

Transcription of Saint Paul Police Department Oral History interview with

Officer

Timothy Robert Bradley

April 27, 1952 – February 27, 2017

Saint Paul Police Street Cop: September 8, 1975 - January 28, 2011

*Weaving the Fabric of the
Saint Paul Police Blue*



December 22 and 29, 2005

by

Kate Cavett of HAND in HAND Productions

at

HAND in HAND Productions' office in Saint Paul, Minnesota



Saint Paul Police Department
and
HAND in HAND Productions

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All pictures are from the Saint Paul Police Department collection or Tim Bradley's family collection.

ORAL HISTORY

Oral History is the spoken word in print.

Oral histories are personal memories shared from the perspective of the narrator. By means of recorded interviews oral history documents collect spoken memories and personal commentaries of historical significance. These interviews are transcribed verbatim and minimally edited for accessibility. Greatest appreciation is gained when one can read an oral history aloud.

Oral histories do not follow the standard language usage of the written word. Transcribed interviews are not edited to meet traditional writing standards; they are edited only for clarity and understanding. The hope of oral history is to capture the flavor of the narrator's speech and convey the narrator's feelings through the tenor and tempo of speech patterns.

An oral history is more than a family tree with names of ancestors and their birth and death dates. Oral history is recorded personal memory, and that is its value. What it offers complements other forms of historical text, and does not always require historical collaboration. Oral history recognizes that memories often become polished as they sift through time, taking on new meanings and potentially reshaping the events they relate.

Memories shared in an oral histories create a picture of the narrator's life – the culture, food, eccentricities, opinions, thoughts, idiosyncrasies, joys, sorrows, passions - the rich substance that gives color and texture to this individual life.

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Bike Cop

Timothy Robert Bradley was appointed to patrolman
for the Saint Paul Police Department
September 8, 1975
Retired January 28, 2011

Recognition:

1987—Medal of Commendation, Class C
1989—Medal of Merit, Class B
1993—City of Saint Paul Employee of the Month
1996—Saint Paul Police Officer of the Year with Officer Lucia Wroblewski
1996—Medal of Merit from the Minnesota Association of Women Police
1996—Medal of Valor, Class A
1997—Medal of Merit, Class B
2001—March—Chief's Award
2001—July—Chief's Award
2001—Saint Paul Police Office of the Year
2001—Honorable Mention—Minnesota Police Officer of the Year

KC: Kate Cavett

TB: Timothy Bradley

KC: It is Thursday December 22, 2005, we are sitting in HAND in HAND's office doing an oral history interview with officer Bradley as part of the Saint Paul Police Department Oral History Project. Can you introduce yourself with your full name and when you came on the department?

TB: Sure I can do that. I'm Tim Bradley.¹ Timothy Bradley. I've been a police officer now for a little over thirty years. I started my career in 1975, in September, I believe it was the 8th. Quite a changing day in my life, the

¹ Timothy Robert Bradley was appointed police officer September 8, 1975.

start of a tradition, actually a calling of what I would look to as being the calling of a street cop.

KC: Where did this calling come from for you?

TB: My father, Robert Bradley², was a police officer on the department for twenty-seven years. He basically loved being a street cop also. He'd talk about taking the sergeant's test. I remember early on, when I was really a youngster, my mother and my father would talk at the dinner table. By the way, dinner was promptly at 5:00 p.m. and it was over in seven minutes. It was fast, furious and you were full, but that was the extent of it. While my mother would clear the dishes, my father and her would discuss different things. He would be told by his supervisors to take tests and that, but he would blow them off and basically tell them, "You know what, you keep telling me the best job you ever had was being a street cop, so why in the world would I ever want to become a sergeant and change what I love?" I remember hearing those words.



Robert Bradley
models old
green uniform
c. 1983

I also recall very vividly that different things would happen. My father, when he'd get off the motorcycle and he'd come home, I'd hear the car pull up and I didn't even have to be in the room, as soon as he'd come into the house, I could smell the street. I remember that so distinctly and so

² Robert O. Bradley was appointed patrolman November 1, 1949; and retired January 7, 1977.

vividly, the smell of his leather belt, the smell of exhaust on him. This very manly basic street odor that filled the room and, yet, I found it calming because I knew my dad was home. Now, most of the time I found that calming. Sometimes—I have a brother, he’s two years older than me—as brothers are, we fought, and we fought regularly. Well, if it got out of hand, my mother would say, “Stop now or I’m going to give you a licking,” which was a joke because she couldn’t hit hard enough and it was always on the seat, it always hurt her hand. Or she would say the dreaded words “Wait ‘til your father gets home.” So, when that smell would come into the room on those occasions, then I was a little bit nervous about that particular smell coming in the room because it was time to get your due. My father was wonderful at discipline. It was quick, it was sweet, it was direct and it was always—never more, never less. You knew what you were going to get, when you were going to get it. He could have been a judge, he really could have.

I remember one particular summer when my brother and I really got into it. I was bigger than him, so I usually could get the upper hand, but once I’d get on top of him and pin him down, I didn’t know what to do and then he’d really make fun of me. My mother, of course, would go, “Wait ‘til your father gets home.” I chased him up a tree and he’s laughing at me and he’s screaming at me, and I took the hose out. I was smart. And I hosed the tree down, of course, he slipped on a branch and fell out of the



Patrolman Bob Bradley with lost child

Back of the photo says: "That's the Choo Choo Steve explains to Patrolman Bob Bradley after his experience in the RR yards. Steve is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Galstowitsch, 761 Englewood."

The police calming sucker is in this hand.

May 2, 1951 18:30 , Como and Western's Great Northern Yard

tree. Wow, it was one of those 'wait 'til your father gets home' days. So, he pulls up, smell the smell coming in the room and my mother debriefed him on what had happened. He said, "Well, you like to fight so much, huh?" It was a warm summer's night, and mosquitoes on the east side on a warm summer's night, they always come out. We always wore crisp white t-shirts from Montgomery Wards. That was part of our wardrobe in the summer, jeans and crisp white t-shirts. My dad got his handcuffs and there was a fence between our neighbors yard, he put me on one side, handcuffed my hand, told my brother to go into the neighbor's yard and handcuffed us through the fence and he said, "Well, boys, since you like to fight so much, fight off mosquitoes for a couple hours." I remember sitting out there going, "Dad, dad, come on, it's killing us." But it was a great lesson and, of course, that's something you remember. But what a wise person to do that.

So, I started thinking, what is it about this, what is this cop thing, this thing that I have presented to me, this wisdom, even though sometimes I was at the wrong end of where I wanted to be, and it started to imprint on me. My father was always a doer, I liked that about him. He wasn't necessarily loud or anything, but he was a doer. If he said he was going to do something, he did it. He belonged to a lot of things, he belonged to church things, he was a deacon, he belonged on the school board of Eastern Heights Lutheran Church, but most importantly he belonged to the Saint Paul Police Band. My father was a tuba player.



Saint Paul Police Banc
Bob Bradley top row, forth from left
c. early 1950s

He met my mother in high school. He went to Harding High School before he went in the war. And he played the only tuba solo that was played by a high school band person for his graduation. He was a very talented tuba player. This is back in the John Phillip Sousa day, anybody that knows music, knows that John Phillip Sousa wrote the most incredible march music to be heard. And the police band, at one time, boasted of seven tuba players. The band was magnificent. When they would go and march these local little cities and towns, this huge John

Phillip Sousa sound would come down the street and people would cheer and go, "There's the Saint Paul Police Band." I remember this feeling in my chest of pride, because I would stand on the side of the road with my mom and my brother, who I hated so dearly, and we'd look at each other and I'd go, "There's Dad, there's Dad." They sounded so incredible.

Here's the best part. They used to have this huge large bass drum, like Notre Dame, if you're familiar with Notre Dame, they had this big large bass drum on a carriage of its own, and they always had to have someone that would pull the drum. Well, they decided that rather than just having a police band member do it, it would be a good idea to hire one of the band member's children for a dollar a time and they would get to pull the drum. My brother and I got picked to do this, so we would alternate parades. Usually, we'd do twenty to thirty parades in a summer and I'd get every other one. So I'd get anywhere from ten to fifteen parades to MARCH WITH THE POLICE BAND, WITH MY FATHER, in this magnificent band. And march down these streets and watch these people just applaud, and be so PROUD. I was short at that time, and I would look right at the back of the person in front of me, you wanted to pay attention to the cadence and make sure you were in step. But it was such a proud feeling. Little did I know, the fabric of what I was made out of was starting to turn into the fabric of the Saint Paul Blue.



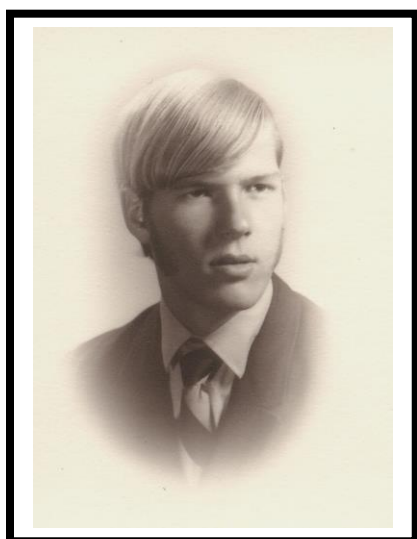
Saint Paul Police Band
with drum Tim and his brother pulled in parades
Bob Bradley, back row, second from left

As the years progressed and I became a teenager, I told my father when I was twelve years old I wanted to play the trumpet. He worked off duty up on the hill because that was his district. He worked up on Selby/Dale, and he worked up on the hill at one of the banks on Saturdays and that's how he paid for my trumpet that I got for Christmas that year. Once I got this trumpet, I was kind of self-taught, however, he did give me lessons. I just took a real calling to this. Within a short period of time, by the time I was fourteen, I was playing professionally in Dixieland Bands and had my union card already. And had already gone up to first chair in junior high. My father came to me one day when I got to be a sophomore in high school and he said, "Tim, I want to know if you'd like to come to police band practice." I said, "I know how to pull the drum, I don't really need

to practice.” And, he goes, “No, son, bring your trumpet.” I remember going, I was scared to death. There were all these incredible musicians, not only were they just high school graduates, college graduate musicians, but there were actually professional musicians that played in the Saint Paul Police Band.

I started out, they put me at third chair, which is the beginner or the not as fun chair to be playing, but you’re still playing. And I was so happy.

Well, as the night went on, they kept pushing me over to the right and I



Harding High School
Graduation 1971

thought, well, this is some kind of initiation thing, so I’ll just keep my mouth shut and do it. What I realized is that they were pushing me up in chairs and by the end of the night I was playing first trumpet. I remember my dad grinning and looking over at me and nudging one of the other tuba players and they were kind of laughing and they said, “He’s playing first

trumpet already, this is his first day here.” So, I actually got into the police band. There were times when the police band would play, like,

Memorial Day, for Police Memorial Day, and I would be in high school, I had perfect attendance in high school. And my dad would say, “Tim, it’s okay, you can get out at 11:00 and I’ll have you back in school.” I had my police band uniform and I would change in school. Even though I had all these other things that I was really proud of. I was already playing

professionally in a rock band. I remember how proud I was to get excused out of class to go down to the band room, change into my SAINT PAUL POLICE uniform, as an adolescent high school student. Put this uniform on and then go down and sit in this incredible band and play and pay tribute to police officers.



Gallery
practicing
Tim on left with trumpet

And, again, it's almost like I would hear this sewing machine and this weaving machine with my heartbeat. Because I had no idea what was being created, I was becoming a police officer at heart. It was being passed onto me. It was becoming part of my every breadth, my every existence and, yet, in such a positive way and creative ways.

It's kind of funny, because I would go to high school parties and because I played in rock groups we did a lot of high school proms and that and I'd always catch myself watching other people and trying to figure out why

they did what they did for what reason and I said, "Gee, I wonder what I could do with this, because I really should be thinking about a career."

Then once I took a couple tests, I realized that I was becoming an observer and that's one of the obviously good tools that a police officer needs in their tool chest to become a good police officer. Not just a police officer, but a good police officer.

So, the police band was a big part of that. The smells. The Winter Carnival parade, I used to go in high school with my buddies, we'd go to White Castle, it was down on the loop, [*The Old Loop*: On Seventh Street from St. Peter Street east bound to Sibley Avenue; hang a left on to Eighth Street that changes to Ninth Street at Wabasha; west bound on Ninth

Street, hang a left on to St. Peter Street one block to Seventh again.] Anybody that's in their fifties or whatever, they know, they remember the loop you could drive your cars, your hotrod cars and stuff around the loop and you could stop at White Castle. We'd go down there for the Winter Carnival parade and we'd get White Castles and hot chocolate and we'd sit on the curb and watch the parade.



Motorcycle patrolman
Bob Bradley
1965

I remember there were seven motorcycle cops, but even in all these heavy jackets

and my dad always wore this face mask, these icicles would form around their eyes and off the bottom of the mask from the moisture from breathing. These motorcycles had no heaters, you were just out there. They were three-wheel motorcycles and they would ride them all year round. I would see these motorcycles coming up the side of the parade in the front and they would gingerly and politely and gently coax the large, huge Winter Carnival crowds back up on the curbs because the parade was coming down the route. I could pick him out of those seven, because I knew him so well, even with all that clothing on, just his eyes, I could catch his eyes and I would nudge my friend and I'd go, "There's my dad." He'd always make a couple circles and get the parade route nice and clean and clear and orderly. And then he would stop by me and say, "It's time son." What he would do then is that the parade would go up the route and would go into the old auditorium, the old civic center. There was this huge ramp and they would be pushing these floats up because they'd even get stuck, and he would say, "Follow me," he'd get off his motorcycle. We'd walk behind him and would get us into the civic center, and at that point we could watch the parade inside. It was just incredible.

But it was so neat to look and see how this would unfold and it became a tradition where I would do it ever year. In fact, I did it to point where I became interested in girls and I would start bringing my girlfriends, of course, they just loved it, too.



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU were cold this morning on the way to work? Here is a man who has one of the coldest jobs in town —Officer Bob Bradley, 1690 E. Minnehaha ave. Officer Bradley is shown on his motor-cycle, trying to save his nose and cheeks from bitter blasts of today's below-zero wind. Nobody knows how much cold a policeman's nose will take, but Bradley hoped to do a day's work and keep his nose too. —Staff Photo by T. J. Strasser.

Again, the sewing machine, the weaving machine in the background, this fabric growing from year to year. I know my father had no idea what he was doing and what a gift he was giving me, but it was incredible.



Tim getting ticket from dad
This picture was staged for class project, *The Circle of Life*,
that Tim created for his senior history class
1971

I went to Lakewood Junior College and didn't do really well in school because my heart wasn't really in school work. I was playing professionally in a rock band and making some really good money, but I got good enough grades to get by. Then I took the Saint Paul Police test.

KC: What year was this?

TB: The test was in 1973, between '73 and '74. Twenty-three hundred people took the test down at the Civic Center. A lot of it was a California Psychological Inventory examination. I decided I needed a mindset. I

really loved wood working, I had a lot of tools and stuff as even a young adolescent. I loved to build with wood. So I applied all the questions to woodworking. There was such consistency in my answers it made me, I'll just say top 10, I know I was even higher than that, and that was without veterans' pref, on this test.

KC: Would you get veterans' pref?

TB: No. I had a real high draft number and I had told my dad, I said, "I'm not really cool about this Vietnam War, Dad, but here's the deal." My father always taught First Aid and I always took to it real naturally, so when I went to Lakewood Junior College, which is now Century College, I took advanced First Aid and then Instructor's First Aid, because to me that stuff was like, natural. That's one class I did get A's in, I got straight A's in it, and I said, "Dad, if I get called to go in the Service, I will not fight, but I will be a medic and I will save my fellow officers." He said, "I'm okay with that, Tim." I said, "Okay, I just want to let you know, I'll carry a gun if they make me, but I won't fight because I don't believe in that war. But I do believe in saving lives, so I'll be a medic." I think he was okay with that, and I was okay with that, too.

The police test came along and there was a court injunction about it. That was back when Judge Miles Lord had this huge decision [that ten of fifty new hires in 1975 had to be African-American, because the NAACP had filed the injunction]. I got notified by mail that I was a candidate for the academy. I remember going to the academy, it was sixteen weeks long and it was hell. You had to maintain at least a B average to go through it.

I remember it being a struggle because I wanted it so bad. But it came, and it went, and I made it.

KC: Were you in the Blue Platoon?

TB: I was one of the Blue Officers.

KC: The Blue Platoon had the first female going through the academy.

TB: Debbie Montgomery³.

KC: What was that like?

TB: Well, it was really unique. We ended up



getting a lot of publicity because the newsies all over the place were constantly barraging us. Debbie Montgomery

When we'd go run in a group, there were fifty of us, which was huge. Can you imagine fifty people running in twos down the street, that's a block long, and, of course, Debbie was in that. Not only was she the first female, but she was the first Black female officer, too. With that it was a double edge sword, it was unique and it was kind of fun to have that, but they threw all these extra national police tests at us, because they wanted to see how we would fare, how she would fare, years down the line. So, we had all this extra testing besides, so it kind of got to be a handful. Debbie Montgomery actually was my partner later on, probably, like, having two years on the job.

³Deborah Louise Montgomery was the first female to complete the same academy as male recruits and appointed police officer September 8, 1975; the first Black woman promoted to sergeant November 8, 1987; lieutenant May 29, 1998; commander January 1, 2000; senior commander February 8, 2003; retired July 31, 2003; assistant commissioner the Minnesota Department of Public Safety 1991-1998; the first Black woman elected to the Saint Paul City Council in 2004.

KC: When you were in the academy and you knew you were going to have this first woman and then there was all this side stuff about a woman, how old were you?

TB: I was the ripe old age of twenty-two.

KC: How did a twenty-two year old feel, I mean, the fabric had been woven to be a Saint Paul Police, "Man", and you have a woman in your academy?

TB: I don't know why, but it didn't even—I was numb to it, I could care less. It was another human being who had passed the test and was working on becoming a police officer and to me it was just natural. I don't know why and at that time it probably should have. But I think I enjoy that part of that, because it



probably speaks well of me, even though I was very immature and I had very little to draw from, from world experiences. When I look back at that, it's really scary to understand I had a gun on my hip and that I wielded this type of power that was given to me by pinning a badge on me, and that badge being the public trust.

