

SECOND STAR TO THE RIGHT AND STRAIGHT ON TILL MORNING



by
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ACPD, Retired

1st Electronic Edition

Introduction	3
Chapter 1	5
Chapter 2	12
Chapter 3.....	19
Chapter 4	28
Chapter 5	41
Individual Pictures.....	45
Group Pictures	61
Names & Dates.....	73
The Back Cover	86
Afterward.....	87

Introduction

I feel that I should probably give an explanation of the title. If my memory serves me right, it is the directions that Peter Pan gave to Never Never Land and the Lost Boys. During the late 50s, the men on the Night Shift had a lot in common with Peter Pan and the Lost Boys as we approached our work more in the spirit of play. Not that we didn't take our jobs serious, but we felt that you should have fun while doing it.

This book is dedicated to a number of people, the first would be my daughter Sue Dever who has been after me for some time to put these stories in some form. The second would be Mary Lawhon Aton who encouraged me that I could do it and also corrected my language and punctuation. Also to my son Jim, who not only made it possible for me to get the computer but has shown much patience in helping me run the programs.

This printing of the book is especially dedicated in the memory of my good friend, James R. (Jim) Kenney, known as Monk to some. Jim not only lived these memories with me, but helped keep them alive by many retellings over many cups of coffee.

Jim was killed in the line of duty while serving as a Deputy Sheriff of Clay County, KS. The Last of the Breed.



Jim Kenney

March 19, 1937 - November 16, 1999

Chapter 1

The times that I write about are, for many people, a long time ago and few have ever lived in the world that I describe.

Another Officer Joins Arkansas City Police

Police Chief Paul Lesh Saturday announced employment this week of another new police officer on the local force. He is Cecil Lower, 23, 504 North C St.

The latest addition to the force once again brings the department to present authorized strength of 10 officers, two desk sergeants, two captains and the chief, he reported.

Lower, formerly an automobile salesman, attended local schools and was graduated from the local high school. He is unmarried, and a veteran of service in the Navy.

On August 21, 1952 I put on my make-shift uniform, pinned on my badge (on the wrong side of my shirt front) and reported to work on the Arkansas City Police Department. The uniform consisted of a gray khaki shirt that my mother sewed epaulets on and a pair of OD pants that were dyed blue and a light blue stripe sewn on the legs. I purchased the pants from Lionel Giger, who had worked on the department. I also purchased a 38/44 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver and a spring loaded blackjack and leather slapper. The city furnished the gun belt, hat, and badges. The badges were a sunburst with the Arkansas state seal in the center. The badge company had made an error, as there is an Arkansas City, Arkansas as well as an Arkansas City, Kansas.

In later years when I would interview prospective officers I steered clear of those when asked why they wanted to be a policeman answered "because I want to help

people." I assure the reader that my reasons for joining the force was nowhere near those lofty ideals. Since my discharge from the Navy I had:

- Been a switchman for the Santa Fe Railroad.
- Worked for Mauer-Neuer Meat Packers on the loading dock and bacon room.
- Sold shoes at Leon's Shoe Store.
- Worked for Montgomery Ward in the furniture department.
- Ran the Round Up Bar for the Osage Hotel.
- Started to college (two different times).
- Sold used cars for A.L. Short Motor Co.

With this work record, I would say the reason for applying for the job would be the following:

- Work didn't sound too hard.
- Good chance to meet girls.
- Sounded like it might be fun.
- Good chance to meet girls.
- I had tried everything else.
- Good chance to meet girls.
- I decided I was not a salesman.

As you can see, I was a very serious minded young man, but the thought of being of service to my fellow man never entered my mind.

The Police Department facilities have gone through many changes over the years. At the time I went to work, it was housed in the basement of City Hall and you entered through the alley. The Chief's office was to your right, down about eight steps and to your left was the Police Department and the jail cells.

The force was comprised of 10 patrolmen, two Desk Sergeants, two Captains and the Chief. They had just recently changed from a 12 hour, 6 day week to a 10 hour, 6 day week. The pay for a patrolman was \$240 a month. When you figure we worked a 60 hour week for an average 240 hour month with no paid overtime, that amounts to \$1.00 an hour. There were no health benefits and no pension, with one week vacation a year. If someone got sick on your night off, you were called in and lost your night off. It was a two shift department, but the night shift came to work at staggered hours. The new man would come to work at 10 PM and worked until 8

AM. His first job was to walk the alleys and fronts of the business district and shake all the doors to make sure they were secured, one man on each side of Summit Street. The two men then came to the station and picked up a patrol car and patrolled the same route all night.

There were only two patrol cars, one was a Hudson and the other an old Nash. The Police Department received them after the City Manager or the City Engineer had put plenty of miles on them. The Nash was used to patrol the business district and the Hudson patrolled the rest of the town. If a call was received, the outside car answered the call and if another call came in while the first car was busy the alley car would take the call and also act as backup if the outside car needed help.

At that time we did not have radios to carry with us. If the station wanted you, there was a light on top of the Union State Bank and bells located in the downtown area that would ring. You then either located a telephone or walked to the station to find out who, or what, they wanted. If you needed help the same remedy applied.

On one of the first nights I walked the alleys alone I learned just how alone I was. I had reached the rear of Stones Clothing Store, 200 block S. Summit, where there was an L shaped setback between the buildings. As I entered the setback I noticed a shadow on the wall, it appeared to be a body hanging from a rope. Of course I thought I had discovered a suicide or a murder, I drew my gun and crept closer, and as I turned the last corner, I saw It. A mannequin hanging from a rope in front of the light over the back door. At that time the alley came alive, bodies erupted from every nook, cranny, and trash can. Every person on the night shift, along with some ornery old men that hung around the station was there for my initiation. I have since learned that the mannequin was furnished by Fred Lawhon, a local who was the retired owner of a plumbing and heating business, he lounged around the station with Mort Billings, the City Plumbing Inspector. I also found it funny.... after I stopped shaking. I later learned the mannequin had a long career with the PD as a training aid. It taught you how to laugh at yourself.

The alley walking was good training because it didn't take long to realize that you truly were the Lone Ranger. We did have an occasional Tonto, a dog, but you never knew when you would see him, as he came and went as he pleased. He was part German Shepard, a mongrel called Joe. Who adopted whom was never determined. He would suddenly show up and announce himself by unexpectedly putting his cold wet nose in the palm of your hand which was hanging by your side. Joe was a lot of company when he wanted, but he could also make your heart beat

wildly when he suddenly chased a cat out of a trash can. He would also get you in trouble when he found a skunk in his alleys. If possible we would shoot the skunk, but it is very difficult to kill one without it spraying everything. Whenever the weather was damp and the air heavy you could tell where a skunk had been killed, as the odor would return. I have never learned why this happens.

Joe would also tell on you if you tried to sneak a break. At this time the Starr Theatre was next to the 5th Avenue Office Building, in the 100 block W. 5th Ave where there is now a parking lot. If you were walking the alleys early it was the custom to step into the theatre and, standing, watch a little of the movie. If Joe had slipped off to chase a cat he would somehow know where you were and lay down in front of the theatre to wait for you, announcing your whereabouts to the world and your Captain.

When I went to the force the other alley walker was Jim Stockton, better known as a rodeo hand, a hard drinker, and brawler. Jim started on the force 8-10-52 and quit 8-27-52, by request. Jim was observed entering the alley behind Tubbs Motors, 500 S. Summit, but not coming out the other end. Captain Chuck Eggan went into the alley looking for Jim and found him in a car, with a woman, drinking beer.

Soon after I joined the force Marvin Hatfield came back on force. He had been on the department for about four years but had quit to be Chief in Woodward, Oklahoma. He lasted a year in Woodward but left by request when he arrested a Commissioner's son. He rejoined the force here on 9-01-52 and on 9-30-52 Chuck Eggan resigned to go to the Sheriffs Department and Lester Boyles was then made Captain of the night shift.

At that time we had a Desk Sergeant by the name of Charles (Chuck) Wilson. Chuck had been injured in a vehicle accident some years before and had a bad hip and leg that left him with a limp. He was very good on the radio, kept good records, and was very congenial.

On Christmas Eve, 1952, I had my first brush with almost getting shot. I was riding with Marvin Hatfield when we received a call of a possible burglary in progress at Short Motor Co. A passerby had noticed a man doing something to a new car on the showroom floor and had called an employee to find if anyone was working late. The employee then called the station and met us and unlocked the showroom door for us. You could see where someone had been trying to hot-wire a new Ford sitting in the showroom. A little further down the hall you could see evidence that someone had gone through desk drawers and attempted to open the

safe. Since I had worked there, I was well acquainted with the layout of the building. I told Marvin that I would go into the mechanic area of the garage while he finished looking through the offices. The mechanics area was an L shape to the back which housed the wash rack and a couple more mechanic bays. I searched the large part of the L and passed through a doorway that led into the wash area where a large truck was parked. As I walked around in front of the truck, a man stood up, pointed a gun at me, and yelled something. I had my gun pointed at him and we just stood there for what seemed like an eternity. Apparently Marvin had heard the noise and ran our way. The gunman heard the running noise and turned his head to look in that direction. As the gunman turned his attention from me I reached with my left hand and twisted the gun from his hand and tucked it in my waistband. Marvin ran up, knocked the man back against the truck and started to shake him down when he found a shoulder holster on the man. Marvin immediately started bouncing the man back against the truck and yelling at him to tell him where the gun was. It took some time for me to get Marvin quieted down enough to tell him I had the gun. We turned the burglary scene over to other officers and transported our prisoner to the station. It turned out the man was Joseph L. Lunsford alias Edward L. Rhinehart and was an escapee from the Tennessee State Penitentiary and wanted in Missouri for auto theft, burglary, carrying a concealed weapon, and assault with a deadly weapon. As he was being booked I tried to light a cigarette and my hand was shaking, and he asked if I was nervous. I replied that I was after him pointing the gun at me and asked if he would have shot, his reply was "I was just getting ready to." I certainly couldn't light my cigarette then.

When Sergeant Wilson and I got off duty at 4 AM we went to his house and started drinking some whiskey that had been given to us for Christmas. His wife, Norma, finally chased me off when I tried to ride a tricycle across the front room and fell off. I had recently finished fixing up my first car, a 1941 Ford convertible, and had put new white sidewalls on it (the wide gangster walls). I remember when I drove it home, 504 N. C Street, I was careful not to scrape the curb with the tires. When I got up later that day, I found that I had left my car almost in the middle of the street.

Sergeant Wilson liked to ride in the patrol cars while on his lunch break. One night he was riding with me when Marvin reported that he was in pursuit of a stolen car headed north out of town. Chuck was eager to get involved so we headed north on US77. In those days US77 had two very wicked curves, one just

before Strother Field and another just beyond. Marvin radioed that the car had turned into Strother Field and he was still in pursuit.

In those days there was only one entrance and exit to the field so Chuck and I went past the entrance and on till the railroad overpass at Hackney. On the north side of the overpass I turned the police car around and stopped in the middle of the highway, almost at the bottom of the overpass grade. Chuck and I opened the doors of the police car and got out and stood behind the car doors with the headlights on and the red light flashing. We could tell by Marvin's radio traffic that the chase had left the field and was headed our way. In a couple minutes car headlights appeared at the top of the overpass and stopped. Apparently the driver figured it was better to come ahead than try to go back, so he floored the gas pedal and came straight at our car. At the last minute he cut to my side of the car and started around our vehicle. I jumped (flew) over the guardrail and down a small embankment, shooting at the passing car while in the air. Chuck shot at the back of the vehicle as it headed towards Winfield. We then got back into our vehicle and continued the chase. We alerted the Winfield PD that the vehicle was coming towards them and what make of car it was. The Winfield PD got the car stopped at the bridge at the south end of their town and were holding the vehicle and occupants when we arrived. While driving to the scene, Chuck advised that he believed he had hit the back glass of the vehicle because he could hear the glass tinkle. Upon examining the vehicle we could only find one bullet hole in the car, and it was on the right side about a foot back from the front wheel well (no broken glass). Chuck took a lot of kidding about hearing the glass tinkle.

I don't believe we ever had another Desk Sergeant as good as Chuck, but he left us to go to work for the mill because we had no benefits. His son Jim worked for me a while around 1976, before he went to work for the state as a Parole Officer.

This might be a good time to tell about the way we got target practice. The City provided no target range for us, so we improvised. The City had a trash dump just north of W. Chestnut Ave at the Arkansas River. We would go there late at night, and aided with the spotlight, shoot rats. There were large rats out there as garbage was dumped as well as trash. We would shoot rats until someone that lived in the area called the station to report shooting, and then we would drive west across the river bridge and around to Maidson, US166, and then back into town. We would also go to the old rodeo grounds at the north end of town. This is where Pizza Hut is now and east where all the nice homes are. The rodeo grounds were usually alive

with rabbits and we would use the spotlight and shoot at them as there were no houses close enough to be in danger. When the station would finally get a call on the shooting, we would leave with our lights off and after getting some distance away we would turn on our lights, siren, and red light and go speeding out to try to catch the miscreants that were disturbing the peace by shooting. I can not ever recall finding anyone.

Chapter 2

Marvin, or Hattie as we all called him, was probably the best liked policeman on the force. Everybody spoke to him, young and old, male and female, black, white, and tan, all colors, everyone liked Hattie. If he stopped you for a misdemeanor and could give you a break, you got it. He would send people home or drive them home, with the admonishment "Stay home!" If he caught them out after that, they were really in trouble. He would take more verbal abuse than any other officer, but when he had taken his limit he would hit as quick as a snake strikes. I have seen him then help them up, brush them off, and apologize.

I remember one time I was having trouble with a young male wanting to fight me. Marvin was on the other side of the car and as I drew my nightstick back to hit the subject, Marvin put his hand on the hood and vaulted over it and hit the subject. The man staggered about 10 feet and landed flat on his back. I asked Marvin why he did it and his reply was because if I had hit him with the nightstick I would have hurt him. Like being knocked 10 feet didn't? But that was the way Hattie was. The man was probably the most natural policeman I have ever met. He could not spell "Civil Rights" let alone know what they were, but it was not in the man to violate your civil rights. Marvin was especially liked by the minorities, because he treated everyone the same. If you were going on a call to any of the Negro establishments, you certainly wanted Marvin with you. We had a very popular Negro restaurant, bar, and gambling establishment named the Grand Terrace located at 6th and Maple Ave. The place had been in operation a good number of years and had a barber shop and pool hall located next to the restaurant as well as a private club upstairs. This was a very popular place on Saturday night with the parties and gambling going on till dawn. When good churchgoing folks drove by on Sunday morning and saw all the cars still parked around this "den of evil" they complained to the city officials. Marvin and I figured we had to do something so every Sunday morning before we would go off duty we would walk around the building and pound on the walls with our nightsticks to let them know it was time to break it up. We got good cooperation from Harold Morris, the owner, because we didn't try to stop his business and still made the church folk happy.

