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EDWARD J. HICKEY,
Commissioner

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BY THE Yankee Clipper

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July 1945

The Fourth of July

By FRANK TRIPP - The Hartford Times

We are a strange people who can, within less than half a generation, throw ourselves into complete reverse with respect to so many of our thoughts and ways—even forget what was once an enthusiasm. Take the Fourth of July for instance.

One need not be very old to remember when the Glorious Fourth vied with Christmas for first affection among the holidays, particularly with youngsters.

I was talking with a child about the Fourth of July the other day and was startled to learn that the day which to me and my children marked the high spot of all summer has sunk to the level of just another day when the banks and the freight houses don't open.

The child hadn't reached a point in schooling when events which brought us Independence Day had yet sunk in. He was about nine. The mention of the Fourth of July didn't strike even the smallest spark of juvenile thrill. I was momentarily amazed, confounded and a bit angry with modern apathy, as I am prone to be anyway. My wrath was quickly rationalized. It's the ban on fireworks. To a kid that was like taking Santa Claus out of Christmas.

By the standards under which most of us were reared the mention of the Fourth of July to a boy of nine should start a conversation of some length and enthusiastic import. At this season of the year, not long ago, it would have started a spirited discussion on the relative merits of a sockful of cannon crackers or a bundle of Roman candles as the most appropriate way in which to celebrate the day we thumbed our nose at Britain's George III.

Based on the accidents and maimings which resulted, anyone who would repeal the Safe and Sane Fourth would be a foolish and unpopular sap. Yet have you ever pondered what a lot of fun, spirit and seed of patriotic fervor have been taken away from the generations to come?

Remember how you fondled and displayed with pride the stock of noise makers you hoarded for weeks before the Fourth? Remember how you roused before the crack of dawn, when finally came

the glorious day, and fired your biggest block-buster under the window of the neighborhood grouch? Remember sitting on the horseblock all day blowing at a piece of punk and tossing fire-crackers into the air?

Remember what a flop your measly night display turned out to be, how the skyrockets swished across the street and hit the curb, how that great long Roman candle only had three balls in it, how the 50-cent flowerpot squirted up a sickly gush of white sparks and just when you expected it to burst into a blaze of varicolored glory the darn thing sputtered into everlasting gloom without even singeing its bright red jacket? Remember how the pinwheels wouldn't spin, just stood still and burned up—and remember how you vowed never again another cent for anything but the good old reliable, treacherous, dynamite cracker? Noise, hellish noise and danger would henceforth express your patriotism.

It was a whale of a lot of sport just the same and it kindled something in a boy that he has been deprived of forever. The trouble with reformers and the fun they destroy is their failure to give us something in its place.

HOLIDAY WARNING

The Hartford Courant

The hot weather has gone for the moment at least, and the weather man assures us the Fourth will be cool, clear and sunny. It can be an ideal summer holiday for all. Yet this morning is the time to remember the warning issued by State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, who cautions us to go through the day, especially if we use highways, with a "mixture of common sense, extra care and courtesy."

In view of the increased A gasoline rations the State Police are preparing for an oldtime rush of traffic. Strict as their patrol may be, it cannot be strict enough. Each of us must remember for himself that our holidays are notorious for their toll of deaths and injuries. Not only automobile accidents but drownings, fires, and injuries from firearms bring tragedy in the midst of national celebration. A little extra thought this morning, a resolve that lasts through the day, will lead to a lower holiday casualty list tomorrow.

C. S. P. NEWS RELEASE

An accident-free fourth of July holiday guarantees an enjoyable July 5.

This was the safety reminder issued to all motorists today by Commissioner E. J. Hickey, of Connecticut State Police, with the approach of the annual observance of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

"A high fourth of July death toll can be prevented," he said. "All that is needed is a mixture of common sense, extra care and courtesy."

Extra gasoline may become a factor in causing an upswing in traffic accidents, motorists were told. Other factors include old cars averaging eight years in age, worn tires made doubly dangerous by hot summer weather, streets and roads in need of repair, and drivers who have fallen into careless driving habits during the war years.

Other accident types will claim victims unless precautions are taken, he said. Boating and swimming mishaps may result in tragedy. Other persons may be burned to death, die in falls or of over-exertion, or over-exposure to the sun.

Reminding state residents and visitors that the war is not yet won, Commissioner Hickey said "The least we can do is prevent the accidents that slow production and victory over Japan."

All state policemen will be on duty upon the highways throughout the state.

GAMBLING PROFITS

(Hartford Times)

In New York the City Commissioner of Investigation, endeavoring to ascertain what part of a bookmaker's \$22,000,000 deposits in ten years were due to activities within the city, so that taxes on them may be collected, has been balked by refusal of the bookmaker to testify. Now a Supreme Court justice has ordered that the bookmaker must answer the Commissioner's questions. If he continues to refuse he will be in contempt of court.

An odd feature of this case is the stand taken by the bookmaker that, his activities in New York City being illegitimate, the proceeds are not taxable. The court says of this: "Certainly this result is repugnant to this court's conception of law, equity and justice, notwithstanding this court's disdain and displeasure in making the City of New York a participant in such proceeds derived from an acknowledged unlawful and illegal source." The judge comments on the weakness of men or women that prompts them to wager their last dollar on horse races, and who have lost their homes and ruined their lives before they became aware of the truth that "a man may beat a race but he cannot beat the races."

More than \$22,000,000 deposited by one bookmaker in New York between 1933 and 1943 hardly more than hints at the magnitude of the betting game and the idiocy of the betting public. Legalized betting is no more moral, no less disastrous to the gamblers, than was the kind of betting it succeeded. It is still illegal in Connecticut, and it should be kept illegal.

HIGH COURT GETS
RUM STORE BREAK

Man Wearing Cop's Civvies
Bound Over For Trial In Fall

(The Bridgeport Post)

Nabbed at an early hour Friday morning in the M and H Liquor store, 261 Lindley street, after police say he kicked out glass in the front door to gain entrance, Richard Mebane, alias Richard Miller, 34, of Stamford, pleaded guilty in City court today to a charge of breaking and entering and was bound over to the next term of Superior court.

Detective Thomas J. Mullane said that Miller was garbed in clothing owned by State Policeman Harold Washburn which was one of four suits taken in a burglary at the Royal Cleaners store, 332 River street, early last week. He pleaded not guilty to the count of breaking and entering the cleaners.

Detective Mullane said the suit Miller was wearing was labeled with the State policeman's name but was not a police uniform.

Mebane is being held in bonds of \$2,500 pending court arraignment.

POULTRY FARMS IN COUNTY ARE
NOW PROTECTED BY THE STATE
POLICE PATROL

Protect 700,000 Chickens

(Stafford Press)

The State Police at Sub Station C, with the officers of other Barracks in the State, are now called on to give added protection to poultry farms and to out-of-the-way pastures, where cattle are kept, due to the shortage of poultry and beef in case of theft.

Farms Posted

Many of the farms in the Tolland County area have been posted with State Police signs, similar to the ones issued to cover vacant houses and cottages. The Police have been busy posting poultry farms in this area and during the night they are required to cover them while out on patrol.

It has been the practice of the State Police to cover all large farms in Tolland County as the crops are ready to harvest. This has kept the Police busy in past years in this area where the fruit and vegetable crop has been large and continues to increase each year with the additional acres of potatoes being planted.

Turkey Investigation

While investigating a complaint from a Turkey farmer, two officers were assigned to capture the culprit. Each night the police patrol spent extra time at the Turkey farm and on one of these trips, while the two officers were on the alert, the turkeys down at the far end of the large field started to scatter about. The officers crept softly down through the field and when they came to the place where trouble was brewing, they decided they would shoot the culprit in the leg. As the officers turned on their flashlights, both the police and culprit shot at the same time. The culprit was killed but not quick enough, and upon visiting the Barracks the next day, there was an odor around that was impossible to get rid of at the Station.

The next time the police find that the culprit is a skunk, they will shoot quicker and make sure that they are not on the wrong side.

Poultry Increase

It is estimated that poultry farms in this area, which is covered by the Police on patrol, reach a figure of over 700,000 chickens.

Nearly every farm has doubled the number they formerly raised. Several of the farms have more than 30,000 poultry while others have 10,000.

Chicken thieves in this area will have to be on the alert for the boys up on the hill are all good marksman. They are also on the lookout for deer hunters where beef cattle are pastured.

Not only do the Police protect large poultry farms in this area, but also the smaller ones. Recently a call was received at the Barracks from a widowed woman who lives out at the end of a country road that she wanted protection for a flock of poultry which consisted of six banties and one milk goat.

WHERE WERE THE COPS?

San Antonio policemen may be forced back to walking their beats if their bad luck continues. In one day, six radio patrol cars were put out of commission in traffic accidents, while a seventh car was stolen.

AAMVA Bulletin

A SLAP IN TIME

From the Washington Evening Journal.

Whenever we see a picture of a woman who has shot her husband or poisoned her sweetheart, we always wonder if a good spanking in her tenderer years might not have prevented the trouble.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN AVOIDED

(Waterbury American)

We await a more enlightening report on the American soldier on guard at a prison camp for Germans in Utah who used his machine gun to shoot wildly into the tents of sleeping men, killing eight Germans and wounding 20. The affair cannot be dismissed by simply remarking that the weapon wielder went berserk. Such information as we have indicates that he had served eight months in England in a field artillery unit but had never seen battle action. The strain of war, at least the strain that comes from actual combat service, can hardly be indicated as responsible for his mental condition.

It would appear that here was a man who never should have been taken into military service. Examining medics might have found defects in his mental composition that would have ruled him out. The youth states that he had planned the killing of the prisoners of war, with no reasons stated, or at least made public. He expresses no regret for what he has done. Twice previously at courts-martial the soldier had been convicted of leaving his post and failure to do guard duty. Apparently his superiors had reasons for not sending him into combat areas but, rather sent him home where he was put into prison camp guard duty.

Such an individual should have been cited for further examination by medical experts instead of being kept in any sort of military service. Officers along the line blundered in such a way as to leave open the chance for the unfortunate thing that finally happened.

HUDSON SHERIFF UPHELD ON USE OF FINGERPRINTS

Court Bars Sending Those of Accused Official Out of State Before His Trial

(Herald Tribune)

JERSEY CITY - New Jersey's practice of sending out of the state photographs and fingerprints of persons indicted for but not convicted of crime was held unconstitutional today by Vice-Chancellor Henry T. Kays.

The court ruled that, if an indicted person eventually is acquitted at trial, he has been harmed irreparably by the transmission of his picture and prints to police of other states and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The ruling represented a partial victory for William J. McGovern, Sheriff of Hudson County, in a case that is full of argument over photographs and fingerprints.

On March 27 Sheriff McGovern was indicted by a Hudson County grand jury on charges that he failed to photograph and fingerprint three Jersey City Tax Board members when they were indicted earlier on charges of conspiracy and misconduct in office.

On top of that, the indictment of Sheriff McGovern meant that, in compliance with the law, he now had to order himself fingerprinted and photographed. And under the New Jersey state police act of 1930, such pictures and prints would be sent to other law agencies outside the state.

Sheriff McGovern rebelled. He went to Chancery Court and got an injunction restraining himself or anybody else from taking his prints or photograph and sending the records out of the state. He

charged that his constitutional right of privacy would be endangered.

The office of State Attorney General Walter D. Van Riper contested the injunction. Today, Vice-Chancellor Kays ruled that Sheriff McGovern's fingerprints and photograph must be taken - either by himself or somebody else - but that the records may not be sent outside the state.

Mark Townsend, Deputy Attorney General, representing the state today, said that the restraint against sending the records outside New Jersey would be appealed.

CRIME IN THE ARMY

(The Hartford Courant)

Those recent reports showing a much higher incidence of crime in the Army than in civilian life although somewhat startling, are not nearly so bad as they first seem. On May 31, 1945, for every 100,000 soldiers there were 335 in prison under General Court-Martial verdicts comparable to so-called felonies in civil courts. The rate for the nation as a whole was 120. During 1944 the rate of conviction was 130 per 100,000 in the Army, as compared with a civilian rate of 32.1, although troops in combat areas did better with a rate of only 71 per year.

Figures can, of course, be interpreted in a variety of ways, and that is particularly true of these statistics. Crime is almost exclusively the work of teen-agers and men in their early twenties - age groups that predominantly contribute to the Army. In the natural course of events the incidence of crime according to age groups starts to dip sharply when the early thirties are reached and then continues downward thereafter.

Another factor that must be considered is the disruptive influence on the life of the individual when he is torn from familiar surroundings and all the direct and indirect sanctions that exist in every community, and sent into the unfamiliar world of the Army. Here, lacking the stability of home life, those individuals of weak character who otherwise would have been fairly law-abiding succumb and help to swell the Army crime figures.

Nor should it be overlooked that Army justice is swifter, surer, and less adulterated by political pressure and fixing. One needs to be no expert criminologist to realize that in civilian life many forces muddy the stream of justice and that many who are guilty escape their just punishment. In the last analysis, however, there is no force for shaping good character more powerful than a good home, and not even the Army can take the place of that. Those who have been subjected to training and discipline by good parents take something with them that acts as a protective armor no matter where they go and irrespectively of the evil forces to which they may be exposed. The Army's crime statistics are not so much an indictment of army life, as they are of the civilian forces that moulded those characters before they were exposed to the personality strains of warfare.

TODAY'S BEST STORY

Ketchikan, Alaska, July 12 - (AP) - News items in a local paper: "Three liquor stores opened last week. Three new preachers came to town. We're holding our own."

ONE WAY TO STOP A MURDER

(The Bridgeport Post)

The sentencing to death of three inmates of Connecticut State prison who brutally murdered a prison guard, has brought the usual deluge of gibberings and sentimentality in behalf of the murderers. A typical letter which recently appeared in the Hartford Courant, ends with the plea usually associated with the case against capital punishment: "Capital punishment does not prevent murder!"

We've heard that before and it's false. Capital punishment does prevent murder.

No person executed for murder ever murdered another person thereafter! But literally, hundreds and even thousands of murderers, not executed, not subject to capital punishment, have murdered other innocent persons - just like the men in Wethersfield mentioned above. It all gets down to a case therefore of whether the sentimentalist prefers that innocent people should be murdered or not.

If he thinks that the life of a murderer is worth more than that of his victims, past or potential, then he is justified in putting up a fight against capital punishment. If he does not think that the innocent victims are important but only that the murderer is important, then there is some sense to his plea against capital punishment.

It may be true - though we don't believe it - that the threat of capital punishment has not deterred the murderously inclined.

None the less, where capital punishment is carried out impartially and justly, and where murder is regarded as a crime in which the public sympathy should go to the victim and not to the

murderer, the number of murders shows a marked decline. Somebody must have respect for capital punishment.

But the other point - that nobody after his execution for murder, can murder another human being - is irrefutable.

Life imprisonment does not suffice because murderers escape from life imprisonment or are paroled by weak-headed governors. Delegations of mawkish sob sisters appear annually at state capitols until the poor officials are worn out and grant their pleas.

Some murders are "accidental" in the sense that they are committed under great provocation or during a fit of passion which might not arise a second time, but any student of crime must be aware that most murders are multiple and most murderers tend to go on in the business. That is, unless they are stopped by the noose or the electric chair.

A NEW DAWN

(Alabama Dept. Public Safety)

A new day is dawning for law enforcement. Gone are the days of the stick-swinging cop who was rated upon his ability to hit hard with his night stick. Law enforcement today is a profession. Today's officer must have the ability to think clear. He must have a working knowledge in chemistry, ballistics, and other associated subjects. Today's officer must be able to judge human nature. He must be able to understand the inner motives of the human being and what makes him act as he does. Tomorrow law enforcement will be looked upon in its proper light as an honorable profession and not just a job.

POLICE FOIL SUICIDE PLAN

Bloodhound Leads Searchers
to Woman in Wooded
Section of Newtown

(The Danbury News-Times)

Much credit for thwarting what State Police Lieut. Harry T. Tucker, commanding officer of Ridgefield barracks, termed an attempted suicide Sunday by Mrs. Martha Ellners, 68, of Hattertown district, Newtown, was given to "Pal" a bloodhound at the barracks who trailed the woman for two and half miles through heavy woodlands in the vicinity of her home and led searchers to her. The search lasted four hours.

Searchers found the woman bleeding profusely from severe lacerations which Lieut. Tucker said were self inflicted, and a kitchen knife which he said she used in slashing both of her wrists and her abdomen, was found nearby.

The woman's husband John Ellner, 68, returned home at 10 o'clock Sunday morning after an absence of two hours and found a note on the table written in German in which it told of her plan to commit suicide because of despondency, Lieut. Tucker said.

