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EDWARD J. HICKEY,
Commissioner

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STATE POLICE OF NATION MEET

A Kaleidoscopic Review by Commissioner Edward J. Hickey

VOX-COP

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March 1944

EN ROUTE TO SEATTLE - OLYMPIAN EXPRESS (cont. from Feb. issue)

Reached Three Forks about noon, a picturesque place high above sea level. Tourists change trains here to travel over the famous historic scenic route on the Gallatin Gateway into Yellowstone Park. We overhear fellow passengers telling of the great fishing and hunting in this area. The air is dry and chilly. In the distance are tremendous snow-covered peaks. Rushing into the station during the brief train stop we pick up an Aberdeen, South Dakota newspaper and on the front page is an AP dispatch from Meriden, Connecticut relating the congratulatory message sent by Justice Arthur F. Ellis, chairman of the Connecticut Highway Safety Commission, to a Meriden centenarian on his perfect record as an operator. (We are told that some states in the Northwest do not require operators' licenses.) Connecticut's fame travels far and wide. This article makes us a little homesick, even after passing through the Dakotas with the thermometer ranging from 30 to 42 degrees below!

Onward we go toward the Great Continental Divide, approximately 6,300 feet above sea level, passing through Butte, where signs indicate the Anaconda Mines operate. This region reminds us of the Naugatuck Valley and the "Brass City." Butte is a thriving place high in the Rockies, where dollar bills are as strange as ten-dollar gold certificates. Only silver dollars are known here. Upward we climb through gigantic tunnels, around S curves doing figure 8's, looking down into gorges and up into the heavens where snow white rules supreme and the great Northwest shines in all her glory.

We are very lucky along this way - no one objects to our taking movies from the rear platform. Here's hoping proper timing and adequate focusing will reproduce the panorama in only a small measure! Dusk approaches we gather in the observation car for a last glimpse. Then to break the tension we pass out the Fourth War Loan "Summons" forms, such as were distributed to our Connecticut motorists. The servicemen aboard are thrilled with the idea and ask for extras to send to their buddies in camps and in the far Pacific. Darkness finds us winding our way downwards to the sea level, and at bedtime we're in the State of Washington, due to arrive in Seattle on time. Our Pullman porter, Mr. Flynn McGuire, was very courteous and considerate of our comfort. Without a doubt he rendered us the finest service ever given to tourists.

At Seattle, Washington

Chief James Pryde, Washington State Patrol, with Capt. Victor Jones, greeted us upon arrival and escorted the party to our hotel. "A little dew" was upon us that morning (no one ever admits that it rains on the Pacific Coast). After hotel accommodations were completed we were greeted by Chief of Police H. D. Kimsey, of Seattle. Off to lunch we were rushed in Highway Patrol cars. Seattle has many hills - it makes Waterbury, Connecticut look like a sea level town. The streets are noticeably clean. The lawns are as green as though April showers had refreshed them. We had not been in Seattle an hour before observing prompt compliance by pedestrians with traf-

fic signals at intersections. Traffic lights are aided by the ringing of a bell - no "jaywalkers" here. Another outstanding factor pertaining to traffic control quickly attracted our attention. Operators were strictly observing the posted speed limits. Neither within the city nor on the outskirts did we witness any speeding. Traffic control of this kind reflects the records reported in the national statistics.

Pending our regional meeting in Seattle we had two free days for sight-seeing. From our hotel room we saw a great deal - we were over the harbor. Puget Sound was visible and to the north was the Olympian Range. The sunset on the snow-capped mountains and over the Sound is a sight long to be remembered and alone worth the trip. It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

From this harbor sail thousands of our boys - Army, Navy, Air Corps, Coast Guard, and Maritime Services. We visited the Boeing Airport, which is within sight of the harbor, Sufficeth to say, camouflage rules the roost. Planes of all sizes, all kinds, and more to come - known and unknown. We sailed up the harbor to Bremmerton Navy Yard. En route were ferries, submarines, tankers, freighters, and all kinds of government boats including flat top carriers. Like New London, a submarine net protects the harbor. To possess or display a camera is equivalent to being shot at sunrise. Probably the largest port of embarkation is located near by. Train after train in the night season runs onto the docks and unloads the manpower of the nation and the equipment from "Down East" and other points of the compass.

The abodes of the interned Japanese were pointed out to us. Thousands of them were formerly employed in market gardening - some too close to the water, others too near the docks, and many alongside the airport. Uncle Sam now sees all and knows all. Not one Jap in these parts at present! Negroes have been imported from the large eastern centers and are somewhat of a problem to some enforcement agencies.

The most interesting sights along the water front streets are the huge markets displaying gorgeous fruits and vegetables. Avocado pears are on sale at 12 cents each. Signs advertising the sale of horse meat without points are conspicuous. Fish, fish, fish - it seems that few persons eat or demand beef, which was rough on E. Jay. The population here has increased beyond expectations, the southern states sending untold numbers. The largest housing projects we have seen yet are located along the water front and state highways.

After two days of sight-seeing we got down to business and our meeting proceeded for two days, with an evening banquet. Like at previous meetings, the information obtained and suggested recommendations will be summarized and distributed at a later date. Each regional meeting to date has disclosed unusual personalities. Chief Pryde, of Washington State, our host and Mountain Pacific Regional Chairman, impressed us greatly as an efficient administrator, an able executive, and a grand fellow. He heads the great department, one not so old as some "Down East" (Michigan is east from here) but as progressive and efficient. Motor Ve-

hicle operators' tests are handled by Washington State Patrol, and they make excellent public relations for this growing department. The future holds something worth while for "Jim" Pryde and his outfit. More power to them!

We were honored to have in attendance one of our Provincial members from Canada, Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons, who contributed immeasurably to the success of the meeting, entertaining us with delightful stories and enlightening us on international police services at the banquet Tuesday evening. A charming gentleman, this man Parsons! THE SHOULDER STRAP, official organ of the British Columbia Provincial Police, found its way into our hands during our visit to Seattle and among its many interesting pages we learned that Commissioner Parsons was recently

"Honoured by His Majesty,
the King"

"Among outstanding Canadians, both civil and military, honoured by His Majesty in the recent list of birthday honours was Com. Thomas W. S. Parsons of the B. C. Provincial Police, who was made an Officer of the British Empire. Accorded the honour in recognition of his valuable contribution in civilian defence in British Columbia. Commissioner Parsons is known from coast to coast as a keen student of modern police methods and one of the country's authorities on police administrative matters. A veteran of the South African Constabulary, Commissioner Parsons has served with the B. C. Police for thirty-one years, and apart from being the author of a Catechism of Canadian Criminal Law, has a wide knowledge of police affairs."

VOX COP of Connecticut joins THE SHOULDER STRAP of British Columbia and the B. C. Provincials in congratulating the Commissioner on being so signally honored.

It was the writer's privilege to enjoy Commissioner Parson's Company for many hours during the conference. Well does he recall his 1937 visit with Inspector Campbell at Scotland Yard and the lasting impression it made on him! Having met "Big Chief" Parsons, he now desires to visit Victoria, B. C. and record it with the Scotland Yard visit.

The speaker of the evening at Seattle outlined the early days of B. C. Provincials, a law enforcement agency that recently celebrated its eighty-fifth birthday. Established in 1854, many of the early appointees, like Commissioner Parsons, were veterans of the South African Constabulary and of the South African War. Parsons started with the B. C. Provincials with a dog, a sled, and a horse, and has seen his department grow in police progress with the march of time. Today he advocates better policemen, better police service, better wages, and better recognition of the police services by the national governments. May he live to see all his objectives attained!

Two other outstanding characters in attendance at Seattle, and who remained with our party while we toured the Pacific Coast, were Earl Campbell, National Safety Council, San Francisco, and "Joe" Matson, regional director, Highway Traffic Advisory Committee. What a pair!!! If they don't know you and you live between British Columbia and Southern California and west of the Rockies, well, you haven't anything to sell or

you're a subject for Alcatraz. Earl knows safety from the ground up and is recognized as a national authority. "Joe" doesn't count him out at any time. Formerly a commissioner of motor vehicles in California, he now "covers the earth" day and night promoting H. T. A. C.

"Chief" Ray Cato, Vice Chairman West, State Section, arrived in Seattle by plane from his native California, and brought with him his bag of tricks on how to produce sunshine in Washington and Oregon. The repartee between "Jim" Pryde and Cato of the California Chamber of Commerce was beyond description - one would have to know both personally to fully appreciate the "trigger minds". It was a draw when they parted.

So many fine chaps were in Seattle that time and space will not permit their introduction. Every man a policeman to the core; or if not an officer, a person who ought to be one. Washington-State can be proud of her State Police force. When we left Seattle for Tacoma, Olympia, Vancouver, and Portland, Oregon, we were wiser men for having met this group. Chief Pryde and Captains Jones and Kuntz drove us southward, and we saw the "Evergreen State" with snow mantles and the Columbia River, which bounds Washington and Oregon. Our visit at Olympia State Capitol revealed the greatest layout of state buildings, including the Capitol and the Governor's residence. Circular in arrangement, the separate buildings house the various state agencies - Labor, Insurance, Highway, General Offices, Library, Supreme Court, Legislative Halls, and Governor's Mansion. Set high on the hill overlooking the city and the low-

er bay of the Sound, with spacious grounds and artistic background of unusually green lawns and evergreens, it makes a striking picture. Some members of our party who have seen the surroundings of nearly all state capitols rate these surroundings "tops." Without cost to the taxpayers, it was built on the proceeds from the sale of timberlands acquired by the state when she gained admission to the Union.

Another guest joined the "Little Colonel" on the trip from Seattle to Portland - a lovely lady, who, when at home with her parents and brothers on their ranch of 140,000 acres, helps to round up the cattle, riding her pony for days. They own steers by the thousand, and our one regret in departing from Washington was lack of time to try a steak or two "down on the farm." Four railroads cross "the farm." Each railroad is miles from the others but all are cross-country systems. Some farm! Somd day we'll be back in Washington, we hope!

PORTLAND, OREGON

Friday evening, bag and baggage, we reached Portland and the Multnomah Hotel, intent on getting a rest over the week-end after the strenuous week in Seattle. Intentions in Oregon mean about the same as in Connecticut, however. Within an hour we were being photographed with Governor Earl Snell, of Oregon; a lifelong friend of Earl Campbell and a friend of many years' standing with Norman Damon and Bob Raleigh. Press interviews and then dinner at Jake's Steak House, where they also specialize in fish and crabs - crabs that "ain't" eastern in style or size. Just crabs and what a delicacy!

Chief Harry Miles, of Portland, and former Chief and Past President I.A.C.P. Lou Jenkins joined our party, and for 48 more hours we toured the "City of Roses." Then luncheon meeting with the Portland Highway Commission. Short speeches, but effective and timely, were the order of the luncheon meeting. President Ray Carr, one of the best advertising executives along the Coast, entertained at his home and at an exceptionally well conducted night club where food again reigned supreme. Two active workers for the Commission - Don Hammitt and Ben Heinz - provided for our transportation and entertainment during the "off hours." Both reminded me of our two champions at home - Bill Greene and Burke Smith. Governor "Ed" Thye, of Minnesota, and Governor "Earlie" Snell, of Oregon, are strong advocates of highway safety and in their remarks both made it plain, like our good Governor Baldwin, that SAFETY FIRST comes first. Fixing is "out the window" with at least these three.

Now, dear reader, you've heard of the Battle Front and the Home Front, time after time - North, East, South, and West. Well, we saw the Home Front in action here in Portland. No doubt others have seen it elsewhere. You have also read and heard of the Kaiser shipyards. What a place!!!! Yes, the submarine production plant at Groton is unique and carrying on the Home Front battle 100%. Ben Heinz was delegated to escort us to the shipyards where Kaiser makes tankers (military secret) one about every 46 days, each capable of carrying approximately 7,000,000 gallons of fuel oil or gas. Yes, SEVEN MILLION GALLONS! That's where our gas and oil is going - into these tanks. Mass production produces these huge

vessels of steel. Women - yes, women - great grandmothers, grand mothers, mothers, and young striplings (some weighing not more than 90 lbs.) whose ages we guessed to be between 16 and 80 - are all doing their part. Riveting, using triphammers, cutting steel patterns with torches, running derricks and cranes, loading steel parts to platforms and lifters, climbing ladders, painting and scrubbing decks - these are some of the things that these women from the hills of Arizona and New Mexico and from the lowlands of the deep South are doing on the Home Front. Oh, yes - men and boys are doing likewise. Housing projects near by quarter 100,000 migrants. Until one crosses this country one cannot fully realize what a tremendous undertaking this Battle of the Home Front really is. So many things enter into the field - so many hands are necessary despite the machine age. And yet, without the machine age of mass production, would victory be possible? We came away from Kaiser's thrilled, to say the least, but with a definite feeling that every woman we met was a soldier. Our hats are off from this day on to every woman we meet in overalls, slacks, or what have you! God bless them all!

Chief Miles looked out for us Sunday and on our visit to St. Mary's Cathedral. Down the Columbia River Highway we were taken in another Buick - Connecticut 185 has a running mate in Portland! The weather was not too good and at times we had "a little dew" just like the April showers in New England, but the scenery was magnificent. The scouts that blazed the Oregon Trail sure did have a thrill in this part of the world. High above the sea level, overlooking the valley, sits the

Vista House at Crown Point. An excellent state highway runs parallel with the river. Across the river is the State of Washington and railroads operate on both sides of the river. The heavens occasionally cleared and gorgeous white clouds added to the beauty of the Columbian Gorge. Portions of the highway constitute national parks, and huge waterfalls descend on both sides of the gorge. Latourell Falls is 225 feet high; Bridal Veil, 372 feet. Wah-Kee-Na Falls drops 2,730 feet from the cross summit. Multnomah Falls, named after a great Indian chief, drops 620 feet. There are numerous other falls - all visible from the roadside in the Buick. At the end of a 42-mile ride is the marvelous Bonneville Dam. We did get a few movie shots but not of the dam. Back to Portland and on to San Francisco on the Southern Pacific's Cascade Express. CALIFORNIA-, HERE WE COME! was the theme song of our party as we pulled away from Portland's finest.

THE GOLDEN GATE CITY

On February 21, 1944, a little after 9:00 A. M., our party reached Oakland. Leaving the "Cascade," we followed the road onto the ferry, only to hear one of our names announced over the station amplifier. Upon investigation, we found that Chief Cato of the State Patrol had detailed an Inspector with car to pick us up for motoring over Bay Bridge to San Francisco. This plan did not meet with the approval of our entire party, however. "Go by ferry," was the theme song, so we declined the motoring offer with thanks. Until one has ferried or sailed into San Francisco Bay, the world just hasn't been seen! No matter where one roams, swims, flies or crawls - San Francisco

tops all! Ask any sailor - ask any globe-trotter - ask any flier! If still in doubt, "Join the Marine," and Uncle Sam will keep you in San Francisco until initiation in the tongs. Remember, tong men die but once and always with "San Francisco" on their lips! This port means paradise to the Chinese - home to many a sailor - payday to fighting Marines - furlough to the Pacific soldiers - and a Mecca for tourists. Since Pearl Harbor it has witnessed the farewell of thousands and thousands of service men and women who waved goodbye to the U. S. A. It is a great day in San Francisco when thousands of service boys return from overseas! We saw them coming and going - waving goodbye bound for the Pacific - cheering and weeping with joy and even kissing the ground when they disembarked from transports! What war really means and what it does to the heartstrings and family ties is realized when one sees men kissing other men or men and women kissing each other and embracing and weeping in each other's arms on San Francisco docks, piers, streets, and hotel lobbies. Somehow these incidents impressed us more deeply in San Francisco than anywhere else. There is something homelike about the city - something friendly, dear, and charming. Picturesquely built on seven hills, these hills seem to rise out of the Pacific with a thrust of eternity. We have all heard of the famous Telegraph and Nob Hills. Telegraph Hill, we were told, was used in the early days to announce by semaphore to the town below the approach of ships through the Golden Gate. Here is located Coit Tower, which now serves as a lookout post for land and sea. Nob Hill, according to report, was the location of the homes of

the "Nobs" or "Nabobs," California's early millionaires. Twin Peaks overlook the world-famed Market Street and Bay Bridge, the Harbor and Oakland area beyond the Bay. Another mount, Russian Hill, named from an old Russian burial ground, is well known to townspeople and visitors as the abode of literary workers and artists, who from studio windows gaze upon the surrounding scenes inspiring to writers or worthy of painting. Here, too, are cable cars still climbing these inclines. It was here that cable cars originated. They rise and descend through the busy city streets. At the terminals the conductor pushes the car about on the turntable. There are sub garages for parking under Union Square Park opposite St. Francis Hotel, our sleeping quarters. Tunnel entrances and exits to and from the garage to adjoining hotel and motor exits to the street in traffic channels do not interfere with street traffic. Market Street is wide enough for four trolley lanes, traffic lanes, and parking on both sides of the street.

Chief Dullea received us at the Ferry with his Lincoln cars and drivers, and for five days and as many nights the Chief and his staff waited on us. He did everything possible for us. There was entertainment, a reception at his home, dinner parties, motor-ing, sailing the Bay on the police cruiser, and functions of all kinds. With his good wife at his side, he finally placed us aboard the Southern Pacific's "Lark" and as he bade us farewell made us promise to return before New Year's. One of his sons, a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, is now in the Pacific area; another is with the Jesuits; and the

youngest is just about through school. A grand family! He is a good friend of the patrolmen, up from the ranks, and a capable administrator. Like many other police officials we met on this trip, he makes us proud and happy to be with the profession. "Police service above self," is their motto.

