

THE ORAL HISTORY

OF

WILLIAM J. BAUER

CIRCUIT JUDGE

OF THE

UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS

FOR THE SEVENTH CIRCUIT

AS TOLD TO

COLLINS T. FITZPATRICK

CIRCUIT EXECUTIVE OF THE SEVENTH CIRCUIT

2016

CTF: Today is August 20, 2014, and we're in the chambers of Circuit Judge William Bauer, and we're doing his oral history, and I am Collins Fitzpatrick, the Circuit Executive.

Bill, why don't you tell me a little bit about where, as far back as you know, the Bauers came from.

WJB: Well, Bauer means either farmer or peasant in German so they came from Germany. My immediate, closest relative from there is my grandfather Bauer whose name was John, and he immigrated to the United States from Munich. His wife's name was Katherine, with a K, Berger.

CTF: Do you know what he did in Germany?

WJB: I haven't the foggiest idea. He worked in a plant some place. Driving force in that duo was apparently my grandmother, Katherine Berger and she was from Rosenheim, which was right next door to Munich in the Alps.

CTF: When did they immigrate?

WJB: I think about 1890. I know it was before they opened the immigration center at Ellis Island. They already had one child in Germany and she was pregnant with a second child. The boat left Hamburg and got here sometime around 1890. And they were joining Katherine's brother, obviously a Berger, Louie Berger who had a job in Chicago and said he thought he could get John a job in Chicago. That's how they wound up here in a German community on the Near North Side, St. Michael's Parish, if you know where it is.

CTF: Sure. Did they first come to New York City?

WJB: First landed in New York City and then came almost immediately to Chicago.

CTF: And so what was the job?

WJB: In a factory some place. There are some great pictures of the two of them going to work. Louie, Katherine's brother, and my grandfather going to work together, going to work in a plant.

CTF: What were the names of your dad's siblings?

WJB: The oldest was Kate, she was born in Germany, and the next one was John, then Gus, then Elsie, then Frank, then my father, then Marie, and the last one was Anne.

CTF: Did they all live in the Chicago area?

WJB: Did they all live here? Yes, they all stayed in the Chicago area.

CTF: So your dad is born when?

WJB: Born in '99. December 16, 1899. And he was the youngest of the four boys. There were two girls behind him, Marie and Anne.

CTF: So what was life like for him as far as he told you?

WJB: I really got into depth with him after I was an adult and we were traveling together. He lived in an all-German neighborhood. The language they spoke at home originally was German because actually his parents, John Bauer and Katherine, never learned enough English to pass a citizen examination, but they didn't have to. In the neighborhood in which they lived, they were all Germans. So he was bilingual by the time he started first grade, and he lived by that time quite near the church, St. Benedict's Church.

And his mother ironed the altar cloths and worked there, and his father wound up a janitor at the church when he finally settled down, and they owned a house on the street nearby.

CTF: Do you know where? What the address was?

WJB: On Irving Park and Leavitt Street. That house was about a block south or less than a block south of there.

CTF: Your dad worked, but your grandfather worked as a janitor at St. Benedict's.

WJB: My grandfather worked in a factory and as a janitor at St. Benedict's.

CTF: But your dad went to college, went to the seminary.

WJB: Went through the minor seminary. The oldest girl Kate had to go to work right after she finished fourth grade. She went to work in a laundry. I don't know what the heck she did. Child labor laws were different in those days. And then each of the next children went to work until they got to Elsie, the next girl, she went to the convent and she was educated. She was a music teacher in the German Sisters of St. Francis. And then the next two boys went to work. Frank went to high school for two years and then came, I think, my father. He was a very bright kid. When he was in eighth grade, he came home for lunch, which was like walking a block until he got home, and his mother said that the pastor had been by and said he thought Willy might have a vocation. No Catholic boy

has to ask what that means, but he did anyway. “It means if you have a vocation you go to school at St. Francis in Milwaukee, minor seminary.” He said, “If I don’t have a vocation, what happens?” She said, “You go to work like your brothers.” And it struck him that having a vocation was a good thing. So he left home right after eighth grade, he was still thirteen. Went to St. Francis. The prep school was five years, and he stayed there all five years. Came home for two or three months during the summer, and they always had a place for him to work selected by the pastor. They were very closely guarding him so that he is not going to get distracted and stray from his path of having a vocation. I have still got his report card or his grading cards from the minor seminary, and they give your class rank, and he was always one, two, or three. I think when he got to three, you’d think that he was falling behind.

CTF: When did he decide he didn’t have a vocation?

WJB: Long after that. He left there and went to St. Mary's in Baltimore, after five years in Wisconsin. That is where he got his degree magna cum laude in philosophy.

CTF: And St. Mary's is another seminary.

WJB: Oh, yes, it's a seminary and it was the premier seminary for regular priests, diocesan priests. There was no Mundelein Seminary so all these Chicago seminarians that weren't going to the Carmelites or the Franciscans would end up going to St. Mary's in Baltimore. He got his degree in 1920. When I questioned him about how did he decide he didn't want to be a priest, he said, "As I got closer I would talk to my confessor and tell him I had some doubts." And his confessor said, "Everybody has doubts. What would you be doing if you weren't doing this?" He said, "I have no idea." He said, "Are you enjoying yourself?" "Oh, yes." He enjoyed school. (He was also a superb violinist.)

CTF: He learned that as a kid though.

WJB: As a kid, he started it. His older sister was a music teacher, as I said. All the girls and my father had musical instruments. So he played the violin and became extremely proficient at it. And so when he was at the minor seminary and the seminary, he would play at different functions for churches around there and old people's homes and things like that. I remember him giving me some old Confederate coins that he picked up when he played the violin at the Confederate old people's home in Maryland.

He was proficient at studies. He was enjoying that, but he wasn't sure if he was going to make a commitment completely first of all to a celibate life. That we did not discuss in any great length. And he said that he came home—he was in his fourth year there so he only had another two years to go—when his mother became ill and was obviously dying and they gave him a compassionate leave to come home and be with his mother. And he was with her the last three weeks of her life. And then he stayed for about another ten days, before he reported to the Archdiocese, to help take care of any problems that ensued because he was the highly educated member of the family. When he reported that he was ready to

return, they said that they were going to send him to Mundelein that had just opened, maybe it had been open a year before.

He said no, that he was in a class at St. Mary's in Baltimore and all his classmates were there and all the ones he went through minor seminary were all there. And apparently they responded that he was going to Mundelein. They said, "You know when you become a priest you take the vow of obedience." And he said, "I haven't taken that yet." And he said he fully expected them to call him, but he never heard from them so after a reasonable length of time like two or three weeks, he thought he better do something so he went out and got a job. And he found out that being able to speak five languages including Latin was not a great aid to getting a job in probably 1923. So he got a job as an elevator operator at Lyon & Healy and he got fired from that because a pretty girl got on and he stopped to talk to her. The elevators in those days were hand operated and he stuck it on the top and they had to pry the elevator loose and they pried him out, too. So he went to work as a bookkeeper for Sinclair Oil Company and some place he met my mother. He was playing the violin at a first mass of one of his

former classmates who by this time had graduated. My mother was the best friend of the sister of the priest who was just being ordained. And they met. And this is about a year and a half after he left the seminary. And they started to date and got married in 1924. My mother was Irish-Catholic.

CTF: So this, as we say, would be a mixed marriage.

WJB: Yes, and how. North Side and South Side.

CTF: Irish and German.

WJB: Irish and German. I don't remember an enormous number of Germans on the South Side. That neighborhood I grew up in was almost entirely Irish. It was at 70th and Woodlawn. And I went to the same grammar school my mother went to. Her mother's name was Hanlon and that branch of the family was from Wexford, the Hanlon branch.

CTF: When did they come here?

WJB: My great-grandfather came here sometime in the early fifties, 1850s. He was a very young boy. His mother and father had died in the Famine. His brother was here and smuggled him, he was working on a ship, and smuggled him on as a stowaway on the ship out of Cork. It landed actually in Canada near Quebec. He and his brother hitchhiked across the country and entered someplace north of Lake Superior and came down. He finally wound up in Peoria or right outside of Peoria on a farm and went to work for a farmer. He was not literate, because if you remember, the English did not permit the Irish to go to school. He was smart, but not literate. The guy he worked for, whose name I never learned, had a number of relatives still in Ireland and one of them came over to live with them, and she was a girl whose name was Kenney. And I think it was an arranged marriage. That is my great-grandfather Hanlon married Susan Kenney, and as an inducement for the wedding her uncle and the one taking care of her gave him forty acres in Iroquois County near Gilman.

She was from Ireland and England. Part of the family drifted around during that time when they couldn't take care of kids. She went to live with relatives in England and then came directly from England to Peoria where she married my great-grandfather probably four weeks after she got here.

CTF: So when you say an arranged marriage, I think you told me that his parents by that point are deceased.

WJB: Oh, yes.

CTF: They died in the Famine?

WJB: They died in the Famine.

CTF: So I mean he's the one who arranged it.

WJB: Well, he and the guy who he was working for who was the uncle of the one he married. They arranged it. It was arranged because he offered to give him the forty acres in Iroquois County farming if

he'd marry the girl. And they had eight kids; the oldest was born when she was twenty-eight, the youngest when she was forty-eight so it was a hardy group. And one of the eight was my grandmother, Catherine, with a C. And her name was Catherine Hanlon.

They actually lived closer to Danforth, it's another town in Iroquois County. Gilman was a railroad town. That's where two lines of railroads crossed and that is where railroad workers laid over between running back and forth on the trains. And when my grandmother finished grammar school, that was considered a really good education for a girl in those days, she got a job working with a boarding house that boarded railroad people. My grandfather's name was Gleason, that family came from Tipperary.

CTF: When?

WJB: I would guess tail end of the Civil War, early '64 or '65 some place in there. And the family settled in Central Illinois. He got the job

with the railroad. His grandfather had a job with the railroad too.  
That would be my great-grandfather Gleason.

CTF: Is that with the Illinois Central then?

WJB: That was the Illinois Central. And so Gilman was a cross place and they moved the big switching yards up to Burnside Yards in Chicago. And so my grandfather came up to work up here. He was a switchman. So he worked in the yards. He didn't work traveling back and forth. And my grandmother, to show that she was not to be discounted, decided she was going to come up too. And she had a relative, a Welch. She got a job working with Welch who ran a rooming house. Again doing the same thing she'd had been doing in Gilman. And she and my grandfather got married in 1899 at Old St. Mary's Church at Ninth and Wabash. Once again demonstrating that she was a strong lady, she went home and cooked for the post-wedding or whatever the reception was. My grandmother and grandfather then moved into Blue Island, which was near where he was working at the Burnside Yards, which is at the south end of Chicago.

And they stayed in the Chicago area until he died. He was crushed between a roundhouse and a boxcar in 1924, but in the meantime he had married my grandmother and he had three children. One died. The two that survived were my mother, who was the older of the two. She was born in 1901 in December, and my uncle was born in 1904 sometime. But that family were all railroad people. The Hanlon family stayed around the Gilman area. One of the Hanlon boys, my grandmother's brother, was the town marshal in Gilman. So that's my law enforcement background. The rest of them stayed on the farm. One of the Hanlon brothers had been kicked by a horse when he was quite young and was unable to take care of himself. A needy person. So when the farm was left to the children it was with the contingency that the farm could not be sold until Owen died. He was the one that needed help. And so a good chunk of them stayed there, two brothers and Owen. So three brothers stayed on the farm until Owen died. The oldest of them, Pat, went to work for another farmer nearby and he died when he was fairly young. The other brother, Bill, moved into town and

worked for somebody, doing what I have no idea. But when that guy died, he married the widow and wound up town marshal.

CTF: Your mother's brother, what was his name and what did he do?

WJB: My mother's brother was James Gleason, James Anthony Gleason, and he worked for the railroad. And he was a boomer railroad man. He married relatively late in life like most of the Irish, and they had no children. But my mother had three children. I was the second.

CTF: This is before you, Bill, but obviously you've got a unity of the Germans and the Irish in their distrust of the English when World War I breaks out.

WJB: Well, when World War I broke out, from the Americans' point of view—my father was fourteen when the war broke out so he was only seventeen when we got into the war so he never had anything to do with the thing. And as to whether there was ever any discussion of World War I, my grandfather Gleason did not like

the English, and he made no bones about it. He was a Socialist, by the way. Interestingly he was a big man in the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and he led the strike down at Burnside Yards in 1922 for the railroad men. But he was one of the leaders. And so he lost all his seniority when they hired back those railroad men, he had no seniority at all, which mattered when he got crushed. Eventually his widow got a free pass, lifetime pass on the railroad and a kiss goodbye. That was the end of that. But the two of them had purchased a home with the assistance of one of his brothers, also a railroad man named James Gleason. His name is James Martin Gleason. And he figured very prominently in our family because he lived nearby. He worked on the railroad. He was a thrifty sort. He saved his money and invested wisely. And the money he saved, since he had no children of his own, he left to his two nieces and two nephews. One of the nieces being my mother, the other being the James Anthony Gleason, and then there were two of the Welch folk. The Welch girl was Eileen and her brother was Victor. And as a result of that modest estate, my parents built a home in Elmhurst, Illinois.

CTF: So that's why your family moved to Elmhurst. And, of course, it also tied into your dad's job with Sinclair.

WJB: No, he left Sinclair Oil Company because they were moving to New York and by that time he was engaged to my mother. They were going to get married in the spring of 1924, but that's when my grandfather was dying. He died in June, and they got married in September of 1924. And a very quiet wedding. And then they lived with my grandmother.

The money that my great uncle left to my mother at the tail end of the depression was impressive. By today's standards, it wasn't an enormous amount of money, but in 1940 it was. Big check. It was well over twenty-five thousand dollars.

CTF: When did you move?

WJB: My father left Sinclair, but he got a job with Standard Oil as a salesman and in those days they had to learn everything. They had to start out pumping gas and work their way up. By 1931, he was

a full salesman but the crash occurred in '29 and they start cutting their sales force. He went back from being the youngest sales supervisor to being a salesman again. And then he was assigned as a sales supervisor again in 1939, if I recall correctly and I do. As a sales supervisor he had five salesmen working under him that started in Oak Park and went to the Fox River Valley. And he commuted from 70th and Woodlawn but there were no major highways then. He did it for a year or more.

When my mother inherited the money from her uncle, they looked around for some place to build. Depression-oriented people had a real fear of mortgages because when mortgages were foreclosed they lost their house or houses. They would do anything they could to avoid mortgaging anything. And so they paid cash for the house. When they went to look, my mother's principle concern was, "Is there a school nearby, a Catholic school?" And Elmhurst had the only co-educational Catholic high school in the Chicago Archdiocese. (Elmhurst was then part of the Chicago Archdiocese.) Immaculate Conception started in 1936. It was 1940, late '40 early '41, that they were looking. It had a grammar

school and a high school. So they bought a lot about probably seven or eight blocks, short blocks, from the school. And had a house built. The house was supposed to be completed by the middle of August of 1941. It was not. So they rented two motel rooms in Arlington Heights and enrolled us, the three children, my brother in grammar school, my sister who was a year older in high school at Immaculate Conception, and I was a sophomore.

I did not want to go to Immaculate Conception High School, but that is a different story all together. When I graduated from grammar school, I apparently missed the day when the nuns asked what high school we wanted to attend. My father, having gone to a minor seminary, knew very little about the high schools. My mother just assumed that I was either going to Mt. Carmel or De La Salle because I could have walked to Mt. Carmel. When we got up to tell Sister Margaret where we wanted our school grades sent—we were alphabetically lined up, the fellow in front of me was Baader, behind me was Buckley. I said, “So where are you going to school?” And both said, “St. Rita.” I thought it was an exodus. So I said, “St. Rita.” Went home and told my mother and

she says, “Why there?” I said, “It’s a good school.” I knew nothing at all about it. As it pans out, it was a lousy choice. They’re a technical school, biggest boys’ school west of Philadelphia. People who wanted to be mechanics went there. I wanted to be a lawyer from the time I was in seventh grade. But I went there. I was a round hole in a square peg or vice versa. And besides I was fond of asking questions, which were always answered at home and at St. Laurence.

Apparently the Augustinians thought I was challenging them. My favorite was when I asked a priest whether it made sense if I ate a hamburger on Friday and went out and got hit with a streetcar or something and I’d go to hell forever and ever and ever. He answered, “Yes.” And I said, “Does that make sense, Father?” And he said, “Who are you to challenge God?” And I said, “I was asking you, but I could understand the mix up.” Well, that didn’t exactly go over too well. So I was on bad paper for the rest of the year, but I’m sure they would not have let me back into the school because I was a smart ass.

CTF: Did you take shop?

WJB: Oh, no, no, no. That was foolish. Most wanted to take shop, but there was no room for them just waiting for an opening in the shop classes. I think I was one of, maybe say three or four, that were there because we wanted to take courses that would lead to college.

CTF: Going back to seventh grade. Why did you decide to be a lawyer?

WJB: I didn't even know any lawyers. We didn't have television as this was the thirties. It would be about '37. On Saturdays we'd go to the movies, sometimes triple features, but that was our entertainment for the week. You'd get in for a dime and you could see whatever you wanted to. And I saw a number of movies in which lawyers were featured. I do not recall the movies. My brother is fond of telling people I saw Andy Hardy movies and saw the judge and that wasn't it. I didn't want to be a judge. I wanted to be a lawyer. The pictures always depicted the lawyers as living quite well. Well dressed. Well spoken. Lived in good places. Some of them even had houseboys and things like that. And as

near as I could tell, they didn't do anything. They talked a lot. And I thought that sounds like a tremendous way to live. I mean you talk a lot. And you live. And you're treated well. Dress well. Look good. And it's all indoors. No heavy lifting. So I remember.

CTF: What's not to like?

WJB: Yes. That's what I thought. I remember my mother telling me that I should be an accountant because I was good at math. I didn't like math; I was just good at it. And it came easy. But I didn't want to be was an accountant. My father dissuaded me in the joys of that, because, remember he started working for Sinclair as an accountant. He didn't like it. And I figured I wouldn't like it either.

CTF: How difficult was it to make the move from the neighborhood that you lived in all your life?

WJB: Oh, hell, I thought we were going—I thought there'd be buffalo and Indians.

Anything west of the county line was far, far west. I thought I would stay in the same neighborhood and if I went to a Catholic school, it would either be Mt. Carmel or De La Salle. But so the transition, leaving all the kids I grew up with, I found modestly difficult but not terrible. I did what I was told. I mean I was reasonable with my parents even if I may have been a rambunctious student. I knew I was well treated. And my sister and I looking back now after all of these years, realize that we had a splendid growing-up. We didn't even know there was a Depression. My father always had a job. We saw breadlines. We saw things that we knew there was something amiss, but we had no predicate. We didn't know. It was not different from what we had known from the time we were three or four years old.

CTF: Did you have poor people come to the house?

WJB: Oh, yes. At least two or three nights a week somebody would knock on our back door—winter or summer—looking for a handout, a sandwich, a nickel, anything. And I do not recall any time one was turned away. Tough times.

We had a telephone. We had to put a nickel in the slot to call. All the phones in Chicago were like that, even at home. And a guy would come once every ten days or something and count the slugs or nickels and then you'd have to pay him for the slugs. And returned them. But we had a cup to put nickels in so you could make the phone calls. And I remember the cup by the end of the month only had slugs in it because the nickels were all given to someone who came and knocked on the door.

CTF: What jobs did you have growing up?

WJB: Well, the first thing I did to see if I could make money was when I was in, I think, third grade. There was a man out there who said, "Would I like to make some money selling *Collier's*?" Now *Collier's* was a weekly publication like the *Saturday Evening Post*.

It lacked the sales draw of the *Saturday Evening Post*, but it sold for a nickel, came out every week. So I said, “I’d give it a whirl.” Just all you had to do is knock on a door and sell the thing for a nickel and you got to keep a penny. And I figured this is a soft touch. My mother went out to look for me because I was about an hour and fifteen minutes late because I was knocking at every door. Now this is in the Depression, I’m telling you people were knocking for nickels to eat. Buying a magazine, including *Collier’s* is a little stiff so she stopped me. I said, “I wanted to buy some silk stockings for you,” because women in those days—there were no nylon stockings—would wear hose that had been snagged to do housework. But I thought it was because my mother didn’t have enough money to buy good stockings so I was going to buy her a pair. Well, she thanked me kindly for the thought and told me I was a little early to start working, particularly selling *Collier’s* which I hadn’t sold a single one knocking on all those doors. So that was my first venture, but about two years later I ran into the *Saturday Evening Post* salesman. By this time, I had become astute enough to line up customers before I took the magazine. So obviously I went to relatives and I had aunts,

cousins, and so on, all Irish living in the area. And I became kind of a travel-log. The first place I'd stop was not too far from where I picked up the magazines. Her name was Maggie Darcy, from County Clare, and Darcy was the name of my great-grandmother in Ireland. She married a fellow named Crow and she lived in a home for elderly ladies near 63rd Street. So I'd start with her, and she kept in contact with all the relatives both in the old country and around here. I always got a cup of green tea and a cookie and a discussion of what happened. Fortunately, I had a good memory. Next was James Martin Gleason, who was the guy with the mustache, and he was different. He brought me up to date only on what he wanted to. Then I went to Aunt Nell, then one of my relatives named Katherine Hart, my godmother, and Nora Hart, her sister, who was married to an old country Irishman named Michael Fox. And there's where I first encountered "Irish bull." He'd listen carefully to everything about who did what in the old country and who's marrying whom. "It's a tough life and we are lucky to get through it alive." I'd listen to that almost once a week and it wasn't until about a year that I realized that it didn't make any sense at all; it was pure Irish bull; it almost makes sense.