I recall one time Marvin and I answered a disturbance call to 6th and Maple in front of Frank Brown's liquor store. It was after midnight, and the store was closed, but a very large crowd had gathered. It was a fight between a large Negro fella from Winfield named Johnson and a local, Bunky Towles. Marvin got a hold of Bunky and I got Johnson by one of his arms (his arms were as big as my leg). The crowd kept getting bigger and noisier and I heard someone yell "Look out! He's got a knife!" and then I heard a shot. When the smoke cleared the crowd was gone and Johnson and I were standing on the hood of the patrol car; I still had ahold of his big arm. On the ground Bunky was jumping around, and holding his leg, yelling that he had been shot. Marvin was standing there with his pistol in his hand and looking very calm. It turned out that Bunky had not been shot, but the bullet fired into the ground had hit a rock and thrown it and hit Bunky in the shin. Marvin explained later that he had fired the shot to clear the crowd. I cursed Marvin the rest of the night for not warning me before he fired the shot.

During this period the City provided flashlight batteries, but we had to furnish our own flashlights. When the batteries went bad we would save them and keep them in our cars to throw at dogs that would chase after our cars. Our favorite place for this was the 500 block of North E Street that was next to the railroad yards. There were two popular bootleg joints in that block. These were Etta Bradford and Jessie Perry, and always worth patrolling. One evening while patrolling the area, there still was some daylight we passed a fenced vacant lot as a young Negro girl was cutting across the lot. As we passed the girl was just stepping over the fence. She had on a skirt and she paused with her leg high in the air to wave and yell "Hi Maaavin." That became our way to greet him after that, to raise our leg and yell "Hi Maaavin."

The two women bootleggers on that block were real characters, and they were both big hearted women. Etta Bradford had raised a dozen grandkids and any others that didn't have a place to go. The only time we would raid them was when we got a complaint or the Alcohol Beverage Control men came down from Topeka. On one such raid, Marvin and I were assigned to watch the front and south side of the house. While the big shots were pounding on the front door to get in with their search warrant, we were watching and heard a window open on the south side of the house. This area was an enclosed vacant lot and Marvin jumped the fence and got under the window just in time to get his arms filled with whiskey bottles that were being dumped out. Etta wasn't looking where she was dumping, she was just

trying to get the whiskey off her property. Her only comment after finding out what she had done was "Maaavin you rascal!"

Jessie Perry simply ran a restaurant and bar without any kind of license. The biggest problem we had with Jessie was her husband, Don Perry, was always sneaking down the alley to a prostitute named Caldonia Palmer. When Jessie went hunting Don we would always get a call for she would take a knife, scissors, skillet, whatever was handy to commit mayhem. She would throw a punch straight from the shoulder and I've seen her knock Don a flying, many a time.

Caldonia was a pickpocket as well as a prostitute. I recall one occasion when she was picked up and brought to the station upon the complaint from a farmer that she had picked his pocket. He was claiming that he had gone to her house to buy some black walnuts, not for sex. Caldonia got mad and put her hand down the front of her dress and pulled out her breast and yelled "Does this look like a black walnut to you?" The final outcome was that Caldonia gave him back his money and no charges were pressed. The farmer was advised to stay off E Street when he was looking for black walnuts.

I have one more Caldonia story that happened some time later but I might as well tell it and get rid of Caldonia. When Bill Cunningham was Police Court Judge, around 1959, I was his court clerk. It was his custom to hear traffic cases first and then the cases that might involve trials. Caldonia was there for a charge of drunkenness, but she came down early and asked the Judge what her fine was. The Judge explained to her that he would call her case in due time and to sit down and wait. I noticed that she went out of the courtroom, which wasn't unusual for folks to do. During a break Caldonia once again came to the bench and wanted to know her fine. She was again advised to wait her turn. I noticed a slur to her speech and a little stagger to her walk and she once again left the courtroom. The next break she staggered down the aisle and in a very drunken voice wanted to know her fine. The usual fine for being drunk was \$25 and when the Judge told her, she advised that she drank it up and we would have to arrest her again. We later found that every time she left the courtroom she would go into the alley and drink from a bottle in her purse.

In October 1952 we got a new patrolman named Johnny Taylor. Johnny was an ex-marine that had received two Purple Hearts in WWII. He took a lot of razzing about the Purple Hearts when he let us know that both wounds were in his butt. He advised that he just could not find a foxhole big enough to cover everything.

John was a short, stocky man that loved to get in a scrap. One evening we received a call to go to the V.F.W. club, which was above the Woolworth store, in the 200 block S. Summit. It was reported that a drunk they had thrown out of the club was trying to get back in. When I say they had thrown him out of the club, that is what they had done, which included down a flight of stairs. The subject was intoxicated, and Johnny and I placed him under arrest and started escorting him to our car. We each had ahold of one of his arms and he would lift us off our feet in his struggle. At one point I gave him my best karate chop to the back of his neck, only to have him grunt and tell me "don't do that again." In my most serious voice I told him "Okay if you will settle down and get in the car," which he advised he would. It's a good thing he did, because he had already taken the best that Johnny and I had to offer.

Another time Johnny and I responded to a call to investigate a young female walking in front of the Burford Theatre and acting suspicious. We located the young lady and after talking to her decided to talk her to the station. We put her in the back seat with Johnny and began driving the two blocks to the station. I must inform you that in those days, because they were cheaper, the police cars were two doors. It was sometimes difficult to put people in the back seat and more often very difficult to get them out. In the two block drive the girl knocked Johnny's hat to the floor and stomped it, rubbed lipstick all over his shirt, and took a vial from her purse and in the struggle scattered white powder all over the inside of the car. She would also kick the back of the front seats which would throw me against the steering wheel. When we arrived in front of the station she advised me that if we would let go of her, she would walk into the station like a lady. I made the mistake of believing her and she took off like a streak of lightning. My second mistake was being the first to catch her. I grabbed her arm and she swung around and hit me in the side of the head with the box purse she was carrying. I observed every star in the heavens and when my head cleared I was on my hands and knees. The young lady was in the custody of a large deputy sheriff who had her in a full nelson and was acquainting her forehead with her knees. Between the three of us we did get her into a cell without further violence being committed against us.

The deputy was Undersheriff Jack Weddle, the brother-in-law of Sheriff Bob Clester. We later learned that the girl was an escapee from the Larned State Mental Hospital and the powder was dairy barn disinfectant. That taught me that when it came to a fight, you treated a woman the same as you do a man. You can be courteous to the fair sex, but not in a fight.

In 1953 Milton (Mutt) Jordan came to work on the force. Mutt was a good officer that finally quit in 1964 because at the time he was hired there was only one officer on duty from 4 AM to 6 AM, and he was it. He encountered a couple of fighting drunks that were too much for one man, and his requests for another officer were turned down. He finally transferred to the Street Department and drove the street sweeper until his retirement.

One story sticks in my mind that happened with Mutt and myself. The City had a dog catcher by the name of Bill Bowker, who was a good soul, and a trusting one. One day Mutt and I received a call to the south end of town to investigate the report of a dead body in a small one room house. Mutt and I answered the call and from the odor figured we had a body that had been dead a few days. We could not enter the house as there was a number of dogs inside that acted very vicious whenever you tried to enter. Bill Bowker was called to catch and control the animals.

Bill had never been around dead bodies, and the smell really bothered him. He asked if there was some way to mask the odor. Mutt and I figured to be cute and told him to put a lot of Vicks in his nose and it would take care of the smell. We knew that the Vicks would just open up his nose and intensify the odor, but we thought we would have a good laugh at Bill's expense. Two steps inside the house and Bill turned green and came out and vomited up his socks. Ass't Chief Herman Fisher arrived at the scene and upon finding out what had happened, ordered Mutt and me to remove the dogs. We caught three and shot one and joined Bill in vomiting up our socks. The dogs had been locked up in the house with the body for a few days and, since it was the only food available, had eaten some. We never played a trick on Bill Bowker again.

The year 1954 doesn't stand out except that is the year my friend Earl Whitehead came to work on 3rd shift as Desk Sergeant. The friendship of Earl and I went back to when we were about 13 or 14 years old. The first time I ever laid eyes on him, he was standing with one leg up on a tree stump, strumming on a guitar with only three strings on it, and singing to a girl named Mary Love. I laughed at him, and we got into a fight. We later became closer than brothers, and our mothers didn't know which bed we would both show up in and in which house.

We shared many a "firsts" together, but my most vivid memory is one night we were drinking very heavy and we wound up at the State Line Service Station Cafe. Earl had to go to the toilet, which was outside and on the south side of the building.

I went into the cafe and ordered and when Earl didn't show up after a while, I went looking for him. I found him in the toilet on his knees and being sick in the toilet bowl. The lid had fell down on his neck and he was saying "Ahhh... come on let me up" and then he would vomit and say it again. The lid was not a solid ring, but the type that had a split in the front. The lid had come down so that each side of the split was on each side of his neck and he thought I was holding him down with my hands. I joined him on the filthy floor because I could not stand for laughing so hard.

Earl had gotten out of the Navy before I did and had married Leanitta Stafford, he was also going to college and needed a job. I took him out on the river bank to show him how to shoot his revolver as he knew nothing about handguns. I loaded his gun for him and told him to shoot at a log in the river. He asked where the safety was on the gun and I told him it didn't have one, you just pulled the trigger, and he said "Like this?" and pulled the trigger and mud splattered up on my pants leg as he had shot right between my feet. I then told him he had all the lessons he was going to get from me and we came to town.

The first night he came to work I had assured him that it would probably be a quiet night, as it was normally slow in the middle of the week. As we entered the station we found it full of policemen, all armed to the teeth. There was the F.B.I., Oklahoma Crime Bureau, Sheriff's Deputies and most of the ACPD. It seems that someone thought a robber known as Slippery John had cased Grose's Market at Kansas and 8th. Slippery John's M.O. was to get a bag of grapes and eat them as he cased the store and then rob the store when he got to the cash register. They staked out the store but John never showed and Earl got a royal welcome to police work.

One night we had a power failure at the Police Department and Hattie thought he would play a good joke on Earl. We had an old safe in the station and some of the merchants would leave their deposit bags of money overnight so they could get them before the bank opened the next day. We sat in the station and talked about what a good night it would be for someone to rob the station and take the money in the safe. The only light was from a couple of candles and the radios could not work, so it was quiet and spooky. Hattie got a shotgun from one of the patrol cars and sneaked up to the window that was right beside where Earl sat. Hattie unlocked the gun and when he got to the window he racked the pump on the shotgun like you would to put a shell in the chamber. When Earl heard that sound

he flew out of his chair and onto the floor, but on the way down he hit the typewriter stand and knocked the typewriter to the cement floor. We all went into the station for a good laugh, but it was cut short when we found the typewriter was badly damaged. In those days, when something got damaged it took some time to get it fixed. I wrecked a patrol car about that time and we just had one car for about four weeks until the city found enough money to repair the damaged one. Earl was involved in the shootout with the bank robber, but that is another story and will be told later.

That year they also hired Gerry Fry, Bill McCreary, and Hugh Killblane, and I was promoted to Lieutenant on the night shift with Hattie as Captain. Also a very fine man on the day shift died. His name was Orville Hylton. Orville came to work on the force in 1942, he was a slender man and carried himself in a military manner. He always carried a short nightstick, and could throw it with deadly accuracy. I remember being in front of the station once when a prisoner broke and ran from Orville, and he did not start to chase him. When the prisoner was about 30 feet away and crossing the Fire Department driveway, Orville threw his stick with a sidearm pitch and hit the subject in the back of the knees and dropped him like a rock. Orville calmly walked up to the subject and told him to get on his feet and walk into the station, which the prisoner did without giving further trouble.

Another time I was in the station while Officer Don Wahlenmaier was booking a prisoner and the man was giving Don a hard time. The subject drew back his fist to hit Don just as Orville walked by. Instead, Orville hit the subject with his nightstick, knocking him to the floor, and Orville then just kept on walking. I helped Don get the subject to his feet and as we were putting him in the cell the prisoner kept accusing Don of hitting him as he had not seen Orville at all. Orville seldom said anything but if he was around you knew you could depend on him for help.

Somewhere around this time Marvin and I adopted another "mascot," Marvin's nephew, Jim Kenney. Jim was only about 16 or 17 but he was 6 foot tall and a husky football player. The city powers would not have liked us letting him ride with us, but like some things now, we were never asked so we never told.

Chapter 3

While the year 1955 was mostly uneventful for the Police Department, it was a tornado year in my life. In the later part of August that year, I got married. I don't know how it all happened, it just did. Aline worked for the Navy Department in Washington D.C. and came home to have a kidney removed that had bothered her most of her life. Since she was just home for convalescent leave, I figured nothing serious would take place. When I told Earl Whitehead about a midnight meal she had fixed me, he advised me not to go back. I told him we were just friends and killing time and he advised me that was the way he got caught and even if I had left anything at her house, to forget it and not go back. I laughed, but sure enough in February I proposed and in August we got married.

That summer was when Blackwell and Udall got hit by tornadoes on the same night. The night of the tornadoes, I called Aline at the Round Up Bar. I had seen her and Mary Catherine Bradley in there earlier, and advised her to go home. She told me that just because we were engaged, I didn't have the right to boss her around. I informed her that a tornado had hit Blackwell, Oklahoma and seemed to be headed this way. She repeated this to Mary Catherine and by the time she hung up the phone the bar was already empty. A bunch of officers and myself were on our way to help the Police in Blackwell when we were informed by police radio that Udall, Kansas had been hit and almost totally destroyed. We turned the car around and went to Udall instead of Blackwell. The reports were true, it looked like a scene from a war movie, debris was scattered everywhere and you had to carry people on stretchers to the ambulances as you could not get to them by vehicle. I have not seen so much destruction since.

In 1956, the Arkansas City Police Department almost caught up with the rest of the world. We went to an 8 hour day, a 48 hour week, joined the state pension plan and got health benefits. These things alone would have made it a marvelous year. Besides that, Desk Sergeant Clifford Smiley retired. Clifford joined the force on January 13, 1926 and had his own way of keeping records, answering the police radio, and many other duties. When Clifford came to work in the morning, he would first take his holster and revolver off and lay them on top of the safe, then sit down in a wooden chair and read his paper. After reading his newspaper, he would check the police log to see what had occurred overnight. Next, he acknowledged anyone who was in the station. You didn't want to upset his routine. If he had a

message for the cars he would key the mic and say "car one," wait another second and say "car two," wait another second and say "any ol' car," and if no one had responded he would turn the radio console off and if the cars wanted to talk to him they had to come into the station. He had been keeping arrest records and reports on 10x10 cards since 1926, and he would not change to a 3x5 index card and file jacket system. We kept two sets of records for a while. He was a pleasant enough fellow, but very set in his ways, and since he had been on the force longer than anyone, even the Chief, no one would argue with him.

In my estimation 1957 was the beginning of the most enjoyable years I had on the Police Department. It was about this time that I became acquainted with a railroad detective by the name of George Vealie. George got me interested in learning to classify fingerprints and taught me a lot about setting up a surveillance.

On August 15th, Joe Nance was appointed as the Chief of Police. Joe was a retired Kansas Highway Patrolman that had been stationed in Arkansas City for many years. Also that year, Harold Petersen, Ron Pile, Don Shanks, Ted Berens, and Don Neal were hired on the force, most just stayed a short time but Harold Petersen stayed out his time and retired from the department. Joe was probably the best liked Chief of Police Arkansas City has ever had, including myself. Not only was he popular with his men but with the townspeople as well.

