



PART ONE – JUNE 1917

Chapter 1

“GOD, BUT THEY’RE GORGEOUS!” a banker said to his table companions at Whyte’s Restaurant on Fulton not too far from Wall Street. The subjects of the banker’s attention—and that of many other lunchtime diners in Whyte’s—were two strikingly beautiful women. Linda Marie Newman and Jenny Carrollton had just completed a most satisfying meeting with their stockbroker and were celebrating by having lunch at Whyte’s, which in keeping with the financial district’s aura of wealth, carried out its Alpine chalet-style motif with dark paneling and gilt-framed portraits. The long oak bar complete with brass spittoons was such a prominent feature that it dissuaded most women from dining there although they were not excluded as they were in similar establishments.

As Linda Marie and Jenny were the only female patrons in the restaurant, they continued drawing interested glances from the lunchtime clientele, many of whom were bankers, stockbrokers and politicians. Had they cared to look, Linda Marie and Jenny might have spotted some of their customers.

Although they didn’t acknowledge any of the gentlemen, the men definitely enjoyed the sight of Jenny’s blonde hair and true peaches and cream complexion, and how her widely spaced gray eyes sparkled as she spoke to her friend. And Linda

Marie's lustrous brown hair, so dark it appeared black, fell in waves to her shoulders. It was her eyes, though, that captivated her lunch time admirers. They were a deep, vibrant blue set in a face with near perfect features. Both women wore the latest in 1917s' business suit styles appropriate for two women in their early thirties intent on their financial interests, and both were well aware how fashion played a role in how they were perceived.

Once seated, Linda Marie and Jenny ordered their lunch entrees, and the other diners returned to their earlier conversations, which comprised the country's being pulled into the war on behalf of its allies, and that today, June 15th, the Espionage Act went into effect. The Act prohibited individuals from expressing or publishing opinions that would interfere with the military efforts to defeat Germany and its allies, but in its present form, as the luncheon discussions went, the act would end up in court because it violated the First Amendment.

The war discussions interested the women, although they weren't trying to overhear conversations about it. Jenny dabbed butter on her roll. "I keep thinking it's all going too smoothly. Our investments are safe, our real estate agent is going ahead with the land purchases in Queens, so we'll make a good profit when the subway is extended out there. Have we missed anything?"

"I don't think so, Jen. We accomplished our goal, and I must say, we chose well when we invested in Standard Oil, and now, with us headed into the war, well, production is bound to increase."

"Yes, and the automobile stocks are solid, too. I know I shouldn't worry. If anything, I'm so glad to get out of the life,

you know? You and Will were right. It was a big mistake to get involved with Greg. In the last year, he's been treating his other girls in a frightening manner, very free with beatings if they don't make their quota. He didn't use to be like that. Thank goodness we always maintained a good business relationship. He's always known he doesn't own me, I've made that clear all along.

"Of course, I am definitely glad to be leaving Greg Romano and those other mobster pimps behind. I'm meeting with him tonight to tell him I'm done."

Linda Marie speared a shrimp from her salad and studied it for a moment before popping it into her mouth. After swallowing the morsel, she said, "Are you sure that's such a good idea? What if he isn't willing to let you go? Maybe you should let Will know, or at least take some muscle with you."

"No, I'll be fine. Greg has more than a dozen girls; he won't miss me. Besides, I told him a long time ago I was only going to work until I was thirty, and I'm older than that now."

Linda Marie gave a short, mirthless laugh. "Oh, you think he remembers that? Do you think he would even honor that if he did remember? Jen, don't be stupid. All he wants is the money you bring in and he's not going to give that up. He's—" Linda Marie's attention was diverted by the sight of a man she recognized. Not a customer, but someone she'd seen several times recently. "Jen, look to your left. There's a young man standing with some other men near the entrance. Thin, dark hair, nicely dressed, nice looking. Do you know who he is?"

Jenny dropped her napkin at her left side, glanced over as she reached down to retrieve it, and straightening up said, "That's John Whitcomb, one of Greg's men. He's new."

