

Use one-way drive with caution

A potential traffic hazard can be avoided in the Heritage Square with a little common sense and courteous driving.

A one-way driveway allows cars to enter the municipal parking lot from Proctor Boulevard, but should be avoided as an exit from the shopping area.

Unfortunately, the alleyway is not marked one-way. A "Do Not Enter" sign clearly denies safe exit from the lot onto Proctor, however.

So far, cars coming and going through this private driveway bet-

ween Action Auto and Accent Hair have dodged each other with great luck and skill.

But it will take just one unlucky motorist to spoil that record. It will probably be a station wagon full of kids heading out the wrong way into the path of a speedster rounding the corner, as he pulls off the highway to shop.

It would be great for the driveway property owner or the city to install a "One-way" sign there. Until that time, motorists could avert a fender-bender with a little caution.

Groups echo city facelift thoughts

The Sandy Chamber of Commerce and its Sandy Area Merchants committee both plot a facelift of downtown Sandy that could beautify the shopping district and stimulate visitor trade.

Surprisingly, the two groups independently reached the same conclusions about Sandy's landscaping shortcomings. Their landscaping proposals along a western motif surfaced simultaneously in separate findings.

Bryon Tolle, chairman of a one-member Chamber beautification committee, proposes a commercial sector with a pioneer theme to include uniform wood signs, wood flower boxes with colorful annuals, alpine evergreens, rail fences, railroad ties and benches.

He proposes removal of most existing flowering cherry trees that block signs and view, along with soil berms, rock, plant and tree removal. He would sell removed vegetation in one big city-wide sale, and then bill each core merchant an equal small amount monthly for upkeep. With enough participation, he figures merchants could do the job by chipping in as little as \$3 monthly.

He calculates volunteers could do the landscaping, including improvement of the eyesore islands formed by the Y of the highway at both ends of town.

A similar plan to facelift

downtown Sandy is proposed by a SAM committee headed by Mike Modjesky. They propose landscaping along a western theme to beautify the city enough to entice visitor trade.

Besides wooden signs, wood flower pots, water troughs and horse rails, Modjesky's group advocates boardwalks, western building facades, western dress for store clerks and even change in name from city of Sandy to Sandy City.

A barn-raising approach to storefront remodeling would make the task quick, easy and inexpensive, they figure.

Theme towns are fun, and their unique personalities bring visitors to town, they say.

They might be right. The more than 20,000 cars that pass through town every day need a reason to stop here. With the right smile, Sandy could become quite popular.

And tourist trade has little drain on a town in the form of extra streets, sewer lines, power and pollution. It just brings money to town in the pockets of neighbors down the road, who are looking for a fun place to spend an afternoon shopping. It also brings extra jobs.

We urge all local merchants to take a serious look at these two parallel proposals and get behind a plan to put Sandy on the map.

The Innocent Bystander:

Forgetfulness sweeps land

He was a little man in a dirty trench coat. His face twisted in fear as he peered through the curtains. A dark sedan pulled up outside, its headlights two wet cones in the fog. His name was George. "Uncle George."

"The game's up," said Uncle George. "I haven't paid my income tax in four years. I forgot."

"Forgot?" I said in disbelief. "It's not like you to forget something as important as that, Uncle George."

"It's a plot so vast as to boggle the mind," said Uncle George, perspiring. "The Russians... The whole country..."

There was a pounding on the door. "Quick, take this," said Uncle George, tossing me a roll of microfilm. "It's the incontrovertible evidence of how Moscow is destroying America."

Two grim-faced men in snap-brimmed fedoras led him away. "Hide it in a safe place," he managed to call out over his shoulder.

I did. That was a mistake. You know what happens when you hide anything in a safe place. When I woke up in the morning, it was gone. Not the microfilm. The safe place. Where was that safe place?

The evidence. The authorities would never believe me without evidence. For a week I searched high and low for it whenever I remembered to.

"What are you looking for in that drawer, dear?" my wife, Glynda, would ask.

"Let's see," I would say thoughtfully. "Socks, handkerchiefs, cufflinks... No, it's not here."

"What's not there?"

"Whatever it was I was looking for," I would reply logically.

Suddenly, I realized the evidence was all around me: The lady on the bus leaping to her feet, pulling the cord and crying, "Oh, my goodness!"; the man on the corner fumbling frantically in every pocket; the woman in line saying to her husband, "You mean you didn't bring the tickets?"; the couple in the center of the parking garage standing stockstill and peering this way and that; and everyone I look to lunch who couldn't recall in which pocket he kept his wallet.

Uncle Whathisname was right! The Rus-

sians' fiendish gas had paralyzed the memory cells of every American — from the littlest boy in the land all the way up to the President... President... You know, the one who can't remember how the Vietnam war started.