In 1958 a number of new people were added to the Police Department. Although he was a month shy of being 21 years old, Jim Kenney was hired and took the title away from me for being the youngest ever hired on the department. Later that year we hired Paul Fritts, Eldon Davis, Robert VanSchuyber, and Jim Kincaid. Joe had the best pipeline (informants) into the activities of the 3rd Shift of any Chief I have ever seen. If one of us broke wind on 3rd Shift, I swear he would know about it the next day.

One time Jim Kenney and Jim Kincaid were rolling down awnings on Summit Street. This was a courtesy that we did for the downtown merchants to keep the sun from shining in their store windows before they opened their shops. As they attempted to lower the awning at Kelly-Gray Mens Wear, the awning became jammed. To reach the awning and unjam, it they pulled the patrol car onto the sidewalk and climbed upon the hood of the car. They were able to get the awning rolled down and then decided to have some fun so they "burned rubber" down the sidewalk.

The next day on the front page of the newspaper was a picture of the tire marks on the sidewalk. The newspaper labeled it the "Night rider" and ascribed it to juvenile delinquents, which was really a true statement. That afternoon Jim Kenney and I had to be in Police Court to testify and after court went down to the Police Station. Joe Nance met us as we entered and suggested that we all go to the Osage Hotel coffee shop. At the coffee shop Joe sat across from us in the booth and looking straight at Jim Kenney said "I don't think the Night Rider is going to ride anymore, do you Jim?" It was all Jim Kenney could do to shake his head and mumble a "No sir." No lecture, just that one statement, but that one statement said a multitude.

At this time the Police Department was arranged so as you entered, the dispatch area was on the west (outside) wall, as was the area used to visit or drink coffee. Just behind (south) of the dispatch area was the Chief's office and behind that, the only rest room. The Chief did not shut or lock his office as it would have kept everyone from the rest room. We also used the office for interrogations and report taking. On one occasion Jim Kenney was using the rest room and the 3rd Shift clowns thought they would play a good trick on him. The idea was to get the Thompson submachine gun and pull the slide on it to indicate that a shell had been loaded into the firing mechanism and at the same time light and throw a cherry bomb into the toilet area. I don't remember who all was in on the joke, but Bill McCreary was the one that got the submachine gun and, in the Chief's office, pulled the slide and accidentally fired a round into the ceiling. Since the ceiling was concrete the bullet hit and bounced around the room for a minute, no damage was done but it scattered dust all over the room.

Every man on the shift spent the rest of the night cleaning up the office and making sure that everything on the desk was put right back where it had been. The next morning everything looked normal except for a small chip in the concrete ceiling. We were all standing around, the picture of nonchalance, when Joe walked in, took one look, and said "Who has been playing with the submachine gun?" I don't know if the joke made Jim Kenney mess his pants, but no one would have noticed, because I think we all did.

This same dispatch area was also the location of the famous "killing time" episode. On this occasion Jim Kincaid was working the desk (not his normal duty) and had been practicing his quick draw. He had removed the cartridges from his revolver and was practicing his quick draw and dry firing at the clock above the

radios. It came time for him to go back out on the street, so he reloaded his gun, laid it on the desk and went to the rest room. We were all standing around talking when he returned, holstered his gun, then promptly drew his gun and shot a hole in the clock. It seemed that he had forgotten that he had reloaded his gun and was going to have one last practice draw and dry fire. It was an electric clock and had a very small motor in the center of the clock, which he missed by about an inch and a half.

Back in those days we had a few heroes that we looked up to. One was an F.B.I. agent by the name of Jelly Bryce. Jelly had gotten his nickname while on the Oklahoma City Police Department. The story was told that while off duty he was in the downtown area when a bank robbery took place across the street from him. He shot one of the robbers as they ran out of the bank, the other made it to a touring car parked at the curb and drove off. Jelly stepped into the street, took aim and shot through the back window and hit the driver causing the vehicle to come to a stop. The wounded robber, who was an old timer in the business, asked who had shot him. Jelly was pointed out to him and he said "God Damn! Shot down by a jelly bean," referring to the fact that Jelly was wearing a red and white striped jacket and a straw boater hat. Jelly was recruited by the F.B.I. for his prowess with a gun. He was reputed to have killed 23 men when I met him.

Jelly would give shooting demonstrations at police gatherings and his favorite was to find someone in the crowd that had a nice pocket watch and talk the person into letting him use it in his demonstration. He would hang the watch on something with a blue disc behind it that was a little larger than the watch and then shoot pieces of the blue disc away from the watch. His climax was at the end he would shoot and blow the watch into a million pieces. After shooting the watch he would apologize to the person and give him the pieces and ask the person not to tell J. Edgar Hoover about him hitting the watch. After really acting sorry and telling everyone that he had never hit the watch before, he would pull the real watch out of his pocket and give it to the person. He would have switched watches as he hung it up before shooting.

In talking with him he would tell that after shooting all the people that he had, he could never really trust anyone. His favorite saying was that he "Wouldn't take a ride downtown his his own father without shaking him down." He carried a snub nosed Smith and Wesson .357 magnum in a high hip holster and by the time you reached your hand out to shake hands, his gun was in his hand. He was very quick

and as he stuck his right hand out to shake yours he would reach over with his left hand and grab the butt of his revolver, draw and flip it into his right hand. He was a very interesting man to visit with, but I would not have liked to have traded lives with him. The last I heard of him he had retired and lived in Oklahoma and had made an unsuccessful bid in the governors race.

I met many interesting people during those years, but there is one I did not meet and always wished I had. I knew him only as Cap Roberts, and was introduced to the man by stories told by Joe Nance. Joe was originally from the Chetopa area and had started out as a Deputy Sheriff there. Just south of that area in Oklahoma is the Cookson Hills, which was a favorite hangout for bad men in those times. Pretty Boy Floyd and numerous others had many friends in those hills. Cap Roberts was one of the first Kansas Highway Patrolmen in its beginning days and there were not many troopers in the entire state and police radios were not very reliable.

Joe tells of Cap patrolling near the state line in the Coffeyville area when he noticed a touring car parked on a country road not far from the highway. Cap drove down to investigate and found the car occupied by four men. Cap left his car and approached to see if he could be of assistance and as he got closer he saw the driver had a handgun laying in the crook of his arm while the man in the back was holding a submachine gun. The driver looked at Cap and asked "Anything you would like officer?" to which Cap replied "Just the chance to get the hell out of here" and the driver answered "Good idea." Cap returned to his vehicle, drove away and never looked back. Cap knew that he was in a vicinity where the chances of getting any help were poor and any help he did get would be poor, so he just drove away.

It also reminds me of a story they told about some officers on the ACPD back when Pretty Boy Floyd would come through town and shoot pool in our local pool hall. They tell that one day the station received a report that Pretty Boy was coming into town from the north and the two officers on duty got into the patrol car and headed west. The younger one asked the older one if he knew where he was going and the older said "Yes, I promised my wife I would be home for supper tonight" and kept driving west. The pay in those days was very poor and there was no training available for officers in small towns. The robbers back then had better weapons and in larger quantities than most law enforcement. I know this is one of the major complaints of law enforcement today, but it has always been a problem.

One man I admired back in my early days was the Winfield Chief of Police, Gus Froemming. Gus was a large man and had been a boxer before going on the force. What I admired about this man was his ability to get a confession for a nickel Coca Cola. Many a time I have seen various officers question suspects and get nothing and Gus would visit with them awhile, but then a coke, then lean forward, put his hand on their knee and say "Why don't you tell me about it son? I know you will feel better if you do" and the subject would just start telling everything. I think Gus holds a record as he was on the Winfield PD for over 40 years and was Chief for over 30 of those years. Gus got into trouble in his last years as he could not accept the fact that he should give the Miranda warning before questioning.

When we were working the staggered shift some of us would get off at 4 AM and rather than go home we would go to Winfield, which was just 15 miles north and ride with the one officer on duty. Fred Satterthwaite was the night dispatcher at the time and he later joined the Sheriffs Office and later became Sheriff of the county and retired from the position. We developed a very good working relationship with the Winfield PD and it continued for many years.

Now back to the good times of the ACPD 3rd Shift. Although I was in charge of the shift, I was the smallest and lightest in weight with about a 29 inch waist, so when an open window was found and they needed someone to be thrown through it, I was elected. This got me into some scary situations, which are usually the funniest if you live through them. On one such occasion a bathroom window was found open at Mercer Implement Co at Madison and 8th. It was a narrow crank-out window and was rather high from the ground. After much conversation it was decided that if I took off my gun belt, jacket and other bulky articles that I might fit through the window sideways. I divested myself of all my armor and Jim Kenney picked me up and put me through the window feet first and put me down in something rather small and wet, both feet were in the toilet bowl. I asked them to pass me my gun and they asked if I had heard a burglar and I replied "No I'm going to shoot you for putting me in the toilet bowl." I had to go through the entire building, without a gun or a flashlight, to the rear door to let the others in as they would not trust me with any kind of weapon.

Once, while patrolling by myself, I had a scare while going through an open window I had found at the Tubbs Motor Co. It was also a swing out window but only opened half way. The window was in the mechanic area and there were no

lights on the inside. As I was crawling through the opening my gun butt got hung on the edge of the window and as I was trying to free it a door opened from the showroom into the garage and a shadowy figure came through. In my best and deepest voice I yelled "Police" and the shadow figure jumped about a foot high and yelled "I'm Johnny Tubbs!" I identified myself to John and he turned on lights so I could see to free myself from the clutches of the window. For many years after we both laughed about who scared who on that night.

I was thrown through many a window but none with as bad a memory as the time I was put through the window of a residence. The station had received a call from some people advising they had not seen one of their elderly neighbors for a number of days and were concerned about him. We went to the residence and were unable to get a response from any attempt to rouse the man. There were a number of newspapers on the front porch as well as mail in the mailbox. Upon checking the doors and windows we found only one window that was not locked. This window was too high for me to enter without assistance, so I was boosted up and after getting the window open enough to enter, I was literally thrown head first through the opening. The room was very dark but I landed on something fairly soft and heard a loud sound like air escaping from somewhere. I immediately smelled something very foul and after getting my flashlight turned on I found I was laying atop a dead body. The noise I had heard was the gases being forced from the dead person by my body weight. I set a track record getting to the front door, unlocking it, and getting fresh air. Like a true leader I delegated others to enter the house and find exactly what I had found. Coroner Newt Smith was called and upon his arrival advised that we had a natural death that was about 4 or 5 days old.

Some of the business buildings we checked were restaurants and if we found them open, and they didn't appear to have been burglarized, the owners would tell us to fix ourselves something to eat and lock the buildings for them. The best of these were Bud's Bar-B-Que and Diebels restaurant, which were both on the north end of town. There was a window at Buds that was often left open, it was in the back and next to a door. The door would let you into the basement after lifting a trap door in the floor. One night when Jim and I were hungry for barbecue ribs we checked and sure enough the window was open. As usual, rank had its privilege, and I could not have lifted Jim through a window with a crane, so I was put through the window. It was usually about three feet to the floor but this time it was further as the cellar door was open and there was no floor to stop my descent. I cleaned the steps of sacks of onions and potatoes as I tumbled all the way to the

bottom. I paid for the barbecue with a heavy price of bumps, knocks, and one very dirty uniform shirt.

I think one of the reasons Jim Kenney liked putting me in windows was as a payback for a couple of incidents that happened when he first started. On his first night in uniform I was letting him drive, as this would be similar to receiving your diploma in a graduation ceremony. We received a family disturbance call in the Sleeth Addition, which is the south and east section of town, Jim took off driving like we were at the Indianapolis speedway. About the third time he hit a bump fast enough to bounce my head on the roof I told him to slow down as it was just a family disturbance. I told him the chances were that it would already be settled by the time we arrived, so there was no great hurry. When we were about two blocks from the scene the station asked by radio where we were, and when we advised, they told us to hurry as shots had been fired.

Upon arriving at the scene, we found a man laying on the floor in the dining room with a small hole in his chest with about a thimble of blood on his shirt. As we stooped to examine the subject he made kind of a rattle in his throat and appeared to die. Jim's eyes got as big as saucers and asked what we should do. I advised him to get on the phone to the station and tell them we needed the coroner. We later learned that the man and woman had been having an argument and the man got locked out of the house. He had been trying to break down the front door when we received the call. Before we arrived he had broken into the house and as he got to the middle of the front room the 12 year old son had shot him with a .22 caliber rifle. The man had continued through the front room and into the dining room and had gotten to the woman and started to choke her when he fell down. It seemed the man had a history of beating his wife and the son was trying to protect his mother. The man was was shot in the chest with a .22 caliber short rifle cartridge, the bullet bounded around like a rock in a tin can, hitting about every major organ. Jim kidded me for years about no sense in getting in a hurry as it will probably be over by the time we get there.

The other incident that Jim likes to remind me is of the first arrest he made. During this period of time we had some youngsters who were determined to become gangsters. The most determined were two brothers named Tommy and Danny Bailey and they lived at 6th St. and Lincoln Ave., near the river dike. We had warrants on both of the boys and Jim was bound and determined to catch them. Since the ground was very sandy in that area Jim got an idea. To find if they

left the house he drew a line in the sand across the driveway and he struck pay dirt. He called me on the radio to say he had the Baileys in custody. My response to him was "That's nice, what are you going to do with them?" There was a very long silence and you could almost hear the gears grind in Jim's head as he tried to figure that out. It was kind of like the old story about "I caught the bear now what do I do?" I finally called him on the radio and advised him that maybe he would bring them to the station, to which I received a very relieved "10-4." He has always accused me that I was making fun of him and my response has always been that I was teaching him to think for himself. It must have worked as he has been thinking for himself ever since then, most of it right.

We remember with fondness and amusement what Marvin Hatfield used to tell us when he was Captain of the shift. When you went to Marvin with a problem and asked for his advice, he would take his cap off, rub his forehead a while, look all around, and finally give us the benefit of his sage wisdom, which was "Use your own judgement."

Chapter 4

On thinking back to the bunch of misfits I had on 3rd Shift they should have called us the Katzenjamer Kids after the comic strip of that time.

We had a nice guy named Wayne Grosshans that used to hang around the station after he closed his business, which was the A.C. Bowling Alley. Our dispatcher named Arthur (Jugg) Wells had previously been on the department. One evening Wayne was visiting and had just came back from using the restroom. Jugg went to the rest room, then came storming back, faced Wayne (who was setting in a chair with his feet propped up on the side of the safe) and started yelling at Wayne, accusing him of peeing on the toilet seat, whereupon he pulled his revolver and shot at Wayne's feet. Wayne turned a deathly white as his feet slid slowly down the side of the safe and he kept looking at them apparently for the blood and bullet holes. Wayne was unaware that while Jugg was in the back room that he had replaced the bullets in his gun with cartridges that only had primers in them with no powder or lead, we did our bullet reloading for target practice in that area. It took a while for it to dawn on us that Jugg had not shot Wayne and for the laughter of relief to set in. I didn't believe Wayne used the rest room or propped his feet up again while visiting the station.

