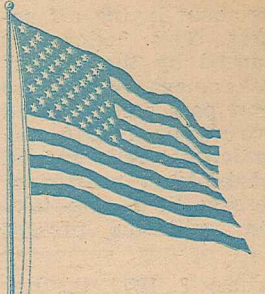
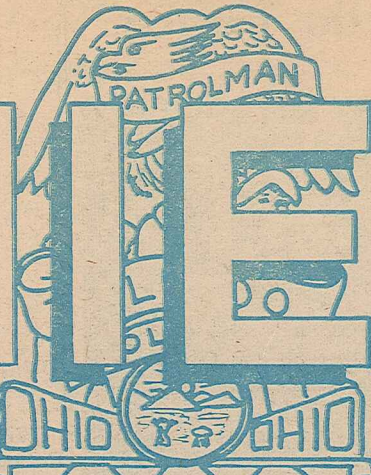


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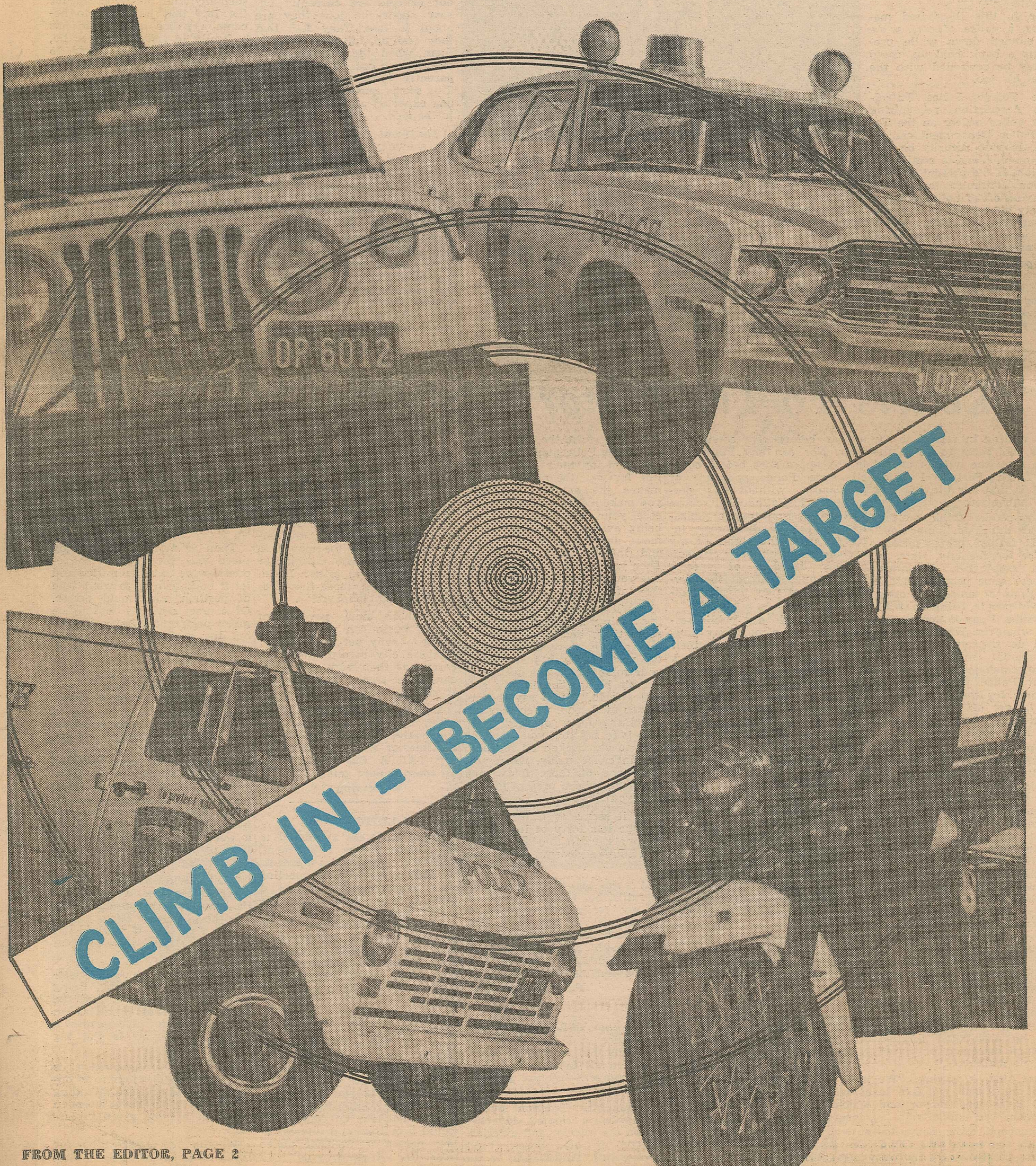
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VOL. 1, NO. 2



From The Office Of The Toledo Police

Patrolman's Association — James Caygill

Since the month of October, 1970, the City Administration has talked about laying off police officers. This action has been enhanced by the "crisis" type of government our city, has for the most part become faced with. Since April of 1970, the Administration has been warned of the probability of insufficient funds but saw fit not to take any action until the present crisis.

On February 3, 1971, the Revised 1971 Budget was presented to City Council for approval. In spite of the alarming rise in the crime rate in our city, the Administration still advocates the laying off of 40 dedicated professional police officers, from an already under-staffed Police Department.

When an individual makes application with the Toledo Police Division, he is normally advised of the security that goes with the position.

Due to this ill-advised maneuver, a police officer, who was gunned down while preventing a bank hold up, could possibly be rewarded with the loss of his job.

The Toledo Police Patrolmen's Association, recognizing that a police officer on the Toledo Police Department can no longer look to security on this department, plans to rectify the situation. If the present Administration continues to propose the laying off of police officers, the only alternative is to advise our members to seek employment with other law enforcement agencies.

At present, we are compiling a list of all Federal, State, and Local law enforcement agencies seeking experienced and qualified men in the law enforcement field. This list will be



made available, not only to the 40 men who are scheduled to be laid off, but to all Police Officers.

The Toledo Police Patrolmen's Association, as always, acting in the best interest of our members, will assist them in attaining a more secure position, whether it be with our Department, or another law enforcement agency.

We realize that we have one of the best police departments

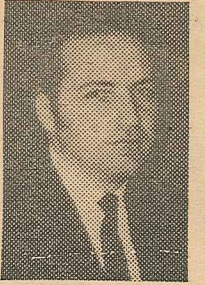
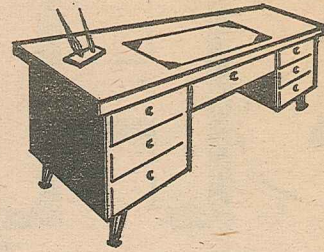
in the country, and we are proud to represent the major part of it. With this fact in mind, we still feel that we will have to advise any Officer who is laid off, not to return to an insecure position.

JAMES CAYGILL,
President

FRANK MARTIN,
1st Vice President

Toledo Police
Patrolmen's Assn.

from the
EDITOR'S desk



Bob Poiry

Well, the first issue of the Police Shield is in the past and we have had terrific response to it. We would like to again thank the people who have subscribed to the Police Shield as it is you who have helped us to convey our ideas to the have stated that they would like to hear more of the inside stories about our job. We will attempt to obtain some of these stories from the officers on the job. Needless to say, some of our officers are currently uneasy about the jobs they are about to lose. They feel that they had an injustice done to them when the mention of a layoff came out. The public apparently feels the same way. This seems reasonable to us. No one expected anything like this to happen.

The front page of this paper has shown you how to become a target of just about anything, bullets, abuse, missiles from crowds, and anything else that the misfits of our society may feel would cause harm to the officers inside the vehicles.

The public cries that they are not sufficiently protected and quite often they are right. During the current era of revolution the main target of the revolutionary is the police officer. The militant organizations of our country have stated that they are out to kill the main symbol of the Establishment, the Police Officer. If anyone feels that the police officer is not in danger while he is on duty, they only have to think of what the feeling must be to ride one of these police vehicles through

a troubled area at any time, especially on a weekend night.

The prime concern of any police officer is the protection of the citizen. But, how can this be when the biggest concern turns to that of his own protection. He can't possibly devote his best to the citizen when he is constantly looking for that hidden sniper or misfit who is out to take his life for nothing other than being a police officer. This officer is no different than any other person except for the fact that he chose to become a police officer. He has a family to raise, a job to do, bills to pay, grade cards to check, taxes to worry about, superiors to answer to, and retirement to be concerned about. Many people say that a certain officer has treated him or her that all policemen are alike. They are not all the same and they all have different personalities. It is possible to make mistakes even for a police officer. It is hard for a police officer to please a person especially when he is doing his job by giving that person a ticket or performing another phase of his work. Citizens must realize that this man is the same as he or she is, but their jobs require them to do things that sometimes are to the displeasure to the citizen. Remember that this same officer is the person sitting in the line of fire so that he may protect the public he has dedicated himself to. We only hope you never have to be in the position in which you can say "Climb In, Become a Target" in your own way of life.

The Editor

Letters To The Editor

I am writing in regard to the layoffs that seem to be in the offing. I am the wife of one of the "Fated Forty". I think that it is time for the statistics to be humanized.

Many people think or feel that such things as "job actions" (New York City), protest pickets, etc., are for the city, state, or federal employees, forbidden. But these same people condone the actions of unions or other groups of people, being on strike for months. I say better picketing or whatever. What other recourse do the city and other governmental employees have? I do not condone the city being without Police protection, but it is time for the city government to get off its duff and support these men, rather than break their spirits.

When their own people, (city administration) play God with their lives, what other means of protest do they have? Why should they, because of their governmental employment, be led like lambs to the slaughter, without objection or without voice to those who would take their livelihood from them. Even the lowliest of factory or office workers can at least confront their employers. Not so in our city! Our mayor has stated when Officer Caygill presented his statement to council, (quoted from Blade 2-5-71): "It will be the last time that employee labor groups disrupt council proceedings in that manner." Also, Mayor Kessler was very explicit in saying, (same quote as above), statements for councilmen, they should be distributed through the council secretary, or placed in council mailboxes."

To me, this is saying, "We will not meet with you face to face, it gives me, (mayor and councilmen) bad publicity."

My husband came home today with the news that Chief Duck has handed down the order that no Police Officer can

appear before city council, in ficer. Nor can any Patrolman, in any appearance before council, state Police problems or grievances, without his permission. This, although I realize that a quasi-military organization can't be a democracy, infringes upon the rights of my husband's and all other city employees' freedom of speech. They cannot confront the government that they possibly voted into office.

These people are public servants just the same as my husband, but, do they leave their homes and families for work and wonder if they will return after eight hours; or if they will fall in the line of duty? No! These people have the safe, sane labor of legislation and city government. While my husband and 750 or so others have the less attractive job of citing an often irate citizen, taking verbal and often physical abuse from the public, and being the garbageman for societies' human trash.

Don't get me wrong, being a Police Officer to the truly dedicated Policeman is like getting a call from God, just as many ministers get the call to their field. Being a Peace Officer has its rewards, because not all of the people are as I described above. But there is the chance that my husband, like William Miscannon, will someday go to work and never come home.

I say to you "civilian" ladies, whose husbands have a tame 9 to 5 job, Monday through Friday, think what it is like for we who are married to these dedicated men. Sometimes it's frightening, especially when there is a probability of riots or whatever civil strife erupts, which may be anytime.

The advantages of this job far outweigh the disadvantages. We love this life, or we wouldn't live it. It takes a very special

man to perform the duties allotted to the Policeman. Every day 750 men lay their lives on the line for you, the public. If one makes the supreme sacrifice, you make monetary donations to ease your conscience, for not being aware of inferior equipment, inferior city leadership, and inferior judicial support. Then you forget until next time, but you do nothing to see that the inferiorities are corrected.

You'll read this letter, mull it over in your mind for a very short time, and then forget it just as you have forgotten in the past. And you justify it in your mind with, "Oh well, this doesn't bother me in my safe little world." But I say to you, citizen of Toledo, when they lay off these forty devoted men, who is to say that you won't be next to be stricken by the high rise in crime today, when possibly one of those forty men might have been present to protect you!

So it seems as if the public will be less forty of its private doormats, when they are turned into political doormats after this layoff.