The climate in San Francisco Bay area is said to be the finest in the world. The average temperature is reported to be 51 degrees; summer temperature, 59 degrees. On the average there are 280 sunshiny days per year.

The City Hall is said to be one of the most beautiful public buildings in the world. Few states have such a splendid capitol. San Francisco's capitol is worthy of the name - it forms part of the City Civic Center, being surrounded in the spacious Civic Center by a municipal auditorium seating 10,000 persons. an opera house, and a war memorial. Most attractive flower shops decorate the shopping area in addition to sidewalk flower stands. The city is noted for gorgeous flower shops. Hotels of exceptional size are situated on streets leading to hilltops. In one place we entered the ninth floor on a street level. St. Francis Hotel faces Union Square and Dewey Monument. The Fairmont is on Nob Hill. The Palace, an historic hostelry of the West, has served rulers of many countries, to say nothing of years of service to celebrities from all over the world. Uncle Sam has taken over the skyscraper Empire Hotel overlooking the Civic Center. In our opinion the Mark Hopkins is the greatest of all. Atop is a circular roof garden. bar and restaurant encased in

crystal-clear glass windows, which permit views of the entire city, Bay, and adjoining countryside. Night and day this place is crowded.

Golden Gate Park has many exceptional features - Conservatory, Chinese Gardens, Drum Bridge, Portals of the Past (a memento of the city before the fire), Floral Gardens, playgrounds, and most interesting and artistic statues

The wharves and docks swarm with activities. War products of all description are being towed, lifted and loaded to and from ocean liners. Transports and convoys line up with blimps, planes, and sub chasers. The submarine net near Golden Gate Bridge is closely guarded. Plane carriers sail away. A sub, common to us New Londoners, attracts plenty of attention. The water front is restricted and our camera is therefore under lock and key at the hotel. To possess one, as far as the water front is concerned, means a sunrise farewell blindfolded. What a movie shot - an incoming transport loaded to the tip, fore and aft, with soldiers all equipped and roaring a welcome to dockhands and sailors in anchored boats!

We must leave the water front sights for another day except to visit Alcatraz, the Federal Prison, out on the rocks about two miles, surrounded by swift, ice-cold currents and armed guards skilled in machine gunning. Warden Johnson checked us in and allowed a long visit through the institution. He let us see the "works" and paid no attention to long distance calls to throw the key away. We got off the Rock without a habeas, believe it or not!

Time and space again restrict our reporting all we've seen in San Francisco. We must, however, tell about our visit to Chinatown. Most of us have visited New York's Chinatown - Doyers and Mott Streets and adjoining alleys. Just forget all that and visit San Francisco's Chinatown! There are all the Chinese - all classes all types, all kinds. The Chinese language comprises more than 400 dialects and all are spoken in these quarters, which doubtless means that each group is represented. Business of all kinds is carried on. One finds educated folks, political leaders, tong leaders, native-born children playing in the streets, and many attractive women. These women may be shoppers or employed as clerks, telephone operators or in almost every kind of work. Some of the Chinatown buildings are modern in design while others resemble those in photographs of China. The walls at certain locations are covered with Chinese characters relating news of the world.

As the guest of Attorney General Keeney, we visited a first-class Chinese restaurant where the writer ate Chinese dishes for the first time. Our Attorney General Frank Pallotti, at Hartford, set up this dinner plan, thinking "yours truly" would balk. But cops subscribe fully to the old adage, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do!"

We had hoped to see the Pan American Clipper leave for or return from the Orient but missed this sight. The Cliff House, beach, and esplanade with the Seal Rocks covered with shiny seals required half a day of our time. The view of the Pacific Ocean completed our cross-country

run. Then Chief Dullea brought us to the San Francisco Police Range, which is under construction by members of the Department and which will rank as one of the best in the country. Short visits to missions, for which California is noted, about wound up our stay. Our last glimpses before dark were of the gigantic bridges - Bay and Golden Gate - where great liners pass for foreign ports and where the Golden Sunset bids the Golden Gate "Good Night."

HOLLYWOOD STARS AND LOS ANGELES DIPPERS

The good train "Lark" on the Southern Pacific arrived on time in the "Fairylane of California", only to find a cloudy morning and showers, showers, and more showers. The Chamber of Commerce failed to greet us. Inquiry disclosed that all were on vacation at Miami Beach.

We had planned several days' stay but schedules of O.D.T. and I.A.C.P. got preference, so we were limited to 45 hours, and did we cover the water front! The Biltmore - swanky but cordial - gave us the best, and after checking in we were off to Hollywood. The local office of the National Safety Council promptly called a noonday meeting at Warner Brothers Studio, and for three hours we roamed through the Land of Dreams, taking in actual shooting of scenes, sets being constructed, past scenes and spots of great pictures of recent showing. DESTINATION TOKIO - what a revelation! Those battles at sea and in the jungles - the submarine warfare, and all the thrills! Some ingenuity!

Then a trip to the Brown Derby, Hollywood's famous Night Club.

Next the Play House, where premier shows bring the great and near great. Five o'clock found us at the Kate Smith Hour, right up in the front row. This was Kate's first show in Hollywood in a year. Eddie Bracken and his squaw B. Hutton put on the act and wowed the house. Who knows how the ether waves reacted? Kate was in rare form. She performed naturally and for one hour gave her all to CBS - Jello and Sanka Coffee. Immediately after the broadcast we were escorted back stage and our Kate Smith posed for photographs with the Eastern "rubbernecks." Kate soon took hold of things and before we realized it we were one of the Smith Brothers. Kate has what it takes to make personality - she radiates personality - she is cheerful, wholesome, friendly, and a real artist. She certainly makes one feel at home! As she had just returned from the East, she gave us the weather reports and news from Broadway. She had talked with her grandmother on the phone the previous evening and learned that a cold wave was on the way. Kate asked us to say hello to "Down East" for her, as she would not be back there for a long time. She called us all by name when bidding us farewell. We hope the pictures come out O.K. for Kate's sake, anyway.

Darkness found us rushing back to the Biltmore for another lady. Yes, sir, another fair damsel showed up on time there, all the way from San Diego. It was none other than our own Helen Breault, of Connecticut State Police Headquarters, now Private First Class of the U. S. Marines, Camp Elliott, San Diego, California. She looked grand in her uniform. With head erect and clear blue eyes, she greeted us in true New England fashion. After a lot of handshaking we were off with the

others, back to Earl Carroll's at Hollywood. Our party now had three additions - Helen Breault, a WAC friend, and Chief Morrissey's soldier nephew. We had front row seats again, supper, and the show of shows known only to Earl Carroll's patrons. (Upon questioning, Earl said that he was no relation to our Leo.) GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS! "Such pretty faces," said our women folks. "The armed forces certainly get a welcome here!" An excellent vaudeville show also went over big. There was dancing on the stage by patrons, and the old "musical" game was put on by the audience, winding up with two couples, the male partners being a soldier and a sailor. Earl Carroll's closes the bar at midnight, like all other clubs and bars on the Pacific Coast. The crowd then dispersed and we joined the parade and had another snack down town.

Next morning we journeyed to the Ambassador for a luncheon meeting with the Greater Los Angeles Safety Council, to which state and local police officials in and around Los Angeles were invited. It was a fine meeting - no speeches were requested - just a general confab with fellow officers across the table. California State Patrol members wear khaki uniforms and eight-point hats. We have yet to see a uniform that takes the "gaff" like that of the Nutmeggers. It is not much on color but it wears well and looks good when kept cleaned and pressed. Hats get out of shape, too, even with stiff brims. And we've seen all kinds of police hats in our travels - caps and what have you.

After leaving the Ambassador, we were escorted to the outstanding place in town, policewise. The Traffic Division of the Los Angeles police is housed in a

five-story building located several blocks away from central police headquarters. It is commanded by Deputy Chief Colwell, who was a classmate of our Lieut. Ralph J. Buckley at Northwestern Traffic Institute. A large garage occupies the first floor for police car storage and repairs. The second floor is comprised of offices for policemen, interview rooms, reporting quarters, statistical records and maps. Yes, there are even stenographers available to police officers for prompt accident reports. Approximately 350 men are detailed to traffic." Large roll call rooms and recreational quarters are on the upper floors.

The project is an IACP installation and reflects credit on the city, the department, and the personnel.

Hollywood Boulevard was jammed with Saturday crowds and we cruised around looking at the sights, waiting for time and fortune like all the jaywalkers. Then on to Eaton's, chicken specialists, for supper. Chicken "fried extraordinary" is a Lucullian dish! It is far superior to "Maryland" or "Southern" style. One has never eaten chicken until he has dined at Eaton's along Wiltshire Boulevard.

When the hour for departure arrived, baggage had to be collected for train time. Off to the station where night trains poured in from San Diego with marines, sailors and soldiers. The mob wouldn't have fitted in Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds! It seemed as though there couldn't be any young folks anywhere else in the world. They are apparently all in the services and draft calls will soon be for veterans of World War I. Get ready, grandpa - you're next.

ABOARD GRAND CANYON LIMITED
SANTA FE R. R.

Our train with two "Big Berthas" as double-headers pulled us out of Los Angeles shortly after midnight Saturday, February 26, bound for Kansas City. Farewell to the Pacific and the California "Dew"! Somewhat tired after the whirl of Hollywood, we retired before leaving the station. Sunday morning found us at about 10:30 traveling slowly but safely toward the desert. We soon learned that the "early burd" still "catches the worm" for the steward lost no time in announcing that the troops had eaten early and fully. "Diner closed." In an hour luncheon was due. We were given preference then over other civilians but limited as to choice and portions. We registered no complaint, however. Soldiers first, last, and always when it comes to eating! The dining steward said he served about 3,000 meals between Los Angeles and Kansas City. That's some job - planning, cooking, serving, and keeping everybody happy and some of us a little hungry! After lunch we settled down to view the distant snow-capped ranges again. Seldom was there a town and then it seemed isolated from the world. It would have a few shacks, a water tower, and maybe a jalopy. As we moved eastward we again climbed over the Great Divide. A light snow had covered the ground. Then we passed through the desert country. Cactus here and there, tumbleweed and endless plains - what a place to be stranded! All we saw to indicate habitation was an occasional rail siding where track workers (Mexicans) were housed in boxcars. Over the week-end they apparently do their washing for

"men's wear" flew from cords fastened upon the sides of the boxcars. We made our way to the vestibule of the car and there, without any interference, took a movie of the "still" country. As we approached Needles, California we remembered that it was there where many of our Connecticut National Guards had numerous Mexican Border experiences. Needles is reported to be as hot as Hades in summer. Having just left the snow-covered country we found Needles plenty warm then - we had a long station stop and nearly all the train passengers walked up and down the platform for exercise (the station is on the street level). None wore overcoats - some wore no coats. Mexican women with shawls and beads for sale paraded about peddling their wares. They refused to pose for pictures, and displayed temper at the sight of the camera, covering their faces and turning their backs on us. By midnight we reached Ash Fork and Williams, the transfer stations for tourists en route to the Grand Canyon.

Snow again covered the ground. There was several inches at Ash Fork station. After playing hearts and Michigan buckeye, we retired for the second night on the Santa Fe. Monday morning and again no breakfast, although the dining steward did send us orange juice. We were then informed that each person could get two meals for the next 24 hours. More soldiers had joined us during the night. We passed a tremendous Army camp and airport and finally reached Clovis, New Mexico, where everyone made a rush for the depot lunch counter. EATS!!! Some ate and some didn't. Milk crackers and sandwiches (such as they were) sold out before one half of the passengers were off the train. Clovis to the writer,

however, brought back memories of 1928. The "Rabbit" (Watkins) had taken flight from Connecticut to that region and for weeks efforts to trap him were fruitless although we took his family into custody at Bishop's Lodge in Santa Fe, N.M. He sprang the trap and was on the jump from May to October before being caught and brought back to face Judge Brown in Hartford Superior Court. The war and the intervening years have not helped the Fred Harvey Restaurant service along the Santa Fe. One could get Kansas City steaks for breakfast as a side dish then. And now, merely to ask for a steak is treason! On the way again. We frequently observed a cowboy strutting his stuff on station platforms. His tight-fitting pants, his 10-gallon hat, and his high-heeled boots are the same today as of old. Sunset was upon us as we reached Amarillo, Texas. Amarillo is the first real sign of modern civilization after leaving Los Angeles. The "Panhandle" people at the station were friendly. Norm Damon met a former employee and was she glad to see an Easterner! Soon the town's skyline with substantial office buildings and towers disappeared as we pulled away into the night, off for Oklahoma and Kansas. Chief Morrissey, our lone bachelor companion, acted a little homesick - he wanted to talk about Indianapolis - he wanted to play hearts - he needed some fresh air, etc., etc. He felt better, however, when our porter suddenly returned with seven chicken sandwiches that he somehow managed to pry loose from the dining car. And then to bed for the third night on the Grand Canyon Limited. We were already seven hours late and there was little comfort in the knowledge that if and when we reached Kansas City we would

still be less than half way cross the country. That night it was hard to sleep - the train rocked, pulled, and bumped. The upper berth rolled like a ship's hammock. On Tuesday at noon we pulled into Kansas City station at last - dirty, tired, and hungry. Missouri Patrol Officers, met us in the station, however, taking us first to a washroom and then to breakfast. (No steaks, however.) Off to the nearest sub station - Lees Summit - about 10 miles out from Kansas City.

"SHOW US" MISSOURI

Missouri Highway Patrol rates high in the South West. Lees Summit Station gave us a cordial reception. Our movie record will disclose the type of station and several uniformed officers. Two-way radio operators and female radio dispatchers are on the job at this station. We left for Springfield, Missouri about 190 miles away. En route we saw excellent specimens of beef on the hoof grazing in pastures, also fine hogs. Rode for hours on the plains with little or no traffic. After a stop for lunch at Sedalie Hotel, we continued on to Springfield where we were joined by Colonel Ginn and Captain Whitecotton. Both inquired for the "Connecticut Yankees" at Stations H, K, and E. How they did praise the courtesies extended to them at H, K, and E! Nowhere else in the East was such a cordial reception given them. (Thank you, Lieutenants Lenzi, Schwartz and Stevens - you helped our trip West.)

Our regional meeting started next day so only the "Little Colonel" had a chance to visit the Ozarks. Her story is the "best seller." Don't miss it in this edition.

One of the finest speakers on juvenile delinquency we've ever heard addressed the Missouri meeting. Superintendent Will Zurbucken, of Kansas State Patrol, thrilled his audience for more than an hour. "Will," as he is affectionately known to his colleagues, is a "straight shooter." He speaks with sincerity and conviction and radiates personality. The State Section report, when completed, ought to pay tribute to Will and his presentation.

Don Amos, executive officer for Kansas State Patrol, an Indian Scout for Will made a great impression upon us. Loyalty is his middle name.

Homer, from Texas, with a fine 10-gallon hat, dressy brown boots with high heels, narrow toes and fancy trimmings at top of boot, caught my fancy, but Homer is a champ. He is known to be one of the ablest administrators of the country, heading the famous Texas Rangers and upholding their traditions. No constabulary or peace officers' organization in America outdates the Texas Rangers.

"Jim" Gentry, from Oklahoma, "Smiling Jim", well-to-do oil operator and successful business man, commands the troopers who patrol the Will Rogers Highway and the Cherokee country. Jim is a great story-teller, and did he perform in Parlor D! His stories will long live and travel far in this land of the free and the brave.

Captain Scroggins, from Little Rock, represented Superintendent Allbright. Our Captain Carroll and Arkansas's Scroggins give barbers easy money. Both possess billiard balls.

Colonel Ginn proved to be a grand host and his staff did well by us with respect to entertainment and transportation.

LAND OF THE OZARKS
(As seen and written by)
"The Little Colonel"

On the afternoon of March 1, accompanied by Mrs. Ginn and Sergeant George of the Missouri State Highway Patrol, we set out for the "Land of the Ozarks," home of the famous hillbillies. It was a bright sunshiny day, very much like one of our New England spring days. Soon we had left the city of Springfield behind us. We drove south through many little hamlets, and before long reached the first signs of spring. Forsythia and quince bushes were in full bloom. Never had we seen so many bluebirds in one afternoon! We were told that many New Englanders had migrated to Missouri in its early days, and we were reminded of the back country in the hills of Vermont. Many of the hills have been cleared of all timber, and there among the stumps and rocks are grown vast quantities of tomatoes. We passed several canneries very crude affairs. There were many streams in the valleys, and Sergeant George told us (regretfully, we thought) that this was the first time in 15 years he had missed the opening day of the fishing season. He quickly assured us, however, that he was having a real holiday for he had covered the Ozark country for several years in his early days as a patrolman. We climbed up and up, rarely passing another vehicle, and were amazed at the large numbers of sheep grazing on the mountain-side. The tiny black lambs were especially appealing to us.

