

Editorial & Opinion

SANDY, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1983

Closed SUHS campus wise

New Sandy High School Superintendent Roberta Hutton deserves a lot of credit and support for her get-tough plan for a closed campus this fall.

It probably won't prove popular, but the plan could reduce absenteeism, tardiness and general discipline problems at the school.

Sandy High in recent years has suffered from a public perception of such problems, rightly or wrongly.

The school is probably no better nor worse than most in regard to

student discipline.

A closed campus should help make Sandy one of the better schools in this regard, however.

The students surely will be missed in the downtown area, but their presence at school—during lunch period and especially after the bell—is more important.

New Superintendent Hutton is proving brave and logical in her attempts to improve our already revered high school. She deserves a lot of community support along the way. (VB)

Welcome-to-Sandy signs needed

Sandy needs a welcome-to-town sign at either end of town to show the world the obvious truth that Sandy is a friendly place to visit and wonderful place to live.

Sandy Chamber of Commerce vice president and city planner Don Wilson is spearheading a new drive to secure such signs.

His community identification project is just off the ground in idea only, but already he's enlisted the aid of local artist Richard Luczkow of Sign of the Times gallery.

The twosome figure it might cost the community some \$1,700-\$1,800 to do the job right.

What they have in mind calls for two fine 5 foot by 10 foot redwood signs that are sandblasted and

laminated.

They hope to secure support from local businesses to offset the cost and hence bring more business into Sandy.

They harbor dreams of getting Portland General Electric or General Telephone to donate time and help.

Truly such an endeavor is a worthy one and deserves support and push by all who take pride in this fine community.

Perhaps a fund-raiser could be undertaken by a civic group or body of activists in cooperation with the Chamber.

The more who take the task by the bit and pull, the faster the project will be accomplished. (VB)

Local Action Center serves well

Sandy Community Action Center is one of those rare groups that quietly sit in the background and selflessly serve hundreds and hundreds of needy citizens by their own raw dedication.

Take last month, for instance.

The volunteers served some 1,433 persons who wandered in off the street for some help or other. Most came for clothing, but some needed furniture, household effects, food, gas and referrals for help.

That's quite a lot of community service for a group that claims little if any government funding outside a recent block grant to buy their new home at site of the old post office on Proctor Boulevard.

What's more, 126 boxes of food were given to 126 local families at total retail value of \$1,832.80.

Also, 65 gallons of gas were

given to 14 people to reach hospitals, job applications and food stamp offices.

Some 353 hours of labor were donated at the Center by 27 volunteers. That equates to \$1,182.55, based only on minimum wage for all.