It seems that this letter might be futile, but it has relieved me of my feeling of uselessness (somewhat) in this crisis that my husband is withstanding, along with 39 other Officers who are dedicated to this profession serving you the public.

Policeman's Wife

Now that TARTA has initiated service in Toledo there are questions that need to be asked—and in all fairness to voters and taxpayers—require answers from someone.

Community Traction owned buses always carried advertising on the interior and exterior. TARTA operated buses still display ads. Advertising is an expensive commodity. These ads

are paid for by various companies. Who's collecting?

If under TARTA this practice is to continue, why can't the money go toward lowering federal taxes? The Federal Government is helping support this enterprise. Or give the money to the City of Toledo during this time of financial crisis? Local, state or federal, those funds belong to every taxpayer.

If these new government owned buses can carry advertising — why not mail trucks? If these city owned buses can carry ads then why not squad cars, fire trucks and garbage trucks?

Why have unnecessary layoffs when there appears to be such a lucrative source of income on the interior and exterior of every TARTA bus? Where are all those dollars going?

Wondering

TO THE EDITOR

When we were appointed to the Toledo Police Department, there were various requirements we had to meet. After meeting these requirements we were granted this employment. We would remain, only after proven probation period, and if we were morally and mentally fitted for a position on the Toledo Police Dept. All of this took time, money and the express desire to be a police officer.

We did not want to be just a police officer, but there was always the thought that on the Toledo Police Department, there would eventually be a chance for promotion or placement in a specialized bureau such as the Detective, Juvenile, Vice Squad, Motor Pool, etc. Of course this would take time and interest in that particular field of police work. So, we would wait.

As time went on, we would

see men with less time in service than ourselves placed in these various bureaus. As time goes by we have seen men on the least desirable jobs remain on same for very long periods of time.

Then as more time went by there was the era where requests were to be submitted and let it be known as to what type of position one would prefer. Of course, seniority was to be given preference. As time went on, the seniority - preference was (forgotten?). Now, again, we have another era, and more time goes on, and we are told men will be placed in a bureau, or position, on a temporary basis. During this time, classes will be held on specialization, but only for a few at a time. So we submit our requests once again, and once again we find our name is not one of those chosen. Yet, the list contains a majority of men with less seniority than ourselves. This request is to attend classes twice a week on our own time. Not like trying to grab something for nothing.

We are told that there will be other classes later. We were told the same thing before and when was the last class? Three years? Two? And then if you are not chosen to attend, there will be other classes.

Being able to attend the classes is not the big thing. Being told that one must attend the classes before any consideration will be given for placement in a specialized bureau is the big thing.

Attendance to these classes is only for consideration to a bureau. Then if you are attending a university or have attended one, you will be given preference.

Whether the qualifications for being a policeman have been

(Continued Page 5, Col. 1)

Do-Care Bowling Program So, You Got a Ticket, Mister;

A Program For Kids And Police

By Joe Legree

As most everyone knows, today we live in a society that rebukes against authority. It not only hits police, it hits all phases of society—schools, businesses, courts, labor movement and even religion. Our children, along with some ill-fated leadership, are taking any means they can to overthrow our government. Policemen across the country have felt the furor of their demands, through riots, bombings, and at times complete insurrections. Some of our cleric have even joined their cause. There is no doubt that change is needed, but change without proper leadership, can lead to our destruction as a nation. Police in this country are blamed for just about everything. The kids blame us because we are their first hurdle in their quest for unlawful change. Our image to them is likened to that of the German Gestapo. This is pounded into them by organizations like the Black Panthers and the SDS Weatherman society. Little children at the age of four are told that we are their enemy. They never really get a chance to see us at a proper perspective. To them we are someone to be feared.

As small and insignificant as it may seem, this bowling program is just one way we can reach the kids. Athletics have always been a nature. It takes boys with character and builds them into men. Most of our great leaders have been involved in athletics of some type in their youth. It has been a common denominator for all people to work together to achieve a goal. This is the very same principle that this bowling program can bring to the police of this city, a common de-

nominator between police and the kids.

As of today, this program has some 400 kids involved in it. The Fraternal Order of Police has donated \$102.00 to buy light weight balls. The Toledo Police Patrolmen's Association also donated \$100.00 to the program. Jeep Corporation, Local 12, gave \$100.00 to the program for bowling balls. The balls purchased for the program will remain the property of the police division. They will be loaned to the program when needed. The Brunswick Corporation has agreed to sell us their \$27.95 balls for their cost which is \$10.20. But Bus Carone has agreed to order and drill the balls free of cost. Mr. Carone also has given a lot of his time to the program and spends every minute of spare time with the kids teaching them the proper techniques of bowling. This is really our chance to get out and do some public relations work with the kids of the community. At the same time we can show the kids that we understand some of their problems.

The program runs four days a week at four bowling lanes. They are the following:

Tuesday through Thursday at West Toledo Recreation 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.

Wednesday at the Playdium Lanes, 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.

Friday at the Marathon Lanes, 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.

Friday at the Eastern Lanes, 3:30 - 5:30 p.m.

The owners of the above lanes have donated them free of cost to the program. We need volunteers and anyone interested in giving a couple of hours a week to the cause of this program, please contact Joe Legree in the Community Relations Bureau or drop a note to same as we have a couple of weeks left with the program.

Narcotic And Dangerous Drug Slang

By Burt Haddad

- DOPER—Addict.
- FINE STUFF—Drugs of high purity and quality.
- FIX—(See Outfit).
- FIX, FIX-UP—A drug which is about to be injected, or has just been injected.
- FLASH—To throw up after fixing or the feeling you get just after fixing.
- FRANTIC—Nervous, jittery drug user.
- FUZZ—The law.
- GEEZE—Injection of narcotic.
- GOOF BALL—Any barbiturate tablet or capsule, combined with an amphetamine.
- GOOFER—One who drops pills.
- GOOFED UP—Under the influence of barbiturates.
- GRAM—Gram of Heroin (approximately 10 capsules).
- GRASS—Marijuana.
- GRASSHOPPER—Marijuana user.
- GUIDE—A person who does not use L.S.D. while sitting with a user during a session.
- GUN—(See Outfit).
- H.—Heroin.
- HABIT—Addiction to drugs.
- HAND-TO-HAND—Delivery of narcotics person-to-person.
- HAY—Marijuana.
- HEAD—Marijuana user.
- HEAT—The law.
- HIGH—Under the effect of narcotics or drugs.
- HOG—An addict who uses all he can get his hands on.
- HOLDING—Possessing narcotics.
- HORNING—Sniffing narcotics up nose.
- HYPE—An addict.
- JOINT—A marijuana cigarette. Also State prison.
- JOLT—An injection of narcotics.
- JOY POP—An occasional injection of narcotics. One who is "joy popping" only takes an injection now and then.
- JUNK—Heroin.
- OUTFIT—Equipment for injection by the hypodermic route; a "hype" outfit. Eyedropper, needle, spoon, small piece of cotton and handkerchief.

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You Break My Heart

Maybe you're one of them. Are you one of the people who call me on the telephone or write me a letter to tell me my troopers are stopping motorists and giving them tickets for "no reason at all"? I wouldn't know—you never give your name!

You tell me you're a good citizen and a safe driver just using Interstate 64 for what it was intended—speed. And that "dumb cop" gave you a ticket.

You break my heart! I hope the next time you're tearing down the road at 85 miles per hour that trooper catches you again. I hope he gives you another ticket and the traffic judge takes your license away. I hope he catches you before you smash into a concrete bridge abutment at 85 m.p.h. and he has to help pry your lifeless body out of that crushed speed machine of yours.

I hope we can teach you a lesson with a ticket so maybe you won't cause a wreck and cost somebody else his or her life.

You really break my heart telling me you don't have time to go to court about that ticket. I wish you could come with me to the scene of a wreck sometime. I wish I could make you stand and watch a man writhe

in the gravel on the shoulder of a highway while he waits for an ambulance that will be there too late to do anything but carry him to the morgue!

I wish I could make you help scrape the bits of bone and flesh of a whole family off the asphalt and into baskets. You'd vomit—just like my troopers do; but you'd think differently the next time you climbed into that car of yours.

You said you were driving safely when the trooper stopped you. The road was clear and there was no harm in edging over the speed limit a few miles per hour—you said. I'm really impressed with your ability to judge road conditions. I'm only sorry a trooper wasn't at that place a few months ago when a man with a wife and four children had a blowout at over 80 m.p.h. He might have slowed him down; and his children would still have a father and his wife a husband.

Oh, am I getting you mad again? That man might have been mad if the trooper had stopped him. He might have written me a letter. But he'd be alive.

Your letter doesn't bother me, friend. What bothers me is that you apparently haven't learned

your lesson. You're probably going to get back behind the wheel of your car thinking you own the road and nothing can happen to you. You don't think about the other people on the road who want to go on living.

And who gave your kid driving lessons. You? Then he's probably gotten a couple of tickets, too. It's no wonder he weaves in and out of traffic, speeds, and leaves strips of burned rubber at stop lights.

I hope we catch him, too, mister, before we have to call you and your wife to come identify his body at the morgue. I don't want to watch you crying and wishing you hadn't let him have a car until he learned to drive maturely.

And you say you want my troopers to let you off with a warning. What you really want is for us to stop doing our jobs! You want us to let you go until you meet another guy just like you—head on.

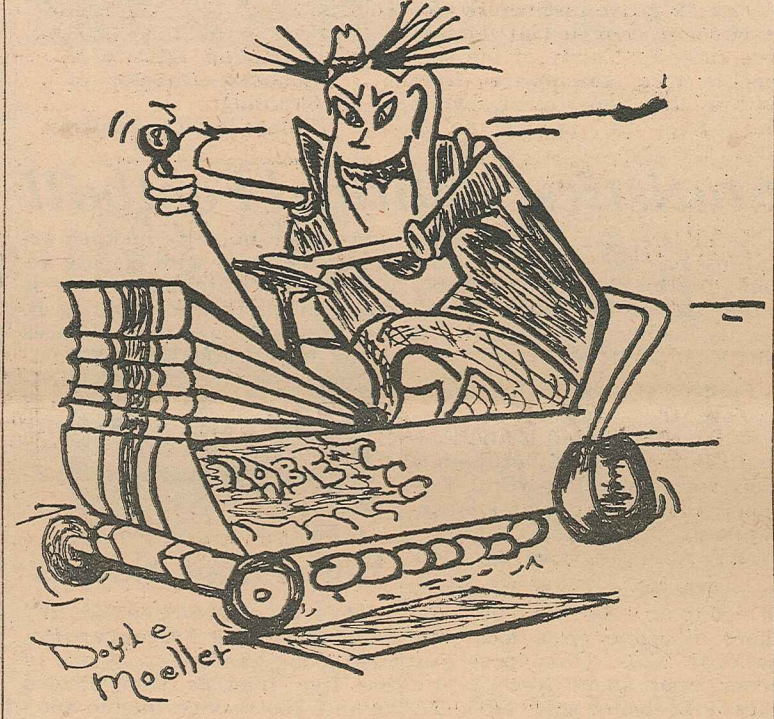
I wish you could come with me to a wreck and see the seared body of a victim after the fire department has finished its job of extinguishing 15 gallons of flaming gasoline. I wish you could go with me to her home and help me tell her husband that his wife isn't coming home because some idiot ran her off the road while trying to pass her. I want you to help him explain why mommy won't be home.

You're mad because you got a ticket, and you have to take time off from work to go to court.

You break my heart, mister!

—W. O. Newman, commissioner, Kentucky Department of Public Safety, in the Bulletin of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators.

(Reprinted from National Observer, Dec. 1970)

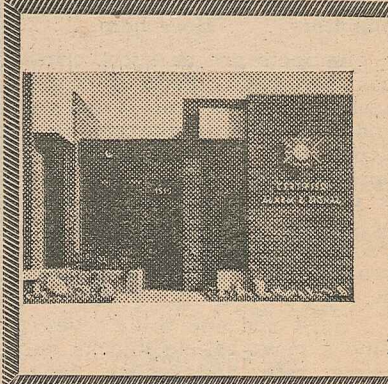


Caught in the Act



Who is the East Side cookie burglar?
(Editor's son caught in the Commission of a theft.)

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Training and Education Of Toledo Police Officers

Stated generally, the role of the Toledo Police Division is the protection of life and property, the prevention of crime, the preservation of public peace, the detection and arrest of offenders and the fair and impartial enforcement of laws and ordinances authorized by statutes for enforcement.

