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It Isn't Easy Fighting Crime in a Tutu, but It Helps!

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It Isn’t Easy Fighting Crime in a Tutu, But It Helps!

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Dedicated to my parents,
John and Beatrice Jones
McGlory who spent their time
and energy weaving dreams, I
didn't know I had, and
my daughter and grandson,
Joya Jeanne McGlory and Jonathan
Hickman who continue to prop me up and
seem to like me,
Katharine Drexel, Sr. Mary Maddalena,
Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament,
My Village, the 2400 blk Annette Street,
Men & Women of the New Orleans Police Department

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Abstract

It Isn’t Easy Fighting Crime in a Tutu, But It Helps! is a description of struggles and triumphs of a woman working in a male traditional job for the New Orleans Police Department. She worked as a civilian and as a police officer from 1970 until 1996. Several essays are included to provide a glimpse of the lighter side of the badge, the human beings wearing them, and an appreciation of the culture and some neighborhoods of New Orleans.

Part One

Introduction

Today, women are 13.3% of law enforcement officers in the United States, according to The International Association of Chiefs of Police (IACP). As a retired police officer, whose career began in the Seventies, a number that low is disappointing to me. One reason more women are not attracted to policing is a lack of knowledge regarding what police duties entail. The police chiefs have found that women react less aggressively than their male counterparts. It would make policing easier for both genders if people could get a glimpse of human beings behind the badges.

It was the funny things I saw, heard, or did myself, that kept me going back for more.

For many years, I've interacted with members of the community, as a civilian and as a police officer. A great deal of civilians' understanding of what police officers are doing is from television shows, 2-minute news briefs or broadcasts, opinions of neighbors, and a general compilation of misinformation. The idea of police officers having to issue a required number of traffic tickets daily is an example of misinformation.

Having grown up in several New Orleans neighborhoods, I have an appreciation for varied beliefs, customs, and attitudes cultivated and nuanced by residents. Mine is a story I'd like to tell as someone who appreciates personalities of the people and rich culture of New Orleans blended with up close, behind the badge access to frolic, fun, and sometimes, fear.

Beginnings

I'm four days older than D-Day, a description of pride and good feelings for me because my dad connected me to a historic event. He missed my grand entrance into the world because he was in the U. S. Army preparing to storm the beaches of Normandy. He met me when I was fourteen months old. I often wondered what he was doing there in the first place, as he was my grandmother's only child, and his death would have meant the end to our family tree. As time passed, I learned that he took pride in having served. I came to appreciate his dragging me with him through such a historic event.

My mom was one of seven children. At some point, my grandmother modeled for hair stylists' publications. When she decided to move to California seeking a career with the "beautiful people," my mom dropped out of school to help my grandfather with her younger siblings, Samuel (Sam) was 6, Cloraetta (Clo) 4, and Roy, 3.

After I was born, my mom treasured the Registration of Birth form she received which indicated I was a "col." girl who was born on June 2, 1944. It has occurred to me that my mom was entitled to give birth at another hospital as the wife of a soldier on active duty, but she chose Charity Hospital of New Orleans, to seal my fate as a "real" New Orleanian. The certificate says my address was 712 North Prieur, in the Lafitte Project. One of my aunts enjoyed telling a story of my speaking to passersby with, "Hi, my name is Jeanne McGlory," followed by my address, parents' names, and any information I knew about everybody else in the house.

When my dad was discharged from the military, my parents and I moved to the 1500 block of Dumaine Street, in the Tremé area. We lived with my paternal grandmother. She "lived on premises" cooking and being caretaker of little children for prominent families, like the

Haspels and Gustes. She was with the Guste family when William was in law school, before he became the Attorney General for Louisiana. My grandmother also was the baker for D. H. Holmes Department store. While she appreciated tremendous store discounts, the dresses she purchased for me, had to be tried at home never in the store because of Jim Crow related policies.

I met Barbara Batiste, who moved 2 doors over. She was two years older than I was. The whole neighborhood could almost always smell the odor of baking French bread coming from Sunrise Bakery on Orleans (now Basin Street). When we were a little older, I could walk with Barbara to the bakery for the most delicious French bread, doughnuts, and chocolate eclairs in the world. Some people enjoyed pulling the center from a piece bread and filling it with condensed milk. I thought butter on hot bread was better and only wanted to taste condensed milk in lemon meringue pie, nixing the meringue, though.

Barbara's dad had been friends with my dad, who moved to New Orleans from Lafayette, Louisiana after my grandfather died when my dad was nine. My mom was friends with Barbara's mom, but she didn't live there, as Barbara lived with her dad and grandmother. We lived a block away from the San Jacinto Hall, which was in the 1400 Blk of Dumaine. It was a place where black people could see celebrity performances, have dances, and have wedding receptions.

It was said the San Jacinto Hall was like the Autocrat Club in the Seventh Ward, but it was without the "Paper Bag" test to get admitted. Anyone could be admitted to events at the San Jacinto Hall, regardless of complexion. It has been said in order to be admitted to the Autocrat Club, a black person's complexion would have to be no darker than a paper bag.

I will forever remember the San Jacinto because my mom took me to Ms. Irene, who lived over the hall, to have my ears pierced. Another event that helps me to remember the San Jacinto was my cousin's wedding reception was there. I'm certain there were other celebrities who performed there, but somehow the name, Gate Mouth Brown left an indelible mark on my memory. Even now, it makes me laugh.

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Before going to school, I found a McDonogh 35, Class of 1945 yearbook in a closet. It belonged to my Aunt Esther Rose, who had entered the convent. I was allowed to carefully turn pages and look at pictures. It kept me quiet and had my undivided attention, as I studied faces.

Without any knowledge of New Orleans culture, I was about to dabble in the mystery of "It's who you know."

In retrospect, I can remember being treated kindly by my relatives, first, who identified me as either well-mannered, polite, or sweet. As I grew, the circle of compliments grew. Another significant part of New Orleans culture: catching more flies with honey (than vinegar is added by some).

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In 1949, I started kindergarten at Joseph A. Craig Elementary, which was around the corner, about a block and a half away from my house. My teacher, Dorothy Gardener Norris, taught my mother. The School Secretary was Louise Vandergriff, who graduated from

McDonogh #35 with my Aunt Esther Rose. When I was old enough, I became an office assistant. My first-grade teacher, Pearl Boucree, also graduated from McDonogh #35 with Esther Rose. She married Armand Devezin when I was in her class, which was divided among other teachers. I was miserable until she returned.

I was in Ms. Jackson's class for second grade. I was at school every day, but I only remember one incident as significant: my best friend, Juliet Tinson, and I were playing near a windowsill. We were on our knees, as if beginning a chest roll, and Juliet pushed me. I hit the sill, my eyelid was busted, and there was blood everywhere. I do not remember my teacher doing anything or saying anything. The school nurse put cotton with mercurochrome on the injury. The next day, my dad took me to the hospital. A doctor said if he had brought me sooner, my eyelid could have been stitched. Lucky me for going too late!

My third-grade teacher had a prosthetic eye, but she was nice. My traumatic experience in her class occurred on the last day of school and during the summer. She asked me to take a little plant in a ceramic frog home, take care of it, and bring it back when school opened again. I think the plant died immediately. I have no other memories of her or any children in her class.

Mildred Cage Byrd, my fourth-grade teacher, taught my mom and dad. Mrs. Byrd was light skinned, with green eyes, and light brown hair. She was short and thick, with a big, loud, raspy voice. She was always nicely dressed, wore high heeled shoes and pretty earrings, but I believed, because of her thunderous voice, she would leave the ground to jump up and attack somebody.

One rainy day, she announced early, "Nobody's running to the bathroom before recess. Don't ask me. Jeanne McGlory, read where we left off in the geography book."

I'm at my seat regretting the rain, Mrs. Byrd's announcement about the bathroom, and I will not be able to make it standing and reading. I turned to the section and began reading about Bunga, the jungle boy and read as much as I could. I was reading in front the desk of a really cute John Brickley and asking God to help me not have the accident that would ruin my life. As I read, mother nature took command of my bladder and the rest of my life. Mrs. Byrd is going to kill me. I continued reading and I could hear…

John Brickley: Ohhh! There's water all over the floor! Where is that water coming from?

Mrs. Byrd walks over to see, I stop reading Bunga, she looks at me with pain on her face, and I can't stop the tears because I know she's going to let me have it. She's furious and yells at the class: Don't say one word! Fingers on lips. She reaches for me and walks me to the cloakroom, where I believe she's going to let me have it with a Golden Rule ruler.

Mrs. Byrd: Jeanne, why didn't you ask to be excused?

Me: I didn't ask because you said not to.

Mrs. Byrd: Jeanne, I didn't mean you. I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Byrd is not mad at me. She's going to have the office ask my grandmother to bring a change of clothes, and the office is calling the custodian to come clean the floor.

Early in the school year, Mrs. Byrd prepared a speech for me to read as we celebrated the Louisiana Purchase on a program for parents and guests. It was such a big event that my mom made a period costume for the occasion. When I read, I kept my chin on my chest and Mrs. Byrd couldn't get me to lift my head. Someone helped her to discover Patricia McGuire, a new transfer from Ricard Elementary. Pat's mom was from Chicago, and she transferred some of the

Chi-town dialect to Pat. We shared the speech. I now tease Pat about stealing my job as Mistress of Ceremony and having me relegated to Showgirl status.

The celebration was actually such an extravaganza that New Orleans was planning Mardi Gras in October. Rex and Comus would ride the same float in a parade to celebrate Sesquicentennial, our 150 years of statehood. President Dwight D. Eisenhower was coming to the city. As a precaution, nothing would be thrown from floats at the parade. Fifteen of the floats would honor years of statehood for states like Missouri and Oklahoma

My parents had to work, so my maternal grandfather, "Pawpaw" came in their place. He was dressed in a suit, white shirt and tie, as he was every day. When he went to work in Metairie for the Mitchells and Fletchers, he carried a valise. He was tall and stood out in a crowd, so it was easy to locate him in the audience. I was so happy and very proud of him.

I was an adult when I realized why my grandfather was dressed up and brought his work clothes to change into when he arrived at his job. His valise contained the base of his waxing or buffing machine, and he carried the handle on the outside. He was a Negro traveling to Metairie, a predominantly white neighborhood and was subject to arrest (I used "predominantly" because there were a few blacks in that area living as white, "passe blanc").

Once, my Uncle Roy left work in the downtown-Canal Street area. He went to sleep on the bus, arrived at the end of the line, which was in Metairie. In panic mode, he left the bus, and decided calling the police was his best option. He explained his dilemma and asked that a car be sent to get him home incident free. The police arrived and asked him to tell them again why he called. He repeated his request. They roughed him up and brought him to jail.

When I describe my fifth-grade teacher, it's with thoughts from an eleven-year-old. I only know one name for her: Robinson. She was brown, sophisticated, tall, with a goiter. My grandfather died of cancer while I was in her class, and I've never been able to forgive her. I do not remember one good thing that happened to me in the 1954-55 school year. I don't remember any children from that class, although Ms. Robinson didn't cause any of it.

My friend, Barbara, had a light-brown complexion. She was petite with slender bowlegs and a slow, deliberate, pigeon-toed walk. Her personality was a strong one, and she had an eyeroll to indicate her immediate disdain of any topic at any level. On Sundays, we went to see movies at the Clabon Theatre, which was located at North Claiborne and Ursulines. It cost twenty-five cents for eleven-year-olds, and older children had to pay the adult price of admission. The ticket taker accepted money from Barbara and her cousin, Filman, but refused my money saying that I was older than eleven years. With hurt feelings, I headed back home to tell my parents. My daddy was about 5'9, 140lbs, dark complexioned, a man of few words who could speak fluent French. As he walked me back to the theatre, he was on fire, with furious, giant steps. I knew he was doubly upset that a child who was two years older than me had been admitted. I expected him to tell Barbara's age, but he didn't. He produced that Birth Registration form and gave the ticket taker the most piercing look I've ever seen in my life, causing the person to apologize, repeatedly, and waive the twenty-five cents admission. He never outed Barbara as a thirteen-year-old. He told the ticket taker, "I'm taking my little girl in to find her friends." Ticket taker: "Please."

On Saturdays, Barbara and I would get twenty-five cents from our parents for a party on one of our steps. We bought cookies, candy, chips, and soft drinks for our parties when we weren't playing Rock Teacher, Red Light, and hopscotch with some other children in the

neighborhood. We were having those "step parties" when Big Giant Colas came out, and we thought that would become our party drink. After trying it once, we went back to buying Nehis, Nesbitt's, and Big Shot flavored drinks.

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My sixth-grade teacher was Hilda Yvonne Lincoln, who attended Tulane Avenue Baptist Church with my maternal grandfather. She was the color of a Hershey candy bar, tall, slender, every hair in place, well-dressed in earth tones, especially greens. From her, I don't remember ever hearing a raised speaking voice. Her walk was actually a glide. I believe she was the epitome of "walk softly, carry a big stick." She wasn't the principal. She was Ranking Teacher, but everybody in the building knew and respected Miss. Lincoln; they had to. She took me on an errand to the Curity-Reiss Warehouse, on Orleans, a block from Sunrise Bakery. It was like being in a candy cave. There was candy everywhere, from the ground to the ceiling. My best friends Brenda Thornton and Patricia McGuire were with me in Mrs. Byrd's class, and they were also in Miss. Lincoln's class, where Sharon Lombard was added. We were Office Assistants, Girl Scouts, Y-Teens, and our grades were great.

Between sixth and seventh grades, my home address changed to 2715 Toledano in the Magnolia Housing Project. I had no friends in my new neighborhood. For my birthday my mom and I traveled on the bus to my friends' houses to pick them up for a pajama party at my house. My mom didn't drive. Barbara was in my old block on Dumaine, Pat was the 2100 blk Dumaine, Sharon, 686 N. Tonti, and Brenda, 717 North Claiborne. We had hot dogs, ham and cheese, chicken salad sandwiches, cake and punch. I don't remember ever going to sleep!

After we lived there a few months, I could see what appeared to be a teenage boy and girl on a balcony in the next building. In my building, I saw two older girls who lived in one apartment and a young boy named Nathaniel who lived in another apartment. I spoke to them whenever I saw them, and they asked why I didn't come out. At thirteen, I had no explanation for my having no siblings and having been socialized by my mom to appreciate being by myself.

I shopped at a small store across from the project which was actually on Louisiana Avenue. After shopping there a few times, one day in an extremely calculating impulse, I decided to fold a magazine, more like a newspaper insert, in half and get items my mom sent me to get. I also decided to tuck a three-pack of devil's food cupcakes with chocolate icing in the paper, under my arm. No one noticed or questioned my reading material. The easiest part was accomplished. I then had to cross the avenue and get to my porch without revealing the cupcakes to my mom, who would be watching my every move from our window. I, then, had to eat them before getting to the door of the building and before I made it to the stairs in the hallway. I should have thought this whole thing out. It can't be done. I can't eat them that fast, besides they do not taste good at all. If my mom had seen them, she would have brought me back to the store with the cupcakes. I left them on the stairs. The most ridiculous part of the whole story is that I could have asked my mom for fifteen cents and could have gotten it. Even though I am the only person with knowledge of the theft, it's embarrassing to me today, and it goes high on my list of really stupid things I've done.

My mom worked at Haspel Brothers on St. Bernard Avenue, where Haspel Brothers suits were made for a portion of the day, and then production switched to Brooks Brothers suits for the rest of the day. Leola Boutte worked with my mom. They had gone to second grade together. One day, Ms. Leola asked my mom if she was interested in moving next door, to live half house

with her. She invited us for dinner to see how my mom liked the neighborhood. When we arrived, I met Ms. Leola who was light skinned, attractive, soft-spoken, with a long, nicely shaped body. She had two daughters, Lydia, 9, and Gwen, 6. If we moved to 2412 Annette, Ms. Leola would live at 2414, and her husband's brother, Frank, and his family would live at 2408

Annette. Uncle Frank was a chocolate, round, Jackie Gleason lookalike, with jokes. His wife,

Leana, was chocolate, with long thick hair, a lookalike for Susan Sarandon. Their children, Wayne 10, and Jane, 6, were both pudgy. Once the children said they were calling the police to complain about not being fed. "Auntie Leana" said something like, "I wish you sons o' bitches would call 'em. When the police come, they're taking all y'all fat asses!!! She was less than eighty pounds.

When we moved to the Seventh Ward, my dad and I joked about integrating the neighborhood. There were several chocolate people, although there weren't as many as there are today. Nolan Constantine, a classmate of mine, once told me, "Jeanne, you look alright for being so dark, maybe it's your hair." I believe there's a compliment in there somewhere, I just can't locate it.

Mr. Herbert, Ms. Leola's husband, and my dad became great friends, they were pretty much like brothers. They fished and when the Saints came, they were season ticket holders every year, despite swearing at the end of a losing season it would be their last. On holidays like Fourth of July and Labor Day, our families were in yards for barbeques. My dad was the official barbeque sauce maker. He told them what to buy, and he would make the sauce for them. His recipe was a secret which he didn't share with us, either. He took it to the grave.

