

Time for President Bush to reform immigration

It's time for President George W. Bush to step forward and take a strong, sensible and moral stand on immigration reform.

The president has done more to bring the Republican party into the forefront of race and immigration than anyone since Abraham Lincoln. He has appointed more minorities, especially Hispanics, and women to top posts than any recent president.

Now is the time for him to secure a reasonable and fair outcome on immigration.

There can be no doubt we need to change our immigration system. We post unreasonable restrictions, then allow millions to slip across the border undocumented.

It's a stupid system, made worse by the fact that any attempt to make it work only seems to make it worse.

What should the president do?

- Amnesty for millions of people who are here, working and supporting their families, paying taxes and supporting our economy.

These people should not be made citizens — they should earn that — but they need to be part of our system, carry legal Mexican or U.S. Identification and licenses, pay taxes, follow the rules, have insurance and generally adapt to our society.

We need to make that possible.

- A working registration system for guest workers who want to come here. The demand is huge, with 4 million to 5 million people be-

lieved to cross the border every year.

The registration system has to work. It can't be too restrictive, or people will avoid it and continue to swim the river and scurry under the fence.

Legal workers should not automatically become citizens. They, too, would have to work for that status.

- Beefed-up border security along the Rio Grande and the thousand miles of desert from El Paso to California to catch drug smugglers and the coyotes bringing in illegal aliens.

It ought to be easier to come across the border legally, by registering as a visitor or guest worker, than to sneak across.

The smugglers are no friends of ours, of the immigrants they prey on or of the Mexican people. They belong in jail.

- And finally, once the system works, and not a day before, we should make it a felony to enter this country bypassing the immigration system for any criminal purpose.

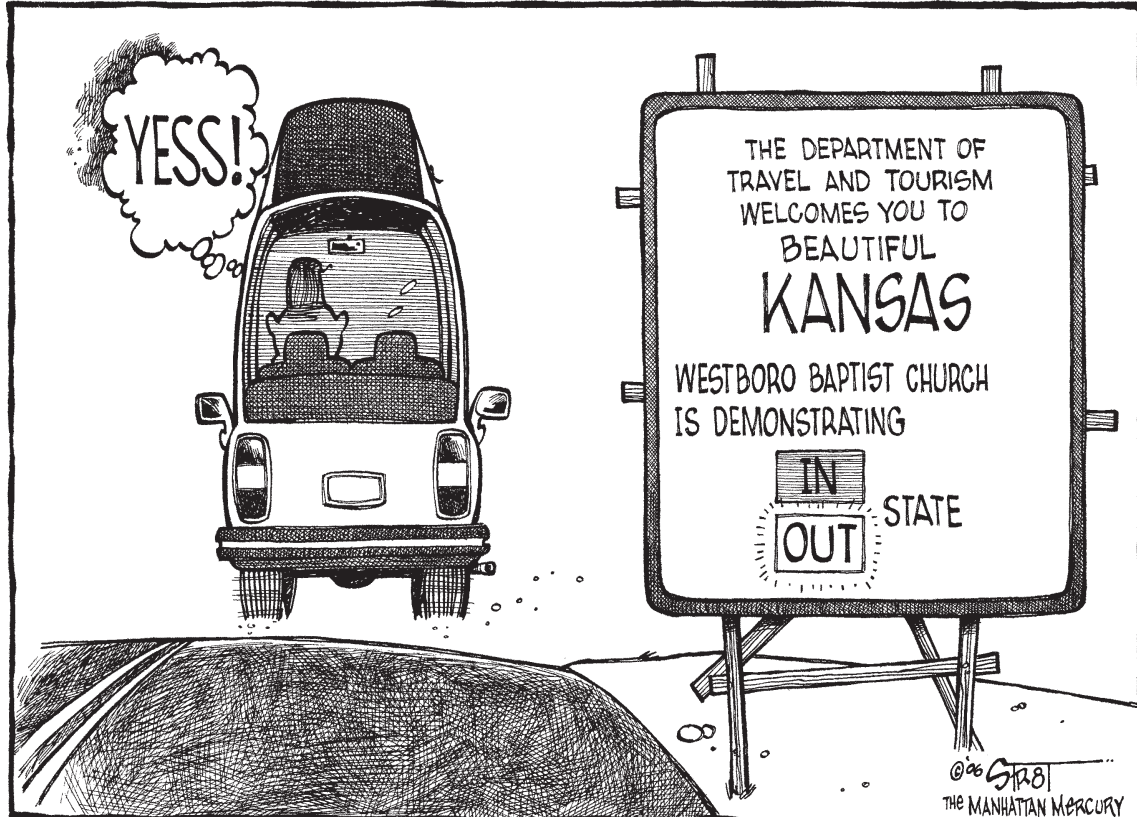
Notice, we didn't say it should be a felony just to be here, but it should be a serious crime to sneak around the registration system.

And we should enforce that law.

