



The Gold Shield

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Official Publication of the Detectives' Endowment Association, Inc. of the Police Department of the City of New York

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The Police Union Representing the Greatest Detectives in the World

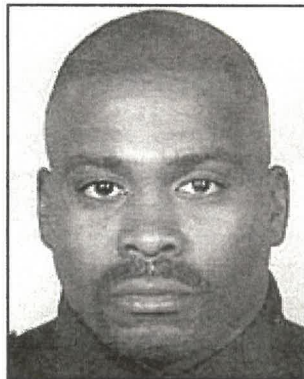
The Ultimate Sacrifice

Detectives James V. Nemorin and Rodney J. Andrews

At around 8:00 PM on Monday, March 10, 2003, during a gun buy-and-bust operation at St. Paul's Avenue and Hannah Street in the Tompkinsville section of Staten Island, Detectives James Nemorin and Rodney Jay Andrews, both undercovers with the elite Firearms Investigation Unit, were shot and killed as they rode in their leased black Nissan Maxima with two young thugs — 17-year old Jessie Jacobus and 20-year old Ronell Wilson — who were associates of a 19-year old illegal gun dealer named Omar Green.

The detectives were on their way to purchase a Tech-9 submachine gun from Green, who had previously sold firearms to members of the unit. Whether the punks in the car suspected the undercovers were cops, or whether they decided to rob the detectives of their \$1,200 in buy money

(but botched the job) still remains unclear; but in an instant, they executed both detectives at close range, dragged them out of the car and stole the Nissan.



Nemorin and Andrews apparently never had a chance to respond: they were found with their guns and their buy money intact.

The detectives' back-up team, who lost contact with the undercovers briefly because of the technical limitations of their Kel monitoring devices, found the bodies and rushed the detectives to St. Vincent's hospital, where they were pronounced dead. The Mayor declared the shootings an act of "barbarism."

An immediate and widespread manhunt was launched for all six suspects in the double homicide. Within 48 hours, the principal players were in custody:

Triggerman Wilson was arrested when trying to take a livery cab from Red Hook to Staten Island; and gun dealer Green was disguised in drag on the Staten Island Ferry when a woman passenger told cops, "either that's a

guy or the ugliest woman I ever saw."

Both Nemorin and Andrews were formidably sized men: large in physical stature and large and generous of heart.

Det. Andrews, who was raised on the Upper West Side of Manhattan and served as a Navy Seal before joining the force, was 34, divorced, with two sons, ages 11 and 12. His former wife, Maryann, also a police officer in the NYPD, says the detective was totally devoted to his children.

Det. Nemorin was 36. He was born and raised with seven siblings in Haiti and moved to Brooklyn at the age of 21. His immediate goal was to join the police force and he first served in the City's volunteer Auxiliary. Nemorin earned a degree in criminal justice from John Jay College in 1999. He and his widow, Rose-Andre, and three children (ages five, seven, and 20 months) had recently moved to a new home in the suburbs.

Known for being a sharp dresser, Nemorin's friends called him the "Haitian Sensation." He was an avid soccer enthusiast and played for the PBA's team and a local Haitian soccer club called the New York Soccer All-Stars. A member of the Haitian American Law Enforcement Fraternal Organization, he's believed to be the



A member of the National Association of Police Organizations (NAPO) • Thomas J. Scotto, President

first NYPD officer killed in the line of duty to hail from that Caribbean island.

Both Nemorin and Andrews had gone to the Police Academy together, were both seven-year veterans of the force, and were both former narcotics officers.

Within days of their murders, three of the perpetrators — Omar Green, Jessie Jacobus, and 16-year old Mitchell Diaz — all pled guilty to second-degree murder charges. Green set up the gun deal; Diaz supplied the murder weapon (a 44-caliber revolver found in an apartment hallway near the scene of the crime); and Jacobus claims he sat in the back seat of the car next to shooter Wilson. On May 8th, 21-year old Paris Bullock, who hid the gun used in the shooting, was also indicted in the case, but pled not guilty. A sixth suspect was also nabbed: 19-year old Michael Whitten, who was involved in an earlier gun sale.

Others were also arraigned in the case, including: Diaz' mother and brother; and the two women, Chikenya Collier and Danae Pope, who shielded Wilson and Green in the hours after the murders.

Thousands of mourners attended each of the heroes' full-Inspectors' funerals. Det. Nemorin was buried on Saturday, March 15th after a service at Our Lady of Refuge Church in Flatbush, where mass was recited in English, French, and Creole. Fellow officers came from across the United States to pay their respects to this "gentle giant" of a man.

Det. Andrews was buried on Tuesday, March 18th after a service at Elim International Fellowship Church in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. At the funeral, Commissioner Kelly, who called Andrews a "fearless police officer who loved his job and was passionately devoted to his work," cited Andrews' outstanding record of 40 gun buys in less than five months with the Firearms Unit.

On the same day, triggerman Ronnell Wilson was indicted on first-

degree murder charges. On April 3rd, Wilson was charged with multiple counts of first and second-degree murder, attempted robbery and other crimes, and could face the death penalty. He pled not guilty.

The shootings prompted a number of controversial issues to be brought to the forefront, including: Staten Island Judge Leonard Rienzi's secret closed-door arraignment of three of the suspects (the Judge cited the defendants' safety concerns); the faultiness of the Kel monitoring devices; the Southern pedigrees of a large number of guns that are used in such criminal endeavors; and the paltry penalties meted out to those who traffic in illegal firearms.

Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly promoted posthumously both Nemorin and Andrews to detective first grade.

To assist in the welfare of the five children of the two detectives, the DEA established The March 10th Undercover Fund, under the auspices of the DEA's Widows' and Children's Fund. The Fund will help meet the educational and other needs of the children as they come of age. Donations can be made by check or money order made payable to the DEA Widows' and Children's Fund and sent to the attention of the March 10th Undercover Fund, c/o the DEA, 26 Thomas Street, New York, NY 10007.

Pictured on the cover, official NYPD photographs of Det. Rodney Andrews (top) and Det. James Nemorin.

For more tributes to Detectives Nemorin and Andrews, see pages 6 through 9 and 40 through 43.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

***— Thomas Campbell
(1777-1844)***

For Two Detectives Who Died, Gun Unit Was The Place to Be

By Elissa Gootman and William K. Rashbaum, from the March 15, 2003 *New York Times*. Reprinted with permission.

A little more than a year apart, in 1999 and early 2000, James V. Nemorin, 36, and Rodney J. Andrews, 34, traded in their patrolmen's uniforms for the stinky shirts and jeans of drug addicts. They were becoming detectives and going undercover, and they knew the risks: In 1998, Sean Carrington, an undercover detective, had been shot dead in a Bronx buy-and-bust drug operation gone bad.

But the risks, friends and colleagues of the two detectives said, were outweighed by the thrill and satisfaction of, day in and day out, doing the most straightforward police work: physically taking criminals off the street.

Even that work — gritty, adrenaline-pumping — did not prove satisfying enough, and both men wound up joining one of the most dangerous outfits in the Department: the Firearms Investigation Unit, an elite group of investigators and undercover detectives who go after guns.

"Law enforcement does not have an Academy Award, an Oscar, a Pulitzer Prize," said Lt. Eric Adams "What we have at the top of our profession are those who have made the most gun arrests. The individual who is in the gun unit, he's going directly to the source of the poison."

The poison killed Detectives Nemorin and Andrews. In a gun sting marked by a series of bad breaks, both detectives were shot in the head as they sat in the front seat of their car on Staten Island.

Six arrests have been made in connection with the killings. ... The killings ... shocked the city, tore at a department slightly numbed to loss and saddened the undercover investigators who had worked alongside the

Continued on page 40

Nemorin/Andrews

Continued from page 2

men and considered them at the top of their game.

But in adding the names of the men to the list of those lost in the line of duty, many colleagues and relatives were eager to prevent the particulars of the two black men's lives, and the singularity of their successes, from becoming lost as well.

Rodney J. Andrews grew up in a rent-controlled apartment on West 80th Street in Manhattan. He was raised by his aunt and his three cousins, who were like two sisters and a brother. In January 1989 — the year two detectives, Keith L. Williams and Richard Guerzon, were killed while transporting a prisoner in Detective Guerzon's car — he enlisted in the Navy, serving for two years in San Diego.

Once back in New York, he entered the Police Academy in 1996. Working the streets of Upper Manhattan in his first two assignments, he earned a reputation for being "a big collar guy," said Detective Marc Sanabria, a narcotics investigator who worked with Detective Andrews.

"There's always somebody that's willing to make the arrests, if it's a domestic, if it's a drunken driving, if it's a robbery," Detective Sanabria said. "He was a key. If there was anything in particular that just made him do this, I don't know. But this guy was fearless."

In March 2000, Detective Andrews signed up with the Brooklyn North Narcotics unit. He took to it immediately.

"If you're charismatic, good guys like you and bad guys like you," said Detective Brian Grenz, who worked with Detective Andrews in Brooklyn.

Detective Andrews' time in narcotics coincided with periods of considerable racial tension between the Police Department and the City's minority residents.

The torture of Abner Louima and the killing of Patrick M. Dorismond

helped create an environment of anger and mistrust, which often rippled through the department. Whatever tensions may have existed, Jay Andrews seemed to transcend them.

"I'm a white guy from Long Island, and he could stand there and talk to me for hours, and he could switch it up and talk to another group," Detective Grenz said. "He'd be just as comfortable sitting there and listening to Jay-Z as he would listening to the Doors and stuff. He loved it all."

One of his policing highlights involved a six-month operation in Brownsville, in which the department used an apartment as a base of undercover operations.

For several months, a group of undercover detectives led by Detective Andrews pretended to live there, buying drugs constantly. About 60 or 70 people were ultimately arrested.

Detective Andrews and his wife, MaryAnn, divorced, but he stayed in the City. He talked about the suburbs, but mostly as a place to go after retirement. "Jay was definitely a city boy," Detective Sanabria said.

Even after the marriage broke up, though living in Queens, he was always back in Brooklyn. Neighbors so frequently saw him playing football with his sons, ages 11 and 12, that as reporters showed up at the house where his former wife lives, several of the neighbors were surprised to hear the couple had divorced.

James V. Nemorin moved to New York from Haiti with several of his seven siblings when he was 21. He grew up playing soccer and dreaming of being a police officer, relatives said. He eventually enrolled at John Jay College of Criminal Justice in Manhattan, earning his associate's degree and his patrolman's shield in 1996. He received a bachelor's degree in criminal justice in 1999.

