

trol of the federation, have lost ground and progressively isolated themselves from new streams of social forces stirring in the country.

In the area of civil rights, the Meany group is busy defending the dismal record of the building trades; while the UAW begins a campaign to organize the poor in the ghettos, and keeps close liaison with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., including a new development wherein King and Joseph Rauh, Jr., UAW counsel in Washington, have announced a new group seeking international peace.

Reports from abroad, confirmed by visiting foreign trade unionists, indicate that the recent disclosure of ties between the CIA and some AFL-CIO unions has further damaged Meany's already low reputation in the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Victor Reuther's bitter allegations of CIA connections were substantiated by the exposés, even though the AFL-CIO and George Meany have denied the charges.

Early in April the UAW won a significant victory over the hard-line policies of Meany when five high-level Russian union leaders were brought to this country with the approval of the State Department to meet with UAW leaders—a visit that had been blocked last June because of the objections of Meany and Jay Lovestone, the AFL-CIO international affairs director. Because the UAW has not been tarred with the CIA brush, and because of its

criticism of Meany's hard policy in Vietnam, it is presently enjoying a close rapport with most leaders of the West European trade union movement, and its world auto workers' councils seem likely to become a permanent organization. This provides Reuther with an independent base for international activities. The two most important and largest unions in America, the Teamsters and the Auto Workers, whose membership consists of about 20 per cent of the entire union membership in the country, are now independent of the influence and direction of George Meany. That makes him something less than the spokesman for American labor he has always assumed himself to be.

By the time the next AFL-CIO convention takes place in December, the main events on the collective bargaining program will be over, the arguments and the debates about UAW's criticisms of the AFL-CIO will have engaged the entire union movement, and the gestures of conciliation or repudiation will have made their effect. Almost the only thing certain now about that year-end gathering is that the UAW isn't going to accept the American Legion type of convention that was staged two years ago in San Francisco, with the self-praise and iron grip of George Meany dominating the proceedings. In that sense, the days of the AFL-CIO as the strong arm of the *status quo* in America are numbered.

GOVERNOR KIRK'S PRIVATE EYES

FRED J. COOK

Mr. Cook is the author of many important articles for The Nation.

Miami

Gov. Claude Roy Kirk, Jr., of Florida, is a tall, beefy, big-business type with a mentality to match. His political and social convictions are of the sort that have sent witch hunters storming up and down the country in recent years, spotting Communists under every throw rug. But last fall Claude Kirk—sometimes called, not without reason, "Kissing Claude," and more recently dubbed by the Florida press "Governor à Go-Go"—discovered a menace better than communism. Crime. Mounting a white purity charger, Claude Kirk rode hard in the lists, and a grass-roots revulsion against crime made him the state's first Republican governor since Reconstruction.

The event was significant far beyond the borders of Florida, for signs multiply that large segments of the American electorate are becoming fed up with crime and are ready to take matters into their own hands. The mood of the vigilante threatens to become the mood of the nation.

In Detroit in early January, some 200 grocers, victimized by a series of holdups, banded together for instruction in the use of firearms—and since then they have gunned down five stick-up men. West Side Chicago merchants formed their own protection groups to prevent the looting of their stores during the blizzards of late

January. In Dallas, sporting-goods stores have been practically denuded of a choice item, a .25 caliber pistol that takes up about the same space as a king-sized pack of cigarettes, and fits neatly into a purse.

The greatest outbreak of crime-busting passion occurred, however, in Orlando, Fla. The city was rocked last fall by a series of rapes in beauty parlors, motels and apartments, some taking place practically on the street at high noon. Hand-gun sales promptly zoomed to 200 and 300 a week, and soon startled policemen on patrol were being approached by pistol-packing mamas who wanted to know how to load and fire their newly acquired artillery. Fearing that these armed amateurs might blow off their own heads or hands, the police set up a free instructional course in the proper use of firearms. They anticipated an attendance of about 150 women, but 2,400 stormed the classroom.