Sometime about that time my chum Stanley Miller and I decided we'd sell Sunday papers. You could go get a wagon, fill it full of Sunday *Tribunes*, go to the apartment buildings in South Shore or near South Shore, and stand there and holler, "Sunday papers." Somebody would stick their head out and you'd run up three flights of stairs and give them a paper, but you got three cents for selling a ten-cent *Tribune*.

And then I went to work for the *Shopping News* people. *Shopping News* was delivered to every house or flat. They were delivered every Wednesday and Saturday, Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings. It was free delivery to every home in the City of Chicago and the routes would be between two hundred fifty newspapers to four hundred, which would be a big route. You had to go to each porch, tie it to the doorknob with a rubber band. You got thirty cents an hour, but they were smart enough to compute it so you didn't get to decide on how many hours. They decided a route would take three hours so you got ninety cents. So you got a dollar and eighty cents a week for doing the two deliveries. If it

was an extra big delivery, like just before Thanksgiving when the newspaper jumped from whatever number of pages would be normal, we got an extra nickel for every extra four pages. And then there were extra Wieboldt's ads occasionally. We used those same delivery boys for theirs, that would be a whole extra day. And I wound up becoming a captain of that. They used to deliver all of the newspapers from ten routes at my house and I not only had to make sure that my route was delivered but everybody showed up and I had to find young men who were willing to do this in case somebody didn't show up. And I got an extra fifty cents a week or something like that. And I was still doing that when we moved to Elmhurst.

CTF: Did you play sports on the South Side?

WJB: At St. Laurence we had no organized sports. When I got to St. Rita, everybody at St. Rita played sports because you had the physical education thing. St. Rita was the founding school of the CYO [Catholic Youth Organization].

So everybody boxed. So those were the two things I did: football and boxing. I had never played basketball. I was blind as a bat so I didn't play baseball. I played softball in the fields, a bunch of us. Everybody did. And we called vacant lots "prairies." So we played a lot. As long as we had a ball and a bat, fifteen people showed up, you had seven on one side and eight on the other. Forty kids, we'd have twenty on each side.

CTF: Did you ever sew the cover back on the ball?

WJB: Never, always taped them. Electrician tape and tape over that. We had one ball that was so squishy that if you could hit it as far as the pitcher it would be a miracle. We used that over and over again. No football. No reason I can think of. Well, nobody had any pads and gear. High school football, yes, sort of, but I was handicapped in that because I had to leave Wednesdays, I couldn't practice because I had to deliver the *Shopping News*. So I became a

splendid bench-sitter freshman. Boxing, I fortunately had a weight class in which I couldn't get killed. There's a great picture of me getting popped in one of the fathers' meetings sitting on the floor with my cheeks puffed out, but it taught me the horrors of boxing. And they said I wasn't cut out for that.

On the other sports, it was certain to say until I was in eighth grade I was so myopic I couldn't see people across the street, but nobody knew it. Children accept whatever the hell handicaps they have. We had one of the boys that used to deliver papers who only had one arm and he could roll a paper like anybody else you know, fast. We figured that was an oddity but not a handicap.

The fact that I couldn't see anybody didn't bother me, it was just the way I was. Some people could throw a ball farther than others and some people could see farther. But when the movie *Gone with the Wind* came out, it was so popular that you had to buy tickets at the place, you had to stand in line to get them and nobody under seventeen could go without being accompanied by a parent. Now I

had already read the book *Gone with the Wind*, but I had to ask my mother whether she would take me to the movie because I wanted to see it. By the time we got there, we could only sit in the first balcony in the middle of the big theater, the Avalon Theater, on the South Side. So we were in the balcony. If you remember *Gone with the Wind*, the prologue went on forever. And so I said, “What does it say?” And she read the first four lines and when she stopped talking I could see the scroll was still running on. And I said, “No, read it all.” So she did read all of the prologue. When we were leaving on our way home, she said, “How can you read so fast at home and you can’t read fast here?” And I said, “Oh, I can read; I can’t see it.” And she said, “What do you do when you go to the movies with Stanley?” I said, “We sit up front.” The next morning I was at the oculist. I could read the big E. So I got glasses. But in the meantime I was out of business as a baseball player. My father was a good tennis player, which was one of the few sports they permitted in the seminaries. So he took me to play tennis. He had his own racket and everything else. He got a racket for me and took me to Jackson Park. Of course, I couldn’t see the

ball. So I would swing about the time the ball hit the fence. So he concluded that I was a motor moron of some sort.

I did take up archery. Somebody lived near us that was an archer; it was to benefit my vision. And I got to be really good at it. I say this with all modesty, I took a second place in the Jackson Park Open in 1941 and I got my father interested in it because he wanted to do something with his son that was of a sporting nature. He purchased for us two bows that were silk backed and had everything else. He got one that he ordered made for himself out of Osage orange and the first time he pulled it, it went through a backstop, two bales of hay, it went for about half a block, and through a basement window. It was not something you could use for target practice. And the first summer when I finished college work, I worked as an archery and rifle instructor at a YMCA camp.

CTF: When were you the camp counselor at the YMCA?

WJB: Nineteen forty-five, just before I went in the Army.

When I got to Immaculate Conception in Elmhurst, at first I had to drive to and from Arlington Heights with my sister and my brother, as our house was not finished. My father said he would give me the car. He had a second car. He had a company car besides the second car that we used very rarely. But he said he would give it to me if I would drive my mother and sister anywhere even though I had no license. You could get a license when you were fifteen, and he assumed I would be fifteen by the time we moved into the house because it was going to be ready by Labor Day. It wasn't. But I drove from Arlington Heights to Elmhurst and back every day for school. Finally, the house was completed and we moved in on the fourteenth of December, the week after Pearl Harbor.

CTF: That was probably one of the last houses finished.

WJB: Probably was. And for the meantime, I owned a car, driving back and forth so that I was one of the three in my class at Immaculate Conception that had a car. The others were older. And I got my license in September. Took the test on September 16, I was fifteen. Passed. Nobody asked how I learned to drive. They didn't have learners' permits then or anything. I obviously could drive. My driver's training was I watched my father and drove with him when I was thirteen or fourteen years old.

CTF: I know you worked in Elmhurst. You had a variety of jobs, but what were your first jobs?

WJB: The first job was as a carryout boy at the A&P grocery store, packaging things and carrying them out.

CTF: That's after you've moved into the new house?

WJB: Yes. So on Saturdays I'd go up as a carryout boy, at the A&P. It was not opened on Sundays oddly enough. But during the week if there was a sale going on or something, they'd ask for more carryout boys. Most women used to shop on Saturdays, so that was the biggest day. We would package it and carry it out and put it in the cars. Then I got a job at a florist with John Erlenborn.

CTF: Is that where you met him or did you meet him at school?

WJB: No, I met him at school. It was a very small school so at the end of four months I knew everybody at school in each of the four high school grades.

There were seventy-three in my graduating class. There were I think forty-seven or fifty-seven in my sister's, that was the year ahead of me, boys and girls. I worked on the school paper, the newspaper. I became eventually the sports editor of the newspaper and then co-editor. Wrote a column on what to read called, "Did

You Read.” The nuns loved it because I’d pick out at least one life of a saint or somebody near there to put in. You participated in a school like that in everything. So I played football. I was in two school plays and I was, in my senior class, the villain. Erlenborn, by the way, was the hero. He said it was typecasting. Erlenborn had started grammar school at Immaculate Conception and a number of our classmates did. So these kids that started the first grade in 1932 and graduated from high school in 1944 in the same school and same building just moved up one floor. They knew each other very well. The high school attracted students from most all over DuPage County—as far west as Wheaton, east as far as Maywood. They came to IC because it was a Catholic school.

CTF: And co-ed?

WJB: Yes, and it’s co-ed. But Catholic parents wanted to send their kids to Catholic schools. They had all gone to Catholic schools themselves. There was another Catholic school in DuPage and it was St. Procopius, but it was in Lisle and it was all boys. Now it’s

Benet Academy. A Benedictine University is there. But it was too hard to get there. There were no crisscross rail lines from town to town. You could leave Wheaton and get on a Northwestern or the old Chicago and Elgin Electric and get off in Elmhurst. You could take the train from Glen Ellyn, Lombard, Villa Park, Maywood. You could come the other way from Hillside. So we attracted Catholic kids from those other schools, but the core group was those who had started the grammar school together and had gone all the way through. They had played grammar school football and high school. By the way, the park districts out there all had sports programs so whatever school you went to you didn't have to worry about not having a team. They had baseball teams. Each town had its own baseball teams for their parks, and they'd play each other. I never saw a hardball game of kids until I got to the school out there. They were playing hardball when they were in seventh and eighth grades. It's not Little League. They didn't have Little Leagues. It was park programs. They also had skating because of Lake Ellyn in Glen Ellyn and there were great skaters there. And they all had their athletic programs. At Immaculate Conception we had a football team and a basketball team. We had no baseball

team. We had no other teams. But all participated and were still participating in the park leagues. So the school itself didn't have to sponsor them. The public schools all had those available to them.

CTF: Let's do an aside. I can always remember the story you told about—but I can't remember whether it was at St. Laurence or at Immaculate Conception—you were getting in trouble and you asked the nun—

WJB: Oh, that was with the nuns at St. Laurence, my grammar school. My mother had graduated from the same school. It was 96 percent Irish, and they all knew my mother had married a former seminarian. And you know the loss of a seminarian was a devastating shock to them. So whenever I got in trouble, I'd tell the nun, "I hope this doesn't interfere with my vocation." And I got away with murder for a while. When I had my record sent to St. Rita for high school, however, that ended abruptly for the next

two or three months. I was not only on my own, I was frowned upon.

CTF: On the way to the holy hell?

WJB: Yes. But when we were moving to Elmhurst, I wanted to go to York High School. I knew about that.

CTF: How did you know about York?

WJB: Because I checked when we were moving to DuPage County, I wanted to know what was out there. We went out and looked. Remember I was driving.

And so we went out and looked around and I saw York High School, beautiful high school. And that's where I wanted to go.

And I had had my fill of Catholic education at that stage of the game because of my experience at St. Rita. So my mother said that I could go to Immaculate Conception, which was, as I say, six blocks away. Or I could go to Fenwick or I could go to Campion, a boarding school in Wisconsin. And I said, "You're trying to get rid of me." And she said, "No." And I said, "Well, I want to go to York." And she said, "You weren't listening." And so I thought, well, I'll go to Immaculate Conception, and I will ask questions and they will throw me out and then I'll have to go to York. But on my first day at Immaculate Conception at homeroom, I was sitting next to a beautiful girl named Eleanor Donlan, and next to a beautiful girl named Mary Therese Cregan, right in front of me another beautiful girl Adrienne Most. At the end of a week, you couldn't have pried me out of there with a crowbar. I was in the middle of people who were obviously my kind of people, John Erlenborn, a guy named Nichols, Jim Dunn, and so on. So not only would I stay, I became a big wheel in the thing.

When football season rolled around, I was by that time a fixture in Elmhurst. I worked several jobs. That summer by the way, I worked as a dishwasher and short order cook in Chicago on Austin and Madison at a place called the “Saltbox” restaurant. I was looking for work as a busboy because a couple of my classmates were busboys. And they tipped me off that they were looking for a short order cook at this restaurant so I went in and told them I was nineteen years old and was a splendid short order cook. So they said they already filled that job, but there was a dishwashing job. Said, “I’m it.” So for most of the summer I worked from five in the afternoon until about two in the morning. Getting from Elmhurst to Chicago on the bus and interurban streetcar. They had streetcars then, but not at night. I would get home riding my thumb [hitchhiking] because I always missed the last train home. Sometimes the cops would pick me up and deliver me from town to town and get me back. Fifty-four hours a week, theoretically, for sixteen dollars.

It also imbued me with the joys of education. I concluded at the end of that summer that I was going to get two PhDs, an MD, and any other degree as long as I could stay in school for the rest of my life. But when summer ended, I went back and was playing football like a good boy. Before we finished the season, Erlenborn and I had become great friends. We lived about three blocks apart. A group of us all hung together. The right side of the football line was Jim Dunn right end, Erlenborn right tackle, Bauer right guard. Oddly enough I was best man for both Erlenborn and Dunn. Erlenborn was my best man and Dunn was the other one who stood up for me. And Erlenborn and I stood up for Dunn. I was the best man for both of them. And we continued to be friends until the two of them died. And I gave the eulogy at both funerals. It was a long time ago. Anyhow. It was a great town, a great place to grow up.

CTF: You're moving from Arlington Heights to Elmhurst a week after Pearl Harbor.

WJB: Yes.

CTF: What impact does Pearl Harbor have on you and on the family?

WJB: Well, the impact it had on the family was relatively limited. The impact on me was enormous because I had to get rid of the car. Not only did they have gas rationing, they had tire rationing. You couldn't get tires. You couldn't get anything. When my father worked for Standard Oil, it took me a little while to figure out that part of this was a fraud that when he said we have to get rid of the car because of gas rationing; you got four gallons a week. He doubted that I would get any at all. I imagined that it also occurred to him that he ought to have insurance. Now up until then, I'd been driving without insurance. And my father being a very bright fellow figured that the cost of insurance on a fifteen-year-old kid driving his own rig, a '31 Chrysler, was going to be expensive too. But he did tell me since he had access not only to his own company car but another car, two cars, that he would loan me his car. And he lived up to it. The problem, of course, is the car was

always a coupe, which meant if you double dated at all, somebody had to sit in somebody's lap and you're crammed into the coupe with a shoehorn. It was certainly better than walking or taking the bus. But the war ended my automobile worship until after I got out of the Army.

CTF: How much during your time at IC did you follow the war? I mean did they talk about it less?

WJB: Oh, they followed it very closely. Everybody did. You followed everything that was happening.

CTF: So you knew what the battles were?

WJB: Oh, yes. I was a history buff all the way through this. I studied this. Also the war made jobs available to young people that would not have been available otherwise. I said the summer of '42, I

worked as a dishwasher and short order cook. Right after football season, I was back to work working in the laundry ironing shirts with Erlenborn. We did that in the springtime. There were four of us ironing not with a hand iron, but we used mangles. I was the sleever. And then there was one between me. And then Erlenborn was the front and back man on the mangles. They would fold them up. We did that after school. This is after football season. That summer we went to work for the Ovaltine plant, the two of us. We worked in the shipping room. And we worked overtime in the shipping room so I was making money I couldn't even spend. The base pay was sixty cents an hour. With a forty-hour week that's twenty-four bucks, but I was getting thirty-five, thirty-seven bucks because we worked overtime. And Saturdays we got overtime at time and a half for the eight hours. So I had money. I developed a large wardrobe by the way because I'd stop and buy suits or sports jackets. I liked clothes then too. Something I have not gotten rid of. But you could get a job and you were expected to work. I grew up with that expectation that you were supposed to work. My father never lost a job. I never was without money. If I wanted money to spend on myself, I was supposed to go out and

get it. It was not an economic thing. It was home training. You learned to work. Good experience, too, by the way. So I worked at gas stations when I was still in high school. And the same gas station closed here about two years ago. I stopped going by and shedding a tear where I spent a lot of time.

CTF: Is that the one on York Road?

WJB: Yes.

CTF: Because I think when we made one trip down to Springfield to see Woody [Harlington Wood, Jr.], we stopped at the gas station. You said you had worked there.

WJB: That's right, the same place.

I worked at a florist shop as I said. I washed walls with Erlenborn in buildings. Ironed shirts with him.

CTF: What was the worst job?

WJB: Worst job I had was dishwasher at the Saltbox restaurant.

CTF: No hesitation on that answer.

WJB: Oh, no, as I say, it was the best job I had because it taught me the joys of education. I worked at the Post Office delivering mail. I worked there even when I got out of the Army. I worked at the Post Office at Christmastime when they were hiring extra help. In high school Erlenborn and I worked, as I said, at the Ovaltine plant. When summer was over we quit the job to go back to play football at IC. When the football season was over, we went back to the Ovaltine plant and split a shift. So we worked four until

eight o'clock one week and then eight until twelve the next week. He worked, however, in the labor gang and I worked in the oven room. That was a lousy job, too, because it was about a hundred and twenty-five degrees in there and they used to blow oxygen at you. But I worked there until I got fired for being a labor agitator because I wouldn't join the Ovaltine Club and they fired Erlenborn because they asked him did he share my views. He said, "Anything he says is probably true."

CTF: What was the Ovaltine Club?

WJB: It was a house union, a company union which then wasn't a union at all. They'd have a meeting and they'd give you free coffee and beer or something. I was sixteen or seventeen; they wouldn't give me any beer. But then they'd talk about the joys of working for the Ovaltine plant and how lucky we were to have jobs. So I didn't go to the meetings and they wanted to know why not. And I told them it's not a union; it's ridiculous. So showing that I was my grandfather's grandson—they called me and told me they

didn't need me anymore. Then they asked Erlenborn what his views were. And he told them, "If he says it's right, it's right." So they fired him.

So we went down to the Railway Express and get a thirty-cent an hour increase. We caught the train, get off, and worked for the Railway Express for the rest of the time. I worked in drug stores taking inventory. I did that after the war too. Any place I could pick up a dollar. I tended bar when I was twenty-one, drove a cab for two and a half years.

CTF: When did you and John hitchhike across the country?

WJB: Any time. Well, we hitchhiked around weekends and other times.

CTF: But I mean long trips.

WJB: We took long trips both the summer of '43 and '44. The summer of '43, we flagged out to see the big cavern.

CTF: Mammoth Cave?

WJB: Mammoth Cave.

CTF: In Kentucky.

WJB: We hitchhiked down there. We hitchhiked across the country. I take it back. Forty-three we hitchhiked to Canada going across Detroit into Canada and came back down through New York, Ohio, and that way. That was the first long trip that we did. Then we were gone for probably ten days. We started in Michigan and worked our way around. Erlenborn's mother didn't know we were going to do this because we started out for Uncle James' summer house—the one who was my mother's brother. Part of the money

he had inherited bought a forty-acre place on the Paw Paw River.

Part farm, but part woods.

CTF: Paw Paw River in Michigan?

WJB: Michigan. Six-room cypress log cabin on it.

CTF: Where?

WJB: It was near Watervliet. Yes. Anyhow, we started telling our parents quite correctly that we were going there. My parents knew where I was going.

CTF: Did your mom have any problem with it?

WJB: No, no, her brother James as I said was a boomer railroad guy, before that he flagged all over.

CTF: So she knew you were going to Paw Paw.

WJB: Oh, yes.

CTF: She didn't know you were continuing.

WJB: Oh, no, she knew we were continuing. I had a fairly easy relationship with my parents. They trusted me and as long as I didn't violate the trust, I was home free. And they trusted us. If I was going to be later than I said I was going to be, I'd call. If I had a good excuse, fine. If I didn't have a good excuse, it was too bad. I never called without a good excuse because, if I said I was going to be home at eleven, I got home at eleven. And I had worked at these places. I hitchhiked to and from Chicago.

CTF: Sure.

WJB: But my mother's brother was footloose and fancy free and he floated all over. He left home when he was sixteen, floating around. And sometimes they knew where he was and sometimes they didn't. But she didn't think this was abnormal. My father had no criteria for this. He just trusted me and that was the end of that. Anybody that trusted giving me, a fourteen-year-old kid, the car to drive two children to school is obviously trusting.

So I said we were going to hitchhike and we didn't know how we're going. We were going to Canada through Detroit into Canada and we were going to see from there. But we'd be home in reasonable time. If we were going to be home later than the time we described, we'd call. And so we did. But his mother, Jack's mother, thought we were going to spend the time at my uncle's place in Watervliet.

And we did. We were there for three days, then we kept going. Worked our way through Canada and back as I said. So the next summer when we left, they just said, "Good-bye. Keep in touch." So that's the time we went to Mammoth Cave. Came back only because he was supposed to report to the Navy V-12 program at Notre Dame at a particular time. So we'd call every other day to see whether his orders had come in. And they came in when we were in Effingham, Illinois. We got to the school early because we tried to avoid a rainstorm so we hitchhiked back from Effingham and he went to the Navy.

CTF: Because you both graduated from Immaculate Conception in '44.

WJB: Oh, yes, we both graduated from IC at that same time. That's the picture up there, that top picture.

