

# Rising Crime Rate Increases Dangers for Officers

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As a rule, men who have no respect for the law have nothing but contempt for those charged with enforcing it. Thus, the law enforcement officer's task becomes harder and his personal safety diminishes as more crimes are committed and less criminals are brought to justice.

Last year, 76 police officers were killed in the line of duty. This is 19 more

than the number slain in 1966. Since 1960, 411 law enforcement officers have been murdered, an average of more than 51 per year. Of the 539 offenders involved in these killings, 77 per cent had been previously arrested and 67 per cent had been previously convicted. Two-thirds of the police killers previously convicted had been granted parole or probation, and three out of 10 were active

on parole or probation when they killed a police officer.

Along with the ever-present danger of death, the enforcement officer faces personal injury with increasing frequency. Encouraged, no doubt, by judicial leniency and public indifference, more and more suspects resist arrest and resort to violence when approached by officers. In 1967, almost 14 of every 100 police officers

were assaulted, an increase of 11 per cent over 1966.

The rule of law is in jeopardy when law enforcement officers are regularly attacked and slain in the line of duty. Our concept of self-government is endangered when policemen must frequently win a physical struggle while making arrests. And our democratic processes are weakened when officers are publicly condemned and ridiculed for protecting the peaceful

against violence and disorder.

In 1967, policemen were slain on the average of one every five days. This is a disgrace. It is particularly shocking when officers are gunned down by convicted criminals, who after exhausting all possible legal relief, are still on the streets. In one such instance, a convicted robber remained free for more than three weeks after all

of his appeals and petitions had been denied by the courts, a process requiring nearly two years. On the 23rd day after the date that he should have been jailed, he murdered a police officer. Is this balanced justice?

Ours is a government of law. Our Nation's survival depends on effective enforcement of the law. But law enforcement, to be fully effective, must receive more public support.

While law enforcement officers seldom mention the fact, all are keenly aware that the specter of death rides at their side during most of their duty hours. Brave, dedicated men are not deterred from worthy public service by danger alone. But how long can we ask officers to risk their lives when they and the law are not respected?

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Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties

## -Comment and Opinion-

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### College Controls Needed

The display of bad manners, heckling, and actual physical assault displayed by a group of students and professors at the University of California regents meeting in Santa Cruz recently, is virtually certain to result in stronger repercussions than have so far been evidenced when the state legislature meets next January.

Already there have been indications that a concerted drive will be made in the legislature to have that body adopt a new constitutional amendment for submission to the people in 1970. Although this proposed amendment has not as yet taken concrete form, it is assumed its overall purpose will be to revise completely the structure for government of the university. Under the present structure, it is a law unto itself, with the board of regents, answerable to no one, including the people of the state who foot the bills.

Governor Ronald Reagan has added his voice to the growing concern over the disturbances, declaring: "The people have not turned this institution over to the faculty to rule by insubordination, or the administrators to rule through appeasement and capitulation, or to the students to rule by coercion."

"The regents show disdain and deliberate unconcern for the interests of the people, some through timidity, some with an apparent lack of understanding of the urgent nature of the university's problems, and by some who clearly feel accountable to no one at all."

"Our very cultural values of good taste, fair play, freedom to speak and academic freedom are being distorted, turned upside down, and even destroyed."

WILLIAM HOGAN

### Memories of Another Day Evoked in Shanghai Tale

Shanghai in the 1920s must have seemed the best of all possible worlds, if one were a European or American, preferably rich. The French, British, American "concessions" of the International Settlement were flashy white ghettos set apart from a sea of natives in the old city. Foreigners were subject to the laws of their own governments and ignored Chinese courts. There was little, in an outward aspect, to suggest Shanghai was a Chinese city—broad streets, handsome boulevards (the Avenue Joffre), elegant shops, English schools, restricted clubs, a well-known race course. Fashionable Bubbling Well Road might have been Rue Rivoli in Paris.

Very much a part of this milieu was the Spunt family, a Russian Jewish clan which had fled the pogroms of Kiev first to Western Europe, then Alexandria, then the China coast where Papa Spunt, a cotton millionaire, was granted French citizenship as a result of a complicated wartime loan to the French government. Into

this family, and citadel of privilege, was born Georges Spunt, in 1923. Now a San Franciscan, Spunt reconstructs his exotic childhood in the Shanghai of that time, a time between the wars, in a chatty set of reminiscences, "A Place in Time." It is a valuable document in that it does pinpoint a curious way of life, now long vanished, through the eyes of a European child. That life seemed to have very little reality to it. Outside of the International Settlement the seeds of war and revolution were being sown. Chiang Kai-shek was on the march, and somewhere was a man named Mao Tse-tung, but foreign gunboats in the Whangpoo would, no doubt, take care of that.