Jugg got his comeuppance one night when he made a family disturbance call and was shot. The call was to a garage apartment, with a large porch, and as Jugg was creeping around the front porch with his gun in his hand, the subject shot through a window and the .22 caliber bullet hit his gun and splattered lead fragments into his hand. Jugg was taken to the hospital and most of the fragments were removed. Jugg asked the nurse what he should do about the rest of the lead in his hand. In a very serious tone she told Jugg that he should go outside on warm days and hold his hand up in the air. Jugg asked her what good that would do, and she told him that eventually the lead would melt, and then run down and join the lead in his butt.

Jim Kenney has owned some of the fastest cars I have ever ridden in. He once owned a white Jaguar XKE convertible that he used to brag would pop the convertible top snaps at 120 miles per hour. He got me to take a ride with him one evening and drove west out of town (which is mostly hills and valleys) and proceeded to show me that the snaps would pop open at 120 MPH. On the

passenger side there was a small grab bar above the glove compartment and I believe before the ride it was a smooth bar, after the ride it had finger grooves in it.

Late one night I was letting the dispatcher have a dinner break by working the desk for him. I received a radio call from the Winfield PD advising we might want to put up a road block on US77 as a white Jaguar had just flown through their town so fast the dust was still flying. I advised Winfield that we would take care of it as I thought I knew where the Jaguar was going. In a few minutes a grinning Jim came in the station. I said you “You missed the cutoff and had to come through Winfield didn’t you?” With a surprised look on his face Jim said that he had and wanted to know how I knew. I told him the dust was still flying in Winfield in honor of him.

On another night I received a call at home from Bill McCreary (who was Desk Sergeant at the time) advising me that Jim was in the bullpen of the jail and thumping on some Indian prisoners. I told Bill to tell him to come out and Bill said that he had and Jim replied “Come in and get me”, so Bill had locked Jim in the bullpen. Bill McCreary was a big Texan about 6’2” and weight about 270 pounds. I dressed and went to the station and sure enough I found Jim Kenney locked in the jail with 3 Indian boys trying to get away from him.

In the small cells the bunks were concrete and built into the walls. The Indian boys were climbing up to the top bunk trying to escape only to have Jim grab them and pull them down to drop on the concrete floor. As I entered the jail I asked Jim what the hell he was doing and his reply was “I was just having a little fun.” I then told him to come out and he hung his head and came out like a naughty little boy. McCreary stayed behind the desk until I had escorted Jim out of the station. The next day I was there when the Indian boys were being taken to court and they asked where the crazy drunk from last night was at. I said that we had transferred the crazy drunk to the county jail in Winfield and that he would not be back, much to their relief.

I missed out on the great bank robbery so I can only relay what I have been told. On Monday, September 11, at about 5:30 PM a man named Richard Wert walked into the Home National Bank and pointed a gun at bank Vice President John Peck and head bookkeeper, Marvin Rose. He told them it was a stickup. The bank was closed, but a sign painter by the name of Ralph Linville was painting signs on the front doors, so they were unlocked. Mr. Peck would not believe the man was serious and told him so, at which time the man fired a shot into the wall

near John's head. This convinced John and he and Marvin led the man to the vault but told him it could not be opened as it was a time lock. The girls were still working in the bookkeeping in the basement and upon hearing the gunshot one came up the stairs far enough to see what was going on. She quickly went back down and called the police station.

Sergeant Jugg Wells was working the desk and took the call, he told the officers in the station that the bank was being robbed. Police Court had just finished so there were a number of officers in the station. Marvin Hatfield left the station running towards the bank with Sergeant Earl Whitehead. Chief Joe Nance with Jim Kenney and Eldon Davis got in Joe's car and drove to the scene. Hattie arrived first and ran into the bank whereupon the robber fired at him, Marvin returned fire and went back outside to reload. The robber left the bank and ran south on Summit in the 200 block south. Earl told me later that it was in this block that he was sure he had hit the robber in the back of the head with one of his shots. Earl also admitted to digging a hole in the sidewalk when the robber stopped and returned his fire. It was also in this block that a citizen, Clyde Shaw, took a .22 caliber pistol from his truck and got into the gun battle. The robber turned at the corner of Washington and ran east to the alley and then back north. At this point many officers converged on the scene.

At that time on the east side of the alley was Sternberg Motor Company with a car lot on the south side of it. This would have been right in the back of Wright Burton Hardware and north of the Traveler building which was at Washington and First Street. The robber stopped next to the wall of the motor company and tried to shoot it out. Eldon Davis shot him twice with shotgun loads and Joe himself put two .38s in the man's chest. Even when he was down the man was still trying to shoot although his automatic was empty. The subject was still alive as Joe and the other officers walked up to where he lay, still trying to lift his gun and cussing them all the way. Joe detailed Jim to ride in the ambulance with the robber to the hospital. Jim told me that the subject gave his death rattle just as the ambulance pulled into the hospital drive. The robber had 33 to 36 different holes in him, mostly from the shotgun blasts, and he bled to death because one of the shotgun pellets had severed an artery on the inside of his arm.

We later learned that the subject had been a mental patient in a veterans hospital and had been removed by his father against the doctor's orders. What made the subject decide to rob the bank and to try when it was obvious that it was

closed, no one knows. His father later wrote a letter to the local newspaper criticizing the police for killing his son. He thought they should have just shot the gun out of his hand.

All the officers involved in the shootout then went to court where they were charged with fourth degree manslaughter. This was just a formality as they were all found not guilty, but it kept any further charges or action being taken against them later by anyone.

Later that year, Earl Whitehead resigned to take the position of Assistant City Clerk and I took a demotion from Captain to come to days as Desk Sergeant. I hated to leave the third shift but I was a family man and in the words of my wife it was either go to days or learn to like sleeping alone. I can say this about the crew I had on 3rd shift, we probably solved more crimes and arrested more tough guys than any shift has since then and we had fun doing it. We could have given lessons to the Three Musketeers about All For One, One For All.

Things were quiet on days in the office compared to nights in a patrol car, but one adapts. It wasn't long before Joe promoted me to Lieutenant and placed me in charge of all dispatchers and charged me with the task of modernizing the records keeping and setting up a fingerprint file. We were required to fingerprint anyone arrested, except for traffic, and send a copy to the K.B.I. and F.B.I. We also kept a set, but no one had known how to classify them so they just had been kept with the arrest record. I went to every school that I possibly could to learn more about fingerprints and keeping arrest records. For along time I was the only one on the force that could classify fingerprints, a skill that came in handy later in my career.

In 1960 a lot of fun went out of the job. In the last of 1959 Jim Kenney resigned to go to the Wichita P.D. where he eventually became involved in the setting up and heading the K9 program, just in time to get involved in the riots there.

On March 10, 1960 Joe Nance resigned, (I think he was beginning to have health problems) and a new chief was brought in from Wichita. The new Chief was Frank Robertson who was long on laboratory experience and learning, but short of experience on the street. Frank did start a lot of good programs in the P.D. He started off by remodeling the station and digging out an area that had just been a crawl space and enlarging our facilities. A couple of the first officers he hired were Merton Darnall and Elvin Hatfield. Mert had been on the Auxiliary Police for a number of years and a good friend of my older brother, so we were well

acquainted. Elvin was another nephew of Marvin Hatfield and a cousin of Jim Kenney. Mert stayed and retired from the department and Elvin stayed and worked his way up to detective and got a degree from Wichita University in the criminal justice field. Frank also started a criminal justice program at our local college that is still in existence today and taught by Elvin Hatfield.

Over the next few years many officers came and went, some becoming friends and others just faces soon forgotten. Many of the officers that were on the force when I started, retired, among them Paul Lesh, Don Wahlenmaier, Amos Barton, and Jack Fortenberry. Lloyd Pappan came to work in 1966 and stayed to become a detective and later left to be an agent for the Kansas Bureau of Investigation.

In 1966 we had a couple of incidents that made the front page and are worth mentioning. The last of a prominent family and his wife provided us with a long and exciting court case. John Ranney had married late in life to a Helen Ralston, a former Powers Model in New York. Helen Ranney developed a drinking problem and she and John had violent fights and one or the other would call the station wanting the other thrown out of the house. I had become acquainted with Helen soon after she came to town as she ran a record shop and I bought a lot of records there. She would call me, late at night, at home and cry on my shoulder about how John mistreated her and would ask me to come to the house and either remove John or take her to someones house. I didn't go very often as my wife would not believe that was in the job description of an administrative lieutenant.

Helen got arrested for drunk driving a couple of times and through a good attorney got diversion or parole, but never jail time. She was arrested for D.W.I. and the County Attorney, Mike Smith, insisted on prosecuting the case and in those days the newspaper printed when you got arrested and every time you appeared in court. John Ranney was not happy seeing his wife's name in the paper so often and demanded that the editor, Rex Wood, not print it. Rex refused, so John left his office and went to Bryant Hardware and bought a buggy whip. When asked by Lou Bryant what he was going to do with the buggy whip, John advised that he was going to whip Rex Woods. John went to the office of Rex Woods, in the Traveler building, and immediately began to beat Rex with the whip and in the ensuing fight managed to break up the office of the newspaper pretty well. John was arrested and charged with assault and battery and hired D. Arthur Walker to defend him.

Art Walker was the most prestigious attorney in town, having won several murder trials over the years, but was semi-retired from practice. The trial got a lot

of play in the papers and TV and dominated the coffee shop talk. John was finally found guilty of simple assault by a jury. Rex Woods moved away and later sued Ranney for damages as he had a heart attack which a doctor testified was probably caused by the horse whipping.

The Ranney incident happened in February and on August 13, we really had a first for Arkansas City. During the early part of the evening I was sitting in my front yard, visiting with my neighbors when one of my children called me to the telephone. The call was from the station advising me to come in to work as a lion had escaped from a circus that was playing at the baseball park on South Summit. I went back outside and told Aline and the neighbors what the call was about and they would not believe me. Aline finally believed me when I started putting on my uniform and she immediately started telling me to be careful. I advised her that I was just going in to the station to take care of radio traffic and would not be near any danger. Upon arriving at the station I found two good dispatchers there and State Parole Officer Chuck Batchelor getting ready to go to the ballpark. I took a high powered .351 caliber rifle from the station and we went to the ballpark in his new state vehicle.

Upon arriving at the ballpark, I was spotted by a radio reporter, named Earl Clayton, that was doing a live broadcast. I heard him saying "And here is Lieutenant Jim Lower, I will find out what is going on." I was trying to shut Clayton up as I figured my wife was listening to the radio, but I was too late and another cat was out of the bag. While handlers were working with the lions inside the ballpark, two had gotten loose and jumped the fence. Once outside in the parking lot the male lion went to a circus van, that was setting with the rear doors open, and jumped inside and attendants closed the doors. The female lion went south down an alley, behind some homes, south of the ballpark. Numerous citizens told us of seeing the lion go down the alley so myself and other officers at the scene followed. Almost at the end of the alley we heard a dog moaning and our flashlights revealed a large German Shepard dog up in the fork of a medium sized tree. It was trying to go higher, but he was chained to the base of the tree and was at the end of his chain. At the end of the alley people that were out in their yards advised us that the lion had gone east which turned into weeds about 10 feet tall and a narrow winding road near the railroad track. Batchelor and I returned to the ballpark and got his state car and I got on top of the car with my feet down over the windshield onto the hood of the car.

I had a spotlight in my left hand and the .351 rifle in my right hand and Chuck was driving slow so he would not throw me off. We had traveled a ways back into the weeded area when he turned a corner and standing in the middle of the road facing the headlights was the lion. Not being a big game hunter I had no idea where to hit the lion with a shot that would do it damage rather than just make it mad. I started stomping on the hood with my foot and telling Chuck to back up, when I heard him lock the car doors. He then backed up very rapidly making it difficult for me to stay on since I did not have the use of my hands. I would say that the only thing that held me to the car roof was suction, I will not speculate as to where the suction came from.

We found the rest of the officers gathered around a truck with a cattle bed on it and joined them after advising them the lion was “that a way.” As it was very dark and late we settled down to drinking coffee and eating sandwiches waiting on the dawn.

About 3:00 AM the lion apparently got lonesome and came trotting up the road towards us. All of us had a race as to who could climb the side of the cattle truck fastest. Had it been an Olympic event, we would all have received gold, no silver or bronze. The lion eventually got tired of waiting for us to come down and wandered back into the weeds.

The circus lion tamer, named Jose, was with us and supposedly spoke no English, so any communications with him had to be through a 10 year old boy he had with him. Jose had a rope with a noose in one end and advised via the boy that as long as the lion was facing him, he would try to put the rope around its neck, but if the lion turned his back it was time to run. With the dawn came Assistant Chief Herman Fisher with a tranquilizer gun and Glen Remsberg, a veterinarian, to advise how much tranquilizer to load in the dart. We also gained Sheriff Harold Mueller, Civil Defense Director Chuck Tanner, and numerous others. Chuck Tanner was carrying a military carbine that looked a lot like the tranquilizer gun Herman Fisher was carrying. As it became daylight, there were a lot of people moving about, and the lion became more active. On a couple of occasions Jose would attempt to put the rope around the lion’s neck and both times she turned her back and Jose promptly ran.

Once when Jose was approaching the lion he saw Chuck Tanner on the railroad embankment, and thinking he had the tranquilizer gun, Jose yelled at him to “shoot!” We all yelled at Jose that it was not the tranquilizer gun and Jose, who

supposedly understood no English, yelled “Don’t shoot! Don’t shoot!” We were all mad enough at Jose at that time to shoot him. Herman Fisher finally got a tranquilizer dart into the lion and she ran south down the railroad track to almost the river bridge and dropped. We contacted the train master and advised him to stop any trains that might be coming up our location and he advised that he could not stop trains. We told him that his track was blocked with policemen and lions and it would be a damn good idea to at least try. He did get a train coming from the south to slow down enough that we had the track cleared upon its arrival at the bridge.

The next day some joker had a stuffed lion setting on Herman Fisher’s desk with a dart sticking in it’s rear and a sign reading “Trophy for the Great White Hunter’s wall.” No one would ever admit to this prank as Herman had the strongest hands I have ever felt and when he pinched your shoulder, you wet your pants.

In 1969 Chief Robertson promoted Rice and me to detectives, but he gave Rice the title of Assistant Chief and me Lieutenant. It got me out of the office and the uniform at the same time. We worked pretty well together as he never tried to use his rank on me.

As I have stated Frank started a lot of good programs while he was Chief, but in 1970 he played the dirtiest trick on the P.D. that anyone could, he asked the City Commission to let the P.D. take on the ambulance service. The local mortuaries had been providing this service, but the federal government was putting new regulations into effect that made them all disband the service. Frank stepped forward and volunteered the P.D. and convinced the commissioners to go along. Of course, there were promises of more men and more pay which never materialized, just more work. Then on January 25, 1971, Frank resigned his position after much pressure from certain members of the commission. Bill Rice was named Acting Chief and began to campaign for the Chief job. He was very good friends with City Manager Ken Thompson, and Ken was ready to name him Chief when the commissioners said they wanted to take applications for the position. I applied for the job but it didn’t look very favorable until commissioners Junior Young and Jim Andrews started taking an interest. They informed Ken Thompson that the position of Chief would be filled by qualification rather than by friendship. On April 1, 1971, I was appointed Chief of Police, APRIL FOOLS DAY, what a coincidence!