At the top of one ridge, we came to the country made famous by Harold Bell Wright's story "The Shepherd of the Hills." In the story, Unkle Ike was the old postmaster and conducted the

village store in addition to his duties as postmaster. We approached the old postoffice and were fortunate in finding a caretaker there. After paying the admission fee of 15 cents, we were shown inside. Our attention was directed to the postoffice in the cabin, covering an area of not more than four feet square. An old table served as a desk, and in the table drawer were the old rubber stamps used by the former postmaster. Even the ink spots where Uncle Ike shook the ink from his pen are still visible on the floor. Uncle Ike had originally come to the Ozarks from Portland, Maine because of ill health. On the wall hangs a portrait of the family homestead in Portland. We were told by the caretaker that the homestead is now used for storing hay, which we could readily believe. Beside the photograph of the house is tacked a very formal invitation extended to Uncle Ike to attend the centennial celebration of the city of Portland. There also hangs the original grant to the Missouri homestead signed by President William McKinley. There were many other items of interest about the cabin but our time was limited and we were forced to go on.

On the peak of the highest hill, we saw the monument dedicated to the Shepherd. Sergeant George pointed out the various caves and the dwelling places of the different characters. We were all a little hazy about the story, so Sergeant George gave us a very good book review. He revels in this country.

Arriving in the town of Branson, we were introduced to the original woman taxi driver. She told us she had been driving in the Ozarks for 27 years, and proudly exhibited her license pinned on the lapel of her coat.

We had been told that we would visit the School of the Ozarks, but were wholly unprepared for the most enjoyable visit that followed our arrival there in the late afternoon. During the day we had seen many of the old hewed-log houses, which are fast tumbling down. We had met many of the children going home from the grade schools - all poorly clad. When we arrived at the group of very modern buildings we were indeed surprised. This school is maintained for the under-privileged children of the Ozarks who could otherwise not afford a high school education. It was started by a man who had been struck by the utter hopelessness written in the face of a girl who had offered him a drink of water when he had strayed from his hunting companions. He never learned the girl's identity, however.

Sergeant George located Dr. Good working around the garden of his home. The daffodils were in bloom and we found many clumps of violets. Dr. Good has been superintendent of the school for 23 years, and one is immediately impressed with his sincerity. He told us that the school is run entirely on the donations received from former pupils and rarely does a day go by that the mail does not bring in ten and twenty-dollar bills from interested persons. The school does not seek help. First he pointed out a large cannery where the vegetables raised by the boys are canned, and then we went on a tour of the buildings. We entered the girls' dormitory, where he sounded the call, "All clear, Girls?" We entered a very comfortably furnished bedroom with double-decker bed. Each room is occupied by two girls. The girls were dressed in the fashion of our own high

school girls - socks, saddle shoes, sweaters and skirts. It was very apparent that Dr. Good is popular among them. In this building was a large community room. The floor was highly polished and made of native oak. The walls were paneled in native walnut, and all work had been done by the pupils. Chairs were grouped about a grand piano, and it was apparent that a song-fest was in the offing. Sergeant George inquired for the "whistling girl" and Dr. Good promised that we would meet her later. We were conducted through very modern classrooms with business machines as well as sewing machines, for the girls are trained to take their places in the outside world. The boys take up subjects along the lines taught in our trade schools in addition to regular high school subjects. These boys and girls earn their own clothing. They are paid in terms of hours worked, and clothing is priced in hours, not money. If a girl wants an extra blouse, she gets it by working the required number of hours.

Upon reaching Dr. Good's office, he showed us some of his files. That day he had received a letter from one of his boys who is with the armed forces in Italy. This boy had enclosed a label taken from a tomato can with the trademark of the School of the Ozarks, and he had written, "You see we are helping to feed the Army." Dr. Good was justly proud. He showed photographs of the homes of some of the pupils and photographs of the girls and boys taken before and after attending the school, and they would put our modern DuBarry "before and after" ads to shame. Dr. Good showed us a photograph of one of his boys who was a major. One girl had joined

the Waves and held a secretarial position in Washington. Another of the girls is employed as a secretary in the large furniture mart in Chicago. Rose O'Neill, originator of the once famous Kewpie doll, was a former pupil.

While we were in the office, the whistling girl arrived, and she was indeed a very pretty girl. She wore a middy blouse, open at the throat, and was a picture as she stood against the files, utterly oblivious to all around her while she whistled "The Mocking Bird." When asked to sing, she hesitated, not knowing what to choose. Mrs. Ginn asked what her favorite song was and she replied with touching humility, "The Rosary," but I do not feel worthy to sing that." Then she sang a hymn in a very sweet voice and excused herself, leaving a much impressed audience.

We visited the Arts Building where there is displayed what is reputed to be the best collection of butterflies and moths in the country. Here also is a wonderful collection of stuffed birds and animals. In the basement of the Arts building is an old log cabin which was on display at the San Francisco World Fair in 1939. Within the cabin are the old rope bed and cradle, old hand-carved chairs, and the crude cooking utensils. It is estimated that two million persons viewed this cabin at the Fair. Outside is the old well with bucket, etc., and the old rail fence, peculiar to Missouri-even the famous Missouri mule! One case in the Arts building contains many hand-carved figures made by people of the Ozarks. We wished to buy some, but that was out of the question.

On the school grounds we saw the guest house where guests may stay if they so desire. The

house is completely furnished to accomodate a family of moderate size, and all that is asked is that guests supply their own food. Upon leaving, one may pay for lodging or not - what hospitality!!

The school has two prize dairy herds, and we visited one of the calf barns, where there were many calves, a few weeks old. These herds were donated by a man who wanted the school to have only the best.

The sun was fast sinking in the west when we said farewell to Dr. Good and made our way to the highway again. Sergeant George told us that he always left the school with a feeling of satisfaction that no church service ever gave him, and we were inclined to agree with him.

During the day we had seen many signs advertising Rockaway Beach and so we hoped that with the fishing season some brave inn-keeper would have arrived to open his inn for the season. After viewing a most beautiful sunset from the ridge, we arrived to find nothing but desolation, so made our way back to the city of Springfield after a drive of 200 miles and a most interesting day - thanks to Colonel Ginn, Mrs. Ginn and Sergeant George.

THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA

We left Springfield, Missouri at ten o'clock Thursday night. March 2, after being entertained at dinner by Colonel and Mrs. Ginn. Aboard the Florida Special on the Firsco Lines we again met hundreds of troops. The following morning, upon arrival in Memphis, Tennessee at six o'clock we were switched to the Southern Lines. Breakfast in the Memphis depot found us surrounded by soldiers, sailors, and marines in

addition to many civilians. At 7:50, off to Birmingham through the "heart of the deep South." Spring was in the air as we rolled through a countryside covered with all kinds of blooming shrubs. Peach trees were in blossom. Green pastures, red clay, hillsides and muddy brooks everywhere. Quite a contrast to the snow-capped mountains of the Rockies! Occasionally we came upon a large Army camp. Rising smokestacks were visible in the distance, and on closer view huge piles of slag from the steel mills appeared. Along the top of which are narrow gauge railways. Frequently we watched a large ladle being tilted from the rail car and the slag being poured down the side. The red fire illuminated the countryside day and night. Again we fasted aboard a train - soldiers first, and no food left for civilians. Our porter told us that we had an extra heavy train, more than a thousand passengers including the armed forces. We reached Birmingham, the Pittsburgh of the South, where there was a scheduled 45-minute wait. This finally stretched into an hour and a half, waiting for two or three more troop cars.

Our "Little Colonel" had a short visit in the Birmingham depot with "in-laws" who had not been North for twenty-odd years. Our "in-laws" speak "you-all" fluently despite northern birth and schooling.

Off for Atlanta about two hours late. For some unknown reason we became more intimate with fellow passengers in this Pullman, and by the time we reached Atlanta we knew pretty much about our fellow travelers. One Sally Ann was from Kansas City. This was her first train ride. She was 21 years old and going to her soldier boy stationed at Columbia,

South Carolina. She said that maybe they would be married. Another boy on the train took her in hand, showing her points of interest along the way. When her new-found friend heard her say that Kansas City was the grandest place in the world (she was away from home and Kansas City for the first time), he replied, "Lady, if there be only a country store left here in Georgia when this here war is over, that's where I want to be." He had a true southern dialect and was a "Georgia cracker" through and through. In our car also were many young mothers with babes in arms and on pillows coming from or going to this camp or that base. Some were meeting loved ones returning from overseas - others were going to bid them farewell. Some were bringing their "honey child" to Private Joe for him to see for the first time. This, on the way to Atlanta! One could not refrain from turning back the pages of history and reviewing the Chapter of July 22, 1864 - THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA AND SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA. Today, almost 80 years later, the sons and daughters of the North and South are marching again through Georgia on the way to war. Looking a little closer one sees through the haze of eighty years some of Sherman's depredations. The South has not recovered. How many years will it take the world to recover from the present conflict? And the Civil War did not settle the South's racial problems. Today, more than ever, thinking, fearless and courageous statesmen and leaders of national stature are sorely needed to face these issues in the interests of national unity.

Strangely enough, at Atlanta we received one of our home town papers (TIMES) and on the critics' page we found an editorial from which we quote in part:

"The war, which knows no distinction of racial background or economic condition, has brought troubles as well as wealth to the South. The troubles are mainly political. If the war is to continue very long, the unconstitutional discriminations which mark political life in Dixie will make for increasing embarrassment.*****"

"How deeply stirred are the politicians in some of the States is revealed by the intemperate and inaccurate language of a resolution adopted the other day by the House of Representatives of South Carolina. Two paragraphs should be of general interest:

"We reaffirm our belief in and our allegiance to established white supremacy as now prevailing in the South, and we solemnly pledge our lives and our sacred honor to maintaining it, whatever the cost in war and in peace.

"That in so far as racial relations are concerned we firmly and unequivocally demand that henceforth the damned agitators of the North leave the South alone."

Major Williams, of Georgia State Police, addressing our Atlanta meeting displayed the feelings of a true southern gentleman in discussing this very delicate subject. He went further and indicated his loyalty to the United States and his real Americanism when he warned all of us that it was Hitler's desire to divide and conquer by creating disunity through racial disturbances and prejudices.

Lynn Bomar, Chief of Tennessee Patrol, presided at the Atlanta meeting owing to the illness of

General Steve Alford. We missed the genial general and his Louisiana stories, but Lynn did a swell job. Lynn, it will be recalled, was All-American End in 1924. Walter Camp picked him after that Vanderbilt, Minnesota game when Lynn's Southern Champs licked the Gophers 16-0.

Sunday, March 5, was a glorious spring day in Atlanta. After adjournment of the business session we strolled about Peachtree Street. (SHADES OF GONE WITH THE WIND!)

Chief Jesse Gilliam, of Florida State Patrol, tempted us with a Miami Beach trip by plane, but Atlanta sunshine was nearer to hand. Peachtree Street was crowded with service men and women and town folks attired in spring fashions. "Carolina Moon" came down for the evening and we walked from down town to the Biltmore, almost three miles. This was the longest stroll since we left home. Monday morning found the Southeastern Safety Conference under way at the Biltmore with a large attendance, and we took leave with Norman Damon and two of the Georgia State Policemen to visit the world-famous Cyclorama of "The Battle of Atlanta" housed in Grant Park. The painting, measuring fifty feet in height, four hundred feet in circumference and weighing eighteen thousand pounds, was painted in 1885 and 1886 in Milwaukee by three German artists - Lohr, Lorenz and Hiene. Eight thousand pounds of paint was used in the production of this painting whose landscape, looking in any direction from the reviewers' platform, covers a radius of 25 or 30 miles. So realistic and so unmistakably true is this landscape that one familiar with Atlanta may point out many individual places. Thousands of blasted tree stumps, bushes and shrubbery shelltorn in effect; hundreds of

lifelike plastic figures of Confederate and Federal soldiers; torn rails and cross-ties; shells, cannons and other familiar fragments of war have been placed so effectively in the circular area forming the battlefield surrounding the painting that it is difficult in viewing it to determine the ending of the real and the beginning of the illusion.

At long last we rushed to Atlanta depot for home, bidding farewell to the South and fellow "troopers" Lew Wallace, Norm Damon, Bob Raleigh, Paul Fulcomer, Lew Moroney, and Dan Reynolds, former chief of Miami. Off for New York on the Southern's Crescent we made our way north towards Washington in the rain. Now and then we spotted a mansion of bygone days - the Mount Vernon type. These must have been plantation owners' residences. Morning found us in New York, Penn Station, with "Old Faithful" waiting - our own Sergeant Pastore. And then, "Home, Sweet Home," the "Capital of the World"!

Wednesday, March 8, back on the job - refreshed, rejuvenated, and rarin' to repeat the trip, God willing!

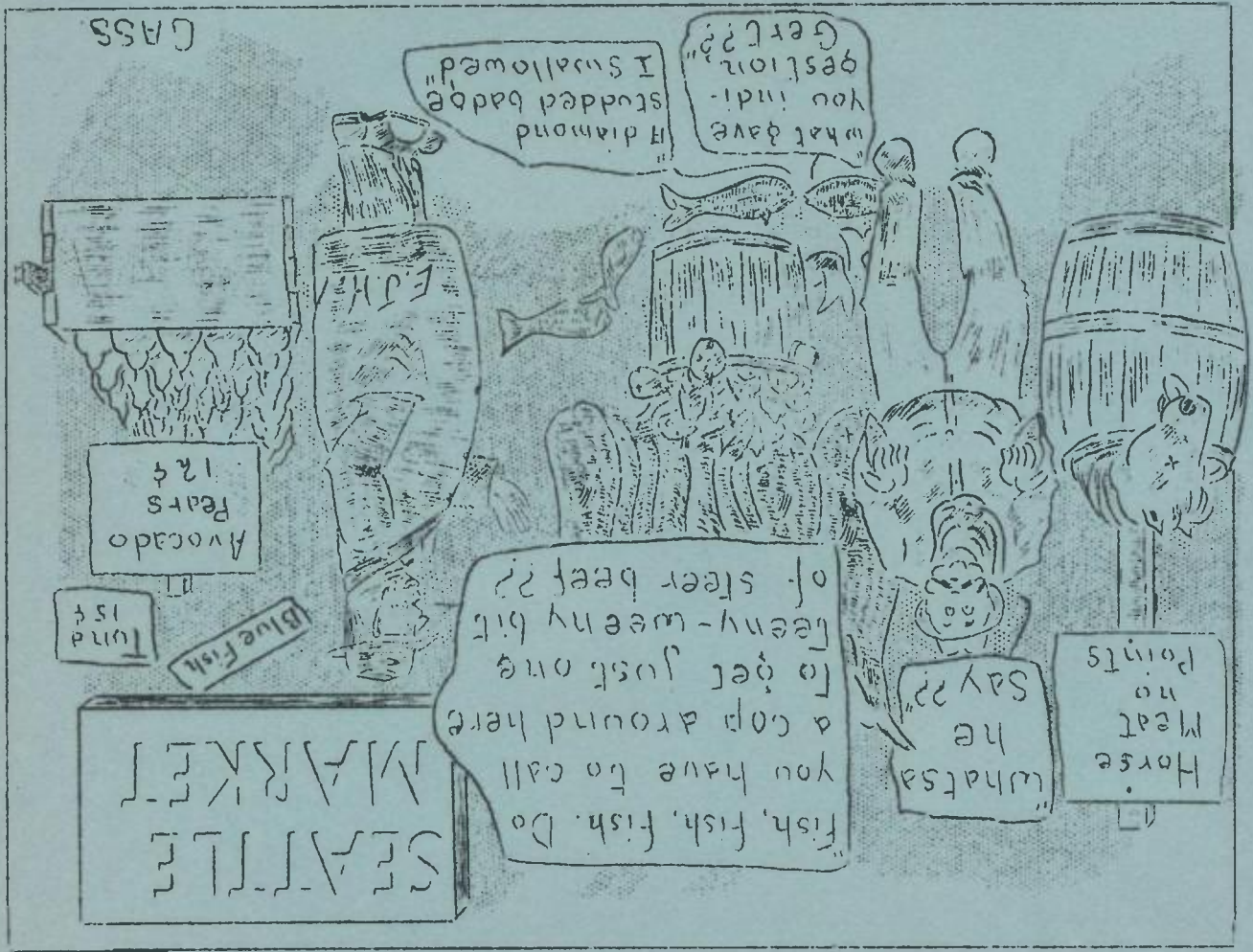
WE MEET "JERRY" O'CONNELL

During our visit at Chicago we were escorted by former Officer Gerald O'Connell. He is going strong as Assistant Director of Training at Northwestern University Traffic Institute. He has not forgotten Connecticut, however, and spent most of the time inquiring about the boys at home.

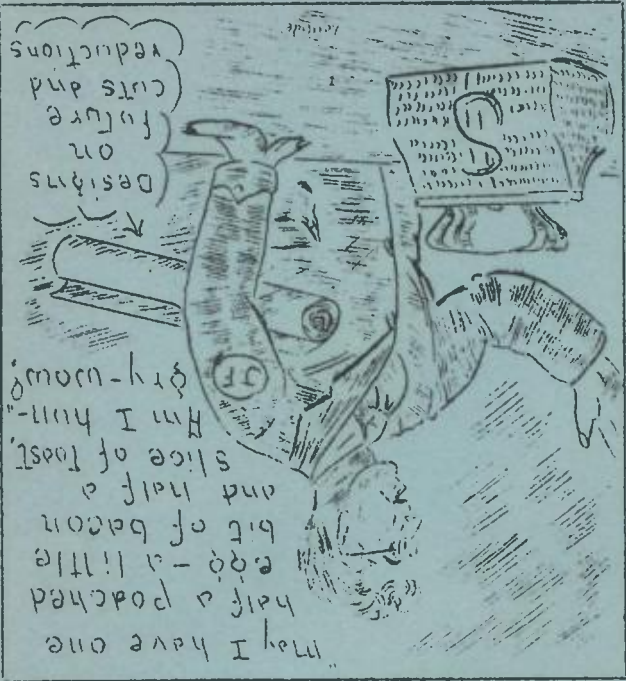
A new class was starting which included police officers of nine state and seven municipal departments from all parts of the country. Special traffic training is certainly being recognized.