He played on the soccer team, and while he was not the best player at first, he became a role model for his younger teammates, many of them immigrants who sometimes griped about life in America, said Sebastien

Barrios, a teammate.

"He would try to bring a realistic view to the team, that hey, not everyone is as fortunate as we are here in the U.S.," Mr. Barrios, 28, said. "I think that's one of the reasons he wanted to be a police officer. I know he was very patriotic, to both Haiti and the United States."

As a member of the Police Department, Detective Nemorin was often called upon to explain the conduct of the police to fellow Haitian immigrants. Many of these conversations took place at the Nostrand Avenue offices of Radio Soleil d'Haiti in Brooklyn, where Ricot Dupuy, the station manager, often is the host for informal off-air discussions with police officers and other Haitian immigrants.

"Of course, he's a police officer, he always tried to present the police in the best light, but he would not do that at the expense of whoever feels they were hurt, at the expense of those who feel victimized," Mr. Dupuy said. "He would listen. And by listen, I mean he would be open to a process of finding a broader way to deal with certain sets of situations."

Narcotics is a gritty business, and members of the Brooklyn South team dress casually for work. If someone shows up in slacks, it is usually a clear indication that it is a day to testify in court.

But Detective Nemorin would almost always glide in wearing polished shoes, wrinkle-free shirts, sometimes a scarf so fine and silky it would make his colleagues chuckle. They called him the Haitian Prince, or the Haitian Sensation.

Twenty minutes later, he would be unrecognizable in ripped-up sneakers and dirty clothes, ready to work the streets.

"He was one of the best undercovers in the division," said Detective Agapito Soler, who worked closely with him.

"It's like being an actor," he said. "In the street, if you approach a drug dealer, if they come out screaming at

you or nasty, you can't bark back. You've got to be humble to them."

Detective Nemorin had the instincts, and he also had the eye.

Once, Detective Soler said, they were driving and stopped at a traffic light. Detective Nemorin pointed — there, down a side street, a man in a Mercedes-Benz was handing a four-ounce bag of cocaine to a man on the street, who then slipped it into his pants.

And then there was the half-tender, half-comic moment when, while he was waiting to make a buy, Detective Nemorin's cellphone rang. It was one of his young sons.

"I'm at work," he said into the phone. "Yeah, I'm out catching bad guys."

Then he burst out into a throaty laugh. "No, you can't talk to them!"

His wife gave birth to their first daughter 20 months ago.

"He was asked that question, 'Why do you do it,'" Detective Soler said. "He said, 'Because I like it.' He actually wanted to make a difference. Even though it was just a \$10 crack dealer, he got him off the street and it was worth the effort."

Last fall, within each of their narcotics units in Brooklyn, the word spread: Detective Nemorin and Detective Andrews were being considered by the Firearms Investigations Unit, a tightly knit, high-risk division that was being expanded.

The unit was responsible for taking 484 guns off the streets last year, police officials said, up from 186 in 2000, when it was first created. But whether to join it was not a simple matter.

By definition, the job was more dangerous. It would not pay more money, at least not right away.

Most undercover investigators are black or Hispanic, according to department figures, and critics, including Lieutenant Adams's group, 100 Blacks in Law Enforcement Who Care, have called upon the police to go to greater lengths to ensure under-

cover officers' safety. At least twice, tragedy has provoked the call.

In 1994, Desmond Robinson, a black officer who was working in plainclothes as part of the city's pick-pocket unit, was shot and wounded on a subway platform by Peter Del-Debbio, an off-duty officer who was on his way home.

Officer Robinson was responding to a report of a man with a gun, and Officer Del-Debbio mistook him for a criminal. And four years later, Detective Carrington was shot and killed during a drug operation in the Bronx.

Those who worked with Detectives Andrews and Nemorin said both were nonetheless eager, and had seen the move to the gun unit as a chance to advance to second grade detective, the next step up for detectives who do not plan to take the tests required to become a sergeant. Arrests would be their vehicle for promotion, not answers on multiple-choice questions.

It was an opportunity that came at a time when both men seemed to be hitting their stride, personally and professionally. The strikingly handsome Detective Andrews was starting his new life as a bachelor in Queens, and his two sons were almost teenagers.

The Nemorins had just moved to Long Island, buying what is often coveted by those with an intimate understanding of the city's dangers: a house in the suburbs.

And if taking drugs off the street was good work, they figured, taking guns off the street full time would be better. Each man hesitated, co-workers said, at the thought of leaving behind friends in a narcotics unit that had bred intense closeness. But each man chose to move on, and, they hoped, up.

So Detective Andrews broke the news to his narcotics unit, saying, "I'm going to Shaolin!" — the rap band Wu-Tang Clan's nickname for Staten Island.

"This was what he wanted, and we were happy that he got what he deserved," Detective Grenz said. "It was a big thing for someone to get."

A similar scene unfolded in Brooklyn South Narcotics, where Detective Nemorin was "excited from day one," Detective Soler said. "Our thinking was, 'Wait a second, we're going to let this guy go from the unit?' But you're not going to stop him from helping better his career, to move up."

Recalling the moment, and setting its joy against the grief caused by Detective Nemorin's death, Detective Soler said, "It was like we lost him twice." Copyright © 2003 by The New York Times Co. Reprinted with permission.