The Toledo Police Academy, since its founding on July 1, 1938, by the late Major Charles W. Roth, has dedicated itself to the development of sworn personnel to carry out the police mission. The policy of the academy is to structure training and education which will prepare civilian aspirants to police service into professional patrolmen. From that point, to transform these patrolmen into command officers, so that the professional level of competence of the police division may be maintained.

The academic discipline to which Toledo Police officers are subjected to must be structured and adapted to meet changing conditions. This places serious responsibility upon superior officers to train those under their supervision. This task is accomplished to a great extent by personal on-the-job instruction and personal example.

Consistent with the declared policy "to protect and to serve", police officers in this community, as in the many progressive communities across the country have, through personal sacrifice, undertaken the required disciplines to fulfill this mission.

Citizens of the community are being made aware of the fact that formal institutions of learning are offering a wide range of related subjects dealing with the behavioral sciences, corrections, police administration and public safety. They have taken notice of the research in the field of law enforcement technology and how this knowledge has contributed to better police performance in our society. Clearly, people are coming too realize that the role of law enforcement personnel has changed from a gun toting, key jangling, strong arm, weak mind, swaggering cop type, to intermediaries between law abiding society and its lawless elements.

Today's police officer is a law enforcement generalist. He must have a working knowledge of the many and varied laws upon the law books of today. He must understand criminal law and procedures, and Traffic Laws. He must know how to apply scientific techniques and practical psychology. He is often called upon to make decisions of the greatest consequence, without time for lengthy deliberation or consultation. He must be capable of exercising good judgment in deciding whether to counsel, warn or arrest. As community concerns become more complex, he is charged with the awesome task of preserving the peace and must take immediate steps to restore this peace whenever it is disrupted.

To meet the demands of modern policing necessitates specialization and training. The Toledo Police Academy points with pride to the fact that since its founding, it has graduated thirty-one police classes. Nine hundred and sixty-four men were

involved in these basic training courses. To this date every man in the Toledo Police Division, except one, has graduated from this institution. Among those on the graduate roll are chiefs of police who separated from the Toledo Police Division, to take command of other police units. These officers now command, or have commanded in the past, Ohio police divisions at Bryan, Kettering, Oregon, Ottawa Hills, Sylvania, Sylvania Township, Willard, Xenia, and Lucas County. Beyond this, the Toledo Police Academy boasts of having graduated police officers from Ashland, Findlay, Rossford, Parma and Wauseon, Ohio. Special mention is made of having graduated officers from the Republics of Iran and Afghanistan who attained high official capacity in their respective police departments. The academy also played host to representatives of the Republics of Brazil, the European State of West Germany, Japan and Ghana. These were ranking officials in their respective Departments of State who were studying police training methods.

The basic training program of the Toledo Police Academy involves sixty-five instructors who teach one hundred and twenty-five subjects. Thirty of the specialists who teach are from within the department, while thirty-five are invited in to

teach from the various professional fields outside the ranks of the division. The academic discipline has been the subject of complimentary comment by Dr. George W. Crane, nationally syndicated columnist, and Dr. Mabel A. Elliott, Ph.D., Professor of Sociology and Chairman of the Department of Sociology of Pennsylvania College For Women, author of the text entitled, "Crime In Modern Society".

The firearms training program of the Toledo Police Academy has received widespread publicity throughout the country and had at one time hosted the International Police Combat Matches. Life Magazine, in the September 21, 1953 issue, described and photographed phases of the firearms combat training course.

The Toledo Police Division respectfully submits that it is aware of the responsibility it has in the field of police education and training. The gallant and honorable service rendered to the community is evidence of its renewed dedication. It firmly holds to the conviction that the future significance of law enforcement demands that the officers serving the community perform adequately and effectively in this profession.

—Captain Edward C. Sobczak, Director of Training
Toledo Police Academy

Statistics: Political Football

As of late, the public has the impression the crime statistics compiled by the Records Tabulating section are running constantly behind the times. It is TRUE . . . WHY? . . .

First of all, we would like to explain the data that is compiled and forwarded to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Uniform Crime Reporting Section, is based on volunteered information. It is not a MANDATORY Administrative function.

However, it is necessary in gauging the amount and times of crime on a local and national basis. (I suppose you never read about New York City P.D. being told NOT TO REPORT THEIR STATISTICS, a few years back.) It is true. Our problem is not one of lack of production, but lack of manpower, or WOMAN POWER, IF YOU WILL, there is one woman presently handling the crime stat section, and the situation is an insurmountable task, due to the increase in crime reports and miscellaneous offenses, and one other woman being off sick. . . . The problem is in perspective like a fire, it grows in size with every passing moment. . . . The answer to updating the program is self-explanatory . . . More help. . . .

The facts are as such, crime has increased, especially crimes against persons and property, and consequently the conscientious public are filing more reports, and God Bless them. This is your City, and we are your neighbors, we NEED YOUR PARTICIPATION in the legal process, however slow it may be. . . .

I must add one thing: everytime a news article knocks our crime rate and police func-

tions, the criminally inclined accommodate you with a more vicious attack, thinking no one is going to know who is doing it, and they will take their chances at not being caught. . . . We unfortunately are not OMNI-PRESENT, so we need YOUR EYES and EARS, to REPORT CRIME . . . Do YOUR THING . . . PARTICIPATE . . . REPORT IT. . .

Policeman Scores

Let's give Detective Ed Shy from the Crime Prevention Bureau a big hand. He was one of the five finalists who bowled against 200 bowlers in the \$60,000 Buckeye Open Bowling Tournament at Imperial Lanes. Ed bowled a 1721 total, and his high game was a 267. His average is 195.

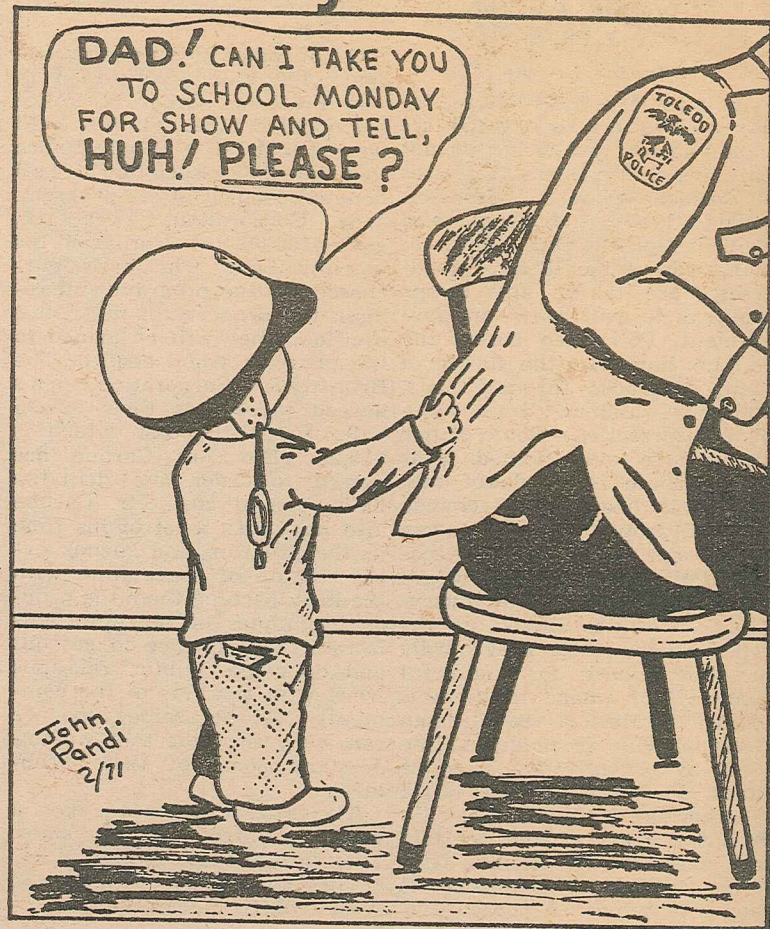
Ed will now compete on March 3rd to the 6th against the top bowlers in the United States. The members of the Shield wish all the luck to one of our own. So let's go out and win it, Ed. The eyes of the Toledo Police Dept. are upon you.

Anyone wishing to see Ed in action can see him at Imperial Lanes on the 3rd to the 6th.

SAN FRANCISCO (PAI) — The California Labor Federation, the United Automobile Workers and the Teamsters have combined here to fight proposed changes in the rules governing the California Public Utilities Commission. They contend that the proposed changes would limit their right to appear before the Commission to protest rate changes.

BERKELEY, Calif. (PAI) — Joan Londer Miller, daughter of famed writer Jack London, writer and indefatigable worker in the cause of the United Farm Workers, is dead here at the age of 70. Mrs. Miller served as librarian of the California Labor Federation for more than 20 years, retiring in 1962.

Small Fry



Death Of A Policeman

Somebody killed a policeman today
And a part of America died . . .
A piece of our country he swore to protect
Will be buried with him at his side.

The beat that he walked was a battlefield, too
Just as if he had gone to war.
Though the Flag of our Nation won't fly at half mast
To his name they will add a gold star.

The suspect who shot him will stand up in court
With counsel demanding his rights.
While a young widowed mother must work for her kids
And spend many long, lonely nights.

Yes, somebody killed a policeman today . . .
Maybe in your town or mine - - -
While we slept in comfort behind our locked doors,
A cop put his life on the line.

Now his ghost walks the beat on a dark city street,
And he stands at each new rookie's side.
He answered the call . . . of himself gave his all,
And a part of America died . . .

Reprinted From Ohio Police Journal (F.O.P.)

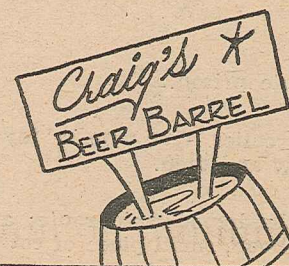
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Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

changed in the past years or not, I feel that this has no relation to the men who have been with the division for many years, many more than myself. Note, I state qualifications for becoming a police officer.

These men with x amount of seniority must be dedicated men, and after this length of service, most certainly have the knowledge of how the different bureaus operate and what is expected to a man in a bureau. Therefore, why cannot these men be given a chance to show either that they can or cannot perform in the bureau of their choosing?

These classes and university education were not a pre-requisite when these same men came to choose this profession many years ago. Now it seems it is very definitely a major thing. So what do you say to the older policeman? Get lost, we have men with educations now. Well, just how do you get this education if you are passed over, or told to wait, there will be another class, as time goes on.

What does the officer with x amount of years of service on the department do when he feels he is not going anywhere, or will not be considered for anything? What can he do? He is about 40 years old, a dedicated policeman, and most probably by now, has his life and that of his family's patterned around this fact. If it seems that these statements are only for the older policeman, they definitely are not! They are not! They are intended for the younger officer also, for he will later be the veteran. If the rules and regulations have changed for the older officer now, they will most certainly change for the younger officer as time goes on. If seniority means little now and keeps meaning less, what effect will it have later in the future? I definitely feel that a college education is a wonderful thing, but so is experience.

If seniority is continued to be neglected now and in the future, the younger officer will be in the same position that the older men are in now. The feeling that goes with it is even worse. I know the feeling — Angry! Low morale. You feel like quitting. Where would you go? Start all over? No, you just stay and know in your heart that you are not going anywhere or will even be considered. Couldn't happen?

I do not think that seniority is the only qualification for advancement by any means. However, Elements of Supervision states (one of our texts for promotion), Regard for seniority must be observed in transfers or trouble is certain to arise. And to me, Regard For, should be faced.

I agree that there must be the ability and the desire to want to possess a job. As for desire, this writer must have it since he has requested in writing, a position in a bureau since October of 1963, after completing five years, every six months up to and including Jan. 1971.

