

Press-Herald

GLENN W. PFEIL Publisher
REID L. BUNDY Managing Editor

Torrance, Calif., Sunday, November 13, 1966

Burying the Hatchet

Although it usually falls to the victor to make the peace overtures after a confrontation, one of the losers in the bitter fight over Proposition Z on Tuesday's ballot lost no time in urging that the councilmen get on with the important business of the city.

Councilman Ross A. Sciarrotta Sr., who voted for and argued against the ballot measure when the City Council was asked to approve the estimated \$7,300 election would cost the city's taxpayers, suggested Wednesday morning at a meeting of the councilmen and Torrance area ministers that everybody "bury the hatchet," and get back to work.

His choice of phrases startled some who recalled the heavy-handed hatchet work he had been occupied with in recent weeks. But on reflection, who should be more conversant about hatchets.

We suspect Mr. Sciarrotta may be guilty of a Freudian slip.

It isn't clear whether the agile, mugwumpish councilman was genuinely seeking to return to a useful role as a city councilman, or whether he was making a play to smooth over the divisive part he played in sending the fraudulent Proposition Z to the voters.

With his penchant for being on both sides of any question, it could have been both. We sincerely hope that he wants to get back to working for the development of Torrance—not against it.

It's a hope we can't hold out for other rebel leaders.

Some Hacks Unhorsed

The typewriters and microphones have been kept smoking this week as the trend spotters got on with the business of forecasting the California of tomorrow under the leadership of Ronald Reagan and Bob Finch. Much of the forecasting has been on the bright side.

None of those who looked ahead, however, found anything brighter than the hopes of Torrance that it might have been rescued from the limbo of neglect.

The overwhelming backing of the Reagan-Finch ticket throughout the state not only unseated Governor Brown, it unhorsed a fair gaggle of self-proclaimed political hacks who have parlayed a nodding acquaintance with state leaders into a virtual franchise to act as liaisons between the city and the state government. This includes some Torrance councilmen.

While the trips to Sacramento were frequent, the benefits were not. More often than not, the trips were mere excuses for taxpayer-financed junkets.

Torrance certainly had no monopoly on such junketers, but it has contributed its share to the airline business in recent years. We have no quarrel with airlines, but we suggest strongly that a new look be taken at the practice.

Three members of the Assembly and two members of the Senate have been elected with the substantial help of Torrance voters. That should be worth something to the city.

The mere substituting of one self-appointed liaison officer for another won't do. Establishment of new lines of communication between Torrance and the state leaders is in order.

We can expect the new governor and the other state leaders to treat us just about as we deserve. However, it is our conviction that Torrance deserves more than the Council hacks have been able to deliver.

Opinions of Others

During the last 10 years, American business invested \$350 billion in new plants and equipment and in the process created nine million new jobs. The investment requirement during the next decade will be even greater—an estimated \$650 billion for new plants, stores, and equipment. This money can come only from American business, reinvesting profits to create new resources, or investing money entrusted to business by individuals who hope to share in the growth and profitability of the firms—Marvin C. Whatmore, president, Cowles Communications, Inc.



MAN THAT ZIP CODE REALLY SENDS ME...

"Is This A Probe, Sam?"



DISTRICT ATTORNEY REPORTS

Officers Move to Halt Theft of Credit Cards

By EVELLE J. YOUNGER
District Attorney

Law enforcement officials are increasingly alarmed over a mushrooming racket in stolen credit cards, and now we can report that strong measures are being taken to halt this vile traffic.

The District Attorney's office has established a special unit to deal with the problem. James G. Kolts, a deputy with wide experience in prosecuting theft and conspiracy, is in charge. A crackdown is in plain view.

What we are concerned with is a racket that is bleeding business—and so, driving up costs—to the tune of something more than \$20 million a year. And Los Angeles is a key city because, among other things, one of the world's great airports is here.

Air travel is a prime target of the thieves. The significant word here is "discount." There is, in fact, only one legitimate discount available to those buying plane tickets, and that is in the use of specially chartered craft. But credit card racketeers get people aboard at reduced rates all the time.

Not long ago detectives from the District Attorney's office in Queens County, N. Y., worked Kennedy Airport 24 hours looking for bargain ticket buyers. They found four at only one airline.

These were people who came to the terminal carrying tickets bought with stolen credit cards. They thought they had discovered, as it turned out, a means of flying at reduced cost when they were approached by a stranger in a New York bar.

We are dealing with an insidiously well organized operation. The thieves have obtained more than 300,000 cards. Often they use them to obtain airline tickets on

credit and then either sell them for cash or turn them in for refunds.

