

Morris & Sanberg Editorials 1975-1992

July 15,2014

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Doug Morris		Editor Sun City Citizen
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Glenn B Sanberg

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Doug Morris



1977

Editor's Chair -

2-28-77
Doug Morris



The Leading edge

4-June 28, 1977 - SUN CITY CITIZEN

Recently, a patient in a dentist's waiting room, noting an item in one of the available magazines, turned to a fellow impatient and said, "Isn't that a terrible thing that happened to the Lusitania?"

A similar news flash hit the metropolitan papers last week. Somebody has made the startling discovery that **our society is not developing leaders**. It wouldn't surprise me if one of our more adventuresome crystal-ballers might hazard the opinion that our government is insolvent, and can't pay its bills—and that things, in general, are in pretty deplorable shape.

It seems **there are more problems than there are people available to solve them**. This isn't a new condition for the human society; but every now and then events and serendipity combine to provide contemporary leaders en masse. Such periods are generally labelled The Golden Age—or the Renaissance, or some such synonym for "Boy, are we lucky!"

This doesn't happen to be one of those times. **We have a wealth of problems and a dearth of leaders.**

In a belated effort to ameliorate this situation, at least on the local level, some of Arizona's most prestigious executives have banded together to form Valley Leadership, Inc., whose purpose is to seek out potential up-comers and train, or inspire, them to carry the burdens of leadership in tomorrow's world. Nominations are being sought.

I have a nominee...a 19-year-old.

This youngster has inherent capacities as demonstrable as they are untapped. His parentage is an amalgam of the best our society can offer.

Even before reaching maturity, he can demonstrate a firm and practical grasp of finance, jurisprudence, education, creativity, history, philosophy, medicine, etc.—and on and on through the lexicon of man's capabilities.

This fledgling is young enough in living, and old enough in life, to recognize that progress is not always the introduction of the new, but can be, equally, the preservation of the tried...that the fashionable lack of respect for the wisdom of the aged may be merely a blind aversion to the utilization of experience...that failure to envision the unfathomed future may be only an incapacity to recall the proven past...that renovation could be as progressive as innovation...**that youth is an exercise of the body, but age is a challenge of the mind.**

The search for tomorrow's leaders will, inevitably, be a search for principals. If it isn't also a search for principles, it will fail.

My nominee may not want to be nominated. The burdens of leadership are awesome, and never more so than at this time in our nation's history.

My candidate may, indeed, be suffering from the same contagion which has infected so much of our corporate corpus and our body politic...the tuned-out and turned-off syndrome. It shows up as a rash of distrust, despair, disgust—with attendant side-effects of debilitating apathy.

There is no question in my mind about my candidate's ability to plug, measureably, the current void in available and prospective leadership—in fact, better and quicker than any other nominee currently on the scene.

There's only one hitch...my nominee has some problems of his own, and has become so concerned about them that he doesn't seem to have either the time or the inclination to make his broader potential evident or available.

Maybe, if he were challenged to accept bigger responsibilities, he would see how minimum are his own problems, and how maximum his opportunities and his responsibilities.

My nomination? Sun City! **What else could it be?**

P.S. In my pocket, and probably in yours, is a card titled "Golden Age Passport." This entitles me to move freely into and around National Parks.

How about a Golden Age Passport that says we've earned the right to move freely into and around National Problems?

That's what leadership is all about....solving problems.

And who says the Golden Age can't begin with our teen-age nominee, Sun City?

2-28-77

1978

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



As A Matter Of Fact.....

After careful study, it seems evident that the DEVCO-sponsored "Study of Alternative Forms of Government Structure for Sun City" is a sensible document—a positive and worthwhile contribution to the continuing dialogue on "which way, Sun City?"

Like all such studies, some parts are out-of-date before the material can be printed and distributed. Further, since suggestions and conclusions are products of human thinking, they are heir to such human frailties as unintended prejudice, tilted enthusiasm and insecure interpretation. It's too easy to point out inadequacies. These will vary, too, in identity and significance, depending on who's doing the pointing.

The Farrell Report should be evaluated and accepted for only what it is. It is not a final judgment; it is only one more attempt—and a comprehensive one!—to put together information that might help Sun Citians arrive at sound decisions regarding their community's present and future.

We have certainly suffered no lack of such reports and communications. The antis and the pros have filled our press, our meetings, our thoughts for, oh, so long!, with facts, and figures, and conclusions equal in sheer volume, if not in tone, to the Farrell Report.

It's probably inescapable that we will now go through a period of statistical evisceration, with each side tearing the guts out of the other side's "facts." We can hope that it won't be as prolonged as it will be confusing and uncomfortable.

The Farrell Report might have accomplished more than its intent or content. With that study, added to the volumes already compiled by the warring factions, it's just possible that we've got all the important information we need, so that we can get down to the real nits and grits.

Aren't we about ready to tackle this controversy sensibly, maturely, judiciously...cooperatively! Haven't we all had a belly-full of the charges and counter-charges, the preachments of the self-appointed Apostles of The Only Truth, the petulant forensics of the "I am, You aren't" school of debate?

Let's start by affirming that the proponents and opponents of incorporation are, for the most part, intelligent and dedicated Sun Citians. It is insufferable and counter-productive to impute less than honorable intentions to those who, though opposed, stand firmly for their convictions. There's been far too much of that; and, more injurious than their incendiary effect, such personalisms have obscured the simplicity of the actual issue.

The only issue is...facts. Not opinions, nor assumptions, nor transplanted and inapplicable experiences, nor projected irrelevancies but facts. What are the facts? Certainly, we're not reading facts when one side says incorporation would deliver a \$1,000,000 profit, and the other side says we'd actually go in the bucket for \$9,000,000. Both can't be right; maybe neither is right. But there has to be a discoverable and reliable right. Somewhere, there's a fact.

If incorporation is good, then it can't be bad. If home-rule would cost more than county control, then it can't cost less. Contradictions cannot be agreements; antonyms can't be synonyms; light cannot be dark. Yet, if we take all the claims at face value, that's what we're being asked to believe.

There's got to be a way out of this mess. Do you suppose we could induce the belligerents to lay down their barbs and typewriters, and to anesthetize their nerve-ends, long enough to get together over a cup of coffee, or a tankard of schnapps, and spread all the accumulated "facts" out on the table for everybody to look at, analyze and compare?

Where the numbers disagree, fact-seekers can harmonize them or replace them. Where conclusions and interpretations are shaky, honest discussion can contribute support, or administer the last rites. And it all starts with a little eye-to-eye, smile-to-smile talking it over.

Come to think of it, if we've arrived at that point of dissent and distrust where we can't talk things out calmly and rationally, what are we making such a stew about? We've already lost. We never will find out what Sun City could be, if we gave it half a chance. That would be a dirty shame!

Editor's Chair —*Doug Morris***A Man In His Time**

In my green and salad days, I was blessed with an uncle who contributed uniquely to my practical education. Occasionally, under the transparent subterfuge of guiding me toward some such elevating experience as hearing Billy Sunday at Tremont Temple, he would bee-line me into Scollay Square, Boston, and straight for a temple of ecdysia known as The Old Howard.

When, in later years, this bastion of burlesque was torn down, in the name of dubious progress, I knew that there would never again be an Old Howard. I was wrong.

His name is Howard Jarvis; and he's already an institution and a landmark far surpassing the original. Jarvis is 75 so he qualifies as an old Howard. On his next birthday, he'll be 39. That must be true; otherwise, he couldn't be doing what he's doing.

His isn't the kind of visage that should be carved on Mt. Rushmore. He is Mt. Rushmore. His face has been described as a mud-slide. It's more nearly a flow of molten lava filled with steel filings. His voice was never intended to sing lullabies; it's the call of the town crier sounding the "alarum." He's been called abrasive, and he makes no bones about admitting it; but so's the wheel on which diamonds take shape.

Where other people have arteries, he's got Roman candles.

Obviously, he's enjoying the crest he's now riding. He's not one to feign the vanity of false modesty. But, Howard Jarvis is no overnight wonder. For more than fifteen years, he's been beating his brains, his energy, his resources, his beliefs against the brute and impregnable fortress of the government establishment.

Scorn and ridicule were his early rewards. Defeat after defeat marked his route. Even that outdoorsman's stamina couldn't dissuade bone-numbing fatigue; and very human discouragement etched creases in an already craggy face, and turned down the corners of counterfeited smiles.

Then, a couple of years ago, the tide of circumstance turned. California went too far in its tax-grab, and Old Howard was ready. Was he ever ready! He looked for the vulnerable spot, waited for an opening, and drove his sword deep in the heart of taxes. The rest is current history; and the history of people's rights will carry the name of Howard Jarvis in boldface.

Maybe it couldn't have happened at any other time, or in any other place. Maybe Proposition 13, and all its suddenly-discovered relatives, will not be the panacea many now believe. Maybe it'll have to be modified, amended, substantially refitted to other forms; but it has already fathered a host of hopes for more rational government at more reasonable costs.

But even that is not the legacy of Howard Jarvis. Howard Jarvis—obviously unique...engagingly obstreperous...admittedly belligerent...incredibly tenacious—has proven the infinite capacity of one man to do something about it.

In an age of disillusionment and hopelessness, when too many are ready to believe that things are out of control and beyond repair or redemption, perhaps what we're witnessing is not a tax reform but a pragmatic spiritual reformation. There isn't a lot of that going around these days:

A Prophecy:...they'll never tear down this Old Howard!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Nature isn't always perfect. She could have done some things better.

For example, during this recent spell of frigid fahrenheits, it would have been more comfortable if our ears were on top of our head, so they could be kept warm by donning a hat. And, some built-in midriff thermostats would have anticpoted the gooseflesh, too.

But, such oversights are minor in the total picture. Certainly, they're not as important as the readily observable fact that we are constructed as vertebrate anthropoids.

For most purposes, most of the time, that's a pretty good way to have it. We can walk fairly erectly, and our flesh is laminated on the outside of our bones, which makes it a lot easier to perform such complicated maneuvers as taking a bath, and smiling.

But, it also imposes a restriction which is worth a thought or two. We don't moult!

It's possible you haven't given this a whole lot of thought, but it can't be disregarded much longer. The casing we come in is the one we live in for all our days. Sure, our efforts to change this have made beauticians, dietists and body-pounders rich; but from that pinkish package in which we're delivered to the mottled mantle we wear at exit, what we see is what we've got.

Because we're anthropoids, we grow from the inside out; and our epithelium stretches to fit the expanded bulk. On a day-by-day basis, it's not a very dramatic process. Actually, it's almost impossible to tell Tuesday from Monday in terms of visible change.

Sometimes, we decide to put physical growth into reverse, because the avoirdupois has acquired more avoirdupois. So, we reduce the inside bulk, and our exterior shrinks to fit. Too often, the shrinking isn't complete, and we take on the general appearance of having been wash-dried when we should have been ironed.

But, consider the arthropod. That crusty contemporary avoids such social and physical discomfitures. When the old casing ceases to serve its purpose, it's simply sloughed off and replaced by a new one—fresh and unwrinkled, and, more importantly, bigger!

Just so we can all get the picture, let's settle on the most familiar of the arthropods for consideration...the homerus Americanus, AKA the "New England lobster." Although the same comparison could be built around the homerus Africanus, AKA the "rock lobster" or crayfish, no self-respecting lobster-lover is going to admit "lobster tails" into any conversation involving real lobsters.

For most purposes, it's better to be homo erectus than homerus Americanus. To begin with, the lobster doesn't have much family life. He/she, on average, has 40,000 simultaneous brothers and sisters. Fortunately, they are all delectable and all cannibalistic, so only one-tenth of one percent survive to succulent adulthood. Otherwise, we'd all be up to our armpits in lobsters!

Also, we can't help feeling some sense of relief at our non-arthropod status when we realize that the female lobster is available for romance only 48 hours every two years! If you've ever wondered why lobsters always look so nervous, that's one good reason.

Anyway, when a lobster moults he faces a challenge; he's got to become bigger and better than he was, or he isn't going to make it at all.

Maybe we anthropoids wouldn't enjoy rattling around in an oversized epidermis; but, periodically, it might not be such a bad idea to have an opportunity to change in some such significant way....not necessarily physically, but mentally, emotionally, socially.

Every now and then, we'd simply shuck the old way and take on a different size of thinking and doing. Perhaps it's a strain on analogy, but it's possible that Sun City is supposed to be just that...a kind of moulting, in which our wrinkled ways can be tossed aside and we take on a brand spanking new face-to-the-world.

The arthropods shouldn't have all the fun!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



This is intended to be a **social commentary**, so any ecclesiastical implications are to be considered requirements of reference, not matters for theological contention.

The concurrence of Hanukkah and Christmas on December 25th impels certain thoughts. If the day of celebration can coincide, is there some chance for the **spirit of celebration** to be more closely related?

Not only for Jews and Christians—but Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, etc., etc. Whichever one of those you are, when was the last time you were in a church of your faith, but another denomination? Further to the point, if you regularly attend the first service in your church, how well do you know those who attend the second service?

Wouldn't **Christmas/Hanukkah** be a good time for all of us to get better acquainted with those who are alike in most visible ways, but differ on personal preferences in modes of worship?

Maybe we don't intermix on days of worship because we'd feel strange in an unfamiliar surrounding with a different ritual. It might be worth pondering that it's impossible to be a stranger in a house of worship. Whichever one you're in, you're there because you believe God is there also—so you can't be alone. That seems to be the point. We're all heading in the same direction, though by different paths. Or maybe the paths are merely lanes in the same highway.

Wouldn't Sun City be a great place to start the idea of practical and neighborly ecumenism!...which is a popularly fancy word for saying **we're all on the same ball team**, even though we may wear different uniforms, and respond to different coaches.

Whatever our faith or denomination, whether we're celebrating The Festival of Lights or The Festival of the Nativity, what might happen if each of us dropped in on some congregation other than the one to which we are habituated. Maybe—just maybe—we'd discover that we are paradoxically **divided by a common purpose**. See you in.....

Editor's Chair —*Doug Morris*

Everybody makes New Year resolutions. Some resolve to do the impossible, knowing they're not going to make it, but hoping that they will do some good. Others resolve not to do what they had no intention of doing anyway—such as not eating spinach or Beluga caviar—not wearing spats for lawn bowling—not giving credence to any view that might be contrary to "My conviction" on incorporation...all such mock resolutions that involve no threat of even unintentional fracture.

So, in keeping with the inclination to resolve something, my New Year resolution is....I'm gonna keep on looking.....

....for some answers. It seems to me that every year there are more questions lying around unanswered than there were the year before. Maybe I'm not capable of answering many of them, or any of them; but I don't think I've got a choice....I'm supposed to try. Offhand, I can't think of any other reason for the existence of the human race. If we're not intended, collectively and individually, to try to solve problems, what's our reason for being?

....for whatever it is Sun City is supposed to be...I can't bring myself to believe that this social, political, economic invention is here for the sole purpose of giving a select few a haven of hedonism in which to wait for Gabriel to blow his horn. It doesn't make sense that its purpose is to let us get away from children, or to be cloistered behind the Walls of Geritol against the realities of the world. Nor can I accept that its purpose is to create a Cult of Cautious Comfort, where 45,000 talents can be stashed away in mothballs, never again to make a significant contribution to the society which nourished and paid for those talents.

....for whatever it is I'm supposed to be and do. Maybe not much; but if they can make penicillin out of moldy bread, there must be something they can do with me. Fast nearing the proverbial three-score-and-ten—with probably no more than 82 or 83 good years left in me—I'm aware of the irreplaceable value of time. It must be valuable—otherwise, why would it be doled out to us one second at a time? Like you, I'm the most complex computer ever devised. The fact that, like most others, I was the result of an accident by unskilled labor, does not minimize my, or your, uniqueness.

And whatever I am, that's all I'm ever going to have to work with. That's either frightening, discouraging or exciting....or maybe some of each.

....for that myriad of people at whose feet I can sit and learn. It's an invigorating verity that once a mind has been expanded by a new idea it can never return to its former dimension. That makes every day, every experience, every new acquaintance, every meeting, every conversation, every book, every radio and TV program, every paragraph on every page of this, or any other publication, an adventure. Maybe the next one is going to be that new idea!

....for laughs. Essentially, most of life is pretty ridiculous. We're around for such a short time, and we spend so much of that worrying about things that aren't going to happen anyway—picking out molehills that can be most readily converted to mountains—using all the muscles needed to frown, when fewer muscles would produce a smile...

....some ways to say Happy New Year in February, and August, and November, and at times when it won't be just a calendared slogan or a homogenized, unspecific, impersonal exchange of the expected amenities.

And, while I'm looking...Happy New Year!

1979

~~Host Sept?~~

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



The other night, I got to thinking about Sun City.

People from every State in the Union, and from a score of foreign lands, brought together in a relatively confined and intimate area—expecting and expected to be a community.

All those diverse backgrounds, interests, capabilities, prejudices, experiences, inclinations, desires, expectations, demands...and personalities.

Del Webb said that he could provide the bricks and mortar, but the people would make Sun City. So, those are the characteristics out of which Sun City is made and will grow to whatever it's going to grow to.

How in the world could we expect everything to be harmonious all the time. How could that many variations in mood be sufficiently homogenized to establish a single character. No way!

And then I recalled one of my favorite light poems. It was written by a New England newspaper man in the mid 1800s; and somehow it seemed to explain how there can be so many approaches to, and feelings about, the one place, Sun City.

THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho, what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The First approached the elephant,
And, happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the elephant
Is nothing but a wall!"

The Third approached the animal,
And, happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree."

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

So, oft in similar disputes
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an elephant
Not one of them has seen!

John Godfrey Saxe

Maybe we'll never get everyone approaching "the elephant" in identical ways; so maybe we'll always be comparing differing convictions about what kind of animal we're dealing with...thus, what we ought to do for its best welfare.

Perhaps '79 will be the year when we start giving the other guy credit for the sincerity of his convictions, and making allowances for the possibility that we're simply basing our differences on the part of "the elephant" we happen to be touching.

It has been said, "Everyone has a right to an opinion; but nobody has a right to be wrong in his facts."

Editor's Chair —

1/10/79

Doug Morris

4-January 10, 1979 SUN CITY CITIZEN



Last Friday I saw Sun City.

It was in a ceiling high pile of mattresses...it was on shelves disarrayed by jumbled cans of peas, and corn, and soup...on gaspipe racks of shirts, and coats, and dresses...in piles of boots...and in the tear-washed eyes of a battle-tough, lovely lady.

Last Friday I saw Sun City....in El Mirage.

Most of us know where El Mirage is. It's that place we pass on the left of Grand Ave., as we head west to Wickenburg, or to see how Sun City West is coming along; or maybe we passed through it as we turned off on Waddell Ave. toward the Boswell vineyards at grape-picking time. It doesn't look like much; and, by Sun City/Youngtown standards, it isn't much. Certainly, it hasn't been noticeably influenced by the fashionable edifice complex.

The Town Hall in El Mirage is a neat and clean structure on the corner of Palm and Well Sts. It's not easy to locate; but it's worth the search—because, among other serviceable attractions, it's where you'll find Maggie Reese.

Maggie Reese is Town Manager of El Mirage. Previously, she was Mayor. She has been top honcho of El Mirage for a long time. She won't like being written about like this, because she never thinks in terms of Maggie Reese...she thinks only about "her families."

El Mirage is on the flood-plains above the Agua Fria; but during the recent deluge it was under the Agua Fria. Homes, ramshackle and architected alike, were flooded and flattened. On that cold night, the substantially Spanish "mirage" reverted to its French "mirer"...*"to look at,"* then to its Latin "mirare...an area of wet, soggy, muddy ground." El Mire.

The danger passed; the desolation stayed. Physical and human flotsam were the high and low watermarks. No food...no clothes...no place to sleep...no work available in flooded-out fields...no place to comfort the tired aged or the frightened young.

No place, that is, but in the hearts of people. No place but in the President's office of Del Webb Development Co...in the Board rooms of civic associations, service and fraternal organizations...in the worship sanctuaries, and in the shipping rooms of local merchants.

The word went out, and Sun City heard, as did Youngtown...as did many, without organization, anonymously, gracefully.

We went next door to the Town Hall, to a 3-walled storage room. Maggie smiled and pointed. "That's what's left. All my families have been fed. They all had clothes to keep warm, and a bed to sleep on. They haven't wanted to take all we had for them."

The men from Sun City handed her the checks they had brought. Maggie said, "thanks"...and then she looked at the numbers on the checks. Those were big numbers. She hadn't expected there could be such numbers. The dam broke. Maggie cried.

I've known Maggie for quite a few years; and I've seen her in some tough situations. I'd never seen Maggie cry. I've known those Sun Citians for quite a while, too. I turned away, because I knew they wouldn't want me to see them dabbling at their eyes. I bumped my head on one of the pipes. For some reason, my vision was blurred.

I'll never again look for Sun City on a map. I'll look for it in the faces of Sun Citians. I'll always be able to find it in El Mirage...in the eyes of Maggie

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

Jan. 17, 1979



'79 is Sun City's last year as a teen-ager. And what a youngster! Nobody, not even the proud and ambitious parents, could have imagined—back there in January of '60—what their offspring would become, so soon.

There were moments of anxiety and doubt during those newborn years. All births are miraculous and risky; but there was something special about this one. The risk was obvious; the miracle was dubious.

The infant came from good stock and looked healthy enough; but it didn't seem to grow very fast during those first few years.

Then, it got unanticipated nourishment from many parts of the country... transfusions of new blood in vibrant experimenters with an untried way of life. The toddler began to stretch out and flex muscles.

By the time it was eight, there wasn't any room left in its own yard. It crossed the tracks. For the next 10 years it grew as nobody dreamed possible...bigger, stronger, handsomer, richer than any teen-ager like it had ever grown before.

And, like all teen-agers it had problems: embarrassing hickies that were picked at until they were sore and ugly. Like all teen-agers, it was too-often self-centered and impolite; and hard to get along with; and fractious, with a chip on each shoulder...the way insecure youngsters will try to camouflage their uncertainties.

There were family quarrels, and an unseemly disrespect for authority; and an abrasive lack of appreciation for taken-for-granted largesse.

And, perversely, like all teen-agers, it's been extravagant in thoughtfulness, open-handed in charity, warm in neighborhoodliness, and discreetly proud of being unlike any other teen-ager in the whole country...totally unique, and capable of being and doing so much that had never been attempted before.

Growing up isn't easy. That's why they're called "growing pains." As we all know, the really tough part, when you're a teen-ager, is trying to find out who you are—what you'll be best at, and happiest doing.

Comes that inevitable day. You're not going to be a teen-ager much longer. Youth will no longer be an explanation or an excuse. You're as big as you're ever going to be. You're about to be on your own.

That can be a little frightening, and very exciting.

This time, next year, Sun City will be mature. What it is, then, is what it's going to be. All the homes, and rec centers, and golf courses, and streets, and shopping centers, and much of the horticulture will be in place.

No more new sections to be opened; no more new sources of revenue; no more "frontiers."

And Daddy won't be around. He'll be busy raising a very promising half-brother on the other side of the river. Sure, we'll know he's there. He'll drop around occasionally, because no parent ever loses that special affection for the first-born. But, before the year is up, a voice will say, "Well, young'un, the place is all yours. It looks good, and it's well built. Every now and then it'll need some fixing up—maybe a lot of it. You'll find there's a lot of hard work in keeping it ship-shape.

Most important, it'll take a lot of working together—or it won't be a happy place.

You can let other people run it for you, if that's what you want; or you can do the chores yourself. It's entirely up to you.

If you don't mind....a word of fatherly advice: you won't be able to handle it if you spend a lot of time squabbling, and blaming others for things that go wrong. That just won't work.

You could get away with some of those ructions when you were growing up; but you've got to settle down now. You're an adult. Good luck."

'79 is Sun City's last year as a teen-ager.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



What price "sovereign?"

It used to be, particularly during political campaigns, we'd hear reference made to "the sovereign State of Arizona." It sounded so good...especially when the sonorous intonation was accented by a sky-pointed index finger, presumably as assurance that the speaker had direct contact with headquarters.

We don't hear it so much these days. Maybe that's because we've all tacitly come to understand that the word doesn't mean much anymore; and it's a little uncomfortable to be reminded of what it once meant.

Strangely enough, the demands for sovereign Indian nation-hood within our borders increase in direct proportion to the decline of our sovereign State-hood.

Constitutionally, Arizona is a sovereign State, i.e., self-governing. In fact, only those things which the State could not do for itself were to be given over to the centralized Federal authority. That's the clear intention of the Constitution.

So...how did we get from that rational intention to the present irrational Federalism?...to the point where the Feds tell this "sovereign" State, and its even more "sovereign" citizenry, how life is going to be, how business will be conducted, and how much it's going to cost for things that aren't needed or wanted.

The situation is as evident as it is frightening...Arizona, like every other State in the Union, is a welfare State. If we don't get our allowance from Big Daddy, we go hungry. However, if we behave ourselves, we'll get some Federal money, so we can do what Big Daddy will let us do.

What in the world is Federal money? The Federal Government doesn't have any money. It has never produced a dime of income in its entire 200 years. The only money it has, or has ever had, is the money we hand over to it. That's not Federal money they're handing out; that's our money—yours and mine.

How come they have this money, anyway? Well, that's the saddest part of the whole sorry mess. We handed it over to them—willingly, intentionally, and with our eyes wide open. They didn't grab it while we weren't looking; we pleaded with them to accept it.

You see, we got tired. Tired of doing things for ourselves. Tired of responsibility. Tired of carrying the burden of individual liberty and free enterprise that those who got our system going had fought and worked so hard to create, and develop, and defend. Those aren't flag-waving 4th of July words; those are cold, hard, quivery-lipped confessions of guilt. We said to the Federals, "Look, we'd rather sit on our duffs by the side of the road and watch you work. Here, take our wallet; and if you need some more, give us a buzz."

You think that isn't what's happened? Just scan your American history for the past 75 years, with extra close attention to the last 30 years.

One thing for sure...I'm not going to enjoy it very much when my grandchildren ask me how I let it happen; and, even worse, when they ask me what I'm going to do about it.

About all I'll be able to say is, "Well, I was dumb enough to let it happen in the first place, so it isn't likely I'm smart enough to come up with any sure-fire answers now. However, I'm mulling over some thoughts that might be worth talking about—so, sometime soon, when I've straightened out some of the knots and kinks, you gather 'round this chair again, and we'll take a flyer at some ideas. Meanwhile, it'd help if you gave it some thought, too."

At each step, a measure of sovereignty is traded in for a measure of protection and performance. The question is: How much do we have to give away, and what do we get in exchange?

The fact is we've arrived at the point where we're giving away too much and getting back too little. It wouldn't be so troublesome if all we'd given away were physical possessions, or money. We can always learn to live with less of those.

But, what we've given away is our right to be individuals, to be free, to exercise our own judgments about our own destiny. That's what we're saying when we complain that our lives are being run too much by "the bureaucracy."

No need to recite the daily-documented evidences of Federal usurpation of State sovereignty and individual rights. There is an immediate need to face up to it, because it poses a threat to everything you and I have worked for, to all those things we've wanted for our children, and to the very substance of the society we have created.

Are those words too strong? Not an iota! We are in very real danger of losing that independence for which those who preceded us made so courageous a Declaration.

There has to be an answer...at least a start toward a solution. Nothing much seems to be getting done by constant and querulous pleas that "they" do something about it. "They" don't seem to be listening. Maybe "we" are going to do it, if it's going to get done. That's y-o-u.

Is it possible that the answer lies right here in Sun City?

Last Friday's HOA meeting said "yes."

Next week, we're going to spell out the practical approach to s-o-v-e-r-e-i-g-n.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



S-o-v-e-r-e-i-g-n spells y-o-u

We might just as well pick up where we left off last week.

Where do we get off calling ourselves a "sovereign" State when the obvious fact is that we are virtually vassals of a Federal establishment? I find that an unpleasant sentence to write, and a deplorable thought to admit.

But it's the best place to start if we're going to slog our way out of the miasma we call the status quo (that's Latin for "the mess we're in").

To avoid semantic snarls, let's agree that "sovereign" is not, for all practical purposes, as finite as its dictionary definition, i.e., "independent of all others." Nothing short of divinity could claim such complete and unmodified independence.

We're talking about relativity. An individual can live in a family group only if he forfeits a certain amount of his independent action; the family can live in a community only by forsaking a measure of independence; the community can take steps to safeguard its person and property only by handing over some of its freedom of action to a vested authority; and so it goes up the ladder from the individual, to the community, to the County, to the State, to the Federal Government.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

We
~~E~~ Pluribus Unum



OK, let's wind up this "sovereign" stuff. There are other things we ought to be talking over.

Can we agree on some basics? (1) we're paying too high a price for too much government—especially, too much federal government; (2) there's too much government because we asked for it...we wanted too many things done for us; (3) the only way any government can do something for us is to do something to us...it can't give us anything it hasn't, first, taken away; (4) the more government, the less State sovereignty...and the less you and I count for anything.

Let's add a dollop of practical philosophy to those disturbing facts: the reason you and I aren't swinging from trees and communicating by smoke signals is that we have been invested with minds; and the only justification for bearing the awesome responsibility of having the power to reason, is to solve problems. I can think of no other.

So, how do we solve this problem? The answer is easy; the action is tougher than we're going to enjoy. We're going to have to pay the price for generations of cumulative profligacy...societal ease-seeking...political buck-passing...economic insanity. We're going to pay it, or our grandchildren are going to be handed the tab. We might start to tackle it this way:

•Each of us does as much for himself as he is capable of doing—straightening out problems with neighbors, and obeying the law, so nobody has to call the cops. Caring for each other, and doing without. That last phrase bears repeating: **doing without**. No matter what anybody does, or doesn't do, there's going to be a lot of that from now on.

Then, when you and I—singly or together—have reached the limits of our abilities to handle our problems, we turn to the nearest governmental body for assistance; ~~and to that body, whether it be a community or a county, we say, "You've got to take over now. Do everything you're capable of doing, and we'll pay you for doing that, and only that! You're close enough to us so we'll be able to keep an eye on what you do and how you do it."~~

When the municipality, or county, has reached the limit of its capabilities, we turn to the next highest governmental authority, the state—and we repeat the assignment: "Do everything that must be done, to the limit of your capacities. We'll pay you for necessary expenses, but not one red cent more."

Finally, after you and I, and the municipality or county, and the state, have exhausted our combined capabilities, we turn to the federal government and say, "OK, now you take over what's left. These are jobs that can't be done by any of us. You do them; and we'll pay you for doing only those things—nothing more."

Too simplistic? Those who wrote the Constitution didn't think so. **That's the way our society was blueprinted.**

Actually, what we're talking about is reversing the flow of money, i.e., taxes. Now, we send money to the top, and it filters back through layers and layers of unelected and uncontrolled bureaucracies, until it appears—in much diminished form and amount—as a "federal grant," which is a euphemism for loss of state and individual rights.

If, instead of flowing down, the money has to force its way up, it'll have to work harder. And, by the time it reaches the top, it will have done many of the things that now pose as excuses for multi-chambered bureaucracies.

Two verities need recall: (1) the least government is the best government; (2) the best government is the one you can reach out and touch—the one that has to walk the streets with you, meet you face to face in the marketplace, and be accountable on a one-to-one basis.

And, if you think you've worked hard before, wait'll you wade into this job! None of us has to worry about it, though ...

...we can always let the government do it.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Put up, or shut up!

It's practically impossible, without research-in-depth, to determine what an entire community thinks at any time about anything. We all tend to feel that our personal opinions are, or should be, representative.

Some local organizations, big and small, are guided by enthusiasts who parade **vox populi pretensions**. Such arrogance can reach beyond its vested grasp—can confuse by unresolved contradictions—and, worst of all, can become utterly boring by constant repetition.

This chair doesn't offer an unobstructed view of consensus. However, it's the business of a community newspaper to be in frequent touch with the news-makers and noise-makers, the opponents and proponents, the prosecutors and defenders—and, especially, those many who fervently wish that everybody would quiet down.

It is neither our purpose nor our intention to take sides on issues which must be decided by a majority voice. Our Statement of Policy reads: "We deem it to be our job to reflect the community, not to direct it."

However, we are driven to a conviction...that **most Sun Citizens are fed up** with the bickering and brawling among the for-and-against incorporationists.

A perfectly wholesome word, "incorporation," has become the measure of perfidy. Nobody asks if you prefer free love or free trade...want continued capital punishment, or lower taxes...would toast Red China, or Taiwan on. No probing for substance. One question only: **are you for or against incorporation?** Your answer, either way, can applique the scarlet letter on your character and intelligence.

We've had enough...too much! During the past couple of weeks, we have asked leaders of the opposing forces one question: "Will two of your people meet with two of your opponents for a series of meetings, whose sole purpose will be to determine the facts—the **FACTS**—relating to incorporation or non-incorporation?"

A panel of neutral and uncommitted judges would moderate and record the meetings. A list of all pertinent factors could be compiled. Each side would present its position on each factor. Where there is substantial agreement (and, surely, there must be one or two!), those factors would be taken off the agenda and logged in a file labeled, "Facts on Incorporation." Where there is substantial disagreement, the judges could set a date for presentation of supportive and corrective data.

When, in time, all factual conflicts have been resolved, the accumulated documentation would constitute the **factual foundation for public discussion**.

There would be no reporters or audience at these meetings; and none of the participants could divulge the nature and content of the proceedings until final agreement on all factors had been reached.

We suggested such bodies as The Press Council, or the Council of Service Clubs, or the Ministerial Association as prospective judges for the discussions. Others are similarly qualified.

That's the proposal we made. We have not heard from either side, yet. We believe that, if the antagonists are sincerely concerned about **what's best for Sun City**, and not committed to personal aggrandizement,—if they are convinced of the rightness of their positions and facts—it shouldn't take very long for them to agree to such meetings.

Therefore, we have set **5 p.m., March 15**, as the deadline for active agreement to meet. If, by that time, no such agreement has been expressed, the March 14 Sun City Citizen and Youngtown Record is the last issue which will carry any letters-to-the-editor on the subject of incorporation. Further, we will restrict reports on public meetings devoted to that subject.

No purpose is being served by using these columns, like the four stomachs of a ruminant, to regurgitate the same old tired and fetid cud for public mastication. Further, we will restrict reports on public meetings devoted to that subject.

No purpose is being served by using these columns, like the four stomachs of a ruminant, to regurgitate the same old tired and fetid cud for public mastication. We could reprint the letters that appeared one, two, four, perhaps ten years ago; and, except for an occasional change of name (and that, not often enough!), they'd be virtually indistinguishable from those penned yesterday.

Nothing of any consequence is being accomplished by these repetitive and disruptive diatribes. There are other things to talk about...things that are more representative of **our community's productive congeniality**.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Let's talk about who talks for

The question of "one voice" for community representation has been raised to the point of open discussion. This is a healthy issue; and, hopefully, can be discussed without rancor.

Although often included as one of the components in the broader question of incorporation, the concept of "one voice" is, and properly should be, a **separate and distinct concern.**

Sun City West, through its recently-established PORA (Property Owners and Residents Association) has not only taken a firm stand for "one voice," but has seen fit to comment on Sun City's "four so-called civic associations," and their consequent multi-voiced conflicts.

A strong brief could be written on either side of this issue. The Del Webb Development Co. has often expressed its feeling that Sun City would be better off with only one organization representing it.

The Taxpayers Association, the Retirement Community Association and the Town Meeting Association favor the multiple-association situation we have.

Interestingly, about a year ago the Town Meeting Association invited the Taxpayers Association and the Home Owners Association to dissolve and join forces with the TMA.

The Home Owners Association, which initiated discussions a year ago with the Taxpayers Association, looking toward the possible amalgamation of these two organizations, has taken a firm position favoring the "one voice" concept for Sun City.

A telephone poll among the legislators who represent Sun City shows a similar difference of opinion.

The reasons given for each position are clear and definite. Those favoring "one voice" contend: (1) differences of opinion can be adjusted just as easily ~~within an organization as between organizations;~~ (2) ~~there is an inevitable waste~~ of time and talents in duplicative activities; (3) co-existing organizations are inevitably competitive, for attention, for memberships, for publicity, for self-promotion; (4) surrounding communities don't know who to deal with in discussing those matters which involve them, along with Sun City;

(5) our elected representatives are at a disadvantage in dealing with representatives from other parts of the state because they can't base their positions on a firm consensus of their constituency; (6) such competitive absurdities as publishing **two telephone directories** are seemingly inevitable; (7) the directors and staff of one organization could be the best talents in town, instead of spreading them around in various associations.

Those favoring the multiple-civic associations claim: (1) Sun City started with one Civic Association, and it proved to be unworkable, because it didn't allow enough opportunity for expression of diverse views; (2) the existing associations in Sun City may disagree on some matters, but they have also shown the capacity for getting together on important issues and presenting a united front; (3) differences of opinion and policy are healthy...they allow the people of Sun City distinct choices of thought and action; (4) there is a natural and unavoidable tendency for a monopoly organization to become self-centered and unresponsive to public feelings.

(5) each one, of multiple organizations, can concentrate on one or two specialties—such as taxation, or deed restrictions, or water and sewer problems, etc., etc.; (6) more, and smaller organizations can keep in closer touch with their membership.

This would seem to be a fit topic for active public discussion. Program chairmen for various organizations might well schedule speakers on this subject.

We will be happy to make these pages available for letters pertinent to this subject.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

A Couple of Caveats



Balancing the Budget

Everybody wants a balanced Federal budget. The Arizona Legislature wants it enough to join with other states in forcing a Convention whose sole purpose will be to write it into the U.S. Constitution.

The Congress, preferring not to run the risk of a Convention which might kick over the traces and do some unconventional things, is rushing around devising laws to accomplish the same thing.

Everybody is fed up with deficits. And it's about time—if not too late. We're already so far in the hole that the light of fiscal responsibility may never reach the bottom.

It's easy to assume that balancing the budget will get us back on our feet again. Not necessarily so! It could mean getting socked with new and tougher taxes.

Unless a restriction on spending is part and parcel of any legislation to balance the budget, we could wake up to find that the only way the budget can be balanced is to increase the government's income. That, in short words, means more taxes.

Sure, the budget would be balanced; but you and I would be unbalanced. And Congress would have a Constitutional amendment, or a new piece of legislation, to point to as their inescapable obligation to put the bite on you and me. That's what's known as digging a trap and falling in.

Zoning Restrictions

It's pretty clear that some kind of legislation will be enacted providing for zoning that would "protect retirement communities" from the invasion of under-50's.

That's a reasonable expectation. It would be contradictory to have a retirement community with a lot of youngsters running around—or even people a lot younger than our average (whatever that is) whose needs and activities might be foreign or antithetical to the "greatest good for the greatest number."

Final terms of such zoning regulations have not yet been worked out; but advance copies of first drafts lead to a serious question.

With apologies to those who connect the word to young ladies emulating the careers of predecessors who trailed the army of General Hooker...watch out for the hooker in this one. Section 1506-A reads: "Each dwelling...shall be occupied by at least one person not less than 50 years of age; and no person eighteen years of age or under shall permanently reside in any dwelling unit."

The question is, what does "permanent" mean? The dictionary gives it: "fixed and changeless; lasting, or meant to last, indefinitely." Somebody under age 18 could live here for a long, long time without qualifying as "permanent" under that definition.

Or is "permanent," in this case, intended to be somewhat as durable as the transience of a "permanent wave?"

Some of the Deed Restrictions which have been signed by many Sun Citizens specify a term of residency not to exceed 45 days. This, of course, is being observed more in the fracture than the adherence.

Fuzzy legislation is often worse than no legislation. Caveat legem!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Form



There must be a better way!

Anybody who ventures a solution to a long-unanswered problem risks accusations of simplistic reasoning, incomplete information, or arrogance.

The risk is worth it...so here goes.

There is a solution to the prison problem. There is no need to brutalize Litchfield Park. There is no need to perpetuate the inadequate, temporizing and patchwork policies of the past and present. There is no need to accept either the buck-passing ineptness of the Legislature, or the callous insensitivity of the Governor. (Those are harsh words; but you'll find ample validation in today's newspaper, radio and TV reports.)

The problem is: where to put the prison? The answer is: in **Prison City!**

That name has been applied, without any understanding of the concept, to a suggested expansion of the facilities at Florence. There's no way of making Florence a "Prison City"; it must always be what it is now, an ill-planned and antiquated segment of an equally ill-planned and antiquated state prison system.

The first hurdle to any such proposal as this is the inevitable question, "Has anybody ever done this before?" The answer, fortunately, is "No."

This is **another chance for Arizona to get away from carbon copy thinking.** We came up with Prop. 101, after California showed us the way with Prop. 13; we get hot and bothered about reducing juvenile crime after New Jersey shows us a way with "Scared Straight."

One outstanding exception....Sun City. That's an Arizona invention!...and that's the kind of thinking that will produce Prison City. (Somehow that appears to be an unfortunate comparison; but only the snide will dwell on it.)

Prison City will be built where there is now nothing. It will not be merely a walled or wired prison structure; it will be a **custom-built city**, designed for the sole purpose of providing a normal environment, and total facilities, for managing a prison population.

There will be homes, schools, churches, commercial establishments, recreational and medical care facilities, agricultural, manufacturing and service establishments...**everything you'd find in any well-organized community.** The only difference is that the city will be built for and around one industry...a prison complex.

There is space available for Prison City. It's many square miles in extent; it's near a major highway; it's not far away from ample water (assuming there's none right under it). I make no pretense to being expert in land development; but this state is full of those who are—and the best of them are the reason why Sun City now exists.

What'll it cost? I have no idea. But 50 years from now it will have cost far less than the mickey-mouse improvising of our present program. Sun City was built in 19 years!

We can start by making the prison now under consideration the first unit in the new Prison City. That's the way cities are started.

At least, let's talk about it. **Maybe it's too late.** Maybe we're already locked into continuing a program that gets further and further away from a rational solution to a big problem that gets bigger and bigger.

Sure, there are complications. Of course, there are things that would have to be worked out. Del Webb looked across cactus and boll weevils and envisioned Sun City—and he didn't have all the answers immediately for ultimate problems. He had a sound idea; the rest followed inevitably.

Prison City is a practical concept. The idea can die on this page; or you can whip up enough interest in it to want something done about it. You can help defend our neighbors in Litchfield Park, by supporting their fight. You can ask your elected representatives to explain why Prison City is a good idea, or a bad idea. You can do a lot...but only if you think there have to be better answers than the ones we've come up with so far.

If you're interested, we can develop the idea more specifically in this space. I'd like to know how you feel about it.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



A disappointment, and a surprise

There are no letters-to-the-editor on the subject of "incorporation" in today's issue. There will not be any in subsequent issues, either—until the disputants agree to meet and iron out their contradictions under the eyes and ears of neutral judges.

This is a great disappointment, and a considerable surprise. It was reasonable to assume that, after 15 years of the same old stuff, over and over again, and nausea, even the most biased and belligerent of the adversaries would have finally recognized that the time has come for maturity.

Apparently not. Apparently there are those who prefer to keep things stirred up...to have their prejudiced say without any need for validation.

Interestingly, the pro-incorporationists agreed, without hesitation or qualifications, to meet the antis in adjudicated discussion. They were, and are now, anxious to submit their statements, and their "facts" to neutral evaluation.

Not so with the anti-incorporation forces. We talked with one of the more dedicated and vocal leaders of the incorporation foes. He said he'd be totally unwilling to sit in any discussion with those who disagree with his position. He didn't feel that kind of person could be trusted. He asked for names of those who would serve as judges. When it was suggested that, among others, members of the Ministerial Association might be prevailed upon to serve in that capacity, he stated that "...wearing the cloth doesn't make anybody a judge of others, or of facts."

We brought that discussion to a rapid close.

We're at a loss. We don't know which side has the preponderance of provable facts; but we are convinced that neither side is serving the best interests of this community by insisting on unquestionable infallibility.

Wouldn't you think that people who are so convinced they're indisputably right would be anxious to weigh their rightness against their opponents' wrongness? How could they lose? Unless, of course, they're not that sure!

It does give reason to wonder why they are so reluctant to come out from behind the protection and privilege of carefully orchestrated meetings, and the relative impunity of letters-to-the-editor columns, and subject their "facts" to the cold eye of impartial judgment.

We commend the willingness of the pro-incorporationists to talk it out in the open. We must reserve judgment on those not so amenable to democratic influences.

It is our intention, as time permits, to examine selected statements with their supportive "facts." Those "facts" will then be submitted to each side of the dispute for acceptance or rejection. We'll continue this exchange until we get something resembling agreement on "facts."

As each is accomplished, it will be published, and entered in a cumulative volume of "Facts On Incorporation."

One way or another, we shall exercise every reasonable means to bring this ridiculous bickering and blathering to a rational conclusion.

"Everybody has a right to an opinion; nobody has a right to be wrong in his facts."

Doug Morris



H-e-l-p !

This column was intended for a later date; but it can't wait.

The subject is prisons, and the contemplated rape of Litchfield Park.

By its own published admissions, the Legislature is resigned to doing nothing while the Governor proceeds with his ill-advised plan to brutalize one of the state's finest assets, a uniquely productive and attractive residential community—and our neighbor.

Prisons are for punishing criminals. They should not be the instrument by which law-abiding citizens are penalized.

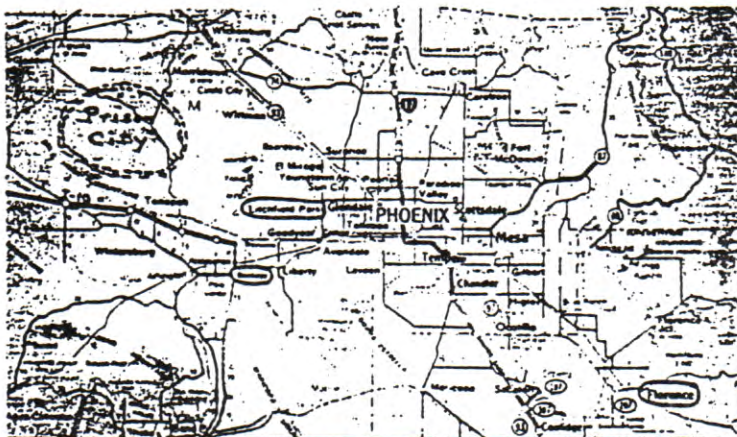
Nobody disputes the urgency of the problem. Our prisons are overcrowded. A new prison is needed. A Federal judge has mandated immediate action.

Last June, the Legislature—unable to solve the long-standing problem—tossed the "hot potato" to the Governor. He planted it in the lushness of Litchfield Park; and from it has sprouted noxious weeds of public dissent and dismay.

If there were no other answer, we could ultimately accept the sacrifice of the few for the good of the many. But, there is a better answer.

The better answer is "Prison City."

It isn't easy for me to promote this idea in this column, because it's my idea. I've got to open myself to accusations of ego, arrogance, self-aggrandizement, etc., etc. I've lived with this idea for more than a year, and discussed it with many audiences. I am convinced that the concept is sufficiently rational to merit thorough official and public examination as a practical alternative to existing plans and pending actions.



In subsequent columns, as space and time permits, we can analyze the components of the concept in detail. It's really very simple...Prison City will be an invented community, specially designed and specifically implemented to perform its sole function, i.e., the efficient management of a prison complex. In all respects—homes, churches, schools, shopping centers, recreation facilities, etc., etc., it will be identical with any other planned community. The management and work-force for the prisons would be part of the normality of the community's residential population.

Where would such a city be built? There's no lack of public acreage in Arizona; but such a city should be available to urban facilities. Also, because Maricopa County accounts for a majority of the state's prison population, location within this county is a practical requirement.

Is there such a place? There is! The Hassayampa Plain, shown outlined on the map.

I've driven its access roads, and hiked its fields. It's as close to Phoenix as is Florence. It's readily accessible via I-10. There are evidences of an ample water supply; and the land is arable. No established community would be discommoded.

I don't know who owns the land. Much of it appears to be open range. Acquisition should not be an impediment; the Right of Eminent Domain is intended to serve the public interest.

I must emphasize that I bring no expertise to this problem. There are undoubtedly experts who can give reasons why the location, and the basic concept, are untenable. Maybe so; but I'd have to ask them how they can be so sure...we haven't discussed it, and we certainly haven't tried it.

What we need right now is time for deliberate and creative thinking. It was only ten months ago that the Legislature turned over to the Governor the sole authority to make this momentous decision. A few more months isn't going to compound the dilemma unbearably.

This is where you come in. That's why the call for help.

Whatever else, I'm not naive. I know this is a small column, without much clout; and, in the total scope of things, a feeble voice. But, if a few of you can be persuaded to see some merit in the Prison City concept; and if those few can influence a few others to join their voices with the cries from Litchfield Park, Avondale, Goodyear, White Tanks and surrounding communities...maybe, just maybe, we can be heard in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, and in the Governor's office.

I apologize for the inadequacy of this supplication. If you don't understand the Prison City concept well enough to stimulate your concern and involvement, I'll come to wherever you are and discuss as much as there is to share. From midnight Sunday to 5 p.m. Monday, I can't be available. Any other time, night or day, you put together two or two hundred people and I'll be there.

A prison in Litchfield Park will perpetuate the inadequacy of our existing prison system. A prison on the Hassayampa Plain will be the beginning of Prison City.

Stone walls

Doug Morris

do not Prison City make



What would Prison City look like? Like any residential community built around a single, large-scale industry.

Residences of all sizes, types and prices...K through 12 schools...churches of all denominations...playgrounds and parks...shopping centers...retail stores and service facilities...movies, hospitals and medical centers...restaurants...golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools, bowling alleys. A self-contained sewage disposal system.

The streets would be clean, well lighted, safe.

Prison City would be a normal community in every respect you and I would find attractive...with one exception. It would be built around a complex of buildings and facilities whose sole purpose would be the confinement and management of criminals.

That complex would contain, in addition to the required cell facilities, open acreage for farming, and buildings for housing the machinery needed for the production of useful products, and the development of marketable skills.

Everything needed for the maintenance of the prison population would be produced by the prison population...clothes, shoes, food, toiletries, etc.

Impractical? It's being done in Texas...and it's costing that state about one-third what it's costing Arizona to manage its prison population!

Employee turnover, which now hampers operations in every one of our prisons—especially Florence—would be virtually eliminated. Everybody in Prison City would be near his job. No commuting, no absence from family.

And the stigma of "a prison guard" would give way to professional status feelings.

No high walls to disfigure a community, either. Modern penology affirms wired enclosures as at least equally effective.

Psychological rehabilitation has not earned high grades in recent years; but job-training rehabilitation shows high promise; and, on the basis of common sense alone, it merits thorough experimentation.

Specifically, what can prisoners do that will help pay their room and board, "put aside some money to reimburse their victims," send some money home to help support their welfare-bound families—and, at the same time, prepare them better for returning to productive lives in the outside world?

They can work, that's what they can do. And they can work at jobs that produce something worthwhile, and marketable.

Such as?...growing the cotton, manufacturing the cloth and making their own clothes...growing cattle for meat and for tanned hides to make shoes...soap and detergent manufacturing...food of all kinds for their own tables...furniture making...canning and packing operations...a sawmill...a metal-working plant, etc.

Additionally, as individual prisoners indicate desire and capability...computer programming...data processing...recording studios...high school accreditation and college preparatory studies.

The list is only as limited as out-of-prison limitations may impose.

There's no reason why most of the products needed by all the various state and county governmental operations can't be produced by prison labor. Organized labor might object; but organized society has to face the realities of making a prison system that doesn't punish taxpayers so unbearably.

None of the above suggestions is visionary. Every single one of those in-prison jobs is already in effect in one or more prison systems. We don't have to invent anything but the most productive environment for maximum effectiveness...and that's Prison City.

Using prisoners to build prisons is not a new idea; but it hasn't been given enough consideration in facing our present problem. As part of the "work ethic," what's so abhorrent about making those who will inhabit the cell blocks build them?

Prison City is only a concept now. It needs public interest and governmental responsiveness to become a reality.

It won't cost any more to build the prison as part of Prison City (probably less) than to impose it unfeelingly on Litchfield Park.

There isn't much time for delay.

GUEST EDITORIAL

A Plan Of Action

By G. Douglas Morris

Our country is in serious condition—domestically and internationally. There is no reason to believe that this situation will be corrected by "politics as usual." New thinking—new in breadth and depth—is needed, to develop workable action-policies. The people have made it clear that they don't expect such thinking, or such actions, from either party's politicians. The solutions to our problems are not going to be Republican or Democratic solutions. . . they're going to be American solutions.

Solutions that are truly "American" will take into consideration the following facts:

*This nation was established, and grew—not on political or religious freedom—not on democracy—but on free-enterprise business. . . on risk-taking individuals, stimulated by the profit motive.

*Capitalism is our difference and our strength. Democracy is simply the best political system for making capitalism work.

*The international conflict is not between democracy and communism; it's between capitalism and socialism.

*We cannot export democracy; we can export capitalism.

*We know more about capitalist business than any other nation in the world. This is our muscle.

*We can correct our present ills by doing what we know and do best. . . putting our government on a firm basis of sound business practices—both domestically and internationally.

*Everything else must be put aside until we get our business back into a healthy condition. A healthy U.S. business is the most important single problem opportunity facing the world today. If our business isn't healthy, the rest of the world is sick.

What happens when we run our government like a business?

We produce profits—not deficits.

We don't spend more than we take in; and when we have to, to meet emergencies, we pay back our borrowings on short-term.

We operate at a minimum level of overhead.

We hold management directly and immediately accountable for policies and profits.

We recognize that all profits are the result of per-hour, per-man productivity.

We hold firm to the principle that management, investors and workers must share equitably in the risks and the profits—on the basis of capacity, not special privilege.

We will share the profits of our business among our own people first, so that our enterprise will remain attractive and healthy.

We make it clear to everybody at home and abroad, that our first job is to get our business in good shape; and we're not going to let anything get in the way of doing that.

We produce at maximum capacity, in order to produce surpluses; and we make those surpluses available to others, at considerate terms, on reasonable collateral.

We don't strengthen our competitors, to our own disadvantage; but we'll assist competition, in order to increase efficiencies and expand total productivity for all.

We will distinguish between friendly competitors, active antagonists and dangerous enemies—and will conduct our business accordingly.

We expect those other "businesses" who borrowed money and materials from us to repay those loans before asking for more.

We clearly define the perimeters of the market in which we intend to operate; and we make it clear that we will take strong competitive action against piratical invasions of that market.

We will, at all time and under all conditions, act like the most successful business in existence—in fact, in history—because that's exactly what we are.

The government of business is the business of government.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Accidents to pique us, and the Santa Fe.

It was once called Vulture Rd. It is now known as Grand Ave. If the traffic and congestion get any worse, and the accidents at Sun City intersections increase in frequency and intensity, the vultures may hover again.

The traffic and congestion will get worse. The intersection fender-benders will increase. Those are sure-thing bets.

When Sun City West is 75,000 people, the traffic on Grand Ave. through Sun City will be something to reckon with.

The problem is, of course, intensified by the Santa Fe freight traffic. A string of 100 freight cars can make parking lots out of our five north-south avenues.

As it should be, the traffic lights flash their red warning long before the actual arrival of the train, which prompts the experienced and reckless to run the gauntlet. The results are too often tragic.

There are many better equipped to come up with a solution, but we'd like to get the discussion started by offering a suggestion...north-south underpasses at 91st, 99th, 103rd, 107th and 111th Aves.

We've asked the County Engineering Department to take a look at the situation and give us some specifics about what would be involved—and, indeed, whether the idea has any merit at all.

When we learn anything, we'll pass it along to you.

Meanwhile, if you have any thoughts on the subject—pro or con—drop us a line.

Another 15 years!

It is now regrettably certain that the "incorporation" antagonists are not going to get together for face-to-face discussion of their factual and positional disagreements.

The "fors" were for it; the "against" were against it. Expressions such as "...an exercise in futility," "...they wouldn't know a fact if it crawled all over them..." "they can't be trusted..." were among the explanations given for an unwillingness to submit statements and positions to arbitration and adjudication.

A continuation of these 15 years of snake-pit hissing is not a happy prospect, and certainly not in the best interests of the community.

Somehow we equate this with the legislature's recent approval of cock-fighting.

We had hoped that closing off these pages to the publicity-seekers and incendiaries, until they at least attempted mature discourse, might force the issue toward some semblance of rationality.

With apologies to those many who applauded the respite from published vituperations, we are backing off from that position: there is no longer any point to the purpose.

Letters for and against incorporation will again appear in these columns. Meetings in which incorporation is discussed will be covered in news reports.

Attacks on persons and motives will not be published. Discussions of the issues, and of factual materials, will be given sensitive coverage. Opinions, however groundless, will get space.

One situation needs comment. There are, purportedly, four civic associations in Sun City. There are, for all functional purposes, only three. Two of the associations are, by stated purpose, by action and by administrative control one organization.

We admire the political savvy evidenced by this maneuver, and we have the utmost respect for the intelligence and sincerity of the head honcho; but we will—in fairness to all—treat the actions and statements of these two associations, and their spokesmen, as emanating from a single organization.

So, apparently, things are going to rock along in the same inconclusive and distasteful way for, perhaps, another 15 years.

Maybe someday sweet reason will prevail. Our taste buds are becoming unresponsive to bitterness.

It figures.....

Everybody who's ever worked on a newspaper knows about type-lice. Nobody's ever seen one; but, judging from the devastation they wreak and the embarrassment they cause, we know they're impudent little squiggles who live somewhere between type-set and printing.

One of the worst of these wretches is the cipher-adder. He specializes in zeros. He did it to us last week.

Referring to the amount of money that would accrue to an incorporated Sun City, our editorial said, "That figures out to something in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000 per year...."

That amount would, indeed, be a significant factor in the controversy.

The quoted figure should have been, of course, \$4,000,000...by no means a pittance.

We can only apologize for the hyperbolic pixiness of our in-house cipher-adder.

Editor's Chair — 4-18-79

Doug Morris



Does it have to be this way?

It was not a pleasant experience.

It was a meeting of the Judiciary Committee of the Arizona House of Representatives. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss a bill which, if approved by the Legislature, and the Governor (!), would put the mandated prison in Buckeye instead of Litchfield Park.

The public was invited to attend—presumably to be heard. The public was there; the committee room was crowded with concerned citizens—community officials, parents with children.

If everyone who wanted to be heard were given equal time, each would get five minutes.

However, before the voices of the people could be heard, the committee members must discuss the issue. For the next hour and ten minutes, they talked, and talked. It was politics at its most distasteful worst.

—“The Governor is going to put the prison in a Republican community, because he wouldn't get many votes out of that place anyway.”

—“This Republican Legislature is trying to force a prison on Buckeye because it's heavily Democrat.”

—“Without any question, this is the most brazenly partisan bill that's come before this or any other legislature.”

On and on and on. Miserable, low-level, bickering politics....for one hour and ten minutes! Twenty minutes to go—and a room full of restive and frustrated and deeply concerned citizens.

Incredibly, the Mayor of Buckeye, on whose community the pending bill would foist a prison, had not even been consulted in advance. He had first learned about the contemplated action when he read it in the newspaper.

This is representative government?

Four or five people were heard—very briefly. Then the committee, on straight party lines, voted to approve the recommendation to build a prison in Buckeye.

Fat chance!

Arizona will continue to mickey-mouse its inept and backward way, because it's more concerned with politics than with government. We pay for government; we're getting politics.

It was a shameful performance. It was not a pleasant experience.

Myron Waggoner

Sun City is richer because he was here.

Sun City is poorer because he is no longer here.

I said “hello” to Myron many times; I find it difficult to say “goodbye.”

The words of others come more easily to mind:

“The man who makes us happy makes us wise”—Masefield

“Life is too short to be little”—Disraeli

“The only way to have a friend is to be one”—Emerson

“To thine own self be true”—Shakespeare

“Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth”—Shaw

Words are inadequate, because Myron wrote in memories.

D.M

4-18-79

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Would simpler be better?

State Legislatures—ours no exception—are probably the most abused and least understood governmental institutions in the entire political-governmental complex.

Survey after survey shows that most people don't even know who their legislative representatives are; but they do know that, as a body, they're not to be trusted, and **"whenever they're in session the public is in trouble."** (Those are the words of legislators themselves.)

In terms of present-day costs, **Arizona legislators are insultingly underpaid.** Voters simply won't raise their salaries, because they resent very much the total cost of government, and that's one way to get back at the whole bunch of them.

There is a general recognition that the total structure of government is **unwieldy and too expensive.** Everybody knows it's costing too much to run the machine, and the machine is too complex to begin with.

A dramatic and creative restructuring of our state government is well worth serious consideration.

Let's consider the **pros and cons of a one-house vs a two-house legislature.** It's known as a **Unicameral Legislature.**

A two-house national Congress can be rationalized. Members of the House of Representatives speak for relatively small constituencies. For the most part, they are concerned with domestic affairs and financing.

The U.S. Senate was conceived as the "elite" of the governmental system. They were to be the moneyed and landed gentry, who would sit in judgment on the "people" who occupied the lower house—just to keep them in line.

(The Presidency, in those early days, was not the powerful imperialism it has since become.)

As a matter of fact, it wasn't until 1913 that U.S. Senators were elected by direct vote of the people. Prior to the 17th Amendment, Senators were appointed by their respective state legislatures.

There was then, and there is now, ample justification for a bicameral Congress.

No such distinction or justification exists for a two-house Arizona Legislature.

Each of this state's thirty districts elects two Representatives and one Senator. All three represent the same people, and for the same term of office.

Theoretically, one Legislative house can sit in judgment on the other and prevent ill-advised legislation from being voted into law. **Conversely, each can simply compound the misfeasance of the other.** It's not at all unheard of for Representatives to make brownie points with their constituents by approving a bill, knowing full well, in advance, that it has no chance of getting through the Senate, escaping a Governor's veto. (e.g., the prison-site nonsense)

Two legislative houses also **doubles the number of committee chairmen** who, for whatever reasons—not always in the public interest—can bury a bill or kill an action that doesn't meet with the personal (not the public) favor of the Chairman.

It was suggested, during the last campaign, that if we could ever get both houses in the hands of one Party—in this case, the Republicans—we'd see some real action...some fiscally responsible legislation, some problems answered, etc., etc.

Unfortunately, this just-closed session of the Legislature produced no such happy results. The excuse is, of course, that the Republican-dominated Legislature had to work with a Democrat Governor.

"If we just had a Republican in the State House, you'd see some action." Maybe so, but whatever happened to the two-party system, on which this country was established?

There was as much conflict and dissension between the Republican House and the Republican Senate as there was between the Republican Legislature and the Democrat Governor.

There are many points on both sides of the Unicameral vs Bicameral Legislature, of course. Only one state, Nebraska, operates unicamerally. They've done OK for quite a few years under the system.

Naturally, **no legislature is going to vote for the elimination of one of its bodies.** It would have to be accomplished by voter referendum.

But, before we're ready to think in those terms, maybe we ought to discuss the pros and cons of both kinds of legislature.

Would we get a simplified kind of legislature that could **get its work done faster, and at less cost to the taxpayers?**

Would there be **less political shenanigans**—such as we were forced to witness during this last (and preceding) sessions?

Maybe the idea isn't any good; but **is there anything wrong with bringing it out in the open and talking about it?**

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



On feeling helpless ... and The 50 Club

No question about it, the system has taken over. The machinery is running the operators. The monster is telling Dr. Frankenstein what he can do.

Things are being done to you and me that we know should not be done; and it would appear that there isn't much we can do about it.

Feeling helpless is not a very good feeling.

We're sitting on top of, or under, more viable sources of energy than even our ingrained and profligate ways of wastage could deplete in many lifetimes; but we're told there's a shortage, and we're going to pay through the nose for our doled-out allotment. And I, for one, can't think of anything I can do about it.

Millions of gallons of crude pile up on the west coast, and gas stations all around us are closed, or out of whatever kind of gas we need, and we edge quickly closer to that incredible \$1 per gallon. You see, our master-minds forgot that we'd need refineries and pipelines for Alaskan crude; and our Secretary of Energy decided to play games with our neighbor to the south.

I know it's dumb, and you know it's dumb—and we both know we're being shafted; but if you know what we can do about it, please pass the word along, because I feel helpless.

Our esteemed Congressmen vote themselves a whopping pay increase, with the promise that they'll cut down on their fee-earning moonlighting, i.e., outside speaking engagements.

The echo of that promise was still rattling around their panelled suites, when they voted to rescind the limitation. And there isn't a thing you and I can do about it.

The sovereign state of Arizona endures the absurdity of "sovereign" Indian nations within its borders, because Big Daddy in Washington says there are treaties which cannot be abridged, modified or broached. That's the moralistic Fed who says we must surrender the Panama Canal because that treaty ought to be broached—in fact, we should apologize for ever having written it in the first place—and we must pay indemnity for our malfeasance.

And, for good measure, we must turn our backs on Taiwan, a long-time friend, ally and profitable customer, because Communist China will like us more if we break that treaty.

It is dishonorable, and I am ashamed...and I'm helpless.

The same legislators who chickened out on their responsibility to locate a new state prison, and threw that "hot potato" into the receptive hands of the Governor, have had second thoughts. Selection of Litchfield Park is a horrendous miscarriage, it must be Buckeye (although nobody had the common decency to discuss this Solomon alternative with the authorities or people of Buckeye). That idea wouldn't fly, so—in those typically irrational final moments of the last session, the perfect solution emerged...the prison must be built in Florence.

Where else? All those good reasons, previously enumerated at expert length and detail, weren't really important. And now, the taxpayers will be called on to pay for a special session to override an anticipated Governor's veto, if the "powers" can manage it.

The worried mothers of Litchfield Park haven't given up; but the aura of helplessness is easily felt—and I don't know how to help.

The reasons for feeling helpless are myriad and daily evident; but I'm not ready, yet. If I honestly believed that there isn't anything you and I can do about much of anything, I'd find a hole, crawl into it, and pull the lid down. But, I don't believe that. Not for a minute do I believe that.

So, along with whatever else may come to mind, I hereby announce the formation of The 50 Club.

The 50 Club will be one of the best clubs in town, because it'll have no meetings, no bylaws, no officers, and no hours spent reading minutes. It won't take up any space, and very little time.

Membership will be attested by the purchase of five 10¢ postcards every week. Every day, Monday through Friday, somebody will get a comment, or a compliment, or a protest, or an opinion, or whatever should be said to somebody someplace.

Every day, Jimmy, or Barry, or Dennis, or Hal, or Jim, or Hawley, will know what I think about what they've done or haven't done.

That seems like a very small inconvenience, at a reasonably low cost... less than a pack of cigarettes, or a jigger of Scotch, or a loaf of bread.

Let's say we get 10 or 50 or 1000 members in The 50 Club—that'll be 50 or 250 or 5,000 messages going out every week from Sun City, Youngtown, Sun City West and Country Meadows.

Will anybody pay attention to The 50 Club? Who knows for sure? But it's a fair guess that they'll soon get to know there is a 50 Club, and that they're going to be heard from—regularly and aggressively.

Maybe The 50 Club can't change things around the way they should be; but every time one of those cards drops in the mail slot, that feeling of helplessness will diminish a little. At least, I'll be doing something.

Oh, one secondary benefit...The 50 Club could wipe out the postal deficit!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



The Fifty Club

It's probably not the biggest concept since the paper clip, but it seems that quite a few folks like the idea of **The Fifty Club**.

To reprise, for the uninitiated, The Fifty Club is a non-club...no officers, no meetings, no bylaws, no structure or formality whatsoever.

Membership is attained by mailing five 10¢ postcards each week to anybody who, in the opinion of the sender, should be advised, commended, reprimanded, persuaded, blasted, or in some way made aware that the card-writer is watching.

It seemed to me that others shared my uneasy feeling that, progressively over recent years, we've had less and less to say about what's happening to us, more and more—especially at the hands of government.

Just to make sure they're still there, I occasionally re-read those sculptured and muscular words in the Declaration of Independence: "...governments are instituted among men, **deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed...**" and I don't recall having given my consent to the creation of an imperial presidency or the thyroid growth of congressional or legislative autocracies.

Sure, every couple of years I can cast a vote for a "fiscal conservative" or a "law 'n' order straight-liner" or a "tax reformer," or whatever the current fashion in government-by-slogan may be; but the total tab for an increasingly distasteful diet keeps going up and up, no matter who is elected.

My personal need to fight back in some way is still considerably short of obsessive. I can live with the palliative that **the U.S. is still the best country in the world, and Sun City is the best place in the U.S.**

Nevertheless, there come those times when it is necessary to speak out for or against things that are going on. Picking up the phone to Washington, or Phoenix, is uncertain and can be expensive. Looking for envelopes, paper and stamps is seldom convenient; and delay prompts procrastination. A supply of postcards has proven to be a practical solution.

One card each day, five days a week, and many of my frustrations are deposited in the mailbox. Also, and perhaps more important, I'm letting people know when, in my opinion, they're doing a good job at whatever they're doing. Criticism can be positive, too.

Maybe nothing happens at the other end; but every now and then somebody is being reminded that we're the ones who are supposed to give our consent—and that it might be a good thing to give that some thought occasionally.

Apparently, a lot of you feel the same way. **Welcome to The Fifty Club**

The Press Council

At the bottom of this page there is a panel in which appears the title "Sun City-Youngtown Press Council," and the names of its members are listed.

This Council was established three years ago, because it was felt that there should be some meeting place where the community could express its feelings toward the press, and vice versa. Newspapers and radio stations are private property. They are owned by individuals or corporations, and those owners—within the requirements of libel laws, common sense and (for radio) license renewals, can do or say just about whatever they want to do or say.

Certainly, no medium of communication will intentionally affront its readers or advertisers to the point of losing their patronage. Only a poverty-stricken mind would volunteer for bankruptcy.

However, misconceptions, unfairness, imbalance, prejudice and downright bad reporting can slip in between good intentions and conscientious communication. People can be hurt and feathers ruffled. What to do about it?

It's a little hard to argue in print with the guy who owns the printing press. It's easy to believe that your letter of complaint won't be printed, and that your words will be wasted on the desert air.

Conversely, the press may have justifiable cause for concern about community reactions to well-intentioned journalism.

That's why there's a Press Council...to air things that need airing.

The members of the Council are selected by consensus. They carry no organization tags, although, in most instances, they have proven their capabilities in prior community activities. They bring a diversity of intellects and experiences to matters of public concern.

The Press Council cannot dictate policy or performance to the media, anymore than it can tell the community what to do.

The role of the Council is to act as interlocutor, as ombudsman, in matters involving the press and the public.

The Press Council is there to be used. It can't do its job if it isn't used.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Aw, c'mon, fellas

They're at it again.

Letters-to-the-editor and reports of recent meetings again point in the same direction...the pro and con incorporationists are gearing up for a summer semester of finger-pointing, name-calling, integrity-doubting, motive-impugning, and general allegations of "I am smart and pure of heart, and you are dumb and evil."

The scene is numbingly familiar...each side mounts its exclusively Olympian molehill and hurls charges and counter-charges at the enemy.

If judged by the dunder und blitzzen, the sound and fury, the field should be strewn with the quivering corpses of the vanquished, and the victors standing astride their fallen foes with carmined spear and unstained shield.

Not so. You see, they never get close enough for body contact. Better, by far, to play verbal bang-bang from the hilltops than to risk face-to-face confrontation, with possible disclosure of competitive weakness and false-front defenses.

That's not entirely a fair appraisal. The pro-incorporationists long ago agreed to meet in refereed weighing of strengths and weaknesses. The anti-incorporationists, for whatever reason, have flatly refused.

In their own words, "Those people can't be trusted, so we don't see any purpose in discussing anything with them."

That's a rather lofty brand of self-aggrandisement for a group which sees fit to parade as two civic organizations, though one in mind and purpose.

Maybe I'm the only one in town who doesn't know for sure whether incorporation would be good or bad for Sun City. Everybody else seems to be so cemented into firm convictions, on both sides.

The only thing I'm sure of is that I don't know what they're talking about...I don't know what the facts are. I know, of course, what each side says, and says, and says—ad infinitum and ad nauseam. But, what one side insists, with an omniscience that forbids questioning, the other side contradicts with equal fervor and assumed sagacity.

It doesn't require a very high IQ to deduce that both sides, and both catechisms, can't be singularly right. To say that contradictions can be equally acceptable is to contradict the meaning of contradiction.

Why in the world we can't get the combatants to meet openly and settle their differences is beyond rational understanding. If what they're saying and doing is so unquestionably right, you'd think they'd seek out every opportunity to prove it, against every rebuttal.

Maybe The Farrell Report isn't the greatest document since the Magna Carta; but it did an excellent job of presenting diverse views for mature people to evaluate. Nobody claims it's totally devoid of bias or faulty interpretation. What human document or statement is?

But, it certainly isn't the manifestation of a devious corporate plot to subvert the well-being of this community. That's so palpably absurd as to evoke only scorn of the scorners.

Any Charter, by whomever conceived, cannot commit Sun City to anything. It can merely serve as a frinstance...some indication of what might be possible, or impossible, under some form of local government.

It would help if the Charter Committee would put aside discussions of detailed issues, and go about the primary business of writing a sample Charter, so that everybody can see what it might involve...just in case we might ever get to the point where such a prototype could be instructive.

An exercise in futility? Perhaps—but at least we'd be able to talk about specifics, not generalized and unsubstantiated opinions.

Meanwhile—and I'm not optimistic about its ever coming to pass—wouldn't it be nice if those Sun Citians—obviously dedicated enough to the best interests of our community to become intensely involved on either side of the incorporation issue—could express their intelligence through non-combative communication?

It promises to be a hot summer. Unfortunately, some will be measuring it in Fahrenheit, and others in Celsius.

We may never know what the really hot facts are.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



In union there is?

Somewhere between impolitic statement and overkill reaction lies Sun City. Surfeited with penned and phoned bitterness, I visited the generator of the **dirty noses brouhaha**.

For those who may think otherwise, I can report that Larry Spitz isn't much different from many others who walk our streets...one head, two arms, a couple of legs—not at all the ill-begotten offspring of Beelzebub the howlers had implied.

We talked about the **Union Club**, about **Sun City**, and about his unfortunate statement and the resultant explosion.

(His formal statement appears on today's page 1.)

I've never carried a union card, but most of my family did; so there was **no lack of understanding** between us. We disagreed on some things, and saw eye-to-eye on others.

Larry Spitz believes fervently in the causes and rightness of trade-unionism. Most of his mature life has been devoted to preaching that gospel.

Larry Spitz loves Sun City...its actuality and its boundless potential.

He sees no conflict between these two addictions.

He knows that, in some quarters, "union" is a dirty word; he recognizes that some union leaders have not been outstanding citizens.

We didn't waste any time comparing the relative incidence of Management vs Labor malfeasance.

Larry knows, also, that many Sun Citians came here direct from lifetime union-managed jobs, on union-won pensions. When they asked him for help in protecting their threatened rights, he did what he had to do... he formed the Union Club.

He understands that there will be voices and actions in opposition. What he doesn't understand—and his "Lil" doesn't understand—are the hate-letters, the always-anonymous phone calls with unveiled threats: "You'd better get out of town or your house will be bombed." (That one at 2 a.m.!) I don't understand such things, either.

Malevolence is always ignorant; and there's nothing more dangerous than ignorance in action.

Like others who have suggested ways in which actions, facilities and lifestyles in Sun City might be improved, Spitz has received a full load of "If you don't like it here, the way it is, why don't you go back where you came from?"

That's always a good down-putter. The Indians probably said it to the Pilgrims when they started clearing the forest for schools and churches.

"If you wanted to live in the kind of small town Sun City was when you came here in '63, why did you stand by and let it get so big. Get out!"

"If you've always been a Democrat, how come you moved in with a bunch of Republicans. You're a troublemaker!"

"Don't you realize that tomorrow is supposed to be a Xerox copy of yesterday? You start messing around with 'our town' and we'll rise up in our God-given wisdom and superiority and knock the quo right out of your status.

"We'll write nasty things about you in our **medium of excommunication**-- letters-to-the-editor; and we'll take turns calling you and your wife at all hours of the day and night, just so you'll know who runs things around here.

"Yessir, we know you union people. You're the Mafia; you're Joe Bonanno; you're Jimmy Hoffa. You're all alike, and we don't need you around here, because we are pure and free of taint.

"Oh...we also go to our own places of worship regularly, so we can bone up on goodwill, compassion and brotherly love. You see, that gives us a good background against which to display **our capacity to hate and condemn**...our inclination to find you guilty without trial.

"We are a special breed, called Sun Citians. It is our destiny to be right, and **our privilege to be insulated against the realities.**"

Well....we hope, Larry Spitz, that your Union Club will fulfill your highest aims, and will represent its members effectively.

This hope is not necessarily an endorsement of your program, it is an affirmation of the **free-enterprise, competitive system** which has made ours the greatest society in human history.

Editor's Chair —

May 1979

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Doug Morris



Memorial Day is for pride

I want my country to be proud...again.

Not the empty pride of vanity, nor the selfish pride of conceit, nor the abrasive pride of arrogance; but the pride which springs from strengths so evident they can confess to weakness.

So proud of what it has been, it can be concerned about what it has become.

So proud of having said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident..." it will hold up those truths to make them more evident.

So proud of its forefathers, its descendants must be given equal cause to be proud of theirs.

So proud of its voice, it is willing to listen; so proud of its height, it can bend with grace.

So proud of its technology, it can take time out for humanity.

So proud of its unique freedoms, it can enjoy groaning under their weight.

So proud that, under God, it will be visibly indivisible.

So proud of inventing "The American Way," it will defend the patent against all competitors.

So proud of its charity for all, it won't shy from protective self-indulgence.

So proud of its differences, it can accept the challenge of "E Pluribus Unum."

Yes....I want my country to be proud, because I am my country; and I feel the need for pride.

6-6-79
Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Welcome home, Ned!

We're glad you're back.

And, judging from the calls and conversations, that goes for a legion of
loyals.

We've heard, too, that there are those who aren't quite so enthusiastic.
They seem to think you're a little rough sometimes; and that you tee off on
certain people with too-obvious relish.

We recall the once we were persuaded to put the blue pencil to some of your
pithy prose that seemed to veer too sharply toward the purple and pungent.
We're not likely to do that again. The wrath of the Welch is a one-time adventure.
As they say, if you can't take Galway Mist straight, stay away from it altogether.

Those of us who knew the "brahmins and bullyboys" Boston of Jim
Curley, and the Manhattan madness of Jimmy Walker, stand in awe of how
unerringly your memory tutors your typewriter. Total recall, the psychologists call
it; we call it Ned Welch.

Your gift of prophecy is standing up rather well, too. Long before the
Run for the Roses, you tabbed Spectacular Bid for the Triple Crown. Two on the
nose, one to go. (We're also keeping an eye peeled for that possible late-entry
"sleeper" you tell us "the boys" have been grooming to knock off Spectacular
Bid in the Belmont next Saturday.)

Just one thing, Ned...por favor. Nine-and-a-half decades is a lot of being-
around time. You might not have more than three or four really good decades
left in you.

Take it easy. We want you around forever.

Exactly what is an 6-6-77 "adult retirement community"?

Thanks to the persistence of various organizations, and the dedication of many individuals, we seem to be edging closer to a definition of an "adult retirement community."

The "overlay zoning" amendment enacted by the Maricopa County Board of Supervisors, on June 1, adds materially to identification.

It would be unwise, however, to assume that this ordinance, plus legislation already on the books, settles the question once and for all.

Substantial legal opinion suggests that the basic issue involved is **not legislative, but Constitutional.**

Does the inherently discriminatory nature of an "adult retirement community" abridge or deny individual rights guaranteed under the 1st and 14th Amendments to the Constitution?

Although various states, including Arizona, have local regulations, county ordinances and state laws relating to this question, no one has ever submitted the matter to **Constitutional trial before the Supreme Court.**

Ultimately, it seems, that's where it must go. Sooner or later, there will have to be a clear and precise definition of this **new kind of social-political entity** called "adult retirement community."

It would be relatively simple to write a piece of legislation which, in the best judgment of our best legal minds, would spell out what an "adult retirement community" is, and is not.

Then, this legislation could be challenged on Constitutional grounds, and taken to the Supreme Court for final adjudication.

If approved, amen; if not, we'd learn how to fix it so it would be acceptable. That's the way we're finally getting capital punishment laws that are enforceable.

As things stand now, there is **uncertainty and confusion.** For example, the deed restrictions, recently circulated and signed in Sun City, stipulate that no person under 18 years of age can be a resident for longer than 45 days. The recently enacted county ordinance specifies a 90-day period.

It's questionable that this intra-county disparity would stand up under legal attack.

Sun City is the prototype of the successful "adult retirement community." What more logical than that the probing for legal certainty should be generated from here?

Shouldn't our legislators be spearheading this inevitable drive for unquestionable characterization of what we are?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



The tyranny of the unintended consequence

One of my favorite scribes, John Chamberlain, whose thoughtful comments are syndicated nationally by King Features, created the title for this column. I envy him for having conceived this brilliant and incisive explanation for what's gone wrong.

Nobody intentionally does things wrong. Everybody intends his actions to be productive of good things. So how come so many things are in such a miserable mess?

There can be only one reasonable explanation...the unintended consequence.

It was the concerted intention of this nation's founders to form an economic and political entity whose strengths could be of such magnitude as to be shared with others. For one hundred and thirty years, from the signing of the Constitution in 1787 to our first adventure into a "world war" on foreign soil, discordant and selfish states and territories were being whipped into that "more perfect union." We went into that conflict a debtor nation and emerged as a creditor nation...one of the great powers.

Having defeated the enemy, we then did what no other nation in history had done—we rebuilt our erstwhile enemies, and financed their rehabilitation, rather than looting their treasuries as victors had done habitually for centuries.

The intention was good; the unintended consequence?...the rebuilt factories in Germany and Italy, with our endowed technology and money, turned around and beat our ears off in open competition.

Between 1920 and 1939, we continued our aspirations toward being the most creative and impactful single force on earth. By the end of World War II, this young nation had become the undisputed leader among all nations on the face of the globe...and probably the strongest single power that had ever existed.

That was the intention; the unintended consequence?...we began to feel guilty about being so much stronger, so much richer, so much better off than anybody else.

Then began the most profligate give-away program ever witnessed in human history. An entire nation intentionally began to impoverish itself! Recognized and avowed enemies received our largesse, along with actual friends and those so-called friends whose friendship is evident only at the handout.

With a conviction that we could beat anybody or buy anything, we did what history will find it hard to explain—we adopted national spendthrift policies which could have only one consequence...bankruptcy.

Only our faith in our system makes it unnecessary, at this time, to declare bankruptcy...although we can't pay our bills, or meet our current obligations.

The inevitable consequence of this international welfare-ism has been the adoption of the same philosophy of management in domestic affairs.

The absurdity of "Federal money" has supplanted sound business concepts in private and governmental financing. **There is no such thing as Federal money;** the Federal government has never produced one dollar of profit.

If the consequence of all this financial idiocy were the loss of money only, it might be tolerable and correctable; but we have given away our most precious commodity—our individual freedom.

The Federal government, with its hand now firmly on the purse-strings, lays its grubbing claws on our personal lives daily. We are no longer in charge of our own destinies.

This is the tyranny of the unintended consequence.

Nobody meant it to be that way. We simply thought it would be a little easier and more comfortable to let "them" handle our problems for us.

It was the intention that the government should govern "with the consent of the governed." When did that concept disappear? It's certainly not applicable today; but when did we lose control? When did "they" stop asking for our consent?

It didn't happen on any one day; it has been a continuous, creeping and insidious abandonment. We asked for a little more of this, and some more of that; and, with each request, we cashed in a bit more of our freedom and independence.

In fact, the dissolution has gone so far that it's even out of the hands of those whom we elect to represent us in the halls of government.

Now, those nameless and faceless bureaucrats, whose puerile policies are publicized only in the arcane pages of the Federal Register—but whose malfeasances are all-too-apparent in our daily lives—are calling the shots.

All this because we wanted to be good to everybody. Our intentions were the best.

Now we face the reality of the tyranny of unintended consequences.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Two thousand and twelve

If nothing else, this column should win us some Brownie points from every chairman of every program committee of every organization in Sun City, Sun City West, Youngtown, Country Meadows and wherever in Arizona these words may be read.

Boy, have we got a program for you!

It's all about Arizona; an Arizona you've never seen—because nobody's ever seen it.

It's about Arizona in the year 2012 A.D., the centennial of Arizona statehood.

Some time ago, a group of some of the state's top names and best minds decided it would be a good idea to start thinking about Arizona's future in a creative and organized way. After a few informal get-togethers, they formalized their meeting and thinking into "Arizona Tomorrow, Inc."—a statewide, non-profit corporation.

They probed many questions, and ventured many answers: will Arizona's rapid growth slow down or accelerate?...will there be enough water to take care of whatever happens?...can Arizona really do much while 82% of its land belongs to the federal and state governments, and the Indians?...how many people will be living in the Grand Canyon State in 2012?...and will there be jobs for them? ...how important are retirement communities going to be?...and on and on and on.

To avoid the parochialism of local prejudices and enthusiasms, one of the most prestigious think-tanks in the world was called in to do the examining and forward-viewing. Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute put Arizona under the microscope, took a picture of it, and then projected this image on the vaulted screen of our blue skies.

The 200-page Report will be available later this year; the 33-page summary is available now (and we urge you to read it)...and the essence of the study has been capsulized in a 28-minute, full-color slide-film with sound and voice.

Among the areas included in the study are Arizona's cultural, economic, social and political trends; influences of neighboring states and Mexico; resources; agriculture; manufacturing; services; leisure industries; population growth; physical development of urban and rural areas; transportation; water supply; energy and power; environmental considerations, etc.

The study took two years and cost something in excess of \$150,000. At no cost, and in 28 minutes, you can see and hear its mind-boggling challenge.

Certainly one of the most exciting tangents of "Arizona 2012" could be "Sun City 2012." Where is our unique community going to be 33 years from now?: a cozy cult of cautious comfort sequestered behind the Walls of Geritol?...or a dynamic prototype of progressive re-generation?

A repository of magnificent talents withdrawn from profitable utilization?...or a well-spring of trained and fine-tuned capabilities focussed on helping to answer some of the problems we helped to create?

An oasis where we stand in line to take our sip from the empyrean spring?...or a symposium of energies unleashed from prior restraints and ready for exploration into unknown tomorrows?

Maybe there are a few among us who aren't planning on being around in 2012—out of town, or whatever—but it's got to be interesting to peek at the Sun City our children or grandchildren will be enjoying or enduring 3 1/2 decades from now.

It's probably more than an aphorism that "a mind which has been stretched by a new thought can never return to its former dimensions;" so, before you arrange to see "Arizona 2012," get your mind set for new dimensions.

If you want to book this film for one of your programs, we'll be happy to handle the arrangements. Just call this paper and let us know when you'd like to reserve a print for your organization's meeting.

Just a thought in passing

Do you suppose we ought to be giving some thought to the possibility of setting up a Western Hemisphere Common Market?

Wouldn't it make sense to set up a tri-partite unity involving Canada, the U.S. and Mexico?

Maybe our "friends" in Europe, the Middle East and Asia might not like the idea too much; but it seems pretty logical to envision some kind of economic-political entity involving the three nations who share the most peaceful common boundaries existant anywhere in the world today.

Virtually unlimited natural resources, coupled with an almost infinite potential for technological creativity, might be just the ticket for getting from where we are to where we want to be.

Just a thought.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Above the noise was heard a silence

They were saying something.

Something inaudible, but clearly expressive above the noise.

They were saying something to themselves, to their friends and families, to the nation and the world.

They rang the bell—some with the genteel hesitancy of those who dislike making a public noise or being noticed; others with a firm-handed intention to shock the silence and awaken moribund memories.

They were saying something.

Grandchildren needed no prod from good ol' grampy. A chance to make more noise with one pull than they'd be allowed in a day of tugging back home. Not sure just what it was that happened a couple of centuries ago; but right here, on this one day in this one place, they could be part of an echo of history.

It spoke in their laughter, and in their uncertainty.

They were saying something.

They heard the very invocation that stirred the first Continental Congress to believe in itself and in its impossible dream; and their minds articulated fervent "amens."

They were saying something.

The tape-recorded opening and closing paragraphs that bracketed some of the most significant written words in all of history, found easy passage through willing ears to welcoming hearts.

And occasional tears lubricated the release of thoughts too private to expose yet too public to restrain.

They were saying something.

They pledged allegiance to a flag so mammoth it is seldom seen, and too small to encompass their promise and their gratitude.

They were saying something.

They applauded words that were inevitably inadequate because they knew there could be no adequate words—certainly none to do more than remind them of words that changed the world.

They were saying something.

What they were saying was never spoken, and could be heard clearly. They were saying.....

"Before we are Democrats, Republicans, Independents, or whatever; before we are Protestants, Catholics or Jews; before we are Arizonans or Sun Citizens...we are Americans.

"We are proud to be Americans; but we don't want our pride in today to get too much of its sustenance from our pride in yesterday.

"We're glad our grandchildren are here today, because this may be the first time they've heard the brave voice of the Liberty Bell, and felt the courage of those who dared that Declaration of Independence.

"We're glad we're here. We have need of this reminder. It's been too easy to slip the yoke of individual responsibility, and to don the comfortable robes of Thomas Paine's 'sunshine patriots.'

"We wish that our nation's leaders could have been here with us today; and that, on their return to the seats of government, they would start each day by reading to each other the full content of that parchment inscribed in Philadelphia only twenty decades ago.

"We don't like the way things are going with our America. We don't think they have to be that way. We are too strong to look so weak; too right to be so condemned; too capable of first to be second."

"We suspect the governed are more determined than the governors; and that the time is now to reiterate the Declaration that 'the government shall derive its just powers from the consent of the governed.'"

That, and so much more, is what they were saying in Bell Center's Memorial Garden on the morning of July 4, 1979.

They also said, "We want to come back here again next year, and every

year. We want to come back here again next year, and every year. We want to hear those words, and think those thoughts.

"We want to ring that bell; and we want our children's children to share it with us.

"We want the voice of Sun City to be heard."

They were really saying something!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



If we can put a man on the moon

Whatever else might be among the results from that day a decade ago, when a human being first set foot on the Moon, it gave us a yardstick against which everything else we do must be measured.

"If we can put a man on the moon, why can't we solve the energy crisis? straighten out the mess in Washington? tell the Russians to shove it? get rid of our ghettos? knock off the Mafia? stop inflation? tell OPEC to get lost? and so on and on and on."

We put a man on the Moon, so there's nothing we can't do.

Those who were glued to their chairs on July 20, 1969, were mesmerized by the instantaneous sight of Neil Armstrong stepping where no man had ever stepped before, and where few dared travel even in imagination.

Armstrong's first words were courageous and challenging; but his first steps were tentative and uncertain, because he was resting even his gravity-lowered weight on scientific conjecture. There was reasonable expectation of firmness beneath the dust, but no guarantees. Of course, there was little chance it was green cheese.

It was a mind-boggling event; but science and technology have bombarded our minds with such a continuous flow of boggles, for the past half century, that yesterday's boggle is destined to be tomorrow's ho-hum.

"A dozen Americans have walked on the Moon. Without looking in the almanac, how many can you name? Out of 220 million Americans, only a dozen have taken a lunar stroll; and we can't even remember their names!"

We take for granted our miracles. We look to miracles for solutions to all problems. That's a cop-out.

We forget the price of miracles.

Within reasonable bounds, it's probably an acceptable maxim that "nothing is impossible." Santayana said, **What man can think, man can do."**

That certainly lays it on the line. That makes "the impossible dream" a probability, if not a certainty.

So how come we're so bogged down with things needing solution, and we don't come up with the solutions?

There are two reasons: (1) We're not frightened enough; and (2) we're not willing to pay the price.

War is a frightening event. Consequently, we accomplish things in wartime that we wouldn't attempt in peacetime. We demand of ourselves, and of our industrial, social and political instruments, more productivity and more efficiency than we believed possible or reasonable. And it gets done—because we're frightened by the consequences of not getting it done.

Equally important, we pay no attention to what it's costing. It's written in the annals of war that the army which can waste the most, fastest and longest, will win. Nobody is an accountant on the battlefield.

Solving problems in peacetime is quite a different matter. Everybody's watching the balance sheet . . . personal and financial.

How do you think we would have felt if Neil Armstrong had taken his first strides on the Moon carrying a sign that read, "I was put here by inflation. There wasn't enough cash in the till to pay for this trip, so we just printed up some money to cover the tab. It's only a few billion; and your grandchildren's grandchildren will pay for it; but you wanted to put me here before the Russians could do it—so that's the price."

Everybody hates inflation; and everybody likes the things that cause inflation. That's a fact of life; although we're a little reluctant to admit it.

Sure, we can become #1 in everything again. No question about it. But you and I wouldn't like, and probably wouldn't stand for, the price.

How much of democracy and the free enterprise system are we willing to sacrifice in order to enjoy the efficiencies of a managed economy? How much of our Social Security checks are we willing to refund in order to reduce the obviously inflationary impact of that unbalanced system?

How much of their 40 percent ownership of middle east oil will our private oil companies forfeit in order to alleviate the disruptive pressures of that oppressive monopoly? How much of our personal freedoms will we subvert in order to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number? How much comfort will we convert to the discomfiture of doing without?

"If we can put a man on the Moon, why can't we do practically anything else?" We can; but, obviously, we don't want to—enough.

Perhaps it would be better if we were still trying to put a man on the Moon . . . still trying to do the impossible. Then, we wouldn't have so convenient a crutch on which to rest our lame failures. We'd still be trying.

Maybe it's worth remembering that the ancients believed the Moon was responsible for madness. There seems to be enough going on to make us think, on this tenth anniversary of man's first lunar walk, that there's a handy word to explain what's happening.

It's lunacy.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Is "great" only a fighting word?

Where are our great men and women?

This is neither a frivolous nor a peevish question. It is an attempt to inquire into the reasons for our "nationwide malaise"—an executive euphemism for "the mess we're in."

One of the stimulants and comforts derived from reading history is the seeming inevitability of great crises giving birth to great people.

It seems that, whenever society has needed greatness, it's appeared...and, quite often, in clusters.

Perhaps no single era in history has demonstrated this better than the period which we call The American Revolution.

The time demanded courage above mere bravery...organizational skills capable of creating controlled force out of disorganized factionalism...persuasive voices to shout down the dissidents and inspire the uncertain...financial wizardry to conjure substance out of nothingness...scholarship to frame a Declaration whose simple genius had escaped a score of predecessor societies...vision to frame a living skeleton suited to the strength and growth of a nation yet unborn. And all those needs were answered, in astounding abundance.

Certainly in all of American history—and perhaps in the total history of civilization, there has never been so much greatness in one place at one time. It was there because it had to be there. It is doubtful that anything but seemingly insuperable crisis could have spawned such greatness.

Only the insensitve and apathetic could deny the existence of today's crisis; and it is possible that this one is even more strenuous than the one 200 years ago.

That one was a crisis of war; this one is a crisis of peace. It is easier to be great in war than in peace. That's a verity of history and a fact of life. For the most part, a nation's heroes have sprung from the battlefield—men and women who dared death.

Is there no greatness in daring life? Can't we dredge or filter out of our national genius those who are great enough to defeat our enemies and solve our problems without gunfire?

Is it possible that we won't let anybody be great in peacetime? When our lives are threatened, we are perfectly willing to place our fate in the hands of single individuals...to give them every opportunity to be great.

All too obviously, we are not willing to grant the same opportunity for greatness when we're not being threatened by bullets. That would be OK if our only dangers were physical and explosive.

Inflation isn't noisy, nor does it strew the field with the dead and dismembered. The autocratic centralization of power in the federal government doesn't fill our hospitals with the walking dead. The passive and pusillanimous forfeiture of our nation's substance and our national pride creates neither shell holes nor concentration camps. Our loss of faith in ourselves and our system bears no resemblance to holocaust. A welfare state isn't a state of war.

But who would care to say that the long-term result isn't just as devastating? What difference does it make whether the house is destroyed by implosion or explosion? The conclusion is rubble, either way.

Then where is the greatness we need? Right now! Is it there, but we won't let it emerge? Would we recognize it if it were staring at us?

Can an elected official be great?...or must he always be that most suspect of all humans: a "politician?" Would the Republican party accept or recognize greatness in a Democrat—or vice versa? Can a Catholic or a Jew be great among Protestants? A Mexican among Anglos? A woman?

Does a functioning democracy allow for greatness?...or must our leaders be "of the people," out of the pack?

George Lyttelton cautioned his son, "Seek to be good, but aim not to be great." There is a penalty to greatness that makes the aspiration hazardous. The thought is heard expressed often enough to be labeled a consensus: Why would anybody want to be President of the United States? Is the job bigger than anybody is capable of filling even adequately? Can a President be great?

Is it possible that we can't see greatness around us because the media won't let it show? With pencils pointing to—and cameras focussed on "feet of clay," how can greatness stand straight?

Douglas MacArthur was a great general by all counts. Yet he was brought to heel, and denied greatness in our society, by a graduate of the Pendergast school of political chicanery who, by most historians, is called "one of our great presidents."

Is there such a thing as natural greatness? And all we have to do is define it, seek it out, and implore it to be available. Is there a Dryden's hero, "...who was great ere fortune made him so?"

If there is, now is the time. We need greatness as few societies have ever needed greatness before.

The terrible realization is that there is undoubted greatness in high places—talents capable of solving the problems that threaten to pull down the structure of our society—but we won't let them, because they're "not one of us," or they're "self-seekers," or "they're all crooks," or "they don't look or talk just right on TV."

Must we go to the brink again before we admit we need greatness? Must we always wait? Can't we seek?

Is it possible that, in a community which comprises myriad capabilities of all varied talents and levels, there is greatness? Is there greatness in Sun City? And would we let it be recognized as greatness?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Stan . . . the man

Stan Akers is dead.

A distinguished and distinctive part of Arizona's personality is gone.

Although he didn't have any real affection for the machinations of politics, his love for Arizona prompted him to make his judgment, courage and honesty available to government.

He sought the freedom and self-expression of the outdoors; he endured the cloistering of conference and the shackles of legislature.

Those who synonymize "politics" and "dirty" have the life and public service of Stan Akers to confound their thoughtless glibness.

The impact of Stan's departure may be bothersome and disruptive to partisan politics. Arizona's loss is more than political—it is a diminution in character.

Stan simply didn't believe we have to be satisfied with triumphs of mediocrity. His aspirations for Arizona began with superiority and looked up.

We have to be glad he lived among us. We have to be sad we must live without him.

Credits, and balances

A couple of weeks ago we applauded the Rec Centers board for a compassionate and business-like solution to a long-vexing problem...delinquent membership payments.

That still goes; it was an intelligent action...long overdue, and very welcome.

Now, it seems, there is another element in the picture.

Sun Citian **Hubert Pemberton** should share the laurels. Correspondence and discussions make this indisputable.

Hubert has been consistently and persistently pressing for this kind of decision for a number of years. He has been a party to selecting and interviewing some of those who have merited consideration as "hardship cases." His counsel has been valuable and productive.

Hubert Pemberton has earned the right to be proud of what he has done in this instance. For various reasons, we think it's important to single him out for this accolade.

One of those reasons is that Hubert also, on occasion, reflects an attitude which we find less approbatory — the inclination toward caustic condemnation of those who have taken on responsibilities in our various civic organizations.

It's easy to condemn. Perfection of person or performance is beyond expectation. There's always something that can be spotlighted as a shortcoming.

In large part, the news media are prime agents in stimulating much of the discomfiture. One bad-mouth, in a letter to the editor, has an audience of 30,000 people. Without that published letter, few would know or care what a single finger-pointer said or did.

We often have reason to cringe at some of the things said in letters-to-the-editor that appear on these pages. Some are ill-informed, some are repetitive...too many are vicious.

Constrained only by the laws of libel, we feel that the responsibility of a community newspaper is to reflect the community in all its aspects. It's our job to give the people a voice.

Where statements of fact are involved, we have few problems. Where castigations of motives are involved, we have many. Nobody has a right to condemn another's motives, because nobody knows what another's motives may be.

At the heart of this commentary is a deeper concern. The accusations of malfeasance and misfeasance often reach the intensity of harassment; and that concerns us very much.

It concerns us, because our local structure depends significantly on volunteers...people who are willing to make personal sacrifices for the public good.

There's just so much harassment any sensible person is willing to take. Then — and the examples are too numerous to catalogue — the individual says "enough is enough. That's the last time I'm ever going to try to do anything for this community. Who needs that kind of nonsense!"

It's not impossible to foresee the day when nobody will want to volunteer for anything that might involve making decisions or taking actions that could be questioned by those who enjoy accenting the negative.

That would be a sad day for Sun City.

That would be the end of the Sun City we now know.

Is it unreasonable to expect that mature people might talk things over privately and in person without resorting to public name-calling?

Isn't it likely that differences could be ironed out better in the give-and-take of private conversation — even a phone call?

This isn't to say that things that aren't going right should be overlooked or condoned. But is it necessary to strip the flesh off to set a fracture?

We recognize that there isn't as much fun in private contention as there is in public condemnation. A solo ego-trip is not very satisfying. It's hard to get Brownie points for deeds unknown and opinions unpublicized.

But, how about what's best for Sun City? Would we all be better off and more comfortable with less enmity and more amity?

It's worth repeating....."It's amazing how much can be accomplished when nobody cares who gets the credit for it."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

An open letter to the Arizona Legislature



Ladies and gentlemen:

Congratulations and condolences.

You're getting ready for a special tax session of the Legislature; and you've got a lot of surplus in the treasury.

That's good.

You're also about to start the pulling and hauling, the intramural bickering, the special-interest toadying, the politicking and vote-getting maneuvers.

That's bad.

How to use that \$130,000,000 surplus is your problem...and ours! Cut income taxes? Reduce the property tax? Slice or eliminate food taxes? Fix the highways? More school support? And on and on will go the debate — and the haggling.

Whatever is done will be done "for the peepul — the long-suffering, over-burdened taxpayers." It'll sound good, and everybody will be scrambling for Brownie points — which is natural and understandable, since next year is an election year, and that's the name of the game.

Everything we've read and heard indicates that a reduction in the property tax is likely to be your prime target. No question about it, that would have strong appeal.

But, are you absolutely sure that's what the people really want? More to the point...is that what they'd want if reasonable alternatives were spelled out?

Let's assume you use that \$130 million to cut the property tax in half, i.e., from \$1.10 per hundred of assessed value to \$.55. That would certainly get headlines, and would be remembered at the polling booths.

But would it really be that big a deal? The owner of a \$50,000 home would save \$41.25. For sure, nobody's going to sneer at \$41.25, but it's not a whole lot of money these days. One trip to the supermarket, and there it goes.