I, myself, do not know if I have the ability to perform a task given, therefore, how could

Sincere Thanks for a Comforting Thought

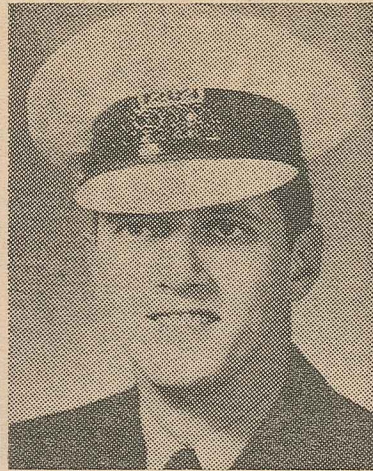
Many times people are quick to criticize a person for little errors but not so quick to say thanks for a job well done. After Bill Miscannon was viciously murdered many people donated money to a fund in his behalf to help support his worthy distressed widow and orphans, but only a select few contributed many hours and a magnitude of effort for this hero.

This article is written to say thanks to a handful of men who make it comforting to know should any one of us meet this same destiny that our loved ones left behind will be well cared for.

Pictured above are five police officers who helped make this feeling possible. No. 1 and No. 2 are Officers Bob Paquin and R. Elwing who initiated the benefit at the Fa-Ba night club. No. 3 is Sergeant Fred Freer who donated many hours of his valuable time for the benefits at the Fa-Ba, Peyton Place, and Chariot Lounge. No. 4 and No. 5 are Officers Ed Fugate and Bob Matecki who had the benefit at the Airport Lounge. All four benefits contributed a total of over \$9,000 into the Miscannon Fund. Thanks, men, for a job well done!



BOB PAQUIN



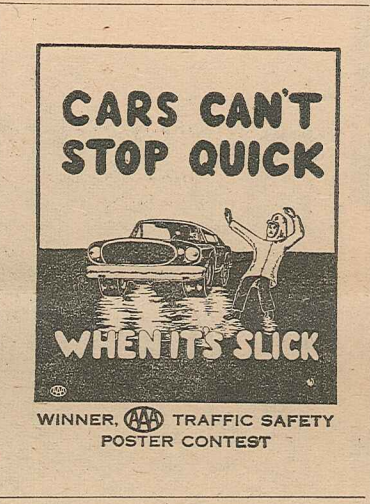
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DICK ELWING



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BOB MATECKI

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The Toledo Police Patrolman's Association is sponsoring a Variety Show & Vaudeville Revue starring Georgie Jessel and Cab Calloway, plus many other stars and vaudeville acts. Ads are being sold for a booklet to be distributed free the night of the show. Lend a hand and help support our show.

Donations will be presented to the widow and orphans of William Miscannon. Tickets for the show are available to all at \$2.50 each. Contact the Patrolmen's Assn. for tickets or they may be obtained the night of the show at the door.

IN POLITICS, to be successful you have to be able to lay a firm foundation with the bricks others throw at you.

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As I See It

By ART HARVEY

Since the first issue of The Shield, I have been approached by several members of our department. Their most frequent questions were: "What type of weapons training can we expect this year?" and "What about the carbine training we were supposed to get?" Well, as of right now, I can't answer either question. Captain Sobczak, Director of Training, referred me to Chief Duck's office, rather than make an official statement about the training. Due to the deadline on this article, I didn't have time to follow up these questions, but will endeavor to do so for the next issue.

Most of us realize that any outfit, be it military or police, can only be as good as its training and equipment. Don't ever forget that we are engaged in a war! War was declared by certain militant groups against "The Establishment," including police officers, and the inflammatory statements and actions which we have witnessed, (the murder of Patrolman Miscannon is a graphic example) should warn us to be more alert than ever before. We must defend ourselves!

I understand the recent Drug Abuse Seminar, which was held for three days, was quite a success. It was reported to be both interesting and informative. This officer applied for the seminar quite early, and had arranged my days off, to be able to attend. However, at the end of January, I was told by Sgt. Scott: "You won't be able to attend the Drug Abuse Seminar, because our department is limited to sending seven men only, and those seven will be the entire Narcotics Squad. This information comes from The chiefs' office!" I was disappointed, naturally, but didn't pursue it further. Well, someone must have gotten their wires crossed, or Sgt. Scott misunderstood, because there were quite a few men who attended, who certainly are not on the Narcotics Squad. Patrolman Bee and Sgt. Burgard are two men who were accepted, among others. Many of us were pleasantly surprised to get a note from The Chief's office, explaining about the over-subscription to the Seminar, and stating that our names will be placed at the top of the list when another

Continued on Page 9, Col. 1

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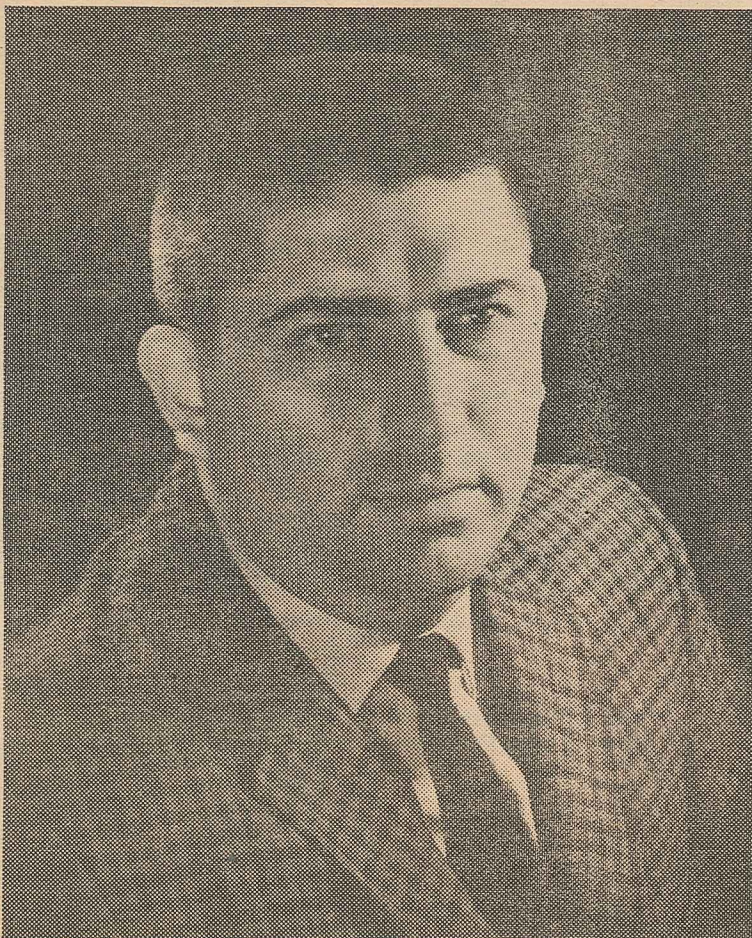
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Patrolman John Annesser, Chief Photographer for the Police Shield. John also has his own photo business off duty. He can be contacted through the Police Shield office.



Vol. 1, No. 2
February, 1971

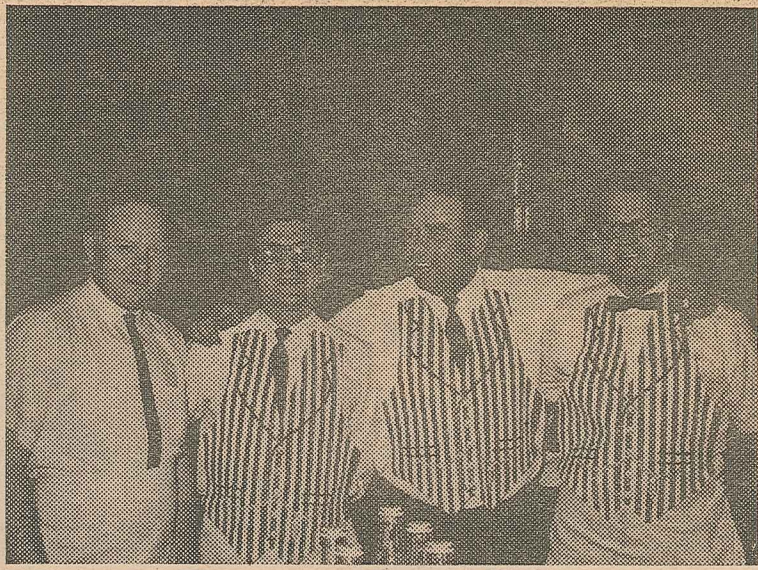
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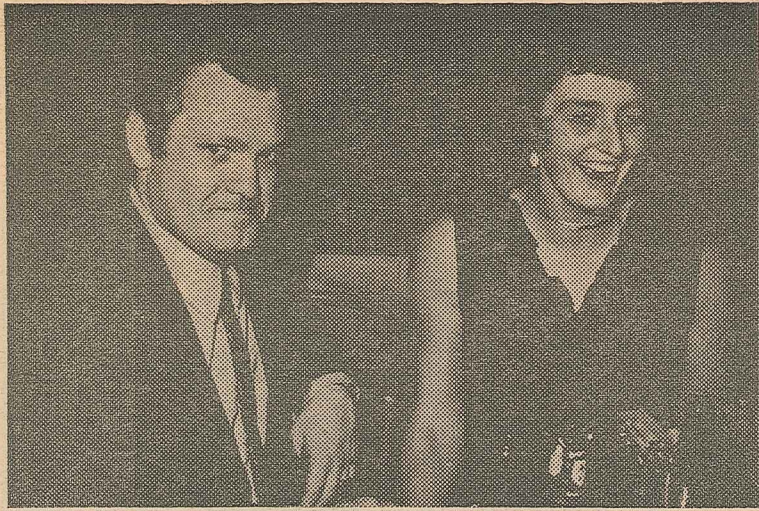
Jack Runyan's Orchestra



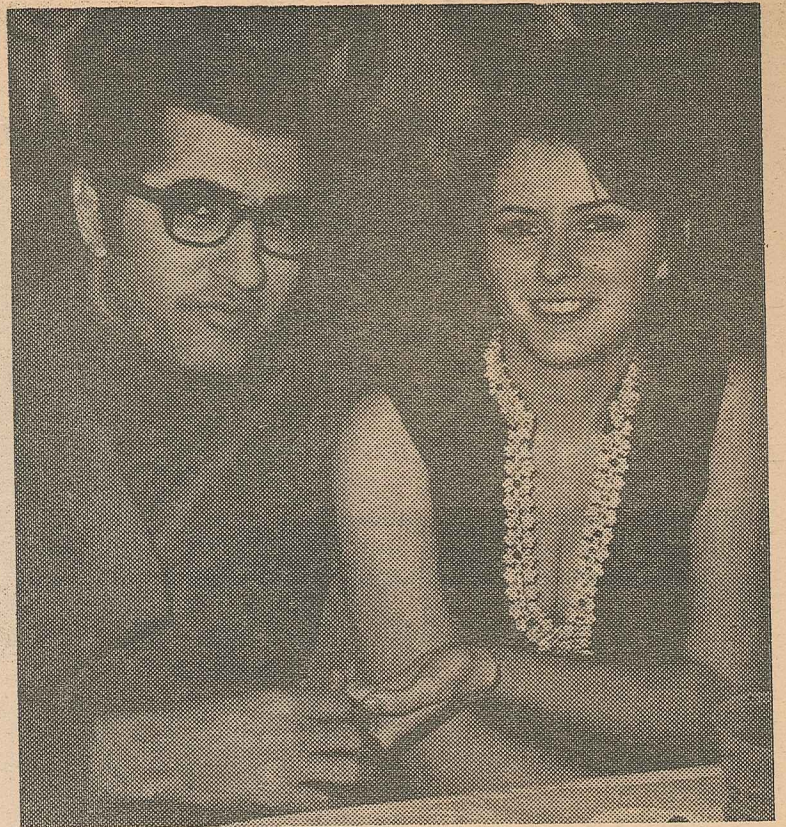
← Councilman and Mrs. Andy Douglas

Left to Right → Joe Bush, Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Dave Dumas, Dave Dumas, Mrs. John Renshler, John Renshler and Mrs. Robert Brannon.