But airlines are not the only victims. Finance companies and banks are cheated. So are department stores. Sometimes the credit cards are obtained legitimately and then, after being reported stolen, used by somebody in league with the original applicant. Fictitious names are often used and fictitious businesses invented.

This, then, is what we are equipping ourselves to fight. Our special unit, with its deputies and investigators and clerical assistants, is a link in what we see as a spreading network to trap all who fatten on these frauds. The Sheriff's office and the Los Angeles Police Department are helping. So are appropriate federal agencies. There will be increasing ties to similar forces throughout the country.

To combat the credit card racket, we are determined to provide whatever is needed, from manpower to new laws.

Pay scales recently effective for the District Attorney's office start a new deputy—generally just out

Strength for These Days

And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.

Let the weak say, we are strong. Every one of us is stronger than we know, for we have the strength of God in us. That is why, even when we feel weak or lacking in strength, we should and can say to ourselves, "I am strong."

The more we use the God-given strength that is within us, the stronger we feel, the more energy we have.

Morning Report:

No doubt the Pentagon does a great job of training our young men once they get their paws on them. But before that, the Top Brass may be driving them crazy. It's those damn decisions. It's even worse than buying a new car.

The latest gimmick is a plan that allows the soldier-to-be to pick his specialty and then wait for an opening in that line. But if the General can't be sure when a vacancy in drummers or tuba-players will open up, how can an 18-year-old

We veterans know there is a lot of waiting and indecision in the service. But the public image of the military is ram-rod certainty at all levels. Do-or-die or sometimes both. There's less strain on recruits that way.

Abe Mellinkoff

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He's Heard the Story, But This Guy Meant It

Melodrama: A guy walked into Johnny Porter's 007½ at the foot of Golden Gate Bridge, downed a straight shot, wiped his lips and said to Bartender Gully Foyle: "Well, so long, I'm jumping off the bridge." "I've heard that before," smiled Gully. The guy handed him a letter. "For my wife," he said. "Do me a favor, mail it for me." After he walked out, Gully ripped open the envelope, read the letter fast, as in a movie scene, and called the Highway Patrol. At 3:30 p.m., they got their man with one leg over the railing.

In one of the most famous and overrated conversations of modern (since 1900) literary annals, F. Scott Fitzgerald is alleged to have said: "The rich are different from you and me." To which Ernest Hemingway is alleged to have replied: "Yes, they have more money." The reason they have more money is that they're frugal, stingy and miserly, as demonstrated in Tiffany's Christmas catalogue, which just arrived. I can't even afford the catalogue, which is neither here nor there. What is here or there is that, salted away between the \$170-

000 necklaces and the \$136,000 rings, is a sterling silver fiddle key—quite handsome—"to be used for squeezing the contents out of tubes." F. Scott was right: the rich ARE different. You and me, we roll up the toothpaste from the bottom, and where does it get us?

Comedian Zero Mostel to a guard at the Legion of Honor Museum: "Where are the Rembrandts?" Guard: "Go to the Van Gogh and turn left." Ah, how sweet it is when a comic is topped by a civilian. . . . Manfred Pohl, boss of Les Coiffures Internationales in S.F., is in a blue funk. In London, he bought a mess of unique hair pieces and now U.S. Customs says they can't be delivered because the hair is from Red China. To the casual observer, Red Chinese hair is indistinguishable from Mme. Chiang Kai-sheks', but we can't be too careful. . . . Too many Kennedys dept: three worthies with that name made reservations at Alexis' Sunday night. The first two, San Franciscans both, arrived and were seated. When the third arrived—Senator

Bobby Kennedy—he had to wait an hour for his table.

Life in the raw: A shaggy Beatnik and his girl friend were refused admittance to "Wild Angels" (the motorcycle epic) because he was barefoot. Undaunted by this foot fault, they trotted over to the Intersection Coffee House on Ellis Street, where the barefoot boy cheekily borrowed Rev. Laird Sutton's shoes. Once safely inside the theater, he removed the shoes, and his chick ran them back to the Reverend, who was waiting patiently in his stocking feet. Praise the Lord and pass the tooth powder.

San Francisco

A bigot is a man who thinks Smokey the Bear should change his slogan to "Keep America White." A Communist is a man washed up on a lonely beach by a wave of the future long past. Birchers are hard to recognize because they wrap themselves in the protective coloration of the American Flag. A hawk is a man willing to hold anybody's coat in a fight that the dove is trying to stop. A hawk is a peculiar bird who wants to stop the star in the worst possible way.

ROYCE BRIER

Old Arguments Against Exporting to Reds Hit

Last month President Johnson, appealing for "peaceful engagement" as a substitute for coexistence, said he is prepared to expand the list of non-strategic goods which could be sold to the communist nations of Eastern Europe.

