



BEHIND THE BADGE

MEMORIAL EDITION

"IT IS NOT HOW THESE OFFICERS DIED THAT MADE THEM HEROES; IT IS HOW THEY LIVED."

OUR MISSION:

Working with the community, the Raleigh Police Department exists to preserve life, peace and property through conscientious attention to our lawful duties.

OUR VISION:

The men and women of the Raleigh Police Department are skilled professionals who are dedicated to partnering with the community to shape pre-eminent policing in the 21st century. As we proudly serve a great city, we strive continually to help make Raleigh an even better place.

OUR VALUES:

Preservation of Life and Safety, Compassion, Fairness, Integrity, Commitment, Accountability, High-Caliber Service, Innovative Leadership.

Newsletter Staff

Reporters/Photographers:

- Sgt. Shawne Anderson
- Ms. Melissa Cabrera
- Ms. Joanne Calzaretta
- Ms. Adrienne Christian
- Det. Sherman Gillespie
- MO J.J. King
- FCO Stacey Lundy
- MO Kristen Mercer
- Det. D.C. Moore
- FCO Scott Womack

Advisor:

Mr. Jim Sughrue

Reporter/Copy Editor/Layout:

Ms. Dawn Myers

Editor-in-Chief:

Sgt. Todd Jordan

Detective Tom G. Crabtree

End of Watch: September 1, 1922

By Sergeant T.S. Jordan

While researching and gathering material for the Memorial Edition of *Behind the Badge*, our writers had the distinct honor of meeting with family and friends of RPD's fallen officers. In early May, Master Officer K.B. Mercer and I had a chance to meet with Officer Tom Crabtree's son, Thomas Crabtree. Thomas, who was 10 years old when his father was killed in the line of duty, is now 95 years old and lives with his wife in Nashville, N.C.

Tom G. Crabtree was 31 years old when he joined RPD in October 1917. Before he became a police officer, he was a member of the Raleigh Fire Brigade. He spent his first few years on patrol before making detective in 1922. Tom drove the paddy wagon and conducted foot patrol in his early years on the department and developed a reputation for being a tough, yet fair, officer.



Detective Crabtree

On August 31, 1922, Tom was reporting to work to join a surveillance assignment. As he approached Hillsborough Street near Glenwood Avenue, he heard two shots fired nearby. Tom ran to the area and encountered a subject sitting in the rear of a taxicab, and when he stepped onto the running boards of the taxi, he was shot multiple times. As Tom fell to the ground, mortally wounded, he was also struck by the taxi as the suspect fled the scene.

Tom had unknowingly happened upon 19-year-old Charles Kluttz as he was robbing and assaulting a taxi driver. Kluttz forced the taxi driver to drive him around town before allowing him to stop at a filling station on Hillsborough Street. When he first happened upon the situation, Tom saw Charles Kluttz and initially thought that Kluttz was the one who needed help.



In this photo taken in 1918, Detective Crabtree stands (far right) with the other members of RPD.

As Kluttz fired his gun at Crabtree, the taxi driver fled, and Kluttz shot at him as well.

As Kluttz fired his gun at Crabtree, the taxi driver fled, and Kluttz shot at him as well.

...continued on page 2

Officer Tom G. Crabtree

...continued from page 1

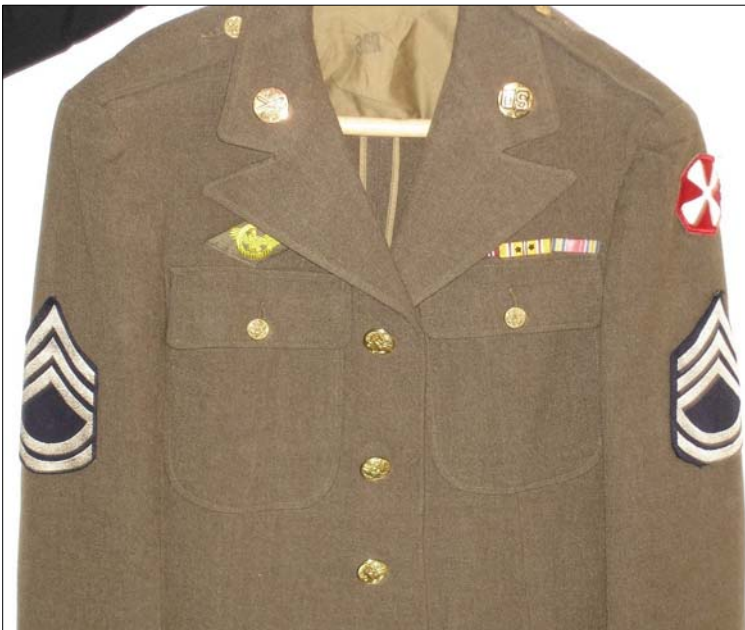
Klutz eventually turned himself in and blamed his actions on years of drug and alcohol abuse. He pled guilty to second-degree murder instead of the charge of first-degree murder upon which he was initially indicted. Klutz was sentenced to 30 years in prison, which was the maximum possible sentence for a second-degree murder conviction at the time.