Thousands attended the funerals of Detectives Nemorin and Andrews. Below, the Mayor, Police Commissioner, and many of the City's politicians pay their last respects. Photo by Miller Photography.



"God bless these two detectives who made the streets safe for all of us, and God bless their families."

*— Lt. Paul J. Putkowski,
61st Precinct, Brooklyn*

To the Families of Detectives James Nemorin & Rodney Andrews:

My thoughts are with all of you in this sad time. I know how close all of you were and I can only imagine what all of you are going through right now.

But I hope somehow that you can remember how you and their fellow officers loved them and you can find comfort in that.

Although I'm a hundred miles away right now, please know that I'm praying for your comfort.

I was a member of the NYPD in the 1950s. I left to go to the U.S. Marshals Service. But my first love was and still is the men and women of the NYPD.

Remember that their souls will soar like eagles. My prayers are with all of you,

Robert Mulani
Narrowsburg, New York

To Whom It May Concern:

I dine daily in a restaurant in Bayonne, New Jersey and have done so for 11 years. Many of the customers and staff know that I was a New York State Judge and also in the 1940s and 1950s that I was a member of the New York City Police Department (a Lieutenant, then Deputy Police Commissioner of Licenses in 1954; and later in 1957, Deputy Commissioner of the Youth Division).

The day after the recent assassination of the two Black undercover officers an elderly Caucasian gentleman of extremely modest means handed me money and asked me to get it to the "appropriate place." He did not wish to be identified other than "Andy," nor did he desire any acknowledgment other than my getting it to "the right place."

I secured the name and location of "the right place" through Jacqueline Parris, current President of the NYPD Guardians. (Incidentally, I was the first President and founder of the Guardians in 1949.)

I join with "Andy" and add my

TRIBUTES TO OUR FALLEN HEROES



donation. I wish that I could do more, but I am now 82 years of age.

You and your colleagues are to be commended for your sensitive and important service to the members of the Police Department and their families.

Very sincerely,
Robert J. Mangum
Attorney at Law

To the Families and Friends of Rodney Andrews and James Nemorin:

The newspaper coverage and events surrounding the deaths of these men have broken my heart — again. In a week where a wonderful Russian immigrant, Albert Kotlyar, was slaughtered by a man armed with an illegal weapon, among so many other stories of suffering and crimes, it seems that the bad in this world is overwhelming the good. It makes me feel so small and helpless, as I sit and read the paper in the subway on the way to work. One night this week, I just cried because I ran out of thoughts. I ran out of understanding. My spirit and my heart were so heavy with hurt, that I wanted the tears to carry it away. I am still crying: for you, for Rodney, for James and for Albert.

New York City is so big. Every day I am surrounded by hundreds of thousands of people I will never see again; people, who, like me, have cried privately for you and your loss. I am just another New Yorker that you haven't met, who won't be at the funerals, who can't possibly take away all of the hurt and anger and shock you must be feeling. I want you to know that my tears, and the tears of other strangers who have wept for you, are washing over you in a flood of compassion. I don't have a lot of money to give; from the bottom of my heart, I hope that the lyrics to "Until Next Time" give you a sense of peace and hope. I know what it feels like to lose a loved one unexpectedly. My twin sister and I wrote this song to help us and our family when we lost our younger sister. Please read the words and imagine them coming from Rodney and James, and may it bring you peace. May God Bless You,

Anne Smith
Kew Gardens, New York

Until Next Time

until next time, when you think of me/may your heart be light, and your spirit free/may all things lucky, great and small

bless your life, but most of all/may angels come to whisper in your ear/"next time is almost here"/until next time may you trust in fate/you know good things come to those who wait/

just like the ocean reaches for the shore/my thoughts can touch you, just like before/

"until next time" is written in the sand/i know you'll understand/until next time, if you hear my name/

blow the world a kiss/and i'll do the same/and keep on loving openly/ keep on believing and you will see that memories outshine the darkest days/i'm with you always/until next time ...

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Dear Fellow Police Officers:

We were all saddened by the news of the senseless slaying of the two New York City detectives on March 10, 2003. Our thoughts and prayers are with the families and also their extended police family. We would like to make a contribution to the scholarship fund for the children of these two detectives who made the ultimate sacrifice. Fraternally,

The Officers and the Board of
Directors of the Chicago Police
Sergeants Association
James P. Cosgrove, President

Dear DEA:

Please accept this donation to the children of Detectives Andrews and Nemorin, who were tragically killed.

My own father, a decorated and respected New York City Police Detective (Bomb Squad, Arson & Explosion, Narcotics, etc.), was killed tragically when I was seven years old and my brother was six; that was 1979. He was 36 when he was killed and left behind myself, my brother and my mother, who was only 34 at the time and had a new house, mortgage, and two kids to raise. We hardly received any money. My dad borrowed against his pension for the house. He also never had life insurance.

I know what it's like to grow up without any money and eat ketchup sandwiches for dinner and macaroni and cheese three nights a week. When the milk started to turn, we turned it into chocolate milk — a rare treat. It was sure tough on all three of us. But, thanks to my mother, I never missed a dancing lesson and my brother never missed a baseball

game. My dad's old partners and fellow officers always came by at Christmas in Santa suits and, when my mother would accept it, sent money.

To finish the story, we have all "turned out" well. I am an attorney at O'Dwyer & Bernstein, a few blocks from the DEA office, and my brother is a union tile and marble setter.

