

YOUNGSTOWN STATE UNIVERSITY

ORAL HISTORY PROGRAM

Law Enforcement Officers

Paul H. Cress Personal Experiences

O. H. 248

PAUL H. CRESS

Interviewed

by

John M. Bukovinsky

on

February 5, 1981

## Paul H. Cress

Paul Henry Cress was born April 26, 1908, in Butler Pennsylvania, the son of William and Catherine Cress. He attended elementary and secondary schools in Butler. Upon graduation from Butler High School, Cress attended Missionary College and the Pittsburgh Theological Seminary where he received a Masters degree in Theology.

Becoming disenchanting with religious work, Cress decided to join the Pennsylvania State Police in 1930 where he stayed until 1937. Cress first came in contact with the Youngstown, Ohio, area when the Pennsylvania State Police assisted the Mahoning County Sheriff's Office during the famous steel strike in 1937.

Cress, liking what he saw in the Youngstown area, decided to settle there in 1937. He then joined the Youngstown Police Department in 1970 serving in such capacities as: Policeman, traffic sergeant, traffic department commissioner, and police chief from 1953 to 1960.

Cress embarked on a new career upon retirement from the Youngstown Police Department in 1965 when he became a professor of criminal justice at Youngstown College. When the college became a state university in 1967 Cress founded and then directed the Campus Security Department until his retirement in 1977.

Paul H. Cress and his wife Catherine, whom he married in 1937 still live in the Youngstown area.

by John M. Bukovinsky

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INTERVIEWEE: PAUL H. CRESS  
INTERVIEWER: John M. Bukovinsky  
SUBJECT: 1937 Steel Strike, His term as Police Chief,  
Gambling in Youngstown, Bombings  
DATE: February 4, 1981

B: This is an interview with former Police Chief Paul Cress for the Youngstown State University Oral History Program on Law Enforcement Officers. This interview was conducted by John Bukovinsky at Mr. Cress's home at 496 Mistletoe on Thursday, February 5, 1981, at 1:30 p.m.

Mr. Cress, what do you remember about your parents and family as you were growing up?

C: I was born and raised in Butler, Pennsylvania. Butler was a small town, a very lively town when I was born. I went to school in Butler and graduated there. I went to public school and high school and I went to Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. Don't ask me why, but I went to school in Pittsburgh for two years, graduated there, and I went to Missionary College in New York for four years and graduated there. I was ordained in the clergy and still lived in Butler. I had a church down in Johnstown, Pennsylvania and I would drive back and forth every other week or so.

I came home early one week and stayed a couple of days, and on my way back I saw a state policeman standing on a little bridge over a creek and he was shooting at something. I stopped the car and walked back and I recognized him. His name was John Cross. He and I were in the seminary together several years before. He dropped out and became a Pennsylvania State Policeman. I said, "John, what are you doing?" He said, "Shooting fish." We talked for a couple of hours. I said, "How do you like

the job?" He said, "Fine, the sun always shines and everybody's rich." I said, "How do you get a job like this?" He said, "See your Republican County Chairman and get a letter of reference and send an application into Harrisburg."

I never went back to Johnstown. I went to the nearest telephone and called the President of the Board of Deacons. I said, "I won't be back," and explained why. I had a house furnished, about eight rooms, had radios at that time instead of television, clothes, books. I had \$3,000 worth of books. He said, "What do you do with this stuff?" I said, "Use it, sell it, give it away, burn it, whatever you want to do with it." I never went back.

I went back to Mercer because my folks, in the meantime, had moved to New Wilmington, outside of New Wilmington, and it was in Mercer County. I went up to see the Mercer County Chairman of the Republican Party, Gifford Pincho was governor then and he was Republican. I got a letter of reference from the chairman. About a week later I got a telephone call to report to Harrisburg for examination.

I went in. I had a moustache and they said, "Shave that moustache off and report up here in twenty minutes." I stayed there that whole day. We took mental examinations, and an academic examination, and in the afternoon, all afternoon, medical and physical examinations. By five o'clock they tell you whether you're in or out. At five o'clock they told me I was in. You stay there and start police academy. So, I became a policeman.

Now in those days, that was in 1930, Pennsylvania had two state police organizations. It was the only state that I know of in the country that ever had two state police organizations. The Pennsylvania State Police began back in 1905. You almost had to have a criminal record to belong to the original state constabulary. They were rough. They were used primarily, and originally, exclusively to break strikes, coal and steel. I joined the Pennsylvania State Police and in 1930 they had mellowed a little, but not much. They worked under appropriation, and if they spent too much money on equipment, you would work for half pay or quarter pay.

It was in the mid-twenties before I went on; automobiles became popular in most states. In order to handle the statewide problem of traffic, organized state highway patrols sprang up all over the nation. Pennsylvania said we were lucky because we have a state police organization. We don't need to form one. In 1927 they turned

the State Police loose to enforce traffic laws. Some of those men would open the door and hit a driver right between the eyes and then ask him his name. I'm not exaggerating. It's a fact. They were so rough, so brutal, you speak of police brutality, it was there. They could not use them because most of the people they dealt with were ladies and gentlemen or law abiding citizens that violate some traffic laws. They had to create another state police organization called the State Highway Patrol. In 1928 they created that.

That worked under the Department of Revenue. Even policemen are smart enough to know that revenue means money. Payday you got your money, not much, but it was there every payday.

I transferred after a couple of years of this half pay to the State Highway Patrol. I figured I may as well get paid full pay. The pay was \$105 a month, but you got board and room, clothes, uniforms, the whole works. By 1936 the State Police had mellowed enough and the State Highway Patrol had hardened enough that they combined the two. There was so much animosity between them from the time they were organized, the second it was organized, they they couldn't even decide what to call the new organization. The Pennsylvania State Police? The highway patrolmen said, "You will like hell." The first name they agreed on, the State Highway Police, lasted for a couple of years and then it went back to the Pennsylvania State Police, and it has been that ever since.

By the time the union started to organize, and that was in 1937, this was about the closest we came. We had strikes in Uniontown and coal strikes. We didn't have any steel strikes in Western Pennsylvania. We had some coal strikes. Elser was having a rough time with the coal strikes so several commands of the Pennsylvania State Police assigned men over here temporarily. I came early in the summer and worked Elser and his gang. I worked about two months.

Then I went into the Sheet & Tube. When Elser disbanded his group, Sheet & Tube was having men they felt they could trust to replace some workers they had fired through some of the breaking of that union. I left here and came on back to Pennsylvania. I told my wife, "I'm going to have to go where the sun always shines. At least we'll have pleasant weather. I'm going to work for a living, may as well do it where the weather is nice."

I started for Arizona, got as far as Youngstown again, and stopped off overnight to see a policeman friend of

mine. I got drunk and stayed drunk for a week. When I got sober, I discovered that I had met a hell of a lot of people. I had met, at the time, about 175,000 hunkies of one kind or another, but the best hunkies on the face of the earth. I liked those people. We had ideas in common. I never left. I made an application to the police department in 1930.

B: You mentioned the steel strikes in the 1930's and we heard that that was kind of rough going, not like strikes today. What do you remember about them?

C: All strikes in those days, the 1920's and 1930's, were rough. They were rough for a strange sort of reason because there was no precedent. Today, if you have a strike, there is a precedent set where law can step in and say, "This strike will be handled this way because it's the law now." You didn't have any laws.

You didn't have any laws. At Stop Five, on Poland Avenue, at the first entrance into Republic Steel we had 26 men. Elser had several trucks made with 3/8 inch armored plate steel, eight feet into the air surrounding the body of the truck. Twenty-six of the us were standing in there to go down to Stop Five because they had between 5,000 and 10,000 crazy people, men and women, most of them drunk. They turned over cruisers, burned the cruisers, threw dynamite around, and were shooting rifles from up over the hill on Alexander Street.

We started down. We had shotguns, rifles, pistols, and tear gas. There was a little creek that used to run under it, but it was dry then. There was about three feet of space. We got caught on top of that bridge and we couldn't go any further because of the crowd. We lowered the back end and got over and down under the bridge. We were safe enough under there because anybody that would stand down to throw a stick of dynamite in would pull back an empty arm because we were all loaded and prepared.

We had whiskey. We had a couple of cases of whiskey in case we were cut overnight. Several of the guys got pretty drunk and one, a guy named Barlet, crawled out there at three o'clock in the morning and was shaking his fist at some guy shooting a rifle down and shaking his fist at him and cussing him out and he got shot. He got shot in the leg and in the hip bone and came out up here. We had quite a time to get an ambulance down to take him to the hospital, but we were there all night.

On the way down, driving our way through the thing,

a couple sticks of dynamite came over the roof, a foot or two feet of fuse on it. We were lucky enough to throw them out, but some guy decided not to throw them out, but to pull the fuse and save the dynamite. They were playing for keeps.