Make no mistake about that, every time I look at my badge, that I touch my badge. That I adjust my badge, it is very clear to me that it's the public trust that that is a symbol of and that's why I wear it. It becomes so much more special to me when I look at it that way.

KC: What was it like at graduation from the academy and your badges? Who pinned your badge on formally?



Recruit Class 1975

Tim Bradley: back row, third from left—Badge 262

TB: Chief Rowan⁴ was the chief at the time. We just buried him about three weeks ago. I remember his little speech, he said, “Everyone of you up there, all fifty of you, better want my job.” And, I’m thinking, *I don’t know about you partner, but I don’t really care about your job, I’m just so pleased to be*

⁴Richard H. Rowan (1922-2005) was appointed patrolman October 13, 1947; promoted detective June 20, 1965; deputy chief April 17, 1964; chief June 30, 1970; and retired December 31, 1979.

a police officer. And I looked over at my partner, Richard Gardell⁵, who I had become partner with on the street, and he's like, Yeah," eating it up, and I'm thinking, *oh, there's one*, but I said, *nope, I think I get what my dad's talking about*. So, afterwards my dad says to me, "Son, I hope you listened to that." And, I said, "Are you kidding me," I said, "I don't want to be chief, I want to be a street cop, just like you." He's kind of looking at me, he's trying to just blow it off, but I knew he was so proud. There has been several times, but that was a unique time to see him. My father wasn't a person to show his emotions much. I never ever saw my dad fully cry. He would laugh a lot. I never, ever, ever saw him very angry at people. That's so weird. As my dad gets older now, he even becomes more laid back and more quiet, which sometimes I find it disturbing and it scares me. Because my dad has a lot of things inside that I know he can still talk to me about and make sense of some of things that I struggle with.

And, by the way, I am so glad I do struggle. I constantly ask why. If I take a call, afterwards I think back and go, *did I handle that the right way, was there a better way, did that person need to be treated differently?* I think that is important and I do believe that that's part of what my father actually gave to me.

KC: Any other reflections on the academy?

⁵ Richard James Gardell was appointed police officer September 8, 1975; promoted to sergeant July 7, 1983; lieutenant February 22, 1987; commander January 8, 1997; deputy chief March 27, 1999; assistant chief November 4, 2001; reinstated senior commander July 3, 2004.

TB: I do want to say a couple more things about Debbie Montgomery. We were partners and back when I came on, the squad cars only had bench seats, you didn't have bucket seats, individual seats, the whole front was one seat. When Debbie would drive she was very short. She would push the seat up and the only way I could stay in the squad car is by putting the glove box open and putting my knees in it. But we would do that, because you wanted to be a good partner. And being a partner is also giving in a little bit, you want to make them comfortable, too. The other unique thing about Debbie Montgomery is there is one month out of the year that Debbie Montgomery—she very cold blooded, or is it warm blooded, she chills very easily. She does not wear long underwear in July, that's it. Otherwise, she wears long underwear the other eleven months of the year. It is so funny, it's just hilarious.

KC: So she liked a warm squad?

TB: Yes. In the wintertime, I would literally have to come just in a shirt and put my jacket in the back, because she'd have that heater up, and my knees are in the glove box and we're all happy. Very positive person. Debbie brought a lot of history and a lot of fine weaving material into the police department, also. Always a smile. That's not to say she didn't have bad days, but for the most part, there is a person that would be smiling all the time.

KC: How did the public react when they realized that this was a woman? The policeman on the call with you was a woman. Would they defer to you? Would they give Debbie the time of day?

- TB: That's an interesting question, because right now I work with a female also. We've been partners for twelve years, and we'll talk about that. Even the firefighters, now we call them firefighters, they used to be called firemen, because there were no women in the fire department and certainly not back then. I remembering going in on fire scenes with the fire department and these old firemen, these old smoke dragons, smoke inhaling legends of their time would walk by you and say "Hi" and see the female and ignore her totally. Of course, some of them had a natural curiosity and they would embrace her in conversation, but there were those old firemen that lived and breathed smoke and cinders and ash, and no. This was voodoo, no, they didn't want nothing to do with it.
- KC: If Debbie got to the door first and you were doing backup or something and people saw you in the background, would they sometimes ignore her and talk to you?
- TB: Sometimes, but Debbie's got the gift of gab. They've got this term 'verbal judo', Debbie doesn't have a problem with that. She finds a way to engage a conversation, so I really never noticed that. The only time I ever seen Debbie – and it's a crazy situation – we went to a stabbing at a bar down off of Jackson Street by Sycamore. There's two bars down there. We got down there and there were at least five people stabbed. Three people stabbed fatally laying on a pool table and at least an inch and a-half of blood. And this blood was seeping down into the pockets and puddling on the floor. Paramedics that had gotten there before us were actually coming back out the doors white as a sheet throwing up in the snow banks it was so terribly violent. And, I do remember Debbie at that time,

we were working one-man squads we called them. Of course, hers would be a one-woman squad, but they didn't call them that. I remember her running in there and her running out. Debbie's Black, but she was White that night. When she came back out, she wasn't even ash, she was white. She looked at me and she goes, "Oh, Tim, that's pretty nasty in there." I remember going in and going, "You know what, you got this right." We, Debbie and I, actually captured this guy that had carved up all these people, outside. I remember screaming at her saying, "Deb, throw me your handcuffs." This guy was beat up pretty bad, but he was laying down in the street and I said, "I'm cuffing him just in case." And, she goes, "Well, maybe he's a victim." And, I go, "And, maybe he's a suspect." And she goes, "Yeah, maybe he is a suspect." So, she gave me her cuffs and we cuffed him up, and that guy was the one that murdered all these people.

KC: How did you know that he was the suspect?

TB: Ya know, they say this thing about police intuition. In the Star Wars movies and that they talk about the force being with you. It's not crap, it's real. The little voice when you were a teenager that said, *you know what, Tim, its kind of late at night you're at this sleepover, that pizza looks really good, but you kind of had enough, why don't you just leave it alone.* Yet, you avoid that little voice and you have that piece of pizza and you go to sleep and pretty soon you're sick as a dog. Or, later on in life that little voice says to you, *maybe you shouldn't hang with that person or maybe you shouldn't have that beer or maybe you should have bought that thing in the store* and then after, you realized *I should have bought that thing because now it's gone, I*

shouldn't have had that drink because then I got sick, I shouldn't have went out with that person because now they've done terrible dastardly deeds against me.

And it is that little voice, and as the years progressed as a police officer, I became in touch with the inner voice. No, I don't hear things, and see things and see little black helicopters. That intuition, and I listen to it and I really take heed to what it says because a lot of times it's really accurate. I'm talking about, even to the point of going to an armed robbery, going down the street, and if I hear this little thing say *take a right*, I take a right. I'm not even questioning it and many, many times it's been right on the money.

Now, some of it is non-verbal communication, being able to size up an individual. That goes back to that thing we talked about of being a professional observer, which all police officers are, so some of that is credited to that. But there is that *force* within you that as a police officer you drive and you listen to it and you learn to use that as one of the many tools that you have.

KC: So, you're outside of the bar with Debbie, paramedics are still trying to handle the inside situation and there was just something about this man who was beat up?

TB: Oh, yes, absolutely. Worst case scenario, this guy was going to die with handcuffs on. It wasn't going to stop or hinder the paramedics, who, by the way, they sent for many more units. The first crew, it messed them up, they'd never seen anything like that. I don't blame them. Of course, paramedics, they see a lot of blood and guts, so this was nothing new to

them. But it was the manner in which it was presented. Being on this pool table with this solid pool of blood, it was right out of the movies, it was nasty. Debbie did good, ya.

KC: Well, Debbie has shared in her interview that she doesn't do well with dead people and that McCutcheon⁶ sent her to several dead classes and she says I can handle anything, I have this whole tool belt, but somehow I can't handle dead people. [Chuckles]

TB: Oh, yes, it affects people different ways.

KC: You're an FTO [Field Training Officer] officer. When you finished the academy did you go through FTO [training]?

TB: I had five FTOs, five weeks with each FTO, twenty-five weeks of *you can, you should, you shouldn't, this is how you should do it, monkey see monkey do*. I knew nothing about being a police officer, except for what I had read and what I had demonstrated in the academy. For instance, the very first night, I really got in a squad car and had a real live partner that was a field training officer. We went to our first fight call, that dashboard, when we were going red lights and siren. By the way we only had one red light on top of the squad car and when it got cold out, you'd have to get out and hit it with your night stick because it would freeze up, the cable inside. It ran on a little motor with a cable and that would turn the red light around. How primitive is that.

⁶ William Wallace McCutcheon was appointed patrolman January 4, 1954; promoted to sergeant August 22, 1960; lieutenant December 12, 1965; captain June 20, 1969; deputy chief February 4, 1972; chief April 1, 1980; and retired July 15, 1992.

But anyway, we were going to this call, the dashboard got huge because I realized we, like somebody should call the police people are fighting here, and all of a sudden I realize I'm the police now. So, we roll up on this fight to assist these other police officers and a most disturbing visual comes into line with me as we're coming up the street. These cops are getting their asses kicked by this guy, literally. He's throwing one on top of the squad car, one over the hood of the squad car, and we run out and I'm thinking to myself, *wow, not only do we go to fights, but people assault us for real*. So, the fights on, I go in on a high chest tackle on him, this guy was large and it was like a mosquito hitting a bus. He just picked me up off him and he threw me. I kind of fell into the door of the squad car and fell on the ground. I picked myself up and I said, *okay, that didn't work real well, let's try something different*. Now, you need to understand, there are at least four cops trying to get this guy in control and it isn't happening. This time I went in and went low, like a football player. Well, I hit him and I thought he'd fall over, which he didn't, much to my surprise. So while I was looking at his shoes, I decided I should do something. Had no idea why I did what I did or what the outcome would be, but very shortly I went to stand up. He had just thrown another police officer off him onto a hood of a squad car and then he tripped and it looked so awkward that he just became from this machine of destruction to this clumsy individual. All the other cops kind of looked and were startled and they looked down and they realized the reason he fell was because his shoelaces were tied together. They looked at me and they said, "Did you do that kid?" And, I said, "Yes, sir." They looked and they laughed and they said, "Dammit,

you're going to be a good cop." That was my very first fight. Apparently, they were okay with it. I didn't know, I thought maybe I should have hit him with my night stick. It's kind of funny how things start to unravel and that was my baptism by fire into my first rationalization, realization, in actually taking control of an out of control situation and putting my own little personal signature on it.

KC: He's moving around, you're on his feet, you could get kicked, how did you tie his shoes together?

TB: Very quickly. And, I remember to this day, it was one of those things, it's kind of nice because a tool box of what a police officer has, is not only what is on your belt, but its also what's in your mind and it's improvisation and it's the gift of gab and the gift of verbal judo and your humor.

A police officer's humor is so valuable to him and I've been really lucky and fortunate, because I've had a lot of veteran police officers to be able to grab that from in the past. Guys like Kenny Shepperd⁷. Here's a guy that came from Detroit as a police officer, the story has it that he actually had three prior partners shot and killed on the line of duty while they were partners with him in Detroit. This guy looked exactly like a bulldog and, yet, he had the hugest heart in the world. He had hands like a brick layer, just short little fat stubby things, but when he grabbed you, he had your attention. He'd always say, "You treat people fairly, you remember that.

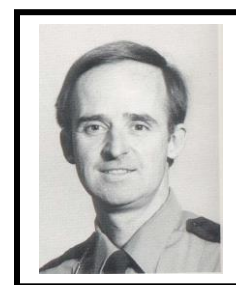
⁷ Kenneth Marshall Shepperd was appointed patrolman November 13, 1967; and retired November 30, 1990.

And, by the way, I love your dad, but you're weird, you're an idiot." He was kidding with me, but Kenny Shepperd was a great guy. I was lucky to have some great field training officers. He was one of the people that springboarded me into wanting to be a field training officer myself.

And, much to my surprise, I had only had like a year and a-half max on the job before I started training new rookies myself.

KC: What are some of the stories about being the rookie? What did you learn? You had some great field training officers, who were they, what did you learn from them, what made them great?

TB: Some of my field training officers, one in particular, his name was Jim Gillet⁸. It's kind of funny, Jim Gillet is now married to my ex-wife, my first ex-wife. I remember getting in the squad car with him, he was



James Gillet
c. 1984

my final field training officer. At that point, it was a new concept, they hadn't really had this so formalized this field training officer stuff. We have all the booklets and the evaluation forms to fill out. He sat me down in the squad car and he said, "Tim, you can be a prick. That's what the word is out on the street." And, I said, "Sir?" And, he goes, "You heard me," he said, "I hear that you can be really rude to some people." And, he said, "As long as you work in my district and my squad car, you will not treat people that way. Do I make

⁸James Francis Gillet was appointed patrolman November 2, 1964; and retired September 30, 1996.

myself clear?" I was shocked, because here I'm in my twentieth week of field training and nobody had said anything like that. I thought, *this guy hates me, maybe we just don't get along*. But rumors really fly when you're a rookie. So if you do the littlest thing, a little different or whatever, the stories they get bigger. Not to say that I didn't have to work on my people skills, but, of course, things get exaggerated.

So, I told him, "You know what, you're kind of making me really feel bad about who I am and what I am." But, I said, "You know what, I'll sit back here and I will take all your advice and I will watch you." And, he said, "That's all I ask, Tim, you watch me. I need you to watch me." So, I watched him and I watched his people skills. I then, of course, in the background, heard this weaving, this machine, again, and it was a little different this time because we were working on the final fringes, the final buttonholes. This guy, even though in that conversation I thought was being mean to me, he actually was fine tuning me. And wanted to see how I reacted to different things. He taught me a lot.

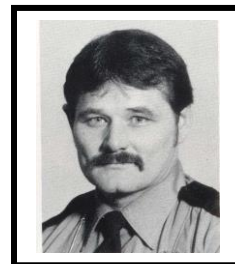
He taught me to draw from my compassion. He taught me about empathy. He taught me about thinking outside of the box in a humorous way and, yet, keeping it real in the mix and being able to balance that. That's a hard thing to do. When you're twenty-two years old, balance is not something that comes natural. Testosterone, you are all about testosterone. When you come on this job and you're young, I really honestly believe this, twenty-eight is the magic number for male police

officers. That means that when you're twenty-eight years old, you finally balance out your testosterone a little bit and you tuck it in its proper place and you draw the energy you need to from it for survival, so that you don't get burnout. But that you use it as opposed to it using you.

That's a huge thing in the police culture, too. Because there's this camaraderie that's huge and these playful games that go on. Everything from hiding your squad car from you on a call, to putting four drunks in the back, to putting dead snakes in your seat, the list goes on. There's a lot of bantering that goes on, but some of that is testosterone based and it's an important part of learning to be a good police officer.

KC: When you're going through the FTO period, who helped you see the fun and put the balance into place besides Gillet?

TB: Gillet was huge in that, he was absolutely huge. Roger Needham,⁹ Roger was a good guy, too. Roger Needham could have been on Saturday Night Live. He was a cross between Chevy Chase and John Belushi. The guy was smart, he was street smart, he was good with people, yet, he had a flair for investigation and being in the right place at the right time. He enjoyed being an adrenalin junkie. He allowed me some extra length on the leash to experience that, and that was very important. And that was very important. Actually, that's a real positive thing for having multiples of



Roger
Needham
c. 1984

⁹ Roger Elbert Needham was appointed patrolman November 16, 1967; promoted to sergeant July 22, 1979; and retired July 2, 1999.

field training officers, you don't just want one, because you need to look at this *okay, watch my style, see what I do.*

When I train new rookies, I sit them in a seat and I go, "Okay, listen. This is the way it is and it's the only way it is. You take my good points and you watch my bad points, and you make up your own being, but make no mistake about it, the question, "When you say how fast should I go to the call?" It's the easiest question to answer in the world. And, the answer is, if that was my mother, if that was my sister, if that was my wife, if that was anybody that I cared about, how fast would I go? How much investigation would I do on that burglary? How hard would I look for that lost child? How much empathy? How much sympathy? How much energy would I put into a call if it were somebody that I had as a family member?" That's the key to it, it really is. You treat people, you give service, as you'd expect to get service and expect to be treated yourself. I learned that from all the old cops. I learned that from all the middle aged cops. I learned that by watching younger cops make mistakes and piss people off and get in their face and over react or under react or blow them off. It's a learning process.

And you have to accept that you're a human being. And when you do accept that you're just a human being then you carry your arm a little different with your gun, you're not Wyatt Earp, you're just somebody responding to a call that really honestly gives a crap.

KC: So in 1977 you're asked to be a field officer?

TB: Right.

KC: Your feelings about it and then they're beginning to have a few more women coming through the academy.

TB: Absolutely. Not only that, but the uniqueness of having women come on the job was not only the being accepted by the public in general, there were a lot of things that came with that. When you're a young rookie and you come to somebody's door and you knock on it and they're having a knockdown, drag out domestic with somebody they've lived with for twenty years and you're not even as old as their fight is, well, you've got a lot of catching up to do. Then if you're a female besides, and god forbid, you're pretty or cute or shapely then all those extra things are plugged in the equation and different people react different ways. And, of course, a lot of the public will feed off how you act with that person. There would be those police officers that would constantly joke and flirt with these police officers, the female police officers. There are those that would be less accepting because, remember, we recruit from the general public, so we're going to have all these various differences of opinion and acceptance. Then there were a lot of police officers that just say this is just another person with a gun. So, it was kind of interesting to watch.

And then it was interesting to see, just like any other office or work situation, romances start. Cops started dating cops, wow, what a concept. Cops started marrying cops, who would have thought. Cops breaking up with cops, divorcing cops and, yet, working on the street. All those

different things then came into play and it was a very interesting time to see how all that sorted out.

KC: Did you marry a cop?

TB: I did not marry a cop. I did date some police officers and it was interesting and unique.

KC: What was interesting and unique about it?

TB: If you're on the street and you have a partner, it doesn't matter whether you're dating your partner or whatever, you become very, very close to your partner. You share situations that are absolutely incredible. That are life and death, humorous, destructful, and then if you start to intertwine those with personal relationships that you have with, maybe, your partner that is now your dating partner, that can get really very unique. It can get very complicated, but in some respects it can actually be a good situation, too, depending upon the ability of the police officer to balance things. It did make it an interesting climate in the police department to finally come up to the business world where this has been going on for years and years and decades and decades, and then we finally see that in the police department.