Having my donation go directly to a fund for Nemorin and Andrews' children is my request. I have sent out a general email to all my friends and family requesting they, too, send a donation for these children.

Thank you for your attention to this matter. My condolences to the families and children.

Kathleen Kilduff
Brooklyn, New York

"In the eternal fight against crime, it's important to take the time, to honor these two men, who put their lives on the line."

— William P. Knisley, New York City

To the Families of the Detectives:

It pains me to read of such senseless killings. I offer my condolences for the loss of your loved ones and hope that your families can get through these extremely difficult times. My prayers go out to you all.

I am sorry that I am not in a position to donate more money to help alleviate the expenses incurred, but I have indeed donated the total amount that I am paid by the New York State Department of Corrections for a two week period.

Again, my condolences go out to your families. May God bless you all.

Sincerely,
Paul Vasquez #86A9437
Elmira Correctional Facility

To the Detectives' Endowment Assn:

Please accept our gift to your fund for the widows' and children of Detectives James Nemorin and Rodney Andrews. Our family feels your pain and knows your suffering at this tragic time. In October 1988, in a narcotics buy-and-bust operation in Harlem, my cousin, P.O. Christopher Hoban, NYPD, was executed by the same type of scum that killed your brothers. With current family members in law enforcement, we keep you and yours in our prayers.

Sincerely,
Dennis J. Hoban
Brooklyn, New York

Dear DEA:

My husband, Daniel F. O'Brien, was Detective Commander of Staten Island Detectives and retired in 1986. I know he would be mourning for these men, as well as everyone else, but he passed away on Feb. 23, 2003. Our prayers are with the widows and children of both these fine men.

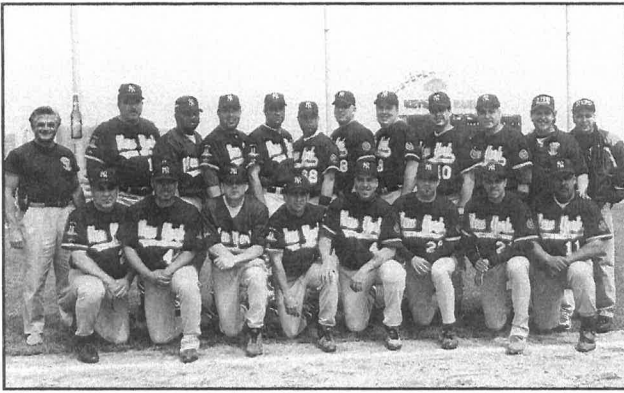
Sincerely,
Doris O'Brien

The DEA wishes to thank all those who have contributed so graciously to the scholarship fund we've established for the children of Detectives Rodney Andrews and James Nemorin. Your generous contributions will help us to ensure the future education and needs of the children loved so dearly by these two hard-working, dedicated Members of the Service. Anyone wishing to make a contribution may do so by making a check payable to the —

**DEA Widows' and Children's Fund
26 Thomas Street
New York, NY 10007
Attn: March 10th Undercover Fund**

All donations are tax-deductible.

MORE TRIBUTES TO OUR HEROES

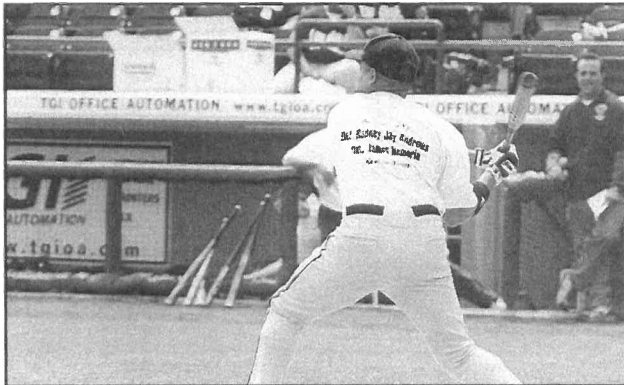


The Nemorin/Andrews Memorial Softball Tournament raised more than \$20,000 for the March 10th Undercover Fund. Pictured at the championship games at Keyspan Park on May 10, 2003 are (from top left) in dark blue, the crackerjack DEA team, managed by Bob Alongi; Christian and Justin Andrews join Commissioner Raymond Kelly, Chief of Department Joseph Esposito, and DEA President Tom Scotto in posing with the Brooklyn North Narcotics team; A Brooklyn North player swings for the fences; the NYPD Marching Band entertained; and (bottom right) Commissioner Kelly, Chief Esposito and Tom Scotto took to the field with the families of James Nemorin and Rodney Andrews. Photos by Salimah Allen, NYPD.



"It was with great sorrow that I learned of the tragic deaths of Detectives James Nemorin and Rodney Andrews. My thoughts and prayers are with their families and all the members of the law enforcement community during this time of mourning. We owe a great debt to the members of the law enforcement community who place their lives at risk every day and who protect the residents of our City. I know I speak for all of us in expressing profound appreciation for the devoted service and dedication of each and every member of law enforcement."

— William C. Thompson, Jr., Comptroller of the City of New York



"My thoughts and prayers are with the families. Hopefully, some day they can find some sort of peace in the fact that their fathers and husbands died as heroes and that our city is a better place because of them."

