

from our viewpoint...

Kids of all ages shine at fair time

It is fair week, and that means fun for kids of all ages. The weather is good and hot, which is about normal for the first of August, and there is the daily chance of a thunderstorm to keep everyone hoping for some moisture.

Style was on stage Thursday with the 4-H Style Revue, and it was nearly standing room only that evening when the kids showed off their constructed clothes and their buymanship skills with outfits for every occasion.

Saturday got off to a romping start with the dog obedience, showmanship and skills course competition.

Then in the evening, as the sun was getting a little cooler — maybe down five to nine degrees — the fair parade took to the bricks on Main Avenue. Spectators and participants agreed it was one of the best they had seen in Goodland.

Family Fun Day, always a crowd pleaser, got the actual fair week going, and despite the heat, the home-owned carnival and games were highlights of the evening. These are always popular with kids, from the very young to those who are kids at heart.

Exhibits and vendors fill the agriculture building, where the fruits of garden and craft projects are on display. Across the way in the barn are the beef, sheep, pigs and goats, plus a few smaller animals.

The success of a fair is due to the dedication and strength of the fair board members, who work all year to be ready for the activities stuffed into this week. Our hats off to these people who, with the help of an army of volunteers, continue to provide the best family entertainment and fun in northwest Kansas.

The arena entertainment continues tonight with a new bull-riding show. Some top names in the national circuit are expected to give the bulls a ride. The stock of bulls will include several ranked high in national competition which have been seen on the expanding television coverage of this wild and sometimes thrilling event.

There is something about a man versus an enraged bull that brings a lump into the throat when the cowboy gives the nod and the gate is pulled open. Those next eight seconds are a true battle, with the odds stacked in favor of the much larger bull, but it is the skill of the rider trying to make it to the whistle that thrills the crowd.

Action in the arena will continue on Wednesday with the "Howdy Rowdy Rodeo," and on Friday with the crashing and banging of the Kiwanis demolition derby.

During the day, there will be showing and judging of the animals and the culmination of these projects with the fat animal sale on 5:30 p.m. Friday. Then the reality of raising animals hits home as the projects are loaded onto trucks headed for the slaughterhouse and somebody's table.

Early Saturday morning, all the projects will be heading home and the winners will proudly display the big purple and pink ribbons they have won. For the kids, it will be great even if all they got was a white or red ribbon. They can look forward to doing better next year.

Enjoy the fair and have a great time this week. The fair signals that summer is nearing an end and the beginning of the school year is just around the corner. — Tom Betz



I'm pretty sure we have four cats

Usually, I'm pretty sure of how many cats we have.

It's four. Two of ours, and two our daughter parked with us when she found out Brad was allergic to cats.

I've tried to draw the line there, though Cynthia occasionally gets that "I-need-another-cat" look in her eye.

You may have noticed, if you read this page, that she likes cats.

In fact, some of you complain about her "cat columns," and I know that adding to your burden is not my job.

This one is too good to pass up, though.

Like I said, we have these four cats. There's Molly, white-and-gray, muscular, dominant, answers to Monster. There's April Alice, beige, blonde, a sweetheart.

Then the visitors, Jezebel and Ruppert, gray females, both daughter's, both shy most of the time.

At first our cats did not take kindly to the interlopers, especially Molly, who doesn't like other cats. She prefers the company of dogs.

After six months, things have quieted down. The gray cats have come out of the basement and



steve haynes

• along the sappa

occupy Lindsay's room. There's the occasional hiss, but fewer serious furballs.

Once in a while, Molly will spot one of the invaders in the yard, or on the bed, or in the living room, and give chase. I had to replace the flap on the cat door after a couple of those. Jez broke it right off, running full tilt one day.

The other night, though, we were getting ready for bed. That means two or three cats are jockeying for positions on the foot of the bed and the middle of the mattress and on the pillows.

April was there. So was Jez.

And suddenly, there was growling and hissing.

Another cat, I thought. I looked around. A dark shadow flitted across the room.

