

*Transcript of a Saint Paul Police oral history interview with*

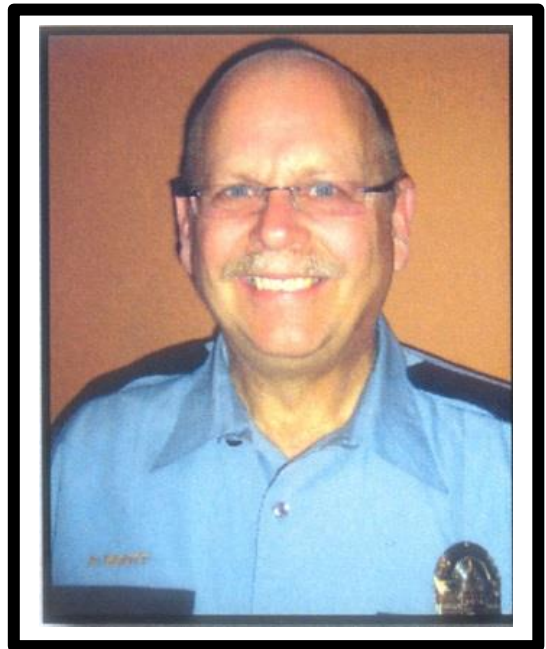
# Officer Patrick Donald Scott

Saint Paul Officer

1980 - 2010



1980



2010

Interviewed on

June 27, 2010 at Saint Paul Police Headquarters

by Kate Cavett of HAND in HAND Productions

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2015

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All pictures are from the Saint Paul Police Department collections, and the Scott Family.

# 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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Patrick Donald Scott

Appointed police officer February 23, 1980;

Retired May 19, 2010.

Commendations

Medal of Commendation:

February 24, 2005, September 29, 2005, April 13, 2010

Class C Commendation:

January 25, 1990, May 31, 1991, December 19, 1991, April 29, 1993,

May 13, 1993, August 26, 1993, November 23, 1994

55 Thank You Letters / Letters of Recognition

PS: Patrick Scott

KC: Kate Cavett

KC: Hello. Today is June 27, 2010. We are sitting in Hand in Hand's office and Officer, can you introduce yourself please?

PS: Yeah. My name is Patrick Scott, but please call me Pat. I just retired May 19th after thirty years with the Saint Paul Police Department.

KC: What are some of the early stories that you can share?

PS: Why, there are so many stories. I took the test in 1979 to come on the police department and did very well. Started in the academy on October 1st of 1979. Came out on February 22nd, of 1980. There were twenty-eight of us who made it through the academy and six of them are still on the police department. With me

having just retired, there are six still left. And I started at the grand salary of \$1203 every month.

KC: Oh, wow. [laughing with Pat]

PS: And that was a big pay raise for me. I had spent about four-and-a-half years at the San Antonio, Texas Police Department, and that was a big raise for me to be making that much money. The Twin Cities had been my home. I was glad to be coming back.

KC: How did you happen to land in the San Antonio department?

PS: From when I was a little boy, for as long as I can remember, I wanted to be a police officer. I became old enough in 1974, and in Minneapolis and Saint Paul, you pretty much had to be a veteran in the Armed Forces to come on the job at that time. And there were a lot of returning vets who had served in Vietnam. The likelihood of getting a job here was not very high.

I sat down with a U.S. Almanac and figured out the thirty largest cities in the country and just wrote a general letter to each police department asking if they were hiring. San Antonio was one of the first to respond, and they had walk-in-the-door testing. The written test for San Antonio at the time took about twenty minutes. I took the test, passed, and went into the academy there on January 6, 1975. Served as both a street officer and working the downtown foot beat in San Antonio.

KC: And then after four years, you tested here in Saint Paul?

PS: Then I tested here and a friend of mine, Todd Taylor, who had gone down there from Minnesota with me for the same reasons, we both tested on Saint Paul. He ended up not coming on Saint Paul. He went to the Moorhead Police Department

and then the Clay County Sheriff's Office, and recently retired from the Bureau of Criminal Apprehension. We were known down in Texas as the Minnesota Twins. We were both blonde haired and similar appearance. So we both came back to Minnesota together.

KC: What was it like when you got on Saint Paul?

PS: Saint Paul was, and still is, considered one of the more professional police departments around. As much as I liked San Antonio, the difference for professionalism was like night and day. And it was good to be coming back home. I had a lot of my family still here at the time, and it was good to come back home.

KC: Were you considered a lateral transfer?

PS: I had to start the academy all over again. I went through a five-plus-month academy in San Antonio and had to start all over from the beginning in Saint Paul, as opposed to the process today. Went through a full academy regardless of whether you had a post license or not. At the time, everybody had to go through the academy if you came on in Saint Paul.

KC: You had to learn the Saint Paul way?

PS: Absolutely. Absolutely.

KC: What were some of those early things that you learned?

PS: Well, they toned me down a bit from the Texas way. At the time, there was probably a bit more of an aggressive bent to policing in San Antonio. There were a lot more officers hurt and killed in that part of the country and on that particular police department. I came with more of an officer survival mindset

than a community relations mindset, I guess we should say. And Saint Paul had a good balance between the two.

KC: How would you describe your style now in 2010 when you left?

PS: I can talk to people a lot better than I could at the beginning. Much more sure of myself. Much more self-confident. I still consider myself, right up until the last day on the job, as very aggressive and very pro-active. But it got tempered a lot with life experiences and being able to be more empathetic with more people.

KC: Tell me some stories.

PS: There are so many. When I came out of the academy, I was blessed to have three incredible field training officers. There was Bob Olson,<sup>1</sup> Ken McIntosh,<sup>2</sup> and my primary FTO, Mike Ganzel.<sup>3</sup> And at the time, you worked three different areas of town when you went through training. So you got to know the town a little bit, the way each area policed a little bit differently and the different crime problems facing each area. So it was a good system they had. Got through FTO fairly easily. That is one way in which, even though there wasn't a lateral transfer, having had previous police experience made the field training program a lot easier.

At least one of my training officers actually had less time as a police officer than I did. Although I learned a lot from him, it made it easier for me having been a police officer before. And I got done with the Field Training

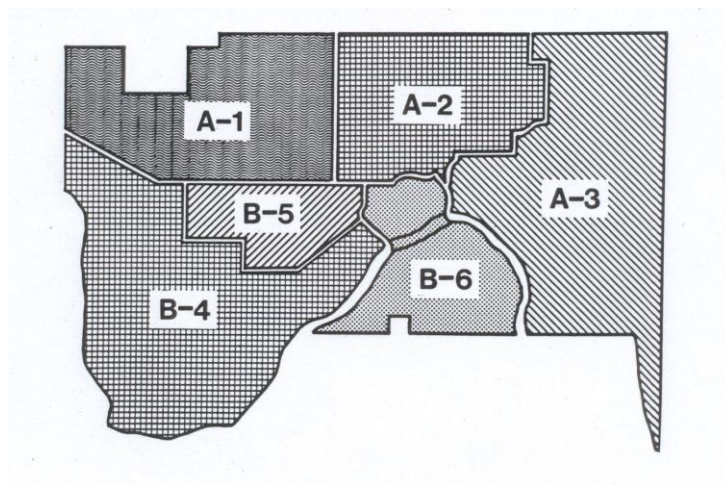
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<sup>1</sup> Robert David Olson was appointed police officer January 21, 1963 and retired May 27, 1994.

<sup>2</sup> Kenneth Wayne McIntosh was appointed police officer September 8, 1975; promoted to sergeant May 4, 1989; and retired December 27, 2002.

<sup>3</sup> Michael Timothy Ganzel was appointed police officer May 22, 1972, and retired December 17, 1999.

Program and we had six teams at the time in Saint Paul. There was A1 which was basically the Frogtown and Midway neighborhoods. There was A2 which was basically Rice Street to Payne Avenue. There was A3 which was east of Payne Avenue and the Lower Eastside like Mounds Park area. Then you went to the B districts. B4 was Highland Park. B5 was Summit/U and part of Frogtown. B6 was downtown and the Westside. I was assigned to A2 which was Rice Street. The team office at that time was located at the Twin Cities Towing.



1977-1982 Saint Paul Police had 6 Patrol TEAMS

KC: You were better known as the Junk Yard Dogs.

PS: The Junk Yard Dogs. I was blessed to be with the Junk Yard Dogs.

KC: The Junk Yard Dogs are quite infamous in Saint Paul history.

PS: Yes, they are. [laughs] And Jerry Steffen<sup>4</sup> was my first partner. Great guy. I miss him dearly. He passed away shortly after he retired at the age of fifty-nine. He

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<sup>4</sup> Jerome Peter Steffen was appointed police officer May 22, 1972 and retired May 31, 2000.



was a calming influence on me, and he knew a lot of people and was an inspiration as to how to talk to people and get to know people.

Boy, who else was there? There was Joe Stiles.<sup>5</sup> John “Dude” O’Brien,<sup>6</sup> who shortly after I came on in April 16, 1981, he and a new officer, Richard Fillmore,<sup>7</sup> were killed by a driver who had fled the police and ran a stop sign at



John “Dude” O’Brien

about fifty miles an hour and hit their squad car and killed John and crippled for life Richard Fillmore. Very sad early part of my career.

KC: What was that like? Because I’ve heard the stories about O’Brien’s death. For you, what was it like?

PS: Actually, I had been in Texas at the time it happened and was called about it by friends and cut my trip early and came back. John O’Brien was larger than life. I mean, he lived life to the fullest, loved his family beyond belief, was a great street cop. It hit everybody who knew him hard. It was a tough period. It had been a long time [seven years] since we lost an officer in the line of duty in Saint Paul and the first time for me that that had ever happened.

KC: What’s it like standing in honor of an officer with the rest of your whole department?

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<sup>5</sup> Joseph Patrick Stiles was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; promoted to sergeant March 1, 1990; and retired February 23, 2001.

<sup>6</sup> John J. “Dude” O’Brien was appointed patrolman October 26, 1971, and fatally injured when his patrol car was struck by a vehicle that had fled another patrol car April 16, 1981.

<sup>7</sup> Richard Paul Fillmore was appointed emergency neighborhood aide III on May 8, 1980; appointed police officer November 1, 1980; voluntary reduction in title to Clerk I (due to auto accident that killed Officer O’Brien) October 13, 1986; retired March 16, 2001.

PS: There's really no words to describe it. It's very humbling. There's a little bit of survivor's guilt where you, "Why them? Why not me? Why not somebody else?" At the same time, you're glad it wasn't you. A huge range of emotions. Yeah, the day of his funeral was very tough.

But onto my life in A2. I only worked with Jerry Steffen for just a couple of months. That was to get you to know the area. The police department was really good with letting you work – has always been good with letting you work with someone you wanted to work with.

Mike Carter<sup>8</sup> was my first partner on the midnight shift, and Mike was from my academy class, is now an acting commander in the police department, and we worked together several months on the midnight shift and had a good time. We had a lot of downtime on the midnight shift. You'd usually be busy at the beginning of the night, and then it would slow down and you had to find your little hidey-hole sometimes to be able to just relax. There were restaurants that would let you come in after hours and drink coffee and relax and unwind a little bit.

Probably my first big time notable police incident in Saint Paul was while working with Mike. It would have been – I believe it would have been in 1980 or early '81. There was a famous legendary retired deputy chief, at the time captain, by the name of John Nord<sup>9</sup> who worked on the police department then. He was in the watch commander's office at the time, and he was known as *Block Away*

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<sup>8</sup> Michael Clark Carter was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; promoted to sergeant March 27, 1999; and retired September 30, 2010.

<sup>9</sup> John Clay Nord was appointed patrolman August 27, 1965; promoted to sergeant December 21, 1968; lieutenant February 17, 1973; captain December 21, 1977; deputy chief February 9, 1984; and retired January 25, 1991.

*Nord* because it seemed like anytime there was a major crime that occurred and the location was given out, if John Nord was working, he'd be on the air and



announce that he was a block away, and was uncannily able to be in the right place at the right time, wrong place at wrong time, however you look at it.

On the night I'm referring to however, there was an armed robbery of a convenience store in Falcon Heights, and the man who did it was reported to be armed with an AR-15 military type rifle.<sup>10</sup> License plate of the car that was used was obtained, and from the information on the owner, it appeared that it might have been his son, owner of the car's son, who had done the robbery. Both Officer Carter and I and Captain Nord, who was working in the watch commander's office, and most times the watch commander will just sit in the office and do nothing else. Not John Nord. John Nord would be out on patrol all night unless he had to be in the office. So between Mike Carter and I in one car and John Nord in another, we were making multiple trips by the house where the car listed to.

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<sup>10</sup> The AR-15 is a lightweight, air-cooled, magazine fed, auto-loading, centerfire, shoulder-fired rifle. The AR-15 is a generic term for a civilian semi-automatic rifle similar to the military M-16 rifle.

Several hours later, if I recall correctly, it was at Rice and Pennsylvania Street, with John Nord coming from one direction and Mike and I coming from another direction. We simultaneously spotted the car, put out the information on the radio, turned around on the car, and the chase was on. As we were going up Jackson Street – the chase took probably ten, maybe fifteen minutes. And as we were going up Jackson Street, I thought he was flicking his cigarette out the car window, because I kept seeing sparks coming out the car window. And an officer on the side of the road as he went by announced that, “No, that’s not his cigarette. He’s shooting at you.” And the guy was shooting at us with a handgun out the moving car. So the chase continued on and he got on Highway 35E, and by this time there were cars all along every possible route he could have escaped on.

Captain Nord put out the order that officers were authorized to try and take out the tires on the car with our firearms. The first opportunity we had was when we went from 35 onto 94. And I remember to this day, and I can’t believe I did this, but I made sure the door was locked, I took the shotgun down, sat partway outside the passenger window of the car, and I vividly remember that my eyeglasses in the wind were bouncing up and down and I was afraid they were going to come off. But they never did, and I was able to fire at the back of the car with the shotgun. It was very dramatic with the paint flying off, but it did nothing else. And shortly thereafter another squad car driven by Dan Johnson<sup>11</sup> and Tim Hayes<sup>12</sup> as the passenger, they also fired at the car and they overtook us.

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<sup>11</sup> Daniel Leonard Johnson was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; resigned August 20, 1982.

<sup>12</sup> Timothy Francis Hayes was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; and retired June 16, 1988.

They had a faster squad car and they rammed the car and ran it off the road over Highway 280. It was very dramatic.