Mr. Ellners immediately notified State Policeman Robert J. Murphy, Newtown resident state policeman, who went to the scene. He was followed by Lieut. Tucker, Sgt. George Ferris and State Policemen Thomas Dunn and Edward Giardina. The latter took the bloodhound with him.

When a preliminary search in the vicinity of the woman's home failed to reveal any trace of her, Lieut. Tucker requested aid of Newtown Boy Scouts in looking for Mrs. Ellners. Also used in the search were three airplanes from the Monroe airport under the direction of Ben Hurd.

The bloodhound directed by State Policeman Giardina, spent some time in circling the yard of the Ellners' home and then started off through the woods and led the searchers directly to where the woman was found.

Mrs. Ellners was given emergency treatment at the scene and an improvised stretcher was made on which she was carried back to the highway. There she was transferred to the Newtown ambulance and taken to Danbury hospital. Hospital attaches said she is in good condition and in all probability will recover.

Lieut. Tucker in recounting events of the search expressed his thanks to the Newtown Boy Scouts and to Mr. Hurd for their assistance.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Compulsory Training in
Safe Swimming Recommended

(Waterbury American)

To the Editor of The American:

Your editorial concerning the number of drownings which occur each summer has aroused in my mind the question of the necessity of better teaching of water safety and swimming. Your Red Cross has gone far in this field developing new techniques of teaching and establishing standards of achievement which are accepted throughout the United States.

The Red Cross has an aim: "Every American a Swimmer, Every Swimmer a Life Saver." To achieve such an aim the teaching of swimming and water safety must be started when the children of our country are young.

Waterbury has, according to your paper, had two fatalities from drowning in the past few

weeks and another fatality resulting from diving under improper conditions. If proper instruction had been a part of the compulsory athletic training of these people in their grammar school days perhaps the story would have had a happy ending.

Training of the older population is not impossible either. Waterbury is blessed with many places for the exercise and enjoyment of swimming. Let's not allow these beauty spots to become a nightmare for mothers and fathers.

HELEN B. HITCHCOCK
Waterbury, July 11, 1945

SERVED AS PEACE OFFICER

19 Years' Freedom Ends
With His Arrest at 73

(Herald Tribune)

Moscow, Idaho (UP) - An escaped Oklahoma convict who during his nineteen years of freedom became a peace officer in Idaho, said today he was ready to go back to prison.

The seventy-three-year-old fugitive, John Curtis Barber, was arrested and sentenced to thirty days in jail here recently on Federal charges of unlawfully selling liquor to an Indian. His arrest ended a haunted life that started in 1926 when he walked away from the Oklahoma State Penitentiary during a road-camp riot. He was serving a life sentence for murder. He went to the West Coast and on to Lewiston, Idaho. As John E. Gans, he served as city marshal of Kamiah, Idaho. Fingerprints taken here identified him as the escaped convict.

CONNECTICUT CHIEFS OF
POLICE ELECT OFFICERS

(Spotlight, Bridgeport PD)

At their meeting at Wilcox Pier, Savin Rock, West Haven, on July 27th, 1945, Connecticut Chiefs of Police unanimously elected Chief John M. Gleason of Greenwich, President of their Association; Supt. William Roach of Waterbury as 1st Vice-President; Chief Hugh E. Meade of Torrington as 2nd Vice President; Chief T. J. Kelleher of East Hartford as Secretary-Treasurer; and Supt. John A. Lyddy as Recording Secretary; Chief Thomas P. Murphy of Norwich as Sergeant-at-Arms.

During the past year and the year before the organization was headed by Col. Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of the State Police Department.

Upon taking office Chief Gleason praised the work of his predecessor and called upon the meeting to extend a rising vote of thanks in recognition of the accomplishments of the Association under the leadership of Col. Hickey. Chief Gleason formerly held the office of Secretary-Treasurer and was succeeded by Chief Kelleher, who installed the office of President. The other officers were re-elected to offices held by them during the past year.

Hartford, N.Y. - Mrs. William Voorhees reported a new kind of chicken thief today.

She told police that someone stole 13 of the largest chickens in her flock of 35 Rhode Island Reds, averaging more than six pounds each, and replaced them with 13 others weighing only about four pounds apiece.

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

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THE SIFTING FLOOR

The Boys of Yesterday Are Far From The Childhood Vacation Scene

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Today And Yesterday

It looks much the same as ever, this vacation resort. Sails dip and glide on the green horizon, like dancers waltzing with that vigorous partner who takes a lot of leading, the wind. The stone wall is softened and sweetened by the swarming honeysuckle. You look over the shrubbery and see the bleak rocks, for possession of which the implacable sun, the rioting water, and a few hardy humans contend. How old are the rocks? You cannot say, but at least they are incomparably older than the trees and the transient sand.

It looks much the same. The mail man sounds his horn if he has anything for you. The baker has four kinds of rolls. There is the usual show of rambler roses and the usual crop of romances. The men go out to fish, striding vigorously down the beach in the flood of morning, plodding wearily back as night infiltrates the day.

The children are here in full force and fine voice. The place would be strange without them. Their shrilling sounds from the beach. All that screaming means not that wholesale murder is being done, but rather that the small fry are tasting and relishing almost insupportable delight. They are always the same children: the little boys with the drastic haircuts and the drooping trunks, the little girls with the bridge of freckles between the eyes and the premature coating of nail varnish.

But are they precisely the same children as always in this place from which the war seems so fantastically remote? Of course not. They are a new generation. Where are the children of yesterday?

There is one of them, a girl whose baby squeals with joy as it feels the sand for the first time.

Boys of Yesterday

And the boys of yesterday, where are they? One is in Trieste. For over three years he has been doing some of the dirtiest and most laborious work of the war. He was a boy when he left here. North Africa, Sicily, Italy have made a man of him. The desert fighting, the landings at dawn, the muck and the misery of the endless, inching peninsular campaign have been an education, a maturing which he never expected to get.

Another is with the army of occupation in Germany. Another is in India. They and all the rest are far from the seemingly immutable shore on which they romped and whooped.

One of them has revisited the pleasant scene. Wasn't it yesterday that he was diving off the raft and plying the oars and shepherding his brothers and sisters homeward at mealtime? Can there have been more than a few sunsets over the glistening, restless waste between the then of his arrowing growth and the now of his startling height?

He is a bomber pilot, back from Europe. He sits in the room where twilight is deepening. He talks in a quiet voice. Against the rhythmic background of the tide he tells of his experiences.

He was on his last mission before returning to the United States. He does not say it or hint it, but, one knows that he was good at his job, knowledgeable, resourceful, steady. But the opposition to this raid was formidable. His plane exploded high in the vaulting

emptiness. Unconscious for a while, he was revived by the rush of cold air. He got out, pulled the rip cord, drifted down.

He was being shot at. There was one thing to do—feign death, and he did it, slumping over in what must have been convincing fashion. He was hardly on the ground, when German civilians came at him. They were by no means the safest kind of German civilians for an Allied airman to meet. They were railway men, with vivid, resentful memories of the attacks on their trains.

He got away and ran through the snow, only to meet up with members of the so-called people's army, whose far-from-gentle handling was cut short by the belated command of an officer. Then, for two and one-half hours, he was marched through the city streets, through the wreck and the ruin of one of the oldest and most storied places in Europe.

In Prison Camp

Then came prison camp. The barracks were crowded; the beds were slats, and the bedding was one thin blanket; the food was just about non-existent, the daily ration being a loaf of bread to be shared by seven men, and a cup of soup. The captured fighting men talked of food. They drew up menus. This would be breakfast, when they were liberated, and this would be dinner. Prodigious meals, gargantuan meals, appalling combinations—all in the imagination. They thought of home: Do they know that I am all right; I know that I am all right, but do they know it. They plotted to escape. Some of them did escape. He escaped. Three times. Twice he was retaken. The third time he was at large until the Americans had overrun the region.

Being on the loose in a bitterly hostile country was nothing much, or so he said in the quiet voice. I learned how to milk a cow, he said, smiling as if it were an accomplishment far more difficult and precious than piloting a monster bomber. I learned how to steal

WE MUST THINK TODAY OF OUR
CHILDRENS' TOMORROW

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chickens, he said; the trick is to grab them before they wake up. We could cook, he said, only at dawn. There's about a half-hour then when the smoke blends into the mist and the flame isn't accentuated by the darkness. Occasionally, he said, we couldn't cook at that time, and once we tried raw chicken, just once.

When finally the Americans came he had been without food for five days. But he promptly

made up for this deficiency. Soon he was on his way home, and now he was here watching and listening to near-replicas of himself of yesterday.

It is quiet here at night. The good black earth aloft is sown with the glittering seeds called stars. The salt-rusted fir trees are rigid against the ghostly water. The last straggler among the youngsters has been rounded up and plunged into the oblivion that

is broken by dreams. Dreams of funny books and a dollar's worth of the ice cream man's wares. But not dreams of bailing out over a devastated country, or prison camp, of excruciating hunger, of being seized by the SS. Not fantastic stuff like that. That could happen only in a movie. It is not true to life. At least, it is over and done with, liquidated, impossible in the future. Or so we say.

Policeman Explains First Aid To YMCA Boys

THE HARTFORD DAILY COURANT



Gerald Cohen, 10-years-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Cohen, of 43 Cabot Street, is shown above as State Policeman William A. Gruber applied a sling to his right arm as several other boys from the local YMCA Boys' Division summer program looked on Thursday at State Police Barracks on Washington Street, where Policeman Gruber explained first aid and other police techniques to them. As part of the program, the boys in the division visit war plants, historical sites and other places of social, civic, educational and industrial interest. The program is conducted by George D. Ritchie, a member of the YMCA staff, shown in back row

Supt. Lyddy Talks at Welfare Meeting



Post photo—Plummer
Police Supt. John A. Lyddy addressing the annual meeting of the Jewish Welfare bureau in the Jewish Community center, last week, is flanked by (left), Dr. Michael E. Brodsky, president, and (right), Fred J. Stern, executive director. On the extreme right is Samuel N. Rosoff, first vice president. Supt. Lyddy's subject was "Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency."

The Bridgeport Post

Preventative Factors in Delinquency

Supt. John A. Lyddy of the Bridgeport Police Department, addressing the Jewish Welfare bureau recently, gave a very interesting outline of the police efforts to curb delinquency in the urban areas.

Supt. Lyddy said "Members of our Crime Prevention Bureau and our foot and motor patrols under the supervision of that bureau, maintain a constant observation of public amusements and neighborhood trouble spots. All bowling alleys, penny arcades, theatres, skating rinks, neighborhood candy stores, bus and railroad stations, hotels, lodging houses and taverns are watched closely.

"Among the beneficial results of these observations have been: the apprehension of run-away boys and girls; curbing the lewd conduct of young girls; preventing the illegal employment of minors; the revelation and timely correction of minors at the beginning of crime careers; the enforcement of laws and regulations concerning amusement establishments

thus decreasing the incentives for delinquency.

"Adjustment of many juvenile difficulties can be made by the police without resorting to Court action and such an adjustment is often the most logical and effective method to pursue. In these cases it has been found generally advisable to acquaint the parents with their child's misbehavior. It is, however, more often necessary to remind the parents of their moral and legal obligations in the supervision of their children. Several of these matters were referred to and most satisfactorily handled by the Jewish Welfare Council, Catholic Charitable Brotherhood, the Family Society, the Mental Hygiene Society, the International Institute, the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Boy's Clubs of America. We have found that through the cooperative efforts of these societies much can be done for the youngster who has displayed a tendency toward delinquency."

UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS

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At Sea

Dear Commissioner:

24 June 1945

Your letter of May 3rd finally caught up with me in the last port in Australia. It took some time to reach me as it had travelled quite a ways around the Pacific before catching up. Right after receiving it we put out to sea again, hence the delay in answering.

If you bear with me, I will try to give you a little idea of my travels since being assigned to transport duty. In February, 1944, I was assigned to transport duty with a medical detachment, and left New York the first part of March. We stopped off at Norfolk, Virginia, for a few days and then proceeded to sea. Although we had no idea of our exact destination, we thought we were only making a routine trip to Europe. We had been out only a couple of days when we learned that we were stopping off at Panama and this was the first idea we had that we were heading for the Pacific. We stopped off at Panama, and a few days after leaving learned that our next port would be in New Guinea, but on the way we stopped at Noumea, New Caledonia. Noumea was quite a treat because this was the first time we had seen land in days. We then proceeded to New Guinea and remained there for a few days. We spent our time on liberty travelling around the island. From New Guinea we headed for Australia where we remained for a couple of days, and then proceeded to the U. S. To our disappointment, however, we returned to the west coast instead of the east coast. Upon arriving we learned that we had been transferred to the west coast.

Our next journey out was to be a short one, only lasted five months. The time went so fast that it didn't seem that we had been out more than a month. On this trip I was transferred from the medical corps to the transportation corp (troop movement). We visited the Hawaiian Islands, Marshall Islands, Admiralty Islands and Palau on the outward voyage and on the return we made Pavuvu, Guadalcanal, Tulagi, Espiritu Santo, Noumea, New Caledonia, and then back to the west coast. I would like to go into great detail and give you a little information about each one of the places I have visited, but to do so I wouldn't be able to complete this letter as there is quite a bit to tell of each place.

We only remained in the states a short while before we learned that we were slated for another trip, so out we go again, this trip was a short one as we only visited the Hawaiian Islands, Marshall Islands, and Saipan. Right after leaving Hawaii I learned that a former member of our department was aboard so I checked up and found that it was no other than William (Mike) Feeley, and I spent several enjoyable days with him.

When we returned to the states from this trip I was transferred to another ship and am at present aboard her. I had no more than reported aboard when out we go, and I believe that this trip will be remembered more than my previous ones.

We stopped at the Hawaiian Islands where we were given liberty. I had learned that John Small and Frank Bowes were stationed somewhere there, so I started to look them

On the Island of IWO JIMA



Frank Bowes, Frank Virelli and John Small

up. I located them and spent an enjoyable afternoon with them, but only had time for the one visit.

A couple of days after leaving the Hawaiian Islands I went up to the sun deck to get a breath of air and there happened to be one of the passengers standing around and I got into conversation with him and he told me that he was a member of the Connecticut State Police. At this I became interested and asked him where he was stationed and his name. He was Leo Wrenn and was stationed at Hartford. This was the first time I had ever met him or even seen him, but we practically met each day thereafter and talked over different things.

As I have previously said this trip, I believe, will be one long remembered because of a couple of exciting moments. It is quite a feeling to be awakened from a sound sleep by the general alarm and having to jump out of bed, grab whatever clothes you can along with your life jacket and dress while running to your emergency station in the dark, not being able to see a thing in front of you and having to wait at your station in silence. Being in this predicament you do a lot of thinking and wondering what the next step is going to be - are you going to be hit or not and will you have to jump over the side? This happened on two occasions when enemy subs were picked up in our area, and believe you me, I hope it never happens again.

Well, Commissioner, I don't want to take up all your time telling you of my travels, so will bring this to a close.

With best regards.

Very sincerely,

Frank Virelli, Jr.

GIs Who Have Lost Limbs Will be Able to Drive With Aids Developed by Automotive Engineers

Published by Automotive Council for War Production

THIS story is for disabled GIs only. Particularly for those who will come out of military service minus one or more of their limbs.

Everything possible is being done in the automotive industry so that you will be able to own and drive an automobile safely again.

With the aid of a few easy-to-manipulate devices attached to the steering wheel post, the dash board or the foot pedals—depending on the type of disability—you'll find it handy to use your car for driving to work, shopping, vacations or in handling your day-to-day affairs, just as you did when you owned an automobile before you entered the service.

These driving aids will fit on either the car you left behind or the car you plan to acquire. Most important, these special devices will not interfere with other members of your family who want to drive the car.

The special equipment which makes this possible is the result of research and actual driving tests carried on over recent months as a cooperative effort of the Army Surgeon General's staff, the Society of Automotive Engineers, the Automobile Manufacturers Association and the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators.

In the accompanying picture you see the interior of the test car, fitted out with all the driving aids developed during the course of the program. Actually, no passenger car will ever need to be so fully equipped, and vehicle control installations will be tailored to meet individual requirements. But, from this master set, driving aids to accommodate scores of combinations of limb amputations may be installed on any make car.

During experiments to determine the practicability of the control devices, the test car was successfully operated by veterans who had lost from one to three limbs.

For example, a veteran with both legs amputated above the knees needs the following special hand-operated devices: light dimmer switch, throttle, starter button, accelerator and power brake control. Should a veteran lose his right arm above the elbow and his left leg above the knee he would re-

quire these special devices: gear shift lever on left side of steering wheel, knob attached to steering wheel for steering, hand operated light dimmer switch and clutch pedal bar or vacuum controlled throttle.

