

Torrance Herald

Co-Publishers

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Vote 'Yes' on Airport

One of the most important issues on Tuesday's municipal ballot will be a proposal to authorize the issuance of \$1,225,000 in revenue bonds to finance improvements to the city's 475-acre airport in South Torrance.

Development of the airport as an industrial and commercial asset for the city could be greatly speeded by the approval of the ballot measure April 10.

In a nutshell, the city proposes to issue the bonds, which will be matched partially by federal money, and use the funds to extend the safety zone at the west end of the airport, make additions to the runway and taxiway network, enlarge parking aprons for aircraft, and to install sewer, water, and other utilities to make additional areas of the valuable property available for industrial and commercial development.

Repayment of the bonds would not be an obligation of taxpayers' funds, but would be made from revenue at the airport. At the present time, land made available to commercial and industrial development gives employment to more than 1,300 persons and an annual payroll of \$8 million.

Much of the valuable property along Pacific Coast Highway cannot now be developed because water and sewer facilities are not available. These utilities would be made available through funds provided by the bond proposal.

Based on a belief that the airport is vitally important to the sound economic growth of this area, the HERALD recommends approval of the measure Tuesday.

The City Clerk's Race

For the first time in more than 40 years, the city of Torrance will select a new city clerk next week.

Among the field of 10 seeking the office are several who appear decidedly qualified to conduct the duties of the office, which — despite some of the campaign oratory — are limited in scope. The city clerk is charged with the responsibility of being the clerk to the City Council, and as such serves as a clerk at their meetings and maintains an accurate file and record of all proceedings, including minutes of the meetings, agendas for coming meetings, files of ordinances and resolutions, and related matter.

One of the most aggressive candidates in the city clerk's race, Charles Deck, has demonstrated a lack of judgement during the campaign with offers to refund campaign costs to some of his opponents should they decide to withdraw. While cleared of legal violations, Deck's action certainly casts doubt on his ability to assume the responsibilities of an important city office.

After studying the qualifications and the backgrounds of the other candidates, the HERALD believes that one is the logical choice to succeed A. H. Bartlett who is not seeking re-election to the post he held for most of the city's history.

While not claiming others would not be competent in the post, the HERALD feels the election of Vernon Coil would offer the citizens of Torrance an able city clerk.

Mr. Coil is pensioned as a disabled World War II veteran, but is fully capable of handling the duties of the office.

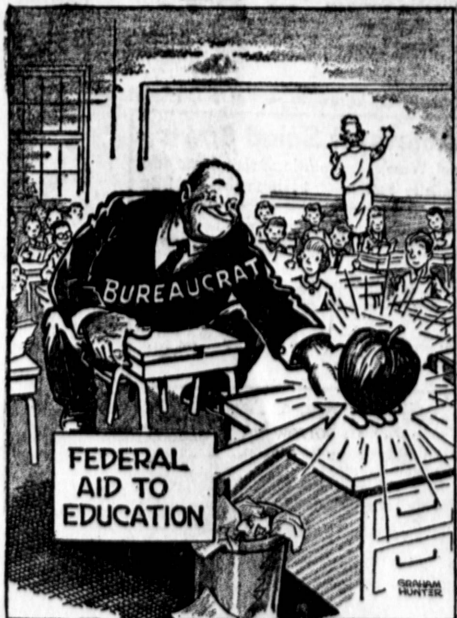
His record of community service, dating back for many of the 35 years he has lived here, is impressive and includes work in many youth and service organizations.

He has held sales and administrative positions which have given him experience in "paper work," the stock-in-trade of the clerk's office.

