

As I stood looking at the 225 pound of bone and muscle of police man Bryant Norton of the Patchogue force as he stood in his blue uniform on the corner of Ocean Avenue and Main Street , my memory turned back to the days when I knew him as a kid, carrying a pale of milk from his father's (Desk Sgt. Frank Norton) dairy on River Avenue. Also the changes in the Patchogue police department since those days. My first recollection of a policeman in Patchogue – and I am depending only on my own memory – is of cop Howard Davis, who usually stood in front of my fathers store, located at that time on Ocean Avenue and Main Street, as he chewed tobacco or peanuts. There was not much else to do in those days . Once in a while some derelict , on his way to the fish factory at Promised Land, or possibly one of the local inebriates would have to be escorted to the little red brick “lock-up on Havens Avenue. There would usually be half a dozen youngsters peering through the little barred door at the unfortunate inmates and receiving in return a good lesson in the art of profanity for their curiosity. Some others I recall since the “constable days” are one called Merricle, Everett Smith, cop White, as he was familiarly called, Edward Furman, Bill Stokem, Howard Rowland, George Denton, and many others . There wasn't any police headquarters and what you could call the justice of the peace's office, which is now with our chief of police, William Valentine and his tall straight lieutenant, Charles Mc Neil, who for some reason or other, as I recall, we used to call Charlie F. when he was a youngster. And desk Sgt. Frank Norton, on night duty and the dozen other smartly uniformed patrolmen, with several cars to protect the village from those who rather rob then work.

Who can forget ?

And who can forget who is old enough to remember back a ways, Mr. Miller the old night watchman, with his long white beard and his long night stick with which he used to pound the pavements, (when there were any) when he went from store door to door, trying their locks and often finding them open. Mr. Miller always carried the keys to Roe's and the Central Hotel, and often when Horsewhip Charlie, as we used to call him, would drive into town after the hotel had closed for the night (11:30 p.m.) he would open the door, see what rooms were vacant and escort him to his lodgings after putting up Charlie's horse in the livery. Yes, things have changed in the police department, along with our other departments of village government.

He should have known better

A girl in Patchogue struck her partner on the head with the mallet; brain fever set in, and the young man nearly died. The girl was kept under arrest until his recovery, and when he got well, she married him, and now he's sorry he didn't die.