— Cindy Aranyvolgi, Brooklyn, New York



"I'm a former NYC police officer of 35 years. Upon my retirement, I received an honorary detective certificate and watch, which I proudly wear. I received them from a great man and dear friend, Jack Healy. I have seen first hand, as a PBA delegate, the courage of your undercover detectives. My prayers go out to the family, team members, and friends of the slain detectives."

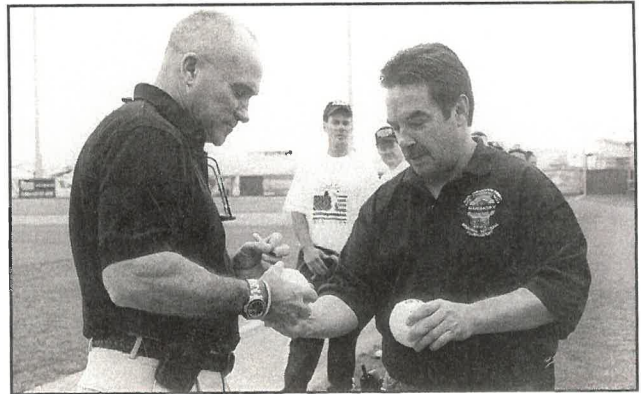
— Kevin Sheil, Brewster, New York

"I was heartbroken to hear of the fate of these two extremely brave, courageous men who were fighting every day to make our world a better place. I wish I could do much more for the families and their children. Please know that many people in this city and country shed tears over this tragedy and they will not be forgotten."

— Karen Gil, New York, New York



Pictured from top at right, Commissioner Kelly autographs softballs for the detectives' families courtesy of DEA Delegate and tournament volunteer Bill LaVasseur; Pictured in their patriotic shirts are the members of the Manhattan Warrants team, which took home a championship trophy with help from winning pitcher Chief of Patrol Nicholas Estavillo, who played alongside his son and daughter; The Nassau County Police Department team made it to the finals, but lost to the DEA; and at bottom right, Commissioner Kelly throws out the first pitch.



"I was saddened to learn of the loss of two New York City detectives on March 10th. These men were great assets to the NYC Police Department, the Detectives' Endowment Association, the City of New York, and most importantly, to their families. The effects of their loss are immeasurable. It is touching that the DEA is extending itself to the victims' families. It is an honor for me to contribute to the scholarship fund for the detectives' children."

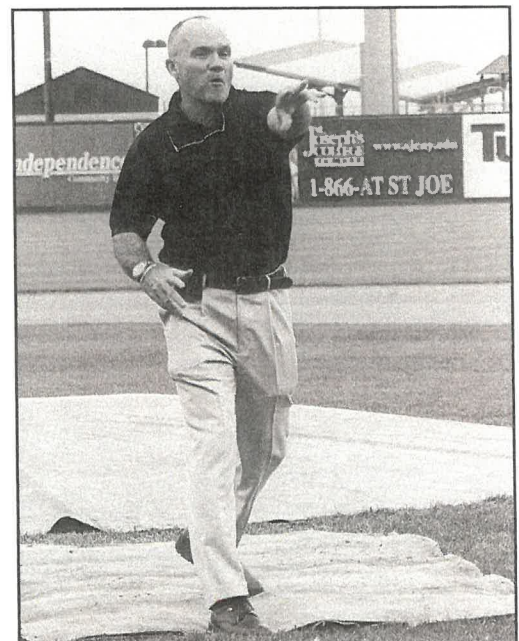
— Tony Avella, City Council Member, 19th District, Queens

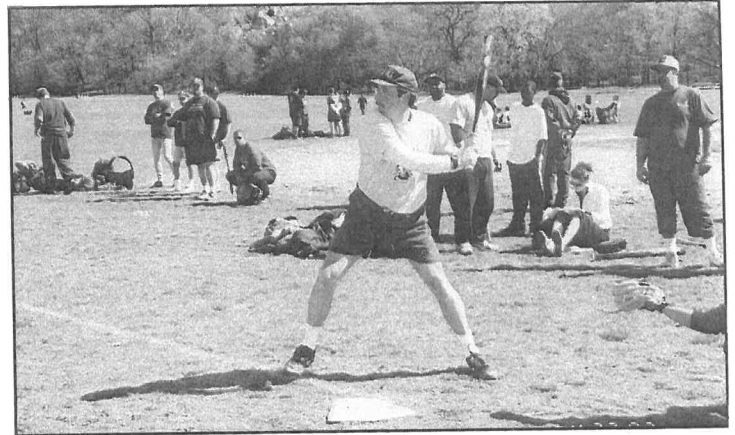
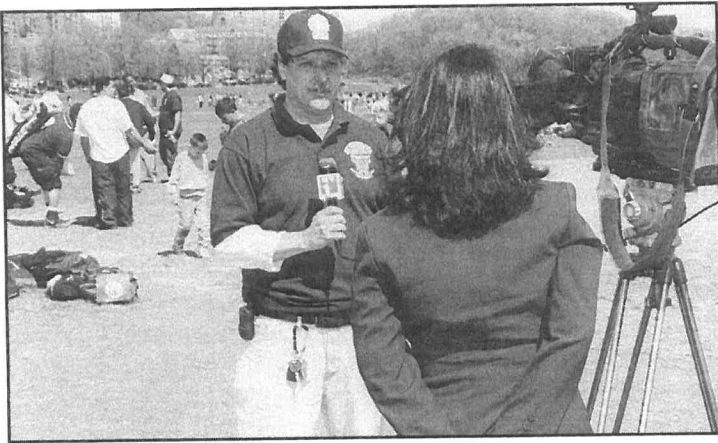
"It saddens me that we have to live in a society like this where members of the police force have to lose their lives over something like this. It is not fair to the families who are left behind after such a tragedy. God bless you guys for looking out for the children of these two slain detectives. I hope my check can help, but I know that nothing can bring them back."