Further, reducing property taxes with that surplus shouldn't be quite so automatic a decision. The surplus didn't come from property taxes in the first place. It came mostly from income and sales taxes. The state took in \$52 million more in income taxes and \$58 million more in sales taxes than it had budgeted for. That's 85% of the surplus right there.

How'd you like to have a sure-fire vote-getter platform, and a creative tax and fiscal program to boot? Try this one on for size:

"We will need four new state prisons within the next twenty years. We will build these four prisons absolutely free. They will not cost you, the taxpayer, one red dime."

Ridiculous? Not at all. It's really a very simple idea. You turn that \$130,000,000 over to the State Treasurer for investment. Clark Dierks has already demonstrated his ability to make money work hard. That record-smashing \$32,800,000 he just reported as earned interest for the '78-'79 fiscal year is proof positive.

And, since the need for the earnings will not be immediate, he can go after the larger returns available from long-term investments.

Every year, that \$130,000,000 will earn between \$12,000,000 and \$13,000,000. Every five years, we can draw out \$60,000,000 to \$65,000,000 of "found money."

The Department of Corrections estimates that the four prisons will average out at \$50,000,000 each. (Increases in return on investment will adjust for inflationary cost increases.) Incidentally, that cost figure allows for building prisons with facilities for self-supporting prison-industries — a rational and too-long-neglected facet of cost-reduction and inmate rehabilitation.

It's probable that legalistic nit-pickers may find this investment plan in conflict with some part of the restrictions imposed by Proposition 101. Whether this would be an expenditure in excess of the 7% allowance is a semanticism. If the idea is sound, the people will be happy to make any necessary alterations in Proposition 101.

One obvious and interesting point...after the prisons have been built, at no cost to the taxpayer, that \$130,000,000 will still be "in the bank."

Care to put this to the test? Ask any meeting of your constituents this one question: "Which would you rather have — a one-time \$41.25 reduction in your property tax, or four modern prisons at absolutely no cost?" Care to bet on how they'll vote?

Sure, there are lots of places where this surplus can be applied; and whatever you do will be applauded by some and condemned by others.

It would be a great mistake to spread it around so there'll be something for everybody. That might be good politics, but it would be bad government. Much better to tackle one problem and settle it completely.

The almost total lack of response to previous editorial recommendations for a Prison City is enough to pre-suppose that we are going to follow current practices of imposing prisons on communities that can't defend against it, e.g., the rape of Litchfield Park.

This means we're going to face periodic hassles over prison locations. Why not alleviate at least that part of the discomfiture concerned with how we're going to pay for them.

With that kind of guaranteed funding, the Department of Corrections can do a far more efficient job of planning and construction.

There it is. Any reason it can't be done? It sounds like good politics, good government, and good business.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horni



Surprised? No.
Disappointed? Yes.

Last week, this space set out an idea for putting the state's \$117,000,000 surplus to work in such a way as to build all needed state prisons at no cost to the taxpayers.

The "Open letter to the Legislature" anticipated that there might be some reason why the idea couldn't be put into action immediately; and, sure enough, it seems the Arizona Constitution says it would be a no-no.

Article 9, Section 3, states: "The Legislature shall provide for an annual tax sufficient, with other sources of revenue, to defray the necessary ordinary expenses of the state for each fiscal year."

This, we're told, means that the state cannot collect more taxes than it spends — it cannot build a reserve.

Now, we're not saying that our concept is the greatest idea since the paper clip; but others seem to feel it's worth thinking about:

(1) Another Arizona newspaper asked for permission to reprint the editorial in its entirety.

(2) Bernie Wynn, political analyst and reporter for the Arizona Republic gave it a major part of his column on Sunday, August 12. Bernie said: "...a unique idea...the possibility is attractive and should be investigated..."

(3) A 6-term member of the Arizona House wrote immediately to say, "Your proposal is most innovative, and I could not agree with you more. It would have been a painless way of funding new prison construction. For too many years, the State Legislature has failed to appropriate necessary funds for the purpose of housing our ever increasing prison population.

"Unfortunately, the state tax rate has been reduced to a small amount: 48 cents. I say unfortunate because the principal beneficiaries of the reduced state property tax are not the homeowners, but the utilities, railroads, and businesses which are taxed at a much higher rate.as you have pointed out, the net benefit to the homeowner as a result of the cut in the state tax rate is minimal."

And what response from the three Senators and six Representatives who include Sun City, Youngtown and Sun City West among their constituency? Nothing!

Not one word from Senator John Pritzlaff, Representatives Cal Holman and Pete Corpstein of District 24 (north of Bell Rd.).

Not one word from Senator Anne Lindeman, Representatives Pat Wright and Bill Lewis, of District 17 (north of Grand Ave.)

Not one word from Senator Hal Runyan, Representatives Bob Denny and Jim Ratliff (south of Grand Ave., including Youngtown).

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Now, nobody expects our elected representatives to jump up and down, and shoot off Roman candles, everytime something is suggested in these columns. But, we are a part of their constituency; and we have no intention of being disregarded entirely.

To make sure they had the editorial in front of them, a copy was put on the desk of every legislator before noon on the date of publication, Wednesday, August 8.

I am told, secondhand, that one of our Representatives has said, "...the suggestion is completely unconstitutional." That may be true; but, as a thoughtful response to the suggestion, it's a cop-out. It says nothing about the merits or demerits of the idea. It simply makes it unnecessary to do any more thinking.

If an idea makes sense, but it runs into legalistic restraints, then those restraints need examination. On June 3, 1919, it was unconstitutional for women to vote. On the following day it was constitutional...because it was right and made sense. The idea was right; the Constitution was wrong. So the Constitution was corrected.

This disdain for the opinion of others should not — and did not — surprise me. We'd been through it before. A previous plan for modernization of our prison system: Prison City, was similarly commended by the metropolitan press, by TV editors, by other members of the legislature — and was totally disregarded by the nine who represent Sun City.

Time and time again, I've listened to their impassioned pleas for "public participation"... "your responsibility to get involved in the government"... "let us know what you're thinking"... "pick up your phone and call"... etc., etc.

Uh huh!

It's not very comfortable to be put in the position of propogating your own ideas. If they were your concepts, it would be easier. But, if an idea is worth considering, and happens to be my idea, it would be cowardly to derogate with counterfeit self-effacement. A false modesty is the height of vanity.

You can bet your bottom dollar that this issue is not going to be allowed to drop here. If something written into our Constitution back in 1912, by people who could not possibly have foreseen today's conditions, is standing in the way of applying sound business practices to our state's fiscal operations, then such restrictions must be questioned critically.

If the Federal Constitution can be amended twenty-six times, what's so sacrosanct about our State Constitution?

Isn't it about time for us to expect some creative thinking out of our legislative representatives?

Or would that be unconstitutional!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Full steam ahead!

This could be the one that finally gets me put away in some nearby foam-rubber rumpus room....

Let's bring back the Stanley Steamer!

In other communities, the response to that would be "What's a Stanley Steamer?" but most of us are old enough to remember the famous "teakettle on wheels" from firsthand, though long ago, experience.

Probably because of the alliteration, the Stanley Steamer is the best remembered of the score-or-more steam-powered automobiles that whistled their way around the country's ratty roads during the first 20-odd years of this century.

In addition to the product line marketed by "F.E." and "F.O.," the Stanley twins, there were the White, Locomobile, Hudson, Stearns, Transit, Prescott, Mobile, Elite, Waltham, Century, Storck, Geneva, Toledo, Conrad — and undoubtedly many others whose existence time has obliterated.

Like you, I've been wondering what in the world we can possibly do to get out from under the throttling thumb of OPEC. It's not a very comforting thought that our industry and, in fact, our way of life could be brought to a grinding halt by a few nouveau riche nations who don't have much reason to be reasonable; and who give every indication of not caring whether we like it or not.

That isn't my idea of where this country ought to be. And it all gets back to our use of the internal combustion engine and gasoline.

All our efforts at unscrewing the inscrutable revolve around various alternative methods for producing gasoline from something other than crude petroleum. Oil shale... coal... biochemical treatment of wastes... etc. — all with the same goal: gasoline.

And always the same conclusion: sure, but it's much too expensive, and we're a long way from developing the technology.

Meanwhile, gasoline prices skyrocket; and the constant threat hangs heavy that somebody, other than ourselves, is in the driver's seat on our trip into tomorrow.

So... if not from desperation, at least for nostalgia, let's take a look at part of the rationale for a steam-propelled automobile:

1. The first automobiles ever built anywhere in the world were powered by steam. Between 1760 and 1770, Nicholas Cugnot built three steam automobiles in France.
2. The first American-built automobile was a steam car, built by Oliver Evans in 1787.
3. In the U.S., steam is the #1 source of power; and its importance to world industry and mobility has earned it the title, "the great civilizer."
4. No internal-combustion engine ever built can equal the steam engine's smooth and rapid acceleration, its simplicity of power drive and control, its maneuverability and, above all, its dependability. There's no transmission with cumbersome machinery and outrageous repair bills.

All our major capital ships are propelled by steam. We know a lot about how to use steam and its "wild horses of potential power."

It's not really clear why the relatively inefficient internal combustion gasoline engine so totally replaced the steam engine in automobile manufacture. Perhaps it traces to the fact that, during those early days, the end-product of oil refining was kerosene, and gasoline was a by-product — thus, very inexpensive.

Maybe it had something to do with the fact that steam automobile engines, in those early cars, were somewhat cumbersome and unsightly, and required about a half hour of "firing-up" time before the owner could hit the road.

Then, such things as pilot lights that dripped kerosene, fusible plugs that were always melting at inconvenient times, and steam gauges that weren't always reliable enough to permit getting too far away from a watering trough.

We know a lot more about such things now. We know, for example, how to produce steam in 15 seconds.

It's interesting to recall that, in 1906, when most of the gas-buggies were coughing their way toward 20-miles-per-hour aspirations, a steam automobile was clocked at 127.66 mph at Ormond Beach, Fla.

Now, just before the man with the net comes knocking, let me put some bubbles on the meringue... **how about a steam golf car?**

Preposterous, you say. Sixty years ago there was a steam motorcycle on the market.

Just think of it... a soupcon of gasoline to keep the pilot light burning... a couple of cups of kerosene to fire up the boilers — and the rest of it is good old aqua impura.

Would that be putting the horsepower before the Cartel?

I think they're coming up the driveway now... so, in case you don't hear from me for a while, is there anybody out there who can look into this matter? Anybody who knows about such things? Anybody who finds the idea intriguing enough to do some experimenting or investigating?

Anybody as steamed as I am about our big brains getting us into a spot where 13 sandy countries, we led by the hand into civilization, now sit in judgment on our own maintenance of a civilized social and economic structure — and our ability to defend it, if we're called on to do so.

And where we can't afford to exercise the influence of a great nation because we are forced to play the petty politics of gasoline.

Boy, how I'd love to be driving around in a "Sun City Steamer" — one hand on the wheel, and one thumb on my nose, with the fingers pointed toward the Middle East.

OK, fellas, I'll go quietly.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



New Horizons

Sun City, Youngtown, Sun City West and Country Meadows are 55,000 people on their way to 135,000.

With some minor intramural differences, they share a common character... they are unique, different in one way or another from any communities that exist anywhere else.

This is both their promise and their challenge.

Eight years ago, when only Sun City and Youngtown were physical realities, Jack Pryor and Bob Heiberg had enough faith in that promise to pool their resources and buy a couple of not-too-robust weekly newspapers serving those two communities.

For a long and uncomfortable time, the ink flowed in and the money flowed out; but when a lot of sweat is mixed with a lot of guts the results can be concrete.

The foundations laid for the Sun City Citizen and the Youngtown Record were firm.

~~Circulation and advertising support have grown steadily and substantially.~~
There is ample evidence that folks, in significant numbers, have voted their approval.

As so often happens, growth has brought problems. The need for an infusion of capital, and for the introduction of more sophisticated techniques, has been evident for many months.

The partners who developed the success were astute enough to recognize that continued success required more than they were prepared to supply... more advanced technologies, and more of those efficiencies which derive from broadscale purchasing, production and management capacities.

Independent Newspapers, Inc. liked what they saw, both actually and potentially. They are prepared to make all the important business assets immediately available.

INI's corporate policy is to leave operational authority in the hands of local management. They share with us a deep conviction that a community newspaper is not just a business — it's a living part of the community.

This paper will become, to an even greater degree than before, "the local voice."

There will be changes — for the better. The news coverage will be more complete, and easier to read. Service to our advertisers will be more constant, creative and sensitive.

It's too soon, of course, to itemize specific changes; but, whatever they may be, they will all be measured in terms of making this newspaper more useful.

That's our simple goal. We'll get there as fast as possible.

We shall search out the best talents available in our communities, and shall induce them — by whatever means are feasible — to make their talents available to you, through us.

We shall **individualize** the four communities, where that is the best way to represent them. We shall **harmonize** their interests where that will produce the greatest good for the greatest number.

We shall expand and intensify our involvement in our communities' activities.

We shall see to it that everybody working with us, in any capacity, is proud to do so; because we can't expect you to be proud of what we're doing if we're not proud of what we're doing.

Everything we do is not going to be equally approved by everybody. That's expecting too much. But we shall constantly solicit your judgment. That's the only way we'll earn the right to solicit your patronage.

We shall miss working with Jack and Bob. We are looking forward to working with Joe Smyth and our associates in INI.

Editor's Chair —

9-5-79

Doug Morris



Welcome home....

Maybe we should say "Happy New Year" — because Labor Day marks the annual beginning of this community's new season. As surely as the swallows to Capistrano, our peripatetics are winging home, and the new year begins.

The evidence is all around us.....

.....mobile homes and rec vehicles are parked in driveways, and the just-got-backs are saying to the never-wents: "It's a great way to travel — that is, if you feel you must travel — and we're certainly going to give that a lot of thinking."... "Getting ready was fun; but this unpacking and cleaning up is not my idea of a hobby."... "I took him for better or for worse, but not for every minute of every blessed day!"... "Everything was OK until the toilet backed up;"

.....the summer faithful now find they don't have to lean over so far to put the collection plate into the hands of their nearest pew neighbor; and ushers are able to reinstate their every-other-row precision with accustomed aplomb. And choirs are replacing summer soloists.

.....neighbors are retrieving their potted plants from the tic of "volunteered" custodians, and managing ruefully pleasant "thank you's" while wondering if it's too late to administer the last rites to their favorite aspidistra which is plainly showing unmistakable signs of the black-thumb plague.

.....friends are asking how we managed to get along without them, while we call on all our thespian skills to avoid revealing that we hadn't really been aware that they'd left town.

.....the couple ahead of us at the checkout counter, newsflashing their third solo safari into the lower reaches of the Amazon, are complaining that "somebody better do something about the cost of things, or we're all going to be eating Alpo" — while re-arranging the steaks to make room for the Scotch.

.....the driver passing you on the right still has a heavy foot from red-balling trips across the horizon-to-horizon race tracks of Kansas and Texas; and you chuckle as he is re-educated by a uniformed reminder with a pad in his hand.

.....devoted grandparents confess: "You know, of course, we dearly love the little tikes; but a month is such a l-o-n-n-n-g time!

.....clubs are announcing regular meetings again; and those always harried and under-appreciated program chairmen are wondering again whatever prompted them to say "yes."

.....lawn bowlers, ten-pinner, tennis, divot-diggers, lapidarists, silverscrafters, and a varied host of hot-weather persistants, are prepared to demonstrate their summer-gained superiority to unpracticed migrants.

Yes, the signs are all there. Things are getting back to normal — whatever that might be.

Welcome home.

While you were away....

Sure, we had some hot days. When it's 112° Fahrenheit, "mad dogs and Englishmen" keep in touch by phone. But there was always the promise of cooler evenings — when the mercury plummeted to 90°. Where else can you be fricasseed while you sleep?

The Sun City Saints stormed home with the gonfalon — National Champs! Those ear-to-ear I-told-you-so smiles you see walking around town are the Saints Boosters, whose many months of long days and nights of enthusiastic sacrifice laid the corner-stone for an arc de triomphe — to be completed only by the cheers of packed stands when the new season rolls around.

Ray and Corinne Leslie's Pom-Pom Girls were photo-featured in scores of newspapers and magazines around the country, and were action-filmed for local and network TV.

Letters-to-the-editor have been about the same as when you left. You won't have to scan back issues to be up-to-date. Many of the same names were saying many of the same things, and being applauded or reproached by many of the same responders. It's the re-run season, you know; and there's always comfort in *deja vu*.

If you left town before July 23, you missed the Grape Festival. A vine time was had by all. For the experienced cluster-finders, there was bounty for the raisin-racks; for the untutored, the impatient and the unlucky, it was, as always, the wrath of grapes.

"The original retirement community," Youngtown, has been showing surges of re-vitalization. The Youngtown Shopping Center was bought by Diversified Properties, of California, and will be refurbished in a Spanish motif, with a (not yet announced) supermarket as the key drawing card. Also, construction is already under way for a \$1,000,000 Professional Building on 113th Ave. The spirit of growth is everywhere!

A tradition was born on Viewpoint Lake. The first two Concerts-on-the-Lake have been staged; and they have shed a musical brilliance on many tomorrows.

Men's softball teams took the field in immortal combat. If a couple of hundred enthusiasms, linked to "the old college try," mean anything, the local sports scene has spawned another winner. A few bucks in analgesic stocks might be a pretty good investment.

DevCo announced a February booking of the Ladies Professional Golf Tournament at Sun City West's Hillcrest GC. A Pro-Am tournament preceding the big-time joust will give locals a chance to hobnob with the greats among the distaff divoters.

The Sun City Citizen and Youngtown Record have been bought by a major publisher, Independent Newspapers, Inc. It will take a little while for the results of this change to be made evident. The capital and facilities of a major corporation will make it possible for us to do more things better.

4-September 5, 1979 - SUN CITY CITIZEN

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



How do we know we know?

On all sides, at all times, in the media, in public meetings, books, magazines — we are constantly confronted with "facts."
We grab hold of these facts eagerly, because we have a need for them. We must know or be ignorant.

Further, we have a right to know. It's our world. Those facts are our facts. They comprise the knowledge that distinguishes us from the lower forms of animal life. Therefore, they are essential.

To discover, transmit and accumulate facts, we have skillfully devised instruments and systems to increase our capacity to know: hand signals, vocal tones, words, language, writing, printing, radio, television, etc. — all for the purpose of relaying to each other, and recording for posterity, what we know.

Know what? There's probably no finite answer to that question; but it might suffice to say that we want to know, at the very least, those facts which have a direct bearing on our right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Somehow, it seems inherent in the definition of a free people in a free society that we have a right to know the truth about what's going on around us. Those who would accept substantiation in biblical reference can turn to John 8:32: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

But, how can we know that we know? Where do we go for facts? How do we recognize truth? If what we're looking for, and content with, is a weather report, a football score, stock market quotations, pictures of hurricane ravages, announcements of meetings, sermon topics, solutions to crossword puzzles, airline schedules, vote counts, book titles, golf and bridge scores, obituaries, products and services available — if those are the facts we want, then we can be almost certain that what we're getting is factual. The more mundane the information we seek, the more certain we can be that we know.

But, how about what's going on in the Middle East? or in Cuba? in the U.N.? in Washington, D.C.? in the Kremlin? at Chrysler? Camp David? Do we know? Can we know?

To a degree unthought of in most parts of the world, we have a free press. In recent years, this basic freedom has been increasingly threatened by an intrusive judiciary; but, relatively, our press is free from prior restraints. This means it is free to communicate facts...to make it possible for us to know.

If the only way for us to know anything is to experience it directly and personally, then we must be content with ignorance. There's no way for each of us to have sufficient personal contact with enough things, places and events to be broadly knowledgeable. We must rely on others. We must look to authorities; and we must accept their authority.

Who are these authorities? Historians? Someday take a look at what Canadian histories say about our American Revolution.

Elected officials? Maybe we should drop that one to avoid embarrassment. Reporters and newscasters? Which paper do you read; and which station do you listen to?

The lecturer who "has just been there, so he ought to know what's going on." We're not hearing so much these days from those authorities who told us that everything was under control in Iran, and those who didn't even know that the Russians had a brigade in Cuba?

Our dissatisfaction with so-called authorities, and our distrust in normal sources of "facts" is regularly attested by the enormous sales of books and periodicals promising "The truth about....." "What they never told you about....." "The inside story of....."

We are inclined to accept rumor and scandal because it confirms our distrust of "facts."

The complexity of "facts" available can be so overwhelming that we back away from arriving at our own conclusions. We seek out the professional fact-gatherers... the researchers and poll-takers.

The problem here is that we don't dare seek out more than one of them on any one subject, because the odds are that their data will not agree. Few of us are capable of determining the soundness of the statistical base on which the pollsters base their profundities.

The instances of their mathematical gaffs are too numerous to bear examination. Yet, we can't resist being influenced by their publicized conclusions... 38% say "yes," 34% say "no" and 28% "don't know."

The "ayes" have it, right? Wrong! Unless the sample-size is very large, statistical variation would allow for those percentages to be exactly equal.

The simple fact is that we can seldom know the whole truth; and it's debatable which is the most damaging — a lie or a half-truth — if, indeed, there is any distinction. More and more it would appear that we face the reality of being less and less certain about our facts.

Logically, this could mean that we are willing to question our assumed facts, and willing to supplant them with more convincing opinions. It could mean starting controversial discussions with "Maybe you're right!"

It's uncomfortable to recognize that everything we learn is another opportunity to be ignorant. Everytime we write a letter-to-the-editor that states "facts" which are actually unfounded inferences and lopsided prejudices, we are increasing the incidence of ignorance.

Maybe we ought to remind ourselves occasionally that "Everybody has a right to an opinion; but nobody has a right to be wrong in his facts."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Happy 5740

Jews are celebrating the New Year.

Last Saturday, September 22, was Rosh Hashana, the first day of the first month, Tishri. Next Monday, October 1, is Yom Kippur, the end of the 10-day observance, the Day of Atonement.

According to Jewish lore, the world began 5,740 years ago — a calculation which is not likely to be widely endorsed by historians, archeologists and anthropologists, who are progressively driving man's evidential beginnings back into millions of years.

However, chronological inaccuracy is not exclusive to any denomination. The Christian Era is now recorded as having begun seven years after the birth of Christ — a statistic more meaningful to trivia buffs than to the faithful.

But, every New Year, in any place or faith, is important. It has generally been considered a time for taking stock, for taking a careful look at the way things have been, and speculating about ways in which they might be better.

Like what? Well, for one thing, do you suppose it's possible that Sun City — which has given most of us a chance for a fresh start at a number of things — could demonstrate that, whatever our problems might be, they're not going to be generated or aggravated by the circumstance that some of us are Jewish and some of us are Christian.

That seems like a reasonable and attainable resolution for this, or any, New Year.

That would make September 1979, or Tishri 5740, one helluva Happy New Year!

Have we overlooked the obvious?

This is not meant to point a finger — but, on the chance that the problem of setting up a bus system for Sun City may not be as complex and frustrating as we've allowed it to become, a few simple observations might be in order.

1. Do we really know the nature and urgency of the problem? How many different people now use the existing bus service?... with what frequency and regularity?... to go where, and do what? If there were no buses, what would these people do? Such facts are determinable by the simplest kind of research. Has such a definitive study been made?
2. Can we establish some base for determining the potential need for public transportation if and when gasoline goes to \$2 or \$2.50 per gallon? — a far from unlikely assumption!
3. The buses now in use are, and always have been, inappropriate for this community's use. They're too big, too expensive to buy and operate, and too inaccessible for the elderly and the handicapped. The routes are too restrictive, and the schedules too infrequent.

4. To maintain even this inadequate service, the Del Webb Development Co. is losing \$50,000 to \$60,000 every year. DevCo has certainly demonstrated its willingness to do everything within reason to help the community solve this problem; but we can't expect them to continue losing that much money.

5. We know that a Dial-A-Ride type system, such as now in use in Glendale, is not available to Sun City because it requires federal funding (plus local taxes) and we are not eligible for federal funding. Common sense alone says that any solution to our problem which requires federal intrusion will create more problems than it will answer.

6. Any fixed-route scheduled bus system is not going to serve the irregular needs of this community. Only an on-call system would be sufficiently flexible to be practical.

7. A possible solution... a fleet of battery-operated "tractors," pulling 6-, 8- or 10-passenger "trailers" — singly, or in connected trains. The roof of each unit would be comprised of solar-cells for augmenting battery power during usage; but full re-charging would be handled by a solar plant erected at some now-not-used property in or near Sun City. No need to dwell on the economies involved.

8. A central dispatching office might be set up as an adjunct to some existing switchboard — such as the Fire Department — or could be manned by a network of volunteer operators.

9. The trailer units could be parked at strategic locations around town; and the tractor units, on call via two-way radio, could make pickups within minutes of any call.

10. For special events — concerts, bingo, ball games, etc. — multiple units could be massed for single-destination transport and return. Brief experience would establish appropriate locations, schedules and load requirements.

11. There's nothing very original about this idea. The technology and equipment is immediately available. All we have to do is apply known experiences to our peculiar needs; and who should know more about handling electric carts than Sun Citizens!

If anything in this too-skeletonized suggestion should impel anybody to bring together a few people for a serious discussion of the concept, just name the place and time, and we'll be there... eagerly.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Let's organize a club!

We need another club like Zsa Zsa Gabor needs a hobby; but there is one we ought to think about. It's a new kind of organization, so right and tefibly that you'll blush at your failure to suggest it yourself.

We need the SOSAMNCNPFHSS, the Society of Self-Appointed Messiahs, Name-Calling, Nit-Picking, Fault-Finding, Hair-Splitting Squabblers. For obvious reasons, it would probably become known, simply, as **The Squabblers** — so we can start using that title immediately.

Just think of it — an organization that expands the First Amendment by including cheap talk as a part of free speech.

The Squabblers — whose meetings would bring together all those with gripes against somebody or something ... kindred spirits with a common purpose.

The Squabblers — whose entire membership would constitute the Board of Directors, because that's the democratic principle they espouse.

The Squabblers — whose bylaws would provide immunity for anything said at a meeting — just the way our Congressmen are protected against the consequences of some of their inanities.

The Squabblers — where unsubstantiated opinions can be given the authority of eternal verities.

The Squabblers — where all those people who came from places that weren't attractive enough to make them want to stay there, can complain bitterly about our community being imperfect.

The Squabblers — whose officers would be chosen by drawing straws, because one of their fundamental tenets would be that elected officials are politicians — thus crooks and deceivers.

Of course, no club could survive, or be worth its name, if it didn't keep minutes of its proceedings. Here could be compiled all the charges and counter-charges, the innuendos and inferences, the suppositions and assumptions which currently are scattered around the pages of the public press. These could be grist for **The Squabblers Gazette**, so all could read what it is that everybody else is doing wrong. In addition to offering a forum for uncensored bombast, this would certainly satisfy the typical Squabbler's insatiable need, obviously unrequited in any previous residence, to see his name in print.

The peripheral benefits of a **Squabblers Club** could be many. When the usual squabbles are eliminated from the proceedings of other organizations, those organizations might discover that their real purposes and functions are actually harmonious. Conceivably, this could lead to the merging of interests and capabilities into one truly representative civic organization capable of representing our community on a rational and authoritative basis.

Thanks to **The Squabblers**, we would have that unity which everybody keeps talking about, and doesn't seem to be getting much closer to reality than it's ever been.

Because **The Squabblers Gazette** would publish all the spewings of the venom-vendors, letters-to-the-editor could begin to reflect the true nature of our community — with positive and thoughtful approaches to mutual problems.

This isn't to say that all differences of opinion would disappear and be replaced with a monotony of sweet nothings. Far from it! For example, the pro- and anti-incorporationists would still have at each other — as they should. But, with all the snide imputations and character denigrations assigned to **The Squabblers**, and no longer available for confusing the issue, they would be restricted to the facts. What a difference that would make! With nonsense and invective eliminated from their vocal armament, the noise level would abate enough for each side to hear what the other is actually saying. Out of the morass of mucilaginous mouthings would emerge the solid footings of facts — demonstrable facts — and that's all that's ever needed for final solutions to persistent problems.

While **The Squabblers** are laboring the insensitivity of DevCo in not providing a transportation system for the community — at a continuing loss of some \$80,000 per year — others could be going about the relatively simple process of conducting the research-in-depth necessary to determining the best answer to a problem that cannot be put aside, and must be answered ... fairly soon, too.

And, with no need to spend so much time countering the unbridled and often irrational assaults of self-appointed public prosecutors, those who volunteer their time and talents on various boards of directors would be able to turn out the quantity and quality of work they're capable of producing ... and unproductive conflict would give way to the increased productivity always engendered by mutual trust based on an acceptance of human imperfections.

There is another substantial reason for giving **The Squabblers** some serious thought ... a meeting of the Squabblers would be the funniest show in town. Most of the squabbles are ludicrous when experienced singly; but the thought of bringing them all together, with their slings and arrows, their sharp tongues and barbed pens, their pitch-pots and bile-barrels, in open gladiatorial combat — maybe in the Sun Bowl — that's something we could sell tickets to! After paying for publication of **The Squabblers Gazette**, the proceeds could go toward buying ear-plugs for those who are fed up with the constant yammering.

Here's your chance to do something big and good for the community ... let's organize **The Squabblers**.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Could it be that Leo was right?

Leo Duprocher — whose cognomen, "The Lip," is affirmed by any who have ever been within earshot — may one day be remembered only for adding to our colorful language and questionable philosophy the cynical "Nice guys finish last."

Probably each of us feels certain we know what he meant; although it's doubtful we would all agree on just what "nice" means.

For a word that came into the language meaning "ignorant," "nice" has come a long way — to the point where it now means so many things in so many different contexts that it's used and accepted just about anywhere where the speaker doesn't want to spend the time looking for the more precise word.

My grandmother knew exactly what "nice" meant. A "nice girl" never wore lipstick. Transgression against this Nova Scotian commandment meant instant and indelible roasting as a "painted hussy" — than which Dante could contrive no more hideous purgatory. A "nice boy" was someone who went with a "nice girl."

The simplicity of this Victorian virtue calls to mind the father who was certain, beyond any doubt, that his daughter was a "nice girl" because every time she came home from a date she brought a Gideon Bible.

It's doubtful that Leo had any such positive distinctions in mind when he coined "Nice guys finish last." It's more likely he was reaching for verbal comfort to justify his total disregard of accepted rules of conduct.

But, is it possible there's just enough truth to that caustic observation to warrant some mulling over? Maybe it's like that most often misinterpreted parable about the rich man having about as much chance of getting into heaven as a camel has of passing through the eye of a needle. Sometimes in absurdity there is wisdom.

It's not inconceivable that one of this nation's problems is that, in our dealings with those whose intentions are patently malevolent, we are trying too hard to be "nice" — in the legitimate sense of "considerate," "well-mannered," "controlled," "refined," "attractive."

We don't want to upset the Latin American nations, because they might say bad things about us in the OAS (although carefully resisting any inclination to say "no" to our open wallets) — so we hand over the Panama Canal — not just as a gift, but with a supplication that they deign to let us pay them for doing us such a favor.

If Torrijos had been left free to write a Treaty most advantageous to Panama, he couldn't have done better than our negotiators did for him. There's no question about it — Panamanians must have been impressed with how "nice" those Americanos can be. That's why they tore up the American flag in the streets on take-over day.

We are "nice" to the Soviets, in the face of their documented purpose to destroy us. (For those who doubt, even a casual scanning of the Communist Manifesto will suffice for conviction.) We would never think of calling them "the enemy." It's much nicer to refer to them as "partners in detente" and "opponents."

It's inconceivable that we would have tolerated our Ambassador to the United Nations removing a shoe and using it to pound the table top. "Nice" people just don't do that sort of thing.

And if one of our representatives had walked into the UN chamber with 45's holstered on each hip, the cry for instant removal would have echoed from shore to shore and border to border. Boorish behavior is just not an ingredient in the relationships of "nice" people.

But, those two actions made their point. Khrushchev and Arafat told the world "We're tough; we play to win; and we really don't care what anybody thinks about the way we do it."

Are we so anxious to demonstrate how nice we are that we're willing to look weak and a little stupid?

We signed agreements with Red China — who needs us and our technology desperately — and, incredible beyond all understanding, we apparently didn't ask for one single concession — not even an understanding that our ally, Taiwan, would not be invaded. That must have impressed the Peoples Republic of China with just how "nice" we can be... nice and dumb!

It is difficult to defend against those who have no sense of decency. This is just as true in civic meetings as it is in the world of international politics. "Nice" individuals and "nice" nations compete at a disadvantage.

There was a hint of this inclination in the Declaration of Independence, when — for the first time in history — a people tempered its recitation of inflicted injustices with a placating and "nice" curtsy to "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

There was no legal or moral necessity for this conciliatory salute to conscience; but the fledgling nation wanted to observe the niceties of the gentleman's code.

Unlike any precursor, and in utter contradiction of precedent, we rebuild conquered enemies who would not have done the same for us if the results had been reversed. We pour out our daily wages so that others may eat the food they haven't sweated for. On any scale of comparative measurement, we have been a "nice" people.

Right now, things aren't going too well for us. Other nations don't seem to be very concerned about being "nice." The fact is, we're taking quite a beating.

Is it possible the time has come for being a little less nice...for being the tough kid on the block...for being just a little less concerned about others...for putting the chip on our shoulder and challenging somebody to knock it off...for calling in some of the IOU's scattered around the world?

It wouldn't be very pleasant, and probably not very comfortable, but it might be a lot less pleasant and less comfortable if one day we woke up to discover that Leo was right.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Anybody got an answer?

During the past couple of months, it has been my privilege to put on a program, called "Arizona 2012," for many audiences in Sun City and Youngtown. At least a dozen are scheduled for the balance of October and November.

The slide-film presentation is a very professional production, the result of a two-year study by The Hudson Institute under the direction of Herman Kahn, one of the world's most highly regarded social analysts and future-planners.

Arizona Tomorrow, Inc., a non-profit organization of outstanding Arizonans, provided the \$150,000 funding for this challenging look at where Arizona will be on its 100th birthday in 2012.

The response to this mind-stretcher has been thoughtful and enthusiastic. Any organization, or group of any kind, wanting to see the program can make arrangements by calling the Citizen office.

However, the real purpose of this column is not to plug a program — although it deserves all the accolades we might muster.

Following each presentation, there is always a question-and-answer session; and the questions are always probing and purposeful. Obviously, this community is concerned about where and what we're going to be a few decades from now — even though all of us probably can't expect to be around to check up on the validity of the predictions.

Everyone seems to understand that 2012 isn't going to happen suddenly; it's going to develop one day at a time — and we are going to have an opportunity to affect every one of those days.

What I want to share with you — or burden you with — is one question posed following a recent after-film discussion of "Arizona 2012." We were discussing the changes which will, inevitably, accrue from a vastly expanded population, with increased Congressional representation, and consequent political vying for dominant clout.

The questioner, a quiet man of thoughtful mien and softly-deliberate speech, asked, "What makes you think that in 2012 there'll be any states?"

Here was nothing so obvious as a suggestion of nuclear holocaust, or some bloody Armageddon. The tone said, "What makes you think that by 2012 this country won't be one solid blob of federalism — with the significance of statehood a fiction?"

The question had the simplicity of profundity, and the reflection of a transparent fear. Slowly, the singular question assumed the weight of consensus, and the discussion pumped a stream of affirmation from heretofore hidden wells of concern.

No idle confab this. Right to the innards of the statement made in the film presentation: "...Arizona is the first rapidly growing American state to experience substantial regulatory impacts before it has reached maturity."

In the mind of the questioner, and the audience, "regulatory" was synonymous with "federal usurpation of constitutional state authorities."

Why, indeed, any optimism that, by 2012, federalism will not have made states little more than political and cartographic conveniences.

Arizona is, in 1979 AD, a sovereign state. Right? As the saying goes, that's a laugh — except it isn't very funny. Like every other state in the union, Arizona is a welfare state. If it weren't for federal "handouts," our political, educational, and industrial system would sag disastrously. The fact that it's our own money being doled out to us has long since lost significance. It now belongs to the feds; and they (whoever "they" may be) will listen, aloofly, to our pleas for some of it to be returned.

Of course, we're a sovereign state. That's why we have sovereign nations within our borders. We may occasionally think of them as Indian reservations; but you just ask the feds what they are, and they'll recite a dozen treaties documenting the political reality that they're "sovereign nations."

Do you think we ought to have a parking garage in downtown Phoenix to relieve some of the cross-town street congestion? Or a new sewer line to reduce the pressure on existing facilities? Or want to start a small business? Or expand an airport? Or modernize a highway, or a school, or a transportation system? You're in the restrictive clutches of the feds before you've started.

To be a state, in the constitutional sense, is to be in charge of our own affairs and our own destiny. To a considerable and lamentable extent, that day has already gone.

The demise of the sovereign state began somewhere back there in the early 30's when drastic solutions to dangerous conditions impelled centralized authority — as is necessary in time of war.

As a people, we liked the feeling of being relieved of responsibility, so we let things ride — temporarily, of course. The feds didn't demand this continuance of dependency. We, the states, insisted on it. The feds didn't wrench authority from us. We handed it to them with supplications that they give us, in return, the comfort of their paternalism.

Now, good ol' pater is "Big Daddy," and he's keeping his family working pretty hard to maintain him in the style to which he has become accustomed. And he doesn't even ask us any more what we think he ought to do with the money we turn in to the family coffers.

The question was, "What makes you think that in 2012 there'll be any states?"

I'm still worrying about the answer.

4-October 24, 1979 - SUN CITY CITIZEN

10/24/79

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

So long, George; and many thanks



For a span of years, we were across-the-tracks neighbors in Scarsdale, N.Y.; but I didn't know he existed.

We had many mutual friends; but none thought to bring us together.

Sun City became my home six years ago. It had been George's home for a decade before that. I wasn't aware that he was one of the reasons I wanted to live here. I didn't know how much of the Sun City I admired was the result of his being here.

He was a name on a fire station, on a precinct map, on a street sign, and on a picture hanging in the executive office of the Home Owners Association, where all the presidents of that organization are galleried. He was the only one ever elected for two terms.

To learn as much as possible about my new home town as quickly as possible, I attended all the meetings of all the organizations — including the meetings of the Fire Board. That's where George Meade became an identifiable individual to me.

Certainly with no direct intent on either part, we became opponents. To him, I was a busybody who asked questions about things that were none of my business. To me, he was an autocratic curmudgeon who thought he owned the fire department, and didn't see any reason for explaining anything to anybody.

He bristled when I sent him a scroll to be used as the insignia for the fire department. It centered his picture above the motto: "l'etat, c'est moi." His public denunciations of me were blistering.

By no stretch of the most charitable imagination could we have been called friends. We were opponents; and, to George, this meant we were enemies.

A few years ago, he complained, in a news article, that nobody talked things over with him before issuing accusations and denunciations. I called him to make an appointment for a discussion. He refused to talk to me.

We had a mutual friend in Mexico City. I phoned to solicit intercession. The friend called George; and George sent word that he'd see me in his home for a half hour. We talked of many things — some of it pleasant — much of it abrasive. He made it crisply clear that I had not done what he had done for Sun City; therefore, I should not question the whys and hows of what he had done. It was his business — not mine or anybody's else.

When twenty of the allotted thirty minutes had elapsed, it was uncomfortably evident that George was becoming overwrought. I left hastily. That night, George had one of his many heart attacks. The very next day, word reached me that many people were holding me responsible for George's breakdown. It was not a pleasant time.

It was George who publicly absolved me. It was George who said, in a public meeting, that we understood each other, and that I'd been fair. It was George who defended me.

We never became friends. George didn't need my friendship, although I asked for his. It was enough for George that we were no longer enemies. We talked often — not always in agreement, but always with respect.

This, then, is not a personal farewell to a friend — though I wish I were so privileged. It is an acknowledgement of an unpaid debt — a debt which is personal to the extent that I am part of a community that owes an enormous debt to George Meade.

This recognition raises an important question. When do we measure a man for greatness? When do we disassociate from the conflict of personalisms and weigh a man for what he gets done? When are we balanced enough to say, "I don't agree with the way you're doing it, but I appreciate your purposes and envy your abilities?" Must accolades be posthumous?

George tangled with the legislature and beat them. George took on the insurance moguls and they surrendered. George made it clear to successive Fire Boards that he was running the show, and he smothered their dissent with accomplishments.

There are many in Sun City who didn't know George Meade. There are many who knew him, and will, in time, forget that he was here. That's the way life, and death, are.

Those who remember, and will forever profit from the memory, will recall that inside his 5'3" frame was ten feet of all man. And they will know that Sun City is a safer and better place because George Meade wouldn't settle for anything less.

A street, a precinct, a fire station...those aren't the significant memorials to George. Every fire hydrant in town is his statue and every minimized tax bill his encomium. And wherever the purpose of life is discussed, George's name and accomplishments will be featured — because he knew what it's all about; to solve problems in whatever way is practical.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Silver threads and Golden Oldies

One of the country's best known and most prestigious advertising agencies is about to release the results of a research-in-depth study of the generally-stereotyped "senior citizens."

A quick perusal of the advance release indicates an intelligent approach and thoughtful conclusions.

There has probably never been any society so thoroughly probed, prodded, x-rayed, exhumed and psychoanalyzed as ours. There's always a questionnaire in the mailbox: please tell us who you are, how much you've got, what you like or dislike, who you're gonna vote for, what you'd do if ... and how did you get that way?

Next year, the Feds are going to move in with their decennial census-taking. Then, zillions of brainstormers will plough through zillions of statistical tables and come out with zillions of pages exposing, in exquisite detail, everything we always wanted to know about us, but were afraid to ask.

Probably without realizing how advanced their thinking is, the younger generation has summed the whole thing up with their excuse for whatever they do: "Trying to find out who we are, so we can do our own thing."

About us jolly geriatrics, the ad agency study says we've spent many years fulfilling obligations to others — children and parents — and now we're paying some attention to fulfilling ourselves. Maybe that's what the youngsters mean by "doing our own thing."

One disclosure that seemed to excite the probers was the **lack of any guilt feelings about late-in-life self-indulgence**. This remarkable change in lifestyles is generally based on a stated conviction that "We've earned the right."

An interesting, and perhaps debatable, "fact" ran through the research findings: the "golden oldies" want to express their new lifestyle without being dependent on others, and without placing a high premium on building an estate for their children. Said one: "The estate will be what's left over. I expect my money and me to expire at about the same time."

Because their lives have been years of budgeting and self-denial during the years the children were raised and educated, they've created a pent-up demand which is only now being released. They're prime customers for high-ticket items. They want a luxury car "with everything on it" because they have an avid interest in travel, and they intend to travel in comfort.

Probably the most interesting commentary of the research is that the silver threads crowd is reconciled to — in fact, happy about — their age. As one put it, "I wouldn't want to be younger for anything. I don't want to go back through all those mistakes again."

The complaint seems to be that "the advertisers talk about our problems, not about us." Obviously, the 60- or 70-year-old wants to be advised on how to dress, eat, look and act at that age, not the way a 30-year-old would do it.

Summing up the probing, the report states, "They like themselves the way they are."

The only fault I can find with the ad agency's research is that it wasn't conducted in the Sun City area. Here's where everything they found unusual is everyday ordinary. Here's where "the silver threads and golden oldies" have been woven into a brand new tapestry.

There's never been anything like the generation of "over 50's" now resident in our communities. Of the 4 percent of retirees in the U.S. who retire somewhere other than their habitual home, the Sun City complex has garnered the most exciting ingredients for the most exciting experiment going on anywhere today.

Active, alert, interested, self-probing, controversial, involved, responsive, caring, risk-taking, thoughtful, perplexing, uncertain, etc., etc., they're all here.

Nobody's ever tried to study-in-depth whatever we are. Maybe that's just as well. Sooner or later, they'd try to define "the typical Sun Citian," and that would be an absurdity.

There's no way the essence and character of the Sun City area could ever be homogenized into "a type."

This community could never be a melting pot — at best, a mixing bowl. And that's why it will always be changing, a little here and a little there, but always exciting and challenging.

Either fortunately or unfortunately, there's really no way to measure how successful our experiment is. There's nothing to measure it against. Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. So, instead of comparing whatever we are with something that has been, it seems that our role is to be that denominator against which other places, and other ways, will be weighed.

We're not a population ... not a place ... not a thing to be examined. We are a mood that must be felt.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



So many questions.....

Do you and I really know what's going on? And, even more importantly, why whatever's happening is happening?

Is it possible that we're actually witnessing the decline and fall of The American Dream? — that this leader of all free people is no longer free to be a leader?

If we were honest with ourselves, would we harbor the thought that our system, our government, our way of life is nearly out of control — specifically, out of your control and mine? And that we, individually and collectively, have little or nothing significant to say about anything significant?

Do you wonder why little pip-squeak nations can, with apparent impunity, incite their thugs to vandalize our embassies, shred and burn our flag, spit on our emissaries and hold our officials and citizens hostage — while our "leaders" cower behind the cracking facade of obsequious diplomacy?

Has it crossed your mind that our diligent, underpaid, and well-meaning state legislators are about to convene in solemn congeries to devise ways for shifting taxes from one pigeonhole to another; but the agenda doesn't indicate any concerted program for getting at the root cause of too-high taxes: the too-high cost of government?

Does it bewilder you, too, that, during the last century of astounding technological advances, we have been steadily going backward in our social, political and economic stability?

Could it possibly be true that the oil and energy shortages are artificially contrived by interests powerful enough to hold themselves above governmental and public control and retribution? Are "they" really ripping us off, and getting away with it?

Would you be willing to assert that the people — you and I — are willing to make whatever sacrifices are necessary and legitimate to get things back on track again; but our government doesn't have guts enough to lead the way?

For example, if it would require twice the taxes you're now paying to get this country back into a position of world supremacy, would you vote for any candidate who advocated such taxes?

Does anybody, down deep in his soul, really believe that — on their record — there's much difference between the two major political parties?

Are you convinced that we had to give away the Panama Canal completely? That we couldn't have negotiated the retention of an enclave of physical presence and national identity much like Guantanamo Bay, Cuba?

Does it concern you that we have obviously developed a new kind of work ethic which calls for getting paid more for doing less? and that quality of workmanship and pride in performance have long since disappeared from our productive norm?

Do you sometimes wonder who these heretofore unknown Federal judges are who are more and more becoming sole determinants of how our society will function? Who are they? How did they get this authority?

When you look at your grandchildren, does the thought flicker through your mind that we've managed to put together a miserable heritage for them? and that their security and well-being may have been irreparably endangered by all the stupidities we've generated?

Do you happen to know if this nation has a plan of action...a stated policy of who we are, what we stand for, where we're going, how we plan to get there, and what is likely to happen to anybody who gets in the way? Do you recall from your history books that 150 years ago, when we were a lot smaller and a lot weaker, we had just such a statement of policy and purpose?

Should we sometimes ask ourselves whether we have lost the respect of the world in direct proportion to the degree we have lost respect for ourselves?

Do you and I honestly believe we have the right to retire from the situation we have helped to create, and leave efforts at correction to those who are younger and less experienced?

Have we actually reached that point of defeatism where the best thing to do is to do nothing?

Are we ready to say that we don't want to pay the price or carry the burden any longer of being the leading nation in the world? Have we fully comprehended the consequences of being second?

Do we know what we want? If you were President, would you know what we should be doing, and the best way for getting it done?

Have we lost the thrill of taking risks? Do we want personal and societal security more than we want nervous sweat? Do we hate inflation less than we enjoy all those goodies that create inflation?

Have we decided to be spectators, rather than participants? Do we secretly comfort ourselves with a surmise that things will probably rock along acceptably for whatever time we have left; and, if the whole structure ultimately collapses or blows up, well — we won't be around to see it?

And all those questions about the shillelagging we take from faceless and fledgling political nonentities in the General Assembly of the U.N....and the pointless arguments of the pro- and con-incorporationists in our midst who have made little practical advance in either cause during the last decade...and the irrationalities of the monofocal environmentalists who would enjoy the benefactions of an energized society while protesting the pragmatic requirements for energy...and the crescendo of crime while we devise new interpretations of law to protect the criminal against the law-abiders who are paying more to house each malefactor than it would cost to put him through college...and an educational system that costs increasingly more to teach progressively less, and has obviously forgotten that if a youngster can't read or write other schooling won't matter much. Do you wonder about such things?

It seems there are a lot of questions.

.....and so few answers

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



The impotence of power

In the middle of a city about the size of Detroit, the capital city of a country as big as Texas, Arizona, Colorado and California combined, sixty-one Americans are being held captive by a band of nameless renegades.

They are not on foreign soil; they are on American soil. The U.S. Embassy in Teheran, Iran, is, by long-observed international law, as much a part of the U.S. as is the Capitol in Washington, D.C.

Those sixty-one are not average run-of-the-mill American citizens, either. They are special envoys of our government, carrying credentials which grant them immunity to local apprehension and arrest for other than capital crimes.

Only once before, in the first year of this century, was the immunity of this country's ambassadorial representatives violated; and retribution for that affront was swift and decisive.

That was before we were the world's greatest power... in fact, we were still struggling unsurely toward identification and acceptance as something more than a suppliant and debtor nation.

An uncounted number of "students" (the current euphemism for "street thugs") — with or without the support and encouragement of the Iranian government — if there is such a thing! — have fractured international law, defied the United States, and committed what in civilized countries would be a capital offense, punishable by death.

Why aren't we sending in the Marines, the way we have handled lesser offenses in the past? Why hasn't our Mediterranean fleet moved into position to launch their bombers and fighters and paratroops? Why doesn't the CIA or some secret arm of the military, pull off a coup of some kind? How about hauling all the Iranians in this country into a concentration camp, and threatening eye-for-an-eye retribution?

You could get "yes" votes for any of those measures in any opinion poll in any city in the U.S.

Big as it is, we could make rubble out of Iran, and fry a substantial percent of its 34 million people in a day or two of concentrated fire power. There's no question about our physical power to destroy.

But there's a difference between power and civilized power. We are a civilized power. We cannot destroy thousands or millions of "the enemy" because, in so doing, we would sacrifice the lives of sixty-one who have the right to life and liberty. We promise our citizens that we hold their lives precious.

How did we get into this mess? How did this powerful nation get shoved into a corner from which the only escape seems to be capitulation to the savage demands of a mob?

Sure, we've had to kiss some pretty sweaty feet in order to get oil. That hasn't been too easy to stomach; but, when the other guy owns the deck, you play his game.

The seeds for our disgrace were sowed 30-odd years ago when we helped the Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi take over the questionable regime established by his father. Without question, we have, in the intervening years, closed our official eyes to the malefactions of that oppressive regime.

We also underestimated, by an incredibly wide margin, the intensity of the Pahlavi opposition. Sometimes, we aren't too bright about such things.

Came the revolution, and the assumption of power by a fanatic who soon earned his credentials as a murderous despot; and we turned our back on our "friend" the Shah. He wasn't welcome in this country — until, we are told, we could offer the only possible alleviation for his growing cancer. You and I can never know whether those are the facts, or not.

The Iranians want their pound of flesh. They want the Shah returned for their gentle justice. They can't have him, we say, because a proud and powerful nation cannot bow to mob rule, nor can we condemn a fellow human to certain death.

All this can be rationalized and defended. It might be moot whether our position would be the same if the man being havened within our boundaries were Eichmann, and the Israelis wanted him for the trial and execution which he ultimately earned and got.

Better that we not cloud the issue with such conjectures.

It isn't likely that anybody — especially the "students" of Iran — will be much impressed by the decision to stop buying oil from Iran. Perhaps the only effect will be that somebody will decide this is as good a reason as any to raise the price of gasoline again. That should certainly make the hostages in the American embassy in Teheran feel a lot better.

We've already degraded ourselves by allowing the PLO to represent our interests in the negotiations for release of our citizens. Once before, we pleaded with Lucky Luciano to negotiate for our government in some sensitive dealings during World War II.

The price of constrained power is often distasteful.

If the use of power is to be negated by the hit-and-run strength of dissidents, and guerrillas, and fanatics, and rebels with violent causes, then maybe we ought to reconsider our game plan.

If that's the kind of world we're going to be living in, maybe we ought to take another look at the way we fit into that scheme of things.

On the other hand, maybe we don't have to be so strong in nature and weak in performance. Maybe a little muscle-flexing along the way, as a matter of daily policy, might turn the trick.

It impresses me that Soviet embassies are not being invaded any place in the world.

Is our impotence self-imposed?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Happy Th/inksgiving

Probably no people on the face of the earth — and perhaps in all of history — has as many reasons to be thankful as we do.

That should be an astounding statement; but it isn't, because it's been true for so long that we take it for granted — as though it were the natural order of things.

So, like everybody everywhere, we nominate one day out of each 365 to say "Happy Thanksgiving" to each other — and occasionally to ourselves.

Indeed, "Thanksgiving" is a noun, the name of a day, rather than a verb, a statement of action.

Sometimes we can make statements mean more when we rearrange the words. For example, most of us are so accustomed to hearing "a billion dollars" that we lose all sense of how much that is. Maybe if we interjected an occasional "thousand million" we'd recapture the awesome impact of "a billion."

How about "Happy day for giving thanks"? That might be a good thing to roll off our tongues occasionally.

I give thanks for being a citizen of the United States; but then I think... do I really give thanks, or do I spend most of my thoughts on things that are wrong with my country? And do I try hard enough to find out why they're wrong, and to do everything that I'm physically and mentally capable of doing to help make them right?

I give thanks for the good luck that brought me to Sun City, and to this extraordinary opportunity for a unique and re-creational life; and then I think... but am I simply supposed to accept it as some kind of paid-up endowment, or am I supposed to do something about it? Is this just a place on the map, or is it a challenge, a problem waiting to be solved?

I give thanks for those patriots whom we honored on Veterans' Day, and for the sacrifices they made to help secure the unprecedented freedoms of this republic; and then I think... then why don't I make regular visits to the hospitals and refuges where many of them are alone and needing assurance? What kind of thanks can be expressed with neglect?

I give thanks for those patriots whom we honored on Veterans' Day, and for the sacrifices they made to help secure the unprecedented freedoms of this republic; and then I think... then why don't I make regular visits to the hospitals and refuges where many of them are alone and needing assurance? What kind of thanks can be expressed with neglect?

I give thanks for physical comforts — in fact, for luxuries that have become necessities; and then I think... maybe a little less gasoline today, more car-pooling and budgeted trips, and it might ease some of the pressures that are building up in our 4-wheeled way of life.

I give thanks for the privilege of voting, for the chance to join with others in determining the way we want to be governed, and by whom; and then I think... if that's a good thing, and if I'm going at it the right way, why do I have this gnawing sensation of helplessness? How can I be a free citizen in a sovereign state and still feel that I am being held hostage by a system that tends, increasingly, to function with neither my advice nor consent?

I give thanks for the voices of dissent which occasionally jar our sensitivities, as they have done since they first used their klaxon violence and hot fervor to weld this nation together; and then I think... do I honestly listen to the dissidents, or do I find them uncomfortable and impolite — and "different"?

I give thanks for being allowed to grow older, if only for the obvious reason that the alternative is not all that attractive; and then I think... "older" can't be merely a relative time — that wouldn't have much purpose. It must be a definitive responsibility — an integral part of the total production line. If youth is the time for sowing oats, then age must be the time for growing sage.

I give thanks for not being a Cambodian in "civilized" 1979 anno domini; and then I think... can I really understand what it is like to have no hope at all, ever? Can I feel any part of what a life must be when it's stripped of all pride, and comfort, and dignity — and only quick death by a bullet can rescue me from witnessing my children's tortuous death by starvation?

I give thanks for all those who volunteer their time and talents, generally at considerable personal sacrifice, and mostly without recognition, to make things better for other people; and then I think... but do I say it to them often enough? Do I applaud them in meetings, or take the time for a brief note or a phone call?

Yes, I give thanks for many things; but I think I don't do enough thinking about thanking.

Have I gotten to that point where I'm content to wrap up all my thanks into the one day set aside for such purpose; and, having made my obeisance to custom, I can revert to not thinking much about being thankful.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Anybody know what's going on?

On some wall, in every corporate headquarters and factory in the country, there's a plaque reading, "Plan your Work, and Work your Plan." Second only to "Think," this is the most often-seen managerial motivator in American industry.

Too bad it isn't equally evident in Washington, D.C.

Our seat of government is padded and wrapped in at least one of everything imaginable, and too many of most. Every technological gadget, sumptuous surroundings, ample personnel (that's the #2 candidate for this year's understatement), and lots of money (that's the #1 shoo-in candidate!).

Everything's there, in such profligacy as to boggle the mind. Everything, that is, except the most important item of all... a Plan.

Clearly, nobody understands the basic purpose for all those structures, and all those "workers," and all those computers and sophisticated gimcrackeries, and all those pontificators, pundits, committees, consultants, investigators, emissaries, and elected representatives (outnumbered and outmaneuvered by unelected bureaucrats). They're all there; but nobody knows what they're doing — least of all themselves.

Theoretically, they're supposed to be "running the government;" but even the most casual reader or listener knows that's wrong. Our government couldn't possibly be in such a mess if anybody were running it.

It doesn't take any genius to recognize that whatever we're doing isn't working too well. We seem to be in physical retreat on all fronts, while we're promoting philosophical evangelism. We're plastering band-aids on bruises and scratches, while we're being bled to death by unfriendlies. We've consciously forfeited a position of undisputed leadership among world powers to the point where we're willing to negotiate for equality.

Thinking back over the years, it seems to me that during my green and salad days there was a general feeling abroad that this country had a position, a purpose, a destination. We would provide a society and an economy in which everyone who was willing to sweat and take risks could establish and provide for a family, and could put something aside for a rainy day.

And we were a nation of law, able and willing to defend ourselves, and to support the burden of free peoples everywhere.

We were feeling our way through various segregative prejudices; but, by and large, we were making "progress" — even though there might have been a diversity of interpretations of that word.

Labor unions had established their purpose of getting a fair break for the working man; and Management responded productively.

Youngsters in school got report cards, and were "held back" if they didn't measure up — and they spent a lot of time learning how to read and how to "do numbers."

There was a lot of respect for elected officials, for the policeman on the beat, and for the Supreme Court.

This isn't to imply that everything was OK, because we knew then, and know now, that it wasn't. There was a lot of crime, and a lot of shenanigans going on in politics — but, for the most part, there was a feeling that things were going along about the way they should.

Sure, we took a dive into a depression; but, even then, we knew that we'd pull out of it. Maybe we didn't think of it as being part of a Plan; but we did have faith that those who were heading up the various parts of the system had a pretty good idea of what they were doing.

We had a deep respect for the presidency of the United States — even though certain of the presidents didn't measure up too well. Some of the occupants of the Oval Room were less than we might have wished for; but we always maintained a kind of practical reverence for the Room itself.

If we had a Plan then, it would appear that we've lost it.

The "other guys" have a Plan. It was written and published 131 years ago. There hasn't been much deviation from the Plan, i.e., "The Communist Manifesto," since it was aired by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in 1848.

We are inclined not to pay much attention to the other guy's Plan. Nobody around here thought enough of Adolf Hitler's Plan, i.e., "Mein Kampf," when it first appeared in 1924. It was nine years before it was translated into English. By that time, Schicklegruber had already moved in as Chancellor, and was within a year of taking full control as Der Fuehrer.

Step by step, Hitler carried out the Plan he had so painstakingly let us in on, when he dictated the manuscript to his secretary, Rudolph Hess, in his jail cell in Munich. We didn't think it was a Plan. We didn't think anybody could be dumb enough to do what Hitler told us, in advance, he planned to do.

Where's our Plan? Do we really have an Energy Plan? What is it, and when are we going to be told what it is? We've known for over three decades how to make synthetic fuels, because the Germans ran their entire war machine on synthetics during WW II. We also know how to convert coal to liquid fuels through the gasification process, because South Africa has been doing it successfully for many years.

We know all those things — plus all those extras that our sophisticated technologies produce in daily abundance — but we don't seem to have a Plan for doing whatever needs to be done to alleviate our fuel and energy shortage.

Just what is our Plan for dealing with other countries? If you were asked that question, would you have an answer? Why not? This is your country. Surely you ought to know what we're doing, and why.

If there is a Plan, and if what we're doing is in keeping with that Plan, then it's a very strange Plan indeed! That would mean it's our Plan to (1) grow weaker and weaker on the international scene, and less and less respected around the world; (2) work ourselves into cul-de-sacs, such as the Iranian impasse, from which there seems to be no honorable exit; (3) concentrate more and more control of our lives in a Federal authority, from whose entanglements and purposeless complexities there is decreasing rescue; (4) become increasingly defenseless against organized crime, within our borders, and the ravages of international brigands and "students;" (5) pervert the positives of free enterprise capitalism into the negatives of rampant inflation, declining dollar values, and welfare-supported employment.

What I'm talking about is a Plan for America — not a Political Platform. We must have a Plan that persists through whatever the flavor or composition of any administration might be. With an American Plan as a foundation, we could then select whichever political incumbents would best promote that Plan.

Every successful company in the world has a Plan. It's generally called a Marketing Strategy. They know what their product will do, how it stacks up against the competition, how to translate the product's virtues into terms of public usefulness, and how to sell it at an acceptable price which provides a sufficient margin of profit for overhead and for future growth. There's nothing mysterious about such Plans.

There is no reason in the world for the United States not having a clearly stated and easily understood Marketing Strategy.

It isn't too much to ask of our government, at all levels, just tell us where we are, where we're going, and how we're going to get there. Then, tell us what you expect from us, and what we can expect from you.

And tell us the truth! Don't give us the soft words of political soothsaying; give us the hard and cold facts. We're probably more ready for the harsh realities than you are, and than you think we are.

What's the total tab for getting crime off the streets? How much is it going to cost us to get out from under the thumb of the sandy swamis who control our ability to fuel our homes, our cars, and our industries? What's the bottom-line figure for regaining our military supremacy vs the Soviets? What do we have to do at the local level to reduce the structure of bureaucracy at the Federal level? What do we have to give up in order to live within our national income; and then how much more will we need to get out from under the burden of an unconscionable and immoral Federal debt? In short, how much do we have to tighten our belts in order to become solvent again?

You're one of the stockholders in The United States of America, Inc. You've got a vote in what goes on. What do you think our Plan, our Marketing Strategy, should be? Write, call, or stop me on the street and tell me what kind of Plan you want. We'll put together a consensus Plan for America in this column. Why not? Nobody else seems to be doing it; maybe they're waiting for the thoughtful and concerned folks in the Sun City area to start things moving.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Vote...for somebody

There are three kinds of people in the world: (1) those who make things happen, (2) those who watch things happen, and (3) those who wonder what's happening.

Tomorrow, Thursday, Dec. 6, some of the first group will select five out of the ten candidates for the board of directors of the Home Owners Association, and three out of nine candidates for the board of directors of the Recreation Centers.

The second group will think about voting, and then decide to do something else, or just simply forget it.

The third group is really two groups: those who won't even know there is an election, and those who couldn't care less who gets elected, so long as they reserve the right to complain about what's done by those who are elected.

That makes Sun City much like every community in the U.S.; and that's too bad, because Sun City isn't like every other community in the U.S.... in fact, it isn't like any other community in the nation.

The work of Sun City is done by volunteers — people who are willing to assume responsibilities, for the good of the community, without compensation.

Many good people will not make themselves available for those volunteer jobs which require being publicly elected. For some, it's the sensitivity about possibly losing; for others, it's the recognition that they'll probably be subjected to accusations of "self-serving" and "dirty politics."

This is one of the more distasteful aspects of our community; but there's probably nothing we can do about it. There will always be those who get their kicks out of accusing others of bad intentions, malevolent purposes, and character deficiencies.

Strangely, those finger pointers and letter writers are seldom willing to go before the people for election to anything. They prefer to stand by the side of the road and throw rocks at the parade. It's always easier to complain than to work.

It is understandable that good people who came to Sun City to relax and enjoy life — but who would be willing to make their talents available for public service — are not willing to be subjected to the incessant affronts of the trouble-makers.

It is not easy to tolerate the contempt of the contemptibles.

Many who have served on other boards, at other times, have vowed never to subject themselves to such bitterness again. This is a great loss to the community.

When you vote tomorrow, you can relax in the assurance that you can't go far wrong. All the candidates are well qualified. Whether they were selected by a Candidates Committee or by the petition route makes no difference.

Anybody who contends otherwise is perpetrating a contrived absurdity.

There is no way in the world you can tell, in advance, how well each candidate would perform in the job, if elected. Some will grab for headlines, others will shun it. When they find out how much hard work is involved, some will fold under the pressure. Some will run into personal problems which will prevent their doing much of anything. Some will be capable; some won't.

One characteristic they all have in common — and the only qualification worth considering — **They all want to do something good for the community.** It's too bad they can't all be elected. There are few enough willing to volunteer for the tough assignments. We can't afford to lose any of them.

PLEASE VOTE...for somebody! It will at least tell those whose names are on the ballots that you appreciate what they're doing.

Let's bake a cake

During January, 1980, Sun City will celebrate its twentieth birthday. The Anniversary Committee and DevCo are whipping up twenty days of community involvements... interesting things you'll want to do and see — including a Vaudeville Show, a Festival of Bands, an Arts and Crafts Fair, an evening of ballroom dancing, a special Variety Show at the Sun Bowl, Community Open House, and all sorts of tantalizing titillations.

How'd you like to have some unusual fun? How'd you like to do something spectacular?

Let's bake a cake. Let's bake the biggest birthday cake that's ever been baked. Let's get Sun City into the Guinness Book of Records.

According to Guinness, the largest cake ever assembled was the BiCentennial Cake created for Baltimore, Maryland, on July 4, 1976. It weighed 69,860 pounds, and contained 10,000 dozen eggs, 21,600 pounds of sugar, and a 415-pound pinch of salt.

No question about it... that's a lot of cake; but, if every home in Sun City baked one three-pound cake, we'd knock the crust off that record.

We've written to Guinness Superlatives, Ltd., England, to get the ground rules for accreditation; and to the City of Baltimore to get details of how it's done.

Until we get more specifics, it's hard to estimate what the cost of this project might be. \$15,000 might be a good going-in figure; but it's reasonable to expect that various sponsors might want to get in on the spectacular, and would contribute to the budget.

Also, it's not unthinkable that the whole deal could show a profit by selling slices of cake, at let's say 50¢, for local consumption, or for mailing to friends and families as mementos.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



One for all, and all for us

Worthy and qualified people have been elected to the boards of directors of the Home Owners Association, The Recreation Centers and the Taxpayers' Association.

Also, worthy and qualified candidates were not elected to those boards.

The HOA and Rec elections were held at five polling places, within everybody's comfortable reach; yet, only about one out of six qualified voters went to the trouble of voting. Historically, that's about par for the course.

The Rec vote represents 16 percent of the Centers' membership; and this year's turnout is 12 percent lower than last year's.

The HOA vote is only 14 percent of the Association's membership, and is also 12 percent under last year's vote.

The Taxpayers' returns exceeded last year's tally by 15 percent, and represented 31 percent of the total membership.

These elections are too important to be so disregarded. Those who are volunteering their services, and subjecting themselves to the vagaries of public candidacy, have a right to feel that people are interested — that they're concerned about how things run, and who'll be responsible for making them run efficiently.

We hope that those who, for whatever reason, didn't get elected will continue to maintain their active concern about our community, and will not be dissuaded by the apparent disinterest of the electorate.

The Taxpayers' election was conducted by mail. Obviously, it's easier to mark and mail a ballot than to take the few minutes required for going to a polling place. Perhaps other organizations might give thought to adopting this procedure — if maximum membership participation is of sufficient concern.

One disquieting note appears among today's letters-to-the-editor. An unsuccessful candidate for the Rec Board extends congratulations to two of the three who were elected. She, with the two named in her letter, comprised the so-called "Independent" slate, i.e., not selected by the Rec Board's Candidates Committee. The letter's omission of the third one elected — who, incidentally, was the top vote-getter — could be taken to signify a distinction between two classes of candidates.

This is neither justified nor healthy; and it certainly doesn't contribute to the kind of togetherness needed for mature deliberations.

If meetings of the Rec board were to become "the independents" vs "the establishment," the best interests of the community would be subverted to the unproductive squabblings of restrictive intentions and abrasive personalisms. Everybody loses that way.

The selection committees for the various organizations do the best they can to find the best qualified candidates each year.

It's a tough job. They try to produce something resembling a balanced ticket, with all parts of the community represented among the nominees.

It's ridiculous to assume that any committee will come up with all the best talents there are. That's why the nominating procedures allow for other aspirants to get on the ballot via the petition route, or by nominations from the floor at public meetings.

The mere fact that a candidate is selected by the committee, or by petition, does not signify superiority in either case.

We trust that the apparent implication of distinction for the "independent" winners is inadvertent, and not intended to generate initial divisiveness. There's enough of that going around without further stimulation.

Again, congratulations to the winners; and a special plea for the losers to hold themselves in readiness for the many other positions which must be filled by good and willing Sun Citizens.

Even more, congratulations to Sun City for the calibre of people selected to administer positions of considerable importance.

A lot of understanding, and an occasional "thank you" will help to compensate them for their conscientious efforts.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



It seemed so unimportant

By any obvious standards, it was unimportant.

Socially, the place was unimportant. It had once been the seat of kings; but its days of splendor had long been forgotten.

The occasion was unimportant — merely a census-taking, so the tax collector would know where to make his calls.

The young man and his teen-age wife, dusty and dishevelled from 70 miles of trudging over cold hills and hot sands, attracted no attention. Nobody knew, or cared, that he was the descendant of a king — forty-two generations removed, to be sure; but, nevertheless, of regal lineage. This was the city of his fathers; but that was not important, to anybody.

The fact that the young woman was bone-weary in the last stages of her first pregnancy merited only scant attention. This was common experience, and not very important... at least, not important enough to persuade the innkeeper to find room for them.

The tiny village from which they had journeyed was unimportant; just one of those little-thought-of settlements far to the north of the urban stream of action.

Local scribes and record keepers saw so little of importance in the time, the place, and the young couple that only fragments appear dimly through the mists and myths of history.

To all but a few, what happened that chilly night in the warmth of a stable was not important. Nor was the newborn given importance, either in the place of birth or after the return home.

Through three decades, younger brothers and sisters shared the unimportance. The father is seldom heard of again; and the mother appears infrequently. Occasionally, the neighbors noted and remarked about the eldest son's strange ways.

It was, to outward appearances, an average family... unimportant.

And from all the unimportance came the most important fact in all of human history. Much of the world does not accept the theology of the fact; but all the world has felt its impact.

From that accumulation of seeming unimportances has come a new and simple standard for measuring the values of life:

"Thou shalt love one another."

Not very dramatic; but it could hardly be considered unimportant.

It shouldn't happen

There probably isn't anything we can do about it now; but it isn't fair or reasonable — and it doesn't make sense — for Sun City to be made less attractive, intentionally.

The medians on Del Webb and Thunderbird boulevards are being stripped of much of their plantings. The decorative shrubs outside the walls along 99th Avenue face similar desecration.

These are backward steps in the total effort to maintain our community's beauty. Something goes out of the personality of a community when aesthetics are sacrificed to so-called fiscal practicalities.

DevCo's position is understandable, though unfortunate. They did their job, and did it magnificently. We are the beneficiaries of their thoughtfulness.

We are also the victims of their practicality. DevCo's first responsibility is to their stockholders and their employees. They must look for economies. That's sound business.

But there are other values... perhaps equally important. Among those values must be listed the cosmetic character of this unique community. Sun City is, indeed, a beautiful place. DevCo designed it that way. That's why those plantings adorned the medians on Del Webb and Thunderbird. They belonged there. They contributed to, and reflected, a mood that DevCo thought important to inducing us to live in the homes they built.

They are no less important now that we're living in those homes.

In turning the boulevards and medians over to the County, it was agreed that the medians would conform to the County's standards of "minimum maintenance." This means tearing out water-consuming and labor-requiring grass, trees and shrubs, and replacing them with rocks.

When this issue was discussed before the County Board of Supervisors, the then chairman of the board said, "It is my impression that those of you opposed to the 'minimum maintenance' policy feel that Sun City should be given some kind of special consideration not accorded to other communities under County jurisdiction. Is that what you're saying?"

The answer was, "You just bet your life that's what we're saying. Sun City isn't like any other part of this County. Sun City is not a 'minimum maintenance' community in any way. For every dollar of service we get from the County, we pay in four dollars. We pay for courts, and jails, and police forces, and parks, and a lot of things that other communities use, and we don't use. We have a right to expect some of that money back again. What we're asking is little enough... the few bucks required to help keep

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Happy New (kind of) Year!

If 1980 is going to be like 1979, I don't want it.

I want a New Year ... a recognizably NEW year ... a new kind of year. Just flipping over a page on the calendar isn't going to produce a new year automatically. A different number on the door doesn't make it a new home.

I'm looking for a new kind of year that will ...

- start this Nation back on the long and tortuous road to a sense of pride — not vanity, or arrogance, or self-satisfied smugness... PRIDE! Pride in the good things that have been the unique distinction of this nation throughout its history. Pride in our singular willingness to recognize our faults and to do our best to correct them. Pride in knowing how to succeed; and pride in learning from our failures.

- put back in our souls and minds and muscles what we've obviously lost: the willingness to carry the burden of being great. Greatness is a staggering burden; and there are few individuals, organizations or nations capable of supporting its weight. The opportunity and challenge has come to few nations in the course of history; and, one by one — twenty-two in all — have faltered, grown weary of the struggle, and collapsed into less arduous weakness.

For much of this century — and most certainly for the decade or two immediately following World War II — the United States was the greatest nation that had ever existed on the face of the earth. For whatever reasons — and historians will find this a contradiction wrapped in a conundrum inside a mystery — we decided that equality is better than superiority; and we started to weaken our entire structure so that others could be comparably stronger. From concept to conclusion, it has been a policy of sheer idiocy, unparalleled in history.

- replace comfortable apathy with angry fright. What's going on all around us is frightening — or should be, if it could cut through the layers of apathy which laminate our society. This is not just the apathy of laziness, it's the apathy of hopelessness — and that's a terminal affliction.

We don't vote, because "what difference does it make?" We don't call our elected representatives into white-knuckled accountability, because "they're friends of ours, and it would be embarrassing." We don't storm the doors of the bureaucrats because "there's no way we can get at them."

We don't do the homework required to be informed, and we don't get involved in problem-solving controversies, because "we've paid our dues... we've done our bit... we're retired." Very possibly, that's one of the greatest losses inflicted on our society: those who, with the acquired wisdom of experience and the time to apply that wisdom, have retired from action — have decided to withdraw their capabilities from the production line.

- start to take seriously the possibility — if not the probability — that crime has taken over our country. If we can't protect our homes, or our free passage; if we can't apprehend, convict and punish the criminal; if we can't devise a judicial system that puts the concerns of the law-abiding ahead of the law-breaker; if we can't be governed by a government immune to the pressures of questionable interests with unlimited resources from suspect sources... if, indeed, we are defenseless against economic, social and military guerrillas, then we must acknowledge that the criminals are in the driver's seat.

- This, then, can not be broached with "the moral equivalent of war;" it calls for an outright declaration of war. Anything less will be another evidence of the no-win philosophy which brought us the desperation and shame of Vietnam.

- turn our minds to the feasibility of a Sun City Lobby. If the game is played with lapel-twisters and button-holders in the halls of the legislature and Congress, then let's give some thought to playing the game their way. Why should we sit back and take so much guff from the envious and the uninformed? Why should we be "the parasite community" and "those free-loaders" in legislative forums and the metropolitan media? Let's put our own forces in the field. When there's shafting to be done, let's make sure we're not the shaftees.

There's one problem in setting up a Sun City Lobby — we'd have to be better organized than we are. We'd have to agree on who we are, what we want, and what we're willing to pay for it. We'd also have to stop hanging our dirty linen out in public view. That's all the antis need. They can justify not liking us by pointing to the ample evidences that we don't like ourselves.

There's a lot more that I'd like 1980 to be, if it's going to earn the right to be called a New Year; but, if a start is made on one or more of the above, it will be some kind of NEW year.

It might be easier to get started in 1980 than it's been in 1979. We're going to have an extra 24 hours to work at it.

So... Happy NEW Kind of Year!

1980

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



No time for talk

It's "put up or shut up" time.

We're going to lose the Sun Bowl — unless the people of Sun City take over the responsibility for maintaining and operating it.

We should not be surprised by this threat. It has long been predictable.

We've come to the end of an era. This is no longer "Del Webb's Sun City," it is our Sun City. We're going to take charge of what happens in and to our community, or we're going to learn to live with what others may do to it.

DevCo's position in this is clear and understandable. Whatever assumptions of benevolent paternalism may have been made by Sun Citizens, this is, and always has been, a commercial enterprise — privately financed by an enterprising developer who took enormous risks.

It is DevCo's prime responsibility to its parent company, to its stockholders and employees, to show a profit on that investment. As with any well-run company, continuing losses must be eliminated.

The Sun Bowl has always been a financial loser for DevCo. It could be tolerated initially as a promotional expenditure. That function is completed. The Bowl now serves Sun City, not DevCo.

The Sun Bowl occupies acreage roughly valued at a quarter of a million dollars, on which homes with a market value approximating \$5,000,000 could be built. That's a lot of money on anybody's books.

Instead of showing those figures on the income side of the ledger, DevCo is carrying something between \$40,000 and \$70,000 on the debit side, every year. Whatever the emotional involvements may be, it's unreasonable to expect DevCo to continue those losses.

It's understandable that Sun Citizens are upset by the prospect of losing the Sun Bowl. Its loss would be severe. It's a significant part of our way of life; and, like so many of the amenities we enjoy in this unusual community, we are inclined to take it for granted ... as though, somehow, it belongs to us by vested right.

Not so. It belongs to DevCo, lock, stock and barrel. They have the right to do whatever they want to do with it; and no petitions, letters-to-the-editor, or protest meetings can erase or modify that legal right.

Assuming, for the moment — and this is an enormous assumption — that DevCo could be persuaded to donate the Sun Bowl to the residents of Sun City, i.e., an outright gift!, are we prepared to maintain it? Could we accept the gift?

Where would the operating and maintenance costs come from? Who would take charge? Who would assume the responsibility, with acceptable guarantees of continued quality?

Of course, we could go to the only government we've got, the County Supervisors, and ask them to take it into their Park System. That would mean making the Sun Bowl available to all County residents — so that doesn't seem like a very good answer.

It comes down to a few simple points: Do we want the Sun Bowl? Do we want it enough to assume total responsibility for it? If so, how do we handle it?

Just to get things started, here's a suggestion. The Sun Bowl is a recreational facility, so the logical organization to take it over is Recreation Centers, Inc. They know more about such things than any other group or organization in the community. Through Golf Courses, Inc., they could provide personnel and equipment for physical maintenance; and their administrative organization could be expanded to carry the additional load.

It's likely the bylaws of the Rec Centers would have to be changed; but, if that's what the membership wants, a vote in any public meeting would take care of it.

If we want to keep the Sun Bowl, we're going to have to pay the tab ... in money and in responsibility. A dollar or two added to the Rec membership fee would raise from \$45,000 to \$90,000 — and that would go a long way toward covering the obligation. Fees could be charged for admissions and for usage.

However it's to be done, the time has come for us to make up our minds, and to do something positive.

We urge the leaders of our various civic and service organizations, and particularly the new board of the Rec Centers, to get together and form **The Committee To Save The Sun Bowl.**

Sun City should not lose the Sun Bowl. This paper will do anything and everything practical to see that this never happens.

The time for talk is over. It's put up or shut up time.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Maybe they're right

Sometimes it's hard to tell an opinion from a bias... a conviction from a prejudice... fact from fiction. Will Rogers said, "Most of the things we know for sure, just ain't so."

The beginning of a new decade is probably as good a time as any to question some of the ideas and actions we're pretty well convinced are beyond reasonable dispute. It's a disturbing thought, but maybe — just maybe — those unthinking people who have stubbornly refused to recognize the soundness of our conclusions have been right all along.

They say the day of the effective individual is over — that the only chance you and I have is to be part of bigness: Big Business, Big Labor, Big Media, Big Government, Big Money. The little guy doesn't have much of a chance against the conglomerate. The small voice crying in the wilderness is lost in the howling of the elements. **Maybe they're right.**

They say there's nothing you and I can do about it anyway, so why not relax and ride with whatever happens. That's a mighty attractive philosophy, because it offers, immediately, the peace and quiet, the removal of strain, the sense of comfort we've all "earned." What's more, whatever it costs can be paid back in easy installments — by our great-grandchildren. That has a lot of appeal. **Maybe they're right.**

They say we ought to turn the other cheek. So says scripture, and so says our foreign policy. Better we take a few stiff clips across the chops than to rear back and clobber somebody. That would only lead to ill will, and those fist-clenched and strident charges of imperialist oppression. Better we take the disrespect and the insults; better we endure the ignominy of blackmail-by-hostage, than to risk endangering a few lives for the maintenance of something so meaningless as a nation's pride. **Maybe they're right.**

They say that we can best demonstrate the intrinsic strength of our social, political and economic system by sharing it with others... with the underprivileged, the under-developed, and even our enemies. Sooner or later, they say, those others will be grateful for our largess and compassion, and we'll all be friends. **Maybe they're right.**

They say that the lesson of Vietnam was not that a no-win policy is a sure-lose policy, but that we shouldn't meddle in the affairs of other people. Consequently, it's altogether fitting that we stand off to one side and watch the Soviet tide encircle us, geographically, economically, militarily. Far better that we maintain the character of a free and forgiving people, while those impolite commissars do naughty things in the Middle East. At least, we're not at war, they say, and that's what's important. **Maybe they're right.**

They say that the risks of producing energy from nuclear fission or fusion are more than we should countenance. Better that we cut back our industrial and technological progress, than to endanger our environment. They insist that the greatest energy-consuming nation on the face of the Earth can cut off this prolific source of energy and still hold our own in an increasingly and violently competitive energy struggle. We can set an example for others with this sacrifice, and thus strengthen the foundation for a cleaner and safer world. **Maybe they're right.**

They say that, here in our own community, we're not in a position to take charge of our own destiny; and that we shouldn't shoulder the responsibility for running our own transportation system, or supporting the Heading Ranch sports and picnic area, or retaining and maintaining the Sun Bowl. Those are pretty heavy and expensive obligations; and we didn't come here to take on additional responsibilities... we came here to take it easy. "We've paid our dues," they say, "so just leave us alone." There's a lot to be said for that attitude. **Maybe they're right.**

They say that a centralized government, with all the machinery and manpower, and technology available, can handle things better than we can handle them at the local level. All we have to do, they tell us, is dig up the taxes, and they'll take the load off our backs. As we all know, "bigger is better." **Maybe they're right.**

They say, we shouldn't be unduly concerned about deficit spending, because all we're doing is taking money out of one pocket and putting it in another. It's all our money; and when we run out of hard cash, we can always start the printing presses going again. One dollar bill looks like any other dollar bill. Besides, there's always that inexhaustible well, called the taxpayer. A little more here, and a little more there — what's the difference! And, they advise us, it would be more uncomfortable than any of us would want to tolerate to get back to pay-as-you-go solvency. That could mean some employment problems, and people would have to start earning what they're getting... and that wouldn't be attractive. We wouldn't like it. **Maybe they're right.**

That's what they say. **Maybe they're right.**

But... if they're right, then I shall intensify my efforts to be wrong.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



The 1980 Freedom Olympics

The U.S. should not send a team to the Moscow Olympics.

The U.S. should announce that the 1980 Freedom Olympics will be held, at the same time as the Moscow Olympics, somewhere in the Free World... Montreal, Tokyo, Los Angeles, New York, or wherever.

Three purposes and principles should be clearly stated: (1) to return the Olympic Games to their original intention — the promulgation of international sportsmanship through open competition among amateur athletes; (2) to withdraw our support from what will be, inescapably, a Soviet propaganda instrument; and (3) to lead a world protest against a nation dedicated to world domination through force of arms and political/economic conquest.

If a fourth purpose were needed, it could be a positive declaration that the Soviet Union has intentionally and blatantly demonstrated that it is the enemy of freedom, and is, therefore, the enemy of the principle of the Olympiad — and, by definition, the enemy of the U.S.

Withdrawing from the Moscow Olympics would, understandably, be a devastating blow to all those American youngsters who have been looking forward to the Games as the reward for years of arduous training, self-denial, and single-minded dedication to a dream.

Those other youngsters, whose dreams were similarly thwarted when the Olympics of 1916, 1940 and 1944 were cancelled, were no less the victims of circumstance. The circumstance then was war.

The circumstance now is war — perhaps not the cannon-belching kind of conflict, but a war with the same capacity for catastrophe. Again, our young people would make the sacrifice because they are patriots first and athletes second.

But, it doesn't have to be a sacrifice at all. It could be exchanging a lesser honor for a greater value. The winners would mount the platform and bend to receive a medal engraved with inspiration: "1980 Freedom Olympics...To Champion Liberty For All."

In later years, with family and friends gathered for recollection, the proud winner says, "This is my pride and joy. That's the year I won a race for Freedom."

Would this mean politicizing the Olympics? Of course... but only to the degree that we would be acknowledging the obvious fact that the Games are already politicized beyond expectable redemption. To doubt this is to erase from memory and history the Hitler Olympics of 1936, in Berlin. From that demonstration of pomp and power came the already-plotted explosion of World War II. Then, the clenched-fist dissidents in Mexico City in 1968; and the death of hostages in Munich, in 1972.

The Olympics are politics. To doubt this is to believe in an international tooth fairy.

Is there any plausible reason to expect that the 1980 Moscow Olympics will not be a propaganda campaign orchestrated for the benefit of the host country, the Soviet Union? Is there any rationality to our being a willing instrument of this purpose?

It's hard enough to swallow the uncomfortable and bitter recognition that we don't seem able or willing to do anything significant about the fall of Afghanistan to the brutal force of Soviet invasion. Nor do we seem resolved to prevent the consequent subjugation of Pakistan — and probably Iran — as the Soviets continue their 200-year-old march to a warm water port.

When do we say "enough!?" When do we admit to ourselves, and announce to the world, that the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is our enemy? They have put it in writing, and shouted it from innumerable rostrums — that they intend to bury us...to encircle us, and bring us to our knees by shutting off access to raw materials, especially the oil on which our entire structure depends. When do we start reading, listening, and believing?

This would not be the first time that the "official" Olympics were banned for political reasons. When the Romans took over the Games from the Greeks, that earlier power-hungry, belligerent, land-grabbing Empire distorted the Games that they became a carnival of political nationalism and intrigue. In 394 AD, the Emperor Theodosius cried "enough," and the Games were cancelled — for centuries.

We should not ban the concept of the Olympiad. We should take action to restore the concept to its original purpose and ideals. We should give back to the Olympiad its dignity and its significance.

The 1980 Freedom Olympics could bring together young athletes from all the countries who believe that sport should not be an instrument of war — hot or cold.

How much better that our TV screens be filled with open competition rather than ill-disguised confrontation. How much better that we say, loud and clear and often, to the Soviets, "You're not going to get any endorsement from us. We don't like the product you're selling, so we're not going to allow it to be advertised in our homes."

The almanacs will carry the results of two Olympiads for 1980. Those who place high premium on comparisons will find the statistics tabulated.

But around this country, and throughout the Free World, young men and women will be wearing and displaying with pride in themselves and in their country — the gold, silver and bronze medallions they won in the 1980 Freedom Olympics.

So little to lose; so much to gain.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Please vote "yes" on Bond Issue

It's quite possible that we should talk about solutions, other than building new jail cells, to relieve the dangerous overcrowding and deplorable conditions in Maricopa County jails.

But there's no more time for talk. There's time only for action - the simple action of voting "yes" on the proposed Bond Issue.

\$38 million is a lot of dollars; and it would be nice if such a commitment could be avoided. It can't be. We've got to pay at least this price for having neglected a long-obvious problem for far too many years.

As stated many times previously, my personal preference would be for the County and the State and the Federal Government to get together in an innovative and, I believe, more effective solution to the long-range problem of housing criminals, by developing "Prison City." I shall continue pressing for public debate on that concept. But this is not the time for debate.

We're faced with today's problem, not tomorrow's prospect. And there is no answer to today's problem other than supporting the proposal for a \$38 million Bond Issue.

The impact on taxpayers will be minimal — perhaps a few cents on any individual's tax bill; but even that isn't the main point. The price we could pay for not building new jails right now could be infinitely greater than the amount of this Bond Issue.

Next Tuesday, January 29, we'll be called on to vote on the Bond Issue. I urge you to vote, and to vote "yes."

Please. It's important.

You and your LPGA

Now, tell the truth — how many of you have never stood on the rim of the saucered eighteen and surveyed the fascination of the Hillcrest Golf Course in Sun City West? Aha! just as I suspected... one of the truly unique golf courses in America right next door, and you haven't taken the time to give it more than a passing once-over lightly.

OK, so pasture polo isn't your thing; or maybe the last time you swung a club they were hickory shafts called cleeks, mashies, niblicks, brassies, spoons — and not the custom-designed and numerically-calibrated surgical instruments that crowd the leather silos of today's grooved swingers.

If that's so, then there's also a chance you're not fully aware that a professional tournament is going to be played on that course during the final week of February. The lady professionals are coming to town; and those TV images are going to be right there in front of you, in living color and live action.

Maybe you haven't given it much thought because you're not yet convinced that distaff divot-diggers can play anything resembling the brand of golf displayed by the more muscled meadow-maulers. Have you got a surprise waiting for you! Pretty on the stance... feminine on the backswing... but when it's time to lay into that dimpled pellet they're Visigoths leveling the walls of Rome. And competitive! ...any one of them could go into a revolving door with an alligator and come out wearing new shoes.

Or maybe you're just not much impressed by the fact that an LPGA tournament is being held in your own community. Then nobody's told you how competitive those professional tournament assignments are. For DevCo to have swung the deal for this event is a demonstration of power and salesmanship; and, in the parlance of the dilettante, sheer guts. In that game, only blue chips are used.

Quite aside from the "local pride" angle — and that's something we can't lightly brush aside — if you've never followed professional golfers around in a tournament, you've missed out on some of the greatest fun available to sports spectators.

Even if you wouldn't know Nancy Lopez-Melton from Aimee Semple McPherson, or a bogey from a salami, you've got to get goose-bumps when you see finely-honed professionals do things with a golf ball that would make Merlin look like a loser on the Gong Show. And when those lovelies are going for a slice of \$100,000, blacksmiths are the weaker sex.

Break into the piggy bank if you have to; but, one way or another, dig up \$15, because that's the price tag for a full week of turf-cushioned strolling, and more fun than you could shake a 5-iron at. For the same \$15 you can get a ticket that admits five people for one day. A carload of friends can share a full day for three bucks apiece. It costs more than that to stay home!

Now, just in case you're not running a fever about any of those pay-up offers, you can take a couple of freebies, if you're so inclined. There are five days of tournament play — including the first day's Pro-Am speculation — but the pros will be out there practicing for the two days preceding the main event; and you can follow them around without it costing you a thin dime. That's probably the best deal since the Indians threw in the Bronx to sweeten up the Manhattan wampum wangle.

Obviously, this is a bare-face plug for a commercial sports event. As such, it wouldn't ordinarily appear in an editorial column. But, the other side of the coin is a bare-faced plug for a magnificent and inspiring contribution to our community. Sonuvagun, for this to be happening in a community just barely out of its swaddling clothes has got to grab you, whether or not you give a hoot about who can knock a little white ball how far.

If you want to get in-on the fun... if you don't want to hate yourself afterwards for not being part of this first Sun City Classic... if you want to be there when the Sun Cities take a big stride toward unity through sports — then you'll step to the phone and dial 584-5742, and order your ducats. Just remember 5-8-4, because, after that, you dial L-P-G-A... tricky, but smart!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Unicameral? A challenge.

"Unicameral" is not a word that pops up in most everyday conversations; but it's a significant word. It means "one chamber," and it customarily refers to a one-house Legislature.

Arizona, along with 48 other states, has a bicameral Legislature: a House of Representatives and a Senate. Only Nebraska has adopted the unicameral Legislature; and it's been working for them since 1934.

The principle of a two-house Legislature, or Congress, has long roots in history. As with so many of our political institutions, bicameralism in the U.S. traces its parentage to the English Parliament. Interestingly, as England has, in recent years, become more democratic, its Parliament has swung sharply towards de facto unicameralism through progressive curtailment of the powers exercised by the House of Lords.

There's probably a strong rationale for a bicameral Congress — although it resulted from a last minute "Great Compromise" in the first Constitutional Convention. It was intended to assure smaller states that, at least in one chamber of Congress, they would get an equal shake with larger states.

The same rationalization is far less supportable when applied to state governments — and, in particular, bears little relevance when applied to Arizona.

Each of the thirty legislative districts in Arizona elects two delegates to the House and one to the Senate. In effect, we elect three representatives and divide them into two chambers. All three represent exactly the same constituency.

Advocates of the two-chamber structure claim that it permits representation of wider points of view, and allows for more deliberate consideration of legislation, by both the legislators and the voters. Further, it's claimed, a one-chamber legislature, in the hands of one political party, could become too powerful.

Currently, Republicans control both sides of the Arizona Legislature — the House by an overwhelming majority, the Senate by a slim margin. The House leadership complains that things don't get done because their majority is so dominant that individual members can afford to be independent of the leadership; and the Senate majority claims their margin is so slim that it's hard to get things done. Too much isn't good; not enough isn't good...but nobody seems to know how much would be just right.

A Constitutional limitation on terms of office might go a long way toward clearing up the problems created by the conflicts between multi-term "professional" legislators. Or adoption of the unicameral concept might turn the trick.

I have received replies from thirty-three of the fifty state legislatures to whom I wrote for information on the subject of unicameralism vs bicameralism. Two facts are clear: (1) there is no evidence that bicameral legislatures are better than unicameral; (2) no existing bicameral Legislature is going to vote adoption of unicameralism, because too many incumbents would run the risk of becoming ex-legislators. If a one-chamber Legislature were to be preferred by the Arizona electorate, the only way it's going to be accomplished is through the petition or referendum process.

The Nebraska Legislature is non-partisan, i.e., candidates don't run on the platform, or with the label of, any political party. This might be desirable, but it isn't necessary to unicameralism. I've never quite understood why Arizonans can't register as Independents (which is probably the biggest political constituency in the state); but there's nothing about a one-chamber legislature that militates against the two-party system.

The fact that we've always had a two-chamber Legislature doesn't mean that we always must retain that structure. Common sense, alone, dictates that we consider anything and everything that might, in any way, simplify the too-burdensome complexity and cost of governmental structures. If unicameralism could lead to a simplified, less expensive, more visible and responsive, and more efficient form of Legislature, then it's an important question and should be given prompt and thoughtful consideration.

For the moment, my intention is merely to raise the question. This is not a subject on which I have any right to a fixed conviction. I've done my homework, and have sought the counsel of opposing advocates. There are undoubtedly others who could present the case for and against unicameralism better than I can; but, in order to get the question out in the open, for everybody to have his say, I'll be happy to debate the issue at any time, in any place, with anybody. For the sake of argument, I'll take the side favoring a unicameral Legislature for Arizona.

This, then, is a challenge to any and all Arizona legislators for a public debate on "Should Arizona adopt the unicameral form of Legislature?" Let's do it soon enough, so there'll be time to get the question on the ballot in November, if that turns out to be the popular consensus.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



20 years into tomorrow

We gave ourselves a Birthday Party — and everybody came.

The 20 days of January, 1980, which marked Sun City's first 20 years, were filled with events that popped up all over town, like the candles on a huge cake.

And it was something for everyone...for those who delight in entertaining, and the audiences that came to applaud; for seekers after skills, and those who teach; for those in want of caring, and the devoted people who care for them; for the singers and the music makers and the dancers, and for those who serve because they are always on hand when needed.

Twenty days was the only way big enough to celebrate a very big Birthday; and it took more than a thousand men and women volunteers to put it across.

We are grateful to the Committee: Wendell Pierce, chairman; Joe Amery and Don Bragg and Jane Freeman and Mary Girard and Genevieve and Bill Lewis and Glenn Sanberg and Helen Vallee.

It's probably impossible to say "thank you" with sufficient volume or warmth to repay two years of such dedication; but, maybe when we meet any of those committee members, we can try.

We know the Committee thanks all the workers, and marvels at their spirit of community and their vivid sense of responsibility.

And everyone thanks the thousands and thousands of celebrating Sun Citizens who came to the Party and made it worthwhile.

So...all together, "Many happy returns!"

Let's be fair.

It probably won't improve the quality or performance of the Legislature, but our legislators should — no, must! — receive a raise in salary.

We'd be better off if there were some way they could be put on a commission, with compensation based on quality of performance, not on quantity of production. That would be a good idea for government at all levels; but, desirable though it might be, it's not feasible. And it wouldn't be too comfortable, anyway, watching some of them starve.

The simple fact is that our legislators are now getting the same number of salary dollars they got eleven years ago and there's no need spelling out what's happened to the buying power of the dollar in those intervening eleven years.

Every two years, the electorate votes down proposed pay increases for the members of our House and Senate. Without reasonable doubt, this does not reflect any precise appraisal of legislators, individually or en masse. It's the only chance the voters have to hit back at the profligacy of government.

All other state officeholders, from Governor on down, get hikes in salary without the approval of the voters. Only the legislature, by Constitutional restriction, must go before the voters for a salary increase.

This is a dumb situation, but that's the way the system has been set up. The put-upon taxpayer watches Congress brazenly padding its take-home and perks, and knows that he can't do anything about it. He reads of the cost-of-(high)-living increases and lump-sum salary jumps handed around among the elect, and he fumes. Then, along comes the chance to vent his spleen on a body of elected representatives, and he slashes "NO" on the bill to raise state legislators' salaries.

That's understandable — and it's probably gratifying to the harassed taxpayer; but it's neither sensible nor fair.

True, the \$6,000 salary isn't the total take-home for a legislator. On average, each one probably adds in the neighborhood of \$2,500 to his net from the \$4,500 (avg.) expense reimbursements and per-diem allowances. This includes payments for the interminable days of Special Sessions and longer-than-necessary Regular Sessions.

The way things have been going, being a legislator is a full-time job. That isn't the way it should be — or need be — but that's the way it is. A Regular Session merges into a Special Session, which oozes into the next Regular Session — and now, according to a recent statement by the Majority Leader of the House, if we're going to tackle the problem of Arizona's decrepit highways, "...it'll probably require a Special Session."

We'd probably show a neat profit if we set up a system by which the Legislature is allotted a specific number of days to get its job done, and dollars would be deducted from their pay for every day they go beyond that date. There's nothing quite like a money deadline to cut the gab short.

Along with the turkeys, there are some enormously capable people in our Legislature. We are fortunate they're there, and we're grateful.

HB 2004 was just passed by the lower house. It calls for the establishment of a Salary Commission to make recommendations for salary increases for legislators. This recommendation will be certified to the Secretary of State, who will then submit it to the voters on the November, 1980, ballot.

The Commission will, of course, recommend an increase. Last time, they hedged by recommending a boost from \$6,000 to \$9,600 — in order to keep it under the \$10,000 figure, and thus, presumably, make it more palatable to the voters. That's chicken thinking. If the legislators get twice what they're getting now, they'll still be getting less buying-power than they were getting eleven years ago.

The least the Commission should recommend, and the voters should approve, is \$12,000...even acknowledging that some of those getting that amount will be getting three times what they're worth. That's the law of averages. That's the way things have to be run.

P.S. As yet, no legislator has seen fit to accept the challenge to debate the question of a one-house legislature for Arizona. With the operational and numerical simplicity of a unicameral legislature, we could afford to pay the lesser number more salary, and we'd still show a profit on the deal. You'd think somebody would want to talk about that!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Editor's note:

Today's feature editorial may be somewhat unusual. You see, it was written by the Editor of the News-Sun. Burt Freireich is not only an excellent Editor, he's a friend of mine; and he granted permission for this replay of his Feb. 7th editorial.

The subject involved is an important one. It needs to be brought to everyone's attention. I wouldn't attempt to improve on Burt's statement of the case.

It's easy to rally support for the underdog, but isn't the top dog ever entitled to sympathetic consideration?

The Arizona attorney general's office has filed lawsuits seeking \$14.5 million in punitive damages from the Del E. Webb Corp. and Citizens Utilities Co., based on charges that the two firms trespassed on state land adjacent to Bell Road in the Agua Fria River bottomland. Webb previously had been sued by the state for constructing a drainage ditch across the same property, with the outcome still awaited.

Someone in the attorney general's office has determined that not only should Webb and Citizens repay Arizonans for the damage which reportedly they have perpetrated, but also that all Arizonans should receive additional moneys as a punitive action against the two corporations. Webb and Citizens, after all, are making money on the deal, the attorney general's office contends.

The state thus has asked to go through Webb's books to see how much profit has been generated, contending, "Without the illegal use of the state land, Sun City West could not operate, particularly when you're dealing with the sewage mains."

There are some factors to the equation which apparently have been overlooked. First, Webb always has operated its Sun City retirement developments at the highest possible level when engaged with governmental agencies at all plateaus. Even though it is popular to conceive of big corporations as robber barons, Webb has been a "good citizen" for Arizona and Arizonans.

If the state is going to delve into the state of Webb's profitability, it also should go further and prepare a complete economical impact statement to show just how important economic benefits of Webb's Sun City operations have been to the overall Arizona economy. And there should be a footnote that Sun City and Sun City West don't just provide housing for Arizona newcomers, but these developments generate immigration to Arizona — and the immigration they generate is of the most beneficial sort. Most other housing developments simply provide residences which other contractors would provide anyway.

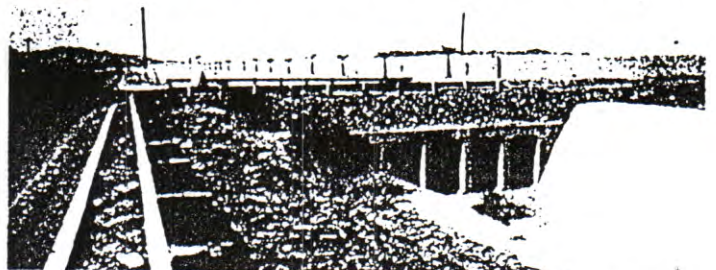
In many ways, both through direct taxation and other means, the State of Arizona is a partner of the Webb company in its progress and profitability. This proposed new look into Webb profits is entirely inappropriate. If our state officialdom allows it, it ought first to give Webb a guarantee that it will share any losses that are disclosed as well as possible profits. That's a side of the free enterprise system which often goes unrecognized by the public sector.

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It would be appropriate for the attorney general's staff to seek compensation to the Arizona citizenry for actual damage done to the citizenry's interests, but punitive action would not mitigate to the state's best interests and the action seems merely to reflect an anti-establishmentarian bias which, like some oboes, blows no good.