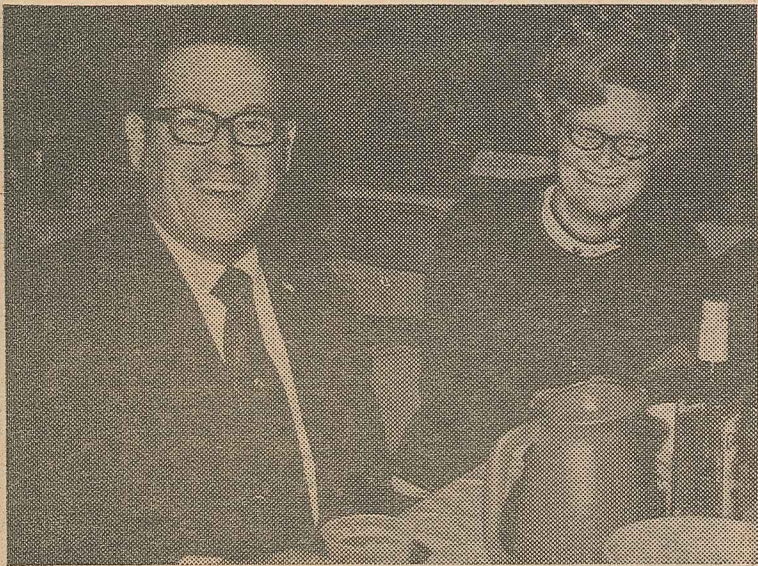




Bill and Carol Clapper



Jim Porter and Friend, her name unknown.



Willard Ohio Chief of Police Jack Fryman and wife. Past President of P. B. A.

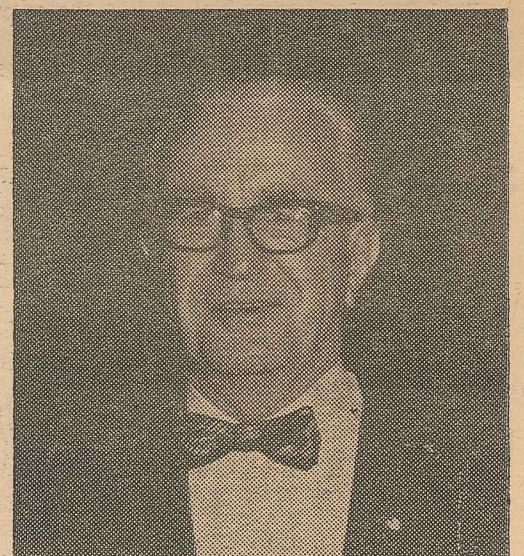
F. O. P. Ladies Auxiliary up to their necks in coats.



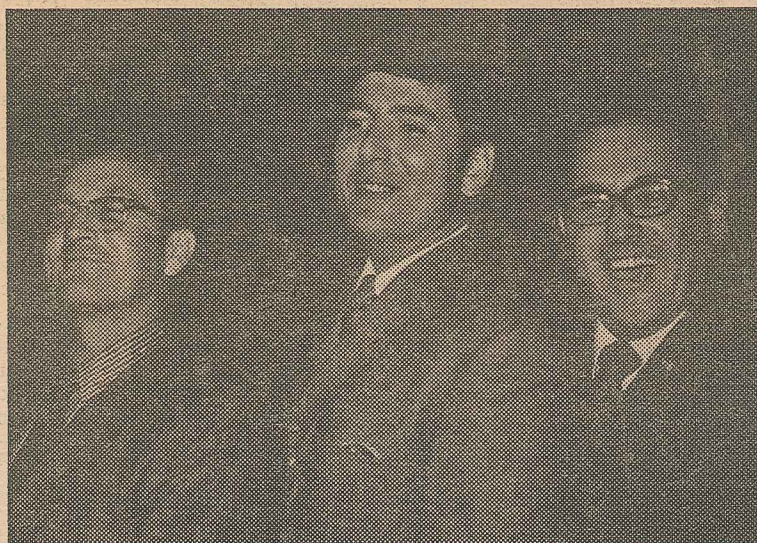
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GOOD MORNING MR. MAYOR
Left to right, Art Harvey, James Caygill, Jack Fryman



Mr. and Mrs. David Wright

Ted Bender takes a ride.



The Dedicated Pig

You call him "pig." Please tell me why.

He's just an ordinary guy. Who worked darn hard to pass the course.

He made it. Now he's on the force.

You call him "pig." You think that's fair?

He had to earn the right to wear

That uniform. And when there's strife

The gun he holds could save your life.

You call him "pig". Does that seem right?

He's there to stop, not start a fight.

His motto, "To protect and serve."

Takes patience, strength, and lots of nerve.

You call him "pig" and "scum" and "fuzz,"

Revile and spit on him, because

He risks his life to do his job? To make arrests? Control a mob?

You call him "pig". You jeer and swear.

But if you need him, he'll be there.

When everything's been said and done,

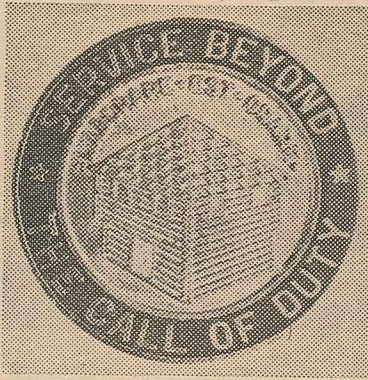
I'm very proud to call him "son."

Anonymous

Recent Recipients of the Toledo Police Medal of Honor



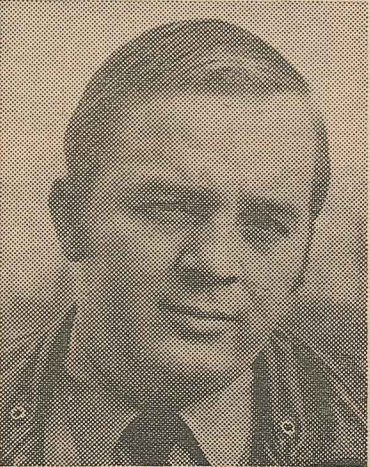
James Dzewiatka



Medal Worn By Award Holders



Tim Borkowski



Bob Decker



Walter Shaw



Art Marx

A Policeman

A policeman is a composite of what all men are, a mingling of saint and sinner, dust and deity.

He, of all men, is at once the most needed and the most unwanted. He's a strangely nameless creature who is "sir" to his face and "fuzz" behind his back.

He must be such a diplomat that he can settle differences between individuals so that each will think he won.

But . . .

If the policeman is neat, he's conceited; if he's careless, he's a bum. If he's pleasant, he's a flirt; if he's not, he's a grouch.

He must make in an instant decisions which would require months for a lawyer . . .

A policeman must know everything — and not tell. He must know where all the sin is — and not partake.

The policeman must, from a single human hair, be able to describe the crime, the weapon and the criminal — and tell you where the criminal is hiding.

But . . .

If he catches the criminal, he's lucky; if he doesn't, he's a dunce.

If he gets promoted, he has political pull; if he doesn't he's a dullard . . .

The policeman must be a minister, a social worker, a diplomat, a tough guy and a gentleman.

And, of course, he'll have to be a genius . . .

For he'll have to feed a family on a policeman's salary.

—Paul Harvey, "What Are Policemen Made Of?"

A Fable for Modern Times

Once upon a time there was a Little Red Hen who scratched about and uncovered some grains of wheat, called her barnyard neighbors and said: "If we work together and plant this wheat, we will have some fine bread to eat. Who will help me plant the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Cow. "Not I," said the Duck. "Not I," said the Goose and "Neither will I," said the Pig. "Then I will," said the Little Red Hen — and she did.

When the wheat started growing the Little Red Hen again asked for help, and got the same answers from her neighbors. But finally it was ready for harvesting.

"Who will help me reap the wheat?" said the Little Red Hen. "Not I," said the Duck. "Out of my classification," said the Pig. "I'd lose my A.D.C.," said the Goose. "Not I," said the Cow. So the Hen went ahead with the harvesting on her own, and likewise the grinding into flour. Again, she asked for help with the baking.

"That's overtime for me," said the Cow. "I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the Duck. "I'd lose my Welfare benefits," said the Pig. "If I'm the only one helping, that's discrimination," said the Goose.

So the Little Red Hen did the baking, and held five loaves of bread up for her neighbors to see. "I want some," said the Cow. "I want some," said the Duck. "I want some," said the Pig. "I demand my share," said the Goose. "No," said the Hen. "I can rest for awhile and eat the bread myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the Cow. "Capatilistic Leech!" screamed the Duck. "Company 'Equal rights!' the Pig defink!" shouted the Goose. "Defunct," shouted the Goose. "Equal rights!" the Pig demanded, and they hurriedly painted picket signs and marched around the Little Red Hen, singing "We Shall Overcome." And they did!

When the Farmer came to investigate the commotion, he said: "You must not be greedy, Little Red Hen. Look at the op-



Jim Pack

pressed. Cow. Look at the disadvantaged Duck. Look at the underprivileged Pig. Look at the less fortunate Goose. You are guilty of making second-class citizens of them!"

"But - but - but I EARNED THE BREAD," said the Little Red Hen.

"Exactly," said the Farmer. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system; anybody can earn as much as he wants. You should be happy to have this freedom. In other barnyards, you would have to give all five of the loaves to the Farmer. Here, you give four loaves to your suffering neighbors and you have one loaf for yourself."

And they all lived happily ever after, including the Little Red Hen, who smiled and clucked: "I am grateful, I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never baked any more bread.

Why Don't They?

- WHY DON'T THEY . . .
- ... stop adding so much water to meat products?
- ... include tea bags or packages of instant tea along with the instant coffee provided for guests in hotel rooms?
- ... put zippers on the sides of women's dresses where they would be inconspicuous and easy to reach?
- ... sew binding on blankets more securely, so it does not fray and come off the blanket after washing?
- ... advertise on the outside of the package the exact size or design of a free product offered inside the package?

THE WAY I SEE IT

PATROLMAN SAM MASON

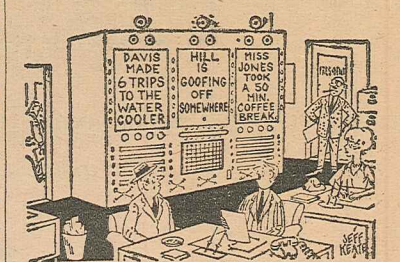
The way I see it, Chief Duck's Order Number 272, Departmental Investigative Training Program, is another step towards the professionalization of our Department. I feel sure that this program will not only improve the citizen's opinion of this Department but will also provide incentive to the uniform patrolman to aspire for the position of Detective.

Chief Robert Duck and Deputy Chief Marion Davey obviously took a great deal of time and effort in the formation of this program. They have 11 hand picked men to instruct these classes and these men are from within our Department. I feel that we will benefit from their knowledge and their own personal experiences. The sessions are going to be held on Tuesdays and Thursdays in the morning and in the afternoon so that any patrolman so desiring may enroll, regardless of his shift. Chief Duck has made it known that if the demand is great enough to warrant an additional class then one will be available.

The job of the uniform patrolman is tough enough, but the job of a Detective is far tougher. A Detective has to have many skills and he also

has to be able to use these skills to complete his investigation. The 12 two-hour sessions cover many good subjects that a Detective can run into while completing an investigation.

In closing, I want to salute Chief Duck and Deputy Chief Davey for their work in the formation of this program, and to my fellow officers in "Blue" I say this: We cannot afford to turn this type of training down anymore than we can turn down a promotion.



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Interview with Chief R. Duck

Recently, Chief Robert Duck was interviewed by a reporter of the "Shield" in an effort to find out what is happening on the second floor.

When asked for a self-evaluation, Chief Duck stated that he does not know how to describe his personal manner but that he will not rule the Department in an Autocratic manner.

Decentralization of authority has been instituted and each department head will have adequate authority to direct their bureau. They will also be responsible.

Each shift Captain will be in full charge of the assignments on his shift, subject to the approval of the Chief.

The Chief feels that certain regulations will be necessary to insure conformity of operations.

"No man should be subjected to working a district where the workload is much greater than another, for a long period of time", said the chief. He feels that one of the possibilities of an equitable system would be some sort of rotation of police districts among the men but the shift captain would be responsible for the plan, subject to administrative approval.

Discipline is a problem in police service and our department is no exception. Inconsistency in discovering and administering discipline is prevalent in our department. "The department has been behind on these matters in the past but one of my policies will be the swift administration of matters coming to my attention."

Although, the chief explained, each situation is unique in itself and similar to a court case, evidence of each offense must be proven.

"Each man on the department can be assured that superior work will be recognized and discipline for misdeeds will be utilized," states Chief Duck.

Each situation will be dealt

with individually, without discrimination, and if a suspension is warranted, no man will be permitted to work off the days. The chief was quick to point out that all circumstances will be taken into consideration but recidivism will be dealt with firmly.

