

## Study reveals obvious; immigrants paid least

A new study reveals that Hispanic immigrants in Kansas tend to get the lowest paying jobs. That, in the finest tradition of sociologists the world over, tells us in scientific language what seemed perfectly obvious to begin with.

Of course Hispanics who move here get the lowest-paying jobs. The last guy off the boat has *always* taken the worst jobs. It's an American tradition.

The measure of how badly people want to come here is taken by noting the jobs they are willing to do. Washing dishes at a greasy spoon pays pretty well compared to any job in back-country Latin America. And the working conditions are pretty good, too.

That's why immigrants are willing to risk life and limb sneaking into this country. That's why they keep coming in droves, even as the Border Patrol tries to catch them and send them back.

It's always been that way. In the 19th century, it was the Irish and the Italians who worked on the docks and in the packing houses and trenches. Their sons became policemen and doctors — and gangsters, it's true — and settled into America.

They were replaced in the packing plants by eastern Europeans — Poles, Greeks, Croatians, Serbs, Russians — just arrived through Ellis Island. It's always been that way. It's always been a little controversial.

And those who came before have always looked down on the newer immigrants, wherever they were from. That's human nature. Anyone who is a little different is outside the group.

Though we're nearly all sons and daughters of immigrants, those who came first tend to look down on the newcomers, at least until they've been here for a while.

So there should be nothing to startle us about the current wave of immigrants from the south. It's just America. We grow stronger with each new group that joins.

There are a lot of myths about immigrants, though, and hardly any of them are true.

Immigrants are not taking American jobs, for instance. If Americans were willing to take these jobs, they could. There would be no place for immigrants. But that's not so.

Immigrants aren't coming here to go on welfare, either. They come here to work, and those who come often are the best and brightest their counties have to offer. And the hardest working. Welfare is a peculiarly American institution.

Immigrants may look different, they may speak another language, but there's nothing new about that. All the old immigrant groups, from the Irish cops to the Swedish farmers, were in the same boat.

Many of them saved and sent money back to their homeland, too. Many of them had trouble integrating into American society. Many of them clung to the old ways and the old tongue for a while.

But what they all wanted then, and now, more than anything, was to be Americans.

And we ought to feel flattered, not threatened, by that.

If good, hard-working people want to come make a home here, we should welcome them and give them a chance to be Americans. They'll make us proud.

That also is our tradition.

