

Fear of immigration really fear of unknown?

So what is it people fear about immigration? Is it jobs?

With employment running for years at record lows, it hardly seems like our jobs are threatened by immigrants.

The jobs they take — in packing plants, in fields, on road crews — most Americans shun.

These have always been the lot of the last guy off the boat, Italian, Greek, Pole, Croatian, Cambodian or black.

Those groups, and dozens of others, came to this country looking for a new life, and found it. Today, they are Americans. Today, if fact, some of their descendants probably are among those who rail against the new immigration.

Is it language?

Most immigrants came here speaking something other than English. They learned and adapted.

But there are towns in Kansas where German or French was the main language for two or three generations. Russian, Bohemian, Swedish. All were spoken here, though no longer.

It'll be the same with the current wave.

People come here to be Americans. That's what most want more than anything. They want what we have.

Is it the economy?

Our economy would grind to a halt without

immigration. With all the outsourcing and importing, we still have jobs that go begging. It's illegal?

Only because we say it's so.

But as with many things, you can't make illegal what people want badly.

Alcohol, a new life, whatever. People want something, and they'll get it.

If people want to come here so badly that they'll risk their lives, they'll come.

No fence will stop them.

Al Qaida will come in with them?

Please. Al Qaida comes in where al Qaida wants to come in. Most have come through major airports, right through Immigration and Customs.

Is it fear?

Fear of the unknown, fear of those who are a little different than most of us?

Maybe.

Maybe it's just plain old prejudice.

Call it what you will. It's not pretty, and it's not American.

All this is nothing new. Those who came before spat on the Irish, the Italians, the Armenians, the Poles. Today, you can't tell one from another. That is our heritage.

There are forces that would tear America apart and deny our traditions. Immigration is not one of them.

— Steve Haynes

Lonely hen found new friends

The mystery is solved. We finally learned what happened to "Henny Penny" last fall.

We have had chickens since we first got married. Sometimes more, sometimes less, but always a few. Until last fall. Every morning we would find one or two hens killed somehow during the night. Jim set traps, but the slaughter continued until we were down to one lone (and lonely) hen. That same day Jim trapped what we believed to be the culprit, a full-grown raccoon.

Our one little hen lived a solitary life for a while as we debated adopting some additional hens to keep her company or the option of taking her through the "noodle bath." The decision was taken out of our control when "Henny Penny" disappeared. We searched the neighborhood and found nary a feather. We assumed she had met her fate in the jaws of a marauding coyote or a roving dog if she had ventured too close to the outskirts of town.

Last week, however, we learned "the rest of the story." Jim was framing up a room addition for some friends on the other side of town. They have chickens, too. Jim asked



Out Back

By Carolyn Sue Kelley-Plotts
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them if they had a stray chicken show up at their place recently. It seems that one day last fall a plump, barred rock hen showed up at their pen and wanted in. They accommodated her and now she is the celebrity in their flock. All their chickens are white, so with her black-and-white feathers, she really stands out in the crowd.

"Do you want her back?" they asked. "Oh, no," was answered. "We wouldn't want to take her away from her new friends."

Besides, we just got two baby calves, and don't need any more chores. A farmer/rancher friend called last Sunday afternoon and made us a deal we couldn't refuse. Two of his cows had each had a set of twins, and each mother would

only claim one. That left him to deal with two newborn calves.

He proposed that if we would feed and care for them through the summer, we can keep one. With the price of baby calves like it is, that sounded like a good deal to us. So we're mixing baby formula and deciding who gets to take the midnight feeding.

They are cute little black Angus calves. Jim decided that one looks like a "Suzy-Q" and we're waiting on granddaughter Alexandria to come up with a name for the other one. She has named all our other calves, so we have a tradition going here. In the past we've had "Bucky" and "Pooh," "Ike" and "Mike," and "Ollie" and "Mollie".

Now, what rhymes with "Suzy-Q"?

From the Bible

We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.