In citizen complaints coming to the attention of the police division, each will be thoroughly investigated and a ruling will be made of either "Unfounded" or "valid".

If the complaint is unfounded, the officer, of course, is exonerated and no mention of the complaint will be placed in the personal file of the officer.

If the complaint is ruled valid, the officer will be notified and appropriate action will be taken and the results will be entered into the officer's file.

This procedure will basically hold true in departmental disciplinary procedures also. If a subordinate is "written up" by a superior officer and the cause for action is ruled invalid for one reason or another, it may be placed in the file with the disposition noted.

Promotion was discussed at great lengths and the Chief stated that no matter what the promotional policy is, it should not be changed or altered for a short period of time due to temporary shortage of funds.

He feels that a one year list favors the younger man. "A man who has been on the department for five years should be permitted to take an exam after the fifth year and not have to wait until the sixth year," said the chief. He feels that either a one year list or a two year list would have no personal effect on him and he would be willing to let the majority of the men decide but the decision would be final.

Most of us are aware that in the past, the Fire Department has instituted and utilized the "acting pay doctrine" in subordi-

nate officers performing duties of superior officers while the Police Department, with few exceptions, failed to push the issue.

Chief Duck states that in the future, the police department will also compensate the subordinate for supervisory work performed, especially in areas such as the dispatcher's office and other bureaus where authority and responsibility are delegated to patrolmen or lower-level supervisory personnel who are acting in place of a superior officer.

This, of course, will bring on additional questions as to who should be selected for these positions.

The chief stated that one line of thought would be to select the highest officer on the current promotion list, working that particular bureau and shift, to fill the position.

Also, to dispel the many rumors that have rumbled through the marble halls of the Safety Building, the chief does not feel that a mandatory one-year of college will be a pre-requisite to taking a promotional exam.

"Education certainly has merit," states the chief, "and full consideration will be given to those who are making an effort to better themselves through education, when it comes to promotion or selection of personnel for various specialized bureaus."

According to Chief Duck, the government grant (which was applied for by our department) for a specialized "Tactical Unit" was turned down for lack of funds but this does not preclude the possibility of re-applying for the grant at a later date.

The current administrative thinking is that our 580 Units form the nucleus of a Tactical Unit. It is strongly hinted, however, that one 580 Unit may be disbanded due to the austerity program.

The austerity program will have a great and far reaching effect on the efficiency of our department. Forty police officers will be lost via the lay-off route unless the city administration does an "about face".

Chief Duck states that probably the last units to be added to the department will probably be the first one to be eliminated.

This would include the entire "Jeep Patrol", one 580 Unit, one foot district and two overlapping patrol wagon districts. This would amount to approximately forty men.

"If the wagons are needed, we can replace two present patrol car districts with wagons," says Chief Duck.

It is felt that when the new policies, of issuing summons to misdemeanants instead of booking them, are instituted, the work of the patrol wagons will decrease substantially.

When asked about the future plans for the department, the chief said that he hopes to improve overall operations and will strive to lead the department into a more productive future.

We have a very good department with an excellent training program and it is hoped that it will progress instead of regressing as is all too apparent at the present time. ARMSTRONG

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Credit Union Report

The Thirty-First Annual Meeting of the Toledo Police Credit Union was held January 22, 1971 at the Lucas County Recreation Center. It was the desire of the Board of Directors to plan a program to interest as many members as possible. There was a strong list of candidates submitted to run for office. We attempted to give everyone a chance to vote by extending the voting from 8:00 P.M. to 11:30 P.M. This may have to be changed to an earlier closing time as the committee appointed to count the ballots were just completing the count as the dance closed.

The Board of Directors would certainly like to thank Mrs. Kay McLeary, Mrs. Fran Mattox, Norbert Miller, Clement Losek, William Schaub and Henry Terry for giving of their time to serve the Credit Union by counting the ballots.

Elected to serve the members on the Board of Directors for the next two years were Henry Reuss, Larry Boyle and John Dowling. Elected to serve on the Credit Committee for the next two years were James Weis and James Tierney.

The first regular meeting of the Board was held January 26, 1971 to organize for the coming year. The following were selected to serve as

President Robert Duck
Vice President Larry Boyle
Secretary: George Young
Treasurer: Thomas Prosser
Director: Henry Reuss
Director: John Dowling
Director: William Callanan

Your Credit Union had made application and now has been certified as one of the first of 300 receiving certificates from the National Credit Union Administration of Insurance. What this means to the members is that we are now insured on all savings up to \$20,000.00 comparable to the banks. We feel greater growth and responsibility will be placed in the hands of the Credit Union.

The whole principle of the Credit Union Movement is to join in a common cause to better help one another. With this thought, along with the guide lines set down by the Federal Government, there is only one way we can go and that is up.

It was the feeling of the Board that this paper "The Shield" should serve as a very useful tool in not only keeping the police informed but by also in-

forming the citizens of some of our problems. So with this thought in mind, one of the first acts of the new board was to make a motion to place an Ad in support of this effort.

In closing, we wish to thank all that attended and made this the largest and most successful of all annual meetings.

TAFT BILL

WOULD GIVE POLICE — FIREMEN PAY RAISES

WASHINGTON, D.C. (January 25) — Senator Robert Taft, Jr. Monday introduced a bill to provide a nationwide pay raise for all law enforcement officers and firemen. The Taft proposal would allow law enforcement personnel and firemen to exclude up to \$2,400 per year from their Federal income tax.

The measure, the first introduced by the new Ohio Senator, could result in an average \$35 per month reduction in Federal income taxes for Federal, state and local police and firemen.

"All Americans are concerned about the continued rise in crime nationwide," Taft said. "We realize that police and firemen are in the front lines in the fight against crime. They are daily threatened with death or injury," Sen. Taft said.

"The bill would give much needed recognition to police and firemen. It would also make police and fire work more attractive and thus help to fill the thousands of vacancies that exist in both fields today."

The measure was originally drafted and introduced by Sen. Taft in the 90th Congress.

It is patterned after the tax exemption given Armed forces personnel for combat duty.

"STUPID" AIN'T LIBELOUS

Calling the boss "stupid" isn't libelous, an Oakland, Calif., Superior Court ruled, squashing a \$300,000 libel suit against Municipal Employees Local 444. The court said the Union's use of the word "Stupid" in describing a supervisor during an organizing drive was critical language (which) amounts to no more than opinion.

★ ★ ★

Have you noticed how many of the "I Am Proud To Be An American" and "America, Love It Or Leave It" stickers appear on the bumpers of foreign made cars?

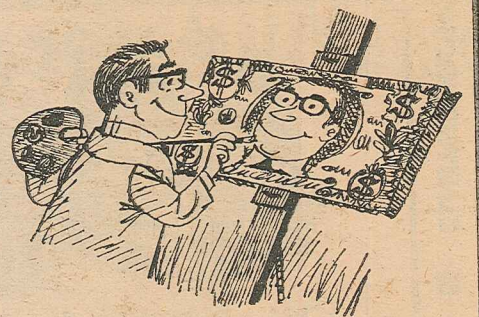
CENSUS TAKER: How many in your family and what are their politics?

WOMAN: Five! I'm Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry and the cat's a free trader.

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TOLEDO POLICE CREDIT UNION

At The Father's Holy Gate

At the Father's Holy Gate appears the soul of a man; an Angel tells St. Peter another policeman has arrived . . . And what is your name? From whence did you come? . . . I see, said St. Peter . . . Hm-mm, your past has much involved, there are many violations of the Master's Laws, however, the Master and I will listen, so give account for yourself . . .

"Well, sir," said the soul, "I can only say, I will have to start at the beginning."

"You see, sir, the things I did when I was young, were done in childish ways. Not really caring or understanding what I did during my younger days. I remember as a rookie cop and the Oath that I had taken, Ignorant of the awesome task that I had undertaken. The Oath had said in part, that I would uphold the Laws of Our Country, City, and State.

"A position as important as the President's, the very head of State. What I hadn't realized, and many people don't, the Oath is not For the first day but every day's the Oath.

"Well, sir, soon you become

discouraged, 'cause of living among the filth . . . I guess I have seen a hundred wrecks upon many a road, the many crippled and mangled bodies, who suffered from some drinker's load. Maybe I should be punished, sir, for wanting to persecute the wrong, But, Father, believe me I have only had the thought, I didn't do the wrong. I guess, too, it's very hard, to come home from a hard day's task, after leaving spit and polished, sometimes spotted with blood and puke, and awful stains of grass.

"From some so drunk they couldn't stand, but, the world they could whip, and when I'd stoop to help them up we'd always fight and slip . . .

"I am thinking you will punish me, for some feelings that I've had, But, I'm being truthful, Father, some've been real bad . . . You know the temptations that confronted each and every man, Well, Father, I was weak, on my own I could not stand . . . I can only ask, Sir, please forgive me; I hold forth my outstretched hand. But, you ask me to give account for the good that I have done, I can

only say, Sir, every day, the good will number one.

"How about the breath of life to some half drowned soul, Of the, Yes Sir! No sir! to the Molester of a child, Of the wiping of a murder's tears, as his child weeps, and Mommy is no more, for she will sleep.

"How about the comfort, and compassion shared, when Daddy has gone away, Or the times of going thru smoke filled rooms, with flames at every door, Looking, to be sure, for someone on the floor. How about the time the drug crazed man was shootin' up the place? Someone had to do it sir, we found him on his face, The crowd of people had gathered around cheering in the street, I shook so hard thereafter, I was sick almost a week.

"The times of facing tremendous crowds and being struck with stones, feces, and brickbats and being called obscenities. With sticks and tear-gas we tried to hold, law and order we did keep, (The papers and the crowds had said we committed overt brutality,) Funny though, we had to share the same hospital rooms, for those that did No wrong. . .

"I suppose I could have been something else in life, but, a policeman I chose to be."

"But, my son," said The Father, "what is it you remember last?"

"My partner and I had discussed the problems of the day, color was no barrier, our problems were the same, we concluded policemen, like soldiers, their lives they must give, so that others in Our Country may have a chance to live.

"Then, and now I find myself at the Holy Gate and I am asking, "Why?"

The Father turned to St. Peter and nodded, who then made his way, and Opened up the Portals, stating, "Peace be with you. My Son, with us you will Stay."

POLICEMEN

A policeman is many things. He's a son, a brother, a father, an uncle and sometimes even a grandfather. He is a protector in time of need and a comforter in time of sorrow. His job calls for him to be a diplomat, a psychologist, a lawyer, a friend, and an inspiration. He suffers from an overdose of publicity about brutality and dishonesty. He suffers far more from the notoriety produced by unfounded charges. Too often, acts of heroism go unnoticed and the truth is buried under all the criticism. The fact is that less than one-half of one per cent of policemen ever discredit their uniforms. That's a better average than you'll find among clergymen.

A policeman is an ordinary guy who is called upon for extraordinary bravery — for us! His job may sometimes seem routine, but the interruptions can be moments of stark terror. He's the man who faces a half-crazed gunman, who rescues a lost child, who challenges a mob, and who risks his neck more often than we realize. He deserves our respect and our profound thanks.

A policeman stands between the law abider and the law breaker. He's the prime reason your home hasn't been burned, your family abused, your business looted. Try to imagine what might happen if there were no policemen around. And then try to think of ways to make their job more rewarding. Show them the respect you really have; offer them a smile and a kind word; see that they don't have to be magicians to raise their families on less-than-adequate salaries.

We think policemen are great. We thank God for all the little boys who said they would be policemen, and who kept their promise. We hope you feel the same way, and we hope you'll show it — so there will always be enough good policemen to go around.

Reprinted from Catholic Visitor Magazine

FOR A JOB WELL DONE



Thank you Carol Poiry. Carol has done, and is still doing a terrific job helping to make this paper possible. The mother of three sons, she has spent many nights, unpaid, working on paper. She is secretary, treasurer, bookkeeper, and clean up lady, plus being editor's wife. Thanks again.

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TIME	MAKE OF AUTOMOBILE

This is not a ticket, but if it were within my power, you would receive two.

Because of your Bull Headed, inconsiderate feeble attempt of parking, you have taken enough room for a 20 mule team, 2 elephants, 1 goat, and a safari of pygmies from the African Interior.

The reason for giving you this is so that in the future you may think of someone else, other than yourself. Besides, I don't like domineering, egotistical or simple-minded drivers and you probably fit into one of these categories.

