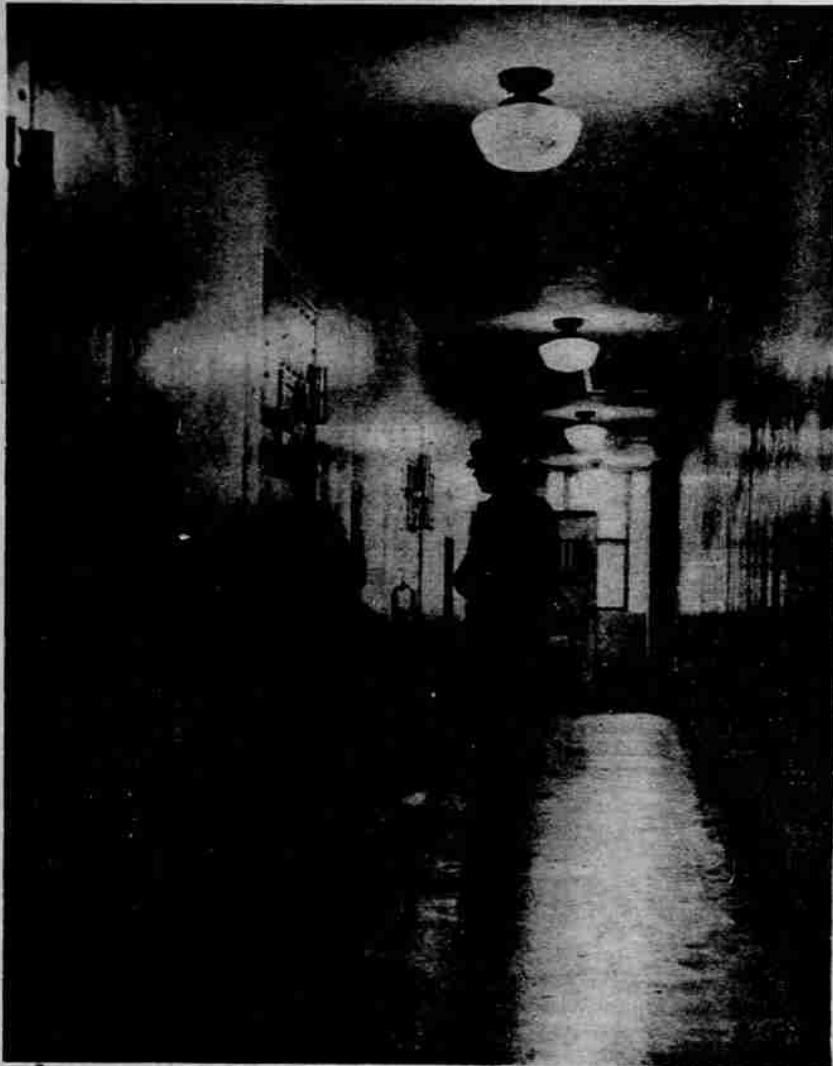


# Your Taxes Buy Around The Clock Protection



**UPSTAIRS IN THE CITY JAIL** Patrolman Walt Conrady checks the cells which prisoners occupy. These cells are more comfortable and better furnished than the "tanks" downstairs where the drunks are lodged. Since the city does not have the facilities to house all the prisoners the long termers are sent over to the county jail under the care of the sheriff's office.

## Our City Policemen Do Great Service

By **BILL DECKER**

Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night wondering what time it is? If you do remember this: whatever time the clock may say, whatever the weather conditions, the city police are on the job protecting you 24 hours a day every day of the year.

As you turn over in your warm bed remember that at that very moment policemen are walking the streets and alleys on the alert, covering the town in prowling cars and keeping the peace. At the station a desk sergeant may be logging the arrest of a drunk or notifying all cars of an alarm received by phone.

Take an ordinary evening, any one will do because they are much the same. Three cars and a motorcycle patrolman are out working their respective sections of the city while the streetmen are walking their beats. The desk sergeant is in touch with the vehicles at all times by means of the three way radio and the streetmen call in periodically. The night starts out rather slowly. A minor collision is reported and a car dispatched to the scene, a drunk is brought in by the paddy wagon in response to a call from one of the street patrolmen, the back door of a downtown store is found open by another policeman.

**SITUATION**

Routine. But put yourself in the place of the patrolman faced with that unlocked door in the dark alley. Perhaps the owner forgot to lock up, maybe the place is empty, on the other hand it may be the work of a burglar. The officer searches his mind trying to recall what the inside of the building looks like and after taking his pistol from its holster and taking out his flashlight he gently opens the door and steps inside. In the dark narrow hallway he listens carefully. There are only the ordinary night sounds coming in from the street and he closes the door quietly so as not to be silhouetted in the door way. Pausing frequently to listen he works along the wall toward the main part of the store and he

can't help thinking of all the policemen who have been killed making just such routine checks as this.

Still there are no suspicious sounds from the front of the store. That means one of two things: either there is no one there or whoever is there is lying in wait for him. Holding his flashlight well away from his body he switches on the light and steps out of the hallway. The beam of light sweeps across the store touching on the expected furnishings and gradually the policeman's pulse slows down to normal. Just another unlocked door. He makes a careful search and finds nothing tampered with so he sets the lock and steps back out into the alley to resume his beat.

**REPORT**

He files a routine report and the owner is notified. Just an oversight, but it could have been much more. Several times a week patrolmen on their beats are faced with the hair raising task of investigating deserted stores and buildings where doors have been left unlocked or forced open. Think about it the next time you wake up in the middle of the night here in your warm bed. Think about the dark interior of the warehouse or store and the advantage anyone hidden in the shadows could have over you. Think about it and roll over and go to sleep, he police will take care of it.

As the desk sergeant is finishing up logging the streetman's report of the open door the phone begins to jingle again. A woman's voice calls for help and gives an address. "He's beating me," she has time to say before the connection is broken. The sergeant contacts the car nearest the location given and the car answers that it is on its way.

This is the kind of call a policeman dreads the most: a family beef. You never know what may be waiting for you on the other end. It may be anything from manslaughter to a simple quarrel.

(Continued on Page Three)



**ORVILLE HAMILTON**, chief of police for Klamath Falls directs the operation of the force of 26 officers which provides around the clock protection for our community. The chief hopes that he will be able to raise the strength of the department so that it will approach the accepted staff level of one policeman for every 500 citizens which is considered to be a barely adequate ratio. With our city population reaching 13,300 we should have a force of about 37 men.



**PATROLMAN LEONARD J. CLARK** is shown above at his post as desk sergeant coordinating the operations of the men on duty by means of radio and telephone. The desk job calls for quick decisions and an ability to direct several situations simultaneously. He must log each call and record the disposition of his cars and patrolmen in order that when an emergency arises he can dispatch the nearest officer to the scene. If you need the police a telephone call to TU 4-3114 will set in motion a highly trained and smoothly functioning machine which will bring help to you in the shortest possible time.



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