Part of this plan involves use of Export-Import Bank funds to finance exchange, and this was included in the \$5.1 billion supplemental money bill asked by the President. Under the bill he would have discretion to facilitate such trade with Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria and Romania.

The House voted to ban use of Export-Import funds, whereupon the Senate promptly lifted the ban. After a Senate-House joint conference, the House reversed its original decision.

The list of items for which export licenses are now being prepared is very long, and some are trivial, but the Commerce Department says they are all peaceful goods.

The idea of non-trade with communist nations arose early in the cold war, based on the theory we should not export goods which might be used against us. The policy had wide-spread Amer-

ican support, and trade between the United States and Eastern Europe dropped to a trickle.

But Western Europe never subscribed fully to the policy, and in the 1950s, Britain and France began trading in heavy goods with the Soviet Union, though not in

World Affairs

munitions. Subsequently there was some easing of non-strategic licenses in the United States, particularly for Yugoslavia after the Tito defection from Moscow. John Foster Dulles was the high priest of non-trade, but many factors militated against the rigid system he devised. This rigid non-trade system, however, still holds for Red China, and for the East German Republic, which we do not recognize.

In the past ten years, the Soviet Union has lost its own rigid control of its satellites, and we have carried on some trade in non-strategic goods with Poland and Romania.

A hard core opposed to any trade at all still remains in the United States, as evidenced by the House vote, and in general the executive departments have been more liberal than the Congress.

There is now no compelling reason why there should not be a flourishing trade in non-strategic goods between the United States and the eastern tier of nations. There are thousands of items, including innocuous household goods the satellites are eager to buy and American exporters are eager to sell.

Quote

It's politicians running around making promises they can't keep to people in the ghettoes that have created an intolerable situation for the police.—Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles.

Twentieth Century man cannot go on disagreeing much longer. He desperately needs to find a consensus before he finds himself embroiled in World War III.—Alfred C. Williams, San Francisco.

Truth pollution is a greater threat to contemporary society than air and water pollution.—Harry Porter, La Habra.

The legal process is the mirror image of society.—Bayles Manning, dean of the Stanford School of Law.

With our ultimate goal, Heaven, ever before us, we of this generation strive toward our immediate goal: to make the world a better place because we have been here.—Carol DiMattos, San Rafael.

It's nice to know what you are talking about, but it isn't always necessary to talk about what you know.—Vonnies Matison in Cavalier County (N.D.) Republican.



"Will the chairman of ticket sales please make his report?"

WILLIAM HOGAN

Colorful, Bygone Days In Old Alaska Recalled

(William Hogan is on vacation; today's review is by Arthur Carlson)

Alaska is undoubtedly the last frontier of the United States, but it is changing so rapidly that the oldtimers, the gold miners, the sourdoughs, and the painted ladies would never recognize it.

The airplane is replacing the dog teams and television is making amateur theatricals and unending card games a thing of the past. But the yesterdays shouldn't be forgotten, at least when they are as colorful as those lived by Frank Dufresne.

Dufresne has recalled these days of 30 or 40 years ago in his Alaskan autobiography "My Way Was North." What started out as a summer trip to Nome, lasted more than 20 years and the stories that he ran across and the life that he experienced during this time makes for some very good reading.

He tells of a funeral for one of the "girls" given by the men of Nome that was so appreciated by the likes of Alaska Lizzie, Bighearted Bess, Toodles, Halibut-faced Mary, Pile-driver Kate, and Betsy the Bitch that at its

Books

conclusion and overcome with emotion Deepwater Dorah said, "Come down and see us, boys. Everything's on the house for the rest of the day."

However, the territory's wildlife was the main attraction for Dufresne. He took countless trips across the tundra where he saw thousands of caribou, birds, reindeer, wolves, and smaller animals; he boated up the 1,000-mile long Yukon where he once observed literally billions of lamprey eels; he tells of hunting with the Eskimo on the ice floes; and he reports on the Kenai Peninsula, Alaska's most famous game field.

All this was done in the line of duty for the Alaska Game Commission of which he was once director. Dufresne is generally credited with formulating the first comprehensive Alaska Game Act which not only offers protection for the wildlife, but permits the Eskimos to hunt for their food and puts a curb on the white hunter.

There are many wonderful memories in Dufresne's Alaska that are both entertaining and informative, but one is left with the feeling that it is too bad that the old Alaska can't go on forever.

And with the coming of civilization and progress the sourdough is becoming a man of the past for a sourdough, according to one definition, "is a man who has seen the ice come and go in the Yukon, has shot a caribou, and slept with a squaw."

Today, there are just too few caribou to shoot,