“Why would he be here?”

“I have no idea.”

“You haven’t said anything about quitting, have you?”

“No, of course not,” Jenny said, but seeing Whitcomb definitely put a damper on her carefree attitude.

Linda Marie tapped her fingertips on the table for a moment. “Jen, I just remembered where I saw him. When we met for lunch last Thursday, remember, and I was waiting outside for you, he was walking behind you, maybe half a block away, but he grabbed my attention because he was staring at your back, and then, he was in the lobby of Chase Bank when we went there to put the copies of the deeds to the Brooklyn properties in our safety deposit box. He acted like he was talking to one of the junior managers, but he was looking at us, or at least, in our direction. It was unsettling, the way he stared. And now he’s here. I’m positive he’s following us.”

Jenny dared another glance and turned back to Linda Marie. “Whitcomb is just a gofer. I’ll find out right now what he’s up to.” When she stood up, many eyes were upon her as she marched straight toward the man who was standing near the entrance along with a dozen other men waiting to be seated. “Why are you here?” she demanded when she reached him.

Whitcomb smiled, attempting to look as if he was being greeted by a friend. “It’s so nice to see you, Susannah. I’m here because our employer is concerned about finances and wants to discuss it with you.” When Jenny’s eyes glittered in anger and became evident to the men standing nearby, Whitcomb replied in a soft voice, “Greg knows you’re holding out on him, hiding money that belongs to him.”

Jenny ignored the onlookers. "That is ridiculous! You get the hell out of here."

Embarrassed by Jenny's behavior in front of a lot of important men, Whitcomb's temper threatened to get out of control. "Okay," he breathed out, "if you insist, but I'm supposed to be watching that girlfriend of yours, too. Maybe she's the one doing the hiding."

"Nobody's hiding anything," Jenny retorted, not bothering to keep her voice down, not caring who saw or heard what. "And, you're disgusting. Go on, crawl back into your hole."

Whitcomb looked at Jenny with an expression of sorrow, as if he was merely being confronted by a mentally-disturbed hysterical female. And then, shaking his head, he looked around at the men staring at him and Jenny as if to apologize for her crude behavior. A moment later he said, "It was nice seeing you, Susannah," and he turned and strolled to the restaurant entrance.

"I think I just made a mistake," Jenny said, returning to her seat. "You're right, Linda Marie, he has been following us. Greg thinks I'm holding out on his share, and I have never done that—well, almost never. He's made a bundle off me, that stinking louse."

Linda Marie followed Whitcomb's departure, saw him disappear into the flow of people on the sidewalk. "Where are you going from here?" she asked.

"ASPCA. I'm signed up to walk dogs this afternoon. Why, do you want to do something special?"

"No, I'm going home to take a nap before I go out with Sir Robert Florentine this evening. He goes back to London tomorrow on a Cunard liner. It may be dangerous for him since

Germany has declared the waters around Great Britain a war zone. Just think of how many ships they've sunk so far. I like Sir Robert very much, so I am worried about him. I will insist he write to me when he arrives at his home."

"Well, that is something different! Since when have you ever cared about one of your customers?"

"This is different, Jen. My customers are not usually diplomats heading into war zones. Besides, you're getting off the subject. We're talking about Greg. He's a pimp, for heaven's sake, you can't expect him to behave honorably. I have to say it again: it's not wise for you to tell him you're leaving. All you have to do is leave town for a couple of weeks, go someplace interesting and enjoy your freedom. Please change your mind about telling him. Please."

"Well, I'm not worried, Linda Marie. I'm meeting Greg at the Knickerbocker bar, which is a perfectly public place. He's not going to do anything to draw attention to himself in a place like that. You worry too much. Besides, I don't really believe Greg thinks I'm holding out on him. I think Whitcomb just made it up. You'll see. Tomorrow will be our very first day of not being working girls! Susannah and Candice will have disappeared!" Jenny grinned, making Linda Marie smile in return.