KC: Were there a lot of partners that ended up dating?

TB: Yes.

KC: Because I certainly can see an absolute closeness and intimacy that partners need to have. As I've done these interviews, other male officers have talked about that kind of intimacy, not sexual energy, but intimacy with a male partner.

TB: Right, absolutely. In fact, being a training officer, which is exactly the same as being a teacher, only with a lot more homework and a lot more consequences for not turning in your assignment on time, you build that bond, the same bond you would with a teacher. And, then that can even be multiplied so that there is that connection, that psychological connection, which a lot of times ends up being very enduring. Maybe not ever crossing the line to becoming physical, but a person that you are plugged in for the absolute rest of your life and there is a part of their heart and their mind that is combined and always will be. So, it's very, very unique. It's very unique. That's not always just cross gender, there are lots of males that I have trained that have become commanders and sergeants and in other positions where I have a very close bond, it's almost a type of sibling/parent bond, and that is so strong and so embedded and so imprinted that that will be something that we share forever, which is unique, truly unique.

KC: Now, you would have had the opportunity to have been a field training officer with the current top command staff, [Assistant Chief Dennis] Jensen,¹⁰ [Assistant Chief Nancy] DiPerna,¹¹ and [Chief John] Harrington.¹²

TB: Correct.

¹⁰ Dennis Lynn Jensen was appointed police officer April 3, 1983; promoted to sergeant March 30, 1990; lieutenant January 18, 1997; commander June 26, 1999; assistant chief June 12, 2004.

¹¹ Nancy Elizabeth DiPerna was appointed police officer October 31, 1980; promoted to sergeant March 9, 1986; lieutenant May 1, 1990; commander October 4, 1997; senior commander January 1, 2000; assistant chief June 26, 2004.

¹² John Mark Harrington was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; promoted to sergeant September 7, 1983; acting lieutenant January 4, 1997; lieutenant November 1, 1997; commander January 1, 2000; senior commander July 1, 2000 ; assistant chief May 8, 2004; chief July 1, 2004.

KC: Did you work with any of them as rookies?

TB: I knew [Chief] John Harrington when

he was a little rookie. Let me tell you about this guy.

He worked with Kevin Applewick¹³, and these guys

were pretty much like Dick Gardell, who is a

commander now, we were partners and these guys

were partners like us, John Harrington and Kevin

Applewick. They were ride hard, shoot straight, tell

the truth kind of cops and adrenaline junkies. John was going to school at

the time, too. I told you the rumor mills were incredible, if they got a hint

of anything, it got all over the Department. Well, John took on extra jobs

to get himself through college while he was being a cop, a rookie cop. He

was even bussing tables at restaurants and, of course, that got on the street

and they said, "Oh, my god, we've got a cop that's bussing tables." I

remember having a pop with these other cops and I'm thinking *more power*

to him, incredible. Here's a guy that's grabbing the bull by the horns and I was

just like *that's so cool*. This is a guy early on that saw his dream and

wanted to make sure that it happened. I didn't know anything about

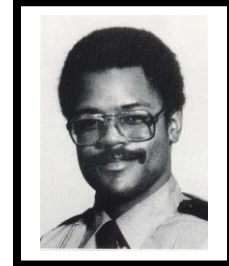
John's lifestyle. I didn't know anything about his family background. All

I saw him as was a young rookie, you know, cowboy, he was a cowboy

and so was I.

KC: And, of course, he had already graduated from Dartmouth and so he

would have been working on his masters degree then.



John Harrington
1984

¹³ Kevin Junor Applewick was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; and retired March 12, 1999.

TB: Absolutely, but this is a guy who would always say profound things. It was just fun to be around him, because he wasn't the normal, he would say a lot of normal stuff, too, but he would come up with interesting sayings and things, and we kind of looked at him like, "Well, that's interesting, John." *Holy cow where did that come from.* But there was always an obvious depth to him that a lot of the cops would just look at him and go, *well, I don't know where this is going.* So, he was an interesting person from the get-go.

KC: Did you have [Assistant Chief Nancy] DiPerna or [Assistant Chief Dennis] Jensen as your [FTO trainees]?

TB: I wasn't her primary FTO. I do remember having her in a squad car a couple times, because field training officers when some other field training officer would be, perhaps, off on a holiday or sick, then another field training officer would fill in. I do remember a couple times. Nancy was always delightful. This is a person that just dug into the pile of manure all on her own, with her own pitchfork and didn't ask for any favors and didn't bother complaining about the smell. She just dug in. It was very refreshing to see that this was a person that wanted to make it on her own merits and wasn't worried about stupid rumors. Just plain old came to work and did her job, how fresh is that, that's great. That's what a field training officer likes to see. That's clay that you can mold, that's easy to mold.

KC: What other stories do you have about being a field training officer?

TB: Ohhhhhhh! The success stories are wonderful, they're great. Occasionally, as a field training officer, you've got to wash somebody out. I had this

one guy and he would kind of listen to what you said, but then he'd go do his own thing, his own way and when he would do that, the majority of the time it would fail. Then he would continue to make up excuses on how it was not his fault, he wasn't given the proper information and therefore he couldn't be held responsible. Now, my reputation as being a field training officer has always been that I will give the shirt off my back. I want you to become a successful police officer. I don't want you to fail. I will give you any tool that you need and if you need one sharpened, I will help you sharpen it and teach you to keep it sharp, but you've got to want to play ball. I had gotten that from all my field training officers, it was passed on to me. And, it's important to me that that was installed in them so to say, these are skills which you can be given, you don't necessarily have to possess them. I will gladly give them to you and show you how to use them, but please don't be so stubborn, don't be so naïve, don't be so brash, or don't be so arrogant as to not accept this gift.

There are a couple people that wouldn't accept the gift and this guy was one of them. It got so bad, we were going to this one heavy call, and he's overdriving the squad car, and we're going eastbound on Third Street off of Johnson Parkway and we're going to take a right on a side street and he's doing about 55, and I said, "You know, you might want to start slowing down a little bit 'cause we're going to make a corner up here." He going, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know, I know, I know." He put that squad car into a 4-wheel drift, we went up over the curb, over some landscaping, and did this 4-wheel slide on this guy's lawn and we tore up his lawn. So

we come to a rest and we've still got to respond to this call, it's a heavy call. So the guy in the house comes out and I said, "Sir, we're squad so-and-so, we'll be right back to take care of your damage, I promise you." I looked at him and I said, throw the car in reverse, and he goes, it's not my fault, it's not my fault, the car did . . ." and I said, "I don't want to hear it, get me to the call that you could have been to already." We got to the call, we were able to get things handled, and I said, "Now drive back to where you damaged the lawn, call for a sergeant, write an accident report, write a report on how stupid you are, because you caused all this." He's going, "Well, yeah, but . . ." I go, "I don't want to hear it."

So then we went to the restaurant—because we were still writing reports at the time—to eat. I go to the bathroom and the waitress waits on us and we got our order and he's writing his stupid blunders on paper, because we have to, we damaged this guy's lawn, the city has got to pay for it. He proceeds to tell this waitress that realizes he's having a bad day and she's trying to console him. And rather than just owning up to his blunders, he goes, "Yeah, well, this and this and this happened and my field training officer is chewing me out. You should see how he drives." One thing waitresses are, they are loyal. So, if you've been going to a restaurant for a long time, it's like having another field training officer on your side, because they're going to pull you aside, and she did and she said, "Your rookie just badmouthed you to me." Told me exactly what he said. So, I waltz over to him, he's writing a report and I let it sit for about five minutes. And, I said, "So, how you coming on the report?" And, he goes,

"Okay." And, I said, "Don't forget any of the details in there." And, I said, "By the way, did you have a conversation with the waitress?" And, he goes "No." I said, "Really, nothing at all?" "Well, yeah, I ordered my food." I go, "Well, yeah, did you have any other conversation with her?" He goes, "No." I said, "Are you sure?" He played dumb. I said, "I'm going to give you one more chance. Did you have a conversation with her?" "Well, yeah, I did." "Well, what did you say?" "Well, we just talked about this, but it wasn't nothing." I said, "Did you badmouth me?" And, he goes, "No." I said, "Okay, get your papers." So he got all his papers up, I said, "Don't talk to me on the way back." And, he goes, "Where are we going?" I said, "We're going back to see the sergeant." Now, this wasn't the first time he screwed up, he'd done a lot of other stuff. It was Sergeant Terry Trooien¹⁴ at the time, and I said, "Sarge, we got a problem here. I got a trust issue with my partner." I said, "Here's the accident." He said, "I know the accident, I was there. I seen what your rookie did." He said, "Now what's the problem?" I said, "Well, he said some stuff to the waitress and he won't own up to it." So, he sits the rookie down and said, "Did you say this?" And, he goes, "No." "So, you're calling this officer a liar?" And, he goes, "No, I'm not calling him a liar, I'm just saying it didn't happen." I said, "You know, sir, I can get the waitress down here if you want." And, he said, "You know what young lad, I'm going to give you one more chance here. You want to come clean?" And he goes, "I didn't do anything." I looked at the sergeant and

¹⁴ Terry Thomas Trooien was appointed police officer September 8, 1975; promoted to sergeant March 1, 1987.

I said, "Sir, I will not work with this person anymore. You can suspend me or whatever you want. This guy should not be a cop, he's a liar." My sergeant looked at him and he said, "Do you understand what he's saying to you?" And, he goes, "Well not really." And he goes, "Let's say this is the aquarium of life and there's fish up here and there's fish in the middle and then there's whales and then there's whale shit on the bottom. You're whale shit." He said, "This cop has just brought you in saying he won't work with you anymore 'cause you're a liar. How do you feel about that?" He goes, "Well, that's his opinion." He goes, "You're done. You're done being a cop." He ended up getting fired and he went to another small police department, where I heard he's doing really well. But he was not cut out to be a Saint Paul Police officer. It's incredible because he was given so many times to re-cut the fabric. So many times to put a couple stitches in where he had torn the fabric. So many times to step back and look at the pattern and readjust and re-cut and re-sew, and he couldn't do it. To this day, I have absolutely no remorse or feel bad about this. This guy had no business being a Saint Paul police officer. I'm glad that he's doing well on another police department, that's good, but he didn't belong on the Saint Paul Police Department.

KC: Or maybe he learned from that.

TB: Ya, or maybe he learned.

KC: Tim, two-part question. Should law enforcement be held to a higher standard and/or should Saint Paul police officers be held to a higher standard?

TB: Both questions is yes. Police officers have to be held to a higher standard, simply because it's a matter of walking the walk after you've talked the talk. The Constitution of the United States isn't worth anything until you apply the walk. And, we are guardians of the Constitution. As dry as it sounds, and it's extremely dry, the whole premise of everything that we do as police officers. If we are not walking the walk then the talk means nothing and it's easy to see through and it's easy to discard. The badge, the symbol of that public trust, unless you walk the walk you tarnish the badge each and every time you ignore or you distort or you discredit or you discard anything that you do to weaken the Constitution of the United States and/or, the second part question, the very fabric of the Saint Paul Police Department. Then the public trust is diminished and it weakens. There is one thing that is absolutely incredible about the Saint Paul Police Department, and that is the uniqueness of the partnership that we have with the citizens. This has been demonstrated time after time.

Every time we lose a police officer, the citizens of Saint Paul share in our tears, they feel the genuine sorrow, they acknowledge the loss and they feel the loss throughout the community and each individual citizen. It isn't a showy thing, it's not a polite thing, it's not a political thing, it's just as solid as the fabric is of the police department. That's part of why we are who we are, because of that uniqueness and trust and partnership that we have with the citizens.

I've watched other police departments and I'm not saying that we're better than they are or they're better than us or less than us, but they're different. It's the uniqueness. It's funny, because just the other day Lucia



Partners
Lucia and Tim

Wroblewski¹⁵, my partner, we were driving down the street going nowhere, it's cold out, we're tired, have a lot on our minds, a motorcycle cop goes by the other way. The motorcycle is clean as can be, his uniform is as crisp as can be, all the shiny leather, the professionalism, the precision in which he handled the motorcycle, the balance, the sheer presence of him passing by us in our peripheral vision just that split second, we both turned and say, "We got the best job in the world," out of the clear blue, no rehearsal, nothing, at the same time. I swear, we looked at each other and say, "We got the best job in the world."

That's part of it, that's part of that mindset and that's what Lucia and I, she's a field training officer, also, that we install in each and every rookie.

By the way, any person that ever listens to the word and hears the word 'rookie', please never ever think of it as a bad word. It is the most

¹⁵ Lucia Theresa Wroblewski was appointed police officer March 20, 1989.

incredible embracing word there is. You are the fresh cookie dough, the brand new slab of wood, the brand new print that just comes off the press. You are the clear crisp lyrics of a brand new song that's being sung that will become part of the tradition and the future. Being called a rookie is an incredible compliment. Being called a recruit, I hate that word, okay. The word recruit, I don't like that word, I won't call any cop a recruit. As soon as you get that badge on your chest you're a rookie, and you're a rookie for either the first full year or until the next class comes on. It depends on who you talk to. I honestly remember people calling me a rookie, being so proud of that, to be called that, because I knew that we were the new centurions. We were the new breed, the new class, the new generations, the new voice, the new fabric, the newest best improved, we were the rookies of the Saint Paul Police Department.

KC: Do you hold yourself, do you hold Saint Paul rookies, do you hold other Saint Paul officers, to a higher standard?

RB: I do and I always will. You have to self examine yourself all the time. You should be your own critic. When you do that then you preserve the mold, you embrace that Saint Paul police culture, which is what we are about. I'm not a historian, yet, you would almost think I was. I've had my time capsule come to fruition, which will be opened in a mere ninety-four and a-half years, I'm looking forward to that party.

It is, again, the most important thing is walking the walk. If you can talk the talk that's fine. We've got some police officers that are incredible.

Chief William Finney,¹⁶ in the history of the police department from the beginning of time until the end of time, Chief William Finney will be noted as one of the most incredible speakers that ever came in the Saint Paul Police Department. The guy has got charisma just dripping off him. He is truly, in the category of speakers, up there with [President] Clinton. And, he wasn't when he first started. He wasn't polished. He was, sometimes, a little bit clumsy at his speeches. And then over the years, I listened and I watched, which is what all cops do, because we're observers, and I watched him hone and watched him polish and I watched him create and paint as he would talk. I would watch the imaginary TelePrompTers that would be off in the audience on each side and he knew how to precisely wave and work a crowd visually to keep them involved. That is an art, but it was an art that was used to our advantage because when he was chief he was able to talk the talk incredibly well and give vision and then back it up with walking the walk.

KC: Why is it important for police command staff to be a good speaker, to have charisma? Who are they having charisma for, the force or the community?

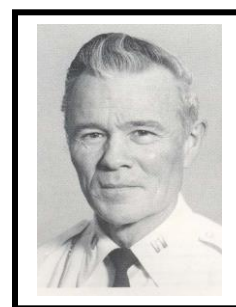
TB: Let me say this about that. It is important in many aspects to be a good speaker, provided that you believe in what you say and you walk the walk. However, with that being said, I know of police officers and commanders in our police department that were not good speakers. That

¹⁶ William "Corky" Kelso Finney appointed January 4, 1971; promoted to sergeant April 1 1978; the first Black male promoted to lieutenant March 8, 1982; captain February 23, 1987; and Saint Paul's first Black chief July 17, 1992; and retired June 30, 2004.

were very brash, that were very short winded or very long winded, who were politically incorrect. Yet, those officers, even though they didn't necessarily have public speaking skills, their ability to walk the walk was incredible. And even though it was impossible to hang on their words, it was incredibly easy to follow them because they had such clear direction in where they were going. So, again, it's that blend and that balance, even though it is nice to really have somebody be able to talk.

KC: Tell me a story about an officer that you followed, but he did not have a public persona that was inspiring.

TB: Captain Gray.¹⁷ Captain Gray, who we still call The Captain or we call him commander, he's been since retired. He came on around the time that my father came on the police department and that was after the Second World War. This is a small framed individual



Captain
Robert Gray
c. 1984

that always, constantly, is in thought. He climbed the rank and became captain, what he's most known for is when he was the station commander. As a police officer you would come into the station with your arrest, put them in a holding cell, go to Commander Gray's office, Captain Gray, and say "Captain, this is what I got." You proceed to tell him about your probable cause, the incident you had and what you think you wanted to do with him. Often, at times, you may have an arrest where you basically got the guy there on

¹⁷ Robert James Gray was appointed patrolman July 25, 1949; promoted to detective March 1, 1962; lieutenant January 2, 1968; captain March 25, 1972; and retired February 28, 1997.

contempt of cop, which means he pissed you off. Captain Gray was smart enough and schooled enough and knowledgeable enough in the law and the procedural aspect of policing that if you told him the stories and the series of events accurately. He would come up with five or six legitimate charges and I key the word legitimate', not made up, not mocked, not embellished, legitimate reasons for you to have that person in custody. He was a person that believed in public trust. Didn't want to hear about brutality, he despised it. He wanted no part of it and he would check people on it. By the way, I think that's one of the great things about a station commander is that they can read between the lines and if you were starting to get heavy handed as a police officer, whether you had a bad night at home and were taking it out on somebody on the street or that person just genuinely pissed you off and you were going to show him what time of the day it was. Captain Gray was the great equalizer to bring you back to common sense and let you know that "Hey, remember why we're here, remember the purpose, remember the public trust." He always kept it real and that was very important.

This is a guy that you didn't dare snow either, because he could smell a liar a mile away. In fact, that's why he actually became so famous because often some of the people that would embellish things or would tend to stretch the truth a little bit or fabricate things, were his peers, meaning other sergeants, commanders, lieutenants, deputy chiefs and so on, and he wasn't a bit afraid to call a piece of wood a piece of wood. He just told it the way it was. But then he got over it, he wouldn't keep harping on you.

This was a guy that was really known as a character, but anybody that knew him understood the incredible worth. He was a huge thread in this fabric. When we talked about being able to walk the walk, he was consistent, he was always consistent, he never strayed. You wouldn't find him having a bad day, he was always consistent and that was important.

KC: Now which Gray was this?

TB: Bob Gray, Robert Gray.

KC: Because that was also a family of Saint Paul police officers.

TB: Absolutely. An entire family.

KC: Who else have been your heroes? The people that have helped define your fabric within the Department.