My mom was the neighborhood hairdresser. She straightened and curled hair at the kitchen table on the kitchen stove. The cost was five dollars per customer. It's what helped pay my tuition and costumes at Durden's School of the Dance, it helped pay tuition at Xavier Prep and it helped pay fees when I was a debutante with Young Men of Illinois.

Actually, my dad was a licensed cosmetologist, as he completed a course on the G.I. Bill, following WWII, but he didn't like it. He taught my mom many techniques, but I especially remember her saying he taught her to make a croquignole curl and may have made two in my hair to demonstrate.

My dad did tile setting when we lived on Dumaine, and when we moved on Annette, he began working with Henry Masters, a tile setter, who lived at 2415, and whose wife once worked with my mom at Haspel Brothers. It was really like living in a village. My dad's source of extra income came from smaller tile setting jobs for friends, family, and referrals.

For seventh grade, I attended McDonogh #41, which was located in the 1100 block St. Ann, part of what is now Armstrong Park. The school was demolished many years ago. I once saw minutes from a school board meeting in which the name of McDonogh #18 formerly for white students was being changed to McDonogh #41, to be attended by black students. When school opened for 1956-57 school year, students from Johnson Lockett were being bused to our school because Lockett was being renovated. The Lockett students remained through 1957-58.

I left my friends and attended Xavier University Preparatory, located at 5116 Magazine Street. There was a new opportunity to make friends in the uptown area of town. Being reunited with Barbara from the Tremé area was great and we started identifying ourselves as cousins.

Once she realized my mom was doing my hair, she started having her hair done at my mom's "Kitchen Salon." I knew some girls from dancing school, and I recognized many girls from the Seventh Ward. Even if I didn't know them, I knew the area in which they lived or saw them at the Circle Food Store, Richard's food Store, Epiphany, or Corpus Christi Catholic Churches. Finding a level of comfort in the area helped make joining a catechism class to begin the process of becoming a Catholic, my first order of business.

I graduated from Xavier University Preparatory in 1962, which is probably why I don't remember speaking to an advisor regarding my plans after high school. My plans were not going to involve applying for admission to Louisiana State University at New Orleans, as students of color were receiving failing grades and being shown the door. My boyfriend, a graduate of St. Augustine High School, 1960, was an LSUNO student for about a year until he and some of his colleagues were asked to "exit stage right." He invited me to join a group of high school and college students who were members of the NAACP Youth Council. Raphael Cassimere, also a student at LSUNO, was president. My thoughts were firmly positioned at I will NEVER go to a college located at Camp Leroy Johnson, formerly a military Army Air Base.

Southern University, Baton Rouge was my choice. Actually, it's what I found acceptable with limited information, but I was only operating in cheerleader mode. Dillard University is where Brenda, Sharon, and Pat, who went to Joseph S. Clark for High School all decided to go for their next level. DU had a football team, an inviting campus with beautiful oak trees, and repulsive caterpillars every spring, so DU is out. My parents, who went to eighth and ninth grades, were supportive and extremely happy that I was going to college. If they knew classes at 8:00am were my choice and there were other times available, they would have recommended later choices for their nocturnal child. If they knew open showers were all that was available

without access to a bathtub, which was my substitute for a cup of coffee, that would have been, for them, an indicator of impending doom for me. My house was like many in New Orleans, half of a shotgun double, and birthday suits or being scantily clad, were not acceptable forms of attire. My suitemates decided gender determined unlimited freedom of choices not to frock. Avoiding the "nudists camp" rush to showers before class, left me frequently running late or absent. When it was time for Christmas break, students were required to pack all their belongings, take them home for the holidays, and bring them back to take final exams. I packed everything including my "Kent with the micronite filter" cigarettes and did not return.

Next stop, Xavier University for the Fall, 1963 session. I enrolled in non-credit math and English courses during the summer. I made new friends from New York, Washington, DC, and Alabama. I attended Freshmen Orientation sessions and heard every word. "Go to your classes. The student center is not where you should spend most of your time. Meet your friends after class or on the weekends." I made friends with Celeste Collier, the person who prepared food orders at the snack bar. Actually, she made the best hot sausage on bun, ever. I didn't know an age for her and simply knew that she was an employee for XU.

Xavier gave a spelling test and in order to receive a passing grade in English, one had to also pass a test of words from the list of 500 Most Misspelled Words. Every day for about two weeks, my friend Janie asked me to take the test for her, and I refused. Finally, I agreed to take the test with stipulations. We both enter the testing location, but if our professor, Dr. Bouise, is the monitor, I'm leaving. We both remained for the test. There was no name on Janie's paper, just a few attempts at spelling words. I put Janie's name on my paper. In an attempt to discover the owner of the paper Janie created, it was shown to Dr. Bouise who recognized her writing and her spelling. Janie met with Sr. Emmanuella, Dean of Students, who asked that the other person

turn herself in. Sr. Emmanuella had some ailment in the neck that caused her head to remain tilted to one side, giving a sympathetic nod to whatever, she was saying. She appeared gentle and kind as she was saying I would receive the grade of F for my work that semester. There were no grades for socializing in the student center, anyway. Sr. Emmanuella suggested that teaching Janie to spell the words was a better plan of action with better consequences.

My paternal grandmother lived in New York and kept the constant flow Mohair sweaters and skirts coming to me. I liked being almost as fashionable as my friend. Sydney, who was from Brooklyn. After the Spelling Bee fiasco, I announced to my parents that I wanted to move to Manhattan to live with my grandmother. Sydney and I travelled by train on May 28, 1964. The date is significant because we were wearing Bermuda shorts and short sleeve Xavier sweatshirts. When we arrived in New York, it seemed like the train was freezing. When the doors opened, my grandmother's overcoat had a huge fur collar. I couldn't stop shivering, even after a steamy, hot bath.

After spending time with my grandmother, I received directions for traveling from Manhattan to Brooklyn. Catch the A (or C) train and walk through until you reach the C (or A) train. Get off at Utica. I was intimidated by everything!!! I got on the subway at whatever door opened in front of me, and I sat at the first available spot. I only saw Utica at every stop. I got off the subway and walked up the stairs to the street in search of a phone. I notified Sydney of my being lost. She and her mom came to get me. I loved the two weeks I spent with them.

There was something different to do every night, and of course Sydney found a date for me.

Artie took me to see The Chalk Garden, and I was fascinated with entertainment by Henny Youngman before the movie. He took me to see Dizzy Gillespie, Live at the Village Gate, Blues for Mr. Charlie, a play on Broadway, and to Coney Island. I was a Physical Education major, and the few classes I enjoyed attending taught some skill that could one day be useful at an amusement park, like shooting a bow and arrow. My date demonstrated how I should hold the instruments. When it was my turn and I was able to burst balloons, he was in shock. He was also so cute I had to confess. By September, I still hadn't negotiated a way to move from point A to point B without using the most intimidating subway, so I moved back home to find a job.

I became an intermittent employee for the Department of Agriculture. My duties consisted of filing social security documents and retrieving files for employees processing claims. It was a relaxed and fun setting, with wonderful supervisors. It allowed me to make money to fund my next activity.

I bought an almanac and began the search for my new adventure. The almanac provided good descriptions of colleges and universities. I liked the word Wilberforce, a city in Ohio, where Central State University is located. My mom said it would be too difficult to travel to or from Ohio if something happened to my parents or to me. I abandoned that idea.

The almanac also provided information about Texas Southern University, in Houston. I looked at the cost and read Resident, Non-Resident, erroneously, to mean will I live there or not. I was a twenty-year-old who knew everything. I moved to Houston on the train with my 21st birthday cake, to enroll in classes beginning on June 7, 1965. At registration, I would not have had enough money to cover tuition and an out-of-state fee. Mrs. Bennett, Dean of the dorm where I lived, gave me a job. I was in cheerleader mode and remained there until January 1967.

I re-applied for a job at the Department of Agriculture and was rehired for the intermittent position. This time, there was an attractive guy working in the files. As we talked and got to know each other, we learned we were neighbors. Woody lived with his parents two blocks away from me. When he learned I didn't have a car, he was my ride to and from work. Once my dad learned of his married but separated status, he felt certain I could find a better mate, as that wasn't a good relationship for a single person. I continued to date, even though it wasn't in my best interest. We enjoyed music, movies, and interesting/fun dates. Our first big date was to see The Supremes at Loyola Field House, April 23, 1967. I kept the ticket stubs way past their sentimental value.

Woody applied for a job as a bus driver and was hired. The relationship was extremely stressful. I thought he was cute, and as a bus driver, he was on full display, so many women could find him cute and have access. The relationship was so stressful that I had difficulty eating and sleeping. My mom noticed but said nothing.

In May 1968, my maternal grandmother died. When my uncle came from California, he only talked to me about Los Angeles being the paradise I needed. He discussed opportunities for anything I wanted to do. I believe my mom was only interested in my getting the distance to recover from a negative relationship. I agreed to moving to L.A. in July, in fact, I arrived on the Fourth, in time to celebrate. I had a week to get acclimated to my new surroundings. My uncle was a professional photographer who took pictures of my every move. When he developed pictures from my arrival and our July 4th celebration, I hardly recognized myself.

Before leaving New Orleans, I took a test for a job in Communications at the New Orleans Police Department. They called me for processing, but I had moved to Los Angeles.

My mom told them she would have me contact civil service whenever I returned.

Job hunting was fun because my uncle and his wife, Shirley, were so much fun. He took me to the airport to apply with the airlines. He made me laugh because every job site was a photo shoot. Trips to the supermarket also occurred at the end of a Hasselblad, my uncle's favorite camera. Once Shirley and I went grocery shopping. When we attempted to get groceries from the car, he seized the moment.

Larry: Hon, I know how you're feeling about pictures, but we have to capture these moments!

Me: But Uncle Larry…

Larry: It won't be long; I've got to get it.

Shirley: Larry, the sprinklers are on, and they've really got Jeanne soaked.

We were on the front lawn laughing because he thought I was protesting the shots, and bushes kept him from seeing below my waist. Of course, that caused more photos and more laughs. He and Shirley resolved many issues by saying, "Hon, let's have a likker drink!"

My first try at Pacific Telephone failed. I responded honestly to a question on the application: Have you ever worked for Bell Telephone? I had. They asked Reason for Leaving, and I responded that I had been fired. My interviewer asked for circumstances. I explained that I was in training, and my training was ending when Dr. King was assassinated. My supervisor called to ask if I would be at work the following day, and I responded that I would. My trainer called me at home, later, to say she would not be at work for fear of unrest. I called my supervisor back to say I would not be in. I was training to be a long-distance operator. It was difficult, but I did not get an extended training session because I did not come to work. I failed

to demonstrate grasp of duties for a long-distance operator. I was fired. My interviewer said anyone fired by the Bell System cannot be re-employed.

When I told Larry and Shirley what happened, they were in disbelief. They asked if I thought every Bell System would be checked to see if I had ever worked for them. Their bottom line was, "Hon, you're not that important, and they don't have the capacity or the manpower.

I was hired as a Business Order Writer by Pacific Telephone. Evidently, Southern Bell was never notified. Pacific Telephone was a wonderful place to work. The building where I was assigned was located downtown on Seventh at Spring. I loved it!

It wasn't long before Woody planned a trip with one of my friends, David Wilson, who cancelled at the last minute. After a thirty-hour drive, Woody was in L.A., contacted his brother, and was looking for work as a bus driver. He had experience and before long was hired. We were reunited. It wasn't long before I was riding in his black and white GTO and listening to the Young Rascals singing Groovin.' The rest is history…

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I came home from Los Angeles in 1969 to have a baby and planned to return to Pacific Telephone when my baby was old enough. I accepted the job at NOPD Communications, but for me it was supposed to be a temporary position. After three years, I applied for a position in another unit and was promoted. Later, I sued the NOPD and the City of New Orleans regarding the 5'8 height requirement being discriminatory against women and minorities. At the end of my training as a police recruit, I had earned 33 college credit hours.

One day, I passed by a Louisiana Weekly Newspaper[1] and saw what appeared to be a very familiar face. As I lifted the paper, the picture looked like Celeste, the lady who was preparing and serving food at Xavier. The article was celebrating Celeste's graduation from Xavier University. I was proud of her and motivated by her. I couldn't help remembering The Tortoise and the Hare[2].

I pooled all my college credits and worked hard to graduate from Loyola University. It felt so good to see my mom and dad happy, that I continued and registered for master's level studies in Social Work at Tulane.

Once, I was browsing in Barnes and Noble, hoping to find something of interest for my daughter. I was overtaken by a piece of inscribed metal in a plastic holder that simply said, "It is never too late to be what you might have been"-George Eliot. It immediately filled me with a feeling of hope. I bought two: one for my daughter and one for me.

After retiring from the police department, I started the process to obtain alternative teacher certification at Loyola University. Many of the younger students recommended the library at the University of New Orleans as an excellent source of research in education. I joined them once and I fell in love with the campus. I took a writing course for teachers, and one of my classmates forced me to take a walk, a speed walk is more accurate. Just when I thought I would die, I was on cobblestones and on the lake. It was beautiful, and I must have been experiencing NEVER A COLLEGE AT CAMP LEROY JOHNSON.

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[1] Dejoie, CC, and Orlando Taylor. *Louisiana Weekly Newspaper*, Dejoie Family, 1925
[2] Barius, Aesop's Fables, Public Domain

I was in the parking lot at UNO when I saw a friend in the parking lot. It was Raphael Cassimere, who graduated from LSUNO and was a professor there. He's living proof that if you focus and go to class, you can beat just about any of the most God-awful bad odds.

Mardi Gras and Me

I have a secret, and if I had ever enlisted the help of a therapist, I probably could have pointed to the critical day and time of the precipitating event. Not to the minute, but to a pivotal event that would affect many significant activities in my life.

As a little girl, I lived in the 1500 block of Dumaine Street. There were several blocks of shotgun doubles to North Rampart Street and beyond. That was before houses were torn down to create a space for the park (One side of Armstrong Park is now at the corner of Dumaine and North Villere Streets). Participants in cultural affairs of the area lived in those or similar houses and walked on Dumaine Street to get to North Claiborne Avenue.

I remember the excitement of my being a gypsy on Mardi Gras day. Being anxious and unable to sleep, I probably harassed my mom about getting me dressed, so I could sit on the steps.

It was a time when children were safe from drive-bys.

My mother allowed a three or four-year-old me to sit outside and wait for the greatest show on earth to begin. She sat just on the other side of the door. The weather must have been good because I only remember wearing a costume, with no sweater or jacket on the outside. My snacks had to consist of hot dogs and chili (we were not doing nachos yet). Wieners had a different flavor then. I don't believe the deep red coloring is what made the difference, but it was a much better flavor. Maybe early childhood taste buds are not so discriminating.

By 6:00 or 6:30am, just when I was feeling really excited about the adventures ahead, it happened! About eight to ten of the biggest monsters ever ran from the backyard of the house where Clifton, an older boy lived. My mind said they probably killed him, and I was certainly

going to be next. What I saw were large papier mache sculptures of large, white, skeleton skulls, being worn by young men in “unions,” “long-Johns,” dyed black, with bones drawn on them. Horrific! When I saw them run out, and then what appeared to be running at me, I tried to get my legs and feet to move. I tried to get my voice to summon my mom, but nothing worked. There I was, about to be a dead gypsy, with no hot dogs in my future.

That was the end of Mardi Gras for me. I hated it, even though it was celebrated on Claiborne Avenue, just a few yards from where I lived. There were large oak trees, black people forever, and there was no I-10. The Mardi Gras Indians, I suppose, were not as tribally divided, then. “Baby Dolls,” an organized group of women dressed like dolls were really popular. None of that mattered to me because I was done with Mardi Gras and all its celebrants.

As I grew older, I went to a few parades but really had no interest in anything but candied apples, and apples had a better flavor, then. Many riders with clubs/organizations that parade didn’t care that I wasn’t interested in them because the feeling was mutual. I could never catch anything and found searching the ground for trinkets uninviting and unattractive. The parades were not as spectacular as they are today. Well, they weren’t to me, although I had friends who lived for Mardi Gras season.

At school, teachers occasionally purchased a King Cake and brought it to school for us to experience eating it. The ceramic/porcelain doll was baked in the cake, back then. It was the time before lawsuits became prevalent. It was before someone ate a piece of the doll. Now king cakes have a plastic doll on the side, so it can be placed under someone’s slice. I do not remember it being tasty enough to ask my parents to buy one. They were roll-like with an anise, rye, or oregano flavoring, no icing.

I was a “flapper,” like Roaring Twenties ladies in fringes, for a Mardi Gras masquerade ball at Xavier Prep, where I went to high school. It appears, in hindsight, that I hadn’t given much thought to what other masqueraders would be wearing, and will someone have a monster mask that will frighten me? The ball was at the “Barn,” which was actually the basketball gym belonging to Xavier University. It was nicely decorated with white cloth placed around the inside of the gym that hid spaces where bleachers were. There was something hiding of the rafters. The scene would have made a sterile backdrop for pictures, allowing focus to be on people in pictures.