But 1971 was filled with more excitement than me being appointed Chief, in February we had a blizzard that stranded motorists on the turnpike west of town. We contacted everyone who had an all terrain vehicle and through the Governor got the National Guard to furnish soldiers and 4x4 trucks to break snow to the turnpike and bring the stranded motorist to Ark City. We then had to find food and lodging for all these people. The Christian Church opened up their building which had a large activities area for beds and a kitchen for fixing food. The only disappointment was we also made a radio plea for people to bring bedding to the church for the unfortunate people. We got a terrific response, but when the people were able to leave after the storm, a lot took the bedding with them. It left a bad taste in the mouth for some of the town's people.

Then in August lightning struck an oil storage tank at the APCO Refinery and set the tank on fire. This happened while I was on vacation, but it brought me out to work. It burned for a number of days and we had to keep officers directing traffic around the clock because of the sightseers.

This was about the time that people started getting very upset about the "threat" of marijuana, so we had to devote a lot of our time to surveillance on these subjects. A good number of them were known thieves as they were always looking for a way to make money fast. I don't remember where the information came from but we were watching the activities of a couple young men that lived in a mobile home in the northwest part of town. For some reason Eddie Santiago and myself were doing surveillance on the place late one evening. We were setting back about a block away from the home and felt fairly safe from detection. We suddenly noticed two subjects leave the house and start walking in our direction. It was too late for us to get out of there without drawing attention, so we just sat, hoping they would not get too close. When it was evident that they were going to pass by our car I decided that we would act like a couple necking when they got close. When they did get close I leaned over Eddie and we put our arms around each other hoping to fool the subjects when they passed. Alas, they did not pass but stopped, leaned in the window, and inquired what we were doing. I don't remember what lame excuse we gave but it certainly amused them as they knew who we were and knew what we were really doing there. After that I followed the first rule of being a good leader, delegate!

In September, we had our first bomb threat at the High School. This was not just an ordinary bomb threat, but was coupled with an extortion threat to tell

where the bomb was if \$25,000 was delivered to a certain location by a stated time. We got cooperation from the Home National Bank in making up a package that appeared to be money, with the general public watching and Bill Rice took the package to the prescribed spot but no one showed. We had already emptied the school and started our search. In later years we received many school bomb threats and had a written procedure to follow, as well as training and equipment, but this was our first, and properly scary.

While telling school stories, I must tell about my daughter Sue and one of her attempts to skip school. I had been invited to talk to a class taught by Gary Akers, who was also Vice Principal. I did not tell my daughter that I would be talking to one of her classes, and apparently the teacher did not forewarn the class. I arrived to talk to the class to find that Sue was sick and not in class that day, but I knew that she was not sick. Gary Akers and I had a good laugh about it and we decided not to tell Sue until she arrived for class the next day and find out what she said.

She arrived the next day with an excuse she had written herself, and Gary took her to his office and advised her that he knew she had skipped school. He did not tell her how he knew and told her that he was not going to tell her parents as he would leave that to her and gave her detention to make up for the hours she had skipped. She told Aline and I that she had been caught skipping and Aline grounded her. I really made her mad when I told her what had happened.

Then in December of that year a local drunk named Jess Mort was beat to death by a fellow drunk Daniel Sears, who skipped town. George Sybrant was retained by someone to represent Sears and he wanted to see the scene of the crime. I was well acquainted with George as he had been City Attorney and then Assistant County Attorney for a number of years and I had worked many cases with him. I went along when he was taken to the crime scene and while he was looking in the house, in the dirt of the back yard I wrote "I did it" and signed it Daniel Sears. When George came out to look over the yard I stayed away from him but managed to watch him. When he got to the area where I had written in the dirt I saw him stop and look down and then rub his foot across what I had written. We kidded each other for years, he would accuse me of trying to railroad his innocent client and I would accuse him of destroying evidence.

We had our most dramatic murder in 1972 when Barbara Jackson Brumley shot her ex-husband at the Midway Cafe in front of officer Gilbert Mills. It seems that Barbara and the victim, Jerry Mauk, had been married and he reportedly tied her

to a tree and beat her on one occasion. Both sides of the families later said that Barbara had threatened to kill Jerry over this. Barbara had seen him in the cafe and left for a short period, and later returned. Officer Mills was in the cafe investigating the report of a gun being stolen from the house of Nettie Jackson, Barbara's mother. Officer Mills advised that he had talked to Barbara about the missing gun and she had denied any knowledge, and he could not see the gun about her person. The gun was a Russian made .44 caliber revolver with at least a six inch barrel and would be hard to conceal. Mills stated that he was standing at the back of the cafe talking to the other cafe patrons when Barbara walked up to the booth Mauk was setting in and pulled the gun from the bosom of her dress, (she had an ample bosom), and started firing point blank at Mauk's head.

It was a nice evening and I was visiting with company on my front porch when the station called and told me what had happened. This cafe was only a block and a half from my house, so I decided to walk to the scene. The company that was visiting was my cousin, Shirley, and her husband, Roy Webb, and Ted and Sandra Johnston. When I told where I was going and why, Roy and Ted asked if they could come along and I said they could. When we arrived and entered the cafe, I lead them to the booth where Mauk's body was and Ted made a U-turn and left as there was a quantity of blood and brains on the table. I didn't stay long as the officers had everything under control and the detectives had arrived and were taking statements. Barbara was charged with First Degree Murder and later convicted of a lesser charge, only serving about 3 years in prison.

I remember one incident that involved Barbara which happened after she had gotten out of prison and returned to Ark City. Barbara was built like a truck and this was the days of the miniskirt, which were mostly worn by women that should not have worn them. One day I went upstairs in the City Building and found a crowd around the front glass doors that were watching Barbara change a front tire on her car that was parked at the curb. Barbara was never known for her ladylike habits so instead of kneeling down to replace the tire she would just bend over. All you see of the person was a very broad rear end. At that time Judge Tom Pringle walked up to see what the crowd was looking at and remarked "why that's Barbara Jackson!" Tom got a lot of razzing over the years as to how he recognized Barbara so quickly from that angle.

A good share of 1973 was taken up with remodeling the Police Station once again. As we could not use the jail cells because they were not up to federal

standards, the bullpen was remodeled into the dispatch office and we acquired new radios and an antenna tower with a government grant. Later, much equipment was purchased through grants as I had been appointed to the Governor's Committee on Criminal Administration which reviews grant applications and made the grant awards. I served on many committees regarding police matters while Governor Robert Docking was in office. During that period of time I made many trips to Topeka to attend meetings and on one occasion I took Cathi Andrews with me as she administered most of our grants. I would usually drive the plain police car that was issued to me as Chief, but for some reason that time I drove a marked police cruiser. As we drove up US77 to El Dorado to get on the turnpike, Cathi would lean out the car window and yell obscene remarks and give the finger to passing truck drivers.

I stopped in El Dorado at a motel restaurant as they served good cinnamon rolls. While we were in the restaurant we were seated close to a nice looking older couple and Cathi kept saying, in a loud voice, that "she didn't think she should go in the motel room with me as she was only 16 years old and her mother had warned her not to." I quickly got Cathi out of there before the nice couple called the police on the dirty old man with the young girl. The trip up and the meeting went without trouble and on the trip back I stopped at a service station to have gas put in the car. I was determined to get even with Cathi, so at the service station I told the attendant to fill it up but to watch the woman in the car as she was a prisoner. I advised him that she had killed her family and I was transporting her back to stand trial. I also told him to watch himself as I was getting damn tired of listening to her guff, and if she broke and ran I was just going to shoot her. I stepped around the corner and watched as he filled the gas tank and washed the windows at arms length and watching Cathi all the time. After we resumed our trip I told Cathi what I had told the attendant and she remarked that he had acted "damn funny." She was a smart young lady and a natural to police work, although very ornery. If I would call her to my office to tell her something, she would close the door and tell me if I was going to "chew her out," she would unbutton her blouse and yell "Rape!" This was before sexual harassment even had a name. I guess I put up with her because she (except for her shape) reminded me of myself when young.

The only other unusual thing that happened in 1973 was our intelligent City Manager Ken Thompson inviting AIM (American Indian Movement) to hold a powwow in our armory when Chilocco Indian School refused to let them on

campus. I played baby sitter for Russell Mens, Dennis Banks, and all the crew that were eventually involved in the shooting of two FBI agents at Wounded Knee, S.D. I carried every gun I could conceal on my person that hot sweaty night.

The year 1974 was highlighted only by our first and only streakers on Summit Street. Also this is when Elvin Hatfield and Lloyd Pappan, my detectives, both resigned. Pappan became an agent for the Kansas Bureau of Investigation and Elvin went to work for the local college teaching the Criminal Justice program that Frank Robertson had started.

I also made a big mistake in getting the merchants and citizens to donate enough money to purchase a narcotics dog. This didn't work too well, as I did not have a handler that was good enough to work the dog. The dog made one amazing marijuana find that did not lead to an arrest. Jim Kenney had returned to town and was operating a pawn shop and a beer tavern next to it. I had set up a meeting with the local judges and prosecutors to watch Tammy, the narcotics dog, do her stuff so that she might be accepted in court as probable cause. I don't remember if I had invited Jim to come to the demonstration, or if he just dropped by, but he showed up just before it was to begin. When handler Gerry Fry brought Tammy into the room, she sniffed around and came to where Jim and I were setting and she passed by, but then she turned and came back to Jim and sniffed his coat pocket. She yelped, and left, and finally did find the marijuana we had hidden in the room. After everyone else had gone Jim explained to me that he had found about a lid of marijuana in his tavern and had intended to give it to me. He said that when Tammy came back and hit on the marijuana in his pocket, that he hit her on the nose to make her back off. The dog had really proved herself twice but we didn't tell anybody about the unplanned find.

Chapter 5

Jim and I had a few thrills while he was running the pawn shop and tavern. One day Jim came into his pawn shop and found two safe burglars that he knew from Wichita giving his safe a look over. When they found out it was his place of business they assured him that they would not hit his place but offered to cut him in for a share if he would line up some good places for them to score. Jim got a hold of me and asked if we should play along. We were talking and drawing plans in my kitchen when Aline stormed out of the house and went to the neighbors saying “you two are going to jail and I don’t want to know anything about it.” She came close to saying true words. One of the plans we drew for them was the North Shutler Market and our plan was for them to go through an upstairs window by climbing on the roof of an attached shed. We had a phone drop in the building and would hear them when they went into the building. Some time went by and Jim didn’t hear any more from them and then one night I received a call late saying they had caught a burglar in the act of breaking into the North Shutler Store and they wanted me at the scene. I arrived in time to see officers lead a man in handcuffs out of the shed attached to the store. It seems the man that lived across the alley had went outside to take a smoke and heard a pounding noise and called the station. The officers found a subject in the shed in the act of breaking a hole in the side of the store to gain entrance. I almost yelled at the burglar that he was supposed to go in the window.

The burglar cleared up a number of burglaries while he was awaiting trial and we became pretty good friends. He even asked if I would keep his personal belongings in our property room while he did his prison time. I did, and he came to see me and get his belongings when he got out of prison. It was a while before Jim and I could stop thinking about what would have happened if the burglar had not been caught and they had tried to give Jim his share, which would have made him an accomplice.

Jim and I also got in the habit of drinking our morning coffee together around 10 AM. One morning I went to the pawn shop and his daughter Julie told me he was already at the coffee shop with some friends. I went to the cafe and found him setting with three men I did not know, two dressed in Brooks Brothers suits and one other, with a crooked nose, in an Italian silk suit. Jim introduced them as friends from Kansas City. The names sounded familiar but I could not place them. We

chatted a while and one spoke of heading his local United Way and the other talked of helping fund a new roof on his church. As they were talking, I was searching my mind for why the names sounded familiar. While taking a sip of coffee I almost choked when I remembered who the nice gentlemen were. They were the heads of Seeburg Central Vending Company that furnished juke boxes and vending machines over the state and also the highest ranking mafia members in Kansas City. Mr Green, the “gentleman in the Italian suit” had been a prominent suspect in the Mulendore murder that had taken place just over the line in Oklahoma near Sedan.

With assistance and information from Jim we were able to clear a number of crimes, local and out of state that otherwise might not have been solved. We helped the F.B.I. recover some stolen property from out of state and return it to the owners.

One of the chores I was expected to perform was to report to the City Manager each morning in his office, and tell him everything that had transpired since the last report. I was notified early one morning to come to his office “right away.” Upon arriving I found him very upset and demanding that I find out which officer had been involved in stealing apples. It seems that an officer, while patrolling Summit Acres, had been observed stealing apples from a tree. I went back down to the P.D. and checked the log to find which officer had been patrolling the area where the theft had taken place. I found that the officer would have been Ben Givens and that he would be back at work at 4 PM. when Ben came to work I called him into my office and asked him to explain. His version was that while patrolling vacation houses in Summit Acres with two Cadet Officers (High School students that belonged to our Explorer Scout Troop) they drove by an apple tree that was near the road and had observed apples laying on the ground. The boys had asked Ben to stop so they could pick up an apple to eat, he did, and they continued patrolling the area. The house where the tree was located was the residence of people that were on vacation that had requested that we watch the house while they were gone. After patrolling the rest of the subdivision they returned and passed the house once more and the boys asked that he stop so they could get another apple and he had. The boys involved were my son, Jim, and his good friend, David Shaw. Further investigation into the incident revealed that the people reporting the theft were neighbors that lived across the street, and not the owners of the tree. The owner’s name was Pontius, and I contacted them as they had returned from vacation. They advised that people stopped and picked up apples all the time and they did not care

and that the tree was very near the street and they were not sure who actually owned the property, them or the city. I reported the facts to the City Manager and he still wanted something done to the officer and the boys. I believe the Manager's actions were prompted by the fact that one of the boys was my son and that he and I had an argument, which he lost, concerning Ben Givens earlier. So I gave Ben two days off, with pay, and told the boys not to ride in the patrol cars for a while.

The City Manager had called me a few months after Ben had been hired and ordered me to have Ben shave his mustache and goatee. I informed the City Manager that Ben had the whiskers when he was hired and that he had talked with Ben just prior to his employment and said nothing about the whiskers at the time. I also advised him that I would not order Ben to shave and that he might be in for a civil rights lawsuit if he did. I didn't know if it was possible, but he had made me mad and he didn't call my bluff. He was one of those City Managers that was more concerned about getting junk cars moved than he was about getting crimes solved.

