

## Warm hearts greet mountain yule

Area residents have a chance to show how warm Christmas on the mountain can seem by sharing baskets of food and toys for those less fortunate this yuletide.

Gifts of love for needy neighbors are being collected for Christian sharing by Kiwanis clubs in Boring and Sandy. Families in Cottrell, Bull Run, Sandy and mountain communities will benefit.

Contributions are needed now. The economy leaves many homes here cold and colorless. A toy under the tree and Christmas dinner on the table would help.

Boys and girls in local schools are asked to collect canned and packaged foods, while organizations could help by bringing

suitable gifts marked "boy" or "girl" with suggested age to December meetings.

Cash helps fill those Christmas baskets, too. Donations may be sent in Sandy to Kiwanis secretary Don Deming at Pioneer Real Estate, P.O. Box 306, Sandy 97055.

The waiting list of needy neighbors is expected to include 150 homes when Sandy Action Center and Salvation Army Christmas Basket Clearing Bureau begin taking names Dec. 1. And that's just in the Sandy area. Boring Kiwanians will assist many more.

Let's dig deep into our hearts this winter and spread a little mountain warmth.

## Postal cooperation saves city core

Hats off to the U.S. Postal Service for listening to the city of Sandy's request for location of a new, larger post office within the downtown sector.

Locating the planned larger facility between Langensand Road and University Avenue on either Proctor or Pioneer Boulevard, after all, would strengthen the commercial core that is the heart of the city.

Anything less would weaken the town, where most services and goods currently are available within easy walking distance. And a compact city is a hub and richer for it.

Postal cooperation also would keep the city's comprehensive plan

intact. Any hole in the long-range map for Sandy of tomorrow invites more holes.

As the regional postmaster apparently acknowledges, suitable sites exist in town for construction of a new facility of 5,000 square feet on a lot of 32,000 square feet for 22 employees and off-street parking for 17 customers.

The Postal Service and city council representatives Don Blair, Calvin Jones, Jim Duff and Ruth Loundree have conducted themselves diplomatically to reach this amicable agreement in principle.

Now let's hope the Postal Service lives up to its word in securing a suitable site within town.



## Execs fly high despite times

NEW YORK—Times may be tough for many Americans, but not for recipients of the latest executive fringe benefit:

Corporate membership in a private helicopter club.

Starting next month, favored top executives will have access to extra-cushy private helicopters for traveling quickly and comfortably to airports, meetings and remote plant sites—high above the traffic and congestion that most of us have to put up with.

It's one more reaction to the impact of airline deregulation and the air traffic controllers strike, both of which have served to reduce scheduled short-range airline service all over the country.

And the willingness of cost-conscious corporations to shell out for this flying limousine service, which seems sure to be attacked by unions and dissident stockholders as one more luxury item for pampered executives, is a comment too on the price the American economy pays for clogged and inadequate highways around major cities.

That price, measured merely in the wasted time of top-income executives, is what makes some companies find it practical to pay a \$10,000 corporate initiation fee and \$50,000 annual dues—plus incidental operating costs—for 100 hours of annual flying time. Not only is that not cheap, it actually works out to about twice the cost of existing helicopter charter services, which average \$350 to \$400 an hour.

Are these companies crazy? Not according to the men behind CorpAir, the luxury private helicopter service that will begin operations in November in New York, Houston and Los Angeles, with three other cities (Chicago, Atlanta and Denver) to be added early in 1982 and more planned later. Indeed, they were notably aggressive in their pricing at a time when major U.S. scheduled airlines are going precisely the other way—staging a rate-cutting war to attract passengers.

Ron Dubin, the experienced entrepreneur



by Louis Rukeyser

who found Office Canteens in 1962 and built it into a multimillion-dollar corporate foodservice organization before merging it with International Foodservice Systems six years later, is acting this time on studies that he says show a need to speed the transport of executives over relatively short distances not practical for jet service. Others who have invested their own money in Dubin's helicopter-club concept include Steven J. Ross, chairman of Warner Communications; Seymour and Paul Milstein, chairman and president of United Brands, and Andrew J. Frankel, chairman of National Kinney Corp.

