

TOLEDO POLICE MUSEUM

2201 Kenwood Boulevard
(in Ottawa Park, across from the Toledo Hospital)
419-720-2485



The Toledo Police Museum is a 501(c) (3) nonprofit organization. Our mission is to preserve our unique history, educate, and honor and memorialize our fallen officers.

We believe in the power of history to provide enjoyment, pay homage to those who have served before us, and forever memorialize the proud history of the Toledo Police Department.

Experience the events that shaped both the City of Toledo and the Toledo Police Department.



OPEN
THURSDAY thru SATURDAY
10:00am—4:00 pm

WWW.toledopolicemuseum.com



The story of Bum, Toledo's first police dog. Bum "volunteered" himself for duty and worked for 8 or 9 years before he was made "official." Read about him here, and then visit the Toledo Police Museum for more history of the Toledo Police Department.



valids2"

is Motor-Cop, P.W.
g, who lost his hear.
y 29th when he was hit
automobile,

No. 2 is his Pal, the well known
Police mascot, "BUM" who lost
his eyesight, several months
ago when he was hit, over the
Head with a Beer-Bottle
by on Canton Ave.

Handwritten notes and numbers, including "81/92", "81/78", and "81/76 AS".

POLICE DOG IS HERO OF WILD BURGLAR CHASE

Bum, a stray dog that has made his home at the police station, caught an alleged burglar by the seat of the pants early Tuesday morning, and aided Patrolmen Rossman, Louy and Robins to arrest James Boyle, 18, and Harry Walker, 17, both of Buffalo.

The men, with William Crehan, 17, of Rochester, who was later arrested on Adams street by Sergeant Lutz and Patrolman Hass, are alleged to have attempted to burglarize Hoffman's confectionery, at Adams and Superior streets. Officer Rossman says the three men were trying to crawl through the screened transom over Hoffman's store.

Rossman fired twice at the men who ran up Superior street, and into the mailing room of the Toledo Times, where the dog cornered two of the men. Crehan got away, to be apprehended later. Police accuse the men of the robbery of two lunch rooms in the downtown district, several days ago.

August 22, 1911
Tuesday
[Toledo News-Bee]

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VAGRANT DOG CATCHES THIEF

Bum Holds On to Negro Till Policeman Arrives—30-Day Sentence.

TOLEDO, Ohio, July 20.—The captive of Bum, a vagabond bulldog which has a penchant for accompanying policemen on their beats, a colored man who said that he was Sidney Tucker of Burlington, Iowa, was sentenced in police court today to serve thirty days in the Workhouse.

Tucker smashed a showcase in front of a local store last night and stole some collars and ties. The patrolman with whom Bum was making the rounds heard the crash and gave chase. He was outdistanced, but Bum overtook the fugitive in an alley and held him until the policeman arrived.

July 21, 1912
[New York Times]

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POLICE DOG NABS SUSPECT AFTER A SPIRITED CHASE

Bum, the unofficial and self-constituted thief-catching dog of the Toledo police force, again proved his prowess early Saturday morning by ending the attempted escape of a colored man who, it is alleged, smashed a show case in front of the Nast Clothing store at Summit and Jefferson avenue.

When the man started on his flight with a handful of hastily collected collars and ties as his loot, Patrolman Willeman summoned Bum to his assistance. The dog led the chase and when the policeman overtook the man on Water street, near Madison avenue, there was Bum gently gripping the colored fugitive, who was too frightened to go further.

About a year and a half ago Bum voluntarily attached himself to the police force. No one knows better than he the proper respect due a uniform. Bum pays little attention to the ordinary citizen, but let a man so much as lay his hand on a blue-coated guardian of the law when Bum is around, there will be an ominous growl from the dog, which may be interpreted—"another move and you're my meat."

No one has taken the trouble to trace Bum's pedigree and it is not likely his ancestry is recorded in the book of the American Kennel Club, but he's a thoroughbred in character just the same, even if there should be a blending of several strains in his makeup. He is mostly bulldog, and like Bull in the Hoosier School Master, if he once gets hold, "heaven and earth can't make 'im let go," unless a policeman delivers the order. This is not the first time that Bum

has captured a fugitive. And if proper recognition is given his services he will be one of those who receive a medal next year when the awards of merit are made in the city departments.

At the police station, the man accused of breaking and robbing the show case, gave his name as Sidney Tucker, 32, of Burlington, Iowa.

