

plus five counties in Maryland and seven in Virginia. Their commander, Colonel R. F. Wheeler, USA, a square-cut combat veteran of the Army's Corps of Military Police, has his headquarters in the Navy Yard, his own brig, radio network, 22 cruisers, and ten capacious paddy wagons. Like other departments in Washington, the Armed Forces Police have long been integrated. "We have 153 men, four uniforms, two colors, and one job," he remarked. The Armed Forces case load is impressive: In 1965, besides 221 major felonies, they handled 5,541 other criminal offenses and 3,121 military offenses, investigated 874 accidents, and apprehended 674 deserters. This is no indication that the Armed Forces are crime-ridden, but simply that Washington has a large military population, both transient and garrison, and also that the Services do their share to protect Washington.

Of our last three police forces, that of Washington National Airport, headed by Chief James P. Dillon (who spent 25 years with the Port of New York Authority), is the only one not actually within the District. But since Chief Dillon's 45 men and two cruisers perform a vital function for the city, and because his jurisdiction—all Federal property—abuts Washington, the Airport Police can be considered one of our forces. Although he breasts a tide of seven million passengers a year, Chief Dillon takes an essentially optimistic view: He encounters very little crime ("People here are intent on traveling"), few dips, and no numbers operators or con men to speak of. "There is a very good atmosphere around an airport," he says, and he aims to keep it that way.

The smallest and lowest-paid force in Washington—twenty men and three cruisers—is the Engineers Corps's Aqueduct Police, headed by Captain E. J. Kerns, a brisk, twinkly-eyed officer who somewhat resembles the late Bobby Clarke. Captain Kerns's jurisdiction is by no means small, however. It includes all of Washington's reservoirs and MacArthur Boulevard but as far as Great Falls, where, aside from the physical security of the water systems, the force's main job is to keep speeders and overweight trucks from pounding in the conduits which underlie the road. If you are nabbed by the Aqueduct men on the Maryland side of the line, you may ultimately find yourself in court in Baltimore, where Federal jurisdiction over Montgomery County heads up.

Like a pearl inside an oyster, the 176-acre exclusive jurisdiction of the Smithsonian Institution's Zoo Police, under Captain Joseph J. McGarry, is wholly surrounded by another jurisdiction (Park Police), which in turn is girt about by the Metropolitan Police. With 29 men, his own radio net, one cruiser, and two radio-equipped scooters, Captain McGarry protects the animals against four million people a year. Aside from traditional Easter Monday riots (which the Metropolitan Police have helped damp down), the Zoo Police are mainly troubled by traffic violations and truants. "This place," one officer says, "is a marshalling area for truants." As they straggle in, they find Captain McGarry, a trim, leathery old-timer from the Corps of Military Police, waiting with open arms.

Although one of Harry Truman's earliest vetoes, in June 1945, kept Congress from sliding the Park Police—at least in the District—under MPDC command, he evidently regretted it later. A subsequent promise, destined to go unfulfilled, was that, if he ever got the chance, he would put all police in Washington into one truly metropolitan department.

Like other uncompromising ideas of President Truman, his view that police in the District of Columbia should be unified is, even today, intensely controversial, with many separate empires, much prestige, and rich bureaucratic prizes at stake. How touchy the issue is among our police chiefs is indicated by their reactions to my question: "What are the arguments against a Presidential Reorganization Plan or Congressional action to legislate all police and all jurisdictions within the District—White House and Armed Forces Police excepted—into one really metropolitan department?"

Gun-shy at the very thought, Chief Layton refused to discuss the question.

Park Police Chief Murdock, predictably, was vehemently opposed. "What do I think?" he asked. "It would be like martial law * * * dictatorship * * * the first step toward a national police."

Of the five remaining chiefs queried, two—significantly, with small departments—said that unification was the only solution. All were emphatic that the political difficulties in persuading the departments of Interior and Defense, the Smithsonian Institution, the House and Senate sergeants at arms, the Supreme Court, and the Federal Aviation Agency, to yield their slices of the local police pie would be great. This obviously is true.