I remember standing with a group of friends and admiring transformation of the “Barn,” and I could see through the crowd, a green figure that appeared headed in my direction. I stopped my conversation to focus on whether I knew the person and if he/she knew me. He didn’t have to get closer! It was Frankenstein! I casually moved away from my friends without making eye contact with the monster. In my new location, I saw him headed for me. It was personal. This monster was after me. Before I could gain control of my senses, my feet took off in a sprint. I was wearing high-heeled shoes and running in them long before the “Easy Spirits” commercial. By the time my voice and tears worked, I had been rescued by Mrs. Nellie Bowman, who described me to other teachers saying, “This child is hysterical!” Frankenstein continued his attack. He was after me because he really wasn’t Frankenstein; he was Rutherford “RB” Hayes. His pursuit of me began because his sister, Blanche, was my friend, so was he, really. I just wasn’t friends with Frankenstein. After that fiasco, Xavier Prep did not have any more masquerade balls. The dance was changed to a Harvest Dance.

In the early Seventies, when I worked as a civilian for the New Orleans Police Department there wasn’t a problem to get to work, when I worked rotating shifts, if I happened

to work the night shift on Mardi Gras night. If I worked days when maskers were out and about, I would not be able to negotiate my dilemma with monsters and would have opted out of working that day.

Mardi Gras, in the early Seventies, was everywhere and traffic was horrendous all over the city. Some parades started at City Park and ended at the Municipal Auditorium. Some of them started uptown on Napoleon, similar to the current uptown route, and traveled to the auditorium. The Zulu Parade started on Jackson Avenue and South Claiborne but created a route and time all its own, on a float-by-float basis. It was nothing like the more organized and disciplined parade that is seen today.

I worked as a correctional officer in the Juvenile Division. During Mardi Gras season, Juvenile Division personnel worked 2/twelve-hour shifts. The detectives were in plainclothes and assigned to locate children lost at parades. Someone at the parade would turn the children over to uniformed officers, who would then notify detectives of a location to retrieve them.

When I applied to be a police officer, I worried about the process, but I had made many police friends, and officers are generous with information. A good example of their generosity involves our discussion of my appointment to take the Rorschach test to determine my perception of inkblots. Officers who had previously been tested instructed me never to say anything gory and never mention blood and guts. While I was being tested, I can remember seeing a picture that made me want to scream. My first response was to calm myself. It was a good thing I had been forewarned. My second response was to say the inkblot looked like a flower or a nice animal, like a bunny or puppy. Some of those inkblots were gross.

During my time at the Juvenile Division, it became a family unit for me. Major August Lang, the Commander, was in his 70s, single, limited in social exposure, but not malicious. He came in every day, sat and talked to me. One day, he said that "people" have said black people don't have cartilage in their noses. I asked if he wanted to feel my nose. He did, and he said, "You have cartilage."

Mardi Gras 1977

I was promoted to Police Recruit on February 8, 1977, and I was allowed to remain in the Juvenile Division until Police Academy Training Class would begin in April, 1977. It was great for me because I loved working there.

My desk mates were Philip Murphy and Ronnie Paisant; both were fun to work with and share duties. If someone came to the window with a question which required directions to some place in the building, Murphy would ask for a buzz, so he could take them wherever they were going.

Everyone referred to my desk like it was in the center of the room, although I guess, technically, it wasn't. It was positioned for the desk person to see who entered the door to the building on our side and anyone needing to be buzzed into our section. There was a view of the space from my desk, straight-ahead down the hall to Major Lang's office. To my left, I could see most of the activity in a second room/space. My desk was a place to share their snacks or to share mine. A place to put cigarettes out before handling cases. It was a place for Ronnie Cannatella to share the latest from Richard Pryor, or any stories he needed to be centerstage to share.

Cannatella was about 6'5, 220, blonde hair, Italian, the most important thing to him. He couldn't wait to parade on St. Joseph's Day or to be in the Italian American Parade. He was a demonstrative speaker who was particular about his clothes and made a big deal of it. His father and brother were also police officers. I believe his dad was badge #1 or #2.

Dan Henderson cared about his appearance, but he didn't have to say anything about whatever he was wearing. It spoke for itself. You would get it. Dan and John Allen were body

builders. John sat by the door in the front office waiting for his case, and when it was completed, he would leave the office. I always enjoyed speaking with his wife, Norma.

There was Billy Brown who was always on the move. I graduated from Xavier Prep with his sister. Initially, he handled his cases by completing the form to be signed by parents, and then he was gone from the office. At the end of the month, he would be confined to the office in a mad dash to complete reports to attach to forms signed by parents earlier.

On any given day, one of the teams from the Follow-Up Section, Chris Johnston and Robert Jackson or Gus Stansbury and Frank Wicks would offer me a ride to run an errand, so I wouldn't be concerned with parking. Their cars were unmarked but with a cage in back. When I would get out of the car, one of them would deliver a message telling me "to avoid shoplifting, or we won't be able to keep releasing you."

Alan Latapie was the photographer for the Juvenile Division. He was photo historian for the office and must still have a huge collection of photographs from his time working there.

Charles Farrell worked the desk after Ronnie Paisant was promoted to sergeant. He reminded me of the actor, John Spencer, but Charlie had a head of beautiful white hair. Once he placed an order for our lunch to be picked up from Ye Old College Inn. I went in a car assigned to Juvenile and was accompanied by Julia Knight, from Communications. We went inside to the counter to pick up the orders, when the waiter said go to the window in back. I was furious and said, "So it's 1954!" I found the money in my purse to make a phone call to Charlie. When he answered, I said, "Charlie, why didn't you tell me sandwiches are picked up from a window in the back?" Charlie said, "I thought you knew, Babe!" I'm fuming and really mad at Charlie for allowing me to go to an establishment with unfair practices. I will not patronize a business

that treats me like a second-class citizen. We have to find lunch someplace else is what I said to Julia. I get into the car and where I parked the car caused me to see the back window and the sign which said “Take-out Orders HERE.” Nobody was on the same page in the incident.

Officers were having discussions about a “Blue Flu,” to protest working policies and pay. They wanted union rights for negotiations. To participate, an officer would call work and inform his office or district s/he will be out sick and give the ailment. The officer would be carried Sick, and s/he would be charged one sick day every day until s/he returned.

Major Lang stressed that participating in the “Blue Flu” might cost a position in the Juvenile Division. On the day “Blue Flu” action was to take place, Kenny Walters was the only person from our division to call in sick. I believe there may have been more participation on the district patrol level. The mayor during this period was Mayor Maurice “Moon” Landrieu.

Part Two

Beginning My New Life

It was July 20, 1970, and I was enroute to a job I expected to be short-term. “715 South Broad, please,” is what I said to the cab driver. I tried to settle my nerves and stop shaking but couldn’t. My history says there must have been a pack of long cigarettes and one of a kazillion lighters in my purse to help begin my tranquillizing ritual. Smoking was necessary to help gain control until I could locate the magic potion, Coca-Cola. It would be my first day working for the New Orleans Police Department as a Communications Clerk. It was a beautiful sunshiny, summer day. As I entered the building, the smell of coffee was everywhere. I rushed to catch the elevator, which appeared crowded and was occupied by about eight males. I recognized someone, and I said, “Calvin?” His response was “No.” I turned to face forward in the elevator which had stopped on what appeared to be floor “13.” In a state of panic, I searched the pad for a 4th floor button and had to laugh at myself. The “13” was a stenciled “B” where the guy I thought I recognized, got off, in the Basement. Police Headquarters only had five floors. On the way back up, the elevator stopped on the 1st floor, doors opened, and I could see several men walking and milling around in the lobby. Floor to ceiling windows on the 1st floor offered a beautiful panoramic view of Police Plaza, greenery, and Broad Avenue. There was a huge, striking, metal sculpture of a male towering over the lobby, with his arms slightly extended, in a cautious maybe protective mode. He was beautiful.

My mind wandered. How could I have made that mistake? Calvin Merricks is Ms. Thelma’s son, Marion’s brother, and they live in the driveway of the Lafitte Project, several yards from my grandparents. The person on the elevator was Warren Woodfork, whose sister,

Sharon, is married to Calvin. They are all friends with my uncle and aunt, and I've known them since I was a baby. It was my nerves. I have to give Warren a pass, as he hadn't seen me as an adult and had no idea who was calling him Calvin.

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On the 4th floor, my employment process was completed, and I was told go to Communications on the 2nd floor. When I got off the elevator, I saw ladies at a large counter connected to a spacious, wide-open office, which allowed me to see some of the employees for that section. I asked where Communications was located. The ladies directed me to a door marked "Communications" across the hall. It appeared tightly closed with opaque windows. There was a white button, I pushed, and I heard indistinguishable conversations and laughter. A uniformed police officer opened the door. I identified myself. He introduced me to another policeman. I assumed he was a supervisor, seated behind a console in a space on its own, maybe to see what's going on in the Communications Center. Several people were seated at what appeared to be several desks in a row facing several desks on the other side. I was presented with my operator number, 69, which elicited laughter, presented with a box which contained my new headset, and I was seated next to Barbara Acosta, my training officer. My nerves were finally calming, as I assumed Barbara was a "Seventh Warder," a section of town where many light-skinned blacks identify as Creole and sometimes, as white. She looked like the Santa Marinas, but when I asked her about them, she didn't know them. We talked about schools and where we had gone to high school. I wasn't familiar with schools across the river and decided that was the reason I wasn't familiar with her high school.

As I was able to get my bearings, it was clear two rows of desks were connected to a conveyor belt that took completed complaint cards to a policeman in a Control position. He would pass the completed complaint card to one of four police officers manning the radio for given police districts. Communications desks and police dispatchers were set up in the shape of a T or an H on a stick.

I met other operators as my training continued. Barbara and I were both plugged in for calls, but I was monitoring what she said and what she included on a complaint card. The following week, I was talking, and she was monitoring my calls. I used a card with police signals and the "10 Code," for example 10-4 which is like saying "got it." I was also trained by Eunice Williams, who looked Italian. The more we talked, I learned she knew some people in my neighborhood.

Her brother-in-law and his family lived right around the corner on Annette, my intersecting street.

An older, white female, who identified herself as "Mona, Miss. Anthony," was a warm, personable individual. She manned the police switchboard and was my trainer for that portion of my orientation to the Communications Section. She was immediately a significant lifesaver because once she learned I was riding taxis to and from work, she started picking me up. If any of us called in sick, she would say, for example, "Jeanne's in bed with the doctor."

In a few months, I was comfortable and able to train newcomers. Gail Roberson came in December of '70. I knew her sister, Nedra, from my time as a student at Xavier University. We were both Physical Education majors, although she was a senior and I was a freshman. Verna Brown, Louis Presley, and Eddie Medley later joined our shift. Pansy Chaney, who was fired

several years before I was hired, was re-instated after having won her appeal with Civil Service, which restored annual and sick leave, and lost wages. She took advantage of every opportunity to make it a point to remind everyone, every day, of how grateful she was that they bought her a "brand, spanking new, Ford, Gran Torino, green in color, FULLY LOADED!"

I made friends with the other operators, but Gail and I became best friends. She picked me up for work. The ride to and from work was loud, loaded with music, laughs, and smoke. She would put Isaac Hayes's I Stand Accused on, and he would talk from my house in the 2000 block North Rocheblave all the way to Police Headquarters. We socialized away from work. When other operators invited us, we took our children to kiddie birthday parties. My baby, Joya, was seven months old when I started working for the police department. Gail's three children were older; at least, her baby was about two years old.

It was the most fun to train Joycelyn Jarrell-Pierce. She was more nervous than I was when I started, and it took a while for her to relax. After a few weeks of listening to me speak to complainants, it was her turn to talk to callers, as I listened. Once someone called and excitedly stated, "Please come quick! My daddy's having a heart attack!" Joycelyn said, "Okay, bye!" and hung up. Lucky for us there were subsequent calls for the same location, and we were quickly able to send help.

There was Colin Kennedy, a drum and bugle corps fanatic, a volunteer at the Red Cross, and a person who was lucky enough to have left the Upstairs Lounge that took the lives of many who were trapped inside. He was able to tell me the name of a policeman who also escaped.

At some point in 1972, Presley, another Communications Clerk, taught me to drive my 1973 VW Super Beetle, red in color. He drove off the lot because I couldn't drive a stick-shift. I

loved that car, whose name was Mr. Vick, but hated it when it rained. The wires in back would get wet and the car wouldn't start. Policemen would bring sprays to put on the wires because they were familiar with that problem in VWs.

Mardi Gras season was great for the "Communications Party Animals!" We switched from three 8-hour rotating shifts (7am-3pm, 3-11pm, 11pm-7am), to two12-hour shifts (7am-7pm and 7pm-7am), and our lunch hours were extended to 2 hours. Pansy and I informed the watch commander that we would be going to lunch together. Nobody noticed that our 2-hour lunch times were different. On one lunch occasion, we went to ex-Saints player, Ernie Wheelwright's Zodiac Restaurant for lunch: pink squirrels. I have a 2-drink maximum before the involuntary laughter and dancing, table-tops not excluded.

There was some unrest about Sixth District police officers assigned to handle the area in which Calliope Project area was located. I took a call about a large, angry crowd gathering, and a location was given. Pansy took a similar call. When it was time for lunch, we went to "investigate." She and I became part of the crowd that gathered, so much so that we assumed positions on top of a car to really see what was going on. When the crowd shouted, we shouted! When the crowd said, "Death to the pigs!" we looked at each other, carefully got down from the hood of the car and quietly made our exit. We informed the Command Desk of our discovery and went to find real lunch, where we couldn't stop laughing and truly deserved drinks.

At some point in 1972, notices from City Civil Service were sent informing prospective applicants of an examination for Police Officer being opened to men and women who met the 5'8 minimum height requirement. I had a discussion with a police officer on the Command Desk, Eddie Andres, who encouraged me to apply. In retrospect, he was probably having a good laugh and looking forward to my fight with Civil Service.

Before doing anything, I contacted an attorney to get ready for filing a lawsuit. I spoke to Joseph Bishop on the telephone, who advised my case would begin once someone stops my progress. He explained I had to go through the application process. Whenever someone stopped me, I was instructed to get that person's name and title. When the Civil Service employee said I was too short, and I asked for her name, she refused to get involved and allowed me to continue my application. I received a notice to take a written test, which I took and passed. I failed the height portion at a physical examination, where I stood on a scale to be weighed and my measurement was 66 inches. I was a lot less than the 135lb weight requirement, but it wasn't my greatest concern. When I left Civil Service, I went straight to Equal Employment Opportunity Commission to file a complaint based on gender and race, as determined by the intake representative at EEOC.

At some point, mid to late Sixties, there was a Policewoman classification. There were several requirements, but 5'2 was the height requirement. They wore high heel shoes, and skirts and worked in police cars with police officers for a very short time, following outcries from suspicious, unhappy wives. Their duties were limited to offices and occasional special assignments. It was originally the job in which I had interest. I frequently stopped at the Juvenile Division, on the 1st floor of Police Headquarters, and spoke to Policewomen, Yvonne Bechet and Iris Turner. They recommended I contact civil service, inform them of my interest, and leave my information, and in the event the test opened, I would be notified. The Policewoman classification closed and never opened again.

My friend, Gail, was 6'0, "a long, tall drink of water," the words of old men everywhere, and she would have no problem with the height requirement. I insisted she apply to help my case, and she did. She applied, was promoted, and later became an undercover officer, not to be

confused with plainclothes. She went under and was successful in several narcotics roundups of a massive number of drug dealers.

Gail and I remained close friends. We were matrons-of-honor in each other's weddings. She was in my first, when I became McGlory-Wallace. I was in her second, when she became Dyer-Roberson-Miller.

Our group started leaving for new horizons. Presley left for the New Orleans Fire Department, Eddie re-enlisted in the military, Pansy left for a position in Communications at the Marriott, and I applied for and was promoted to Correctional Officer at Central Lock-Up, while I awaited the outcome of my case. It was a uniformed civilian position, working at Central Lockup, the jail. My salary was increased from $386 per month to $556.

When I arrived at Central Lockup, I entered through the administrative section, where there was an appearance of an office. I met my new supervisors and learned to which of the three platoons I was assigned. When I was taken on a tour of the facility, I wondered if the difference in pay was worth it. The odor was distinct and institutional, but it was unlike anything I had ever smelled before. The closest thing may have been a biology lab but worse.

My platoon assignment was 3:00pm-11:00pm. I learned that, as a "newcomer," I would be the matron, handling female arrestees.

Once, I placed a female in a holding cell with another female who had been processed earlier. A few minutes later, there was a frantic banging on the door. When I opened it, the first occupant begged me to take her out because the new lady had bugs. I told her have a seat and stop being mean. She said, "Miss, that lady has bugs, look at her coat!" I did look closely and there were many tiny white bugs moving about. Even now, I don't know what kept me from

screaming and running away from the Lockup, from that job! She was immediately removed by House of Detention personnel for “defunking.”

