

HAMMOND STREET STATION JONES
A Story of the Cincinnati Policeman

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Prologue

The alarm sounds, a siren wails
and over all a gripping fear
prevails,
until the policeman takes command.

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This is a story of the Cincinnati policeman. It is written without his knowledge, suggestion or consent. Both the idea and any blame are the writer's alone. It is an echo not only for the present but for those who remember from experience or know by word of mouth those certain, salty sides of life in Cincinnati when police heroes walked the city streets - when workmen whistled and sang because labor was not considered a penalty for living - when laughter and wit were the sauce of the hour - when faith in an ideal was the rock of a man - when love of country and family pride were the anchors of life - when the policeman was the symbol of the law and the protector of all the people, large and small - when God was in His Heaven and His Commandments were over the land.

Of course, much of this account occurred long before crime became more protected than virtue - before the "world" owed anybody a life of irresponsibility - before students vandalized the schools erected from the sweat of past generations and then lay unwashed in the streets and on the floors of public buildings, as if to prove that man can return to the species from whence he came - before seemingly responsible people stood afraid and apart while their fellow citizens were wounded or killed by criminals and while, according to the current news reports, a college professor in California called openly for murder and screamed to the crowd that the American Flag is "just a piece of toilet paper."

Yes, much of this was before the courts shackled the police who sought to control the

criminals - before some creeping credence began to form in the public mind as to the charge that the United States Supreme Court has long sat attuned to the passing pulse of public favor and the mass taste. This mass taste at present seems to prefer Barabbas. To illustrate, the author, in cooperating with the police, listened to a complete confession of a man charged with murder. At the trial later, the jury found the accused not guilty. When asked by the writer later how the jury ever arrived at such a verdict, the foreman answered that "aside from any evidence, the jury was nearly entirely anti-police."

It may well be asked, "What has all this to do with the Cincinnati policeman?" The answer is that it has much to do with him and with the next police siren you may hear. It bears upon the kind of people who commit or condone what kind of crimes and who keep or break which laws, and who retain or destroy the ideals, the courts, the Constitution and the police who give protection and meaning to their lives and to the civilization of which these people are a part. It has been said that Rome fell when Rome ran out of Romans. Then, the law, the public discipline and the national order all crashed together. Mighty Rome was no more. And so, the Cincinnati policeman, as he sees and reads and feels the national attacks on the police by those who live under police protection, may well wonder, "Is America running out of Americans?" And you who listen to this question may well wonder if the next police siren which you do not hear may be coming for you, murdered on the public way. Likewise, will the future specialist in past cultures have cause to wonder if the nail-studded golf ball designed to tear open a policeman's face, and a bag of human excrement to be thrown at the police to express the present planned contempt, were the final symbols of the Great Republic before it convulsed and passed away? Will it pass away? Is America running out of Americans? Is the policeman fighting the battle for national survival on the most important front of all - the home front? It may be answered that this nation will not pass away if the lives and safety and sacred values of the people are preserved in their

homes, in their schools and in the public streets.

Almost any large city police force is today a victim of the "pincers." By this mechanism, the political figure, judge or other vote seeker supports directly or indirectly a number of contradictory interworking courses. He often leans, directly or indirectly, to the giving of one man's possession to the multitude. This appeals to the voting crowd. If this is not acted upon quickly enough, he indicates in one way or another that the only course may be riot. This means murder, robbery, arson and other crimes. When the policeman steps out to enforce the law using force against force, he accuses the police of brutality. In this manner, this public figure gains a "vote bank" or "power base" whereby he may rise to greater political heights and all at the policeman's loss of status and perhaps even the loss of the policeman's life.

This examination of the history, achievements, tragedies and happenings of the Cincinnati policeman raises the question of the writer's identity and also his capacity in attempting so serious and so exacting a subject. In reply it may be said that the author was born in Cincinnati. He attended the Assumption School of the Sisters of Mercy in Walnut Hills, Xavier Academy of the Jesuit Order in Avondale, The University of Cincinnati, Xavier Law College - now Xavier University, and the old Schuster-Martin School of Dramatic Arts on Kemper Lane - all of Cincinnati. He inherited a deep love for Cincinnati from his forbears who arrived in this city in 1838. From them and from his own participation in Cincinnati life, his bowl overfloweth with ancient lore, reported legends, accounts of frontier scalpings, recorded facts, pungent personalities and anecdotes of humor, tragedy and high adventure in Cincinnati and its environs. A stimulating and historic figure in all of this is the Cincinnati policeman.