For the last few years the department heads of the City had not received much in the way of pay raises, but promises that "next year" they would play catch up. In November 1976 I found out that once again we were going to receive promises and small raises, although the City Manager and City Clerk were going to receive substantial raises. I also learned that Chief Gus Froemming and the Winfield P.D. were going to get raises and that Chief Froemming was going to make six thousand dollars more a year than me. Talking to the City Manager and City Clerk only brought forth excuses starting with "ya but!" I had purchased a small hamburger stand that Aline was going to run until I retired when I turned fifty, and her health had started failing. I turned in my letter of resignation, giving salaries as the reason and informed them my last day would be January 1, 1977. I had already checked with the pension board and found that on that date I would have 25 years accredited service and could vest my pension until I was old enough to draw my benefits. I also met with my officers and advised them of what I was doing and told them they should ask for a meeting with the City Manager and Commissioners concerning salaries. They eventually had a meeting and did manage to get a fair raise and some other benefits.

My parting gift to the city and the new Chief was to have Cathi Andrews sworn in as Arkansas City's first woman commissioned police officer. I knew she would be a good officer and that I would not be the one she gave gray hair to. Cathi later

moved to Colorado and joined the Lakewood Police Department. She married Bill Barnes, who was also an officer there. She stayed and retired in November of 2000.

I started frying hamburgers at the drive-in and made twice as much money bossing 6 young girls than I had as Chief of Police in charge of 27 officers.

I enjoyed my years on the Police Department and the camaraderie that was shared among the officers at that time. I lived more in those 25 years than most do in a lifetime and may have been some “service to my fellow man” after all.

Individual Pictures

1947-48



Chief Walt Gray



Herman Fisher



Marvin Hatfield



Desk Sergeant Clifford
Smiley



Vic Franklin



Desk Sergeant Raymond
Todd



James Dill



Paul Lesh



Herman Pratt

1947-48



Orville Hylton



Guy Nugen



Merchant Police James
Hughey

1949



Chief Paul Lesh



Lewis Conner



Don Wahlenmaier



Charles Miller



Guy Nugen



James Miller



Desk Sergeant Raymond
Todd

1954



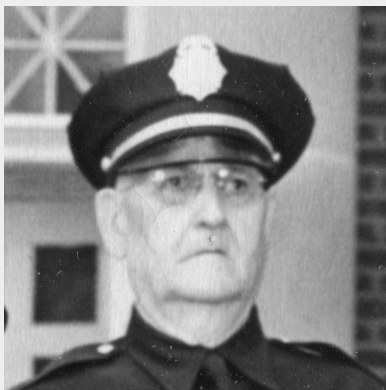
Chief Paul Lesh



Assistant Chief Herman
Fisher



Day Lieutenant Vic Franklin



1st Shift Desk Sergeant
Clifford Smiley



Night Shift Desk Sergeant
Earl Whitehead



Night Shift Captain Marvin
Hatfield



Night Shift Lieutenant Jim
Lower

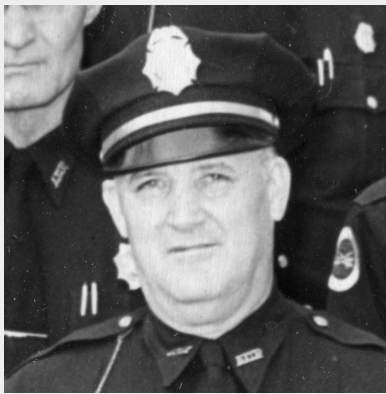


Don Wahlenmaier



Gerry Fry

1954



Hugh Killblane



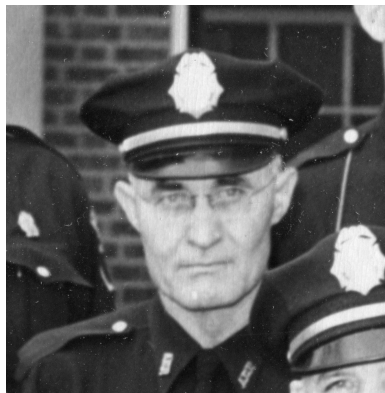
Lester Boyles



Milton Jordan



Jack Fortenberry



Amos Barton



Bill McCreary



Tire Marker Bill Lemmon

1958



Chief Joe Nance



Asst Chief & Juvenile Officer
Paul Lesh



1st Shift Captain Herman
Fisher



2nd Shift Captain Marvin
Hatfield



3rd Shift Captain Jim Lower



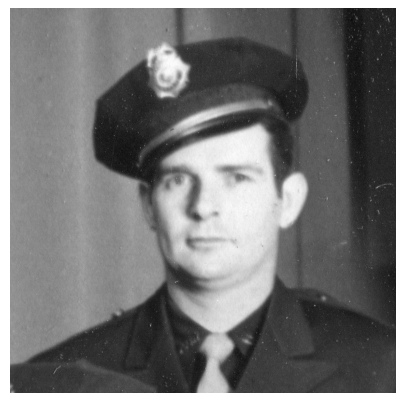
Amos Barton



Don Wahlenmaier



Jim Kenney



Eldon Davis

1958



Hugh Killblane



Ted Berens



1st Shift Lieutenant Vic
Franklin



1st Shift Desk Sergeant Earl
Whitehead



2nd Shift Desk Sergeant
Lewis Cook



3rd Shift Desk Sergeant
Glenwood Cranford



Harold Petersen



Jack Fortenberry



Milton Jordan

1958



Lester Boyles



Lonnie Dixon



Bill McCreary

1962



Chief Frank Robertson



Assistant Chief Herman
Fisher



Juvenile Officer Paul Lesh



1st Shift Lieutenant Vic
Franklin



1st Shift Desk Sergeant Jim
Lower



Don Wahlenmaier



Dispatcher & Matron Hazel
Moore



Sammie Brown



Dog Handler Amos Barton

1962



2nd Shift Lieutenant Marvin
Hatfield



Milton Jordan



Jack Fortenberry



Dog Handler Gerry Fry



Julius Pack



3rd Shift Merton Darnall



3rd Shift Desk Sergeant Bill
Rice



Hugh Killblane



Harold Petersen

1971



Chief Jim Lower



Asst Chief Bill Rice



1st Shift Lieutenant Vic
Franklin



2nd Shift Lieutenant Charles
Cox



3rd Shift Lieutenant Merton
Darnall



Detective Lieutenant Lloyd
Pappan



Detective Lieutenant Elvin
Hatfield

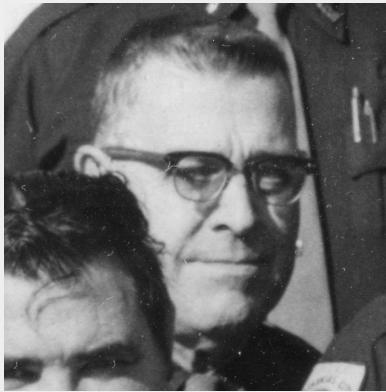


1st Shift Dispatcher Cathi
Andrews



2nd Shift Dispatcher Annie
Laurie Parton

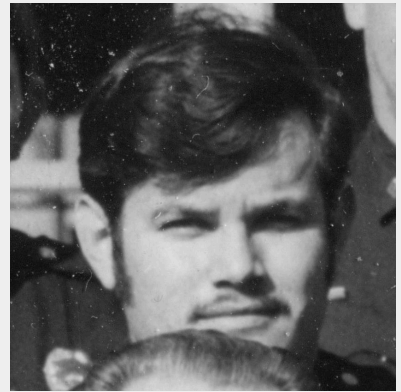
1971



3rd Shift Dispatcher Paul
Parton



Richard York



Ben Benning



Bob Gombas



Chuck Mallory



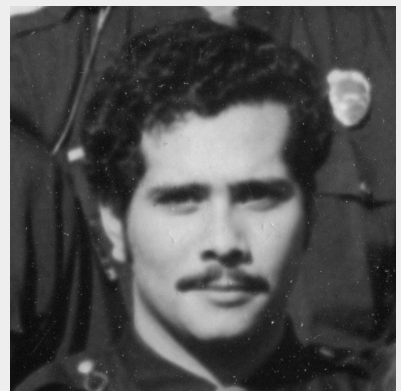
Carol Wester ~ Meter Maid



Don Jordan



Don McGlasson



Eddie Santiago

1971



Gilbert Mills



Ron Jordan



Steve Haslouer



Ed Hartman



Gerry Fry



Les Parks ~ Animal Control

1976



Chief Jim Lower



Asst Chief Bill Rice



Detective Lieutenant Jim
Lazelle



Patrolman Cathi Andrews



1st Shift Lieutenant Vic
Franklin



2nd Shift Lieutenant Charles
Cox



3rd Shift Lieutenant Merton
Darnall

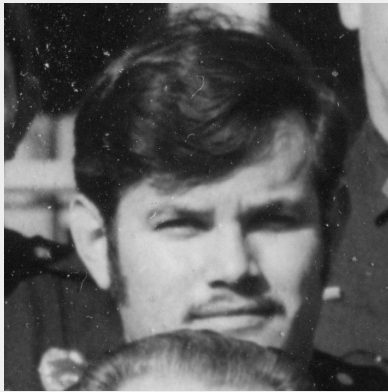


Richard York



Harold Petersen

1976



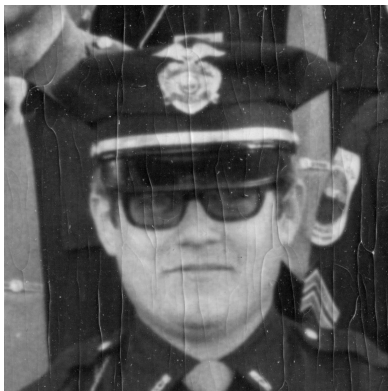
Ben Benning



Robert Frazee ~ Ambulance



Ben Givens



Ralph Speer



Carol Wester ~ Meter Maid



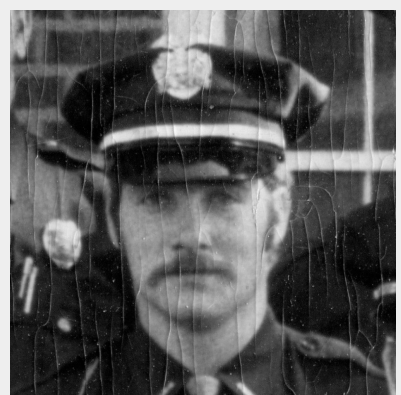
Robert Fallier



Dewayne Binford



Gerry Fry



Jim Wilson

1976



Mark Spray



Richard Dale



Ron DeMart



Ron Wineinger



Gilbert Mills



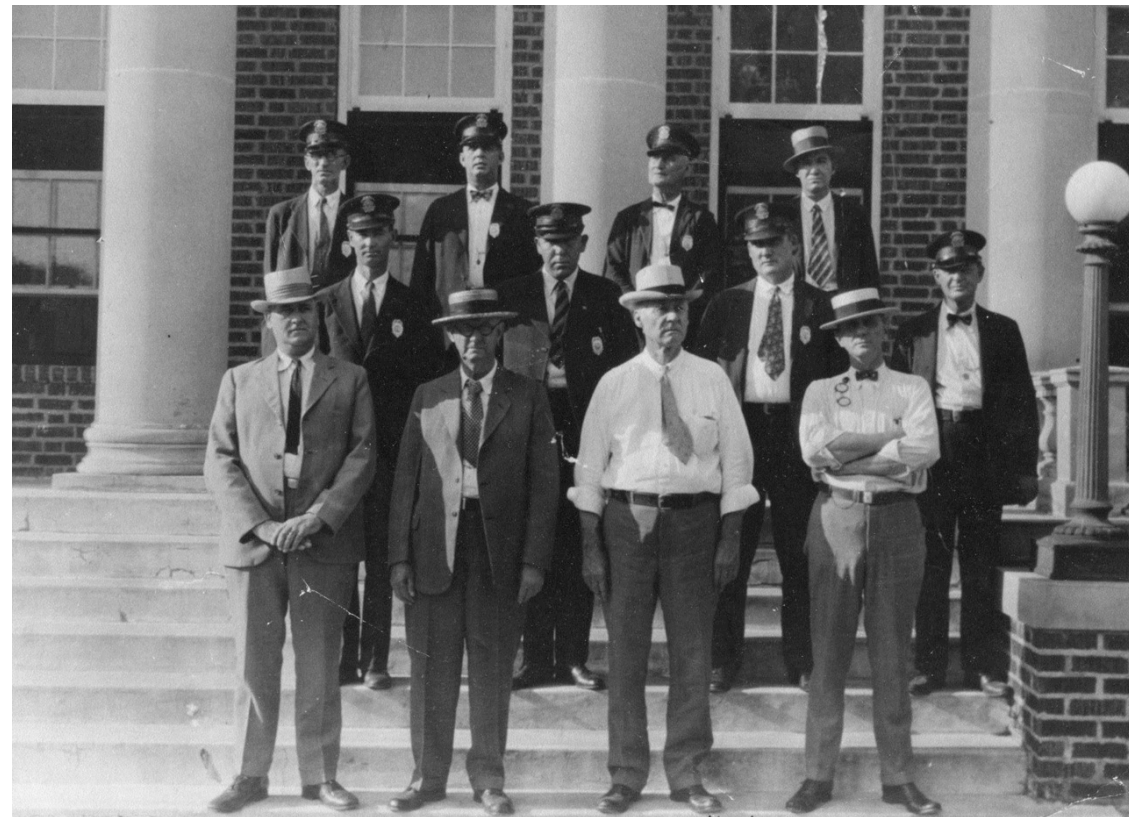
Terry Juden

Group Pictures

Earliest known photograph of the Arkansas City Police Department. Early 1900s

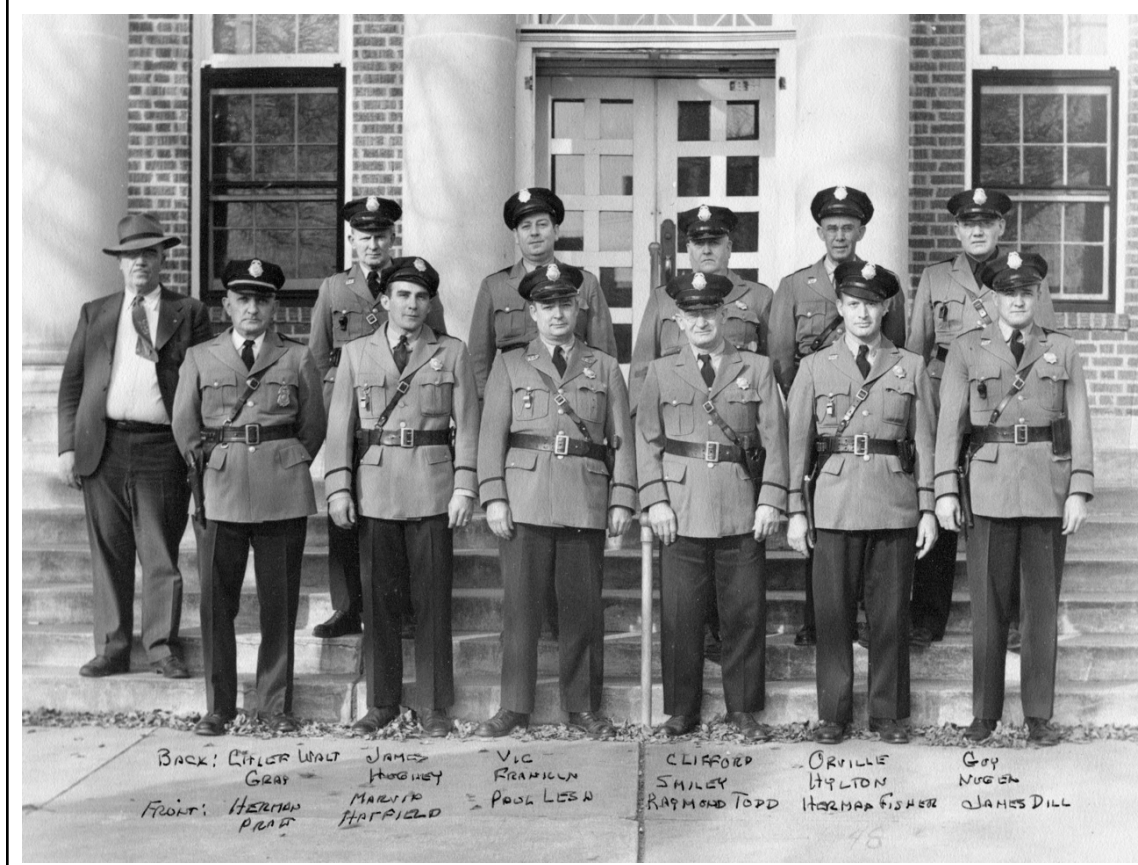


1940s



TOP: BILL DOWNING
 CENTER: RAZ HELDRIK
 BOTTOM: CLIFFORD SHILEY NUGGET REED CHICAFRAK THOMPSON MAYOR BILL WALKER
 TOM McHARRIS
 LESTER RICHARDSON H. BECKMAN