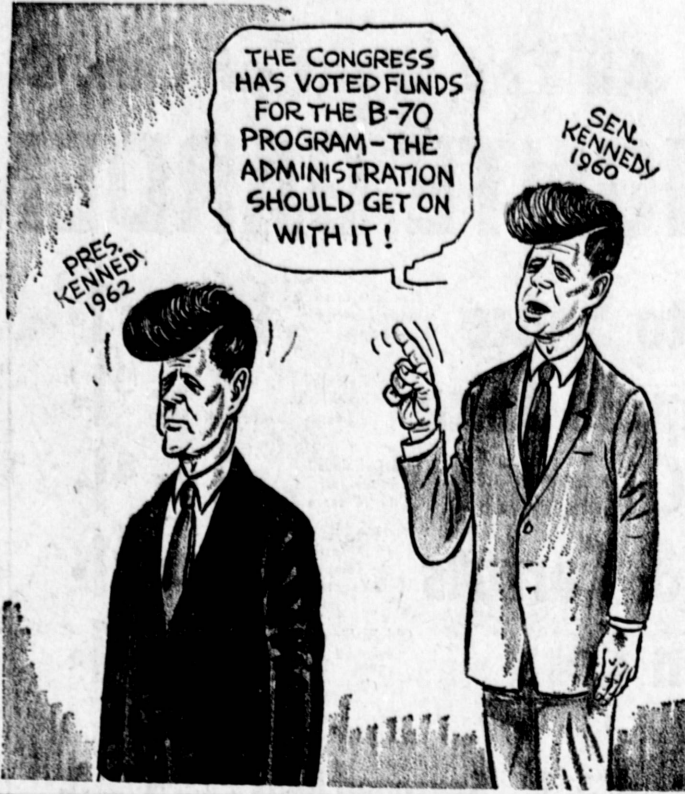
He has assured voters that he would consider the post a full-time job.

For these reasons, the HERALD recommends the election of Mr. Coil.

WHAT'S HE DOING THERE?



Who Said That?



THIS WILD WEST by Lucius Beebe

Flying Executive Owes Success to Empty Desk

One of the well-established myths of the over-all facade of American business which is now coming up for review as incidental to the alleged importance of airports to the community is that air transport is essential to big business and that the presence of airports, which are presently being discovered to be a nuisance value of pestilential dimensions in many communities, are the harbingers of big business.

This chimera has been carefully cherished by the flying machine companies who have painted, in Fortune magazine colors, the picture of important executives hastening via the air lanes from directors' meetings to sales conferences and other epic foregatherings to keep the wheels of industry turning and dividends fluttering.

The whole premise of our air transport in the United States that important business executives must get somewhere else from where they are with practically the speed of light is simply fraudulent. There is no business deal in history, including the launching of United States Steel by J. P. Morgan and Charles M. Schwab, that couldn't have been done with \$100 worth of telephone calls, and 99 per cent of the "big deals" which see tycoons slamming off across the continent with briefcases bulging with comic books could be done by second-class mail.

The importance of flying in the business facade was explained to me recently by a ranking executive as we stood

in a bar in New York spending his stockholders' money on the world's best Martinis. "I almost never am at my office any more," confided this six-figure salary in an Italian natural silk suit. "I am much too important to have anything to do with the home office, so I am conspicuously and all the time away on important business trips.

"People try to get in touch with me are told by a secretary consulting a carefully detailed itinerary that, since it is now one o'clock Coast Time, I'm at this very minute on United Flight Eight out of New York for Dallas, that I leave next morning for Tampa for a two-hour meeting, and next morning after that I'm due in Chicago for a two-day conference. This gives me a chance to see three or four shows in New York, do some shopping for my wife at Neiman Marcus, and two straight days in the Pump Room is about all I can take nowadays.

"Of course I fly. If it were not for flying I'd have to spend at least part of my time at my desk seeing people who know more than I do and my importance to the firm, which is based on always being somewhere else, would evaporate. A businessman at his own desk isn't half so impressive to the jerks who own our stocks as he is kiting around from here to there on imaginary missions of the greatest urgency.

"One of the new economic laws is that an executive is

important in inverse proportion to his availability at his office. Our stockholders demand that we waste time and money flying on errands that could as easily, and in some cases, better be filled by mail simply because being in the air has been made part of the image of the important businessman.

"Me, I'm for it. I'm important as hell in my organization for the simple reason that nobody has been able to reach me at my desk for two years now. Let's have another quick one before I go to a really vital staff organization meeting. It's at the Four Seasons."

