NYC 9/11 Public Portal Document

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 2001

LEGENDARY COP



FINAL SALUTE: Mayor Giuliani joined Bernard Kerik (right) for Jack Maple's funeral (above) at St. Patrick's.

N.Y. Post photos: Tamara Beckwith



> **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.**

Commissioner for Crime Control Strategies, Maple butted up against the entrenched culture of the NYPD and its bias against transit police; some city police officers called them "cave cops."

Jack also faced down the popular conception that crime increased and fell only because of socioeconomic reasons and that law enforcement had virtually no effect on crime rates.

Through all of this, Jack concentrated on one goal: accomplishing Giuliani's vision and Bratton's mandate to cut crime.

You can talk tough about crime all day but if you don't come up with plans, it'll never be more than talk.

Even before he started, Jack set out to gather information on all aspects of policing and he called me in early 1994 to debrief me about my theories of drug enforcement.

I told him about the things that worked in the DEA task force and how I thought we could better attack drugs at all levels, especially patrol. Under Mayor David Dinkins, patrol officers had gotten away from making drug arrests because police brass worried that they would be prone to corruption.

We agreed that it was ludicrous, trying to solve one problem — corruption — by creating a worse one — apathy.

No, he assured me, uniformed cops would be empowered to make all kinds of arrests, drugs included.

He talked to other cops and commanders and once he had a good picture of what lay before him, Jack went after New York's crime problem the same way he had cleaned up the subway system.

His big, thumb-tacked map had evolved into the most important law enforcement tool of the last decade: Comp-Stat — Computer Generated Comparative Statistics.

Before, crime statistics had come in every six months; Jack wanted them every day.

He wanted an instant reading on crime in the city, with instant reaction, instant assessment and instant fixes.

Every week, he and Bratton assembled 7 a.m. meetings in the NYPD Command Center — the war room — where commanding officers were held accountable for the crime rates and patterns in their precincts and divisions — like the separate offices of a large corporation.

If the crime rate fell or a ring of burglars was stopped, commanders could be rewarded.

If crime rose, they were held responsible and could be transferred or demoted or even fired. Combined with the results-oriented management styles of Giuliani and Bratton, Comp Stat powered the New York Police Department's resurgence with the twin engines of accountability and information.

In 1994, crime dropped 12 percent and 16 percent the year after that. In three years, homicides were cut in half — falling at three times the national rate.

Riding herd over this stampede of good news was the larger-than-life figure of Jack Maple.

I guess that's why it's hard to see the weakened version of Jack lying in front of me, his wife of a few months pacing in the hall outside. I've brought to the hospital with me a couple of Jack's old friends — Tom Fahey and Sonny Archer, a member of my security detail who worked for Jack.

Sonny and I have similar backgrounds. His mother abandoned him when he was a baby and his father raised him. When he was a teenager, his father sent him to military school after he got into some trouble acting out.

At first, Sonny hated the regimented school and tried to run away several times. He was behaving badly and didn't appreciate the fact that his father, Fermin Archer, Sr., was working three jobs just to send him there.

One day, after a visit to the school, his father was on his way home when he got into an accident. It was raining, he lost control of the car and it went off the side of a road and down a very steep ravine. Miraculously, the car went down backward and hit a tree, which prevented him from going off the mountain. Hitting that tree saved his father's life. It also, in many ways, saved Sonny's life.

"I remember the call that night," Sonny told me once. "The headmaster called and said, 'There's been an accident.'"

When Sonny saw the ravine that his father had fallen into and he saw the trunk of the demolished car in the backseat, he realized just how much his father loved him.

It was the moment that Sonny Archer became a man.

He instantly turned his life around and ended up becoming a great cop. Tall, steady and quiet, Sonny earned the Combat Cross in 1991 when he gunned down an armed suspect who had shot his partner. And then Jack Maple found him in the transit department and brought him to Comp Stat.

Now Sonny stands next to me in the hos-

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