CTF: I knew it was around here somewhere.

WJB: The two of us. That's when we were on our way to Mammoth Cave.

CTF: You know you're going to go into the military also. I mean he signed up for the V-12 test.

WJB: Well, we both did the V-12 test and both passed, but I failed the eye test. The mental test I passed which is a little bit of irony. They send him to college. Eventually I go in the Army and became a sharpshooter and an expert with a rifle. I taught the goddamn subject. The point of the matter is we knew he was going in the Navy. That's why we came back. He was seventeen when he went in the Navy. I started school at St. Mary's in Winona, Minnesota, because that was where a V-12 program was and Erlenborn had listed that as his first choice and so had Dunn. Both of them went to Notre Dame, but I was already enrolled up there. I came back in September. My birthday was going to be—it

was then and now—the fifteenth of September. I came down to enlist in the Navy or Army. And my right eye had gone from 20/50 to almost 20/900, which means I can see light and dark and that's about it. So obviously something was on the fritz. I was told by the guy at the recruiting station to go see an ophthalmologist. I had a lazy eye and I was to do exercises. What was I doing? I told him I was doing microscope work. And he said, "Cut that out." I asked whether I could take lecture courses and he said, "Yes, as long as you don't goof up your eye." Said it should be a matter of months that you probably get back to normal. So I knew that when I got back to normal, I was going in the Army. So I withdrew from St. Mary's, started at Elmhurst College, it was two blocks away. Took lecture courses. I liked the school so I went back there when I got out of the service. And I was right, eventually the Army tapped me. The first draft card I got was 4-F. Second draft card I got, (I got a bunch of them) 2-AF. The only other guy I ever heard about getting that was Frank Sinatra. I thought it was Second Air Force, the meaning of it. Third one is the same. Fourth one was the one they got me. It was 1-AB; I didn't know what that meant. But you were a duty soldier.

Erlenborn said it was to relieve a WAC for active duty, but he was just being smart about it because he was wandering around. He went from Notre Dame to Indiana State. He became captain of the football team. And Dunn was transferred with him. Then he transferred to the University of Illinois where he was in Naval ROTC. Then the Navy gave him a choice of being discharged or staying with the program and being commissioned in which case he would have to extend his tour for two more years or getting out now by going to Great Lakes and taking a risk and getting assigned until he got out. So he went to Great Lakes to get the hell out.

CTF: Of course, by that time the war is over.

WJB: The war is over. And I was in the Army. They gave me all these weird tests they give in the Army. They said that I was qualified for a whole bunch of things. They sent me to Aberdeen Proving Ground and eventually to leadership school. And I was promoted to corporal teaching close order drill and funny things like this.

CTF: What about marksmanship?

WJB: I qualified as a sharpshooter and expert rifleman. So I was teaching. That's one of the things that got me into teaching basic training to the soldiers. Later, I engaged in a labor management dispute with a lieutenant. He gave what I thought was a goofy order and I told him that. He managed to tell the squad that we'd have a full field pack instruction to look for a blanket roll and I said, "Lieutenant, that's crazy." He said, "I gave you an order." And I said, "Well, you go tell them. I won't." But that ended my career as a corporal. I went back down to being a private.

Then they sent me to diesel mechanic school. That's the one you may be thinking of because I am not mechanically inclined. But I test well. I know the theory of the internal combustion engine. So the diesel engine, remember the tanks were using diesels and all sorts of other equipment. I was fortunately assigned to work with

a farm kid from outside of Milwaukee some place who grew up working with diesel engines. He could take one apart and he had no idea why he was doing what he was doing, he just knew it worked. He didn't know why you set the flywheel at nineteen degrees from top dead center and then you focused your cylinders. He knew how to do it. I knew the theory. We had classroom and practical work. I did all the classroom work. He did all the practical work. We finished the first two in the class. When we worked in the field, if the teachers would come down, started to come down, I'd get on the little thing you lie on and crawl under and tap on a pan a little bit and say, "Hand me a No. 6 wrench." As soon as he left, I'd come out from under and he'd go repair the engine. So they sent him to Europe and they sent me to the Pacific. When I arrived, I was assigned—by this time the Pacific war was over. And I'm on the Seventh Infantry Division's last run from Okinawa to Korea where we were liberating Korea, the Sixth, Seventh, and Fortieth Divisions. And I arrived, fearful that they'd find out that my skill as a—

CTF: Mechanic has been greatly exaggerated.

WJB: At least greatly exaggerated. So I reported in and the commanding officer was a mustang. A mustang is a former enlisted man who was commissioned in the field. But he was an enlisted man in the thirties and had been commissioned in 1942 so he was a captain. But he was a grizzled old kink. “Why I see your specialty is a diesel mechanic.” I said, “Sir, I think we’d better discuss that.” And he said, “We don’t have a single diesel in the entire division.” I said, “Sir, I’m redundant.” He said, “We’ll find something for you to do.” And they did. And I regained my position as corporal, drunk with power.

CTF: Well, you didn’t get busted the second time. Right?

WJB: Oh, no, no, no. I was discharged a technician fifth grade—a corporal.

CTF: Okay. And I think we also ought to put in about the first car that you owned—

CTF: Compliments of the U.S. Army.

WJB: When I was in Korea with the Seventh Infantry Division, in an ordnance maintenance company, we were repairing all different machine guns and so on. I couldn't repair diesels because there weren't any. I started out as an artillery mechanic. Pans out I'm allergic to the artillery oil so my hands swelled up like balloons and they pulled me off that. They put me in charge of Korean labor because they were doing all sorts of odd jobs, putting a new roof on the building we were living in before the rainstorms came which meant you had to hoist barrels of tar up to the roof, heat it, pour it. I had about twenty Koreans working with me. They were employed by the Army. And the powers that be thought I was brilliant, that I spoke Korean because they would do what I told them to. And they didn't know how I communicated because they talked to them and they wouldn't answer. And I knew it was

because they couldn't speak or understand English. When I wanted them to come to me, I could signal them by hand signal to come. And if I wanted them to dig a hole I'd give an indication with the shovel and that sort of thing. And so I could explain to them by signs and gestures what I wanted. These people were very bright and very work orientated and they would do it and I would get the credit for all the work they were doing. But I also learned a lot of odds and ends that I had to do myself. Such as how to weld wires together.

By the way, when I was discharged they said I was a master welder because of this. I could use an arc welder and things. I learned to use a jackhammer and all sorts of crazy things they had us do. I never made private first class. On the first promotion list that came out after I got to the place, I was promoted to technician fifth grade. It doesn't sound like much but there were forty people ahead of me that didn't get it. One of the things that I did for them in light of being available for anything was to go to headquarters company for five days and make sure everybody had proper forms,

were where they were assigned to be, what dates they might be available for discharge. I came back from that and was talking to the same brilliant commanding officer and there I was in charge of orders. The corps commander wanted the name of an enlisted man who would volunteer to go to Japan on detached service to set up a liaison because the war in China had gotten goofy and we were pulling out of China with all our equipment. And so the people from Korea that were doing R&R in China for rest and recreation for a week were now being shipped to Japan instead.

CTF: This is because of Mao Zedong.

WJB: Yes. They needed some liaison people from Korea to do this in Japan to make sure the equipment went to the right places. The officers went to their hotels. The enlisted men went to the various hotels. And we were there to make sure there were rooms for them and everybody was accommodated. And it sounded like a piece of cake and I thought, at least I get to see Japan. I didn't want to spend my whole life sitting around looking at Seoul, Korea, and

the areas around there. The company commander said, "I wonder whom we could send." And I said, "If you have nobody else sir, I'll volunteer." Now nobody volunteers in the Army but this was different. So he said, "Good, good for you." So I went over and spent the next five and a half months in Japan.

CTF: But they really didn't know what you were over there for in Japan. Right?

WJB: I knew what I was over there for and that was to avoid work. I wound up living in and keeping these people in hotels. The Army in Korea was there at sufferance, that is we were liberators, not conquerors. In Japan we occupied the country, as we did Germany and Italy and Austria, so that we could requisition hotels. We could take any building we wanted to. We'd tell them, "We want that. You got twenty-four hours to get out." And it was a dictatorship with General MacArthur being the chief, running the thing. So what I was doing was making sure the hotels were there to accommodate these people when they got off the boat in

Fukuoka and took a train. They went to the right hotels because we had several hotels in the southern branch.

And I lived in one of the hotels. There was a five-man unit, one officer, two of the enlisted men stayed down in Fukuoka, and two of us went up to Kyoto, Japan, which is a beautiful city untouched by the war, and lived the life of Riley when Riley was not home. It was so good that the guy I was with enlisted for eighteen more months to stay there.

CTF: But how did you get the personal vehicle?

WJB: A group of enterprising young guys used to fly—all Air Force—they'd carry things when they flew, extra things, shoes, things that they buy something at some place, move it to the next place. One of the vehicles that the Army produced was a three-quarter ton type jeep. A jeep is a quarter ton. And jeep means general purpose, GP. And three-quarter ton was a command and

recognizance vehicle. It was designed for field grade officers with leather seats and so on so they could ride up to the Front. Well, the fact is field grade officers didn't ride up to the Front. If the Front wasn't there when they were there, they weren't going any place in it. So where the hell this vehicle came from, I don't know, but there were some in the Philippines. So some smart people in the Philippines dismantled one and carried it back to Japan piece by piece and reassembled it and used it as their own, but when they went home they left the vehicle in the yards. So Cecil Ponder Davis and I commandeered the vehicle and it became ours. We'd wheel around. Well, there was no such vehicle listed on any manifest any place in Japan because they were smart enough to realize that nobody used the thing.

CTF: Now some officer asked you—

WJB: How we got the car. We got pinched in Osaka. I don't even remember why the hell we were there. I think we were speeding. His name was Lieutenant Wolf. His father was a general. Davis

was a PFC; I was a corporal, so I was in charge of this whole thing. He said, "I'll give you a pass if you tell me where you got the car." I said, "We'll take the fine." "No seriously." "So okay seriously. It was put together by some guys who got it from the Philippines, but it doesn't exist here and it doesn't exist there." "I wonder where I could get one like this." I said, "You send me home, I'll give it to you." He couldn't do that. But he lived up to his word and gave us a pass. I got to know him later on when he started to come to Kyoto for parties and so on.

CTF: Jumping back. When you started at IC one of the things that attracted you besides the courses was a young lady.

WJB: Three young ladies. I told you there's Eleanor Donlan.

CTF: I mean in college.

WJB: Oh, college.

CTF: Not IC. I said IC I meant to say—

WJB: Elmhurst College. Yes, the first day I enrolled in Elmhurst College. I went up to St. Mary's and withdrew, by the way with good record. I came back and went to Elmhurst College the next day to enroll, I think it was the seventeenth of September. Enrollment in the daytime, but that night they were going to have a bonfire or something or picnic for all the newly enrolled students there. Now the bulk of Elmhurst College students then, and maybe even now, are non-resident students who come from all over. There's a big number like thousands of students now, but then there were only probably about four or five hundred. There was a women's dormitory and a men's dormitory. But there were picnics and things that they had. I lived two blocks away, two and a half blocks. So after we enrolled, we were all invited to come back to get to know each other instead of just knowing who was standing in line in front of you when you enrolled for the classes. I came

back there. They started out at a place called Irion Hall which was the girls' dormitory. But on the steps, they were assembling when I got there. There was a girl sitting there, about the cutest thing I had ever seen. So I worked my way up until I finally got to the point where I could introduce myself and she said her name was Mike. And I said, "Wow!"

CTF: How did that conversation go?

WJB: Well, that conversation didn't go too far.

WJB: I went out for football. I signed up for the football team that same day too. I went out for football the following week. The girls used to come out and watch us run around. So when I was coming out I stopped her and I said, "Where did you get the name Mike?" She said, "I'll have to tell you about it sometime." I said, "Good." So I called her up and went over to the dormitory that night and I said, "Tell me about it."

CTF: How did she get the name?

WJB: She had an older brother, ten years older, and two sisters. One was eight years older than Mike and the other was six years older. When his mother got pregnant, her brother wanted a brother, and he wanted a brother named Mike. So during her pregnancy apparently, he kept referring to the baby as Mike and after the baby was born as a girl, he went on calling her Mike. Pretty soon everyone else did. So she accepted it. Her name on her birth certificate was Mary, but she never answered to it. In fact, if you shouted at her, "Mary," she wouldn't even turn her head. Michael she'd answer to, but not Mary.

CTF: So you met her when you were taking courses before you went into the Army.

WJB: Oh, yes, I studied with her.

CTF: And you communicated with her after you went into the Army.

WJB: We wrote to each other I would say every day, but I'm guessing it was almost every day. Not when I was in transit because you couldn't get letters to and from. So when I was going overseas there were gaps where I didn't get any letters and wrote a couple but didn't get to mail them until we got to wherever we were heading. Other than that we wrote to each other every day.

CTF: When she graduates, she goes to teach.

WJB: In Marcellus, Michigan. When she was in school, she was majoring in sociology and Spanish, but she was taking courses in all other things, of course, too because it's a liberal arts school. You have to do the spectrum. But she had no planned program. I wanted to be a lawyer. She had no particular plans at all. But one of her advisors, the women's dean, suggested she might take some

courses in education so she would be eligible to teach. She did. She did her student teaching at York High School. Then she got a job teaching in Marcellus, Michigan. And it was during the time she was in Marcellus that we got engaged.

CTF: Now you're back here.

WJB: I was. I had a year to go. I went to summer school. Picked up enough courses so that I came back in time for the last second semester. I was a little late, but I'd been on the Dean's List when I left so they let me start as though I had cut classes for three weeks. But I went to summer school so I picked up that year then I graduated in '49. She graduated in '48.

CTF: But then you go to law school.

WJB: In the summer or spring of '49 I was going to graduate, but I had already purchased a diamond to give to her. I was driving a cab and storing away dough. The summer before I had gambled instead of storing it. I made a reasonable living gambling, but I was told emphatically by my mother that if I was going to remain at home for my senior year I'd better find something else to do other than to gamble. Not because she was morally against it but because my younger brother, six and a half years younger, tended to emulate what I did. He, by the way, became a lawyer after majoring in history. He was my partner later. But anyhow I got a job driving a cab and continued to drive a cab.

CTF: But you also had other jobs. I mean you were a reporter.

WJB: Oh, yes, I was a stringer for the Little Nineteen, which was the Wheaton, Elmhurst, North Central, Millikin, the schools like that for football and for track and basketball. So I'd call in the results of the games to them and I strung for four papers in Chicago, so you sold the same story four times. You didn't get much as a

stringer, but the school would give you a couple of bucks for the publicity too, like five bucks a call but at four papers that's twenty bucks every time there was a game. I'd pick up an extra twenty bucks plus what the school gave me. So that was an interesting gig.

CTF: And, one of your gigs is after Elmhurst, you are playing semi-pro or you are managing.

WJB: No, managing a semi-pro basketball team.

But this requires your thinking this thing through. Professional sports were confined to baseball, football, and basketball, but baseball was the big one because you went on the road and you were gone for a week, transportation being what it is. And if you look carefully, where there were sixteen major league teams only two of them were west of the Mississippi and they were both in St. Louis, the Browns and the Cardinals. Most big cities had two

teams, one in each league. Chicago had the White Sox and the Cubs as they do now. St. Louis two. New York was unique as it had three. It had the Giants, the Yankees, but it also had Brooklyn's team, the Dodgers. Boston had two teams, the Red Sox and the Braves. Washington is as close as you come but was by itself.

CTF: Philadelphia had the Athletics and the Phillies.

WJB: Ohio had the Cincinnati Reds and the Cleveland Indians, so those were the pair. When one team was on the road, the other was at home. So there was almost all-around baseball. Football only played on the weekends, but nobody is going to spend a whole week going someplace to play one game and then come back. So if you looked at the football teams they were New York; Detroit; Chicago, the Bears; Packers, Green Bay Packers; but they played each other. Redskins in Washington. Steelers in Philadelphia. You could get there, play a game, and then come back on Monday. Do whatever you're doing. But there was no place they played

outside of where the railroad trains would get you. So the farthest south then was Washington, D.C.; farthest east was the Boston team; farthest west was Chicago. You couldn't go any farther than Chicago with a western team. And it was not a big deal. Packers and Chicago were as close to each other as you could get. After the war, the advent of the airplane, commercial airlines, changed things. Everything!

Basketball, let's think of the teams that there were: Oshkosh All-Stars, the Green Bay team, Sheboygan Redskins, Chicago Gears, Detroit the Pistons, Sixty-six was sponsored by Phillips 66 and was Indianapolis. They were all sponsored by some major corporation. And the only time they met for any round robin was in Chicago for the pro tournament. And that was every year and they gathered all of the teams. And in between they didn't. But there were a hell-of-a-lot of people that played high school and college basketball and wanted to go on and play pro ball. But many, many small towns had semi-pro teams. They may not have called them semi-pro. Elmhurst did not have one until after the war when we had so

many guys who were discharged and had played college ball on the GI Bill. And so a group decided they'd start and challenge people from other towns. So I wound up the manager of the Elmhurst Rockets, a semi-pro team. We'd play teams like the Melrose Park Angels, teams from Wisconsin, the Racine team, and we also booked people other than in those leagues. We played the Harlem Globetrotters, Chicago Shamrocks, which was made up of former Notre Dame people. Johnny Dee was captain of the Notre Dame team and was the big cheese there. And we'd book and play them. But it was freelance.

CTF: Was this when you were in law school or after law school?

WJB: The last year of college and law school. I was still doing it when I got married. Then the Korean War broke it all up because about half of the teams had guys who were in reserves. They played service ball and some were in the reserves and they wound up going overseas.

CTF: We're back on the recording, and we were talking, Bill, about the fact that you had just come out of the Army, you used the GI Bill to go to Elmhurst, and you graduated.

WJB: So in the meantime, Mike resigned her position as a teacher in Marcellus and returned to Chicago and was working for her father, who was an architect, working in his office waiting for the school to open. She had been hired to teach at a new school that had just been built. It's now the Carl Sandburg Middle School; it was then the Elmhurst Junior High School. She was teaching English.

CTF: That's interesting. Her majors at Elmhurst were Spanish and sociology.

WJB: Spanish and sociology. But she taught English at Marcellus, and she had studied English all through school. I think with very little leverage she would have had a major in English if she had taken

one or two courses. But she had no intention of doing it. At the time she was signing up, she didn't intend to be a teacher either.

CTF: Why did she switch?

WJB: The faculty advisor was the dean of women and she told Mike that the choices were teaching or working for the telephone company or something like that as a supervisor. Mike had been a telephone operator when she was in high school and in college, but she preferred teaching and she certainly enjoyed it. She ended up with a school in Michigan before accepting a job in Elmhurst. Anyhow her coming to Elmhurst kept me from going to any school except something in the Chicago metropolitan area. It was fairly simple to be accepted to law school in those days. They didn't have any LSATs. If you had a good track record in undergraduate school, you were admitted.

CTF: Back to Elmhurst College, as you had gone there for a semester before the Army.

WJB: A year.

CTF: Right at the time you are graduating from Elmhurst College, you get engaged to Mike.

WJB: Right, '49.

CTF: And then you get married.

WJB: I started law school in September and got married in January. January twenty-eighth of 1950. By that time, I had finished the first semester of law school. I got married the day after I took my last exam of that first semester on a Friday, got married on

Saturday, and had to be back on Thursday morning to register for the second semester.

CTF: Now I earlier referenced the fact that your parents had a mixed marriage between a German and an Irishman and a north sider and a south sider, but now we have a more serious mixed marriage between a Catholic and a—

WJB: Presbyterian. She was raised as a Presbyterian. Her father was a Scots Presbyterian and, of course, I was raised Catholic.

CTF: What was her maiden name again?

WJB: Nicol, from Campsie Glen just south of Glasgow. She and I went there many years later and she got to see her family stomping grounds.

CTF: But I think I remember you telling me on another occasion that her father may not have been completely happy with his new son-in-law.

WJB: No, the father wasn't unhappy at all. The mother was unhappy. Father was a very lovely man. He suggested to me that he didn't think anyone ought to be coerced into being in a religion. I said, "Don't have any fear of that. I don't have any intention of coercing Mike into doing anything, anything at all, just so she'd marry me." We were married by a Catholic priest in my father's home which was also unusual, but it worked out well. Eventually, my mother-in-law got along to accepting the program. She was not happy. No.

CTF: So you're married, you're working as a taxi cab driver. She's teaching by this point.

WJB: Right.

CTF: And you are going to school full-time at night.

WJB: No, daytime, only during the day.

CTF: That's right, you're driving the cab at night.

WJB: Right. Some place early on after we were married, I stopped driving a cab because Michael got disturbed by the fact that she would have to spend too many nights by herself and she didn't want to. And she was working as a schoolteacher and she was making enough to pay our not incredibly high bills and so I became a full-time student. I started at the law school I'd say about roughly the eighteenth of September of 1949 and I went to the short session and summer school in '50. That's all they gave in the abbreviated session, I think six hours.

