

Transcript of a Saint Paul Police reflective oral history interviews for

Chief

Chief Lester McAuliffe

Saint Paul Officer

1936 – 1970



1936



1963

**Reflective interviews conducted in 2009
by Kate Cavett of HAND in HAND Productions**

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2013

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All pictures are from the Saint Paul Police Department collections.

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 listen to 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 timbre 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 corroboration. 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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Chief John Harrington:¹

I'm Chief John Mark Harrington, the thirty-ninth chief of the Saint Paul Police Department. This is an oral history of the Saint Paul Police Department. This is a series of oral history interviews sharing the history of our exceptional police department. This oral history recognizes Chief Lester McAuliffe, who served the department from 1936 to 1970 and was our thirty-fifth chief from 1961 to 1970. Chief McAuliffe retired almost a decade before I became a rookie here in Saint Paul, but I remember the stories from senior officers of this legendary chief whose verbal reprimands were strong enough that other discipline was seldom necessary.



Lester McAuliffe
was appointed Patrolman March 24, 1936 to the Bureau of Police;
promoted to sergeant December 16, 1947;
detective March 16, 1948;
detective lieutenant December 1, 1949;
deputy chief November 15, 1955;
and chief May 23, 1961;
and retired March 31, 1970.

¹ **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; title changed to commander January 1, 2000; senior commander July 1, 2000 ; assistant chief May 8, 2004; chief July 1, 2004; and retired June 14, 2010. Elected to the Minnesota State Senate from Saint Paul 2010-2012. Appointed Chief of the Metro Transit Commission September 4, 2012.

Retired Captain Theodore Fahey:²

My name is Theodore Fahey. I go by the name of Ted, and I joined the police department in 1947. And there was a group of twenty-five of us that were hired at that time, and we were the first group to be hired after World War II. McAuliffe. He was a good chief, but he was a police officer's chief. Now Proetz was more PR. I got a kick out of McAuliffe. He says, "You know, City Hall ain't gonna tell me how to run this police department." He found out different. What would happen, they'd hold up on his requests for things and all – drag their feet and so forth. So, yeah, he found out.



He was a good chief, but he put too much faith in McCutcheon³ and Tony Tighe,⁴ I think. Because he himself told me later that I should warn Rowan to be careful of McCutcheon. [chuckles] See, what happened, McCutcheon was a very intelligent guy. I'm not saying that McAuliffe wasn't, but McCutcheon was instrumental in us getting a lot of government grants. He knew what the ins and outs were. He knew how to handle it. He knew what buttons to push. But also, he knew how to maintain it. I guess Chief McAuliffe was strictly out of his league to try to do that. That even was tough for me because like when I got into that community police thing, the government uses initials for so damn much stuff. And I wouldn't even know what they were talking about.

² Theodore C. Fahey was appointed patrolman October 13, 1947; promoted to sergeant September 16, 1955; lieutenant December 18, 1965; captain December 9, 1972; and retired April 20, 1981.

³ William Wallace McCutcheon served the Saint Paul Park Police 1948 to 1954, 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.

⁴ Anthony "Tony" J. Tighe was appointed reserve patrolman March 10, 1941; patrolman full-time August 3, 1941; promoted to detective February 18, 1949; and retired July 30, 1979.

He was his own man, really. Tougher than a bag of nails. But he had a big heart. I personally feel he was a good chief. And I could argue with him. Well, I would, once in a while, then when I would see the saliva dripping out of the corner of his mouth, I knew enough to back off.

But I'd try to convince him that his deputy chiefs – you could call them what you want and this is from my experience now picking brains—they should be appointed. Not a civil service appointment. And they should be appointed from your captains' ranks. And if the captains' ranks aren't good enough to give you these men, then maybe you should figure out there must be something wrong with the captains' civil service exams and perhaps take more of an interest in what type of exam they're given, so you can get people who are better qualified for the jobs. And they should be taken strictly from the captains' ranks. And if they don't work for you, you can put them back in the captains' rank and try another captain. You see, you got to have people that'll work for you and not be "yes" men. If you make false with yes men in there, you're never going to correct – I don't say anything bad any of the chiefs. I think when a department can go all those year–Tierney⁵ became chief in 1943—had a couple of questionable chiefs before him. All those years that the department was not involved in any scandals. That must mean something, that we had good chiefs. Because if you got a bad chief, that's going to filter down. You're going to have graft among lower people, too.

⁵ Charles J Tierney was appointed police operator March 21, 1921; promoted detective July 1, 1926; detective lieutenant May 6, 1931; permanent detective lieutenant February 6, 1932; provisional assistant inspector of detectives June 16, 1932; provisional inspector of detectives March 1, 1933; inspector of detectives May 12, 1933; voluntary reduction to assistant inspector of detectives July 25, 1935; inspector of detectives June 4, 1936; assistant chief November 7, 1936; chief October 1, 1943; died in office May 30, 1952.

Retired Captain Laurence McDonald⁶:

My name's Larry McDonald. I'm a former Saint Paul police officer. I started in 1955. I had forty years there. It was wonderful years.

Here I'll talk about our former chief, Lester McAuliffe. And I want to tell you a little background about how I came to know him indirectly. When I was a young person working for the railroad, I also played cello in the Saint Paul Post Office Orchestra. And when you played in the Saint Paul Post Office Orchestra, the conductor would ask us prior to Christmas season if anybody wanted to work at the post office for extra money. And of course, I was hungry for extra money, so I signed the application, and he guaranteed that if he sent it in, we'd get a job. And sure enough, I did get a job.



So in my first few years in the post office, I was matched up with another young kid and his name was Lester McAuliffe, a school kid. At that time, I wasn't on the police department. The name didn't mean anything to me, but he and I became fast friends and we would take breaks together and eventually, he would come over to my house, and he was around when I got married and this and that. But anyway, Lester was single at that time and we had a school teacher, a kindergarten teacher, that lived a half a block from our house that rented a neighbor's upstairs apartment. That was Marlene. And Lester was looking for a girlfriend, so we teamed the two of them up, and by God if they didn't get married. And I think as a result of that marriage, he's got three daughters and he finished college. He has a law degree. He's an attorney and he's also a

⁶ Laurence Francis McDonald was appointed patrolman July 11, 1955; promoted to sergeant February 26, 1966; lieutenant January 14, 1971; captain July 5, 1989; lieutenant January 12, 1991; captain August 31, 1991; and retired March 31, 1995. Awarded the Medal of Merit Class B on August 26, 1993.

CPA. He's a well educated young man and he now works – or he did work, he's retired now – with the United States Postal Service condemning property for new post offices.

And I got to know his sister, Mary. And I got to know his mother and I forget what her name was, who had been Lester, the chief's, first wife. And she was the one that was the Post Master's secretary, so when she signed the application for employment, you were guaranteed employment. So I got to know the whole family. And it wasn't until later that I like to say that I found out who Lester McAuliffe was and at that time he was, I think, a lieutenant at the police department.