I sign off wishing you an early transmission failure, (on the expressway at about 4:30 p.m.). Also, may the Fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits.

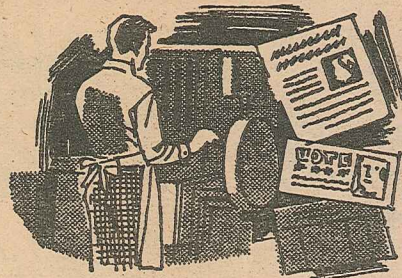
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A Policeman Is Sentenced To Die

By TOM DIEMERT

On the first day of December of this year, newspapers across the nation carried the story of Patrolman Nuccio. Although nearly all the newspapers carried the story, none made much of it. Both Cleveland daily newspapers carried one column, four to six inches long, on an obscure back page. Why do I think this story should be given more coverage? The story of Patrolman Nuccio is the fulfillment of the promise made by those who would destroy our way of life.

Patrolman Nuccio was sentenced to fourteen years in prison for performing his duty and thereby finding himself in a predicament requiring him to defend himself by the first law of mankind, self-preservation. With this conviction, the jury has sentenced an undetermined number of policemen to death by indecision. The fear of being sentenced to prison will cause police everywhere to ask themselves why. Why should I protect the other guy, his wife, family or property? I might get into a jam and have to shoot. For those who do their job, but will not draw their weapon to protect themselves, until it is too late, I will look for the blood stain on the hands of the jury which convicted Patrolman Nuccio, the judge who sentenced him and the apathetic public who read the article and moved on to the next page as though it was the score of yesterday's tidilywink game.

If the policemen all over the country allow the Nuccio conviction to stand, then no policeman anywhere will ever again be willing to draw his weapon against the criminal, in defense of the public, and crime will be even more rampant.

With policemen being prosecuted instead of criminals, any policeman who shoots any criminal should have his head examined. Under these circumstances, unless there are some drastic changes, we will soon have absolutely no law and order in our country.

This attack upon police all over the country is not just coincidental. Unless we fight back, you can kiss our country goodbye.

I am quite upset about the Nuccio case and ask that all police organizations do all that is possible to reverse this conviction and completely exonerate Officer Nuccio.

Here are a few facts about the "FRAME UP" surrounding the Nuccio Case.

On the night of June 4, 1968, Mr. Benjamin Citron, who owns Franksville, next to Wrigley Field in Chicago, saw Mr. Ronald Nelson a few feet away

through the window, sitting at the table just outside the glass. Citron knew Nelson well. He was a regular at the restaurant, and a leader of a gang of toughs who liked to draw obscene pictures on the tables. They had first met about two years before, when Nelson and an accomplice used Franksville's washroom to store a cache of marijuana and pep pills, which Citron reported to police before Nelson could reclaim it.

Some time later, Nelson returned to Franksville under the influence of drugs, greeted Citron as follows: "You lousy Jew"; hit Citron and knocked off his glasses. This is probably the place to mention that the hoodlum named Nelson was at the time a "youngster" of seventeen, and Citron a man in his middle fifties.

In Boys Court, Judge Saul Epton persuaded Mr. Citron to withdraw his charges, in exchange for which he ordered Nelson to stay away from Franksville. But the young hood didn't stay away. When Mr. Citron had seen him there, he had reminded Nelson of the Judge's order. And Mrs. Citron had called his mother, who said she couldn't "do a thing with him." So it went, society excusing Ronald Nelson on the modern theory that crimes are caused not by criminals but by punishment; that you are to blame when your car is stolen.

So Ronald Nelson's mere presence at Franksville on the night of June 4, 1968, was a violation of an order issued by a Judge. And when Citron saw him he was afraid; not just because Nelson was so obviously drunk, but because he was staring at Citron from a few feet away through the window — playing all the while with a knife.

As he had so many times, Ben Citron called the police.

At about 9:40, a marked police car arrived with uniformed Officers Ronald Rothmund and Richard Nuccio; and then an unmarked car with Plainclothesmen Kenneth Hyatt and Joseph Sand. Nuccio also knew Nelson well. On June 11, 1967, for instance, a year earlier, Nelson had not only been at Franksville again — in violation of Judge Epton's order — but was one of a group throwing stones at the premises, a favorite pastime. When Officer Nuccio, who happened to be eating there, went to the aid of another Officer who tried to quiet them, Nelson and the others had attacked Nuccio using a board as a club — and sent him to the hospital for X-rays and treatment. Nelson and the others had been arrested, of course, but were released at the station by

Captain John Lennon, because they had been giving the police information about burglaries — information it is easy to believe they had.

On the night of June 4, 1968, Officer Rothmund was the first man to reach Nelson and saw the hoodlum with the knife. And as he had so many times when the police arrived because of his presence, Nelson ran, this time into an alley behind Franksville. Rothmund shouted to his fellow Officers to stop him, loudly warning that Nelson had a knife. Officer Nuccio, followed closely by Hyatt, pursued the hoodlum into the alley, trailing by twenty or twenty-five feet.

Nelson slowed, cocked his arm and turned slightly to the right.

"Look out!" yelled Hyatt, "he's going to throw the knife!"

Hyatt dove for cover. Nelson threw the knife at Officer Nuccio. The Officer drew his revolver, went to one knee and fired. The knife shot over Nuccio's head, and was retrieved by Officer Hyatt.

Nelson died in a hospital a few minutes later. His body was found to contain 71 mg. per cent of ethanol. Indeed, in the coroner's report on the death of this nineteen-year-old, we read that the "significant conditions contributing to death" were not only Nuccio's bullet, but a case of "acute alcoholism."

Twenty-six Honorable Mentions won by Officer Nuccio for his fearless police work since his appointment to the force in December, 1966 — an average of better than one per month.

This time, Nuccio received no Honorable Mention. No, instead he has been convicted of murder and sentenced to at least fourteen years in prison.

To get a more in depth story of what happened the night Nuccio performed his duty; to realize the in fighting by the scum who were insistent on making him the sacrificial lamb, by which they will discourage all policemen; read the report by Alan Stang entitled "FRAME-UP Richard Nuccio And The War On Police."

This report will be sent post paid to any address in the United States at the following prices:

In quantities of 1-99, 5 for \$1; in quantities of 100-999, 16c each; in quantities of 1,000 or more, 14c each.

Patrolman Nuccio is not and will not be the last officer framed in this manner. December 1, one day after Nuccio was sentenced to fourteen years in prison, a Federal Grand Jury in Columbus indicted a Columbus policeman resulting from the shooting death of a suspected burglar. Patrolman Robert Morgan was indicted after he shot Charles Cook, 18 years old, who hid under a basement work bench, in the home he was suspected of burglarizing. Patrolman Morgan was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury for "inflicting summary punishment and depriving Cook of his civil rights."

If a three judge panel hears a murder case and finds a defendant guilty, after long deliberation and at a later date it turns out the defendant was not guilty, the judges cannot be held liable under the law for their judicial decision. On the other hand, a policeman has to make instant judgments all of the time, and if he makes a human error he is then persecuted just as Nuccio is being persecuted even though I doubt he even made any error in judgment.

I would like to see these jelly fish guardians of the written law discard the black shroud and don the blue uniform of the enforcement agent. How long would they deliberate before they act? How many would be in Nuccio's shoes? I, for one, will go to hell before I will draw my gun in order to save their worthless skin.

A fund to assist in the support of Nuccio's family and defray cost for further legal action to free Nuccio is underway. BLUE-

History Repeats Itself

Throughout the entire day, crowds of people poured from one part of the City to another. They were persistently dispelled by the police; stopped and crowded by the calvary detachments and occasionally by infantry.

Shouts of "down with the police" were heard. Toward the police the crowd showed mounting hatred. They routed the police with stones and other debris. An unknown person in the crowd shouted, "A policeman struck a woman with a club!" The crowd believed it to be so and that it was possible.

The police are fierce, implacable, hated and hating their foes. To win them over is out of the question. Beat them up and kill them!

The entire active mass of people had come out on the streets. It was settling accounts with the police successfully and easily. Police stations were wrecked, individual officers killed and the majority fled. Every now and then shots rang out from ambush. You couldn't always tell who was shooting and where the shots came from. The police learned a cruel lesson not to expose themselves. "Down with the war" was the cry of the demonstrators.

This dramatic account of a riot situation at first glance would instantly remind the average American of a news report from any of our well known news reporters of television and radio. The place described could be debated. Answers would range from East Los Angeles, to Watts, Chicago to Detroit, or possibly Cleveland to New York.

The cries of police brutality and anti-war protest would be attributed, and rightly so, to a Mark Rudd, Jerry Rubin, Huey Newton or a war moratorium group. The time would be set by

the majority of us as the turbulent and troubled present.

Not so! History reveals the words are those of Leon Trotsky, the architect of the Russian Revolution. The place Petrograd, Russia, and the date February 23, 1917. The account of the events is history and the occasion was the first day of the Russian General Strike under the guise of Woman's Day. The protest was against the hated World War I and its heavy and mounting casualty lists of Russians.

Leon Trotsky makes repeated references to demonstrators, conservatism, misguided liberals and police brutality.

The starry-eyed liberal was to be used, urged Trotsky, and under this pretext the government could be overthrown, and likely as not the liberals would be the next ones to be put up against the wall. The revolutionaries infiltrated the Armed Forces and won them over, but the police had to be destroyed, and they were. All means of as long as the desired results terrorism were to be employed were accomplished.

Sound familiar? Look around you. Bombings of police stations throughout the country, police assassinations and continued cries of "police brutality" are a sign that history may repeat itself.

Trotsky wrote, "The art of revolutionary leadership in its most critical moments consists nine-tenths in knowing how to sense the mood of the masses. Strikes, meetings, demonstrations, are only acts in the revolution and measures of its force."

Let history repeat itself in our Country, our State, or our City, let us not be so quick to condemn law enforcement for any reason until we have all the facts.

No policeman with whom I have ever worked or met wants to crack a skull. He has no wish to don a riot helmet and hold a protective shield in front of him. The last place in the world he wants to be is in the midst of a berserk, rock-throwing mob. He has no desire to be a city soldier.

The public is the police and the police is the public. Without them you have chaos and anarchy.

Sgt. Donald H. Westfall
Central Division
Department

(Reprinted from I.C.P.A. Newsletter, Dec. 1970.)

LINE will be the receiver in the Cleveland Area of any donations to assist in this needy cause. Send contributions to: NUCCIO DEFENSE FUND in care of BLUELINE, 1303 Prospect, Cleveland, O.

REMEMBER, THIS IS THE TTEST CASE THAT WILL MAKE OR BREAK THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE. DON'T LET THEM PUT A HOLE IN THE LONG BLUE LINE. BACK YOUR POLICE BEFORE YOUR BACK IS AGAINST THE WALL.

—Reprinted from Cleveland's Blue Line, Dec. 1970.

Taxpayer Speaks Out

Entering the decade of the critical and inflated 1970's, the citizen and taxpayer of Toledo is not painted a very pretty picture. As 1971 proceeds into its second month, it looks like one of the first orders of business will be a massive layoff by the city administration. The thing here, that really hurts, is that these are not the political fat positions that are chewed about in council; but, these are extremely vital essential positions that will definitely cripple municipal operations.

