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### A cop turned journalist goes back on the beat

"There's not that much difference between cops and journalists," says Senior Editor Gerald Moore, who has been both. He wrote this week's lead story about a father and son on the San Francisco police force (page 32). "In a way, journalists are cops. We go around exposing the bad guys, putting them in jail when we can. And a cop collects information much as a journalist does. He has to judge a situation as he sees it, usually in a hurry, and he has to file written reports—by the hundreds.

"Cops and reporters used to get along real well," Moore says. "They'd hang around together, and the reporter would use the policeman's name in his story—and be sure to spell it right. Most cops, you know, keep scrapbooks." That relationship has changed drastically. "Today society is at war with itself, the police are caught in the middle and reporters have started criticizing them. Now cops say, 'The hell with you guys. We can live without you.' It's too bad. I think it can help the police to take a hard look at what they're made up of."

Moore became a policeman in 1961 in Albuquerque, while he was a student at the University of New Mexico. After graduating first in his class from the local police academy, he was assigned a radio car on the midnight-to-8 a.m. shift. "I used to keep my books in my police locker," he re-

calls. "I'd whip off my uniform, put on my Levi's and head for my 9 o'clock class. I didn't get much sleep, but the two years I spent as a cop were two of the best years I ever had. I learned more about people and government than I ever did in college. A cop sees people with their defenses down, usually when they're at their worst. He also learns about all the loopholes in the law, who the crooks are and who are the good guys. Being a cop is like playing poker for a living. The other side makes its living by its



Ex-cop Moore (left), with San Francisco cops

wits. So you learn to do the same." As a rookie cop, Moore never was shot at and never shot anyone. But one night he came within a trigger-squeeze of shooting an innocent person. Running from what was apparently a store burglary in progress, a man in civilian clothes pulled a gun and waved it at another policeman approaching on foot. Moore, who had just arrived in his cruiser, steadied his .357 Magnum on the car door and was thinking, "I'm actually gohis .357 Magnum on the car. ing to kill someone," when the suspect shouted "I'm a cop!" He turned

Moore thinks the Mike Dowers, Junior and Senior, of San Francisco are "the kind of cops you'd like all cops to be." When he and Photographer Bob Peterson had nearly finished their story, Mike Sr. invited them home to dinner. "Fine," said Moore, "but we have to leave by 9 them home to diffice. The so we can get out on the street one more time with Mike  $J_{\Gamma}$ ." Mike  $S_{\Gamma}$ . understood that. "You're still a cop at heart," he told Moore. It was

RALPH GRAVES Managing Editor

### 'We've Always Wanted To Be Cops'

A detective father and his patrolman son, members of a family that has served the San Francisco police force for four generations, work at a time when cop killings are sharply rising. Text by Gerald Moore. Photographed by Bob Peterson

### After the Election

Despite the fuss, the voters ignored the slogans. By Hugh Sidey. Some impressive newcomers

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The colorful ex-con from Devil's Island and his great, controversial yarn

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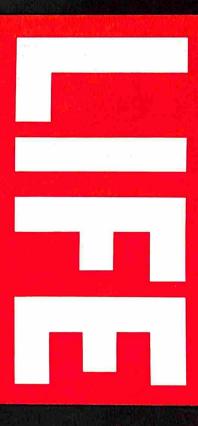
Norman Rockwell revisited, by Thomas Buechner Ramsev Claude Ramsey Clark's book on crime in America, reviewed by Robert Sherrill

John Leonard considers TV football commentator LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

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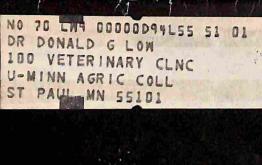
# COPS AS TARGETS

A fourth-generation policeman: any day can end in his death



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