

Ken Digby tells the—

STORY OF TV'S "HIGHWAY

EACH week in twenty-five countries fifty million people sit down before the old flutter-box and wait for a burly, rasp-voiced, law-enforcer to ply his serial magic.

Highway Patrol is on the air and Broderick Crawford, playing the hard-fisted Patrol Chief with a heart of gold and the directness of a meat-cleaver, is ready to give his fans further assurance that justice will triumph and the TV epic will go on.

So far it has gone on for three years and Mr. Crawford has just completed another series of thirty-nine episodes. In the process it has made several fortunes and turned Brod Crawford into a household favourite from California to Tokyo.

Its success is the story of a good idea, sturdy scripting, devoted acting and real smart promotion.

Highway Patrol started with the premise that almost anything can happen on the road and that the good guys will always have plenty of occasions to tackle the bad uns—and win.

The episodes are drawn from the files of the highway police in the forty-eight American states, and with Alaska and Hawaii now added to the total, the field can be expected to expand further.

Gun chases along hairbreadth mountain roads, blood-chill-

ing smash-ups, and bang-bang battles in city streets are combined with throat-catching tales of children rescued by helicopter from forest fires and medical aid rushed to isolated victims in the nick of time.

The same pace is used in the production of the series. When, caught in a London shower, I phoned Brod Crawford in sunny Hollywood, he told me: "The thirty-nine episodes I've just finished took about twenty-five weeks."

Fast-moving location crews work on the actual scenes where the original events took place. Studio sequences are finished in specially built Hollywood studios.

EACH half-hour programme costs ZIV Television Productions about £20,000. The series is dubbed in several languages so that viewers in the Far East as well as in Europe and Latin-America can hear the staccato dialogue in their own tongues.

The number of Patrol Chief Dan Mathew's badge—twenty-one fifty—

is his code signature; and when "twenty-one fifty" calls headquarters it sounds like excitement in any language.

The clever use of police number codes is one of the most popular gimmicks of the programme: "Ten-four"—to end a conversation and ask if the message



PATROL"

and reports on a
London-Hollywood
phone talk with
Broderick Crawford,
star of the famous
television show



is understood. "Ten-twenty" means "Where are you?" "Twenty-eight twenty-nine" means "Get information on licence number."

Gun play is based on close familiarity with the weapons used. Any doubts are resolved by reference to the California Highway Patrol which vets the programmes for authenticity.

Broderick Crawford accepted what he considers his biggest assignment without seeing a script. "They told me what they had in mind and in five minutes I knew it was for me," he said when I questioned him.

"Frankly I was glad to go on the side of the good boys for a change. I had had enough playing gunmen, goons, morons, and meatballs."

Highway Patrol rescued him from this vicious circle and the only danger is that now he is known to so many millions as Virtuous Citizen No. 1 he may have trouble escaping the boy scout orbit. "I'll take my chances," he says.

Brod's chief interest apart from acting is his twelve-year-old adopted son Christopher Kim.

Some years ago he saw the little

unwanted boy in a children's home. Kim, who had a squint and a cleft palate, was sitting alone and friendless while Brod was doing his act of amusing the kids.

Brod's heart opened for the unhappy little lad and he made arrangements to adopt him.

After a series of operations Kim today is as normal and perky as any boy—no longer with a squint or a cleft palate. He is also one of his father's keenest TV critics.

"If there's anything false or phoney, Kim spots it right away," he says. "You can't fool a kid—not about the cops."

FOR two successive seasons Brod Crawford has won the award for "Best Actor in a Syndicated Series" and "Best Actor in an Adventure Series."

Highway Patrol may run a limited gamut of emotion for a dramatic actor but it suits Brod.

"Of course I'll enjoy taking on other roles," he says. "But as long as *Highway Patrol* wants me and the public wants *Highway Patrol* I hope to be around."

Now read what Sylvia Norris says about it on the next page.

