

NYPD and DEA

By James Collins.

You never know what you are going to see on the streets of New York. I worked at Kollsman Instrument in Elmhurst and used my lunch hour to walk around the area and get some exercise. I typically walked up Elmhurst Avenue to Roosevelt Avenue, which had the elevated subway, turned around, and returned to the company. This was a bright sunny afternoon in June and I was enjoying the walk. Thirty feet ahead of me were two men, also walking towards Roosevelt Avenue, talking and waving their arms having a very animated conversation. As they passed a gray van parked against the curb on my left, the rear door opened and two medium size men jumped out behind the pair in front of me. Each swung a black jack and hit his target on the head. Before the victims hit the ground, each of the assailants grabbed his target underneath the armpits, dragged him into the van and slammed the door. I had stopped cold when I saw the events unfolding. I looked around to see if there was any danger that would involve me and spotted a uniformed police officer up at the corner.

I quickly walked up to the corner and told the officer what I had witnessed.

"Officer, I just saw two guys hop out of that van, whack two guys on their heads with black jacks, toss them in the van and slam the door. It looks like an assault and a kidnapping attempt."

"You did not see anything. Nothing happened. It was all in your imagination. Just keep on walking."

I reached in my pocket and took out my small notebook, opened it, looked at his badge and wrote the number down in large letters so he could see what I did.

"Officer, I have a chief inspector in the family on the job who is stationed in Brooklyn. He is going to love the story I tell him about your response to what I saw. I hope you like Staten Island or maybe the Tombs, if somebody was killed."

He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the entranceway of a small tailor shop.

"I see by your badge that you work for the defense plant down the way. What you just saw were two DEA agents removing two very dangerous, armed, Colombian drug lords from the streets of Queens. I am here to oversee the operation and to prevent citizens like you from getting involved and getting yourself shot. The agents have the necessary warrants and all of paperwork is correct but these guys are so dangerous, DEA figured this was the safest way to capture them. We would appreciate it if you say nothing about this, because we have a few more on our list and we don't want them getting word of how our operation performs."

Everything he said made sense. He was a uniformed officer and I took him at his word. It might seem to be an unusual event in any other part of the world but in New York City, anything goes.

THE END