

The Sandy Post

Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor
Kimberly Nelson, advertising representative

Oregon state song has no local ties

The Sandy Union High School board will decide Monday night whether to keep the original score of the state song, "Oregon, My Oregon," or let the state have it for display. We believe the song belongs in Salem.

Not everyone agrees the song should be given to the state. Some people would like to keep it for eventual display in a museum in Sandy. The Sandy City Council got into the act earlier this week, approving a motion — by a 4-2 vote — to keep the state song in Sandy.

If the state song had been written by someone from Sandy, we would agree. If the words had been written by someone while watching the sun rise over the Sandy River valley, we would agree.

But the truth is, Sandy is only a footnote in the history of the song. It sat in a safe at Sandy High School for 30 or 40 years.

The state song, adopted by the Oregon Legislature in 1927, was given to the school district by Emil Enna, who was a music teacher here. Enna was the president of the Society of Oregon Composers in 1920, the year the organization conducted a statewide competition to select a state song.

There is no evidence it was ever on display at Sandy High School, or anywhere in Sandy.

In the 1970s, the original score was loaned to the state Department of Education for a display at the Oregon State Fair entitled "Little Red School House." The state never returned it.

Secretary of State Barbara Roberts now would like for the high school board to give the song to the state.

And there is good reason for doing that. The state has a better ability to preserve and display the document. It would be displayed in the Capitol building, where thousands of people could view it.

The Sandy High School District would receive a replica of the score, and acknowledgment on the display that the original was given to the state by Sandy High School.

It is our hope the Sandy Pioneer and Historical Association eventually will build its museum. With the Barlow Trail running through our front yard, and with donations of early logging equipment, the historical association will not have a hard time putting together interesting displays.

But the original score of the state song belongs to all the people of Oregon. It should be displayed in Salem, not stored somewhere until a museum is built in Sandy.

Policy on letters

Letters to the editor should be typed, double-spaced and signed. An address and telephone number should also be provided, although only the name of the letter writer and the city or area he is from will be published.

The news deadline of noon Tuesday is also the deadline for letters to the editor.

We reserve the right to edit letters to conform to style guidelines, for length or to remove libelous material.

Letters to the editor

People donate to memorials

Thank you, everyone, for all the help, prayers, phone calls, cards, flowers, food and everything else which helped us survive those first terrible weeks after Bill and Marti were killed.

The outpouring of love and caring overwhelmed us and touched us deeply. You will never know what a difference it made!

We've always enjoyed living in this close-knit community, but never realized how wonderful it is to live where people truly care.

Thanks to all of you, \$789.89 was contributed to the Mountain Signal Memorial Fund in Bill's name and \$640.37 to the Sandy High School ski team in Marti's name. Hopefully, these funds will not only aid these activities, which were very important to Bill and Marti, but also help keep alive the memories of two very special young men.

With heartfelt gratitude,
The entire Knapp family
Rhododendron

Tie funding, CAT scores

Last week, representatives of the Affordable Education Association met with Sandy Elementary School personnel concerning the number of students who are graduating below acceptable levels.

We were pleasantly surprised to find the elementary school has a director of special education and a staff of eight teachers who work with 177 students. We sensed a sincere concern for the slow learners or problem children and agree some effort is being made to help these students.

We discussed the California Achievement Test reading results for spring of 1986 for the Sandy Elementary School. This included reading levels that dropped from 64.8 percent in the first grade to 57.7 percent in the fourth, then increased to 68 percent

and 72 percent in the fifth and sixth grades.

Unfortunately, the results dropped again to 61.5 percent in the seventh grade and 60.8 percent in the eighth. To place these numbers in perspective, the national average is 50 percent.

The second test results we viewed were "all subjects," which rocked along at 66 percent to 65 percent for grades two through six, then dropped to 52 percent in the seventh grade and 50.7 percent in the eighth grade. Again, the national average is 50 percent, hence our eighth grade students barely exceed the national average, which by our standards is intolerably low.

The school administration emphasized the fact that Sandy students tested slightly above the national average, yet had no explanation as to why the eighth grade score is 15 points below grades two through six. Another interesting statistic is the nationwide cost of educating a student at approximately \$3,200 whereas at Sandy Elementary the cost is \$4,400 or about 25 percent above the national average.

As mentioned in previous letters, we don't think taxpayers get a fair return for their dollar. Our rationale is if our cost is 25 percent above the national average, the test results should be 25 percent above the national average.

Lloyd A. Cummins, secretary
Affordable Education Association

CPR class was valuable

Our church youth group recently participated in a CPR class taught by the Sandy Fire District.

We are grateful to Steve Wilson and Scott Crappa, who volunteered their time to teach us the fundamentals of cardiopulmonary resuscitation.

We encourage more groups to take advantage of this valuable community service.

Barbara Sah
Community Presbyterian Church



THE PRESIDENT COOPERATES

Student asks tough questions

Importance of history stumps expert

Michael Gee of Alpha High School gave me a history test last week and I think I flunked it.

If the test had been about history, I might have got a B or even an A. In some circles, I am known as kind of a history whiz.

But Michael, who was doing a class assignment on the importance of history, didn't ask "what," he asked "why." Why is history important? Why should kids know it? Why care?

I gave him answers that were old and tired and about as up-to-date as running boards. I was all dressed up in a trendy sweater and flashy earrings and a 1980s hair-do, but I felt like I had on a corset, a hoop skirt and high-button shoes.

If I was 17 again I, too, probably would care more about Nu Shooz' chances for a Grammy than some musty business like the Vietnam War.