Thomas Crabtree remembers his father as an avid fisherman, and the two would often go to the pond when his father was not working. Thomas also remembers his father as a stern, yet very loving parent. He taught Thomas and his brothers Lewis, Fred, and Jack to be respectful and polite.

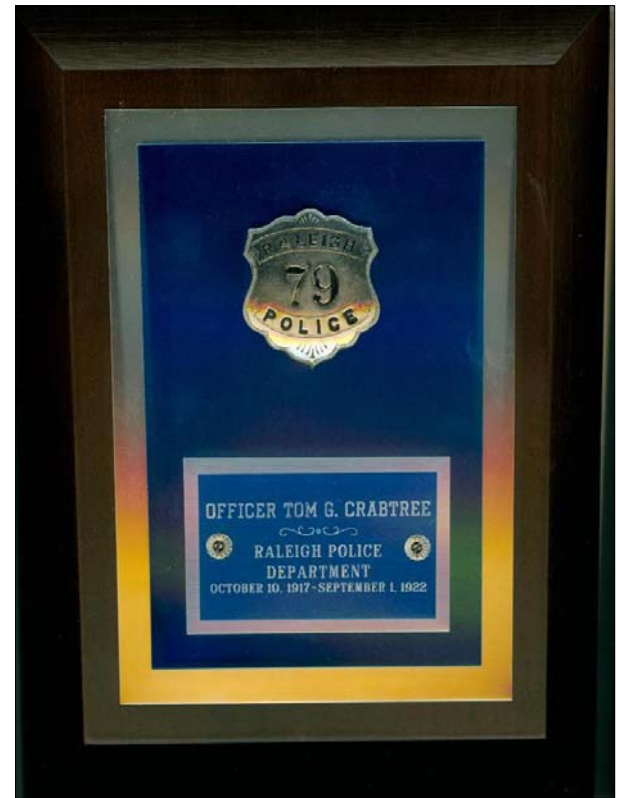
Tom and his sons lived a short distance away from where he encountered Klutz, and Tom's death had a deep impact on the community. Because Tom's only death benefit was the standard law enforcement life insurance policy, worth only \$500, there was not much to leave for his four sons. The community banded together and raised \$6,000, which was quite an impressive amount in 1922.

Despite the community's efforts to support Tom's family, Thomas and his siblings were sent to an orphanage in Ohio. In recollecting this, Thomas stressed that we should not take pity on him because of the events that took place after his father's death. Thomas told us that he and his brothers were well cared for and provided with a sound educational foundation to prepare them for adulthood.

As Thomas grew older, he followed in his father's footsteps as a public servant. He joined the Army and served in World War II, and was also assigned to a coastal artillery unit and stationed in New Guinea and Australia. He was promoted to First Sergeant during his military commitment. Thomas is proud of his service to America, and he showed us the Class A jacket he was issued during World War II while we visited with him.



Thomas Crabtree's Class A uniform jacket, issued during World War II, still remains in pristine condition.



This plaque displays Crabtree's badge, number 79, and was presented to the Crabtree family by Chief Heineman. The family donated the plaque to RPD for placement in a future RPD history exhibit.

After his military service, Thomas returned to North Carolina, met his wife, and settled in the Raleigh area. He worked as a manager for the Coca-Cola Bottling Company while his wife worked for the State of North Carolina. The couple have one son, also named Thomas, who lives in Garner.

Nearly 86 years after his father's death, Thomas Crabtree allowed us to take a walk back in time with him--a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to look back at Detective Crabtree through the eyes of a 10-year-old son. He is a man who deeply respects the memory and legacy of his father, and the ultimate sacrifice his father made while serving the public.



Officer Robert Earl Sparks

End of Watch: March 8, 1968

By Detectives D.S. Gillespie and D.C. Moore

The home where Robert Sparks' mother Earleen still lives is a 42-acre farm in central Halifax County. Shade trees and flowers cover the yard, an American flag hangs next to the front door, and neatly plowed rows make up the adjoining fields. This is the same farm where Robert "Pistol" Sparks was born and raised. The middle child of his father's first marriage, Robert had three brothers and three sisters. Robert grew up working on the family farm and spending time at the pond down the road from home.

In high school, Robert was a member of the 4-H club, and his sister Jean still smiles from ear to ear when she describes the cow that Robert looked after as part of his 4-H responsibilities. Robert was also a member of the Aurelian Springs High School football team and graduated in 1959.

After high school, Robert became a founding member of the Darlington Volunteer Fire Department, where a plaque bearing his name still hangs to this day. Second only to the fire department were his love of cars and his desire to become a North Carolina State Highway Patrolman.

