

*A retired and sardonic Southern California homicide detective shares his remarkable cop experiences from the 1970s and 1980s. The stories are exciting, heart-rending, disturbing, and at times grotesquely funny. Above all, they are true.*

**Service With a Sneer:  
The Unrepentant Recollections of An Old-School Cop**  
By John J. Lamb

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The Unrepentant Recollections of an Old-School Cop

# SERVICE WITH A SNEER



**JOHN J. LAMB**

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## PREFACE AND HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

This is the first volume in an anecdotal recounting of my twenty-two years of law enforcement service. My career as a cop began in 1974 with four years in the U.S. Air Force Security Police. This was followed by eighteen years of shared service with the Riverside County Sheriff's Department and Oceanside Police Department, which was then one of the most violent cities in California.

If I were a politician, or an artist, or a famous film star I'd call this a memoir. But I'm simply a retired cop and this is nothing more than a collection of hopefully entertaining war stories sprinkled with some crabby-old-guy-get-off-my-lawn commentary.

During my years of police service, I worked as a jail deputy, street cop, training officer, field evidence technician (a job now known as CSI), hostage negotiator, homicide and crimes of violence investigator, and detective sergeant. I had a gratifying career and loved being a cop, but unlike many who once wore the badge, I don't miss the job, at least in its present form.

In the days before body-worn cameras and perpetual bogus outrage over the ugly realities of police work, the job itself was the most fun you could have with your clothes on. But that enjoyment came with an increasingly steep price...one that a man of my age can no longer pay.

However, there is no reason for sadness. One of the brightest aspects of my life these days is that I am no longer required to interact with those paupers of intellect, courage, honor, and ethics: modern police administrators.

I want to stress that these stories are true. The events cited, people described, and conversations depicted are accurate to the very best of my memory. If some of the tales seem improbable, that's understandable. Hell, the episodes often struck *me* as unbelievable even as they occurred.

Ultimately, my life as cop served to prove the fundamental truth of Mark Twain's observation: "The truth is stranger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; the truth isn't."

So, I say again, these are true stories.

I've used people's real names as often as possible, but it was occasionally necessary to disguise some identities with an alias. Such names are marked

with an asterisk. This was usually because old friends requested that I employ a pseudonym. All of them offered the same reason for this mild smokescreen. They lived under the fundamentally ignorant and disapproving eye of public scrutiny for so long, they treasure their anonymity.

Conversely, I've concealed the identities of the gutter trash who periodically appear in the narrative because they're just the sort of morally bankrupt rat bastards who'd file a specious nuisance lawsuit for libel, even though they know I'm telling the unembroidered truth about their despicable, venal, and sometimes criminal behavior.

Which brings me to this gentle word of caution. I had some very modest success as a writer and was best known as the author of a series of cozy murder mysteries set in the warm universe of artisan-made and collectible vintage teddy bears. Those books contained scant and very sanitized representations of violence, nothing that could be considered even remotely lewd, a bare minimum of foul words in the dialogue (with the "F" bomb strictly *verboten*), and only faint hints of the grotesque and nightmarishly funny things that cops routinely encounter.

This literary effort is very different. It isn't warm or fuzzy and contains nothing that could even be remotely described as "cozy." Because I'm writing about the real world of cops, the operative themes in this narrative are irony and cynicism. The humor is invariably cruel and frequently macabre, the language is often obscene, and the book is just jam-packed with descriptions of violent behavior...including more than a few examples of ferocious conduct by the author himself.

So please, if you're horrified by savagery, outraged by extreme callousness, or easily offended by gruesome comedy, I urge you to stop reading now. Go play Candy Crush, chew on a THC gummy, or watch videos of frolicking kittens. And if you *do* read this and achieve the Twenty-First Century version of Nirvana – becoming an offended victim – keep it to yourself. Don't email me to complain that I'm everything that's wrong with law enforcement, because I couldn't possibly care less about what you think.