The waiter appeared. "May I bring you a dessert, ladies?"

"Yes, please, rum raisin ice cream," they chorused. Not long after, they paid the check and went out into the bright sunlit spring day.

Whitcomb watched them as they bade each other good-bye. He knew Susannah lived in one of the Model Tenement apartments on 64th, so he decided to follow her friend, whose working name, he'd learned, was Candice. Susannah looked

like she had some bucks, but that Candice, she looked like she was rolling in dough. Whitcomb briefly wondered how much Susannah would pay for her friend's ransom.

Linda Marie, having caught sight of Whitcomb when she and Jenny left Whyte's, smiled to herself as she stepped aboard a streetcar, took it for three stops, disembarked, and continued the on-and-off process, until she reached East 64th Street, one building over from Jenny's, having left the gofer far behind.



OVER AT THE 19TH PRECINCT Station on East 67th, New York City Police Sergeant Will Peterson's boredom was giving way to anger. Captain Bernie Foster was badgering every patrolmen he came into contact with about not hauling in enough whores and pimps to make their June quota. It was a stupid waste of time, since this was only the 15th' and school had let out only a week ago. None of the cops, Will, included, planned to raid the brothels because graduation ceremonies had been going on all over the city and the grads—the boys, that is—were celebrating their arrival at manhood, many as a gift from their influential fathers. And it went without saying that you don't upset the influential fathers of the boys who were celebrating this June, because a lot of those boys might be overseas fighting soon.

Only Foster cared about the low numbers of arrests because he was looking to get out of the Yorkville precinct house and climb the department ladder. Since Mayor John Mitchel was on another of his rid-the-city-of-prostitution campaigns, Foster was determined to make Yorkville shine like a diamond.

What so annoyed Will was that Foster's total knowledge about brothels ended at accepting their payoffs and beating up the women if the women dared to complain. Oh, and being a customer. But, Will knew better than to utter a single word to support the women who ended up back in the cell block because he'd been born in a Washington, D.C. brothel thirty years ago, the son of Minnie Peterson, a well-known D.C. madam. Minnie had sent Will off to boarding school in Boston when he was eight, but until he left, the three girls who worked in the house, along with most of the girls who called in for dates, had spoiled him from infancy with kisses, hugs and toys. They were family, those girls, especially Jenny, who was only a year older than Will, and had for a time lived in the house before moving on to richer customers in New York City. She'd found a decent apartment and at first called in to a madam for her dates, then, in what Will—who himself had moved to New York City—thought was a colossal mistake, Jenny got herself a pimp. Jenny's best friend, Linda Marie Newman, had tried to talk Jenny out of getting involved with anyone who belonged to one of the Italian mob families, with no luck. Jenny was so damned stubborn she wouldn't take anyone's advice, but, she had done okay with the guy because she'd been with him for a long time.

Jenny still found time to visit with Minnie, and when Minnie had come down with the 'flu last year, it was Jenny who had gone to D.C. to make sure there were nurses around the clock for her, and even helped take care of Minnie herself until she recovered. Yeah, family. Real people, not the inconsequential, sordid, sleazy women Foster made them out to be.

So, Will kept mum on his background and as far as anyone in the NYPD knew he was a Boston prep-school snob who wanted to be a cop. Foster already resented Will's education; God only knew what he'd do if he learned about Will's real background.

Foster wound down and ended his latest tirade with a reminder to everyone within earshot to bring in the streetwalkers. "I want the cells overflowing by tonight," he said as men walked around him, ignoring his exhortations.

From one side of the open work area, Will leaned against a door frame with his arms crossed on his chest and watched Foster berating another cop. Foster got away with his loud mouth (he hated almost everyone in the world who wasn't white and Christian) partly because of his rank, but also because physically, Foster was intimidating. He was only thirty-five, but his thick wavy hair was already streaked with gray. His piercing eyes appeared small buried in a fleshy face, but at well over six feet in height, Foster carried his extra weight well. He towered over Will, whose physical description was common: five-ten height, 170 weight, eyes brown, hair brown, decent facial features (not handsome, not homely) and who was in much better physical condition than his boss despite the disparity in their size. Will was also aware that Bernie Foster was just one of many dirty cops and politicians who received handsome pay-offs to leave certain brothels alone. In D.C., Will's mother had paid for years, and still had to move her house from one location to another every now and then. She was on a first name basis with the moving men.