One of Robert's younger brothers, Dennis Sparks, recalled that Robert had a blue 1959 Ford that he bought plain because he wanted to fix it up himself. "He loved to work on that car," said Lois Sparks Mills, Robert's widow.

In 1963, Robert's dream of being a Highway Patrolman was sidelined by the draft. Robert volunteered for the United States Air Force. He was initially stationed at White Sands, New Mexico and then was shipped out to Vietnam where he was an ordnance specialist in Da Nang.

Robert came home from Vietnam in the fall of 1967, just three weeks prior to the Tet Offensive. Dennis remembers being so proud of his brother the day he saw him step off the plane in his dress blues.

Upon his return home and his discharge from the Air Force, Robert applied for the North Carolina Highway Patrol only to find out that he was a half-inch too short. He applied to some other law-enforcement agencies before joining RPD on September 11, 1967.

A short time later, Robert joined the motorcycle unit. He was so proud of his Harley-Davidson Electra Glide that he built a shed in the back yard of his home on Wake Forest Road in which to store the bike. His sister said that the first time she ever saw the bike, Robert took her to the back yard and started it up for her so she could hear the pipes. She still remembers the smile on Robert's face as he revved the engine.

On March 8, 1967, Robert was on Ridge Road conducting traffic enforcement and pulled out to stop a vehicle that was speeding. While leaning into a curve, the running board struck the pavement, causing the motorcycle to spin out of control. Robert's helmet was thrown off and he suffered severe head injuries as a result of the impact. He died a few hours after the crash.

Robert was survived by his wife, Lois; a three-year-old daughter, Susan; three sisters: Jean Branham, Anne Smith, and Sandra Robinson; and three brothers: Dennis Sparks, Larry Sparks, and Gary Sparks.



Officer Sparks



Officers James Gale Lee and James Wade Allen

End of Watch: December 5, 1968

By Captain N.D. Grodi and Ms. Dawn Myers

Officers James Gale Lee and James Wade Allen arrived for work on the evening of December 4, 1968 as they normally did to start any tour of duty for. On this particular occasion, they were completing another midnight shift rotation. They attended roll call with their fellow officers, and at 2300 hours began their patrol duties. That night, the officers were partnered up in Car 13.

James Lee was 23 years old at the time, and had been an RPD employee for four years. When James was hired at age 19, he supplemented desk personnel until he reached age 21 and could begin patrol duties with full law enforcement powers. Lee and Allen both graduated from the Basic Officer Training School on November 23, 1966 and received their state certifications; they were the equivalent of academy classmates.

James Lee, the son of a mill worker and farmer, was born July 25, 1945. The eldest of four children, James worked on his family's farm in Dunn, NC and attended Fayetteville Technical Community College, taking business classes until he was 19 years old. At that time, he moved to Raleigh and unbeknownst to the family, decided to work for the police department. James was also a member of the N.C. National Guard. He appeared mature beyond his years and carried a strong sense of responsibility in regards to taking care of his family and siblings. For example, during the escalation of the Vietnam War, James was able to convince his younger brother Eddie Earl to join the N.C. National Guard instead of taking his chances with the draft. Positions with the Guard were tough to obtain during that era, but James used some influence to assist his brother, who went reluctantly, but now realizes the difference this opportunity made in his life. Eddie knows now that his older brother was not telling him what to do; rather, he was doing his best to protect him.

James' sister, Kathy Jackson, states that her brother was very protective of the family, and recalls that he was especially protective of her when it came to dating boys. Kathy indicated that James would give every young man who came to call on her a hard time and usually a stern warning. James also looked after his youngest sister, Marsha Wrench, at the end of the school day. Marsha was only seven years old when James died.

James' siblings describe their brother as a very polite and organized man. He was a very reserved and humble individual, but was still steadfast in completing his responsibilities to his family, the police department and his country.

This sense of responsibility is evident from James' brief record with RPD; he completed his assignments and always earned the equivalent of an outstanding evaluation. James even earned a letter of recognition on May 3, 1968, concerning a larceny investigation he completed that resulted in the recovery of the stolen property and the arrest of the suspect.

On the evening of December 4, 1968, around 2200 hours, James stopped in to visit his sister Kathy, who was living in the Five Points area at the time. He wanted to drop off a check for Christmas gifts for the family and have Kathy stitch up his long johns prior to the start of his shift. It was a cold night, and James never wished to wear disheveled clothing, not even undergarments. Kathy recalls that James was in a good mood because of the approaching Christmas season. This would be the last time Kathy would see her brother; around 0200 on December 5, 1968, Kathy Jackson was visited by another RPD officer. The rest of James' family was notified of his death by then-Chief Davis. James' brother Eddie was attending boot camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky at the time.



