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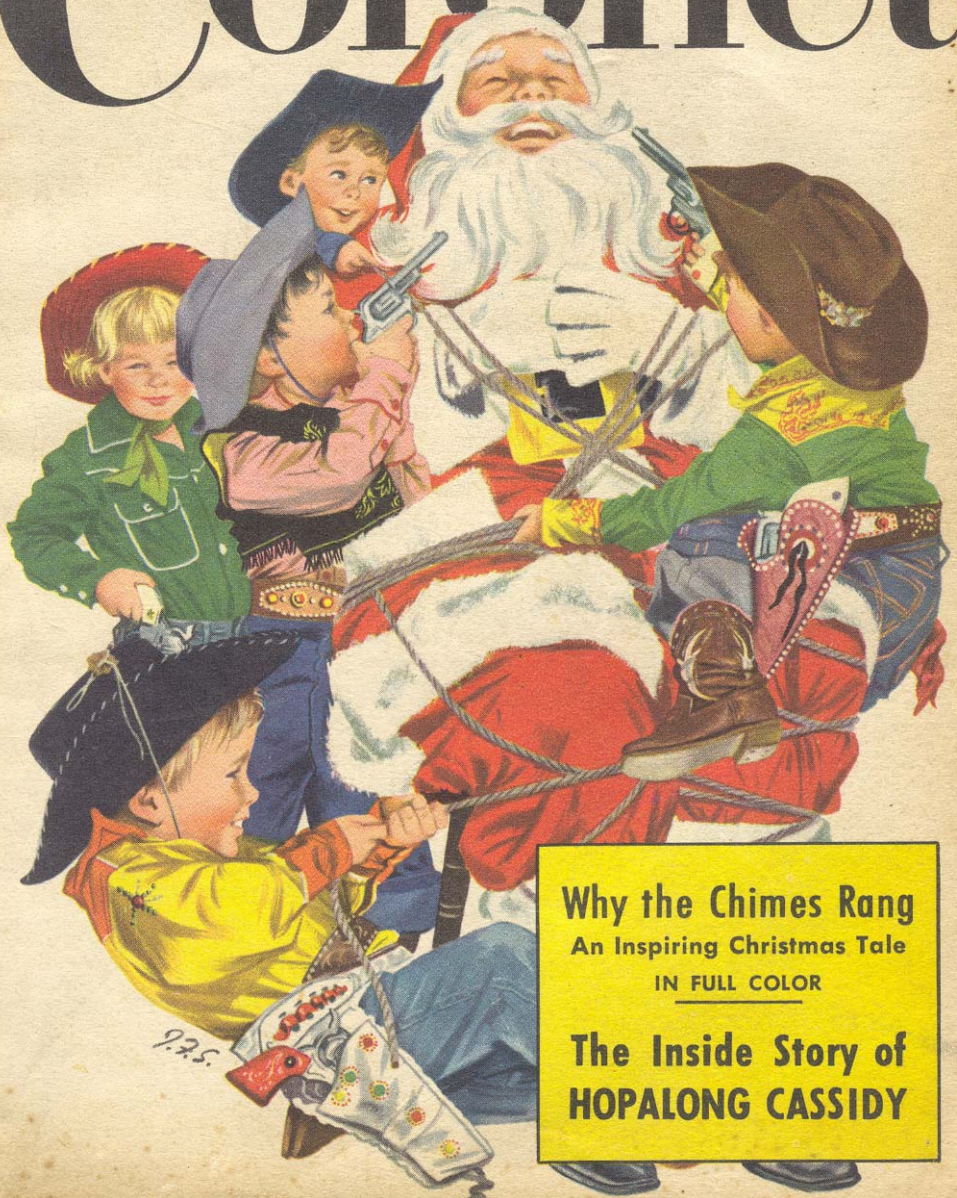


