

A ride with the Roseville police

"So then we put her in this room so she'd quiet down, instead of quieting down she broke all the chairs and started beating in the door and walls." He looked at the gouges in the door. "And she couldn't have been more than 85 pounds."

On the police' less than favorable picture represented in the news media, the lieutenant commented, "It's terrible, I watched the pictures of the Chicago and Watts riots and all I saw was the same picture. The cop with a club, ready to hit somebody over the head."

"I had the occasion to see some other films, of the Watts riot and saw police being spat on so it was running off their faces."

"... you give a guy a ticket

and all of a sudden you've got another cop hater."

The watch commander went on to say that as opposed to the view given by the news media, he thinks the police public relations are better now that they have been that last few years. "Back when the anti-police attitude first can about we were quite defensive, but we realized that we had to find out why it came about."

About two to three years ago the Roseville police enrolled in a police sensitivity training program at the University of Minnesota. "The course consisted of communications training, group meetings, and meetings with minority groups to air complaints from both sides."

He feels that the meetings served to polarize the groups even more, "It isn't easy for you to sit and listen to a black leader, for example, and hear him say we're gonna tear you apart, and the profanity was terrible."

"Traffic enforcement is probably our worst public relations; you give a guy a ticket, and all of a sudden you've got another cop hater," he said.

The interview concludes and it is soon time for the patrol with a supervisor. The watch starts at 6:00 it is now 5:10.

Later at 6:10 the sergeant of the watch comes on duty.

He is a pleasant man of 34, who apparently has a reputation for unpleasant cigars. "I wouldn't ride with him with those cigars if I were you," says someone in the backround.

"Don't worry, I forgot them tonight," laughs the Sergeant.

Tonight he smokes cigarettes.

It's payday, so many of the officers have turned in their time sheets. The sergeant decided he wanted his pay too and made out his time sheet.

That done he took the same route as the officer earlier and opened the door to an unmarked Ford sedan. Unit 680 is on patrol.

"The worst enemy of the policeman is boredom, most of the time there isn't that much happening. The only thing that makes the job exciting is the chance that at any minute something might break...now for a tour of the shopping centers."

Down sindstreets and through parking lots the car cruised silently, but not necessarily unnoticed.

"The trouble with unmarked cars is that after two days, everybody knows its you anyhow." In the backround the radio babbles incoherently.

"See that house, the second one from the corner of the lift? Weel, last night we had an extortion case and she was the victim. The guy tried to kill us, he has a loaded .38."

The sergeant explained that the resident had had a coin collection stolen, and against police advice, placed a lost and found ad in the paper, which brought on a series of crank calls.

One of which the person calling told the

victim he had the coins. The victim got so excited that she told the caller exactly what the coins looked like. On the following night the same man called and rediscrbed

the coins to the victim, who, forgetting, that she had described them to him the preceding night, got very excited and agreed to pay the caller \$300 for the coins.

As it turns out the man never had the coins and it turned into a dangerous case of extortion.

The sergeant was called over the radio back to the village hall.

Upon arriving the sergeant was called away and he left to go to another part of the station. His entrance back into the room was much more lively than his exit.

There was an air of frivolity which was explained when he disclosed that the extortion victim turned out to be his mother-in-law.

Their's is the picture book relationship between he and his wife's mother there is little else but hate.

Understandably then the jest in the station came from the irony of almost being killed for your mother-in-law's sake.

The extortion victim's phone was tapped (with her permission) and the extortion's phone call was taped. They played the tape, which included one of the classic lines of the century, "... look, trust me lady, I may be a crook, but I'm not a skunk..."

"I may be a crook, but I'm not a skunk."

Again unit 680 was back on patrol, this time to an area of Roseville that for the last few nights had witnessed several break-ins.

The car turned down a street and the sergeant motioned to his right, "That guy who gave me the finger the other night lives in that house."

A few minutes later the sergeant pulled his vehicle back around to the church, at which time he found the car parked in the church lot. The spotlight flashed, and another lover's hopes were dashed in the image of cabon-arc and glass.

Not long after, another radio call came out, this time it was a burglar alarm at a retail ski sales store.

The car left for the store in no particular hurry, because the call was officially given to another unit.

When the sergeant arrived, there were two patrolmen waiting. It was a false alarm and it was up to the police to call the owner and have him shut it off.

"Evening," said the officer, "What's so good about it?" questioned the sergeant.

"I didn't say it was good, all I said was evening," replied the officer.

After patrolling for more than three more hours, a car was spotted speeding down Snelling. The sergeant at first thought that the driver was "burning out the carbon" but within a few seconds he decided that was not the case.

He accelerated the unmarked vehicle and the car jumped with the down shift of the transmission.

The driver of the speeding vehicle stopped at a red light.

As the police car pulled up slowly in back of it the driver gave a shy look through the rear view mirror.

The light changed to green and the car started, being very careful not to go over the speed limit. The sergeant decided that the driver knew he was a policeman and realizing the pursuit was in vane he turned off down another street.

As he did so the car he had been following acceterated to its former speed down Snelling.

"Boy, that sonofabitch saw me coming, didn't he."

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS WHEN STOPPED BY A POLICE OFFICER:

1. You have a right to remain silent. You do not have to answer any questions.
2. If you are driving and are stopped by an officer, he has a right to check your driver's license.
3. An officer may not search your person, except to pat for weapons, unless you are arrested, or unless the officer has a search warrant and shows it to you.
4. Unless the officer informs you that you are under arrest, he may not hold you for any length of time.
5. Ask if you are free to go. If the officer says "no" you are under arrest.
6. It is up to the courts to protect your rights. Do not resist arrest under any circumstances.

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS IF YOU ARE ARRESTED:

1. You have a right to remain silent. You do not have to answer any questions. Anything you do say may be used in evidence against you.
2. You have a right to make at least one phone call to reach an attorney, family, friends and a bail bondsman.
3. You have a right to an attorney at any time after the arrest. You have a right to have your attorney present during any questioning. If you cannot afford an attorney, the State must provide an attorney for you.
4. You do not have to submit to a lineup until your attorney is present, and if you cannot afford an attorney the State must provide you with an attorney to be present at the lineup.



Policemen's arsenal rides with them