So I talked first to Michael about personal history. How all of us are made of the stuff we experienced in the past. How a fellow who tasted the bitterness of the Vietnam War is apt to look differently at the subject of warfare than his father who fought in



Sharon Nesbit

"the good war" of World War II. George Santayana said, "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it," but I wonder how much that means to someone who knows nothing about the past.

And that worries me because I know a lot of young people, including my own kids, whose knowledge of history is pretty sketchy. Several years ago I asked high school students to tell me which came first, the Civil War or World War II. Only

one student of the dozen or so I talked to knew for certain.

After Michael left I tried to remember what made me like history as a kid.

My first history lessons were family stories from the past. In the days before television there wasn't much to do but sit around and tell stories after dinner.

And then one summer I was sick and read most of the contents of the Madras library. That was no big deal; it was a small library. Not big enough to swing a cat in, Grandma would say.

But I remember my mother had to get huffy with the librarian because the librarian didn't think a book about the Whitman massacre was suitable reading for a 10-year-old. It was historical fiction but, better than any text book, it brought to me the blood and horror of that day when the Indians, sick and fearful themselves, stormed through that lonely outpost.

I still can't remember the date of the massacre. I have to look it up every time. But I know the heart of the story.

And I remember an eighth-grade

Oregon history teacher named Willard Keithly who stepped out from behind his desk and became Joe Meek. He drew a line across the classroom floor, just as legend says that Meek did at Champoege, and dared the settlers to cross it and form the first American government on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Keithly made me believe I was there and made me wonder if I would have crossed that line.

I confided to Michael that history is much tastier when it comes wrapped up as fiction and I recommended John Jakes, James Michener and James Alexander Thom. Anyone who has ever nodded off trying to read the journals of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark will be snapped awake by Thom's new book on Clark, "From Sea to Shining Sea."

And finally I told Michael that history gives us perspective. By looking back we can sometimes see how far we have come. Or haven't come.

Michael asked good questions. But I don't think I gave the right answers.

That's why I feel like Methuselah, but I wonder if anyone knows who he was.

A great deal, but boring

MAX trains start to look like buses

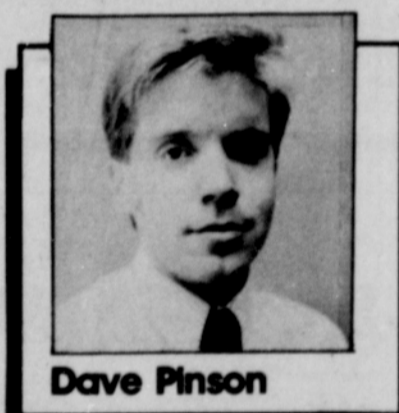
The MAX light-rail system turns six months old on Thursday. Whoopee, I say.

MAX is a great deal, but it is so boring. The \$214 million transit system, which started out with a bang, has developed into more of an eye-glazing, monotonous bus ride than an exciting and important part of the community.

I have to hand it to those Tri-Met folks, however. They really pulled off a spectacular event last September when MAX took to the rails like a rooster in the hen hutch.

More people rode the train during its first month of operation than I guess must live in New York City. Every time I saw a train last fall it was jam-packed. Some people had the thrill of a lifetime taking a little jog on MAX. Others did not.

To be honest, I rode the train well before the official opening. The day I rode to Portland and back was hot. By the time we arrived at The Galleria station I felt ready to be stuffed into a Mason jar and shelved for the winter. I thought, Yo, Mr. Engineer, turn on the AC, dude. But



Dave Pinson

no cigar. No air conditioner.

Well, AC or no AC, folks lined up far and wide to ride MAX. And many still do. Ridership figures have done nothing but please Tri-Met officials.

Monday, with a little cooler air, I bought a round-trip ticket to check out how MAX has handled its first half-year of operation.

The MAX cars are still well-lighted and clean. And I guess sometime during the months the engineers learned a thing or two about braking and ac-

celerating slowly and smoothly. In the early days of MAX, I often wondered why they didn't issue neck braces what with all the jerking and slamming going on.

Besides myself, five others got on at the Gresham end-of-the-line station. We all sat and gazed out the windows and watched motorists glare at us from behind the street barricades. (Some things never change.)

As we stopped at the various stations along the East County end, we picked up more and more passengers. And the more passengers there were the more people acted like they were on a bus.

When I ride a bus, it always reminds me of a field trip to the county morgue. Bus riders are about as spontaneous as wet matches.

So, with that in mind, my Monday train trip quickly became a dull time, until the kid with the rat climbed aboard at the Hollywood station.

He and his three friends sat in the back of the train cussing and calling each other names. One guy loudly discoursed about his weekend date.

The kid with the rat made sure he

walked up and down the aisle so we could all see he was with a rat. The rat, a tan little fella, clung to this kid's shoulder and sniffed the cool air.

I eyed the rat and he eyed me. Neither of us spoke.

When the bus, I mean train, pulled into the Pioneer Square station I quickly cut across the square and caught the next train to Gresham.

This time I sat in the back and watched people. Once again, they didn't let me down. One guy slept, a girl talked to herself and most of the rest watched the world sweep by. And again, the closer we were to Portland, the more people were on the train. By the time we reached Gresham, I and three others wandered out of the empty MAX car.

Reflecting back, I figure it this way: Tri-Met has a solid and well-organized transit system now in place for the future. Gresham and the Rockwood area can only benefit from MAX. And, as time goes on, more commuters will find MAX a pleasure and a convenience.

But I don't know. Maybe Tri-Met had us expecting more.

by Adam Kraft

Bobcats