Well, as I pursued my career and headed towards the police department, I got on and I knew then who he was. And for all the years that I was on the police department, he never asked me about my relationship with his two children nor if I knew his ex-wife. Now that seems kind of strange for a man that was a homicide investigator. He had long police experience that would be interested in relationships with other people. I even was in his son's wedding in Iowa, because Marlene was from Iowa. But that never happened in all my forty years. He wasn't there for the whole forty years, but for my existence with him. On some occasions, I would see him every day, because when I worked up on the third floor when he was the chief, I was assigned to the training and planning unit, which was headed up by Tony Tighe, and that leads me to another story.

Tony Tighe and McAuliffe were very good friends. Tony was probably the brightest guy I've ever seen with a lot of vision where he wanted to take the police department. And McAuliffe sort of gave him the green light to progress along those lines. Our office was right outside the chief's office, so the chief would come in and see Tony almost every day and see how things were going, as he did the rest of the offices.

The man was a very large imposing person that was immaculately dressed and he wasn't the friendliest guy, but you got kind of the feeling that he was the boss, even if he said nothing. So everybody was frightened of him. And because we were next door, we would see officers and investigators that would occasionally go into his office

to be chastised. Now, he had a reputation for never suspending anybody for misbehavior, but the chewing out they got that we sometimes overheard, and occasionally we would hear people hitting the wall next to ours, we figured that whatever punishment he rendered was never in a suspension form, but we saw people leaving there looking like they had really experienced a real event. [laughs] And so none of us ever wanted to have any dealings with him, and he had that reputation around the building. Follow the line; don't ever get called to the chief's office.

So I got to tell you about an event. Tony Tighe and I were called to his office one day. Tony was very progressive in his training, and we wanted to make training as realistic as we could. So we devised a plan one day and we had other plans to make crime scene search sort of realistic. So I arranged for a building at the corner of Tenth and Jackson, and on the corner was a beer joint, a bar. And next door to it was a vacant building, and we got permission from the owner of the vacant building to go into the building, and we would hide an officer that was pretending to be a burglar and the building search was being made. We would all have fun with the whole thing.

Well, our burglar police officer got up on the second floor of the building, which also had the same common floor as the bar. It wasn't floored. It did not have a flooring on it. So he got up there and to be real clever he got over above the bar and what happened – he was walking across the ceiling rafters and sure enough, what did he do but he fell through between the floor rafters down into the bar. And of course, he had to fall into the women's bathroom. Well, God, that almost caused us heart trouble. And we wondered, "Holy Craig! Now we gotta write a report?"

So Tony wasn't there that night, but I called Tony and says, "We're in trouble." And he says, "What happened, Larry?" and I said, "We just dropped one of our guys right through the ceiling into the bar." And the owner there was a Jewish guy, and he was not liked by the police and the police didn't like him, I guess. And Tony, he said, "Well, we're going to have to face the music tomorrow." So, sure as hell, McAuliffe

found out, so Tony and I were marched into McAuliffe's office and he looked at Tony and he said, "What the hell are you guys doing?" So we told him we're trying to make this training very realistic and so he was mad as hell, but with Tony his best friend there, it worked out pretty good. Now the best part of this is that I don't know who repaired the ceiling, whether McAuliffe paid for it, Tony paid for it. I never got asked to contribute any money towards it. Or whether our custodians repaired the ceiling.

The unique thing about it or the unusual thing is that we have police reporter, Nate Bomberg,⁷ that sat on our building the whole afternoon shift. He must have known about it, but I think to save our rear end from being put in the paper and the city council and everybody knowing about it, it never got in the paper. So somehow the ceiling got fixed. I don't know how. But we were severely warned to be more careful.

And the officer that came through the ceiling that day – I think it was Jim Feckey,⁸ but I'm not sure – cut his chin on the way down, which wasn't serious. It could have been a hell of a lot more serious though. So with a lot of apologies, we got through it, but McAuliffe wasn't happy that day. But with Tony Tighe who – I was glad I had him on my side.

⁷ Nate Bomberg became a reporter in 1924 at sixteen years of age. Bomberg was a legend for having access to the whole police department, knowing the criminal code better than many officers, helping to write or edit many officers' police reports, and sometimes arriving at the crime scene before officers. He was a "leg man," as it is known in the newspaper business, calling in stories and dictating them off the top of his head. He was never known to use a typewriter. He knew three generations of police officers. He filed his last report January 1977, and died of a heart attack three days later.

⁸ James J. Feckey was appointed patrolman November 2, 1964; promoted to sergeant October 31, 1970; leave of absence July 24, 1986 – March 12, 1993; Retired March 12, 1993. Cold Case Research Analyst IV December 8, 2008 – January 7, 2009.

Ed Buehlman⁹ and I were dog handlers and we belonged to Sergeant Mercado's¹⁰ tactical unit and we used to work the high crime rate areas. It had to be 1958, '59, '60, '61, somewhere in there. And there were a lot of purse snatchings up along Dale and Rondo and Central area. There were two bars up there that were a concern of ours that we used to check on regularly. One was Rollins Bar, and the other one was Jim Williams's Bar. And both of those were kind of hangouts for some of the undesirable Blacks and Whites in that area.

And so Ed Buehlman and I were walking the area with our dogs to prevent any purse snatchings or any robberies, and that night, as the bars came out – it was a hot, humid summer night – and both Jim Williams's and the Rollin Bar, the people started rolling out around one o'clock or a little after. And for some reason two – and I got to say crazy – investigators of ours, plainclothesmen, went into Rollins Bar and was searching out some Black people to arrest. Some guys. And of course, they came out dragging out these two Black guys, and let me tell you, the crowd was not in the mood for anything.

It was a hot steamy night and I told Ed Buehlman, "Let's go over there with our dogs and we'll prevent any trouble." Well, let me tell you, we were in the midst of the trouble. And the investigators had parked the car kind of at an angle in front of the bar and they were trying to make the arrest. And there was also two White girls, or women, with them that they were trying to take. And the crowd surrounded them and Ed Buehlman and I went over with our dogs trying to shield them and, you know, get the place back in order.

⁹ Edward J. Buehlman was appointed patrolman March 4, 1957; retired April 16, 1977.

¹⁰ Jesus John Mercado was appointed patrolman July 6, 1948; promoted to sergeant June 26, 1957; lieutenant July 19, 1971; and retired August 24, 1983.

Well, what happened is my dog ended up severely biting a Black woman right in the butt. I mean, he locked onto her and he couldn't release his jaws from her. And the crowd saw that the dogs really could and would bite and that we were new on the streets, so I guess some of them thought they were pets, but they weren't.

Well, anyway, this started into what we would call a minor riot. People started throwing things at us, and we finally got the investigators out of there, and then there's Ed and I there. And I think Lester was a deputy chief then. But anyway, he rolled into the incident. And, you know, him being big and imposing looking, if he had the Superman uniform on it would have worked maybe. But they didn't care any more about him that they did us.