Editor's commentary:

For those who aren't familiar with the property in question, and may not be aware of what the fuss is all about, the thin strip of land on which Del Webb Development Company has purportedly trespassed is a sandy wasteland, on the right of Bell Road as you approach Sun City West from the east.



What's really at issue here is the bureaucracy. A state agency has decided to make an example of the big bad corporation. No matter that the big bad corporation has done more good for the State of Arizona in the past three decades than most of the state bureaucracies have accomplished in the sixty-eight years of the state's existence.

In so doing, the bureaucrats are shattering one of the most fundamental of all rules...the rule of reason. Obviously, common sense is becoming less and less common.

We know Bob Corbin, the attorney general, to be a practical and levelheaded man. We trust he will dump this tempest out of the teapot, and advise the busybody bureaucrats to stop the nonsense and get on with some of the important things they've neglected for far too long.

Maybe it would be a good idea to issue trespass licenses to any entrepreneurs willing to undertake the gargantuan task of building communities, such as Sun City West, all around the state. Harassment over piddling technicalities isn't exactly the best way to encourage investment capital to go to work.

If the Lilliputians will get out of the way, Gulliver can get on with the job of building Arizona.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Penny wise and pound foolish

Now I know how those Old Testament patriarchs are reputed to have lived so long: Adam, 930 years; Methuselah, 969 years, etc., etc. Next month, I'll be 770!

It figures. In the last three years I've lived through two 100-year floods; and, very recently, one 500-year flood.

A lot of people all over the Valley have been aging pretty rapidly, too. The kind of aging that comes from increasing frustrations about unsolved problems...fretfulness about apparent bad management in high places...deep concern about things, in general, getting worse...and, most debilitating of all, a sickening sense of not being able to do anything much about much of anything.

People drove, walked and biked to see, and snap pictures of, the collapsed Bell Road bridge over the rampaging Agua Fria. "Damn politicians"... "Governors got a friend in the concrete business"... "How come the old bridge into Tempe stands up, and the new ones collapse?"... "Don't we ever learn anything?" Those were the condemnations that served to vent the angers of taxpayers watching their money go downstream.

In the face of the facts, the charges are overly simplistic and somewhat unfair. What we're experiencing is not necessarily bad engineering, it's the necessity for changing heretofore adequate and reasonable policies. It doesn't require an engineering degree to know that bridge piers should go down to bedrock. Everyone overheard at the Bell Road bridge voiced that profundity with arched eyebrows that said "How come the county authorities don't know that?"

The County Supervisors do know it. Bob Esterbrook, the county engineer, knows it; and every laborer who worked on the bridge knows it. So why weren't the piers sunk to bedrock? Because there isn't any bedrock...at least, not within reasonable reach. This Valley, this desert basin, is an alluvial plain. Its surface is the silt deposited from eons of water flow. There isn't any rock on which to build a foundation for a bridge.

Under the New River — where the Olive Avenue bridge collapsed a couple of years ago; and under the Agua Fria at Bell Road, bedrock is anywhere from 100 feet to 150 feet below the surface. There's no way to justify sinking piers that deep.

The designs and policies relating to bridge construction are based on the 50-year experience from 1905 to 1955. The margins of safety are more than adequate to meet "normal emergencies," based on that experience. The last three floods have clearly demonstrated the necessity for changing policies.

We have the technology. We know how to build the dams and the sluices and the green-belts to prevent people being flooded out of their homes, and watching their assets liquidated the hard way.

We know all those things; and we know something else, too. We know that it's going to take a bundle of money to do what has to be done. That's the fundamental policy we're not anxious to change. Under the guise of the ever-popular (especially in election years) cliché: "fiscal responsibility," it's quite possible that we're penny-pinching our way into successive disasters.

It's not just the bridges. It's the highways...and the prisons...and

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It's not just the bridges. It's the highways...and the prisons...and the courts...and the water-basin dilemma...and the energy crunch...and lots of things.

It's a matter of priorities. What has to be done, and in what order? And who's going to bite the bullet? The current session of the Legislature will consider 800 bills. That's an absolute absurdity! The time devoted to all those mickey-mouse matters, if devoted to fundamental and pressing problems, might get us started on the road back to stability.

While the supervisors and the county attorney bicker about budgets; and the Legislature quibbles with the attorney general about accountability, the crime rate escalates, and the press headlines "Arizona has more mobsters per capita than any other state."

Tourism is our third biggest industry; and, in another thirty years, could be No. 1 as an income-producer. But it won't get there unless our highways are reconstructed and we get on with the job of making growth comfortable and convenient.

The very serious problem of prisons is now mired in partisan politics. A chicken Legislature and a stubborn governor may very well succeed in getting us into a position where the feds will have to step in and tell us to turn criminals back out on the street because we don't have any places to put them.

There's a thread that runs through all these predicaments. It's called "money." There are two kinds of money: today's money and tomorrow's money. We don't want to spend today's money, even though we know it will take proportionately more of tomorrow's money to compensate for the default.

Every elected official, at all levels, wants to claim responsibility for reducing taxes. Every taxpayer applauds, and votes. Maybe that's the way it's always going to be; but that doesn't mean it's the way it ought to be.

I wonder what would happen if some brave candidate told us what has to be done, and what it will cost to get it done. I wonder if there's any chance we'd so welcome and respect the truth that we'd tell the candidate to go ahead and do it...and we'll pay for it.

Has the time come to question the rationality of Arizona's historical pride in not having any bonded indebtedness? When we look at the enormous burden of interest payments on the federal debt, we shy from the question. But bonded indebtedness doesn't have to be profligate; it can be controlled.

Anyway, we ought to talk about it. We have to talk about a lot of things that aren't being discussed much. We ought to be reminding each other that Arizona has some very serious problems, and it's not unlikely that we're going to pay a stiff price for their solution.

The cost of not facing the facts could be a lot more than the price for doing what has to be done...now!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Form



Let's try ... once more

It will seem strange to many that this issue reprints, in full, a statement from the Charter Government Association which is being distributed, in pamphlet form, to every home in Sun City.

Why the duplication? There's a reason.

For a long time, we have been trying to get the "incorporation" disputants and belligerents to sit down together for something resembling rational dialogue. Nothing's happened — at least, nothing positive or practical. Still the same old charges and counter-charges, the character assaults, the same boring opinions.

Now, at last, one side has put its platform in writing for all to see, and read; and, for those so inclined, to rip apart. Without passing judgment on the form or content, and with no implication of endorsement, we applaud this one giant step toward rationality. If nothing else, the Charter Government Association has guts enough to lay their case before all the people in writing.

Now, let's see what the anti-incorporationists do about it. This paper will give their statement equal opportunity for public consideration. We will welcome their position paper. They have refused to meet with their opponents in person; maybe they'll be willing to meet them in print.

There are sensible people of good intentions on both sides of this pesky issue of incorporation. Both sides can't be as exclusively right as they claim. But, we're never going to find the rights and wrongs if we can't get the facts spelled out in some form. Publication — where statements can be studied, and facts weighed against facts, might be the way to get it done.

We hope the Charter Government Association will soon produce a Model Charter, so we can see, specifically, what they're talking about. Contrary to statements widely circulated, it isn't necessary for Sun City to incorporate before a Charter can be written. A Model Charter can be written and published for public discussion at any time. This paper will be happy to publish such a Model Charter whenever it's prepared.

A model Charter could spell out the exact dimensions of "local control," with specifications as to the extent and limitations of governmental functioning. This should go a long way toward exposing or dispelling (depending on your point of view) the inevitability of "dirty politics."

We look forward to receiving the statement of the anti-incorporationists soon — perhaps within the next couple of weeks. Then, we should be able to dig out the facts, so we can begin some kind of rational debate, without all the nonsense that has become silly and intolerable.

Meanwhile, we shall not publish any letters-to-the-editor on either side of the incorporation issue. Such publication could serve no purpose until we have, from each side, the statements on which they are willing to base their case, and on which the public can comment substantively.

If this seems to be "censorship," so be it. Using the letter columns for personal bickering and name-calling is unproductive, immature and not in the best interests of our community. Year after year, the same drivel.

Let's grow up, get this mess squared away, and get on with all the important things that need doing.

To Tell The Truth

Remember that longtime-favorite TV-er, where the panel tried to dig through all kinds of contrived falsities to uncover the identity of a contestant?

Any who travel around the state, particularly in the Phoenix metropolitan area, sooner or later hear reference to the smug, self-satisfied and insulated "free-loaders" against-the-real-world Sun Citians.

Successive crews of newspaper, magazine and TV reporters have, at various times within the past few years, descended on this community to probe and prod and ex-ray our people and our way of life. Almost without exception, their "documentaries" have been superficial, frivolous, and often slyly condemnatory of this "geriatric ghetto" (that was Margaret Mead's flippancy).

A few years ago, Phoenix papers headlined "Sun City called parasitic community" and Sun Citians were referred to as "free-loaders."

The sometimes unusual foibles of our golf-cart commandos and middle-of-the-road left-turners are made to appear as evidences of a somewhat flaky society.

Our neighbors in El Mirage and along the Agua Fria don't feel that way. Myriad of grateful flood-sufferers don't feel that way.

Quietly, and without fanfare, Sun Citians did what gracious and generous people do...they helped the helpless.

Will the real Sun City please stand up!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



The pen is mightier.....

This is probably not the most exciting flash since the unknown Greek* jogged the 26 miles 385 yards from Marathon to Athens with news of victory; but, believe it or not, last week was National Letter-Writing Week.

* Yes, I know about Pheidippides; but, contrary to myth, ol' Dip-py did his heel-and-toe bit from Marathon to Sparta a few days before the Battle of Marathon started. (And you probably care as much about that startling trivia as you do about the fact that last week was N L-W W.

Of course, every week is a national something-or-other...National Rütabaga Week...Take a Hottentot Headhunter to Lunch Week...Be Kind to Boll Weevils Week...etc. In fact, there aren't enough weeks to go around, so most weeks carry four or five important (to somebody) appellations.

But, National Letter-Writing Week is something else. It's not just an observance; it's a goading challenge and a conscience-tweaker. Next to dental appointments and cleaning out the closets, writing letters is unquestionably our most prevalent procrastination.

Everybody likes to get letters, but those who really enjoy writing them are rare. For them, it's work — hard work. It's so much easier to pick up the phone, and spend a few minutes in ad-libbed exchanges of weather reports, and assurances that we aren't hanging onto the antenna while our home bobs down the Agua Fria (because that's the way TV had it).

Some shy from letter-writing because it calls on us to think about what we're thinking about a lot of things. And it's all there in somewhat permanent form...it's a commitment which, unlike the spoken word, can be reviewed. A letter carries the responsibility of being answerable for its message. That's a strain.

Those who have luxuriated in reading the letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, or the long and impassioned communications between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning are either inspired by their exciting expressiveness, or inclined to avoid any such exercise which could be discouragingly inferior by comparison.

It's not just the physical effort of writing, it's the preliminary complications: finding elbow room on a table applied with place-mats, flower arrangements, last night's unfinished crossword puzzle, and odds 'n' ends dropped off enroute to some urgency. And then there's finding stationery — the unusual kind where the paper and the envelope bear a reasonable resemblance — and a pen, and a stamp, and so on. By the time all this has been thought about, any epistolary fervor that might have supported good intentions has long since cooled.

That's when we look for the round to-it. "I'll do that when I get around to it."

But that's the personal and emotional aspect of letter-writing. What about the political and economical implications? We can assume you already know that writing a personal letter to your elected representatives — federal, state, local — is, probably, the best way to give your individual expectations and demands maximum impact (that is, next to substantial contributions to campaign committees). You would probably find it easy to agree with psychiatrists' claims that venting your joys, angers, frustrations and hopes in a letter has demonstrable therapeutic values.

Let's put aside those niceties, and get right to the heart of the issue...money. Do you have any idea what could happen to our country if everybody started writing letters?

To be conservative, let's figure on only half the people in the country writing one extra letter each week. That's 110,000,000 15 cent stamps...\$16,500,000 weekly; \$858,000,000 every year!

Certainly, the Feds would be reasonable about this, and would agree that this "found money" should be shared...2/3 for them, 1/3 for us. That seems fair enough. So, every year we'd be handed \$286,000,000 — a tidy sum, indeed.

That amount of money would pay almost half the bill for running Congress. (It costs about \$1 million per year to maintain each and every one of our DCers in the way to which they have so reluctantly, but firmly, become accustomed.

Or we could apply the whole bundle toward paying off this year's federal deficit. Everybody wants that. In round numbers, we could pay off this one year's debt in only 70 years. That wouldn't touch the zillions we're already in the bucket, nor would it do anything about the spending-beyond-our-means that will inevitably be our immediate future. But, we'd be heading in the right direction. Even as picayune an amount as 286 million dollars will, sooner or later, add up to real money.

If we stuck that \$286,000,000 in the sock, and didn't squander any of it on frivolities, such as rebuilding our highways, restoring our bridges, recivilizing our depressed areas, improving the technology of cancer research, re-stabilizing the Social Security fund, or slicing a mill or two off the tax rate...if we avoided all such nonsense, we could build a Trident submarine and make a down payment on a few F-16s.

All such things are possible, if you'll just do what you're supposed to do...write letters. And, for a fillip, to start your patriotic gastric juices flowing, when you lick the stamp and slap it on the envelope, you can yell "Take that, ayatollah" or "There's one for you, OPEC."

This presupposes that we can arrange to have every week declared "National Letter-Writing Week;" and that we'll be able to get folks more interested in N L-W W than in competitive observances, such as "Remember Martin Van Buren Week" and the always-exciting "Protect our Friends, the Pterodactyls, Week."

It can be done. N L-W Week will be swinging around again next February. It's not too early to start getting ready.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Maybe we're getting there.

In defining politics, Ambrose Bierce gave us a definition of the too-prolonged controversy regarding incorporation: "A strife of interests masquerading as a contest of principles."

Now that the pro- and anti-incorporationists have put their interests and principles in writing, we can get on with the business of weighing statements, determining facts and evaluating opinions.

Where there are contradictions, we can expect clarification and correction. It's reasonable to assume that each side will not let any opportunity pass to expose the other's errors. That's the way it ought to be; that's the way we'll get at the truth.

We hope, though, that the rebuttals will be temperate. There's simply no need for pettiness or peevishness. We've had more than enough of that. Whatever the facts are...however the weight of acceptable evidence tips the scales...that's all we need to know. There's no warrant for the bickering we've endured for far too long.

The subject of a Charter will be fundamental to any inquiry. Many Sun Citizens don't know what a Charter is and does. It would help to clarify discussions if the Charter Government Association would actually produce a "model charter." It couldn't be an in-fact Charter, because that requires prior incorporation; but it could be a fully explanatory prototype. This paper will be happy to make space available for its publication.

Also, it might be a good idea for some organization, not already committed to one side or the other, to sponsor a panel discussion — or a series of open forums — in which all parts of the issue can be aired, and all voices heard. The willingness of the pros and cons to put their positions in writing implies their willingness to debate publicly.

Then, when it's clear that everything that should be said has been said, and the community has been given all the information needed to make an informed judgment, we can call for an election.

The last time anything that could be called an election was held on incorporation sixteen years ago, when Sun City was a few thousand people south of Grand Ave. Since then, there have been opinion polls, and show-of-hand votes at meetings.

Sun City is as big as it's going to be. It's time to get this incorporation issue settled, so we can put our energies and talents to work on other important matters. And, once a conclusion has been reached, we should agree that the issue will not be raised for another ten years, at least.

The nice part is — no matter how it goes, we can't lose. If the facts, and the vote, say that we should not incorporate, what do we have? A mighty fine community. If the facts, and the vote, say that we should incorporate, what do we have? A mighty fine community. Everybody in the world should have such a no-lose choice.

To the many who have expressed their relief at the absence of letters-to-the-editor on the subject of incorporation, we don't have good news. The letters will start again, and probably in greater number and intensity than before. Now, there will be specifics for the disputants to comment on and challenge. We'll try to keep them in at least numerical balance.

Who knows?...maybe we'll celebrate our twentieth anniversary by getting this issue settled before the end of this year. That would be a significant sign we've grown up.

Here we go again

The Arizona Supreme Court will one day decide whether the Legislature and the Governor acted unconstitutionally in the mishmash that resulted in locating a new prison facility in Litchfield Park.

One of the minor offshoots of the controversy is a matter of something between six and twenty-three million dollars (nobody seems to know for sure) that's already been sunk in the Waddell Ranch site. A large slice of this could go right down the drain, if the Court negates the deal. Those are your dollars, and mine.

The beleaguered and frantic parents of Litchfield Park and surrounding communities have fought relentlessly, intelligently and at incredible sacrifice, against having a prison imposed on their neighborhoods of homes.

The whole mess started when the Legislature, unable to agree on a prison site, decided to "throw the hot potato to the Governor" (their words). The Governor then jammed the hot potato down their throats by selecting strongly-Republican Litchfield Park as the prison site.

Now, the word out of the Legislature is that the new facility belongs in Florence. Why a location that had previously been considered unsatisfactory has suddenly become the perfect answer hasn't been explained.

Even if this immediate dilemma is somehow resolved, it's only the beginning. Other prisons will soon be needed — maybe as many as four or five within the next thirty years. Are we going through this hassle over and over again?

There is an answer...at least, a prospective solution that deserves thorough study. It's "Prison City," but nobody wants to talk about it.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



"A Time To Heal"

With no intention of equating the gravity of one occasion to the other, this column has usurped the title of President Ford's book, published after Watergate and during the schism engendered by the forced resignation of his predecessor.

"A Time To Heal" is singularly pertinent to the events which now seem to be developing in Sun City — at long last.

The subject, of course, is incorporation. What else! This one theme, above every available topic, has captured our attention and divided our community for almost the full span of our existence. Much too long.

Now, for the first time, there seems to be a chance that we can bring this continuing contention to a rational conclusion.

The pro- and anti-incorporationists have put their facts, beliefs and assertions firmly in writing. Those who are so inclined can compare fact vs fact, assumption vs assumption, principle vs principle. Where there is disagreement in fact or attitude, we can expect rebuttal to force agreeable adjustment.

For a while, we'll experience a deluge of letters-to-the-editor, and studied position papers supporting or decrying one or the other side of the issue. Today's paper is evidence of what can be expected in weeks to come. In spirit, that's good.

But we will read and hear character assaults, discourtesy, invective, the reckless and irresponsible blatherings of the partially-informed, and imputations of malevolence beyond the ken of professional psychoanalysts. That's not so good.

I am fortunate in being acquainted with all the principals on both sides of the controversy. They are honest people, sincerely devoted to what they believe to be the best interests of Sun City, conscientious in their efforts to represent the truth as they see it, willing to face "the slings and arrows" at considerable inconvenience, personal sacrifice and occasional public abuse, to present and defend a conviction grounded in personal integrity and public concern.

There is no reason for such people to hate each other, or to deny to others the rights of expression they demand for themselves.

Where facts are in conflict, somebody's wrong. Being wrong is not disgraceful, it's merely another road toward getting at what's right. Such things are determinable; they need not be forever contentious.

The announcement by the Home Owners Association that they will sponsor a "great debate" on April 21 is more than welcome. I've been now and then, in meetings and in communications, the public should be able to winnow out the pertinent and relevant facts so that the debate can concentrate on reason and reality. No more unsubstantiated opinions...no more abrasive prejudices...no more wishful thinking or doom-saying...just realistic reasoning.

The immediate situation will be advanced considerably if the Charter Government Association will put together a prototype "model charter" so all of us may see just what's being talked about. It shouldn't be too tough to do this; there are plenty of such charters in use throughout the country. Copies can be obtained; and whatever modifications might be required for local application should be within easy reach.

Then, allowing for time to ingest and disseminate the facts already in the debate, we can go to a total-community vote. If preparations are started soon enough, the voting could take place concurrent with the General Election, November 4. This would assure a maximum participation, to be fully expressive of the total citizenry. That would mean we could have this thing settled, once and for all, by the end of the year. The sighs of relief in Sun City will spin windmills in Nebraska.

Whichever way it goes, we can then get down to the business of being Sun City...of doing all those splendid things for which this community was designed and is destined. This coming together of fine minds and willing spirits and exorbitant talents couldn't possibly be meant for pettiness and bickering. There has to be a better reason for our being.

There is. There are problems to be solved...people to be helped...ideas to be created...fundamental principles to be re-discovered...responsibility needing leadership...and too-far-away grandchildren to be given assurance that we're at least trying to clean up the mess we've created for their inheritance.

That's what Sun City is all about. We're no geographical or societal accident; we're a potential with a purpose, and that purpose assuredly not divisiveness and discord. That would be an insult to the yesterdays that brought us here, and an affront to the tomorrows we must invent.

We're on the right track now. If everything goes the way it's pointing, we'll soon placate our vexations; and we'll stop shaking fists and start shaking hands.

There's "a time to heal"...and that time is now.

- 3/26/80

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



A walk with Billy

Scene: west side of 107th Ave., south of Grand Shopping Center
 Time: a sunny afternoon in April, 1982
 Cast: Billy, age 12, and his grandfather.

Billy: Sure is nice being with you like this, Gramps. Last time was a couple of years ago, right?

Gramps: Too long ago, Billy. You're growing up without me having enough chance to watch and smile. Too many things changing too fast.

Billy: Yeah, I was just gonna mention...hasn't this place changed? Didn't there used to be a big kind of open theater here — here where all these houses are?

Gramps: That's right. We called it the Sun Bowl.

Billy: 'Member, we came here while it was still sort of dark one Easter morning — you and me and Gran'ma — and as the sun came up it became like a church. I'll never forget...all those people singing, and the sky lighting up like a red and gold stained glass window, like those pictures of cathedrals in my school book. That was swell.

Gramps: Yes, there's something special about sitting out in the open, under a warm sun, relaxed, and listening to a good speaker, or a piano player, or a whole orchestra, and maybe dancing a little. I've seen as many as six or seven thousand people in there. Things that were just programs indoors, became something special outdoors.

Billy: Well, gee, if it was so much fun for so many folks, why'd they tear it down and put in all these houses?

Gramps: That's not very easy to explain — especially since we could have had the whole thing for one dollar — but some folks thought it would be too much trouble to keep up, and it might cost everybody in town a couple of extra dollars a year.

Billy: Gosh, that doesn't seem like such a lot.

Gramps: Well, it wasn't just the few dollars; there were other things. Seems the folks who owned the Sun Bowl — that's the same people who built Sun City, and these houses here — said they'd let us have it if we'd let the people who live in Sun City West use it...and that sure kicked up a fuss around here.

Billy: You mean that place we drove around the other day? That looked just like it does here, and the folks I saw looked just like everybody around here. Why didn't they want them to use the Sun Bowl? You told me that we could go over and use their big new theater.

Gramps: Well, there were some rules and regulations that would've had to be changed, so those who were against keeping the Sun Bowl used that as an excuse. They also complained about letting the Sun City Westers use our golf courses, and our recreation centers, and our library. I guess there are folks who just don't want to share what they've got, even when it's a lot more than they ever had before.

Billy: Why didn't some of the people who wanted the Sun Bowl get together and form a committee, or sump'n, and never mind all the regulations? Seems to me if they really wanted it they could have done something about it.

Gramps: I think so, too, Billy. With a whole town full of smart people, I can't believe we couldn't find some answers to simple problems. Maybe it's just that folks our age don't want to take on any more responsibility for anything. It's OK as long as somebody is doing the thinking and the working for us; but when it comes to doing things for ourselves...well, maybe we just don't have the old zip.

Billy: And there'll never be another Sun Bowl, will there, Gramps?

Gramps: Prob'ly not. I'd kinda hoped that someday, when your Mom and Dad take over our home here, you'd all be coming to the Sun Bowl on a sunny afternoon like this — or one of those bright moonlight nights — and maybe remembering the fun you and I had here.

Billy: What would you have done with the Sun Bowl, Gramps?

Gramps: I've thought about that. First thing, I'd've asked everybody in the whole community to be on the committee to make suggestions, so that all kinds of ideas could be discussed. I'll bet that, once they got involved, we'd have had lots of workable plans, and plenty of volunteers for making them work.

We'd have probably agreed, right off, that we wouldn't try to compete with the Sundome. That's big-league show-biz; and the Sun Bowl ought to be, I think, like the village square where neighbors get together for all kinds of things...like barbecues and picnics...or bringing their own tables for a huge bridge tournament...or hearing a band jamboree, with high school bands from all over competing for prizes...or it could even be a driving range for golfers...and the biggest art show ever held in the West...and every month or so we could set up a flea market where everybody could swap or sell things, and raise a lot of money for folks who always need help...and, sometimes when it wouldn't be used for programs, we could let the garden clubs make the terraces one big garden...and there could be roller skating on the big dance floor, and box-lunch fashion shows, and even a pistol and rifle range...and lots of other people could come up with more and different ideas.

Billy: Gramps, it just doesn't make sense to me that all these people who came here to relax and have fun, didn't want to keep a place that offered so much fun and relaxation.

Gramps: It doesn't make much sense, Billy. People do strange things...we cut down beautiful trees to make boxes, and we tear down beautiful buildings to make room for strips of macadam. And we didn't think enough of the Sun Bowl to make little adjustments and little sacrifices to hold onto it.

Sometimes we let the really beautiful things get away from us because we don't realize how beautiful they are until we don't have them anymore.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Maybe I'm dumb, but I don't understand.....

.... why this nation, which, above all others, has so clearly demonstrated that free enterprise capitalism works better, for the common good, than any other socio-economic system ever devised, devotes its governmental powers and agencies to destroying free enterprise capitalism. That's what Lenin said we'd do; but is it our purpose to prove he was right?

.... why the most creative and effective system of public education, based primarily on universal literacy, i.e., the ability of everybody to read and write, has so completely lost sight of its purpose that one out of every five graduates is a "functional illiterate;" and how we've contrived to pay so much more for getting so much less.

.... why some strident-voiced Sun Citians want to isolate this community and its facilities from our neighbors; and consider abhorrent the idea that Sun City and Sun City West are, by nature and design, "the Twin Cities of Arizona."

.... why our government seems reluctant to recognize the realities of the world in which we live: that the Soviet Union is an avowed and overt enemy, and should be treated as such, that we live in a world ordered by military force and by the willingness to use that force whenever circumstances require — and whoever does not have such force, or is obviously reluctant to use it, must end up living in a world ordered by somebody else.

.... why our state and cities have to get in line, with cup in hand to beg for doles from our federal government, when, in fact, all we're asking for is our own money. Why do we send it to the Feds in the first place? Let's increase the federal tax load, and increase the state tax commensurately. That would be more efficient; we'd get more in goods and services for each of our dollars. Isn't that what States Rights is all about? — or our individual rights?

.... how and when the housing of criminals in this state became a political issue. I don't recall anybody being sentenced for being a Republican or a Democrat (although the idea undoubtedly has partisan appeal). If the Legislature and the Governor are trying to prove that Arizona is not grown up yet — that we're still a frontier territory in our societal and political thinking — they're succeeding admirably.

.... why it doesn't make sense, in many ways, for the U.S., Canada and Mexico to start making plans for a tri-national "common market." The three nations have more similarities and common interests than they have differences and conflicts. With Mexico's probable emergence as a colossus, the inclusion of all of South America is far from unrealistic. A Western Hemisphere entity...that would, indeed, be a force to reckon with.

.... why we don't do unto others as they do unto us. When they invade our embassy and take our citizens as prisoners; we do exactly the same, immediately — and also kick their citizens out of the country and lock up their bank accounts. When they restrict our access to their installations and people, we do exactly the same — and place an embargo on all trade in materials which could, in any way, enhance their industrial and military strength.

.... where we ever got the idea that the rule of force in international affairs should be — and can be — replaced by the rule of law, or even by the rule of love. If rebirth is the order of the day, maybe we need some born-again Americans.

.... why we don't have a clear and simple Plan of Action, setting forth what our domestic and international purposes are, and how we propose to accomplish them. Every successful company has such a Plan. Why not the biggest business in the world...the United States?

.... how we ever believed, or were persuaded, that — contrary to everything we knew to be true — we could, as individuals and as a nation, get away for long with spending money we don't have...and then trying to pay off our debts with phoney printing-press currency.

.... where all the great men and women have gone. At a time in history when we need giants, we seem surrounded by pygmies. Because we don't trust power, we have made mediocrity our measurement.

.... why, with so much nourishment to be enjoyed from all the attractive ingredients in Sun City, so many spend so much time looking for fly specks in the pepper.

.... why we seem to be so impressed by some candidate promising to support "fiscal responsibility." Have you ever heard of anybody vowing fiscal irresponsibility?

.... why we pay so little attention to Disraeli's admonition: "We learn from studying history that we don't learn from studying history."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Won't somebody listen?

It's about 99 percent certain that the new State Prison will be built at Waddell Ranch in Litchfield Park. That's really too bad, because it's bound to take some of the gloss off a uniquely stylish community. The element of danger for school children is more emotional than actual; but a prison is not one of those features that a prideful community boasts about.

We wouldn't want it here; they don't want it there. And that's the basic problem; nobody ever wants a prison in his community.

But, we know that we must have prisons, because there are those who must be separated from the society which they have injured. The question of whether this procedure actually does any good can be left to the debaters and the philosophers. We must deal with the reality.

And "deal with the reality" is what we're not doing very well. In fact, we're doing it very badly. We are perpetuating a system which purports to punish the lawbreaker, but actually penalizes the law-abiding.

It costs more to keep a prisoner in Arizona's prisons than it would cost to send him through the most prestigious Ivy League university. And when he graduates from our prisons, the odds are he'll matriculate again before very long. Our curriculum isn't designed for positive results.

Just building another warehouse for human discards may get some of the litter off the streets, but soon there'll be more litter and the need for more warehouses...in some other Litchfield Park.

The most conservative estimate produced by the Hudson Institute's study of Arizona, called "Arizona 2012," is that this state's current population of 2,500,000 will grow to 6,200,000 by the year of our centennial — only 32 years away.

There's no reason to expect that our criminal population won't grow proportionately. This means that we'll have to build facilities for housing an additional 6,000 prisoners; and that figures out to another 1,000-bed prison every five years.

In the light of what's been going on in Arizona's penology for the past three decades, this is an awesome prospect; and there are no reliable signs that we either understand the problem or have any rational plan for solving it. We aren't even answering today's problem, let alone getting ready for tomorrow's.

For 30 years, Arizona's prison crisis has festered in a bureaucratic morass created by government indifference. House Majority Leader Burton Barr once said, "Over the years, not too many legislators have cared about prisoners. Why should they? There are no votes behind those walls." That may be a realistic political philosophy, but it hardly qualifies for a Nobel in the humanities...and we're going to pay a very high price for pragmatic callousness.

The problem isn't new. When John Moran was hired as Director of the Department of Corrections in 1973, he said that the Arizona State Prison was "the worst penal institution in the United States." And conditions since then have gone steadily and progressively downhill.

Federal Judge Muecke's dictum, in Sept. '73, said, in effect, "...clean up the mess, and reduce the overcrowding at Florence, or I'm going to turn about half the inmates loose on the streets."

Then followed frenetic politicking and buck-passing and legislative turmoil, matched only by the dissonance of community outrage...and the rape of Litchfield Park.

The previous time a prison location was sought, forty-three potential sites in Maricopa County refused. Those who are now demanding that the new facility be built in Florence, not long ago were testifying that Florence was an undesirable site because it's too far away from needed services, and it's impossible to staff properly with employees commuting from Tucson and Phoenix.

The bitter conflict attending the current prison hassle has opened wounds that won't heal easily, and the scars will be visible for years to come. It shouldn't be that way. It doesn't have to be that way. And we face an uncomfortable encore every five years!

We have the intelligence; we have the technology; we have the ingenuity; we have the space...to build Prison City. It can forever eliminate the necessity for imposing prisons on civilian communities. It can be virtually self-supporting. It can establish standards for prison maintenance and criminal rehabilitation that will push Arizona into the forefront of modernized sovereign states.

My various efforts to get a hearing for this concept have been unavailing. I'll be glad to discuss it with any group, any time — especially with the Governor, the Department of Corrections and the Legislature. Maybe the idea won't stand up under scrutiny; but it would have to be pretty bad to be as bad as what we're doing.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Form



The right to know.

The controversy over incorporation has finally touched bottom. It will now climb toward the absurdity of continued harangue.

The Town Meeting Association and its parent organization, the Retirement Community Association, have decided that the people of Sun City should not be allowed to hear the pros and cons of incorporation in open debate. For groups which so vociferously proclaim the singularity of their devotion to "the democratic process," this is strange indeed.

We do not doubt for one minute the sincerity and depth of their convictions in opposition to incorporation. We abhor their tactics in pursuing those convictions.

Their refusal to meet equally sincere opponents in open confrontation should not come as a surprise to those who remember their earlier ^{to} meet in private discussions with pro-incorporationists. Under the guidance of provably unbiased observers. Their statements then were, "Nothing would be served by such discussions"... "We don't trust them"... "an exercise in futility." Among other pontifications, those are again their excuses.

A new note has been added by the current president of the Town Meeting Association. Referring to one of the conditions of the proposed debate, i.e., that representatives of the press would be interrogators, Mrs. F. said, "You know what that would be...a crucifixion." Obviously, somebody neglected telling Mrs. F. one of the basic cautions of anybody occupying a position of public concern...never pick a fight with those who own the ink pot.

I can't speak for others of the press; but I certainly wouldn't dream of accentuating Mrs. F's antipathy. We shall see to it that our eagerness to recognize her sensitivities is reflected in the coverage given the meetings of her organization, and the letters-to-the-editor from her membership and their allies. We have no wish to be collaborative in her dread of Golgotha.

The Home Owners Association is to be commended for their efforts to bring the opposing sides together. This is entirely in keeping with the stated principles on which the oldest and biggest of our civic associations was founded. The charge that their purpose was to further the cause of the incorporationists is, of course, false and contrived. This is one of the oldest ploys in all of human relations...if you can't establish your own credibility, cast doubts on the other person's. Interestingly, the only person who volunteered to present the case against incorporation in the "great debate" was recently president of the HOA.

The Charter Government Association's willingness to be the lone proponent of incorporation against the opposing voice and echo duality showed at least the strength of their beliefs.

It becomes increasingly clear that the RCA/TMA clones have decided that nobody else is honest, trustworthy, loyal and clean. Those who would be willing to serve as volunteers in any form of self-government are, of course, "dirty politicians" with greedy hands itching to dip into public coffers overflowing with ill-gotten riches. Implicit in the accusation is the self-assumption of a purity which would make Caesar's wife look like a madam in a massage parlor.

It will be interesting to note the attitude of these anti-politicians toward their invited guests at the "Discussion of County Government" scheduled for the Alco Theatre on Friday, April 18. The majority of those on the platform will be elected officials, therefore, by definition "dirty politicians." Do you suppose we should demand public confessions of guilt?

The publicized rationale for that meeting as serving a better purpose than the debate, is a patent counterfeit. There is no substantial relationship between the two. The discussion of county government is worthwhile, but it is irrelevant to the purpose of the debate on incorporation. It's a clever maneuver, further and unneeded proof of Al Brown's astuteness, but it cannot be accepted as a contribution to the amelioration of the incorporation issue.

There are many who don't know whether incorporation is or is not the way to go. They have a right to know. They have a right to hear an open discussion of the question, in a neutral environment, with uncommitted moderators and questioners.

This paper believes in the public's right to know. Therefore, as time and space permit, we shall take the written statements, recently issued by both sides, and publish direct comparisons. Where "facts" are in disagreement, we shall dig out the real facts. We do not, and will not, take sides with either the pros or the antis. This won't be as good as a public debate and discussion, but it's the only way left open. It's pretty hard to shake hands when there's only one hand outstretched.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



On pettiness.....

The Town Meeting Association/Retirement Community Association combo wouldn't debate the Charter Government Association on incorporation because, in their opinion, "it would be an exercise in futility" and "the press would crucify us" — and the debate would be sponsored by the Home Owners Association, "who have consistently favored incorporation" and "are simply using this as a way to build membership."

The TMA/RCA duet decided, instead, to hold a public meeting on "Your County Government," and invited the HOA and the Taxpayers Association (but not the CGA) to join as co-sponsors. The TPA was unofficially represented, but the HOA declined because "there wasn't time to study the proposed agenda."

The CGA president issued a blast against a county supervisor for allying himself with the anti-incorporationists. There were implications of reprisals at the polls.

So far, we have succeeded in making Sun City look like a gathering of kindergarten rejects. "We won't come to your party, and we dare you to show up at ours." "If you play with that awful person, I'll never speak to you again."

The next step will see us sticking out our tongues at each other and yelling, "Yah, your mother wore army boots." That was always a killer.

The "Meet Your County Government" session was one of the best-attended meetings in recent years. The Alco audience spread out to the parking lot. As a disclosure of what makes the county work, it wasn't all that exciting. Nobody asked the tough questions, such as "How come we get back in services less than a third of the dollars we pour into the county coffers?" or "Do you think this running fight between the supervisors and the county attorney is good for our crime-fighting effectiveness?" or "When will the county learn how to build bridges that will stand up under flood conditions that are now becoming standard?"

The questions were somewhat superficial, and the answers were equally prosaic; but the size of the audience (including the large representation of CGAers, come to see what kind of pasting they'd take this time) indicated a considerable community interest in meetings of this kind. The TMA/RCA maestros are to be commended for the concept and its success.

The board of the HOA didn't cover itself with glory in their decision not to join in sponsoring the "County Government" meeting. Sure, they were ticked off at the refusal of the anti-incorporationists to face the issue in open debate; but the HOA is equally culpable in their failure to grab this opportunity to demonstrate their purported willingness to contribute toward "unity." (Whatever happened to that ambition, anyway?) From now on, it's going to be tough for the HOA to point the finger at anybody else's lack of willing cooperativeness.

The incident regarding the CGA's condemnation of a county supervisor for allowing himself to be used by those who oppose incorporation is one of those unfortunate things that happen when well-meaning and intelligent people allow their convictions and their frustrations to take precedence over their common sense. Apologies have been tendered and accepted — which is the way we expect grownups to act toward each other.

It's a wild hope; but maybe these demonstrations of childishness have persuaded the protagonists among the antagonists that everybody will be better off if we stop the haggling and start acting toward each other with more of the courtesy and consideration we counsel our grandchildren to cultivate.

There's plenty of room for differences of opinion in our community. But why go so far out of our way to make room for dissension?

Free speech, and cheap talk

We know about freedom of the press, and the right of individual free expression; but there are times when such freedoms become questionable.

Case in point: a columnist, who authors "The View From Here" in the Burlington, Iowa, "Hawk Eye," penned a recent article on Phoenix. After quoting Erma Bombeck's somewhat-funny description of Phoenix as "750,000 square miles of kitty litter," he added: "Phoenix is a cluster of communities which vary from the grinding and depressing horror of Sun City — Del Webb's experiment in walking mummies — to...etc."

For reasons of protection or vanity, the writer signs himself only "S.A." Perhaps for the same reason that famed anthropologist Margaret Mead left town before issuing her critique of Sun City as "a geriatric ghetto."

Maybe we should forgive their ignorance. Only the lead dog gets a good view. Maybe we ought to wonder if we're doing everything we could do to reflect the true character of this totally unique community.

We'll be in touch with Mr. "S.A.," you can bet on it.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



A time for tough questions

Are we really dangerously close to becoming a second-rate power? If what we're being told by the media is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, it's pretty hard to escape the conviction that we're no longer No. 1 in the world. Translating this into specifics: (1) we'd lose in a war with the Soviet Union; (2) we owe more than we can pay, so we're broke; (3) we are at the mercy of not-too-friendly nations for the survival of our industrial and social system; (4) we are unable to protect our citizens and emissaries abroad; (5) we have lost the ability to make free enterprise capitalism function competitively.

When was the last time we won? Except for the frantic euphoria over winning a hockey game, when, in recent years, have we done anything worthy of celebration? Panama? El Salvador? Mexico? Cambodia? Iran?...and how about right here at home? Energy? Inflation? Mortgage rates? Unemployment? Flood control? Indians? Congress?

Are we living in the real world, or in a make-believe world of our own imagining? Do we honestly believe that by being nice guys and giving in to outrageous and insulting actions of lesser nations we will somehow make nice guys out of them, and convert them to our Judeo-Christian ethic? "Sure, you can spit in our face, provided you'll let us send you some millions when you're short of funds, and a few thousand tons of food when you're starving, and our sophisticated technology so you can take away the markets for our products and improve your war-making capabilities.

"OK, send us your boat people, so we can add them to our already bankrupt welfare system, as they swell the rolls of our unemployed." Are we shackled by our dedication to freedom? Have we laid ourselves open to escalating wrongs by our devotion to human rights? Should we declare a moratorium on turning the other cheek until we get rid of our swollen jaws?

In a world of covert action and international double-dealing, do we honestly believe we can function competitively as a totally open society, with an emasculated CIA and FBI, and leaky Congressional committees exposing our frailties for TV cameras and gossip columnists? Just in case it might be inconvenient for our enemies to find out what we're doing, we simplify their probing with a Freedom of Information Act which, under the guise of "the people's right to know," makes our files available for weekend reading among the unfriendlies. Isn't that a little dumb?

Is the Monroe Doctrine still a part of our foreign policy? And does it still say something about the unacceptability of foreign powers near our shores? Do you suppose we could get somebody in Washington to dig that document out of the archives and distribute copies along Pennsylvania Ave? Or don't those Soviet combat troops (and probably missiles) in Cuba qualify for objection?

Could we induce the Surgeon General to issue a declaration that "the American guilt syndrome is dangerous to our health." No question about it, as a nation we suffer from a self-imposed sense of guilt. We got so rich, we felt compelled to give it away — and we're still at it. We got so powerful, we were morally obliged to support weaker nations so they could become stronger opponents. We were able to make and grow everything so much better than anyone else could, that we shipped them our technology, along with better machinery than our own manufacturers had, so they could undersell us all over the world; and we supplied their food so they'd be strong enough to concentrate on beating our ears off.

Our very superiority gave us a sense of inferiority... it wasn't nice of us to be so much better than anybody else. By the way, has anybody looked around recently to see where all those friends are whose undying fealty we bought with our tax dollars?

Has somebody changed the basic principle of the U.S. Constitution while we were busy paying no attention to what's going on? I seem to recall that the essence of that document relates to the powers granted to the government by the people, not to the privileges the government is willing to allow the people to exercise — as long as they behave. What ever happened to "of the people, by the people and for the people?" That seemed to work pretty well for quite a long time. Of course, that concept assumes that the people are willing to be involved in making things work...anxious to shoulder the burdens of freedom and responsibility. There's reason to wonder whether or not that resolve is still there...and that's very frightening, and discouraging.

Have we lost our pride...our dignity...our capacity for righteous indignation? Have we become so inured to losing that it no longer bothers us very much? Have we become willing to be kicked around by pip-squeak nations just so they won't turn off the faucets on the pipelines, or say bad things about us in the assemblies of world councils?

Has our dedication to peace made us losers in the actual war we're in? — and for which we are unprepared. Have we lost belief in the rightness of might, when might is the only way to defend right?

There is little need to regurgitate the sour cud of uncertainties and ignominies that have characterized this nation for three decades; re-mastication isn't going to make it more palatable or more nourishing. Let's just spit it out and start a new diet — of firm policy, a declaration of steady and unmistakable intentions, some obvious body-building, a practical application of all the instruments of competitive government and industry available to us...and more faith in ourselves and in our ability to make any sacrifice necessary to winning back our position of primacy.

It's time for some tough questions...and some honest answers.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Accountability.....Part I

A convention of those who think things are OK could be held in a telephone booth. The national mood says our economic framework has some loose bolts and missing parts; and our social fabric is, at best, fraying around the edges.

Additionally, our political/governmental structure shows clearly evident need of repair — perhaps total redesign. Interestingly, such repair or reconstruction could have a significant effect on correcting some of the frailties of our economic and social structures.

Our government is no longer accountable to the people. We are in the hands of the bureaucrat and the professional politician. The Constitution didn't intend this to happen. Politics was not to be a career — it was to be a willingness on the part of concerned citizens to sacrifice time and energy in the service of their community for a brief period — then to return to that community and pick up private careers where they had been interrupted. It was recognized as "public service." That term is still used; but it's meaningless.

For the most part, we go to meetings of our own political party, and the politicos there are our friends...they're the good guys. (The principal qualification for "good guy" is to belong to your political party.) So, we spend our time applauding our righteousness and agreeing that our good guy must be re-elected, so none of those bad guys will get in. The concern is re-election, not government.

Maybe we might just ask ourselves, occasionally, if our guys are all that good, how come things are so bad? The answer to that one would uncork a most uncomfortable truth — neither the office holder nor the electorate feels any pressing necessity for being accountable to the other.

Government is now a full-time career — not just the occasional "public service" the founding fathers envisioned. That's expectable. Being a U.S. Representative or Senator, for example, is a pretty good job. The salary is a mere \$60,662.50, but those fringe benefits are something else again! On average, it costs you and me \$1,000,000 — that's one thousand thousand dollars per year for each of our 435 Representatives and 100 Senators. If we add in the millions spent to get them into those positions (a strange system, indeed!), sooner or later we're talking real money. Maybe we ought to ask for an accounting occasionally.

That would raise a problem, however. An accounting has to be based on knowing what we're looking for; and we're not ready for that...because we don't pay enough attention to what's going on to know what questions to ask.

So, the elected representative is inclined to feel that he's on his-own. There's some historical basis for this attitude. Edmund Burke, the 18th century British parliamentarian and political philosopher, who had such a profound effect on our early Federalists, told his constituents, "If you send me to Parliament, you must trust my judgment." If we could be sure of a Congress or Legislature composed of Edmund Burkes, we might be willing to go along with such independence. However, the evidence doesn't support such confidence.

It's really not a matter for jocularity; but sometimes that's the only antidote for fears and tears. As the man said, when he got tangled up in a barbed wire fence, "It only hurts when I laugh." We no longer control our government. Our government controls us. It's a miserable state of affairs, and it's getting worse. Our elected representatives feel only a casual requirement for cosmetic accountability and we carry a seldom-worn and easily-doffed mantle of responsibility.

One of our savvy federal officials said, "Government is not reason, it is not eloquence; it is force. Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master." That was George Washington.

Here at home, the ridiculous performance of our Legislature during this last session is enough to promote a march on the Bastille. But that isn't going to happen, because most of us don't know what they did; and we're not going to take the time to find out. This fall, mal-performers will appear before their constituents and ask to be returned, so they can correct some of their legislated inadequacies, while creating others. And, we won't want to call them to an accounting. After all, they're our good guys.

Next week, in Part II, we'll take a look at some possible approaches to answers...not likely to be conclusive, but perhaps provocative enough to get some discussions going.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



Accountability.....Part II

Everybody's accountable to somebody for something. Each of us carries a moral or contractual commitment subject to resolution by a higher authority. Socrates — avoiding more complex social and political implications — saw this verity as: "The free man is accountable for his right to freedom, and for his use of that freedom."

The contradiction in this statement is apparent. "Freedom" means the absence of restraints; accountability is a restraint. The more the accountability, the less freedom. Nobody is completely free; nobody is required to be totally accountable. What we're talking about is how much of either we're willing to sacrifice for the other.

What weight of accountability to bureaucratic regulations can our free enterprise system carry before its freedom of competitive action collapses into socialism?

What superstructure of Government can a free society support before the complexity and weight of the structure, and the cost of its maintenance, consumes the very freedoms that created it?

These are not philosophical exercises; they comprise the most fundamental and serious problems facing our society today. In simplest terms, we've got too much government, and we have lost control over it. We are no longer a free people. You and I don't have much to say about what our Government does; and every day offers additional proof of the platitude: "In order for Government to do something for you, it must first do something to you."

Constitutionally, Government "governs with the consent of the governed;" but I don't recall having consented to much of anything that's going on these days. How about you? Has anybody, in a decision-making position in Government, asked for your consent on anything important recently?

It would be a strange constituency, indeed, that consented to this nation becoming militarily inferior to the Soviet Union — and all in a brief span of 35 years....or to the financial profligacy that has brought the richest nation in all of history to the brink of operational bankruptcy....or to zig-zagging domestic and foreign "policies" which have confused and disheartened our friends, and strengthened our enemies beyond their wildest imaginings.

Continued recitations of our faults and problems are non-productive. We need answers. To make answers meaningful, they must be addressed to specific problems; and to specify problems we must have some way of determining the success or failure of policies and actions. The only way to do that is to measure accomplishments against goals; and that brings us right up against our principal problem: we don't know what our goals are. This nation doesn't have a Plan.

No place is there a document, or library, that spells out who we are, what we do, what we want to be, where we want to go...and what we're going to do about it. We improvise plans to fit the moment — to meet the emergency. Not only do we change course as one administration replaces another, we gee and haw from day to day, from one appointed spokesman to another, within the span of single administrations. Little wonder other nations find less and less reason to base their futures on commitment to the U.S.

Internally, the free enterprise structure on which this country was founded, and by which we have prospered mightily, must plan uncertainly for tomorrow because there's no way to measure the degree to which it must compete with always vacillating and generally punitive governmental actions.

Our enemy, the Soviet Union, has a plan. They've had it for 132 years. Their Plan, the Communist Manifesto, published by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in 1848, has never changed; and it spells out, in detail, what their intentions are, and how they're going to accomplish them. We know what that Plan is; but, not being addicted to relying on plans, we don't pay much attention to it. We didn't take Hitler's master plan, Mein Kampf, seriously, either.

Perhaps those in whom we invest the authority to negotiate SALT treaties, might want to re-read Khrushchev's words: "If anybody thinks we shall forget Marx, Engels and Lenin he is mistaken." Any inclination to find solace in the "moderate communism" of our late "friend," Josep Broz Tito, might want to remember his published declaration: "The capitalist forces constitute our natural enemy despite the fact that they helped us. It may happen that we shall again decide to make use of their aid, but always with the sole aim of accelerating their final ruin." There's more — much more — but that's enough to make the point.

To compete in the real world, the United States needs a Plan, an American Plan, that will persist through the years and through changing political climates. No successful business could operate without a fundamental Marketing Strategy. Why do we believe that the biggest economic enterprise in the world can function without one?

That, then, is answer No. 1....an American Manifesto.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



American Manifesto

The response to last week's suggestion that our country needs a Master Plan has been enthusiastic enough to prompt this act of editorial brazenry...an attempt to start consideration of An American Manifesto.

There's no reason why even so ponderous an effort as this shouldn't start in Sun City. Who knows? — the word could go out from here to stimulate others to pick up pens and uncover typewriters. Somewhere, a Thomas Jefferson is waiting for this challenge.

The foundation for the American Manifesto was laid 200 years ago in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. But, it's important that the Manifesto repeat those documents, because their content and intent have been faded by inattention — resulting from a willingness to take them for granted.

Certainly, the first 110 words of the second paragraph of the Declaration, and the 52 words of the Preamble to the Constitution should be bold-faced as the frontispiece for the Manifesto. Nobody could accept the sincerity or believe the severity of the Manifesto without first comprehending the full meaning of two of the most significant passages in all history. Interestingly, those 162 words commit this country to purposes which many of those who now distrust us would find reassuring and supportive.

An American Manifesto Foreign Policy

- We are a sovereign nation of free people. We will do whatever is necessary to maintain that sovereignty and preserve that freedom.
- It is our purpose to live in peace with all peoples; but we will not compromise our freedoms nor abandon our sovereignty as the price for avoiding conflict.
- It is, and will continue to be, fundamental to our purposes and responsibilities to create and maintain a social, political, economic, judicial and military system which, in cooperation with responsible friends and allies, will be capable of competing with any combination of counter-forces.

• We recognize our responsibilities as the most powerful nation in the free world. For the good of all nations, our first responsibility is to ourselves. Where our power has deteriorated, it will be strengthened.

• We accept the reality of Communism as a force in opposition to the basic principles of our nation. As the United States is the leader of the free world, the Soviet Union is the leader of the Communist world. Not by our desire, but by their stated and avowed purposes, and by aggressive force of arms, the Soviet Union is an enemy of the U.S., and will be so regarded in all our dealings with them.

a. We shall not make the products of our free enterprise capitalist system available to any nation capable of using those products to the detriment of the system that produced them. This will be especially applicable in areas of high technology. It will extend, too, into agricultural and service areas which serve to strengthen the enemy's military capabilities.

b. In all matters, we shall insist on getting back as much as we give. Outstanding loans will be repaid before further loans are granted. Inimical actions will be balanced by equivalent reactions.

c. Recognizing the inherent problems of a free society vs a closed society, in maintaining the degree of privacy necessary to successful governmental and military establishments, we will acquire all instruments and agencies required for a competitive covert apparatus.

• As a highly industrialized society, we are dependent on open access to sources of raw materials. We will direct our policies toward safeguarding such access. We will not further endure the jeopardy of other, and unfriendly, nations so positioned as to dictate our economic survival.

• We will keep our doors open to those who seek the benefits of a free society, and will contribute to its productivity and substance. We will not, however, be a dumping ground for undesirables and discards. We will not impair our security or the efficient functioning of our society through such misapplication of the philosophy of human rights as to result in human wrongs.

• We will respect the sovereign rights of all nations; and we insist on reciprocal respect for ours.

• We will support all aspirations for freedom. We will tolerate no threat to ours.

NOTE: This meager first effort should not be considered definitive in any way. Its intent is to get something started... something which could become important. Nothing much will happen if you don't want it to. Why not take a couple of minutes to jot down your thoughts on what you think should constitute The American Manifesto. Next week, we'll take a first step toward definition of a Domestic Policy.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



AMERICAN MANIFESTO Domestic Policy

FOREWORD: We are confident that free enterprise capitalism is the best system yet devised for providing the greatest economic good for the greatest number; and that our democratic system of representative government is the best political structure for the maintenance of a free society.

Our society is built on, and dedicated to, maximum individual freedom...the right of individuals to succeed or fail in open competition for personal advantage.

We are adamant in our belief that a strong and healthy United States of America is fundamental to the preservation of national and personal freedoms around the world. This, therefore, is our first priority.

We have shown, beyond question — and often to our detriment — a willingness to share our benefits.

Our strenuous efforts to project the promise of "a more perfect Union" have placed intolerable burdens on our existing economic, political and social structures. We have tried to do too much. We must now adjust our ambitions to the practicalities of our capacities. This will be uncomfortable for many, within our country and in other countries; but it is unavoidable and can not be delayed.

We are prepared to pay the price for past excesses...to admit and correct maladjustments in our system...to recognize inequities in our balancing of rewards and punishments...to learn from others who have demonstrated greater efficiencies. In short, we are prepared to re-affirm our belief in our basic principles, by improving our administration of those principles.

We will increase our competitive efficiencies by simplifying our organization and procedures.

Provisional Policies

1. We will return to a form of government which governs "with the consent of the governed." Instead of a centralized federal government with 50 subsidiary and dependent divisions, we will be 50 sovereign states which, for convenience and efficiency, may delegate certain limited authorities to a centralized and representative body of government. The flow of authority and responsibility will be from the bottom up, rather than from the top down.

2. All possible power and authority will be vested in the arm of government nearest to the individual citizen. Only when the maximum capabilities of that lowest level and simplest form of community government have been exhausted, will responsibility be given to the next higher body of government — and so, progressively, through the levels of community, county, state and, only last, the central federal government. This will produce efficiencies by making government more visible and more accountable to the people — thus, simpler and less expensive.

3. Payment for governmental services, i.e., taxes, will be determined by the amount of service needed at each level of government. The need will be determined before the tax is levied.

The existing system of taxation is unmanageable, incomprehensible and indefensible. It will be replaced by a flat-rate system, equally applicable, without exemptions, to all forms of wealth. The philosophy of taxation will be two-fold; (a) to provide only those funds required for maintenance and development of our physical and social structures; and (b) to leave every dollar possible in the hands of our people, for investment in the productive capacities on which our well-being depends.

4. The political and electoral system will be changed drastically. a. The President will be elected for a single 6-year term, and can not be re-elected to that office. b. U.S. Senators will be elected for a 6-year term, and can serve only 12 years in total. c. U.S. Representatives will be elected for a 4-year term, and can serve only 12 years in total. d. The Governor of each state will be elected for a 6-year term, and can not be reelected to that office. e. Each State Legislature will consist of a single chamber, to be called The Senate; and each Senator (one per District) will be elected for 4 years, and can serve only 12 years in total.

The purposes of this re-structuring are to reinstitute government "of the people, and by the people," and to take government out of the hands of professional politicians and long-vested interests.

Election campaigns will be limited to the six months preceding the date of the primary election.

5. It is the function and purpose of government to provide and defend the environment for a competitively productive free enterprise capitalist society. Society does not exist to support a government.

6. Individual opportunity to compete, on the basis of ability, for a fair share of our system's various profits is fundamental to our concept of freedom. Differences in abilities are inevitable; thus inequities in opportunity are inescapable. Such inequities shall not be amplified by reasons of race, creed, color, age, sex or country of origin. Nor shall any past failure to equalize either opportunity or ability occasion exaggerated preferences based on race, creed, color, age, sex or country of origin. Yesterday cannot be allowed to hold tomorrow hostage.

7. The prime stimulant of a capitalist system is the profit motive, based on the ability to produce at a competitive advantage. Production requires workers; and it is an inherent responsibility of a capitalist system to provide work for those capable of producing. Unemployment of production capacity or personnel is an intolerable defect in the system. Those who want to work, and are capable of working, should be able to find employment. Those who are incapable of working must be supported by those who are capable; but those who are capable of working, and do not work, can not expect such support. Welfare is a charity, not a vested right. A paycheck answers a problem; a welfare check creates a problem.

(to be continued)

Editor's note: In over fifty years of writing for publication, I have seldom felt so inadequate to a subject. But, the effort will be continued, if only because it has to be. We've got to get a probing dialogue started toward development of a Plan for the United States which will get our government and our economy back on the track again. There are reasons for — but no justification for — our present dilemma...yours and mine. How about getting in on it? It doesn't have to be a long and studied treatise...just a letter-to-the-editor. What do you think should be written into an American Manifesto?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

AMERICAN MANIFESTO



Domestic Policy No. 2

We recognize the possibility that our political, economic and social structure, created in and for less intricate times, may not be totally suited to today's more complex world. We are willing to examine each component of that structure and make whatever corrections are necessary to increase efficiency.

Further Principles

•As noted previously, government will be simplified by returning the decision-making authority to the lowest level of effective government — as close as possible to the individual citizen.

•Whatever bureaucracies then remain at the federal level will be simplified by adopting a policy of "one problem, one agency." Duplication of staff and function will be eliminated.

•It's altogether possible that the Presidency we have allowed to develop is already beyond the capacity of any one person to fill satisfactorily. A first, second and third vice president will be elected, with the prescribed authority of The Office of the President for final decisions. This system works in industry; it can be made to work in government.

•The authority and functioning of the Legislative branch will be divided more functionally. The House of Representatives will have prime responsibility for domestic affairs; and the Senate, for foreign affairs.

•It's unrealistic and unwise to expect people, merely because they're elected to office, to be knowledgeable about all the important matters that come to them for decision. Consequently, each builds a staff of fact-finders and advisers (a prime factor in that \$1,000,000 cost for each member of Congress). Each staff, in large part, duplicates the work, and expense, of each other staff. Therefore, a central body of experts will be organized to provide a common fund of facts to all Congressmen, along with alternative courses of action. Congress can then by democratic and constitutional procedures, make value judgments from among the alternatives. Congress will decide value issues, not fact issues.

•President James Madison said, "Knowledge will forever govern ignorance; and the people who need to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power knowledge gives." We consider the 25 million "functional illiterates in our society to be a condemnation of our educational system and a danger to our future. We will reorganize our system of public education to accomplish its most fundamental responsibility...to teach our citizenry how to read and write the English language.

Our language is English; and we shall expect those who intend to share the benefits of our society to become sufficiently familiar with that language to participate productively in the system.

We will make provision for assistance to non English-speaking people to become functional in our language; but we shall expect them to acquire this facility without undue delay. We will not adopt measures which tend to condone reliance on a foreign language.

•We will take whatever steps necessary — and over any reasonable length of time — to "Americanize" all elements within our society. The 10,000,000 "illegal aliens" currently resident here will be registered and invited to make a firm choice of nationality. Every resident in a state will be subject to the laws of that state.

There can be no sovereign entities within a sovereign state. Where federal laws must be changed to validate this sovereignty, the power of the states, in conference, will be brought to bear in effecting such change.

•In free-market competition with Japan, we are getting our ears beaten off — especially in areas of high technology which we originated. We will analyze, without prejudice or vanity, how a nation with no raw materials has, in 35 years, emerged from a devastated and dependent country to a position of industrial equality, if not supremacy. We are willing to learn from others, as they, in the past, have learned from us.

•In the course of that analysis, we will recognize the growing importance of resource-rich emerging nations. We shall weigh with them the advantages to all of concentrating labor-intensive production in those countries, while we concentrate on utilizing our technological, managerial and professional skills.

In support of this, we will establish a system of higher education designed to provide a new generation

Research/nuclear/social/political/mechanical/agricultural/marketing scientists, specifically and deeply trained to conceive and direct technologies required by a new and sophisticated world of intense competition. We will offer substantial rewards to the inventor and the creative technologist.

NOTE: If anything more is going to be written here on the subject of an American Manifesto, you're going to write it. We'll be dealing with other subjects in this column; but we'd like to believe you're concerned enough to want your voice heard, too.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



A few thoughts

The Sun Bowl

It's not a happy prospect, but the odds are — barring a miracle — the Sun Bowl will be bulldozed into oblivion before very long. It cannot be replaced. It will be sorely missed by many...but, apparently, not by enough to induce anybody to come up with a plan to save and maintain it.

DevCo can't be expected to continue it at substantial and continuing losses. Nobody, with any understanding of business practicalities, would expect that. They are willing to turn it over to any organization willing and able to maintain and operate it. No such group has stepped forward. The Recreation Centers Board, quite rightly, has taken the position that it is neither constituted nor qualified to assume the obligation. DevCo is correct in its insistence that anybody taking over the Sun Bowl must be able to guarantee its attractive maintenance. An initial enthusiasm could fade and leave the Bowl in a state of eyesore disrepair.

If and when the Sun Bowl goes, an attractive part of Sun City will go with it. Easter sunrise services will not bring together the Risen Son and the rising sun. Mother's Day and Father's Day will shed outdoor and informal cordiality for walled-in formality. The throat-tightening Massing of the Colors on Memorial Day will be encapsulated in a 4-walled auditorium, and Old Glory will stir limply in the draft from an air conditioner. Concerts "under the stars" lose something when the stars are fluorescent bulbs. And no waxed parquet can impart the cordiality of terraced greensward. There's an openness and friendliness about Sun Bowl gatherings that can't be, and won't be, replicated.

DevCo has said that an announcement about plans for the Sun Bowl will be made sometime early this fall. We have no idea what that announcement will be — perhaps plans for building homes, or for selling the property to an independent developer (who might see high profitability in high-rises). The Sun Bowl acreage belongs to DevCo; they can do with it whatever they want to do. On the basis of past performance, we have every reason to feel secure that they will do whatever is best for Sun City.

It's unfortunate, and a little embarrassing, that Sun City is not inclined to respond to challenges such as this. We're capable of so much; but we seem to be so fearful of anything even inferentially resembling "self-determination" that we are impotent in the face of minor challenges to our abilities. Regretfully, so be it.

What to do? We suggest that the Sun Bowl be replaced by a low-cost nursing home/singles-retirement center/minimum-to-maximum care facility. It's an attractive part of town; it's near recreation and entertainment opportunities, and shopping centers; and there's enough room for a multiple-structure and multiple-facility complex. The need is current and cumulative.

We are not informed enough to rack up the logistics and finances; but, if we're going to abandon an emotional asset, let's replace it with a physical contribution to our community's concern for its people.

Those who will sorely miss the Sun Bowl will smile at the thought that their loss has added to the comfort and well-being of friends.

The bus service

We assume neither intelligence nor authority in the complexities of public transportation; but we do freely admit to deep concern about the problem that relates to this community.

Without question, Sun City must have a public transportation system. By and by the composition of its population, our community must have available means of getting around which is not only equal to but better than what we have.

Every committee dedicated to finding a solution has reached the identical conclusion: a "Dial-A-Ride" system, like the one that serves Glendale. That one is both desirable and impractical. No Dial-A-Ride system in the country functions without federal funding and local taxation, neither of which is available to us.

The Corporation Commission has not yet handed down its decision on DevCo's application for relief from maintaining a bus service in Sun City. Understandably, we are anxious to get out from under an annual \$70,000 loss. It is likely that the Corporation Commission will turn down DevCo's petition for relief. This means that DevCo will be required to continue operating a bus service in Sun City. Just how minimum or maximum this requirement may be is moot.

There are people threatening to take DevCo to court for failure to fulfill promises, actual or implied, in sales and promotional brochures detailing transportation facilities among those inducements to buy property here. We hope the question doesn't get to the point of legal hassles.

For discussion only, how do these thoughts strike you?

1. Instead of the present 26-seat buses, which are too big for the patronage, expensive to buy and too costly to operate — and are not physically suited to the elderly and the handicapped — we would use 6- or 8-seat mini-buses (golf cart types), battery-powered, with drop curtains for inclement weather.

2. A few months ago, General Motors announced experimental development of a higher-powered, longer-life battery. Somebody with clout (we have many alumni execs here) could persuade GM to use Sun City's new transportation system as part of the always-required testing network. The test fee could reduce the start-up costs for the system. Gulf & Western has also announced development of a long-life battery.

3. One of the many marketers of solar generating equipment should set up a solar-energy farm on the north strip of Sun City for re-charging batteries.

4. The roof of each mini-bus would comprise solar cells, for supplementary recharging during operation. One of the golf cart manufacturers is already experimenting with something along those lines.

5. These mini-buses would be stationed around town in the carports of selected drivers.

6. A dispatch and control center would not be difficult to set up, with 2-way radio communication. Scheduled bookings and on-call requests would be coordinated with equipment nearest the point of pickup and delivery.

7. Where large numbers of people are going to one place at one time, e.g., concerts, ball games, meetings, bingo, etc., low-cost trailer-type buses could be attached to the regular powered units in a multi-bus train — the number of units being restricted by battery power and maneuverability/safety.

There's no warrant for such an assumption, but it's probably a fair guess that DevCo would be willing to subsidize some part of the start-up and operating costs, on an annually declining basis of liability.

There are undoubtedly many other answers to this problem, and if this composite suggestion does nothing more than stimulate their exposure, it will have served a useful purpose.

The problem isn't going to go away. If we all tackle it, a rational solution is bound to develop.



Editor's Chair —

Doug Forman



F is for failure

Sunday was F-Day.
It was Father's Day in the Sun Bowl; and it was Finale, Finito, Farewell to the Sun Bowl.

Three thousand came to say hello to fatherhood, and goodbye to an old friend. They toe-tapped to the Sun City Six Minus Two, harmonized with the Kachina Sweet Adelines, and carried rhythms with the Cameo Quartet.

A sliver of new moon silhouetted a semi-circle of bordering palms, and proscenium lights reached beyond their grasp to shed last warmth on a terraced audience.

It was a bitter-sweet evening. Happy Father's Day, and so long.
Why? Why goodbye? Most of those on the slopes were not there on Nov. 14, 1966, when the Bowl was dedicated. Jerry Svendsen was there. His genial emceeing has graced Sun Bowl programs for 14 years. He doesn't understand why the folks in Sun City are willing to see the Sun Bowl pass into oblivion. Neither do I.

Surely, we don't expect everything to be a handout. Surely, we are capable of doing things for ourselves. Surely, we recognize that letting the Sun Bowl go is turning our backs on part of the attractive character of our community. Can apathy dictate our tomorrows?

Are we concerned about who'd do the fixing up and the lawnmowing? The Sun City Prides have shown the way. A few people decided they didn't want to wait for others to do things that would keep Sun City beautiful, so they took rakes and hoes and clippers and paint brushes and tackled the job themselves. There are now well over two hundred Prides . . . and Sun City looks better, and is better.

Is it the cost . . . the financial liability? A concerned citizen (whose name I didn't catch, but who should make himself known for purposes of credit) came to Jerry and me during the Sun Bowl evening and suggested an answer that makes sense.

If everybody in Sun City deposited their waste paper in the bins provided by the Lions Clubs, the increase over present revenue would be in the neighborhood of \$100,000! . . . more than enough to maintain and program the Sun Bowl.

The idea is so simple, and so practical, that it makes financial objections meaningless. I've checked the figures with Sam Higginbotham, impresario of the paper collecting program for the Lions Clubs, and he confirms the figures.

What this means is that, right now, we're actually throwing away the money that would support the Sun Bowl in the manner to which we have become accustomed.

Who'll book shows and performances into the Sun Bowl? How about the Sun City Players? Those are folks who know about show biz, and it's not unreasonable that they'd grab for this opportunity like a bass for a plastic worm.

Who'd manage the operation? How about a Sun Bowl Association? — a non-profit corporation with the sole purpose of keeping schedules and books in order.

Not enough attention has been given to the liberality of the DevCo offer to turn the Sun Bowl over to the people of Sun City for a token \$1. That's an astounding offer! Here's a company that, currently, needs all the income it can get its hands on; and they're willing to let go of a property which could, by conservative estimates, produce \$5,000,000 of new dollars for their coffers.

Instead of the nit-picking, finger-pointing, accusatory belly-aching of the antis, how about an appreciative "thank you" . . . and then let's go about getting the job done.

With all these factors in mind, this might be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for some civic organization — such as the Home Owners Association — to establish its active concern with things that benefit the entire community.

The *Sun City Citizen* will cooperate in every feasible way with anybody willing to do whatever's necessary to Save the Sun Bowl.

Sun City cannot afford to lose the Sun Bowl.
If we do, then last Sunday was F for Father's Day, and F for Faint-hearted and Failure.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Pay raise okay

The Commission on Salaries for Elective Officers has unanimously recommended that the pay for state legislators be increased from \$6,000 to \$15,000 per year.

Having consistently called for reductions in the cost of government, I must approve this recommendation — at least in principle, if not in amount.

This is not a contradiction; and it's not playing games with words and numbers. The simple fact is we should pay each of our legislators more; but we should have fewer legislators.

There is historical precedent, but little current reason for the existing form and size of the Arizona legislature. We don't need a bicameral (two-chamber) legislature. We'd be better off with a unicameral (one-chamber) structure. Government would be more efficient; things would get done faster; and the whole operation would cost less.

When the two-chamber form of legislature was adopted from the English system, it was intended that the people would be represented, numerically, by a House of Representatives — so big populations would have more weight than small populations; but large and small groups would have equal representation in the Senate. (Under the "one man-one vote" principle, there would seem to be room for questioning the legality of that concept.) In practical fact, the English bicameral system has become virtually unicameral because of the declining importance of the House of Lords.

Here, in Arizona, each of our thirty districts is represented by two members in the House and one in the Senate...each with exactly the same constituency. That doesn't make any sense at all.

Three previous attempts to raise legislative salaries have been turned down by the voters. Obviously, it's not the amount of money — there's not that much involved in actual dollars. Nobody could rationally insist that a salary level established eleven years ago should not be adjusted for inflationary impacts, if for no other reason. The voters have said, by pluralities averaging 25%, that they don't want to pay more for what they're getting. The vote against salary increases has been entirely impersonal...it's been a vote against the system of government, not against the individuals in the legislature. The people have said, in the only way open to them, "Clean up your act, and then we'll talk money."

Actually, in discussing unicameral vs bicameral, we're talking about unicameral vs tricameral. There is, under our present system, a functional third chamber of the legislature — the Conference Committee, perhaps the most pernicious aspect of the two-chamber structure. When the House and Senate can't agree, the problem is handed to a Conference Committee — and that's where the form and content of legislation is decided. The Conference Committee is the most functionally effective body in the legislative system — and the most dangerous.

Despite public and private prodding, we haven't been able to get any of the legislators to discuss or debate this issue. The question is: "Should Arizona adopt a unicameral form of legislature?" It's a simple question — nothing complex about it; but it should be discussed, because it's important.

There are at least five major reasons for unicameralism: (1) one chamber can be operated for less than two; (2) fewer bills would be introduced — especially those "vanity bills" whose sole purpose is personal aggrandisement; (3) conflicts resulting in resolution by conference committees would be eliminated; (4) debate on the floor would be more open to the public; (5) last-minute rushes to patch together "Christmas tree" legislation by tired and inattentive minds would be eliminated. The end result is a simpler and more visible system, with a public better able to assess legislative responsibility.

The best argument for a unicameral legislature is any bicameral legislature.

While we're at it, let's reorganize for maximum effectiveness. Let's elect our unicameral legislators for four years, instead of two. Then, they won't be spending half their time politicking for re-election. Also, let's set a limit on the number of years they may serve consecutively...say, eight years, i.e., two terms. That's certainly long enough for any citizen to do what he's capable of doing for the people; and the limitation would curtail the growing tendency toward professional legislators. **A citizen legislature is a better legislature.**

What with intolerably prolonged regular sessions and frequent special sessions, the legislature is becoming a full-time job. This prevents good people from running for offices in which they could make substantial contributions. With proper administrative organization, there's no reason why the legislature can't get its job done in three months — from Jan. 15 to April 15. For that length of time, a salary of \$10,000 — with existing perks and per diems — should attract capable people to bring their talents to the legislative process.

Editor's Chair -

Doug Horn



Ring that bell

(Ed. Note: These comments appeared last year in this space. They seem equally pertinent this year.)

In the Memorial Garden at Bell Recreation Center stands Sun City's Liberty Bell.

In Liberty Pavilion, a block north of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, stands the Liberty Bell.

The two are virtually identical. One difference...the Bell in Philadelphia is mute. A yawning crack in its side forbids its ever speaking clearly again.

The Sun City Bell's simulated fracture is cosmetic and allows full-throated resonance whenever its tongue wags.

But, how seldom it is heard. Occasionally, the stillness of the pavilion is interrupted as a venturesome visitor tentatively pulls the clapper, and flies away from the reverberations of his derring-do.

Mostly, day on day, our Bell is silent...consigned by timidity or apathy to the voicelessness of its muted ancestor.

A bell is for ringing. The Liberty Bell in Philadelphia - loudly proclaimed support of the painted patriots who dumped tea in Boston Harbor...summoned fire fighters to conflagrations, and citizens to town meetings...enthusiastically backgrounded first public reading of the Declaration of Independence in the yard of the State House, at 12 noon, Monday, July 8, 1776...acknowledged the surrender of Cornwallis...welcomed Washington on November 17, 1781...heralded the coming of peace on April 16, 1783...mourned the death of Washington on December 17, 1799...observed the coming of Lafayette to Philadelphia in 1824...and cracked its throat in wailing the death of Chief Justice John Marshall on July 8, 1835.

Sun City's Liberty Bell first took shape in the minds of our Bicentennial Committee. Its physical reality began on January 15, 1976, at 9 a.m., in the parking lot of Sun City Stadium. The call had gone out for metal for our bell.

Bicycles, Cadillacs, golf carts, mobile homes, motorcycles, trailers, three-wheelers and hand carts brought heirlooms, bridgework, bedsprings, memorial plaques, prosthetic devices, garden tools, medallions, jewelry, lawn mowers, corset stays, coins, auto frames - a motley melange of memorabilia. By 4 p.m., well over 7,000 pounds of metal piled high to be the body of our Bell.

Melted into ingots, each donation lost its individuality in a greater identity. Far away, in Asten, Holland, Sun City's Liberty Bell emerged from the hot mold of Schulmerich-Carillons, Inc., and began its destined voyage home.

At noon on July 8, 1976, exactly 200 years from the intoning of the Declaration of Independence, the Liberty Bell was unveiled in the Sun Bowl. Sun Citians touched it reverently, and with a special kind of pride because something of them was merged in its being.

On November 15, 1976, a crowd-packed Memorial Garden accepted the Liberty Bell into its heart. In its base, a time-capsule carried messages from that day to Sun Citians of 2026. Each member of the audience was privileged to sound the bell. There were tears in proud eyes.

Only infrequently since then, its throaty tone has been heard. Why? Is its presence not felt? Is its meaning not understood and appreciated? Are we timid about activating its challenge? Has such a symbol of Freedom and Patriotism and sheer love of country lost its symbolism, its actuality? Does ringing that bell make us feel the prankster, rather than the patriot?

Let's ring that bell. What will that do? Who knows? Maybe each note will sound briefly and fade into nothingness. Or maybe each note will sound forever in our memories.

....

What happened was gratifying and electric. Sun Citians did gather in Memorial Garden on July 4th, to hear music, to sing songs and to ring that bell! Many brought their grandchildren - who seemed to sense the meaning of the Bell. The repeated clanging was noisy, and it was hot in the morning sun; but nobody complained of either heat or noise.

By phone and letter they said, "Let's do it again; let's do it every year." So, again, we'll Ring That Bell on the morning of July 4. This year's program is more expansive, but the idea is the same...to let the tongue of our Liberty Bell speak the words we voice too seldom: "...one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



A touch of sickness

It shouldn't be happening, but it is. Sun City is tearing itself apart. Little by little, the character of our community is being degraded. Distrust, vilification, bitterness, hate — among the dirtiest words in the English language — are norms in our vernacular.

What in the world is happening to us? Have we lost our senses? Maybe what's going on locally is simply a reflection of a universal malaise. When things aren't going right all around us, there's a tendency to vent our frustrations in family squabbles. But, in time, the heat dissipates, the air clears, and reasonableness takes over.

In its early years, Sun City put on its own mini-version of a civil war. Members of the first two rec centers, Oakmont and Fairway, were the Blues and the Grays. An "iron curtain" stood between them. It was a no-fun period. Then, reasonable people sat down together and ironed out their differences. Looking back, it all seems petty; and, for that reason, it's worth remembering.

It was expectable that, as the community grew from a few thousand to almost fifty thousand, with more and more physical and organizational complexities, the simpler ways of simpler days would seem less practical.

For years we've walked around carrying a slight fever — not sick enough to get frightened, but not feeling quite right. The infection was the Issue of Incorporation. Once it got into our bloodstream, we were never quite healthy; and when you don't ever feel quite up to snuff, there's a natural tendency to take it out on somebody.

Strangely, we seem to want to prove that we enjoy poor health, because we won't tackle the infection in the only way it can be destroyed . . . exposure to air. In biology, the dispute over incorporation would be recognized as an anaerobic bacterium, i.e., one which can not survive in the presence of air. We simply refuse to bring that bacterium out into the light of reason — so we'll probably continue not feeling too well for a while longer.

Unfortunately, that lingering malady has proven to be infectious; and the resultant fever has spread through other parts of our community body.

Now, we won't talk to each other; and we don't trust each other. And the most active participation sport in town is the blame game. Find something that isn't going quite the way you'd like to see it go, and then look around for somebody to blame it on. It's great fun. You stand on the sidelines and throw rocks at the players — especially if you were one of those who selected the players.

There are many case studies of this malady available; but let's take the most recent plague . . . the dissidents vs the Rec Board. For the past half dozen years this has been a mounting fever. There has been ample reason for discomfort, but little excuse for the ill-conceived remedies.

The present Rec Board, like its predecessors, has not always been right. The same thing could be said for any organization and every individual in town. The "secret agreement" which produced the Bell Center/Marinette Center brouhaha — although fostered by highly intelligent people with the best of intentions — was a bad deal. It gave the nay-sayers and the forces of dissidence more than enough ammunition for broad-scale guerrilla attacks.

That, plus a sequence of other malfunctionings and inadequate public relations involving the golfers, the bowlers, the pool players, etc. — and some of the most unrestrained name-calling since Cicero tackled Catiline — has reached its unhappy conclusion in one of the most inept decisions ever reached by any civic body in recent memory . . . a member of Recreation Centers has been suspended "from use of all facilities and activities" because he wrote a nasty letter to the Board.

No question about it, the letter was brutally accusatory and its implications of Board and individual malpractices were contemptible. The Board's reaction was equally unwise. True, there's a limit to how much abuse anybody can be expected to endure, but the way to avoid that is to get out of the hot seat. Two of the Rec Board members have done this. The reason given was "personal health" — which is a euphemism for "I'm sick of this, and you can shove it." Other Board members have given serious thought to similar exits.

We give our elected volunteers a very rough time indeed. If it continues, we'll see the day when people of talent and character will not be willing to serve a community which rewards them with condemnation. That will be a sad day, indeed.

An ad hoc committee of concerned Rec Centers members is now circulating petitions to change the Centers' bylaws to permit recall elections. On the surface, there's nothing much wrong with that; but only the most naive would fail to recognize that this is not intended as a generalization — it's directed against certain individuals who are considered undesirable. Assumedly, the plan culminates in hand-picking candidates for the Board more amenable to the interests of the protagonists.

It's a sad and worrisome state of affairs; and it doesn't have to be this way. The answer is communications. We have lost the capacity — and maybe the desire — to talk things out calmly, compassionately, and maturely. We've lost our balance, our sense of humor.

Before it's too late, let's try friendship again.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris

Do we mean it?



The old song went: "Be sure it's true, when you say 'I love you'." The idea behind the admonition, of course, is that we say a lot of things without really meaning them... things that we'd probably like to mean, and maybe do at times, but when the chips are down, we fall away from the responsibility of putting into action what the words promise.

Nobody found any public complaint with the words of Emma Lazarus when she wrote, for permanent inscription on the Statue of Liberty, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

In the years since the dedication of "The Mother of Exiles" in 1886, no nation on earth has so lived up to a promise as these United States have honored that extraordinarily ambitious and charitable vow.

But now we're wondering. Now we have the Cubans, the Vietnamese boat people, the smuggled Salvadorans, the Haitians, the defectors from communist countries, the illegal aliens. And concurrently, we have native unemployed, and near-bankrupt welfare rolls, and school systems straining against problems of linguicism. And all this to digest on top of unassimilated blacks and Indians creating cramps in our social, economic and political corpus.

Assuming we meant those extravagant words 94 years ago, can we afford to mean them now? Can we afford not to mean them? Are we willing to pay the price, in money and social upheaval, for continuing to give them credibility? Can we afford to let Castro dump his "wretched refuse" into the same boats with those "yearning to breath free?"

At a time when our society is unsure of itself, and our economy is seriously insecure, should we say, "Sorry, until we get our housecleaning done, the door is going to be locked. We'll throw it open again just as soon as things are cleaned up." Would that be dishonorable, or practical? Would it allow us to get back in shape again quicker, so that we could, at some later date, make that "lamp beside the golden door" shine its invitation to more than we could otherwise welcome?

The freedom we promised others is even more definitively set forth for ourselves in the most courageous and challenging prescription for freedom ever penned by one people. Aside from theologic precepts, there is probably no more significant declaration of man's aspirations for freedom from impositions of societal restraint than the first ten amendments to the U.S. Constitution... the Bill of Rights. And, among those ten specifications, by far the most important is that part of the First Amendment, which says: "Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press..." Nobody in his right mind, with even a vestige of a belief in the right of the individual to be free from unwanted and unwarranted restriction, would disagree with those fundamentals.

The English language, often carelessly murky, has never been used more clearly; yet, almost without exception, every session of the U.S. Supreme Court, whose prime responsibility is to understand and apply the meaning of the Constitution, has been faced with numerous conflicts of interpretation. The first significant modification of the barest interpretation was Oliver Wendell Holmes' less-than-profound, but dramatically precise caution that "The right of free speech does not carry with it the right to yell 'fire' in a crowded theater."

It has generally been agreed that "freedom" as it concerns speech and the press, means "without prior restraint," i.e., nobody shall tell you, in advance of speaking or printing, that you can't say or print anything. After the words are spoken or printed, whoever spoke or printed them is subject to legal action for libel, defamation of character, etc. But even that application is variable. If you're a "public figure," i.e., "public property" you can be injured, legally, more than if you were a private person.

Also, the printed press is far more "free" than the electronic press — radio and television. Although generally categorized as "the press," radio and TV must be licensed by the government, and transgressions against what the Federal Communications Commission considers to be "the public interest" can result in loss of license, with consequent and enormous financial losses. Obviously, this has to be a restraining influence on "freedom of the press."

On the other hand, newspapers — perhaps the last remaining bastion of free enterprise — do not have to answer to anything but the laws of libel and the complications of common decency.

Theoretically, the role of an editor in the printed press is an easy one... print the truth. If "truth" were a definable certainty, there'd be no problem. "Facts" are not always "truth." The story is told of the beleaguered first mate on a freighter who was constantly being logged by the captain as fractious, difficult, and generally insubordinate. Came the day when the captain was indisposed, and unable to inscribe the log. The first mate wrote "Today, the captain was sober. True, of course; but the implication was accusatory beyond appeal."

Every editor faces the responsibility of deciding what shall go into each issue of his paper. In so doing, he can emphasize one point of view as against another. One letter-to-the-editor can be excluded, and another printed. Should one person have the right to decide this? "Freedom of the press" says "yes." If a letter to the editor comes across his desk which he knows to be inaccurate, inordinately defamatory, possibly even a lie — or, even worse, a half truth — does refusal to print represent editorial judgment or censorship?

More significantly, in supporting freedom of speech and freedom of the press — fundamentals of a free society, we must accord those same freedoms to opponents of our free society. We must give the freedoms we demand for ourselves to the Communists, who have vowed to destroy the very system our freedoms are intended to fortify. Do we really mean to give our enemies that much of an advantage?

We insist that our freedoms include the "Freedom of Information Act," which allows our citizens — and our enemies — to have access to information which, in a world of belligerent confrontation, can redound to our discomfiture, if not our destruction.

Do we really mean it to be that way? Have we considered the possibility that our addiction to the concept of freedom has actually made us captive — to a principle which may not be supportable in the real world of the 80's.

A free society is an open society, which is an exposed society. Its vulnerability is also its strength. It exists only because those who enjoy its benefits are willing to defend it; and willing to pay a very stiff price for it. Freedom is undoubtedly our most expensive possession; and, in making it available to others, we increase its value to us.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Morris



It's a beginning

It works! Intelligent people can get together and talk out their differences. It actually works! The Rec Board has rescinded the suspension imposed on a Rec member for writing an abusive letter; and the Rec member has decided not to resort to litigation to restore his rights.

It became obvious to all parties concerned that the situation had gotten out of control; and the real issue had been lost in a compost pile of super-sensitized emotions and overheated words.

True, it would have been far better if the compromises and understandings had come earlier. Scars have been left where wounds were inflicted.

Suspensions aren't dissolved by handshakes. Memories are, unfortunately, indelible. There are indications of troubles yet to come.

Perhaps they will be less abrasive and less prolonged, however, because everybody must have learned something from the recently-resolved dissonance.

Petitions have been filed for calling a meeting of the members of Recreation Centers to vote on an amendment to the Articles of Incorporation which would provide for recall of elected Board members. On the surface, this is a reasonable provision.

The Rec Board, itself, has authority tantamount to recall in its vested right to replace any Board member who is consistently absent from meetings. Elected governmental bodies have the right of recall; it's called impeachment.

Recall becomes a dangerous instrument when it is handled frivolously, applied vindictively, or used coercively. At the federal level, impeachment is considered so serious a matter that it is circumscribed with ponderous legalisms, and with protections heavily weighted in favor of the accused.

The same safeguards and moderations should apply at the local level. It should be made extremely difficult to recall an elected member of the Board of the Recreation Centers . . . otherwise, instead of a Rec Centers we could have a wrecked Centers.

As it now stands, 100 members present constitute an official meeting of the Rec Centers. That's 100 out of a total voting membership of 43,000! At such a meeting of 100 members, a majority of 51 would be able to push through the proposed amendment to the Articles of Incorporation.

Any single member in that meeting of 100 could bring in 100, or fewer, proxies and single-handedly cast a majority vote. Not likely; but far from impossible under existing conditions.

Corollary demands propounded by the same dissenters involve publication of all salaries paid to managers and staff of the Rec Centers, and elimination of free golf privileges to a select few.

These should not be given the same weight or attention as the matter of recall. However, they warrant discussion. Most executives of major corporations, and all elected officials, understand that their salaries are public information. Below the top level, salaries and pay-scales are treated by classification rather than by individuals.

The same principle should be acceptable in the case at hand. There is the matter of "invasion of privacy;" but this should properly be applied only to those below the managerial level.

As for the free golf privileges . . . that's such small potatoes no tin should be spent on it. It doesn't cost anybody a dime to allow freebies those whose work is directly connected with the operation and maintenance of the golf courses.

Why do we continue to pick at these little pimples until they become boils? Let's keep our eyes and minds on the important things . . . such as being very thoughtful indeed about whether we should vote to change the Articles of Incorporation to allow for the recall of elected Board members — possibly with 51 votes!

Apparently we do learn from history. Tomorrow, Thursday, July 24, 9 a.m., executives of Del E. Webb Development Co. will meet with the chartered club presidents in Sun City West "to apprise (them) of the aspects of managing and financing the Recreation Center."

The Articles of Incorporation of Recreation Centers of Sun City West, Inc. stipulate that the affairs of the Center shall be conducted by a governing board, comprising three executives of DevCo, for the first eighteen months, or until the Center becomes self-supporting — whichever comes earlier.

Because of the problems besetting Sun City West, as a result of the real estate slowdown, it is not likely that the population of the community will allow the Center to become self-supporting before the 18-month date, March 25, 1981.

This creates a foreseeable dilemma. There is no specification in the Articles of Incorporation defining a takeover by the elected Board while the Center is still not self-supporting. Who covers the deficit? And how much is that obligation likely to be? The recent increase of annual individual membership fees from \$60 to \$69 has created a deep and lingering deficit; any considerable additional assessment would be predictably disruptive.

The Property Owners and Renters Association (PORA) has gone on record with requests for answers to many such questions. It is to be fervently hoped that everybody in Sun City West, and the executives of DevCo, will see that everything possible is done to avoid the conflicts that have made the parent community an uncomfortable place on too many occasions.

Undoubtedly, we're talking about problems created by transient economic conditions. Reliable forecasts, such as "Arizona 2012" and "Foresight Eighty," clearly indicate an upsurge in sales and value along the northwest corridor — which includes Sun City and Sun City West.

The problem is to bridge between now and then . . . to keep minds open, nerves calmed, and words bridled. Recent experience clearly shows that the best way to answer big problems is to tackle them while they're still small and discussible. "Open agreements, openly arrived at" is a sound premise.

We'd like to see all meetings open meetings. Maybe Sun City West can show us how that works. If, along with the club presidents, DevCo could meet with representatives of PORA, — and everybody could come to those meetings prepared to lay it all on the table, without restraint or reservation, — it might remind us that sandpaper is rough, but we use it to make things smoother.

That's what everybody wants. This seems to be a good time to start.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

The Blahs



This is the season of the blahs. You won't find it red-lettered on your calendar. It doesn't have a specific beginning or ending; but there's no mistaking its reality. Ten successive days of 100-plus fahrenheit, and the blah season is on us.

It is audibly confirmed with that first counterfeit cheeriness: "Well, it's better than shovelling snow" — generally offered with a clear implication that the speaker would be happy to pay a buck for a chance to make and throw one snowball.

Its visible evidences are in sepi-toned lawns, pre-dawn yardwork, the desperate bravado of bicyclers and joggers, and the wallet-shocking arrival of the first utility bill reflecting the price for anti-blahs air conditioning.

Recreation facilities and activities are curtailed; but nobody seems to care very much because escapees to Pinetop, Logan, and farther off places have "broken up that old gang of mine," so why bother. Letters from absentees are welcome; but they amplify the stay-at-home blahs.

Perverse comforts derive from dally news of others' discomfitures . . . volcanic ash in swimming pools and rugs, tornado-levelled homes, floods washing away drought-parched acres, the stifling parity of temperature and humidity, the incredible cost of being someplace else. Comparisons soothe; but they don't cool.

We've all seen it — that optical phenomenon of heat rising from desert sand or highway and distorting images. In much the same way, blah-heat probably distorts attitudes and actions. This could explain, if not justify, recurring updrafts of overheated words, molten emotions, fiery confrontations, blistering accusations in inflammatory meetings — all of which occasionally make our communities more combustible than compatible.

This would be a good time to reach into the vernacular and say, "Cool it; it's the season of the blahs."

and the a-a-ahs -

Right in the middle of the blahs are the a-a-ahs...those things that make blah-season go-aways exclaim "A-a-ah, it's good to get back home." A few pop to mind:

The very character of our communities — unlike anything that exists anywhere in the world. So abundant in uniqueness that we take for granted things we never knew existed before.

Not sure of what we're supposed to be or do, we dramatize imperfections which would be the impossible dreams of other places. The returnee sees it all anew and sighs, "A-a-ah, this is for me."

The Sun City Saints! What in the world are retirement communities doing with a women's fast-pitch softball team? And national champions that!

Without question, the Saints are an integral part of our a-a-ahs. And stadium which is their home is a distinction envied by larger communities. The U.S.-Canada tournament, starting next Friday, Aug. 1, is surefire blah-dispeller.

Without the Saints, there would be no Pom-Poms; and without the Pom-Poms some of the color would seep out of our community. They add ohs to the a-a-ahs.

If our nation had anything approaching the cordial impact of the goodwill ambassadors, we'd be in better shape around the world.

Quietly, and in contradiction of the blahs, Sun Citizens go about the deeds of thoughtfulness and generosity. Sunshine Services, that extraordinary and too-little-heralded benefaction of the Rev. Thistlethwaite a corps of devoted volunteers, which, for almost the entire span of our existence, has demonstrated the innate graciousness of a community dedicated to decorating life with compassion.

Meals-on-Wheels; Information and Referral Services; Recording for the Blind and Recreational Recording for the Blind; the Lions clubs collecting paper to be converted into better sight for the handicapped; retired lawyers who give their time and talents as referees in Phoenix courts; the individuals and organizations who support and advise the Peoria Boys' Club, the Dysart Community Center, the Southwest Indian School; and those who contribute their expertise to county, state and federal commissions . . . they pay no attention to the blahs.

In the light of day, you see them; and, in the dark of night you know they're there . . . the Sun City Sheriff's Posse. They don't get paid; in fact it costs each of them to do what they do.

They do it because it needs to be done. When history records the story of our communities, it will list the Posse among our distinctive a-a-ahs.

Without formalized structure, the Sun City Prides created a new kind of a-a-ah...a-a-ahmazing! Just a group of average Joes and Janes who wanted to help make their community cleaner than normal custodial could accomplish.

So, street by street, median by median, and from tree to tree, the orange-vested, weed-pulling, tree-painting do-it-yourselfers have given residents and visitors continuing reason to exclaim, "A-a-ah, I've never seen anyplace so clean."

The librarians, proffering mental refreshment in their quiet oases; and the crisply uniformed volunteers at Valley View and Boswell, who fend off the blahs from those singularly in need of a pleasant and comforting a-a-ah.

To name all is impossible. Those who accept the slings and arrows of service on civic boards...those who are willing to carry the weight of individual responsibility for making things a little bit better. These are among the untrumpeted legion of the a-a-ahs.

The blah season doesn't last long. The a-a-ah season is forever.

Editor's Chair —

Olympiad XXII



The Olympic "games" are over. The extravagant pageantry and orchestrated enthusiasms will fade in memory. Individual performances will find permanent, but forgettable, registration in the annals of sport. Athletes from many countries will wear and covet gold, silver and bronze medals, whose luster will be forever dulled because they were not won in open competition with the best athletes from the United States, Canada, West Germany, Japan and 50 other countries that couldn't stomach endorsement of a travesty.

There are saddened, disillusioned and resentful athletes in those countries—especially in the United States—who feel they were wrongfully penalized for a situation they didn't create, and over which they had no control. There is justice to their protest. An Olympic medal is the Nobel of athletics. For many, there will never be another chance. In four years, their strength will have diminished and their skills dulled. Their dream is impossible.

Others before them have seen the dream dissolve. Those men and women who were ready for the Olympics of 1916, 1944 and 1948 saw their once-in-a-lifetime opportunity slip away; but their pangs could be assuaged by the universal sacrifices required by war, i.e. a shooting war.

We can hope that, in time, the bitter ones will be able to equate their disappointment to those who sacrificed in '16, '44 and '48, because the situations are parallel. It was a war then; it's war now. The only difference is we're not shooting at anybody with guns; we're shooting with principles and protests, at an enemy who is shooting at others with guns, and tanks, and planes. If our athletes can come to understand this, their disappointment can convert to pride.

Perhaps it could have been handled better. If we had organized the Freedom Olympics, to be run at the same time as the Moscow games, athletes from all the countries that believe in those words of the Olympic oath: "...in the true spirit of sportsmanship..." would have combined the best of athletic challenge with an even more important kind of challenge—a challenge to those who would use the patina of sports to camouflage brutality, armed aggression and increasing disavowal of common decency.

Of the 629 medals handed out in Lenin Stadium, 517 were awarded to representatives of communist countries. East Germany alone walked away with more medals than all the non-communist participants combined; and of course, the Soviet Union garnered half again that number. (It would probably be impolite to comment of the reported charges of biased officiating.) Against any of those medals, the winners in the Freedom Olympics would have been proud to display their medallions, engraved "A champion of liberty for all."

It also signals our delayed recognition that the Soviets now dare to challenge us on their march toward a long targeted port on the Persian Gulf—and a stranglehold on our oil supplies.

In the face of this, will we welcome them to the Los Angeles Olympics in 1984? How do we erase from the written purposes of the Olympics "...to promote interest in education and culture, and to foster better international understanding through the universal medium of youth's love of athletics."

Will the firm principles expressed in the 1980 boycott still be relevant in 1984? Our recent history justifies misgivings. We caved in on the Panama Canal. The Soviet brigades in Cuba, which we first found "unacceptable," somehow became acceptable when our hand was called. Without even suggesting a compromise we acceded to Red China's demand for the abandonment of Taiwan. It's always possible to avoid war. All we have to do is buy peace from men of violence; and the price is liberty.

The United States and International Olympic Committees are already planning for '84 in Los Angeles. This would be a pretty good time to let our representatives know that there's a serious question hanging over the deliberations. The question is whether or not an international brigand shall be accepted into the company of nations dedicated to the "right of the individual to compete in freedom."

Actually, the modern-day Olympics should not be allowed to bear that title. By definition and regulation, the Olympics are intended to bring together amateur athletes. Neither the letter nor the spirit of this stipulation has been observed by the Soviets and their satellites for 40 years or longer. The International Olympics Committee has adopted various subterfuges to avoid calling "foul" on competitors who qualify without question, as professionals. Long-ago rumors of drug-stimulated performances are no longer rumors—they're proven facts. Hormone tests show women are men. The man with the stopwatch no longer determines the winners; the man with the needle does. Maybe the time has come to lift a term from another field of "sport" and refer the Olympics program as the "dope sheet."

If the United States is going to send athletes to the Olympics, as they are now conducted, and if we care that much about winning at any cost, we're going to have to decide whether we're going to play their way. There's no reason to believe that the Soviets are going to reform their practices. Perhaps we should relax some of the strict definitions of "amateur" which impose serious financial problems on our young people who aspire to athletic supremacy, and are qualified aspirants, but simply can't find funds to support the ambition. If our national pride is to be involved in international athletic competition, we should find some way to validate this pride through funded programs.

... And Olympiad XXIII

The 1984 Olympics will be staged in Los Angeles. The Soviets have already registered their intention of participating. This raises an interesting speculation. If the Soviets are still pursuing their wars of conquest in the Middle East and around the world, will the United States boycott their presence?

There is precedent for this. In past Olympiads, various nations have been forbidden access because of political institutions or actions assumedly inimical to the sponsor country or the IOC. Certainly, if the premises of our boycott of the Moscow event were legitimate and purposeful, we could hardly be credible if we allowed the Soviets to participate while continuing to violate the integrity of weaker nations, and fracturing all accepted rules of international law.

Can a free society take such a stand? Or must we keep our doors open to avowed enemies merely to prove that we are a free society? True, our recent avowal of principle was not based on any long-established consistency. We didn't boycott the '56 Olympics in protest of the Soviet rape of Hungary; nor did we shun the '68 event to accent our opposition to the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Why, then, Afghanistan? Partly, because this is an election year, and partly because we have finally recognized that the Olympics are, indeed, an instrument of international politics.

Editor's Chair —

Do we know what we want?



We are now in the middle of one of those periods which add substance to George Bernard Shaw's cynical observation: "Earth was created to be the lunatic asylum of the universe."

There is nothing quite so unique to the American Way as the absurdities of a presidential election year. Under different circumstances, and with a different intent,—but pointedly pertinent—Tom Paine said, "These are the times that try men's souls!! Indeed they do. Intelligence is insulted; ethics are abandoned; common courtesies are scoffed at; characters are assassinated; reputations are smirched; nonsense acquires prestige; honesty is denigrated; ...and, above all, common sense is made an outcast.

Why? Because we are in the process of picking leaders for the free world. On the surface, you'd think that should be one of the most ponderous responsibilities willfully undertaken by this, or any, society. It is! But the way we go about it would make the Messrs. Barnum and Bailey blush in admission of comparative modesty.

Picking one person to fill a job that we have allowed to become bigger than any single individual could reasonably fill, is, by definition, impossible. To avoid compounding this inadequacy, we should probably be giving serious thought to re-defining the functioning, the responsibilities and the authority of the Presidency; or we should rethink the procedure by which that individual is selected. The only constitutional qualification for the presidency is that the candidate be a native born American, at least 35 years old, and a resident of the U.S. for at least fourteen years. The label qualifications for a package of breakfast cereal are infinitely more restrictive and detailed than the specifications for a president of the United States.

Thirty eight men have filled thirty nine presidencies...some by succession, most by election, and some in absolute desperation. A few earned the right to be numbered among the great men of history—and for those any nation must be eternally grateful. Some have been nincompoops and klutzes whose very inadequacies prevented their doing any real damage to the nation. In most cases, they have been men of good intentions; but that's meagre solace to any who agree that "the road to hell is paved with good intentions." Somehow, we have survived those periods when the oval office has been occupied by squares.

So, how do we go about the job of picking the one person best qualified to assume the overwhelming responsibility of leading the most important nation in the world? Before we venture an answer to that question, we must make a confession...we simply don't know what he's supposed to be or do. And the reason for that is we, as a nation, don't know what we're supposed to be or do. We don't have a statement of purpose, a definable goal, an operating strategy, a domestic and foreign policy with clear-cut procedures and objectives. Every enterprise in the nation—from General Motors down to the corner delicatessen—has a Marketing Strategy; but the biggest independent enterprise in the world, the United States government, doesn't! If we don't know what we want to do, how do we expect, with any rationality, to select the best qualified person to help us get it done?

Well, one way is to listen to campaign speeches; and, if we listen carefully to what the candidates say about each other, we couldn't, in good conscience, vote for anybody. By the time the aspirants have completed their boardsword eviscerations of each other, any vote for any candidate should lay the voter open to a charge of mental incompetence.