Until we have a working registration system, though, criminal penalties would add just another joke to our current stack.

OK, Mr. President. It's up to you.

— Steve Haynes



Hair has follicular Alzheimers

I've started noticing a few silver strands among the gold as I do my hair each morning.

I've read that white, gray or silver is what happens when hair 'forgets' what color it's supposed to be — a sort of follicular Alzheimer's.

At 58, my hair has started to suffer some memory lapses, which isn't too bad.

My husband's hair started losing its memory before he was 27. His entire head of hair had lost its mind by the time he was 35. Our children barely remember a time when their father had salt-and-pepper hair.

My hair, on the other hand, is a gift from my father. When Buford Desilet died at 69, he had less gray hair than my husband, who was in his 30s.

Our children have never thought much about their parents' hair color — at least not until our oldest daughter noticed that at 24, she was starting to turn gray. Since she has beautiful dark red-brown hair, the white



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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showed up against the dark. Now at 31, she dyes her hair regularly.

The two younger children have red-blonde hair, and gray will not show up as much, but as the second daughter starts the countdown to 30, she's starting to pray that she inherited my hair instead of her father's.

Steve never worried when his hair started to turn, and I've decided to follow his lead. With my new, shorter haircut, though, the forgetful strands are starting to be more noticeable.

We spent Easter in Lawrence with our two younger children, and after

church, I mentioned that I was noticing the silver strands amongst my bangs.

My helpful son told me that the crown of my head was being renamed the Commodore in honor of one of the largest silver mines in southern Colorado.

Thanks a bunch, kid. I really wanted to know that!

I may need to rethink this allowing nature to take its course. I don't mind a few silver threads. I'm just not so sure I want a whole silver mine full of forgetful follicles on the top of my head.

Wedding photos add pressure

Mary Jo is one of my best friends. We don't get a chance to hang out much, but I know she would do anything for me she could, and I for her.

So, when she asked if I could take the pictures at her daughter's wedding, I automatically agreed. Wait a minute. What did I say? Did I just agree to be responsible for recording and preserving the most important day of her daughter's life? Oh, the pressure.

I take a lot of pictures in my job as a newspaper reporter/photographer. But, admittedly, I pose some of them to recreate the action. As a wedding photographer, you can't recreate the moment the bride and her father start down the aisle. You can't recreate the moment of the couple's first kiss as husband and wife. You can't redo the moment they are introduced to the congregation as Mr. and Mrs. I was nervous. To compensate for my inexperience, I took dozens of shots. Between events of the wedding weekend, I would dash to the local discount store to load the digital pictures onto a compact disc, erase the memory card, and head back for more. At least they'll have lots to choose from.

The bride was stunning, the groom handsome, both families were happy for their children and all the relatives were cooperative, so my job was actually pretty easy. I never heard a negative word except when it was discovered the suspenders did not arrive with the father of the bride's tuxedo.

From the men's changing room, we heard, "Somebody get me a pair of suspenders, or I'm puttin' my jeans back on."

All the pictures show Gale in a pair of matching black trousers, so



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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I assume someone found a pair of suspenders. But, as far as I could tell (and I was in the middle of everyone's business), that was the only glitch.

I'm not sure I'm ready to change careers to become a wedding photographer, but I did have a good time and I hope they like the pictures. All 349 of them.

This is going to be a hard week for us. Our daughter, Jennifer, has decided to move back to Texas. We helped move her up here and we're helping move her back. But, we will miss her and our granddaughter, Alexandria, terribly. And, with a baby coming in July, we'll miss that, too.

But, the man in Jennifer's life has a fantastic job opportunity there and Jennifer's work can go with her wherever she goes. So, we'll help them all we can and wish them well

From the Bible

The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked: the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.
Nahum 1: 3

as they begin that season of their life and we begin a new season of ours. —ob—

Speaking of seasons, I was looking at the wheat as I drove to town yesterday. It has fully awakened from its winter sleep and is growing like crazy. Now, here's the amazing part: harvest is only a couple of months away. Certainly helps you understand the meaning of "You reap what you sow."

Letter to the Editor

Reader still enjoys paper

To the Editor:
I like everything about your paper.

Even though I left Oberlin over 40 years ago, I still love Oberlin and the people I've known for years there, and I think I have to have *The Oberlin Herald*.

Joyce Cook
Independence

Do we get reality of Easter?

Easter is like a little Christmas today, with bunnies and brightly colored eggs and kids running around.

Stores are decorated, people buy new clothes, kids get excited.

They even had an Easter egg hunt after church on Sunday, and I guess there's nothing wrong with that.

Easter is supposed to be a joyous occasion.

You wonder, though, how many of the smiling parents and bemused grandparents stopped to reflect on the terrible reality of the Easter story?

How many of those kids making a joyful noise will be taught just why we celebrate Easter each year?

The church has taught for centuries that Christians need to prepare for the joy of Easter by experiencing, in our minds at least, the pain and sacrifice that led up to it.