The car went through the concrete wall on the shoulder. It knocked concrete off and it literally – the concrete flew in the air and took the emergency lights straight off the top of the squad car Dan Johnson and Tim Hayes were in. Did no other damage to the car. Just took the lights straight off, and we all weren't able to stop our cars until we got past where it had gone over, we were going so fast. But we jumped out and ran there and, honest to God, we were expecting it to be like *The Dukes of Hazard* or *The Rockford Files* where this car had managed to land on its tires and take off down 280. But that was not the case. The car was upside down, the man that was in it was – I believe he ended up partially paralyzed. Had the AR-15 rifle. We never did find the handgun he was shooting at us with along the highway or anywhere, but he got sent to prison for a considerable amount of time.

KC: What's the adrenaline rush like after something like that?

PS: Incredible. At the time when it's happening, you're not thinking about anything except catching this guy, not getting in an accident, getting the bad guy. When it's all over, like the concrete taking the car lights off, what if it had been a foot lower and gone through the windshield. Tim and Dan would have been killed. You feel incredibly good after an incident like that and you successfully get the bad guy and none of the good guys or good girls are hurt. It's a great feeling.

KC: You mentioned women police officers, and you were early on bringing women into the department. Women started coming in—well, Debbie Montgomery<sup>13</sup> in 1975. There were six women in '77. You had one woman in '79. Any challenges with the attitudes of women. Did you have women on the department in Texas?

PS: Yes, surprisingly a lot more women in Texas. I was surprised how few there were on Saint Paul when I got up here. And there were a few chauvinists, you know, who thought women shouldn't be in police work. Women should be in the home. Whatever. But it was never—in either police department, it was never that big a thing. The chauvinistic stuff was treated more as a joke. During my time I never saw any great obstacles from my perspective that female officers faced. If they did, I didn't see it, but it's been fairly accepted my entire time as a police officer.

KC: Did you ever have any women partners?

PS: Um, not for any long period of time. Lori Dorrance,<sup>14</sup> when I worked A2, Lori Dorrance and I were partners occasionally. When my regular partners would be off, we'd occasionally partner up. Lori Dorrance was an awesome cop. And I make a differentiation between a cop and a police officer. A police officer means that you were able to get a peace officer license and get a job where you're able to wear a badge. Whereas a cop is someone who goes out and works hard, tries to

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<sup>13</sup> Deborah "Debbie" Louise Montgomery was the first female to complete the same academy as male recruits. She was appointed police officer September 8, 1975; the first Black woman promoted to sergeant November 8, 1987; lieutenant May 29, 1998; title change to commander January 1, 2000; senior commander February 8, 2003; retired July 31, 2003. She became assistant commissioner of the Minnesota Department of Public Safety 1991-1998 and was the first Black woman to serve on the Saint Paul City Council 2004-2007.

<sup>14</sup> Lorrie Beth Dorrance was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; master patrol officer September 15, 2001; and retired June 21, 2004.

do the job right, and their main goal is what I think the main goal needs to always remain in police work and that's catching the bad guys. L.D. as we called her, Lori Dorrance, was a cop. And she was a good cop.

KC: So for you it didn't matter if you had a male or a female. There weren't any of the challenges that sometimes happen when male and females work together hard and there's this intense energy in doing your job together that –

PS: Never had any problem, as far as that was concerned. In fact, when Sergeant Joe Bergeron<sup>15</sup> was murdered just in May of this year shortly before I retired, Linda Mercado<sup>16</sup> and I intentionally teamed up together to go on the hunt for the killers. So, no, that's never been an issue with me.

KC: And you only had one woman in your class.

PS: Yes, Beverly Hall,<sup>17</sup> who retired as a commander. She was the only one in our class. There's just so many, so many – I have three pages of stories here.

KC: Let's keep telling stories, but coming on as early as you did with women being in, it's worth noting what it was like for you.

PS: Oh, absolutely. Absolutely. Absolutely. I think the number one reason females are underrepresented in the field is, number one, at one time women weren't allowed to. So there was no point for them to seek being a police officer because

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<sup>15</sup> Joseph Bergeron was a Gladstone firefighter December 14, 1986, to August 1, 1999; appointed as a Maplewood police officer September 17, 1984; promoted sergeant May 30, 1998; and killed in the line of duty May 1, 2010, after twenty-six years of service.

<sup>16</sup> Linda Mercado was appointed police officer September 11, 1999.

<sup>17</sup> Beverly Joy Hall was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; promoted to sergeant June 15, 1986; Lieutenant July 14, 1995; title changed to commander January 1, 2000; and retired December 31, 2007.

it wasn't even allowed. I think there's still some of the perception attached that it's more a man's profession, and that's too bad, because some of the best cops I've known are women. There's a vital contribution to be made and there's no difference in how anyone does the job – male or female. You do it the same.

KC: It takes a certain temperament and personality to be a good cop. Maybe that's the difference between cop and police officer.

PS: True.

KC: And there are certain qualities, I think, that it takes in a man. I've learned that. And certain different qualities that it takes in a woman to be successful in the police culture.

PS: Very true. Very true. I can see that.

KC: Tell me another story.

PS: [laughs] Oh, gosh. Well, during my time on the midnight shift, they decided to start the Rice Street Beat the first time around as far as during my career. And my hours were adjusted from seven at night until three in the morning and I worked with Melvin Carter<sup>18</sup> on the Rice Street Beat. And had a great time with that. However, the Rice Street Parade, I believe it would have been – not sure if it was 1980 or '81.

Melvin's a Black man and Rice Street, at the time, had a reputation of not being very welcoming towards people of color. And after the parade ended, Melvin and I were driving by E.K. Lamont's Bar at Rice and Maryland. Someone

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<sup>18</sup> Melvin Whitfield Carter, Jr. was appointed police officer September 8, 1975; promoted to sergeant April 13, 1991; retired February 14, 2003.



threw, I don't remember if it was a can of beer or a can of pop at Melvin through the squad car window. And needless to say we got out of the car and called for backup. It became known as the Rice Street Riot. [Kate and Pat laugh] Probably the most memorable thing that happened, there was there was a local entrepreneur who shall remain unnamed who began squirting his garden hose at the officers on scene. Jerry Steffen, who had been my first partner, is world renowned for the First Annual Rice Street Parade People Toss, because he picked the man up with the fire hose and pitched him off his porch. [laughs] It was fairly quickly gotten under control and it led to an after shift choir practice<sup>19</sup> of us unwinding with beers and liquor at the A2 Team Office—the Junk Yard Dogs had a lot of stories to tell that night.

KC: And so this is about 1980?

PS: This would have been the summer of 1980 or '81. I don't recall.

KC: And there were no issues with having beer and liquor at the Team House?

PS: Not at the time. [both laugh] It came to an abrupt end shortly thereafter.

KC: Anything to do with what happened that night that it came to an end?

PS: No. Nothing to do with that night. There was an incident where I believe a picture of the chief of police or deputy chief of police was desecrated during a party. [laughs] And it came to a halt after that.

KC: Was this a Junk Yard Dogs party too?

PS: Yes, it was. [both laughing]

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<sup>19</sup> **Choir Practice:** after the shift is over getting together with other officers for alcohol to unwind, retelling the stories of that day/night and other shifts.

KC: I've had the honor of interviewing a number of Junk Yard Dogs.

PS: Oh, gosh. For a period of time I also worked with Brook Schaub<sup>20</sup> in A2, and it was on the midnight shift. It was after midnight one night and I recall we'd driven past a convenience store at Rice and Maryland and noticed a couple customers in the parking lot and noticed a clerk. I believe we waved at the clerk. His name was Brian Harper and nothing appeared amiss. We continued on east on Maryland and we'd gotten on [the freeway] I-35E when a call came out for the clerk at that convenience store we'd just gone through having been shot in a robbery.

We immediately went back, arriving probably within a minute. Brian had been shot in the face and still had some vital signs which were fading rapidly. I recall checking and that he had lost his pulse and I began giving CPR to him. This was in the days before the AIDs and hepatitis scares and everything else. I remember having used just a gauze bandage over his mouth to try and resuscitate him.

The gunshot wound was so grievous that every time I breathed in there was a gurgling sound. Every time I wasn't breathing the gurgling sound came towards me. It was just a horrendous, horrendous scene. And I remember the paramedics got there and took over trying to resuscitate him. They were never able to. He did pass away. Brook Schaub looked at me and he said, "There's a little bit of blood alongside your mouth." And I remember that being one of the

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<sup>20</sup> Brook Thomas Schaub was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; promoted to sergeant February 1, 1984; acting lieutenant July 3, 1999; return to sergeant January 29, 2003; retired May 30, 2003. Since retirement Schaub is a consultant to the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, Team Adam Program and Project Alert, and has taught around the world about internet crimes against children, protecting juvenile victims of prostitution, and computer forensics.

few times I threw-up on the job. It was just horrific and I'll never forget that night.

KC: What is it like not to be able to save someone? Because police are taught to make a difference and most of the time you do.

PS: Sure. Sure. You feel a little bit inadequate, like why couldn't I have done more. And in this particular case, why didn't we stop in the store and talk to him. We might have kept it from happening. Not that we did anything wrong by not stopping, but that you just wish you would have. A feeling of inadequacy and deep regret. This was a kid who didn't in no way, shape, or form deserve to die.

KC: Had you dealt with death before that in your career?

PS: Yes. Yeah, that may have been the first, or one of my first, homicide scenes here in Saint Paul, but there had been quite a few in Texas. San Antonio was a very violent city at the time with about 200 murders a year, so I had been to a lot of homicide scenes. It was the first time I had been at one where I had been in a position to where I was able to try and resuscitate someone. It hurt not being able to.

KC: And you knew him. You knew the young man.

PS: Yeah. Yes.

KC: That has to be even harder.

PS: Yeah, it's hard. It's very hard. [long pause]

KC: Do you do choir practice after that?

PS: I probably did. I don't remember for sure, but we probably did.



Choir Practice  
Cy Dargay, Cathy Pavlak, Tom Arnold, Pat Scott

I remember during the time when I was still an A2 – I still remember the date, November 10, 1981. It happened in another part of town, but a little six-year-old girl named Cassandra Hanson had gone missing from a church that night over in the Midway. The next morning, her body was found in a dumpster at Grand and Grotto. She had been abducted and I believe sexually assaulted and murdered. Strangled with a belt, if I recall correctly, and thrown into a dumpster.

Never had anything to do with the initial part of the case, but some period later – it would have been the end of 1981 or beginning of '82 – there'd been a lady named Dorothy Noga who was a masseuse at a massage parlor in the Western District on Minnehaha Avenue. And she had started cooperating with the police and believed a guy by the name of Stuart Knowlton who was a cab driver to have killed Cassie Hanson.

I had snuck out of my area late one night to meet some officers at a coffee shop at Minnehaha and Milton, which would have been right behind the massage parlor. After meeting there for a little while and leaving, I was heading back towards A2, and a call came out for a stabbing at the massage parlor. Now, mind you, at this time I knew nothing about Dorothy Noga. I knew nothing about her cooperating with the police. But I turned around and got to the scene, and a co-worker of hers was frantic, screaming, saying that Dorothy was on the floor.

Dorothy had had her throat slashed, and this was a time that my efforts to save somebody worked. Tried to stem the flow of blood that was profusely coming out of her throat. The paramedics got there, and I remember the knees of my uniform pants were just soaked in blood. When I took them off, my knees were sopping wet. The medics credited my actions with keeping her alive long enough for them to get there, and she lost her memory for quite a while after that, but it eventually came back and she was able to identify Stuart Knowlton as having done it and was able to give information about him that also led to his conviction for the murder of Cassie Hanson.

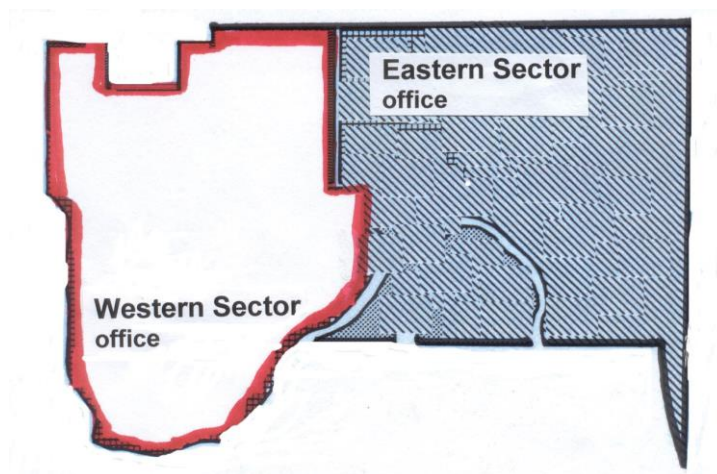
I remember at one point in my career when I was getting some bad press, the Noga family, which had relocated, actually wrote a letter to the editor of the paper recounting my efforts that night. Actually, the family made a plaque for me and sent it to me, thanking me for that night. That's a proud moment of my career. Very proud moment.

KC: Well, and for a family to take that kind of effort and care that much and be aware that you were the officer that was later being given some bad press.

PS: It was so great. It was a hard time when I was getting the bad press and it was heartwarming. My eyes tear up a little bit now thinking about it.

KC: Understandable.

PS: Well, in the end of January in 1982 the police department, in another period of budget crunch, they eliminated the six team office plan and they went simply to an Eastern Sector and a Western Sector. Dick Ekwall,<sup>21</sup> who had been my captain in A2, was taking command in the Western Sector and asked me to come over and work the afternoon shift. I was at the time in love with the midnight shift and really didn't want to go, but he made a good case for it, and I went along with him and never regretted it.



1982 – 1984

Saint Paul Police had 2 Patrol SECTORS

I initially worked for a little while in Highland Park, but shortly thereafter started working at Summit/University/Selby Avenue – Frogtown. I

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<sup>21</sup> 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.

believe it would have been Easter Sunday of 1982 that I and the rest of the police department became distinctly aware that gangs were here.



There had been a man with his family coming home from church over on Nina Street, and he'd been robbed at gunpoint by several young Black men wearing red bandanas and red clothing. And there was a very distinctive car description given out, and I remember it was a Chevy Nova. I don't remember much beyond that. But my partner at the time, I believe it was either Bill Gillett<sup>22</sup> or Steve Anderson<sup>23</sup> – I think it was Bill Gillett. We spotted this very distinctive car at a nightclub at Selby and Dale several hours later and arrested four or five guys and got the gun, and it was clearly the ones who'd done the robbery. They were members of I believe it was the El Rukn<sup>24</sup> Street Gang out of Chicago. And that was our first experience with gangs that I was aware of at the time. And although some denial went on for probably a couple of more years from the administration and from city leaders that we had a gang problem, it was clear that we did have a gang problem and it was rapidly growing.