You see, the overwhelming majority of you have never been in a real no-holds-barred fight where there was an excellent chance you might die. Most of you have never heard a shot fired in anger; attempted to subdue a

superhumanly strong and violent maniac under the influence of angel dust; watched someone bleed to death; or had to take a human life. Therefore, your opinion on the use of force by the police is precisely the same as my view on unicorns: purely speculative. Go someplace else and wallow in your ignorance. My days of being forced to listen to the vacuous opinions of oxygen-thieves from the shallow end of the gene pool are thankfully over.

And let's get something else straight before we go any further. I didn't go into law enforcement to "serve the community." Every time I see some artificially earnest and mealy-mouthed young cop on a reality television program unctuously claim she or he got into police work to serve the community, the needle on my internal bullshit meter goes redline. The kids spout that cretinous nonsense because we are a society that reacts to uncomfortable truths the same way a vampire recoils from a crucifix. They know there'd be hell to pay if they said something like, "Putting scumbag crooks in jail gives me a hard-on."

Yet it is a fundamental fact that everyone – from the Dalai Lama to those of us in the common herd – do things because they provide some sort of personal satisfaction. What we call altruism, or "serving the community" is merely the pursuit of self-gratification dressed up in Sunday school clothes.

Most of the cops I knew got into police work because it's an entertaining and exciting job. You get to drive fast, go to car crashes, break up fights, stop spouses from clobbering their partners, prowl city streets at night looking for bad guys, and arrest assholes. Sometimes when those assholes decide to fight, you can hurt them. Now, admit it, unless you've got a "Coexist" bumper sticker on your car, doesn't that sound fun?

What's more, the salary is pretty good, there's a decent benefit package and – not that you're thinking about it when you're young – the retirement plan is enough to ensure you won't end up eating bargain-bin dog food in your dotage. Hell, there were nights when I thought I should have been paying the city for all the fun I was having.

Sometimes I wonder if I could pass the same battery of psychological tests that I took to get into police work. Probably not. No doubt I'd be diagnosed with some sort of personality disorder. That said, if being oriented to the true

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nature of reality is an indicator of good mental health, I'm far saner now than when I was a callow kid of nineteen.

So, what follows is a tribute to the good cops with whom I had the privilege to work. We did amazing things and took incredibly stupid risks. I count my time with those crazy, courageous, funny, reckless, and magnificent men and women as the best years of my life.

In closing, I leave the reader with a question. You may be shocked and even outraged at some of the things I did as a cop. All I can say is that my heart was truly in the right place and that things were different back in those days.

But before you judge me too harshly, answer this question truthfully: if you and your family were in immediate danger of violent assault or death from an attacker, who would you rather see rolling to your rescue? Some modern-day SNAG (Sensitive New Age Guy/Gal) marshmallow cop who never learned how to fight because he/she was too focused on learning verbal Tai-Chi, performing cringe-worthy TikTok dance routines, and mastering largely useless de-escalation tactics...

...Or me?

You and I both know the real answer.

# WHY SOME LAMBS *SHOULD* BE LED TO SLAUGHTER

When I first began writing this memoir, I intended to jump directly to my police career. Then I decided that some background information on my life would be helpful in establishing why I became a cop. Later, I discovered there was far more context than I realized. Therefore, this is a brief recounting of my childhood and adolescence. I don't share this information to bewail an awful upbringing, but to illustrate the path which led me into police work.

I come from bad stock. My old man was an alcoholic under-achieving drone who seemed to have permanently misplaced his balls and spine once he got sober. I wept when each of my golden retrievers and cats died. My father took the dirt nap in 1990 and I have yet to shed a tear over his passing. He was such a nonentity the few times he appears later in this narrative he barely registers as a three-dimensional character.

My mother was a physically and mentally abusive, highly functioning sociopath who was determined that one or more of her children were going to make it big as an actor in Hollywood. And if that meant turning her children's lives into a suburban iteration of the Bataan Death March, then so be it. Which, in fairness, doesn't mean she ever prodded us with a bayonet to keep us moving. At least that I'm aware of. I'm not saying she didn't own a bayonet. I'm merely stating that I never saw one.