Occasionally, police did “roundups” of “Ladies of the Evening.” I had fun with them because they all had stories to tell about some of the arresting officers. Those ladies were almost always stylish. There would be so many of them my supervisor allowed me to open what was normally a traffic cell where there was a pay phone inside the cell, which alleviated my having to take them from a cell to a phone. The only time I interacted with them, after initial booking, was when their bonds were posted, or they were paroled. One night, I saw a familiar face from Communications, on the order of Halle Berry, and she was cute. I assumed she was there on traffic charges and separate from the “Roundup Ladies.” I quickly went to search for her paperwork to expedite her release. I saw that she was charged with soliciting for prostitution. The arresting officer made notifications to the Command Desk, and the Communications employee was fired immediately.

Her circumstances made me sad. I saw her several years later and was happy to learn she had become a licensed hairstylist.

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One night, a woman was brought in from the 2100 blk Allen Street, after having committed a murder in Teenie’s Bar. It was a location familiar to me because it was near an intersection of Miro and Allen, where I’ve waited to catch the Galvez bus headed to Canal Street. She had been drinking and did not want to be searched. Several male officers frequently sat

behind the place where prisoners stood for processing. When she attempted to resist, she was subdued, handcuffed, and brought upstairs to a cell. The next day, I was written up for missing a knife in her bosom, which was found by a matron on the following shift and reported to my supervisor, Sgt Ursin Acosta (Barbara's brother) who cited me for neglect. Many months passed before I was subpoenaed to Criminal District Court on her case.

I was excited about making a court appearance; at thirty, wardrobe was a top priority matter. I decided on some platform shoes, totally Seventies, that my friend, Jane, talked me into buying. They were red, navy, and tan with 5" heels, with an oxford string-up instep.

The shoes have a funny backstory: once Jane, who is 4'9, with a build like Totie Fields, or more modern, maybe Melissa McCarthy, wearing a red dress and her red shoes with the 5" heels, talked me into giving her a ride in my VW to her boyfriend's apartment. When she attempted to get out from the backseat, her heel was caught by the seatbelt, making her fall to the ground on her back, resembling an upside-down ladybug. We couldn't stop laughing.

As I dressed for court, in a navy pantsuit that had an Eisenhower type jacket and pants that gave the appearance of long legs, Jane never crossed my mind. I only imagined how I would walk in the wide-open space of Criminal Court's second floor. When I entered the building, its floors looked extremely slippery and wet. A flashback of Jane crossed my mind; my catwalk had become a nightmare. I was conscious of the eyes seeing me and imagined those same eyes seeing me bounce to the floor, if I happened to stumble.

I briefly spoke to the Assistant District Attorney who said he hadn't subpoenaed me. The Defense Attorney was happy to see me, as I had been subpoenaed by him for the defense. He spoke to me in the hallway and asked if I was the matron when his client was brought to the

Lockup. He asked if I had found a knife, the murder weapon. I answered that I was the matron, and I did not find the knife, He thanked me and walked away. On the stand, my response was Yes, I was the matron, but I did not find the knife. He was in position to take a victory lap when I said I hadn't found the knife, and I was written up for it by the supervisor of the matron on the watch who relieved me.

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Because of the volume of arrests during Mardi Gras season, personnel of three shifts were divided into two-12-hour shifts, working from 7am-7pm and 7pm-7am. Arrestees were drunk, unhappy, and sometimes belligerent. Correctional officers and police officers assigned to the Lockup took cursing and name calling personally, and if someone cursed them, a fight ensued. As days passed, tension increased, and arrestees would scream as loud as they could while under attack. I couldn't sleep when I went home and wondered if there was anything I could do. As a probationary employee, there were limitations because a supervisor could simply say I was unable to perform duties necessary for that position. I knew I couldn't take anymore and knew whatever I decided to do, the cost would be my job. During the day, I contacted State Representative Johnny Jackson and explained my dilemma. I told him I planned to discuss my feelings at roll call that evening. I told him if he stood at a window in the lobby of Central Lockup, he could hear what was being said.

Just before roll call, he let me know he was in position. Roll call, 2-Lieutenants, about 46 sergeants, messages were read, and the lieutenant said, "Roll Call is over." I said I'd like to

discuss something. He repeated but this time, “I said Roll Call is over!” I said I don’t like how prisoners are being treated. They’re captive, we have the keys, they can’t go anywhere. If they curse, call you names, those people don’t know you. Some guys on the platoon called me names. They said get her outta here. One guy suggested I go somewhere and become a social worker. I was brought into the office where the Captain, a Lieutenant, and several Sergeants, told me if I had a complaint, I had to be specific and name names, or I could be fired. Feeling fired, already, I told them I understood, and I would leave that office and go straight to the media for someone to explain why all those supervisors couldn’t discipline anyone but me. I was assigned to the Property Room and ordered not to go into the booking area. A few months later, a female, juvenile shot herself in the hand while in a cell at the Juvenile Division. I was immediately transferred to my new assignment, in the Juvenile Division, where I remained until I was promoted to police officer.

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After passing the written examination for police officer, there was a physical agility test which consisted of crossing a 10’ wooden fence, walking a balance beam, dragging a 150lbs dummy, pushing a car, and, my Achilles heel, running the 440 in 2 minutes and 3 seconds.

To get ready for the run, I ran up and down the stairs in the garage of police headquarters. I bought running suits in red with white stripes, brown with beige, black with white, and any other colors imaginable. I ate tons of pasta, thousands of vitamin E caplets, purchased a portable 8-track cassette player, so my teenage cousin could hold it, run with me,

and I could listen to the Theme from Rocky. I failed the 440 portion of the agility test when I took it the first time, the first and only time I had ever run on a track. One day after reading Napoleon Hill's (1937), *Think and Grow Rich*,[2] especially the part that says, "Whatever the mind of man can conceive and believe, it can achieve," I went to Tulane Stadium to practice running. The track seemed longer the ever, as I sat in my car almost in tears. Just when I was thinking there's no way I can do this, I need more time, my motivation appeared. I sat and watched what appeared to be the figure of a really frail, old person in the distance, bouncing from side to side, one tiny step at a time, until he completed his run around the track. I felt inspired and called Civil Service the following day. I was ready and asked my tester if I could start my run from the bottom of the oval instead of the side. He asked other candidates if there were any objections to starting at the suggested location on the oval, and there were no objections. I passed the agility test.

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Police Academy training was from April 12 through August 18, 1977. I missed the morning of our first day to attend my paternal grandmother's funeral. Training was a grueling experience, but I've treasured lasting bonds established with classmates. I formed a special bond with Gus Deruise and Don LeDuff. The academics were fun, lunch hours involved trips to

LeVata's for oyster loaves, and singing The Commodores, Easy, on the way to lunch and back.

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[2] Hill, Napoleon. *Think and Grow Rich*, Tarcher Perigee 1937 Revised

Somewhere during our ride back to the academy, someone would mention physical training or Judo, or running through City Park, and I would feel physically ill. Gus saved my life every other day by allowing me to flip him in Judo, but no one could save me when it was time to run. The class was punished if I struggled, prompting some of them to help me. My greatest supporter was Rhys Rybsyzck. It was never too much trouble for him to offer his support. Our class was out for the Fourth of July holiday, and Rhys went fishing with friends someplace on the Gulf Coast. He was killed in an auto accident and didn't get to see me run the mile-and-a-half. I know he would have loved it when guys in the class were waiting for me to drop out, so they could drop out after me. I kept running and tried talking smack, by saying, "Running ain't nothing but a thing!"

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After completion of Academy Training, I was assigned to the Urban Squad which means I worked the Desire, Florida and St. Bernard Projects. Because there were limited places to obtain lunch in our assigned area, Urban Squad officers could get lunch in surrounding police districts that bordered the Urban Squad area. On the first day with my Field Training Officer (FTO), Leonard Carr, we were assigned a car on patrol in the Desire area. We left our area to get lunch and were in line at Popeye's on St. Bernard and Miro Streets. A lady in line said to me, "Miss, I don't mean no harm, but you're a bad bitch." I smiled and said, "Thank you." When we got back in our police car, my FTO said, "That wasn't a compliment! You can't let people call you names, and then say, Thank You!"

On another occasion, several days later, I was out on a traffic stop with another FTO, Chris M, who approached the driver's side window. I was positioned at the rear, and it was my responsibility to look out for my partner's safety by watching the hands and motions of the

driver. People in the area were passing and watching the new police lady, and I was full of myself. Chris was issuing several tickets to the driver, when I looked down and saw that my pants were red and one leg was almost covered with ants. I went to the car, had a seat and called Chris, who began a rigorous fight with the insects. The ticket recipient came to see what the problem was, and then he ran back to his truck for a towel to help wage war on my attackers. Chris shook his head and shook the man's hand and said, "Well, so much for your tickets. Thank you!"

The Beat Goes On

My assignment in the Urban Squad continued for several months. I was excited about having received thirty-three credit hours from Loyola University for participation in Police Academy curriculum. I could add those credits to ones acquired during my Party Animal Tour in SWAC (Southwestern Athletic Conference), while operating in cheerleader mode. I requested transcripts from Southern, Xavier, and Texas Southern, to prepare for enrollment at Loyola. With a few adjustments to course names and programs of study, numerous courses were reclassified from Criminal Justice to Social Studies to expedite my departure. An example is that a Criminal Justice, Prison Literature course became an English course for me. I was scheduled to graduate in May 1979.

After about 6 months in the Urban Squad, I was asked if I would be interested in transferring to back to the Juvenile Division. Of course, I accepted the offer.

Before leaving "the Squad," there was an opportunity for a funny memory. It was Mardi Gras Season, 1978. As usual, 3/8-hour shifts became 2/12-hour shifts with personnel as evenly divided as possible. Officers and people in the area being served were predominantly black. Most of the time, when I made the scene with other officers, it felt like I was traveling with a basketball team. The officers weren't 6'0 or better, and just a few were chunky.

We were dispatched to a domestic disturbance (103-D) call. The female complainant let us in. There were about 5 officers, and I was included. A very unhappy and irate man was not in the mood for talking to uninvited guests. The male officers raised their voices in an attempt to gain control and went back and forth with yelling, police to unhappy man. Finally, he said in an extremely angry tone, "You MFs are gonna to get outta my effing house!" The police

responded, “We were called, and we’re not leaving until we learn what took place and we’ve taken action needed!” He opened his door and repeated his order, once again. “I want you MFs outta my effing house!” I looked at him and said, “You’re an old meany!” All eyes were immediately on me. Police officers’ eyes were especially piercing. They shook their heads and filed out of the angry man’s house. When we stood on the sidewalk, as a group they said, “ole meany?” Then one officer asked, “What kinda talk is that ‘you ole meany’?” They shook their heads, walked to their cars, and drove off. My partner continued to laugh. One officer no longer called my name, as he renamed me and only referred to me as, “Meany.”

I accepted an assignment as an Instructor at the Police Academy. I felt good about myself and thought I was selected because of the four candidates in contention, and because I was about to graduate from Loyola University. In one of my classes at LOYNO, I remember hearing the instructor say police deal with the criminal element only about 10% of the time. A majority of contacts are with regular citizens reporting an incident that may or may not involve a criminal act, either way, the criminal is gone. I really wanted to teach that concept.

In retrospect, accepting the Academy assignment didn’t feel the way I expected it to. There was a renegade, loud, class, in my opinion. I missed being outside having fun with the people “on the street” (“on the street” or “working the street” are phrases for on patrol). There was a black man on staff who, in my opinion, liked his status as the only black person assigned there. He wasn’t resentful, but he wasn’t helpful, either.

One day I was asked to go shopping for a deal on Gatorade at an athletic store. I went with another instructor, and our commander thought we did well. My next assignment was to drive the Academy’s armory truck to the firing range. It was a big, bulky, standard shift truck, I’m convinced they thought it was funny. A little hazing of the new person. It wasn’t a problem.

I did it with a Coke and a smile.

I was psyching myself into feeling better about the assignment. I overheard a person I liked a lot in his office engaged in a conversation with another police officer. He was explaining why Jeanne was a better choice. “We took her because she’s a “double whammy,” and “we kill two birds with one stone.” I felt disappointed, deflated and ready to find another place of assignment.

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On Names

When I went to the police academy as a Recruit in 1977, my name was Jeanne McGlory-Wallace. After getting married in 1975, I wanted to keep the name that was used to establish a working relationship with members of the force. The Commander, Capt. Elmon Randolph, wasn’t having it. My academy t-shirts had Wallace on back. When our class graduated, I won the Louis J. Sirgo Award and listed on the wall plaque with other winners is J. C. Wallace. In the 2000s, a Chief Compass announced that a recipient was the first female Sirgo Award Winner, which was incorrect.

Fast-forward to 1981, I pouted a little, but when the United States Marine Corps said I wouldn’t get any of my new husband’s money unless I changed my name on documents to Jeanne Lemuel (story for another day). I complied, and Semper Fied.

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I went back to the Juvenile Division where I really enjoyed working. I was assigned to the Day Watch, from 7:00am-3:00pm. The captain in Juvenile had been one of my supervisors at

Central Lockup. After my arrival, a list was circulated to determine the shift we wished to work. I indicated my wish to work from 7-3. I really knew how calculating that guy was. Before he decided to ask the question, he already knew the answer and had already worked out any kinks to his plan. His stipulation was shifts will be determined by seniority or time in grade, not by time in the Juvenile Division. He knew the person he wanted to work on the day watch, had gone through the police academy before me, and his plan would be successful. I placed my name in a block labeled for the first watch. The next day, he posted the new shift assignments list. My name was listed as Night Watch. I requested a meeting with him, and he agreed. "What do you need, "Mac?' I said, "Captain, why didn't I get days?" He said," I'm sorry, Mac, but I explained time in grade would be the determining factor." I said, "are you sure?" He was sure, and I was sure he had been everywhere possible to determine his criteria. I went to Personnel and requested a copy of the Judgement for Jeanne McGlory-Wallace vs The New Orleans Police Department, et al. He didn't know the history of my case. I won in Federal Court, and I lost when Civil Service appealed. He didn't know Mayor Moon Landrieu and the Police Department settled with me, granting my time to January 22, 1973 in matters of the City and the NOPD. It was based on my test score and when I would have been hired, if there had been no discrimination, although, they were not admitting to any.

The Briar Patch

In 1989, I was assigned to the night watch of the police department's NCIC Section (National Crime Information Center) being supervised by a junior sergeant. I was a sergeant working with three police officers; our duties were the same. We responded to requests from police officers to check names, drivers' licenses, guns, vehicle identification numbers, plates, and requests from Central Lockup to locate outstanding warrants on arrested subjects. We sent the warrants through a pneumatic (moved by air) tube. It was part of the Records and Identification Division, where I was assigned in 1982, before being promoted to sergeant. I loved it there and had good relationships with my colleagues.

When "business" was slow, I searched through Federal Jobs Digests for social work positions in Chicago. The guys on my shift finally told me they didn't think I could leave. In fact, they couldn't see me leaving and staying in Chicago. They voted, and no one could imagine me struggling to remove snow from my windshield before leaving for work. I conceded, their point was well taken, and I was in search of another assignment locally.

My next project was to write a memo to the Lieutenant of my unit. I informed him of my tenure, job experience, education, and indicated my interest in a supervisory position. He scheduled a meeting with me to say he did not have anything available, but in about a month he would let me know what he found for me. The guys in my unit speculated about where I would be assigned. I had been on the job long enough to know it would not be a good place.

In about four weeks, the lieutenant scheduled another meeting with me. He informed me there were no supervisory positions in his unit. He asked where I wanted to go, and he wanted to

help me get there. I said, “I have no preference at this time.” When I told the guys on my shift about the meeting, we spent our nights laughing at the possibilities.

On Friday, the teletype message was sent listing Jeanne McGlory from NCIC to the FIFTH DISTRICT. My home phone was blowing up! I received calls of sympathy with a major inquiry:

“Who’d you piss off?” I was ecstatic! On a number of occasions, I tried to transfer to the Fifth District with no success. On transfer day, I was celebrating being thrown in the Briar Patch. I was laughing to myself, remembering Brer Rabbit saying, “Please, do anything with me, but don’t throw me in the Briar Patch!”[3] My home address was in the Fifth District since 1957. Someone hadn’t done any homework, and he judged working in the Fifth from his perspective as a white male, a biased white male.

My first night at work was 10:25pm on October 30, 1989. At Roll Call, I was introduced as the new sergeant who would be responsible for reports. When I spoke, I simply said, I want a Vidal Sassoon Shift, “If you don’t look good, I don’t look good.” In my arms, were bags of Halloween candy, as it would be Halloween in a few minutes. Assignments and cars were noted, and car keys distributed. Roll Call ended. I was assigned to Car-520. I cannot remember a lieutenant working that night, and it seems I was the only supervisor.

“520 is in service,” I said to the dispatcher.

“10-4, Sarge, be safe”

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[3] Harris, Joel Chandler. Uncle Remus Stories, Published by Joel Chandler Harris, 1906.

