

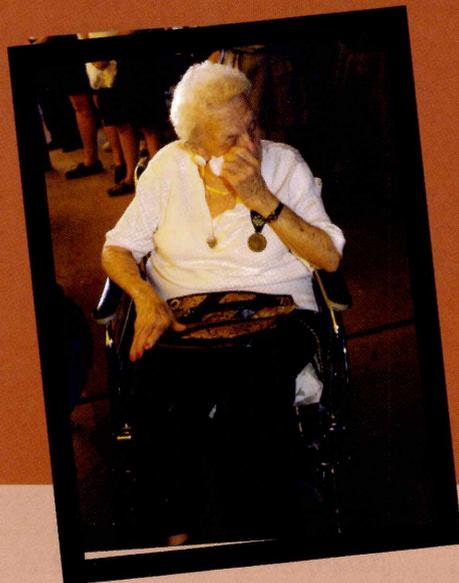
# IN MEMORIAM

Det. Harold (Jake)  
Jacob, when he  
first came on the  
job in 1933.



In Memory of  
**Harold Jacob**  
Killed in the line of duty  
January 18, 1967

By Ret. Det. Ed Gilmurray



Harold Jacob's late widow Dorothy wears her husband's Medal of Honor at the DEA picnic and dedication ceremony of our Me-

You know you are getting old when you have both a father and his son as your partners. I am not sure another Detective in the NYPD can make that claim.

We ran around the streets a lot back in the 1950s and 1960s when we first came out of the Police Academy. I would do it again in a heartbeat.

On October 28, 1968, while assigned to the Safe and Loft Squad, which turned out of 400 Broome Street in lower Manhattan, I was on foot patrol in the Garment District in midtown. My partner, Det. Henry (Buddy) Jacob, shield no. 180, and I were on the lookout for payroll stick-up men. The area was prone to armed robberies of company messengers on their way back from local banks when they carried their company payrolls.

It's been said of that area of the City that on any given day from Monday to Saturday you could spit in any direction and hit some messenger carrying a company payroll. On this particular day, we walked up W. 35th Street from Eighth Avenue and proceeded to walk west on the south side of the street. As we neared the rear entrance to Manhattan Center, two men pulled out handguns to rob a payroll messenger. Buddy and I also drew our weapons. Seeing this, the gunmen fled westbound and cleared the large doors of the Center. When we approached the open door, it seemed like hundreds of people, both men

and women, were entering and exiting. As we ran through the group, it also seemed that everyone was drawing guns, and about 75 of them started chasing us! We could hear yelling from behind, but with the noise of the afternoon traffic, we couldn't determine what was being yelled. As we continued to chase the two subjects, Buddy and I looked at each other and wondered, "Who the heck are they?" We were, in turn, identifying ourselves by yelling, "Safe and Loft Squad!"

With all this noise, the perps probably couldn't hear us, either. When the two subjects reached Ninth Avenue, they split up: one ran Northbound on Ninth, but we proceeded to chase the subject running southbound on Ninth, toward W. 34th Street. The subject kept bouncing off the noon crowd, as we did. At the corner of W. 34th Street, the subject turned the corner and ran eastbound toward Eighth Avenue. As we ran around onto W. 34th, we observed the perp duck into a doorway on the north side of the street, directly across from a large group people carrying picket signs. The striking workers added to the confusion.

In the meantime, Buddy and I were still being chased by the estimated 75 men and women who exited the rear of Manhattan Center. The strikers on the sidewalk stopped picketing

when they saw what was going on across the street. It was Buddy and I subduing the gunman. His hand was in his half-zipped jacket and he was still holding his gun.

We were immediately surrounded by our strange pack of pursuers. Buddy and I finally got the chance to ask them who they were. They informed us they were all "on the job" -- they must have been Delegates of the PBA -- and they were coincidentally in the Manhattan Center voting on whether or not to go out on strike!

As we started to walk our prisoner across from the north side to the south side of W. 34 Street, all of our pursuers stopped traffic so we could cross and get past the strikers. As we crossed, a photographer from the New York Post who was covering the strike took our picture. Buddy and I walked the prisoner to W. 30th Street, the old 14th Precinct, south of Seventh Avenue. Buddy and I told the perp he was lucky he only had the two of us chasing him; we thought we had half the Police Department chasing us! The prisoner found no humor in this comment.