Why the Chimes Rang

An Inspiring Christmas Tale

IN FULL COLOR

The Inside Story of HOPALONG CASSIDY

Behind That Badge

THE POLICE of your community are not a class apart; they are plain and friendly people. This happens to be the story of the Police Department of Springfield, Massachusetts. But there are hundreds of others like it all over America. Wherever you find these men in blue, give them confidence and trust, for they are the guardians of your safety and welfare.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALLACE LITWIN

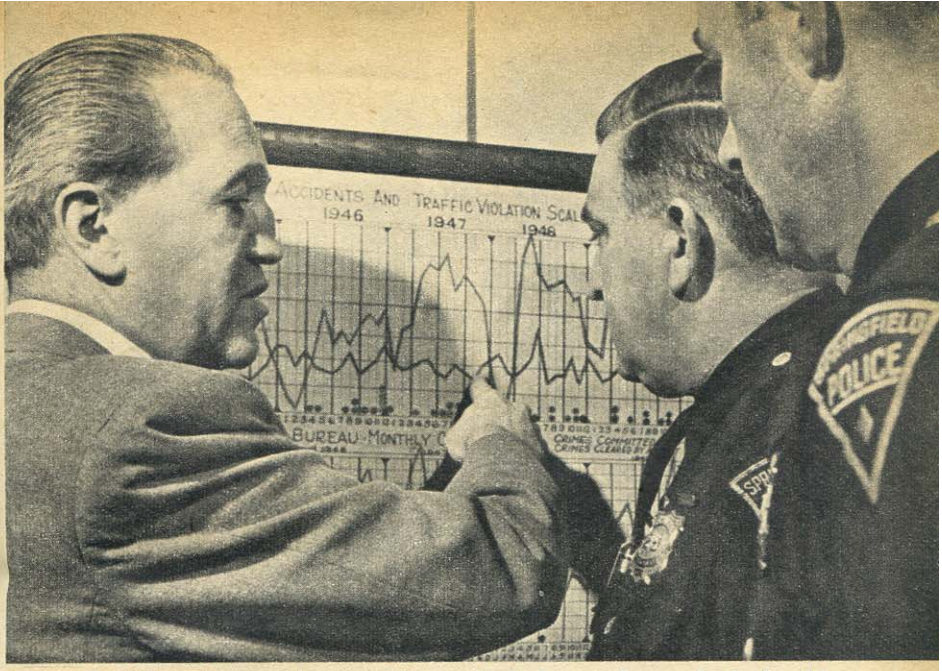
Three times a day, as the shift changes, police patrols leave headquarters.

THIS IS A TYPICAL SCENE in a typical American city—the police shift is changing. These men, ordinary citizens themselves, are setting forth to guard other citizens from the crime, carelessness, and mischief that regularly tangle the everyday affairs of a modern, thriving community. Where once a lone town constable could handle Springfield's trifling crime problems, it now takes 302 officers, 125 auxiliary police, and countless specialists to solve the complex problems of maintaining law and order.

Take the traffic problem. There are 81,000 cars in Springfield, just twice the number in 1937. To compound the problem, as Traffic Specialist J. Albert Murphy says, "Our streets were laid out by the Puritans. They're not wide enough—and don't go far enough, either."

Yet in this city that depends heavily on trucking for divers manufactures, there has not been a traffic fatality among its 40,000 children since 1948. To achieve this enviable record, Murphy and the other 41 officers of the Springfield Traffic Bureau have ceaselessly studied charts, statistics, and reports. They have worked up to 16 hours a day. They have inaugurated and tested scores of safety procedures. "But," says Murphy, "if you can keep hundreds of people out of hospitals and morgues, it's all worth it."

There is no vice squad in Springfield today. Its place has long since been taken by the Crime Prevention Bureau which has taken over the old duties of the vice squad but



Chief Gallagher examines a traffic graph; it shows only two deaths for this year.

whose major objective is to prevent crime by giving sensitive advice and guidance to young people with problems and to erring women who once were treated as social outcasts.