(When I received the happy news of my Mom's death, I poured myself three-fingers' worth of 16-year-old Lagavulin Single Malt Scotch Whisky and offered a grateful toast to the universe. Sound cold? Reserve your judgement until you've read some more.)

It's also important to make clear that when I use the term "physical abuse," I'm not referring to spankings or even the judicious use of a belt. The sort of violence I'm alluding to included closed-fist punching, kicking, hair-pulling, and aggravated assaults with such felonious blunt force weapons of opportunity as shoes, large metal serving spoons, and telephone receivers (back when the landline phone was a sturdy appliance designed to survive World War III). My mother's household armory also included wire coat-

hangers, electrical extension cords, D batteries, and, once, a bowl full of scalding hot Campbell's Cream of Mushroom soup. Indeed, I remember reading Christina Crawford's accounts of "abuse" in *Mommy Dearest* and genuinely wondering what she was sniveling about. Joan Crawford was the soul of restraint and nonviolence in comparison to my mother.

My family lived in the San Fernando Valley, just north of Hollywood, and I was the oldest of six kids – five boys and one girl. We were "shanty Irish" with delusions of class and grandeur. To outward appearances, we were devout Roman Catholics. Away from Sunday mass, we didn't exactly exemplify the ideal God-focused Catholic family. Unless, of course, you consider hypocrisy, bearing false witness, sanctimony, lust, avarice, deceit, substance abuse, envy, and calculated savagery as intrinsically Catholic values.

When I was four years-old I developed Legg-Calves-Perthes Disease, a rare condition that causes the ball and socket of the hip to "die" from insufficient blood flow. The treatment back in the late 1950s was a full metal leg brace on my left leg (complete with platform shoe for the right foot) that kept the entire limb stiff and suspended in air. There was a real possibility I'd be permanently crippled.

The leg brace provided me with one of the most vivid memories of my life and made it starkly clear that, even as a child, I could not trust people to pay attention to the bad things happening around them, much less act promptly to fix the situation.

I was riding a school playground carousel being pushed by the other kids when I slipped and fell face first. The lower part of my body lay sprawled on the metal floor, while my upper torso and face were just inches above the ground, which continued to rush past. I tried to get up, but my brace was wedged between some of the support bars of the carousel. I was trapped.

I yelled for the kids to stop the merry-go-round. I prefer to imagine that no one heard me over the happy screaming. Then again, I also know that children can be damned cruel. Maybe watching me frantically flailing my hands to keep my face from being shoved in the dirt was entertaining. I guess we'll never know. I repeatedly screamed for one of the teachers acting as playground supervisors to help me. Apparently, the "adults" were otherwise

engaged because it seemed like forever before one of the teachers finally stopped the carousel.

And here's the literal punchline: The teachers accused me of clowning around and blamed me for the incident. Naturally, when I got home, my mother gave me a ferocious beating for having shamed her with my behavior.

In 1963, I was pronounced cured and I no longer needed the brace. The muscles in my leg were severely atrophied and for several weeks I could only walk with the aid of a crutch. Incredibly, six months later my mother conceived the idea that I should perform in my elementary school's talent show. She proposed that I sing the 18th century sailing ballad "The Mermaid" while dancing a hornpipe. For those of you unfamiliar with the hornpipe, I'm referring to the sort of energetic Irish clog dancing performed in "Riverdance."

Apparently, it didn't occur to Mom that since I'd only just mastered walking short distances without an obvious limp, dancing a jig presented some major problems.

However, my mother was determined that this song and dance routine was going to win me a big-time talent agent and eventual success in Hollywood. She set me to learning the song lyrics and began schooling me on the Irish jig. When I did not dance properly or forgot the words to the song, I was thumped with whatever weapon was handy and informed that I wasn't trying hard enough. When the beatings failed to improve my performance, my mother simply gave up on me and from that point forward devoted her attention to my younger siblings, whom she considered better candidates to become Hollywood celebrities.