And pretty soon they started hurling rocks at us and glass and bottles and whatever they could find. And at that time, the freeway was being developed so there was plenty of material in which to throw at us. Well, McAuliffe got hit in the head and knocked his hat off, and of course in those days, you always wore a hat, you know. He was storming mad and then he called the fire department and the engine house at 18,¹¹ I think it is. Is it 18? At Saint Albans and University, [they] came down. And McAuliffe ordered them to hook up and clear the street with their hoses. And let me tell you, we all got wet. A lot of people – I never knew a fire hose was that powerful, but it knocked people over. McAuliffe was in charge of that event and he was very decisive, but when he got angry, he made some decisions and he ordered the fire department. After that event, the fire department would never respond to the police department or use their hoses on people. But that night, I think the firemen were so scared of McAuliffe that they said, "We're doing anything he says." That's the end of the story. We all got out of there safe and sound. It was one hell of a mess.

¹¹ Saint Paul Fire Engine House 18 is located at 681 University Ave.

And then what got me, what ticked me off, is that he kept the police dogs¹² on when he became the chief for an FBI national conference here and then dumped the dogs. Well, he saw the effects of the dogs at that riot. And, you know, after that event that he was part of, he never recognized us and the dogs that probably saved the two investigators and ourselves maybe from being abused or injured. He never recognized us for that, and then it was shortly after that we had an FBI national convention in Saint Paul that he wanted to show off the dogs that we were so progressive, because we were the second city at that time to have dogs. But then shortly after the convention was over, he disbanded the dog unit, because he became chief and the dog program was started under Chief Proetz¹³ and there was no good feelings between he and Chief Proetz. And we got dumped only because of personal reasons, his dislike for Chief Proetz when McAuliffe became chief. Doesn't sound right, but that's what happened.

You know, generally I got to say that McAuliffe was a man's kind of policeman and he fit the era that we were in, because there were cops there that were old timers that used to like to drink. And we had just come out of the previous years where the cops were involved in crime in the Thirties. Maybe he fit the scene to be that kind of – you shouldn't say brutal – but strict and had his own way of disciplining and maybe fostered enough fear in the organization that we all stayed straight. And I believe that that worked, but I don't think it would work today in today's modern management and supervision of people.

I was on the police department and of course, we used to always take other police department's exam to see how we would pass the exam, what type of an exam it

¹² The Saint Paul Canine Unit was in existence 1958-1962, and 1970 to present.

¹³ William F. Proetz was appointed patrolman March 1, 1937; promoted to sergeant March 16, 1948, detective September 20, 1948, lieutenant December 1949, and chief March 11, 1955; returned to detective lieutenant March 13, 1961; and retired June 12, 1963.

was. And what was most important for us was to go before an oral interview board to kind of practice our skills of presenting ourselves and kind of representing or telling people what we had done.

So there was three communities out in the northern suburban area. I think there were Lexington, Lino Lakes, and Centerville¹⁴ that were separate little departments that were going to combine, and then they were going to have their own police department, combined police department. And they were looking for a chief. So I thought "Well, this is a good example and a good place to go sharpen my skills." So I took the written exam and I guess I passed that. And then they asked me in for an oral interview. So I went out there and I must have did well on the oral interview, and at least I felt I did, but I didn't get any paperwork on it.

So about three days later, four days later, I'm walking down the hall and who comes down the hall but McAuliffe in all his glory. He points me out and he said, "Do you want the f—ing job?" And I looked at him and I thought, "What the hell job is he talking about?" He kind of scared the hell out of me. He said [loudly], "Do you want the job?" and I said, "What job is that?" And he said, "You know what job it is!" I thought, "Oh, my God! Does he know about me going out there?" Well, it happened he got some information from somebody and he kept asking me, "Do you want the f—ing job or don't you?" I says, "No, I just was out there kind of as an experiment and trying things out." He says, "Okay, forget about it then." And that was all he ever said. But he was very direct. That's an example of that. So I got through that one okay.

And then one time, for some reason, he was wanted at the police department either because of a homicide or some other reason. And they couldn't get him by phone.

¹⁴ Centennial Lakes Police Department provides law enforcement and safety services to the Cities of Lexington, Circle Pines, and Centerville, Minnesota. In 1975, a joint powers agreement was adopted by the cities of Circle Pines and Lexington, creating a combined police department. Then in 1999, a Joint Powers Agreement was completed, for a tri-city department becoming "Centennial Lakes Police Department."

I was available that day and they said, "Run up to Chief McAuliffe's house." He lived on Thorn Street just west of the old Mounds Park Hospital. And so I buzzed up there, kind of figuring how I was going to be received. Anyway, I didn't find him at home, but I looked out in the backyard and there he was. And I understand later that he was a rose grower and he loved roses.

And here he was, his old clothes on, kneeling down, doing some weeding around his roses. And of course, I think that kind of put him in a humble position that he never wanted anybody to see him in. And so I caught him like that and I said, "They're looking for you at headquarters. You got to make a phone call as soon as you can." And so he kind of growled at me and I got the hell out of there. I am a flower lover. I didn't even stop to admire the roses. [laughs]

I think that Chief McAuliffe, you know for his time and that, in the era in which he was chief, he was a person that the officers not only respected, but there was a certain amount of, I believe, fear of him. They didn't want to offend him because you didn't get suspended – you knew that – but you'd get probably either a tongue lashing or you might hit the wall that we heard that would kind of wake you up and say, "I'm the boss. You better not complain about anything. I'm running this show." And he always walked down the hall immaculately dressed and he looked like an army general. While I think few people knew him, I think Tony Tighe knew him, but I don't think a lot of people ever knew him personally or the other side of him, which he probably had. But, at least to my knowing other people that talked about him never knew his other side.

Retired Sergeant Glenn Kothe:¹⁵



My name is Glen Kothe. I came on the Saint Paul Police Department in November of 1967 and I retired in July of 1997. And I went through four chiefs before I retired. [laughs]

And when I came on the job in 1967, Lester McAuliffe was the chief at that time. And he was one of the – I was twenty-two years old. And actually, my seniority date was the day before my twenty-second birthday. I came on November 13, 1967. That's how I could remember my seniority date all the time. Anyway, he was an old time Irish tough cop type. You know, he'd been on the department in the Forties and Fifties and worked his way up. And an old time detective and all that stuff. Just one tough guy. And huge hands! He had a hand like a catcher's mitt. If he slapped you upside the head, it'd cover your whole head. And I couldn't believe it.

And the man terrified me. I don't know why. Of course, I'm a young guy and big shot, big chief of police and everything. And, of course, some of the old timers on the job – what I referred to as the old timers at the time. These guys maybe had ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen years on. And some of them had more. Some of them had twenty plus. They knew Chief McAuliffe before he was chief and during his time as chief, so there was all these little stories floating around that just scared the hell out of me.

In fact, the one thing that always sticks in my mind is I come into work one day. And this is shortly after I got out of the academy, so I'd only been on the job three or four months. Five months at the tops. I come walking in, and back then, a rookie was

¹⁵ Glen David Kothe was appointed patrolman November 13, 1967; promoted to sergeant November 14, 1982; and retired June 30, 1997.

kind of a floater. You would have to – you’d come in one day, you’d work on this squad. The next day you’d come in, you’d work on a different squad. And the next day you’d come in and it’d be a different squad. It’d just depend on where they needed you, because at that time, we were two man cars. So if some guy’s regular partner was on vacation, day off or whatever, they slid you in there to double up with him.