Even if these savvy businessmen are right about the future of private helicopter use by corporations, why should firms pay ultra-top-dollar to CorpAir?

Dubin's answer: "Many companies shy away from charters because the quality of service and equipment can be uneven and unpredictable. Another option, the time-sharing arrangement, does not provide service beyond the home location, and scheduling conflicts are common."

"The other alternative is for a corporation to operate its own helicopter and that requires an up-front expenditure of \$300,000 up to \$1.5 million just to purchase the aircraft. Then the company has to hire a pilot, acquire hangar space and assume other responsibilities such as maintenance, insurance, scheduling and supervision. After doing all that, the company still has service only in one location and may not have a costefficient operation."

## Reagans party, as economy crumbles

Producer Cecil B. de Mille has finished filming another dramatic segment of that monumental Hollywood epic, "Mr. Reagan Goes to Washington."

This one demonstrates the Yankee ingenuity and down-home understanding of complex problems displayed by our simple, unsophisticated hero, Ronald Reagan (played by Ronald Reagan). The scene opens with Ronnie and The Beautiful Rich Girl Who Loves Him (played by Nancy Davis) having a quiet white-tie breakfast in the Grand Ballroom.

Nancy: I hate to say this, dear, but I fear trouble's brewing. Everybody's unhappy and complaining. The paper's full of criticism of your Middle East Policy and my China Policy.

Ronnie: All 220 place settings?

Nancy: Yes, and everyone's so



by ART HOPPE

moody. Do you know that when he laid out my wardrobe this morning, he didn't even say, "Have a nice day?"

Ronnie: The butler?

Nancy: No, Adolfo. Then in the darkness last night, I could hear the environmental extremists drumming on the White House fence and chanting, "Watts's for Dinner!"

Ronnie: It's quiet now.

Nancy: Too quiet. You must do something, dear. Our people are

growing restless.

Ronnie: You're right, Nancy. It's time for drastic measures. I know! I'll declare a recession!

Nancy: What good will that do?

Ronnie (smiling): You'll see.

Fade to a young man reading a banner headline: RECESSION ON!

He leaps to his feet triumphantly.

Young Man: Hurrah, a recession! And here I thought the reason I lost my job, my house, my family and my pet gila monster was telltale dandruff!

Cut to muggler irritably admonishing a struggling tourist.

Mugger: Hey, Mac, don't you know there's a recession on?

Derelict: People used to look down on me as a lazy bum. But now I am an innocent victim of economic determinism.

Pan the gloomy Stock Exchange where little Shirley Temple is comforting Daddy Warbucks.

Shirley: Leaping lizards, Daddy! Don't you see? You don't have to feel bad any more about selling short all those widows and orphans. The president says Wall Street was right all along!

Daddy (hopefully): And I'm not stinging for firing those 23,642 workers?

Shirley: Shucks, no! We gotta fight this recession together. 'Cuz we're all in the same boat!

Shirley leads a parade of stock brokers, derelicts, muggers, workers, widows, orphans and young men up Park Avenue—all happily singing, "I've Got Plenty of Nothing." "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Ronnie and Nancy beam down on them from the Waldorf penthouse where they are having white-tie room service.

Nancy (embracing him): Oh, Ronnie! And they said you didn't understand economics!

## Personally speaking:

### No taking cockiness out of cowgirl

Dating this cowgirl has caused me a lot of problems.

She's a nice person, don't get me wrong, but you know how cocky these cowgirls can be.

Anyway, I'd been bugging Pocahontas for some time to take me horseback riding, and during the spell of nice weather she finally worked it out.

Last Saturday morning we loaded up a trailer with two fine looking mares and headed for the mountains.

Pocahontas rode her own Arabian, its beautiful grey coat shining in the sun. I was also on an Arabian, a horse of similar stock, but gentler.

We rode for an hour or so, enjoying the summery weather and the view of Mt. Jefferson.

Anyway, from my bear training days, I developed kind of a sixth sense with animals. You know, to where you can tell when they're ready to really get it on.

Well, I could feel that in ol' Juice. She wanted to race.

Pocahontas laughed at the suggestion that we race back. She couldn't imagine that someone that doesn't wear cowboy boots could possibly travel at any speed faster than a slow gait.