— Steve Haynes

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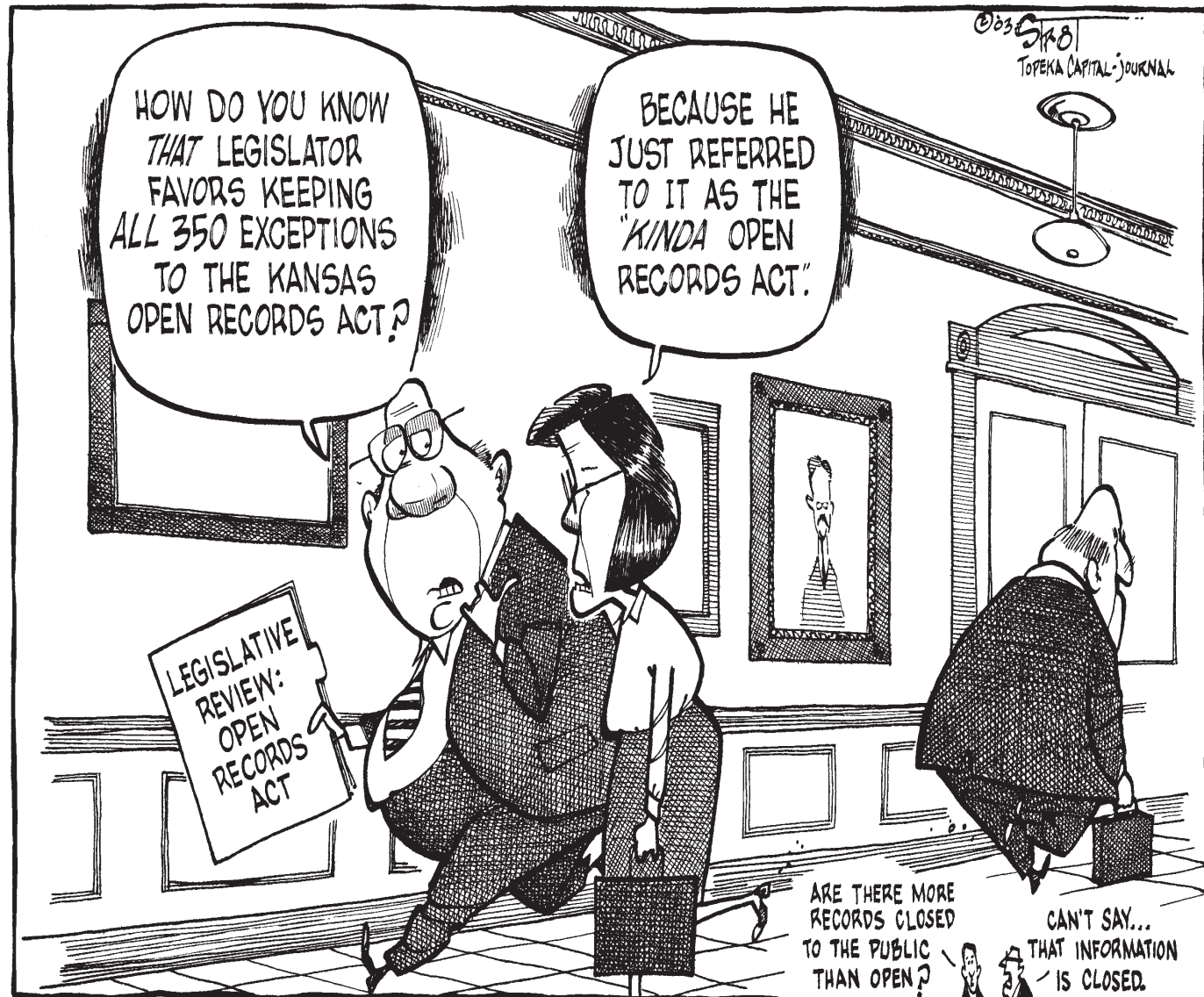
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## You'd better just say what you mean

Subtlety is lost on a child. If you have something to say, you'd better just come out and say it.

A trip to Texas is not complete without a sit-down-let's-catch-up-on-the-last-year-visit with my long-time friend, Sonia. We had just returned from a lovely luncheon at a quaint little eatery called "The Abbey" and had settled into Kara's kitchen for an afternoon's gabfest when I saw Taylor emerge from the bathroom and head for the front room.

"Taylor," I asked, stopping her forward progress, "did I hear the toilet flush?"

She turned, and in all innocence answered, "I don't know. Did you?"

Sonia and I fell out of our chairs laughing. Taylor didn't know what was so funny. She had merely answered my question.

—ob—

Our old tomcat must have missed me while I was gone. He can't seem to get close enough and is on my lap every time I sit down. Right now, he and my computer keyboard are vying for space and Max is about to win. He steps on keys as he maneuvers for position. I have to turn him sideways so I can prop the keyboard up against him. He tolerates it, but you can tell he doesn't like it.

—ob—

## Out Back Carolyn Plotts



Jim and I had recently agreed that when our aged feline friends, Max and Snuggles, are finally gone, we will remain petless. That resolve, however, was shaken this past week after meeting Winston.

"Winnie" is Taylor's 8-month-old Shih Tzu. And we both fell in love with that little scamp. I know Kara checked our luggage before we left to make sure we weren't smuggling him home with us.