"So, what're you looking at?" Foster demanded when he saw Will staring at him.

Will shook his head, let his arms drop to his sides. “Nothing, just planning my day.”

“Yeah, well go out and arrest some of the slime littering the streets.”

“Sure thing,” Will said, then added to himself, yeah, I could start with arresting you.



TO IMPRESS GREG ROMANO about her seriousness in leaving his employment, Jenny dressed for her meeting with the pimp in a light-weight conservative suit, medium blue in color, with a light blue blouse. She chose shoes with a moderate heel height, because at five-foot seven, she was taller than Romano, and he was extremely sensitive about his height. The only makeup she used was a lipstick in a medium red. Her final accessory was a straight razor that folded into a turquoise sheath, and this she slipped into her skirt pocket.

Even with her attempt to downplay her appearance, Jenny drew appreciative glances as she entered the lounge bar at the Knickerbocker Hotel at eight. She spotted Romano sitting at a table with two of his cohorts and that wretched John Whitcomb, whom she chose to ignore as she seated herself next to Romano, who hadn't bothered to rise at her approach.

“Do you want a drink?” he growled.

“No, thank you. I won't be staying very long, Greg.”

“You embarrassed Mr. Whitcomb today, Jenny. That was very bad manners. You need to apologize to him, so do that now, so we can all hear.”

“Absolutely not. I’m here to give you the courtesy of letting you know that as of today I am no longer in your employ or anyone else’s. That’s all I came here to tell you.”

“Any particular reason?”

“I am retiring.”

“I see . . . gentlemen, would you please leave us,” Romano said, and the three men obeyed immediately. When they were gone, Romano said, “I must say I’m disappointed, Susannah, very, very disappointed. In fact, I’m so upset by your decision that I’d like to discuss it with you in a quieter location. Do you mind if we leave the lounge?”

“No,” Jenny said, and as Romano stood up, so did she.

Outside the lounge, Jenny turned to enter the spacious hotel lobby with its numerous groupings of chairs and settees, but with his hand tightly gripping her upper arm, he steered her in the opposite direction down a hallway leading to a door at the end.

“Where are we going?” Jenny asked.

“Shut up, bitch.”

“Greg, I demand that you let me go!”

Without responding, he shoved her through the door, which someone—who Jenny thought might have been John Whitcomb—opened from the other side. And then, Romano opened another door that led outside to several rows of garbage cans. Rats squealed and scurried out of their path.

“What—” Jenny started to say, but was cut off by Romano’s fist connecting with her jaw, and that was followed by more punches, most of them landing on her shoulders and arms. From somewhere, Romano got hold of a two-by-four or a branch—Jenny was beyond noticing—and hit her repeatedly

until he had to stop to catch his breath, giving Jenny time to pull her razor from her pocket and lash out at him blindly. The razor connected with his leg, eliciting a howl of pain.

Jenny tripped getting out of Romano's way as he fell. She flew backwards into the garbage cans and slid to the ground, unconscious.



SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Freddy Pratter shared his Aunt Linda's striking blue eyes. His hair was dark brown and straight, like his father's, although he'd never known either of his parents because they died when he was an infant. Aunt Linda had a portrait of her brother—his uncle—that sat on her nightstand. Outside of saying he looked a lot like his uncle, Aunt Linda had rarely spoken of her family, so all Freddy knew about his heritage was that his father had come to New York City from somewhere in Maine and met his mother—Aunt Linda's sister, Louise—here. Freddy believed Aunt Linda and her sister had a falling out years ago so that's why there was no portrait of Louise or her husband anywhere. Freddy occasionally reminded himself that if it seemed Aunt Linda was kind of remote and standoffish with him, it was because she had so much going on in her life, and that being stuck with her sister's kid for all these years wasn't one of her favorite things.