Officer Lee

...continued on page 5



Officers James Gale Lee and James Wade Allen

...continued from page 4

Officer James Wade Allen, known as “Jimmy” to family and friends, was the younger of two brothers and was born on September 11, 1944. His father was employed by the State of North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission as a wildlife protector, and his older brother Ray would eventually retire from the Division of Motor Vehicles. Jimmy, unlike James Lee, grew up influenced by family and friends working in law enforcement. Yet for most of his time growing up, it appeared that his interests would lead to other endeavors.

Jimmy attended Bartlett Yancey High School in Caswell County, N.C., and was the class valedictorian. He and his future wife, Jackie, were recognized as “Best All-Around” in their senior class, and were on the yearbook staff together.

After graduating from high school, Jimmy enrolled at N.C. State University, where he studied engineering, participated in ROTC, and played on the university golf team. On August 7, 1965, while Jimmy and Jackie were still in school, they got married and moved into an apartment near Cameron Village.

Jimmy’s brother Ray describes him as a very smart man who was easygoing and never had a minute of trouble with anyone. According to Ray, Jimmy was an “all-around good Christian guy.” Ray said that his brother could secure an arrest and still make the bad guy feel good about himself--Jimmy just had that type of personality.

Jimmy also loved playing baseball and golf. “Almost every day off he had during the week while I was working, he and his brother Ray or (friend) John Kinney would head out for golf,” said Jackie. “On the weekends, I walked the courses with him.” Among Jimmy’s other interests were maintaining a 1940 Ford two-door that his father purchased in 1957 and loaned to Jimmy and Jackie as a second vehicle for the couple. He also enjoyed the music of Dean Martin and idolized Arnold Palmer, says Jackie.

Jimmy started working for RPD on June 20, 1966. Like James Lee, Jimmy served his country in a time of war, as he too was a member of the N.C. National Guard stationed at the Raleigh-Durham airport. Because of his love for automobiles, Jimmy immediately volunteered for the Traffic Division and trained to be a motorcycle patrolman. At his first apartment near Cameron Village, Jimmy stored his police motorcycle in a shed owned by a neighbor across the street.

While on “routine patrol” on the night of December 5, Lee and Allen were dispatched to check in with another officer on a call for service. As the officers approached the intersection of Yadkin Drive and Currituck Road in the North Hills area, their vehicle became involved in a motor vehicle accident. The investigation revealed that Lee attempted to veer to the right to miss the oncoming vehicle, but the police car was struck and then slammed into a telephone pole. Shortly after midnight on December 5, 1968, their watch came to an end.

Jackie was at home, trying to get back to sleep after being awakened by the sound of police sirens screaming up Six Forks Road. She was soon visited by Captain Conway Haswell and RPD officer and friend John Kinney, who told her what had happened to Jimmy.

Ray Allen was living in the Cameron Village area in December 1968. He recalls that on numerous occasions his brother would stop by to visit during any hour of any shift. In the early morning hours of December 5, 1968, Ray heard a knock on his door and assumed it was Jimmy, paying a late-night visit. Instead, Ray was met by another RPD officer, who broke the news about what happened to his brother.



Officer Allen



...continued on page 6

Officers James Gale Lee and James Wade Allen

...continued from page 5

Later, Ray retrieved some of his brother's personal effects and his car from the RPD station. Today, Ray still has the 1940 Ford that Allen drove to work for his final shift. Ray has completely restored the vehicle, which is now 68 years old, and still drives it occasionally to display it at area automobile shows.

Both the Lee family and the Allen family maintain their own memories of loved ones lost, as all families do. However, James and Jimmy were special. They were police officers, and both served their country through military service.

Though their backgrounds were quite different, they shared many of the same attributes concerning their attention to duty. James and Jimmy are part of a very special fraternity--one that is determined to remind all police officers that there is no such thing as "routine patrol" in their daily activities.



The 1940 Ford, restored by Jimmy's brother, Ray.



Jimmy sits proudly astride his police motorcycle as a member of the RPD traffic unit.



Officer Delma Devon Adams

End of Watch: February 3, 1980

By Detectives D.S. Gillespie and D.C. Moore

The home in Randleman, N.C. where Sandra (Adams) Spargo now lives is a simple brick ranch with a manicured lawn, two-car garage, and lots of pictures of grandchildren. The thing that struck me most as I walked in the door was a cabinet full of Santa Claus statues that greets guests as they come into the foyer. Sandra has been collecting the statues since the Christmas after her husband of 16 years was taken from her and their two sons, Phillip and Marcus.