At an early age, this narrator either witnessed or knew of happenings which caused him to appreciate the dangerous duties and sacrifices of the Cincinnati policeman. The following is one

of which he knew by report as a child at the time of its occurrence. To present the scene, let us become participants. On a certain day about 1908 and at Clifton and McMillan Streets, we board a Clifton Avenue Streetcar and head down Clifton Avenue hill toward the inner city now spread out below us. Suddenly the wheels slide, the brakes go on. The brakes release. Our speed increases, again the wheels slide as the brakes grip and sand is fed to the tracks by the motorman. However, we can feel a "will to run" on the part of the streetcar. It almost struggles for its freedom and then, as we say today, it "takes off." Down the hill we go "on the double". The vast chasm of the valley toward which we are heading opens up before us. The poles, trees and wires fly past. Suddenly, a tall police officer, Lieut. Poppe, a passenger, leaps to the front of the car; he grabs the emergency brake beside the motorman. Now these two are turning, groaning, straining against the will and wheels of the car. Our speed slows a little, but now we leap the tracks, the wheels grind and bounce on the street. We crash into an iron pole. All of us are thrown over the seats or to the floor. The smashing of iron and fenders and steel and the screams of the passengers all converge. The wrecked car hangs on the edge of the Clifton cliff. All of us escape without serious injury, but as we leave, there, dead in the twisted mass, lies the heroic motorman and beside him our bleeding, but breathing, unconscious savior, Lieut. Poppe. Lieut. Poppe did not die. He lingered near death for days while the newspapers issued bulletins on his condition. The nun who taught us opened class each morning with a prayer for the recovery of "that brave Lieut. Poppe." When it was finally announced that the lieutenant would live but with the loss of one of his legs, there was city-wide rejoicing over his escape from death. The term "policeman" took on a noble luster.

When the author was about fifteen years old he was returning home from the Walnut Hills Library one evening about eight o'clock. On the way, he saw a crowd gathered outside of a place near Peebles Corner and known as Parr's Saloon. Since a dark curtain sealed off the windows at the

bottom, this curious onlooker mounted a wall across the street and saw the action firsthand.

Officer Clinton Noe of the Seventh District Police Station, then at Morgan and Concord Streets, had gone into Parr's place to arrest him. Reaching in his hat, Noe took out a warrant and handed it to Parr. The latter, a giant of almost seven feet and a former heavy weight fighter, scorned both the warrant and the officer and made violent and threatening gestures. Officer Noe stepped over to the wall telephone to call the patrol. Then Parr tore around the bar, grabbed Noe's club and began to split open his head with powerful blows. Noe now falls to the floor, rolls, and arises with his revolver drawn. He fires at the attacking giant. Parr weaves, totters, and like an enormous statue, drops. Officer Noe wipes the blood off his face and head and knocks the dents out of his helmet. He recovers his club and stands beside the dying Parr awaiting the patrol. Parr convulses and dies. The uniformed David, his badge glistening, was bloody but unbowed. Goliath was dead upon the barroom floor.

As four policemen loaded Parr's body into the patrol wagon, Officer Noe, with a sad and quiet dignity, walked alone to the Seventh District Station. He was followed at a short distance by a certain boy who could not leave his hero. The dime novels of the day were loaded with synthetic battles and gun play with Indians and train robbers of the early West. However, he thought, right here in Cincinnati were high adventure, deep tragedy, bravery against violence and death over the bar.

Along about 1926, the writer turned the Northeast corner of Wayne and May Streets in Cincinnati. Suddenly, he saw a prisoner (a robber about 24 years old, as it later developed) at Wayne and Kenton Street - a block away - break away from a policeman and run West on Wayne Street. The officer called to him to stop. The order was ignored. The fugitive has now crossed to the North side of Wayne Street and is running at full speed. The officer, still at the corner, levels his revolver. He fires. The law, traveling on that bullet, is

moving up fast. The runaway is hit; he is knocked to the sidewalk. He lies still - very still.