(E. Jay)

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VOX-COP

March 1944

BRITISH EMBASSY
WASHINGTON 8, D.C.
March 18, 1944

Dear Colonel Hickey,

First of all I must thank you for the very efficient way you looked after me during my recent visit to Hartford, and may I, through you, thank all the personnel of your Force who took part in the day.

It was a most enjoyable visit, but for me was all too short.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Halifax)

BRITISH CONSULATE GENERAL
New York
March 16, 1944

My dear Commissioner,

May I offer my very sincere thanks to you and all the Officers of the State Police who under your direction contributed so enormously to our pleasure and convenience throughout the course of our delightful visit to Hartford yesterday.

I feel very guilty at the thought of the extra work which our visit must have entailed for all who organized and conducted the movement of our party, and particularly I feel that my wife and I imposed on your own kindness and that of the officer who drove us to the airport and the station to an unpardonable extent.

But we shall carry away a very happy impression of the friendliness, the great courtesy, and the no less great efficiency of your command, as well as the happiest recollections of our personal contact with yourself.

With kind regards and renewed thanks, I am

Yours sincerely,

F. E. Evans

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OUR SERVICE BOYS'
MAILING LIST

VOX-COP IS MAILED MONTHLY TO ALL OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE. PLEASE ADVISE US OF ALL CHANGES OF ADDRESS AND LET US KNOW IF VOX-COP IS NOT RECEIVED.

THESE ADDRESSES ARE AVAILABLE FOR ALL WHO WILL WRITE. REMEMBER! MOST OF OUR BOYS ARE FAR FROM HOME AND WOULD RATHER HEAR FROM YOU THAN EAT.

IF YOU DON'T WRITE YOU'RE WRONG!

UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS

WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM OUR FRIENDS IN THE SERVICE AND ARE CONTINUALLY WISHING FOR THEIR GOOD HEALTH AND SPIRITS AND A SPEEDY RETURN TO US FROM A VICTORIOUS MISSION.

WE ARE PROUD OF THEM.

VOX-COP

Page 1

March 1944

Seattle, Washington
3 February 1944

Dear Commissioner

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation and sincere thanks for your letter and the copies of Vox-Cop, recently received. Vox-Cop is very interesting and is keeping me in touch with the activities of the good old Connecticut State Police and other activities in that fine State.

No, I haven't been fortunate enough as yet to make the trip across the pond. However, I do hope to see some action before the final stage of the war. I have been very much occupied with the activation and training of my outfit. Incidentally, a Boat Company is an outfit unheard of before and the boys are what you might call a combination, soldiers and sailors. We do have a definite mission to perform, however, and we hope to accomplish this mission before the war is over.

I'm sure going to write to Maj. Konopaska and Maj. Buckley and many thanks for their addresses. The only gripe I have is that they were sent overseas before I could get there. No fault of mine though and nothing I can do about it.

The boys who entered active service with the armed forces are certainly scattered all over the world and I know that I for one

will be anxious to return to active duty with the State Police again after the score has been settled with the enemy.

When you visit Seattle, Commissioner, I'd surely be very glad to see you and I'll make every endeavor to do so. I'm expecting a leave soon though and I suppose that it will be my luck to be away from here when you arrive. I hope to go to Connecticut but the distance is so great that I probably won't be able to make it.

Well, Commissioner, again many thanks for Vox-Cop and I'm surely looking forward to the next copy. Heres hoping for an early ending of the war so that we can return to the best State Police Department ever organized. The best of luck to you, Commissioner, and to every member of the department.

Yours sincerely,
Russell J. Olson

Chicago, Ill.
20 February 1944

Dear Commissioner

Since last writing you, I have covered another lap of what seems to be a trip to Tokyo. I now find myself at the Univ. of Chicago studying Japanese.

Arrived here 2 weeks ago Thursday and started classes the following Monday. However for the few days that we had nothing

to do we were guests of the city of Chicago and were really shown a grand time. Saw a stage show dinners and suppers, dancing bowling, attended sports events, etc. This Chicago's way of showing its appreciation to all servicemen of this country and allied nations.

Our program is a strenuous one when one considers the number of hours spent for studying. Our day starts at 6:15 A.M. and lights out at 10:30 P.M. We start attending classes in Japanese at 8:00 A.M. and wind up our study periods at 9:30 P.M. Our instructors are mostly Japanese who are American citizens and who have either studied, or worked and lived in Japan prior to the war. I find the course very interesting and despite the fact that it is so intensive, we find that time literally flies. The greatest difficulty seems to be the fact that Japanese seems to be so entirely different from any of the other Western languages and it is rather hard to associate their language with anything we have known. However I must say that their language is based on a definite science, unlike that of the other Oriental language, Chinese.

The course is scheduled for nine months, but the authorities seem to be putting on the pressure and we may finish up in six months. At the end of our term we should be able to speak the language fluently, although we will be illiterate in the language in so far as reading and writing are concerned.

It certainly is cold out here in Chicago, but I find it far more invigorating than the hot weather that the south had to offer last summer.

I am looking forward to the next issue of Vox-Cop, because it serves as a tie between the present employees of the department and those who are in the service.

Respectfully yours,
Guy M. Bonuomo

Provost Marshal's Office
19 February 1944

Dear Commissioner:

Your long letter of Jan. 27th reached me the other day and was indeed welcome. Probably by the time this one gets to Hartford you will have returned from your trip. I hope that it was most successful and that you and Mrs. Hickey had a good vacation. Things go along about the same over here. I am back doing police work to a certain extent now and have left the prisoner of war work. I met a general over here the other day who wished to be remembered to you the next time I wrote but as the censor will not let us give the name of an officer holding that rank, I cannot tell you who he is. Perhaps you can guess as he is in the same business that we are.

The other day I went over to see Mr. Sturges and Herb Crapo. only to be told that they had both returned to the states some time ago. Have been keeping a watch for Dewey Roach but as yet have not located him. This week the Allied Boxing Championships are being held here and there has been some good bouts but the weather has been very bad and the crowds are small. It has rained every day.

Mail has been rather slow arriving, mostly because I have changed address and Vox-Cop has not arrived lately but eventually it all catches up. Have

written to Major Konopaska but will probably not get to see him as he is several hundred miles from here. I think you picked the right man in Bill Greene. Make sure he keeps the accident reports and information up to date.

As usual I am in good health and hope you are the same. Am looking forward to getting back on the job, the sooner, the better.

Sincerely,
(Maj.) Ralph J. Buckley

England
24 Feb. 1944

Dear Commissioner:

It was a very pleasant surprise to me to receive the copies of "Vox-Cop" the other day... a pleasant surprise and a touch of homesickness. Reading about the activities of the Dept. certainly shortens the distance of an ocean.

I had a rather uneventful crossing and am now stationed in a very nice section of the country. I've contacted "Bill" McNamara and am planning on seeing him soon. I understand he's been over now for quite some time. It will be quite a reunion inasmuch as I haven't seen him in almost a year.

Before I left the States I met Captain Roach. He's in the Military Government set-up now and I imagine he's over here by this time.

I have a very good set-up here, much better than I expected. I'm assigned as an investigator with this Company and am getting quite an insight into English customs and laws. I've investigated several auto accidents and

its a problem figuring out the angles when you realize that the scene is the reverse of our own highways. I'll never be able to understand why the English persist on driving on the left hand side. I've talked to some civil engineers and they are very much interested in our system of highways, especially the Merritt Parkway. You have to be a magician and have Lady Luck on your side to travel some of the roads over here.

It will be wonderful to get back and don that other uniform. This olive drab color gets monotonous at times.

Thanks very much for the copies of "Vox Cop" and I would appreciate it if I could receive a copy of each month's issue.

Best wishes to all.

Sincerely yours,
Edw. F. McMahon

Italy
21 Feb. 1944

Dear Sir:

I received a copy of Vox Cop from your office and I really enjoy it. All the fellows in the outfit read it over, all liked it.

Things here are pretty much the same as when I last wrote. We're at a different station and are kept busy all the time.

I can imagine that you also have plenty to do. There isn't much to tell of this place cause I haven't seen very much of it as yet. I have hopes of getting to see a few of the historical points before long though.

In the form of entertainment we

have movies every other night, and stage shows every once in a while. Most of the fellows go to the shows and all of us enjoy them.

I want to thank you for the Vox Cop and I really appreciate it. If you can find time drop a line cause I'd enjoy hearing from you.

Sincerely
Cpl. Vincent J. McSweeney

EXTRACTS FROM THE CONNECTICUT STATUTES

(1941)

Sec. 9f. LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR SERVICE. Any employee who shall be called or has been called into active military or naval service as specified herein shall be entitled to a leave of absence without pay for the time served in such military or naval service, plus thirty days additional.

(1943)

Sec. 40g. REINSTATEMENT OF EMPLOYEES WHO ENTER ARMED FORCES. Any employee who leaves the state service for the purpose of entering the armed forces of the United States shall be reinstated in his former position and duties, provided he makes application for return to the State service within ninety days after he is discharged from the armed forces. The appointing authority of any state agency in which such employee is reinstated shall certify in writing to the personnel director that such employee is able and qualified to perform the work required and that there is work available for him. In considering the factor of availability of work, the State shall replace by the returning employee any employee, junior in service who was employed for the purpose of filling the position vacated

by such returning employee. Any employee returning to the State service as herein provided shall be credited, under the provisions of this chapter, with the period of such service in said armed forces to the same extent as though it had been a part of the term of State service. Effective July 8, 1943.

(1943)

Sec. 42g. LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR SERVICE. Any employee who shall be called or has been called into active military or naval service as specified herein shall be entitled to a leave of absence without pay for the time served in such military or naval service, plus ninety days additional. Effective July 8, 1943.

A Censored Letter
From One of Our Boys Overseas

"You were inquiring about the girls up here, well, that is a much discussed subject among the "Boys" naturally and -----
-----most of the girls speak fairly good English,-----the poor males from across the sea. Of course it is ----- people-----a Service man. There are a few girls ----- their parents and peoples'-----
-----attend the various weekly dances in the Town and most of these-----emulate the American girl-----concensus of opinion is -----
Most of them are of the blond Nordic type and all seem to have those "dishpan" hands, which we used to hear about over the radio at home, only here, apparently they have never heard of the correct kind of lotion to use. In dress, they strive to imitate our girls "back home"-----".

STATE POLICEWOMEN APPOINTED

VOX-COP

March 1944

Seven women who have completed the training course at the Connecticut State Police Academy, have been appointed by Commissioner Edward J. Hickey as Special State Policewomen for the duration. They received their assignments to duty on March 13, 1944.

The new members of the department will join Mrs. Evelyn Briggs of Haddam and Mrs. Katherine Haggerty of New Haven, the first women members of the State Police, who have been on duty since November 1, 1942. Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Haggerty have done outstanding work in dealing with crimes involving women and juveniles.

The new appointees are Miss Ruth E. Ashley of Waterford, formerly with the Electric Boat Company of Groton; Mrs. Mary H. Dailey of Waterbury, graduate nurse; Miss Ellen Dunn of Torrington, former high school teacher; Mrs. Susan G. Kenyon of Woodstock Valley, former aircraft plant employee; Mrs. Martha E. Nelson of Fairfield, former school supervisor; Mrs. Dorothy T. Scoville of East Hartford, former school teacher; and Mrs. Mildred C. Taylor of Bethel, formerly with the Auto Ordnance Company of Bridgeport.



STATE POLICEWOMEN
Mrs. Katherine Haggerty
Mrs. Evelyn Briggs

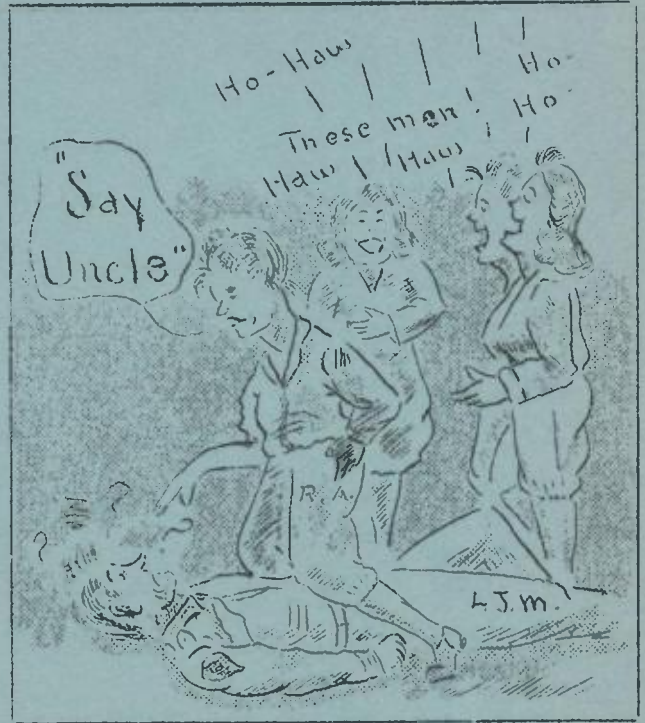
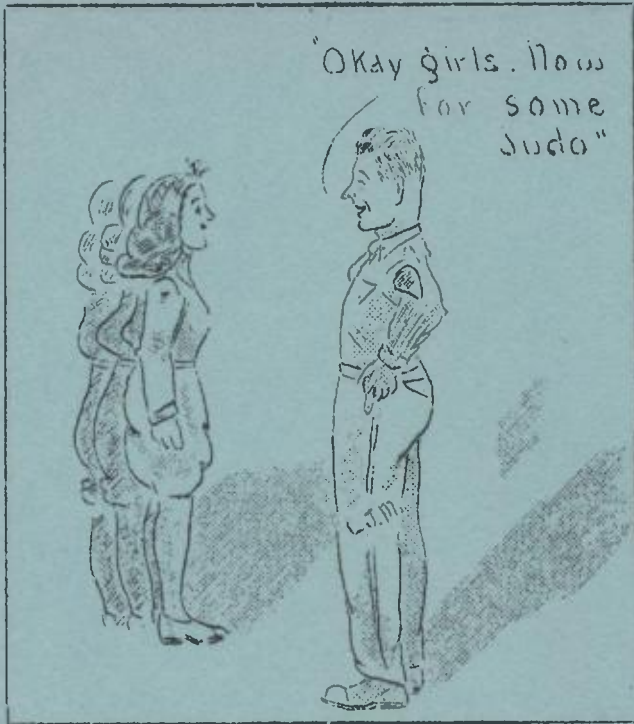


SPECIAL STATE POLICEWOMEN

(left to right)
Mrs. Dorothy T. Scoville
Mrs. Martha E. Nelson
Mrs. Mary H. Dailey
Mrs. Mildred C. Taylor
Miss Ellen Dunn
* Mrs. Margaret Newkirk
Miss Ruth E. Ashley
Mrs. Susan G. Kenyon

* Mrs. Newkirk of the Torrington Police Department, took State Police training course.

OUR POLICEWOMEN GET TRAINING $\frac{0}{c}$



(by Edgar J. Guest)
 If you were about to set
 forth on a trip,
 By airplane or motor or
 railroad or ship,
 You'd listen, I'm sure
 for a minute or more,
 To someone who'd traveled
 the journey before
 And be grateful to him
 for the counsel he gave
 Of what you should take,
 and the way to behave.

Well, youngster, you are
 starting out on a trip
 And your life is the road
 and your will is your
 grip;
 And whether they'll stop
 you or let you go far,
 Will depend on the sort
 of a fellow you are.
 Remember, nobody is
 pleased by a shirk,
 So be eager to learn and
 be willing to work.

Now the journey from boy-
 hood to age isn't long,
 But the pitfalls are many
 where youngsters go
 wrong,
 If the clock is your mas-
 ter in office or shop
 Some day you'll run down
 and eventually stop.
 Who counts by the hour,
 by the hour will be
 paid,
 But visions and dreams to
 no schedule are laid.

The way to respect is to
 stand up to care;
 To shoulder the burdens
 life asks you to bear.
 The way to success is
 through failure's grim
 gate;
 Men reach it by patience
 to work long and wait.
 But fortune and fame ne-
 ver smile on the man
 Who thinks it is smart to
 do less than he can.

BY THE YANKEE CLIPPER



WHEN COPPERS WORE HELMETS

(Chicago Daily Tribune)

When Max Heideimeyer was in command of the East Chicago Avenue station the Chicago police were still wearing high, stiff helmets. These were targets for the snoopers from the Law and Order league who would peek over the swinging door of a Clark street saloon, note the helmet of some tired officer sampling the free lunch, and demand an investigation by the commander of the district.

These reports irked the captain. At morning roll call he would berate and threaten the boys on the beat, but he was never certain of the offender's identity. Max never used the king's English, but his meaning was always clear. After a large number of complaints, his warning was like this:

Now listen, boys, dere's monkey biz,
 Yet I von't mention who it is,
 But Riley there, und Casey, too
 You chust vatch out dot it ain't you!
 (Herri Canute Callbach)

WOMEN TAKE TRAFFIC JOBS

"Pats" on Police Force in Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Feb. 26 - Add to your alphabetic lineup of women's organizations the Pats.

