

Proposed 'guest worker' program may be vital key

President Bush wants to do something about the immigration system, which is not working.

The president is ready to propose a "guest worker" program to allow hundreds of thousands of foreign nationals to work and live legally in this country.

It has to happen. The present system is way beyond repair, and we need to start over if we want this country to prosper. Our economy can't grow without foreign workers.

Since the 1960s, U.S. immigration policy has granted the right to come here only to skilled workers, professionals such as doctors and technicians, those who were deemed worthy of being allowed in.

Basically, we tried to shut our doors to foreign laborers, but it has not worked. The problem is economic: there are thousands of workers who want to come to this country because there are thousands of jobs here for them.

It's impossible, given the situation, to keep them out. No amount of money spent on border enforcement seems to work. And as long as the jobs and the money are here, people will find a way to come.

By the turn of the century, in fact, one in seven workers in this country was an alien. In "entry-level" jobs, the ones that pay the least and are hardest to fill, the figure was more like one in five.

Immigrants take jobs on road crews, in packing plants, in fields, in factories, that most Americans won't consider. But to keep the economy rolling, someone has to do the work.

All the present system has done is force the

immigrant labor pool underground, where the workers don't pay taxes, buy insurance for their cars, or contribute to our society. Though most would gladly pay their share, we won't let them.

Worse yet, the undocumented labor pool creates a vast underground of illegals, a shadowy world where terrorists might be able to move at will. Secretary of Homeland Security Tom Ridge has said as much. He's among those in the administration pushing for reform.

Allowing guest workers to be legal has many advantages. One proposal is to let them collect Social Security, but only if they return to their own country. Legal workers would be able to get driver's licenses and have car insurance. As it stands today, most states won't let illegals be licensed. They are forced to drive without a license or insurance.

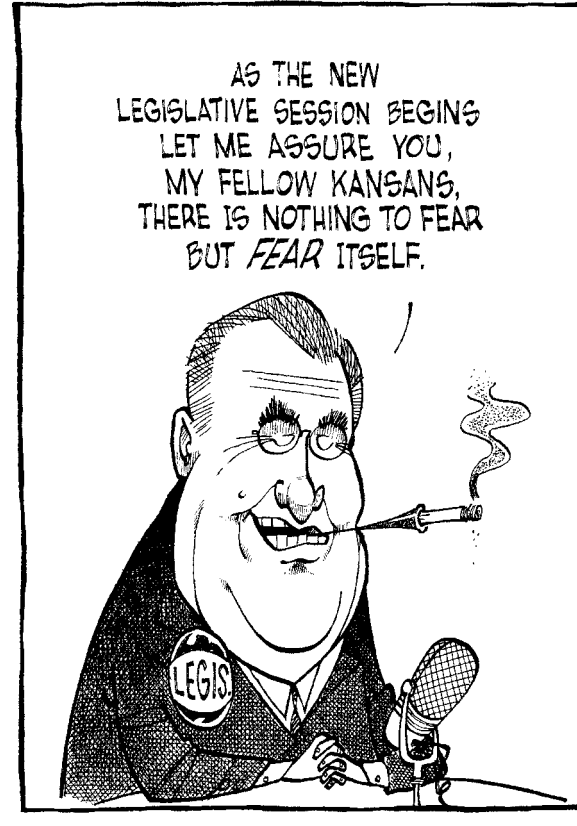
Legal immigrants will be "on the radar screen" for police and security officials, and that will make Ridge feel better.

Experts predict that reforms may take years to get through Congress, though. The issue is considered "radioactive" on Capitol Hill because of the high emotion it generates.

Some proposals, such as a plan to have a commission to regulate where workers could go and what jobs they could take, will drop away. The old policy shows the utter failure of attempts to regulate workers. It will take time to hash these things out.

But the current situation is intolerable, and the sooner we set about making it work, the better.

— Steve Haynes



She's just getting younger

I might grow older, but I'm kicking and fighting it all the way.

Every miracle cure for wrinkles finds its way into my medicine cabinet. I've started a savings account for my "eye job", and I still refuse to wear sensible shoes. It's good that I'm married to an older man.