As the years passed, the author, from various activities had a continuing experience and knowledge of the problems of the Cincinnati Police Department. He never held any paid Police position nor drew any fees or income from any of his police associations. May he say, and only for clarification, that what he has contributed in hours, expenses and money to the Cincinnati Police effort has been entirely gratuitous. The cause has been reward enough. It has brought moments which no fees could fill.

In 1947, the author was asked by Chief Weatherly to examine specific dismal facts of the Cincinnati Police Department. Certain government officials and clergymen were reported to be ruining the morale of the men by becoming public defenders for those breaking the law. Their rewards were votes or publicity or both. The entire police force numbered about 700 at that time, when according to the Bruce Smith National Average, this figure should have been over a thousand. With the added escape hatches across the river, a total of 1100 men was really necessary. As Chief Weatherly showed the author, the police traffic division was located in the old stables in the rear of City Hall. In fact, the latrine troughs once used by the patrol horses in their stalls ran under the desks of the police officers administering the traffic laws of this city. The police pay was far too little and their equipment inadequate. The final blow by certain members of Council was a resolution about 1947, which, in fact, set up an unofficial trial for a policeman making an arrest. Like a man, spread-eagled to a barn door, the policeman could be ridiculed and attacked by the public violators he had dared to arrest.

All of this sounds like a 21-year projection of what is now happening all over the United States. Some of those who participated in this infamous resolution, which has since been discarded, may have been the front runners in the present national craze for destroying the police, the law,

buildings, schools, universities and the traditions of respect and discipline throughout the United States.

Referring again to that dedicated officer, Chief Weatherly, the collective actions which resulted from his efforts forced Council to modernize the police in organization, pay and equipment and compelled a halt to a degree in the alleged cooperation between the vote-seeking caterers to crime and the criminals.

The Cincinnati Police Department, in performance, is today one of the best in the United States. The attainment of this status has been largely due to Chief Weatherly, Chief Schrotel, Chief Schott, as well as their capable assistants, public alarm and to the Cincinnati Citizens Police Association, which, along with other civic bodies, has carried the brunt of the battle for police needs, although opposed by certain segments of the public and particular politicians. The author was an early member of this association.

In seeking new approaches to certain police problems, and in particular relations between the citizens and the police, this writer in 1959 conferred with Scotland Yard officials in London and with directing officers of the Paris Police - Department of the Seine. The benefits and details of these conferences are too lengthy to be set out here. They were capsuled at the time in reports to Chief Schrotel. Also, these were published in the Cincinnati Enquirer in 1959.

Following are several very brief comments of interest on these discussions which chiefly concerned the public image of the police - the use of dogs - and other matters.

Mr. Morgan, of Scotland Yard, that expert organization of police administration and long a model for the world, referred to the similarity of criminals in England and the United States. It appears that an aristocracy exists in the trade - a distingue as to certain operations. The safe blower and bank robber, for example, disdain the

purveyors of women and dope and the pimps and the mafia as belonging to a lower order. The police seem also to recognize this class distinction among the outlaws.

At the Paris meeting an interesting fact arose. In an emergency the Prefect of Police, Department of the Seine, has authority over all police and fire departments in his area. This gives him an emergency force of over 36,000 men. This force includes many independent segments of our system, such as the P.B.I., Immigration Service, Health, etc. The police system of Paris is established along very military lines. The men are well trained and have a long and colorful history going back to the Middle Ages.

As to Cincinnati Police history, "legend hath it" that the need for police protection was first recognized in the pioneer days when an indignant householder published a notice in one of the early settlers' newspapers, reading:

"Whoever is found in my chicken house at night will be found there in the morning."

Actually, when Cincinnati was incorporated in 1802 with about 800 persons, the soldiers of Ft. Washington supplied whatever civil protection was necessary.

In 1803 a night watch was established — all persons over twenty-one rotated — there was no pay — the equipment was a lantern and a watchman's rattle.

In 1819, a captain and six watchmen were authorized by Ordinance of Council.

In 1834 the force was increased to two captains and eighteen men. The Cincinnati Police Department was created in that year and a special tax levied for its needs.

In 1855 Cincinnati had a population of 135,000 people. The police force now numbered 100

men and three detectives. In the following year (1856) the first uniform was adopted.

The office of Chief of Police was created in 1859. The registration of arrested persons followed in 1863.

