



VOICES THAT BATTER . . . DISCORD OF THE NIGHT



LONELY AUTO—Why is it there? What is in it? Who owns it?



LOCKS DELAY—NOTHING MORE—There was something fishy about door's appearance.

Police Are Organized

Torrance's 104 man police department is organized after a carefully tested and proved scheme.

Five divisions and bureaus each have their special function within the police department.

A lieutenant commands the Special Services with a sergeant, patrolman, and female employees forming the unit. This division performs such tasks as serving warrants and check investigation.

Women Fill Roles
Female employees of this division are responsible for the department records — a formidable task in itself — and hand communications during the day and evening shifts, act as patrons, watch the female section of the jail, and discharge duties at the police range.

Traffic Division also has a lieutenant commanding and is subdivided into five subsections. Sergeants are in charge of the accident investigation, Traffic squad, motor squad while traffic

safety which deals with signs and painting also operates under the Traffic Division. The sergeant commanding the traffic squad also has the three meterettes and meter repairs and collection as his responsibility.

Detectives Wear Civies
The Detective Bureau — or the "Dick Bureau," as it is more commonly termed — boasts a captain in charge. This bureau includes many of the department's plain-clothesmen, the people responsible for investigation of crimes. The "Dick Bureau" handles most detective work excepting that which concerns juveniles.

One captain and three lieutenants staff the Patrol Division. Normally, the lieutenants each work a different shift and may be called the "Watch Lieutenant." Of necessity, there is a relief lieutenant and sergeant assigned to the patrol division. Even police officers take a day off now and then!

Juvenile Work Planned

A policewoman helps fill out the staff of the Juvenile Division, at least during the daytime hours. Led by a lieutenant, this division has sole responsibility for juvenile offenders — again with one or two exceptions. Several of the patrolmen assigned to this division wear plain clothes, both for psychological effect and efficiency of operation.

Next above the captains is the assistant chief or police while at the top of the department heap is the chief.
Citizens Ultimate Authority
In our democratic society, the chief must answer to the city manager, then to the mayor and the councilmen which ultimately brings the chain of command full circle to the ordinary citizen. However, it is not likely that the police officer arresting you for a traffic offense or other cause will cease and desist at your command. The officer will have a short and sweet answer



CRIME IS DONE—Prowl car mates Foster and Fowler turn away from the burglarized telephone coin box . . .

The City at Night

Part One

By George Burkhardt

The city at night is deceptive in its quietness, with its empty streets and cloaking blackness.

Underneath the subdued murmurs of the night, you can detect harsher sounds. Listen on certain lines that tap the city at night and you will hear a cacophony of violence, fear, passion, pain, anger, and greed.

There are some of the night sounds recorded on the lines radiating to and from the police station every night of the year, year in and year out. These are the sounds implicit in some of the voices that batter against the ear of the police switchboard operator. The discord of the night is sensed in the instructions going out to police patrol cars on the law enforcement radio network.

The Nights Average Out

A good way to get close to the city at night is to ride in a police patrol car. Ride any night — the nights average out. Some are quiet, some quieter, some popping with activity for the police.

Take a night ride now with two young Torrance police officers. The night is any night in Torrance. The two police officers are Jim Foster, 29, with 4½ years on the force, and Jim Fowler, 28, with not quite a year in the Department. As a matter of wise policy, command echelons always try to pair an old hand with a relative newcomer.

First, the officers congregate in the squad room before setting out on the 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. graveyard shift. The Watch Lieutenant — Bob Wright, 34, an almost 12-year veteran of the force — gives out any special instructions while the three patrol cars crews (sometimes there's a fourth roving car) brief themselves on the happenings of the previous 16 hours since their last duty tour and check their assignments again.

The Beat is Their Backyard

Tonight the team of Foster and Fowler draw their usual North patrol area. They are familiar with that district from Redondo Blvd. to 190th and relatively unfamiliar with Central Prowl from 190th to Sepulveda or South Prowl from Sepulveda to Palos Verdes, including the Torrance Beach area, some 21 squad miles all told.

Since the two Jims know their district so well, they recognize the automobile that has occupied the same spot for several days and needs checking; conversely, they know about the stationary auto that is all right. They are familiar with all the broken windows in the area and waste no time inspecting the old ones; they are old acquaintances of all the late and early businessmen and shopkeepers.

Their sixth sense of something amiss is abetted by old familiarity with the territory. The burglar's car awkwardly parked by a vacant lot stands out like a sore thumb to the experienced patrol team.

Eight Hours and 100 Miles Later . . .

Usually, too, the men try to use the same car on their nightly 100 odd mile patrols. Here again, familiarity breeds safety for the officers and trouble for the wrong-doer. As Jim Fowler puts it, "We know what this car can do if we really need it."

So it is car No. 89 for the eight hour stint on the city streets.

