

The Sandy Post

# Editorial & Opinion

Scott Newton, editor  
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## Sandy will miss AD Mike Kostrba

At a state wrestling tournament a few years ago, SUHS Athletic Director Mike Kostrba discovered a half-point error in the scoring.

As we recall, the half a point didn't change the outcome of the tournament, but we offer the example as a way of showing Kostrba's attention to detail.

There are a half a dozen different ways a wrestler can score in a tournament, and at a state tournament there are several wrestlers in a dozen weight classes.

The Pioneer wrestling team finished second at state that year. Who is to say what difference a half a point might have made?

Kostrba's organizational skills are the stuff of legend, and anyone who doesn't believe that has never been to the Sandy Invitational Track Meet.

After 16 years at Sandy — 14 as athletic director — Kostrba has taken a job as director of athletics at Benson High School. His new job will provide plenty on new challenges, and we wish him luck. But he should also know that his contributions at Sandy have not gone unnoticed.

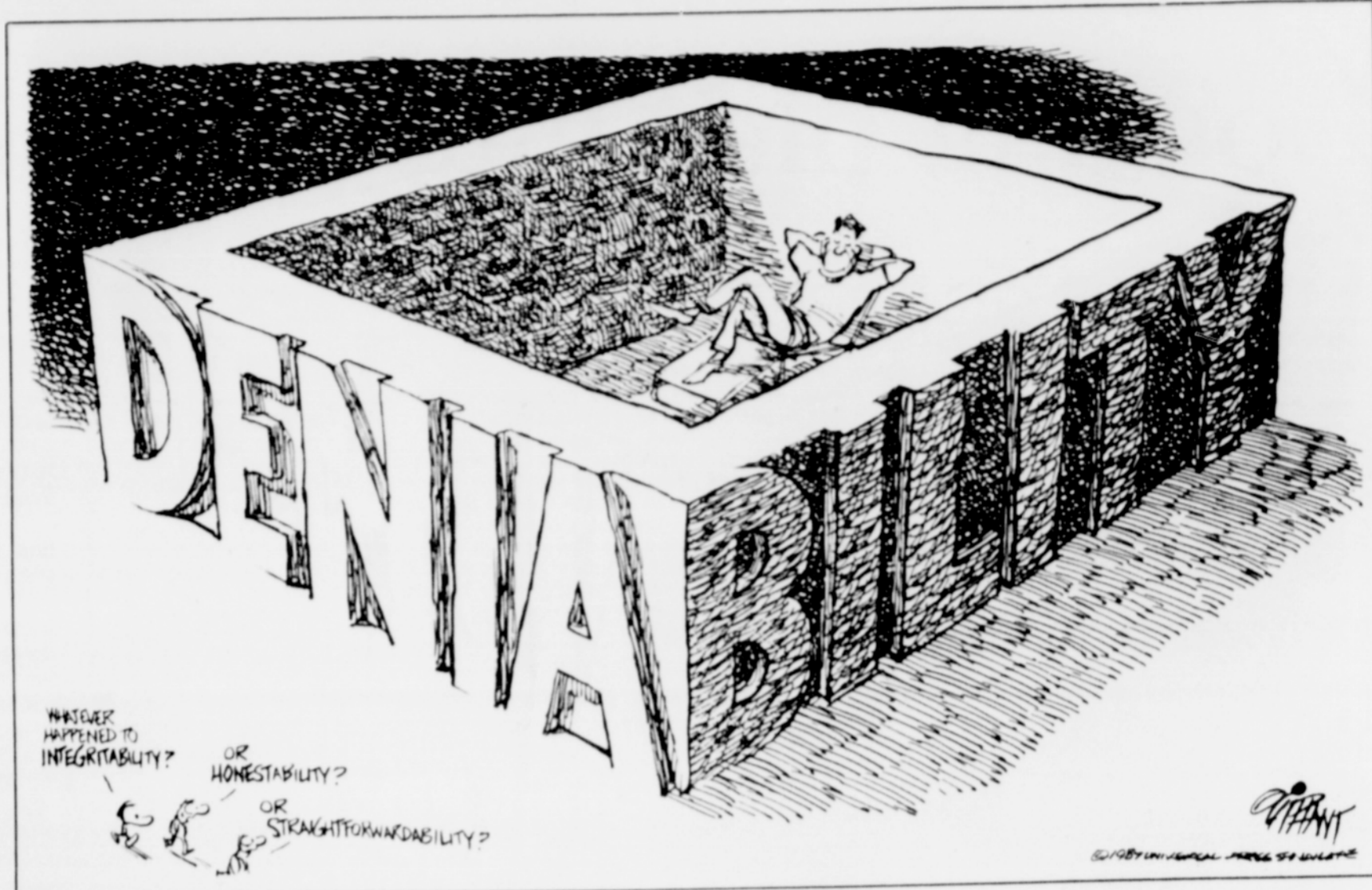
In addition to being a good sports administrator, "The Kos," as he was sometimes called, made a lot of friends. Many former high school athletes have confided in us over the years that for youngsters who play by the rules, Kostrba is an interested friend and supporter.