TB: Of course, my father. Like many other families, your father ends up being your hero, but, of course, with all those things that I've told you already, he was my hero. He always will be my hero.

KC: Were you on the Department at the same time at all?

TB: Yes, in fact, we even stood in roll calls. Before we became Teams and Districts, we were into a thing called centralization, which meant that all the police officers on that shift showed up at headquarters, the main headquarters, which was downtown at 100 East Eleventh Street at the time and you stood in roll call with sixty of your brother officers. At that time there was only one sister, and that was Debbie Montgomery. I recall standing in roll call and, of course, the veteran cops, they all got to stand in the back and if you were a rookie, new flesh, you had to stand toward the front.

They were all joking about, "Hey, there's little Brad up there." My dad was proud and I was proud to be in that roll call, too. And, of course, I ended up catching a lot of heat because they had to show that there was no preferential treatment. Of course, the lieutenant who was in charge of roll call, he gave me an extra serving of crap every time I was in a roll call with my father, but that was okay, because if you got it then that means they accepted you. That's always kind of the way it is in being a cop. The more grief you get, probably the more accepted you are on the street, in most cases, sometimes there's an exception to that, but basically that's where that came from. It was a very proud time for me to be on.

KC: What year did your dad retire?

TB: My dad retired. I came on in '75. I believe it was 1977 [he retired]. I didn't understand. He said, "I'm going to retire." And, I'm like, "Well, okay." I didn't understand the scope of what that meant and now I do. I wish I could replay that. My dad really wasn't much for sentiment or whatever. My dad is seventy-nine years old now and we just finally got into giving hugs the last ten years or so, that's progress. [Chuckles] But my dad's just not one of those guys that shows a lot emotion to family. Now, I hear differently up from his old district. I run into a lot of the women he used to work with and when they would talk about my father, I would see a twinkle in their eyes and rosy cheeks and it wasn't cold out, and I would look at my partners and go, "My dad, he worked this beat, he knew these people and they liked him." I filed that, too. I knew I wanted people when my name was said, they would get that twinkle in their eye that this was a person that was of substance, this was a person of whom they had

fond memories of. It's one of the highest tributes you can pay to somebody. And I remember that so well.

KC: It's a high tribute to pay to somebody, but you're law enforcement. Your job is to show up at the hardest times, to hold people accountable, to arrest people. I mean, can you really expect people to have fond memories of you? Or, do Saint Paul Police really expect people to have fond memories?

TB: I don't know if you expect it, it's just the reality of it. A lot of times, I think, what a police officer would like to hear as a reflection of who they are as a police officer, is when some people will say, "Yeah, I know Officer so and so, he's arrested me several times. Man, Wow, those were really hard times and that was really a difficult thing for me, but he was fair and he treated me decent and it changed my life." When you hear things like that, they don't know that you're in the room, perhaps, or you hear it echoed from another friend of yours or another officer that heard that be said about you, that's gold! I mean, that's the best that a police officer could hope for. Especially when you hold your badge and you look at that. That public trust thing, again, and if that gold on the badge could talk and if it could say those words, those would be the words that you would want it to say.

KC: If you're doing band-aid policing, where you show up at a call, you settle things down and you move onto the next call, do you build those kind of relationships with the community?

TB: Yes and no. That's difficult. That's a beast and that's part of the burden and it has to do with politics and it has to do with not being enough police

officers on the street. It, also, has to do with ethics, it has to do with morals, it has to do with the balancing of time. But any good police officer, a lot of the times, will throw some of that out the window and say, *I don't have the time now, but the next time I will or I don't have the time right now, but I'm going to take the time because I acknowledge this for being something deeper than it is and if I don't take the time now this could cause a lot of problems down the road.*

It's also important, though, to have some band-aid cop in you. We do have officers on the Saint Paul Police Department that are band-aid cops. And I'm okay with that and I'll tell you why. It has to do with that balance, again. There's got to be cops that can get in and get out. There's got to be cops that say one call does it all, and a lot of people don't like those cops because they'll go into a call and it may take them a half-an-hour, an hour, an hour-and-a-half, to resolve the same call that a cop could take in seven minutes. But then you have to weigh out, was that beneficial? Was the seven minutes better in that situation? Was the hour-and-a-half better where you don't come back at all? They all play against each other and they all create a balance and the best thing about that is the ability to know when you absolutely positively have to go in the band-aid cop mode or when you have to go into the mode of taking more time. That's part of that fabric we're talking about, it isn't clear cut what a police officer should, could, would do, in some respects. There is a lot of leeway in there and the day that there isn't, the day that a cop can't go into a call and make those decisions of how much time to spend, to some degree,

how much energy, how much effort, how much information to provide to get in, to get out. The day that discretion is no longer with us as cops, particularly where we are, then the fabric of the Saint Paul Police Department will have suffered an incredible tear.

KC: Talk to me about a day where [you have that balance]. My illusion is that there are some calls you band-aid, you go in and out, and other calls you work to resolve and to compassionately support the people.

TB: Absolutely.

KC: Tell me about a day or stories about where you made the choices for both.

TB: There are a lot of times being in Minnesota, in Saint Paul, where you'll get calls on where you put your snow. Very trivial. A simple complaint on my neighbor plowed their snow into my driveway. That's a band-aid cop situation for the most part. Maybe, at best, what you want to do is we'd go in and we'd just get the neighbors out there and say, "Look, where could we put this different?" And resolve it that way. So that's a quick in and out. It's not a matter of you being warm and fuzzy and help them shovel their driveway off or anything like that. But even in a band-aid approach on that, those are things that you can handle quickly.

The other calls, Lucia and I, we've been partners for twelve years, we go after things with the mindset that we're going to do a community policing, which is we're going to take care of the problem. We had this young juvenile male that was terrorizing an entire neighborhood. We had learned that early on because we had just gotten called there on an out-of-control youth that threatened a neighbor. After talking to a couple of

neighbors we realized that he had basically done this to every person in the neighborhood. He was also doing very poorly in school. Well, Lucia and I have got a real quick checklist and we just went over it. We called and talked to the mother, she was very defensive and she said, "My son failed because the system doesn't care." We said, "That's interesting, we'll get back to that." We said, "How's your son doing in school?" "Well, he's doing terrible." "How's he doing as far as getting to school?" "Well, he doesn't show up a lot of times, he doesn't get there, he's late or he just rolls over in bed." Okay, and then we found out that he's terrorizing the whole neighborhood and all the neighborhood kids. So, we sat down with the mother at the table and had the child sit there. We're just going to call him John. We approached and confronted John about all these different problems he had and mom insisted that it was the school that didn't care, the cops that showed up too late, the neighbors that were overprotective of their own kids and their property and that they should mind their own business.

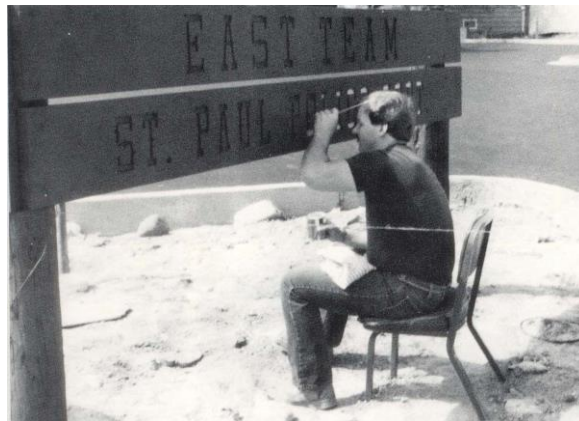
So, what we did is we took out our tag book, and any time we've got a child or something we're working on, we call it a project. We painstakingly took out the tag book and laid it down and started writing his whole name, date of birth, height, weight, where he goes to school, his phone numbers, everything about this child. The mother said, "Can I ask why you have to have so much information?" We said, "Yes, he's made our project list. If you make it on our tag book, you're a project. What that means is we're going to come to your house every day we're on duty

and we'll check in with you to make sure he's going to school, to make sure he's not harassing the neighbors, to make sure he's done his homework, to make sure that he's made his bed and to make sure that you guys are have a family interaction here that's appropriate. Because you're telling us that this is our fault, so guess what, here's the deal." We showed up every day. Now, a lot of cops would say, "We don't have that kind of time to be doing that." Well, it really doesn't take much time, trust me. What eventually happened was we showed up on Thanksgiving even. And the kid started going to school and he started leaving his neighbors alone and the calls went completely away, but a very short time later, we'd been off for four days and we came back and the house was empty. There was a for-sale sign in the front yard. What we had learned is the family moved away because they couldn't handle him being our pet project anymore. They actually moved because of it. [Laughter]

So, we looked at each other and we said, "Did we fail?" I said, "No, we didn't fail." We made this lady face the obvious that her son had issues and that when we held him accountable things improved, but they did not want to accept this kind of attention, so rather than deal with it anymore, little did we know, they actually moved. The problem moved out of the neighborhood, I don't know where it moved. I don't even know whether you want to call it a success story, but that clearly shows you tenacity in community policing.

KC: Now, my evaluation would be it is a success story, because the community was a better place.

TB: Oh, the neighbors loved us for it and the rumor got around about *you don't want to get on their tag book*. It is funny how a community will telegraph these police behavioral patterns throughout the community. The smallest things, they will attach themselves to you and you become their police officers. That's a high compliment. Many a time, Lucia and I will be in a situation where maybe a gang fight is going down and we're outnumbered and we're waiting for backup to get there and we're right in the thick of things. We're fighting, physically fighting, handcuffing, tackling people. And the public will say, "Hey, those are the bike cops, the bicycle cops and they'll come to our aid." It's incredible. You can't ask for anything better, to be their cop. "Who is that? Well, that's Officer Bradley, he's our cop". OUR cop! I like that. I can live with that. And, again, when I hold my badge, I think of things like that and it makes me so proud, it really does. That's genuine! That's not something you pony up and you make a façade, it just tangible, it's real and it's where it needs to be. A tradition.



From the Blue Line—1984 history book

*Tim Bradley demonstrates his 'artistic' ability
as he puts the finishing touches on the new East Team Sign. c. 1982*

I'm really into tradition, I think it's important. Even though I did crummy in history in high school and college, I hated it. I like traditional things, Lucia and I, we decorate the police Team [East Team district Office] every year over on the east side. And the reason we did it is because we were sitting around having some beers, we call "choir practice" after work, Kool-Aid, pop and cookies, milk and cookies, whatever you want to call it. It was beer, we had beer. We take off our uniforms, take off our gun belt, throw on a plains clothes shirt, we'd still be in our police pants and our police shoes and we'd be tossing down a cold beer and we'd talk about what was going on and it was good, it was debriefing. We complained about some of the things, and what we ended up getting out of it was saying you know what, *we need to stop complaining, maybe do some things, do some positive things around here.*

That's how the police Christmas decorations came about, is simply we said, nah, nah, nah, we can't complain about it, let's do some cool stuff, let's decorate Team for Christmas. It went from a couple hundred strings of lights twenty-one years ago to thirty thousand lights now. Just the other day we turned on channel 17, PBS, and I called my partner and I said, "We're on TV." She goes, "You're kidding me?" "No." We turned it on and there was the motorcycle cops and the Christmas stuff and Santa and the firemen putting the big tall Christmas tree on top of the police precinct. I mean, that's tradition. That's good, that's something you can give back to the community and you know that they sit around and as

teenagers or as young kids and they go, “Hey, I wonder if they’re going to decorate East Team or remember when they used to decorate east team.” Those are moments, those are memories that you’re creating and that’s what makes that fabric. There’s no getting around it, that’s walking the walk. And talking the talk.







KC: Why do you want to give back to the community?

TB: You reap what you sew. If you do Weed and Seed Programs where you go out there and you work an area real hard and you tag the dog crap out of everything and you tell young youth get off the corner and go to your house, that's called Weed and Seed to some. Take all the warrant arrests, there's no light stuff, everybody goes [to jail]. If you got a traffic warrant, you go, anybody and everybody goes. You literally sanitize that neighborhood. That's the weeding. The seeding part, which we're not as good at because it takes money, it takes energy, it takes imagination, it takes the thinking outside of the box.



Eastern District Office decorated 2005

186 was Sgt. Jerry Vick's badge number

Stars on top represent SPPD family killed in the line of duty:

Ron Ryan (8-1994)

Tim Jones (8-1994)

Jerry Vick (5-2005)

Callahan (5-1998) Laser (8-1994)

[K9 partners]

KC: But is it the police department's job to seed?

TB: Absolutely, more so than ever. We're not social workers, I agree. We're everything else though. We're Santa Claus, we're doctors, we're landscape police, we're rumor control, we're sanitary control, we're the dog catchers. One call does it all. If you don't know what to do or how to do it or who to call, people call the police department. We're the ones that get the bats out of houses. It's not written in the department manual to get a bat out of your house, we do it. We shut off outside spigots on

people that are out on vacation up on the North Shore, because a neighbor doesn't want to touch their faucet because they think they're going to be sued. So, we do stuff like that. We scratch our heads and we wonder in amazement why we got called, but it is one call does it all. It's just the way it is.

KC: Tell me another story about community policing.

TB: Community policing has been around since the very existence of the Saint Paul Police Department. It's just been repackaged and it's been sold with a little better definition of what it is. It's simply taking ownership for the area that you work. Getting involved with your community, walking the walk, not just talking the talk. Coming up with solutions. Working that broken windows theory where, you know, if you catch the house after the first broken window and fix it, you won't get more. It's true.

And, the Saint Paul Police Department when Finney was in, actually invested in the rebirth of community policing and brought in a person from Canada who taught us all, again. I was very fortunate that this happened, because what it did is it emphasized how important it was for the street cop to be a voice in upper management. To actually mold, sculpture and design what the police department was going to look like and how we were going to do policing. If it wasn't for that I probably would have been suspended many times. I might have even been fired because of the way I think outside the box. So, rather than looking at police officers like Tim Bradley and saying "You're a little different, you're kind of, I don't know, you get from point A to point E, but you

don't through B and C, you just go down to Z and X, Y and then come back up to E." And, they were okay with that, it was the end result. It was a great time for me and this happened in the 1980s, because it allowed me to bring out ideas and to think. It was a wonderful time because it made me become a whole person and it allowed me to give back to the department and to the community.

KC: Did it give you permission to do what you were already doing?

TB: Yes, it validated me. But it also validated every other police officer, too. It was a turning point for the police department in a very positive direction.

KC: If Saint Paul police have done community policing from the beginning, did your dad ever talk to you about things that he did that what we're calling now days, community policing?

TB: Oh, absolutely. My father rode a three-wheel Harley Davidson motorcycle year round. When it was cold as 40, 60 below wind chill and when it was 103 degrees and everybody was on their porches with their fans and a couple gallons of Kool-Aid surrounding them. My father was always on a motorcycle. But when you're that close to the community on a three-wheel motorcycle you can see, touch and smell your district, in fact, he used to wear it home with him. It would be on his face, all the exhaust and that. It wasn't just a matter of riding down the street in a squad car with the window rolled down and the air-conditioning on, no, my father was on his three-wheeler going down the street much slower and they would actually have conversations, "Hi, Brad, how you doin'?" "Well, I'm doing fine." He would have actual sentences exchanged as opposed to a mere hand wave or a "Hi, how you doing?" It personalized

things for him. And, of course, he wanted to get off the motorcycle quite a bit and he would stop into different businesses and that and that allowed him to build relationships with storekeepers and he knew the kids because he'd drive around the blocks time after time. He not only knew what school they went to, but he where they lived, he knew where they hung out. And that's valuable as a police officer to understand what we now refer to as the 'habitat trail'.

You see that thing on TV where they got the little hamsters and the gerbils and they build these little tunnels and that. Human beings are really basic, they only go from point A to point Z and they only do it a number of ways that are limited and if you realize that as a police officer, it gives you a great heads up on where they're going to be and how they function. That works good on criminals as well. Because you know where they're going to eat, you know where they're going to get their gas, you know where their girlfriend lives and so on and so forth, so it turns things into a no-brainer.

KC: So your dad had role modeled community policing. Were there some significant changes that happened when you went from 1975 to 2005? Now there was the validation period in the '80s, but were there other times when you watched your level of community involvement get stronger?

TB: Part of it has to do with the training. The training was changing. We were having a lot more groups come in to our training academies and

giving us information on, like Women's Advocates¹⁸ We were still having riot training, but not as much. Not as much first-aid training. Things were shifting gears into more community orientated things. We still were having police survival classes, which is very important to have. But along with that there were such drastic quick changes in the equipment that we were using. We went from wheel guns, which is another word for revolver, a six-shot revolver, Colt Pythons and model 19s. I can't remember what brand that was. We went from the wheel guns to the semi-automatic handgun, which changed law enforcement greatly, because we were able to return the threat to the hoodlums and the gangs on the street who were now armed with semi-automatic handguns and rifles. And gave us at least an equal advantage. Our squad cars were becoming so much more equipped with updated equipment. The strobe lights on top, the multi quartz lights, and the computers and double head radios and the frequency of the radios, and the pack sets. Everything was changing and developing and becoming more lightweight as the vest and everything else, too. So there were a lot of changes in a quick period of time, which also was with the changes of community policing. It's becoming more not reactive, not reactive as meaning just going from call to call to call, but actually becoming proactive. HUGE! And that was a huge difference.

KC: Tell me a story about when you were proactive.

¹⁸ Woman's Advocates began in Saint Paul, Minnesota as the first domestic abuse shelter in the nation in 1974.

TB: I'll give you a great example. My partner and I, Lucia Wroblewski, we started the bike patrol in 1993. That became out of proactive, because we realized that we needed a mode of transportation that was faster than a beat cop, but as personal as walking the beat and that was the bike thing.



Lucia Wroblewski
with bikes and a skinned knee

We started out with our initial program we had eight bike cops on the street. Now we have over a hundred. We have like thirty-eight bicycles, they're highly equipped and they're incredible bikes and we have incredible courses where we teach bicycle cops. In fact, Lucia and I have taught bicycle cops in the seven-metro area. In fact, some of them even out of state. It has allowed us incredible opportunities, too. We've escorted the President of the United States on our bicycles twice, while he was jogging around Lake Como. It has afforded us neat opportunities. But with that pro-

activeness of doing the bikes, and that was through Chief William Finney.