In the old days, police work involved only arrest and prosecution, regardless of the circumstances in each individual case. Today, the wisdom and experience of four policewomen, a juvenile officer, a doctor, and a psychiatrist are used to diagnose social problems.

"What's the use of trying to treat a symptom if you don't recognize the basic malady?" Policewoman Rita O'Connell asks.

Springfield's force, however, is not unique. Like others throughout the U.S., it has learned that a gun and blackjack are no longer enough to cope with modern transgressions. As a result, the local men in blue are representative of the new policeman who is guarding the American scene. Schooled in every phase of police operations, he is periodically tested, retrained, and brought up to date on crime prevention.

For good reason, it is not easy for a man to join the force in Springfield: three applicants are rejected for every one accepted. If, like Joe Budd, you are a young war veteran with a high-school education, in good health, and with a clean record, you have the best chance. Some men join the force because they seek the security of a civil-service job. Others are interested in community service. Joe Budd's reason for joining is simple: "I wanted to be a cop!"

In 1938, he was a U.S. Navy

If notified by the owners, police will check every vacant house in the city several times a day. Here, Officer Thomas Keating makes sure that the windows are locked. A veteran of 60, Keating has served with Springfield police for 29 years.

A two-way radio keeps Officers Connally and Fahey in touch with headquarters.

lightweight boxing champion. When he came out of the service in 1946, he was ready for the Springfield police force. He took a rigid physical examination and was fingerprinted. For two months Budd went to police school, preparing for the stiff written tests established by the Massachusetts Civil Service Commission. He studied criminal law and police procedure. Friends and neighbors were asked to evaluate his reputation and character. And all through the training, he was under constant observation. Then he took the civil-service test.

A nervous feeling never left him until the end of May, 1947, when at last he heard the news: he had passed! His name went on a civil-service list to await a vacancy, and, on October 22, Joe Budd became a

Policewoman Fitzpatrick and Sgt. O'Connor work together on children's cases.

The fingerprints of every known criminal in the area are registered in this file.

Every print is sent to the F.B.I. Five members of the force are print experts.

