

On the other hand and more happily, there is that nation where law and law-enforcement are the voice and the strong right arm of the people themselves.

There has never been a time in America when this was not so. There has never been a time when it was more important for this to continue being so. The threat of an enemy from without very much increases the need of vigilance against lawlessness from within. We have to keep and to guard that which was brought to this continent more than three hundred years ago—the Anglo-Saxon sense of Justice. This Justice is the very pillar of Democracy. It is a mighty fortress for the defense of what we call the American way of life. Where there is justice, there is freedom. Where kidnappers and killers, saboteurs and gangsters fear to tread—there the honest man can prosper; there he can raise up his children in the fear only of God and in the light of truth.

And this was always the aim and ideal of the American system of law. It is not too much to say that it has been the only purpose of the machinery of law enforcement. It is interesting and instructive to look back and take note of how this machinery grew from crude beginnings into the complicated and smooth-running engine of today.

For there have always been law-breakers. Had we been alive in the late 1600's we would have seen them sitting in stocks in the village squares of New England and the Middle Atlantic colonies. There, in the public view, the miscreant was left to face the disapproval of his fellow-citizens and to repent. We think of that today as a rather primitive way to control the spirit of lawlessness. Perhaps it was, but then it was the outgrowth of a very primitive civilization where crime itself was a relatively simple outbreak against the locality.

Still it is worth noting that the colonists, like ourselves today, were living under menace from savages. The Indian prowled the forests and pirates roamed the seas, but our forefathers did not let these threats divert their minds from the essential matter of guarding themselves and their homes against the lawbreaker and the footpad. Equal justice for all under the law—for the honest worker who deserved protection; for the breaker of selfmade laws who in the judgement of his peers, deserved to sit in the stocks or even to take his punishment at the whipping post.

American law-enforcement kept abreast of its responsibilities. The town constable soon needed assistants. The stocks gave way to a different sort of confinement the local jail. But, as the Country expanded westward, we had another sort of problem in crime. The Bad Man of the West—the highwayman—the crooked gambler—the claim jumper—the horse thief and the cattle rustler. Here again law enforcement had to be set up to meet a set of particular conditions. The village constable with his wooden staff gave way to the two-gun sheriff on horseback. The outlaws were hunted down by volunteer posses, and punishment was often a quick and final thing told on the end of a rope.

But the same spirit prevailed. The Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play, which had come to America in sailing vessels, now proceeded to extend itself over America by covered wagon and ox cart. There had to be security for the