He has an adorable, expressive little face with great big eyes and, of course, the signature topknot on top of his head, secured with one of Taylor's pony-tail bands.

Winston is absolutely tireless when it comes to playing fetch. You will wear out long before he does. He has a braided tug-toy which, if we threw it at the proper angle, would slide on the hardwood floor under the chaise in the front room. Winston would go at top speed, then spread

out flat, slide under the chaise, grab his toy, jump up onto the chaise then down again, and bring it back to you for another turn. We laughed every time we watched him go, and told Kara she never has to worry about dusting under the chaise. Winston had taken care of that.

I know he's a part of their family. Taylor joined her mother and me at the kitchen table carrying a container of yogurt and two spoons. I asked her what the two spoons were for.

She informed me that Winston liked yogurt, too. I said, "Are you and Winston going to share a spoon?"

"Oh, Grandma," she said indignantly, "Who would want to eat after dog slobbers?"

Then she nonchalantly dipped her spoon in for a bite, gave Winston a bite off his spoon and dipped both back into the yogurt for another spoonful. Yes, who indeed?

I looked at Kara for her reaction.

"Hey, her dad says dogs have fewer germs in their mouths than we do," was her only comment.

Oh, my! I just had a flashback of Taylor's mother and her Aunt Halley eating kibbles out of the dog's dish when they were little. Guess it didn't hurt them, either.

## Buying a car is easier than cooking

Who knew that buying a car would be so easy? I didn't, until I bought one myself. Before this amazing experience, I thought that it would be a very time consuming process, filled with frustration, drama and grief. I assumed it would never happen without finding a co-signer, which was going to be impossible for me to do.

Well, we all know what happens when someone assumes.

But in fact, it was a very simple process. I test drove the car and decided I wanted it. My mom said we'd pick it up on Friday (this was on a Monday). I gave her a look that said Friday? Is that possible? Apparently it was, and in fact, I could have picked it up sooner.

Well, everything after that was cake. I went to the bank, got the loan, paid the down payment, took care of insurance, tags and taxes, and BAM, I was cruising in a new ride.

About time too, since my other car was falling apart around me rather rapidly

—nn—

My older brother was here over the Thanksgiving holiday. He, of course, cooked the turkey, because neither myself nor my mother has ever cooked a turkey nor had the desire to do so.

I, however, did make the cranberry fluff and am rather impressed with myself for the feat.

—nn—

Last Friday my brother and I took the new ride to Salina to see some friends. When we got there, we went to see my kid Rose (who's not really mine, but is my friend Casey's daughter).

She's almost 2 and is all about "Beast" "Nemo" and "King-King". She was

## Night Noise Veronica Monier



watching "Beast" when I got there and so her favorite Aunt V got shunned. No "Hi V", no hug and certainly no kisses. She was also really tired, so that might have had something to do with it.

I also got to see my friend Amanda's baby girl, who is only a couple of weeks old. The kid was tiny and had more hair than I've ever seen on a baby's head. I held her for a little bit, but I'm still not exactly sure what to do with a baby. One- to 2-year-olds are a little better, because at least you can toss them around a bit and let them climb on you, but babies are a mystery to me.

Before coming home on Saturday, we cruised down to Wichita to see John's friend and her baby, and then went to Enterprise to see my great-grandma, who just turned 99.

She was thrilled to see us.

Mom (that's what we call her, which gets kind of confusing to people outside the family) told us that she was probably going to see another birthday, but that she guessed it was Ok. She's doing really well for 99; with the exception of getting short of breath sometimes and a little knee pain every once in a while, she's in perfect health.

By the time we got back on the road to go home, it was dark outside and we were both pooped (as we should be since we didn't get to sleep until after 3 a.m. and woke up at the unholy hour of 8 a.m.).

I, naturally, made my brother drive back to Norton, but it still seemed to take forever and a day.

I feel sorry for him...the next day he had to drive the four and a half hours to get back to Omaha.

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