It starts, of course, with the concept of the two-party system. If you're a Republican or a Democrat, you're either a good guy or a bad guy, depending on which club you belong to. This has nothing to do with intelligence, integrity, proven capacity to perform, or acceptance of normal standards of morality. If you are of that ilk who feels that neither party is all right or all wrong—and that you'd like to vote your independent convictions—then you must suffer the ignominy of not "belonging". That's rough going, in a society that bases judgements on Republican vs Democrat, Christian vs Jew, Catholic vs Protestant, Presbyterian vs Congregationalist, Black vs White, Hispanic vs Anglo...etc.

And then, there's money. It doesn't appear as one of the qualifications for the presidency, but money is, most certainly, a basic requirement.

Everything added in, it probably costs somewhere between fifty and a hundred million dollars to put somebody in a job that pays \$200,000 per year—with a few fringe benefits, of course. Not everybody can muster that kind of money. (The gnawing question of the morality of a system that requires financial obligations of such dimensions cannot be adequately answered in this, or any, single treatise.)

Out of all this, is it reasonable to expect that we finally select the one person best qualified to be Chief Executive Officer of the nation. With rare and often accidental exceptions, the answer is "no". What we get is someone who is able to survive the absurd procedures and pressures of the selection system. Undoubtedly, many men and women of supreme talents—capable of addressing and answering the problems that confront us in increasing crescendo—would not consider subjecting themselves to the political process.

This is true at all levels of government. On the local scene, many who have served on boards of civic organizations, have vowed that they would never again subject themselves to such ignominy and public ex-coriation.

Most people in the world don't want to be leaders. Of the 5 thousand—on thousandth of one percent—who are willing and able to carry the responsibilities and suffer the assaults of singular leadership. Those who, by chemistry, are addicted to leadership, have a choice between the public and the private sector. Those who select the public arena must accept the vagaries of a constituency too lazy or unconcerned to be informed, and generically inclined toward vilification of those who succeed in that profession.

It's a tough situation. We need profound leaders, because our problems are profound. We don't know what we need or want, so we don't know who'd be best qualified. We resort to over-simplifications—such as party affiliation, or tv personality, to comfort our ignorance. Under existing conditions, it's doubtful that either George Washington or Abraham Lincoln could be elected President of the United States. They wouldn't have looked good on tv.

Somehow, this absurd system has worked—so far. Winston Churchill's comment seems pertinent: "The United States' system of governing is the worst...except for all the others."

Editor's Chair —

If not
here where?

8-20-80



Only the most obtuse and innocent could find reason for optimism in the current state of our nation. Even to those of us who, by force of unique circumstance, are insulated, behind the "Walls of Geritol," against the croding force of the outside world main-stream, it must be clear that the nation's social, economic and political fabric is fraying, if not rotting.

Any who watched the political conventions in Detroit and New York, and who thought through what they witnessed, found little analgesia.

They saw people of serious mien and dubious credibility, standing on platforms built of driftwood, enunciating time-worn platitudes and bromides—the same self-righteousness and adversary condemnations which have, for far too long, and much too dangerously, characterized our governmental system's approach to problem-solving.

That, of course, is our problem. We have forgotten that the only purpose for our existence, as a human race, as a nation, as individuals, is to solve problems. Without that challenge, our God-given capacity for creative thinking would be a sham and a mockery.

The inexplicable and paradoxical fact is, we have blasphemed our purpose by using our creative genius to create problems, rather than solve them.

For the first 150 years of our national existence we did everything to prove that our system is the best ever created for the fulfillment of man's purpose on earth. No other people ever did so much, so quickly, for the advancement of humanity in so many ways.

Our genius was so extraordinary that it became commonplace, taken-for-granted, undervalued and unappreciated—especially by us. So, for the past 50 years, we've been doing everything possible to demonstrate that our system is wrong, that it won't work... and we've certainly been doing a bang-up job of it!

We've given away our wealth...we've allowed our ability to defend ourselves to deteriorate frighteningly... we've seriously impaired our industrial and agricultural production capacities... we've devalued the purchasing power of our dollar while inflating the costs of our goods and services... we've paid our bills with printing-press money, and given increasing debt a position of national policy... we've permitted our society to become hostage to foreign control of our capacity to produce.

These facts are as devastating as they are true; but they are not unanswerable, and they are not our primary problem is that we have lost faith in ourselves, and in our system.

We are a free society, so we willingly give away our freedoms in exchange for governmental protection, direction, and control. Our economic structure was built on free enterprise, so when a profit-making risk-taking airplane manufacturer, and an automobile manufacturer, mismanage their businesses into bankruptcy, they scream for rescue by the very Feds whose interferences they previously and correctly resisted.

That isn't exactly what's meant by "free enterprise"; and it's important to bear in mind that the dollars that you and I contribute as taxes.

If we're going to make our free enterprise system mean anything, we've got to decide whether or not we believe in its fundamental concept, i.e. the right to go broke.

If we're going to have tax-dollar protectionism, then let's admit that the kind of independent risk-taking free enterprise that built the most productive economy in the history of the world is no longer operable in open competition with the controlled industries of our international competitors. Re-instilling faith in our system is vital to finding solutions to all other problems.

The proposition that the federal government should budget \$12 billion (that's twelve thousand million dollars!) to create 800,000 is a blasphemous derogation of the system we profess to believe in.

Business make jobs; government provides the environment for business to do its job most efficiently. When those roles are reversed, we undermine the foundation so firmly erected by wise men a couple of centuries ago.

We are a representative republic. Long before our operating structure was formalized in a Constitution, we were too big and spread out to govern by town meetings and local committees. After such debate, and with many misgivings, it was decided that we would put our faith in elected representatives.

Their voice would be our voice. Their periods of representation were carefully circumscribed, to reduce the chance for continued misrepresentation; and provisions were made for replacing them if they proved to be inadequate.

During the term for which they were elected, it was expected that they would do their best to represent the aims and desires of their constituency honestly and articulately; and they would make every effort to determine their constituents' desires through periodic contacts.

However, it was understood that they could not be expected to check back with their voters every time they were called on to make a decision or cast a vote. For that, the voters were expected to have faith in their representatives' abilities.

Inherent in this system is the supposition that the voters make their selections of representation carefully and intelligently. Without the assumption, the system means little; and the voter forfeits the right to complain. Few people are willing to do the work required for such astute selection at the federal level, and probably the state and county, too. Most take the easy route of party affiliation.

At the local level, this should not be so. We have every opportunity to know the candidates for our various civic and administrative offices. If we know what we want, we have an open choice of the talents available.

Our selection can be carefully tailored to our needs. Then, once we have made those choices, it is our responsibility to support those who have willingly assumed positions of responsibility.

We must have faith in their capacities and their intentions. We may not agree with some of their actions; but we must believe that they are doing what they deem best at the time.

The current assault on the Rec Centers Board is pertinent and perturbing. Recall threats... demands for referendum on executive actions... accusations of malfeasance... and a breakdown of two-way communications between the Board and the community... all these lead to one conclusion: we haven't found the way to make our system work, because we've lost faith in each other.

If we can't make the system work here, in our relatively simple society, with relatively minor problems—where in the world can we expect it to work?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Anybody for higher taxes?

The buzz-words from now through November 4, at least, will be "lower taxes." No candidate for public office, at any level, would dare omit those magic words from his/her clarion call for votes.

Everybody wants lower taxes, of course. Everybody wants to keep a bigger share of whatever comes in. Those are basic and universal wants. However in the present scheme of things, they may not be practical—or even desirable ambitions. It's quite possible that placing "lower taxes" first in the order of priorities is putting the beer wagon in front of the Clydesdales.

Interestingly, "lower taxes" and fiscal responsibility" have become synonymous, when as a matter of fact, they may be contradictions. Taxes are the cost of running our nation, totally, and all its divisions. Before we start talking about what the costs will be, we ought to give some serious thought to what we actually need in order to run the nation. We have to decide what we want to do, before we figure up what it'll cost to get it done. That's "fiscal responsibility."

What do we have to do? . . . and what will it cost? . . .

- to get our military into shape to support our Constitutional obligation "to provide for the common defense"?
- to get out from under the strangling yoke of OPEC?
- to revitalize our industrial system so it can produce reinvestment profits, create more jobs, and compete openly with more cost-effective foreign competitors?
- to put our highways, bridges, railroads, merchant ships, and public transportation back into effective operating condition?
- to lick crime, the extent that our streets and homes will be safe, and the cancer of drug-peddling will be excoriated?
- to reduce, methodically and consistently, the demolishing weight of national debt, which is now costing us more than one billion dollars each week in interest charges alone?
- to stimulate our laboratories and scientists toward fuller exercise of their proven and unique capacities for innovative development of those high technologies which have long been this nation's substantive superiority?
- to reorganize and revitalize our educational system to eliminate the 20 percent of our population which is functionally illiterate, and to give our rising generations a frill-less comprehension of the basic tools of an informed and articulate society?
- to do all those other things which each of you can add to this listing of important-problems-demanding-solutions?

Having determined those requirements - and they're all determinable, whenever we decide to go about the job of studying them without prejudice or restraint—then we assign them priorities. Maybe the total price tag, for doing everything we ought to do is too high for immediate handling. We then have to decide whether all must be done partially, or some done completely and others postponed. Those are tough decisions; but that's the responsibility we place on leadership. . . . to do the homework necessary to present these choices to us, so we can make our decisions on a clear understanding of what has to be done, and how much it's going to cost.

If we don't do the job right, because we don't want to come up with enough money to do it right, we run the real risk of underspending our way into oblivion. We gave hot stimulation to inflation when the administration decided we could pay for a no-win Vietnam War without raising taxes. That was politically popular, and fiscally idiotic. Right up to this minute, we're paying a very stiff price for that "lower taxes" populism.

It's my gut feeling that the people are ahead of the government. . . . that you and I are ready to make sacrifices that the politicians don't dare ask us to make. Only the most insensate would be unaware that we lived generations of profligacy— of living too high on the hog, of spending money we don't have, of stretching our credit to the point of incredibility. Our grandparents told us "you dance, you pay the fiddler." We've danced; the time has come to pay the fiddler.

All this assumes that we are adult and sophisticated- and frightened enough to accept the truth; and that those who have access to the facts are willing to tell us the truth. This is expecting a lot. . . . may be too much. But, unless we are willing to look at the facts—distasteful as they may be—we are tacitly reconciling ourselves to that swirl down the drain.

It doesn't make a great deal of sense to concern ourselves with the reduced levels of taxation if, at some near or far date, the Soviets and their satellites can cut off our access to oil and the 25 basic materials needed for our industrial sustenance, or can push the bottom of atomic obliteration with relative impunity or can dictate our interlocation with our allies. If the same name of the game is survival, then our priorities are determined by necessity, not by referendum on tax rates.

To circumscribe these vital decisions by limitations imposed through constriction of funds, i.e. "reduced taxes", is to solve problems by deciding on what the answer must be before the problem is defined.

The popular thesis says that, if we limit the funds available to government, government will be forced to be more frugal and efficient. That's nonsense. Without firm consensus on priority necessities, the same irrationalities will be funded, with consequently fewer dollars available for productive activities.

We can't start the corrective process by reducing the dollars available' we must start by defining what we have to accomplish, and then determining how many dollars will be needed, and how those dollars are to be collected.

This is probably not the most popular thesis that's ever appeared in this column, but it's quite possible we should be talking about "increased taxes" instead of "decreased taxes".

I don't relish the prospect of my grandchildren saying, "My grandfather was chicken. . . he wasn't willing to sacrifice creature comforts as the price for giving me the chance to live in the same kind of society he enjoyed when he was my age."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Brown



The uncertainty of facts

One of the fundamental tenets of our society is that an (informed) people will, on average, arrive at sound conclusions. That's what participatory democracy is all about. As a concept, it's indisputable; as a practicality, it's questionable—not because the people are incapable, but because the necessary information is often unavailable or unreliable.

From the flood of information constantly beating on our senses, what we select as facts probably depends on what publications we read, what radio and tv programs we tune in, which commentators we believe to be authoritative...or which "facts" don't disturb our prejudices.

Information which is supported by statistics—especially a national poll—assumes an aura of special authenticity; and who has the time or the resources to check out the credibility of the statistics or the bias of the pollster.

We know, of course, that the line between fact and fiction—always thin, at best,—is especially tenuous in an election year. In desperation, and having no other recourse, we are inclined to designate facts by party labels. If our side says it, it's a fact; if the other guys say it, ...well! who'd ever believe them?

The problem becomes serious when we face the immediate necessity for approving or disapproving a course of action that will affect our welfare materially, and the authoritative information needed is inadequate, contradictory, or simply unavailable. For quick example: In November, we'll vote on Proposition 106 (the Heulsler Amendment). Will it raise property taxes or lower them? You're going to get both sides of that issue stuffed in your eyes and ears for the next five weeks; and both sides will be very authoritative, and mutually contradictory.

In most such cases, both sides believe sincerely in their rightness; and each offers documentation in support of that sincerity. Obviously, both can't be right.

We're faced with a couple of such situations on the local scene. During the last four years the Rec Board has been exploring the feasibility of changing the tax basis of the Rec Centers in order to save money. Highly reputable legal counsel has endorsed the action. Opponents are raising strenuous objections, claiming that the change in tax status will open doors for our rec facilities to the general public, i.e. non-Sun Citizens.

This is not a conflict of casual opinions. The issue is important; and the disputants are people of substance and credibility. The Rec Board, despite its modesty in positive communications, has earned more frequent commendation than it gets. The principal spokesman for the opposition is Al Brown, the acknowledged leader and voice of the Town Meeting Association, and the Retirement Community Association.

It is quite possible that Al is one of our most effective Sun Citizens. He is deeply concerned about the welfare of our community, he does his homework at considerable personal sacrifice, he articulates convincingly—and he believes, seemingly without reservations, that he's right. Those are some pretty good characteristics of good citizenship.

The documentation produced by Al Brown relating to a prototype situation in Sun City, Calif. (see today's feature story) seemed to be factual, persuasive and irrefutable. It would have been easy to accept it as conclusive. But, after meetings with Rec Centers representatives, and many long telephone conversations with the IRS and with officialdom in Sun City, Calif., a substantial "other side" appeared. It's quite possible that the Sun City, Calif. "facts" are not Sun City, Ariz. "facts"; and, consequently, what might have appeared to be a bad gaff on the part of the Rec Board, could be, instead, a highly commendable and intelligent action.

Whatever the ultimate conclusion, how much better it would be if the proponents and opponents on such important issues could sit together, patiently and with mutual respect, to probe for the real and pertinent facts necessary to sound judgements. Can't the voices of dissent be pleasant and questioning, rather than strident and accusatory?

Again the United Bowlers published a statement of "facts" which virtually charged the Rec Centers Board with being a bunch of conniving incompetents. The Board replied with its own printed documentation of counter-"facts" which stopped just short of labelling the Bowlers' "facts" as outright lies. This was met with derision in an open meeting of the Bowlers. Unfortunately, we can expect more of the same, because there are those who'd rather yell at each other than talk things over.

The principle of dissent is written into our Constitution: "...the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of their grievances." Thoughtful dissenters are often more productive than apathetic assenters. Concerned citizens, even those whose concerns may not be grounded in supportable facts, can bring about healthy reappraisal of inadequately considered or incompletely explained actions.

Few people could address this subject with more personal sensitivity than I can. A few years ago, I was one of those who—on the basis of the best available information and the most reliable authorities—became convinced that the only solution to the intolerable situation created by Sun City's inclusion in the Peoria School District, was the establishment of a Sun City-Youngtown School District. Thanks to the diligent dissent and incredible dedication of Lucille Shafer, Wilbur and Irene Johnson, and others, we were proven wrong, and Sun City was not defaced by a little red schoolhouse on 99th Ave.

It was later discovered that the problem could be solved another way...that there was another "fact" of which we had been totally unaware. As much by serendipity as by purpose, the dissenters had brought about one of the greatest benefactions ever accomplished for this community.

What does all this add up to? Very simply, this...since facts can be so uncertain—to the extent that they may not be complete facts—and convictions based on such half-facts can be so injurious, wouldn't it be smarter and more productive, in the long run, to pool our opinions and intelligences in open dialogue, rather than wrapping them in mudballs to be hurled in conflict?

The ads say we are an adult retirement community.

Editor's Chair -

Doug Horn



1980... 5741

When the sun sets tonight, it will introduce the year 5741 -- for members of the Jewish faith. Islamic calendars show the year to be 1400; and the Chinese know it simply as the Year of the Money. A couple of dozen similar confusions obfuscate the certainty of recorded time. However, for practical purposes, all around the world, the Gregorian date, 1980, is recognized.

Tonight's sunset is not important as the start of the year 5741, but because it inaugurates Rosh Hashana; and Rosh Hashana is not important solely because it's a New Year -- there are many New Years -- but because it has a distinguished purpose... "a time of reflection."

It's a peculiarity of human nature that we set aside single days for recognizing those things which we know we should be acknowledging every day... days to be patriotic, to pay honor to mothers and fathers, to show gratitude to those who fought to preserve our liberties, and to extol the birth of Christ.

Because the Christian faith is so numerically dominant in our society, Christmas has become somewhat less a religious observance of an important birth, and somewhat more a reindeer of the practical need to "love thy neighbor". The Spirit of Christmas spreads beyond the Day, and absorbs those of all faiths.

Rosh Hashana offers the same universal welcome, and the same challenge. "A time of reflection", i.e. a time to examine ourselves, would deny its own purpose if it were to be confined to one theology or another. Self-examination is meaningless unless it is in the context of all people and all things.

It may well be that the concept of Rosh Hashana is the toughest of all moral and intellectual challenges. It's not easy to examine ourselves, honestly; it's a hard and uncomfortable ordeal. First of all, it means stripping away our prejudices and ill-founded convictions. Is what we just said or did an honest reflection of what we actually believe, or was it the easy and conventional don't-make-any-waves cop-out? Will that vote we cast in November be based on a studied appraisal of candidate qualifications, or will we justify our failure to evaluate by blind allegiance to party label? Am I right in liking or disliking my neighbor merely because he is for or against incorporation, or goes to a different house of worship, or is an opponent or proponent of ERA, Right-To-Work, or abortion?

The ultimate and exciting promise of Rosh Hashana is the opportunity to realize that each of us, whatever we may be, actually or superficially, is a totally unique entity. There never has been, and never will be, another individuality exactly like any single one of us. Who could ask for more than that as a reason for "a time of reflection"?

Somehow, this seems to imply that there's more for us to do than to occupy our hours and talents with pettiness. Sure, it's exciting and adrenalin-stimulating to get in the middle of some local brouhaha--with name-calling, and shouting, and fingerpointing.

It does something for the ego -- particularly for those who didn't have this access to public attention back where they came from. But is that what we're all about? Is that why we've been brought together -- a motley melange of experiences, capabilities and idiosyncracies--to "waste our perfume on the desert air"?

I doubt very much that that's either our purpose or our meaning. So how have we become snarled up in relative inconsequentialities, when there is so much of importance to be done that we are capable of doing? Could it be that we haven't paid attention to, or understood, the meaning of Rosh Hashana ... "a time of reflection"?

What, do you suppose, might be the end result if we actually took time to examine ourselves? ... and deliberately put the sum total of those individual self-analyses to work? Could we contribute materially to the solution of problems that now threaten our well being and our security?

Could we demonstrate, by creating ways to adjudicate our parochial differences calmly and sensibly, that the voice of the people is still the most resonant sound in the land?

Having examined ourselves, and determined our intentions and capabilities, would we then be better prepared to demand equivalent response from our various levels of government? What but good could result from a governmental "time of reflection"?

Rosh Hashana doesn't cost anything; but the price it demands is heavy. If the policy we're buying is the security and productivity of our system, then the premium we must pay is honesty -- and that's a stiff price.

Just as Christmas has shed its restrictive ecclesiastical connotation in favor of the universality of "brotherly love", Rosh Hashana could spread beyond its Hebraic secularism and become available to a total society in need of its message: "a time of reflection".

Should we wait for somebody else to do it, in some other place? Why not right here? Maybe that's what our select community of selected people is meant to be and do. Could that be the real meaning of retirement? ... "a time of reflection". If it is, then this evening's sunset is not merely Rosh Hashana, it's our claim to significance.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Form



Welcome home

We've missed you while you've been in Logan and Rexburg, or back home in ol' Virginny, or dropping a hook in your favorite Wisconsin lake, or commuting to Pinetop and Sedona, or gallivanting around in your land-going yacht, or making the circuit of tooseldom-seen family and friends in scattered places, or watching glaciers spawn ice cubes on the Alaskan inland waterway, or trying to get together with your luggage that stayed in Honolulu while you landed in Tokyo. . . or any of those things that folks do to get away from the summer desert heat.

It did get a little warm around here. Those of us who were here in July would rather not talk about it at all. One thing we've learned—it isn't the heat, it's the utilities. Those air-conditioning bills are almost enough to bring on prayers for snow. No, that's ridiculous; it could never get that hot.

Anyway, welcome home. Pretty soon things will be getting back to normal. . . whatever that is. At first glance, you'll probably think nothing much has changed since you've been gone; and, for the most part, you're right. Nothing much has changed; but a lot's been going on. Most of those things that are significant to our communities have continued without appreciable let-up.

Houses of worship and pastoral staffs have maintained their physical message and spiritual massage. They're always there; and because they're there, we return to communities which seem not to have changed because what they are and do is basic and continuous.

And you've returned to the sameness of the Sun City Sheriff's Posse . . . a sameness so unique that its only prototype is itself. There's nothing else like the Sun City and Sun City West Posse. While you were away, those 300 dedicated men and women were doing what they always do. . . keeping an eye on the safety of the community, patrolling the streets day and night, directing traffic at public events, watching over vacation-vacant homes—getting everything ready for the recent opening of their new headquarters building at the corner of Peoria and 111th Aves.

The clean streets and manicured medians, which have always been a remarkable part of our community cosmetics, are continuing evidence that the Sun City Prides have kept their promise and maintained their purpose through the heat of the summer.

The Saints didn't bring home the championship gonfalon from the Nationals in Lansing, but the Boosters have been meeting and planning regularly throughout the summer, and you can bet on it that the stadium will see a brand new kind of athletic and variety entertainment when the new season opens. And the high-kicking, time-stepping Leslie Pom Pons worked on new routines at Saturday rehearsals in the Sun Bowl.

Those with impaired vision have been "reading" books and periodicals because the special talents of Recorded Reading for the Blind and Recreational Reading for the Blind have been at their microphones and tape machines—and busy getting everything planned for their new studios on 99th Ave., between Peoria and Olive Aves.

Many who cannot fend for their own needs have regularly opened their doors to the welcome visits of Meals on Wheels. Others confined to hospitals and nursing homes, have found cheer comfort in a host of volunteer Nightingales. The ever-present and ever-remarkable facilities of Sunshine Services. . . the specially-gifted people who staff our libraries. . . the question-answers of Information and Referral Services. . . the officers and staffs of civic, social, and fraternal organizations. . . individual and combined Condominium groups. . . the paper collectors loading their vans with bundles of vision for those who might otherwise never see the brilliance of an Arizona sunset or the magnificence of the breadth and depth of the Canyon—all this, and so much more, has been going along with no regard for time or temperature. We take such things for granted, because they are the essence of our community.

Typically, too, there have been some uncomfortable doings. Nothing ever is serene; and that's probably the way it has to be. It isn't good for adrenal glands to be unused. Outstanding among the abrasions, the Rec Centers Board has been under considerable fire. Top functionaries have resigned, and others are under consideration.

A well-organized, well-informed, and relentless coterie of probers and question-askers has been giving the Board a rough time. Some of this is probably deserved. With the best of intentions, the Board has acted unilaterally when it would have been just as easy—or easier—to act cooperatively in open dialogue. On the other hand, the assaults on the Board have been, at times, ill-mannered and abusive. Neither side is entirely wrong. Both sides are hurting each other, and the community suffers.

With your return, maybe we can start all over again and get some of these things straightened out. You've been away from the local scene for a while—have had a chance to look at things from a distance—and can take an objective look at who we are and what we're doing. Nobody enjoys this constant turmoil. . . certainly not those involved.

Some problems are bubbling to the surface in Sun City West.

Who will speak for the community? How are they going to handle the problems inherent in being part of a school system? With a slowed-down growth in population, where is the money going to come from to provide needed and expected facilities? History has a bad habit of regurgitating.

There's a French aphorism which, roughly translated, says, "The more things change, the more they're the same." Welcome home.

Editor's Chair -

Doug Horn



It was Saturday

Eyes weary of reading, fingers reluctant to hit typewriter keys, my mind in neutral, it was a good time for unaccustomed luxury... a few hours of vagabonding. It was Saturday night about 9:30 and our microcosmic world was preparing for that special kind of quiet which has a sound all its own.

On wheels and on foot, for four erratic hours, my ramblings coursed our retirement tri-cities. I'm a natural-born night-prowler. Possibly one of my ancestors was an owl. Quiet darkness is an analgesic. The dimness of a half-moon night reveals what sunlight obscures.

Superficially, the community was at rest. But not everywhere. I stood in the doorway of Mountain View and watched the ballroom dancers. The mood was melody and romance. Ladies and gentlemen in too-seldom-worn finery - husbands and wives in too-seldom-expressed togetherness - and an attitude of gentility reminiscent of less turbulent days. I left the scene reluctantly. It was good to see femininity and courtliness. It brightened the darkness.

The fire stations on 99th, Bell Rd., and 111th appeared to be closed for the night. But, inside lights were on, the doors were open, the equipment was poised for instant response - and there were wide-awake professionals standing ready. It came to me that we can sleep because there are those who don't.

I passed the Sun Bowl. No, I didn't pass it, I walked center stage and looked out at the terraced amphitheater. How would it look as a nursing home, or a cluster of condominiums? Do we have to lose it? Do we want it to disappear into memory? My thoughts were as lonely as the Bowl.

I followed the course of Sun City's evolution as detailed by the recreation centers... the simplicity of Oakmont... the added facilities of Fairway... the leap into big-time at Lakeview... the glaring magnificence of Sundial... the sheer magnificence of Bell... and the understandable disappointment of Marinette. The sum of these parts was a breath-taking realization that I could not think of another community anywhere where such munificence is so readily available, or so easily taken-for-granted, and so paradoxically the subject of irritations.

Well past midnight, softly lighted church fronts and towers needed no interpretation... their message was clear and comforting. And here and there a spotlight shone on a high mast to "give proof through the night that our flag was still there."

Three times my meanderings were interrupted. The Sun City and Sun City West Posse and the Youngtown police patrols don't cotton to strange cars cruising our communities at night. Being

Sunland Memorial Park, where dreams end and memories begin, added solemnity to the stillness. The continuity of community was later expressed in the New Masonic Fellowship Hall, the new Posse headquarters, and the new Recording Studios for the Blind. Continuing growth is a substantial part of maturity; and such new structures and new purposes attest to our growing up.

The triple towers of Boswell (soon to be four, we hope) stood sentinel in the night. Outside, calm and firm; inside, 150 trained efficient cared for those needing care. On each floor was vigilance and sensitivity; and many rested comfortably on the way to health.

The scene at Valley View was equal in impact, though smaller in dimension. A doctor and a registered nurse, plus a score of constantly busy attendants, made the night a pleasant introduction for the coming day.

On the way to Sun City West, the night filled with music and laughing as stay-out revelers jammed the dancefloor and the tables at Ritters. Turning onto Bell Rd. the still-jumbled parts of the washed out bridge loomed; and the thought was inescapable -- is it possible we don't know how to build bridges? Are we paying too high a price for trying to save money?

The long walled stem of Johnson Boulevard blossomed into the full bouquet of Crestview, the Sundome, Johnson Rec Center and the library of Sun City West. Military formations of amber lights accented the whiteness of the alabaster structures. To mind came the words, "In Xanadu did Kublai Khan a stately pleasure dome decree." Even darkened, the scene was opulent. I hoped for the striking of the hour from the library campanile; but it would have been intrusive, so it didn't happen.

Returning, I waited interminably for the passing of a Santa Fe freight. The clickety-clacking added a rhythmic beat to the stillness, and punctuated my reveries of the late-night variety of our community.

It was Saturday night and all was well.

Editor's Chair — 9-30-80

Doug Form



The uncertainty of facts

One of the fundamental tenets of our society is that an (informed) people will, on average, arrive at sound conclusions. That's what participatory democracy is all about. As a concept, it's indisputable; as a practicality, it's questionable—not because the people are incapable, but because the necessary information is often unavailable or unreliable.

From the flood of information constantly beating on our senses, what we select as facts probably depends on what publications we read, what radio and tv programs we tune in, which commentators we believe to be authoritative...or which "facts" don't disturb our prejudices.

Information which is supported by statistics—especially a national poll—assumes an aura of special authenticity; and who has the time or the resources to check out the credibility of the statistics or the bias of the pollster.

We know, of course, that the line between fact and fiction—always thin, at best,—is especially tenuous in an election year. In desperation, and having no other recourse, we are inclined to designate facts by party labels. If our side says it, it's a fact; if the other guys say it, ...well! who'd ever believe them?

The problem becomes serious when we face the immediate necessity for approving or disapproving a course of action that will affect our welfare materially, and the authoritative information needed is inadequate, contradictory, or simply unavailable. For quick example: In November, we'll vote on Proposition 106 (the Heusler Amendment). Will it raise property taxes or lower them? You're going to get both sides of that issue stuffed in your eyes and ears for the next five weeks; and both sides will be very authoritative, and mutually contradictory.

In most such cases, both sides believe sincerely in their rightness; and each offers documentation in support of that sincerity. Obviously, both can't be right.

We're faced with a couple of such situations on the local scene. During the last four years the Rec Board has been exploring the feasibility of changing the tax basis of the Rec Centers in order to save money. Highly reputable legal counsel has endorsed the action. Opponents are raising strenuous objections, claiming that the change in tax status will open doors for our rec facilities to the general public, i.e. non-Sun Citizens.

This is not a conflict of casual opinions. The issue is important; and the disputants are people of substance and credibility. The Rec Board, despite its modesty in positive communications, has earned more frequent commendation than it gets. The principal spokesman for the opposition is Al Brown, the acknowledged leader and voice of the Town Meeting Association, and the Retirement Community Association.

It is quite possible that Al is one of our most effective Sun Citizens. He is deeply concerned about the welfare of our community, he does his homework at considerable personal sacrifice, he articulates convincingly—and he believes, seemingly without reservations, that he's right. Those are some pretty good characteristics of good citizenship.

The documentation produced by Al Brown relating to a prototype situation in Sun City, Calif. (see today's feature story) seemed to be factual, persuasive and irrefutable. It would have been easy to accept it as conclusive. But, after meetings with Rec Centers representatives, and many long telephone conversations with the IRS and with officialdom in Sun City, Calif., a substantial "other side" appeared. It's quite possible that the Sun City, Calif. "facts" are not Sun City, Ariz. "facts"; and, consequently, what might have appeared to be a bad gaff on the part of the Rec Board, could be, instead, a highly commendable and intelligent action.

Whatever the ultimate conclusion, how much better it would be if the proponents and opponents on such important issues could sit together, patiently and with mutual respect, to probe for the real and pertinent facts necessary to sound judgments. Can't the voices of dissent be pleasant and questioning, rather than strident and accusatory?

Again the United Bowlers published a statement of "facts" which virtually charged the Rec Centers Board with being a bunch of conniving incompetents. The Board replied with its own printed documentation of counter-"facts" which stopped just short of labelling the Bowlers' "facts" as outright lies. This was met with derision in an open meeting of the Bowlers. Unfortunately, we can expect more of the same, because there are those who'd rather yell at each other than talk things over.

The principle of dissent is written into our Constitution: "...the right of the people to petition the government for a redress of their grievances." Thoughtful dissenters are often more productive than apathetic assenters. Concerned citizens, even those whose concerns may not be grounded in supportable facts, can bring about healthy reappraisal of inadequately considered or incompletely explained actions.

Few people could address this subject with more personal sensitivity than I can. A few years ago, I was one of those who—on the basis of the best available information and the most reliable authorities—became convinced that the only solution to the intolerable situation created by Sun City's inclusion in the Peoria School District, was the establishment of a Sun City-Youngtown School District. Thanks to the diligent dissent and incredible dedication of Lucille Shafer, Wilbur and Irene Johnson, and others, we were proven wrong, and Sun City was not defaced by a little red schoolhouse on 99th Ave.

It was later discovered that the problem could be solved another way...that there was another "fact" of which we had been totally unaware. As much by serendipity as by purpose, the dissenters had brought about one of the greatest benefactions ever accomplished for this community.

What does all this add up to? Very simply, this...since facts can be so uncertain—to the extent that they may not be complete facts—and convictions based on such half-facts can be so injurious, wouldn't it be smarter and more productive, in the long run, to pool our opinions and intelligences in open dialogue, rather than wrapping them in mudballs to be hurled in conflict?

The ads say we are an adult retirement community.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

Issues and answers



In addition to voting for candidates for public office at the November 4 General Election, we'll have an opportunity to approve or reject seven Propositions, i.e., proposed amendments to the Arizona Constitution, one Initiative Measure, and one Commission Recommendation.

For the next few weeks, in this space, we'll discuss the issues reflected in these various measures; and I'll express my personal position on each one. It is the responsibility of an editor to study matters of public concern and controversy, to seek the counsel of opponents and proponents, to weigh the available facts and — without prejudice (if, indeed, that is ever humanly possible!) — to publicly express a personal conclusion. Others may not have either the time or the inclination to study the issues in depth. On matters of heated conflict — such as Proposition 106 — where it's becoming increasingly difficult to separate fact from fiction, and where acrimony frequently supplants accuracy — there is a danger that the average may translate confusion into a vote for "none of the above". Maybe we can help.

If the purposes represented by a couple of the Propositions can be accomplished only through Constitutional Amendment, rather than through the simpler procedure of legislation, then it might be appropriate to suggest that the time has come for a Constitutional Convention — to consider modernizing our State's basic legal and political document.

The Arizona of 1912 and the Arizona of 1980 are only a single life-span apart (I am two years older than the State of Arizona); but the calendar gap is the least noticeable difference.

The legal-political structure pertinent to that earlier Arizona may well be irrelevant to today's and tomorrow's Arizona. We ought to take a look at that. Instead of patching the documentary foundation with periodic and special-interest amendments, maybe we should convene a body for studious and unhurried deliberation of what might be needed to get Arizona's Constitution ready for the 21st century. This would be a good theme for the Arizona Academy's 1981 Town Hall.

Proposition 100 No

On this one, if you were to vote YES, it wouldn't make a whole lot of difference. This is one of those much-ado-about-nothing ideas that occasionally pop up in inner-political circles. It's quite possible that some of those "in the know" have some kind of murky maneuver in mind, or some office-holder they'd like to take a crack at.

This Proposition would simply forbid any elected office holder from declaring or campaigning for further voter endorsement except during the last year of incumbency.

Any 12-year-old could get around that obstacle without half trying. All 90 members of the Legislature are elected for two-year terms, so this Proposition isn't going to inhibit them at all. The Governor, the Secretary of State, the State Treasurer, the Attorney General, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction are elected for four-year terms.

During that entire four-year period, a competitor for any of those positions could be campaigning vigorously, but the incumbent would not be able to compete openly until the final year of his/her incumbency.

And, because this Proposition is, essentially, a restriction on free speech, there's an obvious question about its possible conflict with the U.S. Constitution. If the voters think an office-holder isn't doing a good job, because he's devoting too much time to campaigning, they can correct the situation effectively in the voting booth. The Arizona Constitution shouldn't be amended for anything so inconsequential.

Proposition 101 Yes

This is the most obscurely-worded Proposition on the ballot. In simple terms, a YES vote says you want to deregulate the transportation business, i.e. to get the government bureaucrats off the back of private enterprise. This is not a perfect Proposition — while correcting problems it will create some; but the balance favors approval. The officiousness and nit-picking intrusiveness of bureaucratic regulation has created inequities and stupidities far beyond the reach of free enterprise excess.

In time, open competition will ameliorate most of the maladies envisioned by the opponents of Proposition 101. The weaknesses inherent in competitive free enterprise are vastly preferable to the throttling restrictions of bureaucratic over-regulation.

Proposition 102 Yes

The very fact that we have to amend the Constitution in order to allow the State Treasurer to serve two consecutive terms is evidence that the structure of our Constitution is in need of careful re-examination.

To begin with, the office of state treasurer should not be an elective office; it should be appointive. What logic says that the kind of individual to be trusted with the management of state funds is determinable by affiliation with one or another political party?

When we're lucky enough to find somebody who can handle the job efficiently and creatively, why deprive ourselves of the important experience? Until we can get around to giving that position professional status, let's at least get rid of the one-term restriction.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



A good change

Every home in Sun City has received notice of the Oct. 18 Special Meeting of Rec Centers members at Sundial auditorium. For legal reasons, the notice states that the time of meeting is "from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m." It will not be a 7-hour meeting actually, those are the hours during which the polls will be open. Because it must be officially designated a "meeting", the gavel will sound at 9 a.m., and the chair will announce that the only order of business will be an election.

The purpose of the election is to choose between two proposed amendments to the centers' articles of Incorporation: a Board-Recommended Amendment, and a Petitioners-Recommended Amendment. Both amendments will allow for the recall of Directors by a vote of the membership. There is no disagreement on this point. Both the Board and the Petitioners agree that the Articles should be amended.

The disagreement centers on how this shall be done. The Petitioners contend that Board members shall be recalled only by a vote of the membership, and that such action may be initiated by 2 percent of the membership, i.e. approximately 900 petitioners.

The Board contends that they should retain the right to expel any Board member who fails to attend three or more consecutive meetings of the Board, and is obviously unwilling or unable to perform the duties of office.

Further, the Board contends that anything as impactive as the recall of a Board member should be a matter of very serious moment—not subject to the whims and passions of 900 petitioners. The board insists that no less than 10 percent of the membership, i.e. 4,500 signatories, should be required.

The Board-Recommended Amendment should be approved.

The Petitioners have done their job well. They have brought to issue the desirability of amending the Rec Centers' Articles of Incorporation to provide a method for removing Board members whose actions, over a reasonable period of time, are patently contrary to the best interests of the total membership.

The right to recall elected and appointed officials is inherent in the basic concepts of representative democracy. Federal, State and municipal charters consistently allow for this contingency. It is altogether proper that the members of the Recreation Centers, Inc.—that's all of us—should have the vested right to seek removal of anyone in a position of authority whose actions are demonstrably injurious to the best welfare of the membership.

The Petitioners have stated that they are concerned about the principle involved...that they are not pushing their amendment with the idea in mind of taking immediate recall action against certain members of the present Board. Recent actions and expressions make this avowal questionable. The issue could be resolved promptly by adding this statement to the amendment: "This Amendment will not be effective for one year from date of passage."

Of the approximately 45,000 members of Recreation Centers, Inc., 6,988 voted at the last election for Directors. Certainly the requirement that 4,500 signatures be required to recall an elected Board member could not be considered unreasonable. The legalisms are different, but what we're talking about is a procedure similar to impeachment; and, as we've all learned from recent history, impeachment is a very serious matter, indeed.

One of the matters for which the current Board of Rec Centers has been roundly excoriated seems now to have been resolved with complete vindication for the actions and dedication of the Board. Regarding the hotly-contested pros and cons of changing the Centers' tax status, it would appear that the Board has been right all along, and that their critics have been wrong. A considerable amount of money will accrue to the Centers' treasury through tax refunds and future tax savings; and use of the facilities may still be restricted to members only.

On both these counts, the Board has been taking a lot of flack. Now that they've been proven right, I wonder if anybody will apologize? Probably not...it's so much fun to condemn.

Maybe the Board could show the way. A public statement to the effect that they have occasionally acted now with less regard for open communications with the membership might be appropriate. True, no Board can function if all its actions must be submitted for referendum; but use of local media to present anticipated actions before they're taken might be helpful and effective. The Citizen will be glad to make space available for such open discourse.

Much good has been accomplished by both sides. Now's the time to say, "Sorry...let's be friends."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



This one's different

We're right in the middle of National Newspaper Week, Oct. 12-19. If your reaction to that revelation is "so what?", that's understandable. Every week is some kind of special week. . . National Kumquat Week...International Tight Underwear and Toe Dancing Week. . . Western Hemisphere Take-A-Mugger-To Lunch Week. . . etc. A special kind of week isn't that much of a grabber anymore.

But, at the risk of obvious bias, I urge your special interest in—and concern about—National Newspaper Week. This is not to extol the singular merits of this, or any newspaper, but to suggest that, in concentrating on the place of newspapers in our society we must, necessarily, reflect on what we mean by "freedom."

Without freedom of the press there is no freedom of any kind. Freedom of the press and freedom of speech are synonymous. The slogan for National Newspaper Week is "Our Freedom Safeguards Your Freedom." If that's a statement of fact, then it's a mighty important fact.

Some practical things should be understood. A newspaper is a private profit-making enterprise. Unlike radio and TV, it doesn't have to be licensed by the government; and its right to do business cannot be cancelled by any bureaucracy. Anybody with enough investment capital can own a newspaper, and can use that instrument to say whatever he wants to say—so long as he stays within the laws defining sedition, pornography and libel.

Newspapers can be more the reflection of personal ownership than any other segment of American business.

Under those conditions, should the press be as free as it is? Should we have the right to probe and report on everything? Does the public's "right to know" mean that everybody has the right to know everything? Should all our nation's business, including the innermost counsels of those entrusted with the responsibility for defending us against our enemies, be exposed in the public domain?

Should the press be privileged to publish everything about the accused in a criminal case, to the extent that it may contradict the basic tenet of "innocent until proven guilty?"

Does your personal freedom include the freedom to question the right of the free press to be so free? Does the public's right-to-know include the right to know things that would be helpful to our enemies if they also knew?...and doesn't everybody's right to know almost automatically make the information available to our enemies? Can an absolutely free society maintain an effective FBI and CIA if the functioning of those organizations must always be open to public scrutiny?

The first act of a dictatorship is to regulate and muffle the press. In time of war, when the inefficiencies of democracy must give way to centralized governmental controls, the press is expected to modify its freedoms and accommodate themselves to the requirements of national security. Freedom, then, is relative.

When does a newspaper go beyond reporting events and start influencing the course of those events? Does a published poll bring public opinion into focus, or does it create public opinion by the very fact of publishing a statistic?

It is important that the newspaper reader constantly distinguish between news and opinion. The editorial pages of a newspaper are quite different from the news pages. Editorial material, including signed columns, cartoons, editorials, letters-to-the-editor, etc., is personal opinion.

The news pages are the efforts of reporters to present news impartially, comprehensively, responsibly, and without personal bias. Since humans are fallible, that distinction is sometime observed in the fracture. The sum total of opinion and news must be a transmission belt for free flow of ideas.

When we talk about freedom of the press, and associated freedoms, what we're talking about is balance—that delicate line between uncontrolled liberty and unwarranted restraint. Freedom of the press—opinion. Public opinion is the engine that keeps the wheels of democracy turning.

Any medium of expression that runs counter to the mainstream of public opinion will not be in existence very long—and certainly not profitably. That's the restraint that automatically limits the freedom of expression invested in newspapers. . . the absolute necessity for functioning "in the public interest". Free enterprise like all freedoms, must always be self-regulated by a deep sense of social responsibility.

So. . . how important is National Newspaper Week? One hundred and ninety three years ago, Thomas Jefferson said: "If it were left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Let's cool it.

The votes are tallied . . . 78 percent voted for the Rec Board Amendment; 22 percent wanted the Petitioners' Amendment. On the surface, that would appear to be a lop-sided preference. It isn't quite that decisive.

The concerned Recreation Members contend that the election was loaded in favor of the Board Amendment, because the letter that went out to every member of the Recreation Center contained only a proxy favoring the Board Amendment.

It did not offer a proxy for those supporting the petitioners, nor a proxy allowing members to vote for leaving things the way they've been, i. e. disavowing both the Board and Petitioners Amendment.

There is substance to this complaint. It would have been smarter, and more keeping with concepts of conciliatory communication, if the Board had made all options available to the members.

However, the charge that the Board spent \$15,000 of members' money to promote their own amendment is not fair. The cost is closer to \$10,000; and the mailing to announce a special election had to be made whether or not there was an enclosed proxy of any kind.

It should be borne in mind, too, that for four weeks prior to the Board mailing, the petitioners had been circulating petitions favoring their amendment. They did not offer a choice, either.

The CRM has stated its intention to protest the legality of the Board proxy-mailing. The attorney for the Board states that the procedure was entirely legal. However, members of the Board have said that it wasn't the smartest thing they could have done.

The 11,895 members who returned proxies supporting the Board Amendment had an opportunity to express lack of such support by simply refusing to sign and return the proxy. They chose to express affirmative support. There's no way of knowing whether some of them would have signed another kind of proxy if it had been offered, nor whether it's more reasonable to assume that such opposing positions would be found among those who didn't sign and return the Board Proxy.

Since the CRM and the Board are in total agreement that provision should be made for the recall of Board members, and the only point of contention involves methodology, isn't it about time to get this monkey off our backs and get on with other things?

Admitting that errors have been committed on both sides—and things have been said that neither side can be proud of—let's call this issue closed. We've had enough of much-ado-about-nothing.

If, sometime in the future, it appears that the Board Amendment isn't working the way it should, we can always make corrections. It's time to bury the hatchet—in something other than the skulls of those with whom we disagree.

Prop. 103 No

Exempting parts of privately-owned, publicly-used airports from property taxes is not a big deal. There are 33 such airports, and the taxes involved approximate \$100,000 annually. However, approving this proposition could open the door for other kinds of special-interest tax exemptions; and this could be damaging.

The tax laws passed last June should be given a chance to demonstrate their soundness, without the alteration envisioned in this proposition.

Prop. 104 No

This proposed amendment stipulates that "A person under the age of eighteen, who has been convicted of a criminal offense as an adult, may be confined in a State Prison."

To be "convicted as an adult" simply means that "the act could have been committed by an adult." That's too broad a definition to suit me. Also, the proposed Amendment doesn't distinguish between confinement in maximum, medium or minimum security facilities.

This means that an under-18 could be quartered with the hard cores at Florence—with almost absolute certainty of physical abuse, total degradation, and rapid conversion from criminal to savage.

I'm not a nice-nellie about criminals; I don't believe in coddling law-breakers. I'm more inclined toward an eye-for-an-eye than turning the other cheek—or blaming society for the poor unfortunate felon. But, I don't believe that, for reasons of convenience or "fiscal responsibility" we should condemn 17-year-olds to (at the risk of sounding Victorian) a life of worse than death.

I'm not sure how a minor can be "convicted as an adult, anyway. They can't be both. We're accustomed to such confusing semantics when we say "if they're old enough to go to war, they're old enough to vote."

The two activities have no meaningful relationship. That's like saying, "If they're old enough to conceive children, they're old enough to be parents." That's sociological nonsense.

The things that need doing within our criminological and penological system—and need serious attention, pronto!—are not going to be improved by this trifling approach to a relatively insignificant problem.

Until we're ready, and smart enough, to tackle the fundamental inadequacies in our system, let's not gratify our anger by wreaking vengeance on a few teenagers.

Editor's Chair —

Douglas Horn



Propositions

Proposition 200.....NO

This amendment is generally referred to as the "Arizona State Lottery Act." Much of the funding for this Proposition's support has come from the out-of-state company that prints lottery tickets.

Fourteen states, comprising 42 percent of the U.S. population, now have legalized lotteries. A lottery, by definition, involves (1) a consideration, i.e. a cost to the participant; (2) the element of chance, i.e. no skill involved in determining the winner; and (3) a reward, i.e. prize, i.e. a prize of some kind.

The bingo games at Mt. View, Sundial, and various churches and clubs around the community, are lotteries. Every week, two or three thousand Sun Citians enjoy these events. The profits contribute substantially to the charitable efforts of our community. Busloads of Vegas-bound hopefuls attest to the fact that gambling is one of the basic urges of the genus homo sapiens. To take the gamble out of life would be to take the life out of living.

What I'm against is the State of Arizona officially endorsing another surrender to the "something for nothing" philosophy which has already penetrated too deeply into our society. Proposition 200 says "not less than 30 percent of the total income from the lottery shall be apportioned for transfer to the State General Fund." It's anticipated that Arizona would show a profit of \$25 to 35 million per year. This has been called "a painless way to extract more taxes from the people." Maybe so; but it's also a painful admission of weakness in our governmental standards.

Proposition 300.....NO

This is painful. I've struggled with this one longer than with all the other Propositions combined. Should legislative salaries be increased from \$6,000 to \$15,000?

I will vote against it, and then I won't sleep very well, because I know that some of our legislators—especially some of those who represent our communities—are worth more than \$15,000 a year.

But I also know that some of those klutzes in the legislature shouldn't be paid a salary at all; they should be made to pay for the privilege of being allowed out of the house without a leash. Unfortunately, we can't decide the issue on the basis of individual merit. It's everybody or nobody.

In my opinion, the Commission on Salaries made a mistake—a bad one. They should have gone for an increase to \$10,000, not \$15,000. Only two years ago, the voters turned down an increase to \$9,600.

The two intervening years haven't made that much difference. Why in the world they decided to go for a 150 percent increase is beyond my comprehension. That's just dumb politics. As one state senator said to me, "They didn't think the voters would approve any increase so they decided to go for broke."

I believe the people of Arizona realize their legislators are underpaid; but, in turning down three previous salary-increase propositions, they have said, "Clean up your act, and then you'll get more money."

The argument most often advanced for the proposed increase is "the job of a legislator has become almost a full-time job—so the salary should reflect this reality." In their votes, the people have said, "We think it should be short and limited sessions. An increase in compensation should not seek justification in the number of hours and days involved; the number of hours and days involved should be brought in line with the requirements of efficiency and economy in government."

Nobody should be working, in 1980, for the same pay received in 1968. That's obvious. So, why have the voters of Arizona—on three separate occasions—refused to raise the pay of legislators? The answer seems clear. It's the only way they can express their growing discontent about the increasingly onerous cost of government.

Last year, the per diem for Maricopa County legislators was raised from \$15 to \$20; and for those outside the county, from \$30 to \$40. From conversations with various legislators, it's a fair estimate that each legislator picks up an additional take-home of \$2,000 from these allowances.

The Legislature seems to have done a good job on writing new tax laws into the constitution. It'll take a couple of years to find out just how good a job they did.

However, it was the legislature that contributed to our state prison fiasco by cravenly voting to shove the burden of selecting prison sites over onto the shoulders of the governor—who then proceeded with "the rape of Litchfield Park", and the inevitability of similar foul-ups in the future. The legislators, in righteous indignation, howled in pain, from self-inflicted wounds.

Invited, and challenged, on numerous occasions, to discuss or debate the rationale for a unicameral legislature one-house rather than two as a probe into the possibility of simplifying the structure and operation of state government, they have steadfastly disdained even casual discussion of anything that might impinge on maintenance of the cumbersome and inefficient status quo.

Some of our legislators have been occupying their seats for 10, 20, and 30 years. We ought to be talking about limited terms in office. Maybe we'd be better off if we returned to the concept of a people's legislature, as opposed to a body of professional politicians.

When the legislature is ready to talk about these things, in the interests of the people they represent, then those people are going to be more understanding of their pleas for more pay.

Proposition.....106

This has become a distasteful issue. The charges and counter-charges of "deception" and "liar" have made this issue more a question of taxing our patience than our property.

The proponents of "the Heusler Amendment" should feel gratified that the threat of their advocacy undoubtedly forced the legislature to write new and long-needed revisions in our tax laws.

Now, we should allow the constitutional amendments, voted into law in June of this year, to demonstrate their practicality. This is not the time to further muddy waters that have, for too long, been murky.

If the tax laws we paid our legislature to devise during a prolonged special session prove inadequate or inequitable, we can go back to concepts envisioned by the advocates of this proposition. Let's give ourselves a respite from taxation harangues. Whatever's wrong can be corrected the next time around.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Perspective

This is being written, and must go to press, before we know who has been elected to what; or how many took the trouble to vote for anybody for anything.

Sure, it's important, one way or another, who has been elected. But, equally important is the reaction of those who did the electing. If we feel, that, because a Republican, a Democrat a Libertarian or whatever, won the nod, our job is now done, we're in very real trouble.

When the winners' euphoria and the losers' depression have been blown away by the chill winds of morning-after realities, you and I will face the starkness of practical problems which don't lend themselves to immediate solution in a ballot box. When partisan electioneering has subsided will we find time for—and be at all interested in—examining, objectively and dispassionately the massive body of fundamental problems assailing and endangering our nation—of which election results are only passingly reflective?

We should learn what every golfer knows, it's all in the follow through. If our swing stops at the ball, we're not going to be very happy about our score. Elections are not a conclusion, they're a beginning.

It'll be a while before anybody's ready to discuss politics—or, more importantly, government. Even those who feel doomsday is on us because the wrong candidate was elected, will be happy that the campaigning is over; and we're not going to be subjected to all that blather during every waking hour. In a far different context, Thomas Paine wrote, "These are the times that try men's souls." No words could better describe this past, year—or has it been an eternity?

The endless hours of irreplaceable human time and creativity sacrificed on the pagan altars of our electoral process defy common sense, and will, at some future date, be the consternation of incredulous archeologists and bewildered historians. The amount of money involved is, of course, obscene.

Now that partisan polemics have had their day, are we ready to think about the possibility that our system needs remodeling—and, until that is done, who we elect to whatever office is hardly more than cosmetic importance. Probably the most urgent of these questions is the restoration and preservation of the most obvious and the least dramatic of American singularities...personal freedom, and the willingness to be accountable for what we do.

That's the word...“accountable”; and that's the key to whether this election will mean a lot or a little. Are we going to hold those elected—and, through them, ourselves, accountable for the progress and security of our society? Are we going to ask them, and us, the tough questions?

For example...are we ready to write into law that we will not spend more than we take in? And that we will not print any more funny money in order to pay our bills?

For example are we ready to at least discuss the possibility that our governmental structure might need an overhauling? Have the shenanigans of this past couple of years indicated that our historical allegiance to the two-party system is more a mindless devotion to shibboleth than an affirmation of thoughtful selectivity? Are we already a three-party political system—with the third party titled “none of the above?”

For example...are we ready to admit that our social, political, economic system isn't working the way it should; and we'd better spend less time justifying our actions and more time correcting them.

For a number of reasons, our nation has more strength—actual and potential—than any nation on earth...and, comparatively, then any nation that ever existed. That is both a fact and a dilemma. We comfort ourselves with the fact of our power, and we don't understand the dilemma of our decadence. We are no longer positive...; we're uncertain. We are no longer acting... we're reacting. We are no longer leading...we're catching up.

This column will, as space and time permit, raise questions about some of the more obvious problems. Your thoughts and reactions will be more than welcome. Somebody's got to come up with some answers pretty soon. Who says it can't be us...and here...and now?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



An open letter

Dear President-elect Reagan:

We are delighted you stayed at it, and made it. Your personal accomplishment is our national victory. You have the opportunity—and we told you we believe you have the capacity—to make things appreciably better than they've been.

However, we want you to know we don't expect miracles. The cancers that have been growing within our political/social/economic body during more than 40 years of financial fantasy and political profligacy are not going to be regressed or exorcised with some magic potion.

So, please don't promise us too much. We've had a belly-full of that. Just tell us the truth about the problems we face. Then, level with us about how much it's going to cost, in money and personal sacrifice, to get at those problems; and rely on us to respond, as Americans have typically responded to endless crises for 200 years. We're not sissies. Maybe we've gotten a little soft during these last 30 or 40 years; but under that flab is a sound body wanting to be hardened and muscled. We're not afraid to sweat for something that makes sense.

Your private and public life have exhibited the least common of all qualities, common sense. Nobody can quite define it, but everybody knows what it is. And we know that we need a lot more of it than we've been getting. For example, we'd know that we're getting back to time-proven practicalities if you'd announce a couple of common-sense policies right away: (1) The Federal Government will not spend more than it takes in. This means that the Federal Government will not borrow money—thus driving up the price private business has to pay for increasing plant efficiency, and the cost for buying a home or a car, thus retarding vital industrial growth; and it will not print confetti currency, which decreases the purchasing power of our dollar, and devalues our economy at home and abroad.

(2) The States will be treated as, at least, equal partners with the Federal Government in the management of the nation's business. This means that only those functions which cannot be handled adequately by local, county and state governments will be assumed by the Federal Government. That's the way the Constitution meant it to be; and that's the only way out from under the smothering mothering of an overweening bureaucracy. As one way to effect this, the Internal Revenue Service will be, as it should be for reasons of efficiency, merely a collection agency; but the money that belongs to the State will be transferred to the State immediately—before it gets to Washington. This will make the enormously costly and cumbersome procedures of the federal funding (of federal revenue sharing) unnecessary—and will not only eliminate the opportunity for bureaucratic bungling and bullying, it will increase substantially the productivity of each tax dollar.

What we want is probably best defined by what we don't like. We don't like Big-Daddy government. Just to make sure you get the message, let's repeat that: WE DON'T LIKE BIG DADDY GOVERNMENT! We want the right to control our own future: brought back, as nearly as rational, to the individual citizen and taxpayer. We are fully aware that this means a lot more work and responsibility for each of us. We know that we've become accustomed to "let them do it;" but we're ready to admit that we've been wrong, and we'll pay the price for getting things back on the track again back to when we had the guts to run the risk of building the greatest nation that ever graced the face of the earth.

We don't like acknowledging that our country really doesn't have either a domestic or a foreign policy. We'd feel a lot better if there were a firm statement of where we are, where we want to go, and how we're going to get there. Such a plan could not be a partisan political platform; it would have to be an American plan of action and statement of policy, so that we at home, and those abroad, would know where we stand.

We don't dislike being disliked by the envious nearly so much as we resent being scorned by inferiors. If our destiny as leaders of the free world is subject to the veto of principalities who sit on top of the raw materials needed for maintenance of our society, then common sense dictates that our policies reflect this reality—no matter to what extent this may require compromise with Puritanical philosophies and born-again ethics. We must recognize this as one of the responsibilities, and penalties, of leadership.

And, are you sure you're right that we want a tax-cut? Are you positive we wouldn't rather have a cost cut? Maybe our complaint is that we just don't want to continue paying more for less. What do you suppose would happen if you laid out a plan for getting this country back on its feet, domestically and internationally, which would—even after effecting all possible efficiencies of operation—necessitate a tax increase, not a decrease, for the next 10 or 20 years. I'll bet you'd get the same overwhelming mandate you got on Nov. 4. I'll bet the people would say, with one voice, "Do It! We'll Pay!"

Most important of all, Mr. President-elect, there's something we want you to do for us, something we need more than we need solutions to all the obvious problems that face you and us. Give Us Back Our Pride. We're not really naive enough to be content with the flattery of our yesterdays; we sorely need pride in our tomorrows. We're told you that we believe in you. The question is whether we believe in ourselves. We seem to have lost faith in ourselves and our institutions. We don't trust anybody anymore.

If you give us back our pride you will have earned your niche in the pantheon of history.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



The Tower of Babble

We read that the tower that would "reach to heaven" was destroyed by confounding the language of the people "that they may not understand one another."

Without straining too much for analogy, is there something here we ought to be thinking about? There's a lot of talking going on, but not very much understanding. The result is that Sun City has no voice, i.e. no articulate community statement which could be accepted by other communities, or by the Legislature as "the voice of Sun City."

Who does speak for Sun City? Is it the Home Owners Association? . . . the Retirement Community Association? . . . the Taxpayers Association? . . . the Town Meeting Association? . . . the Del E. Webb Development Co. . . . the Charter Government Association? the Board of the Rec Centers? . . . or, as recent events might indicate, the ad hoc groups organized to oust some or all of the Rec Board members?

Voices in discussion are generally more productive than voices in dissension. With so many organizations and individuals claiming to speak "For the majority of the people of this community"—a claim that might be hard to prove!—the actual majority, i.e. those who don't want to get involved in the mess, goes voiceless. Maybe, if there were fewer voices, we could hear what's being said, and there'd be a better chance for understanding.

A few years ago, considerable thought was given to merging the Home Owners Association and the Taxpayers Association into the Sun City Civic Association. That was, and is, an idea that should be pursued to some kind of positive conclusion. Both organizations, the oldest and biggest in terms of community service, have demonstrated their capacity to enlist good and thoughtful people and to weld their talents into a force of common sense.

Naturally, there are duplications of effort and expenditure. The question is inescapable. . . wouldn't the community be better off if these two organizations became one? And wouldn't this be a practical step toward "the voice of Sun City"?

Judging from experience, it seems unlikely that the sibling Town Meeting and Retirement Community Associations would be interested in merging into a Sun City Civic Association; but, since their major interests, their operational management and philosophy, are virtually identical, those two might well consider becoming a single force. It would further reduce the number of voices adding to the clamor.

And, because the TMA and RCA represent the anti-incorporationists, we cannot expect the pro-incorporationists, the Charter Government Association, to merge that central purpose into any generalized civic association.

The purpose of organization is to get something done. The more time we spend yelling at each other, the less things are going to get done. There have been eight committees set up to find an answer to our community transportation problems; and the problems are still there. At least that many groups have been formed to come up with a solution as to what we should do about the Sun Bowl; and no answers so far. It can't go on like this forever. Sooner or later DevCo's corporate responsibilities must take precedence over community inactivity and irresponsibility. Patience can be stretched just so far.

If we, as an adult community, can't organize to answer our own problems, and take responsibility for the continuance of this remarkable community. . . will have to do it for us. . . and that would be indeed, a sad commentary on you and me.

It wouldn't be the final answer, of course; but some flat-out discussions about merging the Home Owners and the Taxpayers might be a healthy start toward representative effectiveness. Who knows? . . . maybe the idea might be contagious, and others, now dissident, might see that their best interests lie in a stronger and unified voice.

This is as good a time as any to recall a simple fact: there is no Sun City without unity. . . S-u-n C-i-t-y. That would look good on bumper-stickers. . . Unity

The Legend:

An Indian maid stole jewels
From Montezuma's crown
She tossed them at a rainbow
And they all came tumbling down,
They fell in Arizona
Bright gems from Mexico
And we should all give thanks to
That little so-and-so.

The colors spread across the land
The mountains and the desert sand
Made Arizona fair to see—
In the corner of Old Glory
One star is truly blessed,
It's sunny Arizona—
Star of the Golden West.

Peggy R. Fisher

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Days beyond Recall

This is not a column about remembering the good old days, as the heading might imply. It's a hope that, before too long, we'll grow beyond this time of acrimonious nonsense characterized by the threatening campaign to oust some, or all, of the Rec Board members by the process of recall.

Is the right to recall elected officials wrong? Of course not; it's a standard provision in organized government. It's the method by which the citizenry can remove a proven miscreant from a position of elective authority.

It is tantamount to the more formalized procedure of impeachment exercised by governmental bodies themselves. In both cases, the action is presumed to be based on evidence of overwhelming malfeasance requiring severe censure.

Is that what we're faced with? What's the purported bill-of-particulars against the present Rec Board? Like all Rec Boards that have served and like every one of us, and every organization that ever existed, this community, the present Board has made mistakes. Without question, those now in office carry the inherited onus of the "secret deal" signed by a previous board which resulted in expanding the magnificence of Bell Center at the sacrifice of a recreation north of Bell Rd.

In retrospect, this was not a good decision; but the impact was explosive largely because the total membership was not let in on the deal until long after-the-fact. This gave the complainers plenty of ammunition for taking pot-shots at the Board and subsequent boards. The proponents of "justified opposition" had located a foundation.

Other targets for pin-pointed bombardment have been (and are): 1. The breakdown of air-conditioning units at Bell Center, for which the board was charged with inefficiencies approaching skulduggery. It was widely stated that this would cost the Rec Centers \$500,000. The actual cost was in the low \$30,000's.

2. The increase in bowling fees from 55 cents per line to 65 cents created a storm, and led to the formation of an ad hoc group of militant assault. The fact that, even at 65 cents, Sun City bowlers are paying about 60 percent of typical charges in surrounding lanes was given little attention.

It was the right of the Board to make such decisions, without putting the matter to a vote of the total membership, which was disputed. Without specifications in charter or by-laws as to the kinds of decisions which are the responsibility of the board, the answer to such questions is judgemental. This position is easily supportable.

3. Although defensible, in terms of the by-laws, the board's action in threatening expulsion, and finally acceding to suspension of a Rec Centers member, as punishment for writing an admittedly ill-tempered and vituperous letter wasn't the smartest thing the board has done. This, they now admit.

4. Agreeing that the right of recall should be written into Charter, the Board mailed Amendment ballots to all members. Knowing that active forces had already begun door-to-door solicitation of signatures in support of a recall provision that would have permitted decision by 2 percent of the membership, the Board circulated their proposal calling for a 10 percent authorization. There is some justification for the charge that the Board should have included proxies for both amendments in mailing; but the vote in favor of the board's amendment was decisive that it is questionable the decision would have been different.

On the positive side of the ledger, the current Rec Board has Applied for, and obtained, a change in tax status which will earn a refund of approximately \$200,000 and annual savings of \$50,000. The Board took a pretty bad beating from the dissidents while the application was in process; but now that their persistence has succeeded, none of the accusers has come forward with plaudits.

2. Fought for, and got, an \$800,000 reduction in assessed value for Rec Centers properties.

3. Effectuated substantial savings in cost of operations through reduction in full-time personnel, consolidation of management responsibilities, selected closing of facilities during low-use summer months, establishment of a central equipment maintenance yard with better inventory control, improved computer programming; and Fairway Center has been enlarged and improved.

4. And, with all the pressures of inflation, this Board has been able to come up with a budget for '81 that will hold the line on membership assessments and golf fees.

From many conversations and meetings, I sense the growing mood of the community as being fed up with discord. Nobody expects complete placidity; that would probably be boring. There is always conflict of some kind; but one of the earmarks of maturity is the ability to cope with rationally. This means restraint in condemnation. Speaking our mind must be balanced by minding our speech.

Sometime ago we tried to get the pros and cons together for an open discussion. One side agreed, the other refused. "We don't trust them," was the excuse. Those are the same people who recently came to the general manager of this paper demanding that I be fired as editor. It seems they don't like me, what I do, or what I say. Therefore, I must go. Their demands got no place, of course, except to amuse us with their assumptions of power, and their naivete.

There'll be an election on Dec. 4 to replace three members of the board. That's the orderly procedure for replacement. . . not by recall--and certainly not in the attitude of vindictiveness currently evident.

Sun City is a success because more things have been right than wrong. . . and that applies especially to the existing and preceding Rec Boards.

FUN CITIZEN

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

Letter to myself



Editor:

Yours is a strange position. As a Sun Citian, concerned about the welfare of your adopted community, you must be an activist, involved in the pros and cons of issues affecting the total community. This means that, like everybody else, you must have convictions about what's right or wrong.

However, as an editor of a community newspaper you must allow all sides of all issues to be expressed. That's one of the primary responsibilities of a free press. Freedom of the press is no more a declaration of the right of the press to be free from prior restraint than it is an affirmation of the people's right to be heard.

Although it's irksome to get communiques from the same people week after week, refusal to run letters could be interpreted as censorship—and that's not the name of the game: It's downright provoking, however, to be called on to publish releases containing half-truths, misinterpretations, distortions, assaults on personal characters, irrelevancies and sheer ignorance. Is that kind of free expression a service or disservice to the community?

Is it the responsibility of an editor to pass judgement on such things as part of his obligation to the community to promote its best welfare? This is a bothersome question. Is it better to reflect or direct? Should an editor take sides in controversies? This is currently becoming a pressing issue because of the intensity of emotions surrounding the upcoming Rec Board election. You have a problem.

a concerned editor

Dear Concerned Editor:

I share your feelings, and your quandary. The editorial pages of a newspaper, unlike the news pages, are platforms for personal opinion; letters-to-the-editor, the editor's chair, columnists, etc. The editor has a right to a personal opinion.

However, rightly or wrongly, editorial expression generally carries the impact of assumed authority. This, in itself, calls for restraint. The inescapable urgings of personal prejudice are always there, no matter how conscientious the will to be fair.

For example in the Nov. 4 election, there were certain candidates in both parties, I wanted very much to see elected. The decision at that time was to stick to issues and stay away from individual candidacies.

Now, the dilemma re-appears. The Rec. Board election, though not of burdensome importance in the total scope of things, can have a significant impact on this community. Unlike previous elections for board members, this one has become so controversial and venomous that it could actually fracture the productive structure of our Recreation Centers—certainly one of our most valuable assets. If belligerent divisiveness becomes characteristic of Rec Board operations, we all will lost—substantially.

Every member of the current Rec Board has expressed agreement that management and operational changes should be made. Many such changes have already taken place; and more will come. That's the prime function of experience. But common sense says that such revisions should be evolutionary, not revolutionary.

Certain candidates for the Rec Board are on record as demanding the recall of all members of the present board; and the resignation of three board members before any such recall movement could be implemented. The arrogance of this position is almost beyond comprehension; and the advocacy of this disruption persuades me to choose sides. I will not vote for the candidates advanced by the Town Meeting Association, the United Bowlers, and the Concerned Recreation Members. Nor will I vote for the entire slate supported by the Rec Board.

To my amazement, some of the candidates for the Rec Board have stated, among their purported qualifications, that they are opposed to the incorporation of Sun City. Somebody's going to have to explain to me just what that has to do with the operation of our recreation facilities. Maybe we should find out how they stand on the Panama Canal surrender, and Salt II, and our relations with Red China.

Any of those ponderables is as relevant as being for or against incorporation, so far as Rec Centers management is concerned. Such statements do, however, serve a purpose. They help to further identify the candidates whose avowed purpose is to tear down a structure rather than repair it.

In a public meeting, one of the leaders of the anti's said "I'm fed up with spending my time and money to elect a member of the Rec Board who then turns out to be a Judas." an astounding statement! Presumably, the board member in question was presumed to be "bought and paid for;" but when he exercised his independent judgement—which, apparently, was contrary to the personal wishes of his erstwhile supporter—he became a "Judas."

Coming from one who constantly proclaims the piety of liberation from political bossism in his diatribes against incorporation, such a declarator smacks distastefully of Tammany Hall, Boss Crump, and Philadelphia politics. That, we don't need.

We need a Rec Board comprising individuals able to work together toward a common purpose. We need a Rec Board that will feel strong enough to devote its talents to the establishment of sound policies, and less to the daily pressures of operations. We need a board that will call upon all the volunteer capacities available in this community, thus reducing the need for organizational overhead. We need a board that will feel confident enough in its rightness to communicate its actions and intentions more freely, and frequently.

Therefore, for those, and other reasons, such as specific experience, evidence of ability to work with others, concerned for community above self, and absence of partisan allegiance, my three votes for the Rec Board will be selected from among these five candidates: C. John Albrecht, James C. Biddle, Thaddeus Gadomski, Harold Kraft, Harold G.D. Lee. We are fortunate to have people of this calibre willing to take on such responsibilities—and to take the beating they're going to take, no matter what they do.

If this effort to influence a vote is a transgression of editorial privilege, so be it. To do any less would be a surrender of editorial responsibility and a dereliction of community concern.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Wisdom of pearls

Maybe we can learn from mollusks. When an irritant, such as a grain of sand, works its way into the innards of an oyster, that delectable bivalve doesn't writhe around in anguish, doesn't write letters-to-the-editor about "those outsiders who want to upset things"; nor does it passively accept the discomfiture as one of the unfortunate but inescapable risks of the genus *Ostrea*.

Deliberately, patiently and quietly it goes about the business of using the irritant as the opportunity to create a pearl. In so doing, the oyster loses none of its substance value. And the grain of sand is no longer merely an intruder, it's the genesis of a gem.

Last Thursday, 10,018 Sun Citians cast their votes to elect three of twelve volunteer candidates for the Rec Centers Board. That's the biggest turnout in the history of such elections—a very healthy sign—even though it's only 22 percent of those eligible to vote.

We congratulate the winners, and urge the losers to maintain the intensity of concern which prompted them to contend for those time-consuming, too-often-unappreciated, but, nevertheless, rewarding jobs. It's hard to know whether to offer condolences for losing, or congratulations for having been spared three years of service in a community which tends to make it uncomfortable to serve.

The three who were elected are intelligently capable of making substantial contributions to the effectiveness of the Board. Whether they do or not will depend, in large measure, on their intentions—and the intentions of the six Board member, who has declared open opposition to the present Board—to the extent of supporting demands for immediated resignation of three incumbents, and enthusiastically advocating recall procedures for all six—extends this animus into continuing confrontation, then the effectiveness of the Board's operations will be impaired, and the community will suffer.

If the newly-elected member, who prepared a thoughtful study of Rec Board policies and functions—which, he feels, was given short-shrift by the Board—carries over a feeling of adversary relationships, conflicts will usurp the time needed for thoughtful deliberation, and the community will suffer.

By their votes, the members of the Recreation Centers have said that they believe there is something to be gained from deliberative disagreement. They have said, "We think that those who have been complaining may have had rational reasons for complaint. We want their attitudes and thinking expressed and listened to. This does not mean that they are wholly right, nor that those they've criticized are wholly wrong. It means that we think things can be improved, and the voices of dissent can contribute to that improvement."

If the composition of the new Board results in a fixed majority vs. a fixed minority stand-off, we're in for some bad times. If opposing points of view can be presented and weighed in an atmosphere of "the greatest good for the greatest number" we'll all come out ahead. The question may well be, "Can we learn to disagree without being disagreeable?"

It is quite likely that those who have been advocating recall of all, or specified, members of the existing Board will be energized by the results of this election to intensify their campaign to unload those whose policies and actions they decry. We can't believe that the community will support any kind of broad-scale vendetta. By their votes, the Rec Centers members have denoted the method by which they want changes to be made, i.e. the orderly procedures of regular elections.

Admittedly, conditions have changed from earlier and simpler days. Things are different now—very different! The need for intensified efficiencies, economies, and accountability, is obvious. Yesteryear's policies and practices may need considerable revision to meet next year's foreseeable problems. What this says is that the voices of dissent within the new Board, if listened to without prejudice, can be more contributory than contentious.

This is as good a time as any to reiterate the sage observation made by Bernard Baruch: "It's amazing how much can be accomplished when nobody cares who gets the credit for it."

The oyster has to be willing to accept the grain of sand as a positive contribution to its capacity to create new values. If the oyster says, "I'm perfect the way I am; and I will resist the intrusion of this invader, then the oyster will ultimately be gobbled up without having fulfilled its opportunity to be greater than it was."

On the other hand, if the grain of sand insists on isolating itself as an irritating foreign body, then the end result will be upsetting and non-productive.

The choice is there. . . a pain in the gut or a pearl.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

Legislative agenda



In about a month from now, the new session of the Arizona Legislature will be gavelled to order. With domination in the House, but only a bar majority in the Senate, Republicans will not have their fondest wish . . . a veto-proof Legislature.

Gov. Bruce Babbitt, Democrat, — a very savvy and tough politician — has already given ample proof that he's not inclined to roll over and play dead.

The power of veto is a big stick, and its threat or use will be felt significantly in the political shenanigans attending the re-districting of the State. The just-completed, though still questionable, census indicates Arizona's increased population justifies an additional Congressional District.

The idea, of course, is to establish Districts which will, presumably, deliver safe majorities at the polls for the party-in-power. The Legislature and the Governor aren't likely to agree easily on where those lines will be drawn.

Consequently, we can expect to see a lot of time spent on partisan gamesmanship, which will have little to do with the quality of government.

This is the wrong time for games. The problems of government at the State level are disturbingly reflective of the dilemma at the federal level. Basic solutions to fundamental problems are not being developed. We were told, for years, that we couldn't expect high-quality functioning from legislators so woefully underpaid.

Well, we certainly fixed that situation last month by approving a salary boost from \$6,000 to \$15,000. That 150 percent increase, plus the couple of thousand dollars that can always be picked up from per-diem allowances, should stimulate legislative productivity. If not, it will show on the books as a charitable contribution, non-deductible.

It could also be counter productive if the hefty boost in salary were to persuade legislators they should earn their pay by staying on the job longer. By their own testimony, the public is in less danger when the Legislature is not in session.

There's reason to believe that one of the greatest contributions to increased governmental efficiency would be limited-by-law shortened legislative sessions. With a prescribed number of days — say, 60, or 90 at most — in which to get the annual business of the state accomplished, much of the forensic nonsense that characterizes the legislative process would be eliminated for sheer lack of time. Major issues would be given precedence; and typical trifles would get short shrift.

Additionally, with limited leaves-of-absence from regular occupations, talented people would be available for public service. This could have two salutary effects: 1. a higher level of expertise available for solving specific problems; 2. a reversal of the trend toward professional politicians, and a return to the original concept of a "citizen legislature".

There is widespread and deep concern about the growth, in size and cost, of government at all levels. The Arizona Legislature can do something about this; but it probably won't. Discussions should be opened as soon as possible to weigh the relative efficiency of a unicameral Legislature versus our present House and Senate structure.

Theoretically patterned after the federal system, state legislatures, such as Arizona's, have little comparable justification for a two-house system. We have two state representatives and one state senator for each district.

They all represent exactly the same constituency, and they're all elected for the same two-year term. It's difficult to rationalize such a system. Repeated invitations and challenges to discuss-debate the unicameral vs bicameral issue have elicited only silence.

Admittedly, it's a lot to ask any legislator to discuss eliminating his job; but, if they feel that the present system is justifiable, shouldn't they want to lay their case before the public? If there's a way to reduce the size and cost of government, shouldn't we expect our elected representatives to lead the inquiry?

This year's surplus in the state treasury won't be as big as in some previous years, but it will be somewhere between \$85 million and \$125 million . . . not exactly chicken-feed! That's money the taxpayers pour into the state's coffers in excess of expected expenditures.

At current rates, \$100 million will generate an income of at least \$16 million annually. If we'd operated on this simple business basis for the past five years, we'd have shown a profit of approximately \$100 million — and the original money would still be intact.

The hoorah about the prison now being built in Litchfield Park has abated; but the continuing problem of where to put similar institutions will bedevil us again before too long. It might be a good idea for this Legislature to give some thought to what they're going to do about it.

If they don't, they'll be inviting the governor to give them another lesson in practical politics. Incidentally, if we'd started five years ago investing our state surpluses, we'd now be earning enough to pay for each of the four new prisons we're going to need within the next 20 years.

For starters, these are some of the things the legislators can do to show their appreciation for the substantial raise they got — and didn't expect. If they don't get too excited about playing tricky games with re-districting, maybe they'll have time to do something about a couple of other problems; an overall, long-term plan for the development of Arizona; and at least a start toward solving the increasingly pressurizing Indian problems.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Sun Santa City Clause

How clearly I recall believing in Santa Claus...not just going along with a parental sham, but believing so implicitly that I actually saw the cherubic character, and his eight tiny reindeer, on any number of breathlessly-recounted (though unconfirmed) occasions.

Even when we lived in a tenement that had no fireplace, I never questioned for a moment that Santa would contrive some kind of chimney to wiggle down and leave something in a stocking that was nailed to the wall alongside the kitchen stove.

The ol' boy never failed me. He and I used to leave notes for each other. The similarity between his handwriting and my Mother's was one of those easily-explained, therefore unprobed, coincidences.

Disappointments...the red wagon...the ice skates...the encyclopedia...which weren't under the tree; although I'd certainly let him know often enough that I couldn't live much longer without them! However, he always left a note in my stocking explaining the situation.

Sometimes the handwriting had that strange oblique tilt characteristic of my favorite uncle—the one who'd finished the fifth grade—so I knew Santa was wise, too.

When it first dawned on me that Santa was looking and acting more and more like my parents, I doggedly refused to confess my new-found sophistication because (a) everybody enjoyed the delightful deceit, and (b) why take a chance of putting a lid on the cornucopia?

Then, growing-up years of Santa Claus shibboleth...ho-ho-hokum, of course. And then, our own children; and Santa Claus was real again. Not just make-believe real...real real. Santa was now our alter ego—he lived with us, he was us.

So complete was his reality that everything was left to him. The children were tucked in bed in a home that bore not the slightest sign of coming expectancies—only the stockings on the mantle. No tree, no lights, no packages; because all that, of course, was entirely the magic of Santa. And then, a frantic, sleepless, all-night transfiguration: the tree dragged from its too-far-away cache...lights, and balloons, and tinsel and red streamers...and the unlocking of closeted treasure-troves.

For years, we knew that they knew; and they knew that we knew they knew.. They had long known the hiding places, and had invented ways for probing the contents of packages without visible signs of invasion. But nobody would think of admitting the charade. It was too important that the inexpressible reality of Santa Claus be sustained,

Again, the retreat from fantasy to fiction, and the over-commercialized world of giving and getting. Then...grandchildren! and Santa walks in the door, big as life—because he is life. By now we know who he is. We know his many names, in many tongues. He is the personification of the most significant moral-social concept of all humanity through all time—expressed in many ways, but probably most familiar to us as "Thou shalt do unto others as you would they do unto you." Interestingly, not one single organized faith omits this precept from its litany of basic values.

I've never seen an atom; but I've witnessed its powerful reality. I've never seen Santa Claus; but his presence is beyond dispute. Don't bother telling me that he's illusionary. I won't believe you.

I've seen him silhouetted against Arizona's golden sunrises and purple sunsets...I've seen him in the company of Boswell volunteers, and Meals-on-Wheels, and those who make tapes so the blind may read.

I've seen him in the patient courage of the Handicapped, and on the faces of librarians, and Rec Center monitors, and the scores of folks who direct and staff the Dysart Community Center.

I've seen him in houses of worship, and in the Community Fund; and among the myriad of civic, social, and fraternal organizations dedicated to helping those who need help.

I've watched him at work with the Prides, and with the Posse; and I've heard his jovial voice in the Sundrome.

When I inscribe SC, it can be either Sun City or Santa Claus. Or both.

How clearly I recall believing in Santa Claus...but that's no strain on memory, because it was only as long ago as now. And he'll be there tomorrow, too.

Editor's Chair —

Douglas Horn



Resolution

It has been said, "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." To whatever degree resolutions are stronger than intentions, maybe they'll veer in the other direction. These are some of the things I'll be thinking about, as I head into my 71st year on the planet Earth.

Incidentally, I should admit that I never expected to make it this far; and to have not only made it, but to have made it to Sun City, is more than I ever dreamed of, and undoubtedly more than I have deserved.

I resolve...

- ...not to trust anybody who says he enjoys a cold shower in the morning. Anybody who'd lie about that will lie about anything.
- ...to remind myself more often that a good society is the sum total of good people; and to understand that the sum must include pluses and minuses.
- ...to listen.
- ...to expect and demand less from government, and more from me and you.
- ...to read, again and again, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—not just casually, but aloud and with concentration—because it's vitally important that those words and thoughts be engraved on my everyday consciousness.
- ...to seek out the company of people I don't ordinarily get to see, and to visit places I don't regularly frequent. It bothers me that, in the 7 and one half years I've been a Sun Citian, I've never gone swimming at Sundial, nor rolled a bowling ball of any of our lanes, nor played pool at Bell Center, nor competed in lawn bowls or bocci, nor ridden with Meals-on-Wheels, sat by the phone at Information and Referral Service, given so much as an hour to Sunshine Service, never painted a flat for the Sun City Players, nor sat at night to relieve a loneliness at Boswell, or Sun Valley Lodge, or Camelot.
- ...to listen—to opinions which I have found little reason to respect, and to prejudices which affront me, because I must believe that freedom has to include the right to be wrong.
- ...not to let friends and family back east know what the temperature here is, because, if they're dumb enough to feel life has to include freezing their buns off, they don't deserve to know better.
- ...to make whatever contribution I'm capable of making toward publication of a newspaper that will be useful to the community.

- ...to pause and smell the flowers more often.
- ...to listen—to the abusive voices of those who don't think highly of me, because there's always the chance they're right.
- ...to work with anybody and everybody toward finding answers to our Sun Bowl and bus service problems.
- ...not to carry over into '81 any animosities and distrusts accumulated during '80. Anybody who wants to be an enemy in '81 is going to have to earn that status all over again.
- ...not to trust the nice couple in the golf cart ahead of me on the highway because there's a chance their signalled intention to turn right is a sure promise they're going to do a 90 degree left.
- ...to listen—to the quietness of Sun City at night, while it expunges the missed opportunities of the departing day and readies for a new chance at tomorrow.
- ...to remember that the importance of anything I may do is infinitesimal, but that it's infinitely important I try to do it.
- ...to get ready for the personal—and probably substantial!—sacrifices we're all going to be called on to make if we're ever to get our social-economic-political system back on the track again.
- ...to listen—for opportunities to say "thank you."
- ...not to take for granted the opulence of the Sun Cities—the extravagantly wide streets, the manicured neatness, the cultured facilities for mental, social, spiritual, physical refreshment.
- ...to try to analyze, and do something about, a gnawing conviction that the Sun City communities may be the most underdeveloped area in the nation.
- ...to ask the tough and simple question of the pro- and anti-incorporationists; when are you going to get together to compare your purported "facts" and present them, without name-calling, emotionalism or unsubstantiated personal prejudice, to the good judgment of concerned Sun Citians?
- ...to do something that will tell my grandchildren I tried to prevent, or at least ameliorate, the social, political, economic mess they'll inherit.
- ...to consider the possibility that George Bernard Shaw might have been right when he said "The Earth was created to be the insane asylum of the universe."
- ...to remember that youth may be the time for sowing wild oats, but old age is the time for growing sage.
- ...to do everything possible and reasonable to bridge the psychological and physical barrier of the Agua Fria in order to bring Sun City and Sun City West into the one community they must inevitably be.
- ...to be increasingly excited and challenged by the diverse, and probably limitless, potential of our communities to affect history.
- ...To make it clear to our elected representatives, at all levels of government, that they will be held accountable for what they do for us, and what they do to us.
- ...to remind myself that life is not intended to be a spectator sport.
- ...to wish you a Happy New Year, made up of 525,600 Happy New Minutes.

1981

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



What clout.

Recent elections have corroborated the long-obvious...the lop-sided Republicanism of the Sun City communities, and the extraordinarily high voter turnout, can determine the final results of District, County and State elections. Without the margins piled up here, Bob Corbin would not now be Attorney General and Barry Goldwater would not be returning to the U.S. Senate.

This is known as political "clout." It's an unusual condition, and should not be considered lightly. Del Webb, a lifelong Democrat (but voted for Eisenhower), certainly didn't have in mind creating a community in which three out of every four residents would be an ingrained Republican; but that is what has happened—and that translates into clout.

Clout is not merely a mathematical circumstance; it is an exciting opportunity and a heavy responsibility. Clout has to have a purpose, it has to be used for something. Otherwise, it has no meaning. The power to cast decisive votes assumes we know what we want. This implies intelligent involvement and conscientious concern. There's no room for apathy in either the definition or application of clout.

The Sun Cities are unique in many ways. Certainly, our interests and needs differ from Tucson, Yuma, Window Rock, Phoenix, etc. Yet, of the nine legislators who include the Sun Cities in their districts, only one is a resident of the retirement community. Maybe we don't think that's important; but you can bet your bottom dollar that other communities, industries, and various special interests see to it that their representatives present their case selfishly.

One of the more obvious reflections of this partisan laissez-faire is the growing trend toward career politicians. In the just-convened 35th Arizona Legislature, more than half the members are starting their fifth, or more, two-year term. One member of the House is beginning a sixteenth term...32 years in the Legislature! Clearly, we no longer have a "citizen's legislature;" and the inclination to stay in office for protracted periods will undoubtedly increase, because the annual salary has been boosted from \$6,000 to \$15,000.

Interestingly—and seldom noted during the drive for increased salaries—legislative pensions will also increase a very healthy 150 percent. After five years in office, each legislator is credited with a pension based on 3-1/2 percent of annual salary for each year of service. Every additional term in office adds another \$1,000 to the annual life-time pension. "Public service," the original concept of legislative bodies, begins to take on shades of personal profit. Election to the Legislature is now financially attractive enough to induce fresh new talents into the system - including active retirees!

Perhaps regular infusions of different thinking will speed up solutions to some of the big problems that have been hanging around for years: a Master Plan for the State; a courageous and equitable solution to the Indian problem; an aggressive strengthening of border security to minimize the awesome traffic in illegal aliens and dope; a hard-knuckled plan of water conservation and distribution before the inevitable becomes an immediate emergency; a sensible re-structuring of our prison systems.

Maybe, if we decide to use our clout, we might want to give some thought to:

(1) **Limited terms for legislators.** Eight years in office should be long enough for any individual to make whatever contribution that is going to be made. This would be even more effective if the terms were four years rather than two. With only one re-election possible, the incumbent would be able to spend more time doing the job and less time politicking.

(2) **A unicameral Legislature.** It makes little sense to have both a House and a Senate whose members represent exactly the same constituency for exactly the same period of time. The individuals in a 30-member one-house Legislature would be more identifiable and their actions more visible.

(3) **Limited legislative sessions.** Four months of concentrated effort should certainly be enough to examine and prescribe the affairs of this State. Sessions limited to 120 days, including special sessions, seems like a reasonable figure to start discussing. As we have seen over the past few years, where there's no firm restriction on available time, there's too much time for political mischief, self-interest legislation, and cloakroom shenanigans.

The contention that long tenure is necessary "to learn the inner workings of the system" serves the interests of office-holders more than those of their constituents. With limited terms, the inner-core of dominant long-termers would disappear, along with their set-in-concrete prejudices and powers, so new-comers could be more expressive and effective.

Unfortunately—because dominant majorities are always more responsive when they are threatened by aggressive minorities—the Sun Cities' Democrats are a house divided. Whatever strength their minority position might have has been diluted through intramural dissension. This is not good for the body politic. With all its shortcomings, the two-party system has served this nation well, although there is increasing evidence that we are actually a three-party system, with those who would "vote for the man, not the party," constituting a de facto Independent Party.

In the forums provided by our local political organizations, and all those clubs seeking speakers, these matters can and should be discussed. That's the beginning of clout.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Hydrocarbon Hostages

We all welcome the news that the deal for the release of the 52 hostages is, or appears to be, completed. In time, they'll be home; and a dreadful time for them, and a disgraceful episode in our nation's history, will be over.

There'll be celebrating, and a sense of relief. The celebrating should be hearty; the sense of relief should be restrained. Only 52 Americans have been released from bondage; another 230 million are still hostages...to the same insanities that led to the incarceration of the 52.

We will not punish the criminals of Iran for their heinous actions, because we need that country to fend off the Soviets' 200-year-old march to a warm-water port. And our national pride and survival will continue to be hostage to that threat.

We will return to Iran \$8 billion of impounded funds, and we won't know what deal has been made for restitution to Americans of debts owed them by that renegade authority, or what deals the international bankers have made for protection of their investments (as was the case with our collapse on the Panama Canal Treaty.) And our national integrity will be hostage to the big buck.

We will, undoubtedly, arm and re-arm Iran—no matter how much they hate us and work against us—because they know we need them to short-circuit the Soviet's about-to-be formalized subjugation of Afghanistan, which conquest won't satisfy the Soviet ambition, but will be a constant threat against the territorial integrity of Iran. This isn't to say that such support of an unfriendly nation should be denounced — we have no choice and the Iranians know this.

The bottom line is oil. We import more than half our current need of this precious commodity and, without that supply, the greatest industrial nation in the world comes to a grinding halt.

We welcome the 52 back to their homes. We congratulate those who engineered the final deal, assuming we ever find out the small-print details. But, we cannot share the euphoria of those who will celebrate "the end of the hostage crisis." The release of the 52 is a happy occasion; the continued "captivity" of 230 million Americans is not an occasion for rejoicing.

We are the real hostages—all 230 million of us. The free enterprise-capitalist system is hostage. Our national purpose, and our reason-for-being among the society of nations, are hostage. You and I are hostage to the developments of a system we are unable to understand, and powerless to change. Yet, we have the capacity—if not the will—to break the hostage bonds.

We have been held hostage to the hostages. We are happy to have made the sacrifices and concessions necessary to bring them home. We are not proud that we did not show the same concern for the 55,000 who gave their lives in Vietnam, and the millions who returned, unheralded and unappreciated, with scars from that misbegotten conflict. Our values are sometimes askew; and we get caught up in momentary and exaggerated enthusiasms.

The hostage issue is not settled. It's just beginning.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

Glad you're home, Bob



It's been a long, long time— a lot longer for you, and for your lovely Rita, than any of us could possibly understand. Most of us have lived 50 or 60 times 444 days; but you're the only one among us who knows how really long such days can be.

Tomorrow, with a parade along R. H. Johnson Boulevard, and with entertainment and ceremonies in the Sundome, we'll try to tell you how glad we are you're home. It will be sincere and enthusiastic; but it can't possibly be adequate. Our guess is you don't think of yourself so much as an intentional hero, but as an unwilling victim; but you'll be called "hero", because that seems to be the only way we can express our affection . . . and our embarrassment.

You'll be an exhibit for a time; and we apologize for that. We hope you'll understand that you have to be the conduit through which those of us in this community must pour out our frustrations, and our shame, for being part of a society that allowed this to happen to you and the others.

We'll try to be considerate enough not to make you hostage to our overweening emotions; but you must allow us this opportunity for catharsis. We've got to get rid of toxic wastes which have, for too long, been poisoning our consciences and our body politic.

For a time, you will be "one of the hostages"; we look forward — as we're sure you do — to the day when you're no longer in the public domain and can be whatever it is you want to be.

You know, of course, that you'll be the No. 1 target of every program chairman of every organization in town.

Sure, we'll want to hear your story. Maybe, when you're rested, and things are back in focus, you'll be willing to address what would surely be a jam-packed Sundome. We'll have questions . . . should we impose available economic, political and military sanctions on Iran? . . . should we wreak vengeance? . . . or should we say, "Iran, we hate what you've done; but, for the sake of international peace — and to prevent the Soviet's march to the Persian Gulf — we will forgive (but not forget) your unconscionable transgressions of international law and common decency."

We hated Germany and Japan with an all-consuming bitterness — and with ample justification. Now, they are our friends and partners. Sometimes this is a little hard to understand, but that's the way this strange world works.

On the brighter side, you're now a Sun City Wester. You've travelled the world, and lived in many places; but you've never seen anything like this community, because there's nothing like it anywhere in the world. An unusual man, Del E. Webb, had a dream, and you'll be living in it.

Sometimes — when we exercise our sovereign right to be irrational about things — you'll have occasion to wonder about us . . . and probably be very amused. We have a tendency to form intense groups whose sole purpose seems to be to make mountains out of molehills. But, that's not the real us. We're good people, from all 50 States and a dozen foreign countries, who like the idea of active retirement in Arizona sunshine, in rather plush surroundings, and with extraordinary facilities for leisure, self-improvement involvement in the arts, and just plain relaxed living.

If you want to get involved in things, you'll have more opportunities than you can count. If you want to be left alone — after the inevitable "de-briefing" — that will be respected. Your new community isn't a fixed thing; it's whatever you will want it to be.

We're glad you're home, Bob. We know you've suffered; but we're not going to extend pity. Pity is a cheap emotion, that flattens the pitier and degrades the pitied. We sympathize, and will do our best to understand. But, most of all, we'll do everything we can to make the number, 444, lose its nightmare connotation and become, let's say, your score for two strings of bowling, or the time at which you'll join neighbors for a touch of schnapps.

You're going to like your "new beginning," Bob; and we're going to enjoy making sure you do.

To Jim Ratliff:

Anybody who claims to be totally devoid of prejudice is not being honest. It's the nature of the human race that everybody has to have somebody to look down on. But there's a difference between private and public prejudices. You are not a private person; you are the public voice of a substantial constituency.

Sun City has suffered from accusations of smugness and insensitivity to "the outside world." Are we now, through your representation, to be castigated for racism and bigotry?

It's hard to believe that your first statement, uttered freely and repeated without restraint, was, as your apology states " . . . not at all reflective of (your) true feelings."

The reaction of your fellow legislators indicates, rather forcefully, that your effectiveness in that body will be considerably diminished. This means that your usefulness to your constituents is greatly impaired.

It's not pleasant to contemplate, but don't you think you should give serious consideration to resigning?

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



Parade Postponed

Loise Copes, general chairman of the Committee to Welcome Home Bob Ode, and Joe Davisson, grand marshal of the parade, after consultation with members of their various committees, have decided to postpone the parade and the Sundome ceremonies.

This is a thoughtful and proper decision.

Bob and Rita, as of this writing, are still confined to the hospital in Virginia. Their continuing improvement is welcome news; and the latest report indicates they will be released later this week.

However, no matter how considerate an early ceremonial-parade "welcome home" might be, it would still be a strain on the Odes. Nobody wants to add to their burdens.

Many will be disappointed, at least temporarily. All those youngsters in Dysart, Surprise, Peoria and Glendale who were looking forward to this week's opportunity to march and play and express their love of country. The Shrine organizations and the lost list of civic and fraternal groups have long been anticipating this participation in a proud moment.

The community leaders and dignitaries who were scheduled to appear on the Sundome stage to express their deeply-felt gratitude for the return of our neighbor — they'll regret the postponement, but relish whenever it happens.

But, there'll be a "welcome home" — and you can bet on that!

Affections don't cool or fade — they'll be just as warm and bright a week or so from now. And the big display of smiles and day will be embellished with hand-shaking, and a lot of "we're sure glad you're here with us."

There'll be a welcoming delegation at the airport to drive them out home whenever that arrival time is certain. Then, whenever they're feeling up to it, we'll all have a chance to let out that too-long-pent-up WELCOME HOME!

Twice a week

This newspaper has only one function . . . to be useful -- to our readers and our advertisers. Our years-ago decision to be strictly a local community paper has imposed certain limits on total usefulness.

We will not attempt to report state, national or international news. Others can do this better. We believe there's a solid place for a newspaper that concerns itself singularly with our own communities.

We have tried to do this as a once-a-week publication; but it's now clear this is no longer feasible. There's simply too much going on here to permit this restriction.

The economics of newspaper publishing, and the consequent limitations on space availability, have meant that pictures, articles and notices that should have appeared on our pages have not been run; and the delay of a full week has occasionally destroyed their timeliness. This has been a continuing embarrassment to us, and a lack of usefulness to our readers.

Starting this week, the Citizen will appear twice-a-week. The Wednesday edition will be delivered free to the homes in our communities. We have guaranteed our advertisers "total market coverage." Results, to date, indicate this unusual service to merchants, and their prospective customers, is sensible and productive. The Wednesday edition will contain approximately 75 percent advertising and 25 percent news and special features.

The Friday Citizen "Weekend Edition" will be 75 percent news, notices, religious notes, and 25 percent advertising.

The Friday edition will be delivered by mail to subscribers only. There will be an editorial page in both issues, including the Editor's Chair, columns by Lew Singer, Ernie Mehl and Ned Welch letters. These Friday features will not be repeats of the Wednesday materials.

As we gain experience with this mode of publication, changes may be made. We shall be in constant consultation with reader-representatives and advertisers, always looking toward improved usefulness. We will appreciate your comments.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

It won't go away



No matter how uncomfortable it may be—and I can assure you it's uncomfortable for me—the issue of Jim Ratliff's racist remarks will be disappear behind an affectionate screen of "forgive and forget." We can forgive; but we have to be concerned about those who will not forget.

The issue is not Jim Ratliff, the person. The issue is our system of representative government. In his statement: "A young white girl shouldn't carry a child belonging to a colored fellow, unless she wants to" was Jim representing his 15th District constituency's attitude? I'm a District 15 Republican, and that statement certainly doesn't represent my views.

Apparently, it doesn't represent the view of District 15 Sen. Hal Runyon, either. Hal has stated that he is opposed to abortion, "except in cases of rape and incest" ... with no qualification as to the race, color or creed of the rapist. Both represent the same constituency in the Legislature. So, it comes down to a question of personal conviction for bias, not voter representation.

Accusations of charges based on references taken "out of context" are being made. I have listened to the tape recording of Jim's interview with a reporter from station KMCR. The statements quoted in the press are accurate; nothing has been taken "out of context." Jim was asked if it was OK for the interview to be taped; and he approved. He knew that he was "on the record."

In answer to three separated questions, Jim reiterated his conviction that abortions should be constitutionally forbidden, "except when a colored man rapes a white woman." He was asked if he felt the same way about a white man raping a white woman, and his answer was a quick and unequivocal "No." When asked what difference the color of the rapist made, he answered, "It makes a hell of a lot of difference." That was the only justification given for his singular segregation.

On three occasions, Jim was asked if he considered his statements bigoted, and he answered "I don't think so." There was no pressure, no lack of time for deliberation, no goading or prompting. The questioning was calm and the responses were deliberate. Jim was saying what he honestly believed — abortions are wrong when the rapist is white, and right when the rapist is colored. Whether "colored" includes Indians and Mexicans, for example, was not made clear.

Berne Wynn, political columnist for the Arizona Republic—and a man whose aptitudes I respect, devoted his Jan. 31 column to a plea for forgiveness, because "To err is human, to forgive, divine." He closed with "I don't believe one mistake—quickly recognized and apologized for—disqualifies a man from public service." Then, intentionally or not, he exposes the real issue; "A more severe punishment would be to sentence him to 10 more years in the Legislature, knowing every moment that those around him—black, Indian, white and Mexican-American—were monitoring his every word." With that, he put his finger right on the issue.

The issue is not Jim Ratliff's political career. We hear from high authorities that, long before this incident occurred, Jim had expressed reluctance to seek another term in the House. The issue is not whether Jim is a friend of ours - he is. The issue is not whether he has been one of the hardest-working members of the Legislature - he has. The issue is not whether Jim is a good Christian - there's nothing denominational about prejudice. The issue is not whether Jim regrets what he said, and for which he abjectly apologized - that's obvious.

The issue is whether Jim's racist remarks, deliberately reiterated, represent the views of his constituency. Last Saturday's meeting of the Republican Forum West affirmed that organization's support of Jim. Referring to Ratliff's critics as "bleeding heart liberals," president Eldon Davidson said "Jim, you're among friends." That's true; and if he walked into this office he'd be among friends. This is not a question of friendship. It's a question of Sun City's effectiveness in the Legislature.

Every one of those who now represent, and have represented Sun City in the Legislature have testified to an ingrained legislative antipathy toward Sun City. We are categorized as "children haters," "parasites," "selfish," "free-loaders," insensitive to those less fortunate, and smug about our economic and social superiority. We know that isn't true, but they don't know it. Now, the only one of our nine legislators who is a Sun City resident, deliberately voices a prejudice which can be considered nothing less than abhorrent.

However, if Jim's Sun City constituents believe as he believes, then this should be said. If we want the "racist" label added to the other characterizations, then we ought to be honest enough to make that clear.

From the purely political standpoint, Sun City's Republican leaders have to be concerned about 1982. The Republican majority in District 15 is not all that strong. The shift of less than 2,000 registrations and votes could put a Democrat in the house to represent Sun City. This is not to say that would be good or bad. It's simply a statistical fact of life.

Racism and bigotry are not exclusive party affiliations. Those who rally to Jim's defense, because he's a good Republican and a praying Christian, must search their souls to answer: "What is he were Jewish? or, "What if those statements had been uttered by Bruce Babbitt, a Democrat? Would they have felt so compulsively protective?"