The car moves out to its assigned patrol beat and commences the endless sweeps that consume the night. Never do the cars follow a set pattern: they will pass a darkened store and then abruptly turn back three minutes later; they will sweep from one end of the beat to the other, then reverse the pattern or cut the beat up into small grids for patrol.

Jim Foster takes the first four hours of driving. In the first hours of the shift, it is the late closing shops, service stations, restaurants, and bars that receive careful attention as well as the already padlocked business houses.

Unseen Protection Relentlessly Patrols

Residential areas are well patrolled as well. Here the

to that sort of a command from the law-breaking citizen.

Buy Own Uniforms

Each officer has quite an investment in time and money with the Torrance Police Department. Officers must buy at least two uniforms at a cost of \$45 apiece, then spend \$30 for a holster and belt, \$65 for a .38 special revolver as a general rule, plus plunking down the cost of a "sap" or blackjack, night-stick, rangefinder, and other miscellaneous items. Final cost usually runs about \$200.

The City of Torrance furnishes the police officers with two items: the official badge and the cap emblem.

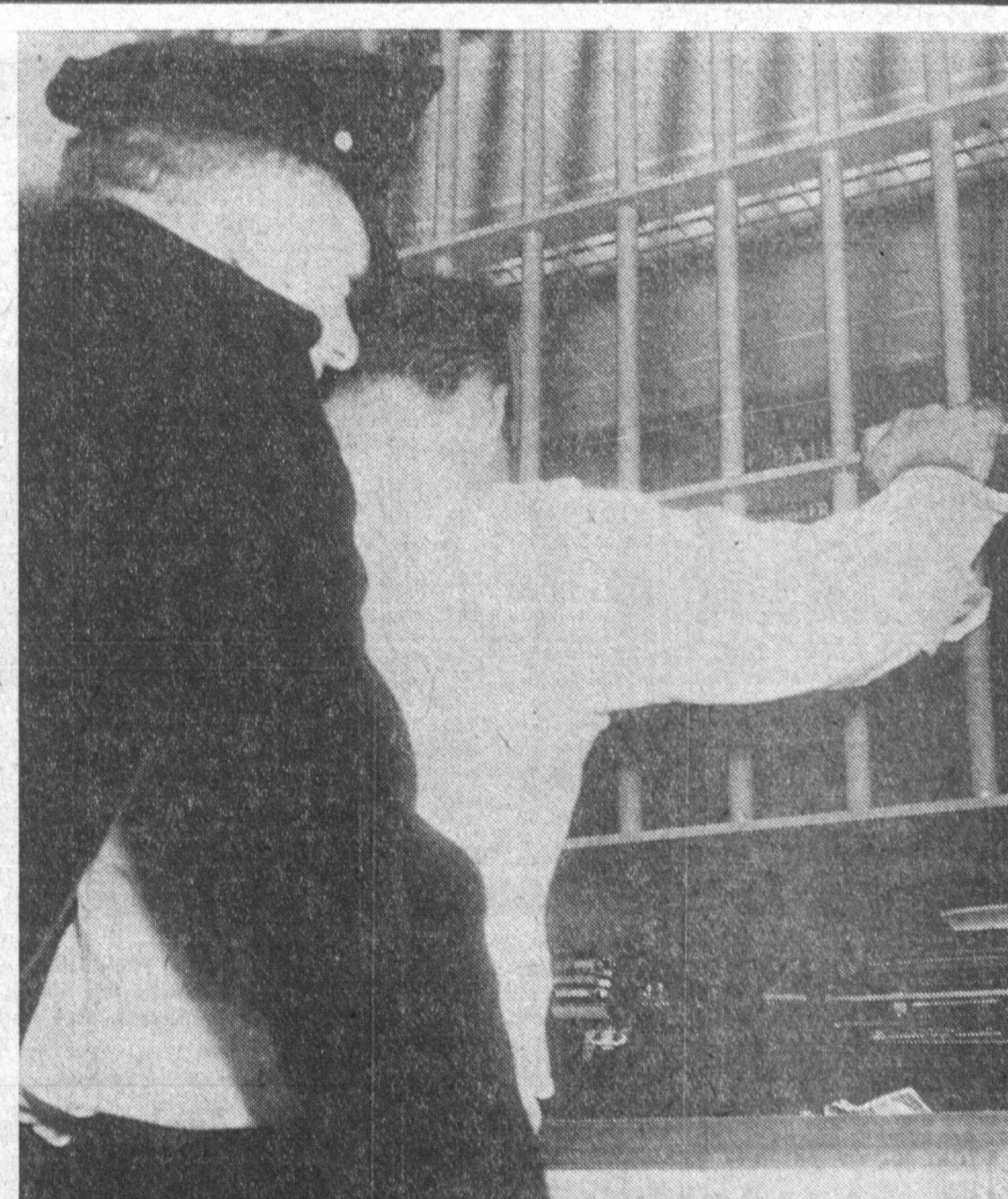
Thorough Training

Before becoming full-fledged

officers, each man must spend 12 weeks in training at the Sheriff's Police Academy. Only then is the rookie put to work.