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<sup>22</sup> William "Bill" Thomas Gillett was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; promoted to sergeant June 14, 1997; and retired November 14, 2013.

<sup>23</sup> Steven William Anderson was appointed police officer November 1, 1980; promoted to sergeant May 31, 1989; demoted to police officer on November 13, 1999, retired May 31, 2002.

<sup>24</sup> The Black P. Stone Nation, aka BPSN, is a Chicago-based street gang. The gang was originally formed in the late 1950s as the Blackstone Rangers. In later years, an Islamic faction of the gang emerged, naming themselves the "El Rukn tribe of the Moorish Science Temple of America" (or simply El Rukn). The gang finances itself through a wide array of criminal activities and is part of the large Chicago gang alliance known as the People Nation. -Wikipedia

The three primary gangs that we first saw were the El Rukns, the Vice Lords,<sup>25</sup> and the Gangster Disciples.<sup>26</sup> And they were here with a vengeance.

It was around this time that the Western Sector initiated a Selby Avenue beat. My old partner Mike Carter and Tom Bergren<sup>27</sup> were partners on it. And Chris Nelson<sup>28</sup> and Chris Hoskin<sup>29</sup> were partners on it. And at the time, I was living right in the neighborhood. I was living off of Hague and Milton. The administration didn't feel it would be safe for me to be a member of the Selby Beat, but I worked very closely with them, and they did a lot of innovative things that had not been done around here as far as I know, ever. They videotaped these guys doing drug deals. They did surveillance on them doing drug deals and would jump out on them and catch them, and they developed some good cases against these guys who quieted down, but we still run into some of them now and then. And they were just the first of the gangs.

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<sup>25</sup> The Almighty Vice Lord Nation (abbreviated AVLN) is the second largest and one of the oldest street gangs in Chicago. They are also one of the founding members of the People Nation multi-gang alliance. Vice Lords "represent" with the colors black and red and the five pointed star. -Wikipedia

<sup>26</sup> The Gangster Disciple is a gang which was formed on the South Side of Chicago in the late 1960s by Larry Hoover, leader of the High Supreme Gangsters, and David Barksdale, leader of the Black Disciples. The two groups united to form the Black Gangster Disciple Nation (BGDN). Some members dropped the "B" and began to call themselves GDs or Gangster Disciples. The gang finances itself through a wide array of criminal activities and is known as the Folk Nation. GDs "represent" with the colors black and blue and the six pointed star. -Wikipedia

<sup>27</sup> Thomas Lawrence Bergren was appointed police officer October 1, 1979; promoted sergeant May 22, 1999; and retired March 23, 2012.

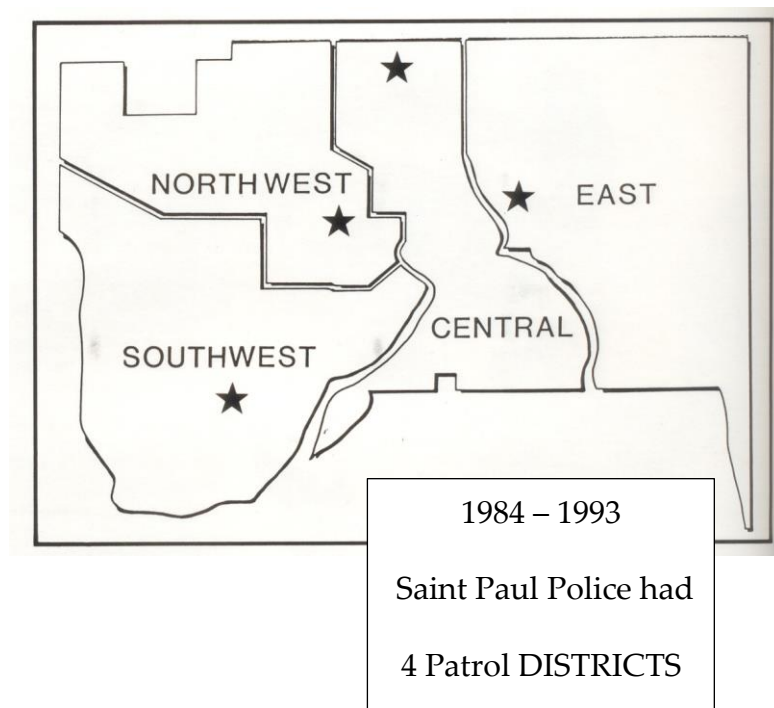
<sup>28</sup> Christopher Robin Nelson was appointed police officer February 23, 1980; promoted to sergeant February 1, 1984; and retired June 6, 2006.

<sup>29</sup> Christopher C. "Kit" Hoskin was appointed police officer October 1, 1979; promoted to sergeant March 9, 1986; lieutenant March 14, 1998; title changed to commander January 1, 2000; senior commander October 14, 2006; and retired October 27, 2006.



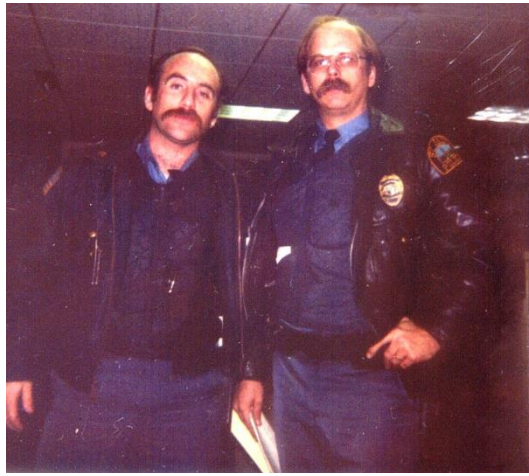
I worked the Western Sector until May of 1983 and almost all officers from my academy and the one after at that time had to do a nine-month stint in the Communication Center, in the Dispatcher's Office. And we all dreaded it because we were all full of vinegar and wanted to save the world and lock up bad guys, and being pulled off the street for nine months was just seemingly intolerable. But I did my time in the Comm Center [Communication Center], and nothing of note really happened while I was there. When I was let out in February of 1984, I was initially assigned to the Eastern District, but I begged and pleaded my way out and was able to come back to the Western District. Now it was the Northwest District because now we were back to –

KC: Four districts.



PS: Four districts. We had Northwest, Southwest, which was the Highland Park area, Central, and East. Central being Rice Street and Downtown and the Westside. And East being pretty much the Eastside as it is now.

I worked alone for several months in a one-man car in the afternoon shift when I came back. Then I was able to partner up with an incredible man by the name of Joseph Flaherty.<sup>30</sup> Joe Flaherty. He retired a couple of years back as a Sergeant on a medical retirement, but we had an incredible dozen years as partners.



Officers Joe Flaherty and Pat Scott  
1995

KC: The Team of Scott and Flaherty are infamous in Saint Paul Police.

PS: [laughs]. Yeah, we did a lot of good work, controversial at times because we were very aggressive, and when you're aggressive as a policeman, you're going to ruffle feathers. You're going to arrest friends of people who are influential and will try and create problems for you. You can irritate community groups if they feel you're focusing too much attention on a particular group of people.

KC: Both you and Flaherty are White guys.

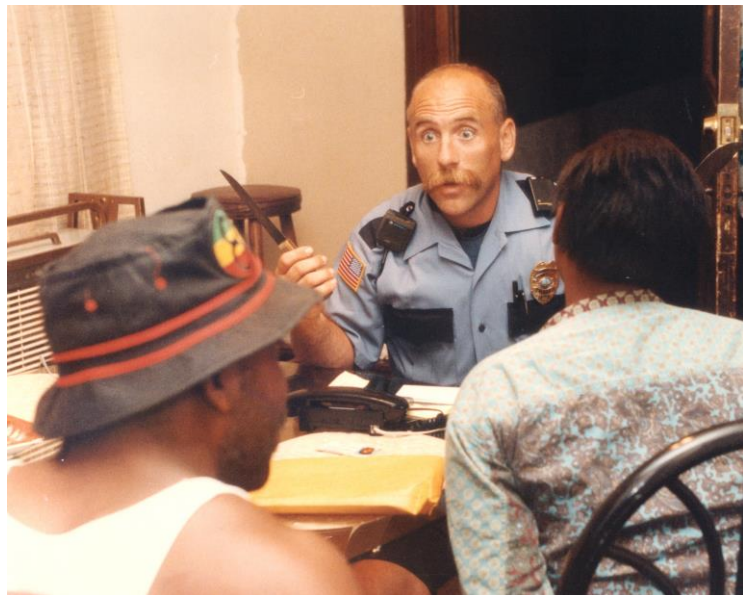
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<sup>30</sup> Joseph Brian Flaherty was appointed patrolman November 1, 1980; promoted to sergeant May 14, 1996; and retired May 31, 2008.

PS: We're both White guys and we were working in an area where the bulk of the street crime was committed by young Black men. Just the fact of the matter. And part of what made us so effective was that – well, one, I had lived in the neighborhood and had a lot of friends in the neighborhood, Black and White. Joe Flaherty was an incredible people person and could get along with anybody. So he had a lot of friends, too. And we had a lot of information from those friends, and that made us very effective as street cops.

KC: What do you mean by you were aggressive. Define that more.

PS: We didn't spend much time in coffee shops. We didn't spend much time when we got something to eat. We often would get our food and eat in the car and we were always



Office Joe Flaherty with suspects

proactively looking for crimes in progress, wanted criminals, and would actively seek them. And when you're out there for almost your entire shift and you're patrolling all of the hot spots in your area, you're going to come in contact with a lot of crime and a lot of criminals. Not all of them want to go to jail, and sometimes you have to use physical force to get them into jail. Despite the fact that it's a necessary element of police work is to have to use force at times, it is hard for a lot of people to accept that fact, I guess I should say.

KC: So there are some police officers that may not choose to be aggressive or may not choose to use force. And you and Flaherty were cops who would do whatever it takes.

PS: Absolutely. Absolutely.

KC: Would you use force before you talked to somebody?

PS: Never. Never! Unless it was – like if they were actively assaulting someone. You're not going to ask them to stop. You're going to pull them off the person they're assaulting. But whenever possible, we tried to talk to people, and the vast majority of the time, that was enough, because both Joe and I had a gift for gab. When it came to talking to people, whether it was your Joe Average Citizen or serious bad guys, we had guys we sent to prison who would come out of prison and thank us, saying it had been at a time in their life when they needed to be stopped and that their life was now better. Joe and I both socialized in the neighborhood. We'd have people come out of prison and buy us drinks. There were certain elements in the community that as long as these efforts of ours locking bad guys up were directed toward out-of-towners, they were fine with it, but if it was somebody who had grown up in Saint Paul, even if they were a crook, they didn't like those people going to jail.

KC: Well, Saint Paul has a very small town culture.

PS: Very.

KC: It's a very small town, and you said a lot of the criminal element were young Black people. The Black community is even smaller, and so it would be impossible to graduate or even go to school in Saint Paul that you would have gone to school with some of the criminal element.

PS: Absolutely. Absolutely. Joe Flaherty and I, we felt in our own minds – I don't know if anybody else's minds – we felt we were kind of like the new John Nords. There was a long period of time where it seemed we could not turn a corner without there being a crime in progress or us being nearby a crime in progress.

In 1985, in July and then October, I was involved in a couple of officer involved shootings. One in July of a robbery suspect who pulled a knife out of his pocket. At the time, I thought it was a gun, which was why he was shot. Not that it would have made a difference with it being a knife, but I didn't recognize it as such. He was shot. He thankfully lived. He went on to an extensive life of crime that continues to this day.

KC: Was he sent to prison at that time?

PS: No, he wasn't. He was wanted for robbery, but they were never able to get him charged for it.

KC: You've put your life in danger, you've discharged your weapon, and they can't prosecute. How does that feel as an officer?

PS: Well, it was frustrating, but it wasn't anything in the legal system that led to it. It was that the victim of the robbery had done an identification at first, but when she attempted to identify him subsequently, she was unable to positively do so. It didn't go anywhere. I ended up being sued over it, which was a very stressful time period. Anytime you're involved in something like that, it's a traumatic event. Joe and I were both glad we came through it and neither one of us was hurt. Despite the fact the man wasn't charged with the robbery at that time, he went on to go to prison for a large part of his adult life.

And then in November a man had been shot. Charley Grayson was his name. Charley had been shot in an after-hours joint one night. The bullet had gone in the front of his chest and then traveled along the outside of his ribs and came out the back. When he went to the hospital they essentially put band aids on the front and back and released him.

The very next day he decided to go hunting for the man who had shot him. He came upon a prostitute on University Avenue who he knew to associate with the guy who'd shot him, and he took a sawed off shotgun out of his pants and put it to her chest demanding to know where the guy who'd shot him was. I don't recall whether she gave him any information or not, but he subsequently let her go and started walking down the street. Joe Younghans,<sup>31</sup> also now retired, was working patrol. The woman flagged him down and told him what had happened. She got in the squad car with him and they spotted the man, Charley Grayson, walking south on Victoria Street. Younghans was broadcasting his direction. He was walking Victoria from the south and it was right by Brooks Funeral Home.<sup>32</sup> Younghans said that the guy was now running and he was running west on Concordia Street. I remember both Joe and I – we knew just from working the area – knew how a lot of the crooks operated. We knew that the guy was going to cut south between the houses. Between Victoria and Milton. So I had Joe let me out of the squad car, and he started driving down the block, and Grayson came between the houses about fifteen feet in front of me. I thought at first that he had a crow bar in his hands. It looked like he was almost dropping it, but trying to hold on to a crowbar. And he got up into the yard of

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<sup>31</sup> Joseph Daniel Younghans was appointed police officer March 13, 1978; promoted to sergeant March 1, 1990; and retired May 30, 2003.

<sup>32</sup> Brooks Funeral Home is located 862 Concordia and Victoria.

retired Judge Maxwell, started jumping the fence, turned around, and pointed the sawed off shotgun at me one handed. Well, it was an even battle, because I had a shotgun, too, and I fired one shot at him. For my soul, I'm glad that he lived, but he nearly died. Seven of the pellets hit him.