The enmity of the Chinese masses was frivolously ignored by the wealthy merchants and financial manipulators, including Spunt's father, along the Bund or in the Spunts' glittering penthouse near Soochow Creek.

When the governor of California finds it necessary to deliver this strong an indictment, it clearly is evident that more is wrong with the university than appears on the face.

Consequently, many legislators feel that the time for a change is long over-due, and the change can be made to conduct the university within the bounds of propriety without destroying the concept of higher education, which is all-important to the youth of today, and will be more important to the youth of tomorrow.—HCM.

### Back to School

When Dr. Benjamin Spock went back to school last week, he found a college campus was still a good place to broaden an education—particularly his. The controversial pediatrician, who has been convicted for counseling young men to avoid the draft, learned that today's college students are very capable of thinking for themselves. Dr. Spock spoke to Compton College students. In replying, the students demonstrated they were not so gullible as to accept without question a one-sided argument. The students, many of them Negroes, made numerous points in opposition to illegally burning draft cards and to civil disobedience. The response is evidence today's college student has the ability to reason for himself in a climate of freedom. Dr. Spock may once have penned an authoritative volume on baby care, but the tots are all grown up now. He has found that his opinions and likely those of other controversial figures are not swallowed as easily as Pabulum.—Long Beach Independent-Press-Telegram (William W. Broom, editor.)

### Bigger Than Either



ROYCE BRIER

### Rudolph Hess--Babbling Old Man Still in Prison

The National Socialists were a paranoid breed. They had no sense of proportion or reality, and they consistently misread their enemies. Adolph Hitler, finally facing disaster, had wild hallucinations of ghost divisions.

I have a clipping on Rudolph Hess dated September 16, 1934. He said then the Nazis had reached a period of non-violence and constructive effort. The story called him Hitler's political heir. He was number two in the Party, number three (after Goering) in the Reich. He was in jail with Hitler after the Munich beer-hall putsch, and helped him write Mein Kampf.

Even the semi-demented Berlin hierarchy in time saw him as a foil, though Hitler retained him as Party deputy, where he got little attention. May 10, 1941, he took up a plane at Augsburg and flew to Scotland. When the plane conked, Hess took to a chute and landed in a field. He was taken by a farmer armed with a pitchfork.

This produced one of the biggest bullaballos of the war—you had to be around to feel the excitement and mystery. The British took two days to admit they had him, while Berlin was tongue-tied. Then Berlin said he was a nut.

He landed near the Duke's estate, and the Duke wisely said, "Who is he?" The London government promptly interned him as a war prisoner, questioned him, and said nothing, which drove Berlin around the bend. The Russians put in their oar, demanding the British try and execute Hess as a spy. No dice.

Herr Hess used to sit around the Hofburg and listen to Herr Hitler's recent hallucination: the Germans would end the war with Britain, guaranteeing the Empire, then both would pitch in and clobber the Russians. This fantasy sank into Hess's feeble brain. He knew the Duke of Hamilton in Scotland, member of a clique

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which hoped to overthrow Winston Churchill and make a deal with the Germans. It was the logic of nuts.

So there he was at the war's close, turned over for the war crimes trial at Nuremberg.

At the trial, though in his 50s, Hess showed progressive signs of senility. He stuck with his story that Hitler sent him as an envoy to bring peace, and it was never proved Hitler didn't. But much of what Hess said was incoherent. The Nuremberg authorities examined him exhaustively, decided he knew right from wrong in his days of glory.

He was sentenced, 10 years to life, in Spandau Prison, with about 10 other Nazis. All of them have been released or died in prison, and Hess is the only prisoner. The Americans, British, and French have been willing to release him, but the Russians have always vetoed it. Hess is now 74. Last

month his son applied for his release.

It appears curiously timorous to keep this babbling old fellow in prison after 22 years at Spandau plus five years of British internment. All the great events in which he participated have vanished like the smoke of an ancient fire. He no longer has meaning, and Rudolph Hess has no meaning for the present world. Nobody thinks he would harm anybody. Vengeance is mine, saith Man—particularly senseless vengeance.

### Quote

"The university is now a haven for political activity. Many professors spend more time being political hacks than teaching courses which they are hired to teach." — Assemblyman Ray E. Johnson, on the University of California.