But it's fairly easy to get cowgirls riled, and before long she was ready to race.

Well, I think I was right about Juice, because when we took off that horse did some fancy running, jumping streams, veering wide of low-hanging branches and speeding



by SCOTT NEWTON

down steep trails.

My strategy was to wear Pocahontas and her mare out. So I went for broke, right from the start, and Juice loved it. I was scared to death.

We had built up a pretty good lead, so I slowed Juice to a nice, easy pace on a stretch of meadow. I wanted her to get her breath back.

The sun was warm, and I was kind of lulled into a daydream.

I was wearing silks at La Mesa Track in Ruidoso, N.M. The grandstands were full, and it was obviously a big race.

I fell instantly in love with a beautiful young woman in a lacy dress. I was just getting ready to load my horse into the starting gate when she walked up to me. My heart was pounding, either from the an-

tipication of the race or from love. I wasn't sure which.

"Please run a good one," she said, gazing into my eyes. "I need the money to pay off the mortgage on my ranch."

"Don't worry a bit, ma'am," I said.

The gates flew open and the announcer let out with a stream of chatter, but I didn't hear a word of it. I was bearing down on the lead horse. The sound of hooves pounding the track was deafening, and dirt was flying everywhere, but I could feel the strength of the thoroughbred below me, and I knew she had some kick left.

As we rounded the last curve I let her go. "Fly, baby, fly," I said.

She did, and we thundered past the lead horse at the finish line. The owner of the horse was hanging all over me.

Well, you know how a person kind of bounces around in their dreams. Anyway, the next thing I knew I was at a party in Sleepy Hollow with this woman, and some guy was talking about the headless horseman.

When it came time for me to ride home that Halloween night on my broken down old nag, I was feeling kind of spooked.

I got out on that road away from Sleepy Hollow and I heard a faint clipity-clop. As it got closer and louder, I got more and more frightened.

"Come on Molly," I said, "ol' Ichascott Newton is getting scared." I woke up just as that headless

horseman took a swing at my head with his sword. I looked up and came to the realization that Pocahontas was passing me.

Juice had a lot of energy left, but as the two horses roared through the meadow, I could see that I'd blown it. She was going to beat me in the kick.

And then, just 100 feet from the horse trailer, when I thought I'd lost it, Pocahontas got knocked off her horse by a low branch. She hung motionless in the air for just a moment, at the same time that I was going by. I can still see it clearly in my mind. She's just hanging there in the air, and I'm going by staring, my mouth open.

Well, I rode the last 100 feet to the trailer, slapped it with a loud bang, and then headed back up the trail. I'm a mean guy, aren't I? Hey, I just don't like to lose.

Pocahontas was all right, just sore. We loaded up the horses and headed back to the corral.

We had to shovel manure out of a couple of stalls when we got back, and finished up just about sunset.

"It's nice to find that you're good at something," Pocahontas said, watching me as I leaned on the shovel, watching the red sun sink into the hills.

"I don't mind shoveling a little manure," I said. "But I think I've already found my calling."

"No you haven't," she laughed. "I've read your stuff."

It just goes to show, there's no taking the cockiness out of a cowgirl.

## Letters to the editor

### Support reporter

My compliments on your editorial and stand on the boycott threats due to articles written by one of your reporters.

A number of us here on the mountain have heard rumors that such action was being taken and were waiting for the reaction of your paper.

Had you moved against the reporter, this letter would have requested cancellation of my subscription.

Both my wife and I thoroughly enjoy your

publication and the excellent coverage of events on the mountain. Keep up the good work!

Arthur G. Bock  
Rhododendron

### Thank you

We would like to give a personal and special thanks to the Hoodland Fire Department for all they did to help try and save our father, Charles Hickey. It's nice to know they're here when we need them.

The Hickey Family  
Brightwood

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The Post asks that all letters to the editor be typed, double-spaced and signed. Deadline is noon, Tuesday. Letters should be accurate, free of libelous remarks and in good taste. This newspaper attempts to publish all letters it receives and may edit material lightly to conform to guidelines. Maximum length is 200 words.