Last Sunday he'd graduated from high school and after the ceremony he'd partied with his classmates, but today, just as soon as he finished the eggs he'd made for breakfast, he would start working full time for Mr. Trimble in his lunch counter restaurant down the street. He'd been working at the diner part-time on Saturdays since he and Aunt Linda had moved

into their new apartment when Freddy started high school. It would be a decent steady job until the next fire department hiring test was announced. Or, he thought, he might enlist in the Navy and help to sink those damn German submarines. He sipped the last of the coffee in his cup, turned the gas off under the percolator, and contemplated how his future stretched before him with all kinds of possibilities.

Aunt Linda was still asleep, having had a date last evening, something about a dinner honoring a diplomat. She was working, he told himself, having known for years she was an escort. Her profession was not a topic of discussion in their four-room-with-full-bath apartment in the Model Tenements at 403 East 64th Street. Mostly they talked about his schoolwork and friends, or about their German, Hungarian, and Jewish neighbors, the new ones here and old friends from when they lived on the lower East Side, and often about what was going on in the rest of the world. Aunt Linda read two newspapers every day so she could speak knowledgeably about current affairs with her high-class customers. She was fluent in German, French and Yiddish, and as long as Freddy could remember, she helped their neighbors learn English and translated for them until they were comfortable and relatively proficient in their new language. He spoke Yiddish well, having grown up among so many Yiddish-speaking neighbors.

The door buzzer sounded just as Freddy was getting ready to wash his plate. He set it in the sink and walked out into the entrance rather than buzzing in an unknown visitor. Since their apartment was on the second floor front, he could see the building door and a police officer who was doing the buzzing.

“Hey, Sergeant,” Freddy called down when he recognized Will Peterson.

“Your aunt home, Fred?”

“Yeah, but she’s sleeping. Did something bad happen?”

“Yeah, Jenny’s apartment was broken into and torn up.”

“Uh-oh. Is Jenny all right?”

Will said, “She got beat up,” as he started up the stairs. Freddy turned to re-enter the apartment, then closed the door after Will entered the living room.

Freddy rapped on Linda Marie’s bedroom door and called out, “Aunt Linda, get up. Sergeant Peterson’s here. Something happened to Jenny.”

Minutes later, Linda Marie appeared. Disheveled, still sleepy, she motioned to Will to sit at the table and said to Freddy, “Please pour coffee.”

“Okay, but I have to go. I told Mr. Trimble I’d be in early.” Freddy said as he poured two cups of coffee and set them before Linda Marie and Will. Then to Will, he said, “She’ll be all right, won’t she?”

“Yes, but she’ll be in the hospital for a few days,” Will replied. As soon as Freddy departed, Will placed a pad of paper on the table. Linda Marie could see he already had a page half filled with notes she couldn’t decipher upside-down.

“So, what happened?”

Will scanned his notes. “Well, at about a quarter to six this morning, a kitchen helper at the Knickerbocker Hotel went out in back to dump garbage and he found two people there. A man, dead for several hours or more, and Jenny, who the man thought at first was dead, too. She was pretty badly beaten up, although the emergency room doc said she had no broken

bones. Still, they want to keep her for a few days to make sure she doesn't have any internal injuries or a concussion that hasn't shown up yet."

"Could she tell you what happened?"

"No, not yet, just said to tell you that you were right. Can you comment on that?"

Linda Marie sighed, got up from the table, refilled their coffee cups, and set a plate of home-made strudel between them. "My breakfast," she explained, also putting out two plates, a knife to slice the strudel, and some napkins. "I told her not to tell her pimp she was quitting the trade, but she felt it wouldn't be a problem and she didn't want to just disappear. Is the dead man Greg Romano?"

"I'm pretty sure it is, but I haven't seen him for a few years, so I can't say for sure. Nothing in the guy's pockets to give us a clue."