1947



1949



TODD
MILLER

FRANKLIN

LESH

CONOVERS

WAHLENMAIR

NUGENT

MILLER

1952



**Three Stooges plus Five.
Night Shift growing beards for Arkalalah.**

Lester Boyles, Marvin Hatfield, Milton Jordon, Jim Lower, James Hughey, Lawrence Burnett, Amos Barton, Chuck Wilson

1950s



1954



1958



1962



1971



1971



1976



TOP ROW: COX JUDEN FRY
 FOURTH ROW: FALLER SPRAY WILSON WINEINGER
 THIRD ROW: GIVENS ANDREWS LAZELLE YORK BINFORD
 SECOND ROW: PETERSEN FRANKLIN FRAZEE SPEER DARNALL MILLS
 FIRST ROW: WATSON WESTER RICE LOWER DEMART DALE

Names & Dates

These names came from a 3x5 card file that kept track of city employees before computers. Many did not show the date they left employment and some may not be found as this was an old card file and I was lucky that Judy Jordan had saved it.

Andrews, Cathi	12-18-72 ~ 01-13-79
Baker, Tammy	09-04-66 ~ ?
Bartlett, John C	05-22-44 ~ 11-2-44
Barton, Daniel Amos	11-30-41 ~ 05-12-43
	06-23-43 ~ 01-04-44
	12-30-50 ~ 02-25-52
	06-20-53 ~ 06-25-66 : Retired
Belt, Harry	03-21-43 ~ 06-04-43
Berens, Theodore	09-27-57 ~ 09-25-58
Bigley, Lloyd L	02-13-50 ~ 07-03-51
Bowker, William ~ Animal Control	01-26-59 ~ ?
Boyls, Loren	03-16-36 ~ 09-10-36
Boyles, Lester	08-01-34 ~ 11-13-35
~ Captain	10-01-52 ~ 01-15-61 : Retired
Brewster, David Jr	04-16-65 ~ ?
Brown, Frank ~ Animal Control	08-11-36 ~ 03-05-38
Brown, Sammie	06-11-59 ~ 10-11-66
Buell, Albert ~ Animal Control	03-11-52 ~ 07-25-53
Burnett, Harold	06-11-41 ~ 07-25-41
Burnett, Lawrence	05-01-51 ~ ?
Carter, John ~ Animal Control	05-28-34 ~ 05-31-34
Clouse, Millard ~ Merchant Police	06-04-51 ~ 10-06-53

Conley, Charles	06-22-49 ~ 02-11-50
Conner, Lewis	07-01-48
~ Captain	06-22-49 ~ 08-05-52
Cook, Lewis ~ Desk Sergeant	10-24-57 ~ 07-10-58
Cook, Ocie	01-04-51 ~ 05-28-51
	10-12-51 ~ ?
Cox, Charles	06-18-65 ~ ?
Crowley, Gary	01-14-63 ~ 08-25-64
Cranford, Glenwood ~ Desk Sergeant	10-13-56 ~ ?
Cummins, Oscar	05-06-31 ~ 01-10-37
Darnall, Merton	09-10-60 ~ 1985 : Retired
Davis, Eldon	06-10-58 ~ ?
Darnold, Louis ~ Merchant Police	06-26-43 ~ 04-14-44
Detwiller, Ernest	06-15-38 ~ 11-30-41
Dill, Fred ~ Tire Marker	11-01-51 ~ 01-11-52
Dill, James	06-22-42 ~ 01-04-51
Dillard, Fay	09-04-41 ~ 05-10-42
Dixon, Lonnie	01-09-56 ~ 07-10-59 : Army
	08-24-61 ~ 10-05-61
Downing, William ~ Merchant Police	05-01-23 ~ 11-25-41
Eggan, Charles	06-11-51
~ Captain	02-26-52 ~ 09-30-52
	01-12-53 ~ 01-31-58
Emberton, Norville	11-30-51 ~ 01-31-52
Estep, Lawrence	06-22-49 ~ 12-12-50
Faubion, Keener ~ Airport Watchman	06-22-43 ~ 09-10-44
Fisher, Herman	04-26-41 ~ 08-16-43 : Navy

	01-16-46
~ Asst Chief	04-15-60 ~ 09-25-66 : Retired
Fisher, Riley ~ Airport Watchman	12-08-41 ~ 01-31-42
Fortenberry, Jack	07-15-51 ~ 11-10-51
	01-31-52 ~ 06-23-66 Medical Pension
French, Granville	03-03-45 ~ 07-23-45
Fritts, Paul ~ Desk Sergeant	12-14-48 ~ 06-10-59
Fry, Gerald	01-01-54 ~ 10-15-56
	06-09-59 ~ ? : Retired
Giger, Lionel	05-16-50 ~ 10-10-51
Gillette, Donald	09-17-66 ~ ?
Goodson, Thomas	01-14-29 ~ 10-10-42
Gray, Walter	07-10-31 ~ 12-25-32
	05-15-35
~ Chief	01-26-45 ~ 12-25-48
Hall, Roger	06-28-52 ~ ?
Hamilton, E.L.	07-13-36 ~ 11-30-38
Hanson, Emory	09-16-36 ~ 06-15-38
Hatfield, Elvin	10-14-60 ~ ?
Hatfield, Marvin	10-11-47 ~ 06-15-51
	09-01-52 ~ 06-25-59
	12-28-61 ~ 07-10-64
Henderson, R.W. ~ Desk Sergeant	08-31-31 ~ 07-08-41
Hillman, Ronald	09-01-64 ~ 01-25-66
Hollins, William ~ Animal Control	03-15-43 ~ 05-10-48
Horstman, Preston	08-01-45 ~ 01-25-52
Hughey, James	08-13-45 ~ 12-25-45

~ Merchant Police	07-11-52 ~ ?
Hylton, Frank	07-25-52 ~ 08-01-52
Hylton, Orville	03-10-42 ~ 08-29-43 : Died
Johnson, Jr. Clyde ~ Juvenile Officer	02-22-56 ~ ?
Jones, James M.	04-11-48 ~ 10-25-48
Jordan, Milton	03-09-52 ~ 05-04-52
	09-09-53 ~ 09-05-54
Jackson, Emily ~ Meter Control	1966 ~ ?
Kenney, James R.	02-25-58 ~ 06-25-59
Killblane, Hugh	11-30-38 ~ 01-10-43
	06-11-54 ~ ?
Kincaid, James	01-25-59 ~ ?
Krout, Billy G.	05-26-59 ~ ?
Lemmon, William ~ Airport Watchman	02-11-42 ~ 03-21-42
~ Tire Marker	01-14-52 ~ ?
Lesh, Paul	10-10-42 ~ 06-17-43
	01-05-44
~ Chief	03-27-48 ~ 03-25-66 : Retired
Lower, Cecil James	08-21-52
~ Lieutenant Nights	1954
~ Captain Nights	1955
~ Desk Sergeant, 1st Shift	1958
~ Records Lieutenant, 1st Shift	1958
~ Detective Lieutenant	1969
~ Chief	04-01-71 ~ 01-01-77 : Retired
Luper, Gussie	11-07-48 ~ 12-25-45
	02-01-52 ~ 03-30-52

McCreary, Billy J.	09-11-54 ~ 10-10-61
McGuire, C. Paul ~ Desk Sergeant	07-01-59 ~ 11-25-59
McKeever, Frank	05-06-31 ~ 05-14-35
	11-26-41 ~ 04-02-53
McMahon, William ~ Desk Sergeant	04-18-24 ~ 08-07-32 : Died
Magnus, Kenneth	12-06-65 ~ ?
Mallory, Charles	09-12-66 ~ ?
Miller, Charles	11-06-48 ~ 06-30-49
Miller, James ~ Merchant Police	07-01-48 ~ 11-25-50
Moore, Hazel ~ Dispatcher/Matron	08-01-62 ~ ?
Morrissey, Harold	11-04-44 ~ 01-25-44
	07-14-49 ~ 11-10-50
Moyer, Lawrence	08-24-37 ~ 12-01-41
Naden, Lorene ~ Dispatcher	07-01-63 ~ 07-19-63
Nance, Joe ~ Chief	04-25-57 ~ 03-10-60
Neal, Dale	01-26-57 ~ 05-25-57
Nugen, Guy	01-01-46 ~ 05-10-50
Nulik, John	02-11-27 ~ 05-10-28
	01-09-34 ~ 01-19-38
Peck, Julius	11-06-61 ~ ?
Pappan, Lloyd	10-25-66 ~ ?
Parton, Annie Laurie ~ Dispatcher	08-05-63 ~ ?
Parton, Paul ~ Dispatcher	?
Patton, Inez ~ Dispatcher	07-01-60 ~ 04-15-63 : Died
Petersen, Harold	09-25-57 ~ ? : Retired
Pile, Ronald ~ Desk Sergeant	01-26-57 ~ ?
Pratt, Herman	03-04-43 ~ 04-10-48

Pyatt, William ~ Airport Watchman	09-14-43 ~ 03-20-45
Rice, William	11-25-58 - ? : Retired
Richardson, Bennie	06-23-53 ~ ?
Richardson, Lester	10-07-26
~ Chief	07-01-34 ~ 01-25-45 : Retired
Robertson, Frank ~ Chief	04-15-60 ~ 01-25-71
Robinson, Clint	09-02-25
~ Chief	1931 ~ 07-08-34
Scrogin, Raymond	12-18-50 ~ 04-19-51
Shaffer, Charles	11-30-35 ~ 04-22-37
Shanks, Don Ivan	06-17-57 ~ 08-25-57
Smiley, Clifford ~ Desk Sergeant	01-13-26 ~ 01-25-56
Stockton, James	08-10-52 ~ ?
Stovall, Dorsey	01-21-38 ~ 06-21-42
	06-11-43 ~ 06-10-44
Stover, Alton	12-16-44 ~ 12-19-45
	08-25-54 ~ ?
Strickler, Allen	08-31-31 ~ 07-13-36
Sweet, Archie	06-08-51 ~ 06-30-51
Symes, Lyndon	01-11-37 ~ 04-25-41
Taylor, John	10-23-52 ~ ?
Todd, Raymond ~ Desk Sergeant	05-11-42 ~ 06-16-62
VanSchuyver, Robert	06-25-59 ~ 08-04-60
Vincent, Ava Dee ~ Matron, Animal Control	02-14-50 ~ 03-10-50
Vincent, Homer ~ Animal Control	05-11-48 ~ 02-13-50
Wahlenmaier, Donald	04-15-48 ~ 04-24-65 : Retired

Walker, Fred ~ Airport Watchman	03-14-42 ~ 07-02-42
Ward, Dennis	09-21-64 ~ 03-27-65
Wells, Arthur Clyde (Jugg) ~ Desk Sergeant	07-08-51 ~ 05-10-52
White, James G.	06-10-44 ~ 07-10-48
White, Louie	02-02-45 ~ 12-25-45
Wilson, Charles ~ Desk Sergeant	08-03-52 - ?
Woods, Alvin	11-10-50 ~ 05-02-51
	05-18-51 ~ 05-25-52
	06-16-52 ~ 06-21-52
Woods, Leroy	04-01-50 ~ 05-10-52
	05-12-52 ~ 07-30-52
Workmon, Edward ~ Merchant Police	04-14-43 ~ 06-26-43

Note: During the years of WW2, the City kept watchmen at the Municipal Airport which was south of town on US77 at the IXL Road. Later known as Haynes Airport

Fire Department

Allen, Ed ~ Sleeper	06-01-49 ~ 05-10-50
Anderson, Floyd	05-29-60 ~ 06-25-62
	02-11-63 ~ 08-25-64
Anderson, Okla	03-25-30 ~ 02-26-49
Atkin, John	04-17-44 ~ 11-10-45
Baber, S.L.	03-05-16 ~ 03-25-30
Barthouse, Richard ~ Sleeper	03-01-56 ~ 07-25-56
Bates, James Coy	08-27-64 ~ ?
Bingham, John Redman	09-22-43 ~ 04-14-44
Boone, Melvin	11-23-64 ~ ?

Bowker, Daniel Joe	07-26-66 ~ ?
Buck, Harry	12-26-30 ~ 01-01-36
Carnal, Edwin	06-24-57 ~ 08-25-64
Carter, Richard	03-04-57 ~ 05-10-57
Clatterbuck, Norman ~ Sleeper	07-05-57 ~ 09-10-57
Conner, Alvin	02-27-61 ~ 11-25-64
Davis, Joseph ~ Sleeper	1924 ~ 03-23-33
	? ~ 10-17-42
DeArmond, James ~ Sleeper	01-06-32 ~ 04-14-42
Enderud, Clarence ~ Sleeper	05-21-43 ~ 06-10-43
Estell, Loren	12-09-52 ~ 02-25-52
Estep, L. Gilbert	01-09-43 ~ 03-25-53
Evans, Kenneth	06-24-65 ~ ?
Follett, Walter	05-10-42 ~ 07-19-42
Fry, Gordon	05-20-57 ~ ?
Fry, Robert E.	09-26-52 ~ 10-31-52
Gordon, O.G. ~ Sleeper	01-15-36
~ Regular	11-11-41 ~ 02-10-58 : Retired
Graham, Freddie	08-26-66 ~ 11-07-66
Gray, Merle	01-01-48 ~ ? : Retired
Hatcher, Delbert	01-16-65 ~ ?
Huff, Fred	08-29-42 ~ 01-10-53 : Retired
Huffaker, D'Wayne	05-01-49 ~ 12-29-50
Hutchinson, Joe	11-01-23
~ Chief	09-10-54 ~ 03-05-58 : Died
Jesson, George	11-01-42 ~ 10-05-43
Johnson, Cecil	11-02-52 ~ ?

