PLATTE, Richard "Tim"

Died: December 29, 1940
Los Angeles CA
Born: 1896
northeast of Viborg

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Tribute Is Paid To Former Viborg Resident

THE BURIAL OF MOTOR OFFICER RICHARD (TIM) PLATTE

By Lieut. Louis C. Kilgore,
Traffic Investigation Bureau,
Los Angeles

We buried Tim Platte yesterday. As the late afternoon sun slanted its beams over the blue Pacific and the purple mountains, their white hooded heads reared in the distance, the requiem of moaning motors and screeching tires mingled with the sad notes of the bugle, and the static stab of the rifle salute given by his comrades from the Police Post of the American Legion.

Earlier in the Chapel, the Police Chaplain had spoken words of comfort to the bereaved family. He read from Holy Writ and reminded them that Tim was a brave and gallant soldier of the peace time army of the City. That he was a member of the Motor Squad, the iron calvary of the highways. But to most of us, his words brought back memories of Tim, when he was a full blooded and lusty man, loving life, laughter and fun.

That was before he crashed and went to the Hospital and came out a broken shell of a man. Followed blood transfusions, bone grafts, long convalescence and weary months of assignment to light duty jobs in the department. After riding a roaring, charging motorcycle on the most dangerous detail in the whole Department for years, Tim was assigned to the night office job in the Traffic Investigation Bureau.

Every afternoon at four o'clock as I finished my tour of duty, Tim came to our office and stayed there until 1 o'clock in the morning. All he had to do was answer the telephone, take calls and relay them to the radio dispatcher, answer questions from people who came in to make their collision reports. But Tim was glad to be able, even to do a light duty job. He was a good policeman, and carried out his orders uncomplainingly.

Human flesh and blood, however, will only bear so much. Tim finally got so tired that his desire for rest and relief from earthly pain, more than out-weighed his desire to live. He decided to leave this party that we call Life and go Home a little earlier than the rest of us, and so he went. The work goes on without Tim, but we shall miss him. Maybe if we had known how he really felt, we would have been a little more considerate to him. Maybe we could have cheered him up a little so that he would not have wanted to leave the party and go Home early, but it's too late now.

So the Chaplain spoke of life immortal, of a City not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor theives break thru and steal. His Masonic Bretheren from the Police Square Club gave their sombre and thought-provoking ritual and spoke of the evergreen which once budded and bloomed at the head of a grave, the Police Post American Legion Comrades fired their rifles and blew their bugles and sounded their drums while the Colors tiredly and gently waved in the later afternon breeze. His brown-clad comrades from the Speed Squad, mounted their roaring steeds and rode slowly, in ordered ranks, past the Hollywood Cemetery and back to work.

A weeping widow was driven home to an empty house, and as she passed thru the City streets the screech of tires and the moan of motors sang a requiem for her husband, who had been a motorcycle officer himself until he crashed.

Yes, it's great fun to make a speed cop chase you—some times. But it's kinda tough on the cop and his family, when he crashes!