"How did he die?"

"Jenny slashed him with a straight razor—it was near her hand—and he bled out. I have to believe, having seen how badly she was beat up, that she did it in self-defense, but, again, I need to hear it from her."

"Are you going to arrest her?"

"Nothing will happen until I can hear what happened from her. In the meantime, do you know anything else about what caused the fight?"

"Like I said, she was quitting the life, that's what she was planning on telling him. Obviously he objected. Can I see her?"

"Yes, she's right down the street in New York Hospital, but since she's a party to this crime, I'll go with you. But, first I

need to take a better look at the damage to Jenny's apartment. Someone called us to a burglary in progress in the next building. When we arrived, we found the neighbors had not only stopped the burglars, they literally sat on them. Unfortunately, the two men had already done a lot of damage to the apartment's interior before being tackled. They're in custody, though, so that situation is under control."

"Well, I'm sure they broke into Jenny's apartment on orders from either Greg or the mobster he's hooked up with."

Will drank the last of his coffee as he considered the situation. He gazed at Linda Marie, who was looking at him, waiting for him to lead the conversation further. After a couple of minutes, he said, "Greg Romano knows you and Jenny are friends, Linda Marie."

"Yes, I know."

"So, you are in danger as well."

"Yes, I guess I am," Linda Marie replied, suddenly realizing that if the dead man *wasn't* Greg Romano, if Greg couldn't find Jenny, he would come after her. A cold shiver engulfed her, producing the same suddenly chilling reaction as opening a front door to a blast from a blizzard. She paced around the living room. "Will, I think I'll need your help. I don't think Greg Romano knows where I live, but it wouldn't take long for him to find out. People in these buildings know me because I've helped many of them learn English, so someone may give away my name and location. Now I'm frightened. And what about Jenny's safety and, oh, dear God, Freddy's safety?"

"Now, don't get carried away. Jenny's in a private room with a police guard at her door, so she's safe in the hospital. As a matter of fact . . ." Will pursed his lips as he mulled over a thought.

"As a matter of fact," he repeated, "it might be a good idea for you to stay at the hospital, too. If we can get you and Jenny into a semi-private room, at least until we get this investigation completed, would you be willing to do that?"

"Yes, but what about Freddy? Should I send him to a hotel? Can he come with me to the hospital? I don't want him to know anything about this. I don't want him to think Jenny killed a man—"

"Well, if he has a friend or two who might want to move in with him for a few days or maybe a week, that may be all the protection he needs. If not, I know of an honest man who works on the docks that I would trust to do the job and to hire three other men for the job so they can keep around-the-clock tabs on your nephew. Freddy won't even know they're around. The man's name is Hugo Kurtz. He's about our age, a good solid family man, and I know he's looking for additional work. Let me ask him. If he's interested, I'll bring him by the hospital when he gets off work later today. Would that be all right?"

Linda Marie sighed deeply in relief. "That's wonderful. I'll pay whatever he asks. In the meantime, while you check on Jenny's apartment, I'll get dressed and pack up a few things for myself. And then, I should stop by Mr. Trimble's lunch counter and tell Freddy that I have to leave for a little while. Would you mind coming with me?"

"Not at all."

WHEN WILL HAD GONE, Linda Marie went to her bedroom and sat on the edge of her bed. On the nightstand sat the portrait of the man Freddy believed was his uncle. It ex-

plained the family resemblance, only there was no uncle. Linda Marie Newman had no immediate family. The portrait was of Edmund Pratter, the man who everyone called Eddie, the man who was Freddy's father. The man Linda Marie Newman would never stop loving.

She didn't hold back the tears that began, first as a trickle that tickled her cheeks and then as a torrent that left her cheeks burning and her chest heaving to draw in more air. How could it be that yesterday she and Jenny were celebrating their soon-to-be new lives, Jenny excited about doing more volunteer work with the humane society and she looking forward to finishing high school and then getting her teaching degree so she could teach English as a second language? What happened to all of that? How could they go from their dreams to having to go into hiding to keep from being killed?