Tried it with McCutcheon. McCutcheon, he was a great guy, but he didn't like that concept of bicycle cops, so he shot it down a couple times. But then when William Finney got in, he said, "Nope, we'll do this Tim, just bring it by us." So, we did. Like I said, it was very successful because it

was so close to the community. But while we were out doing that proactive part, we realized we could see our district so differently and on such a more slow motion type viewing that we saw all these other things in the community that needed to be dealt with. The truancy issue was crazy. We told our commander on the East Team at the time, we said, "Commander . . .

KC: Winger¹⁹?

TB: Yes, Commander Winger. We said, "We've got a horrendous truancy problem. When we get out on the bikes in the fall, we can get in a van and we'll go out and pick up truants and we'll bring them to a truancy center and tag them out to their parents." A whole program was developed out of this. In fact, we used to have challenges with our team, we brought in thirty-four truants one day, I mean that's a lot of work. But what it did is it reduced crime by up to 50 percent in a day. Now, a lot of the veterans were kind of laughing going, "Okay Tim and Lucia, you turned into Kindergarten cops. This is ridiculous." I used to really be heavy into busting people on narcotics. Really into that Miami Vice²⁰ stuff, I used to bust dopers all the time, I loved it, the only thing missing was the music,

¹⁹ Donald Stuart Winger appointed patrolman May 1, 1972; promoted to sergeant May 20, 1976; lieutenant May 26, 1985; captain September 23, 1989; Commander of East team December 1992 to December 1997; leave of absence in 1998; and resigned December 17, 1999 as senior commander. He served as chief of Maplewood Police Department August 1998 to August 2002.

²⁰ Miami Vice was a 1980s innovative TV series focusing on the Miami Metro-Dade Police "Vice" Department. It used fashion, color, and a varied musical selection in order to accentuate and amplify the emotional undercurrent of the drama it portrayed. Stars included Don Johnson, Edward James Olmos, Olivia Brown, John Diehl, Philip Michael Thomas, Michael Talbott, and Sandra Santiago.

never heard the music in the background, but the action was there. I enjoyed that, but I realized by being a bike cop, all this truancy was really bigger. It was a bigger problem, the kids, and that was something I could save. I couldn't save the dopers. The dopers, all they could see was the money. The only way you change them, is they would either go to prison or die. OK!

But the kids, because we were in this community policing mindset now, we understood that we could actually change things. And, the funny part about it is that, like [Assistant Professor] John Harrington said. This is kind of funny because back before he became chief we use to go to college courses with him. And we would teach his classes [at Metropolitan State University on community policing]. He would teach police academy classes and he'd say, "If you want to solve a problem, work the problem backwards, you'll find a solution." Well, I thought, *well, that's kind of clever*, so we applied that to the street. When we'd arrest these kids for truancy, we'd go back and ask the parents did they know where their kid was? Do they know why they're failing so miserably in school? And meanwhile, while we're walking inside the house we're seeing the sorting tray, the dope, a gun tucked under the sofa. And we were making more felony arrests than I was when we were just going after narcotics dealers. So, not only were we reducing street crime from the juveniles by 50 percent. But we were actually making felony arrests on the parents because the parents were worthless. Thus, the product of the seed that

was truant. So, that in itself is an incredible success story as to talk about what pro-activeness/community policing does for a community.

Now, we're really fortunate because we had management teams that saw this working. The success of it and rather than look at us and say, "Well, could you just tone it down a little bit Lucia and Tim," or whatever, they would actually encourage us to go out and do more. It just snowballed and turned into more and more things and it ends up being a very positive thing because your community sees that walk as opposed to the talk.

It's gratifying all in itself just to have that. Now, we're going through hard times again, where we don't have that manpower and we are regressing into reactive policing and it's terrible, but we're going to turn it around.

KC: You have something you wanted to read.

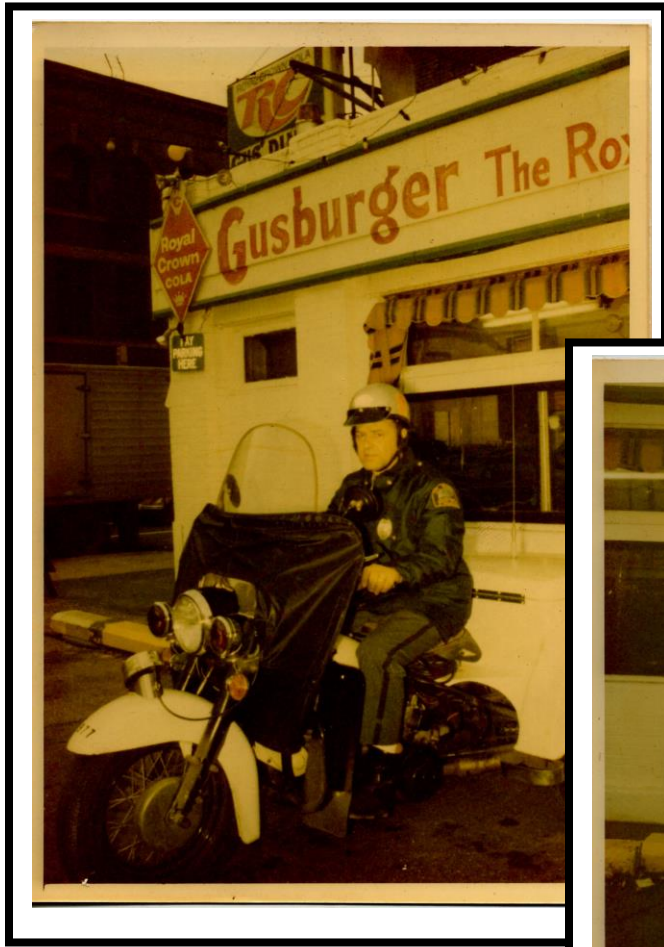
TB: I do. In the year 2000, I don't know how it happened, but I was fortunate enough to become Police Officer of the Year. Which was really in itself a real unique opportunity as a police officer to be honored by your fellow peers. Actually, my partner had a lot to do with the type of policing we did, but, of course, my father did, too. I did a lot of humor at the speech because I didn't want to bore people to death, but I did want to leave them with one thing. I had done a lot of work on the time capsule, the millennium time capsule. In the presentation I had talked about quite a bit of humorous stuff, but I also wanted to kind of get back to the fabric of

what it was all about and I wrote a little bit called Tall in the Saddle, and I just want to share it with you.

Early on in my career, from time to time I would be assigned to work the motorcycle detail for parade escorts in the Twin City marathon running event. The department had kept a few of the old three-wheel Harley Davidson on the street, which I rode on such occasions. I recall the moment as if it were yesterday. I checked out one of the motorcycles at the downtown main headquarters and had ridden it to the Holiday gas station at Rice and Pennsylvania Street to gas up. I leaned over the tank while sitting on the bike to check the fuel level when I noticed a dirt covered faded name printed in small black letters at the base of the tank. I could barely make out a few of the letters and rubbed off some of the dirt on the tank's surface. A name slowly came into view, Bob Bradley. I was completely caught off guard by this discovery.

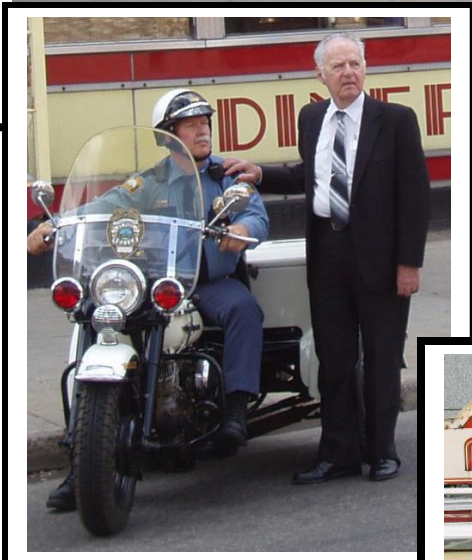
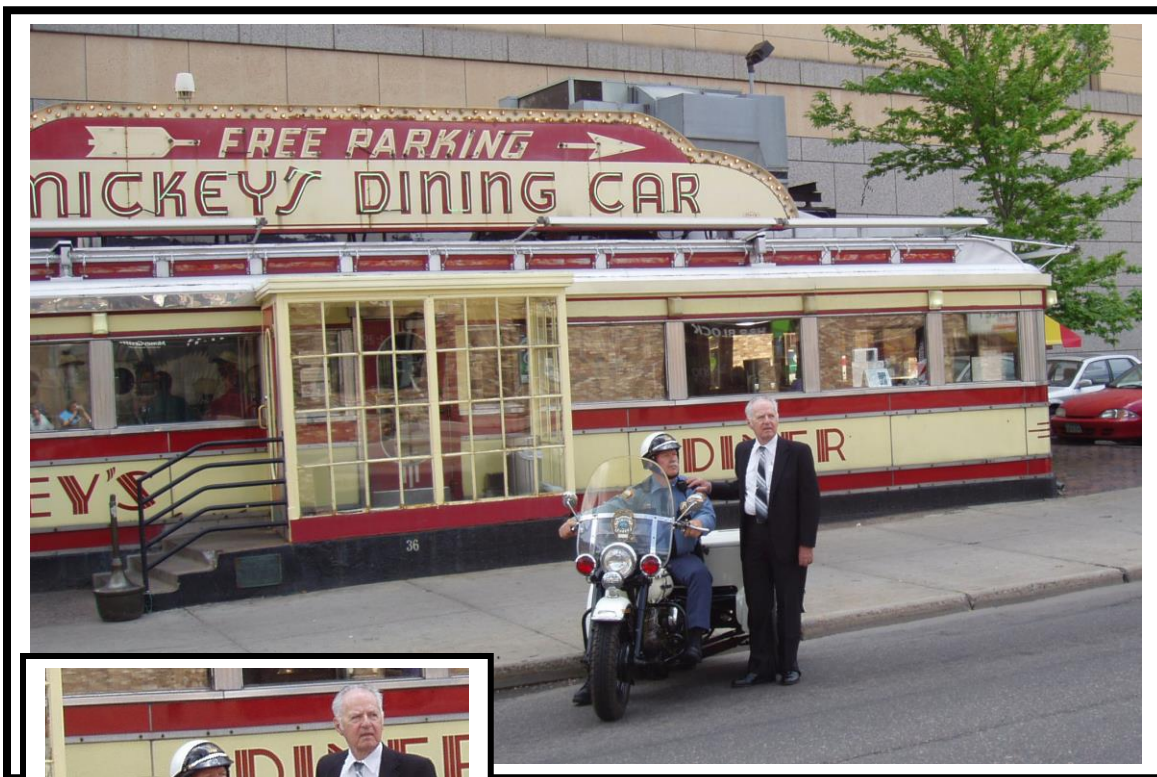
Uncontrolled emotions began to overcome me, fortunately, I was wearing tinted sunglasses that concealed the steady stream of tears that were flowing from my eyes. The wonderful realization had set in, I was sitting tall in the saddle on my father's motorcycle. The same iron workhorse he had ridden when he was on the department. I had not only followed my father's footsteps, but had actually walked in a few of them.

KC: OK cowboy, thank you for today!



Motorcycle Officer
Bob Bradley
c. early 1970s





May 2006
Photo by Julia Rust

December 29, 2005

HAND in HAND's Office

KC: It is Thursday, December 29, 2005. We're sitting in Hand in Hand's office with Officer Timothy Bradley. Tim, what I'd like to do today, is talk about some of the special projects that you've done. One of the reasons that you were on our list to be interviewed is because you have a reputation of doing special unique projects to create the heritage to leave a legacy for the Department.

I know one of the projects that you did was the time capsule. Can you talk about where you got the inspiration and how you created that.

TB: It's really kind of funny, because when one person would bring up the word time capsule, usually what comes to mind is a sense of history. When people talk about history to me, I usually think about my grades in junior high, high school and college and there was always a lot of room for improvement, trust me. A "D" like my girlfriend's daughter says, stands for done. I got it done, but, actually, she's an "A" student, but some of her classmates, they joked about that.

History, as I got caught up into it, was from looking at a police department from the very beginning of its existing in the city of Saint Paul up to its current time. The millennium was a HUGE thing that society was, not only suspiciously embracing to the point where we didn't know whether computers were going to stop functioning or time chips and different chips in cars and that were going to fail and automobiles were going to sit idle in the roadway and not go anywhere, or planes wouldn't

fly. It's actually kind of humorous to look on it, but it did raise a lot of thoughts of who we are, where we are, where we've been and where we're going. A lot of people looked at time capsules as a way of marking the millennium.

I really like hands-on things. The more difficult it is, especially when people say you can't possibly do that, it won't work, it's too time intensive, too much money. Those things—when you say things like that to me it's very intriguing. Actually, it nudges me on.

Everybody has got a little bit of procrastination in them and I certainly had mine for about ten years in my life, from the age of 25 to 35. Then all of a sudden I realized that I had a lot of projects, a lot of irons in the fire that weren't necessarily completed and I kind of just all of a sudden changed. One of the things that really showed that I had tackled that part of frustration in my life was the time capsule. I've done a lot of research. A curiosity to a lot of people, there are a great number of time capsules that are buried and never found. I found that rather disturbing, so I when I started designing this incredible time capsule, I decided it can't be buried and it should stay visual because it's such a tease. With the generations that we have raised within the last forty years of, *I would really like a slice now and maybe a slice while I'm waiting for the slice, and then if there's a piece left over, well, we'll see if it stays there.* The bottom line is that this thing started to take on a life of its own and I realized it had to be a visual. And, of course, when you talk about time capsule then and you're not going to

put it in the ground, well then you've got protection issues and you've got to, not only protect it against the elements, but you have to protect it against criminals and people that would like to take the contents of the capsule and walk away with it and maybe sell it or keep it for themselves. So, a lot of things came into play.

As I put pen to paper and made sketch after sketch after sketch, this thing, it basically wrote itself. Its dimensions wrote itself, its particular structure, the angles that were cut on it, what type of iron it would be made out of, what type of stone it would rest on, and it really took on a life of its own. It consumed me.



I'm a typical police officer, since I started thirty years ago, like I've told other officers, I've probably never worked less than a sixty hour work week and sometimes a hundred and ten hours a week.



Isaac Rinehart, current uniform since 1964

David Yang, current uniform since 1964

Pam Barragan, current bike cop uniform

Kevin Reinke, green uniform 1931-1964

Lucia Wroblewski, futuristic uniform

Craig Nelson, Metro Look
uniform 1910-1931

Working off-duty is not a stranger to me. I'm really fortunate because a lot of the jobs that I worked off-duty on, were ones where I was just sitting and protecting either an art exhibit or whatever. It allowed me a lot of time to do research and to make phone calls and to sketch and re-sketch and redesign all these different projects and, of course, the time capsule being one of them.

I was really fortunate, because the Saint Paul Police Department, through this window of community policing and the concept of having your street line officers, your street cops, having a say in what happens in the police department. It gave me a voice, so they were all kind of already in tune to this fact that, "Let Tim run with his idea, at least let's see what he's got going." I had a foot in the door.

When I gave the presentation to the chief [Finney] and all of the deputy chiefs and the commanders, I brought a sword from home, I collect swords from the 1500s, the Renaissance period, and this happened to be a

German hand and a-half bastard sword and it's gorgeous. It was used by the knights in battle and it was extremely visually impressive to see this. I brought it along in a blanket and halfway through the



Officer Bradley and Chief Finney
at time Capsule

presentation, I took it out of these wrappings and wielded it and everybody backed up and they said, "What are you doing?" I said, "I'm showing you a piece of my collection that I'm passing down to my children and this particular sword is worth the price of a Glock handgun, which is about six, seven hundred dollars." I said, "If you put it into perspective, what I'm asking the department to do is per officer make a lot less of a donation to making sure that the history of the Saint Paul Police Department, the fabric frozen in time at the year 2000. Is there a hundred years from now and presented to a police department and to a community so they can look at it and say 'this was the Saint Paul Department in the year 2000.'" That was the spin of it.

Then I proceeded to lay out the things telling them about the ten inch Lake Placid blue stone granite that it would be carved out in with *Honor, Pride, Service* and *Dedication* in letters around this capsule, which is about seven feet six inches tall, twenty-two inches in diameter, its quarter-inch stainless steel with a thirty-six inch bevel on the top. It has a secondary cavern which contains, street value of about twelve thousand dollars worth of items, that's in the year 2000. A hundred years from now, can you imagine what the value of those artifacts will be in the time capsule, it's amazing.



I had all these sketches and all these visualizations and I just told them, I said, "Here's the deal. I will go out, I will raise the money, I'll take care of the business, I'll design it and I'll have it constructed. I will write the ceremony for the dedication and all's you have to do is say yes." Well, it's pretty hard to say no. I had a track record of successes, whether it was putting up the Christmas decorations on Eastern District or playing Santa Claus for Gillette Children's Hospital or the 1999 photo shoot of the entire police department at the State Capitol, so there were a number of successes which I could draw from, including the bike patrol, just to say trust me a little bit and I'll spend the energy, I'll spend the time. They said yes, they gambled and I appreciated that, but it was a monster, an absolute monster.

KC: How long did it take you to do it?

TB: Hundreds of hours. Hundreds of hours. Channel 4 did a special on it, and I do have the special. What I had done, I already had the capsule built and the granite was on site and they were going to bring in the capsule portion with a crane. The Chief [Finney] showed up at Eastern District where I had all the artifacts, I was numbering them, photographing them and writing a little bit of information about everything. Now, I need you to imagine this. This is a collection of six different complete uniforms, from socks all the way up to tie tacs to gun belts, firearms, to seven dollars in a police officer's shirt. Actually I think it was eight. A five and three ones, representing what a street cop usually has on him at any particular time. Of course, sometimes they had more, sometimes they had less, but just current at that time, the year 2000. The

ink pens, the tag book, the number one tag book from the year 2000, which had the 01 on it, the first tag book issued that year. It had the American flag, the State flag, the Department flag, all of the badges, from patrol officers all the way up to the chief's badge, the entire set. All of the arm patches with all of the different rank insignias. All the different pins that were given out, the canine pins, the bomb squad pins, the mounted patrol pins, the motorcycle pins, all of those pins. The Chief's own personal Glock, a squad shotgun, the license plates and the graphics and the badges off of a squad car, the computer from a squad car, the five top restaurants where cops ate in the city, the menus from which they could chose selections from. Handwritten reports on the murder trial and investigation of Jones and Ryan, with personal signed notes never to be laid on eyes for 100 years, simply because the investigators that wrote their personal thoughts wanted to be deceased before their true feelings were made public. Except they told me, I could lay eyes on it. What an incredible gift they gave me.