It didn't take long for Sandra to start telling me about Jimmy, and I thought to myself, "Who's Jimmy?" That's when Sandra told me that when D.D. was born, his father was not at the hospital, so the decision to name him after his father was made solely by his mother. Upon being introduced to his new son, D.D.'s father said he never really liked his own name, so he was going to call his new son Jimmy and that was that. Sandra said that they always knew who was calling the house by who they asked for: if they asked for Jimmy, it was family; if they asked for D.D., it was the police department; and if they asked for Delma, there was no telling who it was.

Jimmy's homecoming from the hospital was to a farm in the Meadow community in Johnston County. He was number six of eight children: six boys and two girls. Jimmy was always a devoted son and was especially devoted to his mother following his father's death when he was just a young child.

In high school, Jimmy met Sandra, and the two soon became inseparable. At 17, Jimmy gave Sandra a very small diamond that cost him the profits from his entire corn crop that year. It wasn't long after graduation that Jimmy and Sandra told everyone they were going to the state fair, but actually eloped to Dillon, S.C. The happy couple moved to Garner, and Jimmy made frequent trips back to the farm in Meadow to look after his mother and make sure that all was well back home.

In 1965, Jimmy went to work with the City of Raleigh as a meter reader for the water department. Jimmy's job with the city brought him into contact with police officers on a regular basis, and it wasn't long before several of them convinced Jimmy to give police work a try. Jimmy was hired by RPD on September 7, 1967, and he and Sandra moved into an apartment on Bloodworth Street. Shortly after completing the academy, Jimmy became a patrol officer and later joined the motorcycle unit. A warm smile came across Sandra's face as she told me how proud Jimmy was of that motorcycle. She told me that without a doubt Jimmy's happiest time on the department was the time he spent on the motor unit.

Jimmy remained on the motorcycle unit until 1975, when he was reassigned as a beat officer on "C" Platoon, where he established a reputation as a quiet officer who always had a smile and was always willing to help anyone who might need it. Members of his squad were quoted back in 1980 as saying that they would often go to Jimmy with questions instead of asking the sergeant. It wasn't long before Jimmy was named as a field training officer. Retired RPD Captain D.C. Poteat was one of Jimmy's last recruits, and remembers his former training officer as "the rock of the squad" and "very mature for his age."

On February 3, 1980, Jimmy was assigned as 136C, which in those days included Walnut Terrace, Wilmington Street and South Saunders Street. Poteat said that there was an alert put out during roll call about a drunk driver in the area of South Wilmington Street, and a brief description of the vehicle was included. It wasn't long before Jimmy located the suspect vehicle, and he arrested Cassie Scott Johnson for drunk driving, placing her in the back seat of his patrol car. Johnson asked for her purse, and Jimmy, ever the gentleman, got out of the car to retrieve the purse and to assist the people who had been in the vehicle with Johnson in finding a ride home. He handed Johnson her purse, and was soon killed by a single gunshot wound to the back of the head as he sat in the front seat of his patrol car. When Jimmy died, his sons were 14 and four years old.

Jimmy was only the second Raleigh police officer murdered in the line of duty at the time of his death, and Sandra told me that she saw a lot of things change as a result. She still describes his death as "a ripple in the largest pond you can imagine." Officers began wearing their ballistic vests on both day and night shift, and check-ins on vehicle stops became a routine occurrence.



Officer Adams



Officer Denise Holden

End of Watch: August 4, 1995

By Master Officer K.B. Mercer and First Class Officer S.P. Womack

Officer Denise Holden was born in Dunn, N.C. to Walter and Polly Holden on January 4, 1971. Walter describes young Denise as the one in the family who kept everybody smiling, and who never met a stranger. "Everywhere she went, she had good friendly relationships with people," said Walter Holden.

Denise grew up with a love of athletics and excelled on the women's basketball team at Cape Fear High School in Fayetteville. After graduating from Cape Fear High School in 1989, Denise began her quest for higher education at North Greenville College in Tigerville, S.C., and later transferred to Saint Augustine's College.

As Denise began her college years at St. Augustine's, she rapidly became a basketball standout. One of her former coaches, Dorothy Neal, said "she was one of the best all around players ever." Bearing the number 24 on her jersey, Denise was elected to the all-CIAA team both her junior and senior years, and she also made All-American her senior year.

Though she often led her team to victory from the position of power forward, Denise made her biggest impressions off the court. Known as a friendly and outgoing person, her teammates nicknamed her "Sunshine" because of her bright smile, and she constantly encouraged others to stay on the right path and not succumb to society's influences. She was well-liked by her peers, being crowned "Miss Criminal Justice" during the annual Coronation Ball. She was also a member of Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority.