The need for developing aids to help disabled veterans drive motor vehicles was placed before the automotive industry last summer. To meet it, every manufacturer named a representative to a newly-formed SAE technical committee and the group attacked the problem from these three angles:

First, a survey was made of all car companies and accessories manufacturers to determine what mechanical aids existed that might be made available quickly; secondly, a study of problems presented by World War II was carried on; and, finally, studies of possible new devices and mechanical attachments which would further help

the disabled veteran drive with safety despite artificial arms or legs came under the engineering searchlight.

Presented to the Surgeon General, the automotive industry report received his enthusiastic blessing, and, at once, the facilities of Percy Jones General Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan, were made available to the SAE committee for field tests. And here the new devices developed, or the older ones that had been used in peacetime were refined and subjected to the critical analysis of the patients.

Additional problems attached to the use of the hand controls, such as drivers' licenses for legless veterans and automobile insurance, also are being solved by the SAE committee.

To date, 36 of the country's 48 secretaries of state have indicated that their licensing bureaus will grant drivers' permits to disabled veterans who have automobiles equipped with the necessary controls.

In Michigan, where actual driving tests have been conducted, licensing officers are enthusiastic about the skill displayed by handicapped veterans in handling cars in all kinds of traffic, the SAE committee reports.



ARROWS INDICATE GENERAL LOCATION OF DRIVING AIDS

No veteran will need all the devices shown in this test car to drive safely.

A CONNECTICUT BOY OVERSEAS
 LIKED SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER
 PICTURE OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE
 POLICE.

Dear Sir: Chorley Lincs.
 England

I am enclosing a picture which I recently got my hands on, and believe it or not it did my heart good to see it over here on the far shores of England. As a rule, the average person's attitude towards the police department is a bit on the prejudice side. There are a few boys in the same company who are from Connecticut and when this picture was called to their attention it was the subject of a very pleasant bull session for the evening. I am a resident of Orange and I hope that the weather for cruising around the Bethany, Woodbridge and other surrounding countrysides at this time of the year is of a different nature than the weather of this country. The sun is something that merely passes over the United Kingdom, but does not shine on it. I hope that this picture pleases you, in receiving it as it did us.

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Richard L. Norris

July 11, 1945
 In the Central Pacific

Dear Sir:

While I have a few spare minutes, I will write a few lines. This first thing I want to mention is that I told you that I lost my F.C.C. license. My billfold was found and it was mailed to my home. My wife sent

me the verification card. I won't have to renew it. I was a little hasty in mentioning the expiration date. It expires in September 1947 instead of 1945.

Before I forget, I hope you can spare some time and thank Captain Stiles for me. I received the C.S.P.A. membership card and was very happy to know that they didn't forget the boys in the Armed Forces. Someday if I get time, I will drop him a line.

Since my last letter to you, I have been transferred to the 81 M.M. Mortar Platoon. I am a communication man in this outfit. I like this work much better. Besides knowing things about communication work, I also get a chance to learn all about the Mortar Guns. They are quite an interesting weapon. Since I have been in the Marine Corps I have learned an awful lot about weapons. If and when I ever get back to civilian life, I hope this knowledge will come in handy to me. I guess time will tell.

I received a letter from former Officer Sedar and also one from former Officer Davis. I answered both of them. I sure was happy to hear from them. I have yet to hear from Jimmy Duane. I guess he had a pretty tough time on Okinawa. I hope he came thru that campaign all right. If possible, I would like to get some news on him. I get quite a few letters from S/Sgt. Helen Breault. I write to her about once a week. She advised me that former Lieutenant Buckley is now a Lt. Colonel. It sure is good to know that one of the boys is way up on the top.

I want to thank you again for the copies of the Vox-Cop. It certainly makes a fellow feel good to sit down at night and read all about the good work the

C.S.P. Department is doing at the home front. They certainly have a good bunch of hustlers when it comes to selling War Bonds.

Well Sir, I guess I will close for now. Wishing you and the boys all the luck in the World. Hope to be home soon.

Respectfully yours,

Pfc. M. J. Shegda
U.S.M.C.R.

Camp Robinson
Arkansas
June 11, 1945

Dear Commissioner:

Just a line to let you know I'm still alive and kicking in spite of all the Army's attempts to walk us to death! Last Wednesday we hiked 20 miles with full packs and rifles and Saturday they let us off easy -only 12 miles. Its sure some different than riding in the Fords of C.S.P.

I received my second copy of Vox-Cop. It's very welcome and rather like "letters from home" to get the news of the gang. What's happened to Station "B" in "around the circuit." I recall you had a similar complaint from Johnny Winn our former Radio Dispatcher. That news from Canaan was conspicuous by its absence.

This afternoon while out on maneuvers with the B.A.R. a soldier from another company walked up and introduced himself as "Tony Simmons" formerly with the Los Angeles Homicide Bureau. He heard I was with the C.S.P. and we had quite a chat. He is very familiar with your name and said that he thinks you were in his office on one of your visits to California. He's also

scheduled for "Potential Investigation" but like me is taking Infantry Basic Training. We have three other attorneys from New York State in here and also an F.B.I. agent by the name of Sturgess formerly in California. We have a lot of note comparisons whenever we get a spare minute which is rare.

I'm gaining lots of knowledge about weapons to kill, but I'm hoping soon to get into the investigation branch which will come in about 12 or 13 weeks more.

I saw a Connecticut registered car the other day MK-154 here in camp. It seemed good to even see a registration plate from home. I got a listing on it through my wife and learned that it's issued to a Major Schwolsky or some such name of Hartford. Thought you might know him.

Well Sir, I'm leaving shortly for a night maneuver which will keep us out until after midnight.

It's a beautiful night to be out crawling around in the woods with full pack and rifle. It's raining like hell and the mud here is light red in color, so it's going to be a long night ahead.

This is all for this time, sir. Please give my best regards to everyone in "Good ole C.S.P."

Sincerely,

Don Frost

July 7, 1945

Dear Captain Stiles

Your letter in that familiar style of yours arrived yesterday with the card and I was glad to get both. Hope to get back before this one expires. Redeployment is in full swing and we are

plenty busy here with thousands of troops on leave. This job as Provost Marshal on the Riviera calls for a lot of police work. Don't know when I'll be starting home but it shouldn't be very long now. I am well and hope you and Mrs. Stiles are too. Give my best regards to the gang there at Headquarters.

Best regards,

Ralph J. Buckley

2 July 1945
Yuma, Arizona

Dear Commissioner:

Yes, it is rather warm in Southern Arizona at this time. Especially out on the Yuma-Gila desert valley. Have been here for five weeks and the temperature has so far averaged 115 during the day. Our working day starts at 4:00 a.m. and we are all through at 1:30 p.m. as the afternoons are too warm to work. After sun down it begins to cool off quite a bit. Then from about 10:00 p.m. until 7:00 A.M. it gets quite cool, some nights we have to use two woolen blankets to keep warm.

Yes, we are right on the desert. At times the wind, when we have any at all, is very warm. Two weeks ago I rode in a convoy to El Centro, California and I assure you that when the hot air hits you riding through the desert in the Imperial Valley, you sometimes wonder why people live out here. Well, the reason for that is, I believe it's because the land has been irrigated to quite an extent, Boulder Dam to the north, then Imperial Dam all on the Colorado River. Above Imperial Dam on the Colorado River is some of the best fishing

water in the southwest. For the first 50 miles above the dam the old river bottom is one vast chain of lakes, through which the river has leveled off a channel. A waterfowl refuge extends from the dam upstream some 30 odd miles.

Practically all of the bottom land now occupied by the lakes was originally covered with a heavy growth of mesquite, willow and cottonwood timber. The cottonwoods and willows have rotted and broken off near the water's surface, but the mesquite still stands, so thick in many places that it is impossible to get a boat through them. In and around the tops of these submerged mesquite trees some wonderful large mouth bass have been caught. (Attention D. C. Frost)

While the background to this lower river country is not so spectacular as the towering terraces that overlook Lake Mead, it nevertheless is a region of alluring beauty. The contrast of swamp and desert; the multicolored hills rolling back and upward from the vivid green of the shore line present a view that bewilders the imagination, suggesting maturity and permanence in the middle of America's greatest and oldest desert. To me it is quite fascinating and all this country out here needs is more water.

I am beginning to realize the value of water after seeing the orange and date groves, the alfalfa fields and the melon patches, cantaloupe and watermelon. For once in my life I have had enough cantaloupe. I eat them for breakfast, dinner and supper. The ones that ripen on the vines are the best, served ice cold with just a dash of salt.

We have to go to Mexico for a real good steak, prime beef or

baby beef, the kind we used to have back home. While in Mexico I priced some Dupont Nylon hose, perhaps some of the girls in the office remember them. Well sir, they are \$11. a pair, pre-war stuff. Well, I stayed clear of that stuff, but I took the trouble to sort of investigate the hosiery business. I asked several American women that I met at the U.S.O. how they were and they advised us not to buy any as the stock was shopworn and old. It seems that Nylon gets brittle after lying around for a while in the heat down here; therefore we don't buy any for our wives or girl friends. The hose just seems to fall apart as one lady explained to me.

We are doing the same thing here that we did in Oregon. At this writing the job has been done and was a success and we will be leaving soon. Tell you more about that later. We have several overseas men with us now, they sure are a swell lot of men. It seems the average G.I. only wants to get home and stay there. I talk to all of them every day and work with them. Some of the men have seen active service in a theatre of operation. It appears that the war has not changed them very much. All you have to do is understand them and try to visualize what they have been through. It seems that the ones that have been through the most talk the least and show the most appreciation for being able to be back in the good old U.S.A. once again.

Our time here will be up on the 15th of July. Will keep you posted.

Sincerely,

Ray Conklin

Hollandia,
Dutch New Guinea
27 June 1945

Dear Captain Stiles:

I wish to express my deep appreciation and thanks for your letter and Association membership card, received today.

You have my assurance that I, for one, will be very happy to be back on old John Connecticut's payroll again, and hope this becomes a reality very soon. However, I must say that I am not sorry I came into the service as it has been a great experience and I've seen many interesting things during my travels so far, and expect to see many more.

At the present time, I am S-3 in the Battalion (Plans & Training) which seems to be the most active and by far the most interesting of all staff officer assignments. As S-3 I am in charge of all operations and Base Traffic Officer as well.

We seem to be doing a very good job in keeping down accidents on this Base. We have a regular traffic court before which all traffic violators are tried. Most of the violations are speeding cases. The fines vary, depending of course on the circumstances. The average fine seems to be \$25.00.

The Base covers such a large area that we have a Sub Station in what we call the Lake area. This is a club house formerly occupied by the Red Cross, located on the shores of Lake Sentani. Must be around 100 miles or more of shore line and the Lake is dotted by many islands upon which there are numerous native villages. Some of the native dwellings on the Lake are set up on poles over the water close to the shore while other dwellings

are set upon the solid ground. All dwellings are thatched and not very comfortable looking. There are many natives around here and you won't find one who doesn't wear at least one piece of GI clothing. On many occasions I have seen male natives walking along the road drinking a bottle of good old American beer. They certainly are a comical lot.

It is real hot here with frequent torrents of rain. Under foot it is either very dusty or muddy in this neck of the woods. Roads are very dangerous when wet as there are many sharp curves and steep hills. When a vehicle goes over an embankment here it usually doesn't stop right away because it is usually a long way down.

So far I have the Asiatic theater ribbon, one bronze combat star, two overseas service stripes and 57 points.

Censorship restrictions have been lifted partly so that we can now say where we have been and present location. I first landed at Esperito Santos in the New Hebrides Island and went from there to Finschafen, British New Guinea. I have also been stationed in Oro Bay and Buna, BNG. and am now stationed in Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. Hope to very soon be in the Philippines or possibly China. Was going to say Japan but I guess that would be asking for too much.

Well Captain, guess I've said enough about myself and so will close for the present. Kindly give my regards to Mrs. Stiles, and to all at Headquarters.

Sincerely,

Capt. R. Olson

Shelton, Connecticut - Mayor Ralph C. Booth has received an interesting letter from Seaman l/C Henry M. Symonds, in which the latter reveals he has been transferred to the Ryukyu islands in the Pacific. Prior to entering the service Symonds, known as "Mutt" to his many friends, was a member of the Shelton police force.

His letter, in part, is as follows:

"Right now we are located at the front door of Japan, much to their misfortune. They say that it is the beginning of summer in Japan. This is a nice place, but the best to me right now would be my own back yard or up the river. I wouldn't swap that place for all the scenery in the world. Whoever wrote 'There's no place like home' knew what he was talking about."

Mrs. Hazel Johnson Jackman, wife of Officer Louis Jackman, of Westport, accompanied by her sister, is going to Montreal at the expense of the Canadian Government. She will there accept for her deceased brother, Paul Johnson, a citation and medal from the Canadian Government. Her brother was a fighter pilot with over 100 missions over Germany to his credit. He was killed in July, 1944. Being too young to enlist in the U. S. Army Air Forces he went to Canada and enlisted there. By the time we had entered the war he was old enough to get transferred to our forces. He had earned the Distinguished Flying Cross before his death.

COMMENDATIONS

VOX-COP

Page 1

July 1945

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE NATIONAL GUARD BUREAU
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

WDNGS-B State Guard
333.45 Conn-3

25 June 1945

SUBJECT: Commendation.

THRU: Commanding General, First Service Command, Boston, Massachusetts.

TO: The Adjutant General of Connecticut, Hartford, Connecticut.

1. This Bureau has received a copy of the 1945 Annual Inspection Report of Troop A, Motorized Brigade, Connecticut State Guard, Hartford, Connecticut, dated 7 February 1945, which contains the following remarks:

This unit is organized, equipped and trained to carry out any mission it may be assigned by either the Adjutant General or the Commissioner of State Police. It is the only unit of its kind in the State of Connecticut, and is equipped with 103 Motorcycles, various types of 4-wheeled transportation, machine guns submachine guns, rifles and revolvers. Much of the firepower and transportation State-owned. This is an unusual unit, with morale, spirit, interest and training at a high level.

2. It is encouraging to note this excellence in such a unit composed of hard-working members, and I am pleased to commend them for their efforts in maintaining such an efficient organization.

(Signed) JOHN F. WILLIAMS,
Major General, USA, Acting Chief, National Guard Bureau.

1st Ind.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST SERVICE COMMAND, Boston 15, Massachusetts, 28 June 1945.

TO: The Adjutant General of Connecticut, State Armory, Hartford, Conn.

I concur most sincerely in the commendation contained in basic letter.

(Signed) SHERMAN MILES
Major General, United States Army, Commanding

2nd Ind.

The Adjutant General, State Armory, Hartford, Conn. 17 July 1945 To: CO, Troop A, State Police Barracks, Hartford, Conn.

1. Attached herewith you will find a 1945 Commendation ribbon which you may display on your Company guidon for one year.

2. The Adjutant General of Connecticut is most pleased to commend you for your achievement and is glad to transmit the attached commendation from Major General Sherman Miles and Major General John F. Williams of the Army Service Forces.

(Signed) R. P. Delacour
Brigadier General, The Adjutant General

3rd Ind.

Office of the Chief of Staff, State Armory, Hartford, Conn. 18 July 1945
TO: CO, Troop A, State Police Barracks, Hartford, Conn.

1. As Commanding Officer of Brigade Special Troops, it is a pleasure to pass on to Troop A this well deserved commendation.

(Signed) Joseph P. Nolan
Colonel, CSG, Chief of Staff

COMMENDATIONS



Policewoman Dorothy Scoville



Sergeant Robert Rundle

EXCELLENT POLICE SERVICE CITED

Special Service activities of State Policewoman Dorothy Scoville and Sergeant Robert Rundle of Headquarters deserve special recognition in Vox Cop.

Judge A. A. Ribicoff of the Hartford Police Court remarked from the bench this month, "Sergeant Rundle and Mrs. Scoville should be commended for assistance to and excellent work they have done with the vice squad of the City of Hartford in cleaning up some unpleasant vice conditions that have existed.

Then on July 26 came the discovery of a shallow grave in the brickyards of Berlin containing the nude body of Lillian Grove. Mrs. Scoville and Sergeant "Bob", assigned to the case with officers from Station "H", canvassed the residential area within two miles of the brickyard and quickly obtained information as to the identity of the victim, apprehended her husband and within eleven hours from the finding of the body Dewitt Grove was booked for murder after admitting striking and choking his wife the previous week-end. Dewitt concealed the body in the woods and two days later buried it in the shallow grave but not deep enough to conceal it from view of woodsmen.

Congratulations - Station "H", Special Service and Identification Bureau for teamwork and prompt solution of the Grove tragedy.