Our Hollywood Correspondent Sylvia Norris, supplying fact for fiction, gives you a dramatic picture of the

CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL AS IT REALLY IS



THE man had rape and murder in his heart. It wasn't the first time. The girl resisted, and even with the threat of a gun he could not tie her hands behind her back.

They tussled on the front seat of the car and rolled out to the ground. He managed to secure the cord round one wrist . . . she didn't even scream. She was too busy.

He tried to hold her close. Suddenly, she kicked and twisted like a terrified animal, then she bent over and bit his wrist.

Because she was fighting for her life as well as her virtue, it was no holds barred. She saw her chance. In a split second, she took the gun as it dropped and held it up.

A country lane? A side street? No, this was just off one of the busy Freeways leading into Hollywood. Hundreds of motorists were either too swiftly moving, or too intent on passing the car in front of them, to want to stop.

Precious minutes disappeared, and so did the cars, in a continuous blaze of headlights—and with them any hope of help.

A man who has recently killed

with his bare hands is not afraid, for long, of a girl who does not know how to fire the gun. He stared at her, full of a strange and unappeased desire.

She dared not risk taking her eyes off him, even for a moment. The gun trembled with the tenseness of her body. From one tiny wrist, there hung the short length of white, dust-covered cord, wavering as though a moderate wind were blowing.

And not one car paused. Not one man or woman either cared—or perhaps even noticed—what was happening, until Highway Patrol-man Thomas F. Mulligan spotted the two, on his way home from a day's duty, and drove over towards them.

Swiftly drawing his gun from its holster, he took control. He handcuffed the man, comforted the girl, and radioed for other units of the Patrol to come in. The situation was well in hand.

THIS is the kind of Highway Patrol drama you are used to seeing on your television screens, but it does not represent the whole story.

The original and main purpose of the California Highway Patrol was to control traffic—by patrolling the highways day and night, by enforcing all traffic laws, by preventing accidents, and by aiding motorists in distress.

This primary job of the California Highway Patrol—preventing accidents on the road—is no sinecure. California has not only the best climate in America, it has the highest traffic toll, with an average of ten fatal accidents a day. So you can see their task is not an easy one.

But if it were not for the Highway Patrol and their watchfulness, then accidents, injuries, and fatalities would be millions more every year. In the words of one Patrol Officer, "Not all killers carry guns. Some drive automobiles."

WHEN you hear "Hands up—or I shoot!" in California, however, it isn't always in a movie or on television. It can be outside your home or inside . . . as you are getting into

your car . . . in a busy shopping centre.

You may just be sitting, having a quiet cup of tea, as I was, and minding your own business, when it happens.

That particular evening, an angry man strode into the little café, his eyes blazing, his strong hands firmly holding a rifle. At first, it seemed as though he was going to shoot *me*—then he turned, and someone else went pale.

When he spotted the terrified waitress, he approached her without hesitation, as though he knew her. After he had gone, she explained that the man was her estranged husband.

Because the café was outside the city limits, the waitress phoned the Highway Patrol—as soon as she had locked the door securely. The nearest officer happened to be William M. Chansler, who responded immediately to her call, even though he was off-duty at the time.

Within minutes he was with the nervous waitress, obtaining informa-



The Highway Patrol Officer takes control.

tion, when the husband returned. Finding that he was locked out, he threw his weight against the door and smashed it down. For a second he was framed there in the doorway, gun in hand.

As he stepped inside, Officer Chansler ordered the man to drop his rifle.

Swiftly and silently—almost faster than the eye could follow—the husband whirled and, without raising the gun, he fired.

But before the bullet entered the officer's abdomen, where it disintegrated, causing death within minutes, the officer had aimed and fired, shooting the husband through the heart and killing him instantly.

Officer Chansler was fast on the draw and he got his man. He had learned his job well.

Despite the dangers involved, and the fact that salary is not above the average, morale is high—and there is always a long list of men waiting to join the California Highway Patrol.

AFTER training, a patrol-man is ready for any emergency. He may be called upon to help combat a sweeping forest fire, or he may have the equally important task of seeing that little Johnny gets across the road safely on his way home from school.

