

You and your partner ride in silence on the way back from the detention center. Finally Mary speaks: "I can't believe those parents, especially Mr. Evans."
"Yeah," you respond, "I'm not so sure they shouldn't have been arrested as well."

Questions for Discussion

1. How can parents instill, even if unintentionally, racial, ethnic or religious prejudice in their children?
2. Is it difficult to maintain an unbiased perspective and sense of balance when acts of terrorism result in the loss of innocent lives? Should the police and/or the courts take this into consideration under circumstances like the one outlined above?
3. How can schools, police, and other social and government institutions educate and help prevent such acts against persons of different ethnic or racial backgrounds?
3. What would be a just outcome to this case?

Choose ONE of the following scenarios. Answer the questions at the end in a long paragraph (13-15+ sentences) or two full pages of discussion.

"Jimmy, if I catch you speeding one more time, I'm going to call your Daddy, and you know what that will mean," Officer Smith says as he hands the young man his third warning ticket in the last three months. "Doing sixty miles an hour in a school zone is unacceptable!"

"Yes sir, Officer Smith. I promise I'll be more careful in the future," Jimmy replies. Jimmy's girlfriend, Lola, lights a cigarette and the two teenagers drive away to the sound of heavy metal music blaring from the car stereo.

Sergeant Bill Smith, your new partner, returns to the cruiser, stashes his clipboard, and turns on the ignition.

"You ready for a coffee break? They've got great latte down at the Croissant and Thistle coffee shop."

"Sure," you reply.
You order a hot chocolate while Bill asks for a croissant and latte. Once you get your drinks and food, Bill steers you to a quiet table in the corner.

"How's your hot chocolate?" Bill inquires. "Fine," you answer.
Swallowing the last of his croissant, your new partner clears his throat. "Jack, I know Park Place must seem like a different world from the Southside precinct, and I guess in a way it is. We do things differently here. Most of the folks are well-connected professionals—doctors and such. You might say our role is more supervision and less enforcement, like the young man I just pulled over for speeding. Jimmy Hamm's father is Reverend Dennis Hamm, senior pastor of a large, influential Baptist church. In fact, the mayor, a state senator, and four of the city commissioners attend his church. Jimmy's not a bad kid, just spoiled—although next time I catch him speeding, I will call his father. He knows if I talk to his father, I'll tell him about that white trash he's dating. And he knows that won't sit none too well with his father. If you have any questions, feel free to put 'em on the table."

"Well Sergeant," you begin, "this precinct is a lot different than the one I came from. In Southside, Jimmy would have gotten a ticket the first time we caught him. I know it's a lower income area, but I thought the law is the law."

"It is. It is, Jack," Bill says with a chuckle. "The law is the law. It's just that we apply it differently here than you did in Southside. You'll be fine. I'll bet they didn't have hot chocolate made with real chocolate down in Southside."

As you walk to your car after the shift is over, you reflect on your first lay in Park Place. It was definitely easier duty than where you had come from. Still, the knot in your gut lets you know you are uneasy about your new partner's approach to law enforcement.

Questions for Discussion

- What is the officers' duty? Can duty be defined differently based on who broke the law?
- If it's unethical to let Jimmy go, what if the offender were a poor young mother whom you know doesn't have the money to pay a fine?
- If we don't enforce the law all the time, against everyone, what are ethical criteria? What are unethical criteria?

~~You have just showered and changed into civilian clothes. You think to yourself that, for a training officer, Sergeant Wornack is all right. You have learned a lot from him during the last six weeks. Being a rookie police officer has gone much more smoothly than you thought it would. Finishing the last of your unprenticed cup of coffee, you can't help but overhear the sergeant and the afternoon shift dispatcher discussing several neighborhood calls complaining about a weekend fraternity party on Elm Street.~~

~~You say to the sergeant, "Sarge, I used to be a member of that fraternity when I was a criminal justice student at the university. I'd be happy to stop by on my way home and check it out. College boys can get a little out of control at times. I don't mind making a visit and getting them to quiet things down."~~