COMMENDATIONS

VOX-COP

Page 3

July 1945

PHONY FARMHANDS HELD AS ESCAPEES

The Providence Journal
Cranston Patrolman with Eye
for Vaudeville Breaks Up
"Brother Act" of Two

Because their "brother act" as farmhands aroused the suspicion of a Cranston patrolman, a man and a boy who escaped from Windham County Jail, Brooklyn, Conn., on July 19, were apprehended late yesterday afternoon by Cranston police.

They are Joseph E. Martin, alias Joseph Marshal, 40, of Attawaugan, Conn., and James N. Jobes, 18, of Phoenixville, Conn. Martin, who told Cranston police he was single, was serving a year for bigamy. Jobes had been bound over to Superior Court on a motor vehicle theft charge, Connecticut State police said.

Yesterday afternoon Patrolman John F. Callery Jr. observed the pair working at the Edward Sullivan Farm on Hope Road, Cranston. Their actions aroused his suspicions and, upon inquiry, he learned they had been hired yesterday morning after working the preceding few days at the Julia Mauran Farm, also in Cranston. He called police headquarters and, upon the arrival of Inspector John F. Ryan and several other police officers, placed the men under arrest.

During questioning at the Cranston police station, they admitted, police say they were escaped prisoners.

Last night Police Chief Nelson G. Bourret turned them over to County Detective Rowe H. Wheeler and Lt. Leo Mulcahy of the Connecticut State police who charge the pair escaped from the county jail by threatening to beat Arthur Belisle, night turnkey, with the leg of a table, locking him in a cell after taking his keys and then making off with his car. The car, abandoned, was found several days later in Foster. Last night the men told police they had thrown the keys to the jail into a field.

WINDHAM COUNTY JAIL

POST OFFICE BOX 152

BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT

July 25, 1945

Hon. Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner of State Police
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you and the members of the State Police Department who worked so hard to return the two prisoners who escaped from the Windham County Jail Thursday, June 19, 1945.

It is unfortunate that the citizens of Connecticut do not appreciate and know more about our State Police Department and the good work they do. The cooperation given me ever since I have held the office of Sheriff in Windham County has been so friendly and helpful, it is impossible to find words suitable to tell you how much I appreciate the assistance given me in the past years.

I want to congratulate you and all Officers under your command for the services and protection you are giving to the citizens of the State of Connecticut.

Very Respectfully Yours.

Napoleon J. Fournier

Napoleon J. Fournier
Sheriff Windham County

VOX-COP congratulates Station "D" personnel (especially Sergeant Scranton and Officers Heckler, Deeley, and J. B. Murphy) for their untiring efforts in the recent case of jail breakers, Martin and Jobes. Officers Heckler and J. B. Murphy with Resident Officer Marikle sacrificed leaves to join in the man hunt with Officer Daniel B. McKenzie and County Detective Rowe Wheeler. The cooperation, coordination, and contribution of all Connecticut and Rhode Island law enforcement agencies quickly brought a note of appreciation from Sheriff Fournier. (Nice going, boys!!!)

Tuesday evening, July 17, Officer Thomas Lenihan was serving as desk officer at Station "I" - Bethany - when a telephone call was received from Resident State Policeman Robert J. Murphy, of Newtown, asking for another officer to investigate a complaint in Southbury involving an attempt to obtain gasoline without paying for it. Officer Murphy was on leave on this date and he promptly referred what appeared to be a minor offense to Station "I". Desk Officer Lenihan issued a radio dispatch to patrol cars in the Southbury area and when those officers responded to the location they learned that the complainant had information of a more serious nature which required police attention immediately.

An 83-year-old gas station owner had been attacked by two men who sought to purchase merchandise as a pretext to cover their unlawful purposes. Inquiring for certain items and upon being told that they were not available, the would-be purchasers seized the proprietor, beat him with their fists, and robbed him of approximately \$85.00. They then fled in their car when the elderly man grabbed his shotgun and fired at random.

This evidence of crime brought forth considerable activity on the part of the night patrols attached to Stations "A" and "I". Southbury, although in "I" territory is adjacent to "A" territory. Officer Murphy immediately canceled his leave period and joined forces with the field personnel. Special Service personnel assigned to the Western Division were called upon for assistance. Radio Dispatcher Egan at Station "I" issued given instructions to our patrol forces. Officers Gorman, Waltz, Carlson, Marchese, Whelan, Paige ("I"),

Jones, Finnegan ("I"), and Higney labored diligently throughout the night in search of clues that would lead to the identity of the robbers. A complete description of the robbers was obtained and broadcast to all stations. Teletype messages were sent to all local and state police officers.

Captain Schatzman, of the Western District, took command of the details and coordinated the activities of the station and Special Service personnel. Both divisions, headed respectively by commanding officers Lieut. Michael D. Smith and Lieut. Henry Mayo, cheerfully responded. A conference with the various officers soon disclosed that statements made by the robbers in the commission of the crime indicated that both were familiar with the surrounding countryside. On the following day the search for the suspects was limited to the immediate district. Detectives Doyle and Flanagan and Officers Murphy, Lenihan, Hartnett, and Dymkoski were specifically assigned to pursue the investigation in the district. Every roadside stand, gas station, restaurant, and store in the area was visited by one of the investigators, and the full particulars of the crime, together with the description of the fugitives, were related to the owners, attendants, and clerks of these establishments. One of the fugitives, called "Whitey" by his companion, was described as wearing a pink shirt. This information in particular was passed on by the officers to the merchants.

Two days later, Resident State Policeman Robert J. Murphy, of Newtown, received another telephone call from Southbury concerning the actions of an intoxicated person at Hall's Dance Pavilion. Station "I" was immediately notified by Officer

Murphy. Officer Lenihan was assigned to inquire about the complaint. He proceeded to Southbury and in the course of the interview with the complainant learned that the intoxicated person had left the dance hall. His description included "wearing a pink shirt." Next door to the dance hall is a gas station. The owner of this place had been informed of the suspect's description in the previous case, and he had observed the dance hall disturber with the pink shirt getting into a car and driving off. He marked the license number of the car down on a slip of paper.

While Officer Lenihan was talking to these complainants, Detective Flanagan came upon the scene and joined Officer Lenihan in obtaining further details which satisfied them and their superior officers as to the identity of the pair. Tracing ownership of the car led to the identity of one robber. Then upon learning the identity of his associates inquiry at the Waterbury Police Headquarters produced photographs that brought about the apprehension of the fugitives within the next three days.

Well done, boys!!!! VOX-COP

On May 11, 1945, a complaint was registered at Station "L" relative to an unlawful entry at the Manning house which is located on the White Memorial Foundation. The complaint was assigned and investigated. However, due to the fact that the time of entry was somewhat remote it was impossible to secure enough evidence as to who was guilty of the break. All men at the station were given the information and all were acquainted with the modus operandi. Other petty breaks and thefts developed in the area of Bantam Lake but were not reported to this department.

We later learned that these included the theft of ration books, both gasoline and food, flashlights, blankets, jackets, coats, tools, etc., and much to our surprise some of the owners failed to note their loss.

On June 11, 1945, we again received a complaint from an excited official at Camp Townshend, the New Haven Girl Scout Camp, located on the White Foundation on the shores of Bantam Lake. At this time a prowler was reported at the camp and Officer Wilbur Calkins was assigned to investigate. He went directly to the Camp and made a diligent search for the said prowler, but due to the lapse of time in reporting same the prowler made good his getaway. There was no description of any kind available. Even though nothing was found missing or disturbed at this time the incident proved to be serious inasmuch as the camp was occupied with some 40 girls and their Councilors, who became very nervous about the affair. Both our day and night patrol was ordered to check the area to guard against a reoccurrence, but for a time nothing developed.

On June 19, 1945 a tent and a considerable amount of foodstuff was reported stolen from Camp Townshend. Off. James B. Conlon was assigned and a search was made for the tent and a canvas was made of the local suspects and thoroughly questioned. All men assigned at Station "L" kept an eye out for any information regarding this case and finally information was secured that the operator of an old car, possibly a Ford or Chevrolet might be involved in this matter and the officers made a check of all cars that answered this remote description but got no information that could be worked on.

Finally a clue. A guard at the Warren McArthur Corporation

C O M M E N D A T I O N S

VOX-COP

PAGE 6

JULY 1945

called that some boys were going thru a car parked in the factory parking lot. Officer Conlon was immediately dispatched to the scene and took the two boys, age 14, into custody. These boys admitted going thru parked cars and taking articles, etc. Officer Conlon then learned that they were responsible for the thefts-at Camp Townshend. Officer Calkins had a hunch that these boys were responsible for the theft of a bicycle which was reported to this station on May 22, 1945. His hunch was right. He talked to the boys and learned that they had taken the bicycle and dismantled it and threw it in the Bantam River. Officers Conlon and Calkins were then teamed up and started to get more and more information till Station "L" was well cluttered with tent, flashlights, foodstuff, blankets, jackets, coats, cigarettes, pocketbooks, etc. The theft of these goods and the destruction to private property amounted to at least \$2000.00. The boys

further admitted the theft of a canoe and paddles which, when they had no further use of same, they deliberately sank in 12 feet of water in the Bantam River along with the bicycle. To secure these, Officers Conlon and Calkins grappled for them and then returned them to their respective owners. This incident drew a goodly number of people.

The clearing of these breaks and thefts was entirely due to the diligent search and untiring efforts of both Officers Conlon and Calkins. When the break came they worked on to get everything they could to clear all breaks up with one sweep. The result: 15 breaks and thefts solved and property returned.

It goes without saying that both these officers deserve a great deal of credit for their diligence in this matter and in clearing it up in jig time. While it is true the thefts were small, the damage to private property was greater and annoying.

THE WATKINS SALT COMPANY
Watkins Glen, New York

Commissioner of State Police
Dear Sir:

June 20, 1945

On June 12 I was driving from Belmont, Massachusetts to Waterbury, Connecticut. On route 15, I had the misfortune of having trouble with one of my tires and a Connecticut State Patrolman stopped to inquire what the trouble was. Owing to a physical disability I am not able to change a tire myself. He took my spare tire and drove several miles to have some air put in it, then he returned and helped me put it on and got me started on my way.

I was so pleased that I wanted

to repay this man in some way but he would not accept any remuneration whatsoever. I have traveled all over the New England states for many years and I have had motor trouble at different times but no one has ever been so courteous and helpful to me before. I do not know the patrolman's name but I believe he is in the barracks near route 15 somewhere near Tolland, Connecticut.

It is indeed a pleasure to meet men of such high caliber and I want to compliment you on having such men on your force.

Very truly yours,

J. H. Doherty

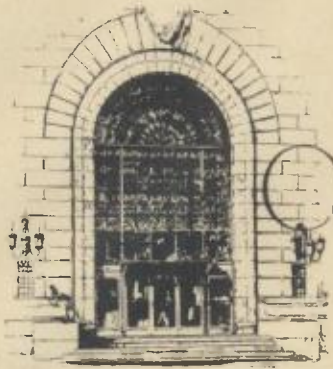
Commissioner's Note - Officer Whitmarsh was the officer who rendered this assistance.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

Page 1

July 1945



CONNECTICUT GENERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Established
1865

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

FRAZAR B. WILDE
PRESIDENT

July 20, 1945

Mr. Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner,
State Police Department,
100 Washington Street,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Dear Mr. Hickey:

Monday night in Tolland I was in a car which was stopped by one of your officers at the Center because our taillight was out. A bag had slipped down and broken a wire.

It also developed that my wife, who was driving, had carefully thrown away her new driver's license but retained her old one.

I want to congratulate you on the politeness and courtesy and efficiency with which Officer John J. Yaskulka handled the situation. He reflected credit on his training, which of course comes from you, and on himself. I wanted you to know about it.

Kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

Frazar B. Wilde

FBW:MRF

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

Page 2

July 1945

ROYAL TYPEWRITER ^{FACTORY} COMPANY, INC.

150 NEW PARK AVENUE,

HARTFORD, 6, CONN.

7/20/45.

Hon. Edward J. Hickey, Comm.,
Conn. State Police,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Commissioner Hickey:-

In organizing for the war effort, one of the first requirements of industry was proper plant protection. This assignment was passed on to the writer. Through the splendid co-operation of the Connecticut State Police Dept. this task proved to be very interesting, and the Protection Department was organized in an efficient and dignified manner.

As you are now aware, many plants that had devoted its entire capacity to war work, now finds it necessary to gradually reconvert back to post war production. We in the typewriter industry are no exception. Due to these facts, it is now necessary that I leave the Protection Department and return to my former duties, and because of this I am enclosing my commission as a special officer. The Plant Protection Department is now under the direction of Chief Brennan, who has been my capable assistant from the start.

Please accept my heartiest thanks and appreciation for the splendid services rendered by your Department, particularly from Lieut. Lavan, who gave us our finger printing instructions, Officer Jesse Foley, who watched over us at the start, and above all, Lieut. Ross Urquhart, who at all times was ready and willing to render all advice and help that was required from time to time. Please remember me to these men and convey to them my best wishes for their future.

We in Connecticut are indeed grateful that the Almighty continues to grant you the necessary strength and health in order that we may have the benefit of your brilliant leadership as Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police Department.

Again I thank you, and with best regards, I am

Very truly yours,
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

BY: William A. Rothammer
General Foreman, Portable Assembling
Division.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

PAGE 4

JULY 1945

DANIEL POLSBY
Scotland Road
Norwichtown, Connecticut

Commissioner of State Police
Dear Sir:

June 24, 1945

The purpose of this letter is to congratulate you for having on your force an officer of the calibre of John Smith of the Groton barracks and to generally commend you for the efficiency and promptness of the Groton barracks in the handling of a matter.

I feel further that you should know the details of the matter to which I refer.

On Tuesday of last week we hired a domestic who had lived in Norwich for only 2 years. On Thursday of the same week the maid walked off after supper leaving her clothes and personal belongings. At first we assumed that she had gone for a walk, but when night came we realized that she had apparently gone to stay. We then checked some of our valuables and found that a diamond ring worth a thousand dollars, a ladies Hamilton wrist watch and a coin purse had disappeared.

I called your Groton barracks and Sergeant Dygert told me that an officer would be here within an hour. About an hour after our call, Officer John Smith arrived, got the story and left. This was about 10:40. At 11:30 Officer Smith called on the phone telling me that he had the girl in his custody together with the stolen articles. He asked me to come to the Norwich Police Station to identify the girl and the articles and it was there that he later told me how he had captured his prize.

He learned that the girl had worked in a restaurant down town and he had a hunch that she might be there. He then called the restaurant and asked for the girl and sure enough she was there. He talked with her on the phone, posing as a sailor from the Submarine Base, and made a date with her. He then drove over to the restaurant and picked up his prize. She denied that she had the valuables at first, then she said she had them in her bosom and wanted to go to the ladies room to get them. Smith, however, would not allow her to leave his sight and she then surrendered the booty.

She was locked up and the next day the stolen articles were returned and the girl was given a jail sentence.

I must say - well done - cleverly handled, and I must add that we in Connecticut should be proud of our State Police and especially men of Smith's ability.

Thank you for your indulgence.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel Polsby

P.S: Officer Smith seemed like a very modest person and I doubt whether he would approve this letter, however, I feel that a job well done should not go unnoticed.

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THE CONNECTICUT CHIEFS OF POLICE ASSOCIATION

June 28, 1945

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

As Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Connecticut Chiefs of Police during the past year, I wish to personally, and on behalf of the Association, convey to you and your staff our appreciation for your very grand assistance on a State-wide basis in the conducting of various police schools.

At the Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Chiefs held in West Haven yesterday, a resolution was unanimously adopted thanking you for this splendid assistance.

As President of the organization for the coming year, I know I can rely upon you and your staff for assistance in any training programs that will be sponsored.

My thanks again for the time you and your staff devoted to Police training throughout the State.

With warmest personal regards, I am,

Most Sincerely,

John M. Gleason
Chief of Police

AMERICAN BOOM COMPANY
P.O. Pasadena
Anne Arundel County
Maryland

State Highway Department
State of Connecticut

June 28, 1945

Att: Mr. William J. Cox

Dear Sir:

We are returning herewith a permit that was so kindly issued by your office for the hauling of over-length logs, and we thank you for your courtesy.

We want to thank you for the police escort we were given, we want to comment on the efficiency, courtesy, and all around helpfulness of your State Troopers. We have hauled through many States and have never seen any Troopers that treated us as fine as yours did.

Let us again express our thanks for helping us with a very difficult job.

Very truly yours,

O. M. Hoddinott, Jr.
Office Manager

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COOPERATION

VOX-COP

July 1945

POLICE COOPERATION

The Evening Sentinel

Late Thursday morning the wife of the proprietor of an Ansonia restaurant was found slain. Less than eight hours later a suspect was in custody. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the slayer had confessed.