II Corinthians 4:8-10

Write

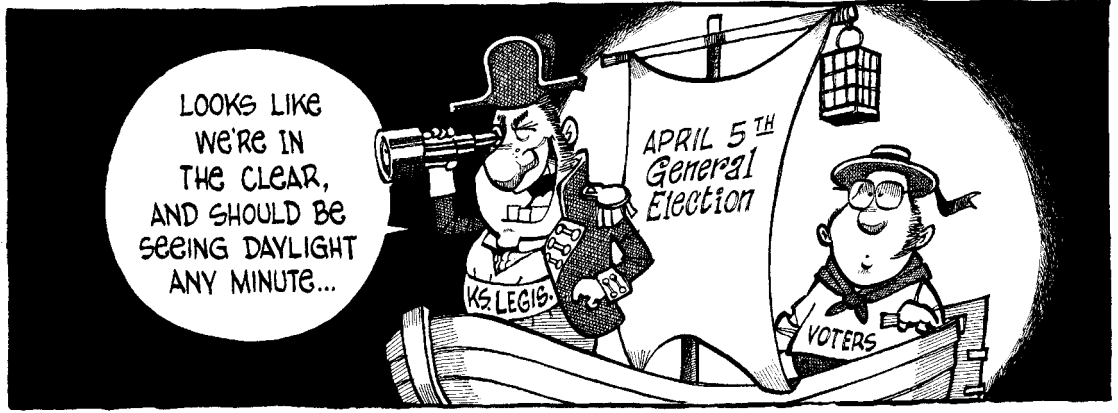
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LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, AND SHOULD BE SEEING DAYLIGHT ANY MINUTE...



LET'S GET COURSE AND GET UNDERWAY.

He piles his list on her counter

My husband has an interesting way of reminding himself, and me, of things we need to buy. He leaves the empty packages on the kitchen counter.

Right now, his grocery list contains shredded cheese, V8 and lemon juice. Last week, it was a dead 9-volt battery and empty vinegar bottle.

This is an interesting form of shorthand, I guess. Maybe others do it, too. It just seems strange that a man who is a writer by profession would make piles instead of lists.

I'm a list maker. I make grocery lists, to-do lists, Christmas-card lists and story lists.

I have a list of phone numbers on the refrigerator and a dry-erase board to list things I need to do this week or things that need to go with us on a trip.

My daughters are also list makers. The oldest one lives by her Day-Timer. She wouldn't think of going on vacation without it.

I think she probably took it to Italy on her honeymoon. After all, she might have missed the Sistine Chapel if she didn't have it on her list.

Youngest daughter also lists everything.

Before she moved to South Carolina, she listed everything in her house.



Open Season

By Cynthia Haynes
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Now that doesn't sound so bad until you sit in even a small room and list everything in it.

Try it. Go into the bathroom with a pad and pen, sit down and start listing what you have there — clock, towels, wash clothes, shampoo, cream rinse, toilet paper, wastepaper basket, tissue box, drapes, blinds, and we haven't even gotten to the medicine cabinet yet.

Son, on the other hand, doesn't list anything. When he goes somewhere, he packs 10 minutes before walking out the door. He shops without a grocery list and doesn't even bother with a television guide for watching the tube.

Me, I like to have my packing done a week before I leave, even if it's just for the weekend. I like to be prepared.

Steve, on the other hand, is like his son. He packs almost as he walks out the door, and then he recites everything he put in his bag — socks, ties,

dress shirts, short-sleeved shirts, sport coat, slacks, suit, jeans, T-shirts, swim suit, good shoes, belt, pills, reading material.

If you check that oral list carefully, you'll see why he forgot to take underwear two trips in a row last year.

Me, I always remember everything. Of course, I keep adding to the list, and since the suitcase is already full and in the car, I tend to stuff a bunch of things in bags. Which is how I ended up in Denver last week with a T-shirt in my computer case.

My list today still has a call to my mother and a sack of cat food to be gotten at the vet's. This may be the first time in 20 years I've gotten everything done on the list.

Of course, I may be adding a few more things before the day is done — Steve is still adding to the pile of empties on the counter, and I'll have to go to the store sometime.

Sappa Park draws attention

People are excited about the changes at Sappa Park.

