

I Remember When...

By Lt. George Amans (ret.)

This is a continuation of how it was for Lt. George Amans, who was assigned to the Everett detachment. When last we heard from him, World War II had just begun.



Occasionally the WSP had special detail assignments and selected a few patrolmen for a temporary job.

The war had been declared several months ago and about five times the Armed Forces complained to local authorities of their personnel contracting venereal diseases from the houses of prostitution.

After about the third complaint, the news headline stated the local authorities had "clamped down" and closed them up. The State Health Dept. had contrary information and contacted the State Patrol.

Headquarters assigned six of us as "special secret undercover investigators." Of course, we had unmarked cars, plain workman-type clothes and an occasional beard. And we had three major cities to start with. We traveled in pairs and were advised to report the number of joints open, number of girls working and also if booze was available.

The first investigation proved we couldn't find any of the reported closed places closed. They seemed to be doing a thriving business.

The next day, bigger news headline: How special state investigators found no apparent closures.

This routine occurred about three times, and after each time more and more places were shut down.

Some of the locations were real spooky, especially when we later worked alone -- Up long, high unlit stairways, in dark alley entry places, etc., in the wee hours of the morning.

I well remember one instance in a dark alley, about 2 a.m. I knocked on the door, the door opened and a voice in the dark said, "Come on in." I was grabbed from behind by a woman who frisked me, felt my .380 automatic and began screaming, "FBI, FBI. Get him out of here." It didn't take long to get out of there.

After about six or seven round-trip investigations, things began to simmer down because "the heat was really on" and apparently the Armed Forces were temporarily satisfied.