The case represents an outstanding example of police efficiency. There was hardly a possible lead or clue that was not recognized immediately and followed through intelligently. As it happened, most of the "breaks" in the development of the case stemmed from the local police. But by their invitation the state police came in to assist, particularly in some of the technical phases of the investigation.

The handling of the case represented genuine cooperation between the city police and the state police, each respecting the other's work, both working for the same end. It is a happy change from the old days when an element of something akin to departmental jealousy created a barrier to effective cooperation. The modern, intelligent and friendly manner of working together is in the spirit of men who are serving a common interest, the public's, whose servants both are.

The facilities of the state police are state-wide, making possible instant communication to any part of the state and beyond. City police departments are by their very nature limited in the range of their activity. Yet their standards, like those of the state police, are becoming constantly higher as the officers and members of the departments strive to keep abreast of modern methods. And the local policeman's intimate knowledge of his community and its people is today as great an asset as ever in dealing with crime.

The state policeman knows that there are a hundred ways in which the local policeman can help him. The local policeman knows there are as many ways in which the state policeman can assist him. For them to make a policy of working together whenever the occasion calls for it, is but sound, common sense, and both are to be congratulated for having shown it so effectively in the case referred to.

Footprints Murder Clue

The Bridgeport Sunday Post



Sunday Post photo—Hayduk
Footprints left by the slayer of Mrs. Mildred Smoot in clambering over a marble counter in the Ansonia restaurant were raised and checked by Lieut. Frank Chameroy (left), of the State Police Identification bureau, and an assistant, Harold Washburn.

Vox Cop extends congratulations to the following state and local officers who worked diligently and efficiently in the solution of this crime and in apprehending the accused, McDuffie:

Chief	John J. Mahoney	Off.	John Conners
Capt.	William L. Schatzman	"	James Drake
Lieut.	Frank Chameroy	"	Frederick Hammel
Sergt.	Maurice Purtell	"	William O'Brien
Det.	John Doyle	"	Charles Pinwonski
"	Edmund Flanagan	"	Joseph Heardon
"	Ralph Harsh	"	Frederick Shortell
Off.	Edward Christian	"	Harold Washburn
"	Thomas Condon		Photographer Robert Glynn

COURTESY

VOX-COP

July 1945

Serving the Motoring Public

Courtesy and general helpfulness by the patrol officer toward the motoring public, his paymaster, will always be appreciated more than his ordinary efforts to perform his lawful enforcement duties.

We must keep ever mindful our pledge of helpfulness to those in distress.

During the month of June 1945, several officers, especially those stationed at Westport, assisted motorists in various ways. Such services are not unusual. It is unusual, however, that such a large proportion of like deeds were rendered by the personnel of one station. Surely the Commanding Officers and patrolmen of the Westport station are to be commended.

TABULATION OF SERVICES RENDERED IN JUNE 1945

- 24 Motorists assisted in the changing and repairing of tires.
- 21 Assisted by calling a mechanic to repair motor trouble and in such instances moved vehicle from highway and assisted otherwise.
- 20 Called garage to change and repair or replace flat tires. Usually assisting otherwise in such cases.
- 9 Motorists out of gasoline. Secured gas and assisted generally until travel was resumed.
- 9 Motorists with minor motor difficulties. Assisted in repair without aid of mechanic.
- 4 Motors dry. Secured water and aided generally.
- 2 Motorists loaned tools with which to repair tires.
- 1 Vehicle fire extinguished by officer.
- 1 Woman pedestrian fainted. Was revived and driven to her home.

OFFICERS REPORTING AID TO MOTORISTS OFFICERS AND NUMBER OF SERVICES BY EACH.

STATION G, WESTPORT					
Stanley Sobolewski	14	George Fray	8	Jonas Soltis	2
Thomas Nichol	12	Vincent Searles	7	James Angeski	1
Emil Struzik	9	George Fogarty	5	Charles Flanagan	1
Frank Baylis	8	Robert J. Murphy	4	Stephen Howell	1
Benjamin Davis	8	Sgt. Charles Hartley	2		
STATION K, COLCHESTER					
Frank LaForge	2	John Fersch	1	Joseph Kamenski	1
STATION I, BETHANY					
Leo Dymkoski	1	James Lenihan	1	Samuel Freeman	1
STATION F, WESTBROOK					
		James Ferguson	1		
STATION L, LITCHFIELD					
		James Conlon	1		

FitzGerald Ballistics Expert, Dies

Shooting Instructor Had
Testified at 400 Trials;
Funeral Saturday

The Hartford Courant

J. Henry FitzGerald, nationally known ballistics expert who had testified at more than a hundred murder trials over a period of 40 years and who had been shooting instructor for a score of state and municipal police departments in the United States and Canada, died at his home, 47 Somerset Street, Wethersfield, Tuesday. He had been employed at Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company for a quarter century and was 69 years old.

Services will be held at the funeral home of Taylor and Modeen, 233 Washington Street, Saturday at 1.30 p. m., and burial will be in Rose Hill Memorial Park, Rocky Hill.

Although Mr. FitzGerald came to be known throughout the country as a ballistics expert, he was even better known popularly as a crack shot and had begun as a shooter rather than as a gunsmith. He was born in Harrisville, N. H., on January 31, 1876, a son of Mitchell and Maria Berry FitzGerald, and spent much of his early life in Manchester, N. H., which he regarded as his home.

It was here he learned to shoot as a boy. According to a tale which he frequently told, his first lesson, in which he was his own instructor, gave little indication of the skill which he was later to achieve. Borrowing his father's pistol and hiking four miles from home, he set up a tomato can, pulled the trigger and shot a bystander in the toe.

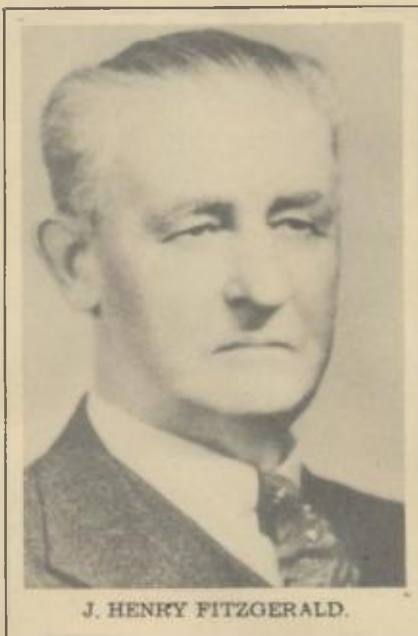
Frightened but not deterred by this inauspicious start, Mr. FitzGerald buckled down in earnest to become an expert shot and rapidly attained his goal, shooting his way to the top of endless marksmanship contests. He shot equally well left or right hand, plain or fancy style.

In addition, both hands were quicker than the eye. Though reared in the East where a man's life less frequently depends on the quickness of his draw, Mr. FitzGerald told with relish of beating a western sheriff. In a friendly contest, the sheriff figured to grab Mr. FitzGerald's wrist before the latter could remove his pistol from a waist holster. It was only when the sheriff felt Mr. FitzGerald's weapon tapping him on the ribs that he realized he had grabbed the wrong wrist. The sheriff paid off with a 10-gallon hat.

Widely Known.

Mr. FitzGerald was probably known by more small arms shooters than any other expert in the last two decades. He always attended the

Career Ends



J. HENRY FITZGERALD.

national annual shoot at Camp Perry, Ohio, which to shooters compares as the World Series to the baseball fan, and there gave advice to hundreds of marksmen from all over the nation. He also repaired weapons right behind the firing line. So well known was Mr. FitzGerald, in fact, that gun fanciers from even the most remote spots in the country would drop in at Colt's to see him, if they had occasion to come to Connecticut.

After working for Iver-Johnson in Boston, for several years, Mr. FitzGerald came to Colt's to head their testing department in January 1918, and after 10 years in this post, became their ballistics expert, taking care of ballistics problems submitted to the company from all over the world.

During some 40 years, Mr. FitzGerald had been consulted by police in more than a thousand cases in which firearms were concerned, had given testimony at 400 trials and had appeared as an expert in some hundred murder cases.

Among these, several were of particular interest locally. It was Mr. FitzGerald who declared at the trial of Gerald Chapman for the murder of Policeman James Skelley of New Britain, that "There's not one chance in ten million that the bullet which killed Policeman Skelley came from any other gun than that of the accused."

In addition, he testified in the case in which five New Jersey gunmen were sent to Wethersfield Prison for life for the slaying of William F. Madden, watchman at the Cheney silk mills, Manchester, in 1919, and also appeared at the trial of two Chinese hatchetmen later executed for the 1924 tong-war slaying of a Manchester laundryman.

Perhaps the best known case na-

tionally in which Mr. FitzGerald appeared as an expert was the Sacco-Vanzetti murder trial. There he declared that the marks on the bullet coming from the Sacco pistol were not the same as those on the bullet which killed the victim.

He also fired the first pistol ever discharged in an Ohio courtroom when he demonstrated various types of powder burns resulting from contact shooting, on a calf's head.

Besides his fame as a ballistics expert and a crack shot, Mr. FitzGerald was a noted shooting master. As instructor for the Boston Revolver Club, it was estimated that he taught 20,000 persons how to shoot.

Instructing police and constabulary members, however, was his specialty, and in this capacity he had served the Connecticut State Police for years. He had also been shooting instructor of the New York State Police, as well as a member of the department; member of the faculty in the New York Police School; member of the New York State Police Chiefs Association; instructor for the State Police of Pennsylvania, Maine, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Virginia; instructor for municipal police of Washington, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Joseph, Des Moines, Kansas City, Omaha, Louisville, Indianapolis, Montreal, Ottawa and many others.

In addition, Mr. FitzGerald was an honorary member of the Texas Rangers, the New England Police Chiefs Association, and held a permit to carry a revolver in Canada, possibly the only one of its kind in the United States. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 4, AF and AM.

Mr. FitzGerald was a colorful figure matching his colorful career. A tall, broadshouldered man, he rejoiced in wearing 10 gallon hats, of which he had a large collection, and in ornamental belts, some four inches wide.

He leaves his wife, Mrs. Gussie B. FitzGerald, two sisters, Mrs. Willis Snyder of New Jersey and Mrs. Harry Olmsted of Manchester, N. H., and several nephews and nieces.

Vox-Cop expresses its profound regret at the passing of J. Henry FitzGerald, firearms consultant of the Connecticut State Police Department for many years.

Mr. FitzGerald was appointed to the position of firearms consultant by Commissioner Edward J. Hickey on March 1, 1943, although he had served in that capacity without official appointment for more than twenty years.

A very pleasant gentleman, a friend of all acquaintances, J. Henry was a most reliable aid in our investigations of crime. We shall miss his most dependable counsel and advise.

ANNIVERSARIES

VOX-COP

JULY 1945

STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT MARKING 50TH YEAR

The State Highway department is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this month. On July 3, 1895, the department was created and on July 9 of that year a three man commission was appointed by Gov. O. Vincent Coffin to head the new agency whose principal function then was to start getting Connecticut "out of the mud."

Fifty years from that date, according to present department officials, Connecticut is "out of the mud" and the department is starting on its new project, that of getting Connecticut's traffic-heavy arteries ready for the modern post-war era.

When the department was first created, there were some paved streets in each city or thickly-settled area. In between there were the roads of the times, muddy in wet weather, dusty in dry weather and rough most of the time.

Now, with 50 years work behind it the department maintains approximately 3,000 miles of all weather highways in the state system and through its town aid program, the department has had a large share in the construction and maintenance of about 5,000 more miles of town roads.

One principal task, confronting the department now is the

conversion of many miles of older roads that have been outgrown by traffic to modern standards and suitable for the anticipated traffic of the future.

Fifty years ago, a three-man commission was named to head the new Highway department. Members of this commission were James H. MacDonald of New Haven, known now as the father of Connecticut highways; A. C. Sternberg of West Hartford; and W. R. McDonald of Cromwell. Now the department is headed by a single commissioner, William J. Cox of Windsor.

The law creating the Highway department provided that the new roads be constructed of macadam, telford or other stone paving "that will at all seasons of the year be firm, smooth and convenient for travel." This is still the underlying aim of the department.

After three years of operation, the administration of the new department was changed from a three-man commission to a single official and Mr. MacDonald was named to the post in which he served for years.

Awaiting now the end of the war and the end of restrictions on the use of materials and construction equipment, the department has in its files plans for vast construction projects throughout the state to expand the express highway system and to improve existing roads.

The first hundred years are the hardest - Vox-Cop

STATE POLICE HAS BIRTHDAY

Our own Connecticut State Police Department also celebrated its birthday this month. On July one we were forty-two years old, eight years younger than our big brother "Highway Department." Our family is still young and harmonious and we trust that we may so continue in the service of our people.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

PAGE I

JULY 1945

"Styles in crime change just as do styles in architecture"

Charles E. Still

Middletown - Judge James M. Kelly fined a year old resident, 20, of this city, \$25 and costs and suspended judgment in the case of a year old companion, 17, from Lawrence, Massachusetts, when the pair were arraigned in City Court today on theft charges growing out of what police described as "an unofficial waste paper collection."

Judge Kelly was told by police that the 20 year old lad, operating a truck belonging to a local resident accompanied by the Lawrence youth whom they described as the vehicle owner's cousin, had been found to have 1,000 pounds of waste paper on the truck which he admitted taking from places where it had been deposited for salvage drive collections.

Hartford - Harold C. Bingham, 23, charged with stealing checks from mail boxes and cashing approximately \$500 worth in recent weeks in local stores, pleaded guilty in Police Court.

Bingham, who has a record of similar offenses, gave his address as 26 Capitol Avenue, and the U.S. Army. Allegedly absent without leave, he was questioned on his arrest by military police from Bradley Field, Hartford Police and Post Office Inspectors.

When arrested Bingham allegedly had 14 uncashed checks on his person reportedly having been taken from street or building lobby mail boxes, arresting officials said.

Bristol - Four local youths, one of whom recently completed a three-months sentence in Hartford County Jail, were arrested in connection with the theft of an Army weapon from the "Here's Your Infantry" show during its Fourth of July appearance here.

The weapon and 500 rounds of ammunition stolen with it were recovered by Detective Sergeant Edward O'Connor and Detective James Kane. The gun, according to Detective Kane, is a Browning automatic rifle. When first reported stolen, the weapon was described as a new type of machine gun weighing 200 pounds. All the ammunition was blanks and 25 rounds had been fired by the youths during the past few days at the gun's hiding place, the woods near St. Joseph's New Cemetery.

Chief Edmund S. Crowley said the case was broken through a tip picked up by Detective Kane.

According to stories related by those under arrest, Chief Crowley said, the theft was committed about 10:30 p.m. last Tuesday night. The four boys concealed themselves outside the fence in the right field section of Muzzy Field and watched Policeman Henry Archambault, who was on guard duty at the field, go to the main gate at the other end of the field to let in a group of men to set up the public address system for the show the next night.

When Archambault remained at the gate to await the arrival of two other members of the public address system crew, the youths crawled through a hole which had been dug under the fence. Using a sharp hunting knife which they carried with them and without the

aid of flashlights or any other illumination the youths slashed the ropes tying up the rear of the trucks on three of the Army vehicles. On the first two trucks they were unable to find anything that could be removed, but in the third they grabbed the muzzle of the automatic rifle and took it from the truck with the 500 rounds of blank ammunition.

Waterbury, Connecticut - City Court officials were enlightened on the intricacies of a "parlay, if-coming and reverse" horse race bet during trial today of a lunch cart owner, on a charge of accepting the bet. He was found guilty and fined \$50.

Two men who said they placed the bet June 19, claimed they had \$948 coming because the bet clicked all around. They said the accused refused to pay off. The admitted players, said the horses were "Colonel Steve," "Orange Blossom" and "Jeep."

They said they played a \$4 across the board parlay on Colonel Steve and Orange Blossom, with the provision (if-coming) that if the parlay won, that a \$4 across the board bet should go on Jeep. Then the \$4 across the board bet should reverse, or go back, to play on Colonel Steve and Orange Blossom. They said that Orange Blossom won and paid \$88 for \$2, that Colonel Steve won and paid \$10 for \$2 and Jeep won and paid even money. They termed the bet a "limit" payoff, explaining that under bookie rules, a parlay pays 100 to 1 to win, 40 to 1 to place and 20 to 1 to show. They explained that an across the board bet means they were betting the horses to win, to place, (come in second), or show, (to come in third.)

The witnesses said that when they went to the restaurant to collect their bet the lunch cart owner refused to pay, claiming the bets had not been made early enough. The gamblers claimed they made the bet before 2 p.m. June 19, the time when the race program gets under way at the Aqueduct Track, N.Y.

