

Crime on the March

Crime—every kind of crime, from muggings to purse snatching to bank robbery to juvenile depredations to murder—constantly feeds the headlines and the news reports. It vies for space and attention with the other great problems that bedevil the world we live in, all the way from wars to what to do about the tax problem. But few of us are prepared to answer the specific questions: Is crime really seriously on the increase, or is it simply being more efficiently dramatized and noticed? What kind of crime is most prevalent? Who and what are responsible? What, in the view of experts, should be done to oppose and control it?

U. S. News & World Report recently devoted a lengthy feature article to matters such as these, and presented findings and possible solutions. It is a sad and ominous account. For, as the magazine puts it, "By every measure, America is on the brink of a major crisis in crime. Rise in crime far outstrips population increase. It shows across the board—in crimes against property and in vicious assaults on persons." And it is a truly national problem, in which the smaller communities and the great cities share. Actually, crime is rising faster (comparing 1962 with 1961) in towns of 25,000 to 50,000 people, where it is up 6.9 per cent, than in cities of over a million, where the rise is an even 6 per cent. Biggest increase—10.9 per cent—is in the 500,000 to one million population centers.

Name any crime, as U. S. News makes clear, and you'll find it prevalent. City streets are unsafe to walk on in city after city; armed robbery becomes a comparative commonplace; the upturn in bank robberies is "sensational"; and "The rise in crime by youths spreads across the whole range of criminal offenses."

What underlies this grave situation, and what needs to be done? U. S. News reporter sought answers from the FBI and from police officials here and abroad and found general agreement on four points. In summary, they amount to this:

1. As more and more people, mostly strangers to each other, crowd into the cities each individual must be held more strictly accountable for his conduct.
2. The public at large must take more interest in and give more support to law enforcement, and to the punishment of criminals.
3. Juveniles guilty of serious crimes must pay full penalty. They must not be treated as errant children.
4. The courts must show more interest in protecting the law abiding population from the criminal element, rather than in zealously guarding the rights and privileges of the criminals themselves. One want in this category is a major tightening of the parole and probation system. This idea is based on fact, not just theory. U. S. News says, "In cities where there is a no-nonsense attitude toward crime and criminals, and where people insist upon law enforcement, streets are relatively safe."

Meanwhile, to paraphrase an old slogan, crime marches on. According to the magazine, bank robberies have almost tripled in six years, embezzlements nearly doubled since 1956, robberies are up 15 per cent since 1958, and assaults soar. And last year youths under 18 were responsible for 62 per cent of all auto thefts, 51 per cent of all larcenies, 49 per cent of all burglaries, 19 per cent of all forcible rapes, and so on.

This, in capsule form, is the sorry story. An ending worth thinking about is provided by Chicago Police Superintendent Wilson: "Everybody seems to be organizing today to protect civil liberties. I would like to organize the victims of criminal assaults who have been robbed and raped in our streets."

Consumers Protect Selves

The late Senator Kefauver was a devoted advocate of and Office of Consumers. He believed that "... the consumer hardly exercises a formative influence in the market. A flood of motivation research, high pressure advertising, and receptive practices has drowned out the consumer's voice in the market place. Only the consumer has the power of the dollar, which can call for high quality goods and better services. But the consumer's interest is inadequately protected."

No one denies that all manners of blandishments, some dubious in the extreme, are employed in an effort to induce the consumer to buy this product or that, or to avail himself of the wonders of this service or that. But to say that consumers in vast numbers are taken in, and are virtually without protection, is to move onto very different ground. To begin with there is a multitude of laws governing the products that are advertised and sold, starting at the federal level and moving down to municipal weights and measures statutes. Nongovernmental agencies, such as the better business bureaus, also play effective roles.

Of great significance is the fact that the typical modern consumer is a pretty sophisticated individual these days. The old adage of "once stung, twice shy," applies to him in full measure. He is perfectly capable of weighing the merits of one product against another (and weighing, too, the merits and demerits of the advertising involved) and he does that every day.