The name Pittsburgh Auxiliary Traffic Service was coined unofficially after Safety Director George E. A. Fairley announced a proposal to engage the fair sex for light police jobs to relieve a shortage of patrolmen caused by the Army draft.

"New York and Cleveland are both using women police officers successfully," he remarked. Their duties would be to direct traffic and to guard children at street intersections near schools.

WESTERN POLICE MEET HERE TO PLAN POSTWAR TRAFFIC

(The Seattle Times)

Approximately 45 high-ranking officers of 11 Western state highway and provincial police forces began a two-day conference in Seattle today to prepare for an expected postwar traffic increase on the highways.

Opening the meeting in the New Washington Hotel, James A. Pryde, chief of the Washington State Patrol and chairman of the Mountain-Pacific region of the state and provincial section of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, explained that promoting highway safety included preparing a competent and trained personnel now for the "expectation of impending impact" in traffic.

Michael F. Morrissey of Washington, D.C., president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, reminded the

officers that controlling venereal disease by checking prostitution and promiscuity was still a police assignment.

In addition to directing the association, Morrissey heads the police section, social protection division of the Federal Agency's community war services.

Specific personnel problems were to be discussed by Edward J. Hickey, general chairman of the police association's state and provincial section and Connecticut State Police Commissioner.

During the remainder of the conference today and tomorrow, officers from Washington, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico were to hear discussions of the war's effect on police problems, including police communications and training.

THE FLAG IN CHURCH

(The Hartford Times)

Whether the national flag, or the church flag should have the place of honor on the pulpit platform or in the chancel has been a moot topic for years, and still is, but new federal law has determined who is right in a legal sense. The statute, approved December 22, 1942, which clarifies the rules and customs pertaining to the display and use of the American flag, states plainly:

When displayed from a staff in a church...the flag should occupy the position of honor and be placed at the clergyman's left as he faces the congregation. Any other flag so displayed in the chancel or on the

platform should be placed at the clergyman's left as he faces the congregation.

That should settle it. If this legal stipulation should seem to place patriotic considerations above religious sentiment, there is at least something to be said in favor of having uniformity established as a matter of legal policy. There is no compulsion about bringing the national flag into church at all. When it is done, particularly in times of war when members of the church are offering their lives in defense of what the national emblem stands for, it may appropriately, as now legally required, be given the place of honor.

ANOTHER RACKET

(The Hartford Times)

Prosecution in federal court of the racketeers who have been preying on people trying to buy railroad tickets and obtain seats on northbound trains should put an end to the great Florida conspiracy. More than 30 railroad and hotel employees had joined in the plot and were getting from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month, according to J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, who promises more arrests, not only in Florida, but also in other parts of the country.

The Florida racket is not new but it became especially objectionable this winter, when thousands of vacationists and relatives of servicemen stationed in Florida found it impossible to get out of the State unless they paid from \$10 to \$100 fees above the regular railroad fare.

Law-abiding citizens of this and other countries must marvel, when they read about our rackets, including the gasoline black market, how the majority manages to escape paying tribute and how this country can keep on an even keel with such a seemingly large number of law violators "getting away with murder."

Were it not for the fact that most people are honest the country would indeed be in a dangerous plight. It is worth noting however, that the racketeers are caught, that they go to jail, that their ill-gotten gains do not stay with them. For this outcome of racketeering the public may thank such services as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and honest state and local police who keep out of political and underworld entanglements.

END OF GRATUITIES

Monetary Rewards to City Departments Not Defensible

(New Haven Register)

When Yale University wanted to show its appreciation to the New Haven Police Department for special service on the day that General Marshall and Sir John Dill were entertained at the university, it sent a letter of thanks to Chief Clark. Some other individuals and businesses have deemed it necessary when acknowledging special service by the Police or the Fire Department to send along a monetary reward. Of the two forms of appreciation, we very much prefer that of the university. Moreover, there is good reason for suggesting that the Mayor and the Chiefs of the Police and Fire Departments and

the members of the Boards of Police and of Fire Commissioners ought also to prefer this form.

However, there is a tendency among the city officials to sanction the practice of accepting money from citizens on the ground that the giving is wholly voluntary. "No citizen believes that he will receive any less efficient service without a monetary donation," is the familiar argument. But strangely, there is the feeling among certain people that they do receive better service if they give the reward and this feeling will continue as long as the practice continues.

Gratuities (as cont.)

Any system is intrinsically bad which encourages or even permits citizens to reward a public agency for the performance of service that is supported out of taxes. Police are hired to keep order, and firemen to fight fires. They are no more entitled to extra remuneration than is the Department of Health for its varied duties. The fact that the

gratuities go to the benevolent associations does not change the basic principle.

It would be a salutary move for New Haven business houses and individuals to follow the practice of the university and show their appreciation henceforth by means of appropriate letter. The other practice can be ended very quickly, if local people want to do it.

THE YANKEE CLIPPER INVADES THE SOUTH

STOCKADE FUGITIVE RECAPTURED
WITH STOLEN PATROL CAR; CHARGED
WITH IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER

(The Spartanburg Journal)

Pvt. Wade N. Gosnell, 22-year-old deserter from Camp Murphy, Fla., who escaped custody of a sentry last week at Camp Croft where he was being held prisoner on a charge of house-breaking and grand larceny in Spartanburg, today was back in the stockade at the camp following arrest yesterday on a charge of theft of a S. C. highway patrol car and impersonating an officer.

Gosnell has been taken in custody by Camp Croft military police authorities.

Gosnell, who was arrested by State Highway Patrol Sergt. W. A. Martin, was said by the officer to have stolen the patrol car from its parking place at the jail at Gaffney Saturday night at 10 o'clock. From then until his arrest around noon Sunday, he masqueraded as a patrolman, made arrests and collected bond from several persons he apprehended.

When he was apprehended by Sergeant Martin he was "patrolling" highway No. 11, between Campobello and New Prospect.

Sergeant Martin said Gosnell told persons he stopped for minor offenses that he was a new officer and that he had not had time to secure a uniform. He was clad in a blue coverall suit.

Two receipts, one for \$5.00 and one for \$3-bond, had been found this morning. The offenses listed on the receipts were operating with only one light.

Gosnell identified himself to the motorists he stopped as "Patrolman Claude A. Taylor". The same signature was signed to the receipts for money collected from the motorists.

PATIENT WON'T TALK
CASE IS SEWED UP

Miami, Fla., March 6. (AP) An incomplete report filed by Patrolman J. K. Lee told of a man being admitted to a hospital Sunday with facial injuries, and concluded:

"Doctor sewed up lip. Further questioning impossible."

ARMY OFFICER RUNS AMOK
WITH A PISTOL

RIVERSIDE, Cal., March 6(AP)

At least one person was killed and two critically wounded when an army officer from near by Camp Anza ran wild with a .45 caliber pistol last night, police reported early today.

Army authorities clamped a censorship on the whole affair, but Police Chief Nestor Brule said he had reports that two additional persons had been killed inside the army camp.

The army officer, not identified was reported to have shot and killed a Riverside policeman named Simpson, after having previously seriously wounded Ray Schliegel, Riverside in attempting to commandeer an automobile. The army officer, a lieutenant, then was shot and critically wounded by Policeman E. S. Cole.

Riverside police said the army officer, after the shooting inside the camp, took a staff car and fled from the post, later forcing Schliegel off the highway and attempting to seize his automobile. Military authorities would make no statement.

POLICEMAN FINDS STORE
UNLOCKED - Uses "Cuffs"

Patrolman J. B. Peavy is a versatile man.

Walking his Peters street beat early yesterday, Peavy found the door to the Georgia Feed Co. store at 267 Peters Street, S. W. unlocked. He checked with the manager to be sure that every thing was okay, locked the door with his handcuffs, and continued on his rounds.

From the January 1944 "The Panel"

re: Moral turpitude

The New York law disqualifies a Grand Juror who has been convicted of a felony or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude. The Grand Jury of New York County has made some inquiry and procured the following opinions:

District Attorney Hogan says: "Although the courts have had occasion to consider in a variety of situations the meaning of the phrase 'moral turpitude', it is impossible, I believe, to state a rule of thumb to cover all of the cases that might arise."

Ex-Judge William Allen, of the Court of General Sessions says:

"The expression 'moral turpitude' has been considered by some as vague and not a precise term. This undoubtedly arises from the fact that it is so all embracing. It would be unwise to attempt to limit or curtail its meaning by definition."

Judge John A. Knox, of the United States District Court, says:

"'Moral turpitude' is a vague term. Its meaning depends to some extent upon the state of public morals."

Morris Ploscowe, Chief Clerk of the Court of General Sessions, informs as follows:

"The phrase 'moral turpitude' is not an exact one and in my opinion, is not a sufficiently precise guide for the administrative officials who select grand jurors. While courts are in agreement as to what the phrase 'moral turpitude' means in general, they do not agree in applying the general term to specific crimes."

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

CURE FOR DELINQUENCY

(Hartford Courant)

There is no mystery about juvenile delinquency. Social workers and others who deal with this problem know that it stems from well-defined causes and that except in unusual instances these causes lie within the home. Children are not born "bad", nor, do they become delinquent through some endogenous process, they get that way because of the impact of environment and events. Substantially, then, the sociologists are correct when they say, "Blame the parents of the delinquent rather than the child." It is particularly important to bear these facts in mind at the present time, when Connecticut, in common with other communities that have felt the unsettling influences of war, faces a potentially great rise in juvenile delinquency.

It is easy to toss off such glib remedies as curfew law and other restrictive devices, and it is equally facile thinking to blame the whole thing on working mothers. The fact is, juvenile delinquency is rarely prevented or cured by restrictions. And actual studies in one city have shown that, although there were 452 cases of delinquency within a given period, among the parents of those delinquents only nineteen mothers were working in war plants. Of course we know that, ideally speaking, delinquency can be prevented by providing a home environment that includes a well-integrated family unit, understanding and conscientious parent and opportunity for social development. From a practical point of view, however, we also know that there are countless broken homes, crowded families, unsym-

pathetic and irresponsible parents. From such as these comes the vast percentage of our delinquent children.

When the parents have failed it then becomes the duty of the community to provide and build up the bulwarks against delinquency. And these, if they are to be really effective, must never be wholly negativistic. A certain amount of policing is, of course, a necessary palliative, but this never gets to the real heart of the trouble. Such policing requires concerted community action in which the school, church social agencies and all other civic groups act harmoniously and affirmatively.

It might be well, then, for any community now facing a rise in juvenile delinquency to make a thorough assay of its resources and to answer honestly the question of whether or not it is providing facilities that will channel into wholesome pursuits the normal social drives of its young people. Are the churches reaching out into the community to the young people? Are the schools intelligently aware of conditions and acting to meet them? Are the social and recreational centers of sufficient attractiveness to bring young people in off the street?

Unless a community can answer all these questions in the affirmative, it is not doing its utmost to fight delinquency. Social workers know that in innumerable instances the erection of one Boys' Club in a hotbed of delinquency has done more to curb antisocial activity than all the preachments and punishments man could contrive.

YOUTH PROBLEM SOLUTION URGED

(The Spartanburg Journal)

Cooperation of city and county governments and civil organizations in a plan to control juvenile delinquency is urged in the presentments of the January-February Fulton county grand Jury

In its report to Judge Walter C. Hendrix at the conclusion of its term of service yesterday, the jury observed that selfish interests had publicized juvenile delinquency to an extent aiding enemy propoganda, but added that society had too long neglected the problem.

It recommended a survey of sections of the county where delinquency is most prevalent with a view to establishment of fully equipped buildings and playgrounds to give outlets for the energies of teen-age youth.

GIRL, 18, TELLS SENATE COMMITTEE HOW TO SOLVE DELINQUENCY PROBLEM

Washington - March 2 (A.P.) -

Eighteen-years-old Ruth Clifton, originator of a plan credited with reducing juvenile delinquency in her home city of Moline, Ill., described to a Congressional committee today the program by which her chums are helping solve their own "teen-age problems."

The plan Ruth told a Senate committee investigating juvenile delinquency, snowballed out of a high school newspaper room, taking the city's adults and organized clubs in tow.

The result was a community center which Moline's "teen-age kids built up from an old empty warehouse where they now dance and play.

Emphasizing her enthusiasm with staccato hand movements the brown-haired, wholesome looking

Moline youth leader described her city's success story.

It all started, she said, with a letter to a local city editor, urging establishment of a "clean, decent" amusement place for Moline's "kids," as she called them.

The sympathetic city editor printed it.

Next Ruth and her friends pounded out on the high school newsroom typewriter (she was the school's newspaper editor) a petition to the City Council asking stricter enforcement of local gambling and liquor-sale laws.

"From there on," she said, "it is a snowball story."

"Moline wasn't a bad city," she said. "It wasn't a den of iniquity, it was just an average mid-western town with people doing war work and going about their business affairs-just living life that was the American way. But it was singled out (by a Chicago newspaper) as a town with a problem (juvenile delinquency.)"

After the young people began working on their problem, the town's adults started helping.

"And," Ruth added, "They did a bang-up job for us."

Describing the problem of 'teen-age youngsters, the Moline youth leader said:

"When we become of 'teen age we are too old to be spanked but too young to stand on our own. We are in a little world of our own. We need something that will hand us a bootstrap to pull ourselves up."

And this, she believes, is what the Moline center does.

Quoting the Moline police chief, Ruth related that results speak for themselves, the city's juvenile delinquency rate has about been halved.

From editor of her school newspaper, Ruth since graduation

has gone from cub-reporter on a local paper to Hollywood where she said she is technical adviser on one studio's pictures defining juvenile problems.

In her spare time she travels about the country helping kids of other cities solve their own war-time problems.

Her concluding advice to the senators:

"It would be well if you could give consideration to people who come from fine homes because they often go astray as well as those who come from the wrong side of the tracks."

MARYLAND ACTS TO MEET PROBLEM OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

February 12, 1944

Mr. William Randolph Hearst,
Wynton,
McCloud, California

Dear Mr. Hearst:

Your editorial, with illustration, entitled "Somewhere Down Town" in yesterday's edition of the Baltimore News-Post, presents such a challenging message that I wish to commend you for it, as well as for other endeavors to combat juvenile delinquency.

Those of us, in such positions of official responsibility as to observe the unfortunate effects of present-day trends, are GRAVELY CONCERNED ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THE "TEEN AGE" BOYS AND GIRLS, WHO ARE TODAY DEPRIVED OF THE BENEFITS OF PROPER PARENTAL GUIDANCE AND CONTROL.

Increased industrial activity and the recruitment of such a large percentage of potential workers, including many mothers,

have been proclaimed as absolutely essential to the success of the war effort.

All of us are in favor of doing EVERYTHING NECESSARY to overcome our enemies who would stamp out all that is worthwhile, all that is decent and sacred in present-day civilization. Yet, it is apparent that the INCREASE in interest and activity of parents in industrial pursuits has been attended with a DECREASE IN TIME AND EFFORT DEVOTED TO HOME AND CHILDREN.

Juvenile delinquency has increased to a shocking degree. While states, like Maryland, are doing everything possible to stem this tide, it is painfully true that government cannot supply the NECESSARY AND BENEFICIAL INFLUENCES which alone are to be furthered IN THE HOME where parents fulfill their obligation as the heads of the family.

What a high price it will be to pay for military conquests abroad if meanwhile, through parental SHIRKING OF OBLIGATIONS we surrender the bulwark on the homefront through the loosening of family ties and the lowering of moral standards.

Conceding the difficulties of a mother, who through patriotic or other reasons, devotes many hours a day to factory work, it nevertheless remains that LACK OF ATTENTION TO CHILDREN LEADS TO GRAVE CONSEQUENCES.

Unless extraordinary efforts are made to supply proper supervision, we should not be surprised that many youngsters, thus left to themselves, would yield to temptations that are attractive and enticing.

Here in Maryland we have attempted with state assistance to find the correct method of handling juvenile delinquents BEFORE their delinquency becomes confirmed.

Through state-wide commissions appointed by me several years ago, studies were made which resulted in enactment of legislation setting up a modern juvenile court for the City of Baltimore, and centering state responsibility for juvenile supervision in a new Bureau of Child Care, under the Department of Public Welfare.

A new "midway" institution for the care of delinquent boys is being set up, in connection with the Maryland School for Boys where the trainees may be given, correctional supervision instead of being confined in prison.

In the Maryland postwar program, construction projects already have been approved, representing large appropriations to improve facilities for handling white and Negro delinquent juveniles of both sexes.

But while we admit the necessity for up-to-date facilities and structures in which to work for the human salvage of juveniles we should spend EQUAL AMOUNTS OF TIME AND ENERGY toward giving prospective juvenile delinquents the PREVENTIVE MEDICINE which will keep them out of courts and correction institutions in the future.

BRICK and stone can be supplied by the state for use AFTER the child has fallen into crime but THE HOME AND PARENTS' CARE represents the best way to help the child BEFORE it is too late.

Your emphasis upon this present day necessity is in the right direction and I applaud your effort.

Yours very truly,

HERBERT R. O'CONNOR, Governor

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

(By Officer Fred Feegel)

When Earth's last felon is captured,

And he has been properly fried,
When the oldest copper has vanished,

And the youngest sergeant has died,

We shall rest, and aye, we shall need it!

Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the commander of Colchester Barracks

Shall set us to work anew.

Those that were good shall be happy,

And sit in the Lieutenant's chair,

And investigate murder and arson,
Or crimes with a romantic flair.