The lunch man claimed they had not made the bets until 4:30 p.m., the witnesses said. The gamblers said that the lunch man later gave them back the \$36 they had given him in making the parlay and other bets and then offered them \$25 to settle their claim for the \$948. In offering the \$25, one witness stated that he was threatened that if the sum were not accepted, and the gamblers made trouble, that the proprietor had "a mob" behind him.

New York City - Eight years ago Vito Russo escaped from a prison van by ripping a hole through the canvas roof, leading a judge to castigate the Police Department for their meager means of restraint. Recently Russo escaped again, this time from a steel van - and took a friend with him.

Russo more or less had to take the friend with him, since the two men were handcuffed together. The two men had been in jail awaiting sentence.

Queens County jail does not accommodate week-end guests, and the Department of Correction steel van was called to take the two to the Tombs. The guard herded his charges down into the van, which is about seven feet high and twelve feet long, and has seats along the sides. The steel door swung closed; the heavy padlock was made fast, and

the guard went into the front seat with the driver.

The guard and driver felt they could afford to relax. The steel of prison vans is strong. Six windows, near the roof, are only a foot wide and two and a half feet high, the glass is shatter-proof, they have steel screens and steel bars. Both men had been searched and they were handcuffed together.

The van rolled along toward the Tombs with its guard and driver deep in conversation. When a motorist pulled up beside them at Division and Bayard Streets, and began honking his horn furiously, a mobile prison break was the last thing on their minds.

But a mobile prison break it was, as the motorist hastened to inform them. He had seen a man standing on a two-inch ridge along the outside of the van, he said, while another man squeezed out a window. Then the two men, a little awkwardly and definitely disinclined to part from one another, dashed away.

Inside the van was the story

of the escape. A window had been neatly removed from its frame and was lying, unbroken, on the floor of the van. The screen was beside it. The three steel bars, each about a half inch across, had been bent aside. There were two prisoners - the entire bill of lading - missing.

Chicago - Two gunmen who entered the Zenith Cafe didn't stop at the cashier's cage. They went right into the kitchen, threatened the chef, Frank Anton, and four helpers, and walked out with sixty pounds of pork tenderloin and a fourteen-pound ham.

Deposit, N. Y. - William Wallace Gardner, 84-year-old farmer, was so thirsty that he flagged a Chicago-bound Erie railroad passenger train and asked for a cool drink of water.

The conductor obliged and a railroad detective turned Gardner over to state police. He pleaded guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct and was sentenced to 90 days in the Broome county jail.

TECHNIQUES IN CRIME DETECTION

DETECTIVES MEET SNEAKTHIEF AS HE QUILTS HOUSE

His Counting of Money Is Interrupted by Reunion With Old Friends of Law

A scholarly looking man wearing horn-rimmed glasses sauntered out of a private residence on West Eighty-seventh Street on a recent afternoon, paused to count the money in a fat billfold, and then walked straight into an unwelcome reunion on the sidewalk with three detectives.

"Hello, Milky," said Detective Patrick Hogan, using the police nickname for William Hahn, sixty-

two, a resident of West Forty-seventh Street.

Hahn showed no surprise, for the scene was reminiscent of another that occurred under almost identical circumstances nearly three years ago. He was not cordial, either, but he greeted Detective Hogan politely, and nodded affably at Detective William Mulligan.

He looked askance at Detective James Stapleton, as though the latter were an intruder, a newcomer barging in uninvited upon a familiar ritual. He hadn't been present back in October, 1942, nor in January, 1934. Then it was only Detectives Hogan and

Mulligan. He turned his back coldly on Detective Stapleton.

"I'll take that, Milky," Detective Hogan said gently, reaching for the wallet.

There was \$351 in the wallet, which the detectives said Hahn had just lifted from a bureau drawer in a second floor bedroom of the private residence, the home of Dr. Hans E. Kudlich. Back in 1942, it was a woman's handbag, containing \$400 and some jewelry, that Detective Hogan deftly lifted from the waistband of Hahn's trousers on the sidewalk in front of 142 East Fifty-fifth Street.

STOLEN CHEESE EMANATES CLEW AS POLICE CANVASS APARTMENTS

Two Brooklyn detectives followed their noses yesterday to the solution of the theft late Sunday night of 308 pounds of Italian cheese and eighty gallons of olive oil from the grocery store on Henry Street, Brooklyn.

The first clew to the solution of the burglary was received from an unidentified pedestrian who became suspicious of three men loading groceries into a car parked in front of the store. He noticed the glass had been removed from the front door of the grocery, jotted down the auto's license number and reported it to police. Mr. Erhardt confirmed that his cheese and olive oil were missing.

The car was found yesterday parked in front of 107 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, and Detectives George White and John McGuire, both of the Hamilton Avenue Station, began a canvass of the neighborhood, visiting apartment buildings and sniffing the air for cheese. Described as Asiago cheese, put up in loaf form, the missing cheese had a "bit of an odor", Detective McGuire said.

They picked up on the scent in the hallway of an apartment building at 107 Carroll Street,

where they discovered a portion of the missing cheese and olive oil. They entered an apartment whose door had been left unlocked and found Carmello DeNaro, twenty-four, of Union Street, Brooklyn, hiding under a bed.

Taking DeNaro in tow, the detectives resumed their quest, and two blocks away they picked up the scent again in an apartment house at 150 President Street. The remaining cheese and olive oil was found in the hallway, they said. Again they looked into an apartment with an unlocked door and pulled from under a bed three other men, Carlo Balsamo, thirty-four, of Second Place, Brooklyn, his nephew, Ben Balsamo twenty, of Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, and Vincent Yacono, eighteen of Henry Street, Brooklyn.

Hahn's technique is smooth and it worked to perfection at Dr. Kudlich's home, according to the detectives, who had been following him for several hours along Park Avenue and Central Park West.

He rang the doorbell and when a maid answered, he confused her with double talk while he fiddled with the lock of the door, shifting the plungers so that it could be opened from the outside without a key. When the maid, convinced that he was a fugitive from an insane asylum, closed the door, Hahn waited a spell, then went around and rang a delivery doorbell. While the maid answered that, he walked boldly in the front door, went about his burglary quietly upstairs, and then emerged to be greeted by his nemesis - with reinforcements.

He was held without bail in Felony Court for grand jury action on a charge of burglary. Hahn referred all questions concerning fifteen previous arrests to Detectives William Mulligan and Patrick Hogan, who arrested him. "Both knew all about me," he said. "They've been following me for thirty years."

ENFORCEMENT HIGHWAY ENGINEERING SAFETY EDUCATION

VOX-COP

PAGE I

JULY 1945

SUNDAY DRIVERS

(The Danbury News-Times)

The state police campaign against what is known as "Sunday driving" began Saturday, and will be continued each weekend throughout the summer, and probably well into the fall. It is an intelligent thing to do, and it needed doing, for, while weekend driving still is far below the tide of pre-war years, the recent increase in the A-ration has given the average person a little more opportunity to get out on the highways.

What we know as "Sunday driving" is a complex of many things. Some of those who seldom sit behind their steering wheels except on the first day of the week are just poky - that is, having no place in particular to go, and with no objective except "just to drive," they impede other persons who haven't too much time to spare, and want to be about their business. The too-slow driver is to be warned by the state troopers, or even given a summons if he doesn't heed the warning.

Some of our Sunday drivers are careless, as well as slow. They don't pay much attention to the rules and laws. They park when, how and where they feel like it, and if this interferes with the comfort and convenience, and even safety, of others, that doesn't mean much to the care-free Sunday operative.

Some of those who seldom drive except during the weekend never have driven enough to become expert. This class of drivers drives like beginners, but without the beginner's nervous fear of accidents, nor his eager

alertness. He is a driver with all the faults and none of the virtues of a real beginner.

Moreover, there is apt on Sunday to be a sort of holiday spirit prevailing; people are out for a good time, and sometimes their driving reflects that spirit. All these factors combine to make driving over the weekend particularly hazardous.

The very fact that the public knows the Connecticut state police are paying particularized attention to motor-conduct on Saturdays and Sundays will tend to have a healthful tonic effect upon all using the highways. State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, a good workaday psychologist, knows this, and shrewdly depends upon that imponderable to improve the driving habits of all who haunt the roads during the weekends.

Moral: Be very careful how you drive on weekends.

NATIONAL BRAKE CHECK

It's just a little block of wood
And doesn't look like much;
You say you haven't time to fool
Around with blocks - and such.

But this is just a warning, sir,
Of harm that may befall
When you're "just a foot from
trouble" and
You fail to heed its call.

We can't take any needless risks
With lives and cars today;
So spend a moment wisely and
Make sure - the block-check
way!

- Frances Ellsworth Asher -

GREENWICH GETS AWARD FOR SAFETY

Council Plaque Presented To
Town For Best Traffic Record

Greenwich, July 10 - This town of 38,000, which hasn't experienced a traffic fatality since September, 1943, was formally presented the National Safety Council's plaque tonight for establishing the nation's best record for communities in the 25,000-50,000 population class.

It was the second successive year that Greenwich had won the trophy.

About 150 persons, including representatives of some 40 civic organizations and state officials gathered at the Greenwich Country Club where Ned Dearborn of Chicago, National Safety Council president, presented the plaque to First Selectman Wilbur M. Peck who then turned it over to Police Chief John M. Gleason.

Credit for Greenwich's improvement from a traffic safety standpoint (for several years prior to 1938 the town averaged 14 traffic deaths annually) was given by Chief Gleason to civic organizations which have been waging safety campaigns, to the motoring public and to the cooperation of the State Police.

In the latter connection, he pointed out that several miles of the heavily traveled Merritt Parkway, patrolled by State Police, run through Greenwich and any fatal accidents occurring there would be charged against the town's record.

Those attending the ceremony included State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey; William M. Greene, director of the State Highway Safety Commission, and Roger Gleason, head of the Connecticut Bureau of the FBI.

SHORE SERVICE

(Deep River Era)

The Connecticut State Police Department rendered the people along the shore another splendid service on the Fourth of July afternoon when Lieut. Shaw made a tour of the beaches with the police sound truck. Covering the area from Point O'Woods to West Beach, he gave a stern, but friendly warning to the vacationers to use extreme care in returning to their homes that night. He also warned against swimming accidents by telling them not to go beyond their depth while in bathing, and to keep an eye on the youngsters. Even the matter of sunburn was mentioned which not only causes extreme discomfort, but may result in lost time from critical war work. The service was well received along the shore and many complimentary remarks were heard. Lieut. Shaw ended his warning with these words. "Be on friendly terms with your undertaker, but don't be carried away by him."

(The Hartford Times)

State Troopers at Westbrook barracks giving unique and valuable service weekends and holidays as they tour East shore resorts with sound truck blasting out warnings to bathers.

Lieutenant Carroll Shaw, commanding officer, rides truck and does most of the broadcasting. Trooper Jim Ferguson lends voice in telling bathers of risks. Good idea, say we.

CARELESS MOTORISTS

(New Haven Register)

The city of St. Paul, Minn., has adopted an ordinance making it unlawful for motorists to leave automobiles parked on streets or in unattended parking lots without first removing the ignition key. This ordinance empowers police to remove such keys from these parked vehicles and requires that motorists violating this ordinance put up bail of \$5 before the key is returned. At least five other mid-Western cities have ordinances covering this same field of motorist carelessness.

Two statistical facts formed the basis for this St. Paul legislation. First, it was revealed that 71 per cent of the automobiles stolen in that city during 1944 had been parked with the ignition keys left in them. Secondly, the records demonstrated that 77 per cent of all automobile thefts in the city were by juveniles.

Similar conditions exist to large extent in New Haven and other communities of this area. A goodly percentage of cars which have been stolen, or taken for joy rides without the permission of their owners, have been those left with ignition keys in the locks, presenting an open invitation to thieves or juvenile pranksters seeking a bit of illegal excitement. A large percentage of the cars thus taken in this area, have been so removed from their parked positions by juveniles.

While it seems hardly necessary to enact any such stringent regulation here to penalize motorists for their carelessness, the St. Paul legislation might well serve as a warning to New Haven motorists to exercise more

caution and forethought in removing their ignition keys and locking their car doors before leaving their vehicles unattended. The role of juvenile delinquents in this City would be reduced to the extent this practice is followed.

A SAD ANNIVERSARY

(Hartford Times)

This, the first anniversary of the terrible circus fire, in which 168 lives were lost, finds Hartford and Connecticut still keenly aware of that tragedy and determined that there never shall be anything like it in the future. Most of all the people would have relatives of victims know that public sympathy still flows to them in undiminished volume.

From disasters such as that of a year ago important lessons have been learned. Since that awful afternoon many of the conditions that led to the holocaust have been guarded against by laws and ordinances, even though final action has not yet been taken. In good time everything will be done that humanly can be done for the protection of life. Responsibility for safeguarding the public, so lacking a year ago, will be definitely fixed. Until it is, and until the people have had time to adjust themselves to the deaths and injuries of a year ago, the circus will not be welcome. The time will come, of course, when it will again come to Hartford, for there is nothing that gives more joy to little children. Meantime the public awaits the final result of labors of the lawmakers, to be assured there shall never again be such mourning in Connecticut as came one year ago today.

A BAD SAFETY RECORD

(The Hartford Times)

There should be no surprise that a disturbing increase in the number of traffic fatalities and injuries has come about in Hartford. Months ago, when the Highway Safety Commission suggested to all Connecticut cities that a 25-miles-an-hour limit be enforced in congested districts, Hartford ignored it, as it did earlier suggestions to the same effect from local sources, including The Times. Now the City Traffic Engineer says the city's accident record is "growing progressively worse." Why shouldn't it?

William M. Greene, director of the Connecticut Highway Safety Commission, does not exaggerate when he says that Hartford's accident experience will not be controllable until speed is reduced and the Police Court imposes penalties for traffic violations that will be severe enough to check recklessness.

An increase in the first six months of 1945 of 40 percent in fatalities in Hartford ought to be impressive. Ten deaths have occurred instead of six. There were 1,083 accidents as compared to 990, and 376 injuries as compared to 331. These will remain just so many figures until somebody does something to translate them into what they are - a record of death and disaster that could have been greatly reduced.

One of the mysteries of traffic management in Hartford is the seeming willingness of the authorities that traffic should move through Main Street from the South Green to the heart of the city at speed approximating that permitted on country roads. Another mystery is the continual violation of the ban on U-turns. Laxity in traffic control is

bringing the expected results - more deaths and injuries. Whether anything actually will be done about it remains to be seen, but something certainly ought to be done.

A WORD OF WARNING

(The Middletown Press)

A word of warning may prove to be highly insufficient in regard to the very-present State Police campaign for safety on the high roads in Connecticut. But if it should, the police on guard are extremely likely to enforce the warning by appropriate if not very comfortable action.

Extra State Police, Colonel Edward J. Hickey announces, are to cover the highways, especially in the regions made attractive these July days by the possession of salt water territory. Noted especially by the head of the State Police in his memorandum to the public are Route 80, beginning at Hammonasset and running through Centerbrook to the other end of our own Tollgate Hill; Route 81 that also starts at Hammonasset and proceeds northward to Higganum.

Any person who has spent a Sunday afternoon in any home-stead, permanent or temporary, along those two routes knows the tremendous flow of traffic. On Route 80 cars clack along at the rate of 50 a minute or more, and often in a manner to chill the blood of the observer. Colonel Hickey plans to have all this traffic move safely, and when the Colonel says a thing he means it. They may very safely be taken for granted.

The question of the moment all the previous summer has been: "Where do they get their gas?" From now on it is going to be: "Are they going to drive with due care?"

TRUCKS ON THE PARKWAY

(The Bridgeport Post)

The tragic accident in which four lives were snuffed out on the Merritt Parkway in a collision between a passenger car and a parked truck serves to remind us that the good safety record of the parkway is due in large part to the fact that ordinarily there is no mixed traffic on it.

Before the barriers were taken down and trucks allowed to use the parkway as a war measure, the parkway was frequented by only one kind of traffic and this maintained a uniform rate of speed with little passing, stalling or parking.

It was this uniformity of motion which largely built up the good safety record. Put one truck into this stream of traffic and it becomes an island around which the faster traffic must flow steadily. Park a truck on the highway and it becomes a disastrous blockade.

As a matter of fact only a few trucks use the parkway at all and these are a nuisance and a danger. We respectfully suggest to Governor Baldwin that it would be a good time to end this emergency regulation, to close the parkway to trucks and to maintain a good safety record by restoring the original conditions which prevailed.

With the increase in basic gasoline rations there will be a natural increase in the use of the parkway and accidents will go up unless trucks are excluded.