— Ronald M. Pascucci, Glen Cove, New York



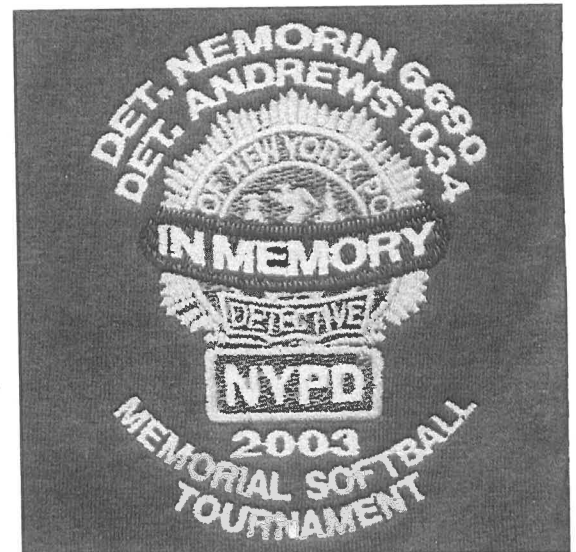
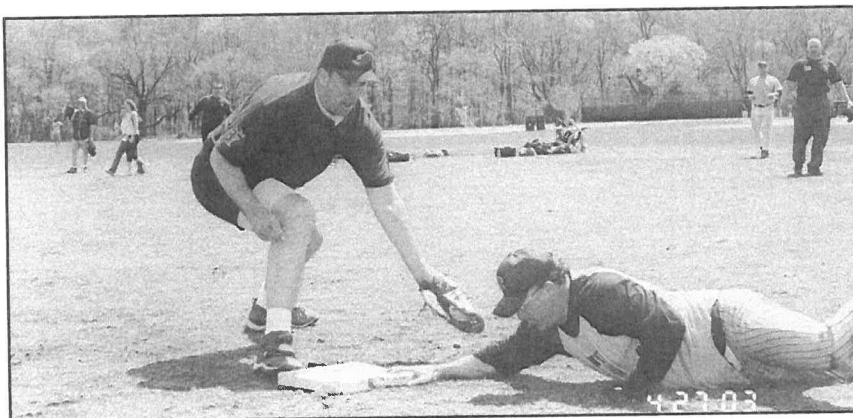
Pictured below at the DEA office, members of the Saint Vincent Catholic Medical Centers Staten Island Region EMS threw a fundraiser at Legacy Nite Club in Brooklyn to benefit the DEA's March 10th Undercover Fund. The Hawaiian luau-themed event raised over \$8,000. Pictured left to right are former EMS worker (now with OEM) John Vigorito, Jr., EMS workers Teresa Mathiasen and Dennis Laurie, DEA Borough Director Kelly Kelson, EMS workers Numan Ejaz and Luis Feliciano, DEA President Tom Scotto, DEA Treasurer Vic Cipullo, and Manhattan North Trustee Ken Cardona.