~~Sergeant Wornack looks at the dispatcher and then turns to you. "OK, Mike. Just be sure if there is any trouble, you call me pronto."
"You got it, Sarge," you respond, chuckling to yourself and remembering your wild and crazy times at the fraternity house.~~

~~Parking your truck by the street in front of the fraternity house, you can see the situation is about what you expected. You quickly herd those persons partying in the yard into the house and announce to all, pulling your badge, to hold things down since the neighbors are complaining to the police. Your voice has a firm but friendly tone to it and the partygoers, with a couple of minor exceptions expressed by several intoxicated brothers, generally comply with your request. You ask one fairly responsible-looking student in a fraternity sweatshirt where Ed, the organization's president, is, and he directs you to the last room on the right upstairs.~~

~~Entering the room, you observe seven or eight male students all watching some kind of activity in the corner of the room. Several are shouting encouragement while the rest are drinking beer and watching in silence. The observers are so enthralled with what is going on that they don't even notice your presence as you work your way through the crowd to see what is going on. You stop in your tracks. There on a bed is a male student having intercourse with a girl. Next to the bed is another~~

Pulling into the McDonald's parking lot, the sergeant turns once more to you. "Simpson, you're a good kid and I believe you will make a fine officer. But you need to remember that the classroom is one thing and the real world is another. I don't hate that kind of people, but they made their bed and now they'll have to lie in it. I don't know what else we could have done. They weren't married and, even if they were, I don't believe it's legal in this state. We couldn't take the little guy to a spousal abuse shelter, they'd laugh their asses off at us. And I don't think the domestic violence law covers people like that anyway. Why don't you go order us a couple of black coffees to go while I wash my hands?"

Waiting on the coffee, you reflect on Waddell's words. He is a respected veteran police officer and you understand his uneasiness. You feel it, too. You also remember the look of fear and helplessness on the face of the battered guy, Eddie, who called the police. One part of you wants to go back to check on him and do something, even if it means arresting the other guy for domestic violence. Another part of you wants to stay on Sergeant Waddell's good side. After all, he is your training officer. What are you going to do?

Questions for Discussion

1. Should same-sex relationships be covered under domestic violence and spousal abuse laws?
2. What should the officer do in this case?

You are a young police officer in a midsize city. It is Christmas Eve and you have just finished your shift. It began raining late in the afternoon and, with the exception of some last-minute shoppers, things have been pretty uneventful. The cold rain began to change to ice when you got off at eight. You are on your way home to be with your family when you see a homeless woman struggling with a cardboard box near an alleyway. You shake your head and find yourself feeling sorry for the woman. She appears to be about the same age as your mother. You know your spouse and son are expecting you home, but you don't want to leave this woman out in the cold rain. All she has to protect her from the cold is the cardboard box. After some thought, you turn your patrol car around to see if you can help.

When you walk up to the woman's box, she starts yelling at you.

"Get away . . . leave me alone! Why don't you chase criminals or something instead of bothering me? I've not done anything."

You explain that you are just trying to help and ask if she would get into the patrol car so you can talk with her. She begins screaming at you again.

"You're not taking me to jail. I haven't done anything. Don't bother me. Leave me be!"

You become frustrated. Here you are, standing outside in the cold rain, trying to help someone who does not want your help. As you are being screamed at by the woman, you begin to think once more about your spouse and son waiting for you at home. You even begin to wonder if you did the right thing in stopping.

"Why am I doing this?" you ask yourself. "I need to get home and put my son's bike together. He'll be going to sleep soon, and I want to get a chance to play with him a while before he's off to bed."

You decide that you cannot leave the woman out in the icy cold. You get into your patrol car and ask the dispatcher to contact the shelter to see if they can take the woman. As you are waiting for the dispatcher to call you back, you notice that the woman's cardboard box will not hold up much longer in the rain. You know you must do something and wish you could make her understand that you just want to help.

