

## True immigration reform, not rhetoric, hard to find

What the U.S. needs, and no candidate is promising, is an immigration system that works.

Illegal immigration today is an economic issue. We have jobs. People in other countries need them. And we have no functioning mechanism for allowing workers or permanent immigrants into this country to work.

If we did, the flood of illegal immigrants would cease. No one would be foolish enough to risk life and limb to enter this country illegally were it simple and easy to come under the law.

The truth is, it's all but impossible to get a work permit. Legal immigration can take 20 years or more.

The laws of economics are simple and harsh; it does not pay to ignore them. Workers flow to jobs. Legal niceties won't stop people desperate for a better life. We can make it illegal, but no wall can stop the flow.

Our country once welcomed anyone who would come here and help build a better future. We took in the tired, the poor, the huddled masses. Today, they are us.

It's true, we didn't always treat them well. We called them names, rented them slum apartments and let them work in the packing plants and on the track gangs. Still, they came. They come today, but we make it difficult. We make it impossible, legally. Still, they come.

And as long as we have more jobs than we have people to fill them, they will continue.

But there's no plan to deal with this problem. Politicians proclaim they will stem the flow, build a wall, enforce the law, ship everyone home.

We all know it won't happen.

None of the candidates has a clue as to how to make the system work.

We should start by issuing visas, work permits and residency status to workers with a clean record. Criminals should be sent home. Anyone who violates the law here should go back for good.

Our welfare system and government medical care, meantime, should be reserved for citizens. Guest workers and legal residents who can't make a living should go home. Immigration is for those who will and can work.

The law should, rightly, be tough on violators. But not unfair.

Nor should we create a class of permanent guest workers who can never become legal. European nations struggle with that; it's a prescription for unrest and injustice.

The system won't be fixed overnight. It took 50 years to get this broken. But we need to start today. We need to ask our candidates, not what will they do about illegal immigration, but how they will make the immigration system work. Sadly, no one is even talking about this. Debate on immigration amounts to little more than hysteria. Isn't it time we changed this awful system and built one that will work?

— Steve Haynes

## Problem not that scary

A few weeks ago, Mr. Haynes published a letter involving the would-be Secretary Of State Kobach's campaign platform of stemming voter fraud, the former calling the latter's stance to be a "non-issue." I believe that Mr. Haynes is only somewhat correct, and the non-issue of the possibility of illegal voting in Kansas is only a single grain in the mole-hill of illegal immigration, which certain persons have unabashedly made a mountain threatening to topple over and crush our great nation.

To hear these people speak, one would think the flow over our southern border is as unchecked and dire as a Mongol horde. This reaction is perplexing to me, partly because the Mongols rode horses, and I've yet to see an immigrant bring so much as a burro. The other part is that the Mongols had bows and swords, and at least most Mexicans bring little more than the clothes on their backs. However, they do have something in common, and their contributions to humanity are glossed over because of their less-than-bleached complexion.

At this point, supporters of a tightened border will begin to emphatically deny to anyone that will hear them that they are not racist. Some might even insist that some of their best friends are Mongols. To answer this defense, I ask why we never hear of French illegal immigrants, Indonesian illegal immigrants or even Kyrgyz illegal immigrants, but only of Mexican illegal immigrants. One might point out the geographical impossibilities, to which I answer that we don't hear



much of Canadian illegal immigrants either. The simple reason for that is that Canadians are satisfied with their country, and so have no reason to leave it, which means that, for some reason or reasons, Mexicans are not satisfied with Mexico, and are so forced to pursue greener pastures, and so most immigrants either come to our country to either find better pay to send back home, which is noble, or they come here to become part of this nation, which is noble and flattering. They are not our enemies.

The fact is that "illegal" immigration does not violate any interpretation of common law, the philosophy behind the Western idea of justice for centuries. Their fist in no way bloody our noses. The legitimacy of an immigrant rests solely in a vague legal construct, a thing arbitrary and supported by no moral conscience, an excuse for disobeying the most elementary principle of loving our would-be neighbors.

In closing, is it not ironic that the self-professed "Party of Reagan" is so eager to build a wall?