“520, carry me to Headquarters with 501(Michael Smith),”

“10-4”

“520, 10-97” (I refuse to say I went to Headquarters to pay a Football Pool Debt.)

“503, 108! (Police Officer Needs Assistance)

“What’s your location?” (Dispatcher)

“503, I’m hit!”

“We’re taking him to CHNO, Sarge, meet us there.

“520, 10-4” (Michael Smith and I try to go through a door at the same time.)

“520. 10-97 at Charity. Michael Smith jumps out the car, blue lights whirling. Where’s the switch, I say to myself. I’m leaving them, gotta get in to see about Carlton. I ran toward the ramp.

‘‘Sarge, your lights are on!” yelled an officer from another district.

“Do you mind getting them for me, please?”

“Got it, Sarge, no problem.”

I yelled from the sliding doors, “Thank you!”

The Fifth District Officer had a gunshot wound to the leg, which wasn’t life threatening.

In fact, I try to contact him every Halloween on “Our Anniversary.”

My assignment to the Night Watch lasted maybe a week. I was then transferred to the 6:25am-3:00pm.

My first day on the Day Watch, I had the greenlight, made a turn and was hit by traffic with a red light. I remember flying into the windshield in slow motion, it seemed. I really thought I was right. A police officer at a light several intersections away, said he and his partner were on the opposite side of the street stopped on red, like the person who hit ran into me. I was taken to Charity Hospital, treated and released. My police officer witnesses were from the Fifth District.

Acting Commander of the Fifth District was Lt. Ellis Williams, who had been one of my supervisors in the Urban Squad. He laughed when I reminded him of an accident I had when I worked for him in the Seventies, and that my only two accidents were when I was working for him. Being at the Fifth District Station reminded me of an incident which occurred in 1963.

You Have the Right to Remain Silent Before Miranda[4]

One Saturday in 1963, my dad's designated driver brought him home, allowed him to safely plop on the sofa, while handing me my dad's keys. He had been with friends, watching baseball games, and celebrating the beginning of his vacation. I rushed to the phone and called my friend, Bernard, who lived two blocks away. I wanted Bernard to take me on a practice run, as my dad was on vacation, and he promised to take me to get a learner's permit or a driver's license on Monday. Of course, I wanted the real deal, no learner's permit. Bernard came within minutes, and we were off to practice. We left my house with me driving, and Bernard in the passenger seat. We went to Gentilly Boulevard for a nice long run past Dillard University and

[4]Miranda v. Arizona, US Supreme Court Case, 1966.

decided to turn back. Bernard said I had done well enough to get a license. I put my left blinker on to turn from Broad to London Ave (now A. P. Tureaud) and the car was slowly rolling from the neutral ground to traffic with the green light. In a panic, I attempted to slam on the brakes, hit the accelerator instead, and ran into two cars. Police were notified.

When police arrived, they asked for my driver's license. When I said I didn't have a license, the officer advised me I would be arrested. A priest from St. Aug, which was about a block from the accident, walked over to see what the problem was. When he learned I was being arrested he said to Bernard, "Woods, you have a license, don't you? Bernard responded, "Yes, Father." Father Coffee/Caffey, said, "Well, what's the problem?" The police officer explained that no driver's license with an additional citation result in an arrest. Bernard notified our parents, and his mom was picking my mom up and meeting us at the Fifth District Station, where I was taken in a paddy wagon.

When I arrived at the Fifth District Station, I was allowed to sit in a seat near a door. Police officers in the station were having fun trying to frighten me. They said you can sit there until we empty out a cell for you. There's a drunken woman we can't seem to wake up, and we may have to put you in there with her. While they were laughing and having fun, my mom came and was standing near another door. My mom and dad were so frightened about my having dealt with the police that they couldn't be mad at me.

A week later, I went to a meeting of the Youth Council of NAACP in which I had membership. When I arrived, I saw about six white teenagers from a northern state, I want to say New York, but I'm not certain. They were in New Orleans to accompany us to sit-in demonstrations. I was terrified, already in trouble for my driving issue. These kids can go anywhere they want to go and do anything they want to do, but they're here to help us. I have no

choice. I'm in. Eleven of us went to the Royal Castle on Broad Street, a place I never remember having any desire to go. We sat at the counter and were asked to leave. When we did not leave, police were called. I think I looked brave, but I was concerned about dogs, hoses, and being hit in the head with a club. My friend Marva, in line to be Valedictorian or Salutatorian at Carver High, left, and she was able to notify my parents, as we lived across the street from each other.

The police came with what appeared to have been a wagon for each of us. They asked our names, addresses, telephone numbers, and asked if we were students of if we worked. All of us were students. We were allowed to go home. At the time, I remember thinking jail may be a better option. When I arrived at home, my parents asked if I was all right. I described what happened and told them I was surprised and relieved at how the police treated us.

Back at the Fifth

It's early morning, Roll Call is over. Many police officers look for someplace to satisfy the main item on their agendas: have breakfast. I had been around long enough to know that. A call of a 34-S (Aggravated Battery by Shooting) is broadcast by the dispatcher. There was no response. It's on me to get them rolling, nicely…"520, I'll take it, what's the location?" The dispatcher responds and repeats the location, which isn't far from the station. I'm not flying because I'm giving officers time to get to their cars, gather their food, and realize I'm by myself. I arrive in an area close to the address of the shooting. I'm looking for the address, stalling until I see other blue lights, and a person jumps in front my car! He says he'll take me to the scene. I let the dispatcher know I'm 10-97 (at the scene). My heart is beating out my chest. (Did I mention I'm afraid of guns?) I approached a porch and saw a man looking at blood on his leg.

As I approached the door where he said the perpetrator was located, I unsnapped my gun. The victim said, she won't shoot you, officer. My response to him was, she loves you and she shot you. She doesn't even know me! Did I mention my holster was really snug to keep people in crowds from taking my gun? My holster was so snug that even I couldn't get my gun out. The door is opened, I saw a female who didn't appear threatening. I asked her what happened to make her so mad that she thought she had to shoot somebody? At that point, the brigade arrived. "Move over, Sarge, let the real police handle the situation." It was my Field Training Officer formerly of the Urban Squad, now in the Fifth.

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One day, as I was leaving my house in full uniform. I saw a male subject in a tug-of-war with a female over a purse. Initially the two people looked like my neighbors. When I really focused, it appeared to be a purse-snatching in progress. I shouted, Police, drop it!" The male subject threw his hands up, dropped the purse and started running. I started running behind him, as my mom stood on our porch yelling, "Come back, Jeanne! She has her purse!" I continued to chase the male subject wearing a black t-shirt with a white cowboy silhouette. I informed the dispatcher:

"Badge 418, 10-28!" (officer needs an emergency air clearance).

"All Units Stand-by, Badge 418, Sarge, where are you?"

"I'm chasing a subject on foot on Rocheblave toward St. Bernard."

"Units head to St. Bernard and Rocheblave to assist Badge 418, Sarge, another location!"

I can't breathe, and I'm asking a man from the neighborhood if a street is Aubry or Onzaga, because the name changes when the streets cross St. Bernard, like a letter X. Meanwhile, the dispatcher is having fits because I'm trying to get information from the neighbor.

"Badge 418, the subject is running on Aubry toward Broad."

"Badge 418, the subject turned on Rousselin, and is running toward Esplanade."

Code 4, Subject apprehended by Unit working the Housing Authority Detail,

"Units, take the subject to the 1800 blk N. Rocheblave"

My whole platoon, plus officers from surrounding areas were in front my house to give advice to the pursesnatcher:

"Bro, when you get out, find yourself another skill because you are not good at crime."

"If you let this lady catch you, it's time to give it up!"

Part Three: Reflections

Major August Lang

Early in my Juvenile Division career, the Commander, Major Lang, who was at least eighty, spent a lot of time at my desk talking. He was extremely nice, naive, and limited about the world. He was proud of the fact that he didn't waste money. He frequently told the story of when he was a boy, there were children who had money to buy soft drinks, and he didn't. He watched them drink their drinks, and when they were done, he would gather all their bottles, return them for a five cents refund on each bottle, and then he could buy a drink and make a profit. He talked to me about "some people" saying black people don't have cartilage in their noses. Finally, one day I asked, Major, would you like to touch my nose, he responded yes, and he was allowed to feel my nose. I think he was happy I had cartilage.

Lieutenant Albers

I was a Rookie in the Urban Squad working as a desk officer. A shooting was dispatched and I thought I wanted to see. Lieutenant Albers, who was in the office, was about to make the scene. I complained that I hadn't seen anything! Lieutenant Albers yelled at me and said, "You just got here! Don't you ever question any assignments or decisions made! You stay in your place!" I was embarrassed, humiliated, and a little bit angry. He left the station, made the call, and returned. I asked if I could speak to him privately, and he agreed. I said, "I would have been able to learn if you simply said everything you said to me in a civil tone. I don't think I deserved to be yelled at." He agreed. To my dismay, he wanted to take me to every bloody call

that was dispatched. I only wanted to see one. Did I mention I don't like to see any bodily fluids? The Lieutenant put me on his Schwegmann's Giant Supermarkets Detail as a regular. I also learned a lesson in humility.

The Schwegmann's Detail

I went to work the detail at an uptown store. It was relatively simple. Don't allow anyone to park in the shaded areas around the store. I thought that would be easy money. I had been there about an hour, when a lady in her sixties decided, she was going to park regardless of No Parking signs. As she was getting out her car, I walked over to inform her that Schwegmann's wants no one to park in the shaded areas. She continued to get out of her car and proceeded to secure it. I issued another warning that she totally ignored. She cursed me and said I could do what the ef I wanted to do, but she was going in that store. She went in to shop. I was really angry, could have had her car towed for a costly fee, plus tickets. I know many officers, especially females, who would have had her car towed, "after they beat that A**!" I thought this is someone's mom. How important is this incident to me? When she came out of the store, she said how sorry she was for her behavior. She said she really is a Christian, and the whole time she was shopping, she was thinking about how awfully she acted. I told her, "I don't know about anything you've said, but I know for a fact you're extremely lucky."

About Equal Pay

I took my police blouses to the cleaners near my house to get heavy starch. The cost of each blouse was $5.96. Guys at my station said their shirts were under $2.00. Some of them went to the same cleaners that I used. I asked the owner why there was such a difference in costs. He explained, “Men’s shirts are bigger, and they fit on the pressing machine, which is a very quick process. Your shirts are blouses, which have darts at the waist and breast area and have to be ironed by hand by a person.”

Mardi Gras, 1979

The Strike

In 1979, I was assigned to the Juvenile Division. Our mayor was the Honorable Ernest N. “Dutch” Morial. Talk of a strike by New Orleans police officers was looming; decisions had to be made. I worked the morning shift of the day the strike was to begin later, starting with the evening watches. Detectives assigned to the second and third watches did not show up and were honoring the strike.

Fellow detective, Octavia Robinson, and I got in a car and rode around and polled officers to see what district officers and police support personnel, in general, were doing. We had discussions in the car regarding our feelings on the matter, headed for home, to gather our uniform parts. I was in the Juvenile Division when there was a sick out, and only one person participated. I couldn’t grasp the willingness for officers to participate in a job-action with greater/graver consequences.

The next morning, I called the number that had been given as the contact number to indicate working status and get assignment locations. The place to report was the police academy. There were only about twenty-five of us and the State Police. At some point, Octavia and I were assigned to the 1200 blk Harrison Avenue, home of the mayor. Mrs. Sybil Morial, his wife, invited us in to show us the restroom facilities and a place to sit comfortably to get out of the police car. She made sandwiches for us. During the day, Dutch's eight-year-old daughter, Monique, joined us in the police car with her See and Say game, and we became friends. She helped us eat our sandwiches. What motivated me to work were thoughts of the number of detectives and other police officers who refused to risk losing their positions while participating in the Blue Flu. I questioned the motivation that prompted streak of bravery for those who would risk loss of jobs in the case of a strike. There was a nagging, sick feeling, making me angry that there was a possibility race could be a contributing factor, as Dutch was the city's first black mayor. I really hated that he was called arrogant and there were constant discussions on the "arrogance of Dutch." The ghetto interpretation of that label was "he didn't know his place."

A truck of striking police officers passed the house with signs like, 'The Force Be with You." I could see many of my colleagues and was surprised and relieved they didn't throw anything.

After the strike, in the Juvenile Division, we were able to have discussions about how we were feeling about each other's positions. I don't quite know how to make what I felt clear. I thought what helped make decisions to participate easier was the mayor's race, but I did not think the detectives from the Juvenile Division were racists.

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In 1978, Dutch appointed an "outsider" as Superintendent of the New Orleans Police Department. Chief James Parsons was from Birmingham and spoke with a twang heavier than any Clampetts or anyone in Hooterville. His thinking was progressive about women and the use of manpower. He changed many positions manned by policemen to positions utilizing civilian personnel.

I believe the most remarkable feat of his undertaking was to have 2 twelve-hour shifts for those choosing to remain in the districts, and a shift for parade route personnel. During the week, reporting time for parade personnel would be a few hours before the parade to hold Roll Call, discuss particulars of the day, and transport officers to their places of assignment, along the route. It was a much better system because officers who wanted the parades were happy, and officers who didn't want to be bothered were left alone in their districts. Exceptions occurred on the Bacchus and Endymion weekend, when manpower was "beefed-up" to accommodate massive crowd sizes.

With some resistance, Chief Parsons changed parade routes. Almost all parades begin at Napoleon and Tchoupitoulas, except for Endymion, which begins at City Park, and Zulu which begins at Jackson and North Claiborne. An outsider, not tied to tradition, came in and taught us how to "Mardi Gras" without throwing traffic everywhere out of order. His plan left many main thoroughfares open for emergencies and for normal travel to non-parade/Mardi Gras activities.

Chief Parsons' new way to have Mardi Gras Parades would have been in effect in 1979 if the Strike had not caused cancellation of the event. There was no Mardi Gras in 1979.

Mardi Gras 1982

Mardi Gras, 1982, I was assigned to the Records and Identification section of the police department. I thought I was going to get a real taste of the fun of working Mardi Gras. The unit consisted of very nice police personnel, who were really not interested in having their routines disrupted. They were laidback, gracious, and trying to avoid chaos by any means necessary. In this section, civilians were predominantly black and police officers were majority white, except for Cha-Jua and me.

I remember a specific incident in which an officer from Inspections or Internal Affairs was driving around discussing policies with officers whenever a violation regarding uniforms was observed. They at times may have randomly selected an officer for general conversation, with no violations observed. Records had old timers, not interested in games, just wanting the day to be pleasant and over.

One inspector pulled his car over and called the "rookie," me. One of the old timers displayed a total lack of respect by saying something like, "If you want to speak to any of us, park that car and stand on a post, otherwise, drive on." The speaker was, in police terms, 10-33 (against rules and regulations). He was out of order in some Rubenstein Brothers slacks, without the blue stripe on the leg, clearly made of a fabric not suitable for police trousers, and he was wearing men's dress shoes. In cases where one is improperly clothed, it's the time to avoid bringing attention to yourself.

My partner for the Bacchus parade was Charlene Cha-Jua. We had fun with families near us in the neutral ground on St. Charles. There were other officers from our unit in the block with us, but because of the size of crowds and floats, we couldn't see where they were.

Riders called us to give us lots of throws, which we distributed to the crowd. One of the riders called me to the float, handed me a bag of beads, and asked that I take them to a facility where he pointed, maybe for seniors, and give them to Ms. Stern. I said I would, but the parade was rolling, and I couldn't leave my post. I intended to deliver them after the parade ended.

A young man found a spot near Cha-Jua and me, which wasn't unusual, as many people know riders may give the police lots of nice trinkets. They want to be nearby when officers give it away.

At some point, the young man wanted to give some beads to me. I thanked him and asked him to give them to some little girls near us. He decided I should wear them, and he attempted to put them over my hat. He was solid, no fat, built like a forklift, and as I tried to move his arm, I needed two hands to grab his wrist. Cha-Jua tried grabbing his other wrist. The families started helping us, our radios were of no use, and some of the kids ran across the street for other officers. They restrained him, but somehow he was hit on or near the eyebrow, where blood flows profusely. Other officers were teasing us about the blood everywhere, and we tried to convince them all we could do was hold his wrist.

I still feel awful about Ms. Stern not receiving her beads. I'm mostly disturbed that the rider thinks he gave beads to a police officer to deliver, and the officer kept them.

Mardi Gras 1983

After being promoted to sergeant, I was assigned to the Seventh District which patrols the New Orleans East Area, from Downman Road to the Rigolets, to the lake. It's a large area with widely diverse socioeconomic neighborhoods and ethnicities.

My platoon commander, in my opinion, had a totally unpleasant demeanor. In conversations I had with other officers, it was revealed that my gender and race may have had some bearing on my interactions with him. There were comments indicating he was assigned to the Civil Defense facility for years to keep him away from the troops. Because I was a new sergeant on probation, following a controversial promotion, I had to mentally document my interchanges with him.

I indicated my choice to work the parade route, but my supervisor told me I would remain in the district. As a newcomer, I understood that and accepted my assignment.