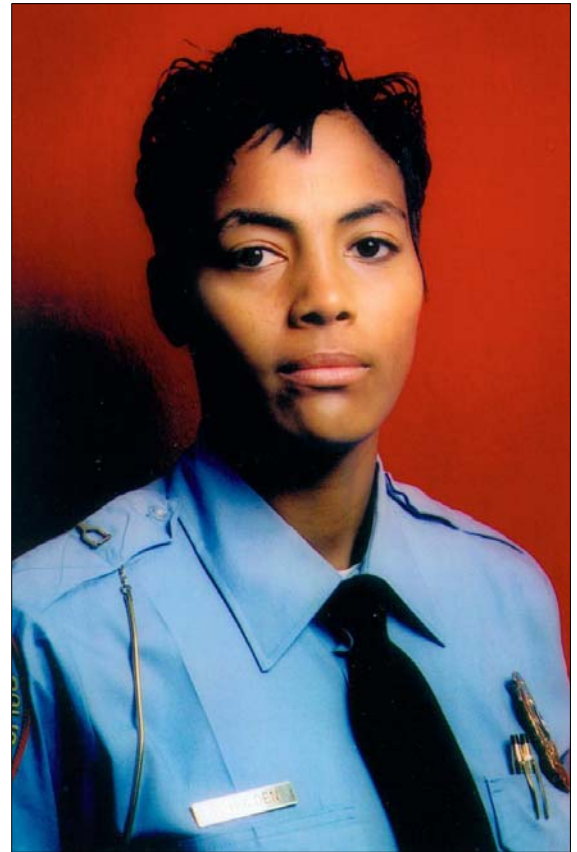
On August 8, 1994, Denise began a new chapter in her life. Having recently graduated college with a Bachelor of Science degree in criminal justice, she began her career with RPD. On January 13, 1995, she graduated from the 63rd Session of the Raleigh Police Academy and took her oath of office.

Denise's cheerful demeanor and positive outlook continued as she began her career as a police officer. She would often remind her co-workers, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do," and always made positive comments about others. She often spoke of her family to her fellow officers and was known for being active in her church. She also kept close ties to St. Augustine's, often visiting with students there and encouraging them to achieve their goals and not become one of the many statistics she saw on a daily basis in her career.

On August 4, 1995, tragedy struck RPD. Denise, always wanting to help her beat partners, responded to an urgent request for assistance from another officer who was fighting a suspect. While en route to the scene, Denise's patrol car slid out of control at the curve of Morgan Street where it intersects Hillsborough Street and struck a utility pole. Rescue personnel from Wake County EMS and a surgeon from Wake Medical Hospital rendered aid to Denise at the scene, but were unable to save her life.

Several memorial services celebrated Denise's life, including ones at St. Augustine's College and another in Fayetteville. Many students at St. Augustine's also made t-shirts to wear in her honor. Denise and one of her training officers once spoke about the possibility of death as a result of their chosen profession. During that conversation, Denise said she was okay with dying because she accepted God into her life and she had no regrets.

Though Denise is no longer with our community, she is by no means forgotten. In 1998, St. Augustine's College held the Denise Holden Tournament in her memory. Fresh flowers appear at the site of her tragic accident from time to time, and RPD personnel are reminded of her cheerful presence each time they enter a police facility, where her photo adorns the wall.



Officer Holden



Detective Paul Andrew Hale

End of Watch: July 11, 1997

By Ms. Dawn Myers

Paul Andrew Hale was born in Arizona on January 8, 1962. His father, Richard, and mother, Patricia, moved with Paul and his older siblings Betsy and Jim to Battle Creek, Michigan, when Paul was just three months old. Richard Hale describes Paul as a very active boy, who was very competitive in games of touch football with the neighborhood kids, and always pitched in to help mow the lawn and shovel the heavy winter snowfall.

According to his parents, Paul never seemed to be afraid to try anything in the realm of physical activity, and not only did he attempt the activities, he excelled at them. Richard Hale remembers one ski trip the family took when Paul was a young boy; Paul had never been skiing before, but he didn't start off slowly when it came to negotiating the slopes. "He went up the rope to the 'bunny hill' once, and then we couldn't find him," says Richard. "We found him a little while later, as he was going down the advanced slope like a bomb!"

Paul joined the high school swim team when he was a junior, although he had never tried competitive swimming before. He ended up being one of the only team members to achieve the team's "Ironman Challenge," which involved endurance events and a long-distance swim. Paul also played tennis throughout high school, and reached the state championships in both singles and doubles play.

The summer before tenth grade, Paul went to a party at a friend's house, where he met Connie Edmonds. The pair hit it off immediately, and Connie remembers that she and Paul spent the whole night dancing together. They were never far apart from that point on, even though Connie went to Albion College in Michigan and Paul decided to study geology at Vanderbilt in Nashville, Tennessee. Their schools were 500 miles apart, and neither Connie nor Paul had a car, but they successfully negotiated their long-distance relationship during their college years--though Connie admits they did run up the phone bill, much to their parents' dismay.