Derek Laughlin, Norton

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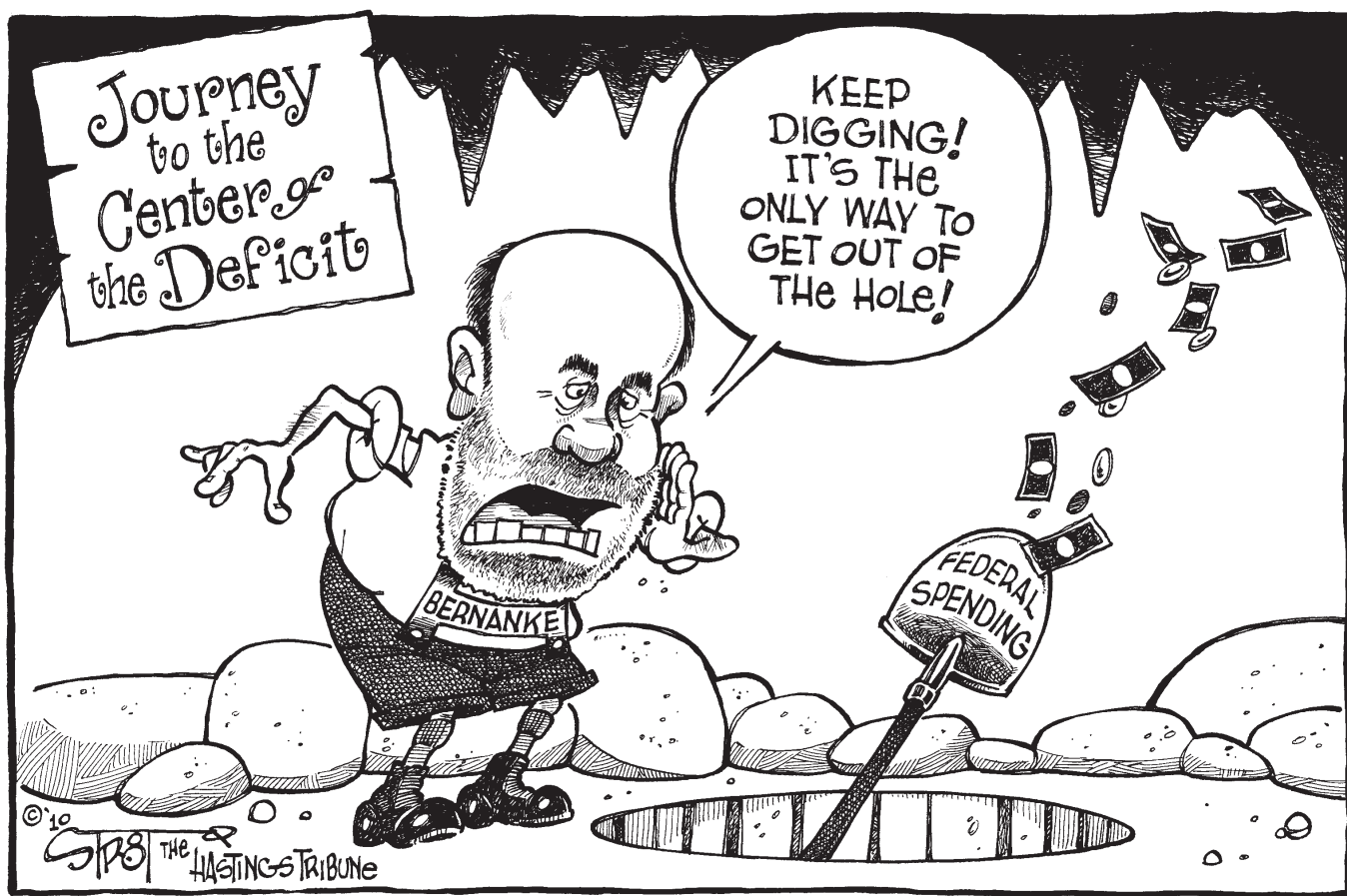
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## The smell will always tell on you

For years, now, Jim has lorded it over me about my poor sense of smell.

You might recall the incident of a rotten chicken sandwich I carried in my purse for a week. He kept complaining about a smell. I guess I was just used to it, because I would say, "I don't smell anything."

Finally, he traced the offending odor to my purse, where the forgotten lunch lurked. Like I said, he's been lorded it over me ever since.

But, now, I have my revenge. We both complained of an odor upon entering our front door the other day. We could detect it in the adjoining dining room but didn't notice it in the kitchen or in the back part of the house, where the laundry room, bathroom and family room are.

One day Jim proclaimed, "I smell propane."

I countered with, "No, it's more organic."

We looked in trash cans, behind doors, in flower pots and under the buffet. I suspected a cat "mishap;" Jim still attributed it to a gas leak.