Such are some of the manifestations of a mood that seems to be sweeping the nation, and astute politicians, with Governor Kirk in the van, may be expected to heed that old American cry, DO SOMETHING QUICK. The form this action takes will be all-important. Governor Kirk's solution has been to go outside the established agencies of the law and hire George A. Wackenhut's army of private detectives for a much ballyhooed "crusade" to root out crime in Florida. Other governors of right-wing persuasion have been toying with similar ideas. Gov. Ronald Reagan has wondered out loud about the possibility of setting up a private crime-fighting foundation,

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and Gov. Lester Maddox has commented that he hopes to "uphold the moral status" of Georgians by getting private citizens involved in a campaign against crime.

There is in all this a curious and dangerous ambivalence on the part of a long indifferent American public toward the problem that now so concerns it. The reality of a criminal underworld whose income in billions of dollars dwarfs that of the Detroit motor industry has been pointed out many times—and Americans, on the whole, couldn't care less. They have still wanted to play the numbers, bet on the horses with the bookie, borrow money from the loan shark, get their fix from the narcotics pusher, or pick up a phone and obtain the obliging services of a call girl—all indulgences that pour fantastic billions into the treasury of organized crime.

Now, at a ludicrously late hour, with the evils of an undermined law and ethic boiling out in overt, individual assault, a lot of Americans are becoming piously horrified at the ogreish aspects of their society.

The dangers implicit in using devious means for laudable purposes, the hazards inseparable from putting the power of the law into hands not accountable to any structure of law, do not disturb the suddenly panicked. What happens and what may be expected to happen is most vividly demonstrated in Florida, where the new "Governor à Go-Go," to the heady sound of public applause, has by-passed all the legally constituted agencies of law enforcement and organized his own private constabulary.

The general election of 1966, which in effect turned Florida into a two-party state, was marked by the spectacle of knights swapping horses in the middle of the joust. At the start, Robert King High, the Mayor of Miami, campaigned furiously for the Democratic nomination so mistakenly believed to be tantamount to election. An underdog, High made a big issue of crime and corruption; evidently touching a responsive chord, he became his party's designee. Then, apparently believing he could coast, he muted the issue in the general election campaign. Kirk picked up the fallen banner, and rode with it into the Governor's mansion in Tallahassee.

Kirk was a get-rich-quick product of Florida's booming economy. He had founded an insurance company in Jacksonville, amassed a personal fortune, and then gone into the brokerage business, purchasing a Florida partnership in Hayden Stone. Politically, he had been conspicuous for his right-wing leanings. He and Wackenhut, a one-time FBI employee, joined forces for an unsuccessful 1964 campaign to unseat Sen. Spessard L. Holland, a mild-mannered Democrat of quite conservative persuasion. They barnstormed the state, accusing Holland of being "ultra-liberal," but Florida voters knew better. In 1966, Wackenhut and Kirk again joined forces, backing Barry Goldwater for President.

Wackenhut, now the Governor's private eye, is a powerfully built man, about 6 feet tall, with the bulk of a professional wrestler, steel-trap lips and a cleft, granite-looking chin. When he sweeps into one of the numerous Wackenhut offices on a whirlwind meet-the-boys tour, he crushes hands right and left in his powerful grip, exudes inspirational phrases, and departs after delivering

to each loyal employee a disabling thwack across the shoulders. Wackenhut keeps in the kind of trim that enables him to stage such boisterous performances by eschewing smoking and drinking and running a mile every other night.

"He thinks with his muscles," a former aide says of Wackenhut, but there can be little question of his astuteness where the main chance is concerned. He spent just three years in the FBI, not as an investigator but as a physical education instructor. Nevertheless, when he left the bureau in 1954, he parlayed the image of FBI super-sleuth into a private detective business that is now the third largest in the nation, ranked right behind Pinkerton and Burns. This spectacular growth is attributable to just one factor—Wackenhut's way with federal contracts.

The early years were hard. When Wackenhut set up his private-eye business in the Miami area, he had three ex-FBI men for partners, but they dropped out one by one and Wackenhut struggled along, sometimes on an income of no more than \$9,000 a year. Then, in 1960, he mined the mother lode. In that year, the law firm of Sen. George A. Smathers, a conservative Florida Democrat, wangled a way around the law for the benefit of the Wackenhut pocketbook. Federal bureaus are forbidden by statute from hiring private detective agencies, but Smathers' firm neatly solved this difficulty by splitting the Wackenhut Corporation like the amoeba—one part for investigation; a second, housed in a subsidiary corporation, for guard and security duties.