And I'll never forget that Judge Maxwell came out of his house. And Judge Maxwell was a very strict judge, and he thought that Grayson had been coming to his house to get him and was headed towards him to jump on Mr. Grayson, and we had to physically hold the judge back. [laughing] He was going to exact a little justice for this man having come to his yard.

Grayson was convicted of the assault on the woman and on me. Did go to prison. The very next time I saw him when he got out of prison, he ran again. He jumped out of a car and ran and left a gun behind, and he went to prison for that gun. I have not heard anything about him in years now.

KC: After you're involved in discharging your weapon and shooting someone, you get a couple of days off. What goes through your mind those days off? And particularly if you weren't sure initially if he was going to live or not.

PS: Well, you know, it was different in both cases. The first one, there had been the element that I thought he was pulling a gun and it ended up not being. I second-guessed myself. I felt bad about it. I lost sleep over it and had flashbacks for several months afterwards to it happening.

Now, with Grayson, he'd just put a shotgun to an innocent woman's chest, he'd pointed a shotgun at me. There was no second-guessing. There was no turmoil in my mind. It was clearly, in my mind and subsequently in the police department's mind and in the criminal justice's mind, very justified on my part. I

didn't lose a minute of sleep over it or feel bad about it in any way, shape, or form. I was glad that I had stopped a man who was out to kill somebody. Now after the second shooting, however, the chief of police at the time, William McCutcheon,<sup>33</sup> he wanted me off the street for a little while, let things cool down, let me get my—I guess get my head straight. Because it's traumatic, and two in four months is so rare that—it so seldom happens, that he smartly did take me off the street.

However, he knew that it's hard to come off the street when you're a hardworking cop, and he made me an acting sergeant and put me in the Juvenile Unit, from November of 1985 until March of 1986. It was uncanny, but [chuckles] during my time in the Juvenile Unit, had two near-shootings. One of a man trying to go into a stranger's house with a rifle in his hands and didn't want to drop the rifle when myself and other officers were shouting at him to. He eventually did and was taken into custody without incident. Ended up having a pretty severe mental illness, which he got treated for. Had a robbery suspect that was believed to be a juvenile, and I was doing some surveillance on his car and ended up in a short vehicle chase, and he jumped out of the car with a gun in his hand. [chuckles] Had a near one there. I was glad it didn't happen, and at the same time, I was glad to get out of the Juvenile Unit. That seemed like that was a more dangerous place than the street for that few months. [laughs]

KC: Every time you turned around you were finding the bad guys and they were aggressive.

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<sup>33</sup> 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.



PS: It was unbelievable. So ironic—the very day that I came out of the Juvenile Unit and went back to the street was March 9<sup>th</sup> of 1986. I was back working the Western District. I was working alone that day. Curt Sandell,<sup>34</sup> who's now a sergeant in the Vice Unit, was a street officer at the time, and we both got sent to a purse theft—not a purse snatching, where a purse had been taken from someone, but a purse had been taken, like off a table or desk at Hamline University. Curt got to the area first, and as I was driving up Snelling Avenue, I saw that Curt was engaged in a pretty furious hand to hand battle with a man up in one of the yards. As I started getting out of my car, the man got Curt's gun out of his holster.

KC: And Curt's a big guy.

PS: Curt's a big guy and this guy was not a big guy. He took off down the street with Curt's gun in his hand, and Curt was yelling to me, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" And I was thinking to myself, "Hell, no. I don't want to go back to the Juvenile Unit again." We shortly could see that he had shifted his grip around on his gun to where he was—we had revolvers at the time, and he was actually holding it around the cylinder, not in a position to shoot it. But we were able to catch him and take him into custody without any further incident, thank God.

KC: You use that phrase, "Thank God." Where does religion or spirituality play into your life as a police officer?

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<sup>34</sup> Curtis Mark Sandell was appointed police officer March 27, 1983; out of title sergeant October 13, 2001; promoted to sergeant December 15, 2001; voluntary demoted to officer March 14, 2003; reinstated sergeant August 30, 2003; retired November 3, 2010.

PS: Well, for a long time I didn't consider myself particularly religious. But I came to see so much—what I can't think of terming anything else but pure evil during my time as a police officer, as a cop, that uh—that kind of—I'd also see so much pure good in my time as a cop, that it was almost like an awakening, that there's got to be a God, because there's certainly a Devil. The last few years I've become quite a bit more religious—not a churchgoing religious, but a faith and a belief religious for sure.

KC: Tell me a story.

PS: [laughs] This actually ties in with our sheriff, Bob Fletcher.<sup>35</sup>

KC: He came on with the Saint Paul Police Department in 1977 and has been sheriff in Ramsey County for about sixteen years. At this point of 2010.

PS: Right. Bob was a lieutenant at the time and it was March 17<sup>th</sup> of 1989 and a drug store on West Seventh Street got robbed of—drugs is what the robbers took. Fletcher had put some information out sometime before about a couple guys who had just gotten out of prison who robbed drug stores, that was their deal. I was able to have the dispatcher get ahold of Fletcher, because I didn't have the information at hand about these bad guys. But they got ahold of Fletcher, who got on the radio and talked to me on the car-to-car radio channel, and had right at hand, in his mind—because Bob Fletcher's a cop—who the suspects were, where they hung out, and gave that information to me.

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<sup>35</sup> Robert Fletcher was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; promoted to sergeant February 8, 1981; lieutenant February 23, 1987—rank title changed to commander January 4, 2003; leave of absence to be Ramsey County Sheriff 1995-2010; returned SPPD-title of commander January 2011, retired June 10, 2010.

I went and I sat down the street from the apartment building. I believe it was at Geranium and Dale. A Ford Fairmont I remember had done the robbery, and I was parked a good ways away, because I was in a marked squad car. Didn't want to give myself up. I saw what looked like a Ford Fairmont turn in behind the apartments. Well, actually, I first saw it turn the corner around the street and I tried to get my squad car going. I believe we were driving—I don't know, maybe Ford Fairmonts at the time, but I had no traction. I couldn't get moving in the slightest—I was stuck in the snow. [both chuckle] The car turned in behind the apartments, and finally I was able to rock my way out and drove up to the parking lot. The car was empty now, but there was like a handful of snow plastered, right over the middle of the license plate and there was a corresponding handful of snow missing from the bumper. You don't have to be much of a cop to figure, okay, somebody just covered up their plate, so somebody couldn't get the license plate number. I got some backup there and Kevin Daniels<sup>36</sup> came, and we ended up sitting in an apartment across the hallway from where we believed the suspects were. And sure enough, within about five minutes, one of them came out with what ended up being a duffle bag full of drugs. I believe he had a shotgun barrel also in the bag. We were able to make a successful arrest out of it. I think that was the first commendation I ever got was for that arrest. It was good piece of police work on Fletcher's part, Kevin's part, my part, and it felt good.

KC: And according to the public information I was given, you have received about ten commendations.

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<sup>36</sup> Kevin Thomas Daniels was appointed patrolman April 1, 1968, and retired August 6, 1993.

PS: Yep. Ten medals of commendations and a ton of letters of recognition, which are—You know, it's nice to be recognized for doing good work. It really feels good.

KC: Almost two pages that list the letters of recognition and commendations and eight disciplinary actions.

PS: Yep.

KC: So it sounds like a very balanced career.

PS: Absolutely. [laughs]

KC: I can't imagine being an aggressive officer who was making split second decisions without having some balance.

PS: And I made it through all thirty years without ever having been suspended for even one minute. Never had any bad time, which is nice. [laughs]

KC: Yes.



PS: Flaherty and I started working together. We started working together again—the night I just referred to, I think he was just off, or maybe we had to work separately that night because of a manpower shortage. I don't remember. But we were partnered up

again and stayed incredibly busy. In the spring and early summer, we were at the scene of or very close to several drive-by shootings, one of which was a

rolling gun battle, in which one of the cars involved took a shot at us, too. I remember the ones prior to the ones where they took a shot at us were part of the reason we went to Glock handguns, because it was clear we were under-gunned. One of the gun battles we were at had seventy-five to a hundred shots fired, and some of them with an automatic weapon. It was becoming clear that the gangsters were out-gunning us, and we went to Glock handguns. It was right after we went to the Glock handguns that the rolling gun battle happened, and we got shot at and we returned fire and never found out who the people were involved. We don't even know if we hit the car, because it got away.

KC: That's got to be an incredible adrenaline rush.

PS: Very much so.

KC: What do you do the rest of the night? How do you manage that?

PS: I think that night we had to write reports, because we fired our guns, too. But you're just glad to be alive. So very glad to be alive. It makes the act of breathing and walking and talking more precious—more special to have survived something like that. Because these guys fired a lot of shots. The first shots that almost hit us, they were shooting at the other car and we were in the middle of the street with a number of citizens on a call. To this day I can—I don't know exactly how to describe it, but there's a sound, a feeling of when a bullet passes really close to you that you know it's passed really close to you, and it was in the spring or early summer and there were trees that were overhanging the street. There were bits of leaves and branches falling on us from the bullets going through them. I know that's a night the citizens will never forget either, who were there. [both laugh]

KC: Does then everybody drop to the ground?

PS: Uh, yeah. We all dropped and jumped out of the way, and Joe and I started running towards the corner where it was coming. The car doing the chasing and the bulk of the shooting got hit by a truck and spun around. When they spun around, the guy in the back seat fired at us, and that's when we returned fire at them. I remember I got on the radio and I was unintelligible. I was trying to tell people what had happened and where we were, and nobody could understand a word I was saying. I was so pumped. [chuckles]

KC: But you're describing running right into the middle of the gunfire.

PS: Oh, yeah. Yeah, there's probably some psychological term for someone who does that. [chuckles] But the cops I know couldn't imagine doing it any other way.

KC: Does that have to do with training?

PS: Partly training and partly a dedication, a devotion to the job and wanting to catch the bad guys, which I probably say as much as I say thank God. [laughs]

KC: If you're running into where the bullets are coming at you, at some point do you stop and say, "I could have been killed"? At some point do you ever say, "In this job, I have a higher chance of being killed than in most other jobs"?

PS: Yes to both. On that particular incident, I am to this day amazed that neither Joe or I or any of the civilians there that day, I don't know how we weren't hit. Someone was looking out for all of us.

KC: Thank God.

PS: Thank God.

KC: Tell me a story.

PS: Well my partner Joe Flaherty had gone on the SWAT— Special Weapons and Tactics <sup>37</sup> team. In 1987, I went on also. Crack cocaine was really out of control at the time. The bulk of our warrants were search warrants for crack cocaine. We were starting to see a lot of the Los Angeles gangs, especially the Crips.<sup>38</sup> At the time, we didn't see a lot of the Bloods,<sup>39</sup> but mostly the Crips. Did hundreds of search warrants from 1987 to '92, while on the SWAT team. It was—I'm glad I did it and I'm glad I left it, because it's pretty intense duty, doing search warrants.

KC: What's it like? What does that mean, intense?

PS: When you're waiting to do the search warrants, everybody always talks about it's hurry up and wait, because they get you ready to do the search warrant and they're waiting for a particular circumstance to time it right—a particular dealer to get at the house or a particular time of day to do it or the right number of people there or not there depending on the warrant. There are so many times where you get ready to go and they call it off. You've got to stand back down.

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<sup>37</sup> SWAT ("Special Weapons and Tactics") is a commonly-used proper name for law enforcement units that use military-style light weapons and specialized tactics in high-risk operations that fall outside of the capabilities of regular, uniformed police. "SWAT" is commonly-used internationally, as a colloquial, generic term for these units.

<sup>38</sup> The Crips Gang founded in Los Angeles, California, in 1969 as a Black-American Gang. After the Vietnam War when Asians immigrated to California, they took on the characteristics and name of this gang, forming their own sets/subgroups, and not affiliating with the Black sets. Crips are publicly known to have an intense and bitter rivalry with the Blood Gang.

<sup>39</sup> The Bloods Gang was formed as a Black-American street gang in Los Angeles, California. After the Vietnam War when Asians immigrated to California, they took on the characteristics and name of this gang, forming their own sets/subgroups, and not affiliating with the Black sets. The gang is widely known for its intense rivalry with the Crips Gang.

Then minutes or hours later, you're getting ready to go again, and they may call it back down again. So you're having to pump yourself up, because you have to be full of energy at the time you go in, and very alert and very aware.

KC: How many officers were on the SWAT?

PS: Thirty-some at the time. At the time it was called the CIRT team.

KC: CIRT—Critical Incident Response Team. It's had a number of names. Now we're back to SWAT because of federal funding.

PS: Right. Critical Incident Response Team was what it was. It was a lot of fun, but there's a lot of training and the training cuts into your life a lot. I left it in 1992, after five years.

KC: Was there a situation that you particularly remember?

PS: I remember—yeah, there are two that really stand out. One was the Insane Crips out of Long Beach, California were trying to take over the crack trade and were involved in a lot of shootings. In fact, one of the gun battles that Flaherty and I happened upon—the one with the automatic weapons, they were involved in. And they had made it very clear that they thought the Saint Paul police were a bunch of sissies and they weren't worried about us, and that if we came at them, they were going to kill us. We did two, in very short successions, search warrants on them that led to a number of them being sent to prison for life. I remember that Joe and I, as we were getting everybody under control, we announced to them that they were meeting the Insane Saint Paul Police CIRT Team [both laugh], and that it would be their benefit to leave town. They did, but they left town via prison.



KC: When you say you do a search warrant, what is this entry like? Is it what I see on television?

PS: Almost all of our drug search warrants are what are called no-knock search warrants, where you don't knock on the door, you don't say you're the police, you don't say, "Let us in, we have a search warrant." You surreptitiously approach the house, crash the door in, and get in as quickly as you can. The nature of the business is that they are—especially gang drug-houses, they're usually armed, because they're—usually not to take us on, but to protect themselves from the competition and from robberies. So we do a very dynamic entry and try and catch them off-guard.

KC: The SWAT team wears more protective gear than just the vest.

PS: Yeah, we wear a ballistic helmet, which is bullet resistant, and a level of body armor that'll stop higher caliber weapon—more powerful weapons than the body armor a



street officer wears, and protective

eyewear. It's very similar to what you

see on TV. I mean, you definitely want them to know as you're coming through that you are the police, so that you do avoid them shooting at you. Because like I said, most times they are not interested in a gun battle with the police.

Because when it's all said and done, they're going to end up the losers, in one way or another, and they don't want that.

Another memorable search warrant, Joe and I had recovered, just on a routine call, a large amount of crack in the upper part of a duplex.