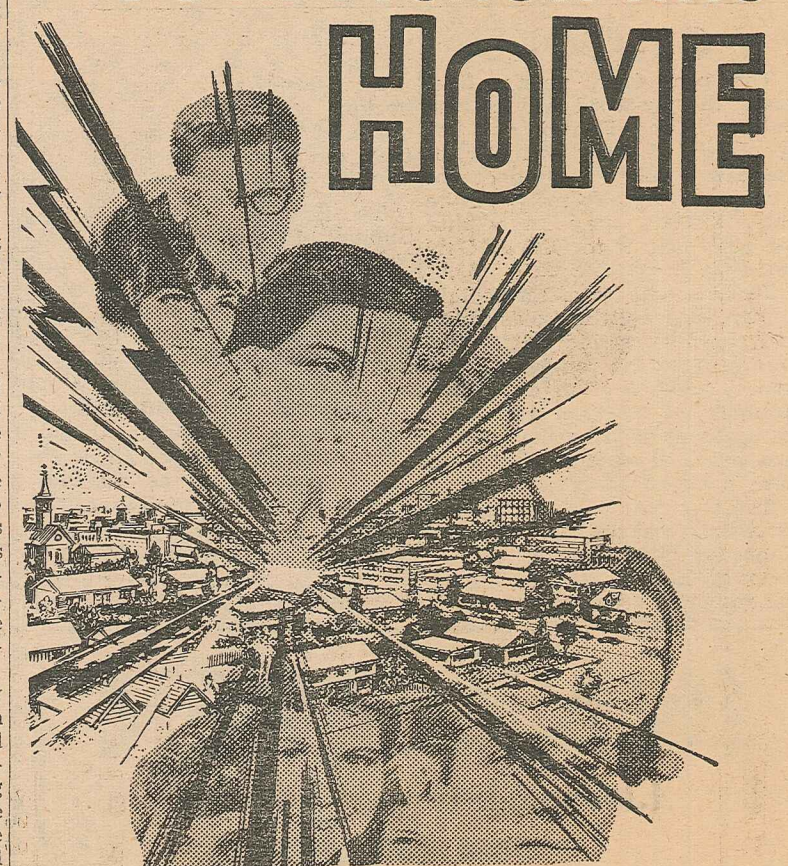
Forty policemen are to be included in this layoff and this is in blunt terminology, ridiculous and absurd. Relating to the trials and tribulations of our city and America in general in the preceding decade, it can be made clearly positive that police protection is our most valuable and vital asset. Laying off at this time will bring the department to ninety officers below strength during 1971. This ninety includes the unfilled openings from 1970, the proposed layoff, and the expected attrition in 1971 that will not be replaced. We as citizens cannot live with this no way and we should bitterly protest this

happening. The FBI maintains that there should be one law enforcement officer for every 500 citizens and to be at this level Toledo should have Police Division of 760 officers.

Officers to be layed off will have no trouble obtaining other law enforcement opportunities and once having gained new employment and having relocated, it is a sure thing Toledo will never regain their services in the future.

We as citizens can bombard the administration and Council with phone calls of protest but this is hardly the answer to a serious challenge to our town safety and enforcement of the law. Appealing to council now because very likely most won't be elected again to appeal to, it must be stated that the taxpayer doesn't want a Cleveland or Detroit, or another comparable situation locally. Summon the courage of your convictions council instead of scrubbing your election image and find a way to bail out this situation and restore the public faith if that is not too late. If the layoff of police does happen, God forbid, and crime shoots anymore off the map the blood is on your hands.

DRUG ADDICTION HITS HOME



Compliments of
The Police Shield

THE PERILS OF A STAKEOUT

This article concerns a "Stake Out", and some of the things which can, and did happen. A stake out is used when crimes are committed to such an extent that police officers can almost predict where and when they will happen again. The officers then blend into this area and watch for the suspect in hope of apprehending him.

On this particular stake out, we were trying to put a stop to a man who was causing havoc in a quiet residential neighborhood. It seems this man would take off his clothes, enter a home late at night and then make sure that he was seen by the occupants.

It must have been a real shocker to be watching the late show and then "POW", right before your eyes, another act in three dimension.

As fast as this man would appear, he would vanish. By the time the shock wore off, and these people would get to a phone, the culprit would make good his escape. This was very discouraging to the uniformed officers, due to the time element.

On many occasions we observed a uniformed officer driving the street, while his partner was walking in the alleys in hopes of catching this man and his act.

At the reports of these crimes came into the Crime Prevention Bureau, and they were investigated, a pin with a red bead was stuck on a large map of the city, marking the location of where the offense occurred. These pins now were close enough to warrant a "Stake Out".

Sgt. Schlegel, standing in the front of the room, calls out "Connors, Martin, Zsigray, Foster, Morrissey, and Gray". Everyone is present. As I look around it sure seems different as everyone is dressed in old clothing. Black sweat shirts, dark jeans, jackets, hats, and tennis shoes. Even though the weather is 90 degrees out, we will be wearing jackets and gloves. We were warned about the mosquitoes which we would have to contend with. The Sgt. calls our attention to the map which was hanging on the wall. We all huddle in front of it and notice that there are numerous red dots on it. He explains that each red dot represents where this man broke into a home. In one particular area it is almost completely covered. This is where the man is

Bare Hunting



By R. Morrissey

concentrating his activity, and we will be setting up the stake out. This area is also bordered by little white cards with our names on it. This is the section of the stake out we will be responsible for. The plan is explained to us. In the event that one detective spots anything he will call on the walkie-talkie and make the rest of us aware. We in turn, would watch our area, and start closing in on his area. A couple questions are answered by the Sgt., and then we head for a desk where our equipment is spread out on top of it. We strap on our revolvers, walkie-talkies, portable police radio, mace, hand cuffs, binoculars, and mosquito spray. Martin yells out, "I feel like a pack mule". A few more remarks and we head for the unmarked car. Somehow we all manage to get in. Enroute to the stake out the Sgt. goes over the plan again. We make one complete tour of the perimeter to familiarize us with the surroundings. The Sgt. then starts driving into dark alleys. One by one we are dropped off to our prearranged positions. It comes to my turn. The car stops and I get out. The car starts up again and leaves. As I stand alone in the middle of the alley I look to the sky. There are no stars or moon out tonight, the clouds have them completely snuffed out. It sure is hot, not even a breeze. My eyes are finally getting accustomed to the darkness, and I notice a clump of bushes and large weeds to my right. Figuring this would be a good place to conceal myself, I reach the foliage and enter it. I hear a large buzz and the whole mass of it is alive. It feels like hundreds of pins picking at me. Swatting and scratching, and spraying the repellent but nothing seems to help. Thinking to myself, if I don't get out of here I'll need a transfusion in a short time; I come crashing out of the bushes swinging wildly to get rid of these insects. They must have extensions on their stingers since they got to my skin through my clothes. Standing

again in the middle of the alley I look back at the clump wondering to myself, and this guy runs around without any clothes on? I bet he looks like the map up in the office. If we get a suspect we sure will know if he has been preforming around here. The mosquitoes seem to be centralizing their attack at my face since I have all my clothing saturated with repellent. I reach to my pocket and pull out a handkerchief, wrap it around my face and tie it in the back. At last everything is under control, and it is very dark and quiet. For about a hour nothing happens and then all at one the walkie-talkie starts to crackle. It is Zsigray talking very low. "Morrissey" I press the button and reply "Go ahead" in a whisper. "I just saw a man go into your alley". Again I press the button and reply "O. K." I back to a garage so I am not standing in the middle of the alley. After about five minutes I can just make out a shadow about twenty-five yards away. It is moving very slowly. At it gets closer it takes on the form of a man. He is now in front of me. From his movements he is intoxicated. I get as close to the garage as possible so he will not see me, but as luck will have it, he glances my way. I guess my dark clothing against the white garage made him curious. He is now headed right toward me. As he gets closer he does not know what to make of me with the paraphernalia hanging off me, and the mask over my face. He is now about one foot from me, his head wobbles a couple of times, and we are now eye to eye. Thinking to myself, how do I explain to this man what I am doing here, without waking up the whole neighborhood and exposing our plan isn't going to be easy. I am lost for words. I just keep staring in his eyes. I can see he is shocked at what he sees. I now lean forward and we are nose to nose, and eye to eye. I blurt out, "Boo". At this, the man in his clumsy retreat stumbled into the garage cross the alley, ricocheted off it, gained momentum, ran into about six garbage cans and sent them flying like bowling pins. He gained his bearing and disappeared into the darkness. About four houses down I saw all the lights go on after a loud bang which sounded like he tore the door from the hinges. This sure messed him up if he was trying to sneak in. How would he explain this one to his wife?

The next few hours were very quiet leaning against the garage. I thought to myself, I hope we get him soon. I can think of bet-

ter assignments. Just then I heard a noise, and I strain my eyes and, I believe, I saw a man crouched down and run into a yard. I press the button and inform the other detectives. Going to the yard as quietly as possible, I see a shadow and it appears as if he is on his hands and knees, and had crawled behind some evergreens. Getting into a crouch myself, I break for the evergreens. I figure I will grab and hold him till the other detectives come to help. In my dash I strike part of a tree stump and I find I am now air born and headed for the evergreens. I put my hands out in front of me and aim for the shadows. Much to my surprise when I land on the shadow I don't feel bare skin, but two armfuls of fur. From the large muscles under this fur, and the growls, it must be a large dog, a German Shepherd. The only thought at this time was where is the part of this body with the tail attached. I want to keep away from that mouth. I kept yelling "Easy boy", while hanging on. He in turn, kept growling and snapping. A large spot light went on, which was attached to the rear of this home. It lit up the yard like an arena. The dog fled in fright, and I picked myself up off the ground and backed out of the yard and into the darkness. A voice which belonged to one of the other detectives spoke out of the darkness, full of laughter, "Ride em cowboy". My heart was now slowing down, when over the police radio came the dispatchers order sending two scout cars to this address. It was just a matter of seconds when the first car pulled up and two uniform officers jump out and go to a man standing on the front porch. The man was yelling "A guy was in my yard attacking a German Shepherd." The officers yell out "O. K. sir, we'll take a look". As they came into the back yard and out into the alley, one of the detectives calls out their name. They go to where the sound comes from and a couple minutes later they appear back in the light of the yard. They are both smiling. We could not hear what they told the man at the house, but he must have been satisfied because when they pulled away the rear light went out.

About three hours later we were all picked up and brought back to the station. We were all advised that we would have the same assignment when we came back to work. That night, on our return, we again met in the same room at the Crime Prevention Bureau. The same plan was gone over again and the next thing we

knew we were all right back at it again. This night I hope every thing goes quiet. Looking around I see a large tree, one of the limbs is extending over the alley. From this vantage point there would be a good view of the surrounding area. I manage to get into this tree with all my dangling intact, making myself a comfortable as one can sitting on a limb. I think this isn't too bad the mosquitoes aren't so thick and if that big dog returns for a rematch I'll be all set. Fifteen twenty minutes go by and nothing happens. A pair of lights break the darkness at the far end of the alley. It was the headlights of a car. It was going very slow and the radio was playing. As it came closer I could see that it was a convertible. It is hard to determine how many people are in this car since the lady was sitting so close to the driver. As it gets closer it pulls off the pavement and slows down at a park. Looking down they are directly below me about eight feet. Ole lover boy sure has a line. I listen to it while I think of a way to get them out of here. I could come off this branch and land behind the steering wheel, like the Hertz advertisement, but I decide not to. Instead I take my flashlight and shine it down on them, saying, "Excuse me, either of you have a light?" There is a lot of activity going on in the front seat of the car now. Two screams break the silence of the night. One from the lady, and the other from the cat tires in it's exit. I am now hanging onto this limb for all I'm worth, while I'm gaining momentum, so I don't fall and break my neck. I didn't mean to scare those people, but it did serve its purpose. As I climb down from the tree, I thought the next time I bet he'll have the roof up. The rest of the night was quiet; no sign of the suspect. When we go back to the office we were all going over what happened on each position. Gray was telling that he was trying to be quiet and walking on his toes and stepped on a cat which was sleeping and the only thing which moved was his bowels and the cat.

The stake out continued for another week with a successful arrest of the suspect. Although a stake out is usually monotonous this is the lighter side of things which can happen.

GET FOX

The past four, nearly five, years the by-word around the Toledo Police Department has been "Get Fox." To many of the newer officers this does not mean anything. To many of the older officers they know that the reference is to Officer Gerald Fox.

Jerry, as he is affectionately known, has a little boy's smile and can always find a little humor in even the roughest situation. I guess that many people assume that a person who looks so innocent is a pushover and you can lean on him or step on him and get away with it.

The true Fox is a rugged officer who has a soft heart. He will if pushed give a deadly Karate chop or kick that will flatten the roughest law breaker. He is

in real life a Karate student and also a Karate instructor.

The Fox has a small boys' hockey team that he devotes much of his spare time to and they do a pretty swell job of playing a rough game.

The Fox also works his spare Sundays in the summer at the Toledo Speedway on Benore Rd. He is usually accompanied by a couple of his young buddies who want to see the races, and he just doesn't know how to say no.

The mild mannered Fox is currently assigned to the Crime Prevention Bureau where he is doing a good job as a plain clothes Juvenile Detective.

The next time you see the old Fox give him a high ball and I assure you that he will return it with a smile.

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