We had a canine officer that year that won a medal, not won, he deserved a medal of valor from a situation he was in, Grady Harrison was his name. He had just gotten married, his entire wedding ceremony is in the capsule. A DVD player to play it is in the capsule. His wife was given a necklace with his badge number engraved on it. There's a full shot of both of them, a close up of her neck, a super close-up of her necklace, and guess what is in the time capsule – the necklace. You talk about Titanic, it's such an

incredible gift to give any romantic a hundred years from now, because when they see that they will just sob because it's just so incredibly romantic and valor. It's some of those things that police officers really stand for.

We are knights, we are the old realm, we are the protectors of the village, we are the protectors of the king and the protectors of the truth. A lot of people say, "You're nuts Bradley." And I just look at them and go, *you know what, it's the 1500s, that's where I draw my strength from. I don't know where you draw yours from, but good luck to you and I'll just be where I'm at because that's where my comfort level is.* But that's where I draw my energy from. So the capsule did come to light and when the Chief came out to see all the medals, any medal that you could get as a police officer was in the time capsule. I've hardly even mentioned a small portion of what's in there, but it's absolutely incredible. When he saw that, he became misty eyed and he ordered one of his members from up in the Chief's office, he said, "Here's a list of what I wanted added to this. You give Officer Bradley these things immediately." He added all these other things. So that really, to me, was significant, because I realized that the Chief, who had said yes to the project, now was even adding even more to it. He had totally bought into it.

KC: Chief Finney is very dedicated to history.

TB: Oh, he is. And, I guess I am too, but who knew. The day that we dedicated, which was the Police Memorial in May, it was great because it was a ceremony to honor all the police officers and families in the past

that had given up a loved one in the performance of the duty of being a police officer in that trust put on them by the badge. And they were there and we had a rookie, a brand new rookie cop, and we had a retired police officer unveil the time capsule. What was so neat about is that all these survivors' families, a lot of them took pictures of their families next to the time capsule because it was significant to them. It meant something, it was a visualization, and it was way better than I anticipated. It's a wonderful gift to give to the city, because it speaks so well of who we are and where we are and where we're going and where we've been.

KC: Originally, it was in front of headquarters at 11th Street.

TB: Right, 100 East 11th Street.

KC: And then it was moved to?

TB: Grove and Olive.

KC: 367 Grove Street? Wow.

TB: That was fun because I could bring my children down there to see that and it just really, it took a tremendous amount of energy out of me, but it was worth it. It truly is worth it.

KC: When did you start on it, because it was dedicated in May [2001]?

TB: It took over a year to put it together. When I'm saying a year to put together, I'm talking about [heavy sigh] at least twenty to thirty hours a week. It was a job. But I knew every inch. It was funny because Finney was kind of chuckling, he goes, "Tim, all this isn't going to fit in there." I looked up at the Chief and I said, "Sir, it will fit, trust me. I've spent so much time on planning this, it will fit."

KC: Now, where did you get some of your ideas to be as expansive and to figure out how to pack it and how to make it all fit?

TB: I actually went to the Minnesota Historical Society, interviewed several people down in the artifacts portion of the Minnesota Historical Society. Ended up hiring a historian, a person that does all the handling of the artifacts at the Minnesota Historical Society. The police department, we hired him to personally pack these items so that even the folds in the shirts and the way that the tie is put with fabric in between it to keep the acid over time from dissolving thread counts. There's so many things that come into play. All of the paper in there I had to recopy on cotton paper, very, very dense cotton paper, because it reduces the risk of the acids wearing down and becoming gases inside of this time capsule, which could destroy everything. So, there was a lot of research done.

KC: Thank you.

You referred to the photograph.

TB: The photograph was a real turning point. I had walked up to the Chief's office many times, on many occasions, of asking for different things and being on different projects. There was a large photograph of the police department that was taken at the State Capitol back in the 1950s. My father was on the police department, he was a motorcycle cop, and I would always point out to the rookies, I'd go, "This is my dad in this row." And, they'd go, "Wow, that's really cool," and, "it's so incredible that they got a picture of the police department."

Well, one day I was up in the Chief's office and we were talking about some different things with his secretaries and a couple other individuals, and we were going to put together the millennium book, that's another thing I ended up working on. One of the things we wanted to do is we didn't want to do everything the same, we wanted to make the millennium book really special.

I said, "Well, there's no question in my mind, the one thing that we absolutely have to do is we have to take a new photo of the entire police department." They said, "You're nuts. It can't be done." Which is my cue, because I love that, I love to be called nuts, and I love to be told it can't be done. I just told them very politely, "Okay, look, just give me permission to research it." If they would only learn that that's when they need to say no, then things probably wouldn't get so out of hand. But they saw that goofy look in my eye and they said, "Okay, research it."



Tim pointing to his father in the 1959 Department picture

Well, I did, and I realized that it had to be a time of the year when most of the officers weren't on vacation. It had to be on a day when most of the officers weren't working. It had to be at a time where the call load wasn't heavy. And, it had to be laid out so that the most suspicious police officer wouldn't object to it and derail it. Now, that is a lot of ground work to lay out. It didn't take long before I figured out it had to be in December. It didn't take long to figure out it had to be on a Sunday and the time of it, that kind of spelled out for itself. Then it was just a matter of laying out the publicity of it internally in the police department. And very carefully and delicately letting this information seep out in a natural form, because rumor control can destroy something so quickly. So, painstakingly, I made this snowball, so to speak, and hoping that it wouldn't crack or get too hard, that it would just stay proper in consistency until it was time to use it. It was such an incredible stressful thing because it got very close to it. I remember we sent out flyers, we sent out letters to each officer, we wrote up things on their paycheck with clever little sayings, but not too clever. And not ones that could be toyed with or rumored with because once you get rumors going it's death.

It was the night before and I remember going up to the Capitol and my girlfriend said, "Where are you going? And, I said, "I got to go to the Capitol." I went to the front steps and it was just starting to snow a little bit, and I dropped to my knees and I said, *God, yes it's me, I know I don't pray to you that much, but if you could just find it in your heart, please let this*

thing pull itself off, it would be so incredible. I got up off my knees and the next morning when I woke up and I went down there, [Chief] Finney was there within a short time, we had all these scissors scaffolding so the photographer could get very high up in the air to take the photograph. I had decided that the only way that police officers behave in a large group is when they hear bagpipe music. So I went and got very large speakers and I had the radio shop come and I borrowed some bagpipe music from the local bagpipe group and it started to snow harder and harder and all the stuff was set up. I'm looking nervous and Chief is looking at me and he's going, "It will be okay." And, I said, "Sir, I hope you're right." Then I remembered this other sergeant that also was on the project, she wasn't at the site at the time, but she had told the dispatcher, "We're going to call this off, because of the snowfall." I looked at the Chief and he said, "It's your call." I got on the air and I said, "This is 3-9-0, Officer Bradley, disregard that command. The shoot is on, I repeat, the shoot is on." The Chief smiled at me, which is rare, because I had just politely taken an order from a sergeant and turned it around. Her intentions were truly great, she wanted the shoot to pull off, but she was nervous about the snow, and the Chief let me make the decision.

Assistant Chief Dick Gardell,
Chief William Finney,
Assistant Chief Tom Reding
At 1999 Department Picture shoot.





So, with that, I'm standing there and if you can imagine being on the State Capitol looking down toward the city, heavy snow coming down from all angles on a Sunday morning where there's literally not much traffic, and all of a sudden out of your peripheral vision there's three officers here, three officers here, four here, six here, nine here, twenty-one walking here, fifty-three walking this way, twenty groups of twenty and packs of officers walking from every single direction in this snowfall and coming on the steps and starting to form. Watching the Chief and the huge smile on his face and all this camaraderie and this very magical moment when the bagpipes piped up in the loud speaker and the music drifted over the stairs of the State Capitol. All these different police officers from all these different families, all these different clans, all these different beliefs, all these personal desires to be a professional police officer, to be a police officer that their families would be proud of, all standing at attention and the click of the camera. Thus, the photograph of 1999, the Saint Paul Police Department captured forever. It was a moment I will never forget. I will never forget. It was mystical, to say the least.

KC: What was the roll calling at that point? Five hundred and?

TB: Yes. There was a large turnout, a very large turnout. Some of the officers couldn't be there. When you have that many police officers you're going to have sicknesses in the families, you're going to have cars break down, you're going to have officers that have turmoil that happen in their families and for whatever reason can't make it. But the one nice thing that

- came out of that is the overwhelming words were, "If we ever do that again, I would never, ever, ever want to miss that." It was good, it was right. It was the right thing to do at the right time.
- KC: How often does that need to be done? Every ten years?
- TB: Yes, I'm thinking certainly no longer than fifteen years. We've already talked about doing it again because we have such a young police department. I really suspect that before I retire in 2007 that I will want to be part of that again. They say a lot of times things can't be duplicated, but I don't know. A gathering without tragedy in that magnitude is mystical, it's incredible.
- KC: You refer to tragedy. You came on the department in 1975.
- TB: Right.
- KC: In 1981 John O'Brien was killed in a car accident. In 1994.
- TB: Tim Jones²¹ and Ron Ryan²².
- KC: Were murdered. In 2005 Sergeant Jerry Vick²³ was killed by gunshot. And just in this last week another member of the Saint Paul family was killed while he was on a leave of absence, but serving in Iraq. You have been through four of these gatherings. What's it like? You're the number three man in seniority, now, in the department. You've been through more.
- TB: I've gone from standing as a rookie in a police funeral, more so a rookie, even though I had several years on the job. Which in itself tears your heart

²¹Timothy J. Jones was appointed police officer October 31, 1978; fatally injured by gunfire while searching for the suspect in Officer Ron Ryan's murder August 26, 1994.

²²Ronald Michael Ryan, Jr. was appointed police officer January 23, 1993; fatally injured by gunfire while responding to a "slumper" call August 26, 1994.

²³Gerald Dennis Vick appointed police officer September 18, 1989, promoted to sergeant July 31, 1999; fatally injured by gunfire May 6, 2005. Receive the Metal of Valor 1991 and 1997.

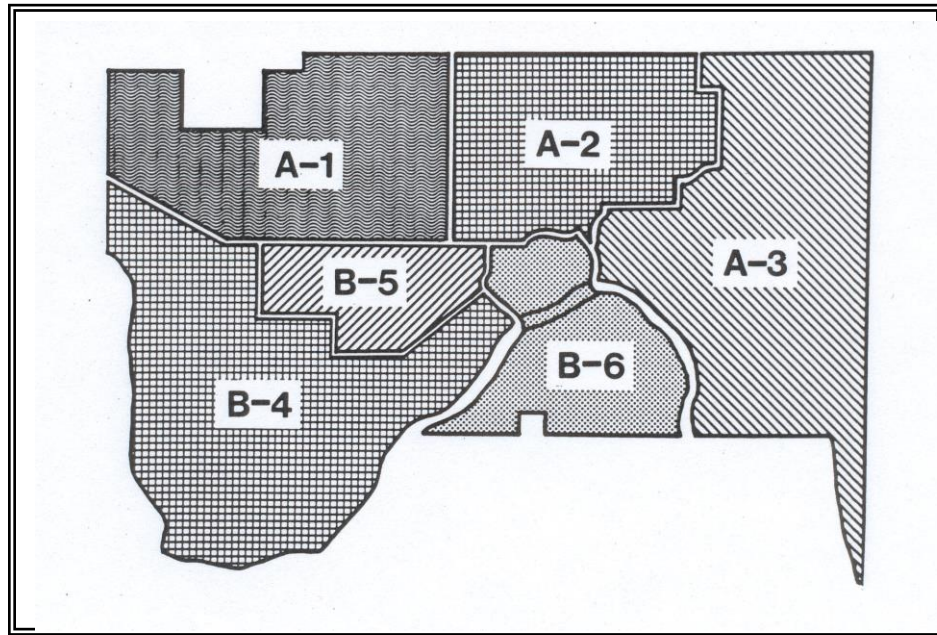
out, tears everything that you think is in its right place, not into its right place. You, obviously, deal with it in your own way and your family, most police families, when the officer goes through this, its very hard to watch, because the police officer kind of withdraws into themselves and it's something that they bear very personal.

Any death, in any person's life, regardless of whether they're a police officer or whatever they do, it's a loss and the realism that you are all mortal, flesh, and that you too will pass. It's the combination of all that and some of that, of course, can be magnified and multiplied in its disastrous outcome simply because of your mindset as a police officer. A lot of young police officers, we don't think we will die on the job. We don't think we can get hurt, we're invincible. We are, "Yield to the shield," you know. "We go for it." Oh, yeah, in your face, adrenaline junkies, that's what we are, that's what we've always been. I'm an old dog, but I'm still an adrenaline junkie. Especially, tell I can't, I tell you I can.

However, if I am wrong, I'm wrong and I'll admit it. That's some of the difference, but that came from time. OK. My armor is dented and my armor has been used and I wield my sword differently than I did when I was a rookie. My verbal judo is very proficient, now, where my physical skills when I was a rookie, were more intense and sometimes played out quicker than to sit back and let things settle a moment and calm. But that's part of becoming a good police officer.

KC: How did you hear that O'Brien had been lost in an auto accident?

TB: The deal was with John O'Brien²⁴ is that I was at the Team at the time. We were called the Junk Yard Dawgs and the precinct²⁵ was in the middle of Twin City Towing Company, right off of 35 and Maryland, in a junkyard. That was our team office. We had jackets and everything, and they called us the Junk Yard Dawgs.



My partner, who was Officer Gardell at the time, and now is Senior Commander Gardell, we were 2-1-7 and our name was the Hallmark squad, *when you care to send the very best*. How sick is that?

²⁴ John J. O'Brien was appointed October 26, 1971, and fatally injured when his patrol car was struck by a vehicle that had fled another patrol car April 16, 1981.

²⁵ A2 Team office of *The Junk Yard Dawgs* was located at 1280 Jackson Street 1977 - 1982.

Old Partners:
Dick Gardell
And
Tim Bradley
C 1990



I had gone to Team to write a report and my partner had gone to check on some suspect information, it was on a hit and run accident report. We always used our energy and just got on top of things right away. So, while I was writing he was investigating, and all of a sudden there was this car chase on the air and then a long amount of silence. Then all of a sudden these screams, "Police officer struck, get squads here immediately."

My partner said, "2-1-7 go to three," channel 3, he said, "Tim, get every tow truck you can to the accident scene immediately." When you're partners with somebody and you've been with him for a couple years, when they give you very specific orders like that you know they mean that and you do exactly what they say. So, I ran next door, which was Twin City Tow, they did our tows. I said to the dispatcher, "Drop everything you're doing, I need you to send every tow truck driver you have to the intersection on Forest right now. Don't question me, just trust me." And, he did it.

I drove out there and the scene was surreal. What had happened is that a high speed chase had happened on the east side and there were a number of teenagers in the suspect vehicle. One of the squads had lost sight of them. John and his partner were in the process of looking over the area and they were driving northbound on Forest approaching the intersection on Geranium. Unbeknownst to them, this vehicle still thought it was being chased. It entered the intersection at what they figured, the accident reconstruction techs, figured at 110 miles an hour. The squad was broadsided. The squad catapulted over seventeen feet in the air as it rotated. It struck on the side of a building, a two-story building, that was on the northwest corner, pushed the brick away from the building and started to eat away at the inner structure of the building, at which time Dude O'Brien was shoved out the window of the squad car and there was contact made with him, the building and the squad car. The other police officer that was in the squad at the time, the shear force threw him through the cage and out the back window. Now, that's what I was told of this particular chain of events. Whether they're out of sequence or whatever, they may have happened a little bit differently, but the street cops were given this information. Once he was thrown out the back window, he actually landed on the street.

You could hear a pin drop. There were hundreds of people standing there watching this. You couldn't recognize the police officers because their faces were so swollen from the trauma, it was terrible. I remember so painstakingly processing that scene. This is way back when we first

started using video cameras. Now, the video camera was two and a-half feet long, it took one officer to film and then the recording device was in a case that weighed about fifty pounds with cable, and the second officer followed behind with the box. That's how long ago we're talking here, about how primitive video was at the time. And, yet, that was the first time we used it and it was very valuable as far as looking at the reconstruction of the accident scene.

It was hard to go through. My innocence was really lost at that point. I had heard about police officers getting killed, but I hadn't experienced it and I didn't want to either, but it was forced upon us. We rose to the occasion and we were all there. We were all there. We were all there.

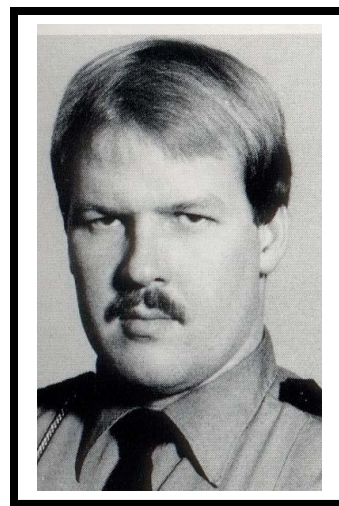
Officers that were off, whether they had a broken leg from a car accident chase or whatever, or just gotten out of surgery from some assault, they were all there.

KC: At the scene?

TB: No, at the funeral. They were all there, it was incredible. I never experienced something to that point. I lost my innocence. I realized that we could be killed. It was a real awakening.

KC: Everyone was there. Was there the turnout of officers from around the state, like we've experienced since then?

TB: Yes, there was, but it was very much more personal to the Saint Paul Police Department. At that time, I recall more our officers, and I don't



Tim Bradley
1984

know whether it's because I had tunnel vision and that's all I wanted to see or what. It's an interesting question, because what I remember so exclusively, even though there were a lot of other agencies there, I just remember so vividly the Saint Paul police officers. It wasn't in a selfish way, it's just where I was in that part of my life and the tragedy was so personalized. It's fuzzy, that particular death, as far as the other departments, and I know they were there, but it's fuzzy to me.

KC: Do you remember standing in formation outside of the church?

TB: Absolutely, yes. I remember all the high ranking officers. I remember a lot of black suits.