Continued on page 5

Would they have led the scalp-hunting pack? Would they have been so anxious to "forgive and forget?"

The issue is not Jim Ratliff's personal character or his private beliefs. The issue is Sun City's impact in the Legislature, and the validity of the image we project and acknowledge.

Nobody had ever said that life is intended to be fair—least of all, political life. George Romney was wiped out of a presidential race because of his off-hand admission that he had been "brain-washed." A substantial responsibility for President Ford's razor-thin loss to Jimmy Carter must be attributed to his ad-lib gaffe regarding Poland's not being subject to the powers of the Soviets. Words can be recanted and apologized, but they can't be erased from the record or the mind.

Jim's first utterance of his unfortunate remarks could be excused as thoughtless reaction to immediate pressure. Washington calls that a mis-speak. But, his reiteration and re-affirmation, when he knew that his remarks were being taped on-the-record, cannot be similarly excused. He said what he believed. Only after it dawned on him that he might have committed political suicide, did he decide to make an apology...an apology that has not been heartily accepted by those affronted.

From the personal standpoint, I find this situation distasteful and disturbing. Contrary to expressed implications, I have no interest in replacing Jim in the Legislature. I tried those waters once, and found them scalding. I would like to continue as one of Jim's friends. But my principal concern is Sun City. And I must raise the question of whether or not Jim Ratliff can continue to represent our best interests in the Legislature.

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn



It seems the new administration in Washington just got a look at the bank balance, and they've discovered that the Federal government is practically out of money. In fact, in a couple of weeks, any checks issued would have to be volcanized.

So, with all the hand-wringing and histrionics reminiscent of Little Nell's virginal submission to the villainous landlord, Congress has approved the President's request to raise the "debt ceiling."

In the first place, that's a euphemistic misnomer. When you're on the way down, what you're concerned with is the floor, not the ceiling. But, "ceiling" sounds more elevating; so we'll go along with "debt ceiling," because, if we don't, sure as shooting they'll appoint a commission to study "The Legal and Juristic Status, and Semantic Connotation, of "Ceiling" As Opposed To "Floor" In Determining National Fiscal Posture." We'll do anything to avoid that.

Anyway, Congress raised the ceiling (or lowered the floor) another \$50 billion. That was a mistake. They should have added an additional \$15 billion—for a total \$65 billion. Then, the national debt would be an even \$1 trillion. There's something crass about \$985 billion, and something romantic about \$1 trillion.

"Trillion" rolls trippingly off the tongue. There's a lilt to it, like the sunrise welcome of a lark on high, or the versatile challenge of a rooftop mocking bird. It's almost impossible to think harshly of a trillion, or to let it be a worry. Contrarily, "bill," as in billion, carries an implicit threat. It's those glassene-window first-of-the-month reminders that our exchequer is now more ex than cheque. And "mill," as in million, is even more

abrasive. That's where the gods grind slowly; and it's the stone that poets hang around our necks.

Try it. Say "billion" and then say "million". Notice how your lips stiffen and a harshness creeps into your voice. Now say "trillion." You can smile while you're mouthing it. The lips are relaxed, and the voice responds to the musicality of the word. It's a comfortable word.

So, if only for aesthetics, and to get us accustomed to a word we're going to be using a lot, let's say that our national debt is one trillion dollars. (Maybe, it is, anyway; but nobody's found it out, or admitted it.) OK, we're in the hole to the tune of \$1 trillion. That has to be fascinating. As the ad boys say, "No other nation can make that statement!" And the delightful part is, nobody, but nobody, has the foggiest notion what it means. The finite human mind will not accept the infinity of one trillion in anything but philosophical terms.

Sure, we talk glibly about "light years" because science-fiction and Carl Sagan's "Cosmos" make such imponderables seem almost neighborly; but, when we get right down to it, you and I have about the same comprehension of the reality of "a light year" (which is 5,878,000,000,000 of our years!) as our Cromagnon ancestors had of atomic fission. And we don't know what a trillion is, either.

All we know is we're in the bucket for that many dollars. We've spent one thousand billion dollars (!) more than we've taken in. We started out a couple of hundred years ago, with a debt of about \$75 million, because our fledgling nation had to borrow money to fight the Revolution. After the Civil War, we were in the red for something less than \$3 billion. The first World War increased our debt to \$27 billion. It was the second World War that really got us into the big money...\$270 billion on the debit side of the ledger.

Since '45, we've had Vietnam and Korea, but no world conflicts; yet, here we are at one trillion dollars. As incomprehensible as that figure is, the thinking that got us there is even less understandable. Have we lost our senses completely? How could any government—Republican, Democratic or Hottentot—conservative or liberal—Federalist or Statist—have let it happen, or thought we could get away with it?

The recent raise in the "debt ceiling" (sic) isn't

enough to pay the interest on the deficit we had before the increase. You and I know that when money is owed it's got to be paid—or we declare bankruptcy. If we sold off all the nation's assets, as corporations have to do when they're in a cash-flow bind, we'd probably net about \$3 trillion. So that doesn't look too bad...we've only hocked about one-third of our value. But, when the total non-federal and consumer debt is added, we've just about wiped out that other two-thirds. The simple, bald, and uncomfortable fact is...we're broke! We can't pay our bills. Whatever else it might mean, that's what a national debt of \$1,000,000,000,000 means!

Now, we can kid around about it all we care to. Most of us are old enough so we can be smug (if that's what we want) in the realization that the system probably isn't going to collapse entirely while we're still around. We probably won't be getting our interest and dividend and pension checks, and Social Security payments, four or five times a day—as happened in post WWI Germany—so we can buy something before the purchasing power of the dollar plummets. But, that isn't very much comfort to me when I talk with our four children and seven grandchildren. They didn't create this mess; you and I did.

To me, a trillion dollar det translates directly into "have we got guts enough to do what has to be done about?" What we're talking about is real hardship...not transient or momentary inconveniences...but real sacrifice. We not only have to get our industrial capacities built back to competitive strength, and our political-social structure refurbished—we've got to produce big enough profits to allow peeling off enough money to pay back the money we owe. We've had a lot of fun dancing; the time has come to pay the fiddler.

You and I aren't going to enjoy it. We like our way of life. We've "paid our dues." Have we? We've created and enjoyed an economy and a society based on spending more than we've taken in. We have always known that it was wrong; we just didn't want to think about it. We're going to think about it—now—or our grandchildren will have ample reason for spitting on our graves.

A trillion dollars. What a lovely sound! What a shameful fact!

Editor's Chair —

Doug Horn

A secret resolve



High on my list of "things I hope for" is that Ronald Reagan has resolved that he will be a one-term President. This has nothing to do with his age — however influential that factor might become. Of course, he would make no such public announcement nor would he allow any suspicion of that intention to be recognized within the administration. That would make him a lame-duck president, and the scramble for succession would destroy his effectiveness.

But, coveted within the secret passages of his heart and mind, such a determination would make it possible — more possible than anything else might do — for President Reagan to do the job that must be done, and which cannot be done, if he's going to be looking for campaign money and votes in 1984.

An inescapable consequence of that resolve would be a willingness to have the height of his effectiveness measured by the depth of his unpopularity. That's a lot to ask of a prideful man; but not too much to ask of a patriot.

Much of that unpopularity will erupt from within his own party. Every republican office-holder and prospective candidate will feel the heat generated by the frictions of necessarily abrasive policies and actions. The screams of the wounded would be heard throughout the land.

And why should the President make such a devastating resolve, and prepare to suffer the slings and arrows? Because the time is now for him to think: "Our problems are severe, and the solutions must be severe. Those problems are neither Democratic nor Republican — they are American. We can't do what we've got to do if we tailor our actions to fit partisan advantages.

"This will be a fight, not a popularity contest. I sought, and have been invested with, the onerous responsibility for articulating and implementing policies which will allow this great nation to recover from its self-imposed sickness and return to its accustomed economic, and societal health, and to the leadership of free peoples around the world.

"In order to do that, many people are going to be hurt. Some, for a while, may suffer undue, almost intolerable, deprivation. We will adjust inequities as fast as humanly possible. But, we're all going to have to realize that there's no way to pussyfoot or soft-talk our way out of the chaos we've created for ourselves.

"You and I know that the United States has proven its capacity for being the greatest political, economic, social, political entity ever devised in the history of nations. We have proven that the enterprise of free people can produce a society of limitless opportunity and abundance; but we have recently been showing that, mistreated and mismanaged, that same society can be competitively unproductive and self-defeating.

"I will press for policies which will re-establish the three most important foundations of our industrial society: inventiveness, man-hour-productivity, and the profit motive for investors. This will, necessarily, incur the wrath of labor unions, bankers, farmers, and an assortment of special-interest groups whose selfish interests will not be reflected.

"We can no longer tolerate losing our industry to Japan, or any other nation. We are now being beaten by Japan — a nation which was prostrate so few years ago — in automobile manufacture and the fabrication of steel. Our society rests dominantly on those industries. We must do — we will do — whatever is necessary to regain our primacy.

"Undoubtedly, the first step is to get the government off the backs of our industries. They must be allowed to do what they do best — producing wanted and superior goods at a competitive profit. Arguments advancing philosophical reasons for excessive environmental, and operational refinements will not be determined politically, they'll be handled competitively. Tax incentives will stimulate investment in our productive and creative capacities. If the demands of labor are clearly seen to be counter-productive, they will not receive governmental support.

"De-regulation of industry will produce, at first, visible inequities. Many companies will take advantage of the freedom to accrue sometimes obscene profits. It will be made eminently clear that de-regulation is not a license to steal; and that excess profits have one purpose only — investment in getting our physical plant back in shape.

The superstructure of the Federal government will be pared to the bone. There are simply too many people feeding at the public trough. And, concurrently, Federal spending will be cut back to the point where deficit spending — except in a time of war — would be impossible. Every facet of our society, too long adjusted to governmental largesse, will feel this harshly. Congress, state legislatures, mayors, special interests of all kinds, will get out the bloodhounds. All of them will be in favor of greatly reduced spending, but none of them will want it to happen to them.

"Unfortunately, we are not talking about a choice. We have no choice. We face major surgery, not "two aspirins and call me in the morning."

"So, with whatever help I can get from those who recognize the current difficulties and pending disaster facing our nation, I shall press immediately and consistently for the adoption of policies and actions designed to answer our nation's problems — and let the chips fall where they may."

Only a President who has resolved not to run for reelection would dare harbor such thoughts. But his place in history would ultimately be a shining altar.

Rep. Bob Denny defends Jim Ratliff

4—February 18, 1981—SUN CITY CITIZEN

Editors Chair



Editor

Let's Not Shoot Jim Ratliff For One Mistake

Jim Ratliff is my running mate and my friend; both I am very proud of. Jim made a mistake and he has truly suffered for it. However, before we run off to sign petitions, say nasty things, or draw more cartoons — I would like to tell you about the real Jim Ratliff.

He was an enlisted man during World War II, serving with such gallantry and extraordinary leadership that Ray Harvey, his war time company commander, recommended him for a battlefield commission — which he received. He was wounded three times, the last time so severely that he was reported dead. It took nearly two years for him to recover, including nine months in the hospital.

Among his many medals are the Purple Heart with two clusters, the Bronze Star, the Combat Ribbon with three bronze stars, and the Medal for Humane Action. Jim was offered a medical discharge which he refused and went on to serve his country for a total of 25 years in the Army and Air Force.

He is serving his 11th year in the House of Representatives despite having one heart attack and undergoing a heart operation for a two-way bypass. In 1977 he was selected by the Assembly of Governmental Employees as one of the nation's ten outstanding legislators.

I defy anyone to name another legislator who has been more dedicated or who has done more for the district he represents than Jim Ratliff.

Jim does not drink or smoke and is a devout Christian. But most of all, he is a decent, honorable American — If you don't believe me, ask Col. Ray Harvey (Ret.), his war time commander and holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

So, before you load your gun — look in the mirror and ask yourself: what have I done for my country?

I think Jim has done more than his share for his country and all he is asking in return is three small words — "We forgive you."

Jim, forgive me for not coming forward sooner — and thanks for being my friend.

Bob Denny
State Representative

I'm getting a little fed up with emotional and sanctimonious avoidance of the issue. The question has never been whether Jim Ratliff is a hard-working and dedicated representative of District 15 in the state legislature . . . a courageous soldier, who suffered much...a decent and decent living man. Those matters

are beyond dispute, and probably should be extolled more often than Jim's innate sense of privacy would permit.

The only question is whether Jim Ratliff made, and re-affirmed, a statement that was so racist as to impair his continued effectiveness in the Legislature, and which, by his position of elected representation, cast an unwarranted aspersion on his already-maligned constituency. That's the issue, and the only issue.

If Jim didn't mean what he said, and repeated, and re-affirmed on tape, then why did he say it, so deliberately, and without either compulsion or provocation? We know he regrets what he said; and we whole-heartedly accept, without reservation, his repentant apology. If he were merely Jim Ratliff, neighbor and friend, we'd talk about it, and forget it; but he isn't...he's Jim Ratliff, one of 90, selected from among 2,500,000 Arizonans to make the laws of this State. That distinguishes and isolates Jim's expressions from yours and mine.

I have never found Jim to be intolerant of those who disagree with him. Therefore, his statements don't qualify as bigotry. However, the definition of "racist" is: the notion that one's own ethnic stock is superior. Jim's statement qualifies for that nomination. Now, the question becomes—is that acceptable? and does it represent his constituency? Friends, whom I regard highly, have stopped me on the street, at meetings, and have called, to say that they agree with Jim's

color-of-skin prejudice. He isn't alone, or unique, in the implications of his deliberately-stated bias.

If that's where we are, then let's say so, honestly, openly, and in full cognizance of the consequences. But, let's not hide behind Jim's too-seldom-applauded military record, his undoubted qualifications as "outstanding citizen and good neighbor," or the extenuation of "a good Christian." This latter implies that a non-Christian would not be privileged to claim the same absolution; and, if operational prejudice has become a matter of denominational allegiance, then we're really in a mess.

The laws of this State—the prime responsibility of the Legislature—must be equally and fairly applicable to all the people of this State—not just the white majority. The Indians, the Hispanics, the blacks—are Arizonans. If they are assumed by our Legislators to be inferior people, then we must adjust and reconcile ourselves to a new definition of "equal justice for all."

If Jim didn't honestly believe what he said, then he must explain, convincingly, how he could have said it. If what he said expresses an ingrained racism, then he should admit to it, and let his constituency decide whether that's the way they want to be represented. It's quite possible that he would receive a majority of approbation. Then Sun City—not Jim Ratliff—is on the griddle.

The issue is not Jim Ratliff. The issue is representative government— "of the people, by the people, for

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Editors Chair

Continued from Page 4

the people." Show me the man who is free of all prejudice and I'll show you a man who has never been anyplace, met anyone, read anything, or had reason to think about anything. Prejudice is built into the definition of the human race.

Should Jim resign? Probably not. Should he run for reelection in '82? Definitely not. If he decided to run for reelection in '82, would he be reelected? Very likely...and that's a commentary on the Sun City Electorate, which should be a matter of deep concern for those who believe in representative government.

If we allow this to become a matter of personality, not of principle, then we put into question the responsibility of free men to carry the responsibility of being free. It isn't a matter of being a good citizen, a dedicated public servant, a Christian or a non-Christian. It's a matter of whether or not we believe in what we espouse, the principle of equal opportunity.

If we don't believe in it, let's stop the charade. Let's get on with the business of developing a society based on a conviction of white supremacy...and then let's get nations whose derogation of "civil liberties" we have officially deplored. It has to start someplace. If it has to start in Arizona, in District 15 and with Jim Ratliff, then so be it.

Doug Horn



Hazardous wastes

The Arizona Legislature is in the process of selecting a site for the proper disposal of hazardous waste materials. Incredibly, after decades of rapid industrial growth -- and we've always known that most industrial processes generate potentially hazardous wastes -- Arizona does not now have any hazardous waste disposal sites or treatment facilities. Further, we have no transportation industry for the transfer of hazardous wastes to approved facilities outside the state.

The result? Generators of hazardous wastes have had no alternative to disposing of those wastes on plant properties, in illegal dumps, in sanitary landfills, directly into the public sewer system, or paying the price for carting them out of state.

The term "hazardous waste" does not include radioactive materials, wastes generated by the mining industry, pesticide formulations and applicators, military installations, and the utilities industry. Even with those omissions, we're talking about seven million gallons of liquid hazardous waste and 115,000 tons of solid hazardous waste every year, with an annual 10 percent increase.

After more than half a year of study, during which 23 prospective sites were analyzed, the Arizona Department of Health Services recommended three sites for final consideration. The location that will be approved by the Legislature, judging from recent committee and floor actions, was the department's third choice.

The first choice would have placed the hazardous waste disposal facility in District 15, whose representatives in the legislature are still smarting under the onus of having the state prison imposed on them. The choice, then, will probably be less pragmatic than political.

Feb. 23, 1981

Maybe there's nothing especially wrong with that process; but it does open questions of whether the public safety should take precedence over political sensitivities.

The site that will probably be selected, Rainbow Valley, impinges on more residential properties than either of the more strongly recommended sites. The inhabitants of that area have already protested vigorously.

The important issue in this is not the selection of one site as against another, it's the fact that we don't face such problems until they reach emergency status. We've known about the urgency of this situation for decades.

We've known we could not continue to dump hazardous wastes, willy-nilly, on open lands and in sewers, or spray them into the air. My great-grandfather, who never spent a day in school, knew that you didn't put the three-holer near the well.

We don't seem to foresee problems. We don't act with studied judgement; we react to immediate emergencies. This is what happened when we "decided" on a "solution" to the prison problem. Only when a federal judge told us we'd better get additional facilities "or else," we moved -- and came up with the wrong solution, because we hadn't taken time to think the problem through completely. There, again, the answer was political, not judicious.

What might we have considered, with regard to hazardous waste disposal? Well, we learned how to bore through the Buckeye Mountains in order to transit CAP waters from the Colorado.

Has anybody given any thought to the possibility of boring into the White Tanks, or the Harquahalas, or the Big Horns, or the Gila Bends? Such repositories would remove the danger of ground water pollution -- and we'd better be giving some active thought to that pretty soon!

Have we learned anything from the long-term experience of other nations, who have found practical ways to manage even nuclear wastes? France, West Germany, Canada have already found workable solutions. In simple terms, they convert high level waste to a hard, stable glass. The only problem, then, is where to store the vetrified cubes ad infinitum.

Where better than a tunnel in a mountain? Far above the precious and vulnerable water bed . . . out of the way of commercial and residential expansion . . . and utilizing low-value real estate. Can it be that we are not thinking expansively enough? That we are not reaching for ultimate solutions, but are satisfying our needs with easy solutions? Wouldn't this be a good time to back off and take a creative view of some of our problems?

Maybe the hazardous waste we should be most concerned about is the waste of our time, talent and resources on Mickey-Mouse solutions to King-Kong problems. That kind of waste can be really hazardous.

-February 25, 1961

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



A hospital is an institution where the ill and injured may receive medical and surgical treatment, and nursing care. "Hospitality" is the quality of being friendly and solicitous. Both words derive from the same Latin stem; and both come together under the name "Boswell Memorial."

The most desirable hospital is an empty hospital, for then everybody's well. Less desirable, by far, is a full-to-capacity hospital, because that means people who need care cannot get it. That's where Boswell now is. It isn't where you and I want it to be.

That's our hospital. We have supported its creation and its growth, and have collected dividends of expert and dignified care from that investment. We know Boswell is not just a building sitting on a knoll, monitoring the community; we know we have built a monument to "neighbors caring for neighbors," a character that flatters us, a mood that adds pride to our being here, a physical embodiment of our innate

Donation reflects best in community

ambition to do something important—for somebody else.

In our average span of years, 10 years doesn't seem very long; but, it was only a few months more than 10 years ago that the Walter O. Boswell Memorial Hospital opened its doors. Sun City was then 10 years old, and less than half its present size—and Sun City West was a vision on the drawing board.

Now, Sun City has reached its size, Sun City West is struggling through growing pains to its inevitable bigger-than Sun City, and Boswell Hospital has shrunk to inadequacy.

What it does is not inadequate, it's magnificent. What is isn't able to do—and what it won't be able to do in the very near tomorrows—is where the inadequacy is evident, disturbing and precarious.

The fourth tower of Boswell must be built. We have no choice, unless we are willing to fall short of our original intentions and responsibilities. It will cost \$13.5 million. That's a lot of money. How much is it? It's enough to pay the interest on our national debt for 28 hours, to pay half the cost of a fighter plane, to support nine members of Congress for almost a year, and to cover our Federal budget for 63 seconds. That's a lot of money!

Realistically, nobody expects the community to come up with that much cash. A major part of that amount will have to be borrowed, through the issuance of bonds. The target goal for community contributions

is \$2,000,000—and that seems reasonable. It's important to note that every contributed \$1,000 saves up to \$3,000 in long-term financing costs. Every 10 bucks you and I can dig up now is actually worth three times that much in ultimate effectiveness. That's worth giving a lot of thought to—even to the point of a little right-now sacrifice.

Calls to this office indicate some measure of confusion about whether or not Boswell is still "our community hospital." Does somebody else own our hospital? The answer is "no." In order to comply with the requirements of the Medicare system, a separate corporation, the Inter-Community Health Care of Arizona, Inc., had to be set up as a kind of "holding company," in order to separate operations from management.

Then, to build and operate the proposed transitional medical facility in Sun City West, still another corporation was set up. This is the Western Maricopa Health Care Facilities, Inc. Both Boswell Memorial and Western Maricopa are subsidiaries of Inter-Community. All three have the same board of directors. All three are "our hospital."

I won't attempt to explain the details of such organizational maneuverings, for the simple reason that I cannot. Lawyers and tax people understand stuff like that. All I know is that Boswell is, as it has been from the beginning, a place where hundreds of the most dedicated people I've ever known give up

thousands of their hours to the prideful performance of the Women's Auxiliary; where 250 of the country's most qualified physicians and surgeons, and 1,000 highly skilled employees, add tender loving care to man's humanity to man, where, in three years, we'll have to be prepared to handle a 70 percent increase in today's demands and needs for care.

The Tower Four Fund campaign is not just another assault on your wallet. It's an invitation for you to be proud of what this community is all about. If you've got a lot of money, this can be an attractive tax deduction. Some of the more fortunate are actually able to improve their estate values through such contributions. If you're just getting along, a couple of bucks might hurt, but it's the kind of hurt that feels good.

Occasionally, we should remind ourselves that, fortunate as we are, we are not selfish. One out of every four patients benefitting from the excellence of Boswell is not a resident of Sun City or Sun City West. We reach out to Youngtown, El Mirage, Surprise, Peoria—and we say to those neighbors, "We care for you."

In time, there will be a full-scale hospital in Sun City West, equal to or bigger than Boswell Memorial. Communities whose residents average 69 years of age understand these realities. The Tower Four Fund Campaign is merely today getting ready for an inescapable tomorrow.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Instant solutions

Ready-mixes, heat-and-serve food, and miracle ingredients are the inevitable consequence of time becoming more important than taste. The ultimate capitulation to convenience vs content is the TV dinner—an ingenious merger of two of modern society's outstanding inclinations: the avoidance of thinking, and addition to the tube. The disturbing thought is that those aren't two inclinations, but one. Ninety-seven percent of all residences in the United States have a television set in working order. More than half have two or more sets. On average, across the country, a television set is turned on six hours and 45 minutes ever day.

Quite aside from such obvious implications as disruptions of reading and conversation, there's a far more portentous impact that warrants considerable thinking about...the promise and dramatization of instant solutions to all problems. On TV every dilemma reaches a happy ending in 30 minutes—minus time for credits and commercials, of course. So, having become involved in the problem, and witnessing its happy conclusion—all within the span of 23 and one-half minutes—on we go to the next predicament.

Periodically, this intellectual exercise must be interrupted for a half hour of news. In varying degrees of validity, research studies indicate that more people get their "news" from TV than from all other media combined. Nobody can dispute that words plus pictures—especially, moving on-the-spot pictures—have infinitely more impact and "assumed credibility" than words alone.

The introduction of show-biz into TV news broadcasts is provably important to the money-making ratings; but there's no question about its having introduced an element of non-news into the news. If, as the polls show, Walter Cronkite is "the most trusted man in America" then his news automatically becomes more significant than somebody else's news. In consequence, the news has shed its historical and expected factuality to the degree that the art and character of presentation have increased on commercial value. The same, incidentally, can be said about newspaper editors, columnists and "name" reporters.

If the only importance of this situation were confined to media communications, it would be tolerable, because we could guard against its undue influence. But, there is reason to suspect that the capsulizing of news and the instant-remedy of TV programs, has engendered a damaging unreality in our society. We have come to expect instant solutions and one-line information in everything. We reject and recoil from problems that cannot be answered immediately; and we hold our system culpable for such inadequacy. "They do it on TV, why can't you do it?"

We expect the election of a new president to turn everything around NOW! Sure, it's taken us 50 years to get in the mess we're in—under both Republican and Democratic administrations—but, "we give you four years to get things straightened out, or else you and your buddies are in real trouble, Ronnie." Of course—just the way we see it on TV—we're not going to be involved in, or penalized by, the ultimate happy ending.

There are problems for which there are no immediate solutions; and some for which there are no long-range solutions, either. National profligacy, i.e. our society's living too high on the hog for too long, which is the direct cause of inflation, is not going to be neutralized or reversed without considerable long-term and painful sacrifice. It can be handled; but if a rational beginning is made in four years—not a definitive solution—it will be recorded in history as a miracle.

The whole world prefers peace to war. However, there is nothing in the annals of civilization to indicate that ultimate peace is a realistic ambition. It is more demonstrable that "man is war." The human being is a competitive animal, and ultimate competition is war. Therefore, a strong brief could be written that the problem of armed conflict between peoples and nations is not susceptible to any solution, let alone an instant answer.

The disturbing fact that over half our electorate sees fit not to participate in the unique privilege of voting could well be a reflection of our expectation of 30-minute solutions to many-years problems. We withdraw from the political system because it fails to solve obvious problems instantaneously. We don't get immediate response to our vote, so we won't take the trouble, to vote.

We know that changing from "that other coffee" to the instant, which doesn't have all those nerve-jangling chemicals, is going to get us a better job and make us the life of the party. We know that "medicine breath" is worse than halitosis, and with one gargle we can get the world back on its axis again. We know that the reason you may not be getting the most out of life is that somebody in your family has ring-around-the-collar. The reason we're not solving our problems is that somebody's using the wrong under-arm deodorant—or listening to the wrong newscast.

There aren't any instant solutions. We're in for a long period of paying the price for our past malfeasance. It isn't going to be pleasant, but it will be done, because you and I believe in accepting the responsibility for being free Americans.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



When you and I were growing up, 21 was considered the age at which we escaped from youth to maturity. "Now, you are a man, my son" were the words with which the romanticists typically extolled the totally artificial significance of two score and one.

I recall reaching 16 as being far more important than emerging from the 20's. At 16 I could drive a car (legally -- having done so illegally for an uncomfortable period); and that was far more important than becoming 21, and being privileged to vote.

Of course, over the years we've tampered considerably with the restrictive legalism of 21. "If we're old enough to fight for our country, we're old enough to vote, and drink." So down comes the permissive age for both.

That's like saying "If I'm old enough to parent a child (let's say, 14), then I'm old enough to run a household." A palpable absurdity! Or, as we hear so much, "If we can put a man on the Moon, why can't we solve the traffic problem in Phoenix, or agree on what

Coming of age: a relative matter

should be done with the Sun Bowl? Solution by analogy is seldom feasible.

Calendar age is a statistic of prime concern to chroniclers of events, but of little meaning in the living of life. At my age (a few days short of three score and eleven) my father was an old man. Society told him he was an old man, so he accepted the nomination. When he retired, as a motorman on the Boston Elevated, he returned to ordained decay and a socially-prescribed meaninglessness. He retired to the assignment of waiting for death.

Our generation said "That isn't good enough. That isn't what it's all about. Maybe we've got to move out of our career spot, to make room for those coming along; but nobody's going to hang us out on a limb to collect moss. Nobody's going to tell us we're washed up in the backwaters, out of the main stream, just because a number of calendar pages have turned.

Wedge us into a category, if that's what you need for statistical convenience; but don't kid yourself, that we're a homogenized glob of geriatric inconsequence. Maybe we can't still do the hundred under 10, or the mile under 5; but we remind you that the race is not always to the swift. We recall that the tortoise simple out-thought the hare."

Calendar age fascinated the brilliant scholars who compiled one of the most impressive books in all literature... the Book of Genesis. I intend no affront to those of my friends who are absolute fundamentalists. I respect and envy the certainty of their acceptance; but Genesis, to me, is one of the great romantic novels of all time. I stand in awe of the capacity of

those unknown authors for creative imagery and historical inventiveness.

In particular, I dote on Chapter 5: "the book of the generations of Adam." This is vulgarly referred to as "The Book of the Begats." It seems that Adam was 130 years old when Seth was born, and Adam lived to be 930 years old -- "and begat sons and daughters." Skipping over a long list of similarly procreative patriarchs, we come to Methuselah -- the generally accepted yardstick for advanced years -- who, we're told, was 187 years old when his first-born, Lamech, was born; and Methuselah lived another 782 years "and begat sons and daughters." He finally cashed in his chips at age 969.

Well, maybe so -- but I'm inclined to believe that the guys who documented those "facts" were wearing Timexes sadly in need of adjustment, or somebody was spiking their Geritol. We know that life expectancy, at that period in history (and much later) was between 20 and 30 years. As a matter of fact, the normal life-span at the beginning of this century was in the early 30's.

Yet, we continue to place meaning on calendar years. You cannot be a member of the U.S. House of Representatives unless you're 25 years old; or a member of the Senate until you're 30; or President of the U.S. unless you're passed your 35th birthday. Jesus Christ didn't live long enough to have been our President; and William Pitt "the Younger," assumed the awesome post of British Prime Minister before he was old enough to have been elected to our House of Representatives.

A few weeks ago, Sun City observed its 21st Birthday. Assuming that you and I still regard the number, "21," as "coming of age," maybe we ought to give it some thought. If, as the old-fashioned calendar would have it, we are now "adult," shouldn't we take a hard look at what that means. Although there were many preceding years of practical independence, I recall that becoming 21 meant cutting the family umbilicus, and accepting full and unquestioned responsibility for everything I did, and everything that happened to me. Risk and responsibility were synonymous.

Whatever Sun City is going to be, physically, it now is. Whatever we are, that's all we've got to work with. We are adult. The only question is whether we're ready, and willing, to accept that responsibility... or do we still pucker reflexively for the spoon-fed papulum of DevCo paternalism and "let George do it"?

Can we bring together the senior statesmanship of an I. W. Abel, the compassion of a Rev. Thistlethwaite, the probing mind of an Al Brown, the delicate sensitivity of a Jennings Butterfield, the get-it-done common sense of a Sam Higginbotham, the patriotic fervor of a Paul Morrill, the objective expressiveness of a Burt Freireich? (and here pause to beg forgiveness of the myriad not specified).

Can we do this, with a minimum of seeking after personal aggrandisement, and a dedication to the reality of our adulthood as a totally unique composition of talents and capacities? If we can't, then "coming of age" doesn't have much meaning.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn

Lose a little ...
get a little



A few weeks ago I received an unexpected check in the mail. It hasn't been deposited yet, because I'm trying to figure out whether it'll force me into a higher tax bracket.

It's for \$2.28; and it represents my share of the judgment assessed against various dairy companies for price-fixing. The check was sent to me by the Arizona Dairy Products Litigation Consumer Class Settlement Fund; and it's signed by Arizona's Attorney General, Bob Corbin. There's every reason to believe the check is good.

But, something about the situation intrigued me, so I started calling a few people. It seems that, everything included, it cost \$1.30 to send me \$2.28. That didn't strike me as the height of economic common sense. There were 380,000 checks sent out totaling \$2 million, the amount of the assessment against the dairy companies. The average of those checks was \$5.26, so I was a below average beneficiary of this lactic largesse.

A couple of years ago, the majors in the bakery industry paid back \$2 million to those who claimed to have been price-fixed into paying too much for bread products. I didn't get in on that handout; but the per-person refunds were probably comparable to the dairy-case rebates.

Now, there's no question that, if a company, or a group of companies, are found guilty of shafting the consumer, they should be penalized. Dishonesty and law-breaking cannot be tolerated in a society based on law and order. The only question is how does the individual taxpayer make out best. Is it better for me to get a check for \$2.28 (which reflects the processing cost of \$1.30 to get it to me) or would I profit more from having the entire \$2 million returned to a general fund, invested at interest, or even specifically applied to highway funds, or any of the functions so sorely needing support?

In the first place, I'm not at all secure about our system of adjudicating price-fixing. Sure, if manufacturers get together and agree, in advance, they're going to charge a certain price to wholesalers, distributors and retailers for their products--no matter what the differences may be in actual production costs--then there's collusion, in defiance of anti-trust laws, and the miscreants should be punished.

However, a casual walk through any supermarket will give you pause about the definition of price-fixing. Competitive brands of soap, all priced the same; coffee, in all sizes and under a variety of brand names, all carrying exactly the same price tag. This implies that, unless there is collusion at some point in the manufacturing-distributing-retailing process, all those marketing entities operate under identical costs of management, manufacture, distribution, advertising and sales. This is an obvious absurdity.

So, getting too involved in the niceties of legalistic price-fixing is probably fruitless. We're never going to be able to get that straightened out--unless we want to get rid of the so-called free enterprise system. What we might do something about is concentrating on "the greatest good for the greatest number." It seems reasonable that, if we concentrated the values of these recovered funds into one project or investment, instead of dispersing them in thousands of pittance at a high cost of dispersal, we'd all be better off.

A few years ago, Arizona was faced with a whopping surplus--into the many millions. At that time, we made the suggestion that, instead of doling this out in few-dollar tax refunds to everybody--a popular platform for politicians--if those millions were invested, we'd accumulate enough interest every five years to build each of the prisons we're going to have to build every five years...and the capital would still be intact!

The only one who seemed to agree with the idea was the State Treasurer, Clark Dierks, who has a remarkable record of investing state funds for the benefit and profit of all Arizonans. We couldn't get any comment out of anybody in the Legislature. Agreement, or action, would have deprived them of that, most sacrosanct of all political totems: "I will work to reduce your property taxes."

The Arizona courts have said that retrieved money must go to those who asserted the claims. By law, nobody else can get it. However, laws made by man can be changed by man. If the general public would profit more from general application of penalty funds than from individual disbursements, then common sense says let's change the law to permit this.

We're all attuned to the vernacular: "By the time they get through with the case, the lawyers will have it all, anyway." I've nothing against the legal profession, but that statement is more often true than false. It applies to probate and estate settlements, class-action consumer cases, liability suits, etc., etc.

If we've already paid the money--in taxes, over-pricing, or whatever, we've already adjusted to that loss in spendable income. The return of a few bucks isn't going to make that much difference in our way of life. So, if all those individual refunds could be lumped into one productive fund, the chances are we'd all be better off in the long run.

I'll deposit that check for \$2.28; but I'd feel better if the total \$2 million were going into a general fund for the repair and maintenance of our highways for which you and I are going to be called on to pay a lot more than \$2.28--and soon!

Isn't it about time we based our actions on "Does it make sense?" rather than, "Is that what the law says we have to do?"

Editors Chair

Douglas Horn



Conversations and meetings are starting up again over the question of what should be done with the Sun Bowl. This is the fifth or sixth such flurry of activity during the past three years.

The same questions are asked; and, for the most part, go unanswered. Do we need and want the Sun Bowl? Who will assume responsibility for its maintenance? Where will the money come from? What kind of uses could we find for the Sun Bowl? By now, it must be clear that the reason for not resolving the problem of the Sun Bowl is the Sun Bowl itself. We can't rationalize a 7,000-capacity, terraced, open-air amphitheatre.

Then, why not start by removing that obstacle to solution? Let's eliminate the Bowl, and start thinking what we could do with the acreage. Visualize it, after the bulldozers have levelled the Bowl, i.e. put the dirt back where it was originally. The shell is there, tucked into the southeast corner of a vast expanse of very valuable and waiting-to-be used park-land.

Sun Bowl: answering the challenge

Now, before letting your thoughts fill in the blank spaces, ask yourself "What does Sun City lack?" My answer to that question is... a cultural center for the fine arts. We've got practically everything imaginable for physical activity, for social pleasure, for crafts-and-hobbies stimulation, for personal and societal enjoyment; but we don't have a place where a broad scope of cultural inclinations and appetites can come together and be comfortable.

To be specific: our art museum is cutting the umbilicus with Phoenix, and will strike out on its own. A new home must be created. The Sun City Players have long strained against the limitations of flat-floored Mountain View auditorium, as has the Fine Arts Society, in its chamber-music presentations. There's no way a folding-chair, flat-floor, limited-stage program can escape the character of a PTA meeting. Cultural inclinations must be tenacious, indeed, to survive the antagonism of such environment.

So, there we've got it... the need, and the opportunity to answer the need. Let your thoughts visualize an attractive structure, or complex, in the northwest sector of the Sun Bowl acreage (sans Bowl). The central feature is a 1,000-seat, ramp-floored theatre, where intimate music can be flattered, and the pian excellence appreciated. Separate, but complementary, is the art museum, with that special kind of built-in vanity the beautiful and the meaningful demand.

Who would take on such a responsibility? Probably not the Red Centers. Theirs is a different job. Surely

not the Home Owners Association of the Taxpayers Association, or any of the other civic organizations. It would be a separate and autonomous corporation, created for this distinct purpose. It would, by charter, be self-perpetuating, because continuity of function and responsibility would have to be guaranteed before DevCo would turn over the property.

At this point, we ought to pause and give thought to a truly amazing condition, which we are too often prone to take for granted. DevCo wants to give us that property! We're all aware that, for reasons beyond their corporate control, DevCo is having cash-flow problems. They can use cash. They can sell the Sun Bowl property for big dollars. Instead, they have said, "We want to give it to you, if you'll just come up with a credible plan for managing it."

Why John Meeker has been so patient is beyond my understanding. He has, undoubtedly, had to defend his dedication to our community interests against the inquisitorial pragmatism of management and stockholders.

But, there it is. It's our, if we want it, and can demonstrate that we'll know what to do with it. Who will manage it? Within 48 hours after the announcement of a prospective Cultural Center, we'll have 10 times as many candidates for the Board of Directors and operational positions, as could possibly be accommodated.

Where will the money come from? On average, those who are concerned about the fine arts are also

those who are acquainted with healthy bank balances and gold-tinged portfolios. Further, even those who believe that life begins at the first tee and ends at the 18th green, will recognize that our community is not complete until it gives compatible expression to the delicate and emotional arts.

Believe it or not, if the 50 percent of Sun City area homes that do not now bundle their newspapers for deposit in the Lions' collection bins would take that one easy step, there'd be an additional \$100,000 available every year.

No! money is not the problem. Getting togetherness decision is the problem. So, we offer this suggestion for discussion. And, after a reasonable time, let's stop talking and start doing.

Somewhere in this community, there's an architect or an artist who can sketch the way the Sun Bowl property would look under such a Cultural Center concept. We invite their creativity for publication. At the same time, we ask the directors of the museum, the Players, and the Fine Arts Society to merge their interests into a common purpose and physical plan.

If we turn our backs on this opportunity to express the breadth and depth of our community, then we must admit irresponsibility. If we aren't ready for the development and management of those things which are in our best interests, we'd better get our chairs at curb-side so we can watch the rest of the world go by.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn

A new low



A new and distressing note has entered into the controversy over incorporation — the direct assertion that incorporation would inevitably bring corruption.

By phone, Al Brown confirmed the statement he made at Monday's meeting of the Town Meeting Association: "Anyone who has followed the situation on a day-to-day basis knows that corruption in government is a way of life in the U.S.; and it wouldn't be any different in Sun City. The more government there is, the more opportunity for corruption there is. Why have unnecessary government?"

There are, undoubtedly, many valid reasons for opposition to incorporating Sun City; but if one of them is the inevitability of corruption, i.e. political corruption, then we've got some soul-searching to do. Could that possibly be true?

Nobody can deny the fact that dishonesty, corruption, venality have been attributes of human society from the beginning of recorded history. And not just in politics or government, but wherever some individual or group can gain something extra by cheating, or breaking accepted rules in some way.

Educational systems, organized churches, associations of doctors and lawyers, trade unions, big and small businesses, police and fire departments, the CIA and FBI, and on and on and on the episodes of venality occur and repeat.

The word venal comes directly from the Latin venalis: "for sale;" and "corrupt" is its synonym. It's altogether possible that there are some among us who have, at one time or another in the past, betrayed their scruples for a price, thus, corrupt. But, to assume that this is inevitable within any governing body in this community is both deplorable and unacceptable.

At this point I would ask Al Brown to itemize the evidences or corruption in Youngtown, which has been incorporated for 20 years. Perhaps Mayor Shrenk, and the Youngtown Council, would

It strikes me that the harangue regarding incorporation has reached a pretty low level when implications of our being able to comport ourselves without inevitable corruption are stated as facts. The introduction of this argument as a reason for not "adding another layer of government" is sophomoric and insulting. Because U.S. Grant and Richard Nixon corrupted the standards of the presidency, the office should be abolished? Because Wilbur Mills disgraced the Congress, that body should be eliminated? Because some Congressmen got caught in Abscam, all members of Congress can be bought?

There'll always be somebody with his hand in the till. Ask any supermarket manager where his greatest losses occur — from among the employees. We might remind ourselves that one of the original disciples sold out for 30 pieces of silver . . . that was more than eight percent of that particular organization who was corruptible — a pretty high percentage! But, somehow, that organization managed to do some mighty good things.

It isn't enough to say that, because we're older and generally church-going, we would be incorruptible. It is enough to point out that as a community, we have already proven our capacity to carry out, under trying conditions, major responsibilities without compensation. Greed, the foundation of corruption, has never been one of this community's characteristics. There is no reason to believe that it will be.

The principle of "inevitable corruption" has to be abhorrent. It calls for the dissolution of all forms of government. It denies the principle that the best government is the closest government, where it can be held intimately accountable for its actions.

All of this is simply going to cement the convictions of those who "know" that I'm in favor of incorporation. Let's set that straight, again. My position has been on the record, and publicized, for five years. If put to a vote today, I would vote against incorporation, because it would be imposed on the community rather than growing out of the community. In some form, at some time, we will decide to direct the affairs of our community ourselves, because that's the only way we're going to get out from under the federal and state bureaucracy.

However, I refuse to accept as an argument against incorporation any such categorical denigration as "inevitably corrupt." Quite aside from the insulations against malfeasance that could be written into any charter, I'm not going to accept a charge that Sun City couldn't put together an incorruptible form of government.

Maybe, now that he's had a chance to think it over, Al Brown would like to apologize to the community.

Government would make SC corrupt

In a blast against the Charter Government Association, Al Brown, of the Town Meeting Association, said Monday that a government in Sun City would be subject to corruption.

Brown said corruption in government is a way of life in the United States and, he observed, it would be no different in Sun City.

Brown, TMA's research director and chief spokesperson, issued the charge before 170 people attending a TMA meeting in the Alco Theater.

He also accused Charter Government members of desiring incorporation as a means of achieving personal gains.

According to Brown, most Sun City residents do not want major changes in the community. As for those who want a municipal government, Brown said "they can move to Peoria."

The Charter Government Association is working to put the matter of incorporation to a vote this fall, while TMA's direction is toward scuttling that effort.

In other action, TMA members were reminded of the Recreation Centers board's proposal to eliminate their quarterly meetings.

A letter of resolution stressing the importance of meetings was

sent last month to Jack Spellman, president of Recreation Centers of Sun City Inc.

According to Brown, Spellman's Feb. 28 reply was that he would be willing to send a representative group to meet with the same number of TMA members to discuss the proposed cancellation.

Brown said the TMA executive board informed Spellman it would be more productive if the entire rec board would meet with the TMA.

Spellman has not yet replied to their terms.

Along with the letter, TMA also sent a resolution regarding proposed changes in the rec centers' bylaws and articles of incorporation.

Drafted by John Stec, TMA secretary, the resolution declared that before the directors vote to accept the changes they should hold a general membership meeting.

The purpose of the meeting would be to have Hil Vogel, chairman of the Legal Affairs Committee, present the proposed changes and reasons for them.

The TMA draft said a "qualified person" representing the members could present reasons why some or all of the changes are not in the best interest of the members.

MARCH 13, SUN CITY CITIZEN

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



During his address in the Sundial Auditorium last Wednesday, Gov. Bruce Babbitt made the flat statement that "our 14 counties are virtually bankrupt, and won't be able to maintain health care for the indigent unless we get Medicaid money."

Arizona is the only one of the 50 states that has, so far, refused the entanglements of Medicaid; and the deplorable experiences of the other 49 stand as testimony to the wisdom of Arizona's position.

With all its stupidities, inefficiencies and malfeasances, Medicaid is not really the issue. The point is that the money we need to support our people's needs is our money. All we're asking is for the Feds to give us our own money back again.

The Governor extended this thesis to ask for each state to handle its own problems in Education, Transportation and Law Enforcement —because these are, fundamentally, local problems. This would

States should resume sovereignty

appear to be highly logical; but it can't be done because there are laws that say it can't be done.

If something should be done, but can't be done because of a law, then the remedy seems to be simple . . . change the law. If all the states decided they want to change the system, they could get together and do it. The machinery for such action is always in place and ready for use.

It's well to bear in mind, however, that the concentration of fiscal power in the Federal government was not a process of usurpation, it was done at the request of the states. With ample evidence that the Federal structure was a more efficient tax-collection agency, the states found it expedient to turn the money-gathering function over to Big Daddy. The original idea was that the states would actually get back more than they would have been able to collect through their own system. Good theory; bad result.

As the money flowed into the Federal coffers, the structure of bureaucracy kept pace; and more and more of the dollars went into financing the structure rather than the performance and less and less was available to be returned to its rightful owners, the taxpayers in each of the states.

It's not only a hard job to get our own money back,

but when we do get some of it, it's loaded with so many restrictions that acceptance is a penalty. It's as though you lent a friend some money, and when you asked for its return he said, "OK, here it is" minus a few bucks for expenses; but I won't give it to you unless you agree to spend it only on things I like, and in the way I would do it."

Whatever the reasons might have been for the origination and growth of this absurdity, isn't it about time for all of us to take action against its continuance? Isn't it about time for Arizona to assert its constitutional sovereignty? The present system hasn't always existed and there's no reason to accept the inevitability of its continued existence. Systems are created to be changed.

A return to State control over local problems and local funding would undoubtedly produce the economies that always result from the increased visibility and accountability of near-by government. But, even if the total tab were the same, i.e. the increase in State-collected taxes would simply balance the decrease in Federal taxes, the resultant efficiencies would, in themselves, constitute economies.

There's probably no single best way to accomplish this change: but that's good. Each of our 50 states con-

stituted a laboratory for the Federal corporation. Each State can be an experimental laboratory for probing the various formulations devised. The results of these practical experiments can be brought together for synthesis and implementation. There's nothing very creative about that idea; it's been standard practice in science, business and education for centuries.

Sure, what we're talking about could be called revolutionary; but only to the extent that it conflicts with the currently-accepted evolution of Federalism which doesn't seem to be working too well. It would be hard to find somebody who wouldn't agree that our structure of government costs too much, and isn't producing commensurate with its costs.

For the sake of convenience, let's say we agree that something ought to be done about this. Who's going to do it? and where does it start? Why not here, in Sun City? If every program chairman of every organization in town brought in speakers on this subject, within a year we'd be the most informed constituency in America. We'd be prepared to call our elected representatives before us for a statement on their actions leading to Arizona's sovereignty. If we leave it to somebody else, it's never going to get done.

4-March 20, 1981

Editors Chair

3-20-81 *Doug Horn*

The Ides of April



"Beware the Ides of March", Caesar was warned. It didn't help him much, that March 15, 44 BC. He hadn't understood the prophecy, but he sure got the point (a number of them!) that day on the steps of the Senate. There wasn't much he could do about it.

Beware the Ides of April! On that day, we'll feel the sharp blade, too. It's called Income Tax . . . the unkindest cut of all. (Before the purists complain, I know that, in April, the Ides falls on the 13th; but that would destroy the analogy, so we'll pay no attention to it.)

This perennial deadline of discomfiture is legitimized in the 16th Amendment to the Constitution: (proposed by Congress, July 12, 1909; ratification declared by the Secretary of State Feb. 25, 1913.)

"The Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration."

That's it. Just that simple. Getting it enacted wasn't all that easy. It took almost four years to get enough states to endorse it. The persuasive argument was "we don't anticipate the tax ever going much above one percent! (A slight pause here for laughing through our tears.)

Americans are the most conscientious taxpayers in the world. Other nations stand in awe of the way we submit to so onerous a system — which depends on (1) a patriotic willingness to pay the price for living in a free society, (2) an innate desire to be reasonable law-abiding, and (3) a gut-fear of getting caught if we stray from the straight and narrow.

Except for the well-heeled, who can afford loop-hole lawyers, most taxpayers don't know how to defend themselves against the system. We are bewildered, to the point of surrender, by the multiplicity of forms with instructions obviously intended to make incomprehensible the already obscure.

The reason for this obfuscation is obvious: tax laws are written by lawyers, i.e. Congress, with the purpose of creating jobs for regulation-interpreters, i.e. lawyers. Nothing else could explain the semantic swampland which is foisted on us as "instructions and explanations."

Even the lowliest forms of animal life react, instinctively, to being threatened. They fight back. You and I fight back against being cornered by a threatening system in the only way available to us . . . we try to lick the system. We don't think of this as cheating; but we'd like to be the shafter instead of the shaftee.

The awesome regard for the IRS has produced a perverse effect; most Americans pay more income tax than they would be required to pay if they understood the system completely. This, despite the fact that, if all the listed contributions to "church and charity" were actually contributed to those beneficiaries, there'd probably be little need for another fund drive for some time to come.

In the most systemically law-abiding society in the world — so far as personal fiscal responsibility is concerned — why would anybody want to beat the government? Perhaps a recent experience will help to explain it. A Sun City widow, a member of a private golf club, was caught shop-lifting . . . an item of trifling value. Retailers have taken a very tough stand on this, as they should.

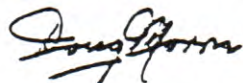
After considerable discussion, the store and the judge agreed to put her on "community service" probation. I asked her why she did it. Her reply: "All the stores have been robbing me for so long, I decided to get some of my own money back." I understood.

It's not impossible that we wouldn't mind the taxes quite so much if the method of computation weren't so ponderous and replete with questionable "facts" — which turn out to be variable, depending on the State you live in, the court you appeal to, and the agent who reviews your statement.

Every administration for the past forty years has promised to simplify the tax structure and methods. We don't seem to be getting close to a start. This is not really a laughing matter. We shouldn't be put in the position of playing games with our government . . . or with our personal honesty.

OK, Mr. IRS, I confess. Just tell me how much I owe, and I'll pay. I just don't want to go through all that hassle. Next time, send the FBI . . . I'm not afraid of them.

Editors Chair



There's no need for this thing to develop into a harangue; but there is a need to stick to the facts. The issue is a statement made by Al Brown that corruption is a virtually inevitable consequence of incorporation. In this column, on March 13, that statement was labelled an absurdity, and an insult to the community, demanding apology. That's still our position.

On this page is a letter for Nat Jampel, supporting Brown's statement. Although the issue, as stated, is specifically "political corruption," Jampel sees fit to side-step that issue in order to introduce other questions of morality. Having admitted that Youngtown is free of corruption, although incorporated (which would seem to destroy Brown's thesis), Jampel proceeds into a linkage between the school district controversy and incorporation. Whatever his other strengths or weaknesses may be, Jampel is a master of the non-sequitur and veiled innuendo.

It is true that some people in Sun City and Youngtown circulated petitions to form a Sun City-Youngtown School District. It is true that a sufficient number of the signatures on those petitions were found

to be invalid to have the petitions declared unacceptable. It is true that some of those invalidated signatures were written by someone other than the person named. That does technically, constitute forgery. All those are facts; and, in stating them, Jampel is on solid ground.

It is also true that I was actively involved in circulating those petitions. This must be made clear, because it's important to Nat's main thrust i.e. there were irregularities in the school district petitions . . . these irregularities were evidence of corruption. . . I was involved in the circulation of those petitions . . . thus, I was corrupt. We'll get back to that point later.

Jampel's effort to identify the school petitioners with the "pro-incorporationists" is a quantum leap into the ridiculous. Only in the strange and monofocal logic of a Nat Jampel could those two issues be correlated. It would be easier to synonymise the Citizen with the Old Testament because both use ink. For those who might not have been around while that school brouhaha was making noises like Mt. St. Helens, a quick review.

The Peoria school system was in shambles; two- and three-session school days. As the overwhelming majority, Sun City continually refused to approve bond issues for building long-needed schools. Peoria parents picketed our shopping centers, sent bus-loads of name-calling youngsters through our streets, and pleaded for our understanding and compassion.

Result? no bonds, no schools. The situation was deplorable, dangerous, uncivilized and intolerable. Sun City seemed intent on justifying its media-apellation, "children-haters."

Red herring does not address issue

The Maricopa County Superintendent of Schools advised us that the only solution was the establishment of a Sun City-Youngtown School District, to accommodate the 60-plus school-age youngsters then residing in the retirement communities. Nobody--absolutely nobody--wanted a school of any kind in this community.

But, most people of conscience recognized that we had to get off the backs of those parents and children in Peoria, and let them go about establishing the kind of school system that fitted their needs. If nothing else, common decency demanded this.

Quickly--because there were only a few days available before a prescribed deadline--petitions were circulated. Remarkably, 18,000 signatures were garnered. This was only a few thousand more than required, so it came as no great surprise to anybody that the drive failed. Anybody who's ever been connected with circulating such petitions knows that you generally have to get twice the number of signatures needed in order to allow for inevitable invalidations. Petition circulators are occasionally prone to filling their sheets with names other than their own.

The anti-petition drive was spear-headed by Lucille Shafer and David Stackhouse; and this community

owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to those two. With incredible diligence, they saved us from an egregious error. But, having been returned to our previous condition within the Peoria School District and facing the same quandries . . . out of nowhere came the revelation that there was another way. Who first discovered this is lost in the claims of many; but Lew Singer and Phil Tapley figured prominently in the ultimate solution.

An almost-forgotten law allowed for separation from the Peoria School District on a certificate signed by 10 voters from each affected area. In no time, this was done; Peoria parents were back in control of their children's education, and Sun City-Youngtown was not encumbered with even a bare-bones school on the eastern fringe of the community.

Incidentally, the law which permitted this fortuitous solution has since been rescinded, so it is no longer available to Sun City Westers in their efforts to solve a facsimile problem with the Dysart Schools.

Now, if Jampel wants to use that situation as evidence of the inevitability of corruption under incorporation, he'd better come out from behind the shield of innuendo and state his case clearly.

No, dragging that old red herring across the trail doesn't do it. Sure, there's corruption in the world; but the issue is Al Brown's contention that it is specifically inherent in incorporation. That's too dangerous a statement to go unchallenged.

Editors Chair

Doug Morris

Answering the mail



To Al Brown: By the time your letter and this reply are published, I trust you will have read our editorial response to Nat Jampel's similar letter, in our Midweek edition. I'll try to avoid repetition.

You are absolutely right in reciting the malfeasances connected with the School District petition drive. You are absolutely right in affirming that those who supported that drive — including me — were wrong. You are absolutely right in crediting the RCA-SC with saving the Sun City-Youngtown retirement communities from the onerous imposition of a school within our borders. For whatever reason, you do not mention that it was not the RCA-SC that found the ultimate solution!

You are absolutely wrong in translating that experience into a generic imputation of the inevitability of corruption in an incorporated community. Your statement: "If some residents of Sun City would resort to forgery to start a school district and would corrupt the election process which is basic to all democratic government, what would people like that do in a city government?"

Your figure is "over 500 forgeries" . . . out of a total of 18,000 signatures . . . that's about 3 percent. Is that enough to condemn an entire electorate, or a governmental process? There are more people than that who, in good conscience, cheat on their income taxes.

This is not to excuse proven misfeasances. Those who, under the pressure of time, and in the enthusiasm of their convictions, falsified signatures, should be condemned. Believe it or not, we get letters extolling the virtues of non-incorporation, from non-identifiable persons at non-traceable addresses. That, unfortunately, seems to be one of the characteristics of zealots.

No, Al, with all respect for your intelligence, and your dedication to what you believe are the best interests of Sun City, you can't hide your condemnation of this community behind so insubstantial and irrelevant a reference. You and I — and probably everybody else — are in agreement that venality is a characteristic of the human race. We don't like it; but it would be fatuous to deny its reality. All we're concerned with is your statement that corruption is an inevitable concomitant of incorporation, specifically.

Neither you nor Nat Jampel, cares to replay to the challenge of proving that Youngtown — incorporated for 20 years — is corrupt. Why? Is that the one exception to a universal verity? Or does it stand as a pragmatic contradiction of your unwarranted generalization? If incorporated Youngtown can be non-corrupt, is it possible that Sun City could be, also?

Al, if Sun City were to incorporate, and you were elected Mayor, I would have absolute faith in your honesty and incorruptibility. Why don't you have the same faith in your friends and neighbors? I don't know whether Sun City should incorporate, now or in the immediate future; but I resent very much your implication that we couldn't, as a community, govern ourselves without corruption.

For whatever incomprehensible reasons, you have insulted the character and integrity of our community. Please tell us that you didn't mean it; and then let's go about the business of analyzing and discussing the incorporation issued on grounds more solid than implications of inherent corruption.

To Elizabeth Hallen:

Let's keep the record straight. (1) We have stated on a number of occasions that the community owes Al Brown gratitude for his many fine contributions to this community; (2) this has nothing whatsoever to do with the insistence that he owes the community an apology for his totally insupportable charge that incorporation would bring inevitable corruption; (3) it will surprise many of those favoring incorporation to learn that they are "wealthy individuals"; (4) my statement was that, if incorporation were brought to a vote today, I would vote against it; but I feel that in some form, Sun Citians will want to take control of their own destiny.

Sun City Citizen

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Editors Chair

Doug Morris



With the (probably forlorn) hope that we have to rest the "inevitability" of corruption in an incorporated Sun City, let's chip away at another conrad. . . that those favoring incorporation are motivated by self-interest, with implications of wanting to get their hands in the municipal till.

The charge is made so often, and with so many variations, that we ought to get it out in the open, and disposed of. There's no way, of course, to determine, in advance, the motives behind human actions or words. We can infer much; we can prove little — because we haven't found accurate ways, yet, to probe the inner depths of intentions.

It's not impossible that some of those proposing incorporation envision the "glory" of being Mayor of Sun City, or being in a position to have official responsibility for that shared-wealth treasury. It's equally possible that some of those who vocally oppose incorporation feel that, by establishing their credentials in this way, they would be supportable for election to positions of power as "watchdogs of the treasury." Human capacity for creative thinking can be both

Whittling away incorporation barriers

devious and direct.

There is a way to lay this charge, and fear, to rest. Following is a statement which I have written, and had notarized, which is recommended for consideration by all those, on both sides of the controversy, for their endorsement and replication. With this publication, my statement is now legally on the public record, and irrevocable.

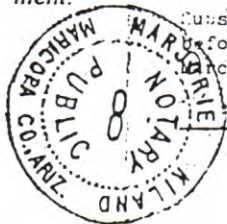
If, at any time, Sun City were to incorporate, I would not, under any conditions, seek or accept any official or management position, paid or unpaid, in the government of the city, for a period of three years from the date of incorporation.

As would be true with any concerned Sun Citizen, I will volunteer my services in any way that might be considered useful by the city's government.

Doug Morris

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of March, 1981

Notary Public



Therefore, we now challenge the leaders of the pros and cons to commit themselves to a similar denial of personal aggrandizement in their efforts regarding incorporation or non-incorporation. It's to be expected that each side will provide the names of those they would consider eligible for this kind of statement.

Once signed, and published, such statements should lay to rest charges and implications of special-interest selfishness. We could then go about the business of rationalizing the merits and demerits incorporation without all the nonsense about somebody intending to feather his own nest.

To some extent, this is probably unfair to the community. Good men and women would thus take themselves out of the running for important posts, in which they could be of real service to the community — in the event of incorporation. However, that sacrifice seems worthwhile, in order to get some semblance of sanity back into the continually disruptive question of how this community could be run.

Most of the people of Sun City have not been intimately involved in the incorporation dissension. Among them are fine talents; so there'd be no lack of capabilities available for whatever city functions would have to be accommodated.

Meanwhile, having forsworn personal ambitions, the pro- and anti-incorporationists can go at each other hammer-and-tongs — but strictly on the facts and the issues, not on implications of personal self-aggrandizement.

It'll be interesting to see who volunteers renunciation of personal ambitions in the matter of Sun City's incorporation. That should go a long way toward narrowing the issue down to the basic questions of necessity, desirability, practicality, effectiveness.

If we ever get there, after all these years of nonsensical name-calling, character assassination and irrelevancies, maybe we can start acting like the adults we're supposed to be.

Being for or against the incorporation of Sun City is not all that important. The talents of this community should not be so concentrated on so trifling a problem. There are bigger things to which we should be applying our energies and our talents.

I can't bring myself to believe that the purpose of this extraordinary community — the only one of its kind in America — is to "waste our perfume on the desert air" of whether or not we should govern ourselves. 215, 858, 967 Americans don't give a damn what we do or don't do about incorporation. Some of them might occasionally wonder when we're going to start proving that there's a reason for our singular existence.

This paper will publish all the statements of notarized self-denial submitted. To make sure that all those who might be candidates for this confessional, a copy of this column is being sent to those whom we consider likely candidates.

Editors Chair

Doug Fromme

All of us versus a bullet



There's a sadness and a fear in the land. A sadness that a good and important man has suffered the pain and risk of an attempted assassination. A fear that none of us — nor our very system of government — is free of similar jeopardy. Recovery to full health may palliate the sadness; there is no defense against the fear. There is substantial reason for the fear.

If the gun in the hands of John Hinckley had not been a .22, but the .45 used by "Squeaky" Fromme in her attempted assassination of Gerald Ford in San Francisco, the chances are good that George Bush would now be President of the United States. The .22 slug was only four inches from the President's heart. Either a .38 or a .45 slug would, in the opinion of experts, have been fatal.

Or what if the bullet that lodged in the brain of press secretary James Brady had, instead, hit President Reagan. The 25th Amendment attempts to spell out a line of authority in the event of the Chief Executive's incapacitation; but there are open and admitted holes in determining how that Amendment would cover determination of a President's mental incapacitation.

Who determines it? and how is it measured? This was a moot and deeply significant question during the last days of both Woodrow Wilson and FDR.

There are indications of something worse than sadness and fear across the land... an assumption of inevitability. "It's bound to happen, sooner or later. There's nothing much we can do about it. It goes with the territory."

If true, that's a shuddering surrender to savagery. Has irrationality assumed such dominance that the best we can do is hope to survive at its sufferance?

Do we placidly acquiesce to the law of the jungle, or do we take steps to counter its barbarity? By nature, we, as a people, resent and oppose the forces of evil. We read, and don't like, the statistics proving the startling increase in violent crime in recent years — particularly in our own State.

No sane person walks the streets of any central city at night. A burgeoning industry concentrates on lock-bolts, intruder-sensors, defenses against personal assault, etc., etc.

More and more jails and prisons are needed to house even those few law-breakers who are caught and convicted. We are paying a stiff price for proving that crime does pay.

Without questions, the nice-nellies and the sob-sisters will rally their forces to persuade us that Hinckley was "mentally disturbed" at the time of the "alleged assault" (until a formal bill of proof has been entered, even that eye-witnessed attempted assassination is "alleged.")

A corps of psychologists and psychiatrists will attempt to determine Hinckley's "sanity," i.e. was he capable of distinguishing between right and wrong at the time he "allegedly perpetrated the alleged" assault.

Ours is certainly a convoluted system. To demonstrate and defend our concept of the freedom of the individual, we accord to the law-breaker protections not available to the victimized law-abider.

If Hinckley is found to be nuts, then he should be thrown into the booby-hatch for the rest of his life, without any chance for parole. If he's sane, whether or not any of the bullets he fired resulted in a fatality, he should be put to death expeditiously, and without further fanfare.

There should be no crime more heinous than the assassination, or attempted assassination, of a President of the United States. The life of our nation must be given precedence over the life of a felon.

In a ponderously complicated and competitive system, we select the one person we want to sit in the Oval Room and help us find our way through the maze of our problems. Then a \$20 handgun propels a 20 cent slug, and cancels out the democratically expressed will of the millions. It doesn't make sense; but is that the way things are? The answer, regrettably, is "yes."

There's no way to keep handguns out of the hands of criminals and loonies. But, there's something wrong about Hinckley being able to walk into a Dallas pawnshop and buy a couple of .22's without any questions being asked.

We demand that those pass certain qualifying examinations, be photographed, and validate their right to be granted that privilege. I see nothing wrong with demanding the same kind of registration for those who want to buy, and use, a firearm. (This will probably bring down the concerted wrath of the National Rifle Association!)

The realities are these: the human race is not only the most creative branch of the animal kingdom, it's also the most habitual and purposefully violent. Without destroying the openness on which the democratic process depends, there is no way we can defend our President against a determined assassin. We have not yet proven that our free enterprise capitalist system can be made to work against all opposing systems, and these reflections of political jeopardy merely accent this vulnerability.

We have to start somewhere, or resign ourselves to being hostages to our helplessness. Do we revert, in angry retaliation, to the shipping post, the iron maiden, the vigilante hanging-tree, the rack, the atrocities of Hitler's "medical experiments" boiling in oil, burning bamboo shoots under finger nails... etc. What do we do to express our abhorrence of what's going on all around us?

These thoughts aren't offered as final conclusions — as complete answers to the problem. We should make it difficult for anybody to own a

Continued on Page 5

Editors Chair

Continued from page 4

handgun. In major felonies — such as attempted or successful assassinations of a President — apprehension, trial and conviction must be speedy; and convictions must be final, without endless appeals; and execution should be certain and unemotional.

Our system is on trial. Our government is constantly in jeopardy of the irrational. Sooner or later, the forces of civilized conduct must take a stand. Whatever's done won't be complete; but we have to start. Killing has been the ultimate weapon of the dissident, the malcontent and the unbalanced since Cain "rose up against Abel."

If we resign ourselves to that inevitability, then all the other instruments of government and society, to which we devote so much active concern, are — at any moment — meaningless. I will not let John Hinckley cast my vote for President.

**Editors
Chair**

Doug Morris



Webb statue

When Bell Recreation Center was opened, the courtyard was named "The Memorial Garden," in anticipation of its dedication to Del Webb. Not originally envisioned, but certainly fortuitous, its first memorial was to the United States.

The people of Sun City wanted to express their belief in our country; and they gathered the metal for the creation of an exact facsimile Liberty Bell, which now stands as the challenging center-piece of our Memorial Garden.

There is a vacancy in that garden. It will be filled on July 4, 1981, when a statue of Del Webb will be unveiled. This will say what we've always had in mind to say to Del E. Webb: "We thank you for your vision. We want you to stand there and remind us of our purpose."

Understandably, with the nearness of income tax capital punishment day, and the general uncertainty

A dollar can still go a long way

Tower Four

of the economy, there is a reluctance to contribute money for a statue. It probably doesn't seem significant in comparison with all the other demands on our wallets. When that statue is unveiled on July 4th, during the "Ring That Bell" ceremony, we'll be able to say: "We did it, because without him we wouldn't be here. We are what he had in mind."

Only \$25,000 is needed to pay for the statue. That's less than 50 cents from every resident in Sun City and Sun City West. But, to make it a deal you can't refuse, with one dollar you can buy a chance on a \$2,500 golf cart, or a trip to Hawaii, or a splurge in Las Vegas.

Every Lion has raffle tickets; they're available at the remaining Brewers' games, and all the Saints' games. You'll even be able to buy them during the "Ring That Bell; observance on July 4th. At the close of that ceremony, some folks are going to walk away with big prizes.

Better still, you and I are going to be proud that we have acknowledged our debt to, and our gratitude for, the man whose vision and courage brought us together.

If it weren't for Del E. Webb, you wouldn't be my neighbor and my friend; and I owe him a lot for that.

A dollar certainly buys a lot these days!

A buck hasn't gone so far since George Washington scaled one across the Rappahannock.

The nitty-gritty point to bear in mind is that today's \$10 contribution is \$41.70 that isn't going to show up on somebody's hospital bill later on. That interests me, because that somebody could be me . . . or you.

Boost the Saints

April is "Support the Saints" month. It doesn't seem possible, but they've been "our team" for 16 years. No communities have ever had finer representation than this aggregation of outstanding athletes and personalities has given Sun City and Sun City West throughout the country, and in many places around the world.

The Sun City Saints Booster Club has started its drive for new members. The price is small; the purpose is big. A family membership is \$5, and annual per-person dues are \$5.

Gene Smith, membership chairman, and Joe Davisson, Boosters president may be reached at 933-7574 and 584-4303 respectively.

The Saints boost us; the Boosters boost the Saints; and now it's our turn to boost the Boosters. It's another way to get a lot for your dollar.

The Boswell Tower Four Fund still has about \$250,000 to go. The tower is already under construction, and will be built, whether or not the fund drive reaches its minimum \$1,500,000 goal. That last quarter of a million dollars may well be the toughest leg of all. Most of the big givers have already given. Now, it's up to the few-dollar contributors.

It's understandable that those who can't think in terms of hundreds or thousands of dollars, will feel that their mite won't make any difference. Not true. Those mites are mighty.

Here's a mathematical fact that might interest you. Every dollar you contribute now, in cash or pledge, is actually worth \$4.17. Here's how it works: for every \$1.50 raised in the Tower Four Fund Drive, the James Boswell Foundation will contribute \$1. Right away, your dollar has increased in value 67 percent!

Every dollar raised in this fund drive is one less dollar that will have to be raised through the sale of bonds. With interest added, it costs about \$2.50 to raise \$1 through the sale of bonds. Thus, your \$1.50 is actually worth \$6.25 (\$1.50 plus \$1 times 2.50 equal \$6.25). For easy recollection: every single dollar you contribute now is worth \$4.17!

Editors Chair

Doug Horn

Water, water, everywhere



Occasionally it rains in Sun City; and, sure as shootin', in the middle of the downpour, sprinklers will be adding to the flood from private lawns and golf courses — because the automatic timers have no way of knowing it's raining.

We have a tendency to think about water automatically. We've always known that the supply of water is endless and inexhaustible. We look across the oceans, and the horizon is watery to infinity. Mountains of solid water cover the Antarctic and Arctic continents. The sky is filled with billowing heaps of vaped water. Opened taps flow, the John flushes, sewers glut and holding ponds fill. It's water, water everywhere.

Then, one day, a well goes dry; and land sinks where the aquifer beneath has been drained. Fields pucker; reservoirs and lakes and streams bare their bottoms in immodestly arid exhibitionism; and the sludge of "progress" brims our cup with aqua putrid.

How come? We look around . . . the oceans are still full and wide; the clouds still hang their liquid promise overhead; the poles still offer their frozen assets; and the kitchen faucet flows.

A few facts worth mulling: there is not one drop more of water on the planet Earth now than there was when its population was two people in the Garden of Eden. And there won't be a single drop added between our 4.5 billion population now, and the anticipated eight billion in 2500 AD.

Physically, 75 percent of the Earth's surface is water; but only two percent is fresh water — and half of that is locked in polar ice. Of the remaining one percent, only 1-100th is available for human use, and 99 percent of that is in the form of groundwater — half of which is contaminated with bacteria or polluted with wastes.

I find it startling and romantic to realize that the water which deep-soaks my citrus trees very possibly drowned 2,000 people in the '89 Johnstown Flood . . . or parted to permit the Exodus . . . or deposited the Ark on Ararat . . . or laved the nubile Cleopatra.

But, it's true; we've been using the same water over and over again, for the simple reason that that's all there is . . . there isn't any more — and never will be.

Sun City and Sun City West sit on top of one of the best waterbeds in the state; but the first wells in Sun City went down 600' and the later ones have had to probe 1350'. It's an inescapable fact that, sooner or later, we're going to run out of groundwater.

Meanwhile, technology will probably develop better, and more economical ways of de-salinating ocean water, so we can draw potable water from the Gulfs of California and Mexico, and the Pacific Ocean.

But, long before that happens — even with the complement of the Central Arizona Project — we're going to have to recognize that water is a commodity in short supply . . . and that means two things: regulated usage, and higher prices for what we do use. That's a basic law of supply-and-demand economics.

Can we do anything about it? The answer to that isn't too clear. Certainly, we can cut down on water usage; but it will cost to cut down. When the people of San Francisco reduced their water usage, water rates shot up immediately and substantially.

The company supplying the water had to cover the same costs of maintenance, personnel etc. There's no reason to expect anything different here. Furthermore, any considerable reduction in water usage in the Sun Cities would materially affect the operation of the Palo Verde nuclear plant. The effluent from this area is needed to cool those nuclear coils.

As Arizona increases its population, and decreases its acreage in agriculture, less water will be needed. People use less water than crops do. 89 percent of all the water in Arizona is used for agricultural purposes.

None of the problems facing this state, or our community, is more pressing and complex and far-reaching than where we're going to get the water, without which we're not going to be around very long.

It shouldn't be passed over lightly. It's a dead-serious quandary. Maybe it starts with eliminating all grass from private residences. Maybe golf courses are going to be patches of grass in desert fairways, and greens will be hard-packed sand.

Unthinkable? Maybe — but think about it. Have you ever been thirsty? . . . I mean parched! What would you have given for a 2-ounce sip of water? Alongside that air-conditioning unit on your roof, are you planning on installing a rain-barrel? That's the way it used to be done. Maybe it's not such a bad idea.

Why bring this up at this time, and here? We're supposed to be smart people — maybe smarter than the national average. Who should be thinking these things, if we aren't? There are always answers to problems. Wouldn't it be great if the Sun Cities came up with the answer to this one!

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Petitions are now being circulated throughout the community urging an election to recall two members of the Rec Centers Board of Directors. This action is entirely legitimate, and in keeping with fundamental tenets of democratic government.

The Declaration of Independence established, as a basic concept of the way this nation's people wanted to be governed, that government must derive its authority from "the consent of the governed."

This precept is often cited as the justification for objecting groups who base their dissidence on the premise, right or wrong, that they did not give their consent to one or more specific actions. Obviously, a strict application of that principle would bring all government, all industry, all society, to a grinding halt.

There is another sentence in the Declaration that should be given at least equal weight and consideration: "Governments . . . should not be changed for light and transient reasons." That's important, because that's what's going on right now with this recall petition.

The reasons cited in the petition for recalling the past and present presidents of the Rec Board are not only "light and transient," but contrived, insubstan-

Recall petition should not be signed

tial, patently prejudiced, and surprisingly shallow. Anybody who's followed the actions of various Rec Centers' Boards over the years, could have come up with a more accusatory list of purported grievances without too much trouble. That would be true of the current board, of any preceding board, and—without question—of any board to follow. Of course, that could also be said of the board of any major corporation, of any board of education of any school district, of any board of county supervisors . . . etc.

Has the present Board of the Rec Centers done things that shouldn't have been done? Without question. That's part of the definition of being a member of the fallible human race in good standing. Have they, similarly, done things "above and beyond the call of duty?" Most certainly; that's one of the normal expectations of anyone seeking and accepting a job that not only pays nothing, but exacts a very stiff price for volunteered sacrifice.

Just how the petition-circulators singled out only two directors for censure is difficult to fathom. Every action cited as a cause for recall was a total Board action. Targeting only two opens the door to speculation about personal animosities, conflicting chemistries, smoldering vendettas and ill-disguised ambitions. Perhaps the high-sounding principles of the petition are merely a contrived facade behind which meaner intentions are hidden.

Recall—a domesticated form of impeachment—is a very serious matter. It should be reserved for occasions of major malfeasance. That, by no stretch of the facts, is what we're faced with. The petitioners

don't like some of the things the Board has done—and that's okay. There must always be those who demand accountability from elected bodies. We'd probably be better off if that same spirit were expressed with regard to our County Board of Supervisors and our Legislature.

Those who would oust, and those who would be ousted, are concerned with the same problem . . . what's best for Sun City. It should be pointed out, right here, that the Rec Centers Board is invested with responsibility for managing a \$40,000,000 business, with an annual budget of \$7,000,000. That isn't exactly your typical corner delicatessen . . . that's big business!

The Rec Board can't allow itself to become a town meeting, where every strident voice must be heard. All of us, the stockholders, have a right to expect that the Board we elect will fulfill its primary responsibility for managing our investment for our best interests. That's their job. No better example of this can be found than the current contretemps between dissidents and the Rec Board on the matter of the C-4 tax status application. If the Board is right—and evidence from recent actions in a comparable situation in California indicates they are—then the voices of dissension will have been proven wrong, despite a campaign of obstructionism and vilification.

However there's another side to this coin. The fault is not all on the side of the dissidents. I've watched this Board in action, and they've got something to learn about public relations and communications. It isn't good enough to base their decisions and comportment on their "legal rights," or the strict specifications of

the by-laws and articles of incorporation. They should give more consideration to the realities of this community. We are composed of many vanities . . . one of which is the desire to be heard in public places, and to see our name in print or picture. Maybe we didn't have that privilege where we came from, but we sure insist on it here. It's one of the fringe benefits of being a Sun Citian.

This is healthy, if it isn't allowed to become unreasonable; and the way to keep it within reason is to give it sympathetic exposure. Nothing will kill a bad idea quicker than a good airing. A little more give-and-take in public meetings, and in correspondence wouldn't hurt. Maybe by giving a little the board would get a lot.

There's a better kind of recall . . . it's recalling when folks could sit down over a cup of coffee and talk out their differences. Those were the better days. Have we lost that capacity for friendly understanding, for compromise, for putting the good of the community ahead of personality of self-seeking? If we have, then we've already lost so significant a part of the character of Sun City that the rest of it might not be worth fighting about.

Editors Chair

Doug Morris

Bickering



I'd rather not be writing this, but there seems to be no way to avoid it. I hope you share both my discomfiture and my disgust at the controversy building between me and the interests represented by Nat Jampel.

It started with my demand that Al Brown apologize to this community for asserting that Sun City could not incorporate without becoming corrupt. I asked for some confirmation of this derogation by reference to incorporated Youngtown. Was there evidence of that community's "inevitable" corruption? If so, let's get it out in the open. No answer!

Instead, I am publicly lambasted for failing to recognize that "immorality and corruption are the same." To whom? Certainly not to me. Jampel says, "Where there is one, the other is not far behind." Not in my dictionary! The issue is Brown's assertion that corruption is the inevitable concomitant of incorporation. That, I find demeaning and insulting to the integrity of our citizenry.

Jampel's regurgitation of the already sour cud of my involvement with the establishment of a school district for Sun City - Youngtown has been chewed over, ad nauseum. I have admitted my "guilt" in public print and on many platforms to the point of boring redundancy.

Then, Nat comes perilously close to going too far. He verges on calling me "corrupt." If he'll come out from behind semantics, and make that a direct charge, I'll be happy to meet that issue. One caution - although I'm not sure I should have this compassion for somebody I so thoroughly detest - when Nat makes that charge I'd advise his having the best defense attorney he can find standing close by. I'll put up with just so much crap, and then somebody'd better be pretty good at fighting with broken bottles!

Jampel is absolutely right in saying that I'm an "arranger." I tried to arrange a meeting between the pro- and anti-incorporationists... just to talk out their differences. The pro-incorporationists agreed immediately; the anti-incorporationists refused, with the statement, "... we don't trust them, why should we talk to them?"

Apparently, Jampel keeps good files. He quotes from all kinds of sources. But, there's a gap in his records. He doesn't know that Phoenix Mayor, Margaret Hance, appeared before a Palmbrook C. C. gathering and publicly affirmed that I had absolutely nothing to do with her pro-incorporation speech before a Sundial audience. Yet, Jampel says, "Back in 1976, Morris arranged a "Spirit of Cooperation" meeting at the Sundial. He convinced Mayor Hance that a pro-incorporation speech would be highly acceptable to the audience..." In the first place, how would Jampel know what conversations I might have had with Mayor Hance? The fact is, I was as surprised by the Mayor's theme as anybody in that hall; it wasn't even the speech she had released to the press prior to the meeting.

What concerns me most is not what Jampel thinks of me - I couldn't care less! - it's what this kind of bickering does to our community. It's distasteful and disrupting. Most of our folks, I'm convinced, prefer politeness and gentility to discourtesy and invective. I suggest this to both sides of our recurring contentiousness.

Brown and Jampel are quite right in pointing out that notarized statements of "I will not seek or accept office in an incorporated Sun City" have no legal significance. What other way is there to counter the utterly insubstantial charges that those who favor incorporation are looking to get their hands in the till? Anybody signing such a statement, would find it very difficult to reverse that position and still claim voter credibility. At least, we can knock that foolishness off the agenda, along with Brown's assertion that incorporation would bring inevitable corruption.

Let's put this nonsense to bed. Come the Fall, when Sun City returns to full population, let's hold a public debate. I'll meet Brown, Jampel - alone or together - in any auditorium, under neutral sponsorship, with their mothers as referees, I won't appear before any of their TMA or RCA meetings for the same reason that I won't voluntarily walk into the production line at an abattoir. They can name the place, the time, and the rules of debate. All I ask is that it's no-holds-barred.

Let's get this mess out of the way. If Brown and Jampel get their jollies out of calling me names, and accusing me of all sorts of malfeasance, that's okay with me. I don't want to continue boring the majority of our readers with nonsense that doesn't lead any place.

There are important things we should be paying attention to. Let's have one big donnybrook, and then get on with other and more important things.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



I didn't come to Sun City to get into trouble. I've had a lot of that, in various places around the country, because I've spent my business life in competitive enterprises and involvements which found their purpose in trouble. It was my job to engender and counter-attack trouble; because if there wasn't competition, and my sole career purpose was to compete.

That's the phase we all go through while we're chasing the almighty dollar to establish our families and our careers. It's normal, expected — and, in retrospect, a lot of fun. There's a thrill about beating somebody to the punch, about out-thinking somebody who wants to get what you want, about turning a loss situation into a profit. That's the grist that keeps the millstones sharp. The buck I made was a buck that my competitor lost; and my competitors were among my best friends.

It has always been my belief that there are only two kinds of competitors: those you can out-think, and those you have to out-work. My experience has been that the latter far out-numbered the former. But, it was always great fun knocking them off — or, all too

Competition: all the fun is gone

frequently — congratulating them for pinning my ears back.

What's happened to all that? Here in Sun City we've brought together some of the most successful competitors in the nation. That's the way they got here. But, in too many instances, the spirit of the fun of competition seems to have been shed when they became Sun Citians. The give-and-take of open competition has been discarded as though it were a mark of weakness, rather than consummate strength.

The subject of competition in this community can't be raised without the incursion of the subject of incorporation. They've become virtually synonymous. This is a competition of facts, of personalities, of convictions, and emotions. Unfortunately, it has become non-competitive, because the competitors won't talk to each other and won't accord each other the common courtesy of open discourse.

It is no longer a matter of competition — with all the respect for a competitor our own form of terrorism . . . character assassination.

The thrill of competitive vying has gone out of this issue. It's no longer exciting; it's boring. I'm fed up with it — not because it shouldn't be threshed out in detail, to a final conclusion — but because the protagonists and antagonists have lost their sense of balance — and their sense of humor — and obviously believe that what they are, and what they espouse, is all-important.

The world isn't going to change a whole lot, one way or the other, whether or not Sun City incorporates. It isn't going to change the inflation rate, or make a dent in our total tax bill, or reduce our dependence on OPEC, or retard the Soviet encapsulation of our vital resources. Why, then, are we allowing it to destroy us? It doesn't make sense.

The heads of our various banks, competing for the same depositors, get together for lunch as friends. The managers of competing supermarkets, retail stores, and professional services belong to the same clubs and discuss things amicably.

I know members of Sun City Country Club who play frequently at Palmbrook and Union Hills. I know Lions who attend meetings of Rotary and Clivians and Kiwanis. I know Presbyterians who enjoy services at other denominations — Protestants who like what they see and hear in Roman Catholic churches, and in synagogues.

A sense of humor is not the ability to laugh at a joke, it's the capacity for looking at ourselves objectively and dispassionately, and realizing that the issue that is capturing so much of our time and talent is really not that important, in the total scheme of things.

Sure, we should continue to fight for the things we believe in. Without that impulse, there isn't much purpose to anything. But, allowing the triviality of local incorporation to take precedence over other far more important challenges is a derogation of our abilities,

our purpose in being here, and our capacity for greater things.

Let's compete. Let's put the merits of our product up against the other guy's product in open confrontation. Let the customer decide which is better — but only on the basis of demonstrable facts. No huckstering, no trick spiels, no phoney miracle-ingredients.

Then, let's get back to have fun as friends and neighbors. I probably don't have more than 62 or 63 really good years left in me, and whether or not I live them in an incorporated or unincorporated Sun City is probably not going to affect me too much; but I'd sure like to have some fun on the way. I'm perfectly willing to pay the horrendous debt I owe for the privilege of being a Sun Citian, but I'd like to make the repayment as pleasant as possible.

Do you suppose we can get back to what we all came here to find? Can we enter our divergent views and intentions in friendly competition, without rancor, and enmity, and verbal violence? Can you and I start our discussions with "Maybe you're right" instead of "I know you're wrong"? Perhaps that's the reason Sun City was invented . . . to prove something as reasonable as that can be done.

Competition is a good word. It built America. Conflict is a bad word. It builds nothing. Conflict is disagreeable; competition is fun. I'm not having as much fun as I'd like to have. And neither are you.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Yes, Al Brown, there is an outside world.

Not much time or space is going to be spent here in replying to most of the statements made in Al Brown's too-long diatribe, because reply has already been made to identical absurdities from Nat Jampel.

If these two want to believe that I'm an evil influence on the community, that's their privilege. Anytime they approve of what I'm doing, I'll give serious thought to changing.

However, in the middle of this castigation of me, Brown says something that clearly separates him from me — and it's a separation I welcome. He states that Sun Citians have no obligation to anybody outside our community . . . that "we've paid our dues," and should be left alone to live out our golden years.

The selfishness and callous disregard of social responsibility reflected by this recessive philosophy baffles rejoinder. I like Al Brown, as a person; I am aghast at his contradiction of the meaning of humanity in general, and Sun City in particular. I don't want to conclude that he really believes our concern about what's going on in the world stops at the alabaster walls that circumscribe and identify Sun City.

I don't know what church Brown attends, and I don't care, but that must be a very strange Golden Rule he espouses. When he refers to "senior citizens who have made their contribution to society" he might also give some thought to those senior citizens in whom society has made a considerable investment. It hasn't been a one-way street. We were paid for what we did, and paid well enough that we could peel off the surplus and move to Sun City.

Society has made a very big investment in Sun City . . . conservatively, into the multi-millions of dollars, spent to develop the talents we now call neighbors. Do we have the right to withdraw that amount from the Gross National Product without expecting it to return some kind of dividend? Are we supposed to sit here in "God's holding tank," on the down-slope toward a spade in the face? Or are we responsible for using the talents society has paid for to do something positive about something constructive?

If the only purpose of Sun City is to "live out the golden years in peace . . . etc. . .," then Margaret Mead was right when she referred to this community as "a geriatric ghetto."

Fortunately, many Sun Citians don't agree with Brown's parochialism. They give endless hours, and money, and talent to El Mirage, Surprise, the Dysart schools, the Indians; and Sun City lawyers sit in Phoenix courts to relieve the crowded docket; and service and civic organizations rally to the aid of the underprivileged in many parts of the State. If Brown is right, then Sun City has earned the headlines: ". . . the parasite community . . ." "the children-haters . . ." ". . . the free-loaders . . ."

The event which Brown and Jampel dote on as evidence of inevitable "corruption," i.e. the School district fiasco, was the direct consequence of a community recognition that we do have a responsibility to our neighbors. The parents in Peoria had reached the point of absolute desperation. They needed new schools for their children, but they couldn't get them because Sun City held the majority vote in the school district, and time after time, over many years, refused to pass the necessary bond issues.

Even discounting the phony signatures, there were thousands of Sun Citians who signed those petitions for establishing a school district in Sun City-Youngtown in order to let the distraught parents in Peoria handle their own problems without "alien" interference.

If those who opposed that petition had had their way, we would still be a part of the Peoria School District, and we would still be turning our backs on the educational needs of children. Serendipity stepped in, and a strange law since repealed) allowed for a solution not foreseen by either the pro- or anti-petitioners. That's the way things happen, sometimes.

The significant point is that thousands of Sun Citians, who abhorred the idea of a school in this community, were nevertheless willing to accept that encumbrance as a sacrifice to their responsibility to "the outside world."

Yes, Al Brown, I believe that we owe an active obligation to the society that exists outside our walls. I won't accept, for me or my friends the demeaning and debasing accusation that I've come to the end of my total societal significance. I'm certainly not going to sit down with my grandchildren and tell them that I'm not going to do my damndest to correct the mess my generation has created — and which they didn't create!

While I respect your sincerity, Al Brown, I detest your derogation of the meaning of Sun City. I can offer you only my sympathy for your shrivelled perspective. Yours is a small world, indeed!

Rebuttal

Editor:

Your editorial of 4-1-81, titled "Whittling away incorporation barriers," demonstrates your continued support of a minority who want to change Sun City from an adult retirement community into an open, general-purpose city.

In a glib, twisted way you attempt to make Sun Citians think that those who oppose incorporation and who want no city government and no city jobs, paid or otherwise actually want a city position of power as "watch dogs of the treasury."

This is very silly. There will be no city jobs and no city treasury if those who oppose Incorporation are successful.

Regarding the notarized statement by you that you "will not seek or accept any official or management position, paid or unpaid, in the government of the city for a period of three years from the date of incorporation," etc. This is the kind of devious, political tactic the politicians have used for many, many years!

They say they will not seek a public office, while all the time they have their eyes on a paid government position. Then, at the appropriate time, they renege on their promise by saying, "Conditions have changed, and therefore I have changed my mind," or "The public needs me, so I will run for office," or they have a few friends or relatives start a publicity campaign to draft them.

By the way, it is interesting to note that your friends in C.G.A. and yourself all used the same Notary Public. Did you arrange this?

Concerning your claim, "with this publication, my statement is now legally on the public record, and irrevocable." This is not true.

The facts are that such statements are not legally binding, and are not irrevocable. I challenge you to cite any statutory or case law that supports your claim.

The persons who signed them can change their minds and take a paid city job and there is nothing anyone can do about it.

Contrary to your sophistry, reasonable persons agree that the only reasons anyone would want to start an unnecessary city government and thereby place the city of Sun City under control of the Federal courts, and have the courts force Sun City to accept low-cost housing projects as they did in Parma, Ohio and other nice cities, and

As for your assurance that corruption would not take place in a local Sun City government, let me painfully remind you of the fact that in 1974 you as president of the S.C.T.A. and the leaders of the H.O.A. and the leading incorporationists created the Marinette (Sun City-Youngtown) school district.

This school district was an entity of local government for Sun City and Youngtown.

Your group had plans to build a school in Sun City, at Sun City Boulevard and 99th Avenue. The process used in creating the school district was election by petition.

It is an indisputable fact that a court action was taken by David Stackhouse's group against the school district. In Maricopa County Superior Court before Judge Lurie, the election petitions were found to contain many illegal signatures, and the handwriting experts employed by Stackhouse's group found over 500 forgeries.

These are facts, and they cannot be dismissed by glibly saying that signatures written on an election petition by some person signing the name of some other person technically constitutes forgery.

This corruption cannot be flossed over by you saying "Petition circulators are occasionally prone to filling sheets with names other than their own." The crime of forgery, the signing of another person's name is a willful, illegal act because the forger knows it is wrong when he does it.

Corruption of the election process is corruption of the worst sort because it strikes at and makes a mockery of our democratic process. What do you think these people who forged the election petitions would do in a city government?

The facts cannot be changed. Corruption occurred in 1974 in creating the Marinette (Sun City-Youngtown) school district so please, Mr. Morris, don't try to change history.

As to your being unable to bring yourself to believe that the purpose of Sun City is to "waste our perfume on the desert air" and your statement that other Americans "might wonder when we're going to start proving there's a need for our singular existence."

These remarks are just a repeat of your many similar comments to the effect that Sun City owes an obligation to the larger community, that Sun Citians are obligated to take an active part in affairs outside of Sun City, that we owe an obligation to take care of and support persons in the larger community.

where senior citizens who had made their contribution to society and were now retired could live in a safe, beautiful, clean community and enjoy the fruits of their labors.

Webb built recreation facilities so that residents could enjoy active retirement. Sun Citians have paid their dues; they now want to live out the golden years in peace, away from crime, corruption, dirt, and all the other bad features of an incorporated, general purpose city.

As for myself, not only would I not seek or accept any paid or unpaid position in a city government, but I am going to work to see that there is no city government in Sun City. There will be no city jobs for anyone if I am successful.

I love Sun City the way Del Webb planned it. I intend to spend the rest of my life working to keep Sun City as an unincorporated, adult retirement community, with no unnecessary local government, with no local political corruption.

I am going to continue to spend my time, energy and money as an unpaid volunteer doing civic work; working with the Prides, helping my neighbors, and doing my very best, in my small way, to make Sun City a better community. I want to do this so that these wonderful people who came here for that purpose can enjoy their golden years.

I seek no material rewards. I only hope that when I pass away and must stand before that dread bar of final judgement, from which there is no appeal, that on the credit side of my ledger will be a notation that I did my best to be truthful and to be of service to my fellow Sun Citians.

Albert N. Brown

April 24, 1981

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



It appears that the Perryville (aka Litchfield Park) State Prison has been built where there is insufficient potable water, and needed supplies may have to be piped in from 16 miles away. As absurd as this situation is, it shouldn't come as too much of a surprise to anybody. This State's concept and handling of its prison problem hasn't advanced very far beyond the days of the Territorial Prison at Yuma. The only comfort is that other states haven't done much better.

I don't know enough about hydrology, so I talked with a man whose profession requires a working understanding of the water supply in this part of Arizona. He told me that anyone who has spent a few hours on the subject would know that the water-bed around Litchfield Park is recognized as "spotty", i.e. one well may produce usable water, but another, a short distance away, will produce water totally unsuited to human purposes.

Obviously, in their haste to validate selection of that site — deliberately and painstakingly acquired in a complicated and questionable land-swap with a private business — the proponents of the Litchfield Park (aka Perryville) Prison didn't do their homework... nor did their opponents!

This egregious misfeasance is not merely an engineering and administrative goof-up, it's further

Stonewalling on prison problem

evidence that we are continuing to attack one of this State's — and this nation's — major problems more politically than pragmatically.

Since the ratification of the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, on Jan. 16, 1919 — which foolishness-financed crime's emergency as big business — our country has been in a constant war with criminals... and we're losing! The evidence is clear: crime *does* pay. And the only answer we've come up with is to build more housing facilities for those few law-breakers who are caught, successfully prosecuted, and sentenced to serve time.

Per thousand population, the United States locks more people in cells than any other nation in the civilized world.

In answer to a Federal Court mandate, Arizona must build new prisons, because existing facilities don't provide satisfactory living conditions for even those few law-breakers dumb enough to get caught, and poor enough not to be able to buy their way through loop-hole exits. Their "rights" must not be infringed by a callous society's "cruel and unusual punishment." They could sue!

Consequently, it costs you and me twice as much to harbor felons in our State prisons as it would cost to put them through Harvard Business School, with an MBA degree. However, that's a meaningless comparison, because they wouldn't buy the deal... crime pays better, and they don't have all those exams.

As Arizona grows, the incidence of crime will grow. That's an inescapable and indisputable verity. A conservative estimate pegs Arizona's growth at 160 percent in the next 30 years... from 25 million population

to 65 million. In rough terms, this means we'll be building a prison the size of "Perryville" every five years, for the next 30 years.

The Federal mandate is amplified by the Legislature's passage of "mandatory sentences" laws which require incarceration for specified crimes, without opportunity for judicial discretion. We have written into law a population explosion for our prisons. And, having legislated ourselves into that cul de sac, we'll continue trying to work our way out by getting deeper and deeper into the impasse.

Our system of building housing and recreational facilities for convicted law-breakers has already been proven so patently unproductive that detailing its shortcomings would be an exercise in the obvious. What we're doing is primitive, thoughtless, non-creative and lazily repetitive. Profound problems are seldom solved so simplistically.

The punishment of criminals is neither a Republican nor a Democratic problem. Yet, the Perryville (aka Litchfield Park) Prison is recognized — by those who have followed the situation — as having been, from the start, a political issue. Unable to come up with a solution themselves, the Republican Legislature — including the senator from District 15 (which includes Sun City and Litchfield Park) decided (in their words) to "throw the hot potato" to Democratic Governor Babbitt. With that strange kind of smirking glee that characterizes the politician who believes he has outsmarted his opponent, the Legislature voted the Governor authority to decide where the prison would be located.

Well, it seems the Governor's equipment included a

pair of asbestos gloves, because he caught the "hot potato" and fed it back to the Dist. 15 Senator in a high colonic, by plunking the unwanted facility right in the middle of his home community.

Now, with the disclosure of the water-engineering gaffe, the Senator is gloating, "See, I told you so." Told us what? That the prison shouldn't be located there? We knew that. So why did he agree to giving the Governor the authority to put it there? Why did he and his fellow legislators chicken out? So much for political smarts.

The problem of our prison system is too big for political Mickey-Mousing. It's too pervasive and too expensive for small thinking. There's already a squabble developing over where the next prison will be built. Which reluctant and defenseless community will parallel the "rape of Litchfield Park?" Where else will bandages and analgesics be administered in lieu of the major surgery needed?

Certainly, our whole judiciary system needs examination and overhaul; but, while that is being considered, a more rational approach to penology — the practice of prison management — might be a pretty good place to start.

We believe there's a better way. Next Friday's Citizen will begin a discussion of this "better way," and succeeding Wednesday and Friday editions will develop the concept until we feel that this very important issue has been completely exposed, pro and con. We seriously solicit your opinions and reactions.

Editors Chair

Doug Form

The business of prisons



If everything goes according to plan (which is doubtful) the new state prison at Perryville-Litchfield Park will be ready for its 1200 medium/minimum-security guests in about 10 months. It will conform to federally mandated guidelines for housing and administering a prison population; and it will be a monument to Arizona politics.

As soon as it opens — or before — the hassle will start again. Where will the next one be built? And a next one will be built, that's for sure; and a few more after that. Maybe, the Perryville facility will be expanded — a few additions tacked on, so that the prison can get closer and closer to the school, which is already within easy eyesight.

Nobody wants a prison in his backyard, anymore than they want a hazardous waste-disposal site. That's understandable; but, until we can establish satellite stations for the handling of society's refuse somewhere in outer space, we're going to have to find earthy neighborhoods for them.

City and county jails must be within easy reach of the courthouse, because that kind of incarceration is short term — sometimes a matter of a few hours. Prison facilities need not be so restricted. They should be within reasonable reach of the trial centers.

Since Maricopa County produces most of the felons, it's reasonable to suggest that state prison facilities should be within that County — although Florence is in Pinal County.

Proximity to Phoenix was one of the reasons advanced for putting the new prison in Litchfield Park. As a matter of interest, Sun City would have been even closer.

To reduce our prison problem to a matter of geographical convenience doesn't make much sense. The problem is deeply serious. The bad guys are winning against our self-imposed fixations. It's costing you and me \$27,000 a year to house and comfort each of the inhabitants of our state pokeys. That's absurd. We are being punished for the misdeeds of the criminal.

Crime is an industry. Obviously, it's profitable. To compete against it, we must utilize the principles of sound industrial management. The criminal must be made pay his way, and produce a profit. This is not a regression to chain-gangs and rock-pounders; this envisions and advances into practicality.

There are three basic requirements of a prison system: (1) protection of society . . . physically, socially, financially; (2) punishment of the criminal . . . humanely, certainly, effectively; (3) rehabilitation of the criminal . . . voluntarily, practically, economically. There is nothing in these precepts which says that, except for original capital investment, the prison system should not be self-supporting — or profitable.

All that stands in the way is some antiquated and demonstrably inadequate concepts and habits of penology.

If we catch them, and if we convict them, and if we finally manage to get them into a cell (with careful observance of their sensitivities), then we feed them, and clothe them, and provide exercise and recreational facilities (so they won't sue us for "cruel and unusual punishment").

Then, having taught them nothing useful, we turn them back into the society they despoiled, and which now considers them philistines, to return to the only profitable pursuit they understand — crime. It's a dumb system. We are capable of so much better. If criminals are going to be criminals, let's make them pay for the privilege; they way we make law-abiding taxpayers pay for the privilege of working in a law-abiding community.

There are corrections industries facilities at Florence; but they operate at a loss. They provide a variety of products and services — mostly for other state organizations. Theoretically, every prisoner is obligated to work; but, if he refuses to, or decides to dog it, there isn't much anybody can do about it. He can't be fired. Actually, then, the industries aspect of our state prison system is voluntary, and expensive.

There are problems with the pay-as-you-go concept, but if we're going to get serious about finding an answer to the present worsening predicament, one of our assumptions ought to be that a prison population must be at least self-supporting.

Those who have robbed society of its safety or its property must pay that bill, just the way you and I have to pay our debts. Specifically, and primarily, the victim must be reimbursed.

The only way to do this is for the perpetrator of the crime to earn some money while serving time. The only way he can do this is to be paid for doing something that can be sold at a profit.

The implications of this proposal guarantee thunderclaps of bleeding-heart protest. "You mean prisoners would be forced to work, whether they want to or not?"; The answer to that is an unequivocal YES; and, if they don't work, they might find themselves getting along without some of their accustomed comforts and privileges . . . maybe not eating too well.

Let's jump right to the most horrendous of all possibilities. Our highways are in deplorable condition; and we know they're going to get worse, because we've procrastinated in funding their repair, and now there's no way to get up enough money to correct the situation.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Now, let's get down to cases on this question of a self-supporting prison system. Certainly, we can start with agreement on one point: what we're doing isn't very smart, it's very expensive, and it can't get anything but worse. We've allowed ourselves to slip into, or get suckered into, a prison system that isn't answering any basic problems — it's creating them.

There are always going to be law-breakers. When there were only four people in the Garden of Eden, one of them was a murderer. That's a pretty high percentage. With the disintegration of the family unit, and the increasing dissolution of historical moral values, and the permissiveness of educational and ecclesiastical institutions, and with the pressures of social maladjustments, inflation, job scarcity, welfare escapes, and sob-sisterism — we have laid a firm foundation for the inevitable burgeoning population in our prisons.