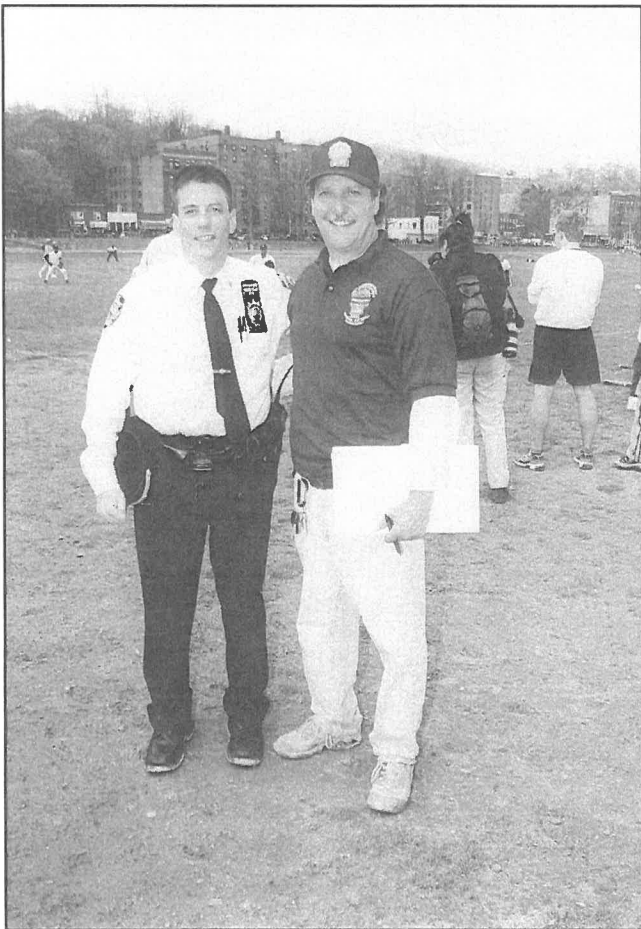
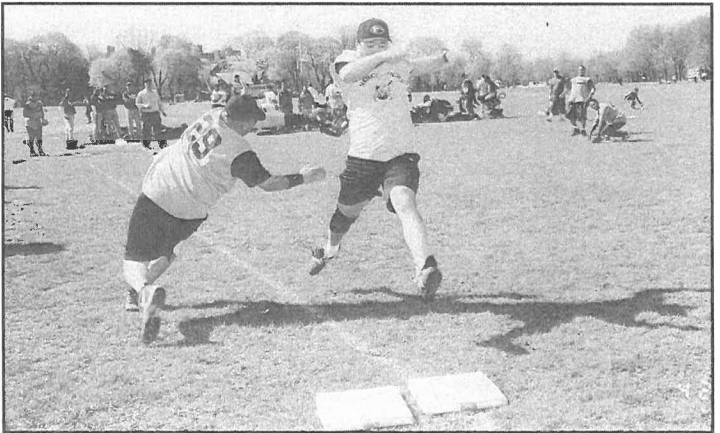
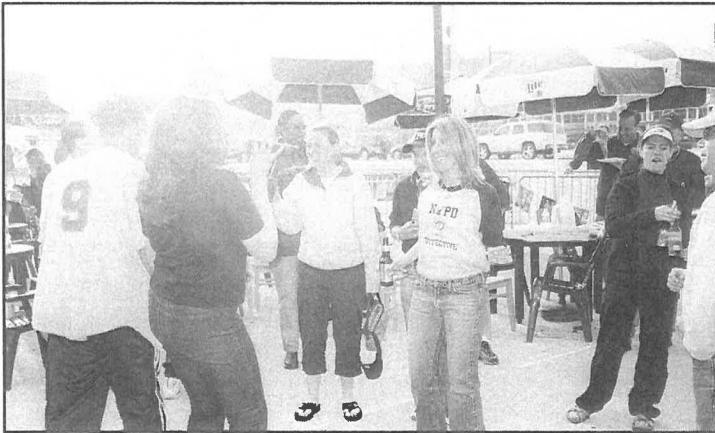




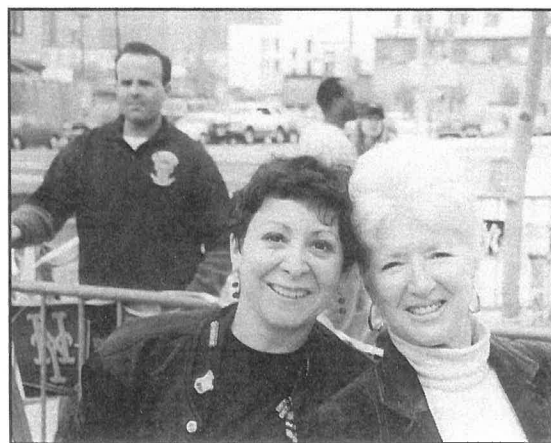
Softball Tournament Held In Memory of Detectives Andrews and Nemorin

The thunderous rainstorm of Saturday, April 26, 2003 didn't put a damper on the DEA softball tournament that was scheduled for that weekend in Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx. Crisp, clear, and super-sunny the following day, more than 40 teams competed on April 27th during the fundraising event the union held for the March 10th Undercover Fund, the scholarship fund established by the DEA for the children of Detectives Rodney Andrews and James Nemorin. The event was arranged and coordinated by DEA Treasurer Victor Cipullo and former MOS Chris Scigliano. Festivities included a cookout, drinks, tee-shirt sales, visits from the Mounted Unit and ESU, music, disc jockey, and karaoke supplied by radio station Z-100, and free cotton candy and popcorn for everyone. The event was enjoyed by both law enforcement and the community alike. Pictured clockwise from top left — Vic Cipullo gets interviewed by television's New York 1; competing team "The Jays," named after Det. Rodney Jay Andrews; Chief James McShane of OCCB/Narcotics steps up to bat for the "Narco-Ticks;" Det. Kristin Jones volunteered to sell memorial tee-shirts. Below right, the gorgeous embroidered tee-shirts were designed and produced by Det. John Botte. Below, a close play at first base between teams from the Port Authority PBA and the Nassau County Police Department.





(Pictured clockwise from top left) A team shot of the "Narco-Ticks;" In front of the thirst-quenching mobile unit are (left to right) tournament volunteers Gisela Martinez, daughter of DEA Headquarters Trustee Cecil Martinez, Cecil Martinez, the DEA's Sam Katz, and former Member of the Service, Chris Scigliano, tournament organizer; A close play at first base; (below right) At the tailgate party after the Championships at Keyspan Park, Coney Island on May 10th is Brian Rosenthal, who donated the cook-out at Van Cortlandt Park and acted as announcer at the Championship games, behind Sam Katz and Jean Busch, who sold tee-shirts; (left) Van Cortlandt Park falls in the confines of the 50: the precinct's Commanding Officer Inspector Thomas DiRusso and the DEA's Victor Cipullo; (above left) At the tailgate party at



Peggy O'Neil's at Keyspan Park, singer Reina (in black shirt) wows the audience with her dynamic performance. Photos by Kevin Dineen. More tournament photos on pages 42-43.