They found several bushels of dynamite under the Market Street Bridge and the South Avenue Bridge. They were planning to blow up several bridges with people on them. Like other strikes in Pennsylvania, when we would go out to work a coal strike we would take thirty or forty state policemen. We would have, maybe, not 5,000 or 10,000, but 2,000 or 3,000 men and women. The men were smart enough to put the women out. They wouldn't let the coal trucks leave the coal property. They would sit on the pavement. You couldn't run over them, you couldn't beat women up. You didn't have tear gas in those days. There was a little corporal. I don't know how he ever got on the Pennsylvania State Police, but he was about 5 feet 4 inches and he was dynamite. He said, "I'll get rid of those women." He got a pair of big shears and all along the bank on the road their husbands were up there smoking and drinking wine and making jokes and singing and laughing. He walked over behind this row of women, took the shears, and cut their dresses clear down to the skin. He pulled them open and they were naked as jay birds. He only had to do that two or three times and they got so embarrassed they all got up and ran home. Their husbands laughed like crazy. That strike soon settled after that. The state policemen and the strikers all went down to the beer joints; there were still beer joints and bootleg whiskey. We would go down to a bootleg joint and everybody would have all they could drink. They didn't have the bitterness. They didn't hold a grudge, and yet there were state police murdered in Philadelphia, in Pittsburgh. They murdered those guys, shot them, and hit them with hatchets to break the picket lines.

Starting about 1937 with that big strike in Youngstown, they started to harbor a grudge and started to inject real, anticipated, well-planned violence, no feeling of relief or reciprocity between the two. They began to pulverize the police on one side, the workers on the other. That, I think, is the beginning of the change in police service.

The last time I was up at Northwestern University there were several commanders from the Chicago Police Department there. We talked about this police brutality. The laws, at that time, were beginning to change. Labor laws were being introduced. They were aimed at reducing, at least reducing and eliminating if possible, police brutality. I could understand the need for that. They created goon squads. Chicago had several of them in

those days. Five men to a squad, five men to a car, and they would get some labor leader or some racketeer that the courts could not or would not punish or take out of circulation. They would peg this guy, find a way to pick him up, as isolated as possible, take him up to the borders between Evanston and Chicago and they would take turns beating him until he was just barely alive. Before they would start to beat him, they would tell him, "Now every time you come back into the city of Chicago, this is what we're going to do, and sooner or later you will die, but you're welcome to come back anytime." They controlled. That's a monster. You create goon squads that are nonsters. It was a monster in Chicago.

It was also the beginning of the end for police brutality, generally where you take a rubber hose and beat somebody or beat a confession out of them. That began to change. After that you had to at least be as smart as the crook you were arresting.

B: What kind of training did one have to go through to get on the Youngstown Police Force back in 1940?

C: They gave the civil service test, of course, which is a perfunctory matter. If you knew who the mayor was, if you knew who your councilman was, if you knew what kind of government the city was ruled by, if you knew who the president was, if you knew what a felony was and a misdemeanor was, that was about all you needed to know. You were sworn in, given a club, a badge, and a gun, and said, "Now you're a policeman." There wasn't very much training, but they put you in a cruiser with an old-timer. The old-timer could be one of the these and those guys; he didn't know a felony from a bag of cement, but he didn't need to. He had a strong back and a weak mind and that was all he needed. But, the young policemen learned from him. Unfortunately, he learned not only the little good that he needed to know to be a policeman, but he learned all the tricks of the trade, the negative features. If he was working with a crooked cop, you could depend on it that he was going to be a crooked cop.

In those days it was hard to tell the difference between a crooked cop and an honest cop. In 1940, the big business, as we know it around here, was wide open. Business was good, the steel mills were working, everybody had money, the bus situation was good. We had trolley busses and cheap fares. Bug riders would make tours around the neighborhoods and pick up the money everyday and take your bet. Beer joints would have card tables set up just outside the door where you would bet your money on



a number or a horse or a football game or basketball game. It wasn't the police department's fault, it wasn't enforced. It was the policy. It was a wide open town and you don't enforce moral laws when the town is wide open. There's still a big question of whether a town is better off wide open or closed. Anyway, the decent people were supposed to hate gambling, but since the state recently has passed the gambling statute, you're supposed to love gambling and they advertise it on television. (laughter)

B: What was a typical day like for you in the 1940's?

C: There wasn't a dull day. Any policeman who is bored with his job is either inherently dishonest or terribly lazy. You don't know from one hour to the next or from one minute to the next what is going to happen. After awhile you get a little jittery. By that I mean, I had a friend, Howard Cogwer, he was an excellent traffic man. He worked with traffic cruisers for years. He got tired of working the cruiser and he came in one day and asked if I would put him on a traffic beat, walking beat. I said, "Sure." I put him on a traffic beat three blocks square and he lasted a week. He would jog around there, a little trot, and cover the whole thing and then stop and puff, then jog around the other way. In a week he was played out. He said, "Give me back that car." He was jittery because nothing happened, a car is parked here so he writes a ticket. He stops and has a cup of coffee at a restaurant, and hurries around. You get jittery as a pregnant nun at a high mass because you don't know from one day to the next or one hour. When you're working night turn you don't know from one minute until the next what's going to happen. They don't tell you what you may encounter. You learn, they don't tell you.

You have the advantage, of course, in police training at the Pennsylvania State Police Academy; they saw to it that you knew what you were supposed to do. They didn't presume that you knew anything about police service. They taught you what you should know and they made sure you learned it. They did a pretty good job of it.

As time went on, in the 1950's and the late 1940's, Eddy Allen came here as Chief of Police in 1948 under Mayor Henderson; he began to educate the police department. Eddy Allen wasn't as good as Eddy Allen said he was, but he wasn't as bad as we said he was either. Somewhere in between he was doing a progressive job. He began to educate. He set aside certain hours for certain groups of men to study traffic, study search and seizure, study arrest and criminal procedure. After awhile the whole

police department got to know the difference between a felony and a misdemeanor and that helped them of course. They have been fairly progressive ever since down there.

Not out of desire to learn because policemen generally are lazy mentally, but out of necessity the laws have changed so much in police service in the 20 to 25 years that they were forced to learn. If they didn't, they would wind up in court defenses and actions that would take their bread and butter for the rest of their lives. They had to learn. Instead of punching a man in the mouth before you ask him his name, they had to learn to be polite and take abuse, and that's hard to do. If you're going to belt them, get your alibi before you belt them, then belt them all you want, but at least make it look good.

It's hard to change. When you've been a police ten, fifteen, or twenty years and suddenly you're not allowed to belt this guy that made you so damn mad and that he needs to be belted, but you can't, it's hard. Every department in the last twenty years has had courses of instruction, academic.

- D: During World War II, the Army had a camp here outside of Sharon, Camp Reynolds. Did you ever have any kind of problems with the servicemen?
- C: No, very few. They came into Youngstown, of course, all the time and they raised a lot of hell, but they didn't do any substantial damage. If we had trouble with them, they always had MP's here. Well, one or two we picked up that were AWOL or something, but for general disturbance or crimes, the MP's patrolled the area and with our police radios we could send the MP's to the club and they would pick up soldiers and take them back. They were just about what you would expect, but nothing unusual.
- B: How about with prostitution?
- C: They had prostitution until 1948 when Edward A. Allen decided to mash racket rule, I think, was their slogan. He chased the prostitutes out of their houses into the bars and into apartments, and they're still there.
- B: What do you remember about Mayor Henderson?
- C: Mayor Henderson was a good man. He's still a good man. He was a good mayor. I didn't agree with him much more than half the time, but I suspect I was wrong as many times as I was right. I didn't agree with his philosophy that you could convert a steel town into a Sunday school. Maybe he didn't know the difference, but I did. My

background told me the difference between the steel town and the Sunday school. He was a good man and he had a good administration. I think he made a mistake in going out of town for a chief of police, but he did. As I say, I don't think the chief was as good as he and the Vindicator said he was, but he wasn't as bad as the Police Department said he was either. Somewhere in between he was a fairly decent chief of police, and Henderson was a pretty decent mayor.

I think he expected too much and I don't think he recognized what he did. I don't think Allen recognized what he did. They both had the full support of the news media, radio, television, newspaper, churches, and organizations. They had the full support of them. In the eyes of the Vindicator Henderson and Allen could do no wrong. Hieson and Cress followed those two monkeys after six years, and for the next six years we could do no right. (laughter)

Allen was devoted to smashing rackets. He ran a few racketeers out of town. They weren't local men anyway. They closed up the Jungle Inn and all that. In the process he established local men, some of them Mafia, in power. It's one thing to throw out an out-of-towner, but it's quite another thing to throw a man who has been born and reared here and has uncles and aunts and grandfathers and brothers in places of authority to be recognized as legitimate business people. He, by throwing the top leaders out, concentrated the power on the local men, and you have quite another job.