It's all well and good to say that we should get at the cases of crime, i.e. the hopelessness of the underprivileged, the yawning abyss between the haves and the have-nots, the dope addicts whose \$100-a-day habit requires ripping off somebody for \$500. the

Profit & loss statement on prisons

unemployable father with children to feed, and those who'd simply rather cheat and steal because it's easier and more profitable than working for a living.

Sure, that's the answer—and the only answer that a civilized nation should be addressing. We're not only not getting there, we're getting farther and farther away from it with every passing day. What we've come down to is a complete surrender to our ineptitude. All we can do is build 10' x 8' dormitory rooms for those relatively few law-breakers who are caught and sentenced.

We throw them in the slammer so they can't commit more crime; and, then, because there are too many of them, and not enough dormitory rooms, we let them out before they've served their full sentence, so they can return to the only profession they know — because society won't let them do anything else.

While they're behind the walls, two things are happening: (1) they're learning how to be better criminals, and (2) they're not paying their way. The obvious question is, "Why should we be paying the price for their incapacity, or unwillingness, to be productive members of society? Why don't we have the right to expect them to pick up at least part of the tab? The answer is, we do have that right; but we haven't shown either the smarts or the guts to make it work."

What could our 2,500 prison inmates do to help repay their debt to society? First, they've got to work, productively. They've got to do something useful. Maybe

it's cosmetically placating to sit in classes on "social readjustment" — we all do that; but prison inmates must be reminded that our society rests on somebody producing something of value that can be sold at a profit.

The occupants of our prisons must be a part of our entire economic system. They cannot be allowed to be a drain on that system, for their own good, as well as the good of society.

In general, most materials used in the prison system, in state-supported institutions, and many government agencies, can be produced by prison industries — if properly organized. Without question, this would create problems with private enterprise.

Anything produced by prison labor would be in competition with goods and service available from profit-making enterprises. That's fundamental to the problem—and the solution. We're going to have to make up our minds about the meaning and the purpose of our prison system—and where it fits into the total scheme of things.

Stamping out license plates doesn't do much about preparing a prisoner for the life outside. There aren't very many jobs like that available, but how about clothing and textile manufacture? automobile and aircraft repair? shoe manufacture? food processing? printing and engraving? furniture manufacture? construction, of all kinds? pot-hole filling and highway

repair? computer programming? farming? secretarial? book binding? printing? etc. . . etc.?

Everything used by any state agency can be produced by another state agency the prison system. Sure, it will take jobs and income away from private businesses; but do those businesses want to make money on individual contracts, or save money on their tax bills?

A quota system could be established for limiting the competition between prison labor and private industry. The basic point is that state prisons must become self-supporting, and the only way to accomplish this is for the individual prisoners to be put on a pay-as-you-go basis.

There's a lot of work that needs doing. Normal methods are not satisfying that need. We've got to take a different approach. Certain people have committed crimes against society. Our system says that they'll repay that debt by being deprived of their liberty and their dignity. That isn't enough. They've got to compensate their victims; and they've got to pay at least part of the freight for housing and feeding them.

We must have a work-oriented prison system. Those who owe the debt must pay the debt.

In the next issue of the Citizen we'll discuss the way this might be done.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Work ethic for prisoners

The condition and costs of our prison system is probably not one of those things that comes up in your everyday conversations, and maybe you're not especially interested, anyway. Well, we're going to continue dealing with that problem until the concept of pay-as-you-go prisons gets across to enough people that they'll want to do something about it, or until somebody in a position of authority decided to pick up the gauntlet.

Last Friday's column ended with the suggestion that our 2,500 prison inmates might be a partial answer to at least our superficial street and highway problems. They can fill in potholes. The extremity of this problem is obvious to anyone who drives throughout Arizona. It was dramatized recently by the unusual offer of the John F. Long Company to use its own manpower and machinery—and money—to fill in the potholes on 500 miles of streets. If a private business organization can make this sacrifice for the public good, why can't the state do the same thing?

The excuse given is that we don't have the millions of dollars needed to do the job. The reasons for our being in that bind are too historical, and complex and political for treatment here; but somehow we do have \$70 million available for supporting law-breakers who don't do anything productive.

Does putting prisoners to work filling pot-holes smack too much of by-gone days of leg-ironed road-gangs? Probably just enough to energize the lachrymal glands of every sob-sister in the state. "You would actually expose prisoners to public view and finger-pointing on a pothole-filling road crew!" You bet your bippy I would! . . . as much for the good of the prisoner as for the good of the society he injured.

We talk about a criminal's "debt to society." That debt isn't repaid merely by a removal from the society, it includes a monetary debt. The felon has cost somebody an amount of money—in property or physical deprivation. That's money — cold cash. Somebody's got to come up with it or the books won't balance. Why not the one who created the debt? Why should you and I pay his bills? And why should the victim pay the bill? That's not only unjust and inhumane—it's stupid.

There are jobs that need doing, and aren't being done. There is a work force available that isn't being utilized—in fact, we're paying them to be unemployed. Our prison system is a welfare system. "Just stay cooped up, and we'll clothe you, feed you, try to keep you entertained—and then we'll let you go, until we catch you the next time . . . and then we'll go through the nosensical routine again."

Pothole-filling is an example of a practical approach to a pay-as-you-go prison system . . . and probably an inadequate and unrepresentative example of the concept. How else could convicts pay their way? They could (1) grow their own food; (2) produce their own clothing; (3) repair all state-owned vehicles; (4) produce and repair their own shoes, and the footwear for all state institutions; (5) process their own foods and the foods used by all state institutions; (6) do all the state's printing and engraving and book-binding; (7) manufacture all furniture used by any part of the state's system (8) learn and operate the increasingly important soft and hard-ware aspects of computer programming; (9) provide some of the manpower requirements of all types of construction necessary to the functioning of the state's physical establishments.

For this, the prisoner would be paid — enough to recompense the state for his room and board, and enough to repay perhaps in substantial part—over a period of time—the victim of his criminality.

The obvious clinker in this suggestion is that work done by prison industries would take jobs and profits away from private enterprise. This is true. In any strenuous social adjustment, somebody gets hurt. It's a question of priorities. Where does total society accrue the most benefit? In this case, the weight of evidence leans toward the establishment of a prison industries program that will (a) demonstrate to the prisoner that he has to pay his debts, (b) remind him that he'd better learn how to be useful if he doesn't intend to spend his life behind bars, (c) teach him a useful occupation that can be used in the society he will ultimately rejoin, (d) reduce the obscene cost of our present system of simply keeping prisoners caged.

The Wednesday, May 13 issue, the Citizen will carry the fourth and last statement on this issue. Two approaches to implementing this idea will be offered. We earnestly solicit your comments. The problem is serious. It won't go away; as a matter of fact it will inevitably intensify, and become more costly and ineffective, if something isn't done—and soon.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



What kind of system might allow, force, or induce the unwilling inhabitants of our state prisons to pay their own way? The fact that it's never been done would seem to indicate that it can't be done. That isn't necessarily so. It could also indicate that no state has wanted to do the things necessary to accomplish it.

The simple facts are these: (1) somebody commits a felony and is sentenced to serve a number of years in a prison; (2) the purpose of this is best expressed in the term, "serving time," because that's all it is; (3) except for whatever is accomplished by keeping the felon out of society, nothing else useful is accomplished; (4) you and I pay approximately \$27,000 every year for each individual's imprisonment, i.e. the creditors pay the debtor not to repay his debt.

There are many aspects of our society that don't make a great deal of sense, but our prison system may well be the most absurd of all. Why? Because it's easier this way. All we have to think about is catching the miscreant, and throwing him in the slammer. . .

Prison city could be called Progress

provided there's some place to put him. The answer to that is also easy. . . build more prisons, whenever and wherever we can find some community unable to defend itself against such a totally political imposition.

How could prisoners pay their way? By learning and performing useful services; and by producing and selling things that society needs. For this they get paid; and with this income they pay for their room and board and make at least a start toward repaying those who suffered losses as a result of their criminality, or supporting their families so they don't add to the welfare rolls.

This means productive and profit-making jobs must be available. With so many things that need doing, and aren't getting done, there is no lack of such opportunity. The only problem is organization. A prison—industries system must conform to recognized principles of competitive business practices. It must be efficient.

There are three ways of setting up a prison system: (1) the random, i.e. the Arizona system; (2) the radial, i.e. the Texas system; and the centralized, which is nobody's system because it's never been tried.

The random system, as exemplified by Arizona, is so obviously inadequate and unproductive as to warrant

no discussion here. The radial (Texas) system, with a hub prison and correlated prisons spoking out in a wheel configuration—is probably the best system now functioning—but is still isn't self-supporting.

The centralized system—yet untried—called for a quantum leap in creative penology. It calls for being together, in one place, all prison facilities, all supportive industries, and a total population devoted to servicing and managing a single "industry," a prison system.

There would be schools and churches, shopping centers and recreational facilities and golf courses, and plants for making furniture, weaving and fabricating clothing, feed lots for cattle, farms for cotton and vegetables, and experimentation with the jojoba bean, ranges for sheep, canning and food-processing lines, schools for learning secretarial and computer skills, auto and airplane repair shops, road-construction facilities, etc., ad infinitum.

In simple terms, it would be the kind of normal community that will be springing up all over Arizona during the next few decades of inevitable growth. If such a community were to be designed around a central industry, such as General Motors, AT&T or General Foods, everybody would understand and applaud. It's when we run into that "industry" concept of our prison system that the mental blocks set in.

The usual argument advanced against this concept is that it would cost the state too much to get it going. That's nonsense. It didn't cost the state a dime to get Sun City going. On the contrary, the state has made a bundle on our little retirement community. Given that kind of guaranteed demand for homes, for personnel required for the central "industry," developers would be standing in line to lay down their money and facilities.

Where could all this happen? Well, it sure isn't going to happen if we continue thinking in the parochial terms of adding another block of cells to already-outmoded Florence, or imposing another thoughtless "rape of Litchfield Park." Got a map of Arizona handy? From Phoenix, run your finger west along route 10, to Tonopah. There, north of the Big Horns, and south of the Vultures, is the Harquahala Plains. It's about the same distance from the courthouse in Phoenix as is Florence. There is evidence of water availability, and it isn't all that far from the main line of the Central Arizona aqueduct.

That's where "Prison City" could be. That wouldn't be an attractive mailing address, so maybe it should be "Progress." The problems in developing "Progress" are staggering; the problems in not developing "Progress" are stupefying and disheartening. . . and very expensive.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



The Realities . . . One man's point of view

The pleasures and benefits of being a Sun Citian are too obvious and numerous to require recitation here. It's probably the best investment of time, person and money any of us has ever made.

Numbered among these is one of Sun City's greatest attractions, which is also one of its most apparent liabilities, i.e. the separation from, and insulation against, "the outside world." Comfortably cloistered behind the Walls of Geritol, there is an understandable inclination to want to be unaware of "alien" realities. "Don't bother us about that; we've paid our dues. Let 'them' handle it."

There's a lot to justify that attitude. We worked through our youth in the grocery stores, the gas stations and the hay fields; we washed a zillion dishes to get through college; we took the pummeling of the Great Depression, with its personal degradations and family fears; we put a dime away for a rainy day; we put our kids through college; we paid our taxes; we served in two or three wars; we finally made it to retirement age, and to Sun City. That's enough! Right?

Well, maybe. True, we were party to — and made a more-or-less personal contribution — toward the astonishing growth of this nation between 1917 and 1945 . . . when we evolved from a debtor nation to the most powerful political, social, and economic power that has ever inhabited the Earth as a societal entity.

But, we have also been party to — and made a more-or-less personal contribution — toward the astonishing decline of this nation in the 36 years since 1945. Thirty-six years ago, I was 35; secure in what I was doing, welcoming the day-to-day competition of making a buck in a free enterprise system that gave even a potato digger from Nova Scotia a good crack at tomorrow; kinda smug about laying a good foundation for my children and grandchildren; and confident about the purposes and practices of our government.

Sure, during the FDR New Deal, I had misgivings; but I wasn't sure whether they were politically partisan or economically practical. After all, people were back at work; the Depression was over; and we got rid of Prohibition.

What I didn't realize — and should have — was that the malignancy had already set in. Probably people were saying to me, but I didn't want to hear or read. I was too impressed with being a part of — and reaping the benefits of — the greatest society that ever existed.

It was many years before it dawned on me that the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, voted in by church-goers and gangsters, had established the base for organized crime to become the biggest and most profitable industry in America. The evidence of this is all around us, and is indisputable . . . and it's getting worse!

It was many years before it dawned on me that you and I had sold our birthrights for a mess of pottage. We were so busy enjoying our "earned" luxuries, that we willingly turned over to others the problems of managing our system. Let "them" do it; we're busy. That was the beginning of bureaucracy — which, if you haven't been reading or listening recently — is our government.

I've referred to 1945. That's a date which is going to baffle historians and archeologists when the time comes to explain what happened to the United States. In that year, this nation had reached a peak heretofore unimagined in all of human history. A nation so powerful that it could buy anything it wanted, or beat any adversary. No nation in the history of humankind was ever so unquestionably and monopolistically number one as was the United States in 1945, at the end of World War II.

My eyes have grown puffy and bifocal, and my mind has weared, trying to probe the reason for what's happened since 1945. Tomes have been written on this, by those more acceptable as authorities, but my conclusion is that we came down with an endemic case of "guilt."

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Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Fraternity of the Fed-up

As we ease into the summer doldrums, and the heat of meetings becomes somewhat lower than the ambient fahrenheit, this is probably as good a time as any to take stock of what's going on. There's something about 100-degree thermometer readings that subdues the combustibility of vocal chords, ball-points, and typewriters.

Oh sure, we're going to have "recall" agitations; and letters-to-the-editor will continue to give escapees to Logan, Rexburg, Pinewood, etc. additional justification for emigration. But, it's hard to get hot under the collar when the air conditioner is going full blast.

However -- and not to intrude on the welcome quietude of the summer solstice -- there's something we ought to be thinking about, while we're leaning back listening to the delightful tintinnabulation of ice cubes in a tall glass ... we're becoming an unhappy community. Nobody wants it that way; but it's happening.

Members of the Rec Board are under assault. Certainly, nobody in his right mind would contend that this Board, or any Board has always been right in its decisions or comportment. There are always justifiable reasons for complaint and dissent. That's a basic characteristic of this, or any other community of human beings. The capacity for being wrong is why the genus homo has been designated "a little lower than the angels".

There is wrong on both sides. Those who want to correct things that need correcting are proceeding unwisely. Their complaints are supportable; their methods are destructive. On the other hand, the Rec Board members -- understandably ruffled -- have adopted a defensive attitude of righteousness, and sought refuge behind legalisms and starchy uncommunicativeness.

Both are right; and both are wrong. Whichever side wins, you and I lose, because any conclusion will be the result of belligerent confrontation, not thoughtful give-and-take.

This situation has brought about the formation of an informally-constituted "Silent Majority" ... presumably those who have not heretofore been embroiled in the "recall" issue. Whether or not it represents an identifiable constituency is not important. The fact that it was created at all is significant. Is there a "silent majority"? The answer is, obviously and unfortunately, yes.

We know it's there by its visible absence. It's the 50-60 percent who don't vote in elections. It's the 90 percent who don't think it's important to attend membership meetings of the Rec Centers, the Home Owners Association, the Taxpayers Association, the Town Meeting Association, etc. It's the too-many who don't give a damn about much of anything that's going on.

It's also something much more important. It's those who are capable of making a major contribution to our community, but refuse to do so. "Run for election to one of those boards? You've got to be kidding! Why would any sane person willingly subject himself to that kind of personal abuse?"

In a community brimming over with extravagant talents, the Home Owners Association is having difficulty enlisting candidates for its Board of Directors.

We can anticipate the same situation, however, the "recall" action turns out, when it comes time to fill vacancies on the Rec Board.

This is not only a regrettable circumstance, it's a dangerous situation. Only the lowest forms of animal life foul their own nest.

We seem to have lost respect for three basic ingredients, which are fundamental to any agreeable society: (1) the willingness to say "Evidently I was wrong; I'm sorry"; (2) the sense of humor which is requisite to evaluating the importance of ourselves and what we do; (3) the communication which starts with "Maybe you're right; let's talk about it."

Our failure to accept these simplicities has led to creation of the biggest "organization" in town ... the Fraternity of Fed-Ups. "I'm so fed up with all the bickering and name-calling, that I don't want to have anything to do with anything. They can all go to blazes." This "fraternity" constitutes one of the greatest losses this community could suffer. It could mean the continuance of unhappiness.

It's interesting to speculate that those who are creating the dissidence -- and who are generally dedicated to the non-incorporation of Sun City -- may well become the strongest arguments for self-determination.

If volunteerism is made so onerous that nobody will enlist, the only recourse to managing our affairs and answering our problems could well become a formalized operations structure. The "voice of the people" could conceivably shout itself down.

Editors Chair

Doug Morris



Assassination and civilization

The attempted killing of President Reagan and Pope John Paul II has brought the assassin back into everyday conversations...and fears. To the eye and the ear, "assassin" is a more sinister word than "murderer." It seems to imply a concerted plan against which the intended victim has no defense. As a matter of fact, that's probably true. If somebody decides to kill me, under whatever conditions, and without regard for personal consequences, the odds are I'm going to get knocked off.

If the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries, "assassin" was not a common noun, it was a proper name, with a capital "A." It was the title given to a member of a secret order of Moslem fanatics whose sole reason for existence was to terrorize and kill the Christian Crusaders who spent their lives and the fortunes trying to recover the Holy Land from "the infidels."

For those who consider marijuana a relatively harmless "lift," it's interested to note that "assassin" is a direct derivative of "hashshasin," which means "a hashish addict;" and a hashish is identical with marijuana. To get themselves revved up for planned assassinations, the Moslems dragged deep on hashish tubes — today they're called reefers or joints. The Hindus called them "bhangs," which somehow seems more descriptive.

Strangely enough, "assassination" has become a status term. If the person killed is a relative nobody, it's a murder; if the corpus delicti is a personage, it's an assassination. Historians differ in referring to the death of Julius Caesar as either a murder or an assassination—depending entirely on whether the writer considers Julie to have been a good guy or a bad guy.

Whether we want to recognize it or not, assassination had always been involved in domestic and foreign politics. It doesn't take a Phi Beta Kappa to know that the best way to get rid of an opponent is to kill him. That's about as decisive as competition can get. The reasons may not be certain, but the result leaves no room for personal rebuttal.

As a people, dedicated to the Judeo-Christian ethic, we abjure killing—to the extent that we can't bring ourselves to put to death worthless human being who have demonstrated their worthlessness, their incapacity for rehabilitation, and their intention to take other lives if given the chance. Yet, the evidence is irrefutable that, as a matter of national policy, we organized a series of adventures whose sole purpose was the assassination of Fidel Castro. If there could be such a thing, would that have been a "good" assassination? Would those principals we espouse have been advanced by that formalized elimination of a force which stands in the way of much that this nation represents?

Recently, Libyan representatives were ousted from this country because their headquarters were deemed to be "training grounds for assassins." Supportive evidence is clear. Lacking specific public documentation, it's not an impossible assumption that the U.S. has not been totally innocent of similar connivance in Central and South America—and in many nations around the world. Murder—assassination is a recognized instrument of government. The real danger is that it become commonplace.

The moral question involved is confusing. If Adolph Hitler had been killed in 1933, the death of a forceful leader of an emerging nation would have been mourned. If any of the assassination plots of 1939 and later has succeeded, the death of a tyrant would have been celebrated. If anybody had knocked off Idi Amin he would not have been condemned as an assassin by the civilized world; he'd have been hailed as a benefactor.

To a nation, such as the U.S., which places emotionally exorbitant values on human life, the idea of murder is abhorrent, and the concept of assassination is repulsive. Nevertheless, they are among the facts of life which we must cope. The most disturbing fact is that there isn't much of anything we can do about it. One zealot, one zany, on "patriot" with a gun can, in a split-second change the course of history.

It becomes increasingly evident that the style and direction of this nation's program for the next four years rests, singularly, on the shoulders of one man, President Ronald Reagan. If that bullet had been a few inches to the left, the votes of millions would have been channeled. The most public of all recent Popes, and articulate force in man's hopes for understanding and peace, survived the assassin's bullet. Who can measure the value to the entire world of the accidental survival of John Paul II?

People, en masse, don't do very much. Leaders do most of whatever gets done. To be a leader, in today's world, is to assume the risk of acquiring enemies...some who will consider it their ordained responsibility to eliminate the leader. There is no defense against this. We cannot encasulate our leaders in bullet-proof cocoons...they can't lead without public contact and access.

It's little comfort to recognize that there's nothing new about this. Assassination is not a modern invention; it's not a relection of the decadent society. As a matter of fact, it's so much better than it was in the days of the Pharaohs, the Greeks and the Romans and even the heyday of the European hegemonies, that each attempt, or success, is a major news event. Maybe that says something about man's crawl toward a better world.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



This is being written on an assumption: that I understand the English language as employed by bureaucracy. That's a hazardous assumption. Why the minions of federalese can't write simple declarative statements escapes my understanding. However, assuming that my interpretative skills are at least average, it would appear that our Rec Centers Board has won a major victory — for you and me.

A communique from the Internal Revenue Service says (I think) that the Rec Board's year-long fight for a money-saving tax base has finally been approved. Ordinarily, this kind of news would be buried in the obits or classifieds. Who cares about a tax base? That's for lawyers and accountants.

Well, grab your chairs! This one means that you're going to get back \$200,000 of your money; and

Wrap the brickbats with bouquets

that, from now on, you're going to pay out anywhere from \$30,000 to \$60,000 less every year. And that's because your Rec Board stuck to its guns, in the face of private and public abuse, beyond the call of duty.

It isn't easy to get the IRS to give up any part of its revenue. It's their job to collect every dime they can justify. The Rec Board's application for a change of status, from C-7 to C-4, had to face that in-grown antipathy. The case was exacerbated by communications to the IRS from Sun City dissidents offering objections, and all kinds of implied misfeasance.

Despite this, the case put forward by the Rec Board apparently has won the day. Additionally, it now seems clear that the change in tax base will not "throw the Rec Centers open to outsiders," as so often charged by opponents of the change.

While all the hassle is going on about recalling two of the Board directors, as part of general attack on the Rec Board, it seems only fair that we hand out bouquets along with the brickbats. It would be gracious of the opponents, who have taken every opportunity to lambaste the Board on this tax status issue, to now

acknowledge that they were wrong, and the Board was right. It would help to reestablish a mood of open and understanding dialogue, instead of animosity and confrontation.

This is not to say that the Rec Board has been right in everything. This one major accomplishment must be considered individually and apart from other considerations. There is still a tightness and defensiveness about the board that doesn't contribute substantially to improved communications.

This is understandable. Anybody under constant assault or examination is going to build a defense against it. But, if this begins to interfere with open access to board deliberations and communal decision-making, then it could be counterproductive.

The amelioration of this kind of conflict generally lies in a strange thing called "good intentions." If those who are in disagreement approach that disagreement with good intentions — and, with no malevolence or belligerence — there's a better-than-even chance that things can be worked out. The bromide has it that "disagreement is no reason for being disagreeable."

When conflicts arise between groups or individuals,

and before tempers flare and things are said that can't be retracted, it might help to ask a simple question: "Is it really that important?" Will all of us be that much better off after this thing is threshed out, one way or the other? Under the same conditions, would I have done it better?

Over the few short years of this community's existence, we have been extravagantly fortunate in the quality and performance of our Rec Boards. It's one of the toughest jobs in town; and the willingness of talented people to assume so onerous and thankless a job must be a commendation of the inherent health of our community.

Some board members have been extraordinarily skillful and productive; some have been something less than we might have hoped for. That's the essence of an elective society. The voters aren't always right.

Would this be a good time to express a little appreciation to our Rec Board members for successful completion of a difficult negotiation? Would it also be a good time to expect our board to shed its shell of defensiveness and adopt a posture of neighborly compatibility?

Maybe what we need more of is a sense of humor.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn

Managing crises



The "best sellers" shelves are stocked with tomes on "Crisis Management." It's the "in" thing in management seminars these days. A "crisis" is "an unstable condition in which an abrupt or decisive change is impending." It's also an euphemism for incomplete thinking and bad planning.

In order for there to be a political, social or economic crisis, somebody has to goof; somebody in a position of authority has to be considerably less than capable or courageous.

The primary responsibility of management — whether political or corporate — is to foresee problems, and to prepare at least alternative responses, before they reach the crisis stage. That's why they are selected or elected to management authority. They have no other primary responsibility. Any prolonged failure to fulfill this responsibility should be grounds for immediate demotion, by due process.

Historians may well nominate the '70s and '80s as the generations of crisis, (note the plural). An incomplete compendium reads:

- (1) The crisis of inflation, which has two insane fathers, (a) the five-decades-long, popularly supported federal policy of spending money we don't have, and (b) the incomprehensibly irrational belief that we could pay for the Vietnam War without increasing taxes.
- (2) The crisis of industrial deterioration, by which — with your tax dollars — we have strengthened our competitors and weakened ourselves to the point of begging for relief.
- (3) The crisis of energy and basic materials dependence on nations we virtually created out of nothingness, and who are now in a position to shut us down.
- (4) The crisis of security, internationally and locally. We are hostage to apparently uncontrollable crime-in-the-streets; and there's serious doubt that we are defensible on sea, land and air.

(5) The crisis in transportation, i.e. highways, bridges, and means of getting people from where they are to where they want to go.

(6) The crisis in education, which is fundamental to what we're going to be tomorrow. Could anybody dispute that we're paying too much for too little?

(7) The crisis in confidence, which, in simple terms, means we've lost faith in our principles, our policies, and — most disastrously — in ourselves.

Any of these crises, taken individually, would be relatively easy to solve. There is an enormous strength in our social, political and economic system. As individuals, and as a nation, we have demonstrated an astonishing capacity for doing the heretofore impossible.

Now, that capacity is being seriously challenged. Are we really as good as we have always said, and believed?

Let's focus on the local scene. Like every other state in the Union, Arizona faces a horrendous transportation problem. Our highways are potholed and inadequate. It's such an emergency that a special session of the legislature will be convened to deal with it. That's an insult to our system and our intelligence.

Highways and bridges don't deteriorate instantaneously. It's a slow and recognizable degradation. So how come it's suddenly a crisis? The answer to that is clear and uncomfortable . . . your failure and mine, to demand that the executive and legislative branches of our government live up to their responsibility of foreseeing the problems before they become crises.

I've listened to, and read, platform oratory on "fiscal responsibility" and "reduction of your taxes" to the point of nausea. I've heard impassioned exhortations of "tax refunds" and "protecting the elderly." What I'm waiting for is somebody with guts enough to say, "You want to get things straightened out? Then, get ready to pay through the nose." That probably wouldn't get too many votes, but it would sure make us recognize the realities.

Ours is a very nervous and uncertain society. We know we've earned greatness; but we're not sure we can carry its burdens. There are simply too many problems, all at once.

We should not now be watching our legislature trying to find an answer to our crises; we should be calling each legislator to a strict accounting for having allowed our problems to reach the predicament of crisis. This is not a question of Republican vs. Democrat, it's a question of getting what we're paying for. It's the mean and purpose of representative government.

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EDITORS' CHAIR

Doug Morris

Just maybe



Possibly you'll recall--without too much affection--your grade school introduction to the parts of speech, particularly that vexatious "subjunctive mood." This, you'll remember, is that clever device that permits saying something without seeming to say it, and without assuming responsibility for having said it. Cicero tore Catiline apart with subjunctives.

The subjunctive mood carries the implication of a definite statement without imposing the obligation of being positive. It permits the effect of bias, without risking the penalties of prejudice. By definition, subjunctive means: that mood used to express supposition, hypothesis, possibility--rather than to state actual facts. So much for the refresher course in English grammar.

It's a simple matter to be positive about anything and everything. All that's needed in an assumption of superior intelligence and virtuousness, and the attendant conviction that contrary positions are the product of inferior minds, or knaves.

Proof of this can be found, occasionally, in letters-to-the-editor columns of this or any paper; and, unfortunately, in editorials and the production-line scrivenings of syndicated columnists and tv commentators, i.e. "authorities."

This column, like any other that enjoys the hazardous privilege of personal statement, must qualify for credibility by meeting generally accepted standards of fairness and usefulness. There is a further restraint inherent in our insistence that "everybody has a right to his opinion; but nobody has a right to be wrong in his facts."

However, it isn't always possible--more likely, it's seldom possible--to be sure of the facts. Do you feel sure that you know everything you need to know in order to form a conclusion about the U.S.-Iran confrontation? Do you know--for sure!--what our actual military strength is vis-a-vis the Soviets? Could they knock us off if they decided to take decisive action tomorrow? Or has their internal structure so deteriorated that we could move in on them with a better than even chance of removing that threat to world peace?

I don't know those facts--and a myriad of others, equally important; yet we are being called on daily to support or defeat one or another person or policy purporting to answer such problems, whose elements we don't know, and whose purposes are not clear. Carried to its logical conclusion, there's very little you and I would have a right to talk about with any assurance.

Maybe it's this very unavailability of firm facts which justifies our customary reliance on judgment-by-label: we know, in advance, that something is right or wrong because it's "liberal" or "conservative", "labor" or "management", "young" or "old", "Republican" or "Democrat", upper-middle- or lower-class, "Christian" or "non-Christian", "male" or "female", etc., etc.

Digging out facts is hard work, even when they're available. It's easier not to know. Maybe that's why the gentle art of conversation is losing ground and popularity to the militancy of opinionated argument. Perhaps that's what Alexis de Toqueville foresaw when he penned, "Americans do not converse; they hold monologues in each other's presence."

Into this quandary steps the subjunctive mood...the opportunity to air an attitude, obliquely, with the intention of inducing dialogue, rather than belaboring one conviction versus another. Out of an endless list of possibles, here are some subjunctives that might just be worth a thought or two. It's possible that....

...the 1980 Rec Centers Board of Directors was "the worst board in the history of the organization," and its members should be cleared out by pressurized resignations or recall; or it could be that those who promote such correction are guilty, perhaps inadvertently, of self-seeking self-aggrandizement, using condemnation, concerted abuse and disruption as instruments of demagoguery.

...we shy from the responsibilities of self-determination, i.e. "incorporation" (whatever that may mean in pragmatic application!) not so much because it might "destroy our way of life" or "put us in the hands of 'dirty politicians'" but because we don't want to assume the burden of being individually responsible for what happens to us and to our unique community.

We prefer to let the County, State and Federal government dictate our lives, more and more, not because it's right--or what we'd really prefer--but because we're too apathetic, or discouraged, to pay attention to what Socrates meant when he said, "Those who would be free must be willing to bear the burdens of freedom."

...callous as it may seem, we must face the reality of sacrificing the fifty two hostages in Iran in order that 235 million Americans will not continue to be held hostage by a nation of international brigands.

...the Sun City communities are meant to be "God's holding tank," where those who have "paid their dues" can retire behind the Walls of Geritol and let the rest of the world go by; or it's supposed to be a bringing together of some of the nation's outstanding talents and energies to do what the human race is supposed to do: solve problems.

All the above is offered in the subjunctive mood...to posit opportunities for productive discourse. If personal bias has leaked through, it should be recognized as the imprecision of even the most exact of all languages.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



I've been thinking about "Senior Citizens" for so many years that I've become one. And the longer I think about it, the less I seem to understand my thoughts.

I was well into my twenties before it dawned on me that I had been a teen-ager. Nobody told me. The term had not then been popularized as a designation for a segregated segment of society...with inexplicable, but supposedly excusable, idiosyncrasies. Then, I was into my forties before somebody discovered the uniqueness of the "young adult." And now, I'm a "senior citizen;" and I don't know what that means, either.

Obviously, there are people who are older than other people; and there are certain physical, mental and psychological consequences of that evolution; but, in my opinion, we have gone too far in this calendar-page pigeon-holing. Somebody is excused because he's young; somebody is condemned because he's old.

Senior citizen interests concern all

If there's one thing that might distinguish the older citizen from the younger citizen, it's that the older citizen remembers when things were better. He also knows that he was around when today's problems were being created--and, to some extent (if he dares introspectio) he senses a responsibility for their creation, and for their solution.

The younger citizen knows he wasn't a primary part of the cause; but he faces acceptance of his share of the responsibility for the cure. The points of reference may differ; but the recognitions and intentions are identical.

The "senior citizen" has lived long enough to know that whatever is best for America is best for him. He's also savvy enough to know that anything done as a special favor for others. He knows that there are more "yesterdays" than "tomorrows" in his diary; but his "today" is just like everybody's else.

Everybody's overweaning concern is the functioning and impact of government. Should Sun Citizens have unique and insular approaches to this generic problem, not adaptable or acceptable to younger Arizonans? Aren't our interests the same...inflation...crime...low morality in high places...the lack of

a national policy and a clear-cut national purpose...the decline of America's strength, at home and abroad...the decay of individual incentives under the pressure of Big Government, Big Labor, Big Education, Big Business, Big Everything...the pervasive threat of Communism...the epidemic of distrust...etc...etc.

It must be immediately evident that such characteristic concerns don't set "senior citizen" is, in most meaningful ways, identical with citizens of all ages.

The 65-year-olds in Sun City, Wickenburg, Yuma, Douglas, Flagstaff, Nogales, and in the barrios of South Phoenix are all "senior citizens;" but, aside from occasional inclinations toward strong opinions and weak bladders, they have little in common, traceable to calendar years.

By the simple process of having inhaled and exhaled long enough to have attained "senior citizen" status, you and I have, presumably, acquired something not equally available to those who haven't yet had the good fortune to live so long. It's called a sense of balance...the realization, from experience, that those

things which look so immediately good may not turn out to be all that good; and those things which we're now convinced are bad could very well develop benefits.

The asset of being old is that we've been young; the penalty of being young is that you haven't yet been old. In agricultural terms, youth is for sowing oats, age is for growing sage. There's a productive need for both.

Because of increasing longevity, and a decreasing birth-rate, we jolly geriatrics will become an increasing numerical force in the state and the nation. It would be unfortunate if this were translated into some kind of activist political-action-committee. There's already enough self-interest divisiveness; let's not allow the calendar to become an irritation.

I don't have a single moment of doubt that if you and I were called on to sacrifice some benefit or comfort in order that our children and grandchildren would get a better breadk, we'd vote that way without hesitation. The word is "citizen," not "senior citizen."

June 12, 1981

Editors Chair

Doug Morris

Out of the heat comes light



Over and over again, in letters, phone calls and personal meetings, the same question: "Why do you continue, week after week, publishing the same old garbage in your letters-to-the-editor columns." The word, "garbage" is the one most often used.

What's being referred to, of course, is the running battle of words between the pro- and anti-incorporationists, and the for and against Rec Board recallers. In spurts, there are other eruptions of emotions — such as the Sun bowl; but those first two are obviously the major points of contention.

The question raised is an important one. Would there be so much dissension if we didn't publish the combative and accusatory letters? Does the press fan flames? — and to what purpose?

Friends have told me that their idea of a perfect vacation is going off some place where there are no newspapers, no radio and not television. The idea seems to be, if you don't know what's goin on, you don't have anything to worry about. "Where ignorance is bliss, tis folly to be wise." Comfortable as that aphorism may be, it can't palliate the threat of its contradiction: "There's nothing more dangerous than ignorance in action."

The Citizen has a singular and simple purpose: to be useful, to its readers and its advertisers. This means we should publish the news factually, and be available for expressions of personal opinion.

We try to cover and report on whatever happens at important meetings of important organizations. If those meetings are controversies and contradictions, without editorial bias or intercession. It is then up to our readers to decide between fact and fallacy. That's the role and the responsibility of news reporters.

The editorial function is quite different. The editors, with management, establish basic policy. Will we be a "local voice", or will we reflect sectional, regional, national interests? Will we be "sensational", or "straight-laced", "conservative", or "liberal" Republican, Democratic or Libertarian, etc.

In the case of the Citizen, it is our purpose and policy to be none of those things, and all of those things. It is our definition of "useful" to reflect the community as it is.

It should always be borne in mind that a newspaper is probably the last remaining exemplar of free enterprise in this country. Short of the restrictions on treason, libel and pornography, nobody can tell a newspaper publisher or editor what he can say or do in the pages of that publication.

The only handcuffs on his typewriter are the practicalities of "public interest" it will not stay in business. That's an enormously effective restraint.

So . . . what is our "public interest"? And, to what extent does that interest concern the majority of our public? As Hamlet would have it, "Aye, there's the rub."

Do the voices of the Charter Government Association, the Town Meeting Association, the Silent Majority, the Concerned Recreation Members, the Retirement Community Association, the Home Owners Association, the Taxpayers Association, the Council of Service Clubs, and others, represent the "voice of the community"?

If so, this community speaks with more voices than Babel, when it was decided "to confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."

Freedom of the press is not only the right of a newspaper to publish as it sees fit, it is also the right of the people to express their individual opinions through the medium of the press. Freedom of the press is the right to be wrong.

We publish letters which we know to be wrong — in fact, in intention, in philosophy. To do otherwise is to set ourselves up as censors, i.e. to exercise the authority of "prior restraint" — to determine, in advance of publication, that something should or should not be published. We try to exercise judgment; we try not to invoke censorship.

Everybody doesn't write with clarity, wisdom or restraint. But, the right to articulation is not reserved to the articulate. The uninformed, the prejudiced, and the self-seekers have the same right to expression as the informed, the balanced and the community-minded. The zealots can not be muted in order to give voice to the rationalists.

To some extent, the letters-to-the-editor column is a mirror and a cathartic. We may not enjoy either the reflection or the purging, but both can be productive if we'll let them be.

Believe it or not, I have a feeling that we're coming to the end of much of the dissention . . . and, for this, we must be grateful to the dissidents. The current trial-by-fire is intense; but I'm betting it'll burn away the dross and get us closer to workable facts. What the antagonists have proven is that the basic problems are really quite simple. It's the superstructure of emotions which has been hazardous to our peace and quiet.

A forecast: within one year from now we'll be wondering what to run in the letters-to-the-editor columns, because there won't be any correspondence-of-conflict on the subjects of the Rec Centers and Incorporation.

Sun City Citizen

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Editors Chair



Paradise Lost?

I'm neither a Pioneer nor a Johnny-come-lately. In about a month I'll celebrate — and I mean celebrate! — my eighth anniversary of being a Sun Citian. I came here to avoid retiring, because I don't believe any of us has full right to withdraw those experiences and talents from the society which has paid a heavy price for their development.

It's been an exciting, gratifying and sometimes disturbing eight years. Being naturally inclined toward involvement, I've played minor and major roles in many organizations and activities. There have been periods of abrasion and conflict — and there still are — but the environment has changed. We used to tangle on things, and then walk away, not necessarily as close friends, but certainly not as bitter enemies. That's where we've changed. That's what's changing this community.

The issue that brings this to a head is the Rec Centers Board vs. the Concerned Rec Members. It could be amusing, except that it involves the most important organization in the community, and affects every one of us, very materially. If this were only a few people with tickets for an ego trip, or who like to stir up things to fill in idle hours, we could all lean back and applaud or hiss in accordance with our inclinations. That isn't the way things are: it's a lot more serious than that. Our total investment in this community could be at stake. Certainly our comfort is already in jeopardy.

Fatuous as it may be, I can't resist recalling the plaque that hung on my bedroom wall as a child: "There's so much good in the worst of us; and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

Yet, as I go from meetings with Rec Board members, and attendance at CRM meetings — and private conversations with representatives of each side — all I hear is "They are totally wrong" ... "They must be destroyed completely." The way things are going, you and I are the ones who'll be destroyed.

In my opinion — and that's all it is: an opinion — Jack Spellman and Hil Vogel have earned a considerable part of the thumping they're now being subjected to with little more give in the early stages...a little more willingness to listen...a little less strict reliance on their "book" authority...a little less starchy defensiveness...a little less inclinations to seek legal recourse instead of neighborly discussion...a little less formally and a little more friendliness...and a lot more sense of humor — all of this could have been handled the way adults are supposed to be able to handle things.

In my opinion — and that's all it is: an opinion — Len Haynes, Joe Gaines, John Stec, et al, have lost sight of the purpose of their cause in the lust for battle. The smell of blood is their intoxicant. I know these men well. They are outstanding Sun Citians. One, in particular, Len Haynes, is of that rare breed: a natural-born leader. He's articulate, a mast of the microphone, and he does his homework. It takes a good mand to stand against him in an open confrontation. There's nobody on the Rec Board equipped to do this.

This is a benefaction in terms of public discourse; it's a great danger in terms of the public welfare. There are fifty at the meeting of the CRM I attended last Wednesday. That fifty, and whatever others they can persuade to their cause, cannot be allowed to be the "voice of the community." But, neither can their protest be stifled. Fewer than that number dumped the tea in Boston Harbor; and about that same number put their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" on the line by signing the Declaration of Independence."

After tortuous hours of deliberation, I am convinced that important issues affecting the Rec Centers should be decided by ballot-box elections rather than by mail voting. This conclusion leaps over all the pros and cons — which would be endless — and seeks the most simplistic solution available. I want to see the Rec Board returned to its rightful position of respected authority. I want the membership — "establishment" and "dissident" — to accept their responsibility for sound judgment and fair play.

Above all, I don't want to lose Paradise.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Let's ring it again

In the Memorial Garden at Bell Recreation Center stands Sun City's Liberty Bell

The two are virtually identical. One difference . . . the Bell in Philadelphia is mute. A yawning crack in its side forbids its ever speaking clearly again.

The Sun City Bell's simulated fracture is cosmetic and allows full-throated resonance whenever its tongue wags.

But, how seldom it is heard. Occasionally, the stillness of the pavillion is interrupted as a venturesome visitor tentatively pulls the clapper, and shies away from the reverberations of his derring-do.

Mostly, day on day, our Bell is silent . . . consigned by timidity or apathy to the voicelessness of its muted ancestor.

A bell is for ringing. The Liberty Bell in Philadelphia — loudly proclaimed support of the painted patriots who dumped tea in Boston Harbor . . . summoned fire fighters to conflagrations, and citizens to town meetings . . . enthusiastically backgrounded the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence in the yard of the State House, at noon, Monday, July 8 1776 . . . acknowledged the surrender of Cornwallis . . . welcomed Washington on November 17, 1781 . . . heralded the coming of peace on April 16, 1783 . . . mourned the death of Washington on December 17, 1799 . . . observed the coming of Lafayette to Philadelphia in 1824 . . . and cracked its throat in wailing the death of Chief Justice John Marshall on July 8, 1835.

Sun City's Liberty Bell first took shape in the minds of our Bicentennial Committee. Its physical reality began on January 15, 1976, at 9 a.m., in the parking lot of Sun City Stadium. The call had gone out for metal for our bell.

Bicycles, golf carts, mobile homes, motorcycles, trailers, three-wheelers and hand carts brought heirlooms, bridgework, bedsprings, memorial plaques, prosthetic devices, garden tools, medallions, jewelry, lawn mowers, corset stays, coins, auto frames — a motley melange of memorabilia. By 4 p.m., well over 7,000 pounds of metal piled high to be the body of our Bell.

Melted into ingots, each donation lost its individuality in a greater identity. Far away, in Astin, Holland, Sun City's Liberty Bell emerged from the hot mold of Schulmerich-Carillons, Inc., and began its destined voyage home.

At noon on July 8, 1976, exactly 200 years from the intoning of the Declaration of Independence, the Liberty Bell was unveiled in the Sun Bowl. Sun Citians touched it reverently, and with a special kind of pride — because something of them was merged in its being.

On November 15, 1976, a crowd-packed Memorial Garden accepted the Liberty Bell into its heart. In its base, a time-capsule carried messages from that day to Sun Citians of 2026. Each member of the audience was privileged to sound the bell. There were tears in proud eyes.

Only infrequently since then, its throaty tone is heard. Why? Is its presence not felt? Is its meaning not understood and appreciated? Are we timid about activating its challenge? Has such a symbol of Freedom and Patriotism and sheer love of country lost its symbolism, its actuality? Does ringing that bell make us feel the prankster, rather than the patriot?

Let's ring that bell. What will that do? Who knows? Maybe each note will sound briefly and fade into nothingness. Or maybe each note will sound forever in our memories.

On July 4, a week from tomorrow, the third annual "Ring That Bell" ceremony will take place in the Memorial Garden at Bell Center. It will start at 8:30 a.m. and finish at 10. Those attending should bring their own chairs. Seating will not be provided. It might be a good idea to bring some kind of protection, too.

See you on the 4th, at the Bell.

GOP flounders on Babbitt foe

GOP FLOUNDERS ON BABBITT FOE

4—July 1, 1981—SUN CITY CITIZEN

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



While Republican President Ronald Reagan is demonstrating a brand of hard-knuckle political savvy and guts that should lay to rest forever any snide references to his "movie-actor" background, the Arizona GOP seems to be going out of its way to prove that "smarts" is not necessarily a party characteristic.

In repeated platform appearances and news release, the Arizona GOP biggies have made it clear that their prime target in '82 is the governorship. They want Babbitt out of there so they'll have total control of both the executive and the legislative branches of government. They want to get out from under the sharp edge of that veto axe he swings to often. That makes sense. That's what they should want — if they believe in their program.

through that debilitating and degrading fund-raising process, he might give it another thought. The word on that probably won't come until much later in the year.

Meanwhile, Jack Londen, a very successful, and highly personable business man, a National Committeeman, and a dedicated Party worker . . . and Clark Dierks, probably one of the best treasurers this State has ever had, are hanging by the thumbs. The State Committee is saying to each of the, "We'll wait to see what John says; and, then, if he doesn't want to run, whichever of you gets the nod will be our second choice." If I were either Jack or Clark I'd tell them to roll it up and shove it. It's not only bad politics, it's insulting.

Can you imagine the kind of campaign Bruce Babbitt could launch against a second choice Republican candidate? Babbitt is no neophyte. Under that professorial mien, and that country-boy haircut is a very tough cookie. He's not likely to be unseated by second-choices.

And, while concentrating on the governorship, the Republicans are exposing their flanks to one of the sharpest vote-getters this State has ever seen . . . U.S.

So, what's going on? After a state-wide search for the best candidate to run against the incumbent, they came up with a list of thirty prospects — some of whom should have been mentioned only on the comic pages — and most of whom immediately and publicly withdrew from consideration. Didn't they even talk to these people before publicizing their prospective candidacy?

The 30 quickly eroded to nine, and then seven, and now it seems there are three. Two have virtually declared their candidacy, and one, whose decision will determine whether or not either of the other two will be endorsed by the nabobs, won't declare one way or the other. If Congressman John Rhodes gives the nod, then Jack Londen and Clark Dierks can forget party support for their executive-suite ambitions. This is inept politics at its worst.

Checking among "those in the know" on both sides, it's clear that Rep. Rhodes hasn't shown any real appetite for going up against Babbitt in '82. The Congressman has been in the political grinder a lot of years. But, if the State Committee can come up with a \$2,000,000 campaign fund — so he won't have to go

Senator Dennis DeConcini. Even Republicans voice admiration of his abilities and organization. There are murmurings of opposition candidacy from a Republican State Senator; but murmurings aren't likely to carry much weight against the already-in-place, and well-financed DeConcini forces. Without any official alliance, the realities of politics say that it will be the combined organizational and financial resources of Babbitt-DeConcini against the obvious uncertainties of a vacillating Republican hierarchy.

This would all be academic, except for the preponderant and impactful Republicanism of the Sun Cities. The State Committee gives occasional lip-service to "your importance;" but this isn't reflected in final influences. In brief, the Sun Cities are being taken for granted in Republican affairs; but the voice of these communities is not being heard in the councils of decision.

The way things are going, the Republican party in Arizona seems determined to elect Gov. Bruce Babbitt and Sen. Dennis DeConcini. If that isn't what Sun City Republicans want to see happen, this would be a pretty-good time to make their voices heard, and their clout felt, among the headquarters bumbler.

Editors Chair

Douglas Horn



King Canute would know how I feel. When he had to haul his keelster off the beach because, against his wishes, the tide kept rolling in, he knew frustration. That's where I am.

In front of me is the recommendation by the Arizona Commission on Salaries for Elective State Officials. It will be formally proposed in October; and, if neither the Governor nor the Legislature makes any substantial changes, it will be automatically in force in January, 1983. You and I will have nothing to say about it. Only the recommended increase for State Legislators must be put to a vote of the people.

Let's get one thing straight . . . I'm not against anybody getting as much as he can get for doing whatever he does. That's fundamental to the basic concept of the Free Enterprise system. But, there's a corollary to that precept . . . it's supposed to be competitive. Theoretically, nobody can get paid more for a service than somebody else, with equal qualifications, will do it for. That's the essence of open competition — whether it be in salaries paid or in the price tag on a package of cornflakes.

In today's terms, we're not talking about a lot of money . . . something in the neighborhood of \$2.5 million total increase per year in top-level salaries. (The very fact that we can refer to \$2.5 million as "not much money" says something we might want to think about for a while.) Admittedly, my values were established at another time, in a different environment, with digital denominators that bear little relevance to today's numbers. My children got higher salaries for their first jobs than I had attained midway in my career.

But, they were in open competition. There's a difference, I feel, between that kind of salary exaggeration and the price we pay for elected officialdom. My concern is the ballooning cost of government. We're paying too much for too much government.

For example: it's costing us somewhere in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000, per year, for every one of the 535 members of Congress. That adds up to \$800,000,000 (probably closer to a \$billion) — and that's obscene! The galling part is that you and I can't do anything about it. At the federal and state levels, those whom we elect (with the exception of our state legislature) have the power to determine what we're going to pay them. There's something not quite kosher about that.

Is it possible that the Sun Cities, i.e. what constitutes the real value of our communities — the people, could be a significant part of a solution to this problem of too-high-cost government? Without question, we could duplicate every talent now being exercised in our state (and, probably, federal) government. We have the engineers, the lawyers, the educators, the administrators, the salesmen, the financiers, the doctors, the builders, the production-liners, the tax experts and accountants, the writers, the manufacturers and retailers, the artists and impresarios, the practical man-hour-productivity experiences. You name it, we've got it.

So, why isn't it being put to work? Two reasons: (1) we're retired, and (2) we're old. Taking them in order, most of us have retired from our previous occupations, but none of us has retired from the human race. We are still responsible for a societal condition which we helped to create. I feel strongly that nobody has the right to withdraw his capabilities from the production-line. Everybody has to show a profit, or declare a dividend, for every day he lives.

Old? What's that? What's so special about being young? The only way to be old is to have had the experience of being old. So, who says that young is better? You and I know about cutting back and doing without, because we lived the Great Depression. We know about socking it away for that inevitable rainy-day, because we knew we'd have to take care of ourselves — nobody else was going to do it. We knew that if we could produce something for 90 cents that could be sold for \$1, then 10 cents would go into building America.

For reasons that won't stand the pressure of rational thought, one of this nation's most valuable assets — the experienced elderly — is being intentionally unemployed. With few exceptions, the governmental functions, for which we're now paying too high a price, could be performed by those who would do them, as well, or better, for less. The Sun Cities are run by volunteers. Who says the county and the state can't take advantage of this same kind of available talent?

Plato's Republic envisioned a society governed by "elder statesmen," i.e. people of proven experience and success. Could it be that the Sun Cities might show the way to "retirement to public service?"

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



When do we know? At what point can we be sufficiently sure of our facts to justify a conclusion — or even an opinion? This, it seems to me, is one of the most pressing problems you and I have to face every day. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing . . ." was never so meaningful and challenging as it is right now.

Assuming that we would know what to do with them if we had them — and that's presumptuous assumption! — how do we know that what we're dealing with is facts, i.e. truths? Is something a "fact" because it confirms our prejudice; or is it bald-faced propaganda because it contradicts our embedded convictions? This is not a matter semantics; it's fundamental to our

How do you know a fact is a fact?

concept or "a representative government, based on an informed electorate."

Though perhaps more subtle and undefinable, the knowledge explosion far exceeds the pressures of the population explosion in the 20th century. We can count people; we can't enumerate the things we're now called upon to know, and understand. We're supposed to understand inflation in parallel with recession . . . the first time in modern history this paradox has become the substance of our economic system.

We're supposed to understand that our international posture of security depends on supporting the defense mechanisms of allies better able to pay for their defenses than we are. We're supposed to understand that our best interests are served by dealing with the Soviets as "partners in detente" than as the avowed enemies they are. We're supposed to understand that, in the spirit of democratic freedoms, we must make our innermost secrets available to everybody, friend or foe.

We're supposed to understand that the freedoms and justice we provide to the law-abiding must also be provided to those who would subvert and destroy our freedoms and our system of justice. We are supposed to understand that Federal big-daddyism is a better way of government than individual rights and responsibilities. And we're supposed to understand that the

bureaucrats will tell us how much we're willing to pay for what they're doing.

There's no way you and I can know what has to be known in order to warrant a pro or con decision. Do you really understand what's going on in the Middle East? World War III could very well start in that barren strip — and that could be finito for the world! — but do you and I have any chance at all of getting at the actual facts of that situation? Is the determinant the inexorable march of the Soviets toward the Persian Gulf; or is it the multi-national protectionism of the oil moguls, American and OPEC?

Is our foreign policy — assuming we have one — an expression of "human rights" or "dollar diplomacy"? Is our nation, and its future, in the hands of the money-merchants, or do you and I still have something to say about what's going on?

The easy answer, for those of us along in years, is "who cares." The world is probably not going completely to pot while we're still around, so why bother? Just let us alone, by the side of the road, while we watch the parade go by. I want to be there to record the reactions and expressions of your grandchildren when you say that to them!

So, we get back to square one . . . how do we know what to think? If Walter Cronkite says it, it's likely to be more credible than if said by John Chancellor or

Dan Rather. This is both comforting and dangerous. Is William F. Buckley more authoritative than Gary Wills or Vermont Royster? Is one newspaper or magazine more factually reliable than another? How do you know? Depending on your party affiliation, is a Republican spokesman more believable than a Democratic, or a Libertarian? Are "facts" determinable by political registration?

It is physically impossible to read everything, to hear everything, to see everything — even if we were so inclined to masochism. The natural, and very human, inclination is to seek comfort and rescue in unthinking prejudices and pre-conceived conclusions. "My mind is made up; don't confuse me with the facts." is a too-familiar bromide.

Thinking is a sweaty process. It's not easy. It demands sacrifice. Considered lightly, it's destructive; taken seriously, it's constructive. The multiple and proven talents of the Sun Cities are — if nothing else — prospective mother-lodes of problem-solving and fact-determining.

Like you, I do my best to be informed; but I do it with full awareness that my chances are no better than 50-50 of arriving at solid and provable conclusions. The only fact I can be sure of is that my facts are probably incomplete. And that's a fact!

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



The good . . .

At a meeting last Tuesday morning, the Rec Centers Board voted unanimously to accept responsibility for the Sun Bowl, in accordance with an agreement proposed by the Del E. Webb Development Co. This is a good move. The details of how it will be operated are not worked out; but that should not be a major concern right now.

The important thing is that we won't lose the Sun Bowl. There's reason to believe that continued procrastination on the part of Sun Citizens to accept this property and its responsibilities, could have prompted inclinations within the management of the Webb Corporation to sell off the property and pick up some sorely-needed cash. That threat, thanks to the action of the Rec Board, is now removed. We have three years to prove we can take on an assignment like this, and make it work.

We believe the Rec Board will want all the help it can get. It's not a light responsibility. Fortunately, various groups have been giving a lot of thought and action to this over quite a period of time. In broad terms, the individual interests of the concerned groups come together in the concept of a Service and Culture Center.

A campus-style complex of buildings is envisioned. One could provide a meeting place for the various service clubs: Lions, Kiwanis, Civitans, Rotary, the Optimists, the Business and Professional Women, the Exchange Club, the Soroptimists, the Council of Service Clubs. Another could accommodate the Community Fund, the People's Dental Clinic, the Information & Referral Service, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Taxpayers Association, the Charter Government Association, the Retirement-Community Association, the Town Meeting Association, the Concerned Recreation Members.

The Culture Center could combine facilities for a 1200-seat theatre for the Players and the Fine Arts Society; and the Art Museum. The space and service functions could be designed for maximum cross-utilization.

Another cluster would provide barbecue and range facilities for the Sportsmen's Club. Ramadas would be set in for picnicking. Retaining the stage shell, but reducing the 7,500-capacity amphitheatre to something more practical — such as 2,500 capacity — would open considerable space for other uses, such as parking.

None of this would be thinkable if the Board had not decided to take over the Sun Bowl. We should be grateful for this action.

□ □ □

. . . and the bad.

At the same Tuesday meeting, the Rec Board voted — not unanimously — to bar the public and the press from future Board meetings. The reason given is that various people have been so disruptive during these meetings that it has been virtually impossible to conduct the business of the Rec Centers properly. The reason is substantial.

There are those who have been, for whatever reasons, annoying, impolite and disruptive. This is hard to take on a regular basis. On the other hand, the so-called disrupters complain that their voices would not otherwise be heard. They contend that the Rec Centers belong to all the members, and the proceedings of the Board should be subject to membership scrutiny. This, too, is a supportable position.

One thing for sure — the decision to close the Board meetings comes at the wrong time . . . if, indeed, there could ever be a right time. Recognizing the personal antagonisms that exist, there are bound to be frictions during public meetings. Those same frictions will be expressed in other ways — and probably more heatedly — outside closed meetings.

We've gone through this before, with other Rec Boards, and in the early days of the Fire Board. On principle alone, we are opposed to closed meetings. In practical terms, their result may be positive in providing a more comfortable environment for Board members; but they're negative in shutting off free and open discussion and decisions.

We hope the Rec Board will reconsider, and will rescind their decision to close Board meetings to the members and the press. That kind of thing doesn't represent the open-ness and friendliness of our community.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



The issue is too important to be put aside. The decision of the Rec Board to close its meetings to the membership and the press must be rescinded — and the sooner the better for all concerned. That action is exactly what we didn't need at this time. I can't think of any time when it might be needed.

If the Rec Board doesn't rescind its recent decision to bar the membership and the press from its meetings, we're in for a lot of trouble. And it's the kind of trouble we don't need, now or ever.

The principle of "Open decisions openly arrived at" is fundamental to our system of governance. Perhaps, on the national or state scene, this can't always be observed; but, certainly, in as simple an operating structure as our community, there can be no practical reason for closed-door deliberations. What's so esoteric about the operations and management of our

Closed door may spur dissenters

Rec Centers that the membership and the press can't be privy to?

Secrecy has a way of fomenting suspicion. What do you suppose is going on behind those closed doors? Why can't we hear what they're saying — not just what they tell us later they said? And, by the way, who are "they?" Aren't they "us?"

The reason for this intemperate action, as stated, is that meetings are regularly disrupted by voices of dissent. Unfortunately, that's too often true. Equally unfortunately, the board has, on too many occasions, given the dissenters ample reason for protest. Shutting them out of meetings isn't going to still those voices — it's going to amplify them in volume, in intensity and in animosity. That's a law of physics . . . If you tie down the escape valve on a steam kettle, it's going to blow up.

The reason the Rec Board feels put upon — and rightly so! — is that the calmer voices of "the silent majority" are not heard at meetings, to neutralize the voices of discord. That's not the boards' fault; it's that terrible thing, called apathy, that distinguishes our

community. With nobody there to support orderly procedures and calm reasonableness, the board has been subjected to continuing assault.

Actually, the decision as to whether or not open meetings can be made to work doesn't rest with the Rec Board. It rests squarely on the intentions of those who are readily recognizable as the protagonists. If they want to make open meetings work, they can do so — by adopting more reasonable attitudes and actions. There's nothing wrong with their raising objections, but there's no necessity for being objectionable. Generally it's more productive to raise a pertinent question than to point an accusatory finger.

It will not be easy for the board to return to a policy of open meetings. They can anticipate some very rough times. We believe that, after a while, things will quiet down; and those who are now adversaries will find they accomplish more as cooperators. Certainly, all the rest of us will enjoy our membership in the Rec Centers more.

Perhaps because we are so strongly opposed to the recall of board members, we plead with the board to

reverse its decision with regard to closed meetings. If the balloting-by-mail weren't already under way, this action, alone, would have justified favorable consideration of recall. If the opposition needed any ammunition, the Board has handed it to them.

We have problems enough with closed minds; let's not compound the problem with closed meetings. Rec Boards come and go. Most Sun Citizens couldn't name a majority of those who now comprise the board . . . and certainly not, those who have served in previous administrations. But, if this board re-institutes a policy of closed meetings, it will leave an indelible scar on the community. It will not be remembered affectionately.

It is only fair to challenge both sides with this editorial admonition: we will defend our obligation to support a free press, and we'll exercise every available instrument to prevent suppression of access to information; and, those who would interfere with the orderly processes of management in behalf of this community will be equally exposed and castigated.

It's time for fists to be open in handshakes.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



One lawsuit avoided

Our sigh of relief should be audible all over town. What could have become a very sticky situation has been settled sensibly. Very possibly, more than the specific issue has been put in order.

In today's Citizen, we're delighted to publish a letter from Hubert Pemberton. The letter is an admission of error — an egregious error — which could have resulted in his facing a suit for libel.

Libel is not something to fool around with. In simple terms, without all the legalisms generally wrapped around it, "libel" is "... any written, printed or pictorial statement that damages a person by defaming his character or exposing him to ridicule." The question of "malicious intent" may or may not be relevant.

The simple fact is, Hubert made a public written statement directly charging the Del E. Webb Development Co. with actions which, if true, would have damaged the corporation (a corporation is recognized as a person), defamed it, and exposed it to ridicule ... if not, indeed, to charges of criminality. Hubert hadn't done his homework; he didn't have all the facts necessary to support the statements he made.

I like Hubert. I'm glad he's in Sun City. We need concerned citizens. But, every now and then he shoots from the hip. I would have felt badly if he'd been materially damaged by this indiscretion.

I also understand DevCo's position. Though not residents, John Meeker and Gerald Williams are among the most thoughtful and productive Sun Citizens we have. On many occasions, their patience has been tried to the breaking point; and they have always leaned backwards to avoid disruption. But, there's just so much any individual, or any corporation can tolerate. Hubert Pemberton's open charge of corporate chicanery was the straw that broke the camel's back. They took strong action. They had to.

I detest the increasing inclination toward Sun Citizens suing Sun Citizens, corporately or individually. I was shocked when the Rec Board announced intentions last summer to sue a member, Larry Troy, for charges made in a letter. True, the charges were ill-tempered and irrational — and Troy should have been ashamed to have made them — but legal reprisal? No! Fortunately, this knee-jerk emotionalism subsided, and even the temporary suspension-of-membership was soon lifted.

The current law suit, Haynes-Gaines vs the Rec board, is equally distressing. A little piece of our community character is chipped away every time our neighbors and organizations resort to legal action. Yet, I understand it. Not long ago, the head of one of our local groups came within a hair's breadth of accusing me of corruption ... in this case, corruption-by-association.

When challenged to come out from behind innuendo, and to make the direct charge, he failed to reply. If he had, the odds are I'd have yanked him into court so fast he'd have left a contrail. I'm not sure that's what I would have done, because that kind of thing is demeaning. But, there's just so much of this insidious character-assassination-by-implication that any respectable person can take without lashing back.

So ... I've been worrying about this situation; and I have a suggestion: a board of Referees. We have an abundance of experienced lawyers, official arbitrators, judges, business and education executives, professionals of all kinds. Sensible people, not involved in the various contentions. Let's enlist seven of them to serve on a board of Referees. After hearing all sides completely, and after due deliberation, the board would announce a decision — perhaps a majority and minority opinion.

Such decisions would have no legal standing. If so inclined, the contentions could still resort to the courts. But, the findings of the board of Referees, could be published; and that would exert enormous community pressure on the disputants for amicable settlement of their differences in accordance with the board's decision.

A similar kind of "ombudsman" function is currently operating through our Press Council ... established to be an interlocutor between the public and the press.

Of course, there would be considerable vying among the involved parties to make sure that "our people" are on the board of Referees. This could be accommodated by establishing a panel of 21, from which the seven sitting at any monthly meeting could be drawn by lot.

Maybe l'affaire Pemberton has opened the way to a less contentious community. First, it clearly demonstrates the need for restraint in condemnations; second, it could lead to avoidance of disruptive litigation through establishment of a board of Referees ... i.e. Sun Citizens helping each other iron out their differences without rancor and with a lot less out-of-pocket.

Editors Chair



Superior court Judge, William French, has ruled that the "recall election" by mailed balloting should proceed without interference. The specific wording of the decision leaves room for question as to whether all the relevant facts were given appropriate weight. That decision is being appealed to the Appellate Court. The brief was filed on July 17, and a hearing is set for July 29.

We wish this weren't happening. The intramural affairs of our community should not be subjected to the legal abrasions of formalized court actions. Everything doesn't have to be settled this instant. There's ample time to work out our differences — however ponderous they may seem at the moment.

Jack Spellman and Hil Vogel are exemplary Sun Citians. They have sacrificed much to serve their community. They have believed that what they have done has been in observance of their stated obligations, and in the best interests of the constituency that elected

Judge's decision should be final

them. They have not always been right. Who has?

Len Haynes and Joe Gaines — and the coterie they represent — are equally convinced of their rightness. Sometimes their methods seem designed for disruption, but that has always been the character of dissidence. I would feel well represented with a Rec Board that included Jack Spellman, Hil Vogel, Len Haynes and Joe Gaines. They are intelligent and concerned Sun Citians, and I would feel well served by their combined judgments.

The question of voting by mail or voting at polling places is a touchy one. A strong brief could be written for either one. In a mail vote, the entire membership has a chance to express its preferences — which are generally in support of the existing establishment. In a voting-booth election, far fewer votes are cast, because most Rec members aren't concerned enough about what's going on to get to the polling places. This gives the advantage to the organized opposition.

Although the mailed ballots won't be tallied until Aug. 4, it's a reasonable assumption that the incumbents, Jack Spellman and Hil Vogel, will be retained in office. That's the way it should be. From the first, we have been strenuously opposed to the recall election — not because there hasn't been ample reason

for complaint, but because we feel that the instrument of recall, like the instrument of impeachment, should be carefully reserved for matters of major malfeasance. We don't think a sledge hammer should be used for driving tacks.

So, it's not merely one method of voting versus another; it's a pre-determination of decision. Mail voting can exaggerate the importance of those voices. As previously stated, we favor polling-place voting. First, it's far less expensive — and that's not unimportant; second, if the Rec membership doesn't want to stir its stumps enough to get to a ballot box, then they have lost their right to approve or condemn whatever is done. If the "good guys" don't like what the "bad guys" are doing, they have the responsibility to get off their duffs and do something about it. A dedicated and organized minority will always beat the buns off a disorganized and apathetic majority. That's the law of the land.

We ask Len and Joe to let it lie. Whether you're right or wrong, put the interests of the community ahead of your personal convictions. You haven't been defeated, you've been delayed. And we ask Jack and Hil to accept their victory with caution. Come out from behind that shield of legal affirmation and present yourselves

for what we know you to be . . . concerned and dedicated Sun Citians who want nothing more than to make a personal contribution to the benefit of all Sun Citians.

In due course, the composition of the Rec Board will be subject to membership elections. That's the time, for those who feel involved enough to cast ballots, to determine who they want to represent their interests. At the risk of being condemned for casualness, I don't think it makes a hell of a lot of difference. Eliminating the Jukes and Kallikaks, I'd be willing to walk along our streets and pick out nine people, at random, to constitute the Rec Board. Not one of them would want to do anything detrimental to the welfare of this community.

Unfortunately, most of those so selected, would refuse the selection. It's a special breed that's willing to take on such responsibilities. The job is not only time-consuming, it's uncomfortable — and, in recent times, degrading. Who needs that?

Let's get out of the courts and around the coffee table. Let's talk to each other out in the open. What could go on in the operation of the Rec Centers that would require closed-door meetings, or a reluctance to discuss things freely, and without adversary distrust?

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Limit officials' terms

Historians and Constitutional authorities generally agree that those who first conceived our republican form of representative government envisioned a system in which people of ability would forsake their normal pursuits for a short period of public service, and would then return to their previous occupations.

Nowhere, in the early days of this nation's probing for the way it wanted to be governed, do we find any inclination toward "professional office-holders." Though not spelled out in detail, it was assumed that the constant infusion of new thinking into the governing process would best keep the government in touch with the people, and would prevent the crippling encrustation of personal prejudices and vested interests.

Following the Civil War, the much-put-upon southern states discovered the potency of the "seniority system." By returning the same Representatives and Senators to Congress, year after year, in due time they sat in the seats of the mighty . . . the chairman of all important committees. Nothing went through Congress unless the boys south of the Mason-Dixon said OK.

For more than a century, this system of Imperial tenure governed this nation. It wasn't a question of how smart, or how judicious, or how considerate of the public welfare. It was simply a question of how many times you had been re-elected to office.

Then, about a decade ago, the tide began to turn. "Young rebels" refused to be relegated to second-class-citizen impotency. They shattered the Congressional fiefdom of seniority, and made the top spots competitive. Sure, chair positions are still determined by the party in power, but they're no longer the uncontested domain of polling-place survivors.

Having shed many of the inequities of authority-by-longevity, the question still remains moot: how long should an elected representative be allowed to serve before (s)he becomes a professional incumbent? And, is "professional incumbency" good or bad? Has Arizona, and the nation, profited from having John Rhodes in the House of Representatives for 30 years? Or would it have been better to have sent a new voice, different talents, every 10 years?

In answer to my direct question, Sen. Dennis DeConcini said that, if re-elected for a second term in '82, he will not run for a third term. He believes firmly in limited terms for elected officials.

Almost half of our state legislature will have been there for 10 years or longer at the completion of their present term in '82. Seven will complete 12 years; and, incredibly, one, 32 years! Among the nine representing the Sun Cities, the three Senators will be completing 10, 12 and 16 years; the six Representatives will have served, four, six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years.

In order to become vested in the life-time pension plan, a legislator must complete five years in office. So, it's understandable that re-election to a third term has a special urgency for the incumbent. It's money in the bank. But, has a legislator done what (s)he is capable of doing within, let's say, 10 years? Shouldn't some fresh thinking be brought into the law-making deliberations? Is any legislator likely to take a position in his-her 12th year of service contradictory to a position taken in his-her eighth year? Ten years of experience can be valuable; but not if it's one year's experience repeated 10 times.

It takes a little while to learn the "tricks of the trade" in the legislature . . . the parliamentary maneuvering, the trade-offs, the vote-getting and popular House vote that is meaningless because of assurances of Senate defeat, the arm-twisting sell-outs for committee preferences, etc., etc. That's the business of "professional politics." And maybe that's what's wrong with the system. Maybe that's why we should be giving serious consideration to a referendum limiting terms of elected representatives . . . a referendum, because we're certainly never going to see it proposed by the legislature itself.

A "Citizen Legislature" is not merely an attractive title; it's the very foundation of the system of governance envisioned by our Founding Fathers. It will not be applauded by the party organizations, because "safe" seats are their stock-in-trade. It's easier to re-elect an incumbent, over and over again, than to run the partisan risk of new candidacies. But, to the extent that partisan politics is the instrument of government, it should not be allowed to become the government.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Words, like plants, are living things. Depending on the strength of their roots, and the nourishment they're given, they frequently develop strange forms and purposes. Some never achieve popularity because their unique utility is not recognized.

If it isn't already a functioning Instrument in your vocabulary, allow me the privilege of introducing you to one of the most currently pertinent and definitive words in the English language . . . "anomy". Its derivation is pure and direct from the Greek: a . . . "without", and nomos . . . "law", i.e. "lawlessness." Apparently, over the years, the strength of its roots forced that verbal plant to grow beyond its original and simplistic configuration. It now wraps up, in one five-letter word: "a collapse of the social structures governing a given society. The state of alienation ex-

The enemy is anomy

perienced by an individual or class in such a situation. Personal disorganization resulting in unsocial behavior."

Few words in our language carry so heavy a burden. To mean and say so much, and to be a little recognized, would be discouraging, if language were sensate. It is not hyperbole to suggest that the course of this nation — if not the entire world — is condensed into that one two-syllable word, "anomy."

Those of us who witnessed, and were repulsed and frightened by, the extravagances of the "youth rebellion" of the 60's — when law-and-order were the dirty words of authoritarian repression, and vandalism of property and societal institutions was fashionable — may not then have known the word, but we now know we were party to anomy . . . a collapse of our fundamental structures.

Would anybody care to debate or deny that the family unit, as we knew it in generations easily within recall, has forfeited its importance to the exigencies of multiple-wage earners and absentee parents? Would anybody want to take the stand in defense of our pervasive and ingrained welfare state versus the historically-validated responsibility for "an honest day's wages for an honest day's work"? Would anybody seriously contend that the essential ingre-

dient in this nation's growth and prosperity, i.e. man-hour-productivity, has not lost both its economic fundamentalism but its sociological appeal?

Is there a parallel to be drawn between what's happening to us and what happened to those cat-walks in the Kansas City Hyatt-Regency Hotel? For purposes of convenience or cosmetic comfort, have we perhaps forsaken the basic concepts of sound construction designed to meet extreme stresses?

England is generally recognized to be 20 or 30 years behind the U.S. in reactions to sociological, political and economic influences. The current volcanic disorders throughout the "Island Empire" must be seen as, we hope, a slow-fuse reaction to what we experienced two decades ago. But, if it turns out to be a precursor of what we can expect next year, or five years from now, we've got a lot to be worried about.

There is a malaise abroad in the land. The rules that built this nation from the eastern fringe of 13 uncertain colonies to the incredible and ponderous reality of 50 United States, seem to have pulled loose from their foundations. The social structure, which proved to be unbelievably right and productive have fallen into disrepute, to the point of threatening collapse.

Our industrial capacities on which this nation was founded, are no longer able to contend openly with

foreign competition . . . a foreign competition we financed with our tax dollars! Among the industrial nations, we now set aside the lowest percent of our gross income in savings, to finance home-building and industrial development; our basic industries — steel, automotive, chemical, energy, are starving because we refuse to finance the research and development which first made them pre-eminent.

A Japanese friend said to me, "The difference between our two countries is that, when you face a problem, you hire a lawyer; when we face that same problem we hire an engineer, a scientist, or a computer expert."

The dismal truth is that those who are doing things better than we're doing them are using the principles that first made this nation successful. They are learning from our experience; we are not. The pupil is making fool of the teacher.

The answer is too obvious . . . let's believe our own history. Let's shed the obfuscations and intricacies of our various "new societies" and return to the three R's: individual risk-taking Responsibility, Respect for our basic institutions, and Resolve to do something about it.

Maybe you don't know much about "anomy"; but anomy knows a lot about you.

Editors Chair

Doug Forman



We have the answers

It would appear that the Rec Centers board has had in its hands, for more than two months, a rational solution to some of the problems which have been vexing them, and the community, for far too long.

After some preliminary probing, a committee was appointed, on March 17, "to study the organization of the Recreation Centers Corporation." This Management Study Committee — six outstanding citizens — included strong representation of both the "establishment" and the "dissident" positions.

On May 21, the Committee's "Final Report and Recommendations" was submitted to the board. It's a surprising document . . . not only because it's thoughtful and articulate, but because it offers reasonable solutions to problems which, for whatever reasons, are still being allowed to engender animosities.

With regard to open versus closed board meetings, it recommends a happy combination of both: an open meeting, at which all members may express their views on that day's agenda, followed by a closed meeting during which the board can fulfill its obligation to conduct the affairs of the corporation in a business-like way. The recommendation makes no reference to barring the press from the closed meeting, so it's assumed that, when the members leave, the press will remain.

This makes sense. Those who want to be heard on various issues will have ample opportunity for expression; but the proper functioning of the board will not be disturbed — as it has been on too many occasions — by individuals whose eagerness to be heard often borders on discourtesy and disruption.

Also, without members present, the directors will be more inclined to talk to each other rather than playing to the audience. The presence of the press, which is fundamental to the functioning of any free society, can serve to keep the closed meetings effectively open.

The recommendation offers a sensible solution to the problem of candidacy by nominating committee or by petition. It calls for both. If candidacy for the rec board were to be determined solely by a board-appointed committee, strident charges of "perpetuating special interests" would echo throughout the community.

The Management Study Committee's recommendation for both committee-selected candidates and petition-candidates is a compromise worth adopting. Through publication of their credits, and by interrogatories during the meet-the-candidates meetings which always precede the rec board elections, the worthiness of the various candidates can be established.

Voting-by-mail versus ballot-box voting is an issue on which a strong brief could be written for either position. (As this is written, the issue is before the Court of Appeals.) This column has taken a position favoring ballot-box voting. However, to be consistent with our commendation of the Management Study Committee's astuteness, we can't do anything other than retract that statement.

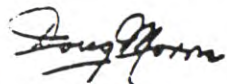
It's difficult not to endorse any procedure which allows maximum voting representation of the entire Rec Centers' membership. Voting-by-mail is expensive; and, to some degree, gives undue weight to the laissez-faire disinterested, and reduces the impact of the concerned activists. Whether this is good or bad is a matter of which side you're on. But, in the spirit of give-and-take, it's a small concession to equanimity.

One item in the recommendation gives us pause. It specifies that the chairman of a standing committee need not be a director. On the face of it, this is entirely acceptable; but, if the intent is specifically directed toward the Legal Affairs Committee, then a question has to be raised.

Does this anticipate the selection of Hil Vogel as chairman of the Legal Affairs Committee, after his term on the board is completed? Nobody could surpass my admiration for Hil as a concerned and dedicated Sun Citian; but, rightly or wrongly, he represents controversy — in fact, animosity. It would be better for the Rec Board and the community if Hil simply completes his term, and then retires from all connection with the rec board.

He knows, and I know, that he has never had anything but the best interests of this community in mind, in whatever he did. But, he has become the focus of bitterness, and his retirement from the scene could be his personal contribution to the tranquillity we all want.

**Editors
Chair**



What's been going on in the Arizona Legislature, and now in the Governor's office, would be comedic, if it weren't so disturbing. The mountain has labored and brought forth a skunk. Nobody's very happy about the Highway Tax Bill.

Everybody knows we've got to rebuild our state, county and city streets and highways; and we'll have to build new thoroughfares, unless we're ready to resign ourselves to the status of a backward state. Everybody's known this for years; but, suddenly, it's an emergency, as though paving disintegrates overnight... or nobody ever realized our population would grow rapidly, and spread out to areas not serviced by existing roads... and that the sooner we got at the job the less it would cost.

Only a few years ago, our legislative master-minds

were furrowing their brows over how to distribute state surpluses; and, every biennial, the same pap about "vote for me, and I'll keep your taxes down."

Now, we're faced with the biggest single tax hike in the state's history. The bill now before the governor calls for an additional tax of \$3,250,000,000 on top of the already-legislated \$2,250,000,000 — for a total package of \$55 billion, spread over the next 10 years.

No matter how far it's spread, that's a lot of dollars. Getting it down to more easily understood figures it means that we'll be shelling out \$1.5 million every day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year, for 10 years. And, the odds are it won't be enough to get the job done. A study, laboriously produced by the Governor's task force, set the needed funding at \$17 billion!

With a few defections, the vote in the Legislature was pretty much along party lines. This smacks of the same kind of politics that resulted in the Legislature "throwing a hot potato" to the Governor's on the location of a new prison. That one didn't work out too well for the potato-throwers. In the case of the Highway Bill, the Legislature now seems to have impaled the Governor on the horns of a political dilemma.

He can veto the bill, ... in which case, the business

Highway tax bill: let's face facts

establishment is going to be down his throat like a deep gargle; he can let the bill become law by simply taking no action... which isn't going to get him any brownie points for leadership; or he can sign the bill and face irate Democrats. And he can call the Legislature back into another special session to patch holes in the bill... a fruitless yesture. The point of all this is that next year is an election year.

That shouldn't have a whole lot to do with building our highways; but anybody who believes it doesn't, still puts his teeth under the pillow waiting for the tooth fairy. None of our government gurus is even mentioning the fact that they should have been taking this action at least 10 years ago... when the problem was clearly visible, and could have been answered at a fraction of what it'll now cost. It doesn't take any genius to know that, whatever it costs, we're going to have to do it.

And, who's going to pick up the tab? Well, I hate to break it to you this way, but you are! All the shenanigans and mickey-mousing going on at 1700 W. Washington — whether it should be a tax on retail

gasoline, a franchise tax on petroleum, or a ton-mile tax on truckers — is just so much partisan political poppycock.

If the petroleum industry is taxed, do they pay the tax? Of course not; they pass it along to their customers. If the truckers are taxed, do they take that out of profits? Ridiculous; they hand the bill right over to their customers. The increase from eight cents flat per gallon to eight percent of the pump price — which is expected to raise 40 percent of the \$5.5 billion — now, that's something else again. We can see that, and count it. So, nobody really wants to be responsible for that one.

The simple fact is that you and I, and every laborer in the vineyards, we're the only ones who actually pay taxes. Everybody else simply collects taxes, and passes them along to us, visibly or invisibly... like the 47 taxes that are buried in every loaf of bread you and I pay.

I don't want to pay more taxes, anymore than you do; but I'd feel better if our state government would level with us. We don't expect them to be brilliant; we just want them to stop playing their juvenile partisan games.

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Immigration, asylum, osmosis

Set into the base of the Statue of Liberty are these words: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

When Emma Lazarus penned that noble incantation in 1886, she was inscribing more than an open-hearted invitation for the down-trodden, she was reflecting this young nation's need for manpower.

We were then 54 million people spread around 38 states, mostly east of the Mississippi. We were anxious to develop the vast resources of the West, and the Industrial revolution was making itself manifest. We were converting from an agricultural nation to an industrial nation (probably one of the prime excuses for the Civil War) — and we needed workers for our mines, our mills, our railroads. So "send us your huddled masses" was as much a plea for help as it was an expression of charity.

Now, the situation is different. Now, we've got to bring the immigration flood under control. Too many "are yearning to breathe free." The U.S. generally takes quite a kicking around in the councils of the U.N., and in the foreign press; but where is it those castigators want to come, if they can maneuver the chance? The good ol' U.S.A. Why? That very simple word, which we so often take for granted, "freedom."

The price we pay for our principles of freedom, on which this nation was established, is among the highest taxes we pay. To be free, we have seen fit to extend the same privileges to everybody — including those who would impair or destroy them. Even where immigration quotas — never really workable — might stem the flow, liberal provisions for "political asylum" contravene. Our "golden doors" open wide for Cubans, Vietnamese, Haitians, Koreans, etc., and all the "wretched refuse of teeming shores." And we are expected to provide them the protections and amenities of freedom.

Why? Why does this become our responsibility? Why must they be nurtured on our charity rolls? Why must they be given preference for jobs, while seven million citizens are unemployed? Why must we accept boatloads of criminally-inclined and-or mentally-deficient Cubans to disrupt the economy and sociology of Florida? Do we owe this to anybody? Are we doing some kind of penance for daring to have become a successful society? Where does it say that we have to be the world's patsies?

Our national administration is now wrestling with a new immigration policy. The primary point of consideration is "illegal aliens," and, to the extent that this applies to the infusion of Mexicans across the Arizona border, it's a local issue. By most conservative estimates, there are from three million to six million illegal aliens now in this country. There is no figure on how many of these are in Arizona. Unable to do anything about it, the administration is considering blanket amnesty for all of them, i.e. "you no longer have to hide out as an illegal; we now accept you as a reality of our citizenry."

We've tried everything, including a "bracero" program which permitted Mexican workers to enter the U.S. and work for a limited time. It didn't work with Mexicans, although it has worked for generations with Canadians. As a matter of fact, that's the way my family first started its progress toward U.S. citizenship from Nova Scotia. The difference is pressure.

When the force of the offense exceeds the strength of the defense, the outcome is predictable. There is no way — short of a 20-foot wall across the entire U.S. -Mexican border — to prevent "undocumented workers" from crossing the border and merging into the Arizona workforce.

Those who took Physics I-II in high school will recall "osmosis" — def: the diffusion of fluid through a semi-permeable membrane until there is an equal concentration of fluid on either side of the membrane. In non-scientific terms, this simply means that the "haves-nots" are always going to do everything and anything possible to share the goodies of the "haves." This is not only a law of physics, it's a law of nature.

Having succeeded in creating the most desirable society on the face of the earth, we'd better be ready to accept its penalties. We have written a definition for freedom unlike any other expression in human history. It carries a very stiff price.

Opinion



Editors Chair

Maybe we're winning

When the world is too much with us, and complications pile on top of conflicts on top of confusions, we have a choice of two reactions:

1. Pay no attention. Hide behind our walls and make believe nothing's happening out there. This is difficult to do if we watch TV, listen to the radio, read anything or talk to anybody.

2. Try to reduce things to simple terms, so we can understand enough to support an opinion. I've reduced my own confusion to one direct question "If it weren't for the Soviet Union, would the U.S. have any serious problems?"

What's our major domestic problem? Inflation. What brought on inflation? Excessive federal spending. Why have we felt it necessary to spend so much more than we were taking in? To fend off the avowed purpose of the Soviet Union to destroy us.

Pointless question? Think about it for a minute. If we didn't have to spend well over half our treasury trying to avoid becoming second to the Soviets, what could we do with that money?

First of all, we could start paying off our debts, the real cause of inflation. We could, again, get back on a pay-as-you-go economy. We could build our highways, and refurbish our industries so they could compete openly with foreign expertise. We would not now be facing the necessity for cutting back on public health services, education, support for the aged and indigent. Social Security wouldn't be in

jeopardy, young people starting families would be able to buy homes, etc., etc.

Is it really that clear-cut? And, if so, how did the Soviet Union attain such significance that they can influence so materially how we conduct our affairs? Is Communist centralized control that much more effective than democratic free enterprise? Many of the Third World developing nations around the world seem to believe that's so.

Even a casual survey of the world map shows the dramatic, and seemingly inexorable, growth of the Soviet Empire on every continent, and in all strategic areas. It would be easy to conclude that the U.S. is on the defensive everywhere.

While we concerned ourselves with the foibles of high living, they told their people there'd be no luxuries — or even some necessities — because their energies would be devoted to territorial, political and economic expansionism.

The Soviet Union got where it is because we let them do it. They had a single-minded plan; we didn't. They announced and demonstrated their aggressive expansionism, while we extolled the virtues of "human rights." We sold them what they needed, in food stuffs and high technology, so they could devote more of their energies to the instruments of conquest.

The result is what we now see, all too evidently. But, maybe we ought to read history more closely. Maybe we can learn something from pre-Soviet Czarist Russia.

When Napoleon invaded Russia, there was no question of his ultimate victory. More men, more guns, more skills — the outcome was evitable. Except for one factor the Russians

were realists. They retreated, and kept retreating, until the bitter snows and Napoleon's over-extended supply lines evened the odds — and then they moved in to defeat a technically superior force.

Is it possible that's where we are? The Soviets are not doing all that well. With all their centralized control of manpower and production, they can't grow enough food to feed their people. A rag-tag guerrilla army in Afghanistan is decimating two mechanized divisions of the Soviet's best: a labor force in Poland is daring the power of the bear; Cuba is hanging around their neck like an albatross, eating up \$2 billion a year of already depleted Soviet resources. China is a constant and growing threat. The Soviets don't have unlimited wealth anymore than the U.S. does. Sooner or later, the realities take over.

Maybe we're winning, and we just haven't recognized it yet. Short of war — the last resort of impoverished and inadequate policies — it's more than possible that, if we rely on, and believe in, our strengths, we'll get back on our feet. Come to think of it, we don't have any other choice.

But, it might help if we decided to accept the fact that the Soviet Union is the enemy; and, if we gear to face that issue, in all its ramifications, we'll be well along the way toward devising a pragmatic plan for the governance of this nation.

Opinion

Doug Horn



Editors Chair

Single-issue thinking

Judging from personal conversations, and from letters-to-the-editor, credibility and intelligence are now to be measured by attitudes on single issues. No matter what your position on other matters, if you are presumed to be wrong on one issue, then you are not to be trusted on others.

Do you favor incorporation? Then, you're a self-seeking power-monger, bent on the destruction of this community. Are you opposed to incorporation? Then, you're blind to the realities, and can't stand the thought of an organized municipal structure superceding your self-imposed importance. Everything you do and say will be measured against that one position. You can't be right in anything, if you're wrong in that.

Do you favor mail-voting for the Rec Centers? Then, you want to bury the voices of the dissidents under a blanket of establishment apathy. Do you believe in polling-place voting? Then, you believe that the voices of the agitated few should be heard more loudly — perhaps dominantly. Interestingly, the anti-Rec Board activists seem to be identical with — or, certainly, stimulated by — the anti-incorporationists. This overlay of interest is a little difficult to rationalize, because the issues have little in common.

Do you believe that Sandra O'Connor should be approved for the U.S. Supreme Court? Then, you aren't concerned about the "right to life" abortion issue. Do you oppose her selection? Then, you place the abortion issue ahead of all other qualifications for a position whose only responsibility is to interpret the totality of the U. S. Constitution.

Do you believe that somebody should be elected to office simply because he or she is a Democrat or a Republican? Then, you are a firm supporter of the two-party system, and feel secure in party label as a determinant of good government. Do you believe that, whatever your registration, you should vote for "the best man or woman?" Then, you are disloyal to your party, and question the judgment of those who maintain the system.

In all these questions, there is one question ... have we come to the point where, in the perplexities of our total society, we can afford

single-issue decisions? Isn't it thinkable that something could be right, even though it's voiced by somebody who's wrong on something else. Isn't it possible that a Legislator or a Congressman could be right, even though he's in the "wrong" party?

Is it inevitable that somebody who contends against the Rec Board is automatically a disruptive force in all community matters? Is it incontrovertible that a member of the Rec Board who finds justification for his or her actions in personal interpretations of the principles of free speech and good management, must be labelled a demagogue, concerned more with the prerogatives and self-aggrandisement of the position than with the common weal?

Something is right — not because it carries a partisan or denominational label — but because, weighed against experience, it will produce the greatest benefit of the greatest number under foreseeable conditions. It must be obvious, to any who are willing to undergo the tortuous process of balanced thinking, that — in the complexity of the world we live in — there is no single issue important enough to be the sole determinant of our conclusions.

Paradoxically, the more complex things get, the greater the inclination to single-issue thinking. We can't know all about everything, so we hang our judgments on a single hook ... either a studied conviction in which we feel confident, or an easy prejudice which tolerates no contradiction ... "My mind is made up; don't bother me with the facts."

Having a fixed judgment on much of anything these days is an extravagance; and for a very simple reason ... we can never be sure we know the facts. Have you a conviction about the air traffic controllers strike? Of course you do. Their demands are outrageous, you say; so why are 17,000 professionals willing to jeopardize their careers and their families livelihood? If one of your children were an air traffic controller, how would you feel? Facts are often variations of emotions.

I've never belonged to a union; but my two oldest boys do. One, who flies for Pan Am, is VP of the Pilots and Engineers union in L.A. The other is a member of the Maritime Union in N.Y.C. ... a very tough union, indeed. My "facts" are influenced by paternalism.

Opinion



Editors Chair

The right to strike

Inherent in our whole system is the right of individuals to rebel against conditions which are so unfair as to be unbearable. The Declaration of Independence states this; the Constitution affirms it. It is fundamental to our unique invention: "freedom."

Why, then, should the air traffic controllers be forbidden the same bargaining rights accorded other workers in other occupations? The airline pilots, engineers, ground crews, flight attendants, clerical staffs, maintenance men, etc. can go out on strike, with comparable interruption of the air traffic business — and they're not fired.

The Teamsters Union could inconceivably bring this nation's business to its knees for a considerable period; and their members wouldn't be fired. The same goes for many other labor organizations, who could impair our safety and disrupt our economy more significantly than the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization.

Should PATCO be thus differentiated and penalized? The answer has to be "yes." There is a difference. The difference is the institution of government. Misfeasance in the private sector can hurt; but an attack on the lawful integrity of government is intolerable. Those who get their pay checks from the government are different from those who work for General Motors, U.S. Steel or the local delicatessen.

Like all federal civilian employees, the air controllers signed a pledge, which reads: "I am not participating in any strike against the Government of the United States or any agency thereof, and I will not so participate while an employee of the Government of the United States or any agency thereof."

It would be difficult to understand how anybody, with an IQ above 30, wouldn't understand exactly what that pledge says. It says, "I won't strike." Yet, a tiny — but indisputably crucial union, defies Presidential warnings, the courts, the laws of the land, and dares the first national strike ever called by a union against the federal government. How could this have come about?

Obviously, PATCO miscalculated. They over-estimated their importance and under-estimated the man who is now president. In years past, under other administrations, groups of federal workers have defied both the law and their oaths with relative impunity. It's easy to understand that Robert Poli, the head of PATCO, might have thought: "Hey, we've got a guy in the oval office who used to be president of a

labor union. He'll understand. If we're ever going to make the big move, this is the time."

If he had taken time to read the record, he'd have known that Ronald Reagan, governor of California, took exactly the same position he's now taken as president of the United States, i.e. no matter what goes on anywhere else, the authority of the government must survive. He may look like a matinee idol, but he's one tough hombre.

Make no bones about it, this strike is costing a big bundle. At a time when many airlines need oxygen masks for survival, it's costing them \$35 million everyday. Some lines may not survive. Airport revenues, commissions to travel agencies, contracts with food and fuel suppliers, conservatively total \$15 million per day — that's fifty thousand, thousand dollars every day of every week. That's a hell of a price to pay for the ambitions of a heretofore-unheard-of president of a numerically-insignificant but inflated-ego union, which considered itself above the law.

Sure, the job of an air traffic controller is demanding. Of course, there are times when nerve ends twang like guitar strings, and instantaneous decisions can mean life or death. The same is true of night nurses in emergency wards; and they're not paid anywhere near the average \$33,000 of air traffic controllers. When the controllers applied for the job, they knew the ground rules. The 75 percent who survived the initial schooling had to be smart enough to know they'd be called on to use their extensive and extended training under periods of pressure. Nobody was beating them over the head to make them take the job, and sign that "no strike" oath.

The government recognized their complaints, and offered a shorter work week, with substantially higher pay increase than have been accorded other federal employees. "Not enough," said PATCO, "and we won't talk about anything less." It then got out of the range of labor negotiations, and went direct into a challenge to the authority of the government, and the sanctity of a signed pledge.

The issue is not the air traffic controllers. It's the responsibility of the president of the United States to fulfill his oath: "... and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." PATCO is only the incident: the meaning is the inviolability of government.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Douglas Horn

Compromise — color it grey

By definition, politics is "the art of science of political government." However, it is generally recognized as "the art of compromise." Those definitions are not necessarily contradictory; but the latter is probably more realistic. As a matter of day-to-day practicality, "the art of compromise" is a basic ingredient in most social behavior.

Certainly no marriage, and few families, could long survive without conscious and continuous compromise. Give something, get something . . . that's the lubricant that keeps the wheels turning. Unfortunately, it seems to be in short supply these days.

Immovable demands meet immutable restrictions . . . fixed positions resist cemented convictions . . . ingrained prejudices clash head-on . . . personal vanities and ambitions stand indomitably against societal welfare . . . irrationality assumes the mantle of reason . . . and, in the name of personal freedom, law-and-order must fight for respect and survival.

The important thing to recognize about compromise is that nobody wins . . . because everybody wins. Further, in order to make compromise operational, somebody has to be willing to say, "I was wrong." That's the hard part. Who says that first? Who's willing to run that first risk of losing face, and bargaining position? That's where the "art" comes in.

Robert Poli, president of the air traffic controllers, may not be a genius, but he's no klutz, either. He is on record as saying that every union begins negotiations by asking for more than it expects to get. He knew that, in calling a strike, he was breaking the law, and cancelling the freely-signed oaths of the membership; and would have to be punished for this. Why, then, did he never retreat from what he admits were unwarranted demands?

On the other hand, the government has admitted that the Federal Aviation Administration had consistently given the air controllers ample reason for complaint, and is now taking steps to correct conditions that should have been corrected long ago — before everybody was fired. Somewhere along the line somebody should have said, "You have a good point, there. We admit we were wrong. Now, in conceding that point, how about you backing off a little on this other point."

There is another aspect to compromise. Willingness, or eagerness, to compromise can result in surrender. I will go to my grave believing that the U.S. didn't compromise the Panama Canal controversy, it surrendered. If only one party to the deliberations is willing to make concessions, then compromise is defeat. If you give even a little, and get nothing in return, then even that little is too much.

There are some things that can't be compromised. The air traffic controllers expected the administration to compromise the integrity of the U.S. government. They gave the president no room to move around. Harsh — and, in some respects, unfair — as his action was, Ronald Reagan couldn't have acted in any other way, unless he were ready to abjure his oath of office. It never should have reached that impasse. Somebody forgot the simplicity of "the art of compromise."

Of lesser consequence, but more locally pertinent, we've got the same kind of thing going on here. The running battle between "the dissidents" and the Rec Board is a prime example of the need for intelligent compromise. Each side, in its own view, is completely right. Nobody's ever completely right. Life isn't that simple.

Successive Rec Boards have done many things that, on later examination, have been something less than brilliant. That's to be expected. But, to my knowledge, never once has there been a public admission of either inadequacy or error. Election to the Rec Board doesn't automatically invest anybody with omniscience. Like all the rest of us, members of the Rec Board are capable of mistakes. The reluctance to admit this has provided the dissidents with more than enough ammunition for their continuing barrages.

Similarly, the dissidents, in their zeal have adopted the tactic of being disagreeable in their disagreements. They have made dialogue difficult. Where their position was wrong — as in the case of the new tax status for the Rec Centers — they have never admitted their error. Where they have been right — as in the Larry Troy incident — they have blown a petulant mistake into a heinous crime. Where the question is moot — as in mail-voting versus ballot-box voting — they have allowed no room for maneuver.

Issues are never black and white; they're varying shades of grey. Grey is the color of sensible compromise.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Not many people go around talking Latin these days, but most of us — at one time or another — have occasion to use "quid pro quo." Basically, it means "something for something," but its intention is "an equal exchange." That's the definition we, as a nation, seem to have forgotten.

While the Colonies were still trying to invest a practical and credible currency system, we developed a system of barter-and-exchange that worked with remarkable efficiency. "I'll build your barn in exchange for eight cows, one bull, and three acres of timber land."

"I'll sail your hides, or your cotton, or your furniture to Liverpool in exchange for your installing the brass fittings and equipping the galleys on my three ships." Of course, because human beings were involved, such dealings were rife with shenanigans. The "New England horse-trader" became the synonym for the sharp dealer . . . and P.T. Barnums' "never give a sucker an even break."

Unfortunately, we've forgotten what we knew then. We're no longer a nation of sharp traders. We're the suckers. You don't like that idea? You think we're smarter than that? OK, name one negotiation since 1945 — 36 years — in which we have received as much as we've given away. (I'm waiting.)

Having assumed responsibility for defending the free world against Soviet aggression (in our own self-interest), we have told NATO, SEATO, Japan, Israel, Saudi Arabia, and Egypt, that we will pick up the tap for defending them. All we ask, in return, is that they continue to be willing to accept our money and equipment, and know-how. What ever happened to quid pro quo? Where do you and I come off in all this? . . . because, make no mistake about it, you and I are paying the bills for our nation's unwillingness or inability to barter sensibly.

Take Japan for example, there's a nation, about half the size of the U.S., in population. Having destroyed them — which they brought on themselves — we then did what no nation in history has ever done . . . we rebuilt them with our tax dollars. We took dollars, which could, have been put into our own decaying industrial system, and "persuaded" Japanese industrialists to beat our ears off. And then, as if to demonstrate our ineptitude, we agreed that we would

Quid pro quo

impose tariffs on their products shipped into this country which were only one-tenth of the tariffs they imposed on U.S. goods shipped to Japan. All the while, we're paying to defend Japan against "the common enemy."

According to Congressman Eldon Rudd, "If Japan were making her fair share of contribution to the free world's defense establishment she would be contributing \$60 billion more this year than she is now spending." Rudd continues, "This is about a 20 percent tax demand on all American manufacturers. If the Chrysler Corporation could have been relieved of 20 percent of its overhead costs, there would have been no need for government guarantee loans and Chrysler would be a profitable operation."

Parallels can be drawn between the Japanese situation and our relations with Mainland China, the Middle East, NATO — particularly West Germany, the African continent, and Central and South America. Sure, these areas are vital to our security and our national integrity, but they're even more important to those whose very existence is in jeopardy.

Maybe, in our dealings with other nations, we ought to re-write the Golden Rule . . . "We will do unto you as you do unto us." To Japan: "You slap a \$1,000 tariff on U.S. autos coming into Japan, then expect to pay the same your exports to this country." To Mexico: "You want us to relieve your unemployment and poverty conditions by allowing your workers to cross the border and make decent living, then open those valves on your oil and gas lines." To the Soviets: "You need our food stuffs because your own agriculture is a disaster, then lay off your intrusions into our "sphere of influence" in the Western hemisphere. To the mineral-rich nations of South Africa: "You want our technology to help you in your struggle toward modernization, then guarantee our access to vital materials required for maintaining the industry that can be helpful to you."

Overly simplistic? Of course. Things aren't quite that cut-and-dried. But the principle of barter-and-exchange is still as valid as it ever was. What is says to everybody is "You want something we've got — such as our taxpayers' dollars — then spell out what we get in return. You're not going to get something for nothing."

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Hoffman



Pollution and consumption

Civilization — especially that part of it represented by technological advance — has brought unnumbered benefactions, and a disturbing array of malefactions. For generations, we have demonstrated an astonishing capacity for inventing and producing products and an unconscionable insensitivity about what to do with the wastes created by that production.

Until fairly recently, this didn't seem to justify deep concern. We knew the air above us was limitless, so we could spew anything that would float into its swirling winds, and our problems would disappear into nothingness. Out of sight, out of mind. We knew that vast areas of uninhabited land were available for dumping all kinds of waste, sludge and toxic chemicals. Nobody seemed to notice the similarity between this practice and the long-ago abandoned habit of throwing household garbage in the street.

And there were always the streams and rivers, and the vastness of the oceans, to swallow up anything we couldn't get rid of some other way. Just run the sewers, and the drain pipes, into a nearby body of water and let it be carried into the infinity of the sea. Who would know or notice? The digestive capacity of the waters of the earth were obviously beyond measure or strain.

The scientists knew better. They warned of inevitable and dire consequences. But, after all, what do those test-tube and microscope brainies know about the way an industrial society should be run? Why, to do what they said must be done would cost billions, and would reduce profits, Unthinkable!

Then, as it always must, fiction gave way to fact. The simple act of breathing became hazardous in major centers: Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Denver — and Phoenix. "Smog" was a standard in the vernacular of weather reports. The expanses of the heavens could no longer carry the weight of foreign substances, and the rains returned the poisonous wastes to contaminate the earth from which they came.

