



● **HERE ARE SOME HINTS** on what to do when stopped for a traffic violation outside your state. They were prepared especially for Collier's by members of the Traffic Court Committee of the American Bar Association.

1. Don't be in a hurry to continue your trip. Take plenty of time to protect your rights.

2. Always get an official receipt for all fines, court costs and other money paid.

3. Whether guilty or not guilty of the charge, follow the procedure of the local courts. Remember: In many states, forfeiting your bail is similar to a conviction and, if reported, stands as such on your driving record.

4. If not guilty of the charge and if you honestly suspect that you are the victim of improper official conduct, make immediate plans to secure local counsel. In protecting your own rights you will help to prevent a continuation of such abuses.

5. If you're not satisfied you're getting a square deal, immediately consult the local prosecutor's office or a local attorney. If these are not readily available, do not hesitate to ask the local Automobile Club representative, other police agencies in the county or responsible local citizens for assistance.

6. Stop promptly when requested to by a police officer. Present your identification without argument. Listen carefully and courteously. Answer questions concisely and in a friendly manner. Don't try to talk your way out of your predicament. And don't try to bribe the officer.

7. Before the officer leaves, get his name, star number or identification. Unless the officer is in uniform, or immediately identifies himself, you should demand his identification.

8. If witnesses are available, be sure to get their names and addresses.

9. Always be careful not to violate traffic laws. Watch all traffic signs and signals and voluntarily observe all speed laws.

10. Remember: Violations committed on Saturdays, Sundays, holidays and at hours when courts are not in session will result in greater inconvenience to you.

"Probably no court is familiar to more people and subjected to more critical appraisal by them than the traffic courts of America," says Tappan Gregory, president of the American Bar Association. "Our Association has sponsored an active program of improvement in every phase of this type of litigation."

Collier's for August 21, 1948

TRAFFIC TRAPS FOR TOURISTS

The American Automobile Association reports soak-the-stranger traffic arrests are flourishing in many sections of the nation. Speed traps, roadside finings and threats of jail are making it tough for the motorist

BY JACK HARRISON POLLACK

THIS year twelve to fifteen million American motorists will be apprehended for traffic violations. Most of these will be bona fide cases of deliberate or careless lawbreaking. But many of the arrests will be unjust.

With a record motoring season in full swing, the American Automobile Association reports that soak-the-stranger methods are flourishing in many sections of the country. They may operate for the tourist who does not know strictly to the line of local regulations with which he is not familiar. Or, as has been the case in some communities, speed traps, roadside trials, and threats or violence are used.

No responsible citizen can object to honest, impartial traffic enforcement. But it is a national scandal when innocent motorists must worry about being swindled in the name of the law.

Even members of Congress have not been immune from this sort of treatment.

A Southern Representative who was motoring home one week end last fall was arrested for speeding as he drove through a certain township.

The congressman made no effort to use his legislative influence, but paid the \$15 and started to leave. On his way out he remarked facetiously, "I think it's a dirty trick to drive a patrol car without identification." The remark was not taken humorously. Before the Representative could identify himself he was thrown into a jail cell. And there he stayed for several hours, even though the Constitution specifically forbids a legislator's detention for anything but treason, felony or breach of the peace when Congress is in session. Local authorities contended that the peace had actually been breached.

Strong-arm tactics are not uncommon. Recently a reputable St. Paul, Minnesota, businessman and his wife were motoring through a Southern township when their car began heating up. To let it cool off, they pulled over to the side. A police car drove

up. Troopers began searching the businessman's baggage and found some whisky—illegal in a dry county.

"One cop hit my wife, knocking her against the car door and injuring her back," reports the businessman. "Inside the jail he knocked me down. I was refused permission to telephone a lawyer. They threw us into crowded, dirty cells overnight. There wasn't even a cot in mine. I spent the night on a cement floor. The sheriff came in the morning and let us out. We found the locks of our baggage torn out, all our belongings scattered, and a camera, fountain pen and some money missing."

Many other motorists have complained to the A.A.A. about a noticeable lack of Southern hospitality on the part of authorities enforcing traffic laws on Dixie's highways. An out-of-state doctor was recently bled for \$20 in a Southern town. He grudgingly paid the fine and remarked that it was a "damn" outrage. Whereupon he was struck from behind, seized by the belt (Continued on page 64)

"Collier's is to be highly congratulated for presenting to the American public Jack Pollack's forthright and comprehensive article on ways and means used by all too many law-enforcement agencies in soaking the motorist—particularly the motorist who is traveling away from his home state.