Traffic may be his main concern, but a Patrol Officer might suddenly find that his duty lies in taking a swim. One fine afternoon in the middle of winter, Officer Roy J. Stallard learned that a man was in distress in the icy waters of Donner Lake.

He sped swiftly to the lake's edge. Several people were clustered there, shivering with the cold and trying to tell him that a man had been in a small boat which had capsized, and that several had attempted to rescue him, but had been forced, one after

the other, to abandon the idea.

By this time, the man was exhausted, numb with cold, and barely able to keep his head above water. Someone screamed, "He's gone under."

Without regard for his own safety, Officer Stallard stripped down, grabbed a rope, and swam to a spot 150 feet away, where the man had floundered, too weak to cry for help.

Another time, the Patrol had to combat not only the rough waters of the Pacific, but a shark over twelve feet in length. Officer Roy F. Ambrosio heard the screams of terror and ran down to the beach. In seconds, he was in the ocean. Two observers joined him.

The victim was a seventeen-year-old boy. He was still conscious, but bleeding and dying, as a result of extremely severe wounds on the lower portion of his body, where he had been severely bitten four times. He was finally reached.

Then began the perilous journey back. Their only defence was to kick and splash as much as possible, and to remember to keep each leg and arm in vigorous motion.

It took them nearly half an hour to reach the shore, with the vicious shark circling about them all the way.

The services of the Patrol extend beyond land and sea, to help even those in the air. One night, the pilot of a small aeroplane encountered a severe down-draught which damaged the controls and caused the craft to crash into the sea.

As soon as Sergeant Wallace L. Burton learned of the crash, he hurried down, jumped into a small paddle-boat that was on the beach, and went out alone.

Due to the darkness, locating the two victims was difficult. After calling out numerous times, the Sergeant finally heard a faint reply, about one

mile out from the shore.

He reached the pair, just as the passenger was losing the struggle to keep the pilot, who was unable to swim, above the rough waters.

MOST people outside of California know the California Highway Patrol through the famous television series "Highway Patrol."

But ask any Patrol Officer about the show, and he will smile, shake his head, and say quickly, "That show has nothing to do with the Patrol. They dream up incidents each week to fill half an hour, and they take considerable dramatic licence."

Some of the shows are based, loosely, on incidents taken from the files and there is a technical adviser, who keeps things authentic so far as the uniforms worn and some of the official procedure.

One big difference is that the once-a-week hero is always Broderick Crawford, whose bulky frame is permanently immune from the ill effects of bullets, machine-guns, rifles, pistols, knives, and other weapons.

In real life, the Highway Patrol hero often dies or is severely wounded in the execution of his duty.

Officer Charles T. Smith was on patrol when he observed a vehicle

being driven at an extremely high rate of speed on the U.S. Highway. He pursued the car.

While issuing a traffic citation, he became suspicious of the occupants and their possession of the car. Not satisfied with replies to his questions, he started to take the passenger over to the patrol car, when the driver jumped out and shot Officer Smith three times in the back, with a .25-calibre automatic pistol.

Officer Smith fell forward. The two suspects ran to their car, but before they could set it in motion, the Patrol Officer struggled to his feet.

Calling upon his last remaining strength and all his courage, he drew his revolver, staggered to the door of the vehicle, and exchanged shots with the suspects.

Officer Smith shot and killed the driver instantly and fatally wounded the passenger before he himself collapsed and died.

In fact, the true stories of the Patrol are usually more dramatic than those presented by actors playing at cops and robbers on TV, and on these brave men the law and order in California depend.

Every Officer pledges, among other things, that he will:

"Assist those in peril or distress, and, if necessary, lay down my life rather than swerve from the path of duty."

If a little of the emotion now being generated in a rather hysterical way about the use of the hydrogen bomb were directed to the realization of the moral drift that seems to be taking place in this country, it might do a great deal of good.

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS.

The joy of the young is to disobey, but the trouble is there are no longer any orders. The whole world is free. How is disobedience possible when you are living in anarchy?

JEAN COCTEAU.