I rushed home. This time, I wouldn't trust my sabotaged memory. I would write, "Call FBI" on my desk calendar. It pays to write things down. What was I doing here at my desk? Oh, yes, the calendar. "Pelicans?" Why, in the square for today had I written "Pelicans?"

Glynda would know. She was in the living room, looking for her glasses. What was I doing in the living room? Oh, yes, the plot so vast...

"I think I found what you were looking for the other day," she said, taking off her glasses. "It was under the doormat. A July, 1978, issue of the Sports Illustrated."

"That, too," I agreed. But there was more. A plot so vast... Something I must do to save America. Something... Wait! I had it! From the dim recesses of my cruelly impaired memory I miraculously dredged up the words that would save our nation from a fate worse than death.

"Call the FBI!" I cried. "Glynda, I must call the FBI. Where is the telephone book?"

"Right where you left it," said Glynda. "In the refrigerator."

God bless that woman's fantastic memory. I found the book. I found the number. I dialed it. Our democratic way of life would be preserved after all!

"FBI," said a reassuring voice.

"I want to report a plot so vast as to boggle the mind," I said.

"What about?" asked the FBI.

"I forget," I said.

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by ART HOPPE



Potential hazard in municipal lot driveway?

SUHS levy bid, Hazelett draw mail

I abhor the scare tactics being used by Sandy Union High School to acquire votes for their budget levy. They are trying to scare the people into voting by listing the names of 19 teachers who will lose their jobs, if the budget levy doesn't pass.

They actually expect the public to vote 'Yes' for their favorite teacher. If people are going to vote 'Yes,' they must vote that way, because they want a decent education for their children—not because a teacher will lose his or her job.

Scott Bender

Credit due

I have recently criticized the Sandy Union High School Administration for its lack of active support of Vocational Education. Though there is much more that can be done, what has been done in the last few weeks is greatly appreciated. Therefore, I want to publicly thank Dr. Jack Peters and John McMahan for their current support of vocational education up-grading and for assistance in the Vocational Industrial Clubs of America program.

Paul Montgomery
VICA Advisor

Save TAG

There is a tiny minority of students in the Sandy Elementary School District whose special needs are being neglected and on whose behalf I am compelled to write. Unfortunately theirs is not a popular cause in this community, irrespec-

tive of the economic climate. Therefore, none of the self-styled "children's advocates" on the school board chose to champion them in the 1982-83 budget plans. However, these same people endorsed all the expenses included in this ill-fated tax proposal, refusing to even consider many of the possible reductions.

In the first year Sandy Elementary District sent four students to the three sessions. Last year eight students qualified.

This is a direct reflection on the superior quality of the TAG program we used to have. Statewide competition for placement in the second year had become ever more keen than in the first!

special day when grandparents return to school and remember earlier years.

We hope all our grandparents enjoyed this day and will mark it on their calendar for next year.

Debra Hoard

Hal remembered

I feel compelled to write to you to inform the community of Sandy of the tragic passing of a man, who has contributed more to their community than most will ever know. I am speaking of Dr. H. H. Hazelett.

Hal, as we who were his friends called him, was a benefactor to all those he personally knew to be in need of a helping hand. Financially, for food, for housing, or merely a few words of advice or encouragement. Many people came to his clinic for medical advice or treatment. None were turned away because of a lack of funds.

Dr. Hazelett was a man not without faults. Hardly! He had many, including being slightly overbearing, opinionated and a brisk and abrasive personality.

I knew Hal for about 12 years, in which time we had many differences of opinion. Only in the last few years have I been able to penetrate the thick exterior to find the real inner self.

He felt a strong moral crusade for "rightness." This is a result of many of his aspects of growing up, including his baptism in the Mormon faith and later in life an active part in the Masonic Lodge. He isolated everything into black or

white—no grey. If his achievements and accomplishments involving just this local community were to be enumerated, the list would be unbelievable. He personally financed the talented and gifted (TAG) students to attend their summer session at the University of Oregon. He always was available for speaking engagements at SUHS or other benefits for children.

He sponsored and funded a free children's health screening clinic.

He was the motivating force in creating the Sandy Olympic Endowment Fund for financially disadvantaged individuals who qualified for national competition.

He was a sponsor and benefactor to many on the Blue Marlin swim team on which his children had participated in the past. He did fund-raising for various charitable causes. Dawn Davidson Trust, Larry Topliff to Nationals Fund, Mike Sheppard to National Cycling Championships and Chris Roth to Senior National Swim Championships are just a few of them.

Despite doing for others, he still made time to do for and be with his own children in whatever events they were involved.

I've read accounts in the local and metro newspapers illustrating the negative aspects of his life. There was a definite positive side, and I think the community should be aware and appreciative of that fact.