Jim will turn 60 the middle of March. Why do we say "turn (fill in the age)"? Milk turns. So does fruit. We say we've "turned" a particular age, then after a certain point it becomes, "we made it" to 70 or 80.

Anyway, Jim is fast approaching this milestone and Jennifer and I have been discussing how to mark the occasion. Then it dawned on me — we will be in Mexico over his birthday. It will be our third trip to Juarez in three months.

Rather fitting though, I think. A lot of people think 60 is the beginning of the downhill slide.

And he will be going full-steam, doing something he loves.

Jim can still work circles around men half his age. Plus he has the advantage of having already made his mistakes, so now he doesn't have to waste time fixing them. He may be a little slower "snapping back" from



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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a full day's work (and he knows no other kind of day except a full one), but after a night's rest, he's right back on the job.

—ob—

Taylor celebrated her fifth birthday this week and Alex will be nine in a few days. They are the first two grandchildren to reap the rewards of our new attitude towards birthday presents: savings bonds. Yes, savings bonds. No, they're not too exciting. No batteries. No moving parts. Just a little piece of paper that their parents will immediately confiscate, put in a safe place and declare, "You'll appreciate this when you get older."

Even Angelia, at the advanced age of 12, will appreciate it in a few years when those little pieces of pa-

per suddenly become several hundred dollars that can be used for college, a car, a house, even a wedding.

Besides, waiting for a savings bond to mature is a good exercise in patience. Seven years is a long time.

From the Bible

Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Romans 12: 20, 21

Still not a sweet smelling Rose

One of the headlines said Pete Rose had finally come clean, but that is hardly the case.

Baseball's Hit King is making one last, desperate stab at getting into the Hall of Fame before his 15-year "window" passes him by.

As usual, Rose is trying to weasel his way through. His admissions, in this soon-to-be-published autobiography, don't amount to a full confession according to those who should know.

And while he finally admits he bet on baseball, Rose still comes off as a spoiled child who's been told he can't have a candy bar before dinner.

The great slugger's accomplishments are undeniable — 4,256 hits in a sparkling career, marred only by this disregard for baseball's most hallowed rule.

It is a sin for a player or manager to bet on the game, and it has been so ever since the 1919 Chicago Black Sox tried to fix the World Series.

The owners hired Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis to clean up the game, and as commissioner, he did just that.

Rose's public comments show that he just doesn't get it. After his retirement, he did a radio show from Las Vegas, of all places. He complained about how unfairly he had been treated, and his guests, including some big-time gambling figures, nodded in agreement.

One theory about the timing of



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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Rose's push is that after next year, he'll no longer be eligible for the regular ballot, voted by the baseball writers. Instead, his case would be turned over to the veterans' committee, which includes hall members and historians.

The thinking is the sports writers will be more sympathetic, though you couldn't tell that by reading the columns this week.

His supporters argue simply that Pete Rose deserves to be in the hall because of his accomplishments.

His detractors say he needs to come to terms with his gambling addiction and with the truth, something that seems to be hard for Rose.

In his book, he reportedly admits gambling while he managed the Cincinnati Reds, but not as a player. He claims he never bet from the clubhouse and never bet against his own team.

But those who know the investigation say otherwise. Fellow players say he did place bets from the clubhouse. Former Commissioner Fay Vincent, who helped conduct the investigation, says Rose has not yet come clean.

"Pete needs to tell the whole truth," Vincent said, "and he's only told half of it.... The shame of it is what a great ballplayer Pete Rose was, but what a miserable human being he is. I read the excerpts of this book and I don't think many people are going to buy it."

"There are no heroes in this Pete Rose story. It's like looking under a rock, and seeing nothing but maggots."

Many hall members and veteran players agree with Vincent. "Pete Rose is history," pitcher Bob Feller is reported as saying.

So Rose is likely to remain on the short list (19 players) declared "permanently ineligible" by professional baseball.

He's not in bad company there. Shoeless Joe Simpson, star of the Black Sox team, had a .356 lifetime batting average, but he can't be in the hall. Landis banned him.

Not even a Kevin Costner movie "Field of Dreams" could rehabilitate Simpson's fallen star.

Some day, they'll make a movie about Charlie Hustle, but it'll be hard to make him a hero.