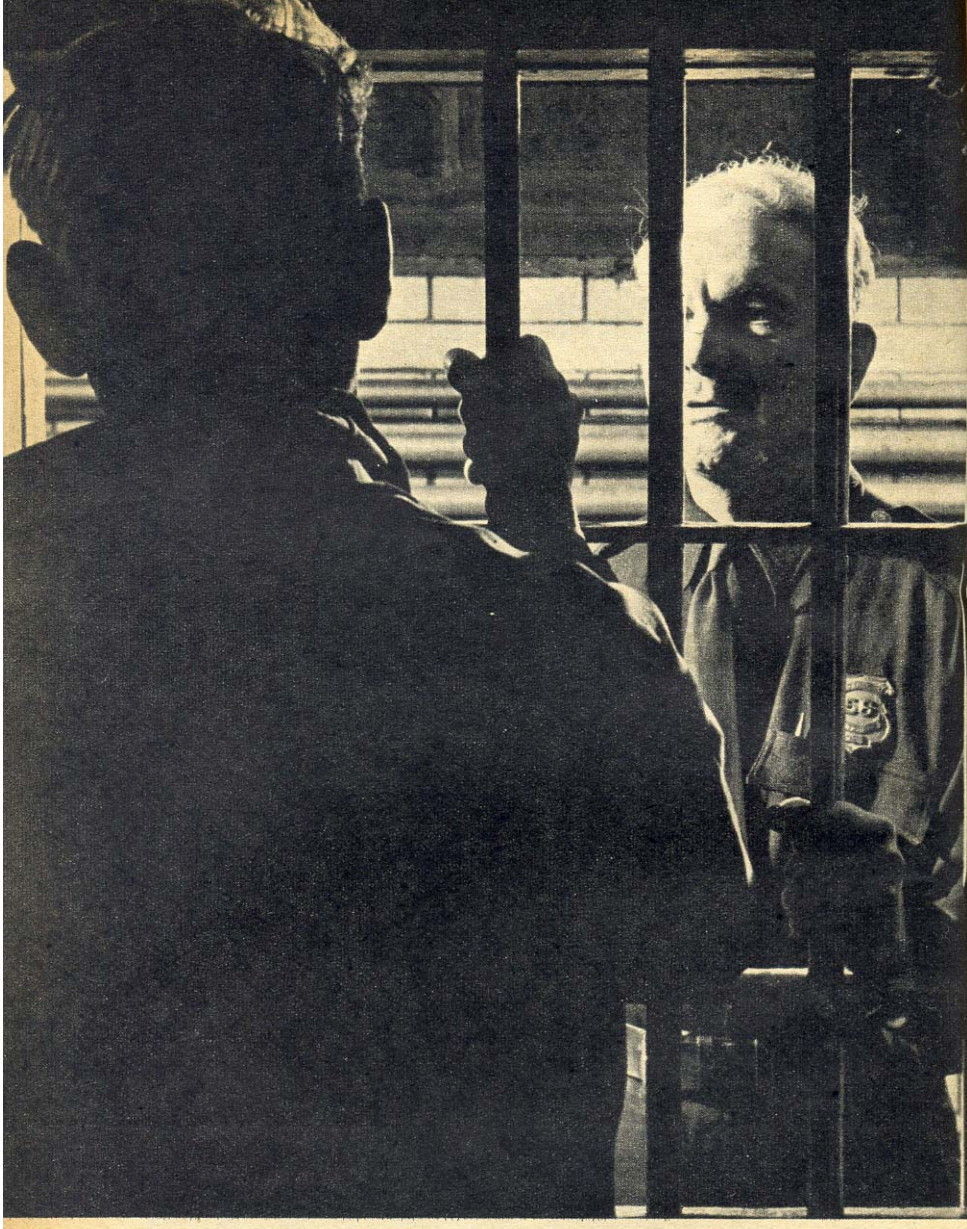
Lt. Ernest Tourtellotte regularly examines the Department's extensive arsenal.

patrolman in the Springfield Police Department.

When a fellow officer visited the Budds at home recently and found Joe painting the kitchen, he teased him about working on his day off. Big Joe straightened up and grinned. "I may be the law on my beat, but"—and he nodded toward his wife and son—"they tell me what to do here!"

The cops of Springfield are as diverse a group of citizens as can be found within a representative American city. They range in age from 23-year-old Frank Gallagher, Jr., son of the Deputy Chief, to 68-year-old Howard Tourtellotte; in size from 140-pound, five-foot-nine Bernard Kane to 265-pound, six-foot-five Johnny Johnson; in background from Harry Foley, a regis-

In the police line-up which is held every morning at 8:30, Detectives Moriarity and Martin question a suspect. After arraignment, he will be housed temporarily in the headquarters cell block, after which he goes to Hampden County jail.



Officer Daniel Dowd is assigned to the headquarters "house detail." He may be called upon to man the cell block, render first aid, man the switchboard, or go out on an emergency call with the department's modern, fully equipped ambulance.

Officers bring personal and police problems to Chaplain Edmond Fleming.

tered pharmacist, to Dennis Costigan, who was raised in the tough North End and whose son is now in the F.B.I. They are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Negroes. Eight of ten were born in Springfield, and nine of ten are war veterans. Ten officers have fathers on the force, 30 have brothers.

Off duty, they live and play like their neighbors; they root for the Springfield Cubs, fish in the Westfield River, and share in community life. But on duty, each man is a cop's cop, sharing in common a strong feeling of loyalty toward the city he is paid to protect.

Back in 1922, December 21 was

The force's 20 five-man marksmanship teams compete in New England competitions.