One year after the Civil War, 1866, the police telegraph was installed.

In 1873 the Rogue's Gallery was established.

The police telephone exchange was placed in use in 1879. It served the entire Department and was the first in the United States.

The year 1886 saw the setting up of the Detective Bureau - a recognition that the solution of crime, though often called a form of genius, is really a process of dogged and steady and lonely persistence.

The Bertillion System, named after Chief Bertillion of Paris, was adopted in 1892. This classic system of record measurement and identification was later aided by the "Finger Printing" addition in 1904.

In 1928 the Centralized Bureau of Records, using uniform crime reporting methods, was placed in use. The Cincinnati police were pioneers in this national contribution to police methods.

The period from 1930 to 1952 saw rapid steps in modernization by the Cincinnati Police Department. These are too numerous to list here. They include police radio - the Crime Laboratory Keeler Polygraph "Lie Detector" - X-ray - and special improvements in criminal identification. By 1968, the force numbered 970 men in new quarters on Central Parkway. A high-level Police Academy to train recruits to become finished police officers raised the general excellence of the force to a quality second to none. The creation of the Tactical Unit - the Canine Corps - and the office of Police Specialist in 1966 were also added and

increased the efficiency of Cincinnati law enforcement to a high degree.

The Cincinnati policeman of 1969, in addition to high physical, mental and educational requirements, must have a working knowledge of many scientific methods as well as abilities in a variety of fields. These include a practical knowledge of the polygraph, usually known to the public as the "Lie Detection" process - identification methods, including "Finger Printing" - Life Saving - a knowledge of the federal, state and local laws, particularly with reference to law enforcement - the organization of government, especially the complex of states, counties, cities, towns, villages and townships in the greater Cincinnati area - the assembly of evidence and its preservation and proper presentation in Court.

Also, the policeman must be trained and able in the area of Community Relations. This demands that he be a practical, day-to-day working psychologist. Likewise, maneuvering through crowds at high speeds requires that he be an expert automobile driver to meet the instant needs of time, pursuit and offense. He has other duties requiring skills and aptitudes too detailed to be explained here. And last, but not least, he must be a master of the lawful, accurate and safe use of weapons.

It should be noted here that every policeman and every cadet applicant is required to meet a polygraph test prior to his appointment. The modern emphasis on this "Lie Detection" area suggests a brief summary of its origin and development, as well as that of the science of "Identification and Finger Printing."

A hundred thousand words of this document could not do justice to the history, development, need and current use of the polygraph, known as the "Lie Detector" and as employed by the Cincinnati Police Department. This work is in charge of polygraphist, Hugh A. Burger. In capsulizing this moving subject, Detective Burger covers some interesting comparisons of ancient and modern concepts in its development.

The Chinese observed that a suspect who is told to chew rice powder will spit it out dry-after questioning if he is guilty. A wet condition of the rice after questioning favored his innocence. The explanation lies in the fact that the tension of lying causes the salivary glands to cease functioning and the rice powder to be dry after chewing.

Following the Chinese and other early theories, the psychologists, physiologists and criminologists have long engaged in specific research in the instrumental detection of deception or "lying" as it is more generally known. A few of these, among many, were Galileo (1581) - Musso (1875) - Munsterburg (1904) - Marston (1915) and others following. Marston tested 200 persons experimentally measuring their systolic blood pressure at frequent intervals. His results indicated that systolic blood pressure constituted an accurate means for detecting deception.

After Marston, many experimentors and scientists concentrated upon the use of records of respiration and pulse in the process of "lie detection." The work of these men is an academic study in itself as to processes, theories and advancement.

Finally, in 1938 Leonarde Keeler, with his own and accumulated theories, along with those of "skin electrical variation" developed by Father Summers, produced the Keeler Polygraph of today and now employed by the Cincinnati Police Department. The researcher, investigator and practitioner has a vast and challenging field in the area of "Lie Detection." The doctrine of the police approach to this entire subject, as stated by Detective Burger, is that "Truth is the staff that supports the balance of justice."

The Commander of the Identification Section of the Cincinnati Police Department is Lt. Jaimes M. Stout. In teaching this subject to the police officers and police cadets, Lt. Stout emphasizes that the history and methods of identification are as old as time and lost in antiquity. Tribes of old had various means of identification, such

as dress, paints, self-inflicted scars and other marks. The growth, development and improvement in the science of identification, which includes the very important subject of finger printing, is a study involving time, libraries, laboratories and labor.