It has never been more clear that our society is steeped in violence. — Assemblyman John L. Burton.

### My Neighbors



"Don't get pushy—I'm watching my tax dollars at work..."

### HERB CAEN SAYS:

### Noted Jellybean Addict Scolded

Tsk: Poor Ronnie Reagan continues to get it from all sides. One of the latest to mount an invidious attack is Nutritionist J. I. Rodale, editor of Prevention magazine and author of a new book linking crime with excessive sugar consumption. "I was shocked," he reports, "to find the Governor addicted to such an unhealthy food item as jellybeans. Besides the large amount of sugar they contain, they are colored with artificial coal tar colorings, flavored with synthetically produced chemical flavors and prevented from going stale with a chemical emulsifier. . . . His Excellency does not set a good nutritional example. To flaunt such non-knowledge in such a public manner is poor politics." I can hardly wait for Herr Doktor Rodale's next book, "Eat Your Way to the White House."

Clicks from the Cables: Dr. Patrick Soles, late of SF and now Air Force, was warned by a Sgt. to be sure and list a religious preference for his dog tags. "Under no circumstances," said the Sarge, "put down 'none' or 'nothing.' If you have no religion, put Protestant."

Flurry of faces in the crowd at Enrico's one recent noon: Comedian Henry Morgan, up for a breath of air from L.A. ("Los Angeles? It's the worst town in Oklahoma"); Maurice Birodias, owner of the Olympia Press, searching for good writers of dirty books ("it's easy work and fine for the glands"); Playboy's shiniest light, Cartoonist-Humorist Shel Silverstein, with a beautiful blonde chick in tow ("Hey, I'm moving to San Francisco! If you count a houseboat in Sausalito") . . . Nearby, Litterateur Dick McBride told about the time Bill Saroyan walked into the City Lights bookstore and was immediately cornered by a bore who hollered: "Hey Bill! Remember the first time we ever met?" "Yeah," replied Saroyan. "Right now." Only mean thing Bill ever said . . . Classified ad culled by Maggy Trueman: "Small clean sleeping room with closet for sober man on Valencia near 22nd." Good thought. Nobody wants a drunk in the closet . . . Hell's angel Julio Ortiz is about to become the envy of the pack. He picked up a \$1500 mink stole at a sale and is having it cut into a "Viking vest" (Whatever that is).

Le Petit vin Rouge: Favored is the restaurant that has Alfred Hitchcock as a steady, loving customer. At Ernie's the other night, the noted director (also a noted gourmet) asked Owner Vic Gotti: "How's your wine cellar holding out?" Vic: "Well, the good '59s and '61s are harder to get." Hitchcock: "I'll send you a few bottles." A couple of days later, 18 CASES—all noble and French—arrived from Hitchcock as a gift! His note to Vic: "If you deem your customers not worthy of these treasures, serve them to your family." (Fortunately, Vic's customers ARE his family) . . .

Friend of mine wandered into an after-hours joint in the Tenderloin at 3 a.m., ordered coffee and was asked by the waitress for his ID. "For coffee?" he complained. "Well," she said, "you could be a cop, after all." After displaying his various identifications to her satisfaction, she said briskly: "OK, now what kinda coffee do you want—Scotch or bourbon?"

The bosoms rise and fall on old Bawdway, but Joe Finocchio's historic Italian-Swiss Colony continues to do the best business on the street, averaging 1600 patrons a night at \$2 a head cover—and I leave it you to figure how close to a million-a-year he grosses. . . . Add collector's items: the new book, "Bufano," with dazzling color plates of Beniamino's works and a rollicking introduction by his old admirer, Henry Miller . . . Graffiti in UC's Boalt Hall, noted by Bill Sommer: "America is Alive and in Canada."

Pianist-composer Ronnie Kemper reports from Sacramento's El Dorado that his 23-year-old dgtr. Tiffany just married Boualem Bouseloub (pronounced (Llloaded!)) in Algiers in a ceremony that lasted three days: "First she put her bare feet in a bowl filled with raw eggs which were rubbed on her ankles. One hundred nubile girls and some not so nubile danced for her with lighted candles on their heads. You could smell burning hair for a mile. Then 100 other women took her to the public baths, where they gave her a good scrubbing, wailing loudly all the while. This went on for three days till everybody got tired and decided the happy couple was married. No ring, no rice, no 'I do's.' Aside from that, it was just another wedding."