Once this Smathers legerdemain had been performed, federal agencies seemed to become fascinated by the previously little-known Wackenhut Corporation. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission and other federal enclaves poured millions of dollars into Wackenhut's lap to protect them from subversion and intrusion. A public peek at the size of this bonanza was furnished in April, 1966, when blocs of the privately held Wackenhut stock were placed on the market. The prospectus showed that Wackenhut had done \$17,755,514 worth of business in 1965. About 95 per cent of sales came from guard activities, and 38 per cent of total sales derived from direct contracts with the federal government or subcontracts for the protection of government installations. From this public offering of stock, Wackenhut cleaned up an estimated \$1.3 million in capital gains—and still retained ironclad voting control over his corporation.

Such was the state of Wackenhut affairs when, on January 3, 1967, Governor Kirk announced that he was going to conduct his own war on crime. The battle was also to be privately financed, Kirk's big-business friends and associates pledging hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was to be masterminded by the Governor's good friend, George R. Wackenhut. Even as the news broke, a significant detail emphasized the close rapport between the new Governor and his chosen investigator. One of the less publicized biographical details of the Florida gubernatorial campaign had been the fact that Kirk had been twice divorced by his first wife, who had uncharitably accused him of gallivanting with others throughout the course of their two marriages. Even many knowledgeable Florida voters had not been aware of the

Kirk divorces and their background, and virtually none suspected that he had already picked his wife's successor, a blonde German-born divorcée, Erika Mattfeld, then in the process of being liberated from a wealthy Brazilian. So it came as something of a shock when, in the midst of the first controversy over the new Governor's private war on crime, it was disclosed that he and blonde Erika were off on a little pre-honeymoon cruise, with Wackenhut for chaperone, on Wackenhut's yacht, aptly named the *Security Risk*.

The Kirk-Wackenhut design for a crime crusade that would by-pass established agencies of the law caused instant alarm. Democrats in Florida feared that the Governor's political enemies, not the underworld moguls who have infested the state for decades, would be the prime targets of the new private police force; and far beyond the borders of Florida, other Democratic leaders viewed with alarm. Sen. Edward V. Long (D., Mo.) declared in a speech made in Boston: "This is the way the Gestapo and the secret police operate." And Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) lashed out in Congress on February 23 at "the alarming trend in this country toward the use of police state tactics." Citing a number of examples, he denounced especially "the secret, reprehensible tactics" being employed in Florida, and argued that when investigators are given extralegal authority, "then the people given these special, secret powers become a kind of new government all their own."

Governor Kirk counterattacked. Only newspapers and Democratic politicians viewed with alarm, he said; "the people don't have any criticism." Samplings of public opinion indicated he was right; the public in Florida, almost to a man, wanted "something done" about crime.

Playing up to these aroused expectations, Kirk and Wackenhut began an operation that, at least in its opening round, was more farce than menace. Hank Messick, a veteran and dedicated crime reporter, has since given an insider's view of what he has termed "a cruel hoax." Now 44 years old, Messick won his journalistic spurs exposing the underworld in Newport and Covington, Ky. Financed by two \$25,000 grants from the Ford Foundation, he pursued his researches into big-league crime (an endeavor that produced a recent book, *The Silent Syndicate*), then signed a contract with the *Miami Herald* to search out the mob in Florida.

"Wackenhut certainly sold me," Messick says now, with a rueful shake of the head. "I'm convinced he could sell anybody anything. He certainly had me believing that this was going to be the greatest thing that had ever happened."

Disillusionment set in almost at once. When he reported for work right after the New Year, Messick found there was no office for the anti-crime unit and precious few investigators. A small private office just about large enough to accommodate one desk and a telephone was cleared out and, says Messick, "the three or four of us engaged on the project had to stand around waiting turns to use that one line."