Criminal investigation was somewhat in evidence in the early eighteenth century. Later the art jumped in advancement under collateral developments, such as the camera, which produced the Rogue's Gallery and the Bertillion System of bodily measurement records.

In 1823, Professor Johannes Parkinje, at the University of Breslau, called attention to nine standard patterns of the finger tips.

In 1858, Sir William Herschel, evidently familiar with the ancient use of fingerprints by the Chinese to identify documents, hit upon the idea of having natives in India place a fingerprint on documents for ceremonial purposes and to incite fear in the event of their nonperformance. While carrying on this work, Herschel became aware of the distinctive pattern of the prints and experimented with their value for personal identification. He was probably the first person to suggest the value of fingerprints in the work of criminal identification.

In 1880, Dr. Henry Paulds, while practicing in Japan, published an account of independent and valuable experiments which added confirmation to the work of Sir William Herschel.

In 1892, Sir Francis Galton, Chief of Scotland Yard, England, worked diligently on this fingerprint system and added much to its development and to the bringing about of the present means used by the Cincinnati Police Department. A certain Sergeant Collins of Scotland Yard also helped in this work. Absolute identification by fingerprints has been proved many times as well as showing the modern decline of the Bertillion Measurement System. For want of space and time alone, this fascinating subject of criminal identification, just briefly

touched upon here, must be left to the police and the scientists.

It might be timely to recount, however, that when Sir Francis Galton was Chief of Scotland Yard, he, in his theories on identification, made a Biblical reference to "the dead body of Jezebel being devoured by the dogs of Jezreel so that no man might say, 'this is Jezebel and the dogs left only her skull, the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet.'" If this problem, together with the hands of Jezebel, were presented today to Lt. Stout's Fingerprint Division of the Cincinnati Police Department, the world would probably know in short order Jezebel's full name, address, age and social security number.

In his daily contacts with man and his deeds and misdeeds, the policeman, as we know, has many roles. To a degree, he must be soldier, lawyer, doctor, detective, protector, prosecutor, criminologist, a crack shot, a savior of life, a judge, sage and bearer of hope in a sad world. Before the shocked family, he must cut the suicide from his noose or take his body from the suicide car. As the bearer of bad tidings to the family of the murder victim, he must bring official comfort and assurances of justice. To the grieving wife and children of the caught criminal, he must say something fitting to give them strength to carry on.

To the quarreling married, the policeman says words of peace and reconciliation. With the insane he is professionally gentle and persuasive. He knows that this shadowy, unbalanced mind before him may be vainly seeking comfort and understanding. When politicians or professional operators attack him for votes or gain, he must seek the reserve of silence as a soldier with a duty to be done. The city jungle often contains people separated physically by only four-inch partitions but separated in cultures and aspirations by centuries of development. This is a constant problem before the skilled police officer. It has many aspects.

Often the policeman performs a noble act

when there is no eye to see or ear to hear. That moment of inner greatness is his only reward - but for him it is enough. Many a beneficiary of such acts knows this to be true. In his variety of roles in the great play of life, he sees the joys, the foibles, the follies and the tragedies of perplexed and often frustrated human beings. These supply many a dramatic and comic scene in that play. For example:

Asa Domestic Peace Maker

On a summer evening many years ago, a policeman in Mt. Adams was called to a side street home where a highly inflammatory domestic argument was piercing the neighborhood air. It threatened to expand into a major battle - with casualties.

As a keeper of the peace, the officer entered the cottage yard. In a kindly and understanding tone, he asked, "What's the argument all about?"

The husband yelled at him, "Who said there was an argument? There ain't no argument here. To have an argument you have to have a difference of opinion. Well - there ain't no difference of opinion here. My wife just thinks I'm not going to give her any of my week's wages - and I know damn well I ain't."

Police Aspects of the Macabre and the Mysterious

One night about the turn of the century the Cincinnati Police received a call to come quickly to a downtown hotel - that a corpse was beating up an undertaker in one of the rooms. To this scene of reported resurrection, an officer was dispatched at high gallop.

