

U.S. needs immigration system that will work

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 of a continent. 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, on the track gangs and in any other job a gentleman would shun.

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 immigration 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. That's the only way to solve this problem.

Sadly, no one is even talking about this. Debate on immigration amounts to little more than hysteria. Nothing will be accomplished that way.

Isn't it time we changed this awful system and built one that will work?

— Steve Haynes



Lilies, garlic plants survive

It's harvest time again.

Nope, the tomatoes aren't ready and my sweet corn still has several weeks to go.

The squash has lots of blossoms, but so far, they're all male and won't give me the tons of zucchini I'm expecting in a few weeks.

The lettuce, spinach and peas have come and gone, and I don't expect any carrots until fall.

This week, it's garlic harvest time.

When we bought our home in 1993, the owner had an herb garden by the back deck. It was a lovely herb garden, but I'm not much into herbs. They always sound like a good idea but end up being more work than I want to do.

What the yard lacked was irises. Both Steve and I love irises, and my grandmother raised them as a hobby.

Mary, the former owner loved lilies, and had lilies everywhere. I soon learned that you don't just take lilies out and replant with irises. Lilies take over. I think they must be some sort of invasive species, because you can't get rid of them.

Since I wasn't into herbs, and the lilies were meaner than I was, I soon decided I'd better plant my irises in the herb garden.

This has worked well. I get some nice blossoms each spring. But, I soon discovered, there are two herbs



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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that are almost as tenacious as lilies — mint and garlic.

Mint spreads worse than crab grass but is easier to pull. It's just that it doesn't go away after you pull it because you can never get all of it. So I have allowed the spearmint to take over a small space outside the bounds of the former herb garden and pull any stray plants that come up inside the bed.

Garlic is a whole different matter. You can pull garlic, but if you miss one clove, it'll produce again next year. I obviously missed a lot of cloves when I first tried to replant that bed. And since I had my irises planted, I couldn't just dig the whole bed up again.

Well, if you can't beat them, eat them.

Now each spring, I water the bed really well and go out the next day and thin the garlic. If you don't thin it, you get a lot of really tiny garlic bulbs. These are fine for cooking, but it takes six or eight of them to make a traditional clove and that's

just a pain.

After thinning, you just sit back and enjoy the iris blossoms, then the garlic heads start to appear. These contain the seeds and are quite attractive.

When the seed stalks start to dry out, its time for another good soaking and then comes the garlic pulling. I'm sure they dig garlic in the field, but I don't want to disturb my flowers, so we pull it.

Steve pulls and I cut the tops and bottoms off. The seed heads go in one basket and the garlic bulbs in another while the stalks go in a pile for the compost heap.

We always miss some, and we always lose enough to ensure a crop for next year. We also take some of the seeds and toss them back into the bed for good measure.

And I have to tell you, this year the harvest was good, with big, solid cloves and lots of garlic. I'm going to make a lot of Italian dishes, and won't be any vampires within miles of our place.

That smell was not propane

For years, now, Jim has lorded it over me about my underdeveloped 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 lording 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. 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



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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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 all right. 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.

From the Bible

But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus, his Son, purifies us from all sin.
1 John 1:7 (NIV)

Husband says he witnessed miracle

To the Editor:

On Saturday, July 10, I witnessed a miracle. A pickup driven by a man from Phillipsburg was involved with a direct hit to the rear end of a pick-up driven by my wife, Elaine.

The man was wearing his seat belt and was able to walk out of the wreck.

Elaine was not wearing her seat belt. The Lord was in our pickup and kept her safely in the seat and not ejected. The trauma doctor, after looking at Elaine, told me there is a reason you wear seat belts. It would have saved her from multiple injuries. If anything can be learned from this, it is PLEASE BUCKLE UP in all your vehicles.

From the moment I called Pastor Doug Mason and told him to start the prayer chain (at the Lund Covenant Church), a comfort surrounded me as Elaine's deep moans and unconsciousness turned to cries of "my back hurts" and then, "is an ambulance on the way." Thank you, Lord, for answered prayers.

Letter to the Editor

As word spread, more and more prayers were being offered by our friends, their friends and on to others that we may not know or may not know us. We are very grateful for all the prayers for Elaine and our family and the young man who was involved in the wreck and his family.

Elaine suffered two fractured vertebrae near her tail bone and two near her skull, six broken ribs, a punctured lung and a broken arm and shoulder bone. Thankfully, the spinal cord was not damaged.

Five days after being admitted, she was released from the Intensive Care Unit. She is now in the West Tower of Good Samaritan Hospital, in room 6305. Within a few days, they had her walking with me for 40 feet then and sitting up all day and again walking 40 feet with a cane. By the end of the first week, after X-

rays of the back, the neurosurgeon said that the fractures were more defined. They will wait until early the next week to look again. The orthopedic doctors were waiting for the neurosurgeon's decision before they decided what to do.

Please pray that the bones will heal with just the turtle shell and neck brace she has on and that her lung will heal and not get pneumonia. She expects to be home today (Wednesday).

Elaine, I and our family are humbled by all the acts of kindness and all the prayers for us. Our God is a wonderful God and he listens for each prayer each second of the day.

God bless each of you.

In Christ,
Brad and Elaine Marcuson
and family, Oberlin

Volunteers needed to keep fair going

To the Editor:

Oberlin's 125th Fourth of July celebration, the second part of a four-part celebration of the town's founding, was a success due to volunteering and participation. I can't remember the last time Oberlin's downtown was alive with so many people on a Sunday.

Sixty or more individuals and businesses volunteered to make this celebration one we will not forget. The day was full of activities. At the church service, songs of faith fed our souls, food nurtured our bodies and activities later sparked our spirits.

Individuals and groups manned

games and activities. There were shows at the theater, a hot dog and watermelon supper, a parade and ice cream social, and a scavenger hunt. Kids and adults won trophies, cash and prizes.

As our Fourth of July celebration proved, our citizens stepped up, took ownership and made memories.

Our home-grown carnival, part three of the 125th anniversary celebration, is fast approaching the first week of August. Please, find it in your heart to step up once again and secure the future of our fair.

If your family is coming home for the carnival, ask them to volunteer and support it. If you live here, take

an extra shift running a ride or game, and encourage your neighbors to do the same. Take the initiative to guarantee our descendants a safe and fun atmosphere that we ourselves have experienced in the past.

The sign-up sheet for the carnival rides and games is at the Chamber office in the Business Enhancement Entrepreneurial Building. Please preserve part of what has become Oberlin's heritage. It is an event worth investing in, because the alternative will be a lost legacy.

Kem Bryan, Oberlin

Investigate your candidate first

To the Editor:

First, I would like to say thank you to the City of Oberlin for the name on the north side of the Gateway. Now everyone can know what that building is.

Second, I would like to urge voters to vote for Elizabeth Ensley for Secretary of State. Libby was

county clerk for Shawnee County for many years and knows what the office of secretary of state is all about.

And the last thing I would like to inform the public is the Pro-Life Voter guide does back Todd Tiahr, Tim Heulskamp, Brown-Colyer and John Faber. There are others on the

list, but I am not familiar with the other candidates. Now is the time to be investigating just what each candidate stands for before you cast your vote that will be counted at the primary election Tuesday night.

Marilyn Horn, Oberlin

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