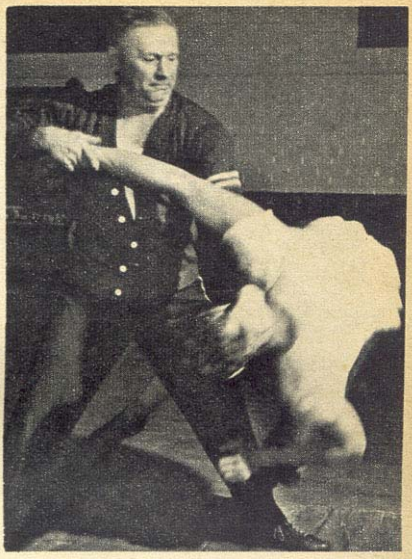
the last day a man could file his application for the police force before the list was closed. Only his brother Frank's last-minute urging induced Ray Gallagher to file, and their applications went in together. Since then, neither one has ever had a single regret.

Upward through the ranks they went — patrolman, sergeant, lieutenant, captain—until one was appointed Chief, the other Deputy Chief. In the eight years since, Chief Ray has become a national authority on criminology, and a regular lecturer and vice-president of the F.B.I. National Academy. He has discussed police problems

on traffic, burglary, ambulance calls, and civilian defense with his community in frequent informal radio talks. In one afternoon, 50,000 booklets listing the ways citizens could aid the police and themselves were distributed in Springfield. In such ways, Gallagher has made the task of his force easier.

A restless, crisp-spoken man of 50, the Chief is seldom bogged in routine. He is still too close to his own beat-pounding, crime-smashing days for that. No new idea is too startling for his consideration.

Once, Gallagher thought he detected a trace of extra perception in two of his young patrolmen. He called Tom Moriarity and Bill Martin into his trophy-hung office and announced another innovation



Sgt. Frappier's judo exercises keep all the officers in top physical condition.

Nearly every officer participates in activities for Springfield children. The big event is an annual Christmas party, complete with presents and Santa Claus.

Traffic Specialist Murphy always wanted to be a doctor. His ability to impart to children the rules of traffic safety in informal talks reduced accidents. Now he says, "I may not be a doctor, but I'm still saving lives in a different way."

Gerald Driscoll of the Crime Prevention Bureau helps Gerry with his homework.

in Springfield police work. Martin and Moriarity became detectives, were given no assignment except to cruise the city between 6 P.M. and 2 A.M.—the now-famous "Free-Lance Patrol." Almost at once their record of arrests paid tribute to the man who had perceived their ability and created the job.

Nor does the bond between Martin and Moriarity end at headquarters. Two years ago their apartments suddenly seemed too small to house their growing families. They scouted the city and found two vacant lots back to back. Within the month, they had begun working on Tom's new house, because

Murphy is an F.B.I. Academy graduate.

Bill, Jr., and Grandmother discuss the exploits of Officer William Morrissey.

It took Bill Martin and Tom Moriarity a year to build Tom's house, less for Bill's.

George Tracy's pride in his job is matched only by his pride in his turkeys.

"his family was bigger." Day by day it took shape as the two men put in every off-duty hour hammering, sawing, and planing. When it was finished, all the Moriaritys moved in, and Bill and Tom promptly began working on the excavation for the Martin home.

These are the people of the Springfield Police Department. Contrary to movie and radio standards, there are no snarling, quick-triggered heroes among them, only farsighted men and women—ordinary citizens—who have been trained to grasp the broad concepts of modern law enforcement.

All in all, the police officers of the city of Springfield are better men for their jobs—the jobs that have made their city a better and safer place in which to live.

Two former altar boys, James Cavanaugh and Thomas Kennedy, serve again in their childhood capacities as Father Fleming distributes communion at Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral. Every faith is represented on the Springfield force.

Like most of his officers, Chief Gallagher has always lived in Springfield. His work reflects his hope for the city. "I expect my sons and daughters to live here for a long time to come. I'd like it to be the kind of place they'd be proud of."

End of article, Coronet, December, 1950