Upon arrival, he found that a man from Xenia, Ohio had died in his sleep in one of the rooms. The body had been duly examined and released for burial. An undertaker had been summoned to return the remains to Xenia.

On arrival at the hotel the undertaker,

experienced in his profession, very quietly entered the room. He heard water running in the bathroom and someone moving about – probably the wife of the deceased – so whatever private professional steps were necessary he had best proceed immediately. He pulled down the bed sheet and saw the naked body of a man about forty years of age, muscular, handsome, virile in every way. Even he, grown wintery from long association with death, heaved a sigh that so excellent a human specimen should die so soon. To make sure, as was the usual practice in his profession, that rigor mortis had set in and wishing to determine this in private before the bereaved person in the bathroom came out, the undertaker went about his test. Using a very heavy rolled-up magazine, as a sort of club, he struck the corpse a powerful blow in a certain, sensitive spot. Immediately the corpse screamed in pain and in one bound leaped upon the merchant of death, raining blows upon him from all directions. The wild disturbance brought the police officer. Then the truth was discovered. The sleepy night clerk had given the undertaker the key to the wrong room.

The Helpful Volunteers

One zero morning following a prolonged rain about 1913, the streets were a mass of solid ice. A wagon pulled by a mule was proceeding with great difficulty along Erkenbrecher Avenue in front of the Cincinnati Zoo. About thirty feet from Vine Street the overloaded wagon skidded and upset causing the mule to fall and break both front legs. The poor animal was pinned there in great pain. The police were summoned and a young officer responded.

Across the intersection was a lunchroom where passengers gathered while waiting for the change of streetcars from the city lines to the "Black Car" which went to Glendale. The little place was crowded on this particular morning. It was generally said that the jokes were better than the "java".

Looking out of the window, some of the patrons saw the policeman arrive at the site of the

stricken mule. With nothing else to do while waiting, they crossed the avenue to express their willingness to help. The policeman said that first the mule must be unhitched from the overturned wagon and its pressing load. After assuring himself that both front legs were broken and that the animal was suffering there on the icy street, he said that, under regulations, the mule must be shot at once.

Whereupon, the officer whipped out his report blanks and wrote the driver's name and other data. When he came to the address of the accident a dilemma arose. "How do you spell Erkenbrecher?" He looked about but saw no sign. None of the on-lookers knew the spelling. They were just people from elsewhere waiting for the Glendale car.

Finally, one man in a hunting outfit volunteered that he thought it was "Ekenbeker." Another, a young mechanic, anxious to get into the action, protested, "It is Irkenbecker" - and so a medley of spellings followed - with some heat of competitive certainty. The officer, a correct, soldierly-looking man decided to find the street sign. There must be one nearby. He though he saw one about a half block away and went to look. While he was gone, as he saw on his return, the problem had been solved by his helpers. Certain that no street sign was available and, with the Glendale car due any minute, they had slid the mule around the corner on Vine Street. There the mule was shot and a correct report made out.

For the Skilled Officer Courtesy
Can be a Secret Weapon

One clear, summer night, a policeman on duty at Sixth and Vine Streets, saw an automobile coming east near the Terrace Plaza Hotel entrance. Walking out into the street, he stopped the car, and the following took place. "Pardon me, sir," said the officer, "I am so sorry to have to stop you and tell you that this is a one-way street."

"Well, can't you see that I'm only going one way - anybody can see that," said the driver.

Again, the officer, exuding kindly for-

bearance, "May I remind you sir that your lights are out."

"Well, hell's bells," came back from the driver. "Who needs any more lights than are blazing around here now, including that bi^ moon turned on up there - there's plenty of light'- too much light in fact."

The officer: "Sir, I hate to delay you, but I must trouble you for your driver's license." The driver: "I threw that away five years ago along with my dog license, cat license and some other licenses. To hell with licenses. Now will you get out of my way before I have to run over you."

At this point the lady in the front seat, the driver's wife, said, "Officer, you have been a real gentleman - a perfect gentleman. Just don't pay any attention to Fred's threats to run over you. He always talks this way when he's drunk."

Is the Policeman Appreciated?

On the West side of Hammond Street between Third and Fourth Streets in Cincinnati, a parking lot now scars the site where once stood the nationally known Hammond Street Police Station. It was an imposing, two-story stone and brick structure, built shortly after the Civil War and abandoned about 1920.