BLIND WITH WHITE CANES NOW
HAVE RIGHT-OF-WAY IN MINNESOTA

The use of white canes by the blind was given official recognition by an act of the Minnesota

1945 Legislature. The law makes it unlawful for any person except a blind person to carry a white cane.

Motor Vehicles must come to a stop and give the right-of-way at any intersection of any street, alley or other public highway to a blind person carrying a white cane when the blind person enters the intersection and holds his white cane horizontally in the direction in which he desires to travel.

Violations of the act is a misdemeanor. This applies both to use of white canes by other than blind persons and to motorists failing to yield the right-of-way to blind persons holding canes forward when crossing at an intersection.

AAMVA Bulletin

HICKEY'S WISE MOVE

(Sunday Herald)

State Police Commissioner Ed Hickey is one public official who always keeps his eye on the ball. His latest move to start checking on the current crop of screwball drivers, will meet with applause from all motorists who have been dodging these Kamikaze pilots hereabouts.

There is no question that Connecticut's driving habits have become not merely sloppy but dangerous. With few cars on the highways, there has been the temptation to take chances, but now, with the increase in gas allowances, these bad habits may be turned into fatalities.

Foreseeing this situation, Hickey has turned the complete power of his splendid organization into a campaign designed to restore safety and courtesy to the roadways. All decent motorists will cooperate with the state police and take cheerfully

any criticism handed out. On the other hand, Hickey's men will know how to take care of our Kamikaze drivers, not to mention the road hogs and cowboys who have been making every trip a perilous one for the average motorist.

It might be well for the local police in our larger cities to open up a second front on these auto-jerks by staging their own safety campaigns. After all, a lot of traffic hazards have been created since gas rationing started. Now is the time to sweep them out. Hickey is showing the way. Let's all get behind him so we can get more mileage and fewer funerals. -A.J.

GOOD, AND TIMELY

(The Elm City Clarion)

The State Police campaign, against reckless and careless Sunday and holiday driving is timely and needful.

It has been difficult to see how the mere adding of 30 miles as a maximum to the distance an A card holder can drive on one gasoline coupon - and he has only six coupons for three months - can greatly increase driving to shore and other resorts. Nevertheless, it is a fact that such driving very obviously has been increasing.

It is likewise true that accidents and fatalities are on the gain and that there is need for revival of special safety efforts.

In the days when there was no scarcity of gasoline or cars, weekends and holiday times produced the most accidents and fatalities. Obviously, if that toll can be reduced the automobile mortality record can be lessened.

State Police Commissioner Hickey proposes to add to the

number of police on patrol and to send out cruiser cars with amplifiers to warn against unsafe practices.

It has long been contended, as was argued by Motor Vehicles Commissioner Connor, that the frequent sight of a policeman on the highways is a more effective method in controlling traffic than making arrests wholesale. Commissioner Hickey subscribes to that idea. In addition to live policeman, he proposes to install life-sized silhouettes at danger points along the shore.

Not many drivers will be fooled after they have seen a few of these. Nevertheless, some will take them at first for real policemen and all will have a visual warning of the necessity for care.

The State Highway Safety Commission is properly co-operating with State Police in the campaign. It has been well instituted and it undoubtedly will produce results. The best way to control traffic is to increase the supervision over it at the points where it is heaviest and at times when there is the greatest likelihood of accidents. Commissioner Hickey is to be congratulated on his program - and supported in it.

SILHOUETTE POLICEMEN

(New Haven Register)

Employment by the Connecticut State Police of 30 "silhouette policemen" to be placed at dangerous sections along our shore roads as a warning to careless drivers represents a constructive step in the campaign of this State to reduce its toll of highway accidents. This plan offers a logical and fairly inexpensive method of accident prevention at a time when manpower needs are most vital and when vehicular

conservation is utterly essential to maintenance of the nation's transportation system.

Meanwhile, the program to enforce driving safety is also being stepped up during these warm months with the "Sunday and holiday" driver as the chief target. Augmented police patrols will provide special coverage of shore and adjacent routes. Cruiser cars equipped with amplifiers will operate during peak traffic hours to warn drivers against unsafe driving practices.

The silhouette police will consist of life-sized cardboard replicas of State Policemen in regulation uniform. Placed at strategic points, these are a constant reminder that highways are being patrolled and that careful operation is essential.

The suggestion of William M. Greene, director of the Connecticut Highway Safety Commission, that in the Fall, when schools open, these silhouette police be purchased by local school officials and placed as permanent warnings to motorists travelling near school routes or crossings, is a splendid one. It is worthy of serious consideration in this area. Any step which may increase both highway and pedestrian safety within this City and State is not one to be lightly cast aside.

COMMERCIAL FLEETS ORGANIZE FOR TRAFFIC SAFETY

(By Julian H. Harvey)

Very early in the history of truck and bus transportation, management discovered that, regardless of how efficient the business procurement branch of their organization might be in securing profitable contracts, inadequate safety measures resulting in high accident fre-

quency often increased operation costs so sharply as to become the major factor in determining profit or loss.

To meet this condition from both a humanitarian and good business management point of view, forward-looking operators began intensive research into accident prevention measures.

Consequently, a new kind of commercial vehicle operator appeared on our streets and highways. He became a man of responsibility, an employee with a purpose - to deliver his passengers and property at the point of destination safely on schedule, strictly in accordance with traffic laws, and without endangering other users of the highways. He was courteous; he often went out of his way to help others. He encouraged the principle of yielding the right-of-way to others under all conditions. Accident rates declined, insurance premiums were lowered, operator-customer relationship improved, public antagonism to the commercial driver largely disappeared.

During this evolutionary process, these well-organized efforts toward the development of high standards of safety on streets and highways attracted the attention of recognized national and state leaders in the field of highway safety. These leaders believed that the public would be greatly benefited if commercial transportation organizations would continue to promote the safety program.

Accordingly, institutions of higher learning throughout the nation offered their services and facilities to develop driver training further. Seven years ago Pennsylvania State College, through the Institute of Public Safety, under the direction of Amos E. Neyhart, administrative

head of the Institute, began to conduct fleet supervisor training courses. One year later a similar program was inaugurated at New York University through the Center for Safety Education. More and more training courses were held at universities and colleges throughout the nation.

On March 28, 1944, a meeting of representatives from ten national organizations interested in problems of highway safety was held for the purpose of formulating a definite program for continuing the development of safety education and training in the field of commercial vehicle operation. This meeting resulted in the formation of the National Committee for Automotive Fleet Supervisor Training. Final organization plans were developed by the committee at a meeting held in New York City on November 22, 1944. Mr. Norman Damon, vice-president, Automotive Safety Foundation, was elected chairman. Two sub-committees were formed, the committee on program and standards, and the committee on promotion and scheduling.

It was agreed:

1. Supervisor training shall have as its objective improvement of driver selection, training, and supervision, with savings accruing through accident reduction, conservation of equipment, maximum safe use from each unit of equipment, and improvement of the relation between the driver and the company and the driver and the customer.

2. Programs shall be developed and supported by an advisory committee comprising representatives from national organizations interested in motor vehicle fleet operation.

3. All training courses shall be standardized and follow the pattern established for nationwide operation to avoid confusion

and misunderstanding.

Mr. Damon announced a grant of \$14,000 from the Automotive Safety Foundation for the creation of a National Training Center for motor vehicle fleet supervisors at Pennsylvania State College under the directorship of Amos E. Neyhart, administrative head of the Institute of Public Safety.

All training courses are administered under the direction of a member of the faculty of the university at which such courses are conducted. Universities and colleges are urged to furnish to all who successfully complete the course a suitable certificate of proficiency. The course director from the university is responsible for issuing invitations to representatives of national organizations, as well as state, regional, and local safety organizations, and to transportation specialists to serve as instructors supplementing the regular faculty personnel furnished by the university.

The National Committee will assist the Training Center in promoting fleet safety programs.

Courses are designed primarily for the benefit of fleet operators, fleet superintendents and their assistants, fleet engineers, chief mechanics, driver instructors, transportation officials, and others interested in safe driving and conservation of vehicles.

Practical laboratory and field exercises are included. Advanced driver test equipment is furnished, affording each member of the class an opportunity for practical demonstration and development of methods for giving the tests to others.

It is the ultimate objective of those engaged in the promotion of this far-reaching highway safety program that in the not

too far distant future training courses will be provided regularly in every state of the nation. Developed as it has been on the basis of experience and success in the past, this well rounded and excellently administered program should go far in contributing toward the solution of the overall street and highway traffic accident problem.

The results obtained may be the inspiration needed to bring forth greater efforts toward the achievement of the high standard of traffic safety that must one day be realized in this nation.

Victim Of Plane Crash Identified Through Prints

The value of fingerprints as a means of identifying victims of accidents and disasters is frequently emphasized in findings from searches conducted in the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. On February 19, 1944, the sheriff at Memphis, Tennessee, furnished the fingerprint impressions of two fingers of an individual whose body was found in the Mississippi River near the scene of an airplane crash. The Sheriff requested that the prints be compared with those of an individual who was believed to have been on the ill-fated airplane.

The prints submitted by the Sheriff, were found to be identical with those of corresponding fingers of the individual named. He had been fingerprinted as a flight cadet in December, 1940, and had been printed again one year later in connection with his employment.

This information was furnished immediately to the sheriff in Memphis, Tennessee, so that appropriate notification could be sent to the victim's relatives.

IAI Bulletin

'DROWNED MAN' HALTS SEARCH FOR HIS BODY

Waukesha, Wis. - (AP) - Two fishermen rowed over and volunteered to help Deputy Sheriffs James Dougherty and Alfred Stiglbauer who were searching in Lake Muskego for a body.

"We're dragging for the body of Eddie Babe," one deputy explained. "He disappeared from that boat anchored there."

The dragging operations went on briefly until one of the fishermen explained:

"Say, I'm Eddie Babe. I left my boat and joined my friend."

The deputies went home.

New York - A run-away horse raced full-tilt through 20 blocks of heavy Manhattan traffic recently without mishap - pausing cautiously at each red light.

The horse, which usually pulls a cab in Central Park, sailed through green lights without a second thought.

A wise guy called us up to say "When you approach a railroad crossing what you do depends on whether you get across, or a Cross." Drive Carefully!

"Guys whose eyes are in their backs

"Get haloes crossing railroad tracks!"

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

C.S.P. RECEIVES EXPERT FIREARM INSTRUCTION



George E. Goll of the Maguire Industries and Richard Simons of the Remington Arms, firearms experts (civilians shown in photo, left to right), give instruction in the operation and care of modern firearms.

On The Range

Messrs. Simons, Baldwin and Goll accompanied by Captain Arthur Pinell of the State Guard Military Police Battalion, Lieutenant Leo J. Mulcahy Director of Training CSP, Lieutenant Willard E. Bushy Firearms Instructor CSP and Auxiliary State Policeman Hinton S. Pope conducted a month's tour of our stations giving first hand instruction to all State Police personnel in the use of machine guns, rifles and shot guns. All makes of such weapons were handled and fired by state policemen and state policewomen. Every member of the department participated and received a credit of three hours in-service training for this most important course.

Rifle ranges nearest the stations were used and many officers sacrificed leaves and off duty hours to participate beyond the three hour requirement.

Our policewomen readily took to the machine guns and deserve commendation for their showing. Private Hinton Pope, recently discharged from the U. S. Army, is doing a grand job for us at firearms instructions.



Clifford G. Baldwin of the Remington Arms Company instructs in the use of Remington weapons.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey

June 26, 1945

Dear Commissioner:

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I do want to thank you and the members of your department for the courteous treatment extended to me during the last two weeks while attending their Refresher Course. All the boys were just wonderful and I feel that good, constructive work was accomplished.

All along the line the men expressed their appreciation of our efforts and this was indeed gratifying for they will no longer fear the Remington Model 81 autoloading rifle. It is my belief that it was time and effort well spent.

As to Lieutenants Mulcahy and Bushy, well, they just don't come any finer.

Started work on having the boys down here to the Remington Gun Club and will keep you posted as to the results and the arrangements.

Best personal regards.

Cordially yours,

C. G. Baldwin
Advertising Division

MAGUIRE INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED
Auto-Ordnance Division
Bridgeport, Conn.

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey

June 26, 1945

Dear Sir:

During the week of June 11, 1945 and the week of June 18, while helping to instruct your state police officers in the use and care of the Thompson Submachine Gun, I became acquainted with one of your special state policeman, from Station E, Groton, a Hinton S. Pope, New London, Connecticut who has been in the U. S. Army Parachute for five years. I have watched his work not only as an officer but in his instruction work and talks on the Garand M1, 30 cal. also his talks on foreign pistols and his work on the range. I have also watched his personality and have found in my estimation he is one hundred percent in the work which he is helping to carry on.

I understand that Officer Pope will be a "rookie" in the State Police School and I feel quite sure that Officer Pope will make an excellent state policeman for you as Commissioner, and the State of Connecticut.

Very truly yours,

George E. Goll, Manager
Thompson Submachine Gun Division

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THE NATIONAL AQUATIC SCHOOL

(By Off. Leslie W. Williams)

Having just completed a most interesting and instructive ten days at the American Red Cross National Aquatic School at Camp Oneida, White Lake, near Utica, N.Y., I will try to recount for you some of the highlights of the camp and to give some insight into what is done at such a school. Prior to attending this aquatic school, I must confess, that I had never known anything about such schools and had never heard of their work. There are probably many others who know as little about them as I did and the work being done at these schools deserves more attention.

Our party of 14 persons in charge of Raymond Valade of the Hartford Chapter of the Red Cross traveled to camp by car. We left Hartford at 6:00 P.M., on July 16, 1945, and went to Canaan by way of Route 44, where our party enjoyed a visit at the Canaan Barracks. Lieut. Frederick Brandt entertained the party with interesting and amusing tales of the countryside which he knows so well. Leaving there we traveled north on Routes 7 and 20 to Albany and to Amsterdam, N.Y., by Route #5. The first night was spent in a noisy hotel in that town where we got some rest but little sleep. One of the cars, operated by Off. Myron Klewicki of the Rocky Hill P.D., continued on and reached the camp at about 1:00 A.M. and the rest of the party arrived at about 10:00 A.M. on Sunday.

Camp Oneida is located in the Adirondack State Park, 35 miles north of Utica, N.Y., and is at the south end of a long narrow lake. Heavy forests of pine and hardwood trees cover the shores of the lake around the camp and

steep rocky banks, with deep water at their very edges, cover much of the shoreline. There are a few cottages nearby but these were not occupied and we were soon to find out why.

Immediately upon arriving, we were greeted by an unofficial welcoming committee of swarms of black flies, or gnats, and they meant business. When these pests bite, they simply remove a section of hide and inject a serum into the opening. The bite is not painful at first and is, very often, not felt until the fly leaves and a stream of blood begins to flow freely from the bite. The serum the fly deposits in the opening prevents the blood from clotting, this being nature's device to assure this insect a good drink of blood which will not clog his innards. Afterward the bite swells and begins to itch and many of the campers were slightly ill from too many injections of fly poison. So-called "Fly Dope" sold like hot-cakes, being guaranteed to ward off the attacks of these pests, but the flies loved it and bit harder than ever right through the ointment. Certainly they all must have been "dope" fiends. Usually these flies migrate north to Alaska when the weather warms up, but it hadn't done that, and we were told that as late as the first week of June there was still snow in sheltered places in the area. These insects made a good subject for jokes and conversation, however, and helped strangers to get acquainted as they swatted flies on each other.

Registration and issuance of textbooks began at once upon arrival and a physical check-up followed the noon meal. Later in the afternoon we ran through an abbreviated class schedule, met the instructors and received directions for study for the

first day's work. There were 140 persons in the camp from all the New England states, New York and New Jersey, thirty-two of this number were from Connecticut. The average age of the student body was about 19 due to wartime conditions and again, due to the same cause, about 75% of the camp population were women. Not a bad spot for a single fellow! The men were assigned cots in tent-houses and the women were housed in cabins in an adjoining area referred to as "No-Man's-Land", and it was strictly that at all times.

On Monday morning the real work of the school began with four two--hour classes for each student in his elected subjects. The Red Cross Aquatic School, of which there were four in the North Atlantic Area, offers an intensive course - probably the best obtainable anywhere - in Accident Prevention, First Aid, and Water Safety, under a staff of most competent instructors. The greater part of the student body was interested in the Water Safety program and this was made up of such courses as Basic and Advanced Swimming, Life-Saving, Basic Boating and Canoeing. The First Aid and Accident Prevention sections attracted a lesser number of students, so those in these classes received very close attention from their instructors.

