 4% excellent. Winter wheat jointed was 66%, near 69% last year, but ahead of 51% for the five-year average. Headed was 6%, near 3% last year, and ahead of 1% average.

Corn planted was 27%, near 24% last year, and ahead of 18% average. Emerged was 3%, equal to last year, and near 2% average.

Soybeans planted was 5%, equal to last year, and near 2% average.

Sorghum planted was 1%, equal to last year.

Data for this news release were provided at the county level by USDA Farm Service Agency, KSU Extension Service, and other reporters across the State.



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