One evening, I was dispatched to a call requiring a supervisor. The dispatcher was notified of my arrival. I spoke to a person who identified himself as the owner who said a person was parking and his vehicle hit the building. The parties involved had worked out a plan that satisfied all parties involved. As I approached the other parties, I recognized a familiar police officer with a group of well-dressed men. If I were typecasting, I would say the Corleones. Before I could speak to anyone in the group, my supervisor made the scene and began to approach. What appeared to be the leading Corleone, held up his hand in a signal for the lieutenant to stop. He said, "She's helping us. Thank you." The lieutenant continued approaching them. The leading Corleone stood and said," Thank you, Lieutenant. Have a nice day."

The Lieutenant turned and left the scene.

I'm thinking he knows I saw what happened. He also knows I saw that he turned without saying a word. Who is this guy? I'm about to get creamed on all sides! St. Anthony, help me.

I spoke to the group, who were all really nice. I knew the police officer who was with them and always had great rapport with him. They offered me dinner, but I thanked them and left the scene. It really was a civil matter.

A few days went by, and I noticed my name had been added to the Parade Route List. I shook my head and said to myself, wow, who was that guy.

On the parade route, I spent the most time with Kenneth Leary and Michael Levasseur. Our greatest challenges were to help me catch something, not have it handed to me, as I had never been lucky enough to catch anything. The next big challenge was to contain Kenny and keep him on post when ST. Augustine's Band was passing. Kenny, who had been a member of St. Aug's band, would get in step with the band and march away, until Mike or I would grab some part of him and bring him back. We enjoyed an uneventful but fun Mardi Gras Season.

Mardi Gras 1984

Badge and a Gun Can't Fight Heartache

After my third year as a police officer, I took the sergeants' exam. Actually, because of a settlement I had with the City of New Orleans and the New Orleans Police Department, I was allowed to sit for the sergeant's exam with two years and ten months. My filing a complaint with EEOC and legal action that followed resulted in a Consent Decree, in which I was a named plaintiff. There was an attempt to correct discriminatory injuries of the past. My original lawsuit involved discrimination based on race and sex. When I applied to become a police officer, the height requirement was 5'8, which was determined discriminatory to women and minorities. My records were changed to reflect my date of promotion to police officer as 1/22/73. The Consent Decree directed the city to go through the list of officers who passed the sergeants' exam and promote the thirteen blacks who passed an unfair test. Some unhappy individual(s) dubbed us the "Welfare Sergeants;" a name that wasn't meant to flatter us and was a bit hurtful, although not said to our faces.

I was assigned to the Seventh District, in December 1982. My first day there, Lt. John Ruth couldn't have been nicer. He gave me important information, like where the car keys could be found and my car number for the day. When I got into the car, a bee stung me on my hand; I immediately started the car and drove to tell my parents, who lived in the Fifth District. My dad said, "You'd better stop fooling with those people, Jeanne, I'm telling you! We're gonna find you in the trunk of a car." My mother wasn't hearing it. She thought I was tougher than allowing people to make me run. I headed back to my district and couldn't wait to find the militant, new Sgt. Chris Maurice to tell him the officers at the Seventh put bees in the car to sting

us. The Third Watch couldn't arrive for work soon enough. When I told Chris, he laughed and asked me to repeat my theory. He said he'd love to think they tried to do something as horrible as that, but as an animal lover he knew for a fact that bees/wasps would ruin their stingers fighting if someone tried to capture them. I laughed at myself and felt better.

I worked 3:00pm-11:00pm. My husband was in the Marine Corps, and when I got off at eleven, every night, I would drive to the post office on Loyola Avenue, write a letter to my husband, and mail it. After a while, I started staying over on Chris's watch for a while, and then going to write and mail the letters, later.

In May 1983, I was transferred to the First District. In the past, I had worked in the Juvenile Division with a sergeant, who had become my new Commander, Captain Danny McMullen, and I expected to enjoy this new district. My plan was to stay until the end of my probationary period, until my husband completed six months' sea duty, and I would leave to become a social worker, as I received my MSW from Tulane just days before becoming a sergeant.

My husband and I talked whenever he could call, and as soon as whatever duty he had ended. He called without fail, and I always liked asking how long he had been off duty, so he could say, I just got off and ran to the phone! Long Distance phone calls are where our money went. While he was on Sea Duty, in Diego Garcia, there were no calls from him or letters, but I continued my letter writing routine. He finally called, and I asked one of my favorite questions, "How long have you been back in Charleston?" When he said since yesterday, and this was his first call to me, I knew there was something rotten in Denmark!

I later learned that he was involved with a woman on his ship. I hadn't considered there were women on the ship. My heart was broken. My hair was hurting; I struggled to get to sleep, and it was a nightmare when I was awake and able to process the state of my marriage. I spoke to Capt. McMullen and explained that I couldn't work and didn't know if I could ever return. My Calvin Kleins could not talk; and they had nothing of interest to say, unlike the 80s Brooke Shields commercial. If I could have found the strength to put them on, they would have fallen to the floor.

I went to see Dr. Norman McSwain, at Tulane Medical Center, who handled matters involving the police. I explained my situation and expressed my desire to sleep until I could feel better. He made me promise not to harm myself and prescribed 10 dalmane tablets. Stevie Wonder sang All is Fair on my stereo for about three weeks continuously.

There was a VIGOR volunteer assigned to the station who had the Captain's ear. "Charlie Boo" was a dead ringer for "Fat Albert," but he had a light voice. He called me every day, several times a day to see when I was returning. 'The Captain has something for you to do. You have to pick yourself up, Bobbie Jean!" No one knows why that became his name for me, not even him. When I made it back to work, I learned that my new title would be Commander of the Bourbon Street Promenade. That meant responsibility for the police officers who work from 8:00pm until 4:00am in the area from the 100 through 700 blocks of Bourbon Street.

The first night of my new assignment, I held Roll Call and met my officers. I knew Grafton Salvant's face, as he had been a tow truck driver before becoming a police officer. I drove myself to Bourbon and Conti and sat in the car, listening to the police radio, feeling numb. The second night, I had plans to do the same as I had done the previous evening. My subordinates had plans of their own. They refused to allow me to sit in the car. They forced me

to go to a pizza place at the corner of Conti and Bourbon. They forced me to talk, and before long, I was biting a slice of pizza; singing New York, New York with Frank Sinatra and doing 1 or 2 Rockettes kicks!

My first-time riding in the Zulu Parade occurred when I was working for Danny McMullen. He gave me permission the ride but said I had to be at work before midnight. It was a fun ride and the parade ended early enough to allow for my recovery. I believe my check-in time was extremely close to midnight, like maybe 11:45pm. I suppose the genius in his reporting time for me shows that I worked Mardi Gras. That all his people worked Mardi Gras is good for him, and it made me receive holiday pay, which was good for me.

Forget the dalmane! The best remedy for depression is an assignment on Bourbon Street. I saw so much, so often that I stopped being amazed. One night at the end of Mardi Gras season, two of my police friends were assigned to the Sanitation trucks that washed the streets. They said when they were done, they would meet me for breakfast.

After shutting Mardi Gras down, my friends returned. On the sidewalk, on the way into the restaurant, I spoke to "Ruthie the Duck Girl," who responded, "Ten-po (10-4)." Before I entered the doorway, I saw a slender, platinum blonde figure, frantically waving her hands, trying to get my attention. She got my attention, and the show began. It was Jessica, actually Daniel, from Houston. Jessica enjoyed raising her dresses and showing new lingerie to me because I recommended several shops on Bourbon Street. When Murray, Charb and I were seated, the waiter said, "My name is Michael, but you can call me Betty." At the end of our meal, Murray and Charb said, "You're acting like everything on Bourbon Street is normal. We'll be seeing you, but don't call us; we'll call you!"

Laughs with Juvenile Detectives

At some point, probably after Ronnie Paisant was promoted to Sergeant, Bobby Guidry and I worked the desk in the Juvenile Division. I was going to take sick leave because of a surgical procedure. I told Guidry I was going to be out and provided general information. His requests for further information went unanswered.

Eddie Ducote joined us as a Police Recruit. He fit right in and was a pleasure to have in our group. As a team, he and Guidry were investigating my surgery. Guidry shared that he had experience with what he thought my surgery involved. Every day, he described some part of the procedure he thought would be beneficial to me, as I was scheduled for surgery in a few days. Before leaving, I told him "rectal ulcers," and I left.

When surgery was over, and I made it to my room, the hospital phone began to ring. It was Bobby to tell me how it's going to really hurt when I laugh. He then started his comedy routing, accompanied by Eddie. As double assurance I would have to laugh. The routine continued for days.

Christmas Overtime

One of the joys of being a police officer was benefits that came when police presence was needed. Christmas Season provided those times.

I was partnered with Guidry for overtime on Canal Street. I'm tempted to say shoplifting detail, because our presence wasn't obvious as we were in plainclothes and mixed in with the crowd of shoppers.

We were walking in the 800 block of Canal Street, when we could hear someone requesting a radio air clearance to provide information on a foot chase. It was a detective from another division chasing a perpetrator on foot at an unknown location on Canal. I'm walking in the crowd with Bobby, who yells, "Jeanne!" My reaction was to look at Guidry, as the perpetrator runs in the space between us and the crowd. I turn, and I am now facing the police officer. We began dancelike moves, so he moves left, and I move right; he moves right, and I move left. Guidry laughed so hard that he couldn't breathe! I never saw the perpetrator, who made good his escape.

Don't Think Like the Police

My friend, Octavia Robinson, and I frequently talked about how we didn't think like the police. It just happens we were both police officers in graduate school learning to be social workers.

I was doing my field placement at Charity Hospital New Orleans. My hours in the Juvenile Division were adjusted, so that I could go to CHNO from 9:00am-5:00pm, and Juvenile from 5pm-1:00am.

My block on the Medicine Ward was interesting and allowed for frequent interaction with patients about their needs and resources. Most patients lacked health insurance and needed help with other things, for example, money to pay for medication; sometimes they had no money for food and transportation. Part of my training was learning what was needed to improve their quality of life and ways to help them locate resources that would benefit them.

I was assigned to help a patient who seemed eager to get any information available to him. When I learned he had no money for his much-needed meds, I went to several units in the hospital for samples. My supervisor gave me some flyers advertising places that hired temporary employees. When I gave the patient those free samples of his medication and attempted to explain information on the flyers, his facial expression changed, and he appeared displeased, actually, offended. He threw the samples and flyers across the room where everyone could see. I said, "Right now, I'm a Tulane student." I looked at my watch and said, "At 5:01, I'm a New Orleans Police Detective. If you don't pick up all those things I gave to you, you're gonna have real problems." I walked away hoping he would gather everything because I didn't have a Plan B. I certainly wouldn't call the police for him. My sculptured nails would not have allowed me to successfully make a fist, so fighting was not on my agenda.

I had to reevaluate what thinking like the police meant to me. Am I pleasant and respectful when I interact with others, in general? Do I display patience and kindness whenever I can? Am I treating others the way I'd like to be treated? Do I occasionally get upset? I suppose that could be considered reacting like a human being.

A Return to Communications

In 1985, I returned to Communications as a sergeant. When the supervisors were introduced, I was briefed on strategies used to keep operators and civilian dispatchers in line. I was told of chronic tardiness by some operators who had been suspended for one day as a result. I learned suspensions would be progressive. The next suspension for that employee would be increased. I was shown disciplinary warnings and cases.

When I met the operators and dispatchers, they were obviously disgruntled. Most of them were single mothers with limited support. I understood and went into my, “But for the grace of God mindset.”

The irony of my new situation as a supervisor in my old place of assignment, is that I have strong opinions about the stupidity of saying punishment will be progressively worse. I’ve been on platoons where operators were told they would be written up for coming in late, which starts at the second, I guess. I remember if I thought I would be late, I’d turn around and call in sick. It’s what almost all the operators did.

When I spoke to the dispatchers, the same information was reported to me. They were unhappy and out sick too many days.

I spoke to the Commander of our unit and asked that the male supervisor, be transferred to a place better suited for his talents. The female supervisor was already leaving before my arrival. The commander said he didn’t have a place to transfer the male and asked that I keep him with me. After a number of conferences with the commander who obviously didn’t want the officer in his unit, he promised to find a solution. The officer knew there had been conferences with employees in Communications. He would retaliate against them for what he imagined the

content of their conferences had been. On my days off, he would exact revenge. Fortunately, he was transferred to traffic.

Two new supervisors were transferred to Communications. Ellen Saccente and Rannie Mushatt. They were both upbeat and positive. Work was done. We learned Oprah's hot topic of the day, and we were kept abreast of whatever Victor Newman and James Stenbeck were doing on the Soaps. Because the Communications Center was a big space, like a C with angles, conversations could be carried on among dispatchers, Command Desk, and operators. It was so much fun, while getting the job(s) done. Attendance and Esprit de Corps were greatly improved.

When all positions were to be manned by civilians, I was transferred to Records and Identification. It would be another repeat assignment.

Moments with the Real Police After 11:00PM

Danny McMullen and I worked several times in the same unit. I first met him when he came to work in Communications, as overtime was plentiful. Many officers preferred the overtime to paid details. Later, he was my supervisor in the Juvenile Division.

One day, in the Seventies, he was seated at the second desk in Juvenile, when some police officers brought about four children in for throwing rocks. The ages were between 8 and 10. McMullen asked what the charges were. When he learned the charges were "Disturbing the Peace by Throwing Rocks," he instructed the officers to take the children back where they found them. I admired the decision.

Fast-forward to the Nineties: A Day Watch Fifth District police officer enters the Fifth station after 11:00pm and says, "I got three of those rock slingers after weeks of information and observation." I found a slight eyeroll and said, "John, I thought there was enough crime in the Fifth that you would be too busy for "rock slingers." He said, "Look, Sarge," opening his hand to reveal several rocklike morsels of a substance identified as a violation in the list of scheduled drugs. I was reduced to, "Thanks for sharing, John. Good job!"

There was a feature story on the local news about sneakers hanging from electrical wires around the city. The reporter gave many intersections, with quite a few in the Fifth District. The hanging sneakers were indicators of drug availability locations. Lt. Bernardine Kelly whispered to me that after Roll Call, she wanted me to take a ride with her to check something out.

Our first order of business for the evening was clearing the traffic connected to Club Discovery on St. Claude. There was traffic blocking the street and dangerously close to the

railroad tracks. Once that was done, Lt. Kelly and I discussed the feature story on hanging tennis shoes. We got in one car and went sightseeing. As we found locations, we were like tourists, quite honestly, like civilians. We were seeing the hanging shoes in person! It was amazing to us. As we located the intersections and shoes, we were fascinated, as we were coming from police jobs that were inside involving paper and policies about human beings.

In the Eighties, I was assigned to Evidence and Property, and police officers were bringing in Ts & Blues (Pentazocine & Tripelennamine), cocaine, and marijuana to be put on the books. The crack epidemic was on its way.

On another excitement-filled night, we couldn.t locate the keys to car 520. We contacted

Second Platoon personnel to see if someone took the keys home in error, which wasn't the case. We searched everywhere in the station and under counters but couldn't locate the keys and had to temporarily concede.

Later in the evening, we asked P/O Sherman Defillo if he was using car 520.

He said, "No, I saw the trustee driving it with the blue lights on."

We asked as a chorus, "Why didn't you stop him?"

Defillo: "I thought y'all sent him out for sandwiches!"

The trustee had to be located, arrested, and charged with auto theft. It was revealed the trustee had similar adventures at the hospital with medical jackets/coats.

In all fairness to Defillo, the Fifth District did have a trustee who was an auto mechanic. He repaired our cars and frequently drove them, unaccompanied, to AutoZone for parts.

Special Occasions

I worked a paid detail at National Canal-Villere at Paris and Mirabeau. To help time go by faster, I would take walks around the store and drop items in the basket. In the end of my time for the day, I would get a cash payment from the manager, and then I would walk over to the cashier to pay for the groceries in my basket.

A seaman who shopped at the supermarket and talked to me even when he was just passing in front the store, asked what I was doing working all the time. I told him I was working to buy a dress.

He said, “How much does that damn dress cost, you’re here every day?”

I said, “It costs $115.00.”

“I’m gonna buy that dress, so you can take some time off.”

I didn’t go to the supermarket for a few days. When I went back to my detail, one of the cashiers said, “Your buddy has been looking for you.”

She said something like, “Speaking of the devil” and tilted her head in his direction…

He said, “Pay for that dress, and get some rest.” “I can’t take your money,” I said.

He said, “I’m leaving it right here” (in the space where cashier’s bags are hanging)

I bought two dresses in different colors.

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Tim, my Juvenile Division, unofficial partner left NOPD to become a State Trooper. A trooper who was friends with many of the department's officers invited us to his wedding. I found a dress that was shapely hanging on the hanger. I had to buy it.

I got dressed for the wedding in a dress that made me feel like a million dollars. Just when I am feeling on top of the world, here comes Tim. He's talking to me from a distance.