This is about par for the big expense account air traveler and high pressure executive who is forever snapping his watch shut with decisive mutterings about making the airports for Flight Ten so as to be at the Manhattan Club for a big meeting first thing in the morning. What he means is that he may just be able, at the company's expense, to make the last floor show of the evening at Mocambo if the fool flying machine company doesn't send his dinner jacket off to Sydney, Australia, by error.

The truth of the matter is that nowadays a number of corporations require their factually important personnel, who are all in a haste to fly the Atlantic in a lather of spurious urgency, to take the steamer at least one way so as to be in operable shape on arrival and able to do business at all.

ROYCE BRIER

Caracas, Disneyland of South America, Explored

CARACAS, VENEZUELA — There is an undoubted Disneyland unreality about this place. That is because a once-sleepy South American capital has suddenly become a teeming metropolis with an area population of two million.

Rank on rank of skyscraper apartments and office buildings; freeways sweeping here and there, and these are choked with more automobiles per capita than are found anywhere else in Latin America.

So you inch along, gazing idly out the window, and are struck with something curious. Miles and miles of inclosing hills are covered with cliff-hanging shanties. While you are stopped you gaze up a steep street, and there is no vehicle, not even a bicycle, in view. There are little human figures, swarming.

These are the new poor of

Caracas. They have come into the glittering capital from the backlands, mostly in the last decade. There may be 400,000 of them. Their incomes average \$100 a year.

True, all Latin American countries have these melancholy slums, but in Caracas nature has provided an amphitheater. Here the poor look down on the rich.

Even an American newspaperman is rich in this circumstance.

Officials in the Betancourt government are distressingly concerned about these new poor, who have left the land in the delusion of moving into the 20th Century. The officials lack the answer, but let us recall we lack some answers on slums.

There is Sr. Manuel Perez Guerrero, chief economic coordinator for President Betancourt, who was briefing the Americans.

"What can you do for these

Berlin Crisis Started Before Red-Built Wall

CHICAGO — The crisis in Berlin did not originate on Aug. 13 last, when Khrushchev and Ulbricht put up the Communist-built wall. Origin of the crisis occurred in February 1945 at Yalta, when the U.S. trusted Stalin and allowed Berlin to be surrounded by 110 miles of Communist zone.

The best we can say now is that it was an honest miscalculation by some U.S. officials . . . and a deliberate deception by the other officials who aided the Communist conspiracy.

As time goes on, this reporter sees more obstacles from Russia to our free access to Berlin.

It is reasonable to assume that since they have us over the Berlin barrel, they're going to keep rolling it in our path — if for no other reason than to keep us off balance.

Let's consider Berlin from the point of view of two Communist officials we drew into conversation on our last plane trip from East Berlin to Moscow. These and other Communists we have discussed Berlin with are unanimous in their unbending conviction that the West is permitted access to Berlin only by the generosity of Russia . . . and not by any legal right, agreement or treaty.

This is the Communist-line whenever the question comes up. Not a single word of the four-power agreement on Berlin . . . or the correspondence between Russia and the West . . . has ever been circulated behind the Iron Curtain. So it should not surprise anyone that my Communist fellow passengers were adamant on the right of Russia to close Berlin to the West.

"The West must not overlook the fact," one of them said, "that it is flying over the territory of an independent sovereign country — the German Democratic republic (East Germany) — and it can stop you any time it wishes."

When I insisted that corridors were assigned to the West by agreement at Yalta and Potsdam, my adversary angrily informed me: "No corridors were ever assigned to the West. They are simply allowed to use them. As a matter of fact, all Western movements by land, air or water were never guaranteed by any four-power signed agreement."

In examining the original published war-time agreements on the question of free access to Berlin . . . and in discussing the question with U.S., British and German officials, it becomes apparent that in effect there are no specific Soviet-signed commitments on "free access to Berlin" by the Western powers . . . or at least as they interpret it.

What we consider our right to free access to Berlin stems mainly from verbal discussions between Roosevelt, Truman and Stalin . . . and by letters and telegrams of our position on "free access to Berlin" between Truman and Churchill to Stalin.

It also is admitted by high U.S. officials that Stalin hedged and never fully committed or agreed to our "free access to Berlin" . . . but to "a kind of courtesy granted by Russia." It is apparent that the immediate contingencies and dangers of the war at that time did not permit a more careful awareness of Stalin's deliberate deception.

