

Police Officers Are Human Too!

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Police officers, believe it or not, are human. They come in both sexes and in various sizes. This sometimes depends on whether you are looking for one or trying to hide something. They are found everywhere, on land, on sea, in the air, on horseback and sometimes, in your hair. In spite of the fact that, "you can't find one when you need one," they are usually there when it counts most. The best way to get one is to pick up a telephone.

Police officers deliver lectures, babies and bad news. They are required to have the wisdom of Solomon, the disposition of a lamb and muscles of steel, and are often accused of having a heart to match. They are the ones who ring the door bell, swallow hard, and announce the tragic death of a loved one, then spend the rest of the day wondering why they ever took such a crummy job.

On television, police officers are depicted as oafs who couldn't find a base fiddle inside a telephone booth. In real life however, they are expected to find a little blond boy, "about so high", in a crowd of a half-million people. In fiction, they get help from private eyes, reporters, and "who-dun-it" fans. In real life however, what they mostly get from the public is, "I didn't see nothin'."

When they serve summons, they are monsters; but, if they let you go, they're dolls. To little kids, they are either friends or "boogeymen", depending on their parents' view of police. When police officers are good, "they are grafters, and that goes for

the rest of them too." When they shoot a stick-up man, they are heroes, except when the stick-up man is "only a kid, anybody coulda seen that."

Police officers work "around the clock", split shifts, Sundays and holidays, and it always kills them when some joker says, "Hey, tomorrow is a holiday. I'm off — let's go fishing." (That's the day the police officer is probably working overtime.)

Lots of police officers have homes, some of them are covered with ivy, but most of them with mortgages. If they drive big cars, "They are chisellers — a little car, "Who's are they kidding?" Their credit is good: that's very helpful, because their salaries aren't.

Police officers raise a lot of kids, most of them belong to other people. They see more misery, bloodshed, trouble and sunrises than the average person. Like the proverbial letter carriers, police officers must also be out in all kinds of weather. Their uniforms change with the climate, but their outlook remains the same — mostly a blank, but hoping for a better world.

Police officers like days off, vacations and coffee. They don't like auto horns, family fights and anonymous letter writers. They have an association, but they don't strike. They must always be impartial, courteous and always remember the slogan, "At your service" or "Maintain the Right". This is sometimes hard, especially when some character reminds them, "I'm a taxpayer and I pay your salary."