Retail merchants also offer a valuable consumer protection. The merchant gets the blame if a product is unsatisfactory, though he had nothing to do with its production. In this highly competitive retail economy, self-defense, if nothing else, makes him careful in selecting the products he advertises, recommends and sells, and the price he charges.

As a footnote, it may be observed that a whole new school of jokes has grown up around some of the more blatant television advertising. This, by itself, indicates that the consuming public does not consist of sheep, ready for a mercantile shearing.

Motor vehicle registrations in this country will total about 82 million during 1963, an increase of 3 million over the previous record set last year. By way of comparison, only 8,000 vehicles were registered in 1900, and only 32.4 million as recently as 1940.

Where 'Good Causes' Break Down Law



ROYCE BRIER

World Hate of America Covered in One Edition

You read one edition of one newspaper, and you come to the melancholy conclusion that we, the Americans, are not liked by the Asians. The Europeans, too, and some others can contain their zeal for us. As we are such a high-minded people, this is more puzzling, though we forget something. The Americans weren't considered downright charming in the last century, either. In Asia, move counter-clockwise from Pakistan.

There, we are telling the Pakistanis they may not get any more aid unless they cease being cozy with Red China. The Pakistanis don't like it, but didn't like it last year when we pledged aid to India against Red China. But India is also cooling. Nehru isn't forgetting his nonalignment, is disappointed about delay in loaning him \$512 million for a steel mill. Says maybe it wasn't such a good idea. We say, maybe not. Of course, South Vietnam

—\$2.7 billion later, the snarling Nhus go into a scream at us, think it's fine of Charles de Gaulle to offer to help them unite their stupid tyranny (he advised them to get rid of us). Sukarno of Indonesia has been annoyed with us for years, as he has only had \$700 million. We just missed a fus with the Philippines over a \$73 million war damage claim. Japan won't accept our advice on trading with Red China. In Korea, they haul a retired general from hospital to jail because he won't keep still about the military despotism of General Chung Hee Park. We protest, and the Park mob is sore. That leaves Thailand and possibly upcoming Malaysia friendly, Red China the open enemy.

Around the World With DELAPLANE

"We would like to give a bon voyage party for a friend leaving by ship. How do you go about it? Is it true that the liquor is duty-free and therefore very inexpensive? Can we do it at the bar?"

Last things first: Shipboard liquor is cheap and duty-free once you get to sea. In port, it's padlocked. Sometimes, some ships, the bar is open. Better plan on a room party. More fun anyway. Call the shipping line company. They arrange these things all the time. Usually they don't accept orders for hard liquor — you could bring your own. But you can order champagne at about \$5.50 a bottle; sparkling burgundy for \$3; Bristol Cream sherry at \$4.20; Pommard (red wine) at \$3; Rhine wines (white) at \$3.

For \$10 you can almost float your friend over. The company will give you a price list on hors d'oeuvre. Not expensive. You can also get a waiter/bartender for tips alone: \$1 per person is about right. But you can cut that as the list gets higher — like \$10 would be OK for 15 to 20 people.

"... the hotel you wrote about in New York? And the cost?"

The Stanhope, a small-size Pierre in the Elegant Eighties — across from the Metropolitan Museum on Fifth Avenue at 81st. Small enough to give you a lot of attention and very well furnished rooms. At \$16 single.

"Do you have to be a student to get into youth hostels? I understand they are good and very cheap."

You can join American Youth Hostels, 14 West 8th Street, New York City, up to age 100, if you want to. For this, you can use youth hostels all over the world — under 18 it is \$3 a year. 18 to 20 is \$5. Over 21, \$6.

You can sleep for 50 cents to \$1 a night and sometimes they have inexpensive meals. You don't have to be a student.

"Can we send gifts under \$10 from Mexico without declaring them on the \$100 duty exemption when we return to the States?"

You can send under \$10 gifts from anywhere in the world and it does not come off the \$100 worth of things you can bring back without paying duty.

I've had some very bad luck sending things in from Mexico though. Wrong things arriving. Sometimes not coming through at all. And a strange lot of red tape getting a customs broker who costs more than you paid for the articles.

Anything I buy in Mexico, I bring home myself.

