

Demoralizing Our Police Force

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fire. He would "discipline" the officer who dared do his duty and he did. **HE ORDERED THE PATROLMAN SUSPENDED FOR TEN DAYS!**

Suspending an officer for **ENFORCING THE LAW!**

Is George Leach any better than Ole Olson? Has his car any more right to stand in a prohibited spot than Hans Schmit's? Is George Leach, mayor of this city, through a run of luck and lack of judgment on the part of the voters and taxpayers, any less subject to punishment for a violation of a law than old Bill Jones?

If Leach can violate a law, why can't Ole Olson, Hans Schmit and Bill Jones? If Leach violates it, what right has he to expect the balance of us to obey it? But he does—that's the brazen feature of his act.

A policeman, sworn to uphold, obey and enforce the law, does his duty. He doesn't stop to inquire the identity of the violator but proceeds to obey orders. He sees a car parked in a nonparking zone and tags it. It happens to be the mayor's private car (was it choo-choosing along on city gas?). He finds himself a copper without a job. For enforcing a law!

A ten days' suspension from duty, without pay, for enforcing the law against the **MAYOR**. He should have been given a medal. Instead he won ten days without pay.

Who is this man Leach, that he sets himself above the law? He blats of "discipline" **BUT HE SHIED AWAY FROM IT WHEN THE LAW SOUGHT TO DISCIPLINE HIM FOR DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS**, for he was under oath to obey the law—orders.

And, when he had issued the order to suspend the officer from duty, he leaves the city for a time. He wasn't concerned about the man's family, his finances, his reputation as an officer. Leach's pride had been touched—and pride's a great thing, a vast monument to small mentalities. If his pride had not been "hurt" he could have done as is done every day—had the tag torn up and the incident would have been closed. But, no. A

subordinate must feel the iron hand of discipline. If discipline is such a wonderful tonic, let's have more of it. **LET'S APPLY IT TO OUR MAYOR, TO OUR CHIEF OF POLICE AS WELL AS TO OUR GANGSTERS.** If it's a great tonic, **LET'S MEASURE OUT A DOSE FOR ALL OUR OFFICIALS.**

While the mayor was out of the city (I believe he was down at St. Louis attending a convention of business men who are endeavoring to pull a snag or two out of the Father of Waters' head or neck) several of the local business men and an alderman who felt that the doughty colonel's "disciplinary measures" had been stretched a bit too far, wired him to that effect and not to be outdone in "wiring" he rewired a message to reinstate the policeman and that he would attend to the case upon his return. If that wouldn't shake your political tree of faith, I don't know what would!

The mayor remains away until he gets ready to return and then on Wednesday the daily papers inform us that he "delivered a lecture on courtesy" to the offending (to him) copper. Just where the mayor gets that "courtesy" stuff is a puzzle. Assuredly not from "the best chief of police Minneapolis ever had" and certainly from none of his numerous "yes" men. Had he been even fair, he would have left the patrolman on duty until his return, without having humiliated him with a ten days' suspension and its attendant publicity and then delivered that lecture on courtesy.

The mayor, to quote from one of the daily papers, has "been battling and proposes to continue to battle to obtain courtesy and consideration for the public from members of the police department." If the fiery official will permit me, I would like to suggest that he inject a few square yards of that concoction into Brunskill's private offices. That worthy needs all Leach can spare.

And, further: "I do not propose to let any policemen set themselves up as czars. O, tempora! O, mores! O, pip! Clap a stopper on your jaw-tackle, George, you make us all sick.

Where do you get that "czar" stuff? From McCormick? Maybe from Brunskill?

Well, you stuck your flivver in a hot spot, didn't you? And

you found a "please report to Capt. Hart" pasteboard decorating its steering wheel, didn't you? And, you knew the parking laws, didn't you? Well, why didn't you take your tonic like a little man?—like you expect the balance of we saps to take **OURS**—with a grin and a fine.

The trouble with the present administration is that it is composed of too many puny czars—twenty-two caliber intellects flopping around in a ten-gauge job.

There's nothing but demoralization in our police department, in our detective bureau, in the law-enforcing branches of our city government—there can be nothing else expected.

A few weeks ago, Brunskill lines up "his" detective bureau **MEN** against the wall, calls in all available newspaper men to witness the spectacle and then proceeds to deliver a "lecture"—berate men beneath him in rank and a thousand miles above him in intelligence. And then the burro-brained braggart expects the public to have confidence in **HIM!** He expects those men to have respect for him! He expects them to have respect for the law!

The **MEN** file silently out—disgusted, disheartened, discouraged. Who wouldn't be?

The mayor parks his private car in a prohibited spot and an officer, until then imbued with a sense of duty, obeys orders and tags the car. He has no means of knowing that it is the chief executive's car. Possibly it wouldn't have made any difference had he known. Wasn't the law **PRESUMED** to be impartially applied! How did he know that that particular car wasn't a test car—placed there to test out his efficiency? It might have been "planted" for the purpose of finding out if he were alert. At any rate he obeyed orders and the law and tagged the mayor's car.

Had he failed to do his duty he might have been suspended for more than ten days. He might have been given Brunskill's favorite—demotion. If he couldn't be demoted far enough or fast enough, he could be fired. O, sure, he could have carried his 'case' to the snivel service—and carried its remains out again. He wouldn't have been the first officer to have done that trick. And, the mayor:

Well, he didn't improve much on Brunskill's tactics. He

suspends the officer and then when he cools off a trifle and feels the pressure of aldermanic power on his shoulder, he relents and reinstates—by wire. Then when he returns he delivers a lecture on "courtesy" to **A SUBORDINATE WHO DARED OBEY ORDERS.**

Is it any wonder that gangsters prey almost unmolested upon Minneapolis citizens? Is it any wonder that thugs, thieves and worse, rendezvous in this city? Is it any wonder that gunmen associations flourish here when the heads of our police department, themselves, destroy the morale of the rank and file—themselves flout the law?

Is it any wonder that bond thieves feel that Minneapolis is a "haven of refuge" when our police heads set examples of law-defiance? Is it any wonder that theaters were bombed, business establishments wrecked, homes blasted by terrorists without an arrest of consequence being made by our police or detective forces? No wonder at all. The **MEN** were demoralized. They dare not obey an order lest they jeopardize their job. And men must eat—even policemen and detectives.

You can't have efficiency in the ranks **UNLESS YOU HAVE EFFICIENCY AT THE HEAD** and we haven't got it in Minneapolis.

You can't expect the rank and file of the police department to obey orders and enforce the law, when they see their superior officers disobeying the law and punishing **MEN** for obeying orders.

And that's the condition that exists today in this city: Demoralization, disgust, and petty czars. No wonder thieves guffaw when threatened with arrest in Minneapolis. No wonder gunmen stalk their victims on our streets. No wonder bootleggers ply their trade openly. No wonder Virtue hides and Vice flaunts her crimson scarf in every quarter of the city. No wonder—nothing to wonder at—except that no more crimes are committed and so many criminals are caught.

"My wife has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months."

"And can you see any result yet?"

"Yes;" the roller is much thinner!"