With a sigh, Linda Marie went into the bathroom and held a wet washcloth to her eyes until the throbbing eased. She looked at her face in the mirror and shuddered. Her eyes were red, her cheeks blotchy. The entire world would know that Linda Marie Newman had been wallowing in self-pity.

When she'd stopped an impending crying-induced headache from launching into a full-strength attack, Linda Marie got on her knees beside her bed to reach a heart-shaped red cardboard box that once held chocolates Eddie had given her. Now it held about five hundred dollars in various denominations of bills and a straight-edge razor that had belonged to Eddie. Linda Marie took the razor first in her right hand, flicked it open and lashed out at an imaginary gangster. She did the same left-handed with equally good timing and movement. Eddie had taught her how to use the razor as a weapon which

is how he used it, and it was, in fact, the weapon of choice for most of the women who worked on the streets. She hadn't carried the razor for the past ten years as she had a high-quality clientele and any new customers she agreed to accommodate came with reliable recommendations. For a few minutes, sitting on the floor beside her bed she flipped the open razor from hand to hand, remembering Eddie doing the same thing, and then, with a sigh, she folded the razor into its tortoise shell handle. The time for tears was over. It was time to carry the razor once more.



INFORMATION AND HELP

ALL OUR GIRLS IS A work of fiction, however, it is based in fact and I'd like to thank the following organizations for their assistance. Each of these wonderful organizations, and others worldwide, provide many kinds of help and support for survivors of sex trafficking. Along with their contact information I have quoted from their websites to provide an overview.



IF YOU NEED IMMEDIATE HELP CALL:

**The National Human Trafficking Hotline –
888-373-7888 or text “HELP” to 233-733**



GIRLS EDUCATIONAL AND Mentoring Services (GEMS)

“Girls Educational and Mentoring Services’ mission is to empower girls and young women, ages 12-24, who have experienced exploitation and domestic trafficking to exit the commercial sex industry and develop to their full potential. GEMS is committed to ending commercial sexual exploitation and domestic trafficking by changing individual lives, transforming public perception, and revolutionizing the systems and policies that impact commercially sexually exploited youth.”

Rachel Lloyd, Founder & President

Phone: 212-926-8089

Fax: 212-491-2696

Website: <https://www.gems-girls.org>



LOVE146

“The trafficking and exploitation of children is one of the darkest stories and most severe human rights abuses imaginable. But for us, the hope of ending it is a reality. Love146 is helping grow the movement to end child trafficking while providing effective, thoughtful solutions. We believe in the power of love and its ability to effect sustainable change. Love is the foundation of our motivation.”

Erin Williamson, Survivor Support Coordinator

Love146

P.O. Box 8266

New Haven CT 06530

Phone: 203-772-4420

Website: <https://love146.org>

Email: info@love146.org



PROJECT REACH – THE Trauma Center at Justice Resource Institute

“The mission of the Trauma Center is to help individuals, families and communities that have been impacted by trauma and adversity to re-establish a sense of safety and predictability in the world, and to provide them with state-of-the-art therapeutic care as they reclaim, rebuild, and renew their lives.

Project Reach **HEAL Trafficking:**

- Engages in work that combats all forms of human trafficking;
- Supports trafficked people of all genders, ages, races/ethnicities, religions, origins, cultures, and sexual orientations;
- Believes all trafficked persons deserve access to a full range of health care including medical, mental/behavioral health, reproductive health, dental, and substance use disorder treatment services;
- Approaches human trafficking from a public health perspective that incorporates a socio-ecological framework and prevention strategies; and
- Promotes a survivor-centered, trauma-informed, evidence-based, practice-based approach to anti-trafficking efforts.