"Is there an electric razor that works on any current in Europe? I want to buy one as a present."

Remington and Norelco put out razors that can be switched to various voltages — the usual difference is 110 volts A.C. American and 220 or 240 European. In addition, Norelco has a set of adapter plugs.

Nearly all European hotels—even small ones in the country — seem to have put in an excellent wall outlet that takes four kinds of plugs and switches from 110 to 220.

There's also a couple of battery-operated, self-contained razors. Abercrombie and Fitch (New York and San Francisco) have these. One friend of mine found them all right. Another couldn't stand them. So it might be a matter of what the person likes — maybe have him look at one first.

"A friend of mine in England would like a purely American cookbook..."

Frank Good on the Wichita (Kansas) Eagle has been running home American recipes for a number of years and has them in book form. (Sorry, I have forgotten the price.) Write Richard M. Long on the Wichita Eagle. Recipes right from grandma.

Charged, Barbed Wire Fence Separates Czechs-Austrians

Editor's Note: Experiences and impressions in Czechoslovakia are covered in another article by the co-publisher of The Herald.

By KING WILLIAMS
After a three day respite from travel in Russia and the Iron Curtain countries spent in festive Vienna, we experienced a re-awakening to the cruelty of life behind the charged barbed wire fence separating Austria and Czechoslovakia between Vienna and Bratislava.

We had seen Vienna at the peak of the music season, the flowers in full bloom and the wonderful performance of the horses in the Spanish Riding Academy. We had an interview with a high Austrian cabinet member who left no doubt in our minds that his country leaned heavily to the West but had emphasized its neutral position in the cold war.

We were whip-creamed to death in quaint sidewalk cafes and some of our more daring traveling companions had been royally clipped in one of the many night clubs, some of which are said to be owned by Communists as listening posts in this crossroads for international spies. We had joined the carriage set for a ride around the quaint old town in traffic jammed with automobiles ranging from three-wheelers to Rolls-Royce limousines.

American travelers entering the land of the sturdy Czechs by road, have a sobering experience when they cross the border. The quaint, well attended rural countryside ends rudely near Berg at the cruel fence with its lookout posts where armed sentries stand ready to shoot "anyone who would seek to enter the glorious world of communism illegally."

Our two chartered Austrian buses stood at bay while every occupant's papers were checked carefully by guides and custom guards. It took us an hour while we filled out customs and currency control declarations in an almost comic atmosphere made bewildering by officials who could hardly read or write English.

Our first objective in the country was Bratislava, historic medieval bastion of commerce and culture with one of the largest ghettos in Eastern Europe. Almost at once we were attracted to the gigantic castle perched on a promontory in the western section of the city. It evoked romantic recollections of knighthood in flower, but later when we saw it on our guided tour about the city, it turned out to be a burned out shell with no signs of life other than a few incredibly dirty gypsy beggars from a nearby encampment.

We were told the government was in the process of restoring the building to its former grandeur, but there was little evidence of substantial progress and completion, if ever, seemed decades in the future.

Luncheon in the state-operated hotel on the river front, proved interesting to those who like brown bread and the wonderful Czech beer. Outside the hotel children and young men milled about offering to exchange souvenirs.

Our cue is perhaps to stay cool, not go into an isolation suit, not to cut foreign aid inordinately, not to flip over our frustrations. It has happened to us before, though hardly in such concentrated form. Anyway, it may be a great people, like Nietzsche's great man, is the one with the fewest resentments.

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The Birchers and Nazis were there with their devious methods to break up the meeting, but Capt. Maestri and the six paid off-duty Torrance Policemen maintained such firm control that the enemies of freedom were rendered impotent.

I was critical of the Torrance Police Dept. when it failed to preserve law and order at the first forum held on August 17th. Now, it seems fitting to praise the Police Department because it deserves our praise.

Sincerely,
HOMER S. WILSON

nirs, such as Young Communist club buttons, for gum and cigarettes. Tourists in Bratislava seemed to be a curiosity to the adults who appeared otherwise to be completely disinterested in life in the partially restored but still crumbling city of churches and palaces.

