

EDITORIAL

PASSING OF MIKE

Mike is dead!

Wartime hero of the trenches, and hero of many a battle in the U. S. A., since the war, this elderly police mascot whose picture has appeared in police journals with the Boulder City police department, now is no more.

He got into one battle too many—got himself chewed up so badly that he had to be taken out and shot.

Mike was famous. Today the husky, rugged, white bulldog's body lies in a grave in Boulder City. His passing deserves chronicling here. For he was about as familiar a figure in Boulder City as any other individual in town.

How different the police station when it has been moved into the new, modern municipal building. No more of the cosy, camp-like feeling of the present little station. Many an officer will sit in this spic and span station of the future and think back to those good old winter days when he used to warm his hands at the stove in the old station, with the cot in the corner, and cuff the lazy mascot Mike out of his slumbers.