So anyway, I come walking in to roll call at my time, and the lieutenant looks at me and he goes, “Chief’s office. NOW!” I thought, “What the hell did I do? I only been here five minutes.” I hadn’t done anything yet. So I go up to the chief’s office and I walk in. The only one in that department that was scarier than McAuliffe was his secretary.¹⁶ I walked in there, and she kind of looks at me over the top of her glasses and she says, “What do you want?” and I says, “I’m Kothe and I was told to come up here by the lieutenant.” “Oh. *You’re* him.” I went, “Okay. What the heck is going on here?” She says, “Go on in.”

Well, I open the door and go in there. There’s the chief behind his desk and there sits all three of the deputy chiefs and the captain in charge of homicide division. And I go, “What the hell did I do?” I’m thinking, “This is the board! They’re going to fire me!” and I don’t even know what I did. Okay? So by this time, I’m just completely baffled and scared out of my mind and don’t know what I’m to do or anything else like that.

All it turned out to be was that the captain in charge of the homicide wanted to ask me a question about a report I’d written on an incident that happened three days before that. And it turned out to be nothing, but when I opened the door and walked in and I see the top five guys in the police department sitting there and they’re all looking at me, it’s like, “I’m dead meat. I don’t know what I did, but I’m dead meat. I just lost my job. I’m out the door.”

¹⁶ Lorraine Flaherty was hired as provisional junior clerk steno September 10, 1963; certified junior clerk steno October 1, 1963; certified junior clerk steno II January 7, 1964; certified clerk III August 14, 1976; and retired December 31, 1980.

Anyway, that's all it turned out to be, but for awhile there I was sweating bullets, because there's an old rumor floating around about McAuliffe. He'd walk down the hall and he always smoked Lucky Strikes.¹⁷ I remember that. And he'd walk down the hall and he'd kind of stroll and shuffle along smoking on his cigarette like he was in thought and stuff like that. And he'd walk by. And the thing was – he walked by me a couple of times – and he said, "Hi son. How you doing?" "Good, Chief," – that kind of stuff.

I happened to talk to one of the older guys that I was working with and I said, "Hey, the chief said 'hi' to me." And he says, "How did he say 'hi' to you?" And I says, "Well, he said, 'Good day, son. How you doing?'" and he said, "Oh, that's good." And I says, "Really?" and he says, "Yeah. If he calls you mister, kiss your ass goodbye, because you know he was mad. And if you ever get sent to the chief's office and he tells you to sit down, don't sit in the first chair." There's two chairs in front of the chief's desk. One is a little farther back than the other one. He says, "Don't sit in the first chair. Sit in the second chair." I says, "Why?" He says, "Because he can't reach you." [laughs] And apparently more than one officer had been knocked out of that chair by him.

That was the way they did things back then. You didn't have lawyers. You didn't have all this other stuff going on and everything. You know, you screwed up, the chief went and smacked you upside your head, sent you on your way, and that was the end of it. I thought, "Well, I'm not going to do that again." It reminded me of my dad. I screwed up, I got a smack, you know. And I thought, "Well, that was stupid. I ain't going to do that again." And it was kind of the same thing. The man scared the hell out of me though. He just was a terrifying guy. He just looked that way.

Also, he was a cool chief. He stuck up for you. There was an incident. Some lawyer came in and wanted to interview a couple of us on an incident that happened,

¹⁷ Lucky Strike is an American brand of cigarette, often referred to as "Luckies." Lucky Strike was the top selling cigarette in the United States during the 1930s. In late 2006, both the Full Flavored and Light filtered varieties of Lucky Strike cigarettes were discontinued in North America.

some defense attorney or somebody that was going to sue the city. Whatever it was. I don't even remember what the incident was. And the chief was sitting behind his desk and everything and we're all sitting there. And this lawyer says, "Well, I just want to ask a few questions." And the chief, very calmly, very level voice, says. "Advise them of their rights." And this lawyer says, "They know their rights." He said, "Advise them of their rights!" "Okay." So he did that. Then after this guy went to start to ask the questions and everything and what they referred to as the corporation council, which was the city's lawyer, said, "I'm going to advise my clients not to talk to you." The guy says, "Well, they have to talk to me." The chief says, "No, they don't. Get the hell out of my office." [laughing] And that was the end of it. That was just the way it was. If you were wrong, he took care of it himself. If you were right, nobody, and I mean nobody, would come near you. They had to go through him first. And that's the way it was, you know. And he drew a lot of respect.

There was a lot of guys that didn't like him personally, which is just because he's the boss. Not everybody likes the boss. But they had respect for him. And a lot of people in the city had respect for him.

I can remember one Saint Paddy's Day. Kind of felt sorry for this guy. And this was when Saint Paddy's Day first started out and it was just Wild West type stuff. I mean, we were running from call to call downtown and trying to keep up with all the drunks and the bar fights and one thing after another. And, of course, Gallivan's was the place to be on Saint Paddy's Day. Everybody wanted to go to Gallivan's [the downtown Irish pub]. They had a line going in and out of that place like crazy. They let one out, one in, one out, one in.

And that was the way it was. Unless you were somebody. The mayor would show up. He could walk right in. And obviously, the chief of police shows up and you always let him in, because he ran the license inspection, which means he could jerk your

license if he wanted to. He could close any bar in town if he felt like it, because at that time, it all came under the police department.

He walked up to the door. This guy comes up and is half drunk or said something. One of the guys went to get the guy out of the way and the chief says – the guy wanted to talk to the chief about something. I don't know if he even knew that it was the chief. Anyway, he was just being totally obnoxious, and the chief says, "Why don't you go home and sober up?" And then the guy spit on him. Oh, that was a really bad move. The chief hit him so hard that I think his grandchildren would be born with manners. [laughs] In fact, two uniforms – I was standing about ten feet away – and there was two uniforms closer and they grabbed the guy and shoved him into a squad and got him out of there before the chief killed him. [laughing] Because you spit on those old time coppers – you didn't do that. Back then, there was certain ways to do things. Of course, today's day and age, rules have changed over the years and stuff like that, but back then, there was a way to do things and that's the way they were done. And spitting on the chief was a really, really bad idea. Particularly that chief.

I didn't witness this because it happened long before I was on the police department. Back when he was a detective. I had heard this story from a couple of different sources, guys that I had worked with over the years and stuff like that. Apparently – I don't even remember the guys' name, but they were looking for him. He was involved in a robbery, and during the robbery, an officer was shot. Didn't get killed. Anyway, they went after the guy and they got a tip that he was in this hotel or boarding house of some place. They go up the stairs, get to the guy's apartment. One thing leads to another. Anyway, there's a shootout. They shoot this guy six or seven times. And he's shooting back. Luckily nobody else got hurt except this guy. Anyway, when he falls, he falls right near the top of the stairs. The story – and like I say, I wasn't there; this is just the story that I heard. McAuliffe walked up and says, "You're not

shooting any more cops,” and he kicked the body and it rolled down the stairs. [laughs]
And he walked out and stepped over him and walked out. [laughing]

I think that’s what scared the hell out of me more than anything else was that. That’s just the way it was back then. It’s when contempt of cop was a felony. He just felt that you guys aren’t being paid to get beat up, shot, killed, stabbed, anything else. Somebody tries to hurt you, you stop them by whatever means necessary. I learned the philosophy back then that “I’m going home tonight. And I don’t care what you want to do. You will not stop me from going home tonight.” And I think that’s probably what kept me alive for thirty years on the police department, because I had that attitude. And I didn’t care – I mean, I’m not going to sit and worry about what some lawyer or some judge is going to think when *my* life is the one on the line. If they want to criticize me, fine and dandy. But I’m still going home at night, and that’s just the way it was. I think that was the attitude of the whole police department, and it was partly, I think, because of Lester McAuliffe. Those old time coppers brought things up.