Messick thought at first that this was just the inevitable shakedown difficulties any new endeavor would encounter, but time passed and matters failed to im-

prove. Messick couldn't get a secretary. When he and his best undercover man had worked up a memorandum on *bolita* (the big Cuban-oriented numbers game that is the rage in Miami), he would have to hunt around for the loan of a stenographer. She would often be snowed under with other work, and it might be a week before the memo got typed. By that time, the location of the game might have changed. Few new investigators were added to the great crime drive, and all of these were on a rigid forty-hour week. "Can you imagine fighting crime on forty hours a week?" Messick asks.

Wackenhut, he says, had been eager to have him bring down his files containing all the background details he had amassed during the years of his Ford Foundation and *Miami Herald* sleuthings, and Messick says he told Wackenhut in essence: "All right, get me a filing cabinet and I'll bring down my files and you can copy them." But even so he couldn't get a filing cabinet and his files remained at home.

Then, toward the end of January, Governor Kirk announced that he was coming to Miami and would drop in at the Wackenhut headquarters in Coral Gables to inspect his crime-fighting forces. The announcement, Messick says, caused a near panic. A large room was cleared out, desks were moved in, telephones hooked up. Paint was dashed on the walls. "Literally," Messick says, "it hadn't had time to dry; it was still damp in places when the Governor arrived."

Files were urgently needed (especially since Wackenhut had been telling the Governor and the public that the great crime drive was costing \$1,000 a day), and so at last a filing cabinet was procured. Messick brought down some file folders and placed them in the cabinet. "They filled up maybe a third of the cabinet," he recalls. This didn't seem too impressive for a \$1,000-a-day operation, so a second filing cabinet, empty, was moved in alongside the first one, and an iron bar that could be removed only by manipulating a combination lock was placed across the two cabinets as if to insure the safety of their ultra-secret contents.

Kirk arrived. Oblivious of hoax, he gave the boys a short pep talk, the essence of which was that if the bastards didn't impeach him or get him first, they were all going to be in the crime-fighting business for a long time—and they were going to clean up Florida. "These FBI types," Messick says, "stood around afterwards murmuring admiringly, 'My, he's a fine man, isn't he? What a fine man!'"

Things were no better after the Governor's inspection, though by the middle of February the staff had been increased to some eight investigators. "You wouldn't believe some of the types they hired," says an informant who was then connected with the operation. "It would take some of these birds a week to find Flagler Street."

At this point, Messick quit in disgust. "The Governor is hoaxing the public, and Wackenhut is hoaxing the Governor," he said. In the seven weeks he had been with the "Keystone cops," as he called the Wackenhuts, the most notable achievement had been the nailing down of charges against a county superintendent of schools.

The superintendent was Woodrow A. Darden, of Titusville, in Brevard County. The crime drive had just been

announced, Messick recalls, when a telephone call came in from Orlando, tipping the Wackencops, as they are sometimes called, that Darden had in his possession a washing machine and drier purchased with school funds. Today, a Brevard County newspaper, had built the case against Darden. "The information was all there," Messick recalls. "It was just a question of confirming it. The only problem was we didn't have any investigator to send."

Finally, a live body was scrounged up from one of the Wackenhut outposts and dispatched to Orlando. Just how this operative, James White, handled the assignment later became a matter of dispute. Darden and his wife, Jeanette, subsequently filed suit against the Wackenhut Corporation and White, asking damages because White "unlawfully, maliciously, willfully, wantonly and fraudulently" invaded their home without a warrant.

There were suggestive overtones to the case. Darden was not only superintendent of schools in Brevard but also a member of the State Board of Regents, which has jurisdiction over the University of Florida; and Governor Kirk was believed to be eager to wrest control of this board from the Democrats. Therefore, it was important that the charges against Darden be made to stick, but the state's attorney in Brevard, perhaps dubious himself about the manner in which the evidence had been obtained, protested against finding an indictment. At this point, according to Wackenhut sources, Governor Kirk took a hand, storming and raging and demanding Darden's indictment. The indictment was then obtained, and the Governor promptly bounced Darden off the State Board of Regents.

It was the Wackenhuts' first triumph, but what was its significance? "There are a thousand petty situations like this in Florida," Hank Messick says. "But is this really

fighting crime?" The question leads to others. Just what is the crime problem in Florida? Just what is needed to combat it?