The result was, for my six years, I had 86 bombings. I didn't keep track of them. The Vindicator kept track of them for me. That was a hassle between the established home rule charter of the criminal as opposed to the fly-by-night that would stop off here and pick up some money and then go to Buffalo. Henderson thought he did a pretty good job and he did, but it's like the cow that gives the milk and then kicks the damned thing over. He created the problem as big as the one he relieved.

- B: Throughout your entire law enforcement career Youngstown has been know for its gambling activities and this and that. What are significant, major events that you can remember about that?
- C: Well, the bombings of course, 86 bombings can't be taken lightly, but they can't be unduly exaggerated either. You had not two factions, you had three or four factions all jockeying for positions. You had the established Mafia, those guys weren't going to let loose of anything. Then you had a few independents that didn't want it all,

they just wanted a little share of it. Then you had the contingent of blacks. They didn't want it all, they wanted a little share of it. They're all fighting and the one language that seems to be understood is the bomb. They would bomb this guy. He was supposed to read into that bomb, and what he read into that bomb was what he was supposed to do. He usually read into it too, what he was supposed to do.

It resolved itself. I know who did most of the bombings and why. To prove who did them and why is another thing. Out of the 86, we made one arrest and I didn't want to take the initiative in that. I had discussed it with the FBI for a couple of years and finally they thought we had enough on one case to try. I said okay. They supplied us with the information. I used my men to make the investigation. We charged a guy. We caught him with dynamite. We found the garage where he was making the bombs. We found a car where he had put one bomb in, five sticks of dynamite wrapped in a towel and fused together and wired onto the spark plug of the car. It was a Cadillac. The thing didn't explode. We couldn't figure out why it didn't explode.

By that time I had organized a crime lab down here and I had five pretty good men working here. I had those guys take that bomb and tell me why it didn't explode. There was a little ring about the size of your little finger on the fuse between the spark plug and the fuse of the dynamite where the wire goes on. The spark would come down to that ring and the ring would send it back to the spark plug. It would just short that spark plug out. It wouldn't go down here. Whoever put it in, intentionally didn't want it to go off or didn't know enough to cut that ring. We had an open and shut case. We tried the guy once before a jury, not guilty. I talked to a couple of jurors and asked them, "What the hell is the matter with you people? The guy is guilty as hell and you know it." One guy looked at me and he said, "Do you think I'm crazy?" Well, that's the kind of stuff you're up against. You can try them. You're wasting your breath. You're beating a dead horse.

I think one of the most interesting things we had was when Sandy Naples was shot. He was going into his girlfriend's home down on the lower East Side and when he opened the door, he was silhouetted against the light inside, it was after dark, somebody shot him with a shotgun. The shotgun was traced to the Canton Police Department. We never did know how it got to Youngstown.

The run of mind is always interesting. We had a guy over

on the East Side, he had a fight with his girlfriend and he called her on the telephone and he said he was going to come over and blow up her house because her father had forbidden her to see him anymore. He had ten sticks of dynamite under his shirt. It was summer. He had a lot of fuses. All he had to do was fuse those ten sticks and keep throwing them. He would call her periodically and we had men at the phones tracing the calls. He would call from this pay phone. We were running around like a bunch of Zulu's with hot irons in our hands. Finally, we traced him out to Lincoln Park. We heard he was down there, but we didn't know where. We had 200 or 300 people and 200 or 300 horses and patrol posse. We searched all through there clear out to Coitsville, but didn't find him. We had his house pegged over on Wilson Avenue. About three o'clock one morning he came up from the railroad track into his house and went to bed and we had three men there and they tippy-toed in the house. When he went in and went to bed they grabbed him. The reason he went to bed, a couple of doctors told me that apparently his body absorbed a lot of the nitroglycerine from the dynamite and it made him sick. Anyway, it ended a hell of a long search. It was time consuming and dangerous because the man, obviously, was off his rocker. I don't know whatever happened to him. I think he got ten to twenty years or something. I think maybe he died in the meantime.

You don't get bored with police work. I was driving down East Commerce Street. There's a car wash down there just as you approach Walnut. I heard a guy screaming inside a building so I pulled over to the curb and stopped. There were two black men on the ground, one was flat down and the other one was on top of him with a broken bottle. He was trying to gouge his face and his eyes and the guy was resisting. I wasn't going to fight with either one of them. They could both chew me up and spit me out. I tapped this guy on the shoulder and said, "Get up and let him go." He didn't even hear me. You can't shoot them so you devise something. I took that 38 out and laid it along side of his ear and pulled the trigger and shot a hole through the roof. When I pulled the trigger he dropped that bottle, stood up, and grabbed his head. I said, "How do you feel?" He couldn't hear me and shook his head. I got him by the arm and walked him up Commerce and down to the police station. He was down there shaking his head because it broke his ear drum. At the same time, I'm convinced, to save that guy I either had to take his life or a hell of a bad mutilation because he wasn't fooling.

Things, upon reflection, not only seemed stupid, they

are stupid. I am probably the most stupid individual I ever met or know. I can do things more stupid than anybody. I used to ride a motorcycle out on the Sharon line chasing speeders. I chased a speeder, a big, tall old, black guy. He was trying to wreck me. He would hit the brake and try to get me to run into him. He almost did a couple of times, but he didn't. I wanted him to run into me and he wanted me to run into him. I forced him into a building. We stopped and I got him out and I was so damn mad I put the handcuffs on him. I was on a motorcycle and I couldn't take him back. There was a telephone pole there so I put the handcuffs on him and put his arms around the telephone pole. It was a hot day in the summer. I went down to the street to use the police call box and called for a wagon to come out and pick him up. The wagon got there and I didn't have any handcuff keys. I think junior was playing with my key ring or something and lost it. We had to send back to the station and get three or four different styles of keys. I had the peerless handcuffs and we finally got a key that would open them. His tongue was hanging out six inches and he was sweating and cussing me out.

In those days you could make mistakes like that and nobody really got hurt. The guy didn't like it and you didn't like it, but if you do that today, they'll sue you.

B: Were you involved in any of the raids on the gambling places under Chief Allen?

C: No, not under Allen. He had his own vice squad. When I went in I made a few of my own raids. We raided a few clubs and liquor joints, but Allen had his own vice squad and they didn't make spectacular raids, but they made a lot of them. Of course, in those days you could go down to East Federal Street and go every other door with a search warrant and you could make a raid.

I went in as chief in 1953 until 1960. At that time the bug was still being played. The organization that controlled the bug had pretty well disintegrated. You had three majors, one black and DiNiro and Naples. They worked out a deal; they would take this territory and if it was a paying territory, they would divide it half and half. Whoever picked up had to split the profit.

You couldn't devote your full time and attention to chasing the bug. Yet, the strange thing is, and that's where Allen was probably smarter than I was, if you arrest a bug writer and it hits the front page and the headlines,

you charge a man with drunken driving and manslaughter because he killed three people. It's a sub-headline maybe in a little story, maybe on the front page, but usually on the second page. The bug writer, that's the big deal, that's the cops and robbers. Get the bug.

It would cost you \$100,000 a year to enforce the law against the bug, which is only bringing in \$50,000 a year. You're wasting your money. Not only that, but the day I went in as chief of police, Franko went in as judge. Franko and I had been friends and I said, "Wish us lots of luck Frank." He said, "Well, you and I are both in the same boat; we can't do any worse than the guy we're following."

The first four months Franko was on the criminal bench if we wanted a conviction we had to say, this guy works for Naples. He would hit him with the book, \$500, cost him thirty days. We specialized on those arrests when he was there because we knew he would hit them. After the first four months they were getting \$50 in cost, suspended. You can't enforce the law that way. You can break your heart and waste a lot of manpower, but you can't accomplish anything.

I said to the mayor, "We're going to have to weigh the judges." When Franko is on the civil bench, we will do concentration criminal arrests; when he is on the criminal bench, we'll do something else, but we won't enforce much criminal law, no point to it.

Another way I had of getting around him, we had a state law and when we could stretch a criminal arrest to meet requirements of the state law, I would bypass the city court and take it to the grand jury and have them indict the guy, bypass the city court altogether. He didn't like that very well, but neither did Judge Nevan. Nevan was a pretty decent city judge.

I arrested a guy once for manslaughter and some lawyer convinced Nevan that that city ordinance against manslaughter was unconstitutional. Nevan called me and said, "Come up and change that to a felony affidavit." I said, "No, I would like to try this city ordinance because most of these don't deserve the treatment of a grand jury and a common pleas trial and all that because they're not that important. They're strictly minor in nature. They deserve some punishment, but not a death punishment for slowly going through a stop sign." He said, "Well, I'll dismiss it." I said, "Do whatever the hell you want with it." He dismissed it. I went over

his head and went to the grand jury and indicted the guy and that made Nevan mad. He and I were friends for years. You have to outfox these guys. It's not that they're crooked. A lot of things they do seem to be crooked and a lot of the things they do are crooked, but they're not as crooked as the newspapers and the news media would have you believe either.