As an aside, their lives were made thoroughly miserable and none of them became stars. Two brothers had some minor parts in television and films such as *The Partridge Family*, *Lou Grant*, and *The Andromeda Strain*. My sister enjoyed limited success in a regular small role in the quirky ensemble TV show *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. Eventually, my mother became a member of a Hollywood talent agency and distinguished herself as a consummate imbecile by declining to represent newcomer actor/comic Robin Williams because he "wasn't at all funny."

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When I was nine years old, I did something to make my mother angry – to this day I still haven't figured out what I did or didn't do – and she sucker-punched me in the mouth. The blow rendered me unconscious and knocked out one of my upper incisors. When I came to, she was kneeling over me holding her fist just inches from my face. She told me that if anyone asked how I'd lost the tooth that I was to reply that I'd been clumsy and fallen against a kitchen counter. And to reinforce her message, she reminded me that I had more teeth I could lose. It would be “our little secret.”

There was little in the way of cosmetic dental surgery available back in the early 1960s, so a ruthlessly utilitarian stainless-steel cap was installed over the tooth stub. I looked like a World War II-era Soviet Red Army soldier until I was fourteen.

It wasn't until some twenty years after the injury that I experienced an epiphany and understood why I reacted so viscerally to the child abuse and domestic violence calls I handled. I've always loathed bullies and have never shied away from providing abusers with some keen insight into what it's like to undergo that sort of violence. Nowadays that would be called “police brutality.”

Maybe so, but to this day I've never lost a moment's worth of sleep over it.

## THE SEED IS SEWN

But I digress. My mother didn't like the police and never missed an opportunity to convey her hope to her children that none of us would ever waste our lives becoming a "goddamned cop." She'd grown up in Detroit, Michigan, during the days of automotive industry labor unrest. Her family and neighborhood residents were all auto workers, so any confrontation between strikers and police that went south was, of course, the fault of the cops. Maybe her views of those events were fairly accurate, but she seemed oblivious to the fact that over twenty years had passed, and the San Fernando Valley wasn't Detroit.

My first observation of law enforcement occurred when I was eleven years old. LAPD officers arrived rolling Code Three (emergency lights and siren on) to a house just down the street where a drunken man in a wheelchair lived with his two daughters and adult son. The daughters had come home to find their disabled father beaten to death.

When the officers started asking the adult son some difficult questions, the guy bolted and began running down the street in the direction of our house. The cops chased him and one of them smacked the guy in the back of the head with a nightstick. It mustn't have been a solid strike because the suspect only stumbled. But the blow slowed him down enough so that the cops could gang-tackle him in our front yard.

The guy didn't surrender. He fought the cops and managed to climb halfway to his feet before an officer clobbered the suspect with his nightstick, ending resistance and the short-lived escape attempt. It turned out the son had murdered his dad to obtain some money for marijuana.

Although I couldn't have put it into words at the time, I was impressed by how decisive the officers were. My old man was certainly a terrible example of manhood; he had all the backbone of a bowl of vanilla pudding. I wanted to be like those men.

The following year, I was robbed by three Black teenagers outside the White Front department store in Pacoima. The trio jumped me as I was locking up my bicycle. There was a flurry of punches which broke my eyeglasses, a couple of kicks as I lay on the pavement, and I surrendered the

five-dollar bill I had in my pocket – five dollars I’d earned by delivering newspapers and mowing lawns. I was lucky they didn’t steal my bike, too.

Which allows me to parenthetically segue into another aspect of my “childhood” that significantly impacted my life. I don’t know if it’s the case nowadays, but it used to be that children received an allowance of money for chores performed. My parents believed that chores were an expected form of service to compensate for the superb food and lodging I received. They told me that if I wanted any money, I’d best get a job.

So, when I was eleven years old, I began getting up every morning at 5:30 AM to deliver the *Valley News and Green Sheet* newspaper. The following year, I took on a second part time job, mowing and edging neighborhood lawns on Saturdays. By the time I was sixteen, I was working between twenty and twenty-four hours a week at the local supermarket, while maintaining a 3.7 GPA in high school.