Nicholas J. Roth
Boring

Letters to the editor

I refer to the talented and gifted students whose highly successful and reputed program was burned at the stake of last year's B ballot.

Sandy TAG began in 1978 with the brilliant, energetic teacher Lorna Roehm in charge. Having been involved with the program from the early beginning, I saw it develop into a useful, creative outlet for the unique, elite (if you like) talents of this small group.

Fortunately some educators in the state of Oregon do care about the fate of talented and gifted students, however. Most school districts support their TAG program. At the University of Oregon for the last two years a fantastic summer enrichment program was held for those students. Three sessions of two weeks each attended by a maximum of 150 children in grades 6 through 8, were conducted.

As our son attended a session both of these years and applied for the 1982 program, I can say firsthand that this experience has a tremendous

Now with the 1982-83 Elementary School budget having been recently rejected by the Sandy voters, it seems certain that TAG in our district is officially dead. No one could possibly expect the concerned, so-called "children's advocates" on our school board to reincarnate the program next year!

"Kids" don't include the Talented and Gifted, in spite of the fact that they are a viable force in our future—not just a frill. Excellence and genius are rare flowers to be nurtured with constant care... not to be trampled upon by the heavy, indiscriminate boots of small-minded prejudice.

Lenoi Hayward
Sandy

Thank you

The Sandy Parent Teacher Club would like to thank all the grandparents and substitute grandparents for making our yearly grandparents day a booming success.

The students and teachers enjoyed this

Personally speaking:

Local sports color wows home folks

Hi mom, dad

I haven't been up to much lately, just working, and reading in my spare time.

In fact, I've spent so much time reading lately that it has cut into my letter- and column-writing time.

Also, the mechanics of column writing are evading me. I like this form anyway. In letters I write like I talk, and that's the kind of a mood I'm in.

Anyway, I want to tell you about a track meet I attended this weekend, the Sandy Invitational.

First of all, the weather cooperated. It may have rained all Saturday night, but it waited all day to do it.

That the weather cooperated seems appropriate. It was just that kind of day. Mike Kostrba, SUHS athletic director, runs an excellent track meet.

Randy Hutchinson, track coach, agrees with me on that. "I've never seen a meet run as smoothly," he said.

"The community provides the facility and we provide the organization," he added.

Sandy does have a nice facility. Hutchinson went so far as to say it's the nicest track facility of any high school or community college in the state.

That's something to consider.



by SCOTT NEWTON

Lots of volunteers helped Kostrba pull off this "showcase meet."

Members of the track team were involved. Bob Weyer and Dan Keller were in charge of the hurdle crew.

And, 31 high school teachers worked. They gave up a day of their time for the benefit of the kids.

The teachers, and others, would probably like it if readers were so heart-warmed by this that they decided to vote yes on the tax base

proposal on May 18.

Nineteen teachers are wondering about their jobs. That's something to consider.

Anyway, back to Mike Kostrba. I don't think most people realize how essential he was to our getting into the Wilco League. At redistricting meetings people would keep trying to put Sandy in a different league. One time Kostrba got back from the restroom only to discover we'd been put in a new league.

Fortunately for us sports fans, he got it worked out.

Kostrba is secretary of the Oregon State High School Coaches Association, and will serve as president of the 2,400-member organization next year.

Ron Calhoun, counselor and wrestling coach at the high school, tells about the times Kostrba has corrected scorekeepers at different wrestling tournaments.

Twice, at Gresham and at North Bend, Kostrba discovered errors made by the official scorekeepers.

Since he's head of the math department, I guess it figures that he should be good with numbers.

According to Calhoun, one can hear little gears churning when Kostrba is thinking. I've never heard 'em, but then I've never seen

an Artesian either.

There was a Kostrba on Reynolds High School football rosters from 1956 through 1976.

I'd also like to put Len Eaton, SUHS business teacher and all-around good guy, on the spot.

His pick for the third annual Alumni Basketball Tournament: The 1971-72 team.

The class of 1972 features two-time Alumni Tournament all-stars Rick Zimmerman and Ray Perkins. Zimmerman is 6-9 and Perkins is 6-5.

Other teams expected to battle it out include '73-74, with Dan Turin and 1980 Alumni all-star Alan Nippert.

Jack Paola of the class of 1977 was an all-star last year, along with Rick Martin, who's back for the class of 1980, and Tim Veley, who's back for the class of 1976.

Games are scheduled for Thursday and Friday evening, and Saturday beginning at 3 p.m. The championship game will be at 8:15.

Anyway, mom and dad, I miss you a lot. I hope you don't mind that I shared your mail with the public.

The sign-off is for you.

Love,
Scott