"Unit 27, the shelter says they are full but they may be able to make room for her. You'll have to transport, though. By the way, the weather information says it's going to be in the low teens tomorrow and below zero tonight with the windchill around minus fifteen degrees," the dispatcher says.

As you get out of your car, the wind hits your face and already feels much colder than it was before. You approach the woman, and she begins to yell at you again.

"Why can't you cops leave me alone? No wonder people call you pigs!"

"Look, lady, I am trying to help you. If you don't come with me to the shelter you'll probably freeze to death out here," you respond, trying to convince her.

The woman begins to curse you and spit at you. You realize she will never go to the shelter voluntarily.

"OK, lady, have it your way. Stay out here and freeze if you want to. I don't need this abuse. Have a very merry Christmas," you say with disgust as you walk away.

As you leave, you advise the dispatcher that the woman will not go to the shelter with you. You also ask the dispatcher to make sure the next shift patrol in this zone checks on her. As you hang up the microphone, you know the next shift will probably not have time to check on the woman. After all, it is Christmas Eve and, with a skeleton force working the next shift, they'll probably have their hands full answering other calls.

The time you spend at home allows you to forget about the woman. Your spouse kept dinner warm for you, and your son was eager for you to come home. He was so excited about Christmas. As you put him to bed, he said his prayers and asked that everyone in the family be together, safe and warm on Christmas. Your son's prayers make you think about the woman you left out on the street. You can hear the wind howling outside. You wonder how she is faring.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why would a homeless person refuse help from a police officer on a cold, rainy night?
2. Should you force the homeless woman in this case to seek shelter, or should you abide by her wishes to be left alone?
3. Are there any other alternatives?

Climbing into the passenger side of a patrol car, you position yourself beside your new partner, Bert Thompson. You have been working in the city jail as a detention officer since you graduated from the police academy three weeks ago. It is standard policy for your department to have new officers work inside prior to patrol duty.

"Name's Bert. Bet you're glad to get out of jail duty and onto some patrol," Bert remarks with a big grin.

"Sure am. My name's Warren," you reply.

"OK, Warren, let's go fight crime," says Bert as he pulls out of the parking lot. After driving a short distance, Bert breaks the silence.

"Warren, it's almost eight-thirty and looks like our side of town is pretty slow this morning. How about a cup of coffee?"

"Fine, there's a coffee shop over there," you point out.

"No, no, not that place. Prices higher than a car's back. I know this doughnut place just up the road," Bert says.

Bert pulls into a franchised coffee and doughnut shop and tells you to wait in the cruiser and monitor the calls from headquarters.

"How do you like your coffee, Warren?" Bert asks as he steps out of the car.

"Black," you respond.

You see Bert through the large windows of the doughnut shop joking with one of the waitresses as he orders the coffee. You notice the waitress handing a large bag to Bert and begin to wonder how much coffee he bought.

"What did you do, buy out the whole place?" you ask as Bert climbs back into the cruiser.

"Well, I thought a few doughnuts wouldn't hurt along with our coffee," Bert says as he takes coffee cups from the bag.

"How much I owe you for mine?" you ask Bert.

"Not a thing. This was on the house, if you know what I mean," Bert responds with a grin.

"They told us at the academy we weren't supposed to take gratuities or anything like that," you state, trying to remain objective.

"If there is anything you can do to help, Officer Jenkins, I would really appreciate it."

After assuring Mr. Arnaud that you would see what you could do, you hang up the phone and stare out the window, watching the September rain fall.

Six months ago, Mr. Arnaud's seventeen-year-old son, Tony, had been implicated in a car-stereo theft ring. As a veteran detective, it had always been your policy to divert juveniles from the justice system whenever possible and to handle each situation as informally as possible. Since there was only nonspecific hearsay evidence against Tony by one of the boys who got caught breaking into a car, you worked out a pre-trial diversion arrangement with the Assistant D.A. for Tony to do two months of volunteer work at the local boys and girls club and to receive counseling. He agreed, and two months later his record was expunged. Tony seemed like a good kid. He made decent grades and liked to fish. You remember thinking to yourself, "A kid who likes to fish can't be that bad."