Retired Captain Wilfred Jyrkas:¹⁸

My name is Will Jyrkas and I'm a retired Saint Paul Police captain. I joined the force in 1949 and I retired in 1986 after thirty-seven years.

This little story is about Chief Lester McAuliffe. It illustrates very clearly one of his strengths. He was a large man and quite muscular and very prominently with big hands. I was a sergeant at the time, and I had graduated from Northwestern University Traffic Institute. And when I returned to the department, after a week or so, he had called me into the office and he wanted to know what he could do to get the men to pay a little more attention to traffic and attempt to reduce accidents. And that's what I had been studying so, amongst other things, I told him that what would really help is you're kind of known as a detective and what you really need to get through to the troops on the street is that you're concerned about this. "Well, how do I do that?" I said, "Well, the best thing you can possibly do is if you would tag a speeder or two yourself."



He had a personal car that had been outfitted with red lights and siren. He could pull up the red lights, and the siren was under the hood, so you couldn't see it. It was a large Buick and he was in the habit at the time of going home to his home for lunch, which was just a couple of miles up the freeway, but in Saint Paul. And he had gone home for lunch and he was telling me about these cars coming in the highway so fast. I said, "Well, stop one of two of them, and you'll see that the guys will know about it almost instantly and they'll change their ways." I don't know if he believed me or not.

¹⁸ Wilfred O. Jyrkas was appointed patrolman July 29, 1949; promoted to sergeant August 11, 1960; lieutenant December 14, 1965; captain November 29, 1971; and retired August 28, 1986.

Anyway, time goes by and maybe a week or two later, there's a call to meet the chief down at Sixth and Broadway. We get down there and he's got this man stopped. What had happened was this Illinois car whizzed by him on his return to the station and he caught up with it and it was going twenty, twenty-five miles over the speed limit and he managed to finally get it stopped with the siren and the red lights, just as it was ready to enter the loop.

He walked up to the car and was going to ask for a driver's license and haul the guy out. I don't think he had any intention of tagging him, because that really wasn't his style, but the man rolled the window half way down and offered him a driver's license and a twenty dollar bill. With that, Chief McAuliffe, I think, saw red or something close to that color, because he reached in the window and got a hold of the man's shirt front and tried to pull him through the window. Well, he couldn't get him through the window, but he got him out the door, put him under arrest, and called for one of our squads.

So he got transported to headquarters, locked up in the jail, and he called me down to the office. He says, "What am I going to do with this guy? This guy tried to bribe me. Can you imagine?" I said, "Well, what do you want to do with him, Chief? It's your case." "Well," he said, "I don't even know how to write a tag anymore." I said, "Well, I'll write the tag for you. You just sign it." So I wrote a tag for a speed charge and we let him sit in jail until the chief was ready to go home at 5 o'clock.

He called me down there again and he says, "Well, I don't really want to charge the guy with bribery. Hell, that's a felony. He'll go to prison for that." He says, "I don't think he really wanted to bribe me. He just wanted to get loose but, well, he did." I said, "Well, I think he's probably learned his lesson by now." So the chief went home and I stayed and went up to the jail and got the prisoner out and told him he was mighty lucky to get out of there, because he had tried to bribe the chief of police. I said, "You better not ever try to do that again." And we turned him loose after he posted bail for

the speeding charge. And he was one happy man to get on his way again. But it really illustrates the way Chief McAuliffe was.

It was Christmas time at the public safety building, and one of our detectives who was kind of a playful kind of person had bought a toy for one of his grandkids. It was a large locomotive and this locomotive was battery powered. He'd set it on the floor and turn it loose and it would go chug chug chug chug chug, whoo whoo whoo whoo. And it would bump into something and then it would turn and go a different direction. Bobby Gruber¹⁹ was his name.

I remember occasion – my office was right outside the chief's office, and he come by and he says, "The chief in?" I says, "Yeah, I think so." He didn't say what he's going to do. Stuck his head in the door and asked the chief's secretary, "Has he got anybody in the office?" She says, "No." So here he comes and he sets up this locomotive in the hallway right outside the chief's door. Turns it on, so here comes this little toy locomotive into the chief's office. Chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, chug, chug, chug, chug. Of course, Bobby Gruber disappears. He's nowhere to be seen out there, but everybody kind of knew who it was. So here comes McAuliffe coming out in a kind of a fighter stance and he says, "Where's that damn Gruber?" What a merry Christmas to all. Oh, there was still some fun all around the department. We got the job done and still enjoyed each other.

He was a good chief. He didn't bother the guys on the street. He knew how tough it was out there. He knew that you had to fight yourself out of situations a lot of times. But he had been exposed to almost too much of that because, although people liked to listen to him talk, he was always of the opinion that nobody wanted to hear him say anything. He should have talked to the public, because they really thought he was a

¹⁹ Robert P. Gruber, Jr. (May 23, 1915- March 19, 1967) was appointed patrolman April 1, 1937; military leave May 7, 1945; returned to Work Apr 10, 1946; promoted detective Sep 18, 1958; died March 19, 1967.

good chief and he missed a lot of good opportunities P.R.-wise, simply because he stuck to the business of the job and that is to keep the streets safe. But I thought he was a good man.

Retired Detective Earl Miels:²⁰

I'm Earl Miels, detective, retired from the Saint Paul Police Department. I was appointed a patrolman in 1949, so I rubbed elbows with the chiefs, I guess. Rowan²¹ and Bob LaBathe²² Everybody but McAuliffe, 'cause he was chief when I got made detective.

McAuliffe was considered a policeman's policeman. As far as I know, I never heard anybody talk bad about him. He was big. Maybe that's why; they figured they might say the wrong thing and he'd come after them. [laughs] I know he was kind of rough with some of the guys that he was patrolman with and came into work within the department. They'd knock each other around once in a while and playful stuff, but he never did it to me.

I know we went to a convention one time and went to the policeman's dance that was Saturday night, and him and his wife were sitting there. I knew he didn't drink, because he'd had a problem with alcohol. I asked him if I could dance with his wife. "If she wants to," you know. So I got to dance with her, and I come back and he says, "You're a pretty good dancer. I better not let you dance with my wife anymore. [laughs] But that kind of broke the ice between him and me, too, because it's just those little



²⁰ Earl E. Miels was appointed reserve patrolman November 1, 1949; patrolman July 18, 1951; military leave September 20, 1950 – September 30, 1952; promoted to detective March 1, 1962; and retired February 5, 1982.

²¹ Richard H. Rowan (1922-2005) was appointed patrolman October 13, 1947; promoted detective June 20, 1955; deputy chief April 17, 1964; chief June 30, 1970; and retired December 31, 1979.