Beaches along the East, West, and Gulf coasts were "off limits," no longer safe for human use. A stream couldn't handle a factory's

waste because the river it flowed into was already clogged with other wastes, because the sea it flowed into was clogged with similar wastes. Oceans regurgitated their indigestible excesses. Nature rebelled against civilization's profligacy in pollution.

Into our consciousness came the realization that, like our astronauts, in their flights into tomorrow, we are traveling on a space ship, with limited supplies of water and air, and we must learn how to dispose of — preferably to use — our wastes, or resign ourselves to slow suicide.

Hearteningly, we have made giant strides in the last two decades. Industries and communities have assumed individual responsibility for ceasing and preventing the dumping of deleterious wastes on land, air or water. Lake Erie, once covered with dead fish, is now a pleasant and sweet-smelling place to swim and fish and sail. The River Thames, long an open sewer for all of London, is now the delight of weekend punters and excursionists — and the swans have returned. The air in Phoenix is cleaner.

What we're witnessing is proof of the aphorism: "Necessity is the mother of invention." To put it another way, people never do anything significant until they become thoroughly frightened by the consequences of not doing it. We now know that we can clean up our air, land and water, if we're willing to pay the price. We also know that we really don't have a choice. We do it or we perish.

A relatively new, and dramatically impactful word has come into our everyday language: "re-cycling." We are learning how to use waste products over and over again, to create something useful out of something thought to be useless. Throw-away chemicals are emerging from laboratories as miracle-drugs; particulates that fouled the air are being channeled into sources of energy; the wastes that made our waters from our sewers in now cooling the coils at the Palo Verde nuclear plant. Because we were forced to it, we now know how to store nuclear wastes safely.

Slowly, but surely, we are discovering the difference between being users and being consumers. We're going to be better for it.

Opinion



Doug Horn

Editors Chair

Redistricting: The Salamander

Right now, at 1700 W. Washington St., in Phoenix, strange but predictable things are going on. Legislators are busy feeding numbers into computers, and the governor is preparing to veto whatever comes out. It's the decennial game of re-districting the legislative and congressional districts of the state. Partisan power and political careers hinge on the numbers and maps that come out of the computer; and what the figure-manipulators can do with them.

The joint Legislative Redistricting Committee is scheduled to meet today to take a first look at preliminary recommendations. All they're required to do, by law, is to devise 30 legislative districts, each of which — give or take a thousand — will have 90,596 residents. That wouldn't seem to be too tough an assignment, because it's simple arithmetic; but it's a toughie, because it's actually complex and sophisticated politics.

The Republican Legislature must contrive districts that give its party the advantage in elections for the next 10 years. The Democratic governor must see to it that this doesn't happen. That's the name of the game. The in-fighting and maneuvering will be something to behold. It'll be gut-bucket politics at its whiteknuckle best — or worst.

It's a reasonable guess that what we're about to witness is an effort, on both sides, to memorialize a political machination invented 169 years ago. While he was still governor of Massachusetts, before becoming vice president in the Madison administration, Elbridge Gerry needed a "safe" district in the central part of the state; so he created a district, the likes of which had never been seen before or since.

Its boundaries were so convoluted and contorted that a cartoonist, by heavying the outline and sketching in the captured spaces, produced a likeness of a salamander, a strange kind of lizard. This became known as Gerry's salamander, and ultimately a new word came into our language: gerrymander . . . "to divide a state, county or city into voting districts to give unfair advantage to one party in elections."

None of Arizona's 30 districts could be called a gerrymander although some come pretty close to earning the title. It's going to be

amusing — if not frightening — to watch the re-districting shenanigans about to capture the waking hours of the professional politicians at 1700 W. Washington.

Districts 15, 17, and 24, and which include Sun City, Youngtown and Sun City West, will have to be carved up. They're way overpopulated. The Democrats would rejoice if the strongly-Republican vote of those three districts could be diluted by spreading it around. The GOP-dominated legislature might find this serves its purposes, too — provided the dilution would still leave a Republican majority at the polls. You can bet on it that a lot of attention is going to be focused on the retirement tri-communities.

Among all the states, Arizona is about as close as you can come to an evenly-balanced two-party state. As of the end of July, '81, voter registration showed: Republican — 436,644; Democratic — 443,094; "all others" — 79,538. It's not that close on a county-by-county basis; but that parity is interesting enough to open up room for speculation. What would happen if the new districts were drawn with regard to satisfying population requirements only, without consideration of party registration? Instead of all those distorted boundaries, each district would be a clear-cut rectangle, within whose perimeter there would be 90,596 residents — give or take the allowable one-percent deviation. The law of averages says that, in time, each district will determine its own character, politically.

The population of Arizona is not static. For many reasons, including job changes, corporate relocations, youth mobility, etc., this state's population is in a constant state of flux. Today's Republican district could be tomorrow's Democratic stronghold. There is a higher percentage of Democrats in Sun City above Bell Road than below. The rationale for geometric districts, rather than gerrymanders, is as simple as it is unrealistic. It won't happen, of course. There never has been much room for common sense in partisan politics.

The odds are that the legislature and the governor will not be able to produce a plan acceptable to both. Then, the courts will be called in to impose their judicial wisdom on the machinery of government. We've got too much of that going on. How simple the job could be; how monstrously complicated it will be made.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Doug Wormley

Job well done

It's been a long fight — five years, with the last two of them occasionally on the uncomfortable side.

But, now, it's over, and the Rec Board has won; and its victory will produce a substantial profit for the Rec Centers, you and me.

Two hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money — well worth fighting for; and add to that \$50,000-a-year savings from now on, and the work of the Rec Boards takes on big dimensions.

Five Rec Board presidents, Phil Bear, 77; Joe Vettel, 78; Jim Wormley, 79; Hil Vogel, 80; and Jack Spellman, 81; have kept the issue of a changed tax status from the Rec Centers high on their must-do list. There were discouragements, complications and unnecessary obstacles.

Struggling through the maze of the IRS and attendant bureaucracies has been problem enough; but they also had to tolerate assaults of all kinds from that group of dedicated Rec Board-haters who use every pretext, real or contrived, to discredit those board members targeted for demolition.

In this case, the guerrillas proclaimed at large that it would not be possible to qualify our Rec Centers for the new tax-exempt status. Then, when it became clear that they were wrong in this charge, they beat the drums on the theme that such a change would throw the doors of our Rec Centers open to hordes of non-Sun Citizens. This, too, proved false.

Finally, when it appeared that approval of the new status was pending, leaders of the insurgents wrote personal letters to the IRS protesting the action. All this, while the board was struggling through

the final and sensitive details of what had been a tortuous procedure. Final IRS action was undoubtedly delayed by this sniping.

Fighting off the obstructionists has been costly, in time and money; and could sensibly be recognized as ample cause for peevishness on the part of the board in its dealings with the dissidents.

It's quite possible that current efforts to get state income taxes and property taxes reduced will be similarly productive.

A source close to the board says it looks very promising. That would really put the meringue on the pie.

This board, and previous boards, have earned high commendation. It hasn't been easy for those board members, singled for attack, to keep their bearings. It's understandable that, on occasion, they have over-reacted.

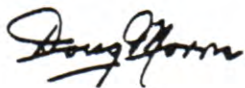
We hope that this victory will calm them, and will inculcate the community with renewed confidence in the intelligence and integrity of their Rec Board.

We hope for one more result — but this is probably a forlorn hope. It's about time for the insurgents and dissidents to back off and let our elected officials do their jobs. It's doubtful that the voices of dissent could even find the key for harmony. How about it, Al, Len and Nat?

Wouldn't this be a good time for you to admit, publicly, that the board was right, and you were wrong?

Opinion

Editors Chair



The new federalism

Federalism - a word which has not been in active usage for over 150 years in American politics - has moved back into headlines and common usage. It is now a fundamental precept in the Reagan program. Strangely, the word has reversed its original definition. Originally, it meant concentration of power in the federal government. Now, it means the effort to shift authority and responsibility for various function from the federal government to the individual states.

The idea is good, and should have been implemented many years ago, before the bureaucracies of the centralized federal authority got a stranglehold on the proper and constitutional functioning of our sovereign status. By now, and it must be clear, beyond dispute, that the past 50 years of federal usurpation of functions and powers, previously assumed to be inherent in the rights of states, has done more harm than good.

There was considerable justification for centralizing governmental powers during the desperate years of the early '30's. The nation's economic and social structure was in shambles. Problems were national and could not be solved by individual states. As a matter of fact, the states appealed to the federal government to assume virtually total responsibility and authority.

Rock-ribbed Republicans recall with horror the 30's as "the Roosevelt era." Whatever the malefactions of that period may have been - and they were myriad - an increasingly centralized government helped this nation recover from the pits. It couldn't have been done any other way.

It is a well-confirmed truism that "power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The human appetite for power is insatiable. The bureaucracies, which had to be created to effectuate recovery programs, inevitably developed ambitions for maintaining and increasing their domain. Congress, dominantly in the hands of the executive office, followed the states in abdicating their control. It was a decade of economic dictatorship.

Possibly, centralization would have receded, once recovery was

evident, but we went directly from an economic dictatorship into a military dictatorship. There is no place for democratic functioning when a war has to be fought. Pearl Harbor cemented centralized federal control into our national structure. Fifteen years of such concentrated power established habit - patterns that have proven to be extremely difficult to break.

For one thing, there's a natural inclination to "let George do it." Individuals and state governments had become so accustomed to relying on the federal government for support, they were reluctant to shoulder their own responsibilities again. Why work, if "Big Daddy" will take care of us? For 35 years - with occasional but not concerted complaints - we have either endorsed or endured a system of federal control which was not functioning as it should, and not fulfilling its promises. We have known, for a long time, that the time has come to return their constitutionally-blueprinted responsibilities and authorities to the states.

Fortunately, the man in the oval office recognizes this. However, it should be understood that the new federalism is not entirely a gratuitous gesture to state's rights. In his dedication to reducing the costs of the federal government, as a basic requirement of an ultimately balanced budget, President Reagan has had to reduce the amount of money sent to each state; and, concomitantly, federal control over the way in which such funds may be spent. The reason given - and this is the nub of the entire program - is that states can manage such funds more economically.

That being the case, why don't we take the next step? Why don't we keep the money here, rather than sending it to the feds, to be diluted by filtration through layers of bureaucracy before we get back whatever remains? All that is required is a change in our tax structure . . . lower federal taxes and higher state taxes. We wouldn't necessarily pay less - although that's a real possibility - but we'd get more for our money.

That should be the next move in the New Federalism.

Opinion

Doug Horn



Editors Chair

We'll miss John Meeker

John Meeker has resigned as chief executive officer of the Del E. Webb Development Corporation. The rightness or wrongness of this decision is not a matter of public or editorial debate, because it's a fait accompli.

However it does call for discussion and comment. John Meeker is not just anybody. He has been the single and most influential factor in the existence and growth and success of Sun City. His greatest strength has been his greatest weakness.

He has been so single-mindedly devoted to our welfare that he assumed it as a personal rather than a corporate responsibility. He could not bring himself to delegate final responsibility and authority others. Thus, when things over which no individual could have controlled, went wrong, there was no escape from his self-assumed responsibility . . . John Meeker had to walk the plank.

In John's removal from the scene, Sun City has lost an understanding friend. This is not a casual commentary. Sun City cannot be understood objectively — for the outside; it can be appreciated and comprehended only from the inside— subjectively and sympathetically. Though not a resident, John has been an intrinsic part of Sun City from its very beginning. He has been its varying tides of strengths and weaknesses, and has been party to its creative growth.

John Meeker did not invent Sun City. Delbert Eugene Webb did. The dream was born in the genius of Del Webb. It was a daring and innovative dream. What he dreamed had never been envisioned before. True, Big Ben Schleifer invented the first retirement community when he built Youngtown, five years before Sun City came into being. But, what Big Ben saw was a limited and quiescent retreat into a placid and unchallenging escape from the world.

Del Webb saw clearly, before anybody else even suspected it, that a totally new and different generation of retirees was developing in our society, and their emphasis would be on continued activity. Del Webb conceived the idea, but John Meeker was the obstetrician. Out of the vast array of talents available to him, Del Webb recognized the capabilities of the young man whom he first knew as his caddy.

While Del Webb was putting together his International empire, he turned over to John Meeker responsibility for specific implementation of his dream of an "active retirement community." John dedicated

himself to every detail of that assignment. Surrounded and supported by men of unusual capabilities . . . Gerald Williams, Mike Britt, Owen Childress, Jerry Svendsen, et al, and, later, Joe Aubin, John made Sun City his life.

Paradoxically, he insisted on a low profile. He didn't want his community benefactions publicized. Without his singular and gracious dedication to the community it is more than likely that we would not now be benefitting from the too-often-taken-for-granted but extraordinary services of Boswell Hospital, Sunshine Services, Recording for the Blind, the availability of the Sun Bowl for community use (when its sale would have helped to relieve the corporation's cash-flow problems), and the exciting adventure of the Sundome. He refused to allow these executive actions to be personalized.

If I may be allowed a personal comment, it would be that John Meeker is a better man than he thinks he is. If he had been more confident of himself, he would have been more willing to give others final responsibility for their actions. Consequently, when things started to go wrong — for reasons which neither John Meeker nor anybody else could influence or control — some one individual had to bear the responsibility . . . and that one was John Meeker. That's the way corporations work.

Stepping into the DevCo hot-seat is Joe Aubin, exec, vp and now acting general manager. We don't know what Bob Swanson, CEO of the Del Webb Corporation, had in mind for ultimate administration of DevCo. We can only hope that Joe will be given ample time and opportunity to demonstrate his executive capacities. Joe is a gifted executive. He will not run a one-man show. He will call on the full capacities of his associates for ultimate performance. Above everything else, he understands Sun City. He has lived with our ideosyncracies and vagaries. He is an accomplished and sensitive listener.

It would be an extraordinary "outsider" who could do what Joe can do in helping our community fulfill its destiny.

We will miss John Meeker. Not enough of us have had the privilege of knowing him: When history writes the story of Sun City, Del Webb will be recognized as the inventor, and John Meeker will be acknowledged as the developer. Sun City is the visible evidence of his dedication and affection.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Power to the Posse

The Sun City and Sun City West Sheriff's Posses constitute one of our communities' outstanding expressions of volunteered self-regulation. They have been cited frequently, by the Sheriff's department, as "a prime deterrent to law-breaking." Simply by their visible presence, in night-and-day surveillance and "vacation watches," they engender an assurance of security — in a world that has been coerced into living with insecurity.

Our posses have demonstrated their dedication and expertise. We suggest the time has come for them to be invested with more authority. They should be empowered to make arrests . . . for traffic violations only. As it now stands, the posses have no more authority than the average citizen in apprehending law-breakers, i.e. they can make "citizen's arrests." You and I have the same authority.

The records of the Peoria court show that the great majority of cases brought before that bench, involving our communities, are in the area of traffic violations. Every one of those cases had to result from apprehension by a Sheriff's Deputy, not by a member of the Sheriff's Posse. On the average, there are two sheriff's cars "on station" in our communities at any one time. Logic alone says that this means most traffic-law violators are not caught.

The Maricopa County Sheriff's Department — a very good one, incidentally — is under-staffed and spread too thin. This can be said, for every branch of law enforcement. As the crime rate accelerates, the agencies responsible for apprehending law-breakers are progressively undernourished. The manpower assigned to catching speeders on 99th Avenue isn't available for tracking down more serious offenders elsewhere.

I don't know what changes in legislation, or operational protocol, would be required to give our posses the authority to arrest for traffic violations, but I can't believe it's an insurmountable problem. Maybe such authority should not be extended to any other community's posse. We can speak only of ours, and their proven capacity for professional diligence. In their uniqueness, our communities have proven that, when called on to do so, we can take care of ourselves.

Is there any chance that, given such authority, our posses would assume a "vigilante complex," and start swinging their weight around, and issuing traffic citations for every minor violation. Pro-

bably, for a while; but that would be a small inconvenience on the way to a more orderly community.

Here We go again

At its first fall meeting, the Town Meeting Association distributed a memorandum blasting the Charter Government Association. This officially opens another season of vituperation on the subject of incorporation. We don't look forward to another year of name-calling and self-righteous abusiveness with any pleasure. In fact, we're sick of it. As Rhett Butler said to Scarlett, "Frankly, I don't give a damn."

All I'm going to ask — in fact, demand — is that we cut out all the emotional nonsense and get at the facts . . . whatever those facts may be. If I read the TMA memo correctly, the basic issue is whether or not Sun City would receive \$4.5 million in shared funds if it incorporates. That can't be a matter of contention. It's a mathematical entity. It's right or it's wrong. It's not a matter of opinion.

Once we've established the factuality of that figure, then we can proceed with considerations of what it means. With whatever money is available, would Sun City benefit from using that money for some kind of self-government? Would that "added layer of government" be burdensome and more expensive than the shared-funds income would accommodate?

These are simple questions. They are readily answerable, if we can bring ourselves to face them without prejudice. For a number of obvious reason, Sun City is changing, and will change even more in the next few years. Those who are concerned about our tomorrows will want and need facts on which to base their conclusions.

We sincerely hope that this issue will not be fought in letters — to-the-editor. We're Pollyanna enough to hope that the adversaries can be induced to meet together and weigh their differences in adult dialogue. Both sides are dedicated to the best interests of Sun City. They can prove this by getting the incorporation issue off our backs. Let's have done with it — one way or the other.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Doug Horn

1,000 x 1,000 x 1,000 ...

For those who happen to like the flavor of big round numbers, the above should give them something to chew on for a while. Unfortunately, it isn't a very pleasant figure. It represents the amount of dollars our nation will be in debt when Congress approves (as it most certainly will) the President's request for raising our debt limit to one trillion dollars, and a few odd billions on top of that for good measure. Since I don't know what a billion is, we'll disregard the small change and get right at that trillion.

I feel free to deal authoritatively with a trillion dollars, in the same way that each of us feels at ease talking about the human mind and the human soul — neither of which we have ever seen or will ever understand. There is in nature a physical barrier to suffering. It's called "the threshold of pain," i.e. that point at which the human nervous system will no longer acknowledge or respond to increasing injury.

So far as I know, there is no similar law applying to economics; but, law or no law, we give every evidence of surrender to the "threshold of sensitivity to our national debt." We have reached that point where, since we can't understand it, we make believe it isn't there. It probably isn't high on the list of things we talk about when we get together with neighbors, with children and grandchildren, but the simple fact is that you and I, and every single one of those others, now owe \$4,631 just to pay our debts.

In case that doesn't grab you, would you be interested in knowing that we're paying \$100 billion a year in interest on that debt. That is more than twice the total amount of our national debt in 1940; and paying that interest doesn't reduce our debt one dime. Who do we owe that trillion to, and who gets all those interest payments?

Almost 30 percent of them are bond-buying individuals, more than half of whom are foreigners. Roughly another third are banks and commercial institutions. The federal government itself, through funding of pension accounts and trust funds, totals about 20 percent. (I don't come close to understanding that kind of funding through accumulated debt, so we'll skip that.) Something less than 10 percent

of these obligations is held by state and local governments.

What does all this really mean? Is it merely one of those philosophical games, such as the question of how many angels could dance on the head of a pin, that engaged ecclesiastical pundits for many medieval years? Well, look at it this way . . . Sun City West is suffering real estate doldrums as a direct result of our national debt. The frightening escalation of the prices we pay for everyday necessities is a direct result of our national debt. Our inability to play catch-up with the Soviets in self-defense, and in maintaining our life-lines around the world, is a direct consequence of our national debt. The erosion of the value of fixed incomes is a direct result of our national debt.

When the federal government has to get into the open market to get the money needed for its functioning, that money is not available to private or corporate entities; and the price paid for that money becomes exorbitant. Nobody can compete with the federal government for available money. Thus, up go interest rates, and down go home-buying, industrial expansion, job availabilities — and solvency.

Let's try a couple more definitions of a trillion. It's the year 30,019 B.C., long before recorded history. One of our ancestors decided that he would spend, or save, one dollar every second of every 24-hour day of every year. He would have totalled one trillion dollars only last week. While our Explorer cameras are probing the mysteries of Saturn, a trillion dollars, end-to-end, would connect the Earth to this distant planet. Those are whimsical and meaningless statistics.

The real meaning is something that, sooner or later, we're going to have to face up to. That debt will have to be paid by somebody, sometime. To do it, a lot of people are going to be hurt. Reductions in Social Security benefits must be anticipated. Aid to the underprivileged must be curtailed. Funds for various aspects of the educational cosmos must be restricted. There's no other way out of the mess we're in. We've danced; now we must pay the fiddler. This is not a political issue; it's a matter of national survival.

Opinion



Editors Chair

The good and the bad

By registered affiliation, and by personal predilection for the "honorary Sun Citian" who now occupies the Oval Office, I am inclined toward acquiescent endorsement of this administration's policies and actions. Such admitted bias doesn't add much credibility to anybody who might, on occasion, expect acceptance for reasonably balanced judgements.

No person, or political party, is ever all right or all wrong. I know that, and you know that; so, with that understanding, maybe we can talk, *without partisan prejudice*, about what's good and what's bad about the most significant foundation blocks in the structure of Reaganomics.

The good part is the forceful and continuing action to reduce the cost of government. This is long overdue, and it isn't coming a minute too soon. We're already in the bucket for more than a trillion dollars of money we don't have, and we're adding to that disgraceful insolvency every year.

This one insanity underlies our economic and social doldrums . . . devastating interest rates and spiraling inflation. We have no choice. We've got to get at implementing that good program as fast as possible.

There are those who, with justification, will question the goodness of that good part . . . reducing the cost of government. To do this, the government must cut back on or eliminate, many of the things, it has been doing . . . such as grants to states (e.g. \$60,558,393 to Arizona); aid to education; highway construction programs; subsidies to the aged and infirm; support of developing and "friendly" nations throughout the free world; funding of basic advancements in medicine, social studies, science; the fine arts, etc.; and (un-thinkable thought) adjustments in Social Security benefits.

Then, paramount in any such consideration, feasible reductions in our horrendous expenditures for defense, and for prospective war. Here, we're dealing with numbers and instrumentalities beyond your and my ready comprehension. I have no way of knowing whether our MX missiles should be land-based, air-borne, or couched underseas; and, without intended offense, neither do you.

We're all too well aware of reported and unconscionable extravagances in military expenditures; but there's no way we can get

at the facts on which to determine the legitimacy of budgets whose enormity and application defy understanding.

The one fact we're sure of is that total government expenditures must be reduced. We can no longer tolerate annual deficits, reaching into the multi-multi-billions, added to an already obscene indebtedness. The good part is that this administration is at least taking a step in that direction — even though it's a very short step in a long and arduous march.

The bad part is that this administration is also committing itself to decreasing its income, by across-the-board tax reductions. Now, anybody who questions the wisdom of tax reductions has to be recognized as a candidate for psychiatric attention. So be it; that's where I am. Furthermore, I contend that serious consideration must be given to increasing our taxes. Before the men with the net come to get me, let me explain.

The one dominant factor in our national malaise is our national debt, coupled with our decades-old governmental policies of spending more than we take in. To support our profligacy and to pay the interest on our accumulated debts, we have to borrow money.

Every dollar the government borrows is a dollar that isn't available to individuals or industries for buying homes, expanding production facilities, researching technological advancements, etc. With first call on available funds, including inflationary printing-press dollars, our own government cuts short the supply of money needed by the private sector. Up go interest rates, down goes productivity, up goes inflation.

How do we bring a halt to this destructive cycle? Pay off our debts, and get back on a pay-as-you-go economic and political program. We're not going to get it done by off-setting reduced expenditures with reduced income.

It's my personal conviction that governments generally underestimate the will of the governed. Given a reason for sacrifice, Americans have always responded affirmatively and enthusiastically. I believe we'll willingly pay more, not less, taxes, if we're convinced it's necessary. We're in a bad jam. I'll bet we're willing to pay the price for getting out of it. You and I will hurt. Our grandchildren will be proud of us.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Does it make a difference?

Democratic Congressman, Bob Stump, has announced that he's going to become a Republican. To anyone who's followed Bob's career and voting record, this could hardly be called a surprise. If "conservative" and "Republican" are synonymous, Stump has always been a Republican.

Since the announcement, we've talked to a number of biggies in both parties (all of whom asked not to be quoted). As would be expected, Republicans are jubilant; Democrats are somewhat less elated. However, many of the latter said "... good riddance, he was never one of us, anyway."

What does switching from one party to the other really mean? After all, Dwight Eisenhower and Ronald Reagan were long-time Democrats who switched to the GOP. Does the man change with the party? Will Bob Stump be a different kind of person, or think different thoughts, because he carries one party label rather than another? Not very likely. The reason he gave for the switch is that he wouldn't change his principles merely to conform to party dictates.

This, then, is not so much a matter of what Bob Stump does as it is an indication of a fundamental choice being presented to the American electorate. We generally categorize this choice as "liberal" vs "conservative," without really understanding what those words mean. Both are good words. I'd like to think that I'm liberal in my attitudes towards others, and that I'm conservative in fiscal affairs and personal comportment. But, that isn't what those words now mean.

Bob Stump says that he can no longer tolerate the policies dictated by the liberals who dominate the Democratic party; and he defines "liberal" as "those who want to move our country toward bigger government and more spending."

If that is, indeed, the distinction between Democratic and Republican, then maybe the time has come to accept the definitions and replace the titles, Democrat and Republican, with the more apt designations, Liberal and Conservative. Perhaps it's all clear to you, but I get confused by the conflicting nuances of political party-ism.

The bottom line is, of course, numbers. If enough Stumps switch from Democrat to Republican, then the Republicans will control the House of Representatives — which means they'll select the Speaker — and will control committee chairmanships.

This is where the real business of government is done. A minority party doesn't have a great deal to say about what goes on — unless segments of the majority cross the aisle and convert the minority into

to a majority. That's what happened in the congressional approval of President Reagan's cut-back program ... which was the final straw in Bob Stump's decision to switch.

Paradoxically, some of the strongest opposition to the second round of Reaganomic cut-backs is coming from those same switch-over supporters. Apparently, good government and sound politics have come into conflict. Votes, and re-elections, have now taken precedence over fiscal necessities.

If anything, the Reagan curtailments in federal income, via tax reductions, have been excessive. We're never going to get out of the red by counter-balancing reductions in expenditures with reductions in income. That's simple mathematics, and primitive logic.

Quite aside from the electoral implications, Bob Stump's change in party affiliation dramatizes a fundamental issue: do we want to continue all the goodies that we've been accustomed to under big-daddy Federalism, or are we ready to pay the price for generations of profligacy, in order to get back to a solvent economy and a productive society?

This is not an easy question; and it can't be taken lightly. It could mean the kind of sacrifices faced by those who experienced the Great Depression. It could mean cut-backs in Social Security (at least, postponement of indexed increases); reductions in social services, food stamps, care for the indigent, restrictions on school budgets, continued underfunding of highway improvements, etc., etc. It could mean that a lot of people will be hurt.

Whether Bob Stump runs for re-election as a Republican or a Democrat is probably not all that important. The reason for the switch-over is important, if it helps to clarify the difference in the meaning and intentions of the two principal parties. If that difference is understood to be "more federal control" vs "less federal control," and "more federal spending" vs "less federal spending" then the American voters are faced with a maximum responsibility at the voting booth.

Do we really want to continue receiving all the good things we've been getting, or are we ready to make the serious sacrifices required by a return to political, social and financial solvency? If it hurts you, will you vote for reductions in Social Security benefits. If it impairs our defenses against the Soviet empire, would you vote to cut back our military expenditures? These are the hard questions. They are not Republican or Democratic questions ... unless you and I give them that meaning.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Water worries West

Out here, where the buffalo roam, we're not supposed to hear "a discouraging word;" but the recent conference of Midwest governors obviously had no respect for that admonition.

Expressing the group's consensus, Michigan's governor, William Milliken, laid it on the line: "The Sun Belt States cannot sustain themselves because they are depleting their water supplies at an alarming rate. Their efforts to woo population and industry away from the East and the North will ultimately fail because they'll run out of water."

Run out of water? Ridiculous! You and I know that 75 percent of the Earth's surface is water. How can we run out of water? Well, the first fact we have to face is that 73 of that 75 percent is salt water — mostly usable for floating ships, providing a livelihood for commercial fishermen, challenging surfers, hiding submarines and depositing oil slicks on bathing beaches.

Only two percent of the Earth's water is fresh water and half of that is solidly locked in polar ice. Of the remaining one percent, 99 percent of that is in the form of groundwater — half of which is contaminated with bacteria or polluted with wastes. This is not a scare statistic; it's a bald-faced statement of a very serious situation ... and we'd better start thinking about it seriously.

We don't have too much to worry about in the Sun Cities. We're sitting on top of a couple of the most luxurious water beds in the state. Conservatively estimated, with the maximum anticipated growth of Sun City West, we've got enough water to hold us for the next 100 years. The level of our aquifer (water bed) goes down averagely 3.2 feet per year; but that doesn't present a hazardous problem.

But, to the extent that our communities are a functional part of the total communities comprising Arizona, and the mountain-western comles of states, we can't afford to be unward of, the insensitive to, the exigencies of the broader problem.

A number of professionally creditable studies concur in predicting that, within the next 30 years, Arizona's population will increase from its present 2,500,000 to 6,500,000. The mass migration to the Sun Belt appears to be inevitable and irresistible.

The Central Arizona Project will bring more Colorado River water into the state, but not nearly enough to alleviate the inevitable problem. The obvious fact is that the Colorado is being over-used. From where it starts, in Colorado and Wyoming, its course extends 1,700 miles to the Gulf of California; but not one drop reaches the Gulf. The river is totally used up before it gets there; and, in its lower reaches, it has become so loaded with sluiced-off minerals and wastes as to be virtually worthless.

Almost nine out of every 10 gallons of water used in Arizona is used for agriculture, including cattle. This clearly defines the problem. If the state's population is going to increase so substantially — as it inevitably will, and soon — and if we are going to build our industrial complexes to sustain that population, and increase our tax base, then a lot of people have got to be taking serious looks at some hard realities.

Simply, it's a matter of houses or farms. We can't support the natural growth of both. Interestingly, if Arizona's population should suddenly explode to 25 million — 10 times its present size — and we simultaneously reduced our agricultural acreage by 50 percent — we'd have no water problems. People use less water than crops or cattle. Sun City's water usage is less than half the water required to grow the crops that occupied the same land before we got here.

The Governor of Michigan points out that "20 percent of the earth's fresh surface water is in the Great Lakes." He foresees the day when the states and provinces bordering the Great Lakes could become "and OPEC of water," selling their precious commodity to a water-impooverished Arizona.

There's little reason to doubt that the basic ingredient in Arizona's future is water. All other questions are secondary. This, then, must be high on the list of things we're going to concentrate on ... in corporate board rooms, in civic gatherings, in legislative councils, in inquiries to Congress.

It could change the cosmetics of Sun City ... golf courses with sandy rather than grassy fairways ... crushed-stone lawns ... highly monitored irrigation and sprinkler systems ... and restricted water usage for domestic purposes.

We didn't take action soon enough to defend ourselves against the monopolistic greed of the OPEC nations — for which we have suffered almost irreparable damage; and this, despite the fact we could anticipate what would happen under conditions which were clearly visible. We are similarly pre-warned about what will happen to Arizona, and the Sun Belt, if we don't do something about protecting our supply of water.

We can't increase the total supply available. That's been the same since the world began. There'll never be any more than there's ever been. The question isn't supply, it's management. Like the air we breathe (which is also in jeopardy, (we take water for granted. It's always been there and it will always be there. Not so!

We need a plan. We need the best thinking of our community addressed to this problem. We should be asking our legislators and our representatives in Congress what they're doing about this. It could very well be the most important problem they're facing.

Opinion

Basics are still basics

Underlying the dramatic and increasingly controversial program of the Reagan administration is an idea so old that it seems new. It used to be called self-reliance; but we haven't been hearing that term much in common usage for a long time.

The president has said, in effect, the Federal government has been doing too much for too many for too long and it's got to stop or we'll never get out of the mess we've worked ourselves into. No thoughtful person could disagree with that principle; but many otherwise rational people are howling when the application of the principle hits their pocketbook or their special interest.

This is understandable and expectable. Everybody wants the best for everybody; but they want it with no material effect on their comfort. Sure, we want more prisons built, but not anywhere near us. Of course, we must have new highways, but not through our land or where traffic might be diverted around our business. That's what we call human nature; but human nature is not always a constant. It changes, the way fashions change.

Not too long ago, it was "human nature" certainly in this country, to take care of ourselves, for the most part. We accepted, as our natural right, the responsibility for raising our children . . . for seeing to it that homework was done, and report cards carefully scanned for signs of goofing off. We met with the teachers and school authorities as partners in the serious business of productive and stimulative education. It was our responsibility, not a task to be turned over to appointive or elective surrogates.

We paid cash for the family doctor's house-call, and for visits to the dentist. Our tab at the grocery store never went beyond 30 days. Credit was character, and was available for emergencies, but not for extravagance. There was something for the church collection plate; and, somehow or other, something added each week to the cookie-jar bank on the shelf . . . just-in-case.

This is not an exercise in nostalgia; it's a deeply serious probing into what's happened to us. Was there something intrinsically and functionally wrong about that time in our lives — and in the life of this nation — when we knew, without questioning, that we had to take care of ourselves . . . that self-reliance was the foundation stone for our political-economic-social structure?

We knew about the free clinics where beginners in medicine and dentistry and hair-cutting got their low-fee experience; and we also knew that the next-door neighbor, who needed help in the middle of the night, was our responsibility. The thought never crossed our minds that our aging grandparents, and parents, should live out their lives anywhere but with us. That's what families were all about.

Sometime, somehow, it changed. The things we believed in became incredible or impractical. Now, we would pay somebody else for doing what we'd always done for ourselves. The baby-sitter became an institution because being at home with our children in-

administration's warnings to nations around the world. Western Europe and Japan are going to pick up more of the tab for their national defense — which means they'll have less to invest in commercial competition with our own industry. Third-world nations will be expected to pay their bills for subsidized development, in the form of vital raw materials needed for our industrial survival.

The dirty word in the new Reagonomics is "cut-backs." This means that states are going to get less from the federal government; counties are going to get less from the states; school systems will have to cut out programs (maybe they might have to get back to basics); school lunches will cost more (remember the lunch you brought from home?); third-generation welfare families and food-stamp sirloin-buyers may have to go back to chuck hamburger; and those who don't need it may have their right to Social Security questioned.

We're not talking about options. Not really. We're talking about cold, hard, frightening facts. We're talking about doing things for ourselves, instead of paying exorbitant prices for somebody else to do them for us. Self-reliance means pay-as-you go. If you can't pay for it, don't buy it. Credit cards, personal or governmental, are shovels for digging holes we can't get out of.

Because we wanted it to, and asked it to, the federal government has spent one trillion dollars we don't have. It's straining our economy just to pay the interest on that credit-card profligacy. So, when our representatives in the state and federal halls of government talk to us about all the good things they're doing for us, maybe we ought to be asking "Sure, but what are you doing to get us out of debt? It doesn't take a genius to spend our money; but what are you doing to help us save our money?"

The idea of self-reliance is common sense in action. It's an acceptable aphorism that, if you want somebody to starve give him a fish; if you want to him to be well fed, teach him how to fish. We have become a mendicant society. Every state in the union is a welfare state, dependent on Big Daddy's largesse.

President Reagan is saying, "Let's get back to where we were . . . to policies and practices that worked. It'll be hard going, and I'm not likely to win many popularity contests, but let's do whatever has to be done to get it done!"

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



terfered with our community responsibilities or our personal convenience. It was an easy step from there to paying the Federal government to baby-sit our social and political problems.

And now comes an administration that says "We're not going to be your baby-sitters. You're going to handle more and more of your problems — first, at the state level, then the community level, then the individual level. You aren't going to like it — in fact, some of you are going to have substantial reason for protesting loud and clear. We'll try to straighten out the inequities and the injustices as fast as possible; but, meanwhile, you'd better get ready to accept responsibility for your own tomorrow."

This is not just an internal domestic policy, it is reflected in the

Opinion



Editors Chair

8 ounces and 80 cents

Four slugs of hot lead, weighing two ounces each and costing 20 cents per slug, drilled into the body of Anwar Sadat — and the world changed. A man of peace died in senseless violence.

Senseless? Let's think about that. Perhaps, in the context of what our world has become, it makes sense. To accept that concept, we have to admit things we may not be ready to admit. But, let's look at the realities . . . let's look at the real world, not the world we would prefer.

Assassination has long been an effective instrument of what we euphemistically refer to as civilized society. Kings, and popes, and ministers of state, and leaders of social and political dissidence — and, yes, thinkers of unusual thoughts — have received the assassin's terminal message.

The delicate and sensitive society of these United States — probably more than any other population — finds assassination abhorrent and repulsive . . . and, to a considerate degree, incomprehensible. And this, in a mode of life which has become reconciled to the domination of crime over our total society. In our Judeo-Christian ethic, we have become unrealistic. We will not willingly admit to the power of the bullet.

The course of the United States changed that night in Ford theater when Booth's bullet lodged in the brain of Abraham Lincoln. John Kennedy . . . Robert Kennedy . . . who knows where we would be if Oswald and Sirhan had been less determined, or less accurate.

If the bullet that drilled into Ronald Reagan had been an inch or two to one side, what would have resulted? The questions are ponderous; the resultant thoughts are overwhelming.

Is this what the progress of civilization has come to? A single malcontent, with a 20 cent piece of lead — or a jeep-load of sincere fanatics — can change the course of man's striving for the greatest benefit for the greatest number?

How do we measure the death — and the manner of dying — of Anwar Sadat? That he would die a violent death has been predictable. He had acknowledged this on a number of occasion. But this hasn't distinguished him from the upper echelons of world leaders. To be a leader, in these times, is to notarize your willingness to die a violent death.

Who did in Sadat? We, in all likelihood, will never know. Syria's madman, Col. Khadafy — who has vociferously proclaimed his intention to get rid of the president of Egypt? Munitions manufacturers, who stand to make a lot of money if a war can be started in the Middle East? The Soviets — who have long recognized that their ambitions for Persian Gulf access and domination are impeded by

Egypt's recalcitrance? The Israeli bloc, embittered by Sadat's support of the PLO? Who? Your guess, at this point, is as good as anybody's.

The basic issue, however, is not a matter of opinion. Our foreign policy must now face squarely into the issue of assassination as a policy, not just an unfortunate event. Our people shuddered at partial revelations of CIA-orchestrated plans for the assassination of Fidel Castro. Reports that we were something other than nice guys in the rise and fall of power-centers in Southeast Asia and in South and Central America were sloughed off as unpalatable roughage in our habitual diet of holier-than-thou-ism.

Nations we're supporting tolerate the daily spectacle of lining up 30 or 40 or a hundred people and shooting them down. We proclaim against it. Our indignation is righteous and nonsensical. That's the world we're living in. Violence has a charisma of its own, nationally and internationally. Anybody who's ever been in the ring knows that, if you fight Marquis of Queensbury and your opponent fights Graeco-Roman, you're going to get your block knocked off. Are we playing sissy rules, while the rest of the world is playing tough-guy?

Can our system of ethics, and our reverence for human life, stand up under this assault from the few who know that they have the advantage of non-reprisal . . . that we won't send assassins after them? Must we say to our leaders, "We want and need your leadership, but the more expressive and effective you become, the more chance you're going to be a target . . . and we can't protect you against it."

Strangely, nobody tries to assassinate the head honchos in the Soviet hierarchy. They take care of their own disposals, but nobody from the outside is the executioner. Does this mean something?

The killing of Anwar Sadat is a significant loss to that part of the world that still believes there is a chance for a balance of peace. A few pieces of lead — worth 80 cents on the open market — and the odds are that you and I will live to pay billions for that 80 cents. Is that what we've been working toward all these years? Or are we about ready to say to our government, "OK, get tough. Forget the nice-nelly stuff. They want to play gut-bucket — the way our colonial patriots did from behind the stone fences at Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill — then let's show them we know all about that game.

There's little room for Sunday-school teachers in the front ranks of today's world scene. Like it or not, we may have to accept into our polite society the groin-kicking, eye-gouging barroom fighter. If one zealot, or six enthusiasts, who refuse to play by the rules can change the game, then maybe the time has come to change the rules. We're not going to like it; but the alternative is even less acceptable.

Opinion



Editors Chair

Hard to tell liberals from conservatives

As Alice would have it, "things are getting curiouser and curiouser." In the structure of government, or the game of politics — depending on whether you're a participant or a viewer — it's becoming increasingly difficult to tell the good guys from the bad guys. In cowboy movies it's easy; the good guys wear white hats.

Apparently it's a requirement of today's political system that every office-holder, or spokesman, must have an extensive wardrobe of hats of all shades, from white to black. This is cosmetically interesting, but philosophically confusing.

The Governor of Arizona, a Democrat, and generally-labelled a liberal, has recently announced his intention of instituting a "workfare" program in this state. He has stated that nearly 50 percent of welfare recipients, and probably 25 percent of food-stamp recipients should be put to work. He envisions a job-training program leading to full and productive employment for those who have been collecting welfare checks.

In his public statement, Governor Babbitt said he anticipated that getting federal approval of his plan "would be tough." That's where the "curiouser" aspect comes into the picture. The Federal Administration, to which the Arizona plan must be submitted for approval, is headed by the man who invented the concept of "workfare," when he was Governor of California.

It'll be interesting to see whether the liberal governor winds up among the conservatives, while the conservative president is being counted among the liberals.

The "workfare" concept makes sense. Basically, what it means is that anybody who can work will work. The California experience showed that when welfare recipients were told they had to do something to justify continuance of their freebies, vast numbers somehow disappeared from the welfare rolls.

The meaning of "workfare" is simple; the implementation is not all that easy. It generally strikes first, and hardest, in the area of Aid to Families with Dependent Children, i.e. single-parent families where the head of the household can't hold a steady job because there'd be nobody at home to take care of the children.

Assuming the human desire for the dignity of employment, rather than the degradation of welfare, the parent who takes a job under "workfare" must somehow be assured that the children will not be

penalized. This means child-care centers, and additional responsibilities thrown on the school system, the police, and many social agencies. The assets of "workfare" must be balanced against resultant liabilities.

What we're talking about is a melange of social responsibilities, and governmental commitments, called "entitlements." An entitlement, by definition, is something to which you have a legal right or claim. Under our system, this includes food stamps, school lunches, unemployment compensation, veterans' benefits, Medicare-Medicaid, aid to families with dependent children, and Social Security. These are no longer thought of as governmental benefactions — they are entitlements."

In our total Federal budget for this fiscal year — 722 billion dollars — such "entitlements" account for 345 billion dollars — 48 percent of the total! Those are dollars to which somebody feels he has "a legal right or claim." It's attention-getting when we get welfare loafers and food-stamp chisellers off the free-leader list, but it would be fatuous to attach very much significance to this.

If we total the costs of Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Veterans' Benefits, the entire food stamp program, and all the extravagances of the school lunch program, we'll barely exceed half the cost of Medicare-Medicaid — which, with all its publicized profligacy, costs us only half as much as Social Security.

"Workfare" isn't the solution to the basic problem. It reads well in headlines, and it sounds good on campaign platforms; but we can't take anything more than transient comfort from it. The real problem is much deeper . . . the total role of government in our daily lives.

If what we're faced with is the price we're willing to pay for bureaucratic dictation of our todays and tomorrows, then we might do well to recall what Abraham Lincoln said: "Government ought to undertake only those functions that individuals cannot perform for themselves."

One thing we know for sure . . . "workfare" isn't going to balance the budget. It's a good program, sociologically; but its impact on our economy will be minuscule. Removing a facial wart won't suffice when what we need is open-heart surgery.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Every day is Columbus Day

There's something about Columbus Day. That's the day on which we honor the man who "discovered America" . . . which, of course, he never did. At no time did he set foot on the mainland of North America; and, only on his third voyage, in 1498, did he touch the mainland of South America.

Actually, ol' Chris was a Johnny-come-lately, insofar as "discovering America" is concerned. We may never know who first inhabited the land mass of the Western hemisphere. We do know that there were well-developed communities, in what is now Mexico, 40,000 years ago. 20,000 years before Columbus sailed the ocean blue, Asians were beating paths across the land bridge between Siberia and Alaska, before the Bering Straits cut the continents apart.

Five hundred years before the Italian navigator persuaded Isabella to finance his dream of opening a western route to India, the peripatetic Vikings had set up enclaves in Nova Scotia and New England. Just south of us, on the Yucatan peninsula, communities of multi-storied buildings, public libraries, established currencies, schools, and well-defined social and political order flourished hundreds of years before Columbus was born.

There's a special irony in our recognition of Columbus. If indeed, we acknowledge his discovery, how come our country isn't called Columbia? That would seem only fair. The fact is that Chris was outsmarted by a fellow Italian navigator, Amerigo Vespucci (Latin name, Americus Vespucius) who actually explored the eastern coastline of the North American continent, and drew maps to validate his observations. So, we set aside a day each year to memorialize Christopher Columbus as the "discoverer" of America, but we name the land after a man who had very little to do with that discovery.

Columbus, himself is responsible for one of the greatest misnomers in history. He promised Ferdinand and Isabella that he would open a new trade route to the riches of India. The whole idea was strictly commercial. It had nothing to do with proving that the earth is round . . . which had been known by school children for many years. (The rumor that Columbus started with five ships, but two of them fell off the edge is not true.)

Anyway, having said that he was heading for India, the only thing he could report, after cruising around the Caribbean, was the he found the "Indians" hospitable. This has to be recorded as one of the great con jobs of all history; but his reported "discovery of India" was apparently convincing enough that he got financing for three more voyages. Thus were created the "American Indians;" and we have to go along with that misnomer because we can't think of any better designation.

Possibly, Columbus ran into some Seminoles, or Miccosukees, or

Hassanamiscos, or Nipmucs; but there's no way he could have seen a Navaho, an Apache, a Papago, a Hopi, a Shoshone, an Eskimo, an Aleut, a Cheyenne, a Chippewa, a Sioux, or an Arapaho. Yet, different in many significant ways as they are, they all have to be "Indians," because Columbus had to justify his expense account to the Spanish treasury. Of such trivialities are complexities born.

So, why should Columbus Day offer any comfort? Well, we're honoring a man who didn't know where he was going . . . when he got there he didn't know where he was, and when he got back he didn't know where he'd been—and lied about it.

Does that sound familiar? Does that sound the least little bit like what's going on in the country? Around the world? I keep getting the gnawing feeling in my stomach that we are celebrating the discovery of things that have long been known. And that we're content to give names to things rather than try to understand them. We like to romanticize things, particularly in poetry.

If it weren't for Joachim Miller, it's more than likely that Columbus would have been relegated to a pantheon of obscure explorers. No high school declaimer has ever been able to resist the basso profundo dramatics of those final two lines—"He gained a world—he gave that world it's greatest lesson—Sail on!"

The same thing happened with Paul Revere. If it weren't for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the Boston silversmith would probably be lost in the obscurity of colonial history. After all he was the only one of the three who started that horseback cavalcade who didn't finish the trip. As a matter of fact, he didn't even come close. Yet every child can recite "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere."

So it is with Columbus. We must have individual symbols for the things we want to believe in. America had to be discovered; it couldn't simply evolve in a pattern of world development. It had to be a surprise, an innovation, a discovery. Otherwise how could we extol its uniqueness?

And so it is with what's going on today. We are "discovering" things that have been known for generations: such things as the proven incapacity of big government to do all things for all people at all times . . . the inherent right and responsibility of the individual to manage his own affairs and his own destiny . . . the irrefutable mandate that bills have to be paid in debts eliminated . . . the immutable law that the free man is answerable for his freedom.

We won't always succeed in our intentions; but we have to believe that some good will result from our exertions. Christopher Columbus didn't succeed; but we still set aside one yard every year to celebrate his aspirations. That's worth thinking about.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Douglas Horn

Start with one simple fact

The passing of the summer doldrums means we can look forward to the annual emergence of the pro and con incorporationists. With the same regularity that marks the migrations of geese, and the return of the swallows to Capistrano, the sounds of the opponents and proponents will soon be heard in the land.

We hope — probably beyond reason — that this year's resurgence will be somewhat more informative and productive than previous assaults on our patience and intelligence. Somewhere, in the miasma of emotions and invective and contradictions, there must be some facts — plain, old dull facts — that everybody can agree on.

What an individual or organizational anti-incorporationist thinks about the character or motives of an individual or organizational pro-incorporationist is of little consequence. If Al Brown dislikes Jack DeWard or vice versa who cares?

If the Charter Government Association distrusts the Town Meeting Association, or vice versa, I, for one, couldn't care less. That's the way they want to get their jollies, so let them have at it.

But, it doesn't seem unreasonable to insist that, after all these years of regurgitated monotony, we have a right to expect at least a semblance of the maturity and intelligence supposedly inherent in this community.

Certainly, there must be some facts someplace, that would be acceptable to both sides as a starting point for public confrontation. There has to be something more than personal opinions, individual prejudices and antipathies, charges and counter-charges of self-seeking, and thinly-veiled implications of downright lying.

We've had enough of that stuff, for too many years. It's unconvincing, non-productive and boring. We haven't been able to get the antagonist together, out in the open, to present their positions, and eyeball-to-eyeball. They prefer to sit in their trenches and lob dum-dums at each other. The issue is now so confused that it's almost impossible to separate fact from fiction.

There's something about a number that approaches the solidity of "fact." Sure, figures can lie, and liars can figure; but if you say

"four" — and we've agreed that we're talking about locomotives, not pomegranates — then I've got a pretty good idea of the dimension of our discussion.

So, let's look for a number. The incorporationists insist that there's \$4,500,000 of Sun City money going to other cities because, as a non-city, we can't get our own money back. Is that a fact?

The answer to that question need have nothing whatsoever to do with whether we should not incorporate. It's a simple mathematical computation, which is either right or wrong. The personal or organizational attitudes for the fors and againsts have no bearing on this question. Whether I like or dislike hot weather is irrelevant to the thermometers' reading.

This, then, is an invitation — and a challenge — to the incorporation pros and cons to dig out this fact, and agree on its factuality. This should be the simplest of all agreements. Is the figure \$4,500,000 . . . \$3,500,000 . . . or what? We have a right to know; they have a responsibility to make it known — beyond dispute.

At this point, there is no reason for any discussion of whether any such sum of money would be an asset or a liability to the community. All that can come later. If it's there, and we can benefit from using it, we'd be dumb not to give it serious consideration. On the other hand, if organizing to receive the money would impose penalties we're not willing to accept, then that's got to be given equally serious consideration.

We have to start someplace. We can't continue this endless bickering, ad infinitum and ad nauseam. If the community cares enough to want to get the incorporation issue settled once and for all (and that's questionable!), maybe we can take it point-by-point, and lay each controversial issue to rest.

As good a place as any to start is determining whether that \$4,500,000 is or is not a fact. Nothing less than complete agreement on such factuality can be acceptable.

Opinion



Editors Chair

Time to regroup

Between now and the end of the year, candidates will offer themselves for election of the Rec Board, and to the boards of our various civic organizations. Every single one of them is to be commended for willingness to serve the community in some capacity.

It isn't an easy thing to do. Most people refuse. They "don't have time" . . . they "aren't interested" . . . they "don't want to get involved in all the arguments and name calling.

There should be a Hall of Fame for all of them, whether they are elected or not. They should be awarded certificates for "Concerned Citizenship." As in any election, some of the most qualified will not be elected, and some of the less qualified will be. That's one of the penalties of the democratic system.

Those casting votes seldom know the relative qualifications of the candidates. Further, they don't know the functions and responsibilities to which those qualifications must be applied. But, as has been proven over and over again, somehow the system works.

The common denominator among all candidates — whatever the individual curriculum vitae may be — is the evident desire to make some kind of contribution to the betterment of Sun City. Every contender for office wants only the best for our community. If that's what you want your vote to express, then you can't go wrong, however you vote.

Perhaps there's a larger question than individual candidacies for individual organizations. Perhaps there shouldn't be so many organizations. Should we be giving some thought to the rationale for example, merging the Home Owners Association and the Taxpayers Association?

By way of reminder, the Taxpayers Association was created 18 years ago by a group of Home Owners Association members who demanded the HOA take a firm and positive stand in favor of incorporation. Thus, the TPA was, originally, an organization to promote the incorporation of Sun City, while the HOA maintained neutrality on that issue.

The TPA is no longer the advocate of incorporation; and, in contravention of the facts, the HOA has been pasted with that label by the anti-incorporationists.

Thus, do things change. But, unfortunately, some things don't change. Sun City's voice is, as it has been for too long, a babble of many voices. Nobody speaks for our community, because everybody speaks for it.

A few years ago, we came close to definitive discussions on merging the Home Owners and the Taxpayers. Personal vanities brought the discussions to an end. Loss of position or prestige took precedence over community solidarity.

Maybe now, with the community reaching its physical maturity, we're ready to think about unity again. Aside from the vanities involved, I can't think of a single substantial reason for not merging the Home Owners and Taxpayers Associations; and I can list a score of reasons why it should be done.

Foremost . . . a Sun City Civic Association, with a central location and adequate physical facilities (such as already available in the Home Owners building on Coggins Drive) would provide a single focus for civic services. Additionally, the voice of the Sun City Civic Association would be a single and concentrated voice in the councils of the Board of Supervisors and the Legislature.

There will be other organizations, of course. The Town Meeting Association and the Retirement Community Association will continue to exist for their singular purpose of opposing incorporation. Here again, however, since they are simply two parts of one organization, it would seem that their purpose would be better served through merger.

Of course, as two bodies with one head, they can meet twice as often, and thereby get twice the publicity. It's a clever set-up; but it doesn't contribute substantially to the general welfare. What they're doing should be done; the methodology is questionable. There should be a body of anti-incorporationists to represent that case against the pro-incorporation Charter Government Association.

There will always be ad-hoc groups of special-interest advocates. That's the nature of our community. But, ideally, we could have one Civic Association, one pro-incorporation group, one anti-incorporation group, and one Rec Board allowed to go about its business without abuse. That would get us closer to the day when Sun City is S-u-n C-i-t-y.

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Opinion

Doug Horn



Editors Chair

Friend or foe?

Few, indeed, would see fit to deny that the Soviet Union is the actual and avowed enemy of the United States. The two nations were World War II allies, with the Soviets playing an indescribably heroic role in the defeat of Hitler; and earning far more credits than deserved in their last-minute involvement in the defeat of Japan.

Then began the pulling apart. The tri-national division of Berlin gave clear evidence of conflicts to come. The American air-lift was a gargantuan expression of free-world resolve, but it was also testimony to future conflicts-of-interest. Subsequent events in the Far East and Middle East, as well as in the Caribbean, Central and South America, and Africa, leave no room for doubt as to the character and intentions of Soviet policy.

They are the enemy. We have entertained various euphemisms to disguise this fact — such as “partners in detente,” or “cold war antagonists;” but the time is now for clarity and honesty. The Soviet Union is not our partner in anything. They are our opponents. They are our enemy. It’s about time we began using that word.

An enemy is a hostile force, whose intention is to be injurious or destructive. Is that a reasonable definition of the Soviet Union? Can there be any question about it? We’ve known that for well over a hundred years . . . since Karl Marx authored the Communist Manifesto. Later, Lenin simply sharpened the point of the thrust against the kind of society represented by the United States. The convenient alliance of war-time interests was merely a matter of mutual survival, not an affirmation of friendship or a diminution of inherent animosities. We were enemies before the war; we were enemies after the war; we are enemies now.

So what? Our economy is shaken by the exorbitant requirements of a war-machine to defend ourselves, and our friends around the world, against the declared imperialist ambitions of the Soviets. Our industrial society is in immediate and constant danger of being throttled

by the steadily advancing power of the Soviets and their satellites. We’re not sure that we could beat them, or even defend against them, in either conventional war or a nuclear confrontation.

So, what do we do about it? We sell them our food, so they can concentrate on developing the instruments of Armageddon. We know how to grow food better than any people on earth — in fact, in all of history — so we willingly make ourselves the granary for an enemy bent on our destruction.

We sell them our advanced technology. We know more about computers and silicon-disc micro-technology in five minutes than they’ll know all year long. But, they don’t have to know those things, because they can buy them from us. A century ago, presaging the ultimate fall of democratic government, Marx said, “When we’re ready to hang them, they’ll sell us the rope.”

It seems we’re doing our level best to prove Marx right. Sure, “if we don’t sell them those things, somebody else will.” Is that what it all comes down to? Our foreign policy is a matter of competitive profits? For the three years preceeding Pearl Harbor we were tearing up old street car and railroad tracks to provide enough steel to fill the demands from Japan. We got much of it back, in installments, throughout the Pacific.

Would an administration that forbade shipments of food to the Soviet bloc of nations be run out of office by the farmers and cattle-growers? Would an embargo on sales of technology, readily convertible to militancy, bring down the wrath of profit-dependent Wall Street money-mongers?

I think we know the answer to those questions . . . and they’re not very comforting. We are a society devoted to the buck. To the extent that the Soviets can contribute to our profits, they are our friends. This makes me wonder, very seriously, and not happily, about our definition of “enemy.”

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Charity begins at home

I'm getting sicker by the minute. Like you, I'm worried about what's going on in our nation . . . unmeasurable deficits, seemingly uncontrollable inflationary pressures . . . an increasing inclination toward partisan politics as against American government . . . a feeling that our problems can be solved by fighting among ourselves . . . an unwillingness among the component of the up-to-now most successful society in the history of mankind to believe in those fundamentals which produced that success.

Why, right now, do I feel sicker than usual? I have just read excerpts from a research study done by the Nikko Research Center, and submitted to the Japanese Government. The Japanese must be elated — that is, if they find pleasure in the degradation of the United States. And degradation is clearly what the record shows.

How come? How come the Nikko Report says ". . . Japan should offer the U.S. foreign aid . . . to help the U.S. develop new growth industries." I read that in absolute astonishment. Then, checking the figures, the facts are these: Japan is now the world's largest producer of automobiles, the world's largest shipbuilder, and is on the verge of surpassing the U.S. in electronics and computer industries — which we invented!

A short 36 years ago, Japan, "the enemy," was laid waste, militarily and economically. An island nation only slightly bigger than the state of Arizona, onto which is crowded 115 million people — about half the population of the entire U.S. — and with virtually no natural resources, is now giving serious thought to offering "foreign aid" to the U.S.

My first reaction is insult; but that's pride, not reality. The fact is that the nation that first invented and demonstrated the values of creative free enterprise is no longer capable of competing with Japan in a free market. How did we get in that position?

First, we took our people's dollars to rebuild Japanese industry — dollars which were then not available to rebuild our own aging equipment. We built modern plants for Japan, while our own were becoming obsolescent, inefficient and non-competitive. We gave them our most advanced technology. We forbade them armaments, so we assumed the costs of their defense. We did everything conceivable to make them industrially superior to us.

The shock came when we discovered that a production capacity, which we had always assumed to be imitative, developed an extraordinary aptitude for creativity. They took our thinking and our products and improved on them. They out-thought and out-worked us. They have taken the system we invented and beaten us into the ground with it.

The Nikko Report points to these reasons for the U.S. losing its competitive edge: the declining work-ethic, i.e. an unwillingness to give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay . . . loss of pride in personal performance . . . excessive social welfare . . . failure to invest in long-term industrial facilities . . . decreasing quality in education . . . lack of social controls, and consequent increase in the prevalence and profitability of crime . . . and failure of management and labor to establish mutually-beneficial relations.

To me, that sounds like something we would have written a few decades ago about one of the undeveloped nations. Maybe that's what we're talking about . . . the U.S. has become an undeveloped nation. Certainly we have everything we had when we were the undisputed leader of the world in everything significant . . . the same people, the same intelligence, the same resources, the same . . . no, one thing isn't the same. We don't have the same spirit. We have lost the competitive edge because we've lost the competitive urge — as a society and, particularly, as individuals.

The history of the U.S. is a recitation of personal and community sacrifice for the common good. In a half-century we have converted that workable concept into the easy philosophy of the welfare syndrome.

It's more comfortable to be permissive than corrective, so we turn authority over to others; we'd rather be hostage to OPEC than sweat out our own energy answers; we don't want our children to feel put-upon, so we won't require that they learn how to read and write; we impose nice-nelly restrictions on our industries so that snail-darters take precedence over profits; we somehow believe that bills don't have to be paid, so we go into debt for a trillion dollars . . . and on and on it goes.

We really didn't need to read the Nikko Report to know these things. We've known them for a long time. But, somehow, it takes on added wham when Japan — in its own interest, of course — officially considers the need for sending "foreign aid" to the United States.

I, for one, am feeling a little sick.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



We know it as the Advance Warning And Control Systems plane. It's a strange looking craft with an ungainly mushroom growth on its back. It's an electronic surveillance contrivance purportedly capable of reporting on what hostile forces are getting ready to do before they have a chance to do it. (Note: the Israelis have already demonstrated that it's possible to escape the prying eye of AWACS)

That's the machinery. What's its real meaning? Certainly, there's reason to believe that it doesn't warrant the dominant military significance currently attached to it. It's basically a radar-scope, and there's nothing very mysterious about radar.

Equivalent sophistication is available in other planes — which was admitted during the Congressional debates, i.e. "If we don't sell those planes to Saudi Arabia, some other country will."

AWACS represent deep diplomacy around the world, and gut-bucket politics here at home. That 52-48 down-to-the-wire squeaker in the Senate did some good things and some bad things. It told the Saudis that we fully recognize their importance to our posture in the Middle East, and to our domestic economy. Saudi Arabia is sitting on almost half the oil in the Middle East. Although it's a little hard to rationalize, in the face of outrageous OPEC increases in oil prices, the Saudis have kept those prices from going even higher.

To be that considerate of our interests, the Saudis have earned the enmity of other Arab nations. Their generally unstable government is under constant pressure. That kind of sacrifice (if getting that rich can be called sacrifice), puts the U.S. in a pay-back position. And that isn't too much strain, because Saudi Arabia — unlike many foreign buyers — pays cash.

The AWACS sale also says to Israel; we have proven our friendship and our dedication to your sovereignty; but your interests can not be allowed to be the sole determinants of our Middle East policy. We recognize that you aren't powerful enough to protect yourself against an assault from the combined Arab nations, and that your greatest security rests in your proven capacity to launch preemptive strikes, before the enemy can be prepared.

We further recognize that the presence of AWACS planes on your borders could diminish your ability to gear for a preemptive strike. However, we know that you know how vulnerable those AWACS are to your F-15s and F-16s — which we've been supplying to you for a long time. All we're trying to do is keep things in some kind of balance.

The sale of the AWACS has been allowed to become a Saudi

Plane politics

Arabia vs Israel issue. That's wrong. It says to the entire Arab crescent, and to the Soviets, that we intend to keep an eye on what they're doing throughout the Middle East. This, obviously, has less to do with philosophical support of our allies than with maintaining the security of our oil supplies . . . and, possibly, with the profits to be made, and the jobs to be provided, through the sale of approximately \$10 billion of machinery.

There's another meaning to this "Reagan victory." True, the President again showed himself to be a master of hardball politics. No celluloid sissy, that one. When it's belly-up-to-the bar, he doesn't back away from the guys in the black hats. The gnawing question is whether he's wasted his ammunition before the real fight starts?

Ronald Reagan is just completing the first year of his four-year administration. He had demonstrated the persuasiveness of a charming personality, and shown a political savvy that has confounded his "movie star" detractors.

But he has also launched a dramatic and daring concept of federal governmental management. If he's right, this nation can get well again; if he's wrong, we're headed for the pits. You can get profound testimony on both sides.

So, since our system of government requires agreement between the Executive and the Congress, the question becomes: what did the President have to sell off in order to get that 52-48 "victory" on AWACS? Many Senators required openly to the "arm-twisting" (one, in fact, testified that he'd probably need a transplant.)

Arm-twisting is an athletic euphemism for "a deal." At one point, the Reagan forces needed 14 additional votes — that's 14 percent of the Senate, and that's a lot of percent. How much of the administration's future program has already been decided by the compromises made to get the AWACS vote? You and I will probably never know; but we will be affected by the consequences of that vote.

Arizona's vote in the Senate didn't count. Senator Goldwater voted "yes;" Senator DeConcini voted "no." Both presented logical and persuasive reasons for their positions. They canceled out.

Was the AWACS deal all that important? Not if it means that the President has used up his due-bills in the Senate. There are more important issues coming up; and, if the administration has no more "you owe me's" left, things we need more than Saudi Arabia needs AWACS can go down the tube. I'd feel a lot more comfortable if that whole issue had stuck to the salient facts, and had not become such a public relations event.

Opinion

Editors Chair

War and remembrance



We call it Veteran's Day. It was first called Armistice Day, and was officially observed on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, — when by the record, Germany signed an unconditional surrender to the forces of the Allies in a wooded patch outside Paris.

That day, in 1918, marked the emergence of the United States as a recognized world power. Sure, we'd been through the military mill . . . the War of 1812, which told the British our revolution wasn't a fluke . . . the Mexican War of 1846, which was little more than a testing of slave-state verses free-state emotions . . . the devastating, and totally irrational Civil War . . . the comic-opera Spanish American War . . . and the Pancho Villa fracas that got "Black Jack" Pershing ready to head the American Expeditionary Forces.

But, as a united military force, the U.S. had never played in the big leagues until 1917, when the first khaki-clads stepped foot on French soil with debt-repayment experssions of "Lafayette, we are here." Relatively brief as was our involvement, it was the military and industrial strenth of the fledgling United States that turned back the threat of Teutonic aspiration for world dominance.

Unfortunately, we were not as accomplished in international diplomacy as we were in physical effort, so the Versailles Treaty, signed two years later in the Hall of Mirrors became a blueprint for World War II.

World War I marked the emergence of the U.S. from a debtor nation to a creditor nation; and our deep involvement in world economy and world politics. By comparison with our Civil War, it was a big deal. Although there were twice as many in uniform during World War I, there were only half as many casualties, dead and wounded that were suffered during the insanity of the Civil War. (Calling that internecine conflict "civil" strains language beyond credibility.)

I was privileged to be part of a group of students, which included representatives from 36 countries, in Geneva, Switzerland in 1930. We averaged age 20, so we weren't as bright as we thought we were. Yet, our final thesis said, "World War II will brake out in Poland in 1938." We named the locale, but we missed the time by one year.

That's how evident it was . . . a bunch of kids calling the shots that

closely. In the too-short span of 20 years between the formalized ending of World War I and the beginning of World War II, the U.S. grew into its destiny as the most powerful military and industrial power on the face of the earth.

With VE Day and VJ Day, this nation assumed world supremacy. We could lick anybody, we could buy anything . . . so we started an organized campaign of giving away our substance. This so belies understanding that I will not attempt explanation. No nation, in all of history, has so offended rationality.

Then came Korea and Vietnam; and we lost our pride. Until then, we seemed to have a purpose; and that purpose was a willingness to sacrifice in defense of freedom-loving people around the world. Somehow, that idea got lost in politics. For the first time in our history, we lost a war . . . and, with it, we lost our pride.

Even more consequential, we lost a sense of responsibility to those who fought our fights. Sure, we know about the arm-chair colonels collecting ill-deserved pensions for service no more hazardous than desk-top paper-shuffling; but are we paying enough attention to the more-than-a-million killed and wounded casualties of World War II, the 158,000 of the Korean War, and the 214,000 from the monstrosity of Vietnam?

Do we want to remember on Veteran's Day? . . . or do we shy away from this annual reminder of an obligation? Few, indeed, will want to take the time to visit a Veterans' Hospital on that day. It wouldn't be pleasant. It's so much easier not to be reminded. That's as understandable as it is unforgivable.

When this nation turns its back on those who sacrificed for its security, we will have lost the meaning of our existence. Very likely, a few flags will be flown around town on Veterans' Day, and there will be some kind of public observance; but it's not unthinkable that Veterans' Day should be the most important holiday of the entire year. In a world of inevitable conflict, we must give continuing honor to those who run the risks. We preach peace; we live in the constant shadow of war.

Plato said, "Only the dead have seen the end of war." If that is so, we must give more understanding and support to those who assume the hazards of war. This is not charity, it is common sense.

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Horn



Sun City's Image

An interesting panel discussion at a meeting of one of our local organizations. Topic: "What is Sun City's image?" What do people who've heard about us think of us . . . around the world, around the nation, in our neighboring communities? More importantly, how do we see ourselves?

There was general agreement that most people, outside the community, think of Sun Citians as rich, children-hating, idling away our time at casual pursuits, and not being much concerned about what's happening to others. It was also agreed that the country is full of people who'd love to live in Sun City.

The panelists charged that Sun City has done a poor job of blowing its own horn, insofar as promoting its considerable contribution to general society, and contiguous communities, is concerned. Reference was made to the incidents, a few years back, when Phoenix papers headlined "Sun City, the parasite community," and "Sun Citians called freeloaders."

It was acknowledged that the unfortunate and continuing fight with Peoria over its schools, the continuing squabble about incorporation, and the Rec Board discomfitures, have given opportunity for emphasis on the negatives.

Starting with a feature in Life Magazine almost a decade ago, and more recently in articles written by correspondents and investigators from France, England, Norway, Japan, Canada, various U.S. magazines and newspapers, and crews from TV shows, the consensus was that none of them indicated any real understanding of Sun City.

Why should that be? Maybe it's because Sun Citians don't understand Sun City. Maybe that's why we so often get tangled up in things that aren't all that consequential, and quite often generate a bad image among ourselves.

What do you suppose would happen if we established a "Good Image" week? During that week, nobody would do or say anything that could in any way be detrimental to the best interests of everybody — and, thus, the best image of our community. Everybody would take time to find out more about all the good things Sun Citians do, for

ourselves, and for many people outside our community.

We'd learn about Sunshine Services, the Boswell Auxiliary, the charities of our fraternal and service clubs, Recording for the Blind and Recorded Books, Meals-on-Wheels, the Community Fund, Sun Valley Lodge, the Dysart and Peoria School Volunteers, Information and Referral Services, the People's Dental Clinic, the Easter Seals Handivan, the Sheriff's Posse, the Prides and on and on they go.

How much do you know about any of them? Then, if we don't know about who they are and what they do, how can we expect folks outside our community to know about them? Why not pick out one or two of the above list and get better acquainted with what goes on? Then, when writing to folks back home, take a few minutes to tell them about what you've learned. That's the way images are built.

As a matter of understandable policy, DevCo has never wanted said about the poor people in Sun City. We have them, of course — probably more than you realize. Some of our folks can't make it from month to month without help from the Community Fund. Some have sold off everything but the barest household furnishings in order to eat once a day. Is there anything wrong with knowing this? Doesn't it contribute to our understanding of the world around us?

A provocative thought came out of the Q.&A. period. There is a serious and obvious need for a day-care center in our community. In many of our homes, one spouse is being held "captive" by the other. The husband or wife can't handle personal needs, and shouldn't be left alone. This means that the spouse is locked into 24-hour servitude.

Yet, we have space and facilities within our Rec Centers for supervised and thoughtful tender-loving care, where the physically incapacitated can be watched over, so the spouse can be free, occasionally, for full and recreational living.

Unquestionably, this usage of our Rec Centers would require a change in charter, or bylaws, or some such restriction. But, isn't this what Sun City is all about.?

Opinion

Editors Chair

Only money -- OURS!

Doug Forman



Let's get squared away on the financial aspects of incorporation. It's pretty well agreed that, if we incorporated, we'd get \$4.3 million returned to us as our share of state funds. There is no substantial contradiction of this figure, acceptin the realities of minor variances from year to year. Those are our dollars; they're not being used by other municipalities.

Would we like to get our own money back, for our own use? Unless state law is changed (not very likely), the only way to do it is to incorporate. If that amount of money wouldn't contribute toward a better Sun City — and at less cost — then it wouldn't represent real value. If that financial endowment would incur more liabilities than assefs, it shouldn't be given another moment's thought.

The case doesn't seem to be that clear. There are so many arguments on both sides — most of which have been obscured by emotional utterance — that we must, in fairness to all, subject each to the dissection of fact-finding, and the probing eye of common sense.

Over and above the \$4.3 million would additional taxes have to be levied? Certainly . . . if the community wanted more services than could be provided by the \$4.3 million. First, we'd have to peel off about a million dollars of that \$4.3 million to pay for the police protection and highway maintenance, now provided by the country; but, if we wanted more security and better road maintenance than we now have, we'd have to pay more.

If we decided to assume tht cost of fire protection, as many incorporated communities do, we'd slice another million dollars off that \$4.3 million. Of course, we'd pick up that same million from the tax bills we're now paying.

We could lower the price we're paying for water and sewer services — which total approximately \$7 million per year — by picking up the tab for the sales tax on that amount, as Yountown does; and we could provide free street lighting. Those are items, but they're not big items. We could provide free trash and garbage removal, if that's the way we wanted to spend our shared funds.

In that mood — if we wanted to provide everything we now have — then its more than likely we'd have to have income additional to the \$4.3 million shared-funds. All this means is that we will have decided

to pay one kind of tax instead of another. The difference is we'd be paying once instead of twice; we'd be using our own dollars, which others are now using to pay for our own services, instead of paying for our own services while others are using our dollars to pay for theirs.

Financially, there's no question we'd be better off taking the \$4.3 million of our money available to us. After we've paid the county for what we're now getting "free," and after we're paid for setting up the skeletal structure required for administering a municipal government we'd have, conservatively, a couple of million dollars to use any way we see fit.

Assuming satisfaction with the level of services now being supplied by the county for police protection and highway maintenances, it will cost us approximately a million dollars a year to duplicate it. That leaves \$3,200,000 to be used in other ways. Do we want to provide free fire services? . . . that' another million dollars. So now we've got \$2,200,000 to play with. How about free trash removal? . . . that's about \$1,300,000.

That leaves a little less than a million dollars. We could easily pay for enough street lighting, and still leave a substantial balance . . . certainly enough, to pay for the minimal governmental structure needed to administer the simple needs of this community.

Does all that sound like an outright pitch for incorporation? Well, it isn't. It's simply an effort to get the numbers straight. The numbers we're talking about are money . . . our money. Others are using our money for their benefit, not ours. We're now paying in fees and taxes, for a lot of services that could be paid for by getting our own money back from municipalities which, because they qualify for fund-sharing, can reach into our pockets to pay for their operations.

If we could get that money, without incorporating, nobody in his right mind would turn it down. So, having established the numbers, the important question becomes: what is so objectionable about incorporation that we're willing to give up all that money in order to avoid incorporation?

We'll do our best to tackle each of the factors involved in that question in subsequent editorials.

On The Town

Del Webb comes home to Sun City

11-25-81

By Doug Morris
Editor

It started so long ago, it's hard to recall that first committee meeting, and painful to remember the zillion meetings between then and now.

A few were determined that there would be a statue to Del E. Webb, and that it would be at the spot in the Memorial Garden of Bell Center which he had approved, before his death. "Yes, that's where I'd like to be," he said.

The first problem of course, was money. The enthusiasts said there'd be no difficulty raising the necessary \$30,000, because enough people recognized their indebtedness to Del E. Webb that such a sum would be there for the asking.

Inexplicably, it didn't work out that way. "If the Del Webb Corporation wants a statue of Del Webb, let them pay for it." "Why a statue? Why not just a simple plaque on some convenient wall?" "If there's going to be a statue, it should be at Oakmont Center, where Sun City started."

"Better to take that money and put it into the library, or Sunshine Services, or the Community Fund."

Contributions came hard, but they came — and the statue became reality. Last Saturday, Nov. 21, a hundred helium-inflated balloons lifted the cover off the statue, and a thousand Sun Citians were proud. It was Founder's Day; and November 21st will be Founder's Day every year from now into the infinity of Sun City.

And Del Webb will be there in the Garden, acquiring the patina that accrues to bronze statuary year after year, and watching affectionately over what we do with his dreams. Every July 4th will be "Ring That Bell," and every Nov. 21 will be "Founder's Day" in the Memorial Garden; and, as year piles on year, Sun City will build its heritage and develop its character.

There were 200 in the banquet room of Crestview. They were Lions. They were there to make sure John Meeker knew that his departure from the Del Webb organization didn't reflect his

continuance in the affection and appreciation of Sun Citians who know how important he was to all of us.

It was said: "This morning we dedicated a statue to Del E. Webb. Now, we acknowledge a monument to John Meeker. We call it Sun City."

Weather

Date	High	Low	4:30 p.m.	Prec.
11-16	85	46	79	0
11-17	82	47	76	0
11-18	80	45	76	0
11-19	76	44	70	0
11-20	77	40	73	0
11-21	77	42	73	0
11-22	74	44	72	0

H. V. Coles, observer

Opinion

Editors Chair



Douglas Horn

The Meaning of Pearl Harbor

Was it only 40 years ago next Monday? Subsequent and consequent events have so dimmed the details of that day, it's a jolt to recall its recency.

Pearl Harbor Day, Dec. 7, 1941. Nineteen ships, including the USS Arizona, sunk or damaged, and 2,300 dead... a "day of infamy." Was it really? Or was it what the military refers to as "an acceptable risk" — the only way the forces of democracy could fight and win World War II?

For those forces to prevail, it was obvious the power of the U.S. had to be thrown into the conflict; but, at that time, the U.S. — despite many actions to the contrary — had declared a position of "formal nonbelligerence" in what was then a European war.

President Roosevelt took office approximately a month after Adolph Hitler was named German chancellor. The world was in the deepest financial and social depression in modern history, so few people paid much attention to the little Austrian house painter. But historians and political analysts of the time screamed their warnings.

Only 13 years after unconditional surrender at Versailles, German welt-politik was on the march again. High school students knew it; but governments didn't seem to care. We were too busy with depression, gangsterism, prohibition, bank-closings, WPA, NRA, etc. etc. We didn't even notice that the first concentration camp was set up, at Dachau, in 1933.

In rapid succession came The Third Reich's absorption of the Saar, occupation of the Rhineland, annexation of Austria, the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia... and the inevitable '39 invasion of Poland, and the "official" opening of World War II.

The perplexity of all this is that anybody above the level of mongoloid idiot knew it was going to happen, and how it was going to happen. You see, Hitler had written it all out, while serving time in the pokey 10 years previously. He called it "Mein Kampf"; and it was a blueprint of his intentions. But, who pays attention to a corporal named Adolph Schickelgruber?

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the world, "the island empire" was continuing to flex its muscles. Continuing 70 years of expansionism in the Western Pacific, militarists took over the Japanese government, with popular support, and, a year before Roosevelt and Hitler came into power, Manchuria was gobbled up. In a few years, major slices of China proper would be taken over. The signs were clear and unmistakable. With England and France weakened by war

only the U.S. stood in the way of Japan's plan of conquest in Indo China and China proper. The forces of freedom were under assault in all parts of the world.

The U.S. responded by passage of the Naval Expansion Act in '38, the beginning of extravagant defense budgets in '39, the sale of "surplus war materials" to Britain in '40, the first peact-time draft in that same year, and the Lend-Lease Act of '41.

We signed the Four Freedoms Declaration in January of '41, and the eight-point Atlantic Charter in August of that year. Words — good words, but just words. This nation didn't want to go to war. Sure, our friends and longtime allies in England and France were taking a terrible beating, but we as a people didn't want to get militarily involved.

For many years before Pearl Harbor, analysts and historians agree, we were able to read the Japanese code. We knew what they were saying, and what they planned to do. There is authoritative testimony that we knew, in advance, their plans for Pearl Harbor. We knew that thousands of men, women, and children would be killed, and that most of our Pacific fleet would be destroyed.

What government would, consciously, allow such a thing to happen? Only a government that recognized the long-range definition of victory, i.e. the net result of wins over loses. By December of '41 it was eminently clear that, if the U.S. didn't get into the war, the forces of evil domination would win. How to get the financial, industrial, organizational and military powers of the U.S. into the front lines? It needed an event as dramatic and frightening as Pearl Harbor.

Does all this imply something unethical or callous in our society? It shouldn't, because it's merely a statement of human realities. The genus homo sapiens seldom does anything significant until it's frightened by the consequences of not doing it. As a people, we have been raised to believe that we can face any problem and lick it. That's comforting, and inspirational, and makes great copy for political campaign, speeches. It just doesn't happen to be true.

We are in the middle of another devastating assault — this time on the economic front. Japan has beaten our forces of productivity. Our energy sources, and supplies of vital raw materials, are in the hands of unfriendlies — if not actual enemies. If we're not ready to mobilize our strengths, and sacrifice our comforts, as we did in response to Pearl Harbor, we're not going to win this one. December 7, 1941 may have been a "day of infamy," but it will be a day of disgrace if we don't remember it and learn from it.

Opinion



Doug Horn

Editors Chair

We can't lose

Philosophical and partisan labels are becoming increasingly meaningless; and, in fact, misleading. Even such customary and acceptable nomenclature as "Democrat" and "Republican" have become so imprecise and murky that strict allegiance to either is an exercise in thoughtlessness.

Each party attempts to include and comfort the far-rights, the conservatives, the middle-of-the-roaders, the liberal-conservatives, and the left-leaners. If I understand correctly what's being said, the liberals want to spend a lot of money and the conservatives want to curtail spending.

That's sounds like a reasonable differentiation. The only problem is, it isn't true. Many "liberals," Democrat and Republican, are prime opponents of the Administration's proposed high-deficit spending; and many "conservatives," Republican and Democrat are proponents of spending beyond our income. It's not easy to tell the good guys from the bad guys.

If Bob Stump decides that he's a Republican instead of a Democrat, has he changed anything other than Party affiliation? Is his mind different? Are his capacities increased or decreased? Is he more or less concerned about the welfare of the nation? Was Dwight Eisenhower a better American as a Democrat than as a Republican? Or Ronald Reagan? Of course not!

Somehow, we ought to learn from this. The most impactful organization in our community is the Recreation Centers; and the Board of Directors of that organization has more influence on our way of life than any other body of appointive or elective officials. Why men and women, who have purportedly "retired," are willing to take on such responsibilities is enough to boggle the most expansive mind.

Yet, there they are. Why? Most are here because they have been successful in some other place. They don't need another accolade. They're not looking for Brownie-points, or something to append to their curriculum vitae.

Each, without exception, understands the importance of the Rec Board; and each, without exception, feels that he or she can make a significant contribution to the improvement of the Board's functioning and effectiveness.

But, as you're well aware from even a casual reading of the letter-

to-the-editor, we insist on putting "party" labels on individuals.

They are good or bad, not because of intrinsic capabilities or merits, but because of actual or implied identification with the Town Meeting Association, the Charter Government Association, the Concerned Recreation Members, the Friends of the Rec Centers, the Retirement Community Association, or any of the motley array of self-ordained authorities.

You are endorsed by "those people," therefore you're unfit for service on the Rec Board.

As though that weren't absurd enough, candidates are down-thumbed because there are indications they favor or oppose the incorporation of Sun City. Nobody has bothered to explain what relationship there might be between the proper functioning of the Rec Board and any ultimate conclusion to the incorporation issue. It would be equally relevant to base our choice of candidates on their attitudes toward capital punishment, the ERA and adherence to the Camp David Agreement.

If we vote for slates of candidates, on the basis of these irrelevant prejudices, we're not very smart — and, if we get a bad deal out of it, we'll deserve it. However, we're lucky . . . there's not way we can lose.

Every candidate is in favor of open meetings . . . every candidate wants tighter fiscal controls . . . every candidate has expressed a willingness to devote the endless hours necessary to the proper administration of this multi-million dollar property . . . every candidate wants the business of the Rec Centers to be freely discussed with the total membership . . . and every candidate recognizes that, in all likelihood, dues will have to be increased to meet inflationary costs.

What we hope for is that, whoever is elected to the Board, we will see an end to adversary relationships. We have a right to expect more cooperation and less competition . . . more understanding, and less under-cutting . . . more smiles and fewer smirks . . . more give and less take.

It's worth recalling that Jack Spellman was elected to the board with the active support of the TMA and RCA; but, in short order, he was labeled a "Judas" because he didn't vote "the party line." He voted, and acted, his conscience. That's the way the system works. That's the way the system ought to work.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Douglas Horn

Cum grano salis

Those tiny white granules in the container on your breakfast table, which seldom get a great deal of thought, have a more romantic history and deeper symbolism than many gems. From freshman chemistry, we remember sodium chloride as NaCl; and we grew up referring to it as "common salt." It wasn't always common.

At one time it was money and carried a high premium. Roman soldiers complained bitterly about the unappetizing food they were fed on campaigns. Lacking refrigeration, their rations were sometimes too "tasty." So, part of their wages was paid in salt.

As with all soldiers, the Romans enjoyed gambling; and, inevitably, the few had won most of the salt from the many. This led to difficulties, so the authorities added an allowance to their pay for the purchase of salt. This bonus was known as a "salarium," from which derived "salary," and the general approval of a worker as "worth his salt."

During the 15th and 16th centuries, in England, salt was a status symbol. When royalty hosted banquets, the "saler" marked the social order of those seated at the table. The more honored guests were seated "above the salt," and those "below the salt" were small-fry.

Salt has always figured in religious ceremonies; and its accidental spilling, even today, elicits a ritual of pinching some of the spilled salt between the thumb and first finger of the right hand and tossing it over the left shoulder, "to exorcise evil spirits."

Unquestionably, the most pertinent and useful salty statement is "with a grain of salt." This phrase, a direct translation of the Latin cum grano salis, indicates that, just as you would anticipate a small quantity of salt in a dish served you, so you should not be surprised by a small quantity of truth in any particular statement.

This admonition has probably never been as useful as it is right now. As thinking people, and concerned citizens, we are expected to exercise our good judgment in forming opinions, to be expressed in meetings, letters to the editor, conversations and at the ballot box.

How do we do that, in an era when our sensitivities are dulled by

the constant bombardment of instant news? At what point can we say "Now I have all the facts and I can feel secure in the rightness of my opinion?"

We've all read the releases, and heard and seen the broadcasts: "Libyan hit-squad targets Reagan" (no confirmation) . . . "Reagan is a liar" (Khadaffy) . . . "The budget deficit for fiscal '82 will be \$64 billion and the budget will be balanced in 1984" (Reagan); and "We now anticipate an '82 deficit of \$108 billion, increasing to \$138 billion in '83 and \$164 billion in '84 (Stockman) . . . "Defense expenditures must increase; taxes must be decreased" (the stated policy of the Administration). When LBJ adopted this philosophy "butter and bullets" to finance the Vietnam War, he engineered the devastating spiral of inflation which now threatens our nation.

What do we believe and when do we believe it? The media-audio, video and print, carry a substantial part of the burden for answering this question. Most reporters, I am convinced, try to dig out and report the facts honestly.

Sure, there are publishers and editors and owners of radio and tv stations and networks with axes to grind. There are authoritative columnists who expose themselves as unashamedly and persuasively biased. And, even more dangerously, there are those whose sponsored prejudices are not readily identifiable.

Where does this leave you and me? Do we wait for Walter Cronkite, the guru of newscaster credibility, to tell us what we should think? If Vermont Royster and William Buckley disagree, who do we look to for the truth? Any day's comparison of newspapers and radio-tv broadcasts clearly demonstrates that our friends in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York are getting different interpretations of the news than we're getting in Phoenix.

None of us has the time to become profound, or even informed, on all the issues that confront us. About the best we can do is take everything cum grano salis. This seems especially relevant as we pass through the "season to be jolly" and into the season to be wary — election year '82.

Opinion

Editors Chair



Our tri-communities are served lavishly and inspired intensely with houses of worship . . . all faiths and denominations. It's one of our distinctions. Most of our population is Christian, so the birth of Christ is celebrated, with lights, and prayers, and greetings, and the giving of gifts. We express it as "Merry Christmas."

Starting five days before Christmas, and continuing until the 28th, our Jewish residents observe Hanukkah . . . the celebration of a military victory, and the recollection of one of the most remarkable families in history, the Maccabees; and the reinstatement of the temple at Jerusalem as a Jewish shrine. We call it "Happy Hanukkah."

Superficially, there would seem to be a conflict in meaning between Christmas and Hanukkah . . . one for peace, the other for war. This isn't necessarily so. They both carry the same message: the constant, and ultimately irresistible, demand of the human spirit for self-determination.

Every religion advocates the brotherhood of man. Yet, every religion has, in its history, episodes of brutal contributions to man's inhumanity to man. Some of the bloodiest ways have been perpetrated in the name of religious rectitude. This bitter and uncomfortable anomaly has plagued the faithful throughout history.

Most substantial faiths agree on the concept of One God. This is not merely a convenience; it was arrived at, after centuries of controversy, as an acceptable rationale for an orderly universe. The trouble starts when each faith, each denomination, each sect asserts its exclusive authority to represent that God. For every person on earth who accepts the divinity of Christ, there are three who don't.

Why this editorial musing? Well . . . do you suppose we could take advantage of the concurrence of Christmas and Hanukkah to acknowledge and become more familiar with the many roads by which we're all traveling to the same destination? Habitually, we use this Season as a reason for locking ourselves even more tightly into restricted observances. Catholics and Protestants accent their differences, and both shy away from recognition of a synagogue.

The season's strangeness

Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, and Episcopalians, and on and on into fractions of factions, all seek comfortable asylum within their own familiar sanctuaries — in order to express universal love.

If you're a Christian, have you ever sat in a Jewish home and taken part in the very moving experience of any of the eight evenings of candle-lighting? Continued reluctance to do so could blight, the fullness of your emotional adulthood. If you're Jewish, have you ever attended a Christmas Eve candle-lighting in a Christian church? Then you may never understand the pride you ought to feel in the impact one individual, born and died a Jew, had on the world.

If you adhere to one or another of the Christian denominations, will you forever insulate yourself against contravening dogmas — such important things as whether baptism should be by immersion or sprinkling . . . or whether we should ask for forgiveness from "our debts" or "our transgressions." Somehow, I get the feeling that God couldn't care less.

Now, I fully anticipate that I'm going to get a lot of flak for daring to use this space for a theological premise. There can be only one justification — my firm belief that our community has a responsibility and a destiny. We are a prototype of what our society can be — a microcosm of a better tomorrow.

If there is any rationality to the concept of ecumenicism — the bringing together and merging of divergent interests into a common purpose — then it's going to happen in our community, or it isn't going to happen any place. We have brought together all the diversities of our society in this one place . . . all the fixed convictions . . . all the admitted prejudices . . . all the convenient parochialisms. And we have the time to think about them.

So . . . simply this . . . in the spirit of the Season — be it Christmas or Hanukkah — let's expose . . . and thus diminish our differences, so we'll understand they're really not that different. If you'd be embarrassed or uncomfortable walking into a house of worship other than your own, you've already proven the point. The brotherhood of man is not a ritual or a street address.

12/30/81

Opinion

Editors Chair

Doug Gorman



Resolving

TO LISTEN . . . especially to those voices I'm inclined to disagree with. There's always a good chance they're right.

TO SAY "THANK YOU" more often to those dedicated and under-applauded people who give their time and talents in making this an extraordinarily attractive and comfortable community.

TO VISIT DEL WEBB occasionally, in the Memorial Garden, so I won't lose sight of his vision.

TO REVIEW YESTERDAY'S OPINIONS in order to make sure they don't become today's convictions without thorough re-examination.

TO BE AWARE that our neighbors include desperately lonely and frightened people; and to remember that kindness is a language the deaf can hear and the blind can read.

TO HOLD FIRM to my desire for peace, but to remember that peace can always be bought from men of violence . . . the price is surrender.

TO RECOGNIZE the infinitesimal importance of anything I may do, but the infinite importance of doing it.

TO REMEMBER that everybody has a right to an opinion, but nobody has a right to be wrong in his facts.

TO BE ACCOUNTABLE for what I do, and to expect the same of others . . . especially those occupying positions of authority.

TO EXERT every effort, every persuasion, every pressure to bring about development of a Cultural and Service Center at the Sun Bowl.

TO FEEL MORE AT HOME in places where I'm now a stranger . . . service clubs where I'm not a member . . . a place of worship other than my own . . . Surprise, El Mirage, Country Meadows, Peoria, Litchfield Park . . . and legislature . . . the Board

of Supervisor's conference room . . . Justice Don Galloway's court in Peoria, and the Superior and Supreme Courts in Phoenix . . . and the County and State prisons . . . and South Phoenix at night.

TO RECOGNIZE that the United States is not always right in its actions, but that its historical principles are more often right than wrong.

TO ACCENT the goodness of our community, while calling attention to the things that need fixing.

TO SEPARATE those things which I can affect from those I can't do anything about; and to accept the challenge of the former along with the impotency of the latter.

TO READ MORE, and more selectively. Nobody can read everything. There's just too much. So, nobody can be totally informed about much of anything. This is a dangerous predicament, because there is nothing more hazardous than ignorance in action.

TO INSIST that the government spell out, in detail, the specifics of our domestic and foreign policies. Who are friends, and who are our enemies? Is it our policy to help our friends, and refuse help to our enemies? Are we prepared and willing to fight in support of these allegiances? Are we willing to do those things expected of a world power, or are we reconciled to something less?

TO PROBE for the real significance of our community. Are we the end of the road, or a beginning? Are we memories or potentials?

TO BEAR IN MIND that the worst thing that can happen to the patient is for the doctor to get sick. As the leader of the free world, our finest responsibility is to get our own economic, political and social body back in shape. Then we can help others.

TO DO whatever I'm capable of doing — or stimulating others to do — to make the Sun City Citizen an increasingly useful vehicle of community expression.

1982

Opinion



Doug Horn

Editors Chair

We're losing

If we could put all the figures together, we'd probably find that crime, with all its attendant costs, is this nation's biggest business. Recently-published research accords Arizona the dubious distinction of being among the top five most crime-ridden states.

Our prison system is a disgrace. Our courts are clogged with cases waiting to be heard. Our law enforcement agencies are understaffed, and, generally, underpaid. Year by year, the situation gets worse. We are losing the war against crime. . . and against the enormous cost of crime.

The judicial system is constipated because, in our society, everybody sues everybody else for everything. That's one of the reasons we have more lawyers per capita than any other nation in the world. And the litigants have a right to a trial "by a jury of their peers."

Our prison system is a mess because there's no place to put those convicted of a crime. So, we either have to release the convicted person on probation, or oust a prisoner from his cell, before he has served his time, to make room for the new tenant.

The legislature passed mandatory sentencing laws. That means anybody convicted of certain crimes can not be put on probation at the discretion of the judge — he must be sent to prison. What prison? There aren't any cells available. Why aren't there? Well, it seems a single Federal judge laid down a mandate that every prisoner must have 60 square feet of living room, and that he must have this all to himself.

It's a matter of considerable moment whether the legislature can pass a bill allowing two-prisoner occupancy per cell, using bunk beds. We could double capacity in a hurry with that one move. Now, it's quite possible that some sob-sister Federal judge, somewhere, will determine that this is "cruel and unusual punishment;" but I recall that my brother and I, for many years, shared bunk beds in a room that was less than sixty square feet.

How do we unsnarl the judicial calendar? We confine more cases to the level of our low-cost Justice of the Peace Courts. Then, we br-

ing to bear one of Arizona's most valuable assets . . . our retirees. We establish panels of lawyers and judges who have retired from active practice but who, with a few refresher course would be qualified to hear cases — certainly at the lower levels of litigation. The British system has proven the viability of this concept. Within five years, our court dockets could be cleared.

The importance of this is not solely that the courts would be up-to-date, but it would allow the "speedy trial" which our Constitution guarantees. It's worth nothing that the man who tried to kill President Reagan has not yet been brought to trial; but the man who shot Pope Paul John is already in prison for life.

Although our track-record on apprehension, conviction and imprisonment is not all that heartening, maybe we ought to make it clear that (1) if you commit a crime, we'll catch you; (2) with no loss of time for technicalities, we'll find you guilty; (3) you'll be put in a prison cell with another criminal and it won't be a country club; (4) you'll work an eight-hour day, the way law-abiding citizens do, and you'll be paid \$3.25 per hour for that work. Out of that \$130 per week, you will reimburse the victim of your crime, you will send money home, so your family won't have to depend on welfare alone, and you will put something aside for the day when you get back to society.

(5) You won't like being in prison, and we will do everything we can to make you dislike it enough that you'll never want to experience it again. (6) If you're a habitual criminal, a thug, a confirmed punk, a hired killer, a vicious enemy of society, we're either going to stow you away for a long, long time in a concrete warehouse, or we're going to strap you in a chair where you can listen to the plop of a cyanide tablet in a bucket of acide. And you can be sure of this, because we're getting angry. We're sick and tired of having our lives demeaned and endangered by the likes of you.

(7) And we don't want to continue paying the entire bill for your criminality. That cell you're occupying cost \$27,500 to build; and it costs about the same amount every year to keep you in it. You're going to pay part of that tab.

Opinion

Doug Horn



Editor's Chair

Ombudsman

That's not a word to roll trippingly off the tongue, nor does it pop up too often in normal conversations. We get "ombudsman" from the Scandinavian, both semantically and functionally. In simplest terms, it means "public advocate," i.e. somebody representing the interests of the public in contention with the more organized forces of government and the media.

Where does the average citizen go when he feels he's being unfairly treated by "the system?" Or when he feels strongly that what's going on is wrong? A letter-to-the-editor? That exposes the complaint, and probably makes the complainant feel better; but it's not likely to induce a solution.

We are one of the very few communities in the nation with a Press Council . . . a dozen dedicated and knowledgeable people who meet regularly to consider issues involving the community vs. the local press. How fair to each is the other? After four or five years of operation, it seems clear at least, to me that the Press Council doesn't have enough to do because there aren't any pervasive community vs. press issues.

Across the country, there are 20 metropolitan newspapers which have formally endorsed the ombudsman principle - to the extent of establishing a top executive editor with direct-to-management authority, and responsibility as official ombudsman. These are constituted as the Organization of Newspaper Ombudsman, with headquarters in San Diego.

There's probably good reason to question the viability of a newspaper ombudsman - or a Press Council - in our community. Our problems don't seem to fall into that preview. But, the concept is bigger than the word. We need a clearing house for discussion and for understanding.

Do you suppose we could find 20 people in our communities with enough balanced intelligence to listen, understandingly and without prejudice, to sincere and oppositional voices, and arrive at rational amelioration?

They would constitute a body of ombudsmen . . . public advocates, concerned only with listening. They would have no authority to decide. They would have only the right to publicize their recommendations and conclusions.

Contrary to my ingrained belief in the right of the press to be privy to all public deliberations, I would urge that the initial meetings of the ombudsmen be private. Only the conclusions and recommendations should be public.

Who would these ombudsmen be? First, they should not be readily identifiable as activists on any controversial issue likely to be brought before them for consideration. Only seven would sit on any one panel, and these would be randomly selected from the pool of 20. This would minimize the chance for built-in prejudices. They would be housewives, clergymen, corporate executives, salesmen, accountants, educators, engineers, etc., etc.

They would have no legal authority to decide anything. Their job would be to listen, to discuss and to suggest. Their purpose would be to provide an agreeable and honest atmosphere in which substantial (and insubstantial) complaints can be heard, distended spleens, can overflow, and disputants can meet in face-to-face amicability.

This may be just another seemingly forlorn hope for a cohesive and cooperative community; but I see enough promise in an Organization of Ombudsmen to justify throwing it out to you for consideration.

Opinio

Editor's Chair

Doug Gorman



It's on the way

Among a lot of cosmetic political jargon, one thing stood out clear and bold in President Reagan's "State of the Nation" address on Jan. 26th . . . more of the responsibility for governing their affairs is going to be thrown back to the states, and, thus, to the citizenry — you and me.

The premise is simple: everything else being equal it should cost less to do something locally than federally . . . fewer hands, fewer levels of operation and authority; and increase opportunity to keep a closer eye on what's being done with the money.

The plan calls for the federal government to send money to the states to cover the costs of their new responsibilities. This is not likely to work as smoothly as it sounds. The states are going to find that they're being called on to do things they can't afford. This will probably show up fairly soon, for example, in highway reconstruction.

Editors Chair

from Page 4

with a death-wish. There is increasing questioning of the \$200 billion defense budget . . . 30 percent of our total expenditures. President Eisenhower warned against "the military-industrial complex," and there is lingering doubt about whether we need bigger military or smarter military.

The new Federalism State-ism is a move in the right direction, because it's returning to the basic

Then what? Increased state taxes? Probably; but that need not be onerous, provided federal taxes are reduced proportionately. It doesn't make a whole lot of sense to send our tax dollars to Washington and then wait for some of them to be returned to Phoenix. Why not send them direct to Phoenix, and cut out the expensive middle-man?

If "Federalism" — which is the self-contradicting name given to this new policy of "State-ism" — is going to work with reasonable efficiency and produce satisfactory economies, it must recognize that fiscal responsibility must be balanced with fiscal authority. Without that balance, the states are in for a mess of trouble.

With a federal budget in excess of \$700 billion (which is \$100 billion more than we'll take in!), nothing much is going to be accomplished by even uncomfortable cuts here and there. We face the precariousness of major surgery. Shifting responsibilities and functions from D.C. to Phoenix isn't going to solve basic problems. We've either got to increase our income or reduce our expenditures — at the federal, state, county and local levels. There is no other answer.

It's costing us \$100 billion a year just to pay the interest on our trillion dollar nation debt. We can't do anything about that horrendous situation until we reduce the national debt; and we can't reduce that debt until we stop spending more than we take in and start producing enough surplus to begin paying off the principal.

Where else do we look for rescue or correction? Cut back on Social Security and Veterans' Benefits? Show me anybody in government who would propose that and I'll show you a politician
Continued on Page 5

Constitutional precepts on which this nation was found. It'll have to be implemented by new taxing policies, and by an increased willingness on the part of the states, and individual taxpayers, to shoulder more of the burdens of public interest.

The fact that this is both necessary and inevitable won't make it more comfortable; but who said that life is supposed to be easy? The return of responsibility to the individual — to you and me — is on its way.

Opinion Opinion O

Editor's Chair

Doug Horn



Bad timing

The legislature is now considering SB 1024, concerned with the salaries of elective state officers. Appended to that bill is a Senate amendment. You and I don't have much to say about either the bill or the amendment. The legislature will decide.

Here's what's involved:

Office	Present salary	SB 1024	Amendment
Governor	\$50,000	\$60,000	\$70,000
Secretary of State	28,000	34,500	40,500
Treasurer	30,000	37,000	43,500
Attorney General	45,000	54,000	65,000
Super. of Pub Instruction	36,000	44,000	52,000
Corporation Commission	36,000	44,000	52,000
Mine Inspector	25,000	30,000	36,000
Justice, Supreme Court	47,500	57,000	67,500
Judge, Court of Appeals	45,500	55,000	65,500
Judge, Superior Court	43,500	53,000	62,500

Recognizing that the leap from "Present salaries" to the Amendment figures would probably create public furor, SB 1024 offers an intermediate compromise. But, the proposed amendment accomplishes the same result, by postponing the maximum for two years. SB 1024 would have an effective date of Jan. 1, 1983; the amendment has an effective date of Jan. 1, 1985.