They have a tough job being judges. To get justice it's not only difficult, it's becoming impossible. Justice, as you and I understand the term justice, is becoming impossible. For every law that says: Thou shalt not do this, there are three other supplementary laws that say: Except, except, except. Get the exceptions and you don't have a violation. You can and you can't; you shall and you shan't; you will and you won't; you're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't. This is what American criminal law has degraded to.

American criminal law, there is no such thing as enforceable criminal law. In the first place, nobody knows the criminal law from the FBI down. They don't know the criminal law because it changes. Last week's criminal law isn't criminal law this week.

You young lawyers coming out are trying everything. They're trying approaches that old fashioned lawyers wouldn't conceive. Not only the young lawyers, the young doctors coming out are trying in medicine things that the old-timers would never dream of. In a way that is our hope of the future; young guys with a lot of guts, a lot of imagination, a lot of push to say it's never been tried, let's try it. It's like the story that the young doctor says: We can't cure a cold, but we can cure pneumonia, so nurture a cold into pneumonia and cure that. What their doing in medicine today is absolutely miraculous. The same would be true in law if the whole process kept up with the inroads made by some of these young lawyers. It's moving too fast. You can't keep up with it.

In police work you can't keep up with it. You don't have time. You don't have time to reason, you don't have time to analyze. You're walking along Federal Street at three o'clock in the morning; you hear a window crash; you run to the corner and see a jewelry store window broken out and a guy running down the street. You've got maybe two, three, or four seconds to make up your mind what the hell you are going to do. Are you going to chase him? Are you going to shoot him? Are you going to try to hit him? Are you going to try to miss him? Are you going to try to shoot in the air just



to scare him? The Supreme Court will take two years to analyze this, but you've got two seconds. If you guess right, you're a hero, if you guess wrong, you're a prisoner. They don't give you all day to make up your mind. It's what I say about police work, it's not boring.

B: How has it evolved since when you started till now?

C: In a very definite way. I feel that not too far in the future, at least in this country, there will not be any crime. Murders will still take place, bank robberies, armed robberies, and rape, the whole smear will continue, but it won't be crime, it will be mental aberration. There won't be any prisons because there will be no prisoners. There will be hospitals manned by psychiatrists, social workers, and do-gooders, who are being produced by the hundreds of thousands each year. Rehabilitation will be the key in the future. They will hope that the guy who commits a murder won't make a practice of it. If he does, he won't go to a prison, he'll go to a mental institution. Psychiatry, being the highly uncertain science it is, in a couple of years he will be released from there.

There are several reasons for this. In the first place, to maintain a prison organization or a police organization is expensive, and this government wants to cut down expenses where it can. It has been cutting down on police expenses and prison expenses for the last 100 years. There probably aren't a dozen clean prisons in the United States. Most of them are worse than the Mahoning County Jail. Most of them are worse than the city jail of Youngstown. In those jails you're better off in hell with your back broke than to serve time in the American jail. That is a result of saving money or trying to save money. If they could eliminate jails and eliminate crime, outlaw crime . . . Murder today is defined as the unlawful and intentional taking of human life. Well, that wouldn't be considered a crime, that would be a mental aberration of a magnitude. The penalty for that wouldn't be a trial or a degree of guilt.

You shot your wife, you killed her, so you go to the hospital. If you get the right psychiatrist, six weeks later he will say, "Well, I felt like that many a time. I don't think he's nuts. Turn him loose on probation. If he doesn't do it again, we're in good shape. If he does it again, he'll come back here." (laughter)

I learned from an old professor in the State Police

Academy in Pennsylvania, I think the first week I was there, something I have never forgotten. It is more true as time goes on: Bullshit rules the world. That is a fact. I don't care whether it's in education, religion, politics, crime, law, engineering, medicine, or what.

Two doctors graduated from medical school. One graduated at the top of the list. He was the brain of the whole class. The other one was the lowest. He just squeezed through. Ten years later the guy that graduated at the top of the class was in Chicago where his buddy was practicing. He called him up and went to visit him. This poor dummy had an office up there with oriental rugs, silk drapes, three silk suits, and secretaries. The smart one said, "I'm practicing in a little town scarcely making a living and I graduated at the top of my class, and you're the dummy and you have all this." He said, "Look down the street there. See those people?" He said, "Yes." He said, "You know that I'm a dummy and I know that I'm a dummy, but those people don't know that I'm a dummy." He knew how to rule his world. That applies to police work, religion, and the proof of that is your religious evangelists. When they make ten million dollars or twenty million dollars, you know that they have done something to rule the world.

The unfortunate thing is, in police service there isn't any gauge that you can measure the difference between a good job and a bad job. We used to put on traffic drives, reduce traffic deaths. One year we were down to six. The judges said, "See, we're starting to hit these speeders. The traffic deaths are down to six." The lawmakers say, "See, we passed some new laws." The police department says, "See, we're spending more time." That's a lot of God damned malarkey. Then next year when they go up to 25, everybody says, "The courts are letting them loose before we get them booked." The police say, "It's the judges' fault, not ours." The judges say, "The police don't bring them in." Everybody wants to take credit for success and nobody wants to assume responsibility for failure. That's human nature and that's what you're dealing with in police work. You have to make your own rules and gauge, make your own evaluation of every incident.

One thing you have to decide, and I learned that, I think, long before I went into the police business, you have to decide whether you're going to be an honest policeman or a dishonest one. You don't have much time to decide right after you become one. You make up your mind pretty quick because the first crooked buck you take,

you may as well keep on. The first crooked buck that is offered you is the one you had better never take.

B: Is there a lot of that going on with you?

C: In the 1920's and 1930's, there was an awful lot of that going on because of prohibition. The prohibition would have worked if the courts and the policemen had enforced it, but it was too much money. I know men that turned out to be damn fine doctors, who bootlegged their way through medical school. Good lawyers bootlegged their way through law school. They never amounted to very much. They were crooked in their own minds. I know a professor in theology who used to say, "Sin is breaking your own integrity." I think this is what he was talking about.

You make your own standard of conduct. You judge yourself. If I'm going to be crooked, I'll take not one buck, I'll take as many bucks as I can get.

When I was chief I knew most of the racketeers in town and the bug people and all the rest of them. They were a bad lot. One guy had a little bar game going down and he stands and he was afraid to offer me money, but he gave a butcher that I used to buy my meat down at Mahoning Meats every Saturday. There was a little Italian in there, Freddy was my butcher and I would go down and he would know what I wanted, some steaks or roast. Freddie gave me a little hard box of cigarettes one day, English Ovals I think they were called. He said, "I don't smoke. Do you smoke?" I put them in my pocket. Got home and smoked them, but I didn't care for them. I was about to throw it out and I missed the waste basket and the foil came loose and I saw some money in it. There were five fifty dollar bills, \$250. I knew Freddy didn't have \$250 and if he did he wasn't going to give it to me. I also knew that he and Mike the Greek were pretty good friends. I went down to Freddie and said, "Look Freddie, you're a good guy and I like you. Tell Mike to quit peddling down the back of my neck and telling me I'm sweating. Here's his money back. I'm not going to holler. I'm not going to cry, but don't do that again."

I probably have a price. I don't know what it is, but I would be, apart from a moral damned fool, an economic damned fool to do it for less than financial security. Abe Lincoln once threw a guy out of his house because he offered him a bribe and was getting too close to his price. I don't know what my price would be, but I suppose I had one. I learned early in police business, if you're going to take a crooked buck, be a crooked

policeman and be as smart as you can to stay out of jail as long as you can, but eventually you're going to go to jail.

You had, in those prohibition days, a good many crooked policemen, chiefly on account of prohibition. Since then you don't. There are two reasons for it. First, in recent years police salaries have gone up to where the guy does police work because he likes it, he can get by, he can live. Secondly, there isn't the occasion to be crooked.

If a policeman downtown here wanted to be crooked, how the hell would he go about it? Is he going to shake somebody down? For what? The guy he's going to shake down is already committed to probably the prosecutor, and the city prosecutor, and the city judges, and the common pleas judges. He doesn't need this policeman.

There's a funny thing about police work. It has never been abused. A few people have, not abused it, but they have used it, blackmail. Any man who is a policeman in the community for two or three or four or five years, is in a position to blackmail probably half the population. It's a fact. They don't do it. Part of the reason they don't do it is if he can blackmail you, you can probably do the same thing to him. That's probably it.