On entering Hammond Street Station, one had a feeling of awe. The ornate, carved wood interior of the main hall reflected dignity and justice - a certain aura of strength and power. This atmosphere was written into the very plans by the architect who drew them. It was a masterpiece of "functional" or "purpose" design.

At the left of the main hall, a series of platforms, one receding upon the other, led up to the captain's dais. There, high up, an officer sat to hear the charges against the prisoners before committing them for "holding" to the cell block in the rear. In addition to the large continental-

type ceiling chandelier, an ornate lamp at either end of the long captain's bench or desk gave majesty to the setting. On the second floor were emergency sleeping quarters and a gymnasium. A simple kitchen and storage space for routine equipment occupied part of the basement. On cold winter nights tramps and the homeless passing through the city were "unofficially" permitted to spend the night in the basement, free of charge, provided they were quiet and orderly and did not abuse the privilege. Life moved with clang and clatter and with military assembly and inspection by day and by night at Hammond Street Station.

In the pioneer era of Cincinnati and for years following, the lower area near the Ohio River was known as the "bottoms". The steamboat and railroad business there were important to the life of the city. The dense population of the closely built tenements, the living quarters over some of the stores, the hotels, apartments and some individual houses kept life on the go from dawn to dawn. The warehouses and stores, bursting with valuables and edibles, including liquor, tempted the thieves. The dimly lighted streets offered opportunities for the robber and the murderer. The "flop" houses, houses such as the infamous "Silver Moon," and others, at 100 for a night's lodging on a newspaper on the floor, offered havens for drunks from the numerous saloons and for the pickpocket and the petty filcher.

As a result, Hammond Street Station was a busy center. Its officers dealt a heavy hand upon the murderer, the robber and the professional criminal from "out of town". Its administration was said to be cold and efficient, and, in the parlance of the day, "big time" - a place for the lawless to fear and to avoid.

"Hammond Street," as the station was called, was wrecked in the "20's" after its replacement by the new Broadway Station. A clergyman in the area, who, as its unofficial chaplain, knew it in its robust years, was standing across the street as the pieces fell. He remarked:

"That entrance should be preserved somewhere and above it written:

'Through these doors once passed the tragic throng of those who flout the law - many to prison - others to restoration - some to execution and the potter's field. They all entered life as God's children. May He have mercy upon their souls.'

But, to return to the stirring times at Hammond Street Station.

On a snowy night in midwinter many years ago, while the blizzard howled and great chunks of ice were grinding in the river a call came to "Hammond Street" that a very large woman on the second floor of a riverfront tenement was screaming hysterically in great pain. The caller said that the woman was a recent arrival off the steamboat "Southern Cross", that she was alone and with no one to help. A patrol wagon was sent to take her to the General Hospital, then on Plum Street near Music Hall.

Enroute to the hospital, the still screaming woman, lying on the floor of the patrol, said that "her baby was comin fast." The two policemen riding the patrol and the driver decided that they would never make it to the hospital in time. The wind was howling and whistling and the snow was already knee deep - visibility almost nil. The horses labored and puffed and pulled over the cobblestone streets. "On to Hammond Street" was decided - if they could make it. With great difficulty they finally did.

In a few minutes after arrival, the still screaming woman was placed on a mattress on the floor of the main hall. The turnkey was providing towels and buckets of hot water. The captain and the patrol driver were undressing the hysterical patient. The two "riding patrolmen" were giving her "pulling help". The battle to save her and her baby was on. Another officer was sent on foot to find a doctor, as the telephone lines were down from

the storm. Even for a skilled obstetrician, it would have been a difficult case. For extra lights two lanterns were burning on the floor. Almost an hour later the mattress was a soggy mass of blood and water. The patrolmen were bloodstained, wearied and plainly worried. The patient was still screaming in pain. An "overnight guest" now sobered up in the cell block, said that he had been an orderly for three years in the obstetrical ward in a St. Louis hospital. He pleaded to help because he said he was experienced and knew exactly what to do. Although he had one glass eye and smelled of whiskey, though, otherwise stone sober, he was, in the emergency and under the captain's critical eye, allowed to help. It was a good judgment by the captain. The man was everything he said and more.