Thomas Burk of the Western Union Telegraph company, was across the street and said he saw Tucker break the case. Burk fired a shot in the air to scare Tucker and this brought Patrolman Willeman and Bum to the scene of activities.

GROCCERS TO PICNIC TUESDAY

Housewives Must Lay in Double Supplies on Monday.

Madame Housewife will do well by filling the family larder with a two days' supply of food next Monday. Such a course will be made necessary by the grocers and butchers' picnic at Sugar Island Tuesday. Practically all the groceries and meat shops of the city will be closed.

At 1 p. m. the scheduled affairs of the day will start with a grand march in the dancing pavilion. Later there will be a ball game between the east and west sides, a tug of war between 12 butchers and 12 grocers, and a ball tossing contest for the women. The picnickers leave on the Greyhound at the foot of Adams street at 8:30 a. m.

Grocers and Butchers' Outing

Sugar Island, Tuesday, July 23.
Attractive prizes for all games.

July 22, 1912
[Toledo Blade]

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Toledo, July 22.—The captive of Bum, a vagabond bull dog which has a penchant for accompanying policemen on their beats, a Colorado man, who said he is Sidney Tucker, of Burlington, Ia., was sentenced in police court to serve 30 days in the workhouse. Tucker smashed a show case in front of a local store last night and abstracted some collars and ties. A patrolman with whom Bum was making the rounds heard the crash and gave chase. He was outdistanced. Bum overtook the fugitive in an alley and held him until the police arrived.

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July 22, 1912
[Elyria Evening Telegram]

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HOLD ON A MINUTE! WHAT ABOUT 'BUM'?

In awarding service and bravery medals to fire-fighters and cops, Saturday, Safety Director Mooney and Police Chief Knapp overlooked one very important member of the police department—one who has seen many years of faithful service, and whose acts of heroism can't be counted on two hands.

Rather than see the feelings of this public servant hurt by such neglect, Patrolman Bob Ansell presented the medal himself.

Who is this long suffering victim of official neglect, you ask? Well, his name is "Bum." For many years "Bum" has been a faithful friend of the policeman.

Many's the night "Bum" kept a "cop" company on a lonesome beat. Ansell took a piece of leather and cut out a chunk as large as a saucer. Then with a hot stove poker he engraved "Bum's" name thereon.

Yes, "Bum" is a dog.

May 24, 1913
[Toledo News-Bee]

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DOGS TO BE POLICE AIDS

"Bum," Volunteer, First to Go on Regular "Force"

Safety Director Kapp on Thursday announced he will immediately add four dogs to the equipment of the police.

"Bum," a powerful bulldog that has been doing police duty in Toledo unofficially for the last eight or 10 years, will be the first dog to be placed officially "on the force." The safety director was making an effort on Thursday to secure three other dogs.

Kapp said: "We will train the dogs as they are doing in other large cities, for their particular kind

of work. Dogs are of great value in capturing burglars. They often have saved the lives of officers."

"Bum" has a record of several fine captures. He reports regularly at 6 or 7 p. m. at Jackson and Superior-sts. He will not have anything to do with a man in citizens' clothes.

Conesville -- Harvey Page.
Whrichsville, and Charles Schoon-
over, Columbus, trainmen, seriously
hurt in a rear end Pennsylvania
freight train collision.

September 10, 1914
[Toledo News-Bee]

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"BUM," VETERAN OF DOG SQUAD, WILL NOT QUIT

Greets Ambitious Successor
with a Sniff; Wags Him
Outside for Alley Duty.

BAD NIGHT FOR NOVICE

Snookums Starts on Tender-
loin Beat, Gets Cold Feet
and Returns to Station.

Toledo Police Dogs Hold Conference; Bum Thinks They Ought to Have a Pension

Passersby were not attracted Tuesday night when they noticed three dogs, of various descriptions and build, sitting at Cherry street and Spielbusch avenue.

Little did observers realize that the only canine members of Toledo's police department were holding a chance reunion for the first time in their careers.

"Bum," veteran police dog, had been lying alone on the sidewalk as Willard Rydman, detective, approached with his own Airedale, Jack, a trained thief detector.

Then Pert happened to drop into view with a uniformed patrolman.

Bum, by reason of his years of service, was the acknowledged chairman of the canine conference.