J. Edgar Hoover was a great one for this. When he reached the forceable retirement age they kept him on because three, four, five, six, or seven presidents were afraid to dump him. J. Edgar Hoover was in the position to blackmail every politician in the country and they knew it. What J. Edgar wanted, J. Edgar got. I don't think he abused it. He kept his job and, rightly or wrongly, he ran that FBI with an iron hand. He built it into a hell of a fine investigative organization, not a police organization, but an organization of investigators. Excellent, far better when he was alive than it will ever be in the future because it's sort of going over the hill.

B: You and Representative Kirwin were close. Why was that?

C: I liked Mike because he was a true, down to earth, human being. He had no education. I think Mike said he quit school in the third grade. Mike never owned a car. He never knew how to drive a car. Yet, one day I was down to Washington and I wanted to get up to Mike's office and I pulled into the parking lot up at the House of Representatives and a policeman came out and said, "You can't park here, this is for the House members." I said,

"Where can I put it?" He said, "Down over the hill." I turned around and started down. I had my son with me. In fact, I was taking my son in to see Mike. He said, "Who are you going to see?" I said, "Mike Kirwin." He said, "Park right there." I pulled in. I said, "What does Mike have to do with this?" He said, "Do you know Mike pretty well?" I said, "He's my congressman." He said, "Between you and me, Mike Kirwin is the second most powerful man in this nation."

Now, Mike Kirwin was smart. He was wise to the ways of the world. He couldn't be outfoxed by some sharpie. If there was any outfoxing to be done, Mike Kirwin would do it. During the six weeks that I was chief, when Mike Kirwin would come home, I would have one of the guys from the vice squad or the narcotics squad go pick him up at Pittsburgh Airport or Cleveland Airport. I told him, "Even if you want to come from Washington and you can't get a plane, call me and I'll send a man down to Washington to haul you home, take you back when you're ready, and haul you around when you're here." I did that for six years. Mike appreciated that and he and I became pretty close friends.

I thought Mike had a lot of brains, a lot of guts. I think he was probably on the right track. His big cry for the 35 years he was congressman was the canal. He never got it, but that wasn't his fault. He said, after five or ten years of fighting for that canal, "The hell with it. If the people don't want it why should I beat my brains out trying to get it." Well, the last five or ten years he said, "Canal? Sure, you need the canal. You want it, go get it." Mike was a pretty good man.

I used to talk to Mike about politics, crooked politics. Mike said, "That's about all there is is crooked politics. It's just a matter of degree." He said, "I was a bootlegger before I went to Washington." He was, he was a bootlegger, working the railroad and bootlegging. He said, "The best kind of a politician this country will ever have is the politician who won't steal city hall. He may steal the top floor or two, but he'll leave enough of city hall functioning that the city isn't going to collapse." Swell, that was Mike's way of expressing crooked, dirty politics. I've thought of that a thousand times since and I think maybe he's basically right.

I've often noticed an honest man runs for office and he makes it. If he runs again, he's a little less honest than the first time he ran. If he isn't a little less, he wouldn't run the second time. The third time, if he still wants it, he has sacrificed his principles and has lost the basic element of honesty as he once knew it.

He can't meet the responsibilities of elective office and be honest, he just can't. They tie your hands. You tie your own hands.

B: After Henderson and Allen went out, you and Mayor Franko started. What kind of relationship did you have with Mayor Franko?

C: We had a good relationship. I was a Republican. He was a Democrat. I was surprised that he named me as chief of police, chiefly for that reason, but he did. I changed deference to him. He didn't ask me to change, but I changed from Republican to Democrat. Frank Franko was a capable man, an honest man. I think probably, and maybe I'm being a little bigotted, he was the best mayor that we've had, at least since I've been in Youngstown. Now, I say that because he never tied my hands. He never told me how to run the police department or who to fire or who to hire. He didn't stick his nose into it at all, nothing. If I made a mistake, that was my mistake. If I made a good pinch, that was my good luck. He knew how to run the city.

He knew that the freeway should be accomplished here if we were going to resolve our parking problem so he got an eighty-eight million dollar bond issue. The bill for the inner belt and the outer belt was eighty-eight billion dollars in those days, but we only paid eight percent of it. We had an eighty-eight million dollar bond issue. He solved that. He gave us free garbage collection. The man instituted more progressive programs than any mayor I've known anything at all about. I think Frank Franko was probably the best mayor. As I say, maybe I'm a little biased, I don't know. He never stuck his nose in my business and I never stuck my nose in his business and we got along fine.

I remember one day a news reporter came in. He said, "The Republican chairman said the Democratic chairman took some campaign money from the rackets." I said, "You damn fool, both parties took money from the rackets. What do you want from me?" Sullivan was the Democratic chairman and he called the mayor over and wanted me fired for making that crack. The mayor laughed and he said, "Jack, what do you want him to do, prove it?" (laughter)

Frank Franko was a good man. He had a dry sense of humor. We were walking out of City Hall one day and he stumbled a little bit. I said, "Lift your feet. You walk like a blind man." He said, "You're half right." I said, "Half?" He said, "Yes, I'm half blind. I only have one eye." He had two eyes, but the one was stone blind, got it in the service. I never suspected and I don't think

anyone ever knew it before that and I don't think most people know it today. He has no sight whatsoever in one eye.

We've had some dandy mayors since then. Sevastian Flask had three terms. Hunter had four terms and I can never figure out how that guy managed to get four terms. I just couldn't figure that out because he was just a big farmer. He is a likeable guy and he is a master politician. He doesn't seem to anger anybody. I've always envied people like Hunter because he can take a bad situation and talk about it for a few minutes and no matter how mad you are when you entered, five minutes later you're calm and cool and collected.

All my life I've been able to say good morning and it sounds like go to hell. I swear a lot.

They gave me a party when I was leaving the university. I had just gotten out of the hospital and I was about as weak as a cup of boarding house coffee. My boy came up from D.C. He's on the police department down there. I wondered why he was here, but I didn't pay any attention. We were down in Mount Carmel. I drove down and we parked in the parking lot about a quarter to seven and the party was at seven thirty. When I left the police department they gave me a party too. Up at the Colonial House there were about ten or fifteen guys, mostly doctors and we sat around and had lunch and gabbed and lied to each other for an hour and a half. They gave me a new car and insurance and title and the whole smear. I thought this party was going to be the same way. Walking across the lot, I saw a whole crowd of people over there. I said, "They must have a wedding here before my party." When I got over there I discovered I knew all of those people. I looked in the auditorium and it was half full. By seven thirty there were, I think, 468 by actual count. They sold tickets for it. I think they sold 468 tickets. There were judges there, common pleas, appeals judges, city judges, a couple state senators, president of the Ohio Senate, FBI men from all over the country, the coroner, and fifteen guys lined up, a couple FBI men and some judges. They were giving me a little roast.

Frank Franko was one of the speakers. He said, "When I appointed him, I had to look around for a mild, meek-mannered, conservative type fellow and I picked on Cress." Howard Jones was there too, he and his wife. Howard is a dedicated Presbyterian and his wife is a very religious woman. Father Iati, the pastor of the church, was down at the end of my table.

As I say, I just got out of the hospital and I was weak

and when I saw that crowd, I got scared. I started to shake like a leaf. It came time to acknowledge the remarks that had been made. I said, "I swear a lot. I do it by habit. It's part mental laziness, but it's also a defense mechanism because if I want to get rid of somebody, I'll cuss him out and he'll leave me alone. It's not too easy a habit to break." Well, there were almost 500 men and women out there and a lot of them were big shots from the state and organizations. I said, "I'll tell you a story about a woman that had two little boys and they swore around the house so much that it embarrassed the mother. Her bridge girls would come in and the kids would swear around the house and embarrass her. She asked her doctor, 'What will I do with these kids?' He said, 'Beat hell out of them, real hell out of them. At least they'll stop swearing around the house and that's what you want.' The next morning she said to one little kid, 'What will you have for breakfast?' He said, 'I'll have some of those God damn eggs.' She took him out and wailed the hell out of him. She came back and said to the other kid; 'What will you have for breakfast?' He said, 'You can bet your ass it ain't eggs.' (laughter)

I heard somebody cough down at the end of the table. I looked down to the end of the table and father Iati was choking, the crowd roared. (laughter)

- B: As police chief, did your department ever come into conflict with Mahoning County Sheriff Langley?
- C: Once or twice. Our vice squad boys chased a taxi cab out into the county. The vice squad boys were after the two women he had in the cab. They pulled into a roadhouse where our men picked them up. I guess the roadhouse was operated by some friend of Langley's. I presume, without knowing, it was either a bootleg joint or a house of prostitution or a drug center. He made a little howl about it, not much. He and I got along fairly well.

In those days the big police problem, which was evident to me and I think to any thinking policeman, was ambulance chasing which started in Youngstown. I hadn't heard much comment about it, but I became aware of it. Of course, if there is a new racket, it'll start in Youngstown.