Sadly, the year before a similar situation arose involving the same two blocks of midtown while I was on foot patrol with Det. Harold (Jake) Jacob, also shield no. 180, along with Frank McLaughlin and John Lively. As we turned up W. 35th Street to walk westbound, we observed an individual acting suspiciously

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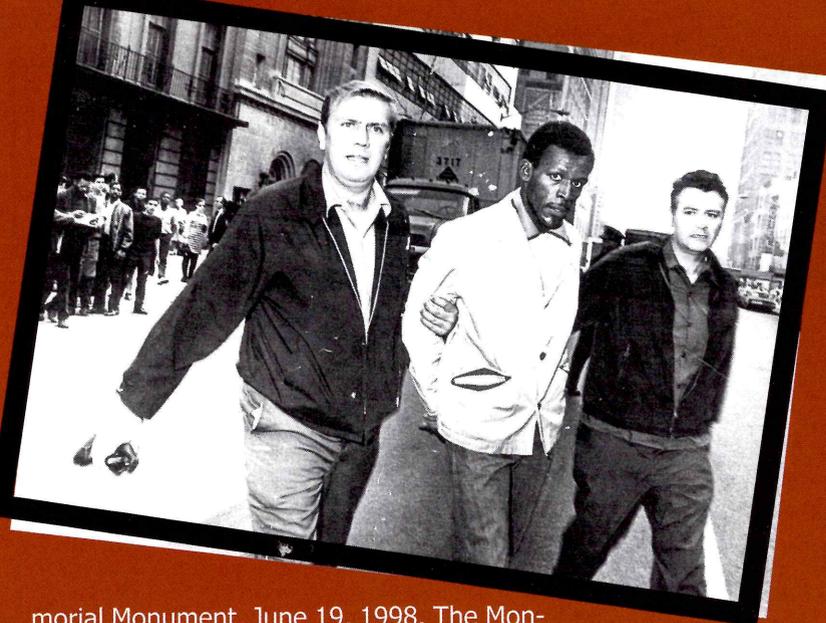
The DEA Mourns the Passing of

## **BOB McKNIGHT**

Detective First Grade  
Queens Homicide  
DEA Staff 1990-2010

## **MICHAEL C. AXELROD**

Former DEA Counsel  
Passed away on Friday January 7,  
2011. He is survived by his wife,  
Jane, his daughters Elizabeth and  
Kathryn, and his granddaughter  
Olivia.



October 28, 1968 *New York Post* photograph of Det. Henry (Buddy) Jacob, left, with the *perp's* gun in hand and Det. Ed Gilmurray (right).

morial Monument, June 19, 1998. The Monument is currently located at Mount Loretto in Staten Island.

in front of us. He entered a lobby, almost directly across from the very spot the two gunmen a year later pulled out their guns.

As Jake and I were about to enter the lobby to check him out, we heard the sound of gunfire exploding from the location. As we rushed in, the subject ran out the door with gun in hand. Jake fired as the subject aimed his gun in our direction. It was almost like a red line had gone past me from the barrel of Jake's gun and entered the subject's body just under his heart. The subject ran out into the street firing back, followed by Jake, McLaughlin, Lively and me. A couple of shots rang out from us and I could see the subject stiffen. He kept running west on 35th Street, then southbound on Ninth Avenue, and ran around the corner to W. 34th Street, then east bound. Because of the noon time crowd, we could no longer fire at him, but as we grabbed him, he fell over dead, with his revolver still in hand.

Detectives Jacob and McLaughlin rushed back to the lobby to assist at the scene of the shooting. While Jake was aiding a wounded messenger lying on the floor of the lobby, he keeled over from a heart attack and died at the scene. Jake was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital where he was pronounced dead.

Det. Harold (Jake) Jacob's wife Dorothy, driving home from work, was listening to the car radio when a bulletin came over about her husband being shot and killed while preventing a holdup in the Garment District.

It was after the death of Det. Harold Jacob, shield 180, that the Chief of Detectives transferred his son Henry (Buddy) Jacob from the 5th Squad to the Safe and Loft Squad and gave him his father's shield number.

In June of 1967, after 34 years with the Police Department, Det. Harold (Jake) Jacob was paid the highest honor when he was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor.

Many years later, while attending a birthday party for his mother at the Douglaston Manor, Detective Henry (Buddy) Jacob suddenly keeled over dead of a heart attack while in conversation with family members.

I couldn't have been blessed with two finer partners than Detectives Harold Jacob and his son Henry Jacob, both shield number 180, both of the Safe and Loft Squad.

Harold (Jake) Jacob was appointed to the NYPD on November 1, 1933. At the time of his death on January 18, 1967, he was a first grader with 34 years on the job. His family still carries on the proud tradition of the NYPD. In addition to his son Henry (Buddy) Jacob, his grandson Richard Jacob retired as a Sergeant from Brooklyn South in 2002, and his granddaughter Allison Mullen is currently a Sergeant in the 41 Precinct.

Ed Gilmurray was appointed to the NYPD in October 1952, was promoted to third grade in August 1960, and retired in August of 1973.

Dear DEA:

I joined the Department in March 1957 and I enjoy receiving my copy of the union magazine, and when I do, I always turn to the back pages. So I wrote this little poem I call *The Gold Shield*:

Whenever I get *The Gold Shield*  
The first thing I look  
is at the Memoriam page  
in the back of the book.

I see the names of folks  
I worked with years ago  
and see the names of others  
I do not know.

Then I look at heaven's shore  
and say a silent prayer  
that with the help of God someday  
I will meet them all up there.

Det. Denis V. Scanlon, Retired