KC: How do you just happen to recover this?

PS: We'd received information about this particular place dealing drugs, and we went there to talk to the people, and the woman who came to the door very clearly was lying about who she was, to the extent where we were able to arrest her right in the doorway, and that enabled us, by making an arrest in the doorway, to do a protective sweep on the apartment for anybody else who might be a risk to us, and found several ounces of crack that they had tried to flush down the toilet, unsuccessfully. As we left with the crack and our prisoner, we could see that the doors were heavily barricaded. They had a steel frame up, they had some brackets on the door to put a two-by-four through to slow us or competition from getting through the door. There was subsequently a search warrant done when it was obvious they were dealing drugs again and some buys were made from them by the Narcotics unit. With Joe and I knowing about the barricading on the door, we were able to talk to the commander of the CIRT team into letting us do a very surreptitious entry, where we used a ladder to go up on the back awning of the house and through the window, into the living room. We made a successful entry and everyone was still asleep as we were handcuffing them. [both laugh] And recovered a lot of drugs and some guns.

KC: Now this is something like five in the morning.

PS: Yes, exactly. And that was a memorable one, because it went very smoothly. It was a little bit out of the ordinary for the CIRT team as far as the entry, but it was very successful. And that made it enjoyable.

KC: It sounds like you like to look outside of the box and find the creative way of addressing an issue.

PS: Oh, absolutely. Absolutely. And a lot of it is the talking to people. The most vital skill, I think, as a cop is to be able to talk to people, to develop relationships in the various neighborhoods. It was relationships like that that gave us the information that this house was a drug-house. It's why people told us about it. It's why we got so much information over the years from people, because we have the ability to talk to people and the willingness to—I mean, it was unheard of for a couple white cops when they got off duty to go drink in a bar in the neighborhood they were working in. We got teased a lot about it, but boy, did it pay off in spades. I mean, we did a good bit of work because of our relationships with people.

KC: Is this a lot in the Selby Avenue, Frogtown<sup>40</sup> bars?

PS: Absolutely. It pays off in so many ways. There was a particular after-hours establishment called the Barbeque King on University Avenue, and I was outside of there one night when shots were fired inside, and the owner's daughter, who was very popular in the neighborhood, had shot at somebody. I called for help, went into the bar, got the gun right away, got her right away, and while I was trying to take her into custody, there were people trying to take the gun out of my back pocket and trying to get her away from me. There was a notorious I guess you'd say "bad guy" from the neighborhood, in a criminal sense, who I had always treated with respect when I would arrest him or deal with him. He was physically pulling people off of me and throwing them away from me, and

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<sup>40</sup> Frogtown is a neighborhood in Saint Paul in the U.S. state of Minnesota. The Thomas-Dale neighborhood is colloquially known as Frogtown (German: *Froschburg*). It is bordered by University Avenue on the south, the Burlington Northern Railroad tracks to the north, Lexington Parkway on the west, and Rice Street on the east.

telling people, “You don’t mess with Pat Scott. You don’t mess with Pat Scott.” If ever there was a sign that communicating and developing relationships with people works, that was it. It’s led over the years to several murder suspects, several suspects in shootings and in other crimes actually making contact with me to turn themselves in, because they trusted me to be as respectful as the circumstances would permit and to safely be taken into custody. And it was all from talking with people.



Pat Scott and Roger Leonard  
c. 1995

And the thinking outside the box, which brings to mind that I think Joe and I were some of the first cops to utilize cell phones. I remember my first cell phone being about a third the size of our city phone book. [both laugh] And we used them a lot. And pagers. We would freely give out our pager numbers and phone numbers to people in the neighborhoods to be able to call us. We’d be able

to respond to open-air street corner drug dealing and any kind of problem. That's how people who wanted to turn themselves in would get ahold of us, people who wanted to give us tips would get ahold of us.

KC: But that means you're on call twenty-four/seven.

PS: Yeah, it sort of does, and I guess I've used this so many times, it's probably—it might even be worn out. But to do this job in the way that I think is right, it's not just a vocation, a job. It's got to be an avocation, a calling. I feel like to me it was. I know Flaherty and the Tom Arnold<sup>41</sup> and the Tom Dunaskis<sup>42</sup> and the John Nords and so many of the good cops I've known around here, that's how they view it. You've got to put more into it. You've got to be willing to do the job right.



Steve J. Johnson  
Pat Scott  
Joe Flaherty  
Flameburger c. 1995

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<sup>41</sup> Thomas Duane Arnold was appointed police officer September 19, 1988; promoted sergeant January 14, 2012.

<sup>42</sup> Thomas Francis Dunaski was appointed patrolman October 26, 1971; promoted to sergeant October 10, 1979; and retired September 30, 2008. Named officer of the year 1977; received the Chief Richard Rowan Award in 2006.

KC: How did your family respond to you being on-call twenty-four/seven.

PS: The family was always pretty understanding about it. Never had much of a problem with that. They knew how I was [laughs] and they accepted it.

KC: So were you a cop when your wife married you?

PS: Well, I've been married more than once. [chuckles]

KC: Were you a cop when your first wife married you?

PS: Yes.

KC: So she knew what she was marrying into.

PS: Yes, she did.

KC: And you were a cop when your second wife married you.

PS: Absolutely.

KC: So she knew what she was marrying into. [both chuckle]

PS: Yes, she did. And she's glad I'm retired from it, too. [laughs] The phone rings less. [laughs] The phone ringing when I was off-duty was always a constant refrain, [laughs] the subject of much storytelling. [chuckles]

The other thing I guess you'd say sort of outside the box, when the drug dealing in Frogtown was just so out of control on the street corners, you're really limited in what you can do if you're not seeing the drug deals occurring. But to just make it a little bit easier for the good people in the neighborhood, which is overwhelmingly the case, Joe and I started throwing a couple lawn chairs in the back of our squad car, and when a particular corner was out of control, we'd go pick up a box of chicken wings or a couple corndogs and take our lawn chairs,

set them on the corner, and just sit there until it moved the crooks off, because they can't do any business when you're there. [both laugh]

KC: I love it.

PS: There are still people who talk about that. Joe and I, we also were two members of the first bike patrol we had here. The training was done by Tim Bradley<sup>43</sup> and Lucia Wroblewski,<sup>44</sup> who had done a lot of research on bike cops, had sold the concept to the administration. Got it off its feet. We did that for two seasons.

KC: That was about 1993?

PS: That sounds about right.

KC: After [Wm] Finney<sup>45</sup> became chief.

PS: Right.

KC: You were bike cops in the Western District.

PS: Yes. You can be really affective as a bike cop. You

have a lot more lead time before people recognize you as a cop.



Officer Joe Flaherty in front. Office Pat Scott back  
c.1992

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<sup>43</sup> Timothy Robert Bradley was appointed police officer September 8, 1975, and retired January 28, 2011.

<sup>44</sup> Lucia Theresa Wroblewski was appointed police officer March 20, 1989.

<sup>45</sup> William "Corky" Kelso Finney was appointed patrolman 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.





Arrest at Taste of Minnesota

c.1983

KC: Any particular stories of circumstances that you remember?

PS: One funny one was during Taste of Minnesota<sup>46</sup> the first year. Joe was a much better bike rider than me. I was a little bit hesitant and not as willing to take risks, and not as proficient a bike rider either. I remember one thing that would always irritate us, because we usually rode on the sidewalk, not the street, would be people leaving their gates open across the sidewalk. We would make a point of, as we went by, slamming the gate. We were down by Sears on one of the side streets and we were riding down the sidewalk and there was a gate open across the sidewalk, and I reached out, slammed it shut, but it was jammed against the sidewalk. That sent my bike off-course and I managed to hit, dead-on, the only tree on the boulevard, which was about three inches in diameter. I came to a dead stop, and if you remember the old show *Laugh-In*, there was a guy who

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<sup>46</sup> Taste of Minnesota a free festival began in 1983 on the Minnesota State Capital Grounds, later moving to Harriet Island in Saint Paul. The festival closed in 2009, and was relaunched in 2014 at the Fairgrounds in Waconia, MN. Ron and Linda Maddox of Saint Paul were the successful managers of the festival.



always wore a raincoat and rode a tricycle, and he'd roll along and he'd just run into things and tip over to the side. That's exactly what happened to me. I tipped over to the side, into the grass. There was a young man and his girlfriend getting out of the car and saw it happen and were laughing. I couldn't get mad at them for laughing. I didn't get hurt and it was funny even to me. Embarrassing, but funny. The young man stopped laughing for a minute and said, "Officer, is this a Kodak moment?" And I do wish I had it on film, because it was funny.

There was a period of several days where we had a *Pioneer Press* reporter ride his bike with us. We got in a chase with a wanted guy that started off on him being on foot and as we approached him, he jumped on a bike and took off down the street on a bike. The reporter actually got hit by a car and wasn't hurt in any major way. He was able to continue on with us, but it was like something out of a movie, because this guy dumped the bicycle. A friend of his was driving down the street slowly. He, at a run, dove through the window in the car, took off down the street in the car, and we're broadcasting this on the radio all the time. We were able to keep up with the car fairly well for several blocks, because it was on University Avenue. The man ended up jumping out of the car when the squad cars were coming and then was running through yards, and along Fuller Avenue, there was a stretch of where the garages were very close together and this guy was actually up on top of the garages, running and leaping from garage to garage before we were finally able to catch him. But it gave the reporter [Tim Nelson] a great story.

KC: Yeah. [both laugh] You seem to have a magnet for the unexpected and the excitement.

PS: Magnet for it and I guess knowing so many people and being able to differentiate something innocent happening with something being afoul when we came across it.

KC: There's an intuition to that. How did you develop this police intuition?

PS: Following the lead of some good cops. The Jerry Steffens, the John Nords, the John Gelaos,<sup>47</sup> which is really a name from the past. Fran Whitney.<sup>48</sup> Kind of following their lead. Not being afraid to ask questions and spending a lot of time, not in the coffee shops, not the restaurants, but in the street, where it's happening. Through trial and error, picking up on the habits.

KC: So you can roll into an intersection and have a sense if something's going on, if it's not okay.

PS: I've worked with officers who—I'll give you an example. You turn a corner on a street and you see a figure suddenly dart into a doorway or around the corner of a house. There are officers, as good of people as they may be, don't see that as being anything out of the ordinary. And it may not be. It may just be a normal thing. But it looks to me like they don't want to be seen by me, and I'm going to look into it further and see whether it was something innocent or there is something to it. Whereas an officer who doesn't recognize it as anything amiss is just going to drive on by. I've encountered that a lot.

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<sup>47</sup> John Joseph Gelao was appointed patrolman January 4, 1954; promoted to sergeant March 22, 1969; acting lieutenant August 22, 1980; reinstated sergeant October 25, 1981; acting lieutenant April 2, 1984; reinstated sergeant May 13, 1984; and retired April 6, 1990.

<sup>48</sup> Francis George Whitney was appointed police officer January 4, 1954; promoted to sergeant February 26, 1966; lieutenant January 14, 1971; and retired January 31, 1991.

KC: Do you ever work as an FTO—Field Training Officer?

PS: Yeah. There are several officers, like Gene Polyak<sup>49</sup> was one of my trainees. He's now a captain [senior commander].

KC: FTO as a Field Training Officer. So when rookies come out of the academy, they ride with you for a period of time and you pass on the skills, the knowledge, the intuition.

PS: Right. Right. My best trainee ever was Jerry Vick,<sup>50</sup> who became a phenomenal police officer. Was murdered on May 6<sup>th</sup> of 2005, but was a phenomenal police officer, a phenomenal people person, phenomenal talker.

KC: There have been four deaths since you were on the department.

PS: John O'Brien [1981],<sup>51</sup> Ryan [1994],<sup>52</sup> Jones [1994],<sup>53</sup> and Vick [2005].

August 26<sup>th</sup> 1994. It was the day after my mother's birthday. My mother lives in Arizona. I was recently living alone, and I remember I got a call from my mother midmorning on August 26<sup>th</sup>, from Arizona. Somehow or another, the

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<sup>49</sup> Eugene Paul Polyak appointed police officer December 10, 1984; promoted sergeant April 17, 1994; commander January 26, 2003; return to sergeant due to budget issues March 14, 2003; reinstated commander June 21, 2003; senior commander February 23, 2013.

<sup>50</sup> Gerald Dennis Vick was appointed police officer September 18, 1989, promoted to sergeant July 31, 1999; fatally injured by gunfire May 6, 2005. Receive the Medal of Valor 1991, 1997, and 2005.

<sup>51</sup> John J. "Dude" O'Brien was appointed patrolman October 26, 1971, and fatally injured when his patrol car was struck by a vehicle that had fled another patrol car April 16, 1981.

<sup>52</sup> Ronald Michael Ryan, Jr. was appointed police officer January 23, 1993; fatally injured by gunfire while responding to a "slumper" call August 26, 1994.

<sup>53</sup> Timothy J. Jones was appointed police officer October 31, 1978, and fatally injured by gunfire while searching for the suspect of Officer Ron Ryan's murder August 26, 1994.

news of Ron Ryan getting shot was on the news down there, which is a rare occurrence for such a distance, that it be considered newsworthy. She wanted to make sure it wasn't me, that I was okay. I immediately—I don't remember who I called, I called in to see what was going on, got in my uniform, and immediately headed into work. I was in the Force Unit, and at the time, I was working a uniform beat car, which I didn't respond to calls. I would just go to trouble spots where there were street problems going on. I believe I was off that day. I know I was off that day.



Ronnie Ryan



Tim Jones and Laser

KC: They hadn't called you in then.

PS: No. I had heard nothing about it until my mother called. I went into work and I had my own squad car—I grabbed the squad car, got in uniform, headed out to the area where it'd happened. I was about a block away from the Little League Fields on East Third Street. Heard a number of shots go off and could tell it had come from the park area. Went there and an officer got on the air saying that Tim Jones had been shot. I believe I was the first or second officer to see Tim, and his dog Laser had been shot also. It was very clear that Tim was dead and Laser was

dead. It was believed that the Guy Baker, the guy who we found out later who had killed both officers, we thought he was in a fish house right next to where Tim was, so we were very careful around the scene there. I don't remember how it was accomplished. I believe somebody drove a squad car up between the fish house and Tim to get him out of the scene so the medics could attempt to see if he was indeed alive, which he wasn't. There are a number of officers there by this time.