²² Robert F. LaBathe was appointed patrolman July 6, 1948; promoted to detective September 16, 1955; deputy chief April 17, 1964; acting chief April 1, 1970; returned to deputy chief June 30, 1970; emergency chief January 1, 1980; deputy chief April 2, 1980; retired July 18, 1986.

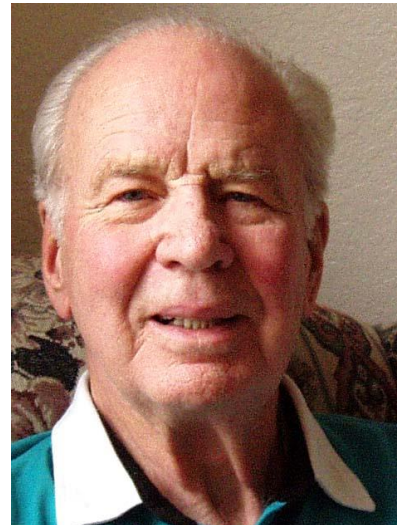
offhand things that make you kind of brothers. Otherwise, you're just another policeman. But guys on other shifts probably didn't know him very well, you know.

Retired Sergeant William Konopatzki:²³

I'm Bill Konopatzki. Came on the police department in July 1948 as an officer, just a police officer. Subsequent years, in 1962, I was promoted to sergeant and then I retired with thirty years on the job in 1978.

Lester McAuliffe. Well, he was a tough typical chief. Really tough. In those days when I first came on, he would get them to confess a crime. He was in homicide before he became chief. He was tough, but he always had two big detectives by him. He worked the third degree [on them]. He put on a big front, and he was a tough guy. So, yeah, he was a tough guy to work for. I mean, he maintained law and order there. He was good.

Well, he had a couple guys that thought the way he did. We got to tow the mark and we got to do what the chief wants and no lollygagging. He didn't want you goofing off. He was tough with the ranking officers, but the detectives he had as pets. George Barkley,²⁴ head of homicide, that was his number one detective. He catered to some of the older detectives. He had a lieutenant detective, Leroy Thielen.²⁵ He was a good likeable guy, but he was one of McAuliffe's buddies. He had buddies in the detective



²³ William Konopatzki was appointed patrolman July 6, 1948; promoted to sergeant January 4, 1962; was on a leave of absence to serve on the Saint Paul City council June 6, 1972 – June 4, 1974; and retired and June 9, 1978.

²⁴ George G. Barkley was appointed patrolman November 21, 1938; military leave March 13, 1942 to November 1, 1945; promoted to detective November 18, 1947; detective lieutenant May 1, 1956; rank changed to captain February 1, 1965; and retired January 14, 1971, and died February 1974.

²⁵ LeRoy H. Thielen (DOB: March 26, 1928) was appointed patrolman January 4, 1954 (Badge No. 236); promoted to detective; March 1, 1962 (Badge No. 110); lieutenant; January 29, 1971 (Badge No. 60); retired March 28, 1986.

division, but not the uniform. He didn't fool with them much. He was always a detective before he got to be chief.

He was Irish Catholic, and in those days, mostly Irish Catholics ran the department. Yeah, I remember that when I first came on, because he asked me right away, "You want to join the Knights of Columbus?" I said, "No, I'm not a Catholic." They thought I was a Pollack. I was a German Lutheran. [laughs]

McAuliffe had Captain Steiner,²⁶ who was in charge of the station. Captain Steiner called Dick Feider²⁷ and me into the office. He says, "My friend Lieutenant Thielen's got a son that's working on the job now. You got to calm him down." Babysit him, in other words. And he pointed at us. "Well," we said, "we'll see what we can do." We worked with him, and we worked with him. He was going into bars. We'd watch him go into the bars and he'd have a couple of drinks. He was drinking on the job. Yeah! He was drinking on the job! His dad was a drinker too. From working with him, we could tell he was a likeable guy, nice personality.

So finally, McAuliffe had enough of him. McAuliffe fired him and then he come back once. He was trying to get his job back, so he come up to McAuliffe's office and he had a few drinks in him. McAuliffe talked to him. He had a watermelon. He was selling watermelon. He had tried to sell a watermelon to the chief. And the chief didn't want anything to do with him. Thielen said, "Before I leave here, you fired me. I had a little notebook. I'd been keeping a notebook on all these coppers that I worked with." And he

²⁶ William D. Steiner was appointed patrolman January 3, 1921; promoted to sergeant May 9, 1929; lieutenant September 1, 1931; captain January 1, 1942; acting assistant chief January 3, 1961; and retired February 10, 1964.

²⁷ Richard Milton Feider was appointed patrolman November 1, 1949; promoted sergeant June 25, 1965; acting lieutenant January 1, 1984; reinstated April 1, 1984; acting lieutenant December 14, 1989; reinstate sergeant March 18, 1990; and retired January 31, 1991. Sergeant Feider was president of the Saint Paul Police Federation 1963 - 1967.

named several and what they did. He named, "Bill Konopatzki," McAuliffe told me. "Yeah.

McAuliffe called me in his office. "He said Thielen was telling me about you." "Did he say anything real bad?" "Not really bad." But he says, "He was working with you one night." I was a senior officer; he was just a rookie. His story was that at the Minnesota transfer railroad tracks up by Prior behind those motels that were open – in his notebook, he had that we had a drunken driver that tried to drive a car down the railroad track. It was a road going up there, and then he thought the road went down the track. Well, he didn't have an accident and he didn't hit anybody, so we gave him a break. You know, he was drunk and we made sure that he – he didn't leave your car. We'll give him a ride home and accommodated him. It was my doings. So he wrote that in there. "Well," McAuliffe says, "He blew the whistle on you and other guys, too." But he didn't tell me who the other guys were, but he told me – I says, "Yeah, I sort of give the guy a break." And he didn't criticize me, but he said, "Well, a little bit. You should have arrested him and you didn't."

He walked the Thielen kid out. Didn't throw him out, but he said, "No, you're not getting your job back."

McAuliffe, he was tough, deep voice, rough voice. He talked man-on-man, plain words. [Imitating the voice:] "Cut out the shit and tell me now." Tough guy. He was a tough guy. He'd grunt and groan: "How in the hell?" talking to you tough all the time. He was rough and gruff and he talked with authority, with authority like, "You listen to me now, you guys. I'm the chief here. I want you to know that." He didn't tolerate anything. He wasn't the world's purest himself. He was a detective, but he felt, when he became chief, he's chief, he's got to play the role of a chief.

Retired Lieutenant Russell Bovee:²⁸



My name is Russ Bovee. I went on the police department on January 1, 1957. I retired as homicide lieutenant commander on the last day of 1989. I've been retired for eighteen years.

I thought Lester was a good chief. I thought he was a good chief. He was fair. He wanted everybody to have the persona of being one of the really tough guys, but I thought he was very good. I had no problem with him. Got to know him fairly personally. Had occasion even to go to his house for parties and things after awhile. I thought he did a good job. He was from the old school. Very hard nosed. A guy. A policeman's policeman he was.