The simple fact of life is that Florida has been a virtual fief of the syndicate for the last thirty years. No area of the United States, not even Las Vegas, has a greater concentration of hoods in residence, a greater cross-hatching of gangster ties and influence. The New York mob, the Detroit, the Cleveland, the Chicago mobs—all have their stakes here. Florida was the staging point for the great underworld gambling venture in Havana when Batista ran Cuba, and it is now the nerve center for the operation of the new Bahama gambling casinos.

The idea that an army of amateur sleuths can work any overnight miracle against this sort of corruption becomes ludicrous when one considers the massive crime campaign already waged by federal authorities. That endeavor dates back to the earliest days of the regime of Robert F. Kennedy as U. S. Attorney General. Edwin L. Silberling, who headed Kennedy's Organized Crime Group in the Justice Department, kept some forty to fifty experts—Justice Department lawyers, FBI agents, Internal Revenue accountants, customs and narcotics agents—working full time in the Miami area for more than two years. After he left the department, the effort continued. But the results have been minimal.

"This is something that takes a lot of time and a lot of people," says Silberling. "If you go into it with the idea that you are going to get sudden, dramatic results, this is all wrong because you're just not going to get them. The only way is to make an investment, a permanent investment in time and men and money, and then maybe eventually, bit by bit, you'll get somewhere."

The prescription bears scant resemblance to the



Wackenhut crusade that has aroused such widespread public anticipation in Florida. The whole Wackenhut background, the organization's emphasis and skills, make the present endeavor suspect.

Until Governor Kirk picked him to rid Florida of crime, Wackenhut's organization had exhibited little passion about the crime menace but an enormous energy for the ferreting out of possible subversives. Last year, of 4,100 employees scattered in twenty-eight Wackenhut offices in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia, some 3,800 were engaged in guard work and protective services. The overwhelming emphasis was on the amassing of millions of dossiers. The Wackenhut files are said to contain more than 3 million names of intellectual and political mavericks, and the organization during the past winter purchased one of the largest independent collections of such materials extant—a compilation said, among other things, to contain every name that ever found its way into the files of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The Wackenhut boast is that it has at its command more dossiers than any organization in the country outside the FBI.

The right-wing fixation shows in other ways. One Wackenhut director is Ralph E. Davis, of Los Angeles, a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society. Another is Loyd Wright, a former president of the American Bar Association who praised the Birch Society when he ran against liberal Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel in 1962. Wright is on the national strategy committee of another far-Right outfit, the American Security Council, as is another Wackenhut director, Gen. Mark Clark. Still another member of the Wackenhut board is Edward V. Rickenbacker, retired board chairman of Eastern Airlines and a crusader against the income tax and the United Nations.

The taint of fanaticism, which runs like an insidious thread through the Wackenhut record, raises the fear that political opponents and predetermined evildoers may be hounded, regardless of facts and evidence. The great Wackenhut crime drive is still so new that it is impossible to tell to what degree these fears may be justified, but there are some disturbing indications.

One of these dates back to 1957 when Wackenhut made his first stab at a big crime investigation for the May term Dade County grand jury. John Adams Baker, a Miami businessman who was foreman of that jury, says bluntly: "My impressions were that you couldn't have a sorrier investigator."

Baker had served previously on federal grand juries, had been president of the Grand Jury Association, and had been active in getting the state to pass a law permitting grand juries to hire special counsel to advise them—an act that was to play a prominent part in what was about to happen.

Wackenhut had been engaged by the Miami Beach City Council to make a study of crime and police corruption, and Baker asked Wackenhut if the grand jury might have a copy of his report when it was finished. Wackenhut agreed. Baker informed the grand jury and state's attorney Richard Gerstein, who was directing its deliberations, and he invited Gerstein to send a representa-

tive with him to get the report. When Wackenhut learned of this, Baker says, he made "an urgent request" that neither Gerstein nor anyone connected with his office be permitted to see his findings. "This was a bombshell to me," Baker says. "The inference was loud and clear that there was something wrong with the state's attorney's office."

Baker was in the embarrassing position of having to rescind his invitation to Gerstein. When he saw Wackenhut alone, he says, Wackenhut advised him that conditions were terrible; that his Miami Beach probe had opened up important avenues of investigation; that he would pursue these as a special investigator for the grand jury if the jury wished to hire him; and that, if the jury did go ahead, he felt he could assure it sufficient evidence to indict the kingpins of the underworld. But Wackenhut was insistent—"he sat there and he practically had tears in his eyes," Baker says—that Gerstein be kept in the dark, that the grand jury must hire special counsel.