And here’s a shocking bit of news to any Millennials or Gen Z crybabies who might read this memoir: I didn’t feel as if I was being abused or victimized by evil capitalists. I wanted money and back then it was expected you’d work for it. Crazy, huh? And by the way, in the unlikely event a lazy snowflake or other sniveling Marxist loser is reading this, here’s a free bit of advice: put down the video game control and get a goddamned job.

Returning to the strongarm robbery, my mother called the police and an officer responded to our house. Despite the fact my parents were old-fashioned liberals, my mother was, like many of that ilk, a closet racist. Furthermore, the 1965 Watts Riots were still a recent and vivid memory. She asked the cop why “Negroes” were so prone to violent crime. I’ll never forget his bored reply, “Lady, *people* are prone to violent crime. Color has got nothing to do with it.”

Remember, this was 1967 when, if we believe the historical revisionists, all cops were unreasoning, slaving, racist monsters, who lived for the opportunity to carve a notch in their revolver’s grip after gunning down an innocent Black honor student on his way to Bible study class.

Furthermore, the officer’s observation had a huge impact on me, because I realized he was correct. Skin color had nothing to do with a propensity for

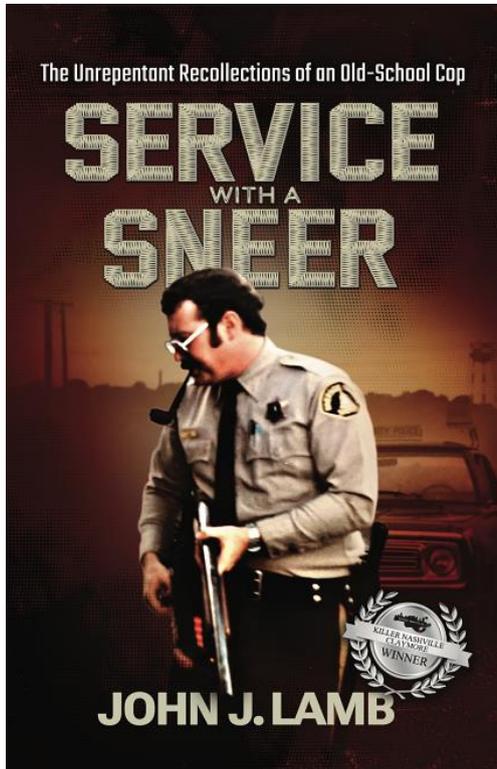
violence. My mother was the most brutal person I'd ever known, and she was as white as an arctic snowscape.

My next secondhand encounter with the police occurred the following year when LAPD detectives served a search warrant at the house across the street. The residents were a quiet middle-aged couple who were pillars of the local Latter Day Saints community. As we later learned, they were also regularly producing professional grade pornographic films inside the house and beside their backyard swimming pool.

Nowadays, they might issue the guy a citation for failure to obtain a business license. But this was 1968 and the cops took the man away in handcuffs. He probably made bail, because we saw him the following day when his wife drove him home. Late that night, there was a loud boom, and the wife began screaming. The cops showed up again a few minutes later rolling Code Three. We later learned the guy had stuck the business end of a shotgun in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

My mother was of two minds regarding the tragedy. One on hand, the suicide allowed her to smugly predict the poor guy was going to burn forever in hell for committing the mortal sin of killing himself, not to mention being a godless Mormon and filthy pornographer. It also afforded her the opportunity to wallow in some top-quality *schadenfreude* as she gloatingly speculated over how tormented the widow must feel since she'd allowed her depraved husband to use their home as a setting for smut films.

The cops were still at the house the following morning and I remember watching as the gurney with the blanket-covered corpse was wheeled out to a van. I also recall being mystified by how blasé the cops all looked. I wondered how it was possible to appear so cool and bored at a death scene. A little over fifteen years later, I was wearing that same expression at Oceanside murder scenes.



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