I was with Tom Dunaski at the time. He was working with an FBI taskforce, and we thought the guy might still be in the fish house. We ordered him out. Nobody was going to go up to the door of the fish house. When he didn't come out, a number of us—Tom Dunaski with submachine gun and myself with a handgun and a number of officers with various and assorted weapons, ventilated the fish house, thinking that the killer was still in there. I remember my gun ran out, and I yelled to one of the CIRT guys to give me one of his clips, so I could have another clip, magazine of ammo, and found out he was not in the fish house. Tim had been taken by the paramedics by this time.

I ended up hooking up with Joe Younghans, who we mentioned earlier. I think he was in plain clothes, and he got in the squad car with me. We were driving through the neighborhood and we made note of where the fish house was, and the only direction this guy could have gone was up a hill through some woods towards Euclid Street. We made note of where the fish house was, we drove around to Euclid Street, figured, "Okay, this is where he would have had to come up." Well, there were officers from all over the Twin Cities set up on a perimeter. We talked to some of them, and it was clear that this guy had not crossed Euclid Street, so we figured he was in this block. We threw together a

little impromptu search team. I know Joe Younghans was with it, Pat Lyttle<sup>54</sup> from my academy class, now retired. Heidi<sup>55</sup> and Ron Riemenschneider,<sup>56</sup> they were still married at the time. Maybe Tom Dunaski, I'm not sure though. But we started going house to house, yard to yard, checking to see if the house was secure. It was ironically, for such a horrible thing happening, it was an absolutely gorgeous, picture-perfect summer morning—afternoon.

KC: I remember that day.

PS: So we started from west to east, going through the yards and checking the houses, seeing if they were secure. Got to the rear of 1129 Euclid, our team did, and I noticed there were some pieces of wood against the side-steps to the house that were leaning up against the house. It was really bright sunshine out, and I was looking under this piled-up wood, and as my eyes became adjusted, I realized that I was looking at a pair of feet and tennis shoes. I remember to this day the things that flashed through my mind. I immediately pointed my gun at the feet and started screaming for the person to show their hands. By this time we already knew Guy Baker was the killer, due to some ID he had left behind. What flashed through my mind while I'm yelling for this guy to come out is, "Okay, this has got to be him, but what if this is some mentally retarded kid who just got scared by all the cops being in the area? What if this is some guy who was burglarizing a garage or a house and the cops came by and scared him so he's hiding here?" Everything told me this is Guy Baker, but there were these nagging things in my head. They're saying, "What if it's not?" Because I and the

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<sup>54</sup> Patrick Gerald Lyttle was appointed police officer October 1, 1979; and retired July 9, 1999.

<sup>55</sup> Heidemarie Feucht Riemenschneider Hinzman was appointed police officer April 2, 1990; promoted to sergeant October 7, 1995; and resigned April 19, 2006.

<sup>56</sup> Ronald W. Riemenschneider was appointed police officer January 25, 1988; and retired August 3, 2007.

rest of my team were wide open in this big yard. I in particular was wide open. I was directly in line with this guy.

If he had still had the guns with him, it may have been a Ryan, Jones, and Scott or whoever day we were talking about. But he did not move. Pat Lyttle and I approached, and Pat and I kicked the wood off from over him and could see his face and knew right then it was Guy Baker. He fought a very little bit and we had to fight him a very minimal amount and got him handcuffed, got him taken into custody. But that day of August 26<sup>th</sup> 1994, is absolutely the most horrible of my career.

KC: After he shot Laser and Jones, he had hid the guns. Didn't he hide the guns?

PS: Yeah, we found them under—a yard or two away, there was a deck on the back yard of the house that was very low to the ground, and we found—I believe we found both Ronnie's and Tim's service handguns under there, and his revolver, that Baker had originally used to kill Ron.

KC: He used Ryan's handgun then to kill Jones?

PS: Yes.

KC: Was there ever a moment where you knew who he was, you knew he had killed police officers, you also know he's not armed, that you thought about just doing away with him?

PS: Absolutely. Absolutely I thought about it.

KC: Why didn't you do it?

PS: Because—you know, I don't think I would be as bad as him if I had, but I would be too close to being as bad as him for my own comfort level. If he had not done

exactly as he was told, seeing a gun or not, with what had transpired, he would have been shot and killed. He did exactly as he was told and he saved his own life.

KC: But he fought you a little bit.

PS: A little bit, but we didn't see a weapon at that time. And at that time he was wide open. All the wood was off of him.

KC: And I know Finney, William Finney, who was chief at the time, says that as horrible of a day that was, it was one of his proudest days of the department, because despite Baker killing two officers, Saint Paul Police took him into custody without roughing him up or killing him.

PS: Yes. And as horrible a day as it was, for having by whatever luck, being the one who spotted him makes it one of my proudest days, being able to find him and get him and hold him accountable.

KC: And he is in life in prison in Oak Park Heights.

PS: Yes, he is. Where he so deserves to be.

KC: Yes, he does. And a very sick man.

PS: Yep.

KC: What was it like that night for you?

PC: [sighs]

KC: You're living alone now—



PC: You know, I don't remember. I don't remember. I think he got taken downtown by the paramedics, because we were able to strap him into a stretcher, if I recall correctly. From that moment on, I remember nothing of that day.

KC: A couple of our Homicide detectives [Neil Nelson<sup>57</sup> and Gerry Bohlig<sup>58</sup>] did a good job of connecting with him, so they were able to get the admission from him.

PS: Yeah, and they had to suffer through some criticism for how they did it.

KC: Were you critical, since you were the one had arrested him?

PS: Absolutely not. They played to his ego and got a rock solid confession. My hat is off to them forever. Absolutely.

KC: Did you call your mother then and say, "Thanks for letting me know, Mom. I went out and arrested the bad guy"?

PS: You know, I have kept—part of the great thing of doing what I'm doing right now is I kept a lot of my career secret from my mother. She does not know hardly anything of what I've been involved in over my career. It would have scared her to death. [laughs]

KC: How old is she?

PS: She is going to be eighty-eight this August, I believe.

KC: Are you going to share this with her?

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<sup>57</sup> Neil Paul Nelson was appointed police officer July 11, 1977; promoted to sergeant June 15, 1986; promoted to commander June 12, 2004; and retired September 30, 2010.

<sup>58</sup> Gerard J. Bohlig, Jr. was appointed patrolman January 16, 1967; promoted to sergeant March 10, 1977; and retired July 30, 1999.

PS: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah, she'll get a copy. Because now I'm out of it, so she can.  
[laughs]

KC: Did you get a commendation for that?

PS: No. No and it would have been the last thing anybody there would have wanted in a situation like that. Just glad he was in prison. Glad he was caught. Glad nobody else was hurt.

KC: You put your life on the line.

PS: So did everybody else there that day. It was only by the luck of the draw that it was me and the group I was with that came across him. Everybody there, if they were on a perimeter a mile away, they put their life on the line that day.

KC: What was it like standing in honor of Ryan and Jones? That was horrendous week of funerals. Two huge funerals back-to-back.

PS: Huge funerals. It was turnout from all over the country. It was incredible. It happened during the State Fair, and the Canadian Mounties were putting on a demonstration at the fair. We had mounted Canadian Mounties at the funeral. We had cops from as far away as New Jersey at that funeral. It was... It was... I don't know. I don't know the words for it.

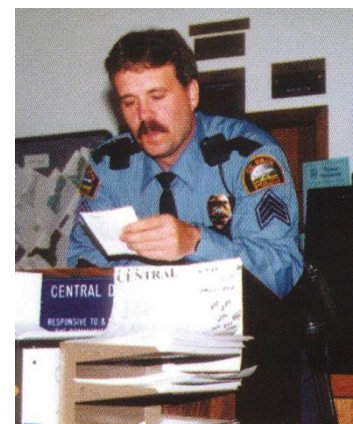
I didn't know Ronnie real well. I knew him slightly, but he was clearly going to be a star in the police department. Tim Jones was already a star. He was a workplace friend, but not a social friend. We didn't have the same circle of friends, but he was legendary in his own right, and it was just—in addition to being two good men who were killed, they were two incredibly good cops and assets that were stolen from us way too soon. How young they were is just amazing.

I was reading something regarding John O'Brien's death recently, and he seemed like, at the time, such a wise old sage and he was thirty-seven years old. I'm fifty-six now. I'm almost twenty years older than he was when he was killed. His wife was pregnant when he was killed. Too young. Too young.



KC: Your rookie Jerry Vick was killed.

PS: Yep. I was in the Narcotics Unit at the time, and Tim McCarty got ahold of me and told me and I immediately called Tom Arnold, who I'd been partners with for several years, also in Frogtown. We partnered up right away and went to the scene. It was due to some incredible work by the first officers



Sgt. Jerry Vick

on the scene, especially Amanda Heu<sup>59</sup> and Bill Beaudette,<sup>60</sup> that these guys were trapped in a perimeter and were tracked down and caught fairly quickly. It's amazing how quick.

Jerry was in the Vice Unit, I was in Narcotics at the time, and we were both the early morning guys. I was handling the daily arrests and interviews of prisoners at the time, and he was always in first thing in the morning doing his work. He was always trying to quit smoking and I was a bad influence on him. We'd always be sneaking out to floor six and a half, half a floor above the chief's office in a ventilation shaft to smoke. [chuckles] Jerry was just an incredible human being and did so much good for so many people. Again, way too young.



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<sup>59</sup> Amanda Kaonouchi Heu was appointed Community Liaison Officer January 7, 2002; police officer February 21, 2004.

<sup>60</sup> William Charles Beaudette was appointed police officer April 5, 1993.

But I've had the—I think the word would be good fortune to have been involved in a lot of the major events during my time on the police department here: The firebombing of the Coppage children<sup>61</sup> back in February of 1994, the murder of Davisha Gillam<sup>62</sup> during a gang shootout after Rondo Days. Once again, it goes back to talking to people in relationships. I had a young man who on both occasions came to me immediately after they had happened, knew who the suspects were, knew who had done it. I ended up turning him over to Tom Dunaski in the FBI taskforce. And it was through Joe Flaherty and Pat Scott, getting along with a couple of young guys in the neighborhood that they ended up being the crucial witnesses that cracked both cases and sent the people to prison for life.

KC: With the Coppage kids, it took a number of years to get enough people to testify.

PS: It sure did. And that was incredible work by Tom Dunaski and members of our Homicide Unit and member of the FBI that made that happen. It was incredible.

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<sup>61</sup> Five young children, ages two to eleven, of the Coppage family died in a fire on February 28, 1994, on Saint Paul's East Side. This fire was set by members of the older brother's gang, which mistakenly believed the brother had broken the gang's code of silence. Through the work of the FBI Task Force, five key members of the 6-0 Tre Crip gang were convicted of racketeering charges involving not only large-scale drug trafficking, but also six murders including the 1994 arson murders of the five children of the Coppage family on August 5, 1998.

<sup>62</sup> On July 20, 1996, Davisha Brantley-Gillum was sitting in her mother's car at a gas station at Lexington and University Avenue in Saint Paul after attending the Rondo Days celebration. Two rival gangs engaged in a gun fight with the car in the middle of their battle. Four-year-old Davisha took a 9mm bullet in her left eye. It took 5 ½ years before the shooters were prosecuted due to the gang code of silence.

KC: Tell me another story.

PS: May 25, 1997, the Flame Burger comes up again. It was a coffee shop at Minnehaha and Milton. There was a young lady who worked there. The people in the restaurant, they liked the cops. We liked going there. It was a nice place to go and relax, have a cup of coffee. The young lady lived in the neighborhood. She lived right at—I think it was 729 Edmund, just off of Edmund and Grotto. She had unfortunately attracted the attention of a guy by the name of Larry Davis, who had serious mental health issues. On that night, she was taking a shower and her seventy-seven year old aunt Dolores Finskey was in the kitchen doing something. Larry Davis lived next door and decided he wanted to rape young lady that night and smashed out the—this'll be important later—smashed out the green glass insert in the front door, crashed into the house, encountered Dolores Finskey and proceeded to strangle her with a telephone cord and began stabbing her mostly in the head with a knife he grabbed out of the kitchen. Now that knife broke and the blade broke off in her head, so he grabbed another knife and started stabbing her some more for a total of about thirty times, and like I said, mostly in the head. Joanne had heard the noise and came out of the shower with a towel wrapped around herself. Larry Davis started reaching around for another knife, but there weren't any. And Larry was a very big man. His not finding a knife caused him to flee the scene, even though he had a dying or dead woman, seventy-seven-year-old woman, laying on the floor and Joanne, the object of his twisted desires, helpless. But since he didn't have a knife, he fled the scene.

Tom Arnold and I had been—there was a young Black guy from the neighborhood who was a bar tender at Willard's Bar and had just graduated from law school. He had asked us to come to his party if we could that night and

we had stopped in. It was down in Highland Park off of Seventh Street, so we were way out of our area, but we heard the call come out and we flew to the area. We were able to find some people who had seen who they believed to be the suspect, fleeing the area in a particular direction. We got that information out to the cars and just drove around the area for a considerable amount of time.

Cathy Pavlak,<sup>63</sup> a K-9 officer at the time, she has always had this tendency to not want to sound too dramatic on the police radio, whereas I'm often too dramatic. Tom and I were, I don't know, maybe a half a mile away from her when she asked us to go to the car-to-car radio channel. She told us she was at—I can't remember whether it was Oxford and Charles or Oxford and Sherburne. So we go to the car-to-car radio channel and she says, "Say, I'm at [this location] and there's this guy who just came out from between the houses and he's all covered with leaves and twigs and stuff." And this was in the direction where the witnesses had last seen him running, the man from the murder. I think Tom was driving. We drove like madmen to the scene. We got there and Cathy is incredibly sharp. One of the best cops I have ever known. And Cathy is trying to keep this guy calm. I think she was asking him if he'd heard some kids in the area or if he'd seen some kids with some fireworks. We got out of the car and he had twigs and grass and leaves in his hair, on his clothing, and the thighs of his

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<sup>63</sup> Catherine "Cathy" Clare Jenson Pavlak was appointed police officer January 30, 1984; promoted to acting sergeant November 14, 1993; return police officer March 6, 1994; out of title sergeant June 14, 2008; return to police officer October 11, 2008; out of title sergeant October 25, 2008; return to police officer August 29, 2009; out of title sergeant March 20, 2010; promoted to sergeant June 5, 2010; and retired on May 30, 2014.

jeans were soaked with what looked like blood. I mean instantly, just like there's no doubt Cathy knew, we knew this was the killer.