You have to remember the room you enter when you come through our front door will some day be a library. At the moment, though, it is an empty pass-through space.

## Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



We go through it to get to the kitchen and the rest of the house. There is nothing in the room except a chair, a small table with a lamp and a picture on the wall. There is no place to hide.

Finally, I had reached the end of my rope and determined to find the source ... no matter what. I began sniffing like I was playing the children's game of "Hot and Cold." I would head in one direction until the odor weakened, then turn and follow it back to where it was stronger. Using this method, I zeroed in on the door to what will some day be our home office. I opened the door and stepped inside. Nothing. I stepped back out and closed the door. There it was again. Back into the closet ... nothing. Close the door and the smell hit me again.

Wait a minute. What is this plastic bag

hanging on the doorknob?

Funny. I hadn't seen it before. I opened the bag and was about knocked down by the stench. Inside were a half dozen turnips in various stages of decomposition sitting in a "soup" of rotten turnip.

I left the offending turnips hanging there and called for Jim.

"Remember that propane smell?" I asked him. "Follow your magnificent nose into the library. Now, turn left. See that bag on the closet door? Open it."

When he did, all he could say was, "Oh my gosh!"

Needless to say, the chickens were the only ones to enjoy those turnips. We didn't know where they came from until a few days later when a friend called to ask, "Did you find those turnips I left at your house?"

Jim laughed and told him, "Oh, we found them alright. We just found them too late."

Moral of this story: If you take turnips to someone's home — be sure to let them know.

I do hope he brings us some more, though. Jim and I both love cooked turnips. I'll be glad to trade him a dozen eggs.

## Quilters work like beavers on fair entries

Our little quilting group made a pact that each would take something to the fair this year. That's really quite a challenge!

Personally I tend to be prolific as to the amount of things I get done. One of our members expresses her satisfaction with her finished projects by pronouncing them "fair worthy!"

If speed is the driving force in the construction of a quilt, it tends to make the finished projects less than "fair worthy". But I do what I do for my own reasons and to meet my own needs. In general the only approval I seek is my own.

Not wanting to be ostracized from the group however, I searched through recently completed items and came up with three things for the fair! My thoughts are part of exhibiting is to exchange ideas. I love to look and hope others do also.

The county I live in has one of the earliest fairs in the state. That doesn't make much difference to quilters who insantly practice their craft day in and day out; but I marvel at what 4-Hers accomplish so early in the summer.

## Back Home

Nancy Hagman



Fair week I made a mad dash through the exhibit hall the day after the quilts were judged just to ascertain how everyone did. At lunch by happenstance I ran into the other Nancy from our group. I reported the ribbon placing to Nancy and said, "There weren't any written comments on the quilts."

To me this was a disappointment because while I know the problems I had with a project I sometimes do not know how to fix them. Maybe the judge does. It is also interesting to see if others will even notice what the quilt artist perceives as an awful mistake.

Of course, it is disappointing when a judge takes issue with something you

think was a spectacular achievement. This is probably what the other Nancy was thinking when she expressed relief that there were no written comments. Ever the sweet talker, Nancy's husband preceded to assure us we couldn't improve anyway!

Nor do we necessarily want to! As Cindy is fond of saying, "It is what it is!" Change is never easy and it gets harder!

With that much attitude going it may strike you as surprising to learn a member of our group won "Best of Show!"

Every quilter has strengths and weaknesses---! There's an over achiever every crowd!

When I went to pick up my quilts there ere indeed judge's comments. They just didn't put them out with the quilts! So I got my learning experience after all! And some ribbons and a little premium money. I'll tell the hubby it was enough for the next quilt shop hop and live in hope no one tells him any different!

Have fun at the fairs you attend this summer!

## Your political connection

- ★ **Governor Mark Parkinson**, 300 SW 10th Ave., Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-3232
- ★ **U.S. Sen. Pat Roberts**, 109 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. (202) 224-4774; fax (202) 224-3514
- ★ **U.S. Sen. Sam Brownback**, 303 Hart Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20510. (202) 224-6521
- ★ **U.S. Rep. Jerry Moran**, 2443 Rayburn HOB, Washington, D.C. 20515. (202) 225-2715; fax (202) 225-5124
- ★ **State Sen. Ralph Ostmeyer**, State Capitol Building, Room 262-E, Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-7399
- ★ **State Rep. John Faber**, 181 W. Capitol Building, Topeka, Kan. 66612. (785) 296-7500



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