As in every Communist country, there was the inevitable Russian cemetery and monument on a promontory overlooking the city. There we encountered groups of school children being faithfully escorted by teachers charged with keeping them reminded of the part played by Russia in giving them their "freedom."

We were given the "hurry up and wait" treatment by our guides to the airport for our flight to Prague which finally got underway from the darkened field three hours late. Except for a lone baggage handler the airport at the Capital city was dark

and deserted. We had the new experience of loading our own baggage to the tops of the two buses waiting to take us to the new International hotel.

Confusion continued as we registered with many of us carrying our baggage to the fourth floor because most of the elevators were out of service.

Next morning we were cheered by some of the best food we'd had and served in a private dining room by impeccably dressed waiters who were making a success of their designated careers.

The next two days were filled with interviews with Czech government and press representatives, a visit to the immortalized village of Lidice (Lideseh), and a unique conference with a U. S. State Department officer, held on a tower on the grounds of the U. S. Embassy to outwit the Communist bugging techniques.

When I first read about the bombing of the Birmingham church I was sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee. I read how four Negro girls were killed by the explosion. And I was, like most of us, I suppose, filled with rage.

As I read I tried to visualize the men who could throw such dynamite sticks from a passing car. I saw them as typical of the rabid segregationists I have met; justifying themselves by their doctrine of superiority, armored in their sullen righteousness. And I could hear the man who threw the dynamite saying to himself and humanity and God: "That'll teach them uppity Niggers." For that is how they justify what they do.

But into a church. To kill children. And at that moment I wanted to kill those men. I wanted them dead. The very thought of revenge was a tremendous release. All the hate and frustration and rage I felt poured out, lanced by the mere thought of violence. And I felt much better.

But then, on an inside page, I read about the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and how he was flying to Birmingham "to plead with my people to remain non-violent." To preach in the ruins of that blood-spattered church, the doctrines of love and peace and non-violence. And I wondered at the man.

I don't pretend to know how the Negro in Birmingham feels. I haven't grown up in humiliation nor lived in fear. Nor was it my children who were killed. But I do know how I felt. I know how I relished the hate. I know the catharsis of revenge. I know the simple, elemental appeal of violence. And I knew these things, sitting in my white middle-class kitchen, how must the people of Birmingham feel?

And I knew that the beautiful doctrines we preach of love and peace and non-violence are too good for us. Most of us are not equal to them. Not yet.

Sitting there in the kitchen I remembered sadly what high hopes I had held for this strange non-violent movement. I remembered how moved I had been when the Rev. Mr. King had said: "If the streets of Birmingham must run with blood, let it be our blood and not that of our white brothers." I remember how much I had admired those people of his who could withstand firehoses and police dogs and brutality without retaliation.

But most of all I mourned for the high hopes I had held. For I deeply feel that if our world is to survive this confused, violent, destructive age, there must be a moral breakthrough. And I honestly thought that this non-violent movement could well be it, that these Negroes were marching for us all.

Yet how easily in a moment of rage, I betrayed this whole concept. So as I sat there I feared what would happen in Birmingham, what would happen now to this movement. And I could only hope that if it shattered in the coming days, someone would pick up the pieces and try again. For the good of us all.

For I think each of us, despite our failures, must go on aspiring to the beautiful doctrines of love and peace and non-violence. Not despite the fact that they are better than most of us. But because they are.

Abe Mellinkoff

Mailbox

PRaises POLICE
I wish to take this opportunity to publicly commend Captain Maestri of the Torrance Police Department who did an outstanding job on the evening of Sept. 13, at the civil rights forum at the Torrance High School Auditorium.

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Morning Report:

Another Great Washington Tradition is going down the drain. And if President Kennedy is not shooting dirty pool, he at least is making it tough on Republicans.

The custom called for the administration to promise a balanced budget and the opposition to promise a tax cut. And then neither made good. But this time Mr. Kennedy is promising both an unbalanced budget and a tax cut.

No doubt the President is sure to make good on his promise that his budget will end in the red. But even if the Republicans fail in their attempt to keep taxes up they surely can't talk about that in the next campaign.