"We were over a barrel," Baker goes on. "We didn't know what to do. Here was this big FBI man, with all the prestige and everything behind him; we couldn't doubt him, and if he was right, we had a tremendously important situation on our hands."

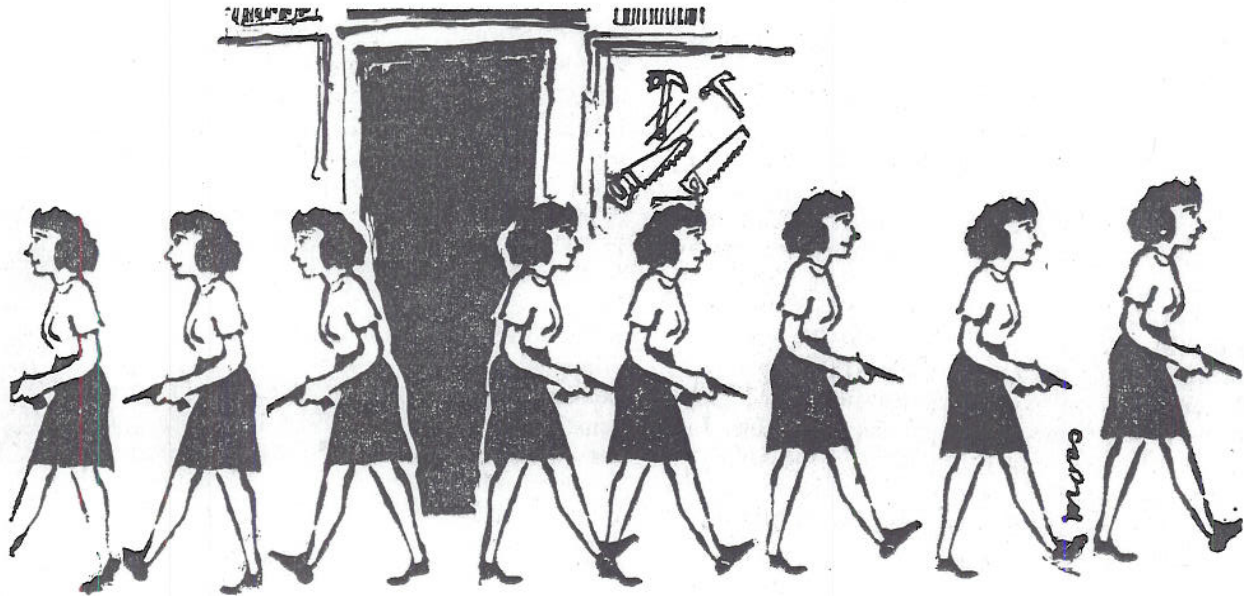
The jury agreed to hire Wackenhut, but hesitated about employing a special counsel. Then, one Sunday night while Baker was sitting at home, his telephone rang, and a lawyer calling from New York introduced himself. He said he had just finished an important case; he understood the grand jury wanted a special counsel; and he was ready to fly back to Miami right away to consult with the jury if it wished.

This was all news to Baker, as the jury hadn't made any such decision, but the lawyer came—and the jury wound up hiring him. "It was completely stupid of us," Baker says now, for the attorney, it turned out, was the private lawyer of Wackenhut. "Nobody could have put themselves more in a strait jacket than we did," Baker continues, "for it is obvious that, if Wackenhut's report turned out to be 95 per cent rumor and comparatively worthless, the last person in the world who might be expected to point out its inadequacies would be Wackenhut's own attorney."

Baker adds: "The next few months were a nightmare to me. I began to wonder: Am I in Dade County? Nazi Berlin? Moscow?"

"Wackenhut would more than once call me up at 2 or 3 A.M. and whisper over the phone: 'Jack, this is George. . . I'm working on something real hot . . . if you don't see me in the morning, well . . . I can't talk too much now.'"