"We otta be gettin' a pension, th' same as those harness bulls an' plain clothes dicks," growled the chairman. "Lookut Knapp! He drags down \$80 bones a mont' an' is retired."

"Aw, chee Bum," interrupted Jack, "you wouldn't retire anyway if you was to get plenty of biscuit and gravy."

"Maybe not, maybe not," muzzed

Bum. "But it's a cinch none of those council guys can reduce our salaries any."

"Correct," sniffed Pert. "We don't get a helova lot 'cept eats."

Something About Pert.

Pert is the only police dog that has been hiding his light under a bushel. Never before has his name been flaunted before the public.

After all good citizens have retired for the night, Pert begins walking his Cherry street beat.

He haunts the footsteps and even the buggy of Dr. Charles Henzler, county coroner, during the day, however.

Demands Tragedy.

He always seems to demand an atmosphere of excitement and tragedy.

Pert was discovered three years ago, keeping vigil at the deathbed of Miss Clara Orlemann, 58, a music teacher who died suddenly at 1029 Huron street.

After investigating the demise of the lonely woman, Coroner Henzler adopted the faithful dog.

Then Andy O'Leary, patrolman, began teaching Pert all the police ropes.

The Story of a Policeman

By Elmer Williams

WHO gave him his name, or from whence he came, does not matter.

It was one of those April midnights when pale blue stars shine down on dripping streets and the city senses the first fragrance of spring.

When he pushed his way into the old Central police station on Superior-st., there was in that great beast-face something of glowering defiance and in his eyes the smolder of distrust. The police lieutenant, calling the roll before a row of silver-buttoned giants, cast a measuring glance at that great ox-like dog, whose long, sloping brow was sinister and whose indestructible jaw was underslung malevolently.

"Another bull for the force," said the lieutenant.

And he was right. For it was thus that Bum Sr., Toledo's first police dog, joined the department. And it was on that dripping wet night that Bum went forth, with the only man he ever followed on a beat, into the city's darkest shadows—shadows in which he remained to the end of his days.

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FOR Bum was a creature of the gloom and darkness, a rover of the night who sought only the mystery of alleys and byways. True, there were other things that he knew. He knew the swinging doors, the sawdust floors and the sudsy odors of downtown haunts, but always he paced those floors with that same inscrutable face, that same hulking dignity. He knew, too, those blatant places "beyond the line," where puppet feet swirled to the pounding of cheap music, and where sometimes puppet hands that seemed fair and soft reached out to touch him. But in his strangest of hearts there was only one sign of affection.

This centered upon the tall trim figure in blue that he followed for three years. None can say whether there was in the heart of Bum the affection that other dogs have—heroic, slave affection. Perhaps not. Not even those who knew him after the great tragedy can tell.

For tragedy, always lurking in those shadows, always poised in darkened doorways, was waiting for Bum.

It came in 1912. They were there together in the alley, Bum and his friend, just two crouching policemen together, watching a little round hole of light that played on black walls, watching for an occasional movement of the furtive, prowling figure within.

The light went out. But the prowling figure came crawling out of the transom, head first. . . . Only a gruff command and a deep growl from those two policemen. . . . Then a blaze of red flame and something that was like the crash of thunder in the ears. . . . A trim, blue form lying still, lying on his face in the darkness. . . . Just two policemen together.

. . . .

THE records of the department do not tell that story. If there was shame or cowardice that night in Bum, the records do not tell. When dawn crept into the alley they found the two together still. In Bum's eyes they found only the glazed shadow of tragedy.

All that year he went his own way, a creature of terrible tempers when disturbed in his sleep by day, but more terrible in the solitudes of his long nights.

For he grew savage in his grief, sullen in the loneliness of his new life, and on some days he could be seen at the dock front, gazing across sooty waters where great ships lay becalmed. Only then there was something wistful about that gargoyle head, something pitiful in the great beast-face, and if he dreamed his dog-dreams, they were dreams neither beautiful nor ugly, but somehow terrible.

Bum lived two years after that. It was fate's law that he should die in darkness and in loneliness. Young reporters with vivid fancy glorified him in death. They said he was "a great warrior in repose," or something like that.

. . . .

BUT the police flag was not at half-staff. Not for Bum. A police station trusty went out early one morning with a shovel and hid him under the snow near the old Superior-st market.

January 22, 1927
Saturday
[Toledo News-Bee]

Toledo Tales

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