Starting base salary for the policeman is \$499 a month. Raises are granted at intervals and the sergeants, lieutenants, and captains have a correspondingly higher salary.

While sometimes dangerous, frequently exciting, police work is more often than not just plain routine. As consolation — if consolation it is — the officer knows that at any moment everything can blow right up in his face, with anything from a gun fight to a breakneck race with a speeder, from hustling a drunk along or shooting juveniles away.



SUSPECT!—The team frisk and book the man.



SMALL HOUR SNACK—At a time when most people have been abed for hours, the

task is easier for a solitary walker, late at night or in the wee hours, is easily detected and checked.

On the business streets, the task is more difficult. A good deal of legitimate traffic still moves.

Now the car weaves in and out of back alleys, the litter of the day cluttering the narrow ways and showing bright in the car's headlights. At the smallest sign of something amiss, the car pauses like a quivering hunting dog on the scent. It the circumstances warrant it, the two officers leave the car, one on each side, hands on pistol holsters, flashlights in the other.

Satisfying themselves, the officers return to the car and resume the patrol. Two searchlights, mounted one on each side of the car, constantly seek out darkened doorways and immobile cars.

A Crime is Committed

Meanwhile, the police radio is busy, telling of incidents, calls, crimes, fires, and arrests in Torrance as well as surrounding communities.

Apparently indifferent to the voices grating through the ether, the officers are immediately attentive and alert when a call is beamed at their car, patrol No. 89.

Within a few moments, the officers arrive on the scene of a burglarized telephone box.

Jim Foster muses, "Most people don't realize how much money is in one of those boxes. Anywhere from \$60 to over a \$100."

And Jim Foster adds, "It's relatively safe to hit a box, you know. This is an amateur job. See? The clumsy cluck ripped the whole box off. Now, the professionals, they slip in with a tool and they slip out, just like that and they're gone. They're awfully hard to catch unless you grab them right on the spot."

"We've got a couple of amateurs or so, but these coin box artists . . ." his voice trailed off in professional regard for the enemy.

An Affair of the Night

Then humor relieved the patient patrolling. Jim Foster pulled up behind a parked car which had its motor still running as revealed by the exhaust plume rising in the cold night air. A man and a woman were seated in the car, engaged in intimate conversation.

When the man saw this reporter's camera, he exploded in rage. "Get that guy out of here!" he cried.

"Take it easy," said Jim Foster. "Nobody's going to take your picture."

Afterwards, the two officers laughed, explaining that the man probably was envisioning alimony payments. The implication was clear.

Lunch came at 2:30 a.m. — a strange hour for most but perfectly normal to Foster and Fowler.

Night Retreats, Day Begins

Now the early morning doldrums set in. Activity dwindled. Even the police radio stilled, only intermittently breaking the silence. In the car, conversation became sporadic, then absent, with only the sound of the motor and hum of wheels, the occasional click of the searchlight switch to mark the ceaseless prowling.

Cars and pedestrians, windows and back doors were checked now in silent teamwork as the long night came to a close.

At last it was over.

Jim Foster and Jim Fowler brightened as they checked in the station, their duty tour ended.

"A quiet night," Fowler said.

"Very," Foster agreed.

Another day, just like any other, had begun.

Police Perform Oddest Tasks

Police Departments handle an amazing variety of tasks during the course of a normal 24-hour period.

The police log—an accurate minute-by-minute chronicle of the day's activities—often reads like something out of "Alice in Wonderland."

When people do not know who to ask, see or hear, they turn to the Police department whether it be a loose horse or a loose child, the citizen usually thinks of the police as a first resort.

From Skunks to Stealing

On the police log for this week, as a good example, there is the case of the skunk, Phyllis Dikes, 5528 Maria Linda, called police to inform them that a skunk had taken refuge beneath her house. She wanted the skunk out and far away.

The police treated this matter with great delicacy and tact. They called the Human Society. That organization also had an answer: they flatly refused to deal with the skunk on the grounds that they were not equipped to handle skunks which hid under houses.

The police log does not reveal what finally happened in the case of the skunk.

Horses, cats and dogs appear frequently in police files. If at all within their power, the police handle the matter promptly.

Children Big Business

Lost children, runaway children, escaping children—they all fall within the realm of police action.

Locked doors, unlocked doors, broken skylights and basement windows, police are called upon to consider these uninteresting objects.

Human being offer much more variety than inanimate objects. Just the other day, police received a call concerning a nude man sitting in his car. Police set out for the address on the cold wintry day and indeed, find a nude man—from the waist up, (He was booked for drunkenness and that ended that).

Odds and Ends

Police Department lockers are filled with a motley collection of trivia and major hauls, ranging from firearms of every kind to tiny amounts of narcotics, from bicycles to baseball bats. Police officers assert that some people seem to think the police quarters a public storage depot.

The moral of this tale appears to be: when in doubt, call the police.

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