In the Depression there was a doctor here and two lawyers and a couple of insurance men. The doctor would get a patient who broke his leg and x-ray it. The lawyer would prepare an accident report where this citizen was backing his car out of his garage and ran over this woman and broke her leg. He didn't, but he had insurance. The



insurance man would collaborate with the lawyer and the lawyer with the doctor and they would get \$1,000 or \$2,000 and split it . A lawyer or a doctor in those days got a couple hundred dollars cash, that was far better than a couple thousand dollars today. They were caught and the doctor went to the penitentiary and the two lawyers went to the penitentiary. The doctor was released after about five years and he came back. He was never allowed to practice medicine in the hospitals here, but he practiced medicine. Later, the one lawyer become the city prosecuter for Youngstown.

But drugs, when i went into the chief's office in 1953, I could see enough of the drug problem raising its head here and there. I had known a little about drugs in Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Allegheny County, and other places I worked. Marijuana was the big thing in those days. Every police department for the last hundred years knows of doctors who are addicted to drugs. This town, every town, has a certain number of doctors that are addicted to drugs. They weren't police problems.

In 1953 if we had a homicide, if we wanted to run a ballistics test, we would have to send the bullet and the weapon to either the FBI in Washington or they had a second rate Bureau of Criminal Identification in the state of Ohio. We would send it to Columbus. You had to wait six weeks to get an answer. If you had a bit of paint scraping from a piece of metal, or hair from a human head, or anything that needed analysis, you had to send away for it.

Dr. Belinky and I were pretty close friends. He was the coroner for 35 years. I said to Doc one day, "I would like to start a crime lab downtown." Doc and Paul Langley were close friends and he said, "Do it in conjunction with Langley." Well, I didn't figure that Langley would care to go for that because he was a politician and I wasn't. I was chief of police. He would want to run it and I wanted the service. I discussed it with Langley. He said, "No, that's too much money and I don't think it's worth it." While I was trying to make up my mind how to get the money, council wouldn't give it to me, we had a homicide up at Briar Hill Sheet & Tube. A foreman went out to the parking lot and he didn't come back in an hour or two so some of the men went looking for him and found him out with his head bashed in. He was just a hell of a looking mess, deader than a doughnut.

Two days later, two of our detectives were driving down Federal Street and they saw a black man walking down the street with some scratches on his face and plasters on him, his hands, bandages. They stopped him, talked to him a few minutes, put him in the car, and took him down to the station. A half hour later he confessed that he was the guy that killed

him. He said he didn't intend to kill him. He said he worked up there and he wanted some tires and some batteries so he was stripping some of the cars in the lot. This guy caught him and he said, "I hit him once and then ran. When I hit him his head must have fallen against a bumper or something." Well, that was a damn lie because his head was beaten beyond recognition.

Sheet & Tube had called me and Mr. Moffy, the Chairman of the Board of Sheet & Tube, and Hugh Bennett, who was Chief Councilman for Sheet & Tube. They wanted to know if they could offer a reward. That was before we ran across him. I said, "Gee, don't do that." What stool pigeons we have. We need and we don't want to have to buy them every time. Give us a chance. When we got the guy, we tried him and convicted him and thirteen weeks later he was doing time in the penitentiary, worked like clockwork.

Then Pete Moffy called Frank Franko and me up again and said, "Now, what can we do for the police department?" Frank said, "Ask Chief." I said, "I'm glad you asked. I'm looking to buy enough equipment to start a crime lab." He said, "How much do you want?" I said, "I don't know." Moffy said, "Get out of the office and figure out what equipment you need and what it will cost and bring it back."

I ran from there down and we worked two or three weeks on it. I had a doctor at North Side Hospital, he practically owns the laboratory at North Side Hospital; I had him down and I said, "Doctor, tell me what kind of microscopes we need here, comparison microscopes, and what else?" He said, "You better get some microscopes for examining drugs." I figured the whole thing out, rushed back up a couple weeks later to Moffy and I said, "I'll take all or any part of this." It came to about \$33,000 or \$35,000. Bennett looked at him and he said, "Do you think we can afford it?" Moffy said, "We can afford it. Go ahead and order all of it and send us the bill." That's why I started the crime lab.

Drugs were beginning to become a problem. For those six years I averaged six nights a week out of this house because I was trying to get across, not only to the population, but to the parents, to the schools, to the churches, to the politicians, to the political groups, Republican and Democrat, and clubs that drugs were going to become the problem of the generation. It started then.

I didn't have enough men to work with, but I sent two men, Campanizzi and Shavey, to Washington to take a six-week course they had in narcotic drug investigation. They came

back pretty knowledgeable of drug investigation. I kept them on it for the rest of the six years I was in there. They began to search around a little bit and the deeper they dug, the more it became obvious.

The result, of course, is what we have today, it's everywhere. Drugs are still the biggest problem confronting law enforcement today. It has been the biggest for the last ten years. I don't see any relief in sight. There isn't any reason for it. There are a hundred reasons, but the chief reason is that everybody wants to make money out of it, even those that are opposed to drugs, that want to make money out of their opposition to the drugs, and there's a limit.

- B: Outside of the crime lab, what were some of the other positive things that came out of your six years as police chief?
- C: I gave a predominance to traffic, traffic education, and traffic law enforcement, because we were running twenty to thirty traffic deaths a year and our insurance rates were the highest in the state, I think the third highest in the nation. If we could cut down on traffic accidents, we could save not only money for the people, we could save a lot of lives. I had more men assigned to traffic than anybody before that or since. Allen didn't have too many men assigned to traffic because traffic deaths were bad, but a bug pinch, that headlines, and he knew how to get the headlines. That is about all.

Actually running a police department, whether it's in a community of one thousand people or one million people, is a matter of a man becoming chief of police in a police department. He feels he has to do something different and preferably better than the guy before him. He has a big pile of manure here he inherited from his predecessor. He gets a shovel and shovels it away into another pile and builds his own pile. The man who replaces him shovels that pile away and creates a new pile. That's virtually what running a police department means. Every so often you have to shovel away all the manure that piled up for two, four, six, eight, or ten years and start a new pile. That's a crude way of putting it, but that's exactly what happens. You change the names. Vice squad, I called my vice squad a vice squad. The guy that followed me didn't like the word "vice" so he called it the moral squad. State legislature didn't like the word homicide, or murder, or manslaughter for traffic deaths, traffic manslaughter. It made the criminal sound like a criminal, so they changed the state law to read homicide. Most people don't know what homicide is, whether it's an unlawful fire

or a parking meter violation, but manslaughter, they know what it is. They're trying to soft soap everybody.

If you get right down to it, invariably, I come back to the basic premise that BS rules the world. For example, we had a guy running for state legislature. He was a schoolteacher and a hairdresser on the side. Every two years he would get a group of religionists and come in and complain about pornographic literature. They wanted me to close down the drugstores and everybody that handled it. He did the same thing with Eddy Allen before and Eddy Allen confiscated a lot of books from Bernie, who has the news company out on the South Side. I forget his name now. Anyway, Bernie sued him for one hundred thousand dollars and the lawsuit was pending when he left here. I went out to see Bernie and I said, "Bernie, what are you going to do with that lawsuit?" He said, "Are you going to close me up?" I said, "No." He said, "I'll drop the lawsuit." He sued Allen for one hundred thousand dollars and the city for one hundred thousand and I think he could have collected too, but he dropped both lawsuits.

This guy came in and he wanted me to close everybody up. I said, "Do you think they're violating the law?" He said, "Sure." I said, "Can you sign your own name?" He said, "Yes." I said, "I'll take you upstairs to the prosecutor's office and get an affidavit drawn and you sign it." He said, "That's not my job." I said, "Whose job is it?" He said, "Yours." I said, "Well then get the hell out of here and let me do my job, will you?"

Anyway, it came up in council and they wanted to know what they were going to do about it. I said, "Get a new law, that's the one thing we can do." If you can't stop it, you can get a new law. I went down to my office in the state. Uniform criminal code, they had a beautiful law at that time against pornographic literature. It was about, oh, I imagine, 1,000 or 1,500 words, embraced everything you could imagine about pornographic literature. Our city ordinance was about a short paragraph. I copied this thing onto the legal stationery that I got in the law department. I took it up to the law director, Phil. I said, "Here's a new ordinance I would like you to approve." He read it and said, "Hey, that's just what we need." He typed it onto his stationery and took it down to council and the mayor and the council and everybody said, "Hey, now we'll fight this." It had been on the books for forty years. It was in the state law. I just made them convert it into a city ordinance.

As far as I know, nobody to this day knows that the city ordinance on the books is exactly word for word, verbatim, from the state law. BS rules the world and that is a classic example of it. We didn't arrest anybody, can't. Nobody

knows what the hell pornographic literature is, but we keep trying.