In 1950 when I was in summer school, North Korea invaded South Korea and the Korean War was on. That meant anybody who was in a reserve position was immediately called back in. By immediately I meant as soon as they could process them. By the following year, it became apparent that the war was going to last sometime. The Illinois Supreme Court came to a brilliant idea. Since the bar exam used to be given only in March and after Labor Day, twice a year, the students that were scheduled to graduate in June or late May would be gone by the time they got around to giving the bar. So they would be gone for as long as the war lasted and nobody knew when. So the Illinois Supreme Court said in a proclamation that if you were in the last semester of your senior year and there was a strong possibility that you might be called into service and the dean would certify that he thought that it was highly possible you might be able to pass the bar, you could ask to take the bar early. They contemplated, of course, if you were going to graduate in February, you take the bar in the preceding September. So you'd be going into your senior year last semester of your senior year graduating in June, but you'd already be a lawyer.

I looked at that very carefully and I went to see the dean and I said, “As I interpret this, if there is a possibility of going into service and you are in your last semester of your senior year, you could be certified by the dean.” He said, “Yes, that’s how I read it.” “So, well, I am a convenience of the government dischargee from the Army, as was everybody else who got out of the war.” I said, “I was one of the group that liberated Korea. And now we are back in Korea and somebody might consider calling me back.” He said, “What do you think the odds are of that happening?” “Somewhere of one in four hundred million, but you know it’s a possibility.” I said, “If I go to summer school with the six hours I got last summer, there are twelve hours of summer school. I will be a second semester senior at least on paper when they give the bar exam because it will be after Labor Day when the second semester starts.” And he said, “Yes, that’s true, that’s true.” He said, “Well, I’ll certify it, but you have to tell them exactly what you told me, that you’re a 4A which is a discharged veteran still under the age for recall and that there is a chance of calling you back in.” So I said, “Yes, I will.” So I outlined all that very carefully and sent in

the application. “Oh,” he said, “you have to promise me that if you do, by some fluke, pass that you’ll come back and finish law school.”

So I sent in all my certification to the Illinois Supreme Court and got a letter back saying, yes, this is fine. We are granting you permission to take the bar in September. The next bar exam after that was mid-March or April. So I started summer school. Then the Illinois Supreme Court moved the date of the bar exam from September, right after Labor Day, to the tail end of July, early part of August. The exam was three days in those days. The change had two effects on me. One, I’m in the middle of the first semester of my last year. And second, they had to move all the courses that helped you prepare and study for the bar. They had to be jammed into a shorter period of time instead of having all of August and all of July. They had to be finished by the tail end of July, the twenty-something of July, which means the classes being taught for bar review would start earlier and last longer and you had to go Saturdays, Sundays, the Fourth of July. We went straight through.

In the meantime, I'm still going to school. So I go to school in the morning. The first class is eight thirty and go through until one thirty and then prepare for the next day of summer school. And then go over to the YMCA College which is on LaSalle Street where they were teaching the bar review courses. I'd leave the house about seven o'clock in the morning and get home about eleven o'clock at night. So Mike went down to Indianapolis and visited her sister on the theory that she hadn't seen me in a while. She claims that I told her I didn't miss her because I didn't know she was gone. That's not true. But anyway I took the bar and then went back and finished summer school. I got the results of the bar saying I had passed. I then started the last semester in which I was considerably more casual about what the professor said because I was already licensed to practice law.

It has been baffling the FBI and other people ever since, because it shows that my admission to the bar was in 1951 and my graduation from law school was 1952. I usually don't bother explaining it, but I explained it to you how it happened. But if you compute it out,

in some twenty-three months after I started law school I took and passed the bar, which is less than two years. So I thought that was a pretty good deal.

CTF: Did you apply anywhere other than DePaul?

WJB: Oh, yes, I applied to Northwestern, Kent, Loyola. No, I did not apply to Loyola. I had already been admitted to Loyola while I was a summer schooler. And I applied to Michigan and Harvard. Harvard sent a letter saying that I was admitted provisionally. If I come in, they had to give me a test. So did Loyola. I took that test though in '47. But all I had to do was go to Harvard and take the test and I was in there. But by the time I got to enrolling, I eliminated everything except the Chicago schools. So I decided I would try Northwestern. So I went there. I was being interviewed by somebody who I think was a graduate student and when he asked what I was doing that summer, was I working in law? No, I was driving a cab as I had for some time. And he said, "Of course, if you are admitted to Northwestern, you will not be able to drive a

cab.” I said, “Why not?” “Because our program precludes people working. It’s just not geared to that.” So I got up and started to leave. And he said, “The interview isn’t over.” I said, “It was over a couple of minutes ago.” By the time I graduated I would probably be married and heaven knows I had to work. I let him know that I turned down better schools. I hadn’t. I found Northwestern a splendid school though. But for some reason known only to God, I decided to go look up Kent. I could have crossed the street from Northwestern to Loyola where I had been admitted years before. I didn’t know where Kent was to show you how carefully I had plotted this out. When I got to Lake Street, I got off the bus and went and told the registrar at DePaul, or the people that worked there that I was going to continue working. They said that’s fine and we will accommodate our schedule to yours. So I signed up and I have not regretted it, by the way. I think I got a good education. DePaul was at 64 East Lake.

I don’t know to this day where Kent was at that time. I know where it is now. I’ve been there many times and lectured there. At

the time I didn't know what I was looking for. I figured it would be in the phone books some place. Get off the bus. Look it up. Find it. But instead I got off at Lake Street.

CTF: Were you in any activities in law school?

WJB: Oh, yes. I was the big cheese in Delta Theta Phi law fraternity. I was on the first law review that DePaul ever put out; I was on the Board of Editors. I submitted and they published the first student article that appeared in any of those. It's on the shelf over there and in the archives I assume. I participated in the Junior Bar Association. I think I was a big elected officer in that too.

CTF: Did they have any trial practice?

WJB: They had a minimum trial practice. It was a motion practice more than a trial practice. I don't think there were more than two

schools in the United States that had trial practice at all. You are supposed to learn that when you get out of law school about trying cases. There were moot courts, appellate proceedings. On a moot case, you were supposed to draft the complaint, argue motions, and file them and so on before one of the professors, but it had nothing to do with trial, just motion practice. Almost all of us who were in school then would spend time when we could in any courtroom to watch.

CTF: What job did you look around for when you knew you were graduating? What were you interested in doing?

WJB: I didn't get a chance to look around. It was an odd sort of thing; I didn't know really where I wanted to practice. Remember John Erlenborn preceded me. He graduated from Loyola at about the same time I was enrolling at DePaul. He had finished law school. And he got a job working for a private practitioner in Wheaton named Joseph Sam Perry [later Northern Illinois district judge]. Sam was a graduate of the University of Chicago Law School.

CTF: Was he a sole practitioner?

WJB: He was in a partnership, originally Perry and Elliott, a guy named Ed Elliott. And Erlenborn worked for that partnership as a clerk. He was paid, when he started, twenty-five dollars a week, but he got a promotion to thirty-five dollars a week. And that's how you learned to practice law—because you try cases here and there, small cases. Mostly before JPs, police magistrates. Sometime in the spring of 1951, he had gotten a job as an assistant state's attorney. And assistant state's and state's attorneys could practice law then. He told the State's Attorney who had a private practice that he knew of some young man who was looking for a clerkship, a legal firm clerkship as opposed to a judicial clerkship. Part-time because I was going to school in the morning. I would be available in the afternoon. They were looking for somebody so he said he'd like to have me come out and have lunch with the State's Attorney and his two partners. So I did. They offered me the job. That's why I never applied for a job and the interview was about twenty

minutes over a sandwich. So I started to work for them for twenty-five dollars every two weeks because I was only working in the afternoon. And when I passed the bar, I started to work for them full-time for twenty-five a week. Then on May 1, the State's Attorney offered me a job as an assistant state's attorney at three hundred and thirty-three dollars a month, which tripled my income.

CTF: What was rent at that time?

WJB: I was paying sixty-seven dollars for a studio apartment in Elmhurst which the lease said was two rooms, but I never found the other room. It had a name: an English apartment, a convenience apartment or something. It had all the amenities. We had a hide-a-bed, a bathroom and a shower and a kitchenette, a place to eat and so on. After a year and a half, by the time I got the job as a clerk—remember Mike's been teaching school all this time—we got a one-room apartment also in Elmhurst. We moved from this basement thing and we finally got a bed, a real honest to god bed. That was the fall of '51. I worked in the evenings for the law firm

of Daniels, Guild and Griesheimer. In the mornings, that's the big one, Daniels, Bryan, and Erlenborn. Erlenborn had gone into partnership with Guild and with Daniels' son in Elmhurst. So I'd go in at night after I finished in Wheaton. I'd come out and have dinner with Mike and then go to the office at night and also Saturdays. I was still going to law school. I finished in 1952. Shortly thereafter I went to work full-time as an assistant state's attorney working with Erlenborn. We were assistants together until the first of December 1952 when he resigned from his law firm and he and I formed a partnership of Erlenborn and Bauer where we remained happily until he went to Congress and I went on the bench.

CTF: But you were in the meantime still at your assistant state's attorney job?

WJB: I was an assistant state's attorney. He resigned as an assistant state's attorney when we went into partnership, December 1 of 1952. And so we practiced law in Elmhurst. We took any

business that we could, anything that came through the door was ours except we could not, because of the inhibitions of the prosecutor's office, take any criminal cases or represent any taxing body because the state's attorney represented the county treasurer.

CTF: Even in Cook or Kane Counties?

WJB: Any place. We were just restricted so there wouldn't be a conflict of interest. We did have, however, some clients that paid at a fairly regular basis for the last couple of years that I was in the office, the last four years. We represented the Illinois Police Association on a retainer basis, answering questions, setting up police and fire commissions in various small towns around the Chicago metropolitan area which provided for them, setting aside pensions. That is what it amounted to. It was ex parte work, you weren't fighting anybody, nobody complained about it. In the meantime, I was learning to try lawsuits.

CTF: How many assistants were there in the office?

WJB: When I started there were five. When I left, there was something like, well, the picture's up there, probably twenty-five. So we increased as the county increased in size.

CTF: This is a process where DuPage just moved from a rural farm area to a suburban area.

WJB: When I ran the first time, the last census showed about two hundred and fifty-five thousand persons. By the next census when I ran, the '50 census showed three hundred and thirty-three thousand. The next census showed four hundred and fifty thousand and now it's about a million.

CTF: When did you run the first time?

WJB: Nineteen fifty-nine. I was going to stay in the state's attorney's office until I became a highly-skilled trial lawyer—which I thought I was by the time I'd been there eight months—I tried my first jury trial before I graduated from law school, but I was a lawyer. And won it.

CTF: What kind of case?

WJB: Civil case. It was a case involving an automobile accident. There was a hooker to it though. The brand new Buick convertible was crushed by a guy who was having an epileptic seizure. The guy driving the car was not the owner of the car. The owner of the car was the son of the driver. And the insurance was held by the son. And the old man didn't have any money so he got the kid or he didn't get anybody. The kid being about forty-five. I had to prove to the jury's satisfaction that everybody in the family knew he had epileptic seizures and that by letting him drive the car, it was negligent. I didn't realize then that was a tough thing to prove. Even after I finished the trial and won it I didn't realize it was

tough. Well, it was an interesting trial. The trial judge was a man named Cassius Poust, a former brigadier general who was a DeKalb County judge.

CTF: Oh, because it is part of the circuit.

WJB: Yes, DeKalb, Kane, Kendall, and DuPage were the sixteenth circuit. There were four circuit judges. One of them being Win Knoch who was a member of this court for years, years later. He was the only DuPage County circuit judge. But you had to be prepared to dash to any one of the counties to track down a judge if you had some emergency.

CTF: So in the state's attorney's office as you move up and as you become chief of felony and then as first assistant. And the State's Attorney at that time is?

WJB: It was Bill Guild. Guild was one of the three partners of the firm where I went to work when I was still in law school. It was Daniels, Guild and Griesheimer. Daniels was running for attorney general in the primary. I was helping write campaign speeches for him among other things. In the process of which I would take them over to his headquarters in the LaSalle Hotel where I met such people as Bill Stratton and other people and listen for the first time to statewide politic discussions. I was utterly fascinated by the thing. But I remember shortly after I started in the state's attorney's office, I told the former chairman of the Republican Party, a man named Barney Long and was the probate clerk, that I was interested in politics. He chewed snooze. You know what snooze is, the stuff you stick under your lip. Snuff.

CTF: Snuff.

WJB: He said, "There are easier ways to serve the Lord." I found out he was right, but I had a lot of fun doing it. Anyhow I was going to stay two or three years, become the Clarence Darrow of the

county, and conquer more windmills. About that time, I was promoted to chief of felony and so I was having more fun than you could shake a stick at. In about 1956, I was introduced by Guild as his first assistant. He ran for county judge in '58 and was nominated and then elected in November of '58. The county board had to appoint an interim state's attorney because there was two years left on his term. The county board consisted of twenty-four board members. You had to have thirteen votes from them to be appointed. Seventeen promised they'd vote for me; nine did. And later, after I won the primary, seventeen told me that they had so it had to have been a secret ballot.

CTF: So there were at least nine who were honest.

WJB: Yes. One of them I can guarantee because he held his ballot up and turned around and said, "I voted for good government. How did you vote?" to the guys behind him. But the fellow they appointed was the personal attorney for the chairman of the county board whose name was Bowers. And the chairman was the one

who appointed the committees. Now that doesn't sound like much except the committee members were paid per diem. That is, they were paid per day, when their committees met. So if you didn't get appointed to committees, you didn't make anything. So when the chairman asked as a personal favor for anyone to do something, unless there was a compelling reason not to, they did.

CTF: What was Bowers' background besides being the chairman's personal attorney?

WJB: He had been in the state's attorney's office slightly less than two years at one time. He was not a trial guy. He was handling zoning and things of that nature. And he quit after two years because he didn't think the job paid enough and it was curtailing his ability to engage in other activities in the practice of law. He wasn't a bad guy, I mean he just wasn't as good as I was. And that's my opinion. Fortunately, the electors agreed with me.

CTF: Now Bowers offered you a deal.

WJB: Yes, he offered me the job of first assistant with a twenty-five hundred dollar pay raise which meant he controlled the county board because they allocate the money. He had to get the authority to make such an offer from the chairman of the county board—if I wouldn't run against him. And he added that if I wouldn't run, he wouldn't run two years from now and I could run on my own without any interference. I mentioned this to Judge Knoch who was then on the federal court, although he was not involved in politics. So I said, "What did [he] think of the idea?" And he said, "Do you think you could beat him?" And I said, "Yes." And he said, "So do I. But if you took his job and in two years from now, he'd change his mind, to whom would you holler?" So I turned the job down cold.

I was offered a job by Latham Castle, who was still the Attorney General of Illinois then, to be a roving assistant attorney general. That is, of the hundred and two counties in the State of Illinois,

there are a number of counties that the amount of business is very small, the criminal business, so occasionally they let out a scream for help. They need somebody to go out and try a case, usually a murder case. Then and now, there's a roving number of assistant attorney generals. James Zagel [Northern Illinois District Judge] did that for a while when he was working for the attorney general.

And he did it with Jane Thompson when she was single. But he wanted me to move to Springfield. For one thing, that wasn't my cup of tea. But I didn't find out until I came on this court in 1975 and Latham was still here, that he really was mad at me for not taking the job. He thought it was a splendid offer.

CTF: I was wondering if he was encouraged by the chair of the DuPage County?

WJB: No, the chair of DuPage County did not. The theory is they don't get involved, the chairman didn't get involved in inner party fights

because there is no endorsement by the party. Having said that, Bowers had picked up, in addition to the county board, I would guess sixty percent of the precinct committeemen. It didn't mean I had the other forty, it just meant he had sixty. And so when I was running, I didn't have any illusions of running as an endorsed candidate. But every elected official supported me, almost all publicly. And every police department supported me.

CTF: What about the chairman of the DuPage County board?

WJB: Oh, obviously, he did not support me. The chairman of the party was what I was talking about. The chairman of the county board, no. He made no secret of the fact that he was busy campaigning for his guy that he put in. And he campaigned vigorously on the subject. At the same time all that was going on, Democrats called for a special election. This is late '58, early '59. The Democrats had two guys running for state's attorney, Pren Marshall being one and the other guy's name was an older lawyer. Pren and I were of the same age both being thirty-two. He was born in August of '26,

and I was born in September. I didn't know Pren. I knew who he was. But as a result of our campaign, the primary and general, we became fast friends, which doesn't happen now anymore. It's a pity. But we appeared occasionally together as when the Press Association had all the candidates.

CTF: What did you beat Bowers by?

WJB: Two to one.

CTF: What did you beat Pren by?

WJB: Forty-five fifty-five. He was a hell of a candidate.

CTF: I would think he would be. I just didn't think the Democrats would get that many votes.

WJB: Well, it's a special election. It was June. After I was nominated, half of the Republicans figured I was already elected because that's the way it went. But I'm not going to be elected unless people vote. Summertime, people are on vacation. That's all. Prentice and Tom Sullivan were campaigning. Sullivan was Prentice's campaign manager. And I got a nice letter from Tom Sullivan saying they had arranged six meetings for debates at various junior high schools throughout the county and with the dates all set forth. They were renting the halls and I should show up for the debates. So, of course, I ignored the goddamn letter having just completed a vigorous campaign where I ran myself ragged all over the county. So after a suitable length of time like two weeks, they sent a press release. But I did not respond because they hadn't heard from me. And I said, "Why did you think you were going to hear from me?" "Well, we got these dates for you. Are the dates acceptable to you?" I said, "No, I'm running my campaign. You run yours." Long after I said, "You know I spent a lot of time out there at PTA meetings, Mothers Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, Lions Clubs, making speeches. So I would guess a good chunk of the county knew who

I was. So I wasn't going to give you an invitation to come and get introduced. Why should I?" Tom said that they went to a couple of those things where they were the only two people there. So they talked to each other for a while.

CTF: So you are elected and become the state's attorney.

WJB: I was elected state's attorney in the special election on June 4, 1959. The election was June 4. Two days later or three days later, I was sworn in. And I was reelected eighteen months later. By that time, I had no opposition in the primary.

CTF: So no opposition in the general either.

WJB: I had opposition in the general. The same guy who ran against Marshall and had gotten beaten by Marshall in the primary, so that time I won, 1960, Nixon was the presidential candidate. He's the

only one that ran higher than I did on the county level. Then, a lot of people just vote for the president and leave. I don't know about the rest. So totality of votes, I ran about three thousand behind Nixon. He was very popular in the county then. That's before scandal and before anything else. Then he was running against Kennedy. The closest one to me, by the way, was Erlenborn who was running for reelection for state representative.

CTF: Bill, you told me about the big win that you had in a dead-bang loser. Why don't you tell the people who are going to read this. It's pretty funny.

WJB: In a criminal case?

CTF: In a criminal case. This is after you decided to run for state's attorney so you have to leave the office.

WJB: Well, I left the office on the first day of December of 1958 when the state's attorney was sworn in. Actually the first day for Guild, the county judge, to be sworn in which vacated the state's attorney office. Jack Bowers was appointed by the board; he got sworn in at two o'clock. And at three o'clock I packed my bag and left. He offered me the job of first assistant with a substantial pay raise if I didn't run. And I suggested that I didn't think that was a good idea, and I just left. And shortly thereafter, the Democratic Party headed at that stage by Prentice Marshall and Tom Sullivan, filed a mandamus to compel the county clerk to call a special election, which the statute called for but was honored more in the breach than it was in reality. And Judge Rathje entered an order setting the primary date for some time in April and the general election for early June for office of state's attorney.

In between the announcement of the filing of the suit and the order itself, I was busy trying to drum up votes. I had no money, nor an organized group, but I was calling on different people that I knew growing up in the county, and people I had worked for, neglecting

the practice of law. My law partner was in Springfield being a state legislator so our office was pretty much non-functional.

So one quiet afternoon, I was getting ready to go someplace and a kid about twenty or twenty-one came in and he said he wanted to hire me to represent him in a burglary case. This was shortly after Christmas and the crime had been committed on Christmas Eve in the town of Addison. They were still taking down Christmas decorations when he came in to see me. He described the crime to me; he and another young man were burglarizing a men's store on Christmas Eve when the police arrived and caught him with suits in the car. He was still inside the place. And he added to the picture by saying his partner in crime had hired an attorney that everybody knew, Bill Redmond, one of the state representatives in the area. But the other fellow intended to plead guilty and get probation. And I said, "Well, what do you think is going to happen to you?" And he said, "I know, but I can't plead guilty because you were the one who convicted me for burglary and I'm not eligible." And I said, "Well, tell me again about the crime." I

said, "What is your defense?" He said, "I don't know, that's why I came to you." And I said, "Well, I can give you a fast answer. There is no defense." And he said, "Well, I can't plead guilty." I said, "I don't know what you can do." And he said, "Well, you're a good lawyer." I said, "I'm not a miracle worker. The only thing I can do is make sure the government proves you guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. I would be happy to do that and in my opinion they can do it easily, and," I said, "besides, you can't afford me." He said that he thought he could. "So okay. I need a thousand-dollar retainer and three hundred dollars a day for any day I have to work on it."