He said, "Jeanne, you look terrific! With his two hands in a position like he's about to play pattycake. He smushes the bones and breast part of the dress in, saying,

"I didn't know you had boobs," and walked off. The joke was on Tim, as it was all bones and dress.

The End and New Beginnings

On June 15, 1996, two of my friends, Octavia Robinson and Dorothy Adams, met me at police headquarters to celebrate the end of my police career. They brought balloons, a plant, and plans for dinner. I said goodbye to the overseer in the lobby, with whom I'd had a long-term relationship. My exit song was I'm still Standing by Elton John.

I had mixed emotions because I was going to another job with the City of New Orleans at the Office of Municipal Investigation (OMI). It would be new and different; I didn't know how I was feeling. Several of the agents were people I already knew, as several had been police officers. I worked in the Juvenile Division with Dan. Byron was from my neighborhood, our mom's worked at Haspel Brothers, and Byron's parents were godparents to my parents when they converted to Catholicism. My driving "instructor," Bernard, is Byron's brother.

Starting at the bottom, as a newcomer, my office duty day was Fridays. I think it was considered a busy day for complaints against city employees.

The latest plan for my personal agenda was working on strategies to accomplish teacher certification. I called Loyola for an assessment of my credits, and what would be needed for certification. In 1997, I applied to Loyola for the Alternative Teacher Certification program and attended evening classes several days a week.

OMI was located at 2400 Canal Street, which was an old office building. I liked going to the snack bar and tantalizing Utah Jazz fans, as I rooted for MJ, who continued to win.

Later, OMI relocated to 1340 Poydras. It was the old Amoco building. Downtown, not far from City Hall, and it was a nice building. We were under the Chief Once, the city had

NASCAR run a track around the Central Business District (CBD), and believe me, it was thrilling.

Several things occurred that caused a diminished view of the unit's value and impact. I was unable to change my opinion to a better level and it caused an internal struggle.

I was told to report to the Alvar Street gas pumps, which belong to the city. When I arrived, I was met by P/O Mike Riley, who observed a male subject filling the tank of a personal car, with gas belonging to the city. When he approached the subject about the possibility the car could belong to the city, but the officer would need to see some documentation to verify that information. The subject was arrested/issued a summons in lieu of physical arrest. I attended his disciplinary hearing and think he was fired. It was difficult to determine because his supervisor found him to be of great value to his office, whatever that really means. In my opinion, he was the official "Go For" almost anything.

On another occasion, I received a complaint from an employee of Sewerage & Water Board. He alleged a supervisor was interfering with his ability to manage the chemical types and amounts added to the water. The employee felt it was a personal attack. I subpoenaed the supervisor who said OMI had nothing to do with S&WB. He indicated they were a separate entity, and he would not be showing up. He did not honor the subpoena and didn't have to.

I lasted at OMI about five years. Our office was on the 8th floor, and after September 11,

I had thoughts about my last moments, and if that place was suitable. My office had a wonderful view of the sky and planes flying overhead. It was too much, and I couldn't go there

anymore. I couldn't go to school, either. I spent two months watching stories about victims of September 11th.

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Many of my friends are teachers who were extremely helpful to me, as I progressed in my quest to join their ranks. They were always encouraging and never offered any reasons I should immediately run. They talked about what joy teaching had brought them, and how unexpected events helped to break the monotony.

I spoke to one of my friends, Margaret Ann Lopez, who encouraged me to apply for a position at the school where she had been a teacher for more than twenty-five years. There were only a few courses left to complete my alternative certification. I had just completed work in class on the preparation of a portfolio, felt my finished product was very impressive, as the grade from my professor indicated.

I spoke to the principal a few days before Thanksgiving and set up an appointment for the next day. I carefully gathered materials that would help make a good impression, which included my portfolio, and went to the appointment. After meeting the principal, I handed her my materials, which she held in her arms, unopened, and indicated if I wanted the job, it was mine.

On the Monday after Thanksgiving, my class roster was created after my arrival. I followed my friend from class to class to select the "prize" students. They didn't appear happy to meet me and there were grumbles that included what sounded like "bad" words, not conducive to establishing good working relationships.

The tile hanging from a hole in the ceiling should have been an indicator that I was experiencing teacher "hazing." One of my students let me know, in no uncertain terms, there could be no charges brought against him without calling his "momma."

Did I mention my new students were identified as "over-aged, underachievers" in a self-contained setting for seventh graders? One student was thirteen, and as I began to question his selection, he leaned his desk on two legs, away from his classmate with a pentagram on her wrist, as he instructed me to get that "bitch away from me!"

I introduced myself and included information about my former position as a Sergeant in the New Orleans Police Department, hoping the information would aid in establishing discipline for the small setting. It appeared, motivation might have been an ideal strategy, so I told them: "We have work to do. I don't think they were really thinking of us when they put us together. I don't believe they think anything of me, and I don't think they expect very much from you. We have work to do. We have something to show them. Our job will be to create a message for them. It's going to take hard work, but we will be creating a product that we can be proud for others to see. What will our message be?" All thirteen of the students, without prior collaboration, jumped up from their seats, ran to and opened the windows, and shouted in one big voice that could be heard at the Fair Grounds, "FUCK Y'ALL!"

At lunch time, they taught me an important lesson about middle-schoolers. I turned to open the door, and then turned back to get them in line, but they were gone.

One of my students, who was thirteen in seventh grade, by the way, had been absent for five days. He didn't live far from school, so I decided to make a visit to his home to see if his parents were aware of his absences. I was giving the custodian a ride home, so she would be

with me when I stopped at the student's home. When I drove to the address, I noticed two men seated near the parking lot of an apartment complex. One of the men was my student's father. He walked over to the car, and I introduced myself. I asked if he was aware of his son's absences, and he was aware. He said his son was having problems with toothache. He indicated the dentist scheduled a return visit. I thanked him for the information and asked that he or his wife notify me in the future if his son would be absent. I drove a few feet away, and police cars drove from several directions and surrounded the two men sitting near the apartment complex parking lot.

In January of that school year, I lost a 16-year-old. He was sent to Booker T. Washington, and he learned to be an auto mechanic. My 17-year-old was allowed to join the military.

There was a white female in my group who was a very capable student. Her mom wanted her at McDonogh 28 for the diversity. There was one white female and one white male in the school. She was the diversity her mom was looking for. Her attendance was poor at her previous school. Attendance counts against a class score, and it affects the school's score, so it was easier for them to ship her out, rather than trying to solve her problem or provide resources.

When the year ended, McDonogh #28 was to be closed and restaffed. The principal and faculty were at odds. She was moved out, and teachers had to reapply.

Another friend, Dionne Adams, wife of one of my Fifth District Police Officers, told me I should come to Louis Armstrong Elementary School, which was formerly the historic McDonogh #19. I met with Ms. Thelva Brown, Principal, and I was hired.

Several things were amazing to me in a school setting below the Industrial Canal: The children rarely did anything in town, moving toward Canal Street. They shopped in St. Bernard Parish, the Chalmette -Arabi area. I found “below the bridge” to be its own town, which may have been by design.

It was amazing that plantains were served on the lunch menu. I was happy to see them, as I had never seen them served in a school.

I had difficulty processing the number of little girls with moms in prison. I was a common occurrence. I can think of, at least, three families with a mom in prison. It was a lot to me.

I taught fifth grade. Once I said I was born just before D-Day, and a student asked me if I knew Harriet Tubman.

Every day we did Drop Everything and Read. I worked with Corey, who seemed distracted. As I read, he was turning the pages in the Fifth-Grade reader, as if he was searching for something. Finally, he found the picture and said, Ms. McGlory, this is who you look like. It was Rosa Parks.

Two of my boys were having a dispute, and it appeared there would be a fight. I gave them verbal commands as I moved to separate them. As a punch was being thrown, my hand went up to intercept. I, initially, thought there was damage to the sculptured nail on my little finger, but closer observation revealed there was damage to my finger, which was swollen and extremely painful. I bought over the counter bandages and protectors because my whole hand was in pain.

The next day, I went to the school board to determine my medical coverage. As I waited for the person who would make the decision, I saw a familiar face, we made eye contact and started laughing. We called each other "Spelling Bee," and fell out laughing! It was Janie from the spelling test at Xavier. My medical costs were minimal if any at all.

I received my teacher certification in May, 2003. I had made friends with a principal at a hair salon. She had just received her Doctorate. She suggested I make an appointment for a Kindergarten position at her school. I was hired and appreciated her professionalism.

For Kindergarteners, there's naptime which is followed by snack time. One day, shortly after students were down for naps, a student's little voice said, "Ms. McGlory, Cassidy has a beer in her backpack. I responded, Dariyane, "We say ROOT beer. Now quiet, your classmates are resting." Dariyane complied for a few more minutes, weighing the cost of trying to get her teacher's attention and then getting her to act. Dariyane found a fifteen-year-old and most emphatically stated, "Ms. McGlory, there's a beer in Cassidy's backpack. I know beer when I see it." Her tone said to me: "Look, I'm trying to help your goofy butt! I quickly rose to my feet and started searching for Cassidy's backpack. I found the backpack, opened it, and saw what I thought was a Barq's Root Beer. On closer examination, however, Cassidy's backpack did, in fact, contain one Coor's Silver Bullet!

I was preparing for my third Kindergarten class when we had to evacuate for Hurricane Katrina. My evacuation lasted 10 months in Houston. I taught for about 10 days before Rita caused another evacuation, which was too much.

There were job fairs once a few schools had been renovated. Teachers began to return. I was hired for a job at John Dibert as a Kindergarten teacher, but numbers were too low for two

Kindergarten classes. I eventually had a Fifth-Grade class. Most of my students had horrible hurricane stories. National Geographic interviewed them for an article they were doing on young survivors of Katrina.

London Fog

One day in 2015, I was minding my own business when I was summoned by my telephone with several of those sometimes-distracting bings. As I looked through the list of alerts/messages, I noticed a red star on white background logo, whose primary mission is making me happy or making me sad.

As I opened Macy's app, in search of some unknown treasure, I learned of a sale on "London Fog, Hooded, Double-Breasted, Trench Coats. A model was pictured wearing a black one, which sent me into a state of nostalgia, 1962.

For starters, when I was briefly enrolled as a student at Southern University Baton Rouge. I hated it, not that there was anything wrong with SUBR, but I missed my friends. About my black London Fog: Southern presented Vesper Services on Sunday evenings, to help students become culturally rich. It was necessary to get dressed from head to toe, stockings, girdles, garter belts, high heels, and whatever is considered "dressed up." As an immature freshman, I decided to attend services dressed in a slip, stockings, heels, and a black London Fog, double-breasted trench coat, belted. I saw Grace Bumbry, a mezzo soprano on one occasion, and William Warfield, a bass baritone, on another. I came home for Christmas break and did not return for exams.

In 1963, my London Fog and I partnered with one of my best friends, David, and his black London Fog at Xavier University. We wore them to school, if we went to class, we wore them there, and we mostly wore them in the student center…Hell, it was the Sixties. My London Fog caught tears as I stood in the student center lobby hearing of JFK's assassination.

I gathered myself and my thoughts and returned to 2015. Ordering a London Fog, hooded, double-breasted, in black was the most important item on my agenda. When the package arrived, I wished I could have shared the joy and memories with David, but he died in the Nineties. Besides his wardrobe had made significant changes before his death. He wore colorful kaftans and appeared to assume a Roberta Flack persona, but he never stopped being fun and making me laugh.

****

After my package arrived, carefully opening the box had to be part of the dramatic reveal. The coat was lifted and held in position like a dance partner. I hung it on a door where it was visible for random glances, until I could try on my new London Fog.

After several hours, I couldn't resist. Deep breaths were required, as I was sliding one arm in a sleeve, and then, slowly sliding the other arm. It didn't fit comfortably. A larger size was needed, which made me unhappy. I gave that one to my daughter and opened the app to order a larger one. To my dismay, the stores were out of black coats in the larger size. I had to order one in Stone or Khaki, and I'll take it in the name of making new memories.

****

When my new coat arrived, I immediately tried it on, and it was perfect. Now to find an exciting place to wear it. I had seen trailers for Magic Mike XXL with a release date showing it coming to a theater near me. There had been several incidents in movie theaters where shooters opened fire on random moviegoers during showings of other movies. I really wanted to see Magic Mike XXL on a huge screen with surround sound and wanted to hear audience reactions. Several of my friends were still working for the police department, so I arranged a Girls' Night Out, my treat. Four "Pistol Packin' Mamas" seemed like a safe bet for us to survive seeing the movie.

I made it through the rainy weather to meet my friends at Elmwood Palace Theater. I purchased tickets and refreshments, and then proceeded to select strategic seats to watch the movie comfortably and safely. Pictures were taken with each of our phones. I wasn't really interested in a photo shoot. I wanted to watch Magic Mike XXL. It was a fun filled evening, and we spoke of meeting again for another activity. I felt good in my London Fog.

******

A few Sundays after the Magic Mike outing, I went to Mass at Our Lady of Guadalupe Church on Rampart Street. I saw a couple I know, so after Mass, I waited for them on the sidewalk, where I could be seen. As they walked through the door, Elaine neglected to make eye

contact. I had to say her name, “Elaine!” When she turned, she looked startled, and she heard my voice but didn’t recognize the person, rather, London Fog persona.

On another occasion, I went to Mass at Corpus Christi where I had been a member since 1957. The weather was damp, and, of course, I was wearing my Stone colored London Fog. After a priest and some members of his congregation were murdered in Thibodaux, Louisiana, many years ago, I started standing in back to see people as they entered. I’ve made many friends from that vantage point and occasionally take pictures of children and get to see them grow up in my phone. I saw Zolite, a young lady I had had the pleasure of supervising when I was assigned as a sergeant in the Communications Section of the New Orleans Police Department. She spoke and hugged me tightly. She said, “You were always so sweet and kind to me when we worked together. Thank you.” She, at that point, handed me a crisp $50.00 bill! I thanked her for her generosity, but I explained I couldn’t take her money.

Zolite was remembering my return to Communications as a police sergeant. In her opinion the person I replaced had been a tyrant. She thought he was bitter because he had been transferred to Communications in the first place. His mission was to make their lives miserable, so he wreaked havoc in the hope of being transferred out.

She felt I cared about the dispatchers and operators and wanted to encourage a healthy and cooperative work setting, where coworkers are teammates. A place where everybody looked out for each other, as opposed to being at odds. I had the unhappy camper transferred out and a Barbra Streisand look-a-like brought in. It helped that she was a “People” person.

My daughter called later Sunday evening to ask if I saw my picture online. I had not and raced to see the picture my daughter was referring to. It was a picture from our Magic Mike

adventure. My hair color and the stone-colored London Fog were a hot mess. I looked totally downtrodden. Zolite, the young lady from Communications, probably thought I needed help and tried to give me money. I guess, Elaine didn't look my direction because her peripheral vision let her know she didn't know any "people down on their luck" or without a house. She did to me what many people do to the homeless; look away and try not to offend them.

I loved my London Fog. After seeing what I looked like in the coat, it was with love and tenderness that I carefully placed it on a hanger and hung it in my closet since 2015. The saga of my London Fog reminded me of my graduate school advisor, Liz Rayne. She would say, "I am not who you think I am; I am not who I think I am; I am who I think you think I am." -Charles Horton Cooley. His theory was that individuals develop their concept of self by observing how they are perceived by others (1902).

I hadn't really looked at myself in the coat. I was wearing the youth, the good times, the memories, and good feelings. When I looked at the picture, it appeared that I had photobombed the other ladies, and there was no sign of my having been a participant having the most fun. It made me sad.

Some More Reflections

Oh, Henry!

I remember working a paid detail for a high School graduation. Those, in my opinion, are most difficult. Policies are set that police officers are asked to enforce. The most difficult one involves telling parents and guests who are late they will not be admitted. They aren't breaking any laws, but it's a concern addressing courtesy.

A nicely dressed woman entered the lobby of a venue which, in my memory, was the Municipal Auditorium for a graduation. She was at least fifteen minutes late. Police had been instructed to allow entry to no one once the doors were closed. When I communicated that information to the woman, she started saying a string of bad words that didn't go with her outfit. She cursed me with the use of every horrible word in her arsenal. I had to weigh all options available, which ranged from rolling on the ground in a fight, calling others for assistance, or simply ignoring her. I chose to ignore her.

When the ceremony ended, I saw my high school classmate from Xavier Prep. It had been decades since I last saw him. I was happy to see him, and he appeared happy to see me, as well. He was surprised at my line of work and thought it a bit away from what he thought I'd be doing. He asked me not to move from where I was standing because he wanted me to meet some of his family members. In fact, he made me promise I would not move.

As he walked away to find his family, I remember seeing something that caused me to run into the ladies room. I noticed there were no bullets in my revolver. I rushed into a stall and opened a speed loader which contained my lifesavers: 6 bullets. I loaded my gun and

went back to the lobby. I was immediately chastised by Henry because he found his mother and wanted her to see me. It was the well-dressed woman, who seemed to be wishing for a hole to fall into. She was apologetic, but her facial expression was good enough to erase any anger I was feeling about many unrelated things. It was that good. I was thinking, Oh, Henry, you should wash that mouth out with soap, but I chose to smile, be gracious, and savor the moment.