The result of all this cloak-and-dagger work was that Wackenhut produced a 340-page report for a fee of some \$2,500. "You read a lot of stuff and you saw really big names mentioned, and you thought to yourself, 'my God, this is awful,'" Baker says. "But then you tried to weed out the hearsay from the facts, and they just didn't have a thing to go on. There wasn't one solid fact on which to base an indictment. There wasn't anything in the report that you couldn't have gotten out of the files of Dan Sullivan's Crime Commission or the newspapers. Any reporter could have written it."



Still the Wackenhuts are riding high, and expectations of mighty achievements are undiminished. Many competent observers are impressed by what they call the "gung-ho" spirit of the outfit, a kind of righteous fanaticism in the pursuit of evil in all its forms. So far, this fierce righteousness seems to have been exhibited more against political adversaries than emperors of the mob. A couple of examples illustrate the spirit—and the cause for worry.

At the end of 1966, when the Administration subcommittee of the House of Representatives was engaged in a rush run-down on the affairs of Adam Clayton Powell, the Wackenhuts were employed to check out Powell's payroll. There were 149 names on the list, and Washington was rife with reports that many of these had been caded off tombstones. So the Wackenhuts were asked to establish two vital points: Did these people actually exist? And had they performed any work for the government?

Almost immediately there was a backfire that disturbed Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D., O.), chairman of the subcommittee. Reading investigators' reports, Hays discovered that the Wackenhuts apparently had been inquiring into the sleeping arrangements of Powell's entourage in Bimini. Shortly afterward, one of the girls on Powell's staff walked into Hays's office, complaining that the Wackenhuts had been questioning her about her age. There are two versions of Hays's reaction. Members of his committee say that he was incensed, bawled the Wackenhuts out, and ordered them to leave Powell's private life alone and to concentrate on the items that mattered. Hays himself now belittles the whole controversy. He acknowledges that he protested, but he says the Wackenhuts explained that the information was "volunteered" by one of Powell's girls who "thought" this was the kind of information the committee wanted.

A similar kind of puritanical nosiness, especially where a political opponent is concerned, was exhibited shortly afterward in Florida. Hank Messick recalls the day when one of his agents came to him with a set of notes on a yellow pad. A tipster had called in some in-

formation about one of the most prominent Florida Democrats, who had gotten himself mixed up with some girls of tarnished virtue during a trip to the Bahamas. Messick was appalled, he says, and went directly to Wackenhut, protesting that the crime unit would be laughed out of Florida if it went chasing every personal peccadillo of this sort. But Wackenhut, according to Messick, was all gung-ho. "We're out to fight crime, all kinds of crime," he quotes Wackenhut as saying.

Other instances reinforce the suspicion that the "crime drive" may be used to cloak other purposes. Florida Secretary of State Thomas B. Adams, a Democrat, has charged bluntly that he and other officials have been trailed by Wackenhut private eyes. Friendly hotel owners have warned him, he says, that the Wackenhuts have asked them to keep a record of his visitors and telephone calls. Richard Gerstein, the state's attorney who was the target of Wackenhut in 1957, remains admittedly one of the major objects of the new crime drive. In all, by early April, sources close to the Wackenhut probe said that 356 investigations had been undertaken—the majority involving public officials.

At least one Republican who had disagreed with Governor Kirk politically has already felt the heat—and, he insists, has paid the penalty. James Gregory, of Fort Lauderdale, a state Senator, states that private detectives began to investigate him before the party primaries in February. They snooped around asking so many questions of his neighbors and political associates, Gregory says, that supporters became suspicious and fell away, and he was defeated for renomination.

The Gregory incident, like the Darden case, is of special significance because both Governor Kirk and Wackenhut have protested that they are not really bypassing established law-enforcement agencies, that they are not really organizing a powerful secret police. They point out that the Wackenhuts have no authority to obtain warrants, to arrest; they can only investigate. The results of their investigations are turned over to properly constituted authorities for action. But as the Darden and

Gregory incidents would indicate, the power to investigate is itself a potent tool.