CTF: And you made that up.

WJB: I made that up. I had no idea what you charged people for this. I never represented a defendant in a criminal case. By the way, some of the old timers downtown figured I was light in the head for being so small in my request. I thought it was an enormous amount of money. Remember the state's attorney himself only

made thirteen thousand five hundred, so a thousand dollars is a lot of money.

Well, he was gone about half an hour and came back with a thousand dollars in cash. And I looked up to see the poor secretary laboring away, hadn't been paid in a couple of weeks, so I opened the desk drawer and slide the thousand in it and said, "Well, I could wave good-bye to you like anybody else, but I want you to know that I do not know any defense so don't think that I'm giving you any kind of deal." He said, "Okay." "It is scheduled for arraignment on next Friday. If you will meet me in court on Friday at about nine thirty, we will proceed." Then I sent him a letter with a copy of a receipt for the thousand dollars and a reminder of the three hundred dollars a day. I added in the letter, "I have your story written down. I know of no defense to this crime of burglary. And in my opinion, you will be convicted easily. The only thing I can do and I will do is make sure the government proves you guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. But other than that I will see you Friday." I sent the letter off.

Friday I got to court and S.A. Bowers himself was not trying the case. A guy named Charley Popejoy, whom Bowers had hired as one of his top trial guys—a good trial lawyer in civil cases at least—was trying the case. Popejoy announced to the court that the indictment charged the defendant with the crime of burglary. I acknowledged receipt of the copy of the indictment with a list of the witnesses and I waived the reading of the indictment and entered a plea of not guilty. The presiding judge asked if we were ready for trial and both of us said yes. The judge said, “When would you like to hear it?” I said, “Monday sounds fine.” This was Friday. Popejoy says, “That’s too soon.” I said, “You said you were ready. Are you going to get more ready on Monday or less ready on Monday?” So his Honor put it over for two weeks. We were going to go to trial two weeks from Monday. So as we were leaving, Popejoy said to me, “Why don’t you stop down and talk to me.” I said, “All right.” So I sent my guy home, told him to be in touch with me, went down to the state’s attorney’s office. He said, “What is your defense?” I said, “You know, Mr. Popejoy, I don’t know a lot about this, but I don’t have to tell you my defense. I just gave it to you—not guilty.” And he said, “Well, we

have your man cold.” I said, “Is that what you called me down to tell me?” I said, “Normally, you should tell that to a jury. They are the ones that have something to do with it. I’m here. We’re going to go to trial. That’s all.” “Well, have you thought about a defense?” I said, “No, I told you. I’ll tell you the defense which will be uncovered at the appropriate time.” And I left. In the meantime, I had to run a campaign.

About a week later, long before the deadline for the trial, I get another phone call, “Will you stop by the office and see me?” And I said, “Not if you’re going to tell me how worthless my case is and how you are going to beat me up. Just beat me up and let it go at that. You can do that on the phone.” “No, no, no, I think it would be in your client’s best interest that you stop by.” Well, I couldn’t imagine what that might be unless he was going to offer him free candy or something. So I did stop by in route to someplace else. And he said, “How would your client like to plead to criminal trespass to property (which is a misdemeanor)?” He was facing a minimum of one to ten, minimum. And I said, “I will

not recommend it to him, but I am forced to convey the offer to him so I will.” I recommended it to him. I called the kid in and said, “I don’t know what the hell happened there, but here’s the deal you can get. Plea of guilty to criminal trespass of property and spend a year in Vandalia, really seven months if you keep your nose clean.” So he said, “Okay.” “Show up Monday, the trial date, bring your toothbrush, and we’ll wave good-bye to everybody.” When we arrived a week later, there was a different assistant, Lewis Morgan. We had been assistants together. And I said, “We’re here on a motion to withdraw a plea.” He said, “Your Honor, the state has a motion to enter a *nolle prosequi*.” A *nolle prosequi* as you know can be reinstated. And I thought it was some kind of a bait-and-switch waiting until the election was over. So I said, “Your Honor, I have an agreement with Mr. Popejoy, a plea.” And he said, “I cannot refuse the motion of *nolle prosequi*.” Which is absolutely true, and I knew it. So I said, “Morgan, if you know, what happened?” He said, “We’re filing an information in the county court.” It doesn’t make any sense to me, but it doesn’t make any difference either. And time was getting closer to the election. So we were scheduled for arraignment, I think eight days

later, no, nine days later, appear before Judge Guild, my immediate past boss, the former state's attorney, and Redmond was there with the other guy. He entered a plea of guilty, made an application for probation. My client entered a plea of guilty. We were properly admonished. We did not make an application for probation because in those days he wasn't eligible.

CTF: He couldn't move forward.

WJB: Which I pointed out to the court. His Honor refused, however, to sentence him immediately and put him over with the other one, they were going to be sentenced together. That baffled me, too. But we put it over for two weeks and by this time I'm very antsy. Let's get it done with because Redmond was also a member of the legislature and he'd have to be in Springfield. So we do it early in the morning, nine o'clock in the morning, so he can make it to Springfield before noon which is when they open. But I didn't want him asking for additional continuances. We arrive at nine o'clock in the morning, and Judge Guild gives the other guy

probation. I don't remember his name, seventeen-year-old kid, admonished him and told him to behave himself and sent him on his way. The probation officer was there. So I step up and he said to my client, "We're ready for sentencing. You think you could live up to probation?" And I interrupt and said, "There's no application pending." He said, "Are you objecting?" "Well, no." I wasn't objecting. I represented the guy. He said, "Yes, yes, sir, I can." He said, "We'll put you on probation for a period of two years," if I recall correctly, "and if you do commit any crimes between now and then, I will immediately sentence you to the full term."

Now that time the kid had not only showed up with his toothbrush, he showed up with his mother so she could see him as he was going. So we get out in the corridor, (he had, by the way, given me the extra three hundred dollars for this last appearance). We get out in the corridor and he said to me with a smirk, the kid did, "Why, you really used that thousand dollars pretty well." I said, "Listen you little twit, that's my thousand dollars. Nobody got a

nickel of that or anything else including this three hundred. And I know there'll be a new state's attorney very shortly and it will be me, and, if you do anything wrong, I will send you to jail so long, it'll cost you a dollar to get a postal card home." I never heard of him again. He left. That was it.

Fast forward about two years and I was asking both Morgan and Popejoy about this. Popejoy was a little reluctant to discuss it except to say it was a deal that was made that he didn't approve of, that's why Lewis took over. Then I said to the two of them, "Why accept the plea, you had him by the left ear?" Jack Bowers had called them into the office and Lewis said, "Bauer just filed an appearance on behalf of one of the burglars to try a case next Monday or two weeks from now." Bowers said, "No, he's not. You're not going to try the case." They said, "We can't lose." Bowers said, "You don't know Bauer. Just don't try the case." Knowing Bauer and not knowing Bauer, you couldn't change the facts. So Bowers said, "Take any deal." Popejoy said, "I offered to talk to him about an agreement, he won't talk to me." Bowers

said, “Well, make him a deal he can’t refuse.” So Popejoy brings this up, ran it by Bowers who says, “It’s a great idea.” And he was right, I couldn’t refuse it. The defendant couldn’t refuse it. And Bowers went his way happy that I didn’t beat him, which I couldn’t have done with that case. But Guild apparently got irritated because he thought the deal was outrageous. So he said, “If you want to do it, do it the whole way. One kid gets probation, they both do.” So this kid walks away from a rather ferocious verdict, because he stole a lot of clothes, but he was a repeat offender. I think his first burglary was when he was a juvenile. Convicting him of the second one was a felony. But I never heard from him again. My advice was followed. He got out of town. But there you are. That’s the story. Do you want to hear my successful career?

CTF: Even though you told Popejoy that you weren’t going to advise him to take the deal.

WJB: I lied. I rushed back and told him to take it.

CTF: You told him take this deal.

WJB: I said, “My boy, if you turn this deal down you ought to be shot for insanity. I don’t know if you are going to get seven months in a farm down in Vandalia as opposed to up to ten years in the joint.” And he would have got a good chunk. I don’t know how long, under horrible circumstances. Five years would have been almost a minimum on your third burglary. And still young enough to carry on nobly. I might have jolted him into sensibility because I never heard of him again. But it was an interesting case.

CTF: You also at the same time have your campaign and there’s an interesting story about Bowers v. Bauer.

WJB: Well, to begin with Jack Bowers had been in the office about a year and a half and he didn’t handle any criminal cases. He did civil. He did try two bastard cases, that’s what they were referred

to then. I do not remember a prosecutor in the history of the state that ever lost one of those. A pregnant girl gets on the stand and says the defendant did it to her and the jury practically stays in the box to vote guilty. That's what he tried, but he was a good lawyer in general things, real estate and that and this. But he was also the personal attorney to the county board chairman. You can't campaign in a place like DuPage County in 1958-59 without going to as many places as you can, public places and making as many speeches as you can or get introduced as often as you can. Well, for a couple of years before that I thought I had been in more PTA meetings than anybody in DuPage County. And men's clubs and church groups and so on and so on. And some political rallies. I was vice president of the Young Republicans' club in Elmhurst. Bowers was president of the Young Republican club in Downers Grove Township. So we were invited to address Addison Township's big meeting and it was in '59 which is an uneven year which means that there are no state elections except this one, but there are city offices and township offices and they are in the spring. So the townships held their rallies at the same time the cities did, so people running on the city ticket for alderman and

whatever other offices in Addison Township and the Addison Township offices for overseer, county supervisor, township supervisor, that sort of thing. Well, they were having a big rally where most of the people are missionaries, people that go ring doorbells. They are interested in politics in the abstract and very specifically interested in jobs. So somebody in a bit of brilliance decided to invite Jack Bowers and me. We were the only two announced candidates on the Republican ticket for that office. So we arrived and it's crowded but the people did not come to hear us. They came to hear the township and city guys, but we were going to go first so we could get the hell out of there and not interfere with their enjoyment of listening to the other candidates. Since Jack Bowers was the incumbent, he was going to speak first, and I was going to speak second.

What is missing from the equation is the makeup of the various townships. Addison Township was one of the three largest of the nine townships in the county. It was heavily German. Now all of them had a strong Germanic tie, but Addison had probably the

strongest German one. To give you an idea, the township road commissioner was a guy named Ottsy Pfothauer. Now Ottsy is a nickname for Adolph. They thought it was a legitimate name. Mueller was the police magistrate. Rich Mueller was the president of the village, that sort of thing. Bowers got up first to speak and he says, “Bill and I are going around the county giving spelling lessons. My name is Bowers, B – O – W – E – R – S, and I hold the office at present. Bill’s name, as you know, is Bauer, B – A – U – E – R.” He said, “It would be even more confusing if my grandfather hadn’t changed his name from B – A – U – E – R in World War I because of the connotations.” And you could almost hear an audible gasp from all these people in the audience. So he finished up telling them what a wonderful job he was doing as state’s attorney and what he would do. It was a relatively short one. Mine was considerably shorter. Because I got up looking over the crowd and I said, “My name is Bill Bauer, B – A – U – E – R, as Jack told you, it’s the same name my father had B – A – U – E – R; same name my grandfather had when he came here from Germany, B – A – U – E – R. And I intend to die with the name B – A – U – E – R. And I won’t tell you about what

I did in the office as I've been doing it for seven years and you all know what I've been doing. I've been working with you and I'd like to have your support." And that was the end of the speech. I carried the township handily. He never really figured out what he did to lose it.

He stepped his foot in it. I didn't tell him until after the election was over, of course. He gave me an opening that I could have driven a tractor through.

CTF: And did.

WJB: Nobody ever gave me a break like that. That was a good one though.

CTF: So you're elected in your own right.

WJB: Fifty-nine and reelected in '60 for a four-year term. And by that time people in the Wheaton area had gotten over their fear of me as a Roman Catholic, and I led those tickets too. I was the first Roman Catholic elected state's attorney in the county. And Win Knoch who had been the first elected county judge in 1930 was a Catholic, as was Erlenborn.

And at Elmhurst College since I was the only graduate of a Catholic high school playing football, I was called "Father O'Malley," so that was fairly well-known too. I lost all the Wheaton College precincts to Prentice Marshall in the general election. For the first time since the Civil War those precincts voted Democratic and with only two candidates on the ballot, Pren Marshall and William J. Bauer. A year and a half later when I was running again, I carried those off by ninety percent of the vote running against somebody else. That was interesting.

CTF: Did Pren come from the Wheaton area or did he just connect to the students?

WJB: No, he was born in Oak Park.

CTF: Oak Park.

WJB: Yes, grew up, graduated from Oak Park High School in '44, the year I graduated from Immaculate Conception. We had not known each other. I knew of him because he was a rising star in the firm then of Thompson, Raymond, Mayer, Jenner & Bloomstein [now Jenner & Block] as was Tom Sullivan. Sullivan and I had gone to school together. He was from Glen Ellyn, but went to school in Elmhurst at Immaculate Conception High School. He was a freshman, I was a senior. And his sister was my women's campaign manager in Downers Grove. I understand they didn't discuss politics in the Sullivan family for several months. Anyway we had an interesting campaign. I won. Pren lost. And as I said when he received the John Stevens Award, "It was the best thing to happen to both of us." Had he won that special election he would not have been reelected not because he wasn't good, but because he would have been overwhelmed, 1960 was a presidential year.

The county voted about a hundred fifteen thousand to forty-four thousand, Republican over Democrat straight ballots. So he would have lost. But as it was, it all worked out well.

CTF: Right, we've done all of that.

WJB: Sixty-four came along and there was going to be a vacancy.

CTF: Vacancy.

WJB: On the ballot for judge. I had no screaming desire to be a judge at that moment. I was elected the first time when I was thirty-two; was then thirty-six and a half. I was having more fun than people should be allowed to have and still get paid. And I thought I was doing a good job. I was certainly spreading my gospel. We got rid of most of the organized crime gambling in the county which dried

up millions for them. It was something of a crusade going for various aspects of law enforcement.

CTF: Did you have any political corruption cases?

WJB: Well, the first thing I did was sue the county board. That being something. Guild had taken the county board to a grand jury for meeting dates. They got paid by the meeting. They shorted their meeting. The state legislature got smart and stopped that. Which is why they were beholden to the chairman who appointed the committees because the more committees you sat on, the more money you made, but you got a per diem. But if you looked over the receipts you had, everybody, half of the board sat every day of the year including Thanksgiving and Christmas which is ludicrous, so the grand jury saw the problem of a number of the members of the board who were either widows of deceased members or simply didn't know that the way you got paid was you just signed a voucher and let somebody else fill in the blanks. That's the way it had been done apparently since the memory of man ran not to the

contrary. An issue of a scathing report was not accepted by the circuit court because it accused everybody without indicting anybody (which meant it was properly refused), but it recommended that the county board be held to account financially. And I said during the campaign that I would hold the board to account. It didn't make any difference; they had already indicated their inclination was not to support me. So I sued the county board, twenty-five members of the county board, and collected all back payments for as far as the statute of limitations would take us which was five years. Beyond that I couldn't go because of the statute of limitations. I collected some multi-thousands of dollars. I did indict two members of the county board for taking bribes on zoning cases after I became U.S. attorney. We were doing zoning investigations here in Cook County, and we just moved over to the next county and kept it going. I did not encounter that when I was state's attorney, but I'm sure it went on some place but on a very limited scale. But we finally finished, killed it all, we really scared the hell out of a lot of people. But what passed for corruption would be things like both the sheriff and the various chiefs of police knew that there were slot machines in the VFWs and halls

and did nothing about it. But there again nobody had done anything about it forever and so nobody thought to do anything about it. At the local level there were members of the American Legion, the VFW, most hall, Elks Club, and things like that and so they were perfectly happy to let homegrown sin take its course. The problem was it wasn't homegrown sin; the slot machines were owned by the outfit, serviced by the outfit, and the pinball machines were equally owned by the outfit and serviced by and collected by the outfit. And it really didn't take an awful lot to convince the populous at large that their best interest in the long run was not to support organized crime. That money that you make has to be reinvested some place so that they had reinvested it in land and things related to the bar business—bar towels, juke boxes, things of that nature. And they were competing with their money with legitimate people in the real estate business because they have to invest the money somewhere and they have to wash it, launder it some place. A perfect place to launder it, I think is ironic, is the bar towel business which involved also cleaning diapers and so it's the laundry business. What could be better for laundering money? And the customers there were people already

taking their pinballs, slot machines, card games, so also using their services for bar towels meant nothing. And so the profit from one can spill over to the other and give you a rational reason for having more money than you made legitimately.

CTF: What are the cases, Bill, that you remember both as an assistant state's attorney as well as a state's attorney that are memorable prosecutions?

WJB: I can remember a great number of them. As an assistant state's attorney, I tried several capital offense cases without ever asking for the death penalty, but if there's murder involved, I was trying the case. Far as I remember a number of the earlier ones, 1959 shortly after I had been elected, I tried a woman who shot and killed her husband's lover at a distance of about eighteen inches and she had five small children. And, of course, murder in the suburban area so whet the appetite of the Chicago press. So the Chicago press was on that. The defense was disassociative reaction, temporary insanity. Al Woodward, Bob Woodward's

father, was my opponent now. He and I tried cases against each other for years when I was an assistant. We were good friends. And he was a superb lawyer. And I could not find a single psychiatrist that would testify that the lady did not suffer from disassociative reaction. You read the hypothetical to them on the phone and they'd say, "I have an opinion of my own. Yes, she had disassociative reaction." And that went over very well because as I got up to give the final argument with the lady defendant sitting there quietly — her children were not in the courtroom, but they might as well have been — the Wheaton College bell tower started to play Christmas carols.

Jim Fitzgerald one of my assistants was sitting second chair. When I finished the rebuttal argument, I came back and he says, "Great argument." I said, "I should win." He said, "Not that great." Now it was a case that should have been lost, but had to be tried.

CTF: I understand.

WJB: If the issue was insanity, I was in no position to impose my decision then at the jury at large. Under other circumstances you could talk about manslaughter or a whole bunch of other things, but not in a case like that.

CTF: I'm trying to think back because I was a kid at the time, but the murder of the Grimes sisters.

WJB: That was in Cook County, and the bodies were found probably a hundred and fifty yards east of County Line Road. I remember sending my chief investigator to run like a deer and see where the bodies were because it was a feeling abroad with some substantiation that bodies got moved to other counties to avoid all the horsing around. And it remained in Cook County and was tried there. But there were a lot of famous cases floating around, and I tried a number of murder cases.

CTF: You also, Bill, really cracked down on gambling.

WJB: Oh, during the course of the campaign—first of all remember I had been a cab driver in that county when I was not involved in law enforcement. I had no moral scruples against gambling, but once I take the king's shilling, I've got to obey the law. And I campaigned on that basis. They had slot machines in private clubs. Not in saloons, but they had them in the clubs. Moose, Elks, pick a number. Slot machines as you know were contraband. You couldn't manufacture them and transfer them. Theoretically you couldn't manufacture them in Illinois under Illinois law. But under federal law, you couldn't transport them across the state line. And they were very careful not to get involved with the feds, these private clubs. I remember the first raid we did, five days after I was sworn in as state's attorney. It was the Bensenville American Legion. What I did with my first assistant, a guy named Doc Hopf who had been an assistant under Guild, was he and I recruited a former schoolteacher asking him, a very alley-wise guy, to go in and if there were slot machines to stay there for fifteen minutes at

least. If there were no slot machines, just walk out so he'd be out in a minute and a half or two minutes. After fifteen minutes, we'd call for a truck. And so we waited the prescribed fifteen minutes, made the phone calls that we wanted a truck to pick up things, and then we walked in. And there were twenty-four slot machines. And so I told them the place had been raided. "Nobody leaves until you give your name, rank, and serial number." So the guy behind the bar said, "Let me call the commander." I said, "I don't care who the hell you call. Call anybody you want. We're waiting with the truck to take the machines out. They are contraband." So the commander finally showed up and he said, "You didn't tell me you were coming." I said, "You bet I didn't." And he said, "These are our machines." He said, "We're buying Little League t-shirts from their proceeds." I said, "Take up burglary. It's faster and you'll get more money all of a sudden." I turned the machines around and it said Ace Novelty Company, Franklin Park, Illinois. I said, "Outfit machines. These are owned by the outfit. They're serviced by the outfit. What do you mean you own the machines?" "Well, they're ours." Well, apparently that was insufficient because exactly eight days later I raided the VFW on West

Chicago and they had their own. Apparently it takes a while for things to sink in. Anyway we got rid of the slot machines. There's a few pictures floating around showing us smashing the machines up. The device they use in taverns—no, actually there were two devices. One was jars. When you put your hand in the jar and you pull out a thing and you open up a thing and it's got pretty much the same things that would be in a slot machine you know.

