

THE CINCINNATI POST, MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1956.

9 Out of 10 Police Never Draw Gun

Criminology, Patrol Cars Replace Beat-Pounding

BY HARRY TAYLOR

Nine out of 10 Cincinnati policemen serve their whole careers on the force without ever shooting at a crook.

The days of the flat-foot, dumb-brave cop are over. Criminology has made a science out of police work.

Walk an early morning beat with two of the city's last foot patrolmen and you see the old order changing.

The men are Charlie May, 23, and Dan Cella, 28, with five years on the force between them. Charlie is an ex-paratrooper, and Dan was in the Navy. Both are married. Their beat this morning is No. 121-15 blocks in the West End.

Their instructions from Sgt. Charlie Bradbury this morning dealt with routine: a store owner has complained that newsboys have been building fires to warm themselves in his doorway. (Warn them.)

There may or may not be a crap game in a certain cafe cellar. (Investigate.) One of the night patrolmen has left his pass key stuck in the door of a school. (Pick up from janitor.) A 14-year-old boy in a green sweater has run away from home. (Escort him to Mama.)

"You won't see much action here," says Dan, as we walk out of the briefing at 7 a. m. "Things have been real quiet lately."

The other 22 patrolmen on the First Relief this morning step out of the station house into patrol cars. It turns out that Cella and May are the only patrolmen on foot downtown today (outside of traffic details). Beat-pounding is a vanishing art.

Twenty-two foot patrols exist on paper, but Cincinnati finds itself too short of policemen to man them all. The city's around-the-clock protection comes now mainly from 59 prowl car patrols.

Foot patrolmen (the last police horse was retired in 1924) report in to their districts every hour from corner callboxes, some in service since 1878. Radio cars keep in constant touch via Station X.

Dan and Charlie poke along



PATROLMEN CHARLES MAY, LEFT, AND DAN CELLA
... the foot officer is disappearing

Where Tax Dollars Go

Every year Cincinnatians spend millions of dollars for the most all-inclusive service available to them — government.

What do the dollars buy?

This is another story explaining how a government works; how the services we take for granted are supplied; how the biggest business in town is run.

a bottle-strewn alley, jabbing with billie sticks at the rear doors of sleeping delicatessens and lingerie shops, then walk down Fifth street trying front door knobs in the dawn light.

They look for that crap game in the cafe cellar. There is no action, but a jumble of green felt in a corner suggests that the rattle of ivories here is not unknown. The policemen smile

and move along. Maybe next time . . .

Dan stops to ticket a car for overtime parking. From his hat he unfolds a list of delinquent license plates, and this car is on it. He phones for a tow truck. As it happens, this is the closest he comes to catching a criminal all day.

At 8:45 a. m. the foot patrol ends. Charlie May is due in Police Court to testify against a citizen he arrested for a saloon knifing the week before. Dan Cella is assigned to a prowl car in place of another patrolman detached to direct traffic coming off a bridge.

From the city's seven district headquarters, the captains and sergeants shift their patrolmen like chessmen. "War-plans" exist to respond to any crime anywhere. There are signals which flash movement into a dozen slow-patrolling cars.

Suppose you are riding one evening with Car 202, out of District 2 (shopping district and upper Vine street). You ride with patrolmen Ed Adams and Jerry Remer. The radio says: "Signal Six, 1212 Vine street, a doctor's office."

Signal Six is a hold-up. This means action for six cars, including 202.

The two nearest cars rush to the scene, get a quick description of the bandit, and put his statistics on the radio. Four other cars begin cruising in square patterns around the robbery scene, watching for somebody fitting this description heading out.

The patrol cars move into tighter and tighter quadrants around the center. The cars pin bandits down, while policemen on foot search door to door.

"Maybe it didn't work tonight," says Ed Adams, after

a half-hour in the quadrant. "Maybe he got out of the area before we started."

But we find out the next morning the quadrant system had worked after all.

The bandit had ducked into a hotel less than a block from the crime. Later, when the patrol cars were gone, he took a taxi to another hotel. But the next police shift traced him there and arrested him in bed.

Detectives take over from there. The lie detector and fingerprint files do their work. The suspect admits four other hold-ups here and 11 in California. The police are praised on page one of the newspaper. Criminology has conquered again.

Meanwhile, from District 1, Patrolmen Dan Cella and Charlie May set out once again on their foot beat, unpublicized, a disappearing breed.