Shortly after they graduated from college in 1984, Connie and Paul got married, and the pair decided to move to Raleigh after reading about it in a book about the best places to live in America. Although Paul was raised in the North, he always had a fondness for the South. "It was a true way of life for him, and he really appreciated [the South]," said Patricia Hale. The couple's first daughter, Jessie, was born in 1987.

When Paul told his parents that he had decided to join the police department, they weren't all that surprised—Paul's beloved grandfather was an inspector with the Detroit Police Department, and from the time Paul was six years old, he enjoyed hearing his grandfather's stories about his work in law enforcement, and looking through his police scrapbooks. "He said he always wanted to be a police officer, like Grandpa Hale," said Patricia Hale.

Paul and Connie welcomed their second daughter Stephanie in 1989, a few months before Paul started the 57th Academy on June 4, 1990. When Paul graduated from the academy in October 1990, the family had a party to celebrate Paul's graduation and Stephanie's first birthday. Connie remembers the cake she ordered for the party; it featured "Big Bird" from Sesame Street wearing a police uniform.

After he graduated, Paul went to work in southeast Raleigh. Patricia Hale remembers her son's response when she asked him why he wanted to work in that particular area: "He said, 'If I'm going to be a police officer, I'm going to the toughest spot in town.'" Sergeant R.A. Hepps, who rode a beat alongside Paul for several years, recalls that Paul was a hard worker, and didn't care whether he had to take an extra report, or whether it was getting close to the end of the shift. "He was always one to jump in the middle of everything," said Hepps.



Detective Hale



...continued on page 10

Detective Paul Andrew Hale

...continued from page 9

Those who had Paul as a training officer say that he taught them a lot more than just how to get by on the street. "When you did something wrong, he would let you know so you learned from it and weren't embarrassed," said Master Officer P.E. Dorsey. Master Officer K.T. Pickens recalls that Paul made it his goal to do something positive for someone each day he came to work, and that he would always take the time to explain things to people and make them feel important when he talked to them. "He was just a man that you would aspire to be, not just from a police officer perspective, but as a person," said Pickens.

Paul also trained Rhonda Powell, who was formerly an officer and is now a Victim Advocate for RPD's Family Violence Unit. She admires Paul greatly for the fairness with which he dealt with everyone he encountered. "He didn't care if you were black, white, red, green—he respected everyone, and everyone respected him," said Powell. She also remembers how Paul never let her get by with just being acceptable when it came to parking the police vehicle, because he was such a stickler for proper parking. Powell says that to this day, she is still a parking expert, and she credits Paul for making her practice those skills so much during her time on field training.

Paul's friends and family also remember his fondness for chewing tobacco and Mountain Dew--two things he enjoyed not separately, but at the same time. Powell says that she still marvels that Paul would routinely drink Mountain Dew while he had a dip of chewing tobacco in his mouth.

Paul kept his family and work life very separate, according to Connie, and he would never fail to make sure he took time off for his daughters' special events. Jessie and Stephie were very active in dance and year-round swimming, and Paul tried his best to be at all their recitals and swim meets. Connie remembers Paul standing at the edge of the pool, shouting "Kick, kick!" and doing the backstroke in the air, encouraging them to do their best. "He lived and breathed by his girls," said Connie. Sean Evans, who now works for the Portsmouth (N.H.) Police Department, remembers that Paul's treasure was definitely at home. "His family came first," said Evans. "When he left southeast Raleigh [to go home], he left southeast Raleigh."



Paul leans in to give daughter Jessie, then age four, a goodnight kiss.



Paul and his daughter Stephie, then six years old.

At least two or three times during each shift he was working, Paul would call home just to say hello and make sure that Connie and the girls were all right. Russ Cullum, who rode a beat near Paul and now works for Port St. Lucie (Fla.) PD, remembers how Paul would call when he was working night shift to talk to the girls before they went to bed, and call again to wake them up in the morning. "Paul was such a family-oriented person," said Cullum. "Those two girls were his everything."

Paul had been with RPD for seven years when he was promoted to Detective on July 7, 1997. Just four days later, on July 11, he was called in to work early to take a murder suspect, Kwame Mays, into custody so that he could be interviewed by homicide detectives. As Paul and other officers approached Mays, he shot a pistol, fatally wounding Paul. Mays is now serving a life sentence for Paul's murder.

...continued on page 11



Detective Paul Andrew Hale

...continued from page 10



Paul in his Academy days, wearing his class T-shirt.

Connie remembers that she was eating dinner at a restaurant that evening with her parents and daughters when her pager kept going off. She didn't want to answer it, but she finally called back and was told that Paul was at Wake Med and there had been an accident. Paul had been killed, Chief Mitch Brown told Connie.

