

## Los Angeles Sheriff Has Dual Role Keeping Order in Modern Metropolis And Segments of Old West As Well

**Gene Biscailuz Is as Colorful as His Surroundings**

By MARK FINLEY  
(Central Press Correspondent)

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—By day he may ride the desert trail of roaring western guns and by night he may do the Lambeth walk at the Trocadero.

Sheriff Eugene "Gene" W. Biscailuz (pronounced Bis-Kay-Looz) has a nationally-important job that is a paradox and so swiftly does he move from one duty to another that half a million voters marched to the polls here not long ago and reelected him for the second time.

Grandson of an old-time marshal slain in a gunfight where the new \$5,000,000 Los Angeles federal building now stands, Biscailuz at dawn may fork leather over tortuous mountain trails in search of a cattle rustler or the wreckage of an ill-fated airplane.

At nightfall he may, in white bow and black tails, dine at a swank night spot with half a dozen film celebrities at his table.

### Old West, Too

Hollywood with its urban people and glittering success, stands in the middle of the sheriff's 4,000 square miles of territory but within this vast jurisdiction are segments of the old west that have changed little since the roaring days of gold.

Cowpunchers still blow into the sprawling little town of Newhall on Saturday night to drink the fieriest brands of red-eye and stamp their dusty boots in rhythm with belles from Antelope valley. A rawhide orchestra to these cowtown jitterbugs "sends" tunes from the Broadway shows, mixed now and then with a refrain from "Turkey in the Straw" and "Old Dan Patch."

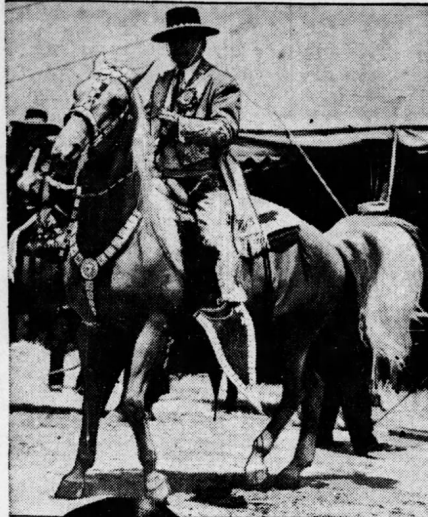
Not far from the high-speed highways and almost within rifle-shot of Hollywood rooftops, the alert traveler may spot a weather-stained cabin in a draw where a solitary whiskered miner winnows little bright specks from a well-worn pan and hopes against hope that he will make a strike before his grubstake runs out.

When hate flares in the sparse country, a criminal must be tracked over the lonely wastes by horse.

Then the sheriff's posse, a permanent organization, dons chaps and flannel shirts for hard rides over hills and brushland. Members, who serve without pay, also turn out when fire or flood sweeps settlements away, search for lost deer hunters or bring aid to survivors, if any, when a careless aviator crashes his ship against the slopes of treacherous Newhall Pass.

### Popular Spectacle

But it is when the posse rides forth on dress parade that it strikes a popular public fancy. For the west loves the color and romance that is a heritage from ancient Spain. Thousands drop their work for another glimpse of popular



The Los Angeles sheriff in a colorful costume reminiscent of early California days.



Sheriff Eugene W. Biscailuz of Los Angeles county is a hard-hitting, two-gun executive.

Gene astride his prancing Paolino.

The posse is limited to 50 men but there is a waiting list of 1,000 all anxious to fulfill the requirements of owning at least one thoroughbred horse, a silver-mounted saddle and a wardrobe of brilliant costumes. Film colony members include Lewis Stone, Tom Mix and Buck Jones.

Swinging from the glamorous traditions of the early days, one finds Biscailuz guards life and property in the famous "Sunset Strip," that odd island of unincorporated territory within the Los

Angeles metropolitan city limits. The Strip is the business office of Hollywood because its offices, which line Sunset boulevard, house a thousand agents.

Here perhaps a novel may be purchased for \$50,000 and no haggling about the price as film tycoons idle over 50-cent cigars. In another chrome-and-leather sanctum an actor may be demanding a \$500-a-week salary increase. On the same boulevard are located the world-famous night clubs, Trocadero, Phil Seiznick's and La Maza. Whirring by their doors is traffic bound for the exclusive estates in Beverly Hills, Greentwood and Bel-Air.

### His Castle

The sheriff has his castle, too, and officially it is the Hall of Justice at Temple and Broadway in downtown Los Angeles. There he operates the county jail which holds 2,506 prisoners... a population rivalling Sing Sing.

Wholesome meals planned by an expert steward and prepared by a civil service cook are served at an average cost per meal per prisoner of 9.09 cents. Cooking of the food in immense quantities is the factor that allows provision of well-balanced meals at so low a cost.

In business suit or chaps, Biscailuz, here and in many another state, is the idol of millions who know he and his 700 deputies extend influence in every city and hamlet in the nation to get their man.