They shall have tough cases to work on,

Safe jobs, chicken thefts and all,

And they'll break every one of them open,

And never go patrolling at all.

No one shall work for money,
And no one shall fix any case.

And no one shall pull any punches,

To save old Judge So'n So's face.

But each one shall do his whole duty,

And each on his separate star,
Shall solve every case as he sees it,

For the Commander of things as they are.

WAY TO SUCCESS....

Never be ashamed to admit that you were wrong. It is but another way of saying that you are wiser today than you were yesterday.

THE BOYINGTON SHOOTING METHOD

A BALANCED GRIP for HAND-GUN SHOOTERS

Assistant Firearms Instructor, Officer Ralph C. Boyington, has conceived a shooting grip differing from that ordinarily used and has witnessed very favorable results from its use in target shooting.

The Boyington Method as described here is recommended for trial and use by those who have not yet adopted other holding habits and for all who have not had favorable scoring.

This method varies from the usual grip in that the heel of the hand is held firmly against the gun backstrap at all times; the trigger is pressed by the tip of the first finger; the thumb is extended and does not touch the gun while firing and the tips of the middle and ring fingers remain away from the butt.

The advantages of the Boyington grip over others are in the steady hold resulting from the direct pressure of the hand-heel against the backstrap; the lessened tendency to pull the gun sideways through the elimination of the side pressures of the thumb and fingers; a decided reduction in concussion. A straight back pressure on the front of the trigger by the tip of the finger eliminates the side pressure commonly applied by that finger in the ordinary grip during the squeeze.

STANCE

Any comfortable upright position. Gun arm extended fully without stiffness. Free arm in position preferred by shooter.



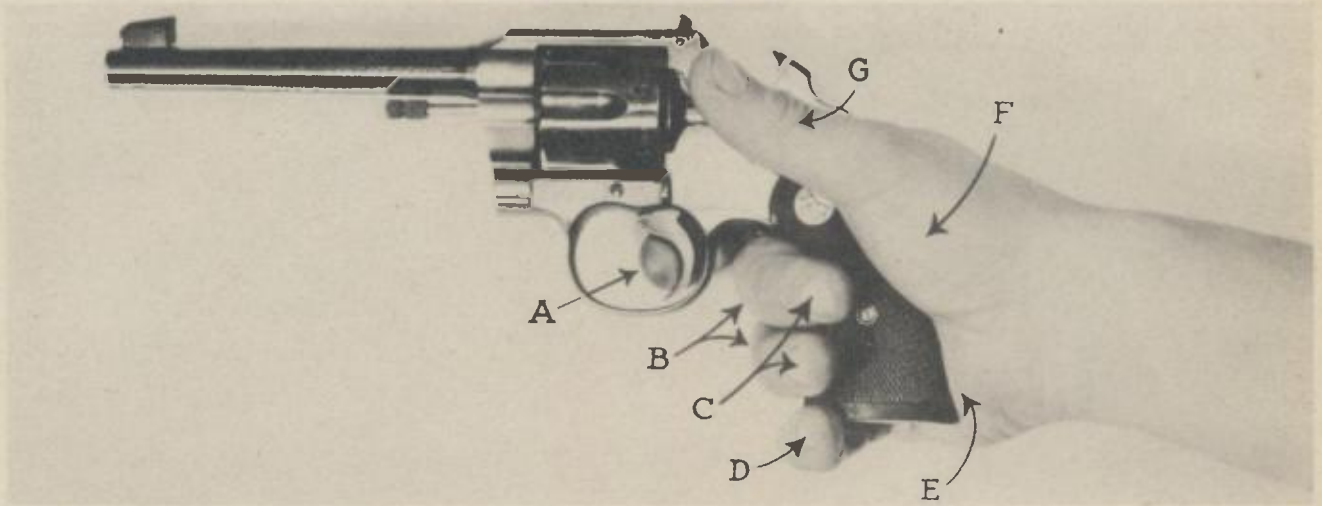
Officer Ralph C. Boyington

BREATHING - AIMING - FIRING

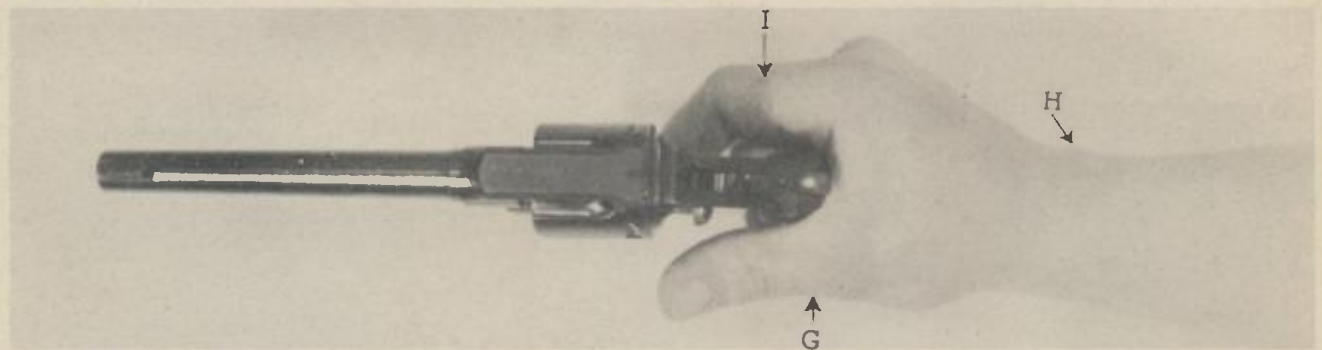
Inhale normal breath, exhale and hold breath in comfortable position as sights are aligned on aiming point. Pressure on trigger begins simultaneously and increases steadily until the discharge occurs as a surprise to the shooter. If sights wander off aiming point, the whole arm must travel slightly to re-align sights. Pressure on trigger is not relaxed unless shooter wishes to repeat entire process. Never press the trigger quickly when the sights are exactly aligned, for a quick pressure may destroy aim before discharge occurs.

Grip consists of two constant pressures; that by the heel of the hand straight forward, and that by the middle and ring fingers straight backward. During the act of cocking the fingertip stays off the trigger, and the heel of the hand forms all of the back grip.

ACT OF FIRING



- A - Forefinger TIP, against front of and near tip of trigger, gradually increases the pressure straight back toward heel of hand. Curl the finger gently. NO WEIGHT RESTS ON FOREFINGER.
- B - Middle and ring fingers against front strap of butt. Exert moderate, steady pressure straight to rear, toward heel of hand.
- C - Tips of middle and ring fingers away from butt at all times.
- D - Little finger, just under butt, spaces hand low enough on butt so that trigger finger is not cramped in action.
- E - Heel of palm against backstrap exerts constant pressure straight forward.
- F - Ball muscle of thumb, after cocking, forms minor part of grip.
- G - Thumb never touches gun while holding in this grip.



- H - Note angle as back of hand bends back slightly at wrist, thus allowing gun-butt to set against heel of hand.
- I - Note forefinger. First and second joints not touching gun. Tip of finger only, against front of trigger.

NOTE - The THUMB cocks the gun, NOTHING ELSE
 " The FOREFINGER curls against the trigger, " "

** OBSERVE ALL SAFETY RULES **

STOP LOOK LISTEN

PREDICTION AND AFFLICTION THRU HUSTLING AND JUSTLING

Away back in the year 606 B.C. a minor Hebrew Prophet in the person of Nahum made a very major prediction.

The Fourth verse of Chapter Two in the Book bearing his name quotes him as follows:

"THE CHARIOTS SHALL RAGE IN THE STREETS, THEY SHALL JUSTLE ONE AGAINST ANOTHER IN THE BROAD WAYS; THEY SHALL SEEM LIKE TORCHES. THEY SHALL RUN LIKE THE LIGHTNINGS."

Now Nahum was apparently dealing only with the fall of the City of Ninevah and describing the magnitude of that one operation.

Mayhap it was indeed just this one long forgotten incident in the history of the world that he concerned himself with in this demonstration of sageness.

But from where we sit today, it looks like the olde gentleman made a long term prophecy. Let's analyze his statement and determine just what he did say as it applies to the present age:

Bible students agree that the vehicles of the B.C. ages had no illumination upon them, and that they were likened to torches because their wheels struck up sparks from the stones with which they came in contact. The stone scraping routine outmoded—we now have headlights,

tail lights, stop lights, cowl lights, fender lights driving lights, spot lights, fog lights, dash lights, and red lights—so we still have torches!

Biblical commentators liken the "run like the lightnings" clause to "with rapid violence". Our arrest and warning records with their allegations of from 50-90 M.P.H. more than substantiate this portion of the prophecy and bring us up to date.

That the "chariots shall rage in the streets" was no idle gossip is witnessed by the recent report made to the authorities of Hartford that speeding must be stopped in the City. And Hartford is not alone in her dilemma, she has plenty of company.

Now let's look at that final and all important line which reads "they shall justle one against another in the broad ways" (Don't worry about that justle part—the word is correctly spelled!) Is there any question about the "justling"? If there is—let's inspect the figures.

According to the record 13286 Motor Vehicle accidents were reported in the year 1943 in the State of Connecticut. These were the reportable accidents! Recent surveys reveal that there were at least an equal number of accidents which were not reportable—the small time fender

brushes or bumper collisions, plus the "ones who got away". But they were all "justles" whether reported or not.

So here we are with the none too pretty picture of approximately one out of every 19 vehicles registered in the State of Connecticut involved in a "justle"—of lesser or greater proportions.

And the picture was painted in a year when the exposure rate should be exceedingly low, by virtue of the fact that the traffic flow was at ebb tide.

Certain individuals are bound to regard all this as alarmist propaganda; but they will be the first to shun responsibility for the impending carnage of poorly controlled post war traffic.

This is the time to prepare. We should never again be accused of being there too late and with too little, as we were in December, 1941.

If the full force of our natural weapons—EDUCATION—ENGINEERING—ENFORCEMENT—is brought to bear on the problem NOW—we can insure peace for the bones of our old friend Nahum in the knowledge that the "lightnings" of his "torches" have been tamed and his chariots no longer "justle one against another in the broad ways".

TRAFFIC DEATHS - STATE RECORDS (Public Safety Magazine, Jan. 1944)

Figures key numbered T. S. (abbreviation for "traffic statistics") are those supplied by state motor vehicle department, highway patrols, state safety councils, and other organizations primarily interested in traffic safety. Figures from such agencies include only motor vehicle deaths occurring in traffic, excluding those on home or industrial premises; also, they are classified by place of accident and time of accident rather than by place of death and time of death.

Cumulative death figures for the three years, 1941, 1942 and 1943, are shown and 1942-43 totals for the most recent month are omitted, because it is important to compare 1943 death totals with 1941, as well as 1942.

Figures with the designation V. S. are furnished by state registrars of vital statistics. These figures include motor vehicle fatalities occurring on home or industrial premises as well as in traffic, also, the classification is by place of

death and time of death, rather than by place of accident and time of accident.

The population rate is the number of motor vehicle deaths annually per 100,000 population. The population figures used are Census estimates of civilian population for May 1, 1942.

Mileage rates shown are for seven to ten months, depending upon the latest information available. The U.S. rate is based upon an estimate for ten months.

All figures provisional.

						CANADIAN PROVINCES									
	Latest Month	All Months Reported	1943	1943		Latest Month	All Months Reported	1943	1943		Latest Month	All Months Reported	1943	1943	
	Reported	1943	1942	1941	Rate	Rate	Reported	1943	1942	1941	Rate	Rate	Reported	Rate	
U.S.	Nov.	20480	25910	35829	16.6	10.6	N.H.	TS Nov.	51	41	94	12.2	8.7		
Ala.	TS "	424	560	617	16.7	14.9	N.J.	TS "	603	693	877	16.0	10.0		
Ariz.	TS "	149	202	233	28.3	13.0	N.M.	VS "	117	146	183	26.0	11.6		
Ark.	TS "	210	283	426	12.7	11.9	N.Y.	TS Oct.	1316	1717	2075	12.3	11.2		
Calif.	TS "	2251	2351	3014	33.2	12.6	N.C.	TS "	495	655	977	17.4	12.8		
Calo.	TS "	169	220	284	17.4	6.8	N.D.	TS Sept.	45	49	71	11.2	6.8		
Conn.	TS "	209	263	351	13.0	7.8	Ohio	VS Oct.	1035	1531	1955	18.2	8.8		
Del.	TS Oct.	51	56	69	22.5	12.1	Okla.	TS Nov.	239	315	472	12.4	6.5		
Fla.	TS Nov.	424	497	695	22.5	11.0	Ore.	TS "	202	236	345	19.3	8.3		
Ga.	TS "	482	616	857	17.4	14.0	Pa.	TS "	1140	1526	2022	13.1	9.3		
Idaho	TS Sept.	52	80	133	14.9	6.6	R.I.	TS "	59	67	73	9.2	5.8		
Ill.	TS Nov.	1194	1575	2284	17.0	9.4	S.C.	TS "	302	357	612	17.9	14.3		
Ind.	TS "	623	943	1271	20.0	9.7	S.D.	VS Sept.	43	59	100	9.3	3.7		
Ia.	TS "	267	365	522	12.7	4.9	Tenn.	TS Nov.	361	480	566	13.8	10.7		
Kans.	TS "	220	295	438	14.1	6.2	Texas	TS "	1038	1198	1696	17.9	8.9		
Ky.	TS "	358	481	697	15.1	12.1	Utah	TS "	91	135	182	17.0	7.4		
La.	VS Oct.	338	371	590	17.3	13.9	Vt.	TS "	42	46	76	14.2	8.3		
Me.	TS Nov.	103	138	172	14.2	8.1	Va.	TS "	498	634	892	19.6	12.7		
Md.	TS "	339	421	523	18.8	12.3	Wash.	TS "	335	374	555	19.8	8.6		
Mass.	TS "	393	442	596	10.3	6.9	W. Va.	TS "	214	323	399	13.4	12.0		
Mich.	VS "	871	1199	1834	18.0	8.7	Wis.	TS "	361	535	729	13.3	7.2		
Minn.	TS "	237	395	520	10.2	4.7	Wyo.	TS "	35	63	119	16.7	7.0		
Miss.	TS "	280	360	474	15.0	13.6									
Mo.	TS "	459	638	892	14.0	7.1	B.C.	TS Sept.	87	87	94	14.3			
Mont.	TS Oct.	74	88	164	18.8	7.6	Manit.	TS Nov.	37	58	74	5.6			
Neb.	TS Nov.	171	177	235	15.6	7.5	Ont.	TS Sept.	364	394	552	11.6			
Nev.	TS Nov.	50	94	96	41.0	14.1	Sask.	TS "	18	41	40	2.7			

"HIGHWAYS ARE ROADWAYS NOT SPEEDWAYS".



STATE OF CONNECTICUT
HIGHWAY SAFETY COMMISSION
STATE OFFICE BUILDING
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
TELEPHONE 7-6241

March 14, 1944

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey
State Police Department
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles reports in his Department's annual statistical summary for 1943, the receipt of 24,961 complaints from a variety of sources regarding faults observed in motor vehicle operation on street and highway.

Of these 24,961 complaints--19,317 constituted warnings filed by the State Police Department. Thus, members of your Department furnished 77.4 per cent of the total volume.

Eleven agencies are listed in the tabulation as sources of notices concerning operator misbehavior. When consideration is given to the fact that your Department contributed nearly four (4) times as many notices as the other ten agencies combined, some idea is gained of the importance of the highway patrol conducted by your Department.

Again, practically all of the warnings issued by your men were for contacts made on state highways where 1943 traffic volume was extremely light as compared with urban areas. Thus, your men did not have extensive potentialities for driver-contact, not in any measure comparing with previous years when unrestricted motor vehicle use resulted in heavy state highway movement.

The Executive Committee of this Commission has directed me to acknowledge sincere appreciation for the contribution to traffic accident prevention, the promotion of highway safety, which your Department is making consistently over the years through constant, efficient supervision of traffic on the state highways of Connecticut.

Very truly yours,

By Direction of the Executive
Committee of the Commission

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W M Greene".

William M. Greene, Director

WMG:cds

"THE SAFE DRIVERS ARE THE SURVIVORS".

IDENTIFICATION

DETECTING FRAUDULENT ALTERATIONS ON PAPER AND DOCUMENTS BY CHEMICAL MEANS

(By John A. Dondoro)

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR IDENTIFICATION (February News Letter)

Law-enforcement departments, in the course of their investigations, are often confronted with the problem of having to make quick decisions regarding whether changes have been made on letters, contracts, stocks, bonds, checks and other documents. When the time element was not important this phase of work was generally given to the laboratory technician who resorted to various tests involving intricate and elaborate equipment besides considerable time to perform the work.

To facilitate this phase of investigation we have been using for several years certain chemical preparations which have proven exceptionally practical not only in the laboratory but in the field as well. As a matter of fact, it can be used with good results even by those unexperienced in this type of work.

Before citing actual cases where the use of chemicals for detecting alterations has proven very practical I wish to explain briefly the procedure and the reactions.

There are two chemical solutions used, one to disclose the alterations and the other to remove the reactions caused by the first solution. For convenience the solutions are called respectively "A" and "B". The only other items required are a quill brush, some absorbent cotton and a few blotters.