B: Do you feel the department was stronger when you left it after the six years were up?

C: I know it was stronger for awhile. Now, the reason I know that is when I went in. . . I always hollowed a lot, I swear a lot, I'm very blunt, and I'm very abrasive, and a sensitive person wouldn't work with me 24 hours. He would either kill me or die in the attempt. I laid down simple rules and said, "There aren't many of them, but I won't treat everybody alike. I'll treat a bastard like a bastard. Now, you want to play games, fine, but I'll throw the first man into the penitentiary that I catch violating a law that will permit me to put him in the penitentiary. As long as we understand each other, I don't care what you've done until now. When I'm here you're going to, at least, obey the law." Well, in those six years I fired seven men. I suspended 14 or 20, I forget which. I sent two to the penitentiary. Over the period of six years, they were never quite sure what I would do. I might point out, with no affection at all because I'm no more honest or honorable than you are or any other man when you arrest a policeman, you damn well better have clean hands when you go into that court because if you don't, they'll try you, not the crooked policeman.

When I arrested these two policemen, I didn't want to arrest them. I didn't like to wash our dirty clothes in public. I called them in the night before and I talked to them for four hours. I had a tape recording of the four hours. I had three or four captains, lieutenants, sergeants, and detectives, and I had begged them to sign a resignation and turn in their equipment, go home, and get out of town before the sun came up the next morning because if they were still in town the next morning, Beckenbaugh, the juvenile judge, was going to throw them in jail. They listened to everything and I told them everything I had. They said, "Prove it." I said, "Okay, we'll do it the hard way."

From the time I issued the affidavits until the time it started in common pleas court, I was investigated in my hometown, every school I attended, everything I had ever done. I used to drink, but I quit drinking, drinking two fifths of whiskey a day and I quit. That was 1941 and I haven't had a drink since. A guy can't stop drinking two fifths a day. If they could have found one drink of whiskey I had, one unlawful act I committed, one indecent thing, I wouldn't have convicted those guys, but I did convict them and sent them both to the penitentiary.

The department was stronger at the end of those six years, not because they loved me, but because they were afraid. If this guy knows that I did this, this is going to happen. It sure as hell would have happened. Now, in that sense, it was stronger. I don't think in any other way it was.

B: After the six years you were out, Mr. Golden was in, what made you stay on?

C: I wanted my 25 years in for retirement. The chief reason I took the chief's job in the first place was for the pension. Your pension was based on 25 years service minimum and it's based on the five highest years salary. It's a big deal. I made \$8,300 a year tops as chief of police. As deputy traffic commissioner and later as sergeant, I made \$5,200 or \$5,300. I said, "I would be better off retiring at half of \$8,300 than half of \$5,500." That was \$360 a month pension. Patrolmen, not chief, but patrolmen are now retiring at \$11,000, \$12,000, or \$13,000 a year. I retired at \$4,000 a year as chief, but I served my 25 years.

Then I went to Florida. I thought, well I'll find a job down there somewhere. I had a very good friend down there, Dr. Goldcamp, and we were going down every other year to visit him. I went to Cocoa Beach, Satellite Beach, and Cape Canaveral, and was offered the job of chief of police of any one of the three cities. Along the East Coast there they have little cities, incorporated villages, six miles long and a half mile wide. It runs from the ocean into the Banana River. It's only about three or four blocks, but it's six miles long. The chief job paid about \$9,000 a year, but there was no work, the sun always shines and nobody violated the law. The police department was a two-stall garage, cement block with a little cell in the one corner, but nobody had the key for it, and a desk under a light that was strung out of the ceiling. You could pull it on and off. I couldn't take the heat. I can't take the heat till this day.

I came back here and then Howard Jones called me and wanted me to come to see him. I thought he wanted to start a police department. He said, "No, I don't have any money for a police department, don't need one." I said, "Doctor, I thought it was thundering, but it's not, it's the rocks rattling in your head. Eighteen thousand students and you don't need a police force?" He said, "No, I don't." He didn't. They never locked doors or windows or closed buildings or a damned thing. They didn't need a police department. He said, "I need teachers." Well, in seminary I taught New Testament Greek and philosophy. I wasn't crazy about teaching then, but he

was starting a new department, criminal justice. He said, "I would like you to come up and teach." I said, "What do you pay?" He said, "Well . . ." It took him 45 minutes to tell me he was going to pay \$5,200 a year. Well, that with my pension. . . Junior was grown and down in the police department in Washington and we had no kids and I didn't drink, we didn't entertain much and I didn't have many expenses, so I took it.

My first class was at 8:00 in the morning, my last class was at 8:30 at night. I taught eighteen semester hours, not quarter hours. When the state took over in 1967, they said, we want a police force. I started to hire a police force. When I left I had about 29 full-time policemen and 40 or 50 part-time city policemen working campus. I kept my teaching down from eighteen to fifteen hours and then when they went onto the quarter system I cut it down to eleven and finally down to eight.

Then Dr. Coffelt said one day, "Why don't you make up your mind, either teach full-time or run the police department full-time." I said, "What can you pay me to teach?" He said, "Without a Ph.D. we can't pay you too much." I said, "What can you pay me as chief of police?" He said, "We're free to pay whatever you want." I quit teaching and went on running the police department. I left with tenure as assistant professor of criminal justice.

Then when Shipka organized the union and the faculty, they passed a rule, 65 was compulsory retirement. I was 69 when they passed it. Coffelt said, "You can work one more year, but at 70 even I have to quit." I worked one more year and they threw me out. I have been climbing the wall ever since.

- B: What was it like with your background in law enforcement to be on a college campus in the late 1960's and early 1970's with the uprisings and stuff?
- C: My training didn't make much provision for what I was about to face at college. I've always felt a policeman is supposed to enforce the law, that's his primary job. If you try to enforce the law on a college campus, you'll have half the college in jail. There's a difference. If these college kids weren't in college, half the things they do would get them 10 days in jail, 30 days in jail. You learn to tolerate that and handle it through disciplinary action on the campus if it's serious enough. You soon learn that it's the practice, whether it's right or wrong. I've never been able to make up my mind, but I know it isn't practical to enforce the law! You just cannot.

Now, in the late 1960's and early 1970's, when schools all over the country were having problems, the chief, I think, was Kent. We didn't have any problems. We had a few parades, we had a few demonstrations out in that amphitheater, and some of the professors, the more liberal ones, would get out and lecture to them. They brought in some wierdos from Kent and Berkely and Manhattan and Kansas, and around the country to try to pep them up and inspire them to kidnap the president or burn down a building.

I talked to student council and the fraternities and practically every organization on campus and I said, "Do you want to burn the place down? If you burn it down, it's my job as a policeman to throw you in the penitentiary. You do your thing, I'll do mine, but I'm not going to play patsy with you."

The only damage we suffered was during the night of spring weekend. They had a carnival out there and some gal picked up a rock and threw it through one of the windows in Kilcawley. It was about a \$450 window. I could only find one guy that knew who she was or could identify her. He was the guy that manufactured the electricity for the lights and he had left. He packed his generator up and was halfway to Akron. I sent some of the city policemen out to catch him. They got him around Lake Milton and brought him back and I said, "Can you identify this gal?" He said, "Sure and I even know her name," and he gave me her name. I said, "Well, if we prosecute her can you come back?" He said, "I don't know where I'll be when you prosecute her. I may be in Oregon!" It would punish him more than it would her so I said the hell with it.

I knew who she was. She was one of the radicals. When she graduated a couple years later, she went to work for the Federal Government in D.C. with a big-time job. That is the only problem we had.

They caught two guys with a can of gasoline trying to burn down Pollock House because the ROTC was centered there. They got scared and instead of dropping the can, they carried the can with them back across the street. There was a cruiser coming up Wick Avenue and saw them running with a can and knew what it was. We didn't prosecute them, but I don't think we could have. I knew what they were doing and they knew that I knew what they were doing, but to prove it in court was something else.

We had four or five hundred on the lawn of the president's old house, which is down next door to the art gallery. Pugsley was president. They made demands, sixteen demands,



and they brought the demands down to the president's back door, three or four hundred of them. There was an ex-Marine, I forget his name, who had them in his hand. He said, "We want to go in to see the president." I said, "One of you can go in to see the president." Well, a black stood up and said, "We need a black to go with him." I said, "Okay, then one black and one white go in to see the president." They agreed which one. I opened the back door and let them in and closed the door. Inside I had Bob Brown, a policeman up there, a big ex-Army sergeant, MP for 25 years, with a shotgun. I had three other policemen standing in there with shotguns. I don't know what the black thought, but the policeman looked at this Marine when he came in and he just stopped and looked at those and he knew what a shotgun was. He walked over to the desk where the girl was and he said, "Is the president in?" She said, "He'll be in in a few minutes." He said, "Will you give him this when he comes in?" They both turned and walked out.