CTF: If you have three cherries?

WJB: Three cherries or something and then the bartender would pay you off. And so they'd bring in a load of these, they'd stir them up, and then people would buy them at the bar. And so it cost a dollar. But they had pinball machines. A pinball machine is an interesting if stupid device, of course. But these were pinball machines with knock-off devices so that you're not going to play and run up two hundred free games and stand there like the idiot and play two hundred free games. The reason you are playing is to get paid off. So when you run two hundred you want the machine guy or the

bartender or whoever is in charge of the place to pay you the cost of the two hundred games. He has to have a way to not only eliminate the free games by a knock-off device, but that has to be recorded so the guy that owns the machine knows how much is paid so you subtract what he paid out against what the take is and you know how much money you get paid. I did not do an independent study in the county. I did three or four of them and let it go at that. But the Senator Estes Kefauver Committee in Congress was investigating crime at the same time everybody else was, and they had concluded that the pinball machine with a knock-off device in any reasonable quarter produced between four hundred and five hundred dollars a week profit. There were a hundred and fifty-five machines in the county. Now if you multiply the four hundred by a hundred and fifty, you get a hell of a lot of money. And that was going on. In addition, when they put the machines into a saloon, the bartender or the owner would get fifty percent of the profits or whatever they told them they were giving them. They said, "Son, we'll put in our own jukebox." So they put in their own jukeboxes. Then as long as we're here, we sell bar towels too or we have that service. And so they had a bar

towel service. And so they permeated the entire saloon business. So the thing to do is to get rid of the gambling. The problem is the Illinois Supreme Court, the same supreme court which found that bribing people for envelopes is not against the law.

CTF: Bribing people for?

WJB: Do you remember the one they say that John Paul Stevens got famous on—he was already a famous lawyer here.

CTF: On the Justices Solfisburg and Klingbiel corruption.

WJB: Yes, on the Solfisburg and Klingbiel one. That same supreme court held that pinball machines even with the knock-off devices are not gambling devices per se. Now I don't know why they would want to knock the games off or why they kept score of how many games they won without paying off the customers.

CTF: Right.

WJB: So in order to prove it, I had to have somebody go in, play them, and win, and get paid off. So there was a newspaper woman who was perfectly willing to do this. She and another newspaper guy, one from Naperville, the other from Downers Grove, they tour these places. And what she would do, is if they gambled and got paid off at once, she would stick a fifteen-cent stamp, an unusual stamp, with her name her initials and date on it and stick it on the bottom of the machine. They'd keep track of it. And they had done about fifteen of those and I got nervous because a woman in Will County had gotten acid thrown in her face for exposing something in the gambling line in Will County. Now my girl's name was Joanne Maxwell. She was a charming, decent lady and had been my campaign writer when I was running. I wanted to stop the thing. I made my point. I'm going to make some arrests. So I took the matter before the grand jury, ran it, got search warrants, and warrants to pick up the fifteen machines that she had

identified. And we picked them up and got an order of destruction on them and so on and all of a sudden the machines disappeared all over the county because they cost money. Quite expensive.

CTF: Did you ever get any kickback from the mob, organized crime?

WJB: Oh, sure. Funny one. A real funny one was I remember one night getting a phone call. I was there. If there was anybody else in the office, he kept it a secret from me. It was in the summertime at night. When it was a call, it interested me only because it was on the private line. There were very few people who knew that private line. It was Wheaton-2626. He said, "You know we're going to get you." I said, "Why don't you come now? I'll wait here. Come on." "Oh, we're not kidding." "Neither am I. I'll sit here for as long as you want. Get your ass in here." They hung up. One time two private detectives came to see me. They had been hired by—does the name Jackie Cerone mean anything to you?

CTF: Sure.

WJB: Well, one of the Cerone kid prodigies, I think it was a nephew of the original Jack also named Jack Cerone who lived in Elmhurst. And he was among other things a bail bondsman, but he did a few other things, but he had some sort of legitimate front. He wanted to hire these two guys to do something. The implication they had was, I was involved in something with the wife of one of his clients which was ridiculous. He was not a lawyer. But anyhow after investigating me for about eight days and turning in everything they discovered, they found out who they were chasing and why. So they came into the office to tell me that.

CTF: They didn't realize that you were the state's attorney?

WJB: No, he just gave them the name, the address, and they were not from DuPage. And they followed me. So I remember one of the

things they said, “You lead a very dull life.” I said, “I find it exciting.” They said, “From a private detective, you don’t.” But they took pictures and they brought pictures in that showed me going in and out of places and so on. That was as close as I came to playing that kind of game. One thing you give organized crime credit for is its business sense. That’s why they were so organized. If you play games with them, that is if you promise to do something and didn’t deliver, they had no hesitation about retaliating. But if you don’t, what are they going to do, produce a threat. If they kill somebody who is straight up, law enforcement suddenly closes in on them from all directions. All bets are off, and they know that. Why bother? That doesn’t mean you’re nothing to one of those groups or at large they may kill you. Like the screwball that killed—

CTF: Joan Lefkow’s husband.

WJB: Joan Lefkow’s mother and husband. Fighting against the mob is not as tough as it sounds. What irritated me in the early stages of

that game is the head of the FBI was J. Edgar Hoover, and all during that time until '72 when he died there was a two-department rule—the agents were not allowed, if they were investigating something of a federal nature and uncovered a violation of a state law, they were not allowed to tell the state's attorney about it.

CTF: What was the reason for that? Do you know?

WJB: Well, his rationalization was that the state's attorney must be on the take or he would have found out too, which is about as dopey a thing as I could see.

The interesting thing to demonstrate how dopey it is: there is a law requiring me to report federal violations to the federal government. Now just between you, me, and the light post, I don't care if the public at large knows this—now. The resident FBI agent was a guy named Rudy Mancini and, of course, I knew him because we had state cases which overlapped with federal cases and so on.

And so he and I would meet every Monday morning at Walgreens drug store and have a cup of coffee and discuss what he found and what I found. The difference was that he could use what I gave him with attribution. I couldn't use what he gave me with attribution. I could use it for investigatory purposes. I didn't care.

CTF: You had the information.

WJB: Yes, I had the information and that's what I wanted. For one thing you can't completely kill the gambling thing, for example, walking bookmakers because they don't have any place. Placing a good walking book with twenty-five customers you could make a good living. You've got good bettors. And you can't follow everybody around all the time. But pinball machines, slot machines, the thing is every one of those machines had to have a federal gambling stamp. They had to buy them. The federal government never told me who was buying gambling stamps. It makes no sense at all. So when 9/11 happened and they talked about the two-department rule where the CIA could not give information to the FBI and vice

versa, I was in shock that the goofy system had been going on for a long time. The only good thing to come out of that that I can think of suddenly is now they exchange information.

CTF: Nineteen sixty-four.

WJB: Sixty-four. I've now been state's attorney, twice elected, six years.

CTF: You're looking to move on.

WJB: Well, not really. It was never my ambition to be a judge. No, never say never.

CTF: Had me fooled.

WJB: In '64 my deep ambition to be a judge came. Judges were selected or elected by nomination from a convention of the parties. And there was going to be a vacancy in DuPage County and I counted up the very few candidates, one of them could win pretty easily, he was the probate judge. I did not trust him as far as I could throw a brick building. I did not want to practice law in front of him. I didn't mind practicing probate law in front of him because that's a little different. I could beat him in a convention so I did. That's how I got to be a judge. Now there was a second part of me which I will give you.

CTF: Who ran for state's attorney?

WJB: My first assistant Doc Hopf. Also convention nominated because I had the convention right behind. There was another reason. Erlenborn was in the state legislature. He had been elected three times when we got around to this. Since that job paid ten thousand dollars and went up to twelve thousand dollars per year—state's attorney of DuPage County and every county except Cook the

salary was thirteen thousand five hundred. So it's a lovely job and you got to practice law privately. But we were going in the poorhouse with applause from the crowd. Sometime in '62 we decided either we have to run for something which pays a salary, a living wage, or get the hell out of this business and let somebody else do it or do what they did—what Frank Masters did in Will County, he gave the state ten percent of his time and ninety percent of his time he practiced law. That's how he made a hundred thousand dollars when I was making nineteen, maybe if you added what I could pick up. So Erlenborn decided he was going to run for Congress which paid thirty-three thousand, I think, and I would run for judge. So we did.

CTF: What we didn't put in is the fact that you worked politically for Joe Sam Perry who was a Democrat.

WJB: Well, you mean how I got to be a Republican.

CTF: Yes.

WJB: That's pretty good. I told you Erlenborn got the job with Joe Sam Perry fresh out of law school.

CTF: Right.

WJB: And he was making I think at the time thirty-five a week. Sam ran for state senator in 1950, obviously, on the Democratic ticket. And the night before the election—

CTF: Had he been the state rep?

WJB: He had been a state representative for five terms, but then quit. He had a good job with the state government. He was the attorney general representative for estates and things like that. And Sam

called Erlenborn in the night before the election and said, “It’s none of my business, John, but are you going to vote tomorrow?” And John said, “Yes, Mr. Perry, I’m going to vote.” He said, “Also none of my business but who are you going to vote for?” He said, “I’m going to vote for you, Mr. Perry.” “Well,” he said, “I don’t think that’s a good idea.” The senatorial district was Will County and DuPage combined so was the congressional district, both the same. He said, “I’m going to win tomorrow in the primary and I’m going to lose in November for state senate. These two counties will not elect a Democrat.” And he said that it won’t make any difference. “I’m going to be a federal judge because I’ve been assured by my very good friend Senator Paul Douglas who taught me in graduate school at the University of Chicago.” Sam met Douglas when he was picking up his master’s before he went to law school. They had been friends ever since. Paul Douglas was the one who steered Perry into opening an office in Wheaton.

Sam said that he was going on the federal bench. And he said, “I think you may have a future.” Now Sam didn’t know me from a load of hay at this stage of the game, but he did know Erlenborn very well. “You have a future in politics but as a Republican in this county not as a Democrat.” Sam said, “Not during your lifetime, will we elect any Democrats.” Jack said, “Well, what should I...what do you think I ought to do, Mr. Perry?” Sam said, “Well, I’d go draw a Republican ballot tomorrow.” Jack said, “I don’t know who’s running.” Sam said, “It doesn’t make any difference, I’d just draw one. At least after that nobody would ever claim that you’re a Democrat if you seek office.” Jack said, “Okay.” So he stopped to see me that night. Mike and I lived in that studio apartment, and he used to stop by occasionally on his way home from work and have a beer. So he recited this to me. I was going to be a poll watcher in Oak Park for Richard J. Daley who was running for county clerk of Cook County because I got fifteen dollars for it. But we got a half an hour to vote before we had to be there. He said, “What are you going to do tomorrow? Are you going to vote?” And I said, “Sure, the polling place is right across the street here.” He said, “Who are you going to vote

for?” I said, “I’m going to vote for your boss.” Well, so he told his story. “So what do you think I ought to do?” he said. “Well, he’s pretty astute in heart and mind, I’d do what he said.” So I did, I pulled a Republican ballot. I had no idea who was on there.

CTF: This is the election of?

WJB: Nineteen fifty. Primary election. In the general election, nobody knows who the hell you vote for anyway. It’s a secret. That’s how I became a Republican, by pure accident. Erlenborn became an assistant state’s attorney shortly thereafter like three months after the election. And I was hired by the Republican state’s attorney in 1951.

CTF: Did they ask you what your party was?

WJB: They looked. They don't ask, they look. You might lie to them, the book doesn't. They know what elections you missed if you missed any. Under Guild the state's attorney's office was the only office that did not take up collections from among the assistants to support the party. That's because Daniels didn't like the chairman of the party. Guild kept the same policy. Nothing stopped you from contributing, but there was no collection or suggestion. And when I was elected, the chairman asked me whether or not I would remember the parties supported me when I ran in the general election.

I won the primary and would I let them know whom I was hiring? I said, "Certainly." And I did. I remember one time I submitted a name Ed Elliott, Sam Perry's old law partner, who wanted to be in the office. He never tried a murder case. He wanted to take appellate work. So I said, "Sure, hire him." He was in his early seventies, but one of the best trial lawyers I ever saw. Sent the name over. Got a response back saying that he was not approved by the central committee because he had been elected Democratic

precinct committeeman five times and had run on the Democratic ticket as state's attorney in 1944 or something. So I wrote back, "Thank you for the information. He is now a Bauer Republican." He remained there. In fact, I paid no attention after that. I did what I told him, I told him who I was hiring. I found when I came down to the United States Attorney's office, many years later, that what was necessary was a letter from your sponsor, ward committeeman, or something before me; not after me. I still don't have it.

CTF: No, you set the pace. In fact, I think the policy moved then to other U.S. Attorneys around the country.

WJB: Yes. Particularly after that group tried to fire them or did fire them which is absolutely insane. I don't doubt that the president should have the right to pick a member of his party as the head man because it's a policymaking office, but there's no such thing as a good Democratic prosecutor or a good Republican prosecutor. Either they are good or they're not. They either have the right idea

or they don't. Same with judges. And I did not want it to permeate there. And I said when I agreed to take the job that I had to have a freehand in hiring and, if I got pressure, I would resign and say why.

CTF: You weren't looking to become a judge?

WJB: I said that my interest when I was growing up was to be a lawyer. I thought judges were meant to be old and when they were old and wise like in their sixties or seventies, they would then be put on the bench by god knows whom and go on being wise. But I was in front of judges constantly as a prosecutor and as a private practitioner. I was a trial lawyer. And so I developed an idea of what a good judge was from a bad judge. Fortunately, I had some great role models—Win Knoch, Bert Rathje and others.

CTF: How did you meet Judge Knoch?

WJB: He was *the* judge when I started out there in 1950. There was only one resident circuit court judge. We were in the old sixteenth judicial circuit—DuPage, Kane, DeKalb, and Kendall Counties. And he was *the* one judge from DuPage so that if you were in court at all, you met him, and that's where I met him. And in counties like DuPage in those days and some still in the State of Illinois, the mingling of the judges and the lawyers at bar association meetings and things involving the county itself. They are an integral part of both the community at large and the legal community so there's no way to *not* meet. By the election of '53, we had three resident judges. DuPage had become a separate circuit, the only one other than Cook that was a separate circuit. So Win was now the big cheese. That's about the time that he got appointed to the federal district court. So the three did not include Win G., but in the meantime for almost three years I tried cases in front of him regularly and appeared in front of him regularly. And he appeared at every bar function and so on and at political rallies. State judges got along with politics, they had to, that's how they got elected.

CTF: Did you ever go to the golf outings?

WJB: Oh, yes. I even played golf at some of them. Win did not play golf as far as I know, but he was always there for the dinner afterwards. Always gave his speech. He referred to DuPage County as the “garden spot of the universe.” I didn’t quarrel with him. Anyhow, we had a mutual respect and admiration. I think he respected me, but I respected him more. He was real. He was not only a good judge, he was a gentleman. He was absolutely smart.

CTF: He was actually the savior to some extent of Naperville, which is hard to believe.

WJB: Oh, I bet he was. He saved their bank. He took it over. Ran the bank. Put it back on its feet which established someplace for them to borrow money so that the Depression did not hit as hard as it would any place else in Naperville. Some other banks did the

same thing but that was when the town said that it owned him its life.

CTF: The Jimmy Stewart of Naperville.

WJB: Yes, he was. Only it was a regular bank not a savings and loan. Well, we have a savings and loan president who served with me as a circuit judge—Atten; Wheaton Savings & Loan. In 1970 when they passed the new constitution, he could no longer be in the banking business and he checked out. But while he was judge he was still the president of a bank. Things financially were a little different. As long as you were at full disclosure, nobody paid much attention to it. But it became obvious that possibly that you could be on the wrong side of a whole bunch of things, so they raised the salary from twenty thousand and precluded judges from being involved in private business. Circuit judges could not practice law. County and probate judges could, but those were eliminated with the '62 Judicial Reform Act which amended the old 1870 constitution. It unified the court system. Got rid of those JPs,

police magistrates, county judges, probate judges, city judges, municipal courts.

CTF: So what triggered you to leave the job that you loved to become a judge?

WJB: I was not averse to judiciary proceedings. If somebody suggested that I be appointed to the federal bench, I would have climbed over the building to get at it, but I thought that was just ridiculous you know. In the first place, there were by that time at least two from DuPage County—Joe Sam Perry had gone on in '51 and Knoch would go on in '53. So by '57 or '58, the odds of the next one being appointed from DuPage would probably be in the next century. But state judges did not intrigue me particularly. You had to run for the office. It was still in politics. And the exciting cases were the ones I was bringing as prosecutor. Civil cases were not, generally speaking, exciting. DuPage County and most of the counties downstate did not have segmented sections of the court. That is, the circuit judge heard everything—matrimonial, murder,

land development, anything you could name. And probate went to them, too, where there was land. So there was going to be a new judge in the circuit court and the only one that looked like he could carry the convention on the Republican ticket was the probate judge whom I did not consider to be somebody I wanted to practice law in front of. Not because I hated him, but I just didn't think he was smart enough to figure out what was going on. And I certainly did not trust him to figure out what was going on in the criminal area. So I decided, since I could beat him, I would run. As it happens, I got cheated. They added another judge to the circuit and he wound up getting elected too.

CTF: Well, you didn't have to practice before him though.

WJB: I didn't have to practice in front of him. And sometime about a year after he got on there, the chief judge stripped him of his criminal call. But the statute was clear that the chief judge assigned the cases.

CTF: So if he got stripped of the criminal call, somebody's going to have to pick up more of the civil side.

WJB: Well, it's done when you're getting into the tail end of whatever case you were hearing. You would notify the chief that next Friday or this Friday I will be available and a case would come up. And it didn't make any difference who you were or what it was. You'd get it.

CTF: So it could have been civil or criminal.

WJB: It could have been civil or criminal. It could be murder on Monday and the following two weeks you'd be hearing a land disposal case or a contract case. Cook County has always had the separation. You got criminal courts out at 26th and California. Civil cases were all downtown originally. Outlying areas had different things. The rest of the state took what came.

CTF: Now, Bill, at a certain point you're asked to handle heater cases in other counties. Right?

WJB: Oh, well, yes, I was asked to handle heater cases only because the chief judges in DuPage and in other counties knew me. And I wouldn't complain about it, for one thing. Actually I enjoyed them.

CTF: These would be capital cases?

WJB: Yes, I did all the capital cases both as a prosecutor and a judge for over a twelve-year period.

CTF: Were they always just within that circuit or did you ever go outside?

WJB: The first criminal case I heard was in Will County. And it was a murder case and the state was asking for and received the death penalty. It was my very first adventure into being a judge in a criminal case.

CTF: That's the deep end of the pool.

WJB: Yes. Assigned there by the Illinois Supreme Court through Chief Justice Klingbiel.

CTF: Bill, I thought that this was a good point to put in the family. Your brother and sister, nieces and nephews, and obviously, a good friend of mine and your wonderful niece, Julie Bauer, past president of the Seventh Circuit Bar Association.

WJB: Well, my sister is about thirteen and a half months older than I am. She was born in July of 1925. And she went into nurses' training. And left and I have no idea why. She was engaged to one of her grammar school, our grammar school, classmate who was in the Army and overseas when she was in nurses' training in Aurora. And when he came back, she was working for the First National Bank, but she got a job with a doctor in Elmhurst. Her husband's name was Francis Kreuz, his mother's name was O'Gara so it's Irish and German.

CTF: So it's similar to your parents.

WJB: So they had four children. Three are still around. They had one son who died, Mark. Three daughters. The oldest, Sue, is married to a neurologist and lives in Elmhurst.

CTF: What's her married name?

WJB: McCoyd. It's Scots-Irish. It's from Scotland not from Ireland. But he's staunch Roman Catholic. It's one of the families that went to Scotland from Ireland and not the other way around. And they have four children also. And my sister and Francis Kreuz had two other daughters. One is a lawyer but is suffering from multiple sclerosis, lives in and practiced in Rockford but is totally bedridden and has been for some time.

CTF: Was she married?

WJB: Yes, she's married and she has a son, Grant.

CTF: And what was her name?

WJB: Maura Catherine Hurless.

And the youngest lives in Washington, D.C., and is married with several children. She joined the Unification Church which drove my sister a little nuts, but then they had a flock of kids in what was an arranged marriage through the Unification Church and Reverend Moon. But they have several kids. I was just with them about two weeks ago for my sister's birthday celebration.

She's a nurse by the way. She graduated from Ohio University and was in graduate school in Michigan when she succumbed to the golden call of the Reverend Moon. But as I said their kids are all involved, very bright kids, and they all stayed on the East Coast and graduated from various colleges.

CTF: What about your brother? We mentioned him earlier, that he was a lawyer behind you.