"The spotlight of public attention thus thrown on the problem should be of immediate benefit. It should also invigorate efforts by all those engaged in the difficult task of redesigning and modernizing antique legal machinery."

—R. J. Schmunk, President,
American Automobile Association

Between the tasks set by her Latin teacher and the traps laid by her younger brother, Jane did not have

PLENTY OF TIME FOR LOVE

BY LOUIS PAUL

I'D LIKE to, Lucille, but—well, he's inhuman. Eighteen pages of Livy! I mean, after all, the whole thing's unconscionable. It's—"

"If you'd put down that telephone and do it, it wouldn't be so unconscionable," said Aunt Martha. "You don't even know what the word means. I want to talk to your father about having the furnace cleaned."

"G'by, Lucille. G'by, now. Aunt Martha wants to use the phone." Jane hung up regretfully. "Lucille wanted me to play some doubles." She sighed heavily. "I'm the victim of Kismet. The new Ancient Lit is inhuman, so I get him. Mr. Harrington. He's young enough, but he's inhuman. We call him Fisheyes. He keeps staring at you without blinking—honestly, Aunt Martha, it's gruesome."

The phone bell rang again. Jane lifted the receiver with a practiced gesture. "Who? Oh, hel-lo! But *naturally*. But of course! Lucille just called me, but she didn't say who—"

"Hang up that phone," ordered Aunt Martha. "You've been out every afternoon this week. I want you to help me with the curtains when you've finished your schoolwork."

"—but I think I'll have to stay in and grind on the Livy. G'by. G'by, Johnny. G'by. G'by. And thanks frightfully for asking me." Hanging up, she turned to her aunt. "Do you realize who that happened to be? Just Johnny Ballou, that's all. I guess he's the most popular athletic star Stapleton High ever had. He thinks I have possibilities."

Aunt Martha lifted her eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?"

"He thinks I'll make the interscholastic tennis team this year."

"Does Mr. Harrington think you have possibilities?"

"Fisheyes? Huh! All he needs is a toga to make him the noblest Roman of them all. Eighteen pages of Livy, when I could be out playing mixed doubles with Johnny Ballou." Jane shook her head sadly.

Oliver came bouncing in, slamming the front door hard enough to rattle every window in the rambling house. "Hello, everybody!" cried Oliver. "Ain't Aunt Eldreth home from givin' her piano lessons yet? She said she'd bring me some jelly doughnuts. Jever see a ole frog that'd croak when you ast him to?" Extracting a well-grown frog from his back pocket, he held it up in front of Jane's nose. "Croak, Franklyn. Go ahead." Franklyn duly obliged.

"Ugh! Take that thing away from me," said Jane. "Don't you know frogs'll give you warts on your hands?"

"Ha, ha," said Oliver. "I'd rather have warts on my hands than red fingernails. Woops!" Franklyn had popped out of Oliver's palms. He pursued the frog across the living-room rug and into the hallway.

"Aunt Martha, you ought to do something about Oliver. I mean—"

"Never you mind about Oliver. Get up and finish your Cicero—"

"Livy."

"Whatever it is. The parlor curtains are all washed, and I want you to help me get them on the stretchers in the basement. If Eldreth comes home early, I'll ask her to go over the Livy with you. Why your father continues to live in this drafty barrack of a house I'm sure I don't know. What did I come in here for?"

"You said you wanted to phone Papa about having the furnace cleaned."

"Oh, yes. Every year he waits until the last minute."

Jane gathered up her books and climbed the winding stairs to her bedroom. Reluctantly she opened her Livy to the appropriate place. The words danced in front of her eyes, and she saw a vision of herself winning the interscholastic singles. Johnny Ballou's tall athletic figure came bounding over the court to congratulate her. Later they went strolling in Linden Lane. "But I *am* in love with you, Jane," he said tenderly. "I guess I always have been. When I saw you win the final round of the match against Andrews High, I realized—" Somehow the unblinking stare of Fisheyes came between herself and this fantasy. Jane sighed. Why did she have to have Fisheyes in Ancient Lit? Why was she burdened with an aggravating brother like Oliver?

Since life was just one series of tragedies after another, Jane considered the possibility of sacrificing love for a career. Perhaps she would become a great tragic actress. Standing before the mirror, she tried to think of a speech from some play, but no lines came to her mind. As a consequence she was compelled to improvise.

"Mr. Ballou, our love is doomed," she informed her reflection. "Ah, no— (Continued on page 30)"