Elizabeth Hopper, Ph.D., Co-Chair of Mental Health Council and Senior Manager and Director of Clinical Supervisory Services at the Trauma Center

Website: <https://healtrafficking.org>

Email: info@healtrafficking.org

Trauma Center at Justice Resource Institute

1269 Beacon Street, Brookline MA 02446

Phone: 617-232-1303

Fax: 617-232-1280

Website: <http://www.traumacenter.org>



CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

“Children of the Night is a privately funded non-profit organization established in 1979 with the specific purpose to provide intervention in the lives of children who are sexually exploited and vulnerable to or involved in prostitution and pornography.

Children of the Night is the **only place in America** where a child can call from a seedy motel or truck stop anywhere in the United States, reach a skilled case worker 24/7 who knows how to rescue and relocate a child or young person from a dangerous condition without being arrested by the police and held on **Witness Protection** in solitary confinement until he/she testifies against a pimp/trafficker. Our 24/7 nationwide toll-free case management services are comprehensive and able to help anyone trapped on the streets of our nation.”

Dr. Lois Lee, Founder & President

Children of the Night

14530 Sylvan Street

Van Nuys CA 91411

Phone: 818-908-4474 x 125

HOTLINE: 800-551-1300 x 0

Website: <http://www.childrenofthenight.org>



**THE NATIONAL HUMAN Trafficking Hotline –
888-373-7888 or text “HELP” to 233-733**

“The National Human Trafficking Hotline is a national anti-trafficking hotline serving victims and survivors of human trafficking and the anti-trafficking community in the United States. The toll-free hotline is available to answer calls from

anywhere in the country, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, every day of the year in more than 200 languages.

The National Hotline can also be accessed by emailing help@humantraffickinghotline.org, submitting a tip through the online tip reporting form¹, and visiting the web portal at www.humantraffickinghotline.org².

Our mission is to provide human trafficking victims and survivors with access to critical support and services to get help and stay safe, and to equip the anti-trafficking community with the tools to effectively combat all forms of human trafficking. We offer round-the-clock access to a safe space to report tips, seek services, and ask for help. We also provide information, statistics, and resources on a wide range of topics related to human trafficking.

The National Hotline has been in operation since December 7th, 2007, by **Polaris**, a non-profit, non-governmental organization that is a leader in the global fight to eradicate modern slavery and restore freedom to survivors of human trafficking. We are not a government entity, law enforcement, or immigration. Funding is provided by the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) and other private donors and supporters.

The National Hotline serves all individuals who reach out for our services regardless of race, ethnicity, gender, gender identity, age, religion, national origin, sexual orientation, disability, or any other factor protected by local, state, or federal law.”

1. <https://humantraffickinghotline.org/report-trafficking>

2. <http://www.humantraffickinghotline.org/>



HOW TO RECOGNIZE THE SIGNS OF SEX TRAFFICKING

SOME, OR MANY OF THE following signs could indicate a person is a victim of human trafficking:

- Avoiding eye contact, especially with people in authority or in law enforcement
- Speaking as if they have memorized a script
- Showing signs of physical abuse or injuries and/or sexually transmitted diseases
- Not knowing what city they are in
- Not having official identification documents
- Working excessively long hours
- Living at the same place they work
- Checking into hotels with older males
- Wearing the same clothes day after day
- Looking destitute, having few or no personal possessions



THESE WARNING SIGNS are only some of the things to look out for; contact the National Human Trafficking Hotline for how to proceed.

The National Human Trafficking Hotline – 888-373-7888 or text “HELP” to 233-733

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About the Author

Laurie Loveman has always lived in northeast Ohio. She is an author, retired fire department officer, and a former member of the National Fire Protection Association (NFPA) Technical Committee on Fire and Life Safety in Animal Housing Facilities. She has a degree in Fire and Safety Engineering Technology from the University of Cincinnati and is a consultant on fire safety in equine facilities. With a lifetime's experience in the horse industry, Laurie has written many articles for equine and fire service publications, and her novels, set in the 1930s, reflect her interest not just in horses, but also on topics relevant to firefighting today, such as firefighter stress, medical ethics, and arson. In her spare time Laurie enjoys horseback riding, attending barbershop harmony performances, spending time with family and friends, and researching 1930s history.