The outstanding features concerning this method are:

- a - Simplicity of operation
- b - Immediate detection of changes on papers and documents by ink eradicators, by erasures and by scratching the surface with a knife or other instruments
- c - Detection of invisible or secret writing
- d - Development of impressions on the second or third sheets to reveal what was written on the top sheet
- e - The test reaction can be instantly removed without showing any evidence of investigation and without any smudging of the written, typed or printed matter thereon
- f - It is non-injurious to the skin or the paper. The safety tints on check paper will not be affected

Common practice among forgers is to use ink eradicators, erasers or knives to remove or change numbers and letters from a document. The altered parts will show as a distinct discoloration when solution "A" is passed over the suspected areas. In fact, the discoloration will take place on any part of a paper surface where the fibers have been disturbed by the slightest abrasions by swelling or by compression.

For example, when ink eradicators are applied to the surface

of a paper the fibers that are wetted have been disturbed thru swelling. When solution "A" comes in contact with these fibers a distinct discoloration will take place. Many forgers follow the practice of washing the bleached ink with water, then dry the paper and calender the surface so as to give the paper uniform appearance. Regardless of what is done after applying ink eradicator the discoloration will show unmistakably.

Invisible or secret writing can be detected in like manner since most of the preparations used are in a liquid form and their application on paper will cause a swelling of the fibers. As a matter of fact, it is possible to reveal writing when only plain water is used as the writing medium and a non-scratching object, such as a ball of absorbent cotton on the end of a suitable holder, is employed to write with. It is obvious that where a pen is used for writing, the pen point may cause a slight scratching of the paper surface so that the reaction of solution "A" will be more pronounced. Since writing with plain water as well as many other liquid preparations will not fluoresce when examined under ultra-violet light the use of chemicals becomes exceedingly more practical.

Disturbance of paper fibers by mechanical abrasions, such as with the use of an eraser, a knife or any other instrument, no matter how lightly or carefully done, is immediately revealed by a discoloration of these parts. The reaction of solution "A" is exceptionally sensitive to the slightest manipulation of the surface of paper, so much so that it will even disclose scratches caused by a fingernail.

Having determined and recorded

alterations, if any, with solution "A" all evidence of investigation can be removed by simply moistening a wad of cotton with solution "B" and passing the cotton lightly over the paper, blotting immediately thereafter. The chemicals will not injure or deface plain or safety paper, nor the written, typed or printed matter thereon.

The chemical preparations which are available under the trade name of Grapho-Dector, are being used widely in war industries where a pre-requisite to employment is that the applicant show evidence of being a citizen of the United States, Birth Certificates and Citizenship papers suspected of having been tampered with are treated with solution "A" generally those areas on which the name and dates are written. If alterations were made, steps are taken to determine the reasons. If no changes are indicated all evidence of investigation is immediately removed with solution "B" from the document and returned to the owner without his knowledge that the paper was treated. For the record it may be stated that several persons in one yard were caught attempting to use altered birth certificates.

A case comes to mind where the chemicals quickly solved an otherwise embarrassing situation. A customer of a large store bought several items amounting to \$86.00. He paid cash and received a receipt. As was the custom with this business establishment, statements of unpaid purchases of the preceding month were sent to the customer. Among the recipients was the above person who paid cash for the things he bought. Surprised to receive such a statement the customer went back to the store with his

paid receipt in order to clear up the matter. The manager was in a dilemma because the store's copy of the same bill clearly showed the \$86.00 to be on the credit line instead of the cash line. It was thought at first that the purchaser may have purposely erased the amount from the credit line to the cash line, but investigation with solution "A" proved that no changes were made. However, upon applying the same solution to the duplicate the figures \$86.00 appeared distinctly on the line marked cash. Piecing the facts together it was found that the clerk who made out the receipt purposely omitted putting the carbon copy between the original and the second copy. The pressure produced by the pencil in writing out the order caused a compression of the fibers on the same area of the second sheet which was unnoticeable to the naked eye. After the departure of the customer the clerk put the carbon paper sheet over the second copy and inserted the amount of \$86.00 on the line marked credit. As explained above a chemical reaction will take place also on the fibers that have been compressed, and in this case the figures were brought out exactly as they were on the original copy in the space marked cash. Incidentally, the same clerk repeated this practice with several other customers and before the end of the month had put in his resignation claiming he was going to join the Navy.

The following incident was quickly solved in like manner. For several years a customer bought a case of silk from a mill every few days, the silk being picked up by the firm's messenger. One day a different messenger came to the factory explaining that the regular man was ill.

He presented an order for three rolls of silk. At the end of the month the customer received a statement which included these three rolls of silk. According to the company's record they were neither ordered or received. The Mill was notified and the order was checked back. They found that someone, having access to the orders in the mill had changed the date of an old order and had an outsider pick up the silk. The application of solution "A" on the front of the sheet indicated the change was made and a similar application on the back of the sheet brought out the old date.

I believe that the use of chemicals to disclose fraudulent alterations is not only simple and quick but very practical in the laboratory as well as in the field where one can make immediate decisions and save time.

ROSCOE C. HILL

Our neighbors, the Mass. Department of Public Safety, suffered a tremendous loss recently in the death of Supervisor Roscoe C. Hill of the State Bureau of Identification. Mr. Hill, long one of the nation's outstanding identification experts, was well and favorably known to all law enforcement agencies. He testified on several occasions as an expert in the Criminal Courts of Connecticut. A pioneer in the fingerprint field, he contributed immeasurably to present public feeling in respect to identification by means of fingerprints. Roscoe Hill was a kindly man, always a gentleman and ever mindful of his profession. We shall miss him too.

The Connecticut State Police sent four uniformed representatives to his funeral services in Lexington, Mass.
(Vox-Cop)

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

STATION "A" RIDGEFIELD

The other day, Chief Andrew "Bruce" Nearing of New Milford (Special State Policeman, Auxiliary State Policeman, and Ambassador without Portfolio), had a yen to indulge in that well-known New Milford sport of Ice Fishing. Hopping into his trusty car, he was off in a cloud of dust for Lake Candlewood. Coming to the edge of the Lake, Bruce found it well frozen over (or so he thought) and looking across the ice in the direction of Sherman, he saw several members of the "Owls Club" pulling in fish right and left. Bruce promptly gave the car the gun and sped off across the ice in the direction of his pals, with tongue hanging out in anticipation of the fresh fish he soon would be eating. The engine roared, the ice creaked, the wind blew, the car swayed, but intrepid Bruce kept on--and on--AND ON. Suddenly, there was a resounding crash and the ice opened up beneath his car. Unable to get out the front door, Bruce clambered over to the rear seat and out a rear window just as the car settled below the surface of Lake Candlewood and into forty feet of water, scraping several layers of skin off his body in the process. The car was later salvaged, and Bruce (none the worse for wear), is around town sporting a new car--but the loyal citizens of New Milford have spent a weary hour trying to figure out how Bruce got out that small rear window. Black Magic, they call it!!!

Within the past two weeks we have had two plane accidents in this territory. In one the pilot

was unfortunate and lost his life. The emergency equipment again proved its worth as well as the Auxiliary and entire personnel of Station A.

The flag at this station is flying at half-mast. One of our famous bloodhounds has gone to meet his maker. Apparently all right the night before, when Officer Beaudry went to feed him in the morning, he found him dead. We understand that at the funeral "Maidenswoon" played on his guitar, while Officer Waltz obliged with "None But The Lonely Heart."

SHADES OF DR. FU AND COLONA

Mustaches were the rage for a few days about this station, but for some reason have "gone with the wind." Looks like a case for Sherlock Holmes!

Robert Jay
Ridgefield Special Reporter

STATION "C" STAFFORD

Officer Peter Laumark's beautiful cat, Goobie, which has been our barracks mascot for a few months, has disappeared. We learned that it had moved in with the socialites on East Street as it was seen at the Pinney Home and later at the Nurses Home.

Officer Laumark placed an ad in the local paper offering a reward of \$5.00 for Goobie's return. That was when his trouble started for within a few days youngsters were appearing at the barracks from all corners of the town with cats and more cats all hoping that they had found the \$5.00 Goobie. No luck; Goobie has not been found.

Congratulations are in order for Officer Ralph Boyington of Station "K", Colchester, who has been appointed Assistant to Lieut Willard E. Bushy as Firearms Instructor for the department. Good luck Ralph and I know you will give your best.

We are all in favor of Lieut Shaw's Cross Word Exam, especially Officer Laumark who now is patiently waiting for the next issue to correct his mistakes, if any.

Harry Wright, former janitor of Station "C", passed away on March 2, 1944, in the State of New Jersey.

Chief Petty Officer Robert M. Herr, USCG, Intelligence Division, formerly of Station C, dropped in at the barracks to pay us a visit. We were all happy to see him as he is looking and feeling fine. He states that he enjoys his work and has gained six pounds and was proudly displaying a picture of his youngster, (second addition). He did, however, forget to bring the cigars. More power to you Sergeant and don't forget the war is only half won.

Jackie Horner
Stafford Special Reporter

STATION "E" GROTON

One of the latest additions to the Radio is dispatcher Geraldine Ballestrini. Compliments are being received at the station relative to the sweet and clear voice of Dispatch #414. (Other stations please note.)

FIRST AID & WORST AID

During the snowstorm of March 3, Mrs. Haggerty and Det. F. Mangan came upon a serious automobile accident at Waterford. Three persons were injured, one with serious lacerations about the face. Mrs. Haggerty, a registered nurse, assisted by a telephone company employee, immediately applied first aid to the most seriously injured. They took turns applying digital-pressure to the man with the badly lacerated face finally succeeding in stopping the flow of blood. They were awaiting the arrival of the ambulance when a young woman elbowed her way through the crowd and without asking questions started wiping the clotted blood from the injured man's face resulting in a renewal of the bleeding. Mrs. Haggerty rushed to her and inquired what she was trying to do, receiving a reply, "It's all right. I'm a First-Aider." The telephone man's answer to her was "Get the hell out of here" but I am certain that Mrs. Haggerty's answer was more lady-like.

Miss Ellen Dunn, one of the newly appointed policewomen, has been assigned to assist Mrs. Haggerty with the investigation of sex crimes and juvenile delinquency in this area. With Mrs. Haggerty as her co-worker and confidant, she no doubt will do very well in the police business. It is noted that Miss Dunn was formerly an English teacher. She should be able to find plenty of student material if she wishes to keep in practice.

Officer Michael Shegda picked up a couple of boys, age 14 and 15, hitching a ride in the vicinity of the Thames River Bridge. Upon being searched, one was found to have a loaded 22 caliber revolver with a extra box of shells. Further check revealed that both these boys were wanted by the Albany, N.Y. police for armed robbery, they having held up a liquor store in that city. When asked what they intended to do with the gun one answered that they intended to stick up other joints and the boy with the gun explained that the only reason he did not pull the gun on Officer Shegda was that he thought the Officer might beat him to the draw. You can bet they were returned to Albany.

Officer Stanley Stason of this Station earned himself an extra day off during February as a result of apprehending a stolen car and its occupants. While on patrol, Officer Stason received a Radio Call that a car had been stolen in Westerly, R. I. Ten minutes after receiving the call he had the stolen car and its occupants in custody.

Officer Stason started the month of March off with another stolen car. This car, a 1941 Packard Sedan, was observed travelling in the vicinity of the Groton-New London Bridge. Although not listed on the stolen car sheet, it looked suspicious to the officer who upon checking found it to have been stolen at Boston, Mass. The occupants, two boys, stated that the car was stolen by them from a parking lot. One of the boys had worked at the parking lot and stated that the proprietor always put the keys to

all parked cars under the right front fender, on the tires, so all they had to do was to get the keys and steal the car.

Officer John H. Smith also earned himself a day off. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 27, Officer Smith noticed a Mass. Buick with three men in it and decided it needed checking. It turned out to be a stolen car from Brookline, Mass., also not listed on the stolen car sheet.

"Fitz"

Groton Special Reporter

STATION "F" WESTBROOK

The manner in which Sgt. E. Paul Tierney, Officers "Buck" Ehlert, William Murphy, and Aux. Officer "Doug" Patterson rushed a sailor, late of the "Wasp", to the hospital and the attending investigation of his fall from the midnight flyer express in Old Lyme on February 27, brought expressions of admiration from Lt. M. C. Hughes and Chief Master of Arms, Frank Quinn, of the Sub Base. When on March 6, Officers Goodale, Gedney, McNally and Ferguson answered the Chief's call for help to locate an escaped deserter in the woods, also in Old Lyme, and they blockaded the deserter so quickly and efficiently that he immediately gave himself up, Lt. Hughes said that although he is no admiral, anything that he may do for us at the base is ours for the asking.

CORONER MCKAY'S FINDING
IN STREETO CASE

(Excerpt From Report)

An extensive investigation was made by the state police department under the direction of Captain Leo Carroll. The first story which Miss Bertrand told to the police was checked immediately and many fallacies were discovered. However, each item was run down and the conclusion reached was that the story was a falsehood. Sergeant Frederick Johnson was assigned to question Miss Bertrand. After persisting in her original story for a long period of time she finally admitted to Sergeant Johnson that she had shot Mr. Streeto. The story which she last told to Sergeant Johnson was consistent with the facts found by the state police. Searches made of the grounds for the gun were unsuccessful.

ATTACK UNJUSTIFIED

The evidence in this case shows that James Streeto was shot by Miss Bertrand while they both were alone in the house. The facts also indicate that the attack on Mr. Streeto was unjustified, and had occurred during an argument between Mr. Streeto and Miss Bertrand.

The state police department is to be highly commended for its thoroughness in the investigation of this case. The intelligent direction of Captain Carroll and the persistence of his personnel in investigating all information at hand, together with the skill of Sergeant Johnson, resulted in obtaining the confession of Miss Bertrand and determined the manner in which Mr. Streeto came to his death.

I am satisfied and find that the death of James Streeto was caused by the criminal act of Delphine Bertrand in shooting the said James Streeto with a pistol and I have so notified the prosecuting officer of the town of Old Lyme, Connecticut.

Edward McKay.

Results are the final measure of all our efforts. Nothing is any more conducive to results than good teamwork. Since the Moodus Bank robbery days this Station "F" team has often carried the ball across the goal line as the result of good teamwork. Another shining example took place on March 5 when Officer Goodale picked up on suspicion in Old Saybrook, one Joseph DeCarlo of Tarrytown, N.Y., and various other places, because he thought that he might be wanted for stealing electric drills in Essex and for whom Officer Gedney was even then following out meager clues in Stamford. Back at the barracks Officers Gedney, Ehlert, and Goodale and other Station "F" guardians of the sea gull country worked far into the night with the result that a story of thefts and check forgeries in New York and New Jersey, as well as the clearing of our own case was accomplished. DeCarlo has since been indicted in New York on the strength of our information.

Our latest well-known visitor was "Billy the Kid", a goat belonging to one of our good Westbrook neighbors. Billy was jaywalking on the Post Road in front of the barracks when someone opened the front door and called "Come in, Murphy", whereupon Billy stormed right in and

left his mark upon our highly polished floor. He was subdued by our personnel officer and Jake Pine who coaxed him with Jake's hat.

C. O.
Westbrook Station

STATION "I" BETHANY

Officer Leonard had an interesting case in which the accused raised the amount of a bank withdrawal slip from \$150.00 to \$5000.00, with the aid of some scotch tape and ink eradicator. But Tom got the proof and confession, so now that the criminal is awaiting his trial in the superior Court he should become convinced that "crime does not pay," at least not this time.

We have had officers on wild boar hunts and round-ups of horses, etc. Very recently about a dozen pigs got loose and were roaming thru the hills of Woodbridge. These were all taken care of as part of the day's work. Well, the other day to make the barnyard picture complete, one of the local farmers called reporting four young calves missing. Officer Jerry Smith was assigned. He hurried out to the complainant with much haste (perhaps with a tenderloin in mind). After making the usual inquiries, Jerry decided that a search in the nearby wooded area might bring some results. Sure enough, after a couple hours search, he found the little calves foraging on whatever they could find. Using his best calf-coaxing voice, he succeeded in bringing the brown-eyed calves back to the worried owner who would have been more

worried if he knew Jerry as we do, for if there were any way of hacking off a tenderloin or sir-calves, he would--or do you think otherwise?????

Officers Paige, Carlson, M. Santy, T. Smith, and Carroll have been quite busy these past few week-ends rounding up the bad boys who like their gaming in the form of poker or craps. About 33 arrests have been made to date and that isn't bad for a starter!

C. O.
Bethany Station

STATION "K" COLCHESTER

REAL SERVICE

Reposing in the files at Headquarters is an extremely modest General Service Report, filed by Officer Edward Shedroff of the Colchester Barracks. It deals with his responding to the call of a Colchester citizen because a crazed tenant was loose within his house, improperly clothed.

Officer Shedroff, in responding to this complaint, recognized the person complained of as a very sick man and calling the matter to the attention of a physician, with the result that he, in company with Officer Sedar hurried the sick man to the William W. Backus Hospital at Norwich. The physicians in attendance immediately diagnosed the case as one of spinal meningitis and death resulted in a few hours.

Our hats are off to Officer Shedroff for the use of both his head and his heart without consideration for his own safety.

C.O.E.D.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISIONS

SPECIAL SERVICE

Shed one large tear for Jaycee Kelly - if it was rainin' soup he'd be out there with a fork. The latest - nobody recognized the Shamrock design in his cravat on Patanmoike Day.

FIRE INVESTIGATIONS

On the subject of ties - we respectfully point to Adolphe Menjou Parrott of the Arson (beg pardon) Squad - Be it Spring - Summer - Fall - or Winter, he's gottem!