The next day they gathered again on the front lawn. I had probably 50 or 60 policemen, my own and mostly downtown, and a few state highway patrolmen, but all in civilian clothes sitting on the lawn. He came out the front door to answer their complaints, their sixteen demands. Pugsley was a rough, tough old customer, but very fair and honest. One, two, he responded to this. He said, "This stupid ass question here I won't dignify with an answer." He went on and answered the sixteen complaints they had. They made a lot of racket and hollered. I had a microphone for him so that they could hear clear out to the street. He said, "If you're going to make this much racket, I'm going to get out of here. No use me being here." They quieted down and he talked with one or two of them. It was all peaceful.

Across the street by the motel, I had the Youngstown Police Riot Squad, helmets, tear gas, and sick gas, loaded for a riot and they were pretty well-trained in riot too. They were marching and marking time behind the motel just in case we needed them. We didn't need them. We never had any more trouble. That wasn't any trouble, but some schools had an awful lot of it.

When that started, students, now I don't care whether they're students in a theological school or a railroad academy, if they kidnap a president, if they blow up a building, if they commit crimes of violence and felonies end on end, I'll treat them like the criminals they are. If I have to shoot them, that's exactly what I'll do. I had been a policeman too God damned long to listen to a bunch of radicals tear down the best form of government in the world, tear down it down and throw it in your face. I simply wouldn't tolerate it.

My sympathy in the Kent affair is not with the students, my sympathy is with the National Guard that had to be subjected to the crap they went through. My surprise is that they didn't kill a hell of a lot more, not that I wanted them killed or the four killed, but if you stick your finger in a flame, you can expect it to be burnt. If a student blows up a building where I'm a policeman, he can expect to be killed if I can hit him, if that's the only way I can catch him. Somewhere you have to draw the line.

I think every university in the country followed that principle of tolerance because they're students, tolerate this, tolerate that, to a point you can do it. Kids break rules, they break serious rules sometimes. You can overlook it or treat it in a disciplinary fashion, but when they start to blow up buildings, kidnap presidents, and do physical and material damage in the amounts of millions of dollars, people that let them do it are as bad as the students that do the damage. That's the only problem we had. We went through that in good shape.

- B: Is there anything that we might not have gone over that you might think was important?
- C: I can't help thinking that police service is in a highly precarious position right now. I said my son is on the police department in D.C. He graduated from Ursuline and he spent the summer roaming around and working for different contractors. I said, "Now, look, before you get drafted or worse still, get married and then get drafted, get that service out of the way." He said, "I beat you to it. I joined the Marine Corps this afternoon." He's the only child we have and he has never been away from home. As a Boy Scout he was away and he would get homesick overnight, but he joined the Marines. I said, "They'll either make you or break you." He signed up for three years, served his time, and we went down to Parris Island to pick him up when he was mustered out. On the way home he said, "I'm not going back to Youngstown. I'm going to settle in Washington, D.C. I don't think Youngstown has anything to offer and I have been able, over the years, to get into Washington enough till I got to like it. I stopped in D.C. and went down to the FBI and he picked up an application to the FBI, came home, filled it out, took another physical exam, and sent it in. He was accepted and worked in the Record and Identification Bureau.

Well, he's 6 feet 2 inches and 220 pounds and rough. That record room, if you ever saw it, row after row of records. They handle 85,000, all over the world,

record requests that come in. They come in a basket on a conveyor belt. The basket will lower at this desk where he's working and he may be working letters A through B, that's all he's got. He's got a whole wall. He'll get the name out and go look through here and get the record and type it on the back of the letter and put it back in and send it up. He did that for a couple of years. Finally, he got fed up with it. He said, "I started to get lazy and fat," so he quit.

He went down and put an application in for the police department. That's when I was taking him in to see Mike Kirwin, to see if Mike could help him get on the police department. He had had his application in for about a month, never heard anything. Well, he put his application in just before the exam was given. Then he took the exam and a month went by and he didn't hear anything. I took him in to see Mike Kirwin. Mike said, "You go home, by tomorrow they'll call you." The next morning the chief of police called and said, "I would like to see you down here as soon as you can make it." He went down and he said, "When do you want to start to work?" He said, "This afternoon." He said, "Come out at 3:00." (laughter)

He has been working there for nineteen years. A couple months ago he called me and said, "I'm retiring." I said, "You're crazy. You can't retire. You have to have 25 years in." He said, "They're going to lay off between 700 and 900 men. In order to reduce the effect of putting 700 to 900 men out of work, they're reducing the retirement from 25 years to 19. I have 19 years in. I can retire with 25 years service, 50 percent of my pay for my 19 years." In addition to that, he can buy three years civil service from the FBI, three years civil service from the Marine Corps. He retired two months ago at 56 percent of his pay.

The last six or eight years, he has been telling me they have been hiring policemen and they have trouble finding policemen in D.C. They've never been up to their full authorized strength, which is 5,600 or 5,700. A couple of years ago the chief of police sent work over to the Civil Service Commission and he said, "Don't you ever send me another college police school graduate. Those guys are dynamite. They're no good for me. They'll never be policemen."

Well, I thought it was only Youngstown that was having that problem because when I went up to school, I went down to see Mayor Flask and I said, "Look, you could help the police department out a lot by encouraging these guys, and I'll come down and talk to them and encourage them to

take some courses if you let them take it on city time or pay their tuition for them." He said, "We'll let them take it on city time and we'll pay their tuition." About 20 or 30 policemen went to this police science course for instituting when I wanted it. They graduated. That course has changed a lot and I suspect that other criminal justice courses in colleges and universities have changed also. They have become so academic that they have forsaken the practical aspect of police service. That's not good. Policemen aren't notoriously good students, but policemen, by and large, are pretty damned good men. Give them something they can do and understand how to do it and they'll do a pretty good job. You can't give them four years of academics and expect them to come out and do a rough and tumble job on the street. That job in the street is rough and tumble.

The chief in D.C. had the same attitude that I had sensed downtown here. The chiefs downtown have told me over the last few years, a lot of these guys you turn out up there aren't worth a damn. Most of them, at least down here, had police experience before they went up there. They didn't let their education overshadow or influence their training.

In the meantime, they've got very few practical men teaching it. A guy said a Ph.D. is a guy that can describe a horse in seventeen languages, but he buys a cow to ride to work. A Ph.D. with no police experience trying to teach me how to become a policeman, I think, is ridiculous. That's the accent the university is putting on their criminal justice programs. I don't think it will work. I think the criminal justice program they had for the first ten years up there was the most popular outside of education. The school of education was the biggest. The second biggest department they had, I think for eight or ten years, was criminal justice. Now, I don't know. I think it's going downhill.

B: Would you recommend to anybody to get into law enforcement?

C: I don't know. I think it would depend strictly on the type of individual. I would do it over again. I would do it with a hell of a lot of reservation, but I would do it over again I think. I think I would probably shoot at the federal level. There's lots of room in police service on every level, especially the federal level. The difficulty there is you move around so much. The FBI men stay two or three years in one place, then they move a thousand miles away. Immigration and Naturalization is the same way; Drug Enforcement, all over the world. It's a rough life, but if you like that . . .

The guys that like it wouldn't trade it for anything. I liked police work when I went in it and I still like it.

I would think that a young man today would give serious thought to it. I think he should conduct his own personal investigation into the field that he wants. If he wants federal, let him spend some time talking with federal officers in the field that he wants, whether it's Drug Enforcement or Internal Revenue or Naturalization, or the FBI. to get some idea.

I've sent, I suppose, 20 to 30 young men and young girls to the FBI over the years. The FBI needs young men and women, high school graduates with good reputations to work in their Record and Identification Bureau. They need them so badly they even advertise for them. They pay them no great wage, but I suppose they pay them now \$500 or \$600, maybe \$650 a month. They work forty hours a week, all holidays off, Saturday and Sundays off or whatever days they want, but they work forty hours. They can work nights and go to school days or work days and go to school nights, however they want to do it, if they want to go to school.

Most of the kids I've sent down there have stayed. A lot of them get married. A girl from Poland down here, was down there six months and she met a guy from Boardman, didn't even know him, but they were both working at Record. They got married. Now they have over a thousand dollars a month income. They live in one room, have a hot plate, pack their lunch, go to work, both go to school, get college degrees in four years, and have money in the bank. Their parents didn't contribute a dime; four years civil service, they're on top of the world.

When these kids say they can't afford an education, that's a lot of malarkey because if a kid today wants an education there are too many places in Washington D.C. alone where he can get it, and they're going hungry for these kids just to work.

I would say there's a need for good policemen, and if a man thinks he can be a good policeman, he ought to try it.

END OF INTERVIEW