In the totality of cost of government, we're not talking about a lot of money. What we're concerned with is principle. With our out-of-work population increasing — with unions and laboring forces agreeing to cut-backs in take-home pay — with dividends being passed, and dollar values depreciated by inflation — is this the time for elected officials to vote themselves income increases?

Perhaps the only justification for what's being considered at the state level is what's already happened at the federal level. Retroactive to Jan. 1, 1981, our congressmen voted themselves a tax exemption which, in practical terms, means that our Representatives and Senators will not have to pay any income taxes. They are paid \$60,662 per year, plus \$10,000 in "perks" — which is a pretty fair income by any standards.

But, they decided they didn't want to pay income taxes, the way you and I have to do, so they voted themselves some very lush tax exemptions. And you and I didn't have anything to say about it!

Does public service carry a price tag? Would the wealthy Bruce Babbitt want any less to be Governor of Arizona at \$50,000 than \$70,000? Then how come he's willing to spend a million dollars to get the job?

Perhaps a member of the legal profession would not want to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, at \$47,000 or \$67,000, when he can earn twice that amount in private practice. Does this mean that only lesser talents would seek positions on the bench? No!... not unless our society has lost every vestige of the concept of public service on which our nation was founded.

Continued on page 5

Whether our elected representatives, at the state or federal level, should be paid higher salaries is really not the issue. A strong brief could be written on either side of that question.

The issue is timing. When almost 10 percent of our available work force is out of work, and when workers are agreeing to reductions in hour-rates and take-home, in order to keep our economy competitive and solvent, this is not the time for politicians to feather their nests.

Our Congress, and our various legislatures created the problems for which we're now paying a heavy price. Should we reward them by increasing their salaries; or should we say: "Answer the problems, and then we'll talk about paying you for performance."

Opinion Opinion Op

Editor's Chair

Doug Morris



Hi-yo silvers

Something's happening. It's significant. Ordinarily, its chances for success might be considered slim. But "ordinary" isn't a word that attaches to those who are advancing the concept of a "Silver-Haired Legislature" for Arizona.

Dr. Jesse Lansner, Murray Karsten, George Seldin, Col. Paul Morrill and Larry Spitz are not names or individuals to be taken casually. Each has demonstrated his capacity to get things done. So, we'd better pay attention.

The basic premise of the Silver-Haired Legislature is that the unique and specific interests of the over-60s are not getting a fair shake in normal legislative procedures. Uncomfortable words like "hostility toward, and disdain for the elderly" are reported back from meetings with legislators.

Six states already have established Silver-Haired Legislatures. In Florida, 47 percent of the bills passed by the regular legislature last year reflected the recommendations of the Silver-Haired Legislature.

What is the Silver-Haired Legislature? Although stimulated by Sun Citizens, it would be a state-wide representation of the over 60s - 20 percent of Arizona's total population.

Delegates, Republican and Democrat, would be selected or elected from all or any of the legislative districts to discuss issues pertinent to the elderly and to make recommendations to the legislature.

What issues? (1) Good health services delivery and keeping costs within reason; (2) tax relief on pensions and annuities; (3) public transportation (a crying need for the Sun Cities); (4) the establishment of a department for the aging as a separate entity within our governmental structure.

The Silver-Haired Legislature is readily identifiable as a "special interest group" . . . a name generally associated with hanky-panky politics. That's true. We distrust anything labelled "special interest"

However that's the name of the game. If we want to protect our interests, then we'd better be prepared to play the game the way every other "special interest" plays it. It's called "clout." If you haven't got it, don't show up for the game; you'll get clobbered.

But, if the more than half-a-million over-60s in Arizona - 75 percent of whom are retired - are concerned about protecting their interests and expressing their concerns - against the strenuous advocacy of other "special interests" then the Silver-Haired Legislature is worth a lot of thought.

What this comes down to is private funding . . . you and me. A few bucks from each of us will do the job. We don't ordinarily use this column for fund-raising pitches, but the Silver-Haired Legislature is worthy of special consideration. It should be given a chance to prove what it can do. Anybody interested in peeling off a few government engravings can call 977-7069, 974-9882, 974-6415, 975-1234, 933-6114.

Nobody knows whether the Silver-Haired Legislature will work. We'll never know until we try it. It has to start here.

Sun City Citizen

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Arizona's Weekly Newspaper Network

4—February 24, 1982—SUN CITY CITIZEN

Opinion Opinion O

Editor's Chair

Doug Morris



Pay as you go

The reasoning behind the Sun City Rec Board's decision to impose an across-the-board fee increase is not altogether clear to me. Without any question, and with no necessity for going into details, the Rec Centers must increase their income. Nothing can be done today for what it cost yesterday.

In the first place, the basic annual fee-per-person: \$40, has long been unrealistic. The voted addition of \$2 per year to support the take-over of the Sun Bowl is reasonable, although it raised some hackles among those who seldom, if ever, set foot in that amphitheatre. The contemplated \$10-per-year increase across-the-board is, in our opinion, a debatable decision.

Understand — even at a total tab of \$52 per person per year, it's still the greatest buy since the Alaska purchase. The annual per-person fee in Sun City West is \$75 . . . and that's a bargain!

But, there's an inequity built into our present system. Golfers pay extra for using the courses; and bowlers pay extra for using the lanes. Nobody else pays anything other than the annual fee. That isn't fair. Those who enjoy the swimming and therapeutic pools, the gymnasiums and exercise rooms, the tennis courts, the lawn bowling and bocci turfs, the shuffle-board, squash and handball courts, mini-golf and table tennis, etc. etc. get a free ride.

Many of our residents, for reasons of disinclination or physical infirmity make little or no use of our recreation facilities.

The answer seems simple enough . . . if you use, you pay. What could be so objectionable about paying 5 cents, or 10 cents, anytime we want to swim in one of our posh pools? I paid more than that 65 years ago to swim in far less opulent surroundings at L street in Boston.

Or how about a nickel or a dime for a set of tennis, or a round of mini-golf? Why should such pleasers be freebies, when the golfers and bowlers are paying?

Without immediate access to figures on the numbers and frequency of people using facilities, it's probably not unreasonable to guess that, in the course of a year, we're talking about a couple of million individual usages of various Rec Centers facilities. At 10 cents-per-use, we've added \$200,000 to the coffers . . . relatively painlessly, and with fairness to those who have not used the facilities.

Sure, there are going to be those who insist that "we were promised these facilities at a fixed figure when we bought our home." Maybe so . . . and there'll undoubtedly be some legal hassles on that point . . . but it isn't relevant.

We've got the best deal going. Maybe it isn't exactly the way we thought it would be when we bought here; but it's sure a lot better than what we left to come here.

The question is a matter of operating principle. Should those who use the recreational facilities pay for that use? The answer to that seems obvious to me . . . of course they should.

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INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPERS INC.



Arizona's Weekly Newspaper Network

Doug Horn



The meat of the matter

Second only to fresh lobster, I dote on fresh mackerel. At least, I did in long-ago days when I could grab one of those blue and silver thrashers out of a purse-net and, in a few minutes, fork it from pan or grill. One problem: a mackerel, like all members of the speckle scomber scombrus, has a lot of bones.

One of those calcified slivers in your throat, and you'd better have somebody handy who understands the Heimlich maneuver. In retrospect, I don't recall complaining about those bones, or holding it against the mackerel for having them. It seemed evident, without analysis, that the bones were important to the firmness and tastiness of the flesh.

Somehow, this seems like a pertinent analogy to the current scene. We're complaining too much about the bones, and not appreciating mackerel enough. This is not to say that two should be ignorant of the bones; they're there, and we have to be aware of them and learn how to deal with them.

Our mackerel is "American Way"...the most attractive, the most palatable and the most nourishing meal being offered anywhere in the world today. It's got a lot of bones in it. Much of our industry is in organizational and competitive jeopardy. We're not holding our own in the war against crime.

Too many people who are willing to work can't find a job. Inflation is chewing away at our earned security. We're on the defensive in many of the hot spots around the world. We're running up debts beyond normal comprehension. Authoritative spokesmen for governmental policy are in public disagreement. On it goes.

Those are some of the bones. They're troublesome, and we can't take our eyes off them for a minute, or we've going to have some serious digestive problems. But, the fact is, those bones are the natural components of our "mackerel"... those are the problems our system is supposed to solve. They are the reason for the existence of our system.

We are the only people on the face of the earth who have both the capacity and the right to determine what's going to happen to us. We don't like those bones? Then we decide, in concert, how much we dislike them, and what price we're willing to pay to get rid of them — or treating them so they're more digestible.

A jellyfish doesn't have any bones; it lives a defensive and gelatinous life. It seems to me that bones distinguish the doers from the receivers. Bones are problems — but also challenges and opportunities. If we concentrate on that pile of bones on the side of the plate, we're not going to get much nourishment from the mackerel in the middle of the plate.

There's a danger. If we try to get rid of all the bones at once, the mackerel will collapse. Those bones have been around for a long time; they've become an integral part of our mackerel. We're not going to get rid of them in a hurry; but we can learn how to handle them one at a time.

The big bone the central spine — is inflation. It's the principal supporter of — or destroyer of — our mackerel. It appears to be so simple to remove... just stop spending more than we're taking in... thus, stop borrowing. From that central spine, a network of cartilaginous fibers spread out through the body, and every one of them can make our meal less palatable.

Now, getting that spine out of the mackerel is not going to be easy.

One thing at a time: (1) catch the mackerel... pay attention to what it is; (2) open it up so we can locate and identify the bones; (3) separate the important from the unimportant bones; (4) bear in mind, always, that the idea is to enjoy the mackerel, not the bones.

MISC.

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPERS

10327 W. Coggins Drive
Sun City, Arizona 85351
972-6101

Aug. 26, 1987

Jane Freeman
10516 Prairie Hills Circle
Sun City, Ariz. 85351

Dear Jane:

Enclosed is a copy of Doug Morris' editorial from June 27, 1979
edition of the *Sun City Citizen*.

Unfortunately, I have been unable to locate the four other editorials
that you requested from 1981: May 15, May 27, June 17 and June 24.
In fact, I am unable to locate any issues from 1981 in our office.

I am searching throughout our whole company for the 1981 back
issues (not just for your editorials, but simply because I would like to
have the editions from that year in our files here in this office). If
something comes up where I am able to locate them, I will make
copies of the those "missing" editorials and forward them to you.

Thanks for your patience.

Sincerely,



Bret McKeand
Editor & Publisher

Sun City Citizen

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Glenn B Sanberg

Small treasures reveal our lifestyle, our values

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — It's strange what people leave behind — what they save, what they feel is important. My brother was no exception. His home like so many, including my own, was filled with carefully-preserved memorabilia, which spoke volumes once they were translated into a life-style.



Sanberg

The call was not unexpected, although one is never ready to accept the inevitable. "Your brother died this afternoon," the doctor said, "I'm so sorry . . ."

The impulse was to chuck a few things in a bag and rush to

Retired in style

the nearest airport, but first there were telephone calls to be made — meetings cancelled, appointments rescheduled, an airline reservation made.

The woman at American Airlines was helpful but had a way of frightening my banker. "I can get you on Flight 316 at 8:25 in the morning," she said. And then almost parenthetically added, "the fare will be \$740."

I gulped. "That's a lot of money," I said, "but this is an emergency."

I should have explained the emergency first. Once informed the reason for the sudden decision to go to Dallas, she agreed to waive the seven-day advance reservation if I would give her the name and telephone number

of the mortuary.

Instead of \$740, the fare was reduced to \$358. This was the first of several valuable lessons I was to learn in the next few days.

A widower of some 10 years, my brother lived a lifestyle that gave him the security of the past and the joy of the present. It is the past that struck me forcefully. I never realized what importance memories played in his life.

One file, marked "Sanberg Family," contained copies of my columns written as far back as 1972 — one about visiting my grandfather's former blacksmith shop in southern Minnesota where I "feasted my eyes on the old forge and anvil with its cone-shaped block and rusty tools that had hammered out red hot horse shoes."

There was the one I wrote about installing dead-bolt locks at our house after learning about his Dallas break-in. One went way back that described the old swimming hole down below the Crookston, Minn., dam where we got caught skinny-dipping one hot summer afternoon. It must have brought smiles as he remembered how old policeman Welch caught "Shorty" Kiewel excitedly trying to put both feet in his pants at the same time.

The one about Mother's Day, was a nostalgic piece that brought back memories of red carnations in lapels that had to be changed to white in 1972.

I often wondered what became of my father's gold watch with the snap-open cover. George saved it. Saved also was the precious old silver Waltham watch a half-inch thick that my grandfather used to wind every night before he went to bed.

My brother was no sentimentalist but he did have an eye for history. Newspapers dating back to Pearl Harbor, the

bombing of Hiroshima and President Roosevelt's death were as important to him as accounts of his own election as district governor of Civitan.

Tucked away among thousands of business and legal papers we found an envelope full of parentally-forced notes and letters written on browning scraps of paper by his nieces and nephews dating back to 1952 thanking him for Christmas presents.

But there was a sadness about the saving. The appalling number of trash bags that had to be carted to the dump reminded me how easy it is to accumulate things that have little or no residual value beyond the immediate lifespan.

I returned home with a firm pledge to clean up my own leavings. I don't want my family to have to plow through piles of rejected manuscripts or outdated insurance premium notices I have carefully saved that have no current consequence. Who could possibly be interested in my ego boxes of plaques thanking me for speaking to Rotary,

Kiwanis and the Lions Clubs?

What about dozens of boxes of slides taken on trips to Hawaii, Alaska and the Canal? My long underwear saved for a sometime trip to Minnesota at Christmas has little sentimental value.

I'm going to gather up all the old pocket radios that used to work and offer them to the Salvation Army. Those shelves bursting with fancy herbs and condiments that I will never use or understand have long since outlived their usefulness.

Those jackets with the wide lapels may come back like wider slacks, but the wait for the return will be long after I'll be needing them.

We live in a pack-rat age. So much of what we think is important suddenly becomes unimportant to those left behind. The decision to clear out accumulated conglomerates has to be firm, decisive and action-motivated.

I hope I can carry out the broad message of this column, which I presume some wag will save for posterity. It will probably bring on a big laugh.

You can cherish the past, but you can't live in it

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — It's time to retire when a young college kid gets up and gives you his seat on the bus.

Ever since that happened to me I've been trying to live down the mistaken notion that just because you're old enough for Medicare doesn't make you eligible for preferential elder treatment on the bus.

I may not be as spry as a gazelle in cheetah country but there's still enough fight in the old bod to challenge young, well-meaning whipper-snappers to a roll at the bowling lanes or a fast game of gin rummy.

What is "old" anyway? Is it



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an indefinite figure between zero and a hundred?

You're old when you give up on life and vegetate as a couch potato watching sitcoms all afternoon. You're old when your conversation is restricted to the weather, the awful drug scene and your last trip to the arthritis clinic.

There is so much more to the joy of later years than looking back. The tendency to live exclusively in the past is like munching on cold pizza left over from a trip to the county fair.

Not that you have to give up those memories of magnificent loves, enduring friendships and 4th of July family outings cranking out homemade ice cream at the lake cabin.

Dote on them at cocktail par-

ties and you will fail to notice the furtive glances of your friends looking for someone to come to rescue them.

I'm in the painful process of putting some of the past in moth balls — winnowing out some mighty precious memories, some of which I want to hold, some I would as soon pass on to the census-taker. I'm barely through the first drawer in the kitchen and already the throes of a quandary have engulfed me.

What do you do with stacks of 10-year-old pictures of grandchildren in various stages of growing up? How do you part with decks of playing cards held together with rubber bands without warning labels that the King of Hearts is missing?

That paper cup with all those pennies used as rebate to winners of "Kings On the Corner"

are not exactly exciting in the waning century when a quarter barely makes a down payment on an ice cream cone. I've often wondered what happened to that antique candle snuffer.

Golden accents of the past may sparkle in the rich veins of memory but there is a danger in hanging on to them too tenaciously. It's been fun to show off pictures of the Hawaiian luau they put on for us 15 years ago and professional shipboard gossies of proudly grinning one-time guests at the captain's table taken aboard a Caribbean cruise ship.

The picture of the boss handing you that set of golf clubs at your retirement party may be interesting to the IRS questioning the company's tax deduction but it has fleeting interest to your heirs.

When the hairline recedes and the chin gets soggy it's nice to look at pictures of your former self when a suit size 36 was more than a slip-into wish but now provokes a fervent vow to cut out those in-between-meal snacks.

The time-wise senior who is mentally alert, physically nimble and socially adept doesn't have to live in the past.

There are plenty of luxurious opportunities to challenge today's imagination. Using the accrued rewards of the working years to enjoy life in leisure pursuits can be excused as a legitimate first objective in retirement but the chase of daily golf, tennis and five o'clock cocktails soon tires.

The yearning for something more productively satisfying gnaws at the inner spirit.

Those heroes in their safety vests policing the median strips on Saturday morning have found the answer to meaningful retirement. The volunteers who whisk you up the hill in those dachshund golf carts at the hospital don't smile because they're unhappy. The pretty lady who stamps your library card already knows the words to "Don't Worry Be Happy" . . .

Giving up a bit of the past to protect time to be helpful to others in the present is a jewel of attainment to be regally celebrated and proudly admired.

It's going to be fun sorting out the stuff in the other kitchen drawers that cannot claim protection in a day that begs for action. Discarding hoary travel maps isn't going to be nearly as Sisyphean as being able graciously to accept that seat on the bus.

Minnesotans speak a shorthand all their own

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

MINNEAPOLIS — I had forgotten how different Minnesotan Englese is until I boarded the Nicollet Ave. mall bus to do some shopping at our all-time favorite, downtown Dayton's.

For one thing you can ride the mall bus for 10 cents, which in itself is a modern miracle.

If you aren't ready to carry on a conversation about the weather in Minnesota, you better pack your bags and leave, because it's all-pervasive.

I eavesdropped for a few blocks and honed in on the



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Minnesota wavelength:

"What d'ya think of the weather?"

"Boy, it's something."

"I've never seen anything like it."

"You got it right."

Weather predictions rode along on the same meteorological pattern:

"It's gonna do something."

"The birds are acting funny."

"And this air."

"A guy wants to keep his eye on weather like this."

If the weather isn't your conversation workhorse, there are a few other Minnesota morsels that will get you through the day nicely.

The three most common are

"You bet," "That's different" and "Whatever."

If you can't think of anything else to say, you can always get by with "You bet," or if you want to go fancy, say "You betcha."

"That's different" is indispensable in Minnesota. "You bet" is a blanket reply on neutral ground with the mere suggestion of opinion.

"That's different" is deployed in all other cases except where "Whatever" is called for. "That's different" means you have an opinion but are holding back the details.

If you are dining with Minnesotans during your visit and you have a plate of macaroni hot dish staring you in the face you can always get by with "That's sure different," particularly if

macaroni hot dish is not high on your wish list.

The term "Whatever" expresses emotional turmoil that takes over when "That's different" won't do the job.

If your wife tells you her sister and your brother-in-law are coming to stay with you a few months while they find themselves, Minnesotans can always retreat into neutral ground with "Whatever."

However they talk, whatever their idiosyncrasies, Minnesotans are a proud, progressive people.

Minnesota rates a high record in the nation in life expectancy, in millionaires per capita and production of sweet corn for processing.

They rate first in sugar beet

production, the number of registered watercraft and in the percentage of households with telephones.

Minnesota has the highest percentages of high school students who graduate and the best voting record for the voting-age population in presidential elections.

They are fifth in percentage of women in the labor force, sixth in bank deposits per capita, 39th in infant mortality and 46th in murders.

You can put all these statistics together and you still wouldn't describe the exhilarating feeling of tasting the sweet nectar of renewing old friendships.

Even luxuriating in a swank hotel long enough to follow the

directions on the operation of the entertainment box, learn the combination to the snack bar or get used to a nighttime turned-down bed with chocolate goodies on the pillow and you wouldn't stand a chance of competing with the ecstasy of embracing old association friends as you walk down memory lane.

Then if you add to that a romp with your grandchildren over the Fourth of July weekend, such as putting worms on a hook for a 3-year-old fisherman, you certainly have the ingredients for staying young.

Just one question: Why are the worms so skinny these days?

The writer is a Sun City resident. His column is a regular Thursday feature in the News-Sun.

Yugoslavs, like so many, desire independence

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

OPATIJA, Jugoslavija — Trying to explain Yugoslavia is like putting a giant jigsaw puzzle together with pieces that don't fit.

Yugoslavs themselves have their own stereotypes and, as everywhere else, a part of the truth lurks behind every descriptive cliché.

They say Serbs are a bit rustic but good-hearted, Dalmatian young men are Don Juans, Montenegrins disdainful of work and Slovenes stingy.

Bornians are the butts of silly Irish jokes.



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Clearly, in a country so kaleidoscopic, there is simply no such thing as an average Yugoslav.

A country with seven neighbors, six republics, five nationalities, four languages, three religions and two alphabets is a national amalgam that defies description.

The common urge that holds them together is the urgent desire for independence.

See people in their native environment driving their tractors or oxen, tending their vineyards or mending their fishing nets and you begin to get the feel of a land that technical progress forgot.

Be jostled Mediterranean-style in their outdoor markets where sellers are proud of their radishes, onions, pears and Swiss chard and you know that you are dealing with a proud people.

We were warned that Yugoslavs do not respond easily to the greeting of strangers. It soon became obvious that the observation was accurate.

Waiters, sales clerks, shop buyers and bus drivers all seemed to be afraid to smile openly. The dour expression seemed universally contagious. It was hard to get used to a bland response to an American "Hi."

There were exceptions and they stand out like beacons in a storm-tossed shore.

I don't know his name but his little gift shop up a narrow street in Opatia seemed to offer a special glow.

The clutter of tourist trap gimmicks was gone. In his window, a few attractive gifts bearing the obvious native imprint attracted our attention.

We made a purchase and sorted out the handful of bills the extravagant Yugoslavian inflation demands.

The smile that went with the change was genuine and when we asked him where we could get a cup of coffee his face beamed even brighter.

"I buy you coffee," he said as he motioned us to follow him next door to a tiny espresso cafe.

In words we didn't understand he told the man behind the

counter to give us coffee. We discovered later that he also owned the coffee shop but that did not diminish our delight at being treated as a friend.

Or was it the magic name "American" we began to use when we wanted some special help?

We don't know her name, but she was another exception.

With a map of Ljubljana in hand, my friend Lucy asked this lady in a black sweater how to get to the three bridges in Old Ljubljana.

After a quick look at the map and seeing we were American, without a moment's hesitation she took Lucy by the hand and motioned her to follow.

We started across a busy intersection and down a main

street at a clip that would challenge a racehorse — one block, two, three. Every once in a while she glanced back to see if we were following.

At the fourth intersection, she stopped and without saying a word pointed left to the bridges.

She didn't want to accept the crisp one dollar bill offered in thanks, but we insisted. Her response was immediate and profound, a kiss on the cheek and a hug.

Once in a while the pieces of an impossible national jigsaw find their place in a wonderful mosaic of the human spirit. And all the grim struggle to be free blossoms.

Perhaps it is the magic of the word American.

Spectacular light show thrills homeward bound

By GLENN B. SANBERG
Daily News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — What a glorious and welcome sight those lights were.

Sparkling like a sea of diamonds below the benediction of a big reassuring harvest moon, Phoenix never looked so inviting. It was as though a welcoming committee had organized a spectacular homecoming.

We had flown 10,000 miles crossing half of Europe, the Atlantic, the sweep of Nova Scotia and directly into Chicago — a tedious 10-hour flight with only occasional snatches of sleep.

Yugoslavia Airline, like the country itself, keeps its own time schedule, which left us a scant hour to clear customs and board our flight for Phoenix, a three-hour jaunt over familiar territory.

Fortunately, we were waved through customs by understanding agents and managed the American Airline gate as the flight was being called.

Settled in our seats in the immaculate Boeing 767, we began to feel the pulse of our homeland. Attractive airline stewardesses smiled as we boarded and ran through the routine preflight instructions in voices pleasantly modulated in understandable English.

Jet lag had yet to claim its adjusting process, permitting a joyful reminder of the precious gift our lifestyle affords.

There it was down below — beautiful Phoenix, no smog, no



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tangled traffic — tranquil, twinkling and waiting. We were home.

When you have been deprived of simple things like turning on the radio and hearing English spoken instead of a foreign tongue . . . until you have stood in line at the newsstand for a two-day-old edition of USA Today you begin to appreciate some of the things living in America offers that you have taken for granted too long.

Until you have survived countless meals whose crowning jewels are lettuce and pickled beet salads, hard rolls, soggy French fries and small cups of bitter coffee or licked your chops for want of a good old American hamburger, you can't really appreciate what a privilege it is to order a Big Mac with all the trimmings.

Sleep in beds made up with sheets that are too short, use flush toilets with old-fashioned pull chains or vault over the side of a bathtub one leg at a time and you begin to miss the convenience of an accessible shower.

If it weren't for the sheer beauty of its coastline washed with Adriatic waters that Jacques Cousteau calls the cleanest in the world; if its ancient villages, churches and palaces did not fill important pages in our world's history, adventuring into Yugoslavia would have been wasted effort.

But having been there has added an important dimension to our thankfulness for what we have.

The memory of the towering peaks of Mt. Triglav, the high-

est mountain in the Julian Alps looking down on Lake Bled with its tiny island where an ancient church spire rises above its trees and across where a magnificent 11th-century castle perches on a sheer cliff face is still all too vivid to be forgotten.

Nor will we ever forget an all-day tour of the Istrian Peninsula or the glorious view of the Gulf of Trieste. Traveling Yugo's narrow roads down the coast you can see the remnants of the Roman road built centuries ago over which Caesar's army rumbled its wagons of conquest.

Who can duplicate the awesome historical beauty of Dubrovnik, a stone town with towers and bastions on wonderfully constructed walls that invite exploration?

So old time forgot when it was first settled, Dubrovnik became a tiny republic which defied conquest. Now a jewel in the crown of the Adriatic, Dubrovnik glamorizes history and attracts visitors like us eager to understand its spirit of independence.

Experiences like this can be tucked away like a fairy tale to be brought out and reviewed from time to time as a reminder that there are worlds out there foreign to our ways, which must be understood and respected. They serve another important purpose that cannot be overlooked — a humble thankfulness for home.

With all its faults it's still the best there is. God has richly blessed America. Go away for a spell and you will be convinced.

"Retired in style" appears in the Daily News-Sun each Thursday.

Fellow travelers add zest to recent trip

By GLENN B. SANBERG
Daily News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — "You never tell a Serbian a joke on Friday because he'll laugh in church on Sunday..."

You hear very few jokes in Yugoslavia. Life is grim what with inflation rampantly snapping at your heels every day and good-paying jobs as scarce as an



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American newspaper less than four days old. For laughs we depend on each other and there is plenty of resource in our group.

A more congenial group couldn't have been put together. Of the 30 comprising this contingent of voyagers there are more backgrounds than there is room for them in this column.

Take Bob and Dorothy Nelson, for instance. Travel is old hat to the Nelsons. An executive of Pan Am Airways ever since the old Clippers plodded across

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the Pacific, Bob knows all about the ins and outs of short-cut travel to avoid problems. His brother-in-law, Alvin says he lets Bob do all the scheduling. "I just sit back and enjoy the ride," he said.

Not that Al is all that reticent. Get him started on the Chicago Cubs and you've got to sit up and listen "The papers here are so far behind," he says, "the Series will be over and we'll read about it in the ordinary columns..."

Al defers to his wife, Dorothy when it comes to packing. He says she has more clothes with her than she has hanging in the closets at home. "She got a bargain in diet Cola and brought along nine cans just in case..." Al is the kind of a person you'd like to have as a neighbor. He'd be the first one there in case of trouble, and the last to complain if your dog barked at night.

A 19 handicapper on the golf course and a member of the Medinah Golf Club since it was

built, Al will be right in the front line helping to make next year's PGA Open a success at Chicago's Medinah Club. He says planning for such a prestigious event as the PGA Open takes years of effort and big up front money which the members may never get back....

Our dinner partners, the James Shipleys added a different touch to our stay here. The roster lists Block Island, Rhode Island as the home base, but we discovered like so many Sun Citians, that was only a summer address. Dr. Shipley, a retired professor from Illinois University is one of the few people I have ever met who professes an insatiable appetite for squid! Yuuuk!

Then there is that delightful pair — Vi and Pat, two of the best travelers on this route. Formerly part of second-level management at Crown Zellerbach's California operations, Vi and Pat now devote their travel objectives to snooping into some of the world's most intriguing crevices.

Yugoslavia interested them

partly because of its natural scenic glories but also, the staunch glory of its history. They wanted to see first hand how it feels to peel off a couple of thousand dinar and not wince. At every stop along a tour route Pat and Vi are the first to explore a side street or try out a sidewalk Cafe Pizza.

We have wondered together why there are not more smiles, or why the word American genders either a quick response or a look in the other direction. Together we have laughed at the chore of sorting out a half bushel basket of bills to find the right change for sixteen thousand and dinar bus ride to the bank to change a twenty for a million or so...

One thing about a few days together in a heterogeneous group is the fact that after the first day or two, you feel free to chat with anyone. Whether in a remote part of the shopping walk in Rijeka, or in the shops along Opatijas only main street. We look in each others shopping bags to exchange our triumph in bargains. A woman of fine taste

in clothes, Jane, surely claimed a background of dignity and grace.

Marvin and Marion caught our attention because the roster listed them from Utah. The Fischers were the first to ride the hydrofoil, the first to explore the shops of Rijeka's shopping canyons with a camera.

Early retirement has given them a chance to look into some of the earth's corners that evade most of us. They are second on the list to embark for a four-day look-see at Grobachev's miracle. We hung on together in a hair-raising bus ride to Rijeka along with a jillion natives who for some reason considered the trip a yawn. Hanging on to straps reminded us of Al's comment later that we were in what he called an "arm-pit" derby.

It made little difference where you came from — New Hampshire, Florida, California or Tennessee; the family togetherness takes hold soon after the check-in or sooner. We first found the common thread when we waited impatiently for Yugoslavian Airlines to decide

to fly from Belgrade to Ljubljana. Common frustration makes quick bedfellows. It didn't take too long for us to laugh at our dilemma.

Far from home one needs the comfort of friends and the security of commonality. Being able to laugh at ourselves when impatience and incompetence would come naturally is a safe guard that can't be taken lightly. To be able to discuss the Chicago Cubs, the Phoenix Cardinals or the Bush Administration's fight against drugs may not be the most erudite reparte in the world but it sure beats trying to understand the local direction to the nearest bus stop.

Being able to tell a joke and be sure it won't cause worshippers to turn their heads in the middle of the sermon is cause for rejoicing.

Sanberg, a regular Thursday columnist in the News-Sun, recently returned home from this trip.

Our political parties are out of touch with us

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — Never in memory have we witnessed such an avalanche of public distrust and disgust of our Congress as at present. The outcry, born of weariness at the continuing inability of our lawmakers to cope with the vital issues facing the republic, Sanberg has reached a main street crescendo.



Kevin Phillips, writing in a recent edition of the International Herald Tribune, sets off the alarm with a blazing headline: "America 1989: Brain-Dead Politics in a Transition." For the moment, he says, our political culture appears to be

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brain dead. Both political parties are "rudderless vessels afloat on a sea of compromise, caution and confusion."

Even the staunchest defenders of the American way are now admitting that both parties are out of sync with the times. The impotence with which Congress goes through its motions of coming to grips with the reality of the federal deficit sets the tone of ineptitude and careless caretaking of our national good.

Refusing to face up to the reality of critical budget cuts and instead hiding behind the Gramm-Rudman back door is a cowardly act of spineless leaders.

An August survey for Business Week found that 64 percent of those interviewed pre-

dicted foreign companies would dominate the U.S. economy within 10 years. There is an uneasiness across the American business spectrum.

"Washington has become irrelevant to the average American," Phillips says, "a sinkhole to be forgotten when the fish are biting or there is a good movie."

The irrelevant consensus phenomenon is a serious claim that may be no idle observation.

The present Washington governance makes you long for statesmen instead of politicians whose principal purpose is to be reelected. As long as we are willing to accept the role of the "irrelevant" we'll get politicians instead of statesmen, which is nothing less than a looming disaster.

A voice that forced an about-

face in the matter of the Catastrophic Health Care bill can demand an end to playing roulette with the American economy. Making tough budget decisions is part of the political job and if the present political leaders aren't up to it, then we have no alternative but to elect a Congress that can and will.

The mail and the telephone are powerful tools in a democracy, second only to the ballot box. We may have to use both.

...

Lou Wendlant, the best chaser of gloom I know, brought me a copy of the Dorset Daily Bugle the other day. He swears he picked it up at the news stand just before returning from Duluth where they spend the summer.

With all the gloom these days it was refreshing to read about a community that is proud of its heritage and tells the world about it.

Dorset is a delightful summer resort town just east of Nevis and across the county from Lake Wobegone on Highway 34. Right now it is festooned in its brightest fall colors in honor of "Taste of Dorset Days," accord-

ing to the Bugle, which is published once a year "whether there is any news or not."

A lead story reports that Mayor Bill Everett, who bought the position during the annual raffle that is held instead of an election to save money and make money at the same time, didn't have to have a plank in his platform. But he announced that his first objective is to do something about the new parking rules on Main Street.

Vying with Lake Wobegone for leg-pulling, Dorset, which is advertised as a "Boom Town with a Burp," has experienced a 62 percent growth rate in new businesses during the past year. Like the new Schoolhouse Bed and Breakfast owned by Denise and Tom Hafners, the Dorset General Store has been refurbished and has expanded its merchandise policies to take care of increased tourist traffic. In addition to foods and staples, General offers a big assortment of video games, video rentals and all sorts of snacks for added enjoyment.

A proposal to add a retractable roof to the Dorset Dome

will be the subject of a public hearing to be held in Room 2614 of Dorset City Hall, 48th and Pine Street, reports the Bugle. The roof, expected to cost \$23 million, would replace the current fabric roof. The Dorset Dodgers baseball team has pushed the idea of an open-air stadium in the lake country, while the Minnesota Minnows football team say they want a covered stadium due to early winters.

Elvis was spotted in downtown Dorset, according to "Too Tough" Tamale, reporter for the Dorset daily. "He was seen," Too Tough said, "buying a Dorset beach sweat shirt extra large." Tamale was sure it was Elvis because of Presley's half-way sneer. "Our eyes met and he knew right away it was me," Tamale said. "And then he just said, 'You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,' winked and walked to his car."

There are lots of other earth-shaking stories in the Bugle, but you'll have to get your own copy. A once-a-year edition becomes a precious possession. I'll loan you my copy but you'll have to sign a receipt.

Museum showcases outstanding western art

By GLENN B. SANBERG
Daily News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — We love to brag about the vast bank of talent that is centered in the Sun Cities but, alas, much of it is brushed off as self-serving by our neighbors.

This time, however, we can show them the real thing in spades.



Just meander Sanberg out to the Sun Cities Art Museum and have a look at Samuel P. Ingram's latest one-man exhibition of some 120 paintings and drawings.

Exquisite in setting and conception, Ingram depicts the "Alluring Romance of American West and Mexico" with the touch of an artist who not only

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loves his West but lives it as well.

Truly a fine collection of art telling the story of life as it was in the exciting days of western pioneering, Ingram's exhibit certainly deserves all the accolades the community can tender. Why not tell your hometown visitors this is a "must" during their stay?

The museum is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday and 1-4 p.m. Sunday. The exhibit will run until Dec. 31.

...

It takes such a simple idea sometimes to strike a rich vein of good will among neighbors.

A good example is the "Hands Across the Border" program of Cave Creek's Black Mountain Elementary School.

Fueled by bilingual instructor Cis Sullivan, an exploration team from Cave Creek traveled to the small rural Mexican community of Opodepe about 250 miles south of the border to determine if a student exchange idea at the elementary grade level would fly.

The results pioneered a new concept in our foreign relations. It is worth a long hard look.

I visited with Mrs. Wayne Anderson of Cave Creek, one of the sponsoring parents, about the program and discovered a human drama behind this seemingly simple idea that almost defies description.

Her account of the involvement of both parents and students is germane to the whole gamut of our international relations.

It starts with the original exploration trip to Opodepe last February. Mrs. Anderson said

venturing into the unknown required considerable faith. Fear did get in the way with some members of the original committee and they backed out.

"But for me and my husband the experience really changed our hearts," she said. "We went down to Opodepe with considerable apprehension. My only concept of Mexicans had been the border people. We had never had any contacts with people in the inner cities."

Even though the chasm of language and culture was very wide, the common bond of parenthood soon melted their differences, she explained. "We carried our dictionaries, but after two nights in their homes the language barrier seemed to disappear," she said.

The last night together the parents all got together in the back yard of one of the homes

and made candy. The oven was pure Mexican but they learned how to make "pan" and in the process the laughter and good will formed a bond that will last a long time across the border.

Out of this experience and a return visit by their Mexican counterparts to complete the plans the exchange was arranged. On Nov. 18, 23 fifth graders and 15 adults caravanned to Opodepe for a four-day exchange visit. This date was selected because Nov. 20 is a Mexican national holiday much like our 4th of July and it gave special historical meaning to the exchange.

To make the stay more meaningful the children stayed in homes separate from the accompanying adults. In this way the children experienced Mexican hospitality on their own as it really exists.

The implications of this experiment can be far-reaching. Twenty-three American children have gained a whole new concept of their neighbors that will stay with them the rest of their lives. Likewise, their parents have formed a far more accurate if not profound understanding of the real meaning of joyful coexistence with peoples of other nations.

Who knows where this tiny approach to person-to-person diplomacy may take us. For 23 fifth-graders and 15 adults the future is a lot brighter than the history books or the news media dared to offer.

The idea will spread if enough people catch its spirit and offer a helping hand. Donations are tax deductible and can be made to BMES Hands Across the Border, P.O. Box 426, Cave Creek, Ariz. 85331.

The true message of Christmas came in deeds

By GLENN SANBERG
Daily News-Sun columnist

Some of the cards and letters that made Christmas come alive this year:

Bozeman, Mont.: Although officially retired, Howard Busching serves as chaplain for Hospice and has been counselor for three patients this past year.



One of these, Sanberg John, age 30, is dying from brain cancer. He is in constant pain, has had several grand mal seizures.

He has a wife and three

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young children.

Secretly he started putting coins in a used plastic jug because he wanted to help UNICEF.

He did that for four weeks and surprised his counselor with the gift just before Christmas.

There were over 1,000 coins, some small, some large, which turned out to be the largest single contribution in the city of Bozeman.

Lake Oswego, Ore.: "Dear Grampa thank you for the eight dollars I really liked it and thank you for coming to the air port so we could see you. Love Sarah."

Silver Spring, Md.: "In June

I went with the Georgetown Hospital Medical Team to Lima, Peru, to help do free surgical work on the poor children there — mostly cleft lip and cleft palate.

There were so many children needing surgery but the Peruvian residents (physicians) had no one to teach them how to do that specialized surgery.

Dr. Koury took some time to start teaching them but there was a strike at the Hospital del Ninos and it took five days to transfer the patients to the Naval Hospital. . . .

For four days we worked on as many children as we could from 7:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., but there were many more children

time did not permit us to help.

Dr. Koury promised to return in January (so) after returning home I have been working on raising money to buy medical supplies and instruments to take back with us.

If we can raise enough money for one week for supplies then the very poorest children might have a chance to have the surgery."

Note: "Steve," my former secretary in Washington and now administrative assistant to Dr. Koury, has been busy contacting suppliers and conducting slide-show presentations to Rotary International, Kiwanis and churches in behalf of the Peru mission project scheduled

for January.

There was a happy added note — the two will be married Jan. 6.

On Christmas Eve, with the whole area aglow with luminaria, the stage was set for the special celebration of Christ's birth.

It was as though the hearts of mankind had, for the moment at least, stood in quiet awe in the presence of the rude stall where a baby lay.

The noise of the world was miraculously stilled so the joy of heaven could be easily heard.

Now we look forward to a new year, first of a decade that will bring to a close a century of

man's continued struggle to understand his universe and himself.

Some of us will not make it to the new century, but there is still time to help make our world a little better than we found it.

John proved that it could be done with his UNICEF coins;

Steve and her Dr. Koury lighted a candle in Peru with their special talents;

An eight-year old made a grampa happy;

And all those people who lighted luminaria on Christmas Eve sent a message that will illuminate our spirits for a long time to come.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A warm hug from a friend makes life a little lovelier

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

Greg Risberg of Elmhurst, Ill., was in town last week touting his new book, "Touch, A Personal Workbook," and giving lectures on hugging.

At a luncheon hosted by the friendly staff of The Forum at Desert Harbor he conducted an on-the-spot survey that was revealing.



Sanberg

Of the 47 people at the luncheon six said they came from homes where the caress or the gentle touch was never part of family practice.

Sixteen reported they came from families where the touch of affection was used only occasionally and the remaining 22 said in their families the loving touch was a natural everyday experience.

Very interesting.

There is mounting evidence that something electric happens when the loving touch is employed as a gesture of good will. In a world in which the pace of living too often competes with good sense, the touch can become an invaluable antidote to anxiety, fear and loneliness.

"Touch" is a word that easily confounds those trying to learn our language. Used in the physical sense you can reach out and touch someone. On the purely emotional level it means something else such as "the hero's speech touched the audience." Or you can say "the salad had a touch of garlic" or "the symphony showed the master touch."

Used as a warning, you don't

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touch a hot stove and it can be used as a descriptive: "It was a touchy situation." And it can be used as an adjective: "It was a touchy situation."

To the delight of his audience Risberg went on to demonstrate the seven basic hugs as one of the effective tools of the touching theory.

Hugging may take a little practice for proficiency at various levels but once mastered he says the art can be rewarding to both partners.

The "A-Frame" hug, used primarily on visits of your mother-in-law or maiden aunts, consists of the meeting of the shoulders with the caboose at a 45-degree angle.

The "One-Sided" hug leaves something to be desired, which can be corrected by promoting it to a double touch.

As you go down the list to the ultimate "Full-Body" hug Risberg declares you can reach an exhilarating, nourishing state of well-being that will set you up but good.

He contends that the tender touch of flesh on flesh is anatomically a viable means of healing. The next best thing to laughter as a healing agent is the caress of the gentle touch. It takes the furrows out of pain, smooths the wrinkles out of loneliness and despair.

Whatever your own personal experience with touching has been you will have to admit that the touch of a friend or loved one is a lot better alternative than an argument, a lawsuit, a mugging or a well-aimed nuclear warhead.

...

I interrupt this column to bring a special news bulletin to all men within the circulation of the Daily News-Sun.

A notice mailed to me under a "Priority Code" from the American Business Women's Association announces a series of seminars across the country in April and May on "Power Communication Skills for Women."

This one-day communications blitzkrieg is designed to strengthen women's skills in the competitive world of business, but from the looks of things it could mean a ton of trouble for chauvinists.

Here are some of the subjects taught:

- Techniques of authority, influence and persuasion.
- A step-by-step blueprint for deflecting potential conflicts.
- What to do when you are ignored or interrupted.
- How to deal with people who intimidate you.
- Five power tactics you can use every day.
- How to change the traditionally feminine, non-verbal behavior that sabotages your power.
- "Hardball" tactics people use and how to resist them.

ABWA is so sure they are on the right track they will refund your money if you are not satisfied — even after a whole year.

There will be two seminars in Arizona — Phoenix, May 21 and Flagstaff, May 22. Cost is \$48. Information: (303) 447-2300.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

"Retired in style" appears in the Daily News-Sun regularly on Thursdays. The writer is a resident of Sun City.

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Glenn Sanberg

Take me out to the ballgame

Do you remember our great championship softball teams that brought sports fame to Sun City? The Sun City Saints are coming back for a nostalgic visit Sunday afternoon at the Sun Cities Area Historical Society, 10801 Oakmont Drive.

Besides sharing those good times with team members and their coaches, Theima Keith and Gerald Stapley, you can enjoy interesting displays of action pictures, trophies and other memorabilia, reminiscent of the golden days of Saints fast-pitch softball, according to Jane Freeman and Rita Wright co-chairs of the committee. It will be a fun time you won't want to miss. The public is invited, 2 to 4 p.m.



For many of us, the word "Senior" sticks in the back of our throat. Even if the designation was adopted as a politically correct way of avoiding the phrase "Old People" or "Elderly" it sounds patronizing. Being treated as a separate and privileged group does create problems.

There is an underlying resentment at privilege of any sort as we who live in the Sun Cities are well aware. AARP, symbolic of our generation, has been the target of some razor-sharp criticism. Jewell Scott, a 43-year old public policy analyst in Kansas City spoke out angrily the other day about the "AARPing of America".

"In order to control the public policy debate," she said, "AARP creates crisis, — the feeling that older people don't owe anything to anyone — sort of a power trip — we've paid our dues, now it's your turn."

Such a sweeping statement is as patently unfair as it is untrue. AARP has been working hard to achieve a connection between the old and the young. They have consistently encouraged seniors to become involved with children as volunteers.

Roy Fritz, Sun City's well-known classroom volunteer, is a classic example refuting the charge. Twice a week you'll find Roy over at El Mirage Elementary School working in their "gifted children" program that is setting educators on their ear. He has third and fourth graders doing creative things that you wouldn't expect of anyone short of junior high school age.

Using word processors, these kids are writing biographies, scientific articles, and stories about Arizona, China and Africa. They are in double digit math and some are even into algebra. One 5th grader wrote a short novel that won a regional prize recently. "You would be amazed at the imagination in these stories," Fritz says.

The gifted children program is part of an accelerated program which involves 160 elementary students in four schools. "These kids, many of whom are minorities, are on the right track," Fritz says. "Working with them keeps

See Forging a, D2

Senior advocate letter draws fire

— From D1

Although the letters suggest the group will be "your voice" in Washington, United Seniors is not registered to lobby on Capitol Hill. And it has failed to forward any of the petitions contributors have been asked to sign for Congress and President Bush.

Blake, a marketing specialist and one of two full-time employees of United Seniors, acknowledges that the funds raised thus far are being used primarily to pay for additional mailings. He estimates the group's current membership at 300,000.

But he will not reveal how much money the group has raised or how much he and his assistant are paid.

"That's confidential," Blake said of the salaries. "They're not exorbitant. They're not what a congressman makes."

Blake says Murphy played a limited role in the group's day-to-day operations, acting more as a "celebrity endorser." But his death will deprive the group of the important name recognition Murphy gave the mailings.

"We're going to continue," Blake said, "and we're going to try not to let this knock the pins out of us."

Blake defends the group's use of such terms as "theft" and "scam" in describing the status of Social Security, saying they make a political point.

He adds that the gov-

ernment's current practice of using Social Security taxes to buy Treasury bonds will leave the retirement system in deep trouble when the time comes to raise money to pay off the bonds.

"We don't expect the Social Security Administration to agree with us," he said.

But even some critics of Social Security say United Seniors goes too far.

"They're preying on individuals' lack of knowledge," said former Social Security Commissioner Dorcas Hardy, author of a book critical of the retirement system.

Hardy and other experts agree Social Security could face problems in the next century as the baby-boom generation reaches retirement age. But she says the United Seniors message suggests that older people could lose benefits now.

"It perpetuates myths, and the message is skewed," she said. "It sounds like another scheme to raise money."

Critics of United Seniors also admit there is little they can do to stop the mailings. Courts give political groups wide latitude in raising money, and postal officials say the group is not under investigation for law violations.

Blake insists few people have misunderstood the message.

"We haven't gotten any mail like that," he said. "A lot of our people understand the situation and are concerned."

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Glenn Sanberg

Lending a helping heart

Thanks to the great heart of people in the Sun Cities a family with six children will be moving out of the cramped quarters of a 24-foot trailer into a palace come May 16. Their new 4-bedroom home is one of two houses being constructed on Poppy Street in El Mirage by Maricopa Habitat For Humanity. Both houses will be completed and dedicated at the same time according to Henry Warren, Habitat president.

More than 50 regular volunteer carpenters, electricians and plumbers donated their time and skills to the project, Warren explained. "This will complete the 14th and 15th houses built in the area" he said. The project calendar was pushed ahead considerably by a blitz put on by 100 members of the Phoenix Mennonite Church who showed up with their tools one Saturday morning and erected the basic structures in a single day, Warren said. "It is this kind of cooperative effort that makes Habitat For Humanity exciting," he said.

The average two-bedroom home costs about \$26,000, exclusive of labor. A unique feature of the arrangement is the requirement that the recipient family must contribute 250 hours of sweat labor in the construction. This cements the pride of ownership which is built into the process. The family must also qualify financially under a repayment schedule geared to their means.

The movement now an international force of considerable magnitude is celebrating its beginnings on April 25 with a look back on a 50-year struggle to eliminate poverty housing. More than 15,000 houses have been built thus far in 700 U.S. and Canadian communities and in 100 locations in 34 countries.

The tap root of Habitat is in Koinonia, a Christian community near Americus, Georgia. Two young couples — Clarence and Florence Jordan and Martin and Mabel England believed that the teachings of Christ should be taken seriously and practiced on a daily basis. Partnership housing was one of the ministries launched with the establishment of a "Fund for Humanity."

To celebrate, national leaders have launched an initiative to eliminate poverty housing in Sumpter County, Georgia where the whole idea started by the end of the decade. Approximately 300 houses have been built or renovated already. "We estimate we've got to build about 500 more to finish the job," International Habitat president, Millard Fuller, says.

The process of acquiring a Habitat home starts with a family application which is reviewed by a "Family Selection" committee. Interviews are conducted to determine financial need, family stability, present living conditions, and to make sure there is sufficient income to meet payments. Families are selected regardless of race, creed or color.

Once a family moves into their home, they start monthly payments to Habitat on a contract covering principal, real estate taxes and insurance. No interest is paid on the loan.

See Habitat, C3

Crisis situation will bring out best in people

GLENN B. SANBERG

LOGAN, UTAH—As we grow older the opportunities to lend sympathy and support to dear friends in time of deep trouble seems to multiply.

Our lifestyle changes from the zest of day-to-day expectancy and surprise to one of sudden trauma. So it has been here the past two weeks. From a busy schedule of attending university classes, concerts, picnics and a long-planned trip to the midwest to see children and grand children, we have suddenly faced the fact that life often hangs by a fragile thread.

The fall came without warning. In a split second, she had missed a step and was on the cement sidewalk, unconscious with a nasty head wound bleed-

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ing profusely. The next 10 minutes come back in a terrifying blur—flashing lights, paramedics, people hovering nearby asking what they can do to help.

I have never experienced the feeling before. Eerie. Someone you love dearly is now a grotesque blanket-covered figure sprawled before you with others replacing you as caretaker. It was as if she didn't belong to me—as if we hadn't been married all these years.

A friend offered me his sweater, but I declined. I don't remember thanking him for his thoughtful gesture.

In the emergency room at Logan's fine Regional Hospital a surgeon was on hand with nurses, sutures, bandages and all the right questions. Friends came in spite of the midnight hour—real friends, not the plastic

kind—people who furnished taxi service to follow the ambulance—others who came for reinsurance.

"Do you know where you are?" they asked after the gushing blood had been stopped. The first sign of consciousness came with a mumbled "I'm in the hospital..."

"We think it best to keep her here where we can check her periodically," the doctor said, "These things are unpredictable and we want to be sure..."

By 3:30 a.m. I was tossing on my bed—a strange feeling of aloneness, of being thousands of miles from our family. My brain whirled with alternatives for the following day. Should I call the children? Wait for the doctor's report? I was still asking questions when the first rays of morning sun began to silhouette the Wasatch Range.

Word of the accident spread quickly. Before I could get into

the car the next morning, three people had inquired "How is Joan?"—a question that was to follow me like a shadow for the next two weeks.

We brought her home the next afternoon, but the stay was brief. Unbearable pain when she tried to walk sent us scurrying to the hospital for more tests. Now a neurologist and an orthopedist saw her and ordered more x-rays, a Cat Scan, an encephalogram. Fortunately all were negative. But it was another day before our daughter-in-law, a registered nurse, could come to check out the situation with me. We were finally able to take her home again in three days.

Those who have experienced the love and concern of family and friends know the rest of the story. Help with grocery shopping, well-planned meals, washing clothes, and patient-care routines of medication and soothing baths all began to fit into the

day-to-day jigsaw puzzle.

Four days later she had to go back to her own home-making responsibilities but fortunately our daughter flew in from Michigan to help her and the wonderful gift of love and concern remained unbroken. Then to have son Tom, with precious little sleep fly out from a meeting in Texas to assure his mom that she was the most important person in the world, was almost more than one could ask.

Today is Sunday, the house is quiet again. The family has scattered, each following his or her own busy career. We are at square one, on our own again. The final parting admittedly was tearful, but with a quiet prayer that time would soon heal whatever hurt remained, the tears soon changed to profound gratitude.

Now that the worst is over, we wonder how we will ever be able

to thank all those people who saw us through what might have been a more tragic time in our lives—paramedics who came in minutes with their life-saving equipment and expertise, doctors, nurses and a host of friends who came bearing gifts of cards, flowers and food.

The nights are quieter now—fewer wakings at night, fewer headaches. The improvement charts look brighter every day. A small outing yesterday at one of our favorite haunts by a rushing mountain stream, brought smiles that were a reminder of old times.

I even look forward to seeing that big long distance bill come. It'll be a dandy, but it will remind me again of how close family and friends really are.

This time it will be a genuine pleasure to write a check thanking good old AT&T.



Church action, not talk, will help solve world problems

By GLENN SANBERG

More than 3,200 Methodists, spiritual descendants of John Wesley, gave their hearts to a man who a few weeks ago told the United States "to go to Hell."



Methodists from around the globe, meeting in Nairobi, Kenya, at the 15th World Methodist Conference, fettered Archbishop-elect, Desmond Tutu as a distinguished guest from the moment he stepped from a jumbo jetliner at Jomo Kenyatta International Airport until the end of the Conference on July 29.

Bishop Tutu returned the favor by thanking the Wesleyans "for your love, prayers, support

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and caring..."

Later at one of his many press conferences the bishop said he no longer cared what Mrs. Thatcher or Mr. Reagan thinks. "My appeal is to the people," he said.

As is customary at conferences of this kind, the body issued statements on several critical international issues. It called for comprehensive mandatory, monitored economic sanctions against South Africa, unconditional release of Nelson Mandela and others politically detained, and for a freeze on the production and deployment of nuclear weapons of all kinds.

As if in an afterthought, they approved a five-year plan of evangelism on a global scale to increase Methodist membership

from the present 9.2 million to 20 million by 1992.

From all reports the affair was liturgical pomp and circumstance all the way. The 3,200 Methodists, gathered together under the roof of Nairobi's architecturally striking Kenatta International Conference Center, created a contagion of spiritual power that carried the participants to their glory.

Spurgeon M. Dunnam III, editor of the official church newspaper, the United Methodist Reporter, attended the conference and described the splendor of the processional of church leaders from 90 countries carrying banners made by Methodist Christians in their homelands.

"I could not restrain the tears from my eyes," he said.

Bishop William Cannon of Atlanta called upon the church to

provide answers to the world's questions instead of letting the world provide the answers as well as the questions.

A last-minute change in plans for the communion service called for using whole loaves of bread instead of the traditional communion wafers. Dunnam was able to obtain 70 freshly-baked loaves for the ritual, but was disturbed when he discovered that there were 25 full loaves and 15 partial loaves of the blessed bread remaining after the service.

When no one seemed to have a plan for disposing of them, Dunnam took over. "We drove to an area of Nairobi where women, men and children almost always walk the streets in search of food," he said.

By doing this, he became the

first of the 3,200 participants to carry Christ's message beyond the cloistered walls of the conference. As he placed the loaves into outstretched hands he told them, "This is the body of Christ, shared with you by Methodist friends around the world..."

This simple act of concern said more than all the well-planned public relations releases sent to the world by the 50 reporters covering the conference.

It also confirms the fact that unless someone decides to venture beyond the stained glass windows of our sanctuaries into the real world of need, attacking world problems by resolutions from huge conclaves of the saved are of little avail.

A church that is losing members at the rate of 75,000 a year

could very well pause from passing carefully-phrased pronouncements on world problems to rediscover the true purpose of Christian brotherhood.

Talking to ourselves in the safety of the meeting house may bolster our spirits but it doesn't assure that the trip back into the real world will change things.

Christians who trace their spiritual roots to John Wesley have a special opportunity to show the world by deeds, not pious proclamations trumpeted out of a show of numbers, that there is still hope.

Sharing communion leftovers with the needy may have been the most significant message to come out of the Methodist World Conference.

At least it's a start.

Texas, another world, gives Arizona alien new insights

By GLENN SANBERG

When you're in Texas, you're in another world.

There on some family business last week I got a taste of Texas hospitality.



The temperature hovered in the mid to high 90's and the humidity wasn't far behind. "It's unusual for this time of year," the natives said, but that wasn't all that was unusual.

Granted, Texans are noted for their gracious welcome to visitors, especially if they bring along some of that long green. But I wasn't prepared for the Houston International Airport style of graciousness.

With a two-hour layover for my flight to the Rio Grande

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Valley, I thought a shoe shine might while away some time and brighten up my image at the same time.

Not having had a professional shoe shine for some time, I stepped onto the shoe stand, and inquired about the "price of shoe shines today." The reply was a shocker.

"It's \$4," the young man said with a smile.

"That would buy a third of a barrel of Texas oil," I replied. "Haven't you heard that inflation is over?"

He looked at me in bewilderment and shook his head, and I stepped down and headed for the men's room, where a paper towel would have to do the brushing up.

I'm not chintzy about tipping,

but I bow my neck when somebody tries to take me for a patsy.

My next encounter with southern hospitality was a Mexican-American taxi driver who couldn't speak a word of English.

It's been several years since I learned the difference between catorce and cincol and could count uno-diez (1 to 10). I knew how to ask a man's name (Como se llama Ud?) but for the life of me I couldn't tell him to go to 3131 North Conway.

With the help of a kindly secretary at the desk, we finally got organized and under way, but the conversation between driver and passenger was sparse to say the least.

It reminded me of an experience in Mexico City once when Joan and I were being taken to our hotel by a young Mexican fairly fluent in English. Joan started to converse with him in

her newly-learned Spanish and he corrected her at one point.

"But I was practicing my Spanish," my wife said. "Yes," was the reply, "you must practice eet or you will blew it!"

There were pleasant family experiences that made up for the heat and humidity. My sister Bea and I had a chance to reminisce on days gone by — days when we were growing up. We recalled how time never did stand still around our house.

From the time our family moved to northern Minnesota and my brother and I rode on a train for the first time and stayed in the Palace Hotel in Crookston, the world hasn't changed all that much.

Sure, there are more people clogging the streets and highways and we didn't have TV, air conditioning, talking movies and packaged prunes. But the princi-

ples are the same as ever. Kindness begets kindness, and good works are a marketable commodity in self-satisfaction.

A privilege kids nowadays miss is knowing the thrill of:

— Stringing popcorn for the Christmas tree loaded with homemade ornaments....

— Riding to church in a surrey with a fringe on top....

— Going barefoot for the first time and feeling the new spring grass between your toes....

— Playing the spoon game at birthday parties....

— Sleigh rides on crisp moonlight nights, followed by Mom's oyster stew....

— Getting up at 5 a.m. to work at the circus....

— The pride of your Mom's blue ribbon at the county fair for her mouth-watering watermelon pickles....

There seemed to be a message in all this as we talked about some of these things, my sister and I. Through it all, a profound truth emerged.

While the comforts we enjoy today are different and even better, things are pretty much the same after all. The things that make us happy haven't changed.

The love that holds families together doesn't depend on the trinkets of the electronic age, nor the size of the bank account. The only insurance worth having when the chips are down is the knowledge that someone cares enough to share their time and their love.

That's what my quick trip to Texas was all about.

My shoes may not shine as brightly as they should but, gosh, it feels good to know that a little trip to hold a hand may have made a difference.

Fall foliage, Ford Museum please Michigan visitors

By GLENN B. SANBERG

KALAMAZOO, Mich. — The sun finally peeped through the overcast, spraying a brilliant kaleidoscope of fall colors on the Michigan landscape.

The dark green of the pines furnished background for the browns, yellows and reds of the oaks and maples.

It was as though someone had lifted the dismal pall of some 30 days of cloudy, rainy days from the Michigan skies and faces brightened again.

Our annual trip to the Midwest to see our children, can-



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celebrated last summer, was beginning to blossom. The floods of early fall had taken their toll of crops, homes and spirits, and the long period without the sun could have dampened our reunion.

Now we could enjoy the invigorating zing of mornings in the 30s and 40s and the smiles on the faces of loved ones as well.

We had tasted our daughter-in-law's delicious breakfast cinnamon rolls and watched our son, Don, get his new Batavia, Ill., computerized service business into high gear.

We had ridden the suburban train into a chilly, overcast Chi-

cago on a quiet Sunday afternoon and blasted off on the Shuttle for exploration in space at the fabulous new Space Center at Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry.

We had laughed at the signs posted in Ed Debevic's Restaurant where we had a late lunch — "Eat It & Beat It" ... "Dancing in the Aisles Only, Not on the Tables" ... "Express Lane — 2 or Less Beers" (above a urinal in the Men's Room).

All that was behind and our daughter and her husband were taking us to Grand Rapids for a look-see at the Gerald R. Ford Museum.

What seemed at first a long drive to see a museum dedicated to a president never elected by

the people, the subject of criticism and derision by the media — and a man whose claim to fame seemed to center around misdirected golf shots — was to be an exercise in futility. Not so.

The hour-and-a-half spent there rivaled the appearance of the sun for the sheer joy of it.

Starting out with the president laughing at himself at the media's depicting him a buffoon in cartoons to the Oval Office, meticulously duplicated in every detail, one is swept up in the history of a time of crisis in America that even now challenges the imagination of historians.

Beginning on the first-floor theater with a 28-minute movie, "Gerald Ford: The Presidency

Restored," one can move on to other critical moments of the 70s — The Mayaguez incident, and two assassination attempts.

Other exhibits include a schematic wall depicting the labyrinthine legislative process and a multiscreen slide show, "An American Celebration: The Bicentennial," with photographs from nearly 100 photographers and an original score.

We saw Gerald Ford, the athlete, who worked his way through law school and served his country in the Navy during World War II; Gerald Ford, the Phi Beta Kappa, who was able to laugh at himself in spite of a bad press; Gerald Ford, who might have succeeded himself in the 1976 election had he not made

that gross historical mistake in the debate with Jimmy Carter.

To visit the museum dedicated to his life is to experience a new appreciation of the man. Like most of us he is human enough to make mistakes, good-natured enough to accept defeat and courageous enough to make an unpopular decision because he felt it was best for the country.

I have never been a Gerry Ford fan, but I came away from Grand Rapids feeling that he deserves better marks than history has given him thus far.

The sun was shining again on more than the fall colors of Michigan.

Sanberg is vice president of the Sun Cities Area Historical Society.

Opulence is impressive, but it's good to be back

By GLENN B. SANBERG

NEW YORK CITY — When John Johnson first came to me looking for a job, I turned him down.

"When you get political ambitions out of your system, come back," I said.

A few months later he did come back and I hired him as my assistant. A year later I was on my way to Washington and ASAE and John took my place as the association executive.

Memories of that first interview flashed by as the man at the podium in the vast Javits Convention Center auditorium spoke. The



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years have brought retirement for me and continued progress for John.

As chairman of the board of one of the most important associations in the country, John Johnson had come a long way and I was proud to be there to witness his success.

As with John, The American Society of Association Executives has come a long way, too, since the first convention was held at the Curtis Hotel, Lennox, Mass., in 1920. There were only 68 executive secretaries of New England trade associations attending. By contrast more than 4,500 registered for the 67th annual convention in New York Aug. 21-26.

A real adjustment in perspective

has to be made after a lapse of so many years away from the turmoil of managing an annual convention, especially one the size of the current assembly. The years have wrought unbelievable changes in both the dimensions of the profession of association management, as well as the breadth of its public exposure. Americans are the most prolific joiners in the world and getting together to share and compare experiences and knowledge has become an important trademark of American free enterprise.

The 25,000 trade, technical and professional associations in the United States will have more than 230,000 meetings this year and will attract some 32 million attendees — an all-time high. The people who manage these meetings, the association executives, find it profitable to have their own convention where they, too, can share and compare the latest innovations in group management.

With its 15,000 members who conduct these meetings it is little wonder that the multibillion-dollar hotel industry would curry ASAE's favor. What started out as an experimental ASAE exhibitor project in 1961, with 35 hotels reserving booth space at a regional meeting, has mushroomed into a

gigantic convention combining programs involving 100 executives, consultants and other professionals who share their expertise in educational sessions with exhibitors representing 754 service institutions such as hotels, convention centers and suppliers.

The result of this glittering array of activities could easily boggle the mind. From the opening session, highlighted by a Broadway production welcoming the delegates to "Old New York," on to a luncheon for 3,000, recognizing 100 or more society members achieving Certified Association Executive (CAE) status, you have the beginnings of a fairly normal day at an ASAE annual meeting.

Roundtables, workshops and breakout sessions covering all aspects of effective group management are sprinkled throughout Javits Convention Center. A panel on the "Media," which I attended, attracted editors from The Wall Street Journal, U.S. News and World Report, Financial World and The NBC Nightly News. It would take another week or more to attend even a small number of these carefully-structured information sessions.

ASAE has accumulated an astounding library of management

studies running the gamut of common problems facing non-profit, voluntary associations. Each year 25 or more studies are published in addition to the regular monthly magazine, "Association Management", a major publication on the American business scene.

From a staff of seven people in 1957 and a modest budget of less than \$200,000, ASAE has grown to a large specialized staff, a budget of \$13 million, with regional offices and international affiliations.

In spite of the magnitude of the changes made during intervening years, there were still elements of former days in evidence. The Key Award Statuette, given each year to one or two people in recognition of outstanding service to the profession, was the same as the one designed on our dining room table some years ago. Many programs initiated then have stood the test of time and still hold an important place on the society's agenda. Leaders who encouraged growth and progress are still revered.

In the midst of all the glitter and opulence there had to be a note of sadness. Many of the familiar faces of old friends were not there. Younger executives now hold leadership roles. With growth

in numbers, some of the first-name intimacy has been lost. With opulence, the urgency of sacrifice for the good of the order seems less important.

I may never get used to the luxury of a plush hotel where glass-cage exterior elevators whisk you to your floor, where the amenities of a complete set of toiletries waits for you in the bathroom, or a leather-bound private dining menu beckons with a choice of Beluga Caviar at \$90.

Yes, it was nice to come in at night and find your bed turned down with a piece of chocolate waiting on your pillow and the memory of a lovely dinner party and complimentary tickets to *Les Miserables* lingers. I still wince, however, at \$25 cab rides from the airport and streets littered with vendors, neon signs, chuckholes and speeding cabs.

As I left this teeming metropolis, I had a feeling of anticipation. There is something pure and good about the land of mountain streams, fresh air, fertile valleys and people who greet you with a smile. We've got something big to brag about, too.

The writer is vice president of the Sun Cities Area Historical Society.

It's good to get back to Sun City busy-ness

By GLENN B. SANBERG

SUN CITY — With fall in the air it's time to resume the busy schedule which some think of as leisurely retirement.

Did I say leisurely?

We are hardly back from a summer in which a telephone call, like the old-fashioned telegram, startles you and the calls come: church committee, the dentist says my plaque needs checking, my sister says she is coming from Texas to check out her new condominium.

There's Tuesday's Bowling League, Thursday's Lions Club luncheons and the monthly meeting of the Historical Society.

By contrast, summer's calendar was almost naked.

Weekly university courses ignored final exams and attendance was purely optional.

You didn't schedule a golf game on Tuesday because it's Ladies Day and a trip to hear the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir could be a spur-of-the moment decision with no note on the calendar.

To breeze through the summer with a schedule so loose an afternoon thunderstorm could turn a picnic into six-handed, double-nine dominoes is a comfortable regime in any language.

Unstructured agendas can turn up surprises that will linger in memory longer than those planned well in advance.



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"Let's take off for the Tetons tomorrow" is far more exciting than making a credit-card motel reservation a week ahead of time.

Dividing a prime rib entre at the famous Maddox Restaurant in Brigham City will provide a doggie bag take-home that is more fun than ordering a room-service breakfast at \$18.75 in New York's Marriott Marquis Hotel.

It's been a great summer and while the guilt of sleeping under covers while others have to listen to the hum of all-night air conditioning still haunts, and turning on an honest cold water tap may be lost, coming back to busy leisure living is as big a thrill today as it ever was.

Joseph Pulitzer, the Hungarian-born American who established the famous Pulitzer Prize in Journalism must be turning over in his grave these days.

The man who made a fortune with the St. Louis Post Despatch and the New York World and challenged excellence in writing by putting his money on the line would be puzzled at some of the rules of writing appearing in student papers.

Becoming a Pulitzer Prize winner is the coveted dream of every journalism graduate who tackles his first front-page story.

Browse most any student newspaper and you will get a liberal dose of college humor that is sus-

pect. The next generation of Carl Bernsteins and Robert Woodwards might do well to review a tongue-in-cheek column appearing recently in the Utah Statesman, the campus weekly at Utah State University.

Jay Walmsley's column, "Summer Breeze," observes that newspaper reporters are in a profession, craft or occupation that is unable to hide, bury or erase its errors. To avoid these journalistic pitfalls he lists these rules for "Gooder Writing":

- * Don't use no double negatives.
- * Reserve the apostrophe for it's proper use and omit it when its not needed.
- * Verbs has to agree with their subjects.
- * Never, ever use repetitive redundancies again.
- * Avoid commas, that are not necessary.
- * Also, always avoid awkward or affected alliteration.
- * Proofread carefully to see if you any words out.
- * Place pronouns as close as possible, especially in long sentences, as of 10 or more words, to their antecedents.
- * Last but not least, avoid cliches like the plaque.
- * Think, it helps avoid mistakes.

Now that you know the rules, a Pulitzer Prize is just a matter of sitting down to your typewriter and . . .

The writer is vice president of the Sun Cities Area Historical Society.

One holiday traveler salutes airline personnel

By GLENN B. SANBERG

CHICAGO — A big consumer salute to holiday airline personnel is long overdue.

Contending as they do with wall-to-wall demanding travelers boarding their stretch 727's with enough Christmas luggage to fill the bay of a B-52 bomber, long, irritating weather delays and slow-ups, they still emerge smiling and courageous.

I was made keenly aware of this when I arrived at Sky Harbor Terminal for a flight to Detroit to be with family over Christmas and what seemed



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like a breeze checking my bags in at the curb turned into a tornado inside Terminal 2.

Lugging a heavily-lined top-coat and a hat which hadn't seen service since last February, I discovered standing-room-only at Gate 16. Families loaded down with Christmas packages, children either asleep on laps or exploring unfamiliar surroundings, which furrowed brows of anxious parents.

Although the flight was scheduled for a 2 p.m. departure and the big hand had already passed the 1:30 mark, there was no plane at the ramp. After what seemed like an eternity

standing on one foot and then the other, a pleasant voice came on the intercom ... "Due to strong headwinds Flight 652 has been delayed in arriving."

A groan of despair greeted the announcement.

"We'll never make our connection in Kansas City," a woman standing near remarked to her grim-faced husband." A man with an important-looking brief case started to wind his watch.

It was another half-hour before the gleaming Boeing Stretch 727 pulled into the gate and disgorged its load of passengers.

It was 3 p.m. before we were finally in our three-abreast seating. In spite of the cheerful

welcome aboard by smiling stewardesses, there was the lurking fear that those three innocent little engines growing out of the tail of the plane could possibly lift this incredible hulk of humanity and baggage into the sky.

To give it a little help I tend to lean forward in my seat as we ease down the runway.

Exuding confidence, cabin personnel go about their business as though this flight, like all others before it, is strictly routine. Added to this is the quiet assurance of the captain's voice as he greets you once you are air bound with the no-smoking sign turned off.

"Sorry for the delay folks," he says, like a father talking to his son. "We've got some favorable tailwinds up here that will help make up some of the time, so sit back and enjoy your flight."

So I curl up with my Time magazine oblivious to the young couple sitting beside me.

Why does it take so long for seatmates to exchange greetings when your lives are so closely tied to those three tiny engines whining in back?

Finally, I screw up my courage. "You live in Detroit?" (Not a very creative opener but it has to do.)

"No, Saginaw."

"Going home for Christmas?"

"Her folks. We live in Phoenix."

I could see they were on the early side of marriage and sensed that perhaps I had opened up a sore point so I backed off.

In Detroit we wished each other a perfunctory Merry Christmas at the end of the flight and jostled our way through the bean-bag tunnel into the terminal warm with family hugs and blinking Christmas lights.

Fourteen days later, after three homes, as many Christmas trees and turkey dinners later, I'm left with memories that won't quit:

*Sloshing through Michigan slush with rubbers that have been in storage since Sputnik.

*Looking out the breakfast window at bird feeders alive with cardinals, blue jays, and chickadees.

*Sleeping under heavy blankets to compete with a chill factor of 46 below zero!

*Mother Nature playing tricks on 3 million people with a blizzard that paralyzes traffic and closes schools.

*Browsing Neiman Marcus, where an "After Christmas Sale" offers men's dress shirts for \$52, marked down from \$80.

*Listening to college students report campus experiences at a special church service and end with a beautiful eulogy of their grandmother.

*Having a 4-year-old teach

me how to sculpture an elephant out of Play Dough and having it suddenly emerge as a dinosaur.

*The lasting memory of walking into a warm, richly-decorated home and having your daughter say, "We did it for you, Dad," was worth every minute, every inconvenience, every sub-zero day spent away from the Valley of the Sun.

(Sanberg is vice president of the Sun Cities Area Historic Society.)

Tyro chef says 'yes' to life with a rolled roast

By GLENN B. SANBERG
Guest columnist

SUN CITY — "Courage is as apparent in the lives of successful people as a three-letter word — and that word is yes. Yes to life."

So says Walter Anderson, editor of Parade Magazine. I've been reading his great book, "Courage is a Three-Letter Word," and it has inspired me to explore secrets of domestic science I have always taken for granted.

My previous experience putting on a dinner party consisted of extending the dining room table, emptying the wastebaskets and vacuuming. The rest I had assumed was pure magic.

Simple. Entertain the guests, pour the sparkling cider and make sure the hors d'oeuvres hold out. The rest is all auto-



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matic. I thought.

Now I have finally faced the reality of life without having everything handed to me on a platter, where meals are, like a restaurant, perfectly timed, delicious and varied. Courage to face an empty kitchen is saying "yes to life" I've discovered.

I tried it a week ago, albeit hesitatingly, unsure that I was equal to the task. It started out rather simply — a Mrs. Smith's frozen pie and a foursome of bridge. Baking directions were easy to follow: "Place on cookie tray, bake in a preheated oven at 300 degrees 45 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Remove and serve."

The results were a landmark culinary break-through. My guests not only admired my courage, they wondered if I had baked the pie from scratch. I can't recall the results of the bridge, but the grand success of the venture sent me to bed

dreaming great dreams of other kitchen feats.

The chance came last Saturday. Friends of many years, whose gracious invitation to dinner on Super Bowl Sunday prodded me on to reciprocate. Once the invitation had been made there was no turning back. "Come at 5:30" I had suggested, "we'll have a happy hour and get a chance to replay the last half of the game we abandoned in boredom."

From that moment on the butterflies started attacking. Now let's see, I'll have to make a list: hard rolls, meat ... My first major decision had to be faced — will it be chicken, steaks, roast or ...? I have always wanted to splurge on a nice rolled roast, the kind without a bone, easy to carve, tender and juicy, expensive maybe, but who cares? This has to be a success and you can't take chances.

The butcher was pleasant and looked like he wouldn't put his thumb on the scale. "I think

you'll like this," he said as he handed me a 4 1/2-pound chunk of pure gold. "Just cook it with a meat thermometer and you'll be all right."

I checked the meat thermometer and it was right on target: "Beef Rib (Rolled), 300 F Rare 140 F, Medium 160 F, Well-done 170F." Nothing to it. I thought.

There were several trips to the super market: two kinds of ice cream for the parfaits, green beans for veggies, mushrooms for style and potatoes for balance. I'll get my sister to make me a salad ... But there is more to a dinner party than planning a menu. The house must be slicked up — vacuumed, furniture dusted, old magazines discarded, wastebaskets emptied. The dining table has to be extended, tablecloth selected, good dishes and silver brought out of hiding.

"You have to be a good subtracter," one friend told me. "Timing is the essence of preparing a dinner." If the roast

takes 80 minutes plus 15 for cooling and carving, and the happy hour runs to 6:30, if I bake the potatoes the day before and stuff them in the morning and with the "Joy of Cooking" handy, I'll be in business. I thought.

When the guests came I had to excuse myself to check the meat thermometer. I checked my time sheet. Five minutes and the stuffed potatoes would have to go into the small oven into the laundry room. Ten minutes and the rolls were scheduled for last-minute toasting.

I could hear the guests enjoying conversation, sparkling cider and carrot stick dip. Dividing your time between a well-planned time table and a living room full of guests is a secret males have never had to practice. I was so busy carving the roast I forgot the stuffed potatoes. In my hurry to get them onto a platter, one slid off my spatula and splashed on the floor behind the water softener.

It wasn't until after the parfaits had been served that I remembered my beautiful pan of mushrooms still in the refrigerator. Not an earth-shaking disaster, but what do you do with a pound of beautiful mushrooms all capped, salted, buttered and sprinkled with paprika?

As I was saying, courage is a three-letter word. I have mushrooms and a splashed stuffed potato to prove it.

Sandbox and love: good start to success in life

By GLENN B. SANBERG
Guest columnist

SUN CITY — When they brought their new-born son home from the hospital, it was a cause celebre. Posterity would now be served; the family name passed on.

His first birthday party called for another celebration. His mother proudly issued invitations to a half-dozen guests suggesting they be accompanied by mothers who could supervise splashed Pabulum, smeared angel food cake frosting and wet diapers. It was an historic blowout.

While there were no news media headlines, dutiful parents



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preserved the occasion with cameras and still have photo albums to prove it.

Being a first-born, he was predictably destined to become a genius. First signs developed when he discovered mud pies in his sandbox. They weren't exactly what his mother planned for his lunch but he emerged none the worse for wear.

His knack for publicity came early. By the time he was five years old he got his picture on the front page of the paper with his dog, "Punkins," who helped apprehend some thieves trying to steal his father's car.

At age 11 he startled his parents with his worldly wisdom. They thought it was time he understood some ele-

mentary facts of life so they purchased a pre-adolescent book on the birds and the bees and put it on the table beside his bed.

Weeks went by without any comment about extra-curricular reading so his parents decided to brave the untouchable and help him through some questions every young boy had to have. With a serious look on his face he allowed his father to wallow through the explanation. His comment when that was over proved he was not only a genius, he was a comedian as well. "I bet you're glad that's over," he said, grinning. When asked what he meant by that he said, "Our counselor explained all that stuff to us last summer at camp."

He ran for office at age 16. His campaign speech for class

president, never engraved on the high school assembly wall, was nonetheless a classic. He believed in brevity. "Vote for me!" is all he said. He lost by one vote. Later in a University speech course when called on to give an extemporaneous description, he brought down the house with a vivid word-picture with gestures the way his father looked getting out of bed in the morning.

But the most precious of all were words spoken into a microphone one Christmas Eve after a traditional family candlelight gathering around the piano singing carols. The recording is lost, but the memory is forever etched. . . .

"I just wanted to say how much I appreciate being a part of this family, Mom and Dad."

There followed years of mat-

uring: his first car, the Brown Bomber, which died several deaths in traffic; his first job; marriage; a son to again assure the paternal line. There were the hard knocks of life's reality — doctor bills, rent, groceries — times that called for stretched dollars and invaluable lessons in domestic management.

A daughter and two more sons joined the family while a successful career was being established: director of development for Chicago's Educational Television Station WTTW; its first fund-raising auction that kept WTTW on the air; financing for the fabulous space center at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry; chairman of the board of his national professional society.

In a few short years dozens of schools, churches, hospitals and

research centers have felt the impact of his career. The same generosity that prompted him to give away the biggest fish he ever caught to his high school coach is the same spirit that sent him and his wife to Bogota, Columbia, to adopt a little angel and give her a home where love overflows.

The years have gone by all too swiftly. Time has changed the shape of our lives as a family, but the spirit remains strong and steady. I can still see the little guy in the sandbox. Not a care in the world. Now he's old enough to qualify for Sun City's restrictive age limit.

Somehow I wish there were more sand boxes in the world. They tend to produce people who make a difference.

Happy birthday, Tom.
Love, Dad.

Reader opinion

Honest, caring love rises to meet any crisis

By GLENN B. SANBERG

News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — Isn't it strange that we are almost embarrassed to talk about love?

Most of us are emotionally tongue-tied unless we are forced into a corner on the subject.

Sanberg

I couldn't help thinking about that last week during a long wait for the surgeon's report in the family room at Walter O. Boswell Memorial Hospital. All the wonderful years we have shared as brother and sister came tumbling down as I leafed half-heartedly through the magazines scattered conveniently about.

But I wasn't alone. Joy, my niece from Palm Springs, was there as was Becky, or should I



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say the Rev. Rebecca Oaks Long?

She had assured me when my sister Bea was scheduled for surgery that she would be there.

"Let me know when and I'll be there," she said. And she was.

Seeing a loved one wheeled down the hall to an uncertain future in the operating room is not what you would call a family picnic. There is something mysteriously ominous about operating rooms anyway — sterile white walls, ghostly masked attendants moving quietly about hooking up apparatus. The surgeons back into the room, arms extended to avoid germs lurking on door handles, add to the eerie possibility of what we know is ahead.

Attendants in drab loose-fitting gowns and clown's feet

swished the white silhouette out of the room. I held her hand momentarily and gave the "everything's going to be all right" sign and she disappeared around the corner. I was suddenly alone with my thoughts. But not for long.

The surgeon had gone over the procedure with us. All surgery has risks, he explained, and the older the patient, the greater the risk. We knew all that but it only added to our concern. That's my sister in there — my sister who when we were growing up seldom gave her younger brother problems. Only once that I can remember — way back when we were kids and we got kicked off a horse together because I tickled the critter with a switch on the rear and my mother gave me the dickens and told me that boys are supposed to protect girls, not hurt them.

That's my sister in there —

Auntie Bea our children called her. They loved her because she was always so good to them and gave them birthday presents and helped them with their snow suits and mittens and skates and read them stories.

The family had been alerted. Joy had come from Palm Springs to be with her Auntie Bea. There had been other phone calls — Chicago, California, Oregon. The church prayer chain had been set in motion. Nothing was left to chance. Nurses, doctors, volunteers had done their thing and she was ready.

We knew that; yet the uncertainties in the endless wait ahead lay heavy on us.

Now we were mere observers — blind observers because we couldn't see what was happening on the playing field except in our imaginations, like visions of klieg lights over an

operating table, surrounded by masked surgeons bent to the task.

A snack lunch in the cafeteria permitted small talk and a rehash of all that had preceded the surgical decision. Then back to the family room. I felt guilty keeping Rev. Becky from her pastoral duties, but her answer was as simple as it was direct: "This is my most important priority right now."

With the senior minister gone on his vacation I knew there were other important things that she must have on her list, but love has a way of upsetting well-intentioned lists and this was one of them.

What is it that thrusts everything aside in the presence of need but love? Not the mushy erotic kind of romance that splashes the covers of sensational magazines displayed at check-out counters, but honest,

caring love that puts others first and sends you to the back of the line?

We don't speak of it often but it is there, sometimes dormant until a crisis comes. Too often it is suppressed under a cloak of fear that someone will think us odd. The touch of a hand, a smile, a hug are sufficient. No fancy words.

A sudden urge to hold someone's hand came over me and Becky's was there. I can't ever remember holding a minister's hand like that before. There's something about this love business that does strange things.

We were the only ones left in the waiting room when the surgeon, with his mask pulled down over his chin, came in. I could tell from the light in his eyes that he had just gotten acquainted with a very special lady.

Real world intrudes wherever we are

By Glenn B Sanberg
News-Sun columnist

LOGAN — Up here where cool evening breezes sweep down from peaceful mountain canyons it's difficult to get excited about headlines describing uprisings in the West Bank and Gaza, Russian troops trying to let go of a tiger's tail in Afghanistan or the prospects of peace in the Persian Gulf. It all seems so remote.

But we have to face the fact that we live in a real world — a world in which crazies insist that firepower is the ultimate weapon for ideological victory. Even here where there are more retired people



Sanberg

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squeezed into a spate of student housings than at a Sun City bank on Social Security day, we can't escape the headlines nor the eerie feeling that perhaps the Ayatollah Khomeini may be getting the message that war is never a permanent answer.

It was refreshing then to have a friend hand me a recent copy of the Minneapolis Star Tribune and find a fellow columnist lay down some ideas that need to be objectively considered. Jim Klobuchar Minneapolis's star columnist pleads a case for courses in peace in the classroom.

War, he says "barges through almost every chapter of classroom history books...it explodes

in their television sets (with Sylvester Stallone's monomaniacal one-man war pulverizing young minds in raucous glee generated in thousands of theaters with the brainless violence of his Rambo series which has already done more damage than half the wars of this country's history...."

Wow!

But Klobuchar thinks he has discovered a light at the end of the tunnel. Cecil Ramnaraine, a teacher in the Minneapolis Public School system for 27 years, now says it is time to open up the classroom to the life-giving potentials of peace if for no other reason than to preserve the planet and to begin to understand humanity's fragile relationships.

Under his guidance Min-

neapolis Schools will begin exploring a whole new science that curiously has been ignored by educators. There is more than a remote chance that Minneapolis public school students may become pioneers in studies that enhance the willingness of young people to discuss the issues of peace such as equality, fairness and doing things together for the common good rather than the continual emphasis on military victories and defeats.

Too often, Ramnaraine says "the teacher spits out facts and the students spit them back in tests that results in a grade. Dog eat Dog. And that defines life for a lot of us. We compete for prestige and wealth. We have to do things bigger and better. There's a point where you can lose your soul..."

In this kind of classroom atmosphere there is little or no chance for students to talk about the art of negotiation, understanding conflicts and how they arise in the world — no chance to look at the lives and messages of a Dag Hammarskjold, a Thomas Merton, an Albert Schweitzer or an Albert Einstein.

We have become very proficient in the study of violence between nations. We know the exact date, time and place of important battles of history and we are well-versed in the violence occurring in homes and on our streets. We are familiar with the cycles of the arms race and the appropriate use of force as an accepted international tool recited in our history books. Strangely however, we seem to avoid the development of at-

titudes in which peace is an attainable objective through other means.

I don't hold out much hope that our kids will solve many of the world's conflicting problems, but I am sure that exposing them to the power of good will, and the tremendous force that listening to other voices offers in an attempt to understand basic causes of violence is a far better approach to the education process than the mere recitation of the time, place and results of the Battle of Waterloo.

Thank you, Mr. Klobuchar, for giving us something more to think about than who's going to vote for more Contra Aid.

Sanberg, a resident of Sun City, has been a long-time columnist of the News-Sun. His column appears each Thursday.

Patriarch, yes; venerable, hardly; old? never

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — As you read this I will be a senior restricted-fare passenger on Alaskan Airlines on my way to Portland, Ore. That in itself is no news-worthy headline, but the fact that I will be seeing our number one grandson and his brood in their new home is worth more than an incidental paragraph.



Sanberg

After all, this trip has special implications.

For one thing, it has been planned for a long time. For another it is the beginning of what I hope will be a round

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robin of visits that will bring me up to date as the "patriarch" of this side of the Sanberg clan, a designation pinned on me by my special friend, Lucy.

I looked up "patriarch" in my Webster's and I'm not too sure I'm all that crazy about being a patriarch. Noah (Webster) spells out the handle as "the father and ruler of a family."

Now I guess I could live with that even though the title confers no royal stipends beyond the joy of reading story books to small fry. But then Webster goes on: "Patriarch — the highest dignitary ... a venerable old man. (Gr. Pater, Father; Arch- ein, to rule ...)

Now the old boy is meddling!

My kingdom is a vast network of family personalities, each of whom could be the subject of a book but I do not consider myself a "venerable old man."

Is a man venerably old when he is an active member of the Jog/Walk Club? What about all those golf balls hit in and out of sand traps?

Just because you have a grandson who used to call you "Gumpun" but now calls you almost every week long distance on his Watts Line from his executive perch in a big lumber brokerage firm in Portland doesn't make you eligible for the old folks home.

I also admit to a grandson who migrated to California after learning the banking business in Minneapolis and is a leasing tycoon offering to put you on anything that has wheels. I can

tell the way he gives me every reason to brag about his success that he realizes that his Gramps carries the same Visa card he does and although he is not on a company expense account he gets special attention with senior citizen discounts, and young people get up and offer their seats on the bus.

It does a body good to get some respect and my grandchildren know it.

I'm sure they don't shower me with the blessings of letters, cards and telephone calls because they believe me to be a venerable old man. They do it because they don't want to miss out on anything the old goat is up to these days.

They seem continually amazed that old Gramps has never succumbed to rocking chair fever and that his joints are seldom

mentioned except when they are frequented on Saturday night. If a patriarch wants to take up ballroom dancing to brush up on his finger twirls that's his business.

The only thing my clan is sensitive about is grandparental discrimination. I missed a birthday a few weeks ago and was reminded pointedly that birthdays come only once a year.

Also I have to be very careful about visitations. Now that I am making this trip to Portland, within a reasonable time I must make safaris to California, Minneapolis and Illinois as well. Discrimination in most any form can wreak havoc within the family circle and must never rear its ugly head. Once you start the rounds you're committed and there is no turning back.

Patriarchs have responsi-

bilities as well as the joys of seeing to it that an unbroken line of family continuity is maintained.

Our progeny may see us as the Elderly Chic and they may wonder what free-wheeling octogenarian life is all about, but down deep in their souls they don't really see us as patriarchially old at all.

I have yet to discover any of my close friends who will admit to being on any course but one of aging to perfection. Having children old enough to qualify for the Sun Cities age restriction and knowing that but for circumstances beyond their control they would love to be here themselves, is enough to make a venerable old man smile.

Sanberg's column appears in the News-Sun every Thursday.

Red suspenders add snap to birthday

By GLENN B SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — Birthdays and anniversaries have come to be associated in the western world with commemorating gifts. We all know that gold represents the 50th, emerald the 55th, diamond the 60th and platinum the 70th. But when you get beyond that point in time the trail ends.

I've been searching the day's horoscope for clues of my future and have come up bewildered if not totally confused. Libra, the sign under which I was born was a **Sanberg** bit vague. "Associates will declare," the forecast says, "you've



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taken on a really big challenge. Scenario features deadline, strong love relationship..."

The only really big challenge I can imagine is keeping a Sun City calendar up to date without missing a luncheon, a committee meeting or one of a growing string of grandchildren birthdays.

I'm really quite good at meeting my weekly press deadline so that's no big deal. But what about this "strong love relationship" business? I admit to receiving cards from my children and grandchildren proclaiming undying filial love. There have been wonderful, thoughtful cards from friends, all claiming that I

am "Someone who is really on the ball" (a golf ball on a tee that is) "Antiques are priceless...and so are you" one says, and another "Don't worry about your age, lots of women just love older men....Hi Sweetie!"

They say that "age is all in your mind and your legs, your arms, your neck, your back, your shoulder....Happy Birthday anyway!" but I know it's all in fun.

So were the gifts — a magnetic Minnesota loon for my refrigerator, a maroon and gold Minnesota University cap to be worn on the rare occasions when the Gophers win a football game, a plastic tweety bird peanut dispenser with its mouth open, a bottle of Night Spice aftershave by Old Spice, Bill Cosby's latest book, "Time Flies," a gorgeous

red necktie straight from London's Harrods, and a coffee mug with my identifying horoscope sign, Libra, on it.

But the crowning glory came from old and true friends — a pair of "Swank" suspenders. Red no less. I had no idea they cared that much. Red suspenders, indeed. Opal and Tourmaline may be the appropriate October gem, the Calendula or Cosmos, the season's correct flower, but red suspenders has to set a new trend in fall attire. The sagging belt belieing post-men-o-pause relaxation no longer need be a feminine deterrent. Red suspenders neatly attached to a pair of snug-fitting slacks should distract any who may be on a weight-watching kick.

For the fun of it I looked up the word suspenders in

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary and discovered it to mean "...bands worn across the shoulder to support trousers...often used with a pair of garters..."

Well, now, that's carrying matters a bit too far. Red suspenders can set a man apart from the maddening crowd but garters — not in this man's league. Sagging socks however conspicuous if knee-highs are unavailable, can be tolerated with an occasional pull-up, but to be caught with garters — heaven forbid. I can see my horoscopic "strong love relationship" disappearing faster than the market for Vana White's latest book on dieting.

Stand by for news: Suspenders ... yes! Garters ... No!

...

Back in 1918 the House of

Representatives adopted an American Creed proposed by William Tyler Page:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in the republic, a sovereign nation of many sovereign states. A perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies."

I'd like to add one more phrase — "and exercise my sacred right to vote..."

Much Love
to You Dad

A faded little angel wears years of love

By GLENN B SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — Our Christmas angel is a good bit over 50 years old so she qualifies for residence in Sun City.

She wears a tattered, faded blue and white dress and her angel face is embellished with cracks and creases, the result of unprofessional



Sanberg procedures by inexperienced plastic surgeons.

We have brought her out of hibernation every year to perch on the tallest spire of our family Christmas tree, where she reads her wings in a symbolic family benediction.

I got her out last week because Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without her.

The memories came flooding down as I held her again — the years she has been so patient through all the many changes time has wrought, the good times, the bad.

I'm sure she must have smiled

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as she heard the squeals of delight from pajama-clad children who came downstairs wide-eyed to see what Santa had brought.

She has watched over family gatherings when the excitement of opening gifts in the room resounded with "Just what I wanted" or "How did you know my size?" or "You shouldn't have done it..."

She could tell stories of days of preparation — wrapping packages, stringing popcorn and cranberries, hand-made tree ornaments made of jar covers, cardboard and flour paste — tinsel and angel hair spread over green branches.

She surely remembers Christmas Eve suppers of hamburger on big buns, fruit salad, potato chips and apple pie ala mode... the traditional family Christmas Eve candle-lighting around the piano after supper with just enough light for 10-year old fingers to pick out the right keys for "Hark The Herald Angels Sing" and "Silent

Night."

She watched an 8-year-old boy's eyes sparkle when he got his first new bicycle that wasn't a hand-me-down.

She must have smiled when his brother tried to pronounce the name of his new snowsuit and it came out "snowsnoot."

And there was the talking baby doll a little girl in pig-tails rocked for the first time.

She watched boys putting Erector sets together and trying on new skates.

She didn't object when the children forsook the family revelries for the skating rink after Christmas dinner.

During the war years when butter and sugar were rationed, the little angel never complained nor did she when she was accidentally dropped. She took her bumps and bruises heroically.

She must have gotten fed up with repetitious radio renditions of "Jingle Bells" and "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." She must have wondered about all the hugging and kissing on New Year's Eve when Guy Lombardo played his "Auld Lang Syne."

She must have wearied of the perennial question asked every year: "Do you remember when we first got her?"

I think she must be glad to be where she is right now rather than where we lived for many years. She must be glad to be rid of snow drifts and below-zero weather.

Age does that. It changes many things — the patter of little feet has gone, the echoes of delighted children's voices have long since faded as has the voice of one who gently saved her after each Christmas season by wrapping her in white tissue to be brought out another year.

But now as I held her, I realized that she wouldn't be at the usual place atop our family tree this year. There will be no presents underneath for her to watch. Those gifts will be under another tree.

So I'll put her away again, gently as usual, for another Christmas, another tree.

Her wings may be soiled, her dress rumpled and faded, but the sweet smile on her face still lights up beautiful Christmas

memories — a joy to my world that never fades, for she's a part of the family and I hope she always will be.

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If you want a real treat in lights, drive up 99th Avenue north of Bell Road after dark and see the Heritage's brilliant display of lighting art that defies description. It is in a class by itself, embroidering Heritage structures with an imaginative genius seldom seen anywhere. Don't miss it.

Merry Christmas everybody!

*Looking for
Ch...
be...*

Older Americans have their own quiet revolution

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — "By the force of their very numbers, older Americans are on the verge of making a sexual revolution of their own."

"And if the kids don't like it, well, say more and more seniors, it's not really their affair."



Sanberg

Sandy Rovner, writing in the Washington Post under the provocative title "Do You Know Where Your Grandparents Are?" contends that lovers way past the age of consent are finding the idea of love and companionship more inviting than the per-

Retired in style

ception of disapproval on the part of friends, relatives or society as a whole.

The phenomena of sweating palms, blushes and breathless romance are no longer the exclusive prerogative of the kids. The wrinkled set is saying to their progeny with withering contempt, move over, we're human too.

"Our culture," says gerontology professor Ruth B. Wig, "has tended to assign a sort of neuterdom to being over 50 and that couldn't be less correct."

"We have been socialized to believe that when you get beyond a certain age it is almost immoral to behave sexually."

Weg, a professor at the Uni-

versity of Southern California and author of one of the classic books in the field, contends that sexuality is more than physical stimulation.

The whole human being is involved — emotionally, intellectually as well as physically she says.

Grown children, most experts agree, can be a great trial to the parent in love.

As time goes on, dating and sexual activity in the later decades of life are somehow seen as obscene or unseemly — as not acting your age.

This reaction, say the experts, may stem from an uneasiness about what is going to happen as they grow older or their enshrinement of the deceased parent.

To complicate matters further experts say some adult children

worry about their inheritance as a reason for saying to parents, "Don't enjoy the years you have left."

As people get older there is a blurring of the traditional sexual roles, says Carol Hausman, who teaches a course on the psychology of aging at American University.

She cites research suggesting that the traditional roles of the gender tasks — homemaking for women, breadwinner for men — are sometimes reversed. Older men become more nurturing, and older women more assertive.

All of this is pretty heady stuff for those of us feeling our way around in a society in which singles are a natural result of the aging process.

It may be hard to get used to

but specialists are now pretty well agreed that love, romance and intimacy are basically the same at 80 as at 18.

Basically, yes, but there is a difference.

Now more mature, single seniors can enjoy companionship for its own sake without the hang-ups of youthful urges.

There is abundant and convincing evidence that in retirement communities such as the Sun Cities meaningful relationships of discerning singles is paying handsome romantic dividends.

Do you know where your grandparents are?

Answer: Five hundred of them were celebrating the New Year at the Sundial Recreation Hall the other Saturday night.

Luis Jimenez, famous for his vivid fiberglass sculptures featured in Hispanic art shows currently traveling the country, had to remove a statue from Scottsdale recently.

City officials arranged to exhibit Jimenez's "Cowboy," a giant fiberglass work in bright Day-Glo colors, but once it was up they realized it was too garish and flamboyant and had it removed.

Cowboy had already been exhibited in Houston, but if Scottsdale folks saw it there it must have looked like a Remington — until they got it home.

Then they felt betrayed because the work was exactly what everybody else knew it to be.

It's a comfort to know that other communities make mistakes occasionally, too.

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'On the street,' the homeless picture sharpens

By GLENN B. SANBERG
News-Sun columnist

SUN CITY — You can read about Arizona's street people but until you have seen them up close your view is as clouded as an advanced case of cataracts.

Ask Gerald Roseberry. He knows. He lived with them anonymously for five weeks as an experiment and Sanberg his world hasn't been the same since.

I joined a truth-seeking group of 47 members of Faith Presbyterian Church a week ago to see if I too could begin to understand what it means to be homeless, hungry, unemployed and often a non-person.

It is so easy to shrug off social issues like this with some self-effacing observation such as "the



Retired in style

poor will always be with us," but to those who are unwilling to accept simplistic answers to complex problems it is necessary to get the facts firsthand.

Faith people wanted to see for themselves what the press and the politicians had been talking about — the three or four thousand human beings huddled from the cold a mere three or four blocks from our state capitol.

They wanted to see proof that the problem isn't statistical — that it is immediate and personal, that it represents people of destroyed self-worth, drifting anchorless, homeless, vulnerable and hungry.

They wanted to try to understand why in a land of plenty it is necessary for so many street people to stand in lonely lines for a free meal, why for many

this represents the last lifeline to existence.

On the comfortable bus that was to take us beyond the walls of luxury to the "streets" the mood was serious but happy. Well-fed, warm and armed with a 25-minute video account of what Rev. Gerald Roseberry discovered on his encounter with poverty, we boarded our bus.

Like entering another country for the first time our visas had been properly stamped. We could enter this new land because we had paid our dues — the church outreach budget had done that, but there is little personal satisfaction in that.

Now we were heading for that different world — Tent Village, the Armory shelter, Alpha Plazma, the blood-donor center and St. Vincent de Paul's Dining Room.

The video story couldn't begin to describe the real thing. There they were — all ages, sizes,

shapes and conditions of servitude. Some stood staring nakedly into space, while others leaned against the wall nonchalantly oblivious of time and motion. A cardinal rule of the street Rev. Gerald Roseberry discovered, was anonymity. Don't let others know who you are.

There were bag ladies hunched over the burden of their worldly possessions. There were young men black, brown, white. Old men too, disheveled and bearded, pitiful and obviously destitute. But they all stood patiently for the door to open and in single file receive their plate of mashed potatoes, barbecue beef, a plain lettuce salad, a slice of bread and coffee.

"We are feeding about 3,100 a day now," Chris Becker, manager of the dining room said. "We've been doing this for 37 years. . . ." His voice trailed off as though there was something

more important he should be doing, yet there was pride in his manner. One can't deal with abject poverty without giving in to a basic human instinct that bores deep into the conscience.

Becker's guests come from a variety of housings — building doorways, low-land clapboard shacks. Then there is Tent City, a parcel of land provided by the city where an organized effort is made to give some kind of shelter from the chill of desert winter. The rows were neat enough but many were reinforced by cardboard. Storing belongings is a real problem for street people, Roseberry said.

By the turn of the century an estimated 18 million Americans will be homeless if the present trend continues. More and more people are a mere two paychecks away from becoming street people we were told.

One has to be impressed with the immense task St. Vincent de

Paul has undertaken. Serving a million meals in a single year takes skill, courage and a lot of faith. It is difficult to believe that a paid staff of only 18, including five drivers who are constantly on the move collecting food and usable items, operate this gigantic community enterprise.

Volunteers, mainly from among the retired, help make this possible. So do government grants of food, as well as donations of individuals, corporations and churches.

Dealing with the social problems of the street — drug addiction, alcoholism, hunger and disease — is an expensive, time-consuming task, which Mother Teresa's visit has dramatized. So is having 3,100 guests for dinner every day.

It will be interesting to know how many on that bus went home and wrote out a check.