Regular visitors gush about how the place looks without fences up against the road. More people seem to be visiting, maybe just to see what changes.

No doubt, the Pheasants Forever volunteers are off to a good start. Since taking over the farm lease at the park, they've already removed nearly all the fences inside the park.

Rolls of wire and piles of poles testify to the amount of work they've done. There is more to come, of course.

The change started when the City Council, at the instigation of Councilman Jay Anderson, put the farm lease up for bids. Pheasants Forever came in late, with a bid that was lower than either of two straight farm bids.

But, as Mr. Anderson said, the idea is to get the park back to more recreational use.

It looks like it's working so far. Only time will tell how many people will respond.

The wildlife group is using the lake bottom and adjacent areas as a habitat development project. A state biologist helped draw up detailed plans for hunter-oriented farming, with a mix of grain, grass and cover designed to optimize pheasant numbers and hunting opportunity.

Crop rotation, planting patterns and farm practices would be changed to match the planting plan.

Taking out the fences is just the



Along the Sappa

By Steve Haynes
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first part of the plan. It's a visual improvement, but is more symbolic than anything. The end of the fences shows the liberation of former pasture areas for recreation.

It's not a black-and-white thing. The former tenant, Jim Abbey, had worked the city land for years. He told the council last year that he always allowed hunting if people would ask. And he had started taking out the fences.

While the city was getting an occasional payment under the old share cropping contract, crops on the lake bed often were lost. The city did not insure its share, so there were years it got nothing.

Mr. Abbey suggested cutting the dam to drain the lake quickly after a rain, but that went nowhere.

In the Pheasants Forever contract, the city reserved the right to re-establish the lake — if it can find a way to get the water. Years ago, a former city clerk let the water rights to the old lake lapse. Today, that water would be invaluable.

The city has water it could use — the outflow from its sewer plant — but an engineer estimated that it

would take \$800,000 or more to build a pipeline to the lake.

Still, state and federal officials are looking for a way to establish a "wetlands" in the lake bottom. That would fit in well with the new farming plan and proposed walking trails. And maybe even provide a small fishing pond.

A lake will take longer, but at least it's still possible.

For now, though, the park has a new open feel. It's easier to take off across country and explore the islands or the far shore.

One habitual user said, beaming at the change, "I told 'em several years ago, they could have a feed lot out here, or a park, but not both."

Now it's a park. The city wasn't even getting paid for any grazing rights.

It's going to be fun to follow the changes over the next year or two.

The city will get a steady rent, and people will have more room to ramble.

Heck, if they pay the crop insurance, Pheasants Forever might even make a little money in a good year.

Visitors praise town, people here

To the Editor: Recently my wife and I visited northwest Kansas on a genealogy trip and short vacation. We had the occasion to spend several days in Oberlin.

We wanted to compliment the people of Oberlin on the neat, clean, and attractive appearance of your city. We especially enjoyed the city street lights that extend into your residential areas.

Of special note, we would like to thank the following people at the Decatur County courthouse for their friendly and helpful attention: Judy Gaumer, register of deeds, Pat Whetzel of that office, and Janet Meitl and Rhonda Wildeman of the district court clerk's office. These ladies were very helpful and cordial

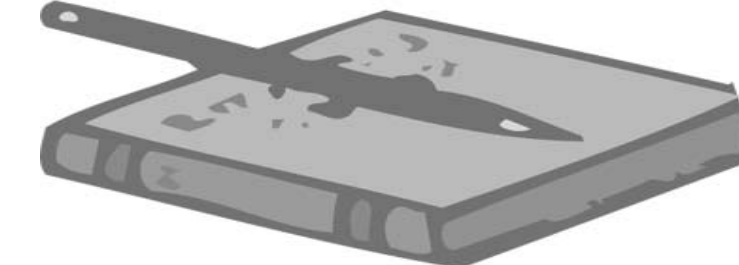
Letter to the Editor

to us as we pursued our genealogical research. We also enjoyed several very pleasant evenings at the LandMark Inn with our host, Gary Anderson.

Oberlin is an exceptional commu-

nity and one in which all of the residents can take pride.

Vernon and Linda Pierce
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