Finally, with the dawn came victory. The baby arrived safely. The mother quieted down. The doctor who came too late through the blizzard said that all was well. He observed after examining the child and the mother that "it was an expert performance." The relieved mother rolled her tired and wet eyes around the scene. She saw her baby being carefully washed by a man with a glass eye and who smelled of whiskey. Also, there was the captain, usually a stern man, looking at her with a kindly smile. Beside him were the driver and the patrolman. The clothes of all were rumpled and bloodstained. Nearby was the turnkey holding another bucket of hot water and an armful of bloody towels. She breathed a deep and grateful sigh and said, "You all have been so good to me and my baby. God has been good to me on this awful night. I thank him and I thank you all." Her silent tears broke forth. The officers flicked their eyes as they turned away.

And so, somewhere on this earth, if he is still alive, there walks a man who is the symbol of human gratitude and of the ancient truth that, leaping color or creed, one touch of human nature can "make the whole world kin." He has a name that is unique in the history of names. It is more meaningful than that of royalty or of the ancient emperors. It is expressive of that saving grace

of the human family - man's humanity to man. It still breathes a mother's gratitude to the Cincinnati Police Department on a wintry night so long ago. His name is Hammond Street Station Jones.

In man's passage from his savage beginnings through his tribal struggles toward civilization, some force has always been necessary to keep internal order and the daily peace. This keeper of the peace from time immemorial has been the policeman. He has been known by many names and identifications. Without him, even the better natures of all the people would be buried - perhaps with the people themselves.

Those who wish to run wild in an ordered society resent the policeman. They actively and physically oppose him. If the policeman in self-protection would press his civil rights in court against the rook and bottle throwers and their mob accessories, some of his attackers might think twice before they risk the loss of assets, income and the expense of trying to fight off a civil judgment resulting from a direct or accessory act. Inflaming the missile throwers could become an expensive business for the professor, the vote-seeking politician, the hired public servant and those with a will for the wild. Unfortunately, many of these have no assets upon which to levy a judgment. In hunter's language, it would be ruining a \$10 knife to skin a 100 rabbit. However, the real fear of such a judgment, even among these, could help as a restraint and as some protection for the policeman. This civil protection by the policeman could well be thoroughly re-examined and perhaps relegislated as a public necessity.

Around the sophisticated circuit, the statement is often heard, "nobody is really against the police." Yes, nobody is against the police except the murderers, robbers, thieves, rapists, arsonists, assassins, vandals, rubber check artists, the peddlers of dope, smut, women, tainted food, fraudulent securities and stolen goods - the despoilers, mobsters, missile throwers, publicity-seeking educators and their student following, along with the wreckers by plan of American values, schools.

colleges, universities and honored traditions. This assembly should also include some public officials, some judges and some riders of the public back who must always be with the crowd for votes and who, if defeated, could never stoop to menial or manual labor for a living. These "public speakers" prefer to ride the vote crest of the hour. Their current appeal is beamed to incitement of the voters against the police. It is of small comfort to the deceived people after the riot is over, the morgue filled, the injured jamming the hospitals and the widow and children of the murdered policeman are back home from the funeral, that these "Speakers" say that their expressions were misquoted or of mistaken interpretation.

The policeman's work of tomorrow is all set out for him by the increase in crime, by the professional criminals and by a large segment of the public. The reports of the P.B.I. and others show a mounting burden of crime ahead. The police of Cincinnati and the nation and the people stand at bay.

The strength and honor of the policeman are the beam and column of the public protection at this hour. Yet there be those who, for planned purposes and pointing to an occasional small failure, disparage this honor. In the recorded history of the Cincinnati Police Department, eighty-two police officers have been killed in action defending that honor. They did not die as mere hirelings in flight - nor as clerks or managers or workmen of limited and dollar interest in their tasks. They died as men of battle on a line which can never be surrendered if this nation is to live - the battle line of the homes and streets and workshops of America. They left behind a mighty tradition. It is fitting that the memory of these eighty-two officers should be honored by pausing and reflecting that:

The soldier's ending is a fresh
earth's heap.
The sailor sinks into the awesome deep.
The policeman in pursuit beneath the
moon's gray cast crumples and dies from

a gunman's blast.
And these three meet in that timeless
host of those who gave life for honor
- who died at duty's post.

William J. Reardon