Jones, Glen (Popye)	01-05-32 ~ 05-10-63 : Retired
Jones, Noel	08-26-66 ~ ?
Jones, Warren Dale	07-08-62 ~ ?
Joslin, Percy	01-02-48 ~ 08-31-52
Kline, Kenneth ~ Sleeper	06-01-50 ~ 11-20-50
McCoy, Bill	10-16-55 ~ 07-10-57
McCullough, Harry	05-05-31
~ Chief	? ~ 08-31-54 : Died
McDowell, William	09-21-65 ~ 10-20-66
McGuire, Vernon	07-26-26 ~ 01-13-63 : Retired
McQuillan, Charles ~ Sleeper	09-1957 ~ 11-25-57
Martin, Robert	07-11-61 ~ ?
Miller, Seth	06-14-26
~ Janitor	08-02-32 ~ 07-05-44 : Died
Moore, Russell	12-27-30 ~ 10-27-42 : Army
	12-26-45 ~ 06-01-60 : Retired
Morgan, James	06-25-59 ~ 01-11-62
Moser, Robert	01-25-58 ~ 06-10-62
Munyon, Norman ~ Sleeper	09-07-42 ~ 02-17-43
Overfelt, Kenneth	06-10-62 ~ 02-25-63
Pace, Ray	03-11-63 ~ 02-25-65
Petersen, Stephen	05-08-66 - ?
Pool, Jack	03-17-45 ~ 10-31-45
Poore, John	09-25-29 ~ 11-03-41
Post, Harold	02-26-31 ~ 12-14-42 : Army
~ Chief	11-11-45 ~ 03-06-58 : Retired
Reeves, Dennis	02-26-65 ~ ?

Rains, Orvale	02-22-43 ~ 09-11-43
Rhodes, Farley	03-25-53 ~ ?
Richardson, Carl E.	09-11-54 ~ 08-15-56
Richardson, Lloyd	03-21-51 ~ 09-13-51
Selvage, Charles	09-08-64 ~ ?
Seckman, Charles	05-11-63 ~ ?
Smith, Forrest	04-14-44 ~ 08-31-44
Thoma, Bob	04-1917 ~ 06-1920
~ Sleeper	04-10-34 ~ ?
Thomas, G.F. (Jelly)	12-1933 ~ 12-27-42 : Army
	11-01-45 ~ 04-07-48
	03-01-49 ~ 07-06-61 : Retired
Thompson, Roger	08-29-64 ~ 02-10-66
Tolman, Gerald	02-09-62 ~ 02-10-63
Wahlenmaier, Irvin	04-11-58 ~ 07-10-59
Webber, Clint Jr.	06-10-52 ~ 09-10-52
Westbrook, Glibert	10-10-43 ~ 04-15-44
	04-01-48 ~ 04-30-49
~ Captain	03-10-58 - ?
White, John	08-25-65 ~ 07-30-66
Wright, Charles	08-10-59 ~ ?
Young, Robert	05-10-55 ~ 10-10-55
Note: The Fire Department used to have some that just stayed at the Fire Department at night and answered calls if needed. They did no duties around the station during the daytime. Hence, called Sleepers	

Other City Officials

Acton, Grant ~ City Clerk	07-10-25 ~ 05-10-33
Bentz, John ~ Hospital Administrator	04-13-33 ~ 05-13-54
Berry, S.E. (Sam) ~ Commissioner	4 years
Billings, Thomas Morrison (Mort) ~ Plumbing Inspector	07-25-54 ~ 10 years
Bricker, J.W. ~ Asst City Engineer	06-01-23 ~ 10-10-28
~ Foreman, Relief Workers	10-1933 ~ 08-1935
~ Asst City Engineer	01-08-41 ~ ?
~ Park Supt	01-26-44 ~ 06-30-65 : Retired
Caster, E.B. (Barney) ~ Plumbing Inspector	11-10-42 ~ 07-25-54
Clough, James ~ City Clerk	05-15-28 ~ 12-31-61 : Retired
Cunningham, William ~ Police Court Judge	04-25-59 ~ ?
Eton, Fred ~ City Court Marshall	04-1935 ~ 01-13-41
Englis, Frank ~ Cemetery Sexton	11-23-56 ~ ?
Finefrock, Hilda ~ Water Dept Clerk	10-01-23 ~ 1958 : Retired
Franey, Hattie ~ Police Court Judge	05-16-44 ~ 07-10-50
Freeman, Claude ~ Commissioner	04-03-51 ~ 6 years
Geeslin, B.C. ~ City Physician	05-1931 ~ 02-10-33
Hartman, Donald ~ City Court Marshall	02-01-58 ~ 01-10-65
Hawkins, Cecil ~ Commissioner	04-01-47 ~ 4 years
Herbert, Orval ~ Asst City Engineer	08-04-36 ~ 11-02-37
Hickman, Donald ~ City Attorney	01-26-46 ~ 01-25-56
Howard, Harry ~ City Attorney	03-05-37 ~ 01-25-46
~ City Court Judge	01-17-46 ~ 01-10-48

Iverson, Norman ~ City Court Judge	01-11-57 ~ 01-11-59
~ Police Court Judge	01-11-59 - ?
Kelley, Jack ~ Commissioner	04-03-51 ~ 4 years
King, Clyde ~ City Manager	05-01-31 ~ 12-31-48
Knight, Earl ~ Police Court Judge	02-26-44 ~ 05-25-44
Lambert, Wayne ~ City Engineer	09-04-45 ~ 11-05-60 : Died
Lawhe, Del ~ Asst City Engineer	12-01-19 ~ 09-01-45
~ City Engineer	06-01-49 ~ 07-10-57
Leach, Fred ~ Police Court Judge	05-01-32 ~ 04-10-37
Long, Harry ~ Commissioner	04-07-31 ~ 07-02-47 : Resigned
Lower, Carl Joseph ~ Park Dept Labor	04-01-34 ~ 07-02-35 : Died
Newman, Albert ~ Commissioner	04-01-47 ~ 2 years
Newman, Gertrude ~ Commissioner	04-1933 ~ 04-1937
Oldroyd, Harry ~ Commissioner	04-06-43 ~ 4 years
Palmer, Charles ~ City Engineer	07-01-63 ~ ?
Pickens, James ~ City Court Marshall	01-13-41 ~ 1945
Pringle, Tom ~ Police Court Judge	08-10-50 ~ ?
~ City Court Judge	01-11-59 ~ ?
~ Asst County Attorney	01-01-61 ~ ?
Pringle, Tom Sr. ~ County Attorney	04-1926 ~ - 04-1928
	04-30-31 ~ 02-28-37 : Died
Rock, Richard ~ City Court Judge	01-11-53 ~ 01-19-57
Rucket, P.J. ~ Commissioner	04-07-31 ~ 04-11-49
Short, Aaron L. ~ City Manager	12-09-57 ~ 04-13-59

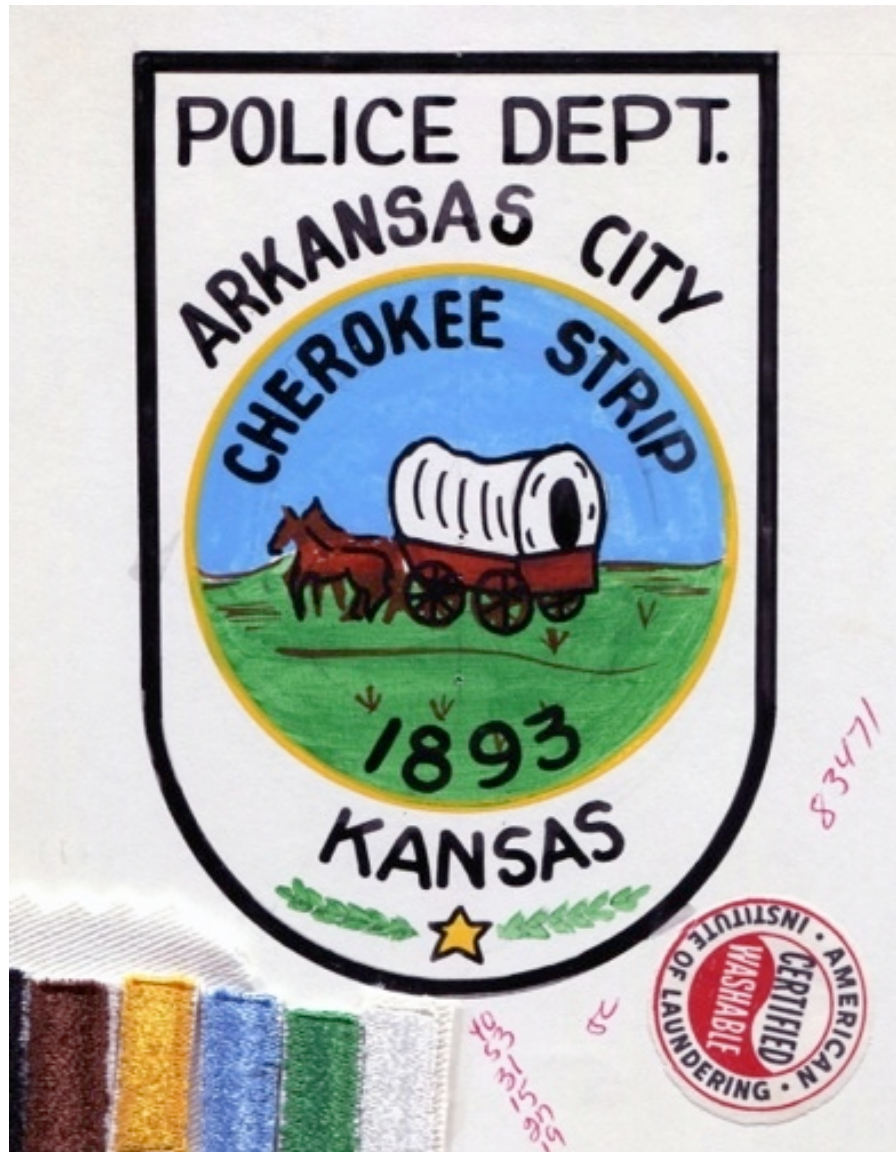
Stanley, George ~ Police Court Judge	03-26-37 ~ 02-25-44
Sybrant, George ~ City Attornet	04-25-59 ~ ?
Theis, Franklin G. ~ City Attorney	01-15-56 ~ 04-13-59
Theis, P.F. ~ City Physician	02-1933 ~ 03-03-43
Vandever, James ~ Commissioner	04-05-49 ~ 2 years
White, Doyle ~ City Court Judge	01-11-49 ~ 01-10-53
White, J.W. ~ City Court Judge	03-1935 ~ 06-26-46 : Died
Wylie, George ~ Commissioner	04-04-39 ~ 04-03-47

The Back Cover

Digital Edition

Published March 2013

Shoulder patch designed by me

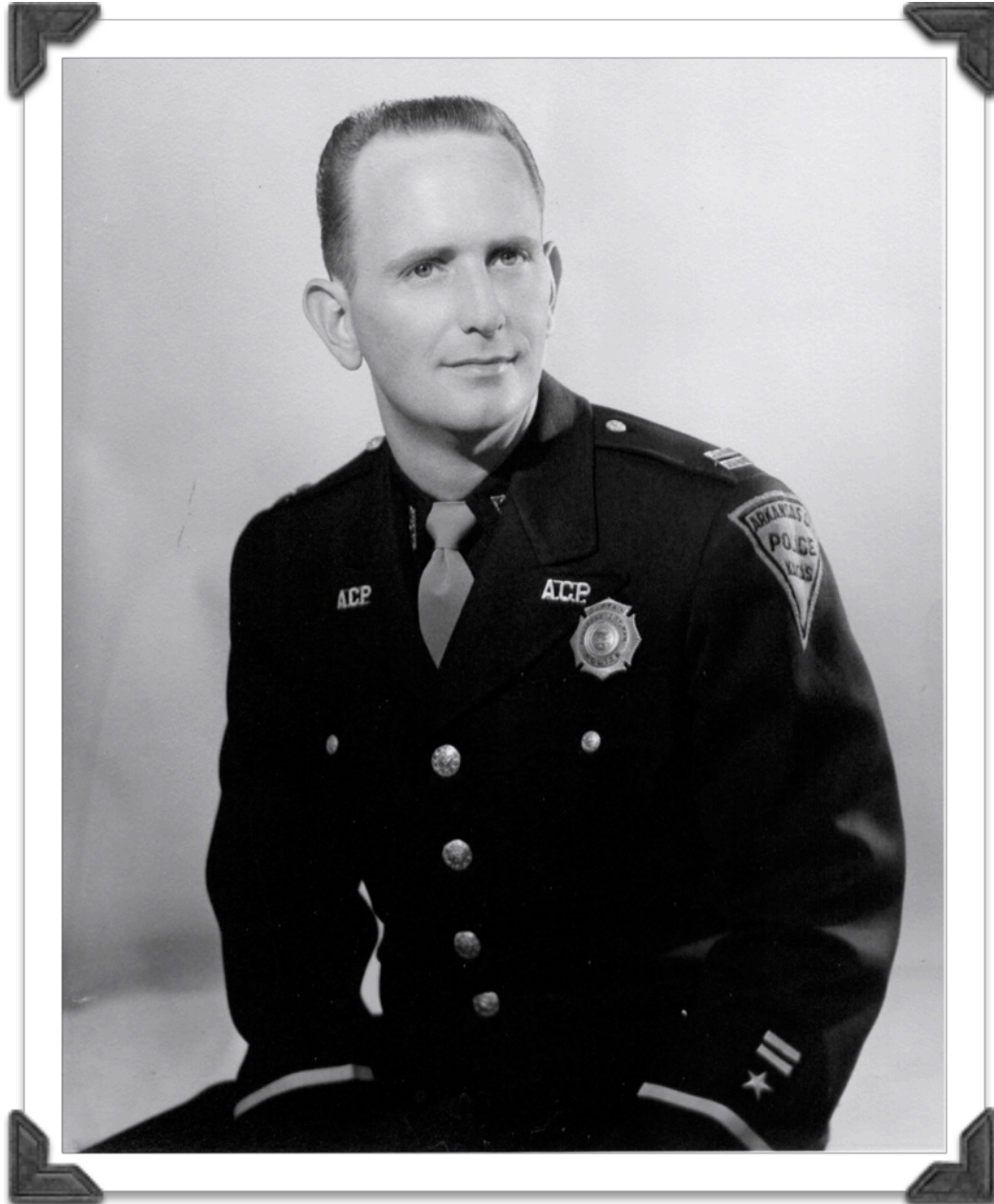


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Macintosh Performa 6320CD using
Adobe Pagemaker 5.0
Adobe PhotoDelux 2.0
Umax Vista S6E
Hewlett Packard Deskwriter 680C

Afterward

Chief Jim Lower passed away on February 16, 2013.

This electronic edition is for him.



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