Lester McAuliffe
Bill Skarolid, and
Jerry Kissling.
c. 1969

²⁸ **Russell W. Bovee** was appointed patrolman January 2, 1957; promoted to sergeant October 1, 1964; lieutenant January 11, 1973; and retired January 1, 1990.

Retired Lieutenant Carolen Bailey:²⁹

I'm Carolen Bailey. I was hired as a policewoman in 1961 for the Saint Paul Bureau of Police. At that time they required that a policewoman have a bachelor degree in social work and experience working as a social worker. I was the first female promoted to lieutenant after taking the same exam as the male officer. I retired as a lieutenant in 1991. I then later accepted an appointment as assistant commissioner of public safety for the state of Minnesota, where I worked for five years. During my career, I was also president of the International Association of Women Police.



McAuliffe! He's the one that hired me. I must have been one of the first ones that he hired. He was a very old school police. He loved the homicide unit, and I think that's one of the main reasons he arranged for me to transfer from the juvenile division to the homicide unit after I worked in juvenile for a couple of years. He used to tell me all the time – he loved homicide, so he'd come in and visit with us, and he used to tell me, "You know, there's nothing more satisfying than to work a whodunit murder. And when all the pieces fit together like a puzzle, you know you're right." And I'll never forget him telling me that, because that's exactly the experience I had. You put pieces together and you just know it's right.

He had a great sense of humor, but he also was very protective of me. When I went on some undercover assignments, he would tell the back-up officers, "Don't let

²⁹ Carolen Fay Bailey was appointed police woman July 17, 1961; resigned December 3, 1963; returned to the department September 16, 1964; promoted to sergeant December 25, 1971; lieutenant May 25, 1985; and retired January 31, 1991. President, International Association of Women Police 1980-1982; Minnesota Association Women Officer of the Year—1980, Minnesota Assistant Commissioner of Public Safety 1992-1997; IAWP's Dr. Lois Higgins-Grote Heritage Award, 2003.

one hair in her head be harmed or you don't come in. You mail your badges in." One time, I did an after-hours raid in a high crime area and I changed my appearance to fit in with my rather scroungy surroundings. And so when the back-up team came in to raid it, I walked over to one of the detectives to talk to him about the raid, because I had the evidence with me. And one of the patrolmen said, "Look, lady. You're not leaving here." And the detective walked up and we started laughing, and he says, "Don't you know who this is?" and identified me. We all laughed. That was all there was to it. But newspapers have a way of dramatizing. You have to be a little skeptical about what you read in newspapers. And they don't always get the facts right and they also dramatize.

The next morning the headlines were, "Policewoman Hauled Away in a Paddy Wagon." It quoted me at the end as the most harrowing experience of my career, which then, wasn't a very long career anyway. So the chief read this. I didn't know about it. The chief calls me into the office and he's really upset. He thinks this happened. And he is ready to act on this. I started laughing and I said, "Chief, it was nothing." And I told him what happened and he settled down.

But McAuliffe was very, very protective of me and he didn't want ever anyone to question our relationship or his relationship with me, so he'd ask me out to lunch and he'd make sure that Detective Jerry Bodin always went with us. And one time when we had been at lunch and we were back in homicide, somebody made a little comment in front of the chief that, "Oh, Chief! You took her to lunch today. Hahaha." Or something very mild. And the chief got extremely upset and he said, "Detective Bodin, will you verify that you were with us." And Jerry made a very fatal mistake. He joked and said, "When?" or something like that. He wasn't going to back him up right away.

I tell you, the chief was so angry with him that neither he or Jerry Bodin really talked much after that. You know, it took a lot of the fun out of it. That was very upsetting to the chief. And then Bodin was mad that he got upset with him for joking back, because we'd done a lot of joking. Jerry Bodin was considerably older than I was.

I'd say at least twenty years older than I was. He'd been around for a while. And very smart and he was the polygraph examiner. And Jerry would play jokes with me and the chief, but this one didn't set right with the chief.

And at one time, to give you an idea how Chief McAuliffe would react to these things, one time Jerry Bodin wrote me a funny note and it was trying to be suggestive. And I said, "Oh! I'm going to show this to the chief. And Jerry grabs it, and I said, "Oh, no, I'm showing it to the chief." And he grabs it so I can't get it and he puts it in his mouth and he chews it, and I said, "I'm getting that." So he starts running and I'm going after this and he goes and pushes open the elevator shaft and throws the chewed up note down the elevator shaft. So, when the chief comes by later and we're visiting, I told him that Bodin wrote me a suggestive note and he chewed it up and threw it in the elevator shaft. Chief McAuliffe got the custodians to go down there and get it. And it was such a surprise, they did. [laughs]

So these kinds of things are sort of a survival, especially in the homicide unit, because you deal with so much tragedy and so much sordidness and bloody scenes and all that. Sometimes people see you joking about something that seems inappropriate, but it's really an escape mechanism, I think. Or a survival technique, you know.

I had worked there two years and I became pregnant, and so I told the chief and asked for a pregnancy leave. And he said, "Of course." Then he found out that the city civil service office had no such thing as a pregnancy leave for police. So he told me that it appeared that because there's no pregnancy leave that I would have to quit, but that if I came back within a year that he would reinstate me at the regular salary that I left at. So I worked until I was seven months pregnant, because I really didn't show it much. I had all our babies at eight months, so I only was gone a month for the baby. And then after I was home for a few months, I called him and he reinstated me just as he said. He was a man of honor and of his word.

There was a little complication that he had no idea about and that was much, much later. Many, many years later. Probably twenty years later I did find out by quitting, I lost all my seniority, and normally that wouldn't mean anything since he reinstated me at my previous salary anyway. But when they finally allowed women to take promotional exams, I didn't get the seniority for those two years and it would have made a difference in the captain's exam I took. It would have been just enough points – a point level – that would have done it. It has been in the past a very slight difference from being promoted and those that are passed over.

Chief McAuliffe and Rowan – he wasn't chief then at all – they came to a party we gave while we were still living in Como Park. Both of them were there and a lot of other police officers. And Nate Bomberg, the police reporter. They were all there. One of the neighbors in our neighborhood called to report the noise. So the dispatcher called and warned me that they were sending a squad over. I don't think we were very loud. I really don't. And everybody, of course, was off-duty and it was really kind of amusing, because this poor patrolman came up to the door and Chief McAuliffe insisted on answering the door. [laughs] He comes in and he sees Rowan and all of us there and he didn't even want to discuss it.

Retired Deputy Chief John Sturner:³⁰

John Sturner. Started in 1963, January. I went through the ranks. Patrolman for four years, I guess. Sergeant. Lieutenant we had then. Then captain. Then deputy chief. I was deputy chief for eight years under Chief McCutcheon. I retired at the end of 1997 after thirty-five years. They call it senior commander now, but they didn't then. So I've been retired for ten years.



McAuliffe was the chief of police in 1963 when I went on the department and remained chief for four or five years, I think. He promoted me to sergeant. He was a tough guy. He was old school. I guess that's the best way – he was the last of the old school and Dick Rowan was the first of the new school. There was a tremendous transition and the buffer between that was Bill McCutcheon. And McAuliffe came up as a detective also, like they all did. You know, all the leaders were basically detectives back then, with a few exceptions like Captain Steiner and a few others that were legends.