Ruppert, I thought.

No, too dark. Way to dark.

Hey, who is that, anyway?

There in the corner of our second-floor bedroom was the little black tomcat that has been hanging around the yard.

He's sleek and clean, and I'm pretty sure he's somebody's pet.

But there he was in our room, and none too sure he wanted anything to do with us. And this is a fully equipped little tomcat, front and rear.

Cynthia caught him. I hoisted him up the scruff of his neck and marched him down to the door.

Toss.

Things were quiet until the next morning, when I was trying to read the paper and eat breakfast.

There was meowing in the kitchen, and not a familiar meowing.

There, on the top of my rolltop desk, was the black tom.

Since he knew me by then, he was easier to catch. And toss.

But I fear he's found our food bowl by now. And he seems to like it here.

He's really a pretty nice cat, but another cat we don't need.

There's more, but I got to go. I hear meowing in the kitchen again.

What about those jobs Americans won't do?

By John F. Rohe

Vincent Fox has been scolded for declaring that Mexicans do jobs that "even blacks won't do." Curiously, nary a whimper is heard when President Bush insults all citizens by referring to "jobs Americans won't do."

Before the Civil War, John C. Calhoun's views on the equality of human beings were nurtured with a mint julep on the veranda of a southern plantation. This leading North Carolina senator, and presidential hopeful, had a splendid panoramic view of the jobs that Americans wouldn't do. In spirited debates, Sen. Calhoun became a voice for the South in perpetuating slavery.

By 1860, however, Hinton Helper's best-selling book, "The Impending Crisis," demonstrated that slavery benefited neither whites nor blacks. By spurning jobs Americans won't do, Southern whites became dependent on others. In the South, Helper observed: "We want Bibles, brooms, buckets and books and we go to the North; ... we want toys, primers, school books, fashionable apparel, machinery, medicines, tombstones and a thousand other things, and we go to the North for them all."

When cotton was king, the South believed it could rise above the "jobs Americans won't do." The image was supported by an illusion.



from other pens

• commentary

The slogan, "jobs Americans won't do," has emerged as the presidential slogan for importing more foreign labor. The leader of the free world offers an assurance that Americans have graduated to a better life.

Who, actually, is unwilling to do "the jobs Americans won't do"? Has picking up after ourselves fallen beneath our dignity? Has caring for others lost appeal? Are our sons and daughters no longer willing to work their way through college? Harry Truman once professed that no one should have to wash anyone else's socks and underwear. Truman washed his own.

Who is claiming we won't do these jobs? Do they have contempt for calloused hands? Is the unemployed American refusing to do these jobs? Or is this a disguised corporate quest for cheap labor?

The illiterate slave driver's view of inferior beings became a sad disillusion. Yet, this view is inherent in the President's new slogan.

What is the President's mental image of "jobs Americans won't do"? He's not claiming the jobs are unnecessary. Rather, he is pointing out we need not perform them. Then

who will? People looking different than us? Has the President been sipping mint juleps with Sen. Calhoun?

What are the jobs that Americans won't do? Laundry? Making beds? Milking cows? Picking up garbage? If this is a job only immigrants will do, then Los Angeles should be spotless, and trash should be gathering on the streets of low-immigrant communities.

In fact, Americans do these jobs. Americans do these jobs with pride. Americans have thrived on these jobs over the centuries. The Americans doing these jobs don't look any different. They do not shrink from work. Americans just resist enslaved wages and indecent working conditions. The soul of America is still found in our commitment to a work ethic.

To restore dignity to labor we must honor it with a living wage. Flooding the job market with cheap labor forces a debate over the minimum wage. Congress has not repealed the law of supply and demand.

The "jobs Americans won't do" adage seems harmless, but it carries a hefty price tag. We became the enslaved, much like the disillusioned illiterate white Southerner of 1850.

The president's slogan is an invitation to join him on Sen. Calhoun's veranda. Mint julep anyone?

John F. Rohe is a director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform. E-mail him at: john@rohemail.com

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