But we live in an era of feel-good religion. Easter to many is just another secular holiday, eggs and hats and bunnies.

There were just four people in the pews for the Good Friday service I dropped in on. Not really enough to read all the parts of the passion gospel. Too few to act out the message of betrayal, pain and death — and



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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resurrection.

Still, we set out on the path of the Cross, stopping at each station to consider Christ's steps from the Last Supper to the place of the Skull.

John lays out the story of His betrayal, His arrest, His detention by the high priest, His trial before Pilate. The Roman governor knows better, but gives in to the mob and the priests. His captors mock Christ, and He takes up his own cross.

Along the way, Jesus stumbles. He gets up and goes on. A stranger is forced to carry the cross.

He sees his own mother, watching, knowing. He stumbles again.

At the hill, the soldiers nail his hands and feet to the wood. It's hard to imagine the cruelty then so common, to envision the pain, the hours spent in agony.

Today, we worry that a convict might feel an instant of pain when

drugs course into his veins. Imagine that.

This Easter story is not pretty. No joyous children, no happy families, no pretty eggs.

Just a man nailed to a tree, flanked by two criminals, one on either side. Suffering. Then he dies.

There seems little doubt that there was such a man in history, or that He died for what he taught in the few years between his baptism and that day.

I believe that.

Do Americans?

Do we understand the reality of this story?

That, as Luke put it, "They hanged him from a tree?"

Or are we just hunting for pretty eggs?

Because if we can't understand the pain, it's hard to appreciate the joy of Easter.

April is Archeology Month in Kansas

To the Editor:

The professional archaeologists of Kansas have designated April as Kansas Archaeology Month to celebrate the role of archaeology in studying and understanding the state's historic and prehistoric past.

Through archaeology we begin to understand who was here, when and why.

The purpose of Kansas Archaeology Month is to increase public knowledge about the past and the science of archaeology, and to involve the public in protecting our cultural heritage. Much is yet to be learned about the past, especially here on the High Plains, where less research has been done.

The Kansas Anthropological Association is an organization of avocational archaeologists with chapter groups scattered throughout the state. The High Plains Chapter is our local group. Our purpose is to learn together and work with other

Letters to the Editor

interested individuals to locate, verify, document and preserve regional prehistoric and historic sites.

Our goal is to educate the public in not only the importance of documenting these sites but also to include them as northwest Kansas tells its own history. Dr. Donna Roper, an archaeologist, is coming to Colby April 19-23 to investigate possible sites and look at collections the public has.

We will have an open house on Friday, April 21, for area people to visit with Dr. Roper. She will talk at 2:30 p.m. Sunday, April 23, at the Prairie Museum in Colby on "Recent Explorations of an Early Wichita Indian Village in Central Kansas."

Brad Geist, a Goodland High

School student, will give a computer presentation on his participation last year at the Kansas Anthropological Training Program near Kanorado at 1:45 p.m., prior to Dr. Roper's presentation.

E-mail highplainschapter@yahoo.com or call me at (785) 460-6653 for information. Please join us in celebrating the history of our land and its people.

So much is yet to be learned. It takes everyone sharing their knowledge, collections and questions to put the pieces of the history puzzle together.

Nancy Arendt, president
High Plains Chapter, Kansas Anthropological Association

Colby

Herald still connects reader to roots

To the Editor:
I am sending a copy of Marvin Sexson's obituary, and would appreciate you having it published in *The Oberlin Herald*.

My mother wrote the "Fairview-Summit Items" for many years...and my aunt, Alice Vernon,

was clerk of the court for many years. My dear aunt, Olga Reist, lived past 100 years...so we have a lot of great roots in Oberlin.

I look forward to *The Herald* each week and now I read about my friends' grand- or great-grandkids. I graduated with the Class of 1942,

I think it still holds the record of the largest class to graduate from Decatur Community High School.

With great appreciation, I sincerely thank you.

Bonnie D. Sexson
Loveland, Colo.

THE OBERLIN HERALD

Serving Oberlin and Decatur County since 1879

USPS 401-600

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Published each Wednesday by Haynes Publishing Co., 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749. Periodicals mail postage paid at Oberlin, Kan. 67749.

Steve and Cynthia Haynes, publishers
Official newspaper of Oberlin, Jennings, Norcatour, Dresden and Decatur County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, Colorado Press Association, Nebraska Press Association and Inland Press Association.

Subscriptions: One year, \$30 (tax included) in Decatur, Norton, Rawlins, Sheridan, Thomas and Red Willow counties; \$34 (tax included) elsewhere in Kansas; \$37 elsewhere in the U.S. Foreign subscriptions, \$20 extra per year (except APO/FPO). POSTMASTER: Send change of address to 170 S. Penn Ave., Oberlin, Kan. 67749-2243.

Office hours: 8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Mon.-Fri.
(Also open most Saturdays when someone is in.)