Some definite insistence on specific guarantees — in treaty form — that we could now legally enforce through the World court, apparently are not available. If they are . . . why don't we use them?

The fact that we have been reluctant to present our case either to the U.N., or to the World court may be an admission of our less than certain legal ground to "free access to Berlin."

On numerous occasions in East Berlin I have been informed by Communist German officials . . . "We would be absolutely justified by law to stop all Western traffic across the territory of the German Democratic republic."

"There is not one scrap of paper," Red officials say,

"that obligates us to allow U.S., Britain, France or anyone else to cross our soil without permission. While this is undoubtedly subject to legal debate, it nevertheless indicates how much we have prejudiced our cause since Yalta by reliance on Communist gestures, indefinite agreements and implied promises.

Hoppe in Wonderland

Strange Customs In Washington

Art Hoppe

WASHINGTON — And now we can get around to a spirited discussion of the strange sexual customs of the Washington natives. But first, as background, something should be said about the local economy.

The chief staple of the Washington economy is money, this being both the major import and export. As with many other countries these days, Washington imports more from us than it exports back to us. This creates what we economists call "an unfavorable trade balance." Which it certainly is.

The local unit of currency is the "Million Dollar." Usually written "\$1 million." Many of these, however, are required to purchase anything. So they are generally referred to in the plural, such as "umpteenth Million Dollars."

In recent years, a new denomination, "the Billion Dollar" (written "\$1 billion") has come into wide use. And lately one even hears "the Trillion Dollar" mentioned on occasion. But only in referring to the National Debt.

It is most difficult to figure a rate of exchange between Washington money and our money because the essential characteristic of Washington money is that it is not real. No native to my knowledge, has ever seen "a Million Dollar," much less "a Billion Dollar," although they are the chief topics of conversation.

Lesser demoninations, such as "the Thousand Dollar" or "Hundred Dollar" have, like the French centime, almost disappeared from circulation. And the only place the natives use real money, such as the dollar, is after office hours.

Indeed, any mention of real money tends for some reason to make the natives restless. Take, for example, the case of an underground garage.

The Solons, a local tribe living on Capitol Hill, recently decided to build an underground garage so their cars wouldn't get sunburned. This would only cost four "Million Dollars" and everybody was happy.

But then someone figured out that this came to somewhere around \$2,000 per car, which sounds like real money. And it was suggested that the Solons might save a little through just buying cheap cars and throwing them away every day on their arrival at their meeting place. This talk about real money made the Solons terribly nervous. Not nervous enough to cancel their garage. But terribly nervous.

But despite the obvious need for a drastic currency reform, the local economy is booming. Everywhere the visitor looks, new buildings are going up.

The General Services Administration, a tribe of builders, has just announced plans for four huge new structures to house 5,500 more native workers.

These will undoubtedly be constructed in "the Four-square Monolithic" style of modern native architecture. The natives, it is believed, pour a solid cube of concrete, hollow out the inside and stick a flagpole on top. The result, it is generally agreed, is much more permanent than the thatched huts of the Wambees. If not as pleasing to the eye.

But it is certainly clear from all the activity here that the natives, through our help, have at least reached "the economic takeoff point." And, while my heart goes out to them in their struggle for a place in the sun, I feel it is our grim duty to cut back on, if not eliminate, our financial aid program so that they may stand on their own two feet. Preferably before April 15.

Well, I'm sure you've found all this very interesting and rewarding. But it doesn't leave us much space to discuss the strange sexual customs of the natives. Never mind. The sexual customs aren't really very strange anyway. Comparatively speaking.

Morning Report:

Governments are falling all around the world. There used to be a time when you had to wait until election day to find out who was in. Now you just check to see if the troops are still in their barracks.

Korea, Turkey, Syria, Argentina — the military decides who will hold office. The old idea that armies were made to fight invaders seems to be going out of style.

Clearly, we are not getting our full money's worth from our Army, Navy, and Air Force. Our guys are just sitting around waiting to fight. Together, they couldn't put a dogcatcher into office — or out.

Abe Mellinkoff