The one thing I really do remember about that, the camaraderie, it wasn't meant to be in anybody's face, but it was a camaraderie thing. When we were heading down Highway 94 taking John Dude O'Brien to the cemetery, his request was let the sirens rip. We got onto 94 and I remember getting down to spaghetti junction [intersection of Freeways 94 and 35E] and somebody said, "For Dude" and the sirens started cracking. One, two, three, seven, nine, twenty-one squad, boom, and pretty soon hundreds of squads wailing sirens. Then the Chief [McCutcheon] got on the air and he said, "I order the sirens off now." We all respectfully swallowed. And we respectfully acknowledged his command. And then we respectfully disregarded it and we let the sirens rip and let the sirens roar and Dude got his day.

KC: How long did the sirens rip?

TB: Way longer than the Chief ever would have dreamed, but he got it, he got it.

That's one thing I will say about McCutcheon, he got it. He had a seventeen second attention span. It was just his way of lording things over you. If you went in his office, you had seventeen seconds to say what you did. If you think about it, seventeen seconds is about how long it takes to say a sentence or to take a breath and that's how long you had to get out what you had to get out. Then he would just look over his glasses and dismiss you, he wasn't interested anymore. So, this guy had uniqueness about him. But, with that being said, he also got it, he knew his troops weren't doing it out of disrespect, they were doing it out of loyalty and camaraderie and that's one special thing I will remember about that. It wasn't disrespectful, it was a moment in time where we stood and it was basically, all for one and one for all.

KC: And, someone knew that that had been his request?

TB: Oh, absolutely, sure. I don't know if they did anything in the papers with that or not or just left it alone. It was a significant moment in time, truly was a significant moment.

KC: So the sirens were blaring from what point to?

TB: For miles.

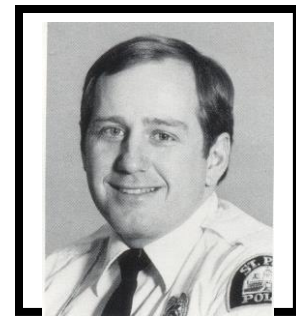
KC: Miles and miles and miles. For ten minutes?

TB: Oh, it seemed like a longer time than that even, but it wasn't just a small little mistake, oops we forgot to turn them off, it was a long time.

KC: In 1994, 07:00 in the morning. An east side officer. You worked the east side, went to check on a car. How did you find out about the death of Ryan?

TB: I had turned on the television and I couldn't believe my eyes, because they were running footage live. Of course, it's a natural reaction, you jump up, you shower up, you get your gear and gear up and you go. You don't make any phone calls to say, *do you think I should come in?* No, you go. You might make a couple phone calls to let other coppers know, that you are very close to. And then the telegraph drums are on. It's a very short time and anybody and everybody knows what's happened.

By the time I had driven to the eastern district where Ryan was stationed out of, as a rookie. I remember Winger, Don Winger, who was my commander, I remember big tears running down his eyes, he grabbed me with both hands and he said, "Tim, we just lost another one." And, I remember saying, "No, 1 And, he said, "It is, Jones. Timmy Jones." I remember him saying Timmy.



Don Winger
c.1984

That's kind of the neat thing about the job, too, people screw around with you, make a lot of jokes about you, you're good to go, but another thing if your name is Tim and they call you Timmy, they like you. So, any time I

hear myself called Timmy, I know I'm in a good place with people that like me. Even on South Parks.²⁶ "TIMMY"

I remember grabbing a squad car, checking the shotgun and going out to the scene. I remember seeing all these other agencies, all these other SWAT teams forming up.

I remember looking at Johnny Dirks, used to be the president of the Hell's Outcast, then he joined the Hell's Angels for awhile. He's a motorcycle gang member. He had a smirk on his face and I remember looking at him and saying, "Not now, not now." He apparently had made some remarks to a crowd that, "This is a good day." I remember within that day, hunting him down. I hunted him down, not to hurt him, but to let him know that *no, you don't do that*. We had a nice talk, we had a good talk and he actually ended up apologizing. That was not a good way to start out at the scene.

And then, of course, I was stationed down by the parkway, a little league ball field on Earl and stood with a shotgun behind the squad, probably for six, seven hours while the manhunt continued. It was a terrible day. It was very numbing. The sad thing about it is, I don't know why, but some of the criminals took advantage of the day and they went out and they raised some hell and the call load was very heavy. We not only did our

²⁶ South Park is an animated, comedy syndicated for TV. The sarcastic humor of the program is popular with law enforcement personnel.

day, but then we did our night. Many of us worked seventeen hours that day.

KC: Were you supposed to be working an afternoon shift that day?

TB: Yes. We came in right in the morning and then we ended up staying late because things had gotten kind of wacky. I suppose looking back on it, maybe it was a good thing that we were, we were probably where we needed to be.

Again, it's that loss of innocence, and then watching these new rookies that had never been in a police killing before, to watch them. But then at the magnitude of having two officers and a dog wiped out of our police department with a blink of the eye and to know these guys and to be so fond of them, to just have that ripped from you. It was a tremendous loss. And then because you start to be a veteran police officer. Watching your younger officers and realizing you don't have the luxury anymore of just sitting back and letting this consume you to some degree, you have to also make sure that you're picking them up and also that you're setting the right example for them. There were a lot of guys that couldn't cry right away, and then there were those that could. God bless them, because it was something that needed to come out.

KC: Its thirteen years later, who's your partner now?

TB: Lucia Wroblewski. The mad, Polack genius, Zena Princess, Warrior, very critical thinker, a wonderful catalyst to perpetuating my existence as a police officer at the level of not burning out and consistently turning out product and feeling competent, confident and compassionate still. Not getting numb, not getting burnt out. I really believe it's because of our partnership.

KC: When did you see Lucia that day?

TB: Actually, I couldn't tell you.

KC: When did you cry?

TB: This is hard because what's happening is that the Vick killing is bleeding into this. I know when I cried the hardest. I cried the hardest on the State Capitol steps when Timmy Jones had the funeral. I didn't have, but a lot of the police officers had sunglasses on and was hiding their tearstained faces. I had been arguing with a couple of my friends that were police officers, we were close friends and we had been feuding for a little while. It was nothing significant, it's what people do, its friendships, you know. I remember walking up to them, and they were wearing their sunglasses and I wasn't and I looked at them and I said, "For what it's worth, it ends here today, it ends. I'm sorry. I'll take whatever responsibility for this becoming a problem, but it ends." We all hugged and we all said it ends



Partner Lucia Wroblewski

and it did. That's kind of what primed the pump. There were so many visualizations at Jones' funeral.

KC: The funeral was here at the Cathedral.

TB: At the Cathedral. If you can imagine a block long of nothing but canine officers standing within two feet of each other on either side a dog for a block. If you can imagine a battalion of Highway patrol officers, State Troopers, marching across the freeway on John Ireland Bridge from the State Capitol in their Smokey hats, these people look really sharp, and when they put on their blouse coats and when they marched in a battalion, it just left such a mark on me. Then trying to wipe the tears out of my eyes and looking off to my right and seeing Minneapolis Police Department, they have always, always been there for us. When they say sister cities or brother cops, they're not kidding, we're tight. A lot of times we joke about the border and what they do over there and what we do over here, but they got our back and we got theirs, and it's a given. It was payback for them because we had gone to a police officer's funeral in Minneapolis. He was gunned down in a pizza parlor on Lake Street.

KC: Jerry Hoff.

TB: What was significant about that is that when we came out to the burial site this is back when we were all wearing these long flashlights, they were called kel-lights. And if you wore it on your belt it clinked and it clanked, and if you an imagine hundreds of Saint Paul Police Department officers walking four-a-breast and this clank, clank, clank, and the Minneapolis officers started to turn around and you could just see the eyes of recognition and the tears. The best part about this is that's what is

important at that time is to know that there are other people that have your back. All of the other police departments that come to these police officers' funerals.

Again, it's back to the 1500s, when the knights, that's what they did. They would come in their colors, they would come in their armament and they would represent their kingdoms and their kings. There is absolutely no difference whatsoever at all. Everything is just as absolute gallant and it's a time when honor means something. When individuality and the sacrifice, the ultimate sacrifice becomes so visual that you can taste, you can taste it in your mouth and it isn't just from the tears rolling off your cheeks. It's in the air. Can you imagine a block long of canine dogs, perfectly quiet because they got it. The irony of it is when they brought Tim Jones' casket out, by the way his dog [Laser] was buried with him, the dogs all started crying and whimpering. It was, it was unbelievable.

KC: I was at Jones' funeral.

TB: Well then you recall that.

KC: What was that like, two days in a row you go in formation, you're in your dress blues and you're all full of emotions? Do you stuff it so much that it doesn't come out?

TB: I think the standing, even though it pretty near killed us, because we stood for hours. We stood for hours and so did other police departments that came to stand with us. They actually even stood longer and I love them for that. It's remarkable the turnouts for these officers' funerals. We stood for hours and the thoughts race through your mind. And when all is

said and done it leaves you tired and empty, and searching for answers. Whether it's God or whether it's the legacy or whether it's out of concern for family members and/or friends or other cops. It becomes very, very, very raw and real that you see this death as kind of an awakening, of sorts. Be more vigil on the job, expect the unexpected, do not let your guard down, do not take your fellow officer for granted, do not ever assume that you will come home, because you — may — not come home.

KC: Yesterday I did another one of these interviews with another one of your brothers, a retired officer. And he said, "I learned to wake up and say, 'I might die today or I might kill someone today', and I had to prepare myself every day, not in a negative way, but just a practical way." Do you do anything like that?

TB: I do. However, when I polish my armor and I, so to speak, polish my armor, which means that I train and retrain. [heavy sigh] I try to not be complacent and I really think that that's one area where a police officer sometimes lets their guard down and you have to stay sharp.

I think it's important to have humor. If it weren't for humor, citizens would not like the way we police, because humor is an incredible outlet and it's also understood universally. Even if somebody doesn't necessarily understand your language they can understand a smile, even if it's at an awkward moment. If it's presented in a real genuine form, humor can be priceless and it's a great thing to have as a police officer. It's incredible and we're good at that. We're good at sharpening our humor. All those that profess to be good police officers, great police

officers, they are men and women of humor. For the most part, a few exceptions, I would probably say there's a few, very few exceptions, but humor is a large part of what we are and what we draw from.

KC: 2005, how well did you know Sergeant Vick?

TB: I knew Vick well enough to go up and say "Hey, Jerry, we got this problem on the east side and it's really upsetting me, could you please pay some special attention to it." I knew him well enough to know when he looked at me and cocked his head and paused for a minute, he wasn't trying to think of an excuse not to do it. He was just trying to figure out how to figure it in to everything else that he had to do. I knew he knew me well enough and I knew him well enough where we could have conversations and he knew that it wasn't a blame game, it wasn't meant as anything other than how are we going to get this job done, and that I knew I could go to him. I think he felt good that I felt that I could go to him and that I would bring vice problems directly to him as opposed to writing up stupid memos that were very timely and time consuming and got nothing done. I think we had a real nice friendship.

We weren't barbequing together or anything like that. But I felt that we understood each other really well. I liked that. I liked having conversations with him. And, there's some cops I don't like having conversations with, which is normal.

KC: I hear that there are many stories about his creativity. Did you experience his humor and creativity?

TB: I didn't. I knew one of his best friends, Toupal,²⁷ Sergeant Toupal, and in order to be a friend of Toupal's, I knew you had to kind of be in that *cuckoo* kind of that way about you to hold his interest. So, it wasn't hard for me when I would hear things about him to say, "Oh, yeah, there's no question in my mind, that's a given." I can see him doing it, but I didn't actually have those opportunities to see that.

KC: How did you find out that he had been shot?

TB: I guess I want to start this out by saying this is too weird not to be true. I'd gone to sleep and I woke up with a tremendously sharp earache. I don't get earaches. I'm talking to the point it got me out of bed, walking around. I remember going and taking some extra strength Tylenol or something. I went down on the couch and I remember looking at the clock, let's not go into times because it just gets too eerie. I looked at the clock and it was at such and such time.

KC: It had to be 02:00 something.

TB: I remember laying on the couch, just wanted to let the medicine kick in and then my plan was to go back to bed. It seemed I just drifted off, and I know it was only seconds, the phone rang and it was my old partner Dick Gardell. His voice was very solemn and I knew right away, I said, "Oh, man." And, he said, "Tim, Jerry Vick has been shot and he didn't make it." I remember asking him, "Can you tell me what time is marked on the clock?" And he told me. I was quiet for a second. I said, "Okay, I'll be right in."

²⁷ Matthew Louis Toupal was appointed police officer September 18, 1989; promoted to sergeant February 12, 2000.

My girlfriend, she realized something was wrong, and my girlfriend's daughter, they live with me, she's thirteen. She got up, and this is the first time she'd ever experienced anything like this. I went and showered and got all my gear on and I was running for the door. Running for the door, and this girl, this thirteen year old child, was completely dressed and sitting completely upright, very good posture, not like normal thirteen adolescents sit at the table. I remember that so distinctly, saying oh my god this is imprinting on this child and it's taking away some of her innocence. I remember leaving.

I don't speed unless I'm going red lights and siren, because I don't think you should tag people unless you're within the law yourself. I sped! I felt the need to get to work, I wasn't driving insanely, but I was driving fast, over the speed limit. It just happened. I remember pulling into Team. We have these stars on top of East Team for police officers that have fallen. There's one for Jones and Ryan and for every other police officer that's fallen. I remember looking at the stars and saying dammit, now there's going to be another star up there.

And reliving the same exact feeling of that tomb of coming into the police station and feeling that coldness and then jumping into officer survival and saying where do you want me and so on and so forth. Then, because I had been a trainer for so long, I start to check and evaluate the young officers. I'm looking to see where their mindset is and where they're at.

That whole time I'm thinking, wow, how time changes you, how the innocence is gone. And, trying to say, I wonder where they're at right now, I wonder what their feelings are and then racing out to the scene.

Other police departments are so incredibly giving. When we came out to the scene, it was a huge scene. It incorporated miles and every intersection, every square block was covered with a squad car and many of the intersections were covered with squad cars from surrounding suburban areas, Oakdale, North Saint Paul, West Saint Paul, you name it, they were there. And, of course, that just brought all those old memories right back. But then there's the voice in the back that says *get it done, stay on course, baby steps, one thing at a time here, get it done*. Then that mother hen in me now of remembering going and giving out pictures of these people that we thought they were going to be and descriptions and that, making sure that every corner had as much information, updated information, as often as we could get it, that was my task.

At that time, personally thanking everybody for being there, just in case that they didn't hear that immediately, I need them to know that. It's funny how your jobs change, too, when you become a more senior officer you take on those things.

My tears didn't come and it was getting bad. My girlfriend knew it, my partner knew it, I couldn't cut loose. And then [emotional pause]. I had a bird, a baby girl parrot, Baby Girl. And I'd let her out on the back decks to

sun herself. I was trying to be good. For some reason she got susceptible to heat exhaustion the year before and that day she got heat exhaustion and she died. And I cried, boy. [Emotionally] And that's what let me cut loose. I really feel she gave her life so that I could cry.

KC: She loved you a lot.

TB: It was hard. [Pause] But then it happened and then the healing process starts.

KC: What's the healing process for an officer?

TB: Time, talking to other officers. When I first started experiencing the killings of police officers, camaraderie is obviously the most extremely significant part of it. Alcohol comes into play. When Dude O'Brien died, we had an Irish wake at his friend's house that lived out in the country, afterwards. There were four hundred police officers at a bonfire. One of the guys stoking the fire, he didn't know it, but it was the neighbor's wood, we burned four cords of wood that night and gallons and gallons and gallons of alcohol. We almost caused a divorce of one of the police officers because it was his house, and four hundred people have to use the restroom and stuff, and you've got all that beer and alcohol. We replaced floors and linoleum and carpeting and four cords of wood for the neighbor, but it was an Irish wake.

There was a police officer by the name of Owens, Tom Owens, and he had a golden voice. He actually sang at my first wedding. He had an incredible voice, and I remember him singing *Danny Boy*. This fire was probably twenty-five feet high and there was four hundred cops standing

around it crying. Good therapy though. That was back in the days, it's funny to say that, but it was back in the days. Now, there'd probably be an FBI investigation and whatever.

KC: When Ryan and Jones died, there was a bar on the east side that just opened it to the officers and their families and, again, there apparently was a lot of alcohol.

TB: Oh, yes, and it flies and it flows. I make no excuses for that. The most important thing to come out of all this is to get the officer to a point where they're real for themselves, their families and other officers. Because if you can't get back to getting to it, being real, actually coming to terms, some type of terms, not immediately, but at least starting to come to terms. That's a very dangerous place to be, and not being able to shed the tears is very dangerous, too. It doesn't always come quick. [Emotional Pause]

KC: I was at the Vick funeral. Was that standard Saint Paul procedure?

TB: It was predictable and I don't say that in a mean way or in a sanitized environment way. From being there before and being on-duty the night before and watching Traffic and Accident Division come out and start to measure the street in front of the church on Arcade and to block it off for battalions of police officers, it was predicable to some degree.

But until you show up that morning and you see the blocks and blocks and blocks and blocks of squad cars, not only ours. By the way, you never really realize how many squad cars you have either until you have one of these tragedies and there are police officers that you haven't seen in years.

KC: Do you get together and ride four in a squad?

TB: No. In some cases yes, in some cases there were two, at least two. We're talking about a procession that went from Phalen Golf Course on the west side, which is Larpenieur and Arcade, all the way out to a cemetery in White Bear Lake, over seven miles of squad cars, bumper to bumper. Now, with that being said, the first squads that had arrived out at the cemetery were starting to empty and walk to the burial grounds and there were still over a hundred squad cars that hadn't left the church.

My father and mother just came back from Texas, my father was, of course, a police officer in motorcycle patrol, and I asked him, "I realize that this is kind of a hard thing to ask of you, but for me, would you mind just standing out somewhere on the procession, so that you can kind of feel what's going on." Of course, they wanted to do that. It was hard on my father, because it brought back times for him, but it also was a moment of pride. My mother said it was just incredible, couldn't possibly conceive that many squad cars, the continual line of officers and squads, not just from Saint Paul, but from everywhere, having them come. And even Canada and, of course, Canada had lost their four Royal Mounted police officers the same year that we lost Vick and we had officers attend that. That was incredible, too. There's this international brotherhood of police officers where we've gone to their funerals and they've come to ours.

KC: Do you want sirens?