So we kind of are in a semicircle around him, and Cathy said, "You know what? Why don't you just have a seat in the car," and put her hand on his shoulder, and he exploded. The fight was on. I think the longest fight of my career, ever. He was a big guy. He physically tore Tom Arnold's holster about halfway in half trying to get his gun. The gun wouldn't come out of the holster, but it was tearing the holster. We sprayed him with pepper spray and we were hitting this guy I don't know how many times, thirty-plus times with flashlights, trying to get him down on the ground, and it wasn't working. At one point, we had him pinned to car and I felt him grab my gun-belt. We had him face-first against the car, and he reached behind himself and grabbed my gun-belt. He was feeling his way along the belt for my gun. I shouted out that he was going for my gun, and I got turned somewhat away from him.

I usually carried a second gun on duty for most of my career, and I had one in an ankle holster. I went to try and get it out. I was saying to myself, "This is it. This is enough. We've got to stop this guy right now." I pulled my pants-leg up and the thread where the inseam is stitched at the bottom had come undone a little bit and it caught on a piece of the gun and I couldn't get it up off my leg. I couldn't keep my hands off this guy any longer or he might have gotten away. So I forgot that and got my hands back on him again. Cy Dargay,<sup>64</sup> who had been Cathy's partner before she went to K-9, got there. He either broke or dislocated the guy's elbow, trying to get his arm behind his back, and an officer—oh, I wish I could remember who it was—was working off-duty three blocks away at the

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<sup>64</sup> Cyril Paul Dargay was appointed police officer January 30, 1984; and retired September 15, 2006.





Cathy Pavlak & Cy Dargay

SuperAmerica. He ran on-foot to where we were, because the little bit we could get out over the radio, it was clear we were in a fight for our lives, which we were. He got there, kicked the guy square in the groin. Didn't slow him down at all. I think two more officers got there, and we were finally able to get him pinned to the ground and handcuffed, and he still didn't stop fighting.

We got the paramedics there, because he was hurting. We hit him a lot with our flashlights. We had kicked him, we had punched him, we had done everything we possibly could to try and get him under control. Nothing was working. The paramedics got there, and we actually strapped him down to a gurney, and I think there was another officer with me, but I sat on the guy all the way down to the hospital.

We got to the hospital, and the emergency room physician said, "Okay, we've got to cut his clothes off." He told me about this later. I wasn't really conscious of it at the time, but I physically grabbed him and I said, "No. You can't cut them off. We have to take them. It's all evidence in this murder." He knew about the murder, because I believe the woman had been taken to the hospital or the medics told him, but he knew about it. So he, "Okay." And we took his clothes off. This ended up not being a crucial thing, but anytime you have to use that much force on somebody, you've got to pray to God that, whether you had to do it or not, that it's the right guy from the incident



Pat Scott and Cy Dargay  
c. 1998

involved. There's that little bit of doubt, oftentimes. Well they got this guy's pants off and his cuffs were rolled up. As the pants came off, Cy Dargay grabbed the pants, and as he took hold of them, a little piece of green glass fell out of the cuff where

they were rolled up. I knew that it had been green glass in the window in the door back at the house, and I knew this was the guy. This was the guy. It was like, "Phew. A sigh of relief. We got the right guy." There was another one who's in prison for life.

KC: He sounds like another very ill person.

PS: Yeah, he had something—some Japanese, royal court bodyguards told him to do it or something. I don't—

KC: May I—I acknowledge the illness of these people. That doesn't mean prison isn't the safest place for them.

PS: Oh, absolutely. After thirty-five years in this profession, I really, really do believe there are some people who are just pure evil, and it's not necessarily a mental illness. That's just askew to my—

KC: I will not argue that with you.

PS: [laughs] Probably bounce back in time a little bit to back in July of 1991, working with Joe Flaherty, there was a particular block in Frogtown that was really busy that day. It was hot. A lot of people were out. We had dealt with a little bit of a dispute between a couple guys and left the area, and a short time later, got called back for a shooting. One of the guys who had been having the disagreement had been shot and killed. In fairly short order, we figured out who the shooter was, and it was the guy on the other half of the dispute. We were able to track down that he had fled to Minneapolis. The information was he was going to split town. We developed an address in Minneapolis. A nice thing is, more so in years past than now, you'd work a lot more with the investigators than now. The Homicide Unit and our supervisors gave us the okay to go with it and try to track the guy down.

We hooked up with some Minneapolis cops and went up to the address. The kid who had done the shooting had a big bushy head of hair. I mean really long hair and full. We came up to the door, and you could see into the kitchen from the front door, and there was a chair sitting in the middle of the kitchen floor, surrounded by freshly cut hair. A woman came to the door and we asked for the guy by name, and he came up acting innocent, like, "Why do you want to talk to me?" And all over his shoulders was freshly-cut hair, and his head was shaved to the scalp. We got our man. It was him and he was convicted. [both laugh]

One kind of fun thing was when Bill Martinez<sup>65</sup> had first come to the police department and he was undercover, doing Narcotics buys. They called it “Project Forty-Five.” He made a number of drug buys, a number of warrants were obtained for the arrest, and the people who’d participated in it got to go out and track down the wanted people. It was kind of a race to see who could get the first one. Joe and I were driving one direction down Selby, and Jim Singer<sup>66</sup>—I don’t remember whether he was a sergeant or a lieutenant then, was coming the other direction. We both saw one of the wanted guys at the same time, but we hit the gas pedal quicker and got up to him first and grabbed him. Jim Singer was just livid. [both laugh] Thought we’d stolen the arrest from him. But we did get the first arrest. [both laugh].

It just so happened that at the time, my father had opened up a bar and restaurant in Minneapolis. The opening night was that night, and that is where the whole “Project Forty-Five” crew went and celebrated. It was a fun night.

That kind of ties into cellphones. My father had—in March of 1993, his kidneys were failing and I donated a kidney to him. I was in recovery, off from work, and I was driving home, I think from my uncle’s house, and saw a car driving down the road with eight kids in it. Every instinct says this has got to be stolen. Well, I had a cellphone in ’93, big brick. Called in and found out, sure enough, it was a stolen. Followed him into Hidden Falls Park, and the on-duty

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<sup>65</sup> William Martinez was a Minnetonka police officer 1984 – 1987. He was hired to work undercover through a lateral transfer to the Saint Paul Police Department October 5, 1987. Transferred to police officer November 5, 1988; promoted to sergeant June 19, 1994; lieutenant July 3, 1999; title changed to commander January 1, 2000; senior commander June 12, 2004; assistant chief May 29, 2012.

<sup>66</sup> James Michael Singer was appointed police officer April 11, 1972; promoted to sergeant April, 1, 1978; lieutenant February 23, 1987; titled changed to commander January 1, 2000; and retired April 30, 2001.

troops arrived and took all these guys into custody. I got a hard time about that, too. Supposed to be in recovery, not chasing stolen cars. [both laugh]

There was a shooting by J.J. Hill School. Shoot-out in February of 1995, where I believe it was an artist—local artist was accidentally shot in the head by one of these guys. Through a lot of hard work, a lot of coppers got information quickly on who was involved. We were looking for one of these guys in the shooting. I think he'd had a .44 Magnum he shot the guy with. I had the same young man, in fact, from the Coppage in Gilham incidence contact me. This young man called me up and told me exactly where at the Mall of America, at what food court he was at. And I hooked up with Vern Lee<sup>67</sup>, who was with the fugitive task force at the time, the FBI fugitive-task force. With him in the car out there, and this guy talked to me on the phone, right while these guys walked out of the mall and into their car, and we took them into custody right there and got a gun from them. That guy's out of prison now. Nobody was killed in that shooting.

Another exciting and kind of fun arrest was back in November of 1995, and I was at the time working that Force Unit beat car, and I got to work and found that an elderly woman, I think in Maplewood. A man had broken into her garage by digging a hole in the side of it and was waiting for this woman when she came out to her car and kidnapped her and took her to the bank to make some withdrawals. Not being a very sophisticated criminal, he let the woman go in the bank by herself to make the withdrawal. She had them call the police and he took off in her car. It scared this woman half to death. Crimes against the

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<sup>67</sup> Laverne "Vern" Roger Lee was appointed police officer June 22, 1965; promoted sergeant March 11, 1972; and retired May 30, 1997.

elderly are kind of a universal sense of outrage by not just cops, but by everybody. But I had decided, since I had the freedom of not having to take radio calls, that I was going to make looking for these guys my project that day. Al Singer,<sup>68</sup> who was assistant chief at the time, that same morning he wanted to ride along with me for a little while. So I remember I took a black marker pen and a three-by-five file card and wrote the license number of this car on it and taped it to the dashboard of the car. I turned to Al and I said, “We’re getting them today,” while pointing at the license plate. Well, not forty-five minutes later, we were driving up Arcade Street and the car drove right across in front of us, crossing Arcade Street. There were two guys in it and the chase was on. These guys were driving absolutely insane. I don’t think I was ever able to get within a about a block of them. But they had wound themselves around back to Arcade and bailed out of the car. It was obvious the driver, from the description, was the guy who had done the initial robbery. I zeroed in on him and started a foot chase with him through the neighborhood. I don’t know why this guy did this to this day, but when he saw he wasn’t getting away from me, he would periodically stop and pretend he was reaching for a gun under his shirt, thinking, I don’t know, whether I would back off or what. Each time he did that, I fired at him twice, with my gun. There was just a light dusting of snow and I remember seeing, every time—I was shooting low for some reason—right by his feet the snow would puff up in the air and he’d turn around and run again. And then a short distance later, he’d stop and do it again. I think I ended up shooting at him like six or eight times, and some other cop shot at him once. We never hit him.

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<sup>68</sup> Albert Joseph Singer was appointed patrolman March 2, 1964; promoted to sergeant October 14, 1972; lieutenant December 15, 1976; captain August 5, 1984; deputy chief January 20, 1996; and retired April 30, 1999.

Not once. [chuckles] But we did catch him. He got sent away for a while for kidnapping the elderly woman.



That same month—the 1990s were hot years for me. That same month, a teletype<sup>69</sup> came in from Minneapolis. They'd just had an attempted murder where one or two people were shot in the head. The suspects had fled in a taxicab. I'd been lucky previously a couple times watching the highway, and I went and got down on the highway, and sure enough, the cab with the right cab number drove right by me. We got him stopped in spaghetti junction, and they were frantic in that back seat. We ordered the cab driver out right away and told him bring the keys. For some reason, these guys didn't try to stop him. They had

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<sup>69</sup> A *teletype* machine, also referred to as a teletypewriter, is a now largely obsolete electro-mechanical typewriter that was used to communicate typed messages from point to point through a simple electrical communications channel.

two guns in the car, and Minneapolis came and got them, and they were the guys who tried to kill the people. It was a fortuitous time to hop on the highway.

KC: And it's just like this makes sense to me. I call it intuition. I mean, I just hear such an incredible intuition, like "I think I should do this."

PS: You know, the first time I'd ever done that, it was like a revelation between Joe Flaherty and I. There was a street robbery on Grand Avenue with a car description and a license plate, and it ended up being a stolen car from Minneapolis. Joe and I were in the office at University and Dale, and just a few minutes later, another robbery came out. This time they didn't get the license plate, but they had the vehicle's description. Joe and I looked at each other and said, "They're going back to Minneapolis." We flew down to highway '94 and we set up on one of the ramps, and I didn't realize it at the time, but I had left the spotlight on on the squad car. The car drove right by us—the right car—and the spotlight lit them as they drove by, so they knew right away the gig was up. But we started following them, and they didn't go really fast down the highway at first, but we kept following them. They exited on Fifth Street in downtown Minneapolis, and then the chase was on. They gunned it all the way to Fifth and Hennepin, where they crashed into a snowbank and bailed out of the car. They had the misfortune of having bailed out of the car and started running right in the middle of a big Minneapolis robbery detail. There were plainclothes cops all over place. They got caught in about ten seconds. [both laugh]





I remember still being in the Narcotics Unit when I was over in Highland Park and a call came out that a woman had stabbed her baby. I'm thinking this was 2004, '05. This is one of the deals that I still think about. But got there to the scene, and this elderly woman had a professional woman, it looked like, she had her arms on her shoulders. I can't remember exactly what words the mother said, but something to the effect of she hurt her baby. As I got there, the medics were taking the baby out of the house. This baby was just a tiny, little package, infant. The mother said that her daughter had hurt the baby. I walked her out to my car and sat her in the back seat. She was just in shock.

KC: The daughter?

PS: The daughter. Just no eye-contact or eye-contact that looked like it was looking through me. I had her sit in the back seat of my car. I had an unmarked car, so no cage or anything. The first squad car got there, and I had them put her in the

squad car. I went inside the house, and in the bathroom there was a blood-soaked rug and a butcher knife laying next to the blood. [stating haltingly] That's not a whole lot to see. But having just seen the baby. And I knew that this was where—what had happened to the baby. I almost threw up. I remember I left and went downtown to write the report after the troops got there, the sergeant and the Homicide investigators and everything. I was driving downtown. And I called my now wife Leslie up on the phone. And I just couldn't talk. I started crying and couldn't talk. I remember she kept saying, "Are you okay? Are you okay?" She thought I was hurt or something. I had to call her back in a few minutes. That was incredibly tragic, and that was a mentally ill woman who did that. She managed to suffocate herself with a garbage bag at the jail.

KC: She was a physician. I remember the case.

PS: Mm-hmm. Yep. From Massachusetts or something.

KC: Postpartum depression is a horrible mental illness that we don't understand very well.

PS: You're right. You're right. Yeah, that's probably a time where I wouldn't have minded not being the first on the scene.

KC: Yeah. So sad for that whole family.

PS: Very much so. I can't imagine.



Officer Pat Scott and Officer Tom Arnold  
2005

Bloody Sunday. Bloody Sunday. Tom Arnold and I were partners. Our first call of the night was for a man trying to commit suicide. We got to his house, and this guy was sitting at his kitchen table. He was Vietnamese. Sitting at his

kitchen table and he had cut himself all over with a knife.