McAuliffe, when he became chief, knew, I think, he did not have a lot of background in administration. And so the story around the department – I'm sure it was true – that he did at least an hour a night of just reading modern, at the time, police management journals and so on, which were just becoming more or less popular. McAuliffe and McCutcheon lived in the same block. He certainly used McCutcheon's

³⁰ John Sturner was appointed patrolman January 21, 1963; promoted to sergeant September 30, 1967; lieutenant November 27, 1971; captain November 26, 1980; emergency deputy chief August 4, 1983; return to captain December 10, 1983; deputy chief April 1, 1984; captain August 16, 1992; title changed to commander April 7, 1993; and retired December 31, 1997.

strengths. Started the department down the road of modernization. You got to give him credit for that.

You didn't want to get him mad at you. He got mad at me once and my butt's still sore from the chewing I got. He was a big Irishman. I think he was probably a pretty good hearted guy, but he personally put on a gruff, gruff front. He supported his troops. He really did. I didn't know him real well, because I didn't go back far enough. McCutcheon knew him pretty well. McCutcheon knew him. They rode to work together and they were neighbors. McAuliffe spotted the talent that Bill had – Bill McCutcheon – and did the right thing. There again. Surrounded himself with good people. Surround yourself with good people and let them do their thing and they'll make you look very good. Called delegation.

McAuliffe using McCutcheon to do a number of things with the Eastman study and that's just when I came on the job when that had just been completed and released. I can remember all the changes that took place. So going from an antiquated report writing system to a very modern report writing system for the time. Communication center. All those things that happened, McCutcheon was deeply involved in it and he was a sergeant at the time.

Our class was the first new class, the 1963 class, the first class in a number of years. And they called it the first modern class. The first class that weren't Korean or World War II veterans. So a lot of big changes were taking place. It was a great time to be on the department. Those were wonderful years.

Retired Chief William McCutcheon³¹:



I'm Bill McCutcheon, member of the Saint Paul Police Department, retiring in 1992.

Les McAuliffe, he was a real tough, stern chief, but he was also a guy who knew he wasn't cut out to be the office guy. He was a commander. So I had a free hand. I really did. He just gave me all the rope I needed either to hang myself or to go ahead.

I didn't know Lester when I was introduced to him when I was assigned to the training unit. At that time, his primary focus was the recommendation of the Eastman Report. He had put together several officers under the leadership of Tony Tighe. It was called the training unit at the time, and we went to work. For reasons unknown to this guy, Lester put a lot of faith in our unit and singled me out to do a lot of things, which I did. We became, I think, pretty good friends.

The Eastman Report required us to do a great deal of reorganization – changing things and upgrading the uniform division and making it par with the detective division. Of course, that created a lot of problems. We needed to put together units that had historically not been together. I remember one time he had been gone out of town and he came back and always wanted to know how things were going with the reorganization. And we were having a little problem with the boss of Identification Unit who was not really interesting in joining with the Records Unit, but we had planned to do that and we were kind of held up because of his reluctance to do anything. Les said, "Well, let me see what I can do." And he called the man in and – [laughs] you knew Les. When he got angry, he was an intimidating sort of person.

³¹ William Wallace McCutcheon served the Saint Paul Park Police 1948 to 1954, 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.

Shortly thereafter, he had called that lieutenant in and why, things were rearranged and proceeded smoothly.

He was an immaculate dresser. I remember he was always careful of his appearance. He was a big guy and he had all of his clothes made out in Highland Park, or at least had his clothes altered, by Devine, who was then at a store in Highland Park. Anyhow, he lived on the East Side – he's another eastsider, by the way. He lived on the East Side over on Thorn, and later on he moved down in the new division which we lived in on Edgebrook. And that's where he was until he retired.

He was quite a fisherman and he had some fishing holes up north. I can't remember. It was quite a ways. We used to get up at four o'clock in the morning and go fishing and I was never a great fisherman. Anyhow, we went up there and we had a good day and he would reminisce about his time on the street.

He was assistant chief before he became chief, and he was the head of the detective division. He came out of homicide unit. He retired. We had one of those budget crises where there was a need to do things and the council was trying to cut him back and he finally decided he had all he needed of that kind of hassling and he retired. And later on, he had a stroke in his retirement and he ended up needing assistance—living in an assisted living home.

He was really oriented towards the street. He had a lot of activity on the street. His need to work in the office was probably a difficult time for him. He much enjoyed being outside and doing good police work instead of all that paperwork that grew, it seems, every year.

Well, I think his contribution was his willingness to risk his career in the implementation of the Eastman Report, because there were a lot of negatives in that report. A lot of people thought it was a waste of time and money. It had been put together by a citizen's committee and then that committee had met with the Eastmans and selected – I think there were twenty-six objectives. I think he understood that he

needed to get that done if he was to be remembered as a forward looking chief and I think he was. It was big risk and he took it and he made the right decisions and he had the intestinal fortitude to stay with the reorganization, even when at times it was kind of rocky.

Retired Sergeant Paul Panagiotopoulos/Paulos:³²



I am Paul Richard Panagiotopoulos, spelled P-A-N-A-G-I-O-T-O-P-O-U-L-O-S and on the Saint Paul Police Department, I used the alias of Paul Paulos, P-A-U-L-O-S. I came on in 1954, and I was promoted to sergeant December 12, 1966, and I retired September 4, 1990.

I didn't want to go up the ranks. I didn't figure sitting behind a desk and writing reports and doing budget work and everything isn't why I joined to police department. I joined it to be a street cop. But I received a call from Lester McAuliffe, who was chief, and he told me to get my butt down to the civil service bureau, sign up for the sergeant's test, and bring him back the sign-up receipt. So, when McAuliffe told you to do something, I did it.

I went down there, signed up, and brought it back, and that same afternoon I gave him the receipt. One other last remark in regards to this was that my wife called the chief and told him to tell me to get my butt down to the civil service bureau and take the test. And I did what the chief said rather than what my wife said. [laughs]

McAuliffe suffered a stroke and Larry McDonald³³, Tony Tighe, and myself decided to go up to see him at Saint John's Hospital. I was sort of in a joyous mood and as we got to the hospital and got up to the floor where McAuliffe was, I looked at him laying in bed and he looked at me and he said, "Hi, Paul" and I said, "Hi, Chief." I says, "I finally got you where I want you." And he says, "What are you saying?" I says, "I can beat the crap out of you. You can't do a thing about it," because he was partially

³² Paul Richard "Paulos" Panagiotopoulos was appointed patrolman January 4, 1954; promoted to sergeant December 12, 1966; and retired September 4, 1990.

³³ Laurence Francis McDonald was appointed patrolman July 11, 1955; promoted to sergeant February 26, 1966; lieutenant January 14, 1971; captain July 5, 1989; lieutenant January 12, 1991; captain August 31, 1991; and retired March 31, 1995. Awarded the Medal of Merit Class B on August 26, 1993.

paralyzed from the waist down. And he pulled himself up on the sling that was above his head and said, "Paulos, you never saw the day you could beat the sh--, poop out of me." [laughs]