WJB: My brother James. He was born in 1933 so he's six and a half years younger than I am. But he was born when we were living in

Calumet City. We briefly lived there after my mother and father were married, they lived with my grandmother for a while. And then my father and mother rented a house in Lansing, Illinois, where my sister went to school for one year. They didn't have a kindergarten so I couldn't go to school and I was bitter about the whole arrangement. So we had our first grade in Calumet City. It was during Prohibition so Calumet City was not wide open or anything. It was in the beginning of the Depression.

My grandmother continued to live on the South Side and she had a tenant in her apartment in the flat upstairs, second flat. And he was the chap upstairs, name was O'Brien and he was—what I remember most distinctly about him was he was a Democratic precinct captain. And he looked like a precinct captain, something out of Dickens as a politician. He was a bailiff in the Criminal Court Building as a regular job. The reason I got to know that he was a committeeman was because I distributed palm cards for him in the neighborhood for FDR in 1936 when I was just short of ten years old, an interesting sideline.

CTF: Palm cards being the cards that tell you for whom to vote. And you carry it into the polls.

WJB: What we did was, I would walk up the walk and knock on the door. If nobody answered the door, I left a letter in there that was signed by him saying he had been by and stopped and if there was anything he could do for them, call this number. If somebody did answer the door, I would say, "Mr. O'Brien is here. And is there anything you want to talk to him about or need help with? And he would be happy to come and talk to you." Ninety percent of them said, "No, he's doing a fine job." We got to one house on Woodlawn Avenue, south of 71st Street. And he said, "Don't go to that house; they are Protestant." And I thought we were out soliciting votes for the president of the Democratic ticket and he was quite accurate in his appraisal. They were Protestant. They were also Republican. I think the two terms were almost synonymous there. I went home and told my mother that. And she said, "Yes, they are both."

But anyhow, my brother was born in Calumet City. We moved back there so that my grandmother would have rent money coming in. So my father, mother, brother, sister, and I moved into the three-bedroom flat on 7027 Woodlawn. My grandmother occupied the downstairs with my Uncle Jim. And we enrolled in St. Laurence Grammar School, which was the school my mother had graduated from, and stayed there until I completed my first year of high school. My sister completed her second year of high school. She went to Aquinas. I went to St. Rita. My brother was still in grammar school. And Jimmy was in third grade when we moved to Elmhurst and the grammar school. Immaculate Conception High School also housed the Immaculate Conception Grammar School. Some went all the way through. Jimmy went there, graduated from both the grammar school and high school.

CTF: Did he get drafted into the Korean War?

WJB: No, he did not. Just missed by a slider, I think.

CTF: He had a student deferment? Did they have a student deferment then?

WJB: Korean War did have a student deferment, but then he was not deferred for that reason. I think his eyes were worse than mine. But any rate he did not go into the service, but when he finished high school, he went to Elmhurst College for two years and then transferred to the University of Wisconsin where he led the honors parade. And that's the first time I saw the University of Wisconsin campus. I went up to his graduation. It was a dilly. It was beautiful. I've been there many times since then. But when he came back, he had no particular ambition to be anything. He got a job with the Fair stores selling men's suits. And he developed a real activity for selling men's suits. And he enrolled in DePaul Law School where the first semester he was there on a merit scholarship. He graduated in '58 if I recall correctly. And married

his high school sweetheart, Patricia Harmon, whose father was Irish, her mother was German.

CTF: I can see the trend in the family.

WJB: And they had two children. The oldest which is Julie, the one you know, is a lawyer at Winston & Strawn. And the youngest is Lisa. She became anorexic late in her last year of high school. She graduated from Lake Forest College but never really functioned fully because of the problems with anorexia. And died not too long ago, about two years ago. She stayed at home all those years. And so the only living child that James has is Julie. And she married late and adopted a girl. She got married when she was about forty to one of her high school classmates, Paul Greenberg. The child is being raised Roman Catholic. My brother retired after he hit about seventy-two or seventy-three and has been retired for some years so he now must be eighty-one. He still lives in Elmhurst. I still see him a lot, talk to him. Very nice guy, very bright.

CTF: We also want to cover Pat and Linda.

WJB: Yes, I married my college sweetheart. My college sweetheart was Mary Nicol. I think we have that. We had two children. The oldest is Patricia and the youngest is Linda. Two different people you cannot imagine. Pat is a city girl completely. Linda loves the country, loves being outdoors. Both joined the Girl Scouts, but Linda, the younger one, became the greatest Girl Scout since Juliette Low, I think. Pat went to Ripon College, which she described as a small, middle west college, co-educational, good academic record that was away from Elmhurst, because she could have fallen off the backyard and gone to Elmhurst College. She graduated with honors, majoring in Spanish and drama. I suggested that, if somebody would put on El Cid at 47th and Anthony, she had a saleable talent; short of that I didn't know what she would do. She found out that was fairly accurate, the job market wasn't screaming for people like her. But she eventually found, through a headhunter, a job working for an accounting firm,

then the biggest accounting firm that went under during the earlier stages. Lasted there a year and then went and got a job with Encyclopaedia Britannica editing and correcting stuff that they do. She still works for Encyclopaedia Britannica these many years later. She graduated from college in '77 so it would be '78 that she went to work first for them. Working for them ever since. And whenever they would tighten down, she got a promotion, but she has been for some years the assistant or associate editor for current events. The Yearbook is her baby and so is working on any other texts as to what goes into them. So her sister Linda says that Patricia does exactly what she would do if she were left to her own devices. She reads constantly and remembers perfectly. And she lives in Chicago. She was married when she was probably thirty years old to somebody she'd met in the encyclopaedia group who was working for the company repairing computer machines. He was an African-American, come to think of it, he still is. But they had a child, and they were divorced after, I think, six or seven years. She lives in Wrigleyville. She remarried and is very comfortable and happy with living in the same house that she bought. The offspring of that marriage is named after one of

Patricia's favorite literary characters, a French author, Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette. But her name is Sidonie. She graduated from the Disney Magnet School. She started in pre-kindergarten. Went to kindergarten, first grade through eighth grade school, and then went to the Chicago Academy for the Arts, a tuition-based school where she studied dance. But her legs couldn't stand it. She's dancing constantly. An interesting side, one of her classmates in one of the advance dancing classes was Judge Lefkow's daughter. I knew Judge Lefkow's father-in-law and mother-in-law and I knew the father-in-law quite well. He was a lawyer and an accountant, and he did some work with me so their kids always want to hear about Grandpa. She dropped out of the school and started at another academy. It's the nearby Belmont Academy and then finally dropped out altogether and undertook to study and finish her high school at home at the American Institute. And then she enrolled in junior college, Truman Junior College. Truman has a connection with DePaul University. So after she completed the associate degree, she went to DePaul. When she started out, she wanted to be a nurse for some reason. Everybody was jamming in nursing in those things. So she took math and she liked it. And

she graduated as an accountant from DePaul University two years ago, cum laude, and is working as an accountant. And she has a child. The child is now in first grade at another magnet school, but it's his neighborhood school. He's my great-grandson. He's my only one.

Clifford Cash, but the kid is called by a lot of people including me Clipper, but his name is Clifford. But he'll tell you his name is Clifford. First he went to the school on Van Buren, preschool.

CTF: The daycare?

WJB: Federal daycare so I could keep an eye on him. She was working. Sidonie married, and they live about three doors from Pat, my daughter. So my great-grandson and granddaughter and daughter all live within three doors of each other, right near Wrigley Field.

CTF: But Linda followed Horace Greeley's advice and went west.

WJB: Well, before that, as I said, she was a great Girl Scout. In the Girl Scout group in Elmhurst, she was the big cheese. They had a project in the Presbyterian school and Presbyterian church on Sundays where they worked with retarded, not severely retarded, but retarded children who were placed in homes and working in grocery stores and things like this. When she was in high school, she got interested in special education so when she graduated from York High School—both girls went to York, bearing in mind that my wife, their mother, was a public school teacher and they thought the academic offerings were greater at York. Probably true. And I certainly wasn't in any position to put up any sort of fuss so they went to York. Both did very well.

CTF: Particularly since you wanted to go there.

WJB: Yes, right. Anyhow both of them did very well in high school. Neither one of them as I found out later particularly enjoyed the experience, but when they went to college both of them enjoyed that experience—Pat more than Lin.

CTF: Where did Linda go?

WJB: She went to MacMurray. She scoured the possibilities for special education and found out there were two schools in Illinois that really led in that direction. One of them was Illinois State University at Normal and the other one was MacMurray College, most famous for being the school that William Jennings Bryan's wife had attended while he was attending Illinois College, an independent small college in the same town. That's where he graduated from college. William Jennings Bryan. But the two schools are located in Jacksonville, Illinois. And in Jacksonville there is the Illinois School for the Deaf, the Illinois School for the Blind, and the Illinois School for the Retarded so that there's a lab school. MacMurray was an all-girls school until just before Lin

went there. And so about sixty-five percent of their graduates were in special education taking advantage of these places where they could learn. But you had to have an interest for special education or you're not going to get involved. I would last about a week as far as I could tell. But she went down and completed the four years in three. And in the interim period in the summertime, she went to Girl Scout camps and ran them. She had been to the Pacific Northwest on two occasions with Girl Scout camps including being waterfront director at McCall, Idaho, but most of the other instructors were from the Pacific Northwest, that is Oregon and Washington. She really liked it.

So when she graduated from MacMurray in Jacksonville on Sunday, on Monday she left for the West Coast. She and another girl from MacMurray went out there. So she graduated, she rented the place, and went on teaching at the YMCA or the Girl Scout camp. So I saw the place before she did. She rented it sight unseen with the other girl. And she got her master's degree from Western Oregon University.

CTF: Western Oregon University?

WJB: Western Oregon University. And settled in to be special education teacher.

CTF: Where is Western Oregon?

WJB: Monmouth, Oregon. She taught at several schools there, but wound up as the head honcho in the Salem-Keizer School District. Salem is the capital of Oregon. And that is one of the bigger endeavors there, the special education program. But she spent five years teaching special education at the Oregon's penitentiary school for those who have been adjudicated dangerous to themselves or others but are still teenagers. Oregon teaches them from fourteen to eighteen. They have to offer a teaching program and she taught there. They were almost all suicidal, but a great number of them were murderers, they killed somebody. It was

easier for me to get into the Supreme Court of the United States than to go visit my daughter teaching because of the security. They teach the teachers all the tricks of how to take somebody down in case of an emergency and so on. She taught there for five years and then decided it was time to move on. She was offered another position placing children, the needs children, into the proper niche which she did until she retired. In the meantime, she became proficient as a skilled practitioner/teacher of music therapy for the disturbed and for people who are dying and set herself up in that business when she retired and is still doing it, teaching doctors about music and touch therapy.

CTF: In Salem?

WJB: In Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho.

CTF: So she travels.

WJB: She travels. Sets it up. She gets hired to come teach the courses. But she is still sufficiently loose from any commitments so that she could wander wherever she goes and she wanders. So, by the way, she's going to Ireland with me next month. For the second time. We wandered Ireland together and Scotland together and Italy together. My wife can't join me so Lin said, "Sure." Drop of a hat and she'll be here and let's go. That was Lin I was talking to when you came in. She's just gotten back from Montana where she was helping set up a program. She never married.

CTF: Let's talk about cases that you handled in the district court, such as the Braasch case. *United States v. Geraghty*, No. 72 CR 979 (N.D. Ill. 1974), affirmed by *United States v. Braasch*, 505 F.2d 139 (7th Cir. 1974).

WJB: Braasch was the commander of the Chicago Avenue police district. I had two of those. I had the Austin Avenue police district, too.

CTF: Is that Mark—

WJB: Thanasouras. Mark Thanasouras was the commander. He was the commander. That one I caught on the wheel oddly enough while I was at the tail end of the Chicago Avenue police station case. The federal government indicted a good chunk of the vice squad at the Austin Avenue where the commander was Mark Thanasouras. *United States v. Thanasouras*, 368 F.Supp. 534 (N.D. Ill. 1973).

CTF: Well, these are huge cases for Chicago and the Police Department.

WJB: Yes, multiple defendants and the commanders. Oddly enough Thanasouras was also indicted in a separate one and appeared before District Judge Bill Lynch. He came in unexpectedly in both courts and pled guilty. But conducted the trial, on rank and file on the vice charges after we completed the Chicago Avenue police trial. That was a big one.

CTF: And both basically dealt with people making payoffs.

WJB: Yes, they were both bribes to not raid brothels and gambling.

Again that was the first time the federal government, to my knowledge, had indicted Chicago police officers for bribery and not for civil rights violations. Another one was the Teamsters Union shakedowns. I had that trial and that lasted a long time. And that one the government lost. Dan Webb was the prosecutor and my sum of it was that the witnesses did not live up to their advertising. But it was an outfit group that had been accused of shaking down the Teamsters Union people. Stealing money from the Teamsters Union in order to raise money to buy Circus Circus lounge in Reno. And among other people there was Joey the Clown Lombardo, he was one of the defendants. There were two or three trustees that were involved and a former bail bondsman turned fence.

CTF: This is the Teamster Pension investment in Nevada casinos.

WJB: Yes. That was a sterling group of lawyers too. That was a big case. Some of the people that were tried before me were indicted in the bribery of United States Senator Cannon. That case was tried before Pren Marshall. One of them being Allen Dorfman who was the insurance guy. He was tried before me and acquitted and tried before Pren and convicted and then shot to death while he was out on bond. *United States v. Dorfman*, 532 F.Supp. 1118 (N.D. Ill. 1981), affirmed by 690 F.2d 1217 (7th Cir. 1982). Those were exciting days.

CTF: I forgot who the shooter was.

WJB: No, nobody found out who the shooter was. And he was shot to death on the north side.

CTF: Up in Lincolnwood. Wasn't it?

WJB: Yes, Lincolnwood, coming out of the restaurant and he was shot.  
Pren had set a bond for Dorfman.

CTF: But wasn't there an Oriental person in the mob?

WJB: Eto, Joe the Jap.

CTF: Wasn't it Joe the Jap that shot Dorfman?

WJB: No, Joe the Jap shot a couple of people in the back of the head.  
And he got shot, but he survived. It bounced off. But if he killed  
Dorfman, it was a secret from me. But I doubt it. Dorfman was  
pointblank right in front. But it was the Syndicate. A knockoff.  
No question about that. I was the emergency judge during the trial

end of the trial. When the verdict came in finding these people guilty, Pren set huge bonds. One of them was a five-million-dollar bond on Dorfman because he thought he was more likely to disappear. He had served a term in New York for something to do with the Teamsters. He said he wasn't going back to jail. And so Pren thought he was the most likely to disappear. Five million dollars. If you look at the Constitution carefully, it is an enormous amount. Not supposed to be used for that. All you had to do was revoke their passports. And on an emergency motion, I reduced it to a million so he was out on a million-dollar bond. So it was cash and they made it. But he was out on that when he was shot to death. I was on the bench up here when my secretary sent the note in that Dorfman had been shot to death. And the next day I ran into Pren Marshall on the elevator, judges' elevator, he said, "You killed him. If you left him in jail, he'd still be alive."

But I had that first one where they went to the accounting figures, the Teamsters Pension case. *United States v. Weiner*, 392 F.Supp. 81 (N.D. Ill. 1975). Tom Sullivan was one of the defense lawyers

in that case. He did a splendid job of cross-examination. And Webb did a beautiful job except one of his witnesses went completely bad on him; failed on identification because he was afraid.

CTF: Well, I assume somebody talked to him or threatened him.

WJB: Yes, sure. He also had a bum heart. I remember he used to suck oxygen when he was on the witness chair. We'd have to break occasionally so he could get oxygen. Anyhow, it was an interesting trial.

CTF: You're not on the trial bench very long.

WJB: A little over three years.

CTF: You're moved from being a well-qualified trial judge and a well-qualified applicant for a trial judge to a not qualified for the court of appeals category if I remember correctly.

WJB: Yes, by one bar association. Originally when I went on the district court the only bar association that the federal government paid any attention to was the American Bar Association Standing Committee on the Federal Judiciary. Senator Charles Percy required that you be found well-qualified by that group before you were appointed. Other groups were interested but had no official business, you know. But a number of them did their own studies and one of them included the Chicago Council of Lawyers. They weren't the only ones. But they did it anyway. The Chicago Council of Lawyers asked Senator Percy to submit names to them. And there's a transition period where senators did not do that and then it gradually caught on and senators here did and do now. There is now a consortium of bar associations to evaluate state judges and federal as well. But when the Council of Lawyers volunteered themselves, I was one of the names being submitted or

*the* name being submitted to the president for a vacancy on the district court, Sam Perry's vacancy. The Council came to see me just before the Senate committee met. Three members of the Chicago Council said that they had investigated and found that I was well-qualified.

They told me that they found to their surprise I was well-qualified. It was three years later that the Council, without doing what they had done before, what the American Bar did—they checked with lawyers who had tried cases before me and against me and in front of me because I had been both a judge and a lawyer, prosecutor federal and state. And the Council concluded that from their conversations with these people that I was well-qualified. The Council did not do that scrutiny when I was being vetted for this job. They called each other. And three or four members of that group called to tell me, including Tom Sullivan. And they said that the question to him was, as he put it to me was, "He's not the kind of man we want on the bench, is he?" And Sullivan was appalled at this. They did not call Pren Marshall, by the way, who

was also there. Apparently they knew what the answer would be so they didn't call him.

CTF: I remember seeing one of the Council's first surveys and this was when Bill Campbell was really not handling many cases in the trial court, if any, but he was sitting regularly in the court of appeals. And if I remember correctly they sent it out and something like five hundred people had recently appeared before Bill Campbell in the trial court which I know couldn't have occurred. They sent it out and people said that they appeared before him and then gave adverse comments about Bill, but they had no basis. And that's actually one of the things that has resulted in our surveys about bankruptcy judges going to attorneys who have had multiple adversary matters before the judge in the last two years.

WJB: Good.

CTF: You are not sending it out blindly to eighty thousand lawyers in the State of Illinois—

WJB: Who may be mad at you. You know that's one of the interesting aspects of the way you phrased the question in asking five hundred people to return surveys. The form used by the Chicago Bar is the same as most of them. It now says, "Have you appeared? Do you know enough about him? Would you certify that you know enough about him?" People have just heard. One of my giggles are the people who are applying and somebody said that he had tried five hundred cases. A lawyer who had tried five hundred cases, he was then about forty. I once tried twenty-two cases in a year myself coming through the door, but I knew of nobody in the whole country who tried that many cases unless you're counting appearance for taking a plea of guilty or something.

CTF: Or doing traffic court.

WJB: Even there you wouldn't try them. You'd be sitting around taking pleas of guilty. Five hundred cases he said to verdict. Do you remember the Helter Skelter guy?

CTF: Charlie Manson.

WJB: Yes. But his lawyer, the attorney general or assistant attorney general, represented Bill Scott down here. And he said he had tried a thousand cases and never lost one. Now that is fantasy. See you wouldn't do that with the American Bar Association because you'd get caught before you got out of earshot. But if you want somebody to bum rap somebody, you'll take almost anything they can give you.

CTF: I think it is kind of interesting when Percy goes to you to talk to you about the Council of Lawyers.

WJB: I did not have an application in for this job, I want you to know. It was a vacancy occurred after both Phil Tone and I went on the bench downstairs about the same time within a month or so. He had wanted the court of appeals. His predicate for that was that he had no criminal experience and I pointed out to him—soldier to soldier—that federal crimes in those days were by and large more like white-collar crimes—bribery and fraud and shipping stolen goods across state lines and things like this. Street crime, burglary, rape, murder, things like those were state cases. Of course, the first case he drew was a murder case. The guy killed his wife up at Great Lakes, a federal enclave. Well there are exceptions. Anyhow the vacancy occurred on this court, the vacancy of the seat of Perry, but also there was another one floating. The first one that floated was before Sam Perry. One of Percy's aides, a former submarine captain, very nice guy, an Irish kid, called me and asked me whether I was interested. I said, "It wouldn't make any difference. He had already promised the job to Phil Tone." Then comes the "hazel witch part," he offered it to Tone, Tone takes it. Then I get the phone call from Sam Perry saying, "You'd better move on mine." Now get the times, it's 1974, Tone is appointed

by Nixon, and I am a Ford appointment. I think the next Republican elected would be about 2050, things just went down the tubes. But when I indicated I was interested—in downstairs [the district court] I was very interested, up here [court of appeals] I was vaguely interested. But when I get the second call, “Are you interested?” I thought I’d better grab that brass ring when it came around because who knows when it might be offered again. If I don’t like it, I could always quit, but I can’t always get it. So Flaum was going on the district court about the same time. Thompson had just announced his resignation as United States Attorney and he was going out for a run for governor. So Percy wanted to talk to all three of us. And Percy was in at the tennis club and called and said would I come down and talk to him at the tennis club at a particular time like eight o’clock in the morning, which as I have told you about my aversion of getting up on Sunday morning and going someplace other than church on Sunday morning. Joel Flaum was going to be right behind me with James Thompson. So we met up there and I was first. We are having breakfast together, Percy and I, and he said I have generally good reports from various bar associations about you. The Council

bum rapped me. And I said, "Nothing I can do about that." He said, "They said you were engaged in ex parte conversations." And I said, "Well, I don't, but I could understand why they might be misled because all I hang around with are lawyers. I mean who else do you think I spend time with?" And I said, "We do talk. I'm heavily involved in various bar association activities, both DuPage where I was at one time president, Illinois Bar where I was chief of the criminal section for a while, Chicago Bar where I was heavily involved, and the American Bar so, yes, I hang around with lawyers. So if they see me some place, they assume that we're talking about law which we are, but not about any case pending before me. But if you'll tell me what they're talking, well, maybe I can explain it." He said, "They won't tell us." So they went to Adlai Stevenson apparently with the same story and he told them, "Well, ask them to give him a description." They said they couldn't. He said, "Get out." But Percy felt called upon to tell me. Percy was a nice guy. I said, "If it bothers you, don't send the name in." He said, "No, no, no, no." But they never told him so we never found out and neither did Adlai. But I did and I still do, you see me in the company of lawyers.