In our opinion, that stemmed from Kostrba's love of athletics; he would not deny the opportunity for any young person, boy or girl, to participate in organized athletics. He believes in the value of the experience.

And that should give people in Sandy something to think about. Increasingly, the cost of organized athletic programs, recreation programs and maintaining an aquatics center are being questioned.

Without these activities there would certainly be a void — perhaps there is one already.

Randy Hutchinson will take over for Kostrba, and we have confidence in his ability to run a good program. But also, without a doubt, we will miss Kostrba's wit and enlightened views of issues in education.



## Street a milestone in community's life

You develop a strange sort of friendship with the road you live on.

For 20 years we have lived on Buxton in Troutdale. "Buxton Hill" they call it in the road reports, because it is abandoned first when snow blows or ice glazes. "Tri-Met buses will take alternate routes around Buxton Hill," the radio announces. Kids who live on Buxton know they won't see a big, yellow school bus until the thaw.

The road is a stranger to the suburbanites who pass our house each day. Just another delay on the way to the freeway. But I know it like a friend. The meter cover that clicks under your tires at Third Street. The pothole on the right just past Fourth. The T-intersection at the bottom of the hill where you go right to downtown Troutdale or left to the freeway. Or, if your brakes are bad, the road is slick or you are just plain foolhardy, you can plunge across the intersection and over the bank and have a go at the railroad tracks beyond. A truck last week tried that route and wiped out a telephone trunkline. It makes you wonder about the wisdom of having such a valuable line exposed at the bottom of a hazardous hill — sort of like putting a china



Sharon Nesbit

tea cup on the edge of a table. Those of us who are really good friends of the road have a pet name for it. We call it Hungry Hill or, sometimes, just Hungry, for short. No one knows for sure where the name came from. The best guess is that years ago when there was a meat-packing plant at Troutdale, the meatcutters, hungry for their noon meal, used to trudge uphill to their houses for lunch.

The hill has figured prominently in our lives, mostly in winter. We

measure winter by whether or not we can get to our houses. I remember a granddaddy blizzard in the 1960s when the city pickup, then the only four-wheel-drive in town, toted commuters up the hill. Men in business suits and topcoats, hatless and breathless, stood in the pickup bed, clung to the top of the cab and squinted through driving snow. It is a picture that sticks in my mind the same as the flag-raising on Iwo Jima.

Or the time my neighbor, Al, started down the icy hill, flipped around and slid trunk-first into the rear of another car. The claims adjusters scratched their heads for days.

Hungry is best on the day after a snow, when the county closes the road and the kids sled there. We creep out of our houses into the bright winter light to watch Troutdale's greatest downhill event. Kids and dogs and pieces of plastic and Montgomery Ward sleds in a screaming mix of snow and gravity.

Buxton has always been a road. The kind with a ditch at the sides and pavement chewed away at the edges. People who hike the hill duck traffic on one side and blackberry brambles

on the other. You're in good shape if you can walk to the top without puffing.

But this summer Hungry has undergone a metamorphosis from road to street. Magicians with bulldozers and sorcerers with cement trucks thundered in. It was awful for awhile, this major surgery, with the road ripped apart and its guts spewing gravel. But when the last truck roared away, it left behind a street with pavement black as velvet, gleaming yellow lines and that harbinger of civilization, sidewalks. Sidewalks where the ditches used to be. Sidewalks where Al's car ended up truncated to another. Sidewalks where kids ditched their sleds.

It's a little like dressing a cow in a negligee, this business of turning our road to a street. But we're getting used to the frills.

Vern Rathman, who lives up the road (or street), said it best when he was pondering our fancy-pants thoroughfare Saturday at the Troutdale picnic.

"For years and years," he said, "I've wanted sidewalks on Buxton. Now we've finally got one and I'm too old to walk up the hill."

## Letters to the editor

### Mountain Festival committee thanked

this year.

Bert Key  
chairman, Troop No. 176  
Sandy

The scouts and parents of B.S.A. Troop No. 176 would like to thank the Mountain Festival committee for another successful Mountain Festival.

We would also like to thank everyone who supported our chicken barbecue again this year.