After the first snowfall, the transmission in your SUV had broken down and needed repair. "Transmissions R US" had kept your truck for two weeks and had finally called to tell you it was ready. You had stopped by the credit union to do the paperwork for a short-term loan—SUV transmission work was always expensive! When you had attempted to pay the clerk for the repair, she asked you to wait for a moment. Much to your surprise, Mr. Arnaud walked into the customer courtesy lounge and extended his hand. After escorting you to the privacy of his office, he had informed you that your money was no good at his place of business. You protested mildly and offered to pay, but Mr. Arnaud would have none of it. As he walked you to your truck, he had assured you that he would write the work off. Although you had felt a little uncomfortable in accepting his generosity, you were more than just a little glad that you didn't have to take out a loan.

Now, it was payday of another kind. Apparently, Mr. Arnaud's son Tony had been found in possession of some stolen car-audio equipment. Mr. Arnaud had called to see if there was anything you could do to help

with the situation. You know the arresting officer. He is an old friend who owes you a couple of favors, and you remind yourself that you have always liked to help salvageable kids stay out of the system. Still, you don't like being squeezed by Mr. Arnaud and aren't sure diverting Tony a second time will teach him the lesson that he needs to learn. And you also feel a little guilty that you had accepted that free transmission work. Meanwhile, Mr. Arnaud is waiting for your call.

Questions for Discussion

1. How could accepting free auto repair compromise your professional and personal ethics?
2. Is Mr. Arnaud's son still salvageable?
3. How should you respond to the situation?

You have been working patrol with your partner, Ken, for more than three years, and you have never seen him this anxious when answering a domestic disturbance call.

"Ken, are you all right?" you ask.

"Yeah, I'll be OK. Probably some indigestion from eating that taco," Ken responds, popping another antacid in his mouth.

The last time you saw Ken this nervous was when his wife left him a year and a half ago. Because you are a woman, Ken had sought your advice then. Over countless cups of coffee, Ken had eventually confessed to you what you already had known—that the reason his wife left him was because he had run around on her one time too many.

For the last three months, Ken has seemed more settled and upbeat. He has indicated to you on several occasions that his new girlfriend has made "a new man" out of him. Whatever her effect, you have to agree that Ken has a more positive attitude about his work and his life. For that, you are grateful. The three of you even had lunch together last week.

As you and Ken approached the residence, you could hear shouting inside. You could also see the neighbors who had reported the disturbance peering out of their upstairs window.

After you announce yourselves as the police and knock loudly on the door several times, the noise inside calms down and a man, red-faced and obviously upset, opens the door. After you and Ken step inside the house, your jaw almost hits the floor. The wife with the tear-streaked face is none other than Ken's current girlfriend, Jane. When you turn to look at your partner, he averts his eyes. Not sure what to do, you decide to take Jane into an adjoining bedroom and ask Ken to talk with her husband in the living room. Jane is obviously embarrassed and continues to repeat over and over again, "I'm sorry." After you calm her down, you leave her sitting on the side of the bed and return to the living room, where you find her husband apologizing to a subdued Ken for upsetting the neighbors.

"I'm sorry for everything, officers. I just found out that my wife has been running around on me. We've been married for ten years and have a six-year-old son, who is over at his grandmother's. I got so angry when I

found out that I lost my temper. If I could find the sorry bastard who's been trying to break up our family, you would probably have to arrest me for assault and battery!"
You and Ken ride in silence back to the precinct station. You volunteer to write up the report, and Ken nods in agreement as he quickly excuses himself.
Pulling the tab on a diet soft drink, you take a long drink from the can and reflect on your relationship with your partner and the report you are about to write.

Questions for Discussion

- 1. Should you discuss Ken's unethical behavior with him, or with your supervisor? Or should you simply ignore it?
- 2. How has Ken's behavior compromised his professional role as a police officer?