In 1997, the year Paul died, seven other law enforcement officers in North Carolina were also killed in the line of duty, and Paul's parents saw the outpouring of support from many members of the community who wanted to do something to give back to the public safety professionals who risk their lives for the communities they serve. They thought about how they could help, and in June 2000, along with family friend John Dorsey, Patricia and Richard Hale started the 200 Club of Wake County. The organization's mission is to provide immediate financial assistance to the families of public safety officers who lose their lives in the line of duty. So far, the 200 Club has assisted the families of an RPD officer, two Raleigh firefighters, and three Wake County deputies who were killed in the line of duty.

Last July, to mark the 10th anniversary of their father's passing, Jessie and Stephe Hale organized the Paul Hale Memorial Run to honor his memory, as well as the lives of other officers who gave their lives in service to the community. Jessie, now an elementary education major at NC State University, and Stephe, who attends

UNC-Wilmington, decided a 5K race would be an appropriate way to honor their father, who was always in great shape and loved to run. Over 200 participated in the event, and all proceeds went to the 200 Club of Wake County.

Benjamin Disraeli once wrote, "The legacy of heroes is the memory of a great name and the inheritance of a great example." To his family and those who knew him, Paul Hale was a great example of a father, husband, son, friend, and police officer, and though his time on Earth was cut short, his great example continues to live on.

Paul scoops out pumpkin seeds while Jessie (left) and Stephe (right) show off their gooey hands. The annual jack-o'-lantern carving was an important Halloween tradition for Paul and his daughters.



Master Officer Charles Radford Paul III

End of Watch: September 10, 2002

By Master Officers J.J. King and S.L. Lundy

The childhood dream of Charles Radford Paul III was to become a fearless protector, similar to the cowboy marshals who roamed the prairies of the Old West. When he was a young boy, Charles also had an interest in wrestling--he watched professional wrestling on television and eventually joined a wrestling team. During his time at East Wake High School, Charles was on the wrestling team, and won "Wrestler of the Year" awards numerous times. Those who knew Charles then could see the passion he exuded when he was on the mats.

Charles graduated from high school in 1990 and decided to attend college at East Carolina University. During his time at ECU, Charles made the dean's list due to his academic excellence and also started to show an interest in motorcycling. Charles graduated from ECU in 1994 with a Bachelor of Science degree in physical education.

After college, Charles decided to join RPD. On July 17, 1995, Charles started the 65th Academy and was told to shave off his trademark mustache. This was not an easy sell to Charles, but he knew he had to do it; he had already shaved his head. When he came home from the Academy without his mustache, his mother remembers asking Charles what happened to it, and his reply: "It's in the damn trash can!"

During the academy, Charles excelled in "Defensive Tactics" training, the portion of the academy in which recruits practice ways to apprehend and control suspects. Detective T.V. Silluzio, an academy classmate, reminisces about his experience with Charles during this training. He remembers sizing up Charles, trying to guess what the "little guy" might have in store for him. Silluzio quickly found he had under-estimated his opponent, as Charles definitely gave him a run for his money. Charles graduated the Academy and was sworn in on January 5, 1996.

After the academy, Charles was assigned to C Platoon, and was assigned to several areas of the city during his time there. One of Charles' frequent assignments was a foot patrol beat, call sign 200G, on the old Fayetteville Street Mall, where he was responsible for conducting security checks to ensure the businesses were safe. His mother remembers that she used to wait up all night when he was assigned to 200G--she would not be able to sleep until Charles came home.

When positions on the Traffic Enforcement Unit became available, Charles talked it over with his friend, now-retired Senior Officer L.T. Archie, who was already assigned to the traffic unit, and then decided to apply and pursue his passion for law enforcement and motorcycle riding. Charles was assigned to the Traffic Enforcement Unit on August 2, 2000. Charles loved riding his police motorcycle, and he had the perfect demeanor for being a traffic cop. During his funeral service, Chief J. Perlov commented at how Charles would say that he wrote all his tickets for the day with every person saying "thank you" after the enforcement action was taken. Talking with officers and family members about Charles always brings a spontaneous smile to their faces. Master Officer W.A. Potter remembers that he nicknamed Charles "the guy with two first names."



Besides his career in law enforcement, Charles had a lot of other passions in his life. The biggest was his daughter, Charlie. Charles always had a love for children, and it showed in the way he loved his daughter. Family was very important for Charles: he loved going hunting with his father, and would frequently stop by and visit with his mother while she was at work. He also loved his guitar and played it well.

Charles' watch ended on September 10, 2002, when he was killed in a motorcycle accident on I-440 while trying to catch up to a speeding motorist. While at the graveside service, his mother remembers seeing a gentleman standing off in the distance, looking distraught. The funeral director said after everyone left, the gentleman went to Charles' gravesite and cried. When the funeral director approached the man to ask if he was all right, the man said that he was homeless and lived in a camp on Charles' beat. He explained that Charles looked after him and made sure that he never went hungry. That was the essence of Charles, who is still remembered by those who knew him as a "little man with a big, big heart."



Master Officer Paul