Author recalls Battle of the Bulge

To the Editor:

Most of us define an anniversary as the date on which some event occurred in an earlier year. Most anniversaries are happy occasions — such as birthdays, weddings or graduations — that we all look forward to celebrating with family and friends.

Some — not so happy — we will never forget.

It is with a heavy heart that I re-live the events of one such. Just 59 years ago today, Jan. 7, 1945, I was wounded in action during the Battle of the Bulge near Milmont, Belgium. This is one of those defining moments in time that I will carry to my grave.

I joined the 17th Airborne Division (Co. B 194th Glider Infantry) in May 1943 as a second lieutenant. After training for 18 months, we shipped over to England in August 1944.

In late December 1944, the division was moved across the Channel to be committed to the Battle of the Bulge. In late December, we moved up to the front. In early January 1945, our company was in a reserve position. The weather was terrible. There was about eight inches of snow on the ground and the temperature was in the mid 20s.

On the morning of Jan. 7, we crossed the Line of Departure on our first combat attack. The results of this were horrific. Of the nearly 180 men in the battle, only 20 remained. Less than one-half of the enlisted casualties were due to battle wounds. The major culprit was the cold. Frostbite and frozen extremities took their toll.

We started the attack about daylight. Lt. Ed Thayer's platoon and my platoon were the lead units. Lt. (The Mouse) Wright led the Weapons Platoon. By 10 a.m., the forward movement was stopped by a German tank some 300 yards to our front.

Lt. Thayer had been wounded and we had about 10 men killed. Due to the cold weather, our radios would not work. Lt. John Jennings, our company executive officer, was 600 yards behind us but not in radio contact. Wright and I decided that one of us had to run back up the hill to get some help. Lt. Wright did not want to go so I volunteered. I told the crew to watch me and if I fell and did not get up to send another.

My run back up the hill was not pleasant. I would run about 10 yards then hit the ground. The machine gun bullets from the German tank were falling all around and kicking up the snow. My run was successful. I found Lt. Jennings.

Letters to the Editor

At the crest of the hill, possibly 15 yards behind a small beet pile, I was explaining to Jennings our situation. I was prone on the ground and Jennings, some three feet away, was up on one knee. I kept telling him to "get down". A few moments later a mortar round exploded about 10 yards in front of us. Jennings was killed and I was wounded.

The irony of this story is that Lt. Wright was killed that night at nearly the same spot where I had left him that morning. Lt. Jennings had two small sons, ages 5 and 7, as I recall. Lt. Wright and I were both bachelors.

My question, that only the good Lord can answer, is "Why was Lt. Townsend spared that fateful day and Lt. Jennings and Lt. Wright taken away?" I am sure that we have all asked ourselves at one time or another, "What if?"

My story of "Just A Moment in Time" is just one of the many reasons that I am so proud to be an American. I have done nothing more or nothing less than you or any other American would have done in the same situation.

While I am eternally grateful for being spared on that fateful day, I am especially thankful for another an-

niversary on Jan. 7, 2002.

On that date I completed my 39th radiation treatment for prostate cancer. Subsequent tests indicate the treatment was successful. On Jan. 7, 1945, I was wounded at about 11 a.m. On Jan. 7, 2002, at about 11 a.m., I completed my last radiation treatment. At the completion of my treatment, the Georgetown University Hospital radiation staff presented me with a very nice certificate. Now you know why Jan. 7 is so important to me.

Needless to say, I have been on an emotional roller coaster the past few days. I have been in touch with several members of my unit who were with me on that fateful day some 59 years ago. We have relived those very painful details many times. If my communications and actions seem a bit erratic, please forgive me.

My plans for tonight are very simple. I will say a special prayer for those who paid the supreme price and for those who survived. I then will have a good cry and attempt to go to sleep. Good night and God Bless America!

Ret. Col. Del Townsend
A proud and grateful American
Exon Hill, Md.
1938 Oberlin graduate

Woman thanks community

To the Editor:

I received the generous check that was collected for me because of my burned house. How can I begin to thank you? It was for \$3,181, and the Lutheran Thrivent Financial had matched \$1,190 of it.

I didn't know that many people knew who I was, and at such a hard time of year to be giving away extra money.

Many thanks and may we all have a good new year.

Millie Lippelmann
Oberlin

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