Just how far the controversial Wackenhut-Kirk crime war will go, how long it will last, remains problematical. The original ballyhoo pictured a huge fund, raised from private sources, and a campaign that would go on indefinitely. Not until March 22, when Governor Kirk met the Democratic-controlled state cabinet, were the cards laid on the table, the list of actual contributions disclosed. It was then learned that all the Governor had in hand was \$8,400—a little more than a week's pay at Wackenhut's rate. Kirk insisted that pledges for some \$150,000 would be made good as soon as Internal Revenue ruled that contributions to the crime drive were tax deductible. In the meantime accounts were indisputably in the red.

The Governor suggested that, in this crisis, the state should undertake the financing. His Democratic op-

ponents, figuratively licking their chops, proclaimed that they would be only too happy to begin financing the drive out of a \$700,000 state contingency fund. Only, of course, in that event, they would insist that the investigators be regular state employees, operating under regularly constituted authority. Governor Kirk retorted that it was *his* crime war and he intended to retain control of it. And in this impasse the matter rested.

A flood of bills has since been introduced in the Florida legislature to create a state crime commission, or a state police force which Florida does not now have, or a state crime-fighting force under the attorney general. Most political observers agree that, out of the stew, will come some kind of state crime effort, if only for the reason that the public is clamoring for action and there are votes to be garnered. But only wild-eyed optimists think that Florida will be suddenly and sweetly purified.

WHY THE CADETS CHEAT

J. ARTHUR HEISE

Mr. Heise, formerly a faculty staff officer at the Air Force Academy, was more recently a guest lecturer at the Free University of West Berlin. He is now a reporter in Buffalo, N. Y.

Colorado Springs

Official investigations are under way for the second time in two years to determine what causes cheating en masse at the U. S. Air Force Academy. Information independently gathered points to shortcomings in the academic program of the newest service academy as the broad and basic cause of this dishonesty. Interviews with more than a dozen past and present faculty members, plus other material assembled since the biggest cheating scandal in U. S. college history occurred at the Academy in 1965, single out two aspects of the academic program as having produced an atmosphere conducive to cheating.

First, "teaching by the numbers" in many of the academic courses turns instructors into "human teaching machines." Because of this centralized system, the faculty enjoys little of the authority and bears few of the responsibilities customary among their civilian colleagues: they work in an atmosphere described in terms ranging from "subservient" to "Machiavellian." The cadets, for their part, try to beat the highly standardized, impersonal system, some apparently by cheating. Second, to create an image of scholarly achievement, the Academy itself has employed practices that set a dubious example for cadets bound by an honor code stating: "We will not lie, or cheat, nor tolerate among us anyone who does."

As a result of the two cheating scandals, 155 budding Air Force careers were cut short when cadets involved were dismissed from the mile-high, 18,000-acre campus hugging the feet of the Rocky Mountains just north of Colorado Springs. In addition to the effect on the lives of the students, the two incidents bear a price tag of more than \$5 million (reckoned from what it costs per year to

educate a cadet). After the 1965 scandal, the Academy's military and athletic programs bore the brunt of the criticisms handed down by an Air Force investigation committee, headed by the late Gen. Thomas D. White, retired Air Force chief of staff. Changes duly made in the military program included the premature transfer of a former commandant of cadets. The athletic program was also revised, and athletes were not as conspicuous in the recent scandal as they had been in 1965.

However, the academic program, which commands three-fourths of the cadets' time (and where the cheating on exams occurred during both episodes) was diagnosed "basically sound" by the White committee, and no major changes have been made. That division of the Academy has been headed by Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, dean of the faculty, for more than ten years. Primarily under his direction, the Air Force Academy has moved several notches away from the very rigid academic system General McDermott experienced as a cadet at West Point. Air Force cadets today can major in a score of academic fields, are given credit for previous college work, can accelerate their studies with enrichment courses, and begin work toward a master's degree while still at the Academy—all changes from the former systems of the other service academies. Cadets have won dozens of scholarships, and the Academy itself boasts that it received accreditation even before graduating its first class in 1959. Nevertheless, many of the regimented and highly centralized teaching methods that prevailed at the older service academies were built into the Air Force Academy's more modern academic program.

Many Air Force Academy faculty members—possibly most—accept the present academic program with little question. Some are deeply troubled, however, and several were willing to talk—on being promised complete anonymity. During the weeks following the 1965 and the recent scandal, more than a dozen of these of-