NYC 9/11 Public Portal Document

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2001

FAREWELL TO A



LARGER THAN LIFE: Jack Maple wore bowler hats and two-tone shoes and frequented swanky bars, but he built a tough-guy reputation for getting the job done.



EXCLUSIVE

Like many police officers, Bernard Kerik idolized *Jack Maple, the legendary NYPD crimefighter who* died last summer of colon cancer at the age of 48. It was Maple who turned Mayor Giuliani's vision and former commissioner Bill Bratton's mandate to cut crime into reality. In today's third installment of Kerik's autobiography, "The Lost Son," Kerik details the life — and eventual death — of the man who *helped shape his professional life.*

"The Lost Son," by Bernard Kerik (Regan Books imprint of HarperCollins, $26.50) is available at booksellers nationwide.

Bernard Kerik says goodbye to his hero, crusading cop Jack Maple, the man Kerik credits with cleaning up the streets — and the subways — of New York.

Jack Maple is dying.

I see it in his face. I hear it in his voice. He is propped up in a bed at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, ravaged by colon cancer and by the chemotherapy that is helpless to stop it.

Jack is only 48.

"It's good to see you," he says and takes my hand. It is July 2001. We talk for a minute about the city and about the police department that we both love.

I was worried about how he would look, but he looks about the same, just a little more weathered and weak, as if this disease were hollowing out his barrel chest.

Jack Maple is more than a friend. He's a hero.

With the exception of Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, Jack Maple did more than any other person in the last decade to pull New York back from the edge on which it teetered.

Jack knows he's near the end. He talks plainly about the arrangements for his funeral — where it will be and who will speak. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised by his strength. Jack Maple will face death the way he faced life: head-on.

I first met Jack when I worked patrol on 42nd Street. He was a lieutenant in the New York City Transit Police Department before the merger into the NYPD and assigned to the subway station beneath Times Square.

While we dealt with the craziness above ground, Jack handled the underground version — the dark carnival of muggers, taggers, pickpockets, panhandlers, perverts, con artists, drug dealers and farebeaters who gave the New York subway system such a terrible reputation.

Jack had his own reputation — chasing perps out of the tunnels and into the streets, cruising around the subways dressed as a potential robbery victim, shooting a drug dealer who had busted him in the head with an iron pipe.

Short and stocky, Jack wore bow ties and spats, bowler hats and two-tone shoes. He ate like a king and drank champagne at corner tables in swanky bars like The Oak Room and Elaine's.

But behind the colorful exterior was a pure cop, brave, active and committed to his work.

In late 1990, he hooked up with William Bratton to transform the Transit Bureau, developing some of the brash management techniques that they would later apply to the entire city.

Jack put up huge, detailed maps of the subway system and used them to track crime all over the tunnels, trains and subway stations with color-coded thumbtacks.

Soon, the colors began to form patterns and these patterns became trends and it became possible to predict what the criminals were doing and where trouble might pop up.

Then Jack focused his officers' attention on that problem until it was solved.

When he concentrated on reducing gang robberies on the subway, Jack's transit cops managed to cut the number of these attacks from 1,200 to 12. In one year.

In 1993, Bratton and Maple left to run the Boston Police Department, but in 1994, they returned to run the NYPD in Mayor Giuliani's new administration. What followed was a historic revolution in criminal justice that I have been fortunate to have a hand in.

The vision and the drive for this revolution were Rudolph Giuliani's. And, of course, much of the responsibility and leadership came from Bill Bratton. But if you asked me who rolled up his sleeves and did the work, I'd have to say it was Jack Maple.

When he was first appointed Deputy

CITY_21MC100_011832950

NYC-WTC_000414918