

TO FRIENDS AND FAMILY - YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WITH THIS POEM THAT DAD LOVED. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT A YEAR HAS PASSED TODAY - I HOPE I AM DOING EVERYTHING I SHOULD - I THINK I HAVE ALL MY DUCKS IN A ROW - AND I DID IT ALL BY MYSELF (WELL MAYBE WITH A LITTLE HELP) - IN MY HEART IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY WORDS - CAN NOT EXPRESS HOW I FEEL EXCEPT THAT I LOVED MY DAD WITH ALL MY HEART - DAD REST IN PEACE - I LOVE YOU ALWAYS.

## WHAT IS A COP?

By Conrad S. Jensen N.Y.C.P.D.

Cops are human (believe it or not) just like the rest of us. They come in both sexes; but mostly males. They also come in various sizes. This sometimes depends on whether you are looking for one or trying to hide something. However, they are mostly big.

Cops are found everywhere. On land, on the sea, in the air, on horses and in cars and sometimes in your hair. In spite of the fact that "you can't find one when you want one", they are usually there when it counts most. The best way to get one is to pick up the phone.

Cops deliver lectures, babies and bad news. They are required to have the Wisdom of Solomon, the disposition of a lamb and muscles of steel and are often accused of having a heart to match. He's the one who rings the door bell, swallows hard and announces the passing of a loved one; then spends the rest of the day wondering why he never took such a crummy job,

On TV a cop is an oaf who couldn't find a bull fiddle in a telephone booth. In real life he's expected to find I little blonde boy "about so high" in a crowd of a half a million people. In fiction he gets his help from private eyes, reporters and "who-dun-it" fans. In real life, mostly all he gets from this public is "I didn't see nuttin".

When he serves a summons he's a monster. If he lets you go, he's a doll. To little kids he's either a friend or a bogeyman, depending on how the parents feel about it. He works "around the clock, split shifts, Sundays and Holidays and it always kills him when a joker says "Hey tomorrow is Election Day, I'm off let's go fishing"; (that's the day he works 20 hours).

A cop is like the little girl, who when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad she was horrid. When a cop is good "he's getting paid for it". When he makes a mistake, he's a grafter and that goes for the rest of them too". When he shoots a stick-up man he's a hero, except when the stick-up man is "only a kid, anybody coulda seen that".

Lots of them have homes, some of them are covered with ivy, but most of them are covered with mortgages. If he drives a big car, he's a chiseler, a little car, "who's he kidding". His credit is good; this is very helpful, because his salary isn't. Cops raise lots of kids; most of them belong to other people.

A cop sees more misery, bloodshed, trouble and sunrises than the average person. Like the postman, cops must also be out in all kinds of weather. His uniform changes with the climate, but his outlook on life remains about the same; mostly a blank but hoping for a better world.

Cops like days off, vacations and coffee. They don't like auto horn, family fights and anonymous letter writers. They have unions, but they can't strike. They must be impartial, courteous and always remember the slogan "At your service". This is sometimes hard, especially when a character reminds him "I'm a taxpayer, I pay your salary".

Cops get medals for saving lives, stopping runaway horses and shooting it out with bandits, (once in a while his widow gets the medal). But sometimes the most rewarding moment comes when after some small kindness to an older person, he feels the warm hand clasp, looks into grateful eyes and hears "Thank you and God Bless you son'.