There was blood everywhere on the walls, the ceilings, floor, the chair, him. We had to tussle with him a little bit getting him into custody—for his mental health, not under arrest. We just got covered with blood. And the paramedics got there, and they got covered with blood. They took him to the hospital for evaluation. There was nothing too dramatic about the scene, but we left there and a couple hours later we got a call to a neighborhood bar at Chatsworth and University for a man inside, threatening to shoot people in the bar. Tom and I walked into the bar, and everybody in the bar was backed off. It was the like the guy who was doing the threatening was the pebble and everybody else was the ripples in the pond. You knew exactly who they were talking about when you walked in, and he fit the description to a T. The bartender is pointing at the guy, you know, discretely pointing at him, that it's the right guy. We went walking up there. Why he did this—to this day, I have no idea whether he was trying to do a suicide by cop or what. He looked over his shoulder as we got there and he pulled the left side of his coat out and jammed his hand under the coat. And they had said he had a gun in his shoulder holster under his coat.

Well, my partner Tom Arnold, loving me as he does, and I love him as much as I do—I mean we both had our guns in our hands. Tom was closest to him, but I was the one that he was looking at when he reached under his arm. Tom's instinct was immediately, "I've got to stop this guy," and he hit this guy on top of the head with his pistol, because that's all he had in hand. Instantly, he must have hit some vein or artery or something, because they say the head bleeds horribly. Some artery or vein popped open on top of his head and hit the ceiling of the bar. [both laugh] The fight was on with him and we got him handcuffed. Called the paramedics because he was bleeding. He ended up—he wasn't hurt badly at all. It was a very small cut, but the paramedics got there and it was the same paramedics from the attempted suicide earlier. They have forever more referred to that as Bloody Sunday. [laughs]

KC: Now do you go home and change clothes in between if you've got blood all over you? Or just try to wash up a little bit?

PS: Usually have a spare uniform at work. Most people don't wear their uniform to work, because you don't want people seeing you in uniform when you're driving and stuff. Might be a problem. You usually have a spare uniform, and they have biohazard bags to put your uniforms in to get cleaned. But we still weren't changed from the first one. [both laugh] It'd been that busy a night. It always seemed like Sundays are either really quiet or really busy and bizarre. Nothing in between.

KC: If you're out drinking, you've got to keep the roll going those last few hours. [both laugh]

PS: In 1997, I did a real short stint. I took over Vern Lee's job in the FBI fugitive task force.

KC: How'd you like that?

PS: I liked it. I let a girlfriend talk me out of having the job, because I was gone too much. I forever regret it, because that was a great job.

KC: And she's no longer a girlfriend?

PS: No longer a girlfriend. [both laugh]

KC: Any stories that you remember from being on that taskforce?

PS: I went on at a bad time. It was when—I don't know why I can't remember his name right now, but the man who ended up murdering the fashion guy down in Florida—Andrew Cunanan. Andrew Cunanan, who'd done a murder or two up here and then one in Florida. That was all going on at the time, and so much of the taskforce time was taken up following up on tips from all over the country. That was the bulk of what I did there.

There was a guy named Jarelle Matthews, who had shot and killed somebody in Chicago. It turned out his girlfriend up here was the daughter of

some people I knew from the neighborhood, and they gave us some leads on how to find him. We did a little surreptitious approach to the house when we knew he was in there, and right as we got to the door, he was coming out to leave. He was going to flee. He was going to leave the state. He walked right out into our gun barrels, and we put him on the ground and took him into custody. [chuckles] But that was a really short stint. It was an honor to have done it for any amount of time, but I was there a very short period of time.



Pat Scott's Final E.O.T. (End Of Tour)  
**MAY 19, 2010**  
 O'Gara's Garage 5:30 - Close • Band 7:00 pm - 10:00 pm  
 "Stockcar Named Desire"




**Start of Tour - 10/1/79 0800 HRS**  
**End of Tour - 5/19/10 1700 HRS**  
 "From Now On You Guys Get To Go Through The Door."



It's been a great career. I still miss it at times, which is why I'm going to be a part-time Ramsey County Deputy<sup>70</sup> here for a little while [chuckles], to ease the withdrawal. [both laugh]

KC: What was the last adrenaline rush that you had?

PS: Funny you should ask. My very last day at work. Tom Arnold had been my partner for several years in the 1990s. We just clicked. I mean, we knew what the other was thinking. We knew what the other guy was going to do. We made incredible arrests. Tom's an incredible cop, just period. No doubt about it, one of the best cops, one of the best intuitive, instinctive cops I've ever met in my life.

<sup>70</sup> Investigator in the Career Criminal Unit of the Ramsey County Sheriff Department—3 months in 2010.

Now we hadn't been partners since 1998, but on my last day of work, May 19<sup>th</sup> of 2010, the chief gave the okay that we could work together that day, both in uniform, and we could be city-wide and not have to answer any calls. Now most coppers on their last day, they just turn in all their gear and say goodbye to people and don't even put in a minute in the street. I was not going to leave my last day that way. So I had for a month been slowly turning in all my gear. As the time got closer, the more non-essential gear, I'd be turning it in. I saved for the last day the last two things I was going to have to turn in, were my I.D. card and my portable radio. Everything else was turned in, so the day was mine and Tom's.

KC: Isn't the gun the department's?

PS: Yeah, my fellow officers in the Eastern District on the day shift bought it for me and gave it to me as a going away gift, which was really cool. So Tom and I went out on the street, and Mike Lee<sup>71</sup> in a traffic car stopped a car, and a guy bailed out of the car and ran away. He said it was Virgil Kirkwood who had run. Well, Tom and I were fairly close by and both looked at each other at the same time, and we knew his mom's girlfriend lived about two blocks away from where he bailed out of the car, so we knew that was going to be where he went. We broadcast that address over the air, we went straight to the house, we got the house surrounded, and sure enough, Virgil stuck his head outside the door, saw us, and ran back inside. We chased in after him and got him under arrest.

Now, I had always kind of had a reputation for calling a lot of emergency radio traffic. We have three patrol channels—channel one, channel two, and channel three. If you have emergency radio traffic, what you do to clear the air

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<sup>71</sup> Michael Allan Lee was appointed police officer September 19, 1988; and retired December 31, 2011.

for just you, is call a ten-one if you're on channel one, a ten-two if you're on channel two, and a ten-three if you're on channel three. I was teased constantly about calling so many ten-ones, ten-twos, and ten-threes. I had announced that I was going to try to call one of each on my last day. Well, as we took Virgil into custody, I was able to call a ten-one. [both laugh] We got him into custody and he had a felony warrant and a felony pick-up out for his arrest, and it worked out beautifully, and I immediately started getting teased about calling the ten-one. We got him booked.

About an hour before I was going to be done for the day, I got a call from someone I knew in the neighborhood, on the Eastside, who told me that there was a wanted sex offender who was in a particular car and driving around on the Eastside. Well we confirmed that this guy was indeed wanted for failure to register as a sex offender. This guy I know said, "Hey, Pat, do you want me to go see if I can find him?" I said, "Absolutely, that would be great!" Well, this guy — not an informant, not being paid any money, just a young guy I developed a relationship with, gets in his car and on his own time went looking to see if he could find this guy. Well, he did. And he found the car and he told us right where it was. Tom and I sat down the street, and this guy sat and watched the car until the guy got in it and left. I was driving the squad car. I drove all day. Tom said, "Yeah, you do what you want." So I was driving. Normally, the passenger gets the radio. But I said, "Tom, I've got to use the radio just for the beginning of this," because this car was taking off on us. I picked up the radio and I got on and I said, "Squad three-five-seven, ten-three," because we were on channel three. Then I handed the mic to Tom, and Tom finished the radio transmission. We stopped the guy, took him successfully into custody, and



booked him thirty minutes before the end of my last day of work, but I never was able to call that ten-two. [both laugh]

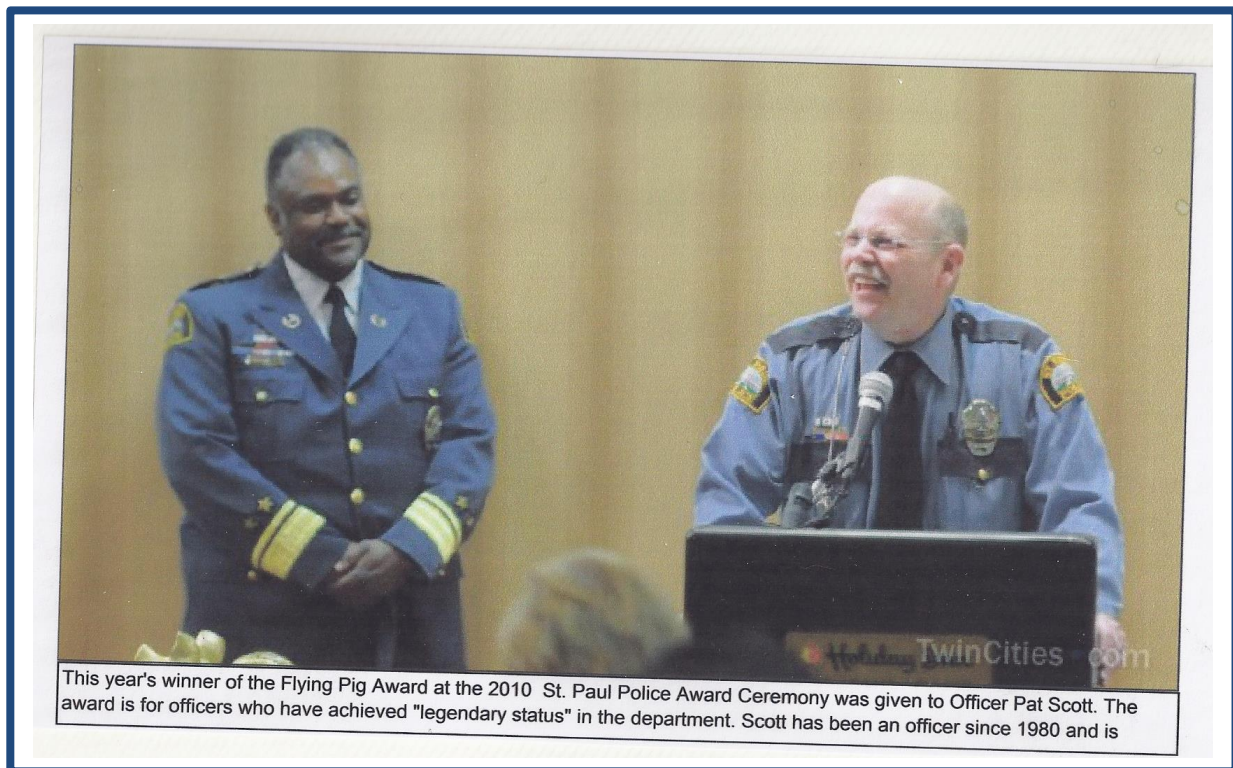
KC: It sounds like you went out the way you lived your whole career.

PS: Absolutely, and that was—had to be. Had to be. And it worked out well.

KC: Pat, thank you. This had been fabulous. You've had a long and successful career. You've made a lot of lives safer for citizens in Saint Paul. So thank you very much.

PS: Well, thank you.

## 2010 Flying Pig Award



Pictures from the Pioneer Press Newspaper

Chief John Harrington presents the FLYING PIG AWARD to Officer Scott  
at the annual Saint Paul Police Award Ceremony. Spring 2010

FLYING PIG AWARD is awarded to officers who have achieved "legendary status"



## **Saint Paul Police Department**

### **PERSONNEL PROFILE FOR (625300) - SCOTT, PATRICK DONALD 510**

#### **Commendations**

<b>Date</b>	<b>Type</b>	<b>Commentator</b>
4/13/2010	Medal of Commendation	CHIEF J HARRINGTON
8/27/2009	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
3/3/2009	Thank You Letter	RA CO ADULT MENTAL HEALTH
11/28/2008	Thank You Letter	COPS & KIDS
10/30/2008	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
9/4/2008	Other	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
8/7/2008	Thank You Letter	S. MN. REGIONAL LEGAL SERVICES
2/16/2006	Thank You Letter	CITIZEN
12/8/2005	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
12/2/2005	Thank You Letter	MINNEAPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT
9/29/2005	Medal of Commendation	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
2/24/2005	Medal of Commendation	CHIEF J. HARRINGTON
11/5/2004	Thank You Letter	US DEPARTMENT JUSTICE - FBI
9/22/2004	Thank You Letter	CITY ATTORNEY - JOHN STECHMANN
8/31/2001	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
12/30/1999	Unit Let Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
7/29/1999	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
4/30/1998	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
3/19/1998	Thank You Letter	RAMSEY COUNTY ATTORNEY
12/3/1997	Thank You Letter	CITIZEN
7/9/1997	Thank You Letter	FBI
7/8/1997	Thank You Letter	FBI
11/29/1996	Thank You Letter	ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS
1/25/1996	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
11/30/1995	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
8/30/1995	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
8/14/1995	Thank You Letter	FORT ROAD FEDERATION
2/23/1995	Unit Citation	CHIEF W. FINNEY
11/23/1994	Class C Commendation	CHIEF W. FINNEY
11/23/1994	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
11/15/1994	Thank You Letter	ASSISTANT. CITY ATTORNEY ROFUTH
9/26/1994	Thank You Letter	CITIZEN
9/8/1994	Thank You Letter	MINNEAPOLIS POLICE DEPARTMENT
1/27/1994	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
1/27/1994	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
1/27/1994	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
8/26/1993	Class C Commendation	CHIEF W. FINNEY
5/13/1993	Class C Commendation	CHIEF FINNEY
4/29/1993	Class C Commendation	CHIEF FINNEY
9/24/1992	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. FINNEY
8/21/1992	Thank You Letter	HENNEPIN COUNTY SHERIFF
5/18/1992	Thank You Letter	SGT. J. NEUBERGER
4/30/1992	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. MCCUTCHEON
2/27/1992	Letter of Recognition	CHIEF W. MCCUTCHEON
2/4/1992	Thank You Letter	SGT. T. LYNCH
12/19/1991	Class C Commendation	CHIEF W. MCCUTCHEON

7/25/1991 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
5/31/1991 Class C Commendation CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
7/31/1990 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
2/20/1990 Other LT. R. FLETCHER  
1/25/1990 Class C Commendation CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
9/14/1988 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
9/9/1988 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN (FBI)  
12/1/1987 Thank You Letter CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
9/23/1987 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
6/12/1987 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
2/10/1987 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
1/9/1987 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
12/6/1986 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
12/3/1986 Other CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
12/22/1985 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
10/7/1985 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
1/28/1985 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
11/19/1982 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON  
7/7/1982 Thank You Letter CIVILIAN  
5/7/1982 Letter of Recognition CHIEF MCCUTCHEON