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26 Fair Empl.prac.cas. 1065,26 Empl. Prac. Dec. P 32,083 Jeanne McGlory Wallace, Plaintiff-appellee, v. City of New Orleans, et al., Defendants-appellants, 654 F.2d 1042 (5th Cir. 1980)

US Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit - 654 F.2d 1042 (5th Cir. 1980)

Unit A

Aug. 31, 1981.

Ralph D. Dwyer, Jr., New Orleans, La., for defendants-

appellants. William J. Guste, III, New Orleans, La., for plaintiff-

appellee.

Appeal from the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

Before THORNBERRY, COLEMAN and AINSWORTH, Circuit Judges.

COLEMAN, Circuit Judge.

The Civil Service Commission of the City of New Orleans appeals a judgment in favor of Jeanne McGlory Wallace in a sex discrimination suit now grounded solely on 42 U.S.C., Section 1983. We reverse.

On May 16, 1977, Jeanne McGlory Wallace filed her suit against the City of New Orleans; Moon Landrieu, Mayor of the City; Clarence B. Giarrusso, Superintendent of Police; and the members of the New Orleans Civil Service Commission, an entity established by the Louisiana Constitution. She sought redress of an alleged deprivation of her rights under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, 42 U.S.C., Section 2000e et seq., 42 U.S.C., Sections 1981 and 1983, and the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution. She sought declaratory and injunctive relief against sex and/or race discrimination in employment, including seniority and back pay.

On December 6, 1977, an offer of judgment was filed in District Court in which the City, the Mayor, and the Superintendent of the Police Department allowed the plaintiff to take judgment against them. There, Ms. Wallace received $4,946.96 in compromise of the back pay claims[1] and for purposes of seniority benefits and state supplementary pay she was to be considered as having been hired by the New Orleans Police Department as a police officer on January 22, 1973.[2] Finally, the New Orleans Police Department records were to reflect that Ms. Wallace had sufficient seniority as of November 29, 1976 to qualify and be eligible to take the sergeant's examination to be given on December 11, 1976.

The Civil Service Commission was not a party to this settlement and, of course, was not a party defendant named in the judgment. The judgment accordingly had no effect upon the Civil Service Commission. The judgment later rendered against the Commission, after trial, is all that we have before us in the instant appeal.

The New Orleans Civil Service Commission, as a constitutional agency of the State of Louisiana, is vested with the responsibility of administering the civil service system in the City of New Orleans, La.Const. art. 10, Section 1. Appointments and promotions in the classified

state and city service are made only after certification by the Civil Service Commission, La.Const. art. 10, Section 7.

Upon receiving her notice from the Police Pension Board for the City of New Orleans, Ms. Wallace realized that the Civil Service Commission was not honoring the specified January 22, 1973 effective date of her employment as a police officer. Instead of the 1973 date, the Civil Service records designated February 8, 1977 as the date of her employment as a police officer. The Pension Board told Ms. Wallace that it could not honor her judgment date if the Civil Service did not honor it. The approximate four-year difference in dates is important in that eligibility for the sergeant's examination is based partially on time in service as a police officer.

Wallace pursued her original action under Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, 42 U.S.C., Section 2000e et seq., as well as 42 U.S.C., Section 1981 and 1983, against the Civil Service Commission. On April 25, 1979, the District Court dismissed the Section 1981 claim because it found no evidence of racial discrimination. On January 31, 1980, the District Court dismissed the 42 U.S.C., Section 2000e claim because the Civil Service Commission and its members were not "employers" within the meaning of the section. These orders were not appealed, and left surviving only the claim under 42 U.S.C., Section 1983, now before us.

The Facts

On July 20, 1970, Jeanne McGlory Wallace, a black female, began her employment with the New Orleans Police Department as a Communications Clerk. She asked about an application for policewoman and was told that the test for the classification "policewoman" was not open and that she would be notified whenever the test was open.

In 1972, Ms. Wallace had actual notice that the test for police officer was open to both males and females. However, when she went to the Civil Service Commission to apply for the test she was told that she was not tall enough as the height requirement for a police officer at that time was five feet eight inches (5'8), whereas her height is five feet six inches (5'6) . She then asked for a written rejection, including the reason for it, and the signature of the person issuing the rejection. Instead, she was given the application and allowed to take the test. However, after taking the written examination, she took the physical examination which, obviously, she could not pass due to her height, and then filed charges of sex discrimination with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission on September 25, 1972. She became party to a class action suit against the New Orleans Police Department but was severed from the class action on February 26, 1976, and took no further legal action until filing suit on May 16, 1977.

Ms. Wallace remained a Communications Clerk until May, 1974, when she became a Correctional Officer, having applied for and passed the Correctional Officer examination. The positions of Communications Clerk and Correctional Officer both have lower rates of pay and fewer promotional opportunities than the position of police officer.

In January of 1976 the height requirement for a police officer's position was eliminated by the New Orleans Police Department and the Civil Service Commission. Ms. Wallace successfully passed the Civil Service examination in April, 1976, but failed the agility test. On February 8, 1977, she passed the agility test and was promoted to the position of police officer.

At the time of the trial against the Civil Service Commission, presently under review, Ms. Wallace had taken the sergeant's examination.[3] In determining an applicant's examination grade, certain credit is given for time served as a police officer.[4] The Commission contended that plaintiff was not entitled to credit for time served as a police officer during the period she was

employed as a communications and as a correctional officer. Plaintiff argued that she was denied the opportunity to serve as a police officer during this period solely because of her height and that, consequently, she should be given credit for service as an officer during the period that the height regulation was in effect, even though she, in fact, had not actually served as such.

To erase the fact that she had not, in fact actually served as a police officer for three years and did not have the necessary "street experience", Ms. Wallace presented testimony of police officers who had received credit for time purportedly served as an officer although they were doing the same work she had done as a communications and as a correctional officer. Defendants introduced evidence that these officers were subject to call to active duty and, indeed, had worked the streets during Mardi Gras. There was testimony that some of the correctional officers had been called upon to do "street work" done by police officers.

Jack Belsom, the Director of the Civil Service Department for the City of New Orleans, testified that when employees of the New Orleans Police Department worked out of class, they were being temporarily assigned to other duties by their appointing authority. Such work did not change one's classification at all. The Commission had been urging the Superintendent of Police for years to take police officers out of the Communications Section and to staff it with civilians. In addition, Belsom testified that the announcement for taking the sergeant's examination does not mention street experience, simply years of experience in the grade of police officer.

Testimony from Mr. Belsom revealed that the minimum height requirement was retained in the early nineteen seventies after a survey showed that other police departments in the country were enforcing minimum height requirements. The Superintendent of Police in office at the time believed that a minimum height requirement would aid in obtaining personnel with a greater ability to subdue turbulent arrestees. There was also testimony that the taller officers would have

less trouble firing guns over vehicles. Dean Marcel Garsuad, Chairman of the Civil Service, testified that the Commission viewed the height requirement as directed toward effective police work.

Conflicting testimony existed as to whether the New Orleans Police Department requested the five feet eight inches requirement, or the Commission gave the Department the minimum height requirement. However, the Commission did have the discretion to accept or to reject the height requirement, regardless of reason.

The minimum height requirement was eliminated in 1975 on the recommendation of the Superintendent of Police and it was replaced with an agility test.The Applicable Law

The plaintiff pursued this case under the wrong theory and the District Court was accordingly led into applying the wrong standard when deciding it. The record shows that the plaintiff was under the impression that nothing more was required than disparate impact, and the District Court accepted that approach.

Whatever one might formerly have said, subsequent to the decision in Griggs v. Duke Power Company, 401 U.S. 424, 91 S. Ct. 849, 28 L. Ed. 2d 158 (1971), about the consequences spawned solely by disproportionate impact resulting from an apparently neutral rule, more light appeared in Washington v. Davis, 426 U.S. 229, 96 S. Ct. 2040, 48 L. Ed. 2d 597 (1976).

In Davis, rejected black applicants for the position of police officer filed suit against the District of Columbia, alleging a denial of equal protection. The Court of Appeals applied the Griggs standard and ruled in favor of the black applicants who contended that a verbal skill test given to all applicants disqualified a disproportionate number of blacks and bore no relationship to job performance. The Supreme Court reversed on the basis that the legal standards used for

Title VII cases were not applicable to constitutional cases. Rather than a disproportionate impact theory, the standard to be used in equal protection was one of intent to discriminate, or discriminatory purpose.

Six months later the Supreme Court applied Davis in Village of Arlington Heights v. Metropolitan Housing Development Corp., 429 U.S. 252, 97 S. Ct. 555, 50 L. Ed. 2d 450 (1977). The city planning commission's refusal to rezone was held not to be a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment since the Court found no discriminatory purpose or intent on the part of the city planning commission. However, the Court did say that "Davis does not require a plaintiff to prove that the challenged action rested solely on racially discriminatory purposes. ... Determining whether invidious discriminatory purpose was a motivating factor demands a sensitive inquiry into such circumstantial and direct evidence of intent as may be available. The impact of the official action whether it 'bears more heavily on one race than another', Washington v. Davis, (426 U.S.) at 242, 96 S. Ct. at 2048 may provide an important starting point". 429 U.S. at 265-266, 97 S. Ct. at 563-564.

Finally, in Personnel Administrator of Massachusetts v. Feeney, 442 U.S. 256, 99 S. Ct. 2282, 60 L. Ed. 2d 870 (1979), a state lifetime preference to veterans was held not to be unconstitutionally discriminatory against women. The Court defined the inquiry to be:

When a statute gender-neutral on its face is challenged on the ground that its effects upon women are disproportionably adverse, a twofold inquiry is thus appropriate. The first question is whether the statutory classification is indeed neutral in the sense that it is not gender-based. If the classification itself, covert or overt, is not based upon gender, the second question is whether the adverse effect reflects invidious gender-based discrimination. See Arlington Heights v. Metropolitan Housing Dev. Corp., supra. In this second inquiry, impact provides an 'important

starting point', 429 U.S., at 266, (97 S. Ct. at 563) but purposeful discrimination is 'the condition that offends the Constitution'. Swann v. Charlotte-Mecklenburg Board of Education, 402 U.S. 1, 16, 91 S. Ct. 1267, 1276, 28 L. Ed. 554.

422 U.S. at 274, 99 S. Ct. at 2293.

It is true that since Monell v. New York City Department of Social Service, 436 U.S. 658, 98 S. Ct. 2018, 56 L. Ed. 2d 611 (1978), the scope of Section 1983 liability has been extended to include local government bodies if they have officially adopted and promulgated arbitrary policies. However, in order to pierce the governmental entity's protection of qualified immunity, the plaintiff must show that the act, enforced pursuant to official policy, is so pervasive as to have the impact of custom and usage, 436 U.S. at 691-692, 98 S. Ct. at 2036. It is absolutely certain, however, that one has a constitutional right to be free from discrimination on the basis of sex, Califano v. Goldfarb, 430 U.S. 199, 217, 97 S. Ct. 1021, 1032, 51 L. Ed. 2d 270 (1977).

Dothard v. Rawlinson, 433 U.S. 321, 97 S. Ct. 2720, 53 L. Ed. 2d 786, a Title VII case, was not decided until June 27, 1977. A state statute requiring a minimum weight of 120 pounds and a minimum height of 5 feet 2 inches for prison guards was held to present a prima facie violation of Title VII because national statistics showed that this standard would exclude over 40% of the female population and less than 1% of the male population. However, under the circumstances prevailing in the state prison system, the Supreme Court held that the state had established a bonafide occupational qualification exception as to guards for maximum-security male penitentiaries.

In 1975, the Sixth Circuit decided Smith v. Troyan, 520 F.2d 492, cert. denied 426 U.S. 934, 96 S. Ct. 2646, 49 L. Ed. 2d 385 (1976). There, police applicants were required to be at least 5 feet 5 inches in height. The validity of the height requirement was upheld, the Court saying:

We think the district court erred in finding no 'rational support' for the height requirement. If East Cleveland's height requirement lacks 'rational support,' so do height requirements elsewhere. Plaintiff's own exhibits demonstrate that forty-seven of forty-nine state highway patrols and police forces and twenty-nine of twenty-nine municipal police departments surveyed have, or at least then had, height requirements (ranging from five feet, six inches to six feet). See Note, Height Standards in Police Employment & the Question of Sex Discrimination: the Availability of Two Defenses for a Neutral Employment Policy Found Discriminatory Under Title VII, 47 So.Calif. L. Rev. 585, 586-9 (1974) (hereinafter Height Standards). That certain government entities, including the Wisconsin highway patrol, the Pennsylvania state police (2 CCH Empl. Prac. Guide P 5177 (1973)) and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (33 Fed.Reg. 6415 (March 9, 1973)), no longer utilize or favor height requirements cannot rebut the nearly universal use of height requirements in hiring police. Such widespread use, of course, does not compel a finding of constitutionality, but 'is plainly worth considering' in determining the 'rationality' and constitutionality of height requirements. Manning v. Rose, 507 F.2d 889, 892 (6th Cir. 1974), quoting Leland v. Oregon, 343 U.S. 790, 798, 72 S. Ct. 1002, 1007, 96 L. Ed. 1302 (1952).

Moreover, at least three East Cleveland Police officials testified uncontradictedly and adamantly to the need for the height requirement. The chief of detectives, with twenty-six years' police experience, testified to the psychological advantage of a taller officer; a shift commander,

with over seventeen years' experience, testified to the advantage of height in effecting arrests and emergency aid; and, the police chief testified similarly. Though plaintiff's expert witnesses discounted the importance of height and though the district court accepted that discounting, 363 F. Supp. at 1140-4, noteworthily, no expert had police experience.

In 1972, when the New Orleans police height regulation was in effect, and the Civil Service Commission declined to certify the plaintiff because she did not meet that standard, no federal court (as far as we can find) had ever held a police height regulation to be unconstitutionally discriminatory against women because of their sex. In January, 1976, eighteen months before the Supreme Court decided Dothard, the New Orleans police department and the Civil Service Commission eliminated the height requirement.

There was no testimony that the police department had adopted or enforced the height requirement for the purpose of discriminating against women because of their sex. On the other hand, there was undisputed testimony that in adopting the requirement (see page 1045, ante) the effective police work was the objective.

The District Court held that "... evidence of a disproportionate impact is relevant to this question of intent since 'an invidious discriminatory purpose may often be inferred from the totality of the relevant facts' ". The Court further relied upon the Blake v. City of Los Angeles decision, 595 F.2d 1367 (9th Cir., 1979), that a minimum height requirement for police officers was a violation of Title VII. Once again, it must be pointed out that the Title VII standard of disparate impact will not satisfy the necessity under Section 1983 of proving an intent or purpose to discriminate for impermissible reasons. The evidence on behalf of Ms. Wallace failed to meet this requirement. Therefore, the District Court should have dismissed the complaint.

The judgment of the District Court is

REVERSED.

[1]

The settlement awarded was a result of a compromise reached by the parties in which Ms. Wallace received salary pay of a police officer back to 1975 rather than to the year 1973 as originally sought

[2]

The 1973 settlement date was determined by the police department's review of Ms. Wallace's 1972 examination scores and the computation with other scores. Had Ms. Wallace been tall enough, she would have been hired on January 22, 1973

[3]

Ms. Wallace took the sergeant's examination in 1979 and passed with a rank of 206th out of 213. For the purpose of computing her time in service, the Civil Service used the date of February 8, 1977, that is two years and ten months, rather than the police department settlement date of January 23, 1973

[4]

The sergeant's examination is graded on the basis of 70% merit and 30% seniority

The More Things Change…

Because of a shortage of manpower in the NOPD, there is a recruitment campaign in progress. It's an attempt to hire police officers, civilian investigators, and intake specialists, to handle police reports on the phone.

I have applied to join civilian investigators. On March 14, 2023, I was scheduled for an interview. In the lobby of Police Headquarters, I was checking in and waiting to be escorted to the interview location. As I stood at the counter, I heard an alert of the elevator's arrival. Chief Michelle Woodfork stepped off the elevator, said, "Ms. McGlory," and continued walking in the direction of the garage where her vehicle is parked. As I responded to her greeting, it was chilling to see Chief Michelle Woodfork walking into a space in which I could also observe Chief Warren Woodfork in a mural, simultaneously.

My thoughts immediately went to July 20, 1970 and thoughts of The more things change, the more they remain the same.

Vita

Jeanne McGlory was born in New Orleans, Louisiana. She graduated from Xavier University Preparatory in 1962 and obtained a bachelor's degree in social studies from Loyola University New Orleans in 1979. She studied to receive a Master of Social Work from Tulane University in 1982. Later, in 2016, she joined the University of New Orleans Creative Writing Workshop and began working to receive a Master of Fine Arts, Creative Writing-Nonfiction in 2023. She is a retired New Orleans Police Sergeant who started as a civilian in 1970 and challenged the 5'8 height requirement in 1972.