CTF: Sure.

WJB: I have lunch with them. I dine with them. I socialize with them. I go to their affairs.

CTF: And you even married one.

WJB: I even married one. That's true. A little over three years ago. I considered and still consider that I had no better friends than lawyers. My best friends, if I enumerate them with very rare exceptions, my very closest friends have all been lawyers including my brother and my niece, two nieces. But nobody ever told me where I was supposed to be engaging in ex parte conversations.

CTF: And a person on the outside would say the attack came because of their concern about your philosophy that you, as we would say,

wouldn't vote right as to what they thought voting right meant on hot-button issues.

WJB: Yes.

CTF: Isn't that accurate?

WJB: Well, I don't know.

CTF: Is that an unreasonable supposition?

WJB: I'm not far enough outside to be able to see it. But that possibility occurred to me some place along the line.

CTF: Okay. Well, that certainly was heard later on with Dan Manion.

WJB: Well, Dan Manion was an outspoken fellow who didn't make any secret of the fact that he had a particular philosophy. I was, as near as I could ascertain in all my jobs as a prosecutor and judge, nonpolitical. I mean I got elected.

CTF: I know.

WJB: I was appointed. It's a political office. I got there through politics.

CTF: And you were also nonphilosophical as far as a political philosophy.

WJB: Oh, yes.

CTF: In any event, in spite of that, you get appointed. And you went right through.

WJB: Went through the Senate ninety-nine to nothing. Had a jolly-good time.

CTF: So you come up here. You have been running the show. You have been a state's attorney. You've been U.S. Attorney. You've been a trial judge in the state system.

WJB: Right.

CTF: You've been a trial judge in the federal system. And now you've got to share the responsibility—

WJB: With two other people. You are back to being an advocate, trying to talk two people into your position. Most of the time you don't have to do that. Positions are more often than not unanimous up here. And it isn't as big a matter of talking somebody into it. But there are cases when that exchange of ideas, without becoming nasty about it, is not new to me. Convincing somebody of the righteousness of my position is like convincing a jury of the righteousness of my position except on a factual basis as opposed to a legal basis. Well, I spent a lot of time trying to talk a judge into my point of view too when I was a litigant. It is a different role here sharing your opinion, but the cases aren't really mine. I don't feel any ownership. I do have a deep sense of right and wrong, but differences of opinion don't mean that one is right and one is wrong. I'm never so sure of my own opinion that I can't bend it if somebody convinces me that I ought to change it and I've done it up here.

CTF: When you have written opinions, not every one of them, but a good number of them, show a good sense of humor that you have

incorporated.

WJB: On the bench and off the bench, I find that I'm compelled to find foolishness in most human endeavors. The Irish have a real gift of doing that.

CTF: It's kind of a continuation of your freshman year at St. Rita.

WJB: Right. You see humor in people's positions occasionally. Socratic dialog, you know, is just pushing somebody on something so they finally fall off the end.

CTF: I used to say in law school that the professors have the ability to carry anything you say to its logical absurdity.

WJB: Yes, right. But the fact that you can bring people down a primrose path, what they say at some stage of the game, their position cannot hold water completely so it isn't an absolute. And that's the beauty of law because we take human behavior and we're judging it. Putting it in a slot, but it's not always absolute. No, it's never absolute. Perfect truth like perfect justice is something you grope for, reach for, and we hope to get it as close as possible. But we're not getting it then, now, or ever. But we do our best.

CTF: I can remember a case growing out of the bank robbery out in Melrose Park maybe, or Maywood, where it was a gang that couldn't shoot straight, that you referred to. It's where they had the plot that some guy is going to call and report some kind of huge crime over on one side of town right before the big freight train comes through and then the rest of the group is going to rob the bank on the other side of town.

WJB: And they got on the wrong side of town anyway. The best laid plans of mice and men. The only things that keeps law

enforcement ahead of the game at all, if they are ahead, is the crooks are dumber than they are or dumber than we are. It doesn't take a hell of a lot of effort to be dumber than we are. What's wrong with fighting crime is the same thing as fighting terrorists. All you know about their motivation is that they are greedy, leaving out murderers and sociopaths and so on.

And then we're back to the philosophy of sentencing, for instance. What good am I doing by sending this person to jail? How does society benefit? Would society benefit more if we left him out? And consider it, it's possible. But if you're wedded to an absolute position. What I found objectionable from beginning to the end of the Sentencing Guidelines is they weren't guidelines, they dealt in absolutes. This is what you had to do. Well, this assumes any crime in that category is the same as any other crime in that category. A rash assumption at best. It's not true.

CTF: After being here a number of years, you become the chief judge not because of your wisdom or intellect but because of your seniority.

WJB: Yes, happens to everybody who becomes chief. He finds out he's not elected by the people who wanted him in there, even his brother judges.

CTF: And probably the toughest thing in my opinion is the chief judge dealing with problem judges.

WJB: You know it's a form of dealing with a tenured faculty or something else. It's not unique to the office. Actually the chief can get away without paying attention to the other judges as long as they don't pay any attention to him. But if the chief really expects to make a major difference in anything, he's kidding himself. As I told Dick Posner when he took over and seized the reins of power, "Don't pull too hard, there is nothing on the other

end.” Everybody’s commission is the same size as everybody else’s. What the chief is supposed to do is what you do for them. Take care of the judges, separate the conflicting ideas of conflicting people and you do a superb job of being chief. Occasionally the chief will have to intrude himself into it. If he does it correctly, he will be able to resolve it; but if he doesn’t, he can mess up the whole thing. I told Posner the only advice he asked for—he didn’t ask for it, I volunteered it. He didn’t ask for any—was, if Collins Fitzpatrick is going to quit, quit immediately. The job isn’t worth having. Before he finished, he knew it. It was true. You are the liaison between the chief and everybody else in this system. I do not know what the hell’s going on in Indianapolis, but you do because your sources are more varied than mine. It isn’t simply the complaints against judges that we have to evaluate as chief. Some judges are more sensitive. Some are unaware of what they’re doing to the others. Some of them don’t give a damn. You have to teach them.

The easiest way of describing a successful chief of anything is the guy who can schmooze. If you want somebody to accept your idea, the easiest way is to make him think it's his idea or her idea. And you don't do that by telling him what to do because as I said, they are jealous of their own prerogatives. I like to be asked to cooperate. I resent being told I have to do something which is probably why I didn't particularly care for the Army, although I was not unsuccessful. The Army has a great rule that they can't make you do anything; they can only make you wish you had. Up here you can't even do that. You have to tell somebody. What are you going to tell them? What are they going to do? Are you going to cut off their shirt or rations or are you going to fire them or suspend them? You can't. So then you need to make sure the judges are fairly dealt with by the rest of the world and that they deal fairly with the rest of the world and that judges deal fairly with each other is—what the chief is supposed to do. We have been, I think, remarkably fortunate with the number of chiefs we've had and you've worked with all of them so you know. And to those who do not understand the limitations of the office, they discover very rapidly what they are.

CTF: Yes, they do. Some it takes a little bit longer time.

WJB: Some of them have a flatter learning curve.

CTF: Bill, you've done a lot of teaching ever since you came out of law school, to the bar associations and universities and law schools.

WJB: Yes, and undergrads. I taught business law at Elmhurst College for five years.

CTF: But a lot of trial practice and a lot of other things. You've taught over in Ireland.

WJB: Ireland. Italy. Here and there.

CTF: Willamette Law School on a regular basis.

WJB: Yes, Willamette on a regular basis.

CTF: NITA [National Institute for Trial Advocacy].

WJB: National Institute for Trial Advocacy for five years in Boulder, Colorado, and eleven years out of Gainesville, Florida, for the advanced program for those who have been practicing for ten years or more. It's more of a refresher course. They used the same method to find out things that you have been doing repetitiously that were not good. And you meet some great trial lawyers at that one. If you listen carefully, you can learn a lot as a judge. I sat as judge and teacher.

CTF: Did you ever teach at the National Judicial College in Reno?

WJB: Yes, I did at the request of the college, I came out and lectured on preparing a case on an administrative level for review by appellate courts. Sometimes you are a little more abrupt than you have to be with people in those positions because administrative law judges are not under the direct control of the Article III judiciary except on appeals. They get their pressure from someplace else. And one of them for instance is the Social Security administrative law judges; they have got a burden that you can't even believe. I don't know how they turn out what they do turn out. But we continue to criticize them for not being careful enough in their decisions. My god they are expected to turn out hundreds of cases at a time when we would be turning out five.

CTF: There are a number of judges who don't appreciate what life is like in a huge volume court.

WJB: Yes, and do not know what it's like to have a busy law practice and what you have to do. And what and who you have to make satisfied and where you get your clients and what you have to do to

make sure that you have a client next week. I suppose part of my greater resentment in how the judges look at it is when we appoint somebody to do something and then chew them out for doing it or we don't like the way he did it, just strikes me as being counterproductive.

CTF: Now you had a tough time because of Mike's long illness at the end.

WJB: Yes.

CTF: She suffered from dementia and that was a tough time for you.

WJB: She was my heart's darling. I started to date her when she was seventeen and I was one day over eighteen. When I was in the service, with the exception of the time when I was traveling the Pacific Ocean going and coming, we wrote to each other every

day. I think she saved all my letters. There is a box some place at home. Anyhow she taught school while I was in law school. She had a marvelous sense of humor. I told you she said when somebody asked her when I was on this court what it was like being married to a judge she said she had no idea, she married a cab driver. She was a good skate all around. Good dancer.

CTF: Both of you were just a great couple dancing. I can always remember that.

WJB: She had a cheerful outlook on life. She was absolutely optimistic things were going to work out. I have the Irish gloom side where it's not going to work out. I'm saved by my sense of humor. She was saved by her sense that it's all going to work out, just an optimist. And sometime when she was in her seventies I began to notice small slips and I thought it was just something with old age and so I was in a state of denial about her dementia. By the way she did not have Alzheimer, but she did have dementia. She never got mean. One of the characteristics of Alzheimer is paranoia and

she had none. But she had visual hallucinations, no auditory, but she'd see things. Tell me there was a dead body in the driveway or that somebody was trying to sneak up to her bedroom window and things like that. In the earlier stages of dementia, I think I've checked with a few thousand people and this is almost automatically, you are in denial yourself so you are trying to tell them, "No, it's not." If you're still doing that after several months, you're cracked. The easiest thing to do is go along with it. Say, "Well, let's go out and look." That sort of thing. But I thought I could take care of her because we had been taking care of each other for so many years. If she had lived one more week, we would've been married fifty-six years. And I could say they weren't all total bliss, but I mean by and large it was a wonderful marriage. I'm certain we still loved each other at the end. But I was going to take care of her myself, but my two daughters, particularly Linda, said that they had already lost their mother; they didn't want to lose their father. I told them that's silly. You can't really take care of somebody unless you are willing to do it full-time. You could, but you'd be killing yourself in the process. So eventually you keep preparing them because they have to have

somebody else take care of them with what we were doing.

Fortunately, I was involved, as her family was, with the Scottish home and the Illinois St. Andrew Society, and they have a facility that takes care of people with memory impairment. So she went there. And although she didn't want to go and said so the first day she went in, she never mentioned it again. Never said, "When am I going home," or "take me home," or anything. Which probably saved my sanity. But it also was a blessing. If I wasn't out of the country, I went to see her every day. I would help feed her supper. Make sure she had the bed all right and so she always knew who I was. She couldn't formulate words, talk to people, but she could sing. And the same part of the brain that takes care of singing apparently takes care of poetry because she would pick up lines of poetry. We used to yak back and forth with each other. She was, remember, an English teacher. That's a joy doing that. It was the worst two weeks of my life the week before I made up my mind that she had to go in the home and the first week she was there. I can honestly say I sympathize with people who commit suicide. I never got used to coming home at night and opening the door and not finding anybody there. We were too close. We held hands for

too long. So for the four and a half years she was gone almost for the preceding year when she was for practical purposes gone. Seven or eight years where I was, for practical purposes alone. Never got used to it. She's dead for five years before I got around to thinking, maybe I didn't have to spend the rest of my life being lonely.

CTF: And let's talk about that.

WJB: Well, Pat Spratt, my wife, is from Wheaton as you know. She's first-generation American, which I didn't know until fairly recently, oddly enough, because I thought her mother was from here and her father was from Ireland. I was right about the old man. He was born in County Clare, got here when he was quite young. Her mother was born in France right outside of Paris and came here when she was relatively young too. Pat's father was an undertaker; same business his family had been in Ireland. Came here to South Dakota for some reason, apparently half of the village came here to South Dakota. Went into farming just before

the Dust Bowl. Brilliant maneuver. Just long enough so the Dust Bowl caught him. So he decided to go back into the family business, came to Chicago to go to mortuary school, but he also wanted to see Sally Rand at the World's Fair of '33. And he wanted to see a Cubs game. He had listened to them and never seen one. So he went to the Cubs game several days in a row where he met a lady who knitted while she listened but knew everything about baseball and all the players. And eventually they wound up sitting next to each other, I think by design after a couple of days. They'd look for each other. She invited him home. That lady was Pat's grandmother. At home was her daughter who wound up marrying the undertaker. He died when Pat was not quite eleven. I knew the old man as a musician and all-around good guy, but he was also a good gambler. And I knew him through different routes. I knew the mother through the father and when the old man died he left the mother with three children. Maureen is the oldest of the three, the older of the two girls, and she is approximately six years, about the same difference between Maureen and Pat as was between my brother and me. But she graduated from high school, went to work for United Airlines.

There's a younger brother, very handsome kid, who's a little different. Pat went to Northern Illinois University for two years. She went there for two years and then decided to help her mother out by working for a couple of years before she went back. So she got a job with a circuit clerk who was a friend of her father's. As a matter of fact, I met her father through the circuit clerk. We used to have breakfast together occasionally.

CTF: This is when you are in the state attorney's office.

WJB: No, by this time I moved up to be judge.

So she's working for Robert Haenish. I'm a judge so it's '69, almost the tail end of me being a judge. My secretary decided to dash off and raise a family and so I didn't have a secretary. And Haenish decided that she was wasted as a deputy circuit clerk filing things so he told her to apply for the job. He called me and told me that she was going to do that. So okay, fine, I need a

secretary. So she came down and said, “Mr. Haenish told me to come down and apply for the job as a secretary.” I said, “Do you want the job?” She answered, “Yes.” “You got it.” She still thought it was a short interview. He recommended her, I needed her.

So what’s the big deal? But this was like May or early June because it was just before her birthday. Her birthday is the thirteenth. She was going to come to work for me after Labor Day, because that’s when my then secretary wanted to leave. She came down a little before Labor Day.

But on the seventh day of September was when Everett McKinley Dirksen died and within two weeks, I’ve gone through the process we’ve described where I got a phone call, will I go down, I went down, and they said that the job was the U.S. Attorney. I thought Pat would want to stay in Wheaton because she was living with her widowed mother and her brother who was a couple of years younger than she was, but she said she’d like to come downtown.

It entailed a pay raise which I hadn't counted on. A fairly remarkable pay raise, judicial secretary in DuPage to executive secretary to the U.S. Attorney's office. So a year and a half year later when I leapt up to the district court, she stayed with me. She was my secretary in both offices. Then she got married; I gave the bride away. I think I told you that story. She got married. She was twenty-five so you could work it out. We'd been downstairs in the federal judiciary for about three and a half years, just about the time shortly after I came up here. We came up here. But she came with me. That marriage lasted about six years. He was a very nice guy, but he had an addiction to alcohol that disturbed her.

CTF: The Irish disease.

WJB: Yes, but he was German. The father had the same problem, but she didn't pay any attention to it. She worshipped him and still does. And he was really a nice guy. But anyhow when she wound up divorcing him, she decided she was going to go back to school so she sold her house in Wheaton. She rented a place in Sandburg

Village and she enrolled in Loyola night school. She drew straight  
As all through night school. She was already admitted to law  
school and she went on a Caribbean cruise and decided she wanted  
to go to San Diego, California. She met somebody. She realized  
her mistake sometime shortly thereafter and returned. Went back  
to Loyola but to law school and came back and worked for me.  
Finished law school in four years. Clerked for me for a year. And  
then went out practicing law where she is practicing now. So she  
was footloose and fancy free, but she was concerned about my  
being lonely and occasionally would invite me to family events  
involving her family. Not the immediate family, her extended  
family. Thanksgiving, Christmas. She did that when Mike was  
alive, too. And so after Mike had departed, these feelings, these  
fears for about close to five years I was feeling off and on  
lonesome, I made what I consider to be a daring thing I asked her  
if I could kiss her and she said, "Yes." So I did. One thing led to  
another. So we got married after I had been a widower for five  
years, a little over five. And we've now been married for three.

CTF: Now I remember over at the Greek Isles. You telling us about getting engaged, and Pat telling us about how you spilt the water before you asked her at the Jules Verne restaurant at the Eiffel Tower. All I could think of, by the way, is that if somebody gets engaged at the Jules Verne restaurant at the Eiffel Tower, it puts most males to shame.

WJB: We were grownup people and adults. She was in her sixties, of course, and I was in my early eighties. I suggested since we were holding hands together and dating that we ought to date in Ireland among other places. So the two of us went to Ireland and wandered around. We were with Jim Fahey and his girlfriend too, his significant other. We had a jolly good time. And then a year later she suggested that she'd never been to Paris where her mother was from. So I said, "We'll go to Paris." In Paris, I developed a brilliant idea that I should take it one step further and ask her to marry me. There's almost twenty-three years' difference between us so I wasn't too sure of my grounds or my intelligence.

CTF: No, but you're not exactly thirty-one.

WJB: No. So I said I have to find the right and appropriate place to come up with this brilliant idea. And I wasn't sure enough to go and invest in a wedding ring and I preferred not to get rejected on the whole, humiliated but not rejected. But we were in Paris in April which is a relatively romantic spot. I found it to be so. And we were on the seventh floor of the beautiful restaurant of the Eiffel Tower. I thought, this is the spot. The lights were going down and the night lights were coming on. You could see all of Paris in the twilight. And she had been having a really glorious time, an auspicious moment. They had just brought the wine, but unfortunately a water glass was closer to me so as I started to make my pitch, I knocked over a glass of water. It brought the waiters too. So I said, "Patricia," CLICK, and knocked over the glass of water, so it didn't work. "Patricia, I would like to have you be my wife." I thought that was neutral enough so if she said, "I would not like to be your wife." I'd say, "Well, I could understand that and go on." But she said, "Is there a question there?" And then a

short pause and she said, “If there is, the answer is yes.” So we got hitched. That left only the small details like buying the wedding ring and buying an engagement ring and making arrangements to get married and who was going to show up. So we picked her birthday. She picked her birthday.

CTF: I’ve got to assume that she made all the arrangements.

WJB: All the arrangements. I said that we’d get married in the chapel at DePaul if Monsignor Ken Velo agreed. Monsignor Velo, he did it. And to let you know what a cad I am, I stiffed him.

CTF: I’m sure you have taken him to lunch or dinner.

WJB: Oh, dinner a few times. No, I didn’t. He’s a very good friend. Very wise man.

CTF: Bill, let's summarize this by asking you what makes Bill Bauer tick? What motivates you?

WJB: I haven't the foggiest idea.

CTF: Come on. You can give me better than that.

WJB: If I died and people said I was unkind, I'd roast in hell for the rest of eternity and deserve it. So I think people who are as lucky as me should be as kind as they can be to everybody else.

CTF: I always say that those that have been given more have more responsibility to give back.

WJB: Amen. The more the world or whatever has given to you, the more responsibility you have to see that other people have less of a bad

time. This is a tough world and most people have bad times, including me. But overall we can make life either better for other people or make it worse. If you make it better for other people, you make it better for yourself, too. So there's a strong element of selfishness in everything I do. I notice people are nice to me. Most people.

CTF: Thank you.