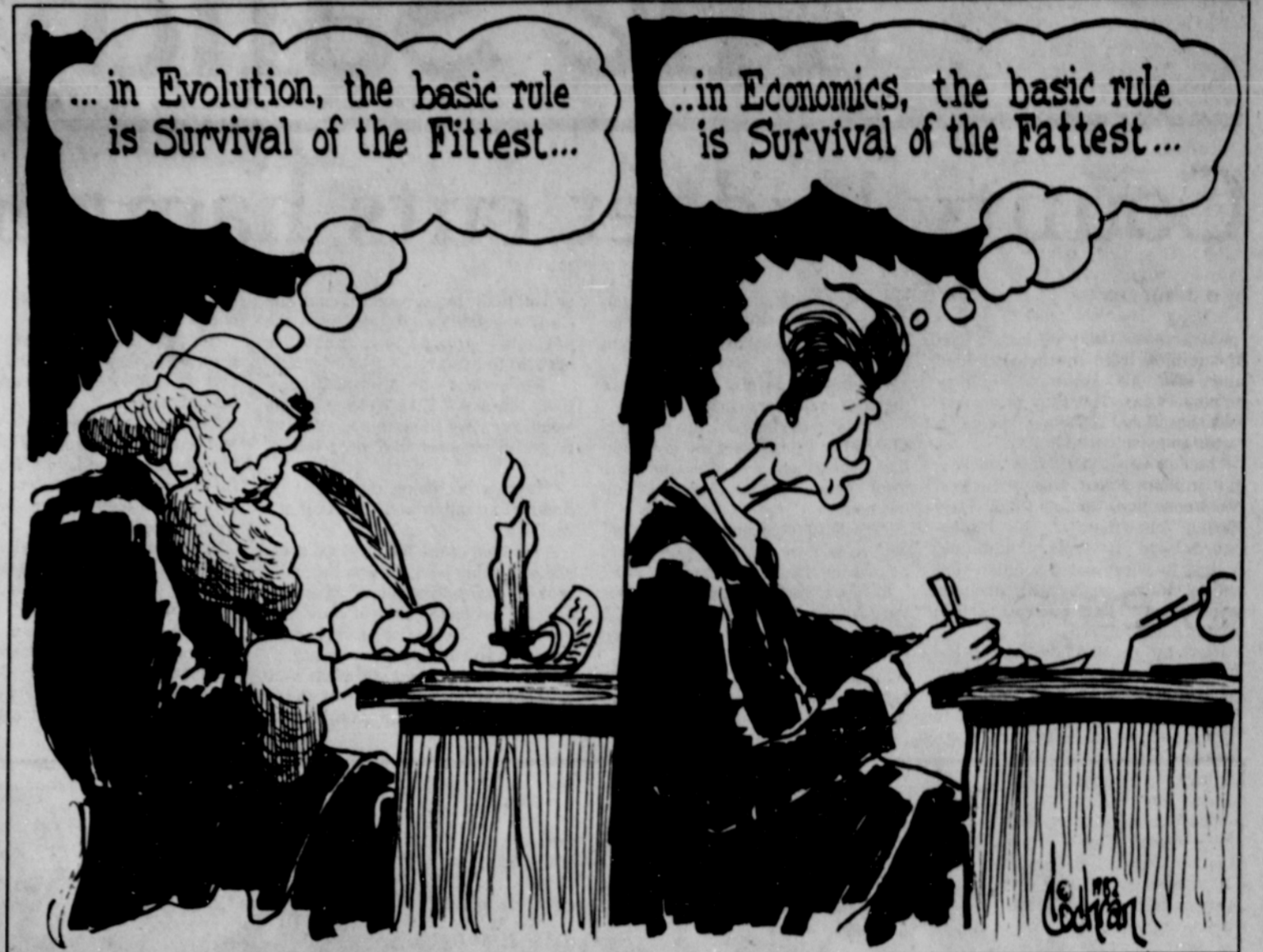
Of course, the Center does all this with a lot of help and donations from local friends and neighbors.

Countless residents drop off good reusable clothes, furniture and more.

Recently, the Hoodland Women's Club donated two pickup loads of good clothing.

Church, organizations and kind individual patrons continually pitch in to help.

To them all, a warm thank you from the community they serve. (VB)



Wall Street report:

Economic fairness political suicide

By allowing himself to be put on the defensive on the so-called fairness issue, President Reagan is making a mistake whose importance extends far beyond the political arena.

For an attempt to make "fairness" a central factor in national economic policy is not just futile, it is itself hopelessly unfair — to the American economic system.

In an era when group paranoia has become the universal neurosis, no system or policy is likely to be perceived as fair by all citizens. But the achievement of such equity has always been beyond the reach of any government. Smart Presidents, like John Kennedy were quick to realize this ("Life is unfair"); less gifted leaders, like Jimmy Carter, dissipated national economic opportunities in a superficial preoccupation with "fairness."

Governments cannot make us equal either in potential or in achievements. Some are born smarter. Others have more energy. We come short and tall, talented and plodding, coordinated and awkward, stunning and grotesque. The one thing we are not is equal.

When the nation's founders agreed in Philadelphia that we were "created equal," they



by Louis Rukeyser

thought in terms of political rights. In practical application, this means, "one person, one vote." Realistically, it also should mean that it is in society's interest to seek to maximize opportunity, a task in which the greatest potential maximizer — the public school system — has been failing abysmally.

We make a mockery of the word "fairness," though, when we attempt to equate it with the redistribution of wealth. That is not the American tradition — it is the tradition of Karl Marx. Generations of immigrants came here in hope of personal advancement through their own self-reliant efforts, not under the misapprehension that their success would be achieved by being awarded a portion of the estates of the Rockefellers and Carnegies. The genuine American tradition is not to have government hobble one's more affluent neighbor, but to hope that

one's own efforts — or one's children's — will surpass him.

Every country in the world has schemes for wealth redistribution — what few understand is wealth creation. There, governments have no demonstrated ability whatsoever. And ironically, economic policies tilted toward "fairness" invariably result in lower national living standards. Such policies rarely harm the truly rich, those with vast reserves of inherited wealth; but they heavily tax and hamper those trying to get rich, or even those just trying to get by with incomes in the middle range.