TB: Well, I'm kind of hoping I can get a couple years out of my pension being retired. There's no question in my mind, if I die in the line of duty that my partner will make sure, we've already talked about it. I'm a bicycle cop. Lucia and I, we're partners. We've been partners for years and years, she will carry my bicycle into the church behind the coffin. She will crack some jokes about stupid stuff we did and I know that there will easily be a few bicycle cops out there, too. I know that if I were to die in the line of duty that most of the people there would shed a tear, but they would also say there's one crazy guy. I'm good with that. At this particular point, this late in my career, I honestly believe if I were to die in the line of duty that there would be a certain amount of celebration. Not meaning the old fart is gone, as to saying, "Yeah, probably wouldn't have minded going out this way, yeah." So, I have thought about it and I tease Lucia about it, too. She goes, "Well, I don't want you spending money on stuff, I want you to give it to animal rights group, or some goofy damn thing." I tell her, "Are you kidding me." I'll tell you exactly what I am going to do. I am going to go out and buy every white rose there is. You will have thousands of white roses by your casket and then I'm going to burn you.

KC: You talk about being a bike cop. How did Saint Paul Police end up with bike cops?

TB: Well, all it was, was this, we flip-flop here. Community policing is nothing new. We used to do it, we're doing it again, it's being recycled and it always will be recycled. Law enforcement is dictated by certain things. It's dictated by budget, it's dictated by public concerns and it's dictated, a certain amount, by technology. When we start to get into

hovercrafts or whatever, I'm sure there will be some new version of the bike cop invented again. It will probably look like the Star Wars bikes they were on. It's nothing new. The mindset is definitely nothing new.

But the bikes have been a good thing. When you're riding around and you're riding around at eight to twelve miles an hour, you can see, touch, taste and smell your district. You work a ten hour shift, you wipe your face, you're wearing your district. You don't have all that steel between you and your people, you're a lot more susceptible to finding things that are going on and having interaction, genuine interaction with the public. Which is undeniably what police work, good police work should be about, that interaction and that's one of the reasons that Saint Paul is really successful is because of that interaction.

I said I'm an adrenaline junkie, I am, well, hey, *yippee-io-ki-ay*, you get on that bike and all of a sudden because you can roll up on stuff. People don't expect you to be on a bicycle. You see the drug deal going down. Not only do they have the drugs in their hand, the money in their hand, and the gun in their waistband, but they're busy talking shit. So you roll up on them, you do a left crankshaft dismount, power apprehension, its cops to the max and pretty soon you're using that momentum force of jumping off the bike and you tackle them, and if you had music in the background, you'd have yourself one helluva police show. It's fun to watch, even the criminals, when we arrest them, they're swearing at us, but afterwards they're looking at their other gang members and they're

going, "Did you see that, that was so damn cool. That was so cool. Did you see the way he arrested, did you see the way he tackled me." Of course, it doesn't always go down that way, sometimes we fall and go "ouch" and crack helmets and break arms and do stuff like that.

For the most part, the memorable part, the part I would choose to have memory about, it's the magic moments when we went out there and kicked some serious ass. And you can do it with a smile on your face. What's so much fun about it is that people take ownership in you. There's something different about if you pull up to a call and its twenty minutes old and you're in a squad car and you come out of the air-conditioning, they might say, "Hey, man, its long over. What took you so long?" You peddle up on a bike and you got sweat dripping down your face and your shirt's stained and your knees are scratched from tackling somebody on the last call and you're breathing hard, you walk up that door, guess what? They're going to give you some respect. Not because they think you're big and bad – because you bothered to peddle to their house, and it's genuine. It's really real and it's rich. It's like working cartoon town. I'm really lucky because Lucia, my partner, she likes to interact with the public, too, and the bicycle affords you that opportunity. It's the conduit which you can build all these incredible relationships, just by peddling around. People buy into it.

KC: Now, they put one person in a squad, do they put one bike cop out alone?

TB: We usually don't put out one bike cop by their own, simply because you tend to get into so much crap. But you can. And then there's times where

we'll work a parade detail or whatever, people don't even know this, but when we work a parade detail we're not just looking at the crowd to see who's armed or if there's gang members there if they've got stuff. We're actually running the parade route from behind, too, looking for people stealing stuff out of cars, pick-pocketing people, taking them down, thefts and things like that, people don't even see that part of it. We can stop a lot of stuff at these events.

We're used to escort the President of the United States when he comes to jog. When he, Clinton, came to town, he went out to Como, Lucia and I were assigned to him, we're right in front of the Pres. It's funny because there were these two older ladies and they were into their ritual, their right of walking around this lake, you know they've done it for probably the last twelve years of their life. They were critical thinkers, they were thinking about how to solve world poverty and what to do with the President and all this stuff. You could tell the conversation was heavy. We were politely behind and we're going "Can you please step off the trail." They turned and said, "For what reason should we step off this trail?" And, I said, "Well, the President of the United States is fifty feet behind you." And, of course, then they gave him the right of way, but it was hilarious to watch. It was a special moment and it was really fun to be that close and to be a part of that.

KC: What year did Saint Paul start bike cops?

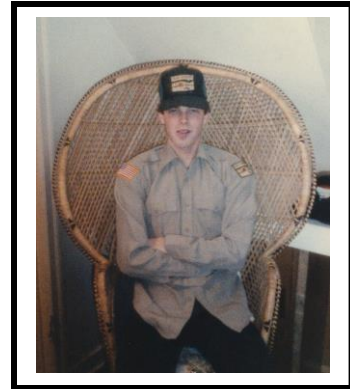
TB: 1993.

KC: And how did that come about?

TB: Another day where I thought too much. I was working Phalen Park. Phalen Park used to be the drug-capital of the upper Midwest. Meaning that if you got off a plane at the Saint Paul International Airport and you said, "Where can I get laid and where can I get drugs?" The cab driver would say, "I can get you laid at the Payne Reliever, which is on Payne Avenue, and I can get you drugs at Phalen Park."

KC: Simple, it's all the east side.

TB: We had a tremendous problem with drug dealers out there. I was really fortunate, this was before the community policing thing came along, but I had taken a niche for busting people for dope and I liked it. It was exciting. And, of course, all rookie cops like that, it's kind of something you strive to. You kind of get into the music behind it. We worked very hard at arresting, we'd make three felony arrests, drug arrests, in a day, in this park. That's how active drugs were. And as they got more clever to try and get away from me, I got more clever. I did two things that kind of got profound out there. In fact, it made me kind of famous in front of a couple judges even.



Wayne Johnson

I started a project called Operation Klinger,²⁸ what I'd done is I had a close friend, he was a

²⁸Klinger, Corporal Maxwell Q. was a character in the 1970's comedy TV series MASH about a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital in Korea. Klinger, wanting a medical discharge, attempted to act crazy by dressing as a woman. The series lasted 11 years with 251 episodes and won countless awards.

park ranger. Wayne Johnson. He's now a Washington County Sheriff, I believe. I said to him, "Are you real partial to your mustache, Wayne?" And, he goes, "Oh, I'm afraid to ask." We were eating dinner at the Ponderosa that night, planning our next strategy how we were going to bust some drug dealers down at Phalen. He goes, "Why do you ask?" I said, "Are you game for the drug bust of the year?" He said, "Okay, I'll bite." I go, "Operation Klinger." He goes, "Oh no, this is not good." I said, "No, it's good, you gotta lose the mustache." My girlfriend at the time was in cosmetology, so I dropped off Park Ranger Wayne at my house, went out and bought him some clothes, some high heels and some other stuff and when I went to pick him up, he had been made up by my girlfriend. I couldn't recognize him, because he was pretty. She did a good job. Now, I'm not saying she's pretty because I wanted him to look like a female, he was pretty.

I brought him down to the station, we were putting all the wires on him and all the cops are hitting on him and I'm going, whoa, whoa, slow down, you don't know what you're getting into here, slick. So, we got all the wires on him, I had him wired up, we brought him out to the park and I set him out there. My dope dealers, I needed something really weird at the end of the year. I didn't want them to think that I was predictable anymore, so I sent out Klinger and he made three major busts, drug busts. One [of the busts was] for green pyramids, which is acid, tab acid, another one was for cocaine, over an ounce of cocaine, and another one was for a sizeable amount of marijuana.



*Klinger, Wayne Johnson
with Instigator Bradley*

We'd actually pulled down a significant dope dealer that narcotics was having some problems taking down, because he was a pretty sly dog, but he fell for Klinger. This went to trial and, of course, we had before pictures and after, and they passed them to the jury. The jury was over there and the benches are shaking because they're laughing so hard. I won them over. They should never have shown them the pictures. The defense lawyer wanted to show them the pictures, because he wanted to paint me as this conniving, evil police officer. Backfired in his face and they all got convicted. While I was out at Phalen doing this goofy stuff,

once in awhile I would ask a citizen can I borrow your bicycle for a minute. I'd be in full uniform, but I'd just come down the hill. They weren't looking for a bicycle or a cop on a bicycle. I started making buys and busts, just jumping off the bikes and tackling them. That's what started the idea of the bike cop thing. As strange as that is.

KC: So then you took it to – this would have been 1993?

TB: Took it to McCutcheon, McCutcheon gave me seventeen seconds of politeness and threw me out on my ass. [Laughter] That's just the way the man was. And, it was a pretty good proposal. Then I brought it back to him a second time and he threw me out again and he said it's getting better.

Then I was up in the gym one day and Finney was captain at the time, he was on a treadmill, and I had a big smile on my face and he said, "Oh, god, Bradley, you're smiling, what are you smiling about?" I said, "You're going to be chief." And, he goes, "How do you know?" And, I said, "I know, you're going to be chief. But I'm telling you that for a reason. I want a bicycle patrol for this police department. If you make chief, will you at least listen to the proposal?" He goes, "Hell, yes, of course I will." He says, "You really think you got the inside track, huh?" And, I said, "Yeah, I'd bet you money, but it's illegal." And, sure enough he became chief and he listened. By then I was partners with Lucia and we drafted this huge proposal and it was pretty hard to not say okay, let's try it.

KC: Do you ride a stationary bike in the winter months to keep in shape? I have the illusion the first couple weeks back are [tough].

TB: I used to, I don't anymore. If you look at me you'd say, "That is a fat happy cop." But the bottom line here is I came from speed skating background where I would speed skate all through my high school years and I was a long distance runner, so I developed these Clydesdale legs. If you know anything about bicycling that's a horrendous advantage to have these two huge pistons that can circle at incredible RPMs. So once you get me on a bicycle, my pounds don't mean as much. In fact, it's kind of a humorous thing with the new bike cops, the rookies, because they'll go, "I don't think I'm going to learn anything from him." And, the other bike cops that are trainers are going, "Oh, you just wait." I'd take them out on rides and I'd wear their butts down and their tongues would be dragging, they'd be going, "Oh, my god, give it up, stop." And, I'd go, *I'm not even winded yet.*

KC: Now you've done training in other parts of the country on being a bike cop?

TB: Yup, yop. We went to the Texas International Mountain Bike Police Association Conference and learned. You go and you learn new tricks. It's good because you get a chance to rub elbows with people that have that passion that you have. I used to think people that rode bicycles were nerds. Some of them really are nerds and they deserve the title. I'm just a nut on a bike and so is Lucia. We both have been in horrendous accidents, falling off the bikes and running into things. We chase cars, we love to chase cars. You can chase cars, you can chase them real well. There are

stop signs and stop lights and if they bother to even slow down a little bit at them you can keep eyes on them, you'd be surprised how much you can stay with them. It's hilarious, it's very, very rewarding. The best thing about it is the public approval, they like you.

I've got one real short story to say about that. I was with Shannon Hutton,²⁹ Shannon is quite a character herself. We were the first female/male bike cops together the first year the program was out. We had stopped a guy on a traffic stop. He said, "I can't believe I'm getting stopped by BICYCLE COPS." We said, "Well, believe it, you're speeding and you made an illegal left turn." He goes, "Oh, my god, I can't believe it. You're going to tag me. I'm getting tagged by bicycle cops." So then we ran him for warrants. He had thousands of dollars worth of warrants. So I said, "So, where are you going?" He said, "I'm going to a party and I can't wait to get there because I'm going to tell them 'I got stopped by two bicycle cops then I got tagged by two bicycle cops.' They're not going to believe me." And, I said, "You know what they're really not going to believe?" He goes, "What now?" I go, "You're under arrest." And he goes, "Oh, my god, I'm getting arrested by bicycle cops." And, I said, "Now comes the real special part." I got off my seat and I said, "Get on, I'm bucking you to jail." And, I did. And, no, you can't, you can't buck somebody on your bike, it's illegal. But this guy pushed my buttons so far I wanted to make a point.

²⁹ Shannon Marie Harrington was appointed police officer September 19, 1988; promoted to acting-sergeant October 29, 2002; reinstated to police officer February 1, 2003.

The next day I saw the deputy chief of patrol, which is Ekwall,³⁰ and he kind of looks at me, looks down, looks at me and motions me with his finger to come over and he goes, "Tell me you didn't." And, I said, "Sir, with all due respect, I did, and I never, ever, ever will again." And, he goes, "That's all I wanted to hear, now get out of my sight." But it's a true story.

KC: [Laughing] Do you usually call a squad if you make an arrest?

TB: Absolutely. And, yes, I did take my gun off and gave it to my partner, at which time she politely said, "If you cover his eyes, I'll shoot you in the back."

KC: One last questions. You have made conscious decisions all the way along to continue to work with the public instead of to take the test for advancement.

TB: That's one of the hardest fights I've had. I fought with myself a lot. We have a lot of great bosses. There's a lot of significant individuals of rank in our police department. And there's some real knot heads, too. But that doesn't matter. Because police officers are smart enough to figure out who they should follow. My father always said, "Son, don't be a cop, but if you're going to be a cop, be a police officer of rank." I remember being on like five years and seven years, and he'd go, "Oh, its test time." And, I'd go, "Really. Yeah, it was test time and guess what, I passed the test."

³⁰ Richard Neil Ekwall was appointed patrolman August 27, 1965; promoted to sergeant December 12, 1969; lieutenant January 3, 1976; captain August 1, 1980; deputy chief August 16, 1992; reinstated commander January 4, 1997; and retired July 30, 1999.

And, he goes, "What does that mean?" I said, "I don't want to be a boss. I'm a boss of myself. I'm a street cop, dad." I said, "You loved it. What do you want me to be something -- it was good enough for you." He would kind of shrug his shoulders and go, "Okay, we'll see." He would always remind me when tests would come.

And, Finney, he'd say, "Tim, I want you to be a sergeant, I want Lucia to be a sergeant." And, I said, "Sir, out of all due respect to you, and I do respect you, make me a lieutenant and we're good." He goes, "I can't make you a lieutenant, you have to be a sergeant first." I said, "Well, then I'm not interested, I don't want to be a sergeant." He laughed and he said, "You're goofy." I said, "I know, but you love me anyway." We had a good relationship. He knew I respected him and I trusted him, so it was good.

But I was really making a statement of "no". When people say to me, "Why are you a street cop? You've been a street cop for thirty years." I go, "Yeah, I chose to be, it was a calling." And, no, I don't just like to help people, that's one of the nice things that comes out of it. It made me feel like I had a significant life so far. And, by saying that if I were to die in the line of duty today with thirty-some years on, it wouldn't just be a tragedy, it would actually be a celebration of being a street cop all that time. I'm so proud to say that I am a street cop. I am a warrior. I am a knight. That's what I CHOOSE to be. And most importantly I CHOOSE to be. It doesn't get any better than that. It can't get any better than that.

KC: Thank you, Timmy



WITH PRIDE IN THE SAINT PAUL BLUE

Officers Robert and Timothy Bradley

with the old 3-Wheeler, in front of Mickey's Dinner, downtown Saint Paul

May 2006

Photo by Craig Borch, Pioneer Press

LOCAL

St. Paul Pioneer Press TwinCities.com

Obituary > Tim Bradley, 63

Cop was a big dreamer with a bigger heart

Lifelong East Sider worked 35 years, most of it as a street cop

By Mara H. Gattfried
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Tim Bradley could not go anywhere on St. Paul's East Side without seeing Officer Bradley.

After all, it was the place he spent 35 years patrolling as a St. Paul police officer. It's also where he grew up.

Bradley's influence extended far beyond his beat. He was full of ideas that he spent hours researching, sketching and eventually building. They included: A huge memorial bell that he brought to full officers' funerals around Min-

neapolis; a police academy that would teach officers to be good people; and a memorial boulder for St. Paul police officers killed in the line of duty.

Bradley was a big dreamer, but he was also a big doer. He was a man who could turn his ideas into reality.

Bradley was born on April 27, 1953, in St. Paul. He grew up in the East Side neighborhood of Flamingo and Young streets. His father, Robert Bradley, was a St. Paul police officer from 1949 to 1977 and said he knew Tim

from a young age. Bradley was a big dreamer, but he was also a big doer. He was a man who could turn his ideas into reality.

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Officer Tim Bradley begins his final shift as a St. Paul police officer on Jan. 28, 2011. When Bradley retired after 35 years on the force, he was St. Paul's most senior street officer. Since he joined the force in 1975, Bradley always had patrolled the East Side, where he grew up.

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pestering upper management to say "yes," said Wroblewski, who partnered with Bradley for 11 years. Bradley retired in 2011.

Bradley's projects are too numerous to list. Some include decorating the East District police station rooftop with Christmas lights for the holidays.

Bradley was able to say "yes" to his friends and family, thank doctors and nurses for caring for him at the University of Minnesota Medical Center's East Bank Hospital, and lead a Native American pipe ceremony and a memorial service for a friend before he died.

On Monday, Bradley's daughter, who lives in North Dakota and is pregnant, went to have an ultrasound. She didn't want to know the gender of the baby, but the technician only voy it in a message that only Bradley saw.

"He looked happy when he found out," the younger Tim Bradley said. "The older Tim Bradley asked the hospital to turn off the oxygen he was receiving."

"We were right there with him, right there holding onto him," said Bradley's son, who along with Wroblewski talked with Bradley's family about a memorial service for Bradley.

Bradley is being planned. It will be held after his daughter has her baby and she and her family are able to come to town.

Bradley is survived by his mother, Helen, of St. Paul; brother, Mike (Margo), of St. Paul; children, Tim (Valentina), of Bozeman, Mont., and Danielle Turk-Bly (Ryan), of Hickory, N.Y.; and grandsons, Tim and Jacob. Bradley also considered Lucia Wroblewski (née) part of his family, too.

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