COMMUNICATIONS

Remember the one about the cat who ate the canary? Ask "Machi-avelli" Boas to emulate. Then ask him why?

IDENTIFICATIONS

Beware of Whodunit Chameroy - His plaster - ink - and acid treatment is more dangerous than Dunninger.

BUDGET

The \$64. Question - Whoa ! Wait a minit - we're in the wrong column - Who ever heard J.S.F. talk that kind of money ?

TRAFFIC

The Biggest Little Division in the Department. If we aint got it we'll get for you. BB calls them her furlough goggles - very necessary the morning after Slim returns to Camp.

PHOTOGRAPHY

We hear that Shutterbug Shaw is offering a Grave Throwing Special this Month. With his "dead" pan it should be a cinch.

WHOM PLEASE?

Estelle Greentree entreats an inspection of your holdings - she'll take a rent anywhere - well, most anywhere!

THEATRE INSPECTIONS

We'll spring for the dinners to find out what gives at those Morin-Wilson Friday Meetings. The Sr. potner is as regular as Fish.

HALL OF RECORDS

The Big Fellow claims the Key to Vox Cop's beautiful appearance is on Hellinhayes Electric Typewriter. Yes Sir! Modesty is a Virtue.

EXPLOSIVES

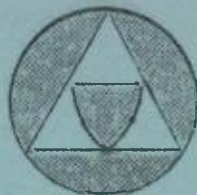
"Pinky" Starkel takes his work to bed with him, judging from the explosions emanating from his bed room. His barracks wife Loot Mayo threatens eviction from the Haich Hotel if he doesn't snore a new tune once in a while.

WEIGHTS & MEASURES

The busiest spot in HQ is the scale just inside the door - and NO FEE ! Attention JS Fussbudget How many ounces today, Rita ?

AUXILIARY

STATE



POLICE

VOX-COP

Page 1

March 1944

STATION "A" RIDGEFIELD

The Ridgefield Branch of the State Police Auxiliary again comes to the front with their acquisition of a "Submarine Light" the only one we have knowledge of in the State. With this light objects can be seen in forty feet of salt water and sixty feet of clear water (so we are told) and this should be invaluable in locating objects beneath the surface-- particularly bodies of drowned persons.

"Robert Jay"

Ridgefield Special Reporter

STATION "C" STAFFORD

On February 28, 1944, the State Police Auxiliary of Tolland County held a meeting at Willington, Conn. Same was open to the public and about 125 attended. Of this number, 87 were State Police Auxiliaries. Speakers were Lieut. William E. Meckenzie, Officers Wm. Gruber and Harry Taylor, State Police Auxiliary Larry Hogan and Frank Santora of the Hartford Post Office. Moving pictures were shown and everyone left with a feeling that it was a night well spent. The Tolland County State Police Auxiliary wish to thank these speakers for a fine program.

Jackie Horner
Personnel Officer

STATION "E" GROTON

The Auxiliary State Police are showing interest in the revolver instructions being held at the J. B. Martin Range in Norwich. Several of the Auxiliary Officers are fast becoming "sharp-shooters"

Former Dispatcher and Aux. Henry Ladd of Station "E" and now of the U. S. Navy has just finished boot-training at Sampson, N.Y. We are sorry to report that Henry was taken sick while on "leave" and is now confined to the sick bay at the Sub Base, New London, just a short distance from the Groton Barracks.

"Fitz"

Groton Special Reporter

STATION "F" WESTBROOK

During the month of February a number of Westbrook Auxiliaries took advantage of the opportunity to try their hands at handling a revolver. Most of them proved to be out and out novices but showed such a willingness to learn that they were at least able to hit the paper with every shot before leaving the range the first time. A few had had previous experience with sidearms and shot scores worthy of any policeman. One thing is certain - each Auxiliary has had opportunity to experience the feel of a revolver in action, and at least knows his own limitations in regards to handling one.

Station "F" (cont.)

On February 21, 1944, a meeting of Auxiliaries was held at this Barracks which proved to be one of the best so far. Lieut W. E. Mackenzie brought along a couple of reels of good movies, and MC'd the evening's show in his usual inimitable way. His assistant, Officer Harry Taylor gave some interesting information regarding post-war traffic conditions and regulations, while Aux. Jordan of the Station H roster gave his own story as to Auxiliary affairs. Strange as it may seem, Officer William (Name-sake) Gruber, who chaperoned Aux. Jordan, had very little to say, and said it without too much prompting. The main dish of the evening was provided by Frank Santora, hand-writing expert of Hartford, who had the group agog with his feats of analysis, even trapping the boys who tried to pull a fast one in disguising their handwriting.

C. O.

Westbrook Station

STATION "H" HARTFORD

Under the able tutelage of First Aid Instructor, Aux. Officer Fred Kendall, Aux. Officer Gene Brown, Bill Bernhart and Ed Lynch are sponsoring a birth of an idea which might alter present practices in the application of arm traction splints. Believing the present method ineffectual, they devised a revolutionary "tie" which makes for greater

stability of the injured member and subsequent greater safety in transit. They will shortly demonstrate their ability and their new method to a meeting of the A. R. C. Instructors group at their Hartford Headquarters. They are to be commended for their interests and diligence.

By taking part in the prepared program of education and entertainment arranged for the "C" Aux's at Willington, Aux. Officer Harry Jordan, again came through. His talk was interesting and informative. The boys like to hear from "one of their own."

Officer William Gruber

Personnel Officer

STATION "I" BETHANY

Both groups of the Auxiliaries at Station "I", have been pretty busy with their First-Aid and Shooting. The shooting has been under the personal supervision of Lieutenant M. D. Smith, who, as everyone in this department knows, has more Medals for being a "Dead-eye Dick" than the usual South American General has for just being. This group has several teams and it is expected that invitations for competition with other teams will be extended in the near future.

The First-Aid group under the direction of Auxiliary Braunies feels they know their stuff so well that they could use a little team competition. Any offers???

VOX COP'S CROSS WORDS

VOX-COP

March 1944

1	2	3	4							5	6	7	8	9								
10					11	12	13	14		15	16	17		18	19	20		21				
22			23	24						25						26						
	27		28					29				30	31	32		33						
	34					35	36				37	38	39	40	41		42				43	
			44							45			46						47			
	48	49	50			51	52											53				
	54				55	56				57			58			59	60	61				
62					63			64	65	66					67	68		69			70	
		71						72				73				74			75			
76																	77					78

- 8 Being taken off the gambling rackets here
- 9 Half an Em
- 11 Feminine (poss.)
- 12 Individually (ab)
- 13 Revised Statutes (ab)
- 14 Ground Grain
- 15 Stop
- 16 One of the Diatonic scale
- 17 Metallic Material
- 18 A Preposition
- 19 Part of the Verb "to be"
- 20 22½ degrees east from south
- 24 Marked off by fissure
- 28 That is (ab)
- 31 Let fly
- 32 A whirlwind
- 35 Doughgirl
- 36 What lovers often do
- 37 Wretchedness
- 38 Attempt
- 40 Patient
- 41 Equipped for hearing
- 43 Opposed to Idealism
- 44 Type of tires
- 49 To rub off
- 50 Glandular (comb. form)
- 52 Wet earth
- 53 A popular drink (pl.)
- 55 A fabric surface
- 59 A respectful salutation
- 61 A ten meter square area
- 62 That one
- 63 Tellurium (ab)
- 64 Semiannual
- 66 Short for Emma
- 68 To err
- 70 A green vegetable

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Dimness of sight
- 5 Alone
- 10 Over
- 11 The combination of genders
- 21 Celebrated on March 17
- 22 In the past
- 23 Choose
- 25 The same as ten
- 26 Slang for intoxicated
- 27 He who writes this paper
- 29 The segment of a circle
- 30 A superlative suffix
- 33 A poem of lamentation
- 34 Born
- 35 Received gladly
- 39 Abode
- 42 He whose return is welcomed

- 44 Pertaining to punishment
- 45 A prefix meaning wrong
- 46 Greek nymphs
- 47 A fantastic notion
- 48 An honor
- 51 Chairman of State and Provincial Section, IACP
- 53 Station Commandor (ab)
- 54 Journey
- 56 3.1416
- 57 An afternoon collation
- 58 Grasps
- 60 Spoken
- 62 Used in writing this puzzle
- 65 A gentleman (gypsy)
- 67 Neat or trim (Scot)
- 69 Tear
- 71 Empower

- 72 Manageable
- 73 Gaze with abstract mind
- 74 Lobster coral
- 75 22½ degrees south of east
- 76 Sanction
- 77 Distinguished Service Cross (ab)
- 78 Short for mother

VERTICLE

- 1 Neckpiece
- 2 Fabulous
- 3 To wear away
- 4 Lifted by supernatural force
- 5 Pay day expressions
- 6 Our relation to Massachusetts
- 7 Descriptive of racing hound

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE

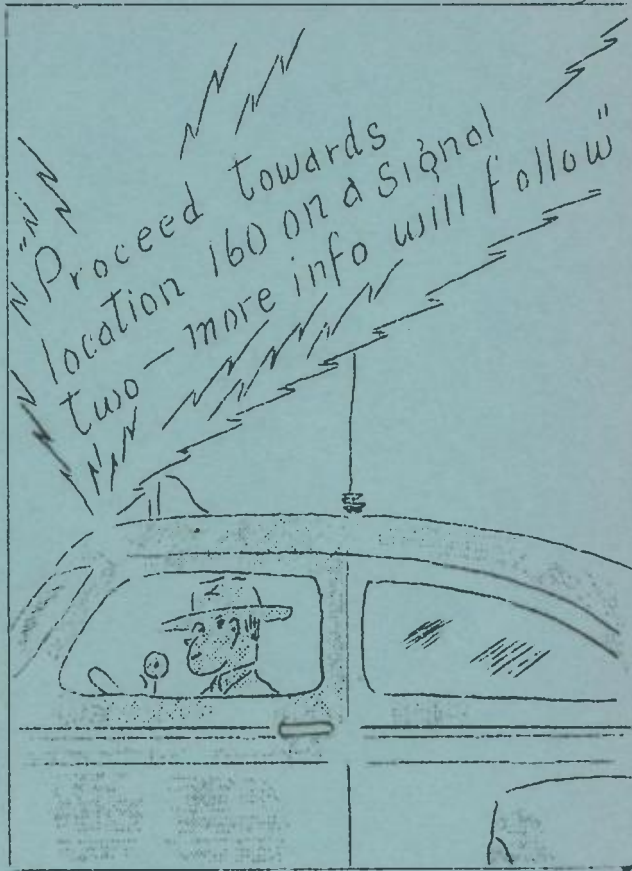
HORIZONTAL					
		91	Crease	25	Egress
		94	El	26	Relevant
1	Warrant	96	Deity	27	Enema
6	Ecclesiastic	98	Ga	28	NoG
17	Exhume	99	It	29	Ecarte
18	Obstruct	100	Palate	33	Beer
19	Il	103	Endear	34	Dipsomaniac
20	Roman	107	P.T.	36	Aeroplane
23	Abet	108	Manc.	40	N.E.
26	Renegé	110	Rem	41	Emasculate
30	Aroma	112	Applied	42	Nec.
31	Police	113	Rid	43	Eisenhower
32	Tog	114	Ride	45	Off
33	Bond	117	Y.U.	47	Stool
35	Enoch	118	Elect	50	Arson
36	Alt	120	Re	53	Amuse
37	U.N.R.A.A.	121	A.D.	55	Abound
38	Legatee	122	It	57	Sleuth
39	Incense	124	Occur	59	Pratt
44	So	125	Cread	62	Obstreperous
46	Steele	127	Both	66	Umbrella
47	S.P.	128	Lee	68	Wean
48	Em	129	C.W.I.	70	S.S.
49	Raze	131	Real	73	E.H.
51	Medic	132	Gall	75	Agree
52	Fame	134	Then	77	Tacit
54	Rats	136	Burn	80	Mr.
56	Vast	137	T.D.	81	Pact
58	Lore	138	Libel	90	Peel
59	Paces	139	Toy	92	Appeal
60	F.M.	140	Sat.	93	Sap
63	Boo			95	Larceny
64	Le			97	Y.M.
65	P.S.			98	Gnu
66	Urs			101	Aid
67	Lewd			102	Edible
69	U.S.			104	Night
71	Boom			105	D.D.
72	Nee			106	Rice
74	Slotmachine			109	Aye
75	Ass			110	Re
76	St.			111	Me
78	Hula			112	Area
79	Thump			115	Du
82	An			116	Print
83	B.T.U.			119	Tort
84	Charge			123	Toll
85	Star			124	Oleo
86	Train			126	Red
87	Ton			130	W.R.A.
88	D.R.C.			132	G.I.
89	SPH			133	A.B.
				135	H.T.

VERTICAL

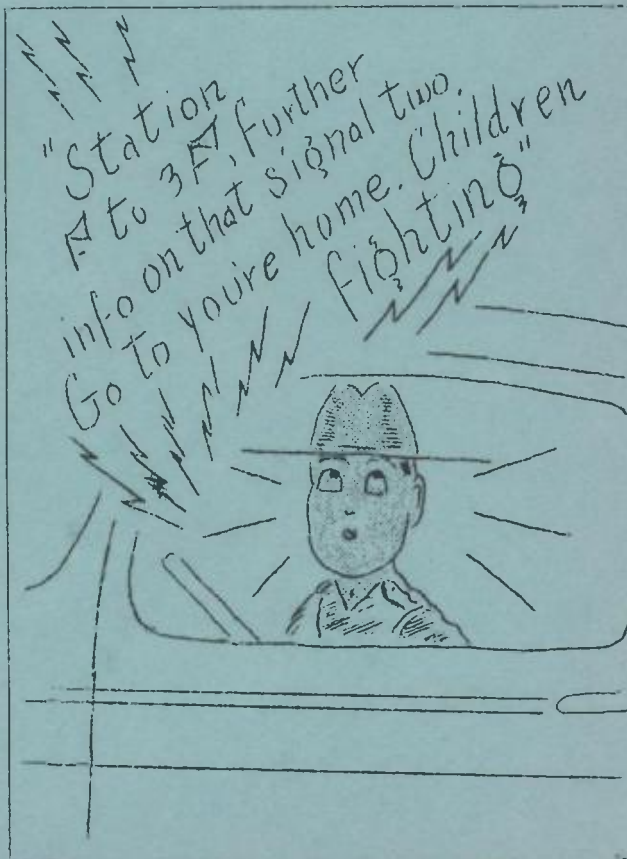
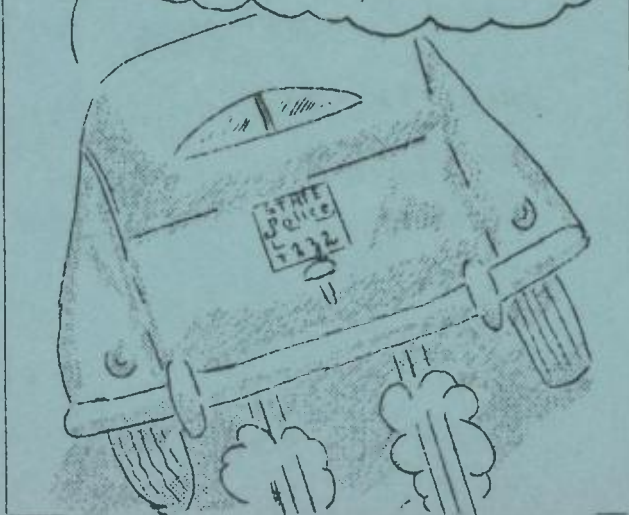
JOE TROOPER on a SIGNAL TWO

VOX-COP

March 1944



Balls of fire? If people had better training and upbringing in their childhood there wouldn't be so many signal two's



Trooper GASS - Westbrook

To THE

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF ERIN



VOX-COP

St. Patrick's Day

March 17, 1944

Contributed by Mr. James L. McGovern, distinguished editor of the Bridgeport Post.

CAED MILLE FAILTHIE

*A Chara - (*Dear Friend):

On St. Patrick's day, 57 years ago, the occasion being the 150th anniversary of the founding of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, John Boyle O'Reilly, patriot, soldier and poet, Erin's priceless gift to Columbia, whose song and story is an imperishable inheritance of all true Celts, read for the first time his immortal poem, "EXILE OF THE GAEL".

Though more than five decades have since passed, the soulful cadence enshrining the inspiring creation of the gifted bard, continues to awaken and rekindle memories of a race, the achievements of whose sons and daughters have illumined history's pages since St. Patrick, their great Apostle, first brought the light of Christianity to their beloved isle.

I quote the passage in this noble tribute to the expatriated children of Ireland in which he tells what the exiles from Erin brought with them to this, our Glorious Country, "COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN; THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE".

"No treason we bring from Erin -- nor bring we shame nor guilt!
The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped the hilt!
The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not bays;
And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate days.
But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge of tears;
And we claim our right by a People's fight, outliving a thousand years".

I commend to you as a principle of life, his opening words as he read the poem, and we, who proudly boast of the blood of the Gael and the Celt should constantly endeavor to translate it into action as part of our daily lives.

Here it is! "WE CAN DO IRELAND MORE GOOD BY OUR AMERICANISM THAN BY OUR IRISHISM".

*T'anam do Dhia! - (*Your soul to God)

(Seumas) L. McGovern



The wearing of the green