The inevitable result, as we have seen in the U.S. in recent years, is a slowdown in productivity growth, a nationwide emphasis on tax planning rather than venturesome investment — and a growing feeling of hopelessness among those trying to rise from society's lowest economic rungs. A chained giant may seem "fair" to those who would arrogantly "plan" our economy, but it demonstrably flunks any reasonable test of wealth creation.

The preachers of class war, whose doctrines underlie the present chatter about "fairness," are either ignorant of history, or have chosen to disregard it. In

truth, the years of strongest economic improvement for our least-favored citizens, and for the broad middle class, have been the years in which business boomed and many got rich. In contrast, the antibusiness atmosphere (and legislation) of the last 15 years scarcely eradicated the nation's poverty rolls.

Reagan, when challenged, meandered about how "frustrating" it was to be accused of lack of fairness, but did not confront the issue. To the extent his economic program encourages savings and investment on the part of the nation's more successful citizens, it will be more than "fair" to those without such earnings: it will be a positive benefit in terms of jobs and economic growth. To the extent we continue to keep inflation in check, by restraining the expansion of "compassionate" government giveaways, we will see the average family's purchasing power and living standards increase.

Government's job is not so much to play Big Brother, deciding how much of your earnings you should "fairly" be allowed to keep, but to get its own excesses under control. If it restores a sound basis for economic freedom, it may be surprised to discover that we can do the rest ourselves — fairly well.

The innocent bystander:

"Nuke-free zone" needed

I was in the back yard, burning dinner over a slow fire, when my dear wife, Glynda, came out to read me an item in the paper.

It said the tiny farming community of Stetson, Maine, had voted to declare itself a nuclear-free zone. And would the Soviet Union therefore kindly scratch it from the list of possible targets?

"Somehow," said Glynda, frowning prettily, "it doesn't sound fair."

"If the Africans, Latin Americans, Australians, Antarcitians and now the Europeans want to declare themselves nuclear-free zones," I said, "why can't the Stetsonians?"

"Because if our leaders get us all blown up, shouldn't they go along? After all, our leaders are their leaders. Besides, what's to stop anyone who wants to from becoming a nuclear-free zone? What's to stop us?"

"Oh, the reason we couldn't do that . . ." I paused. "By golly, Glynda," I cried, embracing her, "that's a keen idea! We'll save our little family yet."

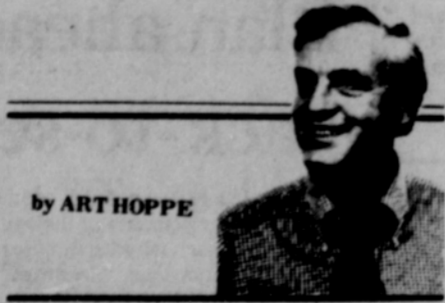
She didn't look enthusiastic. "We couldn't even get the Town Council to put a stop sign at the corner."

"Who needs them? We'll do it ourselves. How's this sound? 'We, the residents of 3245 Coreopsis Ave. do hereby declare our premises free from the production, handling or emplacement of nuclear weapons and . . . Hold it. What's our son, Mordred, mucking around with in the basement these days?'"

"I think it's a raccoon repellent bomb," said Glynda. "But I'm sure it's not nuclear."

"Good. And to be on the safe side, we

by ARTHOPPE



should get a little sign for the front door, such as, 'No Tradesmen, Peddlers or Nuclear Devices.'"

"How will the Russians know?"

"We'll draft a letter to Chairman Andropov: 'Dear Chairman: Upon mature reflection, we regret we will be unable to participate in any forthcoming nuclear holocaust. Will you be so good as to remove our names from your hit list?'"

"It's polite to say you hope this won't cause him any inconvenience."

"Okay. And then we add: 'Enclosed, please find a map of our little community. The X marks our house. If there's any confusion, it's the first right after the Chevron station. To make sure, I'll paint 'NUKE-FREE ZONE' on the roof in large letters.'"

"I know the Soviets have smart bombs, dear," said Glynda, "but do you think they can read English?"

"So we'll write it in Russian."

"I think you ought to get a bumper sticker that says the same thing for the roof of the car," suggested Glynda. "It isn't even paid for yet."

"Good thinking!" I said.