There are some very special people whose help we could not have done without. They are Mike Annes, Howard Bickle, and Ralph, JoAnn and David Layne.

Special appreciation goes to Frank Slesh and Lin Orr for the use of their refrigerated truck and to Lynden Farms for the use of the barbecue pits.

It is because of these people that the scouts of Troop No. 176 have earned their way to summer camp again

### Group says thank you

We would like to thank the following establishments and individuals for their help in making this year's Sandy Area Summer Recreation Association booth a great success at the Mountain Festival:

Sandy 7-Eleven, Jim's Big Apple, Shorty's Corner Fuel, Nikola's Store, Sandy Safeway, Bowman's Sandy Thriftway, Charbos and Dr. Mark Mullins, D.C.

Mike Kadunc  
president-elect  
Sandy Area Summer  
Recreation Association

## Where to write

**State Representative Bob Shiprack**, D-Dist. 23, 22610 Forest Park Rd., Beaver Creek, Ore., 97004. 631-3817. Or: State Capitol, Room H288, Salem, Ore., 97310. 1-800-332-2313.

**State Senator Bob Kintigh**, D-Dist. 14, 38865 E. Cedar Flat Road, Springfield, 97478. 746-1842. Or: State Capitol, Room S310, Salem, Ore., 97310. 1-800-327-7389.

**Sen. Mark Hatfield**, R-Oregon, 711 Hart Building, Washington, D.C., 20510. 202-224-3753. Portland office phone 221-3386.

**Sen. Bob Packwood**, R-Oregon, 259 Russell Building, Washington, D.C., 20510. 202-224-5244. Portland office phone 221-3370.

**Rep. Denny Smith**, R-5th Dist., 1213 Longworth Building, Washington, D.C., 20515. 202-225-5711. Salem office phone (toll free) 1-800-452-7889.

## Deadheads wiggle in tie-dyed finest

I wiggled with a whole bunch of folks Sunday who probably think Ollie North is a fink.

Foolish boys and girls.

They evidently don't know Lt. Col. Oliver North is the new American hero. I doubt if they care. They did show a hint of political emotion, however, by applauding and cheering when the skywriter finished gassing "Impeach Reagan" in the deep blue Eugene sky.

Who are these folks, these silly boys with long braids and girls with graying underarm hair? You guessed it. I'm talking about Deadheads.

Deadheads, one and all, descended on Duck City four days ago for a sunny afternoon of hailing their own heroes: The Grateful Dead and Bob Dylan.

Some 43,000 Deadheads — dressed in their tie-dyed finest — and Dylan fans and the young one and I squirmed our way into Autzen Stadium for music, dancing and people-watching.

The \$20-per-ticket concert was bill-



Dave Pinson

ed as an event, THE show of the summer. And that it was, although most of the show was on the stadium floor and in the stands.

Not too concerned about getting close to the stage, the young one and I wandered into the fray just as the Dead were thumping out their first song. We worked our way around the rim of the stadium, stepped down a set of stairs and decided to cross the

floor to the shaded area. As the music crashed along, so did the fans. But wait now. These guys and gals weren't slam-dancing or shaking themselves senseless.

Not a bit, these folks were wiggling and groovin' like a herd of people on muscle relaxers. Before I go any further, let me say that the audience was half true blue or born-again Deadheads, the real hard-core wigglers. The rest of the crowd were people like the young one and myself, there for the event and to watch the crowd. Anyway, down on the floor, which might be better called the dance floor, were all these folks just a-wiggling mindlessly to the tunes.

A testimony to the Deadheads' way of thinking came from the young one as we made it to the other side of the football field. "I didn't get stepped on once and everyone excused themselves," she said. "It's so mellow."

That was it. That was the word I was looking for. These boys and girls were mellow. Maybe a bit zoned out,

that's true, but mellow.

One observation I would like to make is that since the Summer of Love in 1967, some of these folks have gained a little weight and seem to take a few more showers. But that's OK. That's life. And we were all grateful concert-goers for the latter as we sat in the sweaty summer sun.

But back to the show. During the Dead's second set, it struck me that nobody at the stadium, be they wiggling or watching, likely thought of Mr. O. North as a national hero.

North, of course, is the pawn of the powers-that-be and has supposedly caught the imagination of Americans everywhere. I couldn't help but wonder what would happen if North were to show up at the concert.

First, I'll bet, old Ollie would receive a loud boo or two. But then the Dead would start to play and if old Ollie could get even one wiggle out, one small wiggle for mankind, then someone would hand him a tie-dyed shirt and we could all groove out one more time.

### Bobcats

by Adam Kraft



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