Each day was filled with activity and study from 6:30 A.M. until 9:00 P.M. Many students spent as much as four hours daily in the cold water perfecting their swimming and rescue work and the rest of the classtime was spent in classroom instruction and demonstrations. Those taking Instructors courses assisted in the classroom and waterfront work to demonstrate their ability as teachers, as well as their knowledge of the subject matter.

Rescue work and the proper use of rescue equipment were taught and demonstrated, until the successful students had perfected their technique.

The First Aid and Accident Prevention students followed the same routine in their fields, but were spared the discomfort of the ice cold water. Dr. Albert Sharpe of New Haven, taught the First Aid Instructor's course and as one of the authors of the First Aid text-book, he was well versed in his field. The subject matter was covered completely but particular emphasis was placed on teaching methods. The course was tough and six out of fourteen students failed to get the instructor's approval.

In boating and canoeing the proper use of these crafts was taught. This included the rescue of others and self-rescue, when accidents happen and a craft is upset. It was amazing to find that a canoe or boat completely filled with water would support four to five persons seated in the craft and it is a simple matter to paddle along by hand. It still is a nice trick to get into a canoe from deep water and not tip it over and many of us had bruises where we bulge to prove it.

Bill Apfelbeck, another native son, was the chief instructor in canoeing. Bill resides in New Haven and is the Commodore of the American Canoe Association. Another instructor in boating, Marillo Smith of Auburn, N.Y., is a former state trooper in that state and may be remembered by some of the older officers of this department. "Smitty" lost a leg in a shooting accident some years ago, but he has certainly overcome his handicap. In the water, or out, "Smitty" is a great guy and was one of the most popular instructors at the

school.

After class each evening a seminar was held for all students. Attendance was compulsory and a lecture and a movie on some subject in Red Cross work was the usual theme. Following the seminar an hour of planned recreation was enjoyed and then it was to bed in the cool clear mountain air with lights out at 10:15 P.M.

On Sunday, June 24, religious services, for all denominations, were held at the camp and a shortened class schedule left time for a swimming meet. The most spectacular feature of this event was a demonstration of functional swimming as taught to combat troops and seamen. This type of teaching was undertaken by the Red Cross after thousands of our fighting men had drowned because they lacked instruction on what to do when they found themselves thrown into the sea in full uniform and equipment. To discard clothing and equipment meant sure death if the soldier or sailor landed on enemy shores, or got onto a raft to float about under the hot sun. The men who took this type of training were taught how to survive and yet retain clothing and equipment. A wet shirt or pair of pants, a barracks bag or bed sack can be filled with air and will support one or more persons for sometime. A stretcher with a "victim" on it was floated for over 100 yards, supported by two bed sacks filled with air. A raft was made with crossed rifles and two men placed all their clothing and equipment onto the raft, then entering the water they pushed the raft ahead of them as they swam. When they got tired the raft would support them while they rested.

The real thrill of this demon-

stration came when 25 gallons of gasoline (don't ask me where they got it) was dumped on the water of the lake and ignited. It made a vigorous and terrifying fire as it spread out over the water. Five swimmers dove into the water in the path of the flames and struck out directly into the fire. By using an "East River" stroke, they broke a path in the burning fuel and passed safely through it. By way of explanation, the "East River" stroke is said to have been originated by the "water rats" of the lower East Side to clear the garbage from their paths as they swam in the East River. The stroke consists of an outward movement of the hand from the face, palm out and hand cupped, and a bit of water is thrown in front of the swimmer with each stroke. Instead of pushing garbage from their path these men splashed back the burning gas. To have turned their backs on the fire and swam away, would have been fatal, as the burning fuel blown by the wind would have overtaken the best swimmer and yet an untrained man would have certainly tried to swim away from the fire.

The school closed with a banquet, the awarding of certificates and a dramatic production consisting of a faculty and a student play. The student "drama" was written by local talent and one rehearsal was all that was held prior to its presentation. The script disappeared minutes before the curtain went up and certain faculty members were suspected of the crime but the fact was never proven. Needless to say the production was rather spotty but that added to the humor and everyone seemed to enjoy it. It consisted chiefly of comic imitations of the faculty at work.

The marks were all in prior to the curtain time, so we had little to fear.

The camp closed the following day and we all departed with the feeling that it had really been worthwhile despite all the hardships. We were all tanner, thinner, and healthier from the outdoor life, the exercise and the hearty foods, and a great deal wiser from the lessons learned.

OUR PLEDGE
HELP THOSE IN DISTRESS

Also a moral for state police service. An inquiry of this sort might be made at any time at any of our stations. Read it and remember. You might be asked while on DESK DUTY.

INSURANCE STORY WITH A MORAL

Several months ago an elderly lady, a resident of Connecticut, called at the office of Insurance Commissioner W. Ellery Allyn in Hartford to inquire about what she considered a mysterious letter she had received from a life insurance company. It was a form letter tracing a person with a similar name whose life had been insured under an old policy. This policy had now matured as an endowment but the amount due the insured was very small. Her husband had died ten years ago and she had no knowledge of any insurance on his life. She had a son whose whereabouts was not known to her and she had, she said, found it necessary to seek aid from a welfare department.

The son was found and it developed that the policy inquired about was on his life but as a result of Commissioner Allyn's inquiries it was discovered that

there was an additional policy on her husband's life on which premiums hadn't been paid for many years but which had continued in force on extended insurance up to the time of her husband's death, a decade ago. Proof of death was promptly filed and Commissioner Allyn reports that a draft in excess of \$300 was today delivered, quite an unexpected windfall to this elderly claimant.

The moral is, says Commissioner Allyn, don't destroy old life insurance policies until it is definitely established that they have no value.

"SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR ANSWERS"

Hand Found In Shark
Identifies Navy Dead

On October 29, 1943, the Identification Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, received finger impressions from a right hand which had been found in the stomach of a shark caught at Miami Beach, Florida.

The prints were forwarded to the F.B.I. by the Police of Miami Beach, Florida, who requested that efforts be made to identify the person involved in the tragedy.

The fingerprints were then compared with Navy Department records of gunners assigned to two tankers sunk off Florida and they were found to be identical with those of a young Texan who enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve on October 26, 1942.

The Miami Beach Police Department was notified of this identification. The seaman's tanker had gone down off Florida with a loss of several lives.

IAI Bulletin

WHAT THE CONSTITUTION
MEANS TO YOU

It establishes for you a stable and responsible government.

It makes you a citizen of the United States, if native born.

It gives you citizenship, if foreign born, on complying with liberal naturalization laws.

It allows you a voice in the government through the officials whom you help to elect. It guarantees you life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

It defends your rights even against the government itself.

It makes you equal with all men before the law.

It confirms your religious freedom, and liberty of conscience.

It accords you free lawful speech.

It guarantees you together with all people the right of peaceable assembly.

It permits you to petition the government to right your wrongs.

It guards your property rights.

It prohibits the government from taking your property without due process of law.

It lets you hold any office in the gift of the nation for which you are qualified.

It enables you to become a citizen of any state.

It prevents you from being held to answer to a complaint unless you have been lawfully accused.

It insures your right of trial by jury of your fellow men.

It grants you the right of habeas corpus, that is, the right to know why you are held a prisoner.

It assures you a speedy trial.

It permits your having counsel for defense.

It prevents your being tried again if once acquitted.

It permits you to have a trial in the state and district in which you may be charged with an offense against the laws.

It lends you the power of government to compel witnesses to appear in your behalf.

It relieves you from compulsion to testify against yourself.

It forbids excessive bail.

It forbids excessive fines or cruel punishment.

It protects you from slavery in any form.

It keeps any state from depriving you of your constitutional rights.

It sanctions your bearing arms for the protection of your life and home.

It secures your home from search except by lawful warrant.

It guarantees you that the legal obligation of contracts shall not be impaired.

It permits you to participate in amendment of the Constitution from time to time.

-Courtesy National Society D.A.R.

WARTIME RACKETS

Relatives are being asked to send money for an interesting news item about the serviceman or woman in their family. Their curiosity usually leads to payment of the fee. They receive a clipping from a local paper, which they may have already seen, or at least could have purchased for much less.

Schemes to get your money in advance on scarce items such as refrigerators, radios, watches, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, can be swindles if you fail to investigate. You may never get the merchandise, the seller may go out of business, or judgments taken for loss sustained may be found worthless.

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

PAGE I

JULY 1945

7TH WAR LOAN SALES

State Police stations and divisions sold a total of \$7,113,100.00 in 7th war loan bonds.

Station "I" at Bethany tops the list with sales of over five million dollars worth.

SALES BY DIVISIONS

Stations	Maturity Value
A - Ridgefield	\$ 241,875.00
B - Canaan	475.00
C - Stafford	3,075.00
D - Danielson	10,975.00
E - Groton	432,650.00
F - Westbrook	1,039,375.00
G - Westport	225.00
H - Hartford	400.00
I - Bethany	5,007,625.00
K - Colchester	55,475.00
L - Litchfield	4,075.00
Hdq. (Miss Collins)	16,875.00
Hdq. (Special Service)	300,000.00
TOTAL	7,113,100.00

THE MIGHTY SEVENTH

BUY BIGGER BONDS AND MORE OF THEM

STATION "A" RIDGEFIELD

A letter has been received from Mr. John Ellmers, of the Huntington District of Newtown, in appreciation of the services rendered by this Department, particularly by our Bloodhound, "Pal", in locating Mrs. Martha Ellmers who had walked for 2½ miles into the woods after inflicting knife wounds on her wrist and abdomen. It is most gratifying to receive such letters and note the spirit prompting such letters. I know that you will also be pleased as we were - as it certainly does reflect a good deal of credit on our Department of which "Corporal Pal" is a member. This incident occurred on July 8, 1945 and was participated in by Resident Officer R. J. Murphy, Officers Thomas V. Dunn, Edward Giardina and yours truly but last and not least by "Pal" whom the members of this Station now designate as "Corporal" although he has not as yet been officially promoted.

C. O., Ridgefield

STATION "D" DANIELSON

There is always a very great satisfaction, I think, in solving a hit-and-run accident, particularly when a motorist or pedestrian is left lying badly injured or dead upon the highway. Officer Charles Heckler had that satisfaction, thanks to his keen power of observation, when he located a hit-and-run car in Putnam about 14 hours after the car had struck and seriously injured a motorist who had alighted from his car to inspect a rear tire. The accident happened at

2:30 A.M. and was investigated by Officer Joseph Guilbeault, assisted by Officer Heckler.

The operator had already taken his car to a garage for repairs shortly after noon on the same day. At about 4:30 P.M., Officer Heckler arrived at the garage on a routine check of such places and told the owner of the place what he was looking for. The color of the car was known, also the type of damage to be expected. The officer was told that he would be informed if a car such as he was seeking was brought in for repairs. On leaving the place, Officer Heckler spotted the car in the yard of the garage parked between two other vehicles, and a speedy solution followed.

The war came home to Danielson on Friday, the 13th, with a bang when the peace of the quiet village was broken by a 40 MM shell landing on a shady residential street. The shell tore up a small section of asphalt pavement and caused considerable excitement among the townsfolk.

With the assistance of an Army infantry officer home on leave, the line of flight of the projectile was plotted. The case was quickly solved and a service gun crew testing a 40 MM rifle $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Danielson will in the future make their tests in wider and less populated fields.

The next two weeks should be very busy ones for the men of this station, as vacations are really cutting into the staff. Lieutenant Clarke will retire to his garden for two weeks and Sergt. R. V. Scranton will take over the front office. Officers Charles Heckler and Henry Marikle will take two weeks of well-earned rest. The boys are a bit

concerned about the Resident Officer's territory, as "Hard-Working Henry" has really built up a flourishing trade in police business in Jewett City and vicinity and that section seems a long way from "home" since Henry has taken over.

Miss Cora Browne is also on vacation, and while her name never appears in this column, Cora's efficient and untiring efforts go a long way toward keeping things running smoothly at this station. Too often we take Cora for granted but when she is away things are not the same.

Officers Thomas McGrath and John Skelly have combined their efforts to clear up a traffic situation in the northern part of the territory and between them have made many a race-goer at the Pascoag Race Track late for the daily double. Each afternoon there is a rush of traffic as these tail-enders dash for Rhode Island to make the daily double but Mac and Jack have brought down the odds and many of the fastest drivers have been left at the post in the Putnam Court.

Speaking of tail-enders, former Officer "Zip" Zehrer, of Danielson, is now the owner of two race-horses running at the Pascoag track. "Zip" says that the horses are running at that track but many of the local boys who put money on the horses after hearing "Zip" tell about their ability are sure that they are not. Shades of Bing Crosby I take it!

Officer Norman Winslow, now Lieutenant Winslow of the Army, received welcome news from home on June 30 when Mrs. Winslow presented the proud daddy with a son, James Allen, their second

child. Our congratulations to them both.

"Les"
(Special Danielson Reporter)

STATION "E" GROTON

A DESK MAN

Have you ever been alone? I ask, not because I think you might be suffering from fear or loneliness, I ask simply because I have been designated as a desk man in a State Police Barracks. I might be a Sergeant, a detective or just a plain officer, rookie trooper if you will. I've worked in small country stations. Perhaps, I've even been assigned to troop headquarters. I've sat and waited for the phone to ring and answered two radio calls an hour. I, like my brothers, have sat and looked out of the station window, cocked my feet on the window sill, and waited. Gawd, how we have waited for something to happen that would keep us from getting "woods queer" and now I have a new complaint.

For no good reason, certain ones of us get grounded, so to speak incarcerated in the barracks, in a busy station. The hub of the wheel, the boss says, is the office. The wheel can't turn without it. Sounds silly, doesn't it? Yet, I suppose, there is a reason. So you are assigned to desk duty.

You sign on as the desk officer after looking at the haggard face of the man you are to relieve. One phone rings, the other phone rings, the radio roars and then the disconcerting jangle of the type machine. "Think" is the slogan of the office. The front door opens, "Motor Vehicle information, please" - the door slams, a crying woman who has

lost her child. The door opens and the door slams shut, all day, all night. The inter-office phone rings, all the phones ring, upstairs, downstairs and still humanity in all its forms pass thru the door. Still the phones ring. Complaints - all kinds. All morning long.

Lunch - a brief respite. Back again. The phones - incoming, outgoing - "The Lieutenant please" "The Detectives, please" "Officer Jones, please (that's the poor fellow I just relieved I explain he is not here- "Home phone number, please" - Faces at the door, officers, people arrested- people for information. "I'd like to post a bond" - "My husband hasn't given me any money in two weeks." What? an ambulance, yes, ma'm - Where? OK. Sailors, soldiers, marines - shore patrol, nightstick in belts - military police, 45's on hips - town police, 24 hours a day. Phones, radio, teletype - Have you ever tried to make nine calls on two trunk lines? Have you ever tried to answer three people at once on the radio, phone and teletype? Yes, even four - I have another party at the information desk. Have you ever felt alone? Well, I have and regardless of the shift, I'm glad to be relieved, but tomorrow I'd like to try and "Think" again.

The stillness of the afternoon was disturbed by the loud voices of the occupants of the lower floor of the house. Their loud and intoxicated shouts kept the neighborhood aware that something was amiss. A gentleman named George was reported to live there alone, yet unmistakably a woman's voice mingled with his. The woman living upstairs could stand it no longer. What to do? Surely the State Police must have a

man who can handle such a case without too much trouble - and thereby hangs a tale.

The call is received at the barracks and Officer Joseph LaFramboise is dispatched to the scene. He arrives and at first glance he decides he will need the services of a policewoman. He calls by radio and Det. Sgt. Fred Johnson goes to the scene with Det. Francis Mangan and Policewoman Katherine Haggerty, closely followed by Lieut. William Mackenzie and Off. John Gunning.

Upon their arrival it is found that Officer LaFramboise has George, who is quite intoxicated, seated in his car, having placed him there with some difficulty. In the house is a lady, known as Malvina, a recent lodger at the State Farm who is well-known in local police circles. She is in a very intoxicated condition, lying on the bed within the house and only scantily clothed. The house showed signs of the recent disturbance. Mrs. Haggerty with the able assistance of the others moves Malvina and faces flush! We hear a yell outside and George has fled into the brush near the house, Gunning, Mangan and Det. Sgt. Johnson after him, leaving LaFramboise and the Lieutenant to assist Mrs. Haggerty.

Malvina, clothed, is led and half carried out of the house. She reaches the front door and takes a step out onto a front porch which has withstood the ravages of time and hurricanes. But never has it had to contend with Malvina in a drunken condition, Mrs. Haggerty, Officer LaFramboise and Lieutenant Mackenzie all at one time. The porch sags and the time-rotted boards crash downward under the combined weight of the four. Mrs. Haggerty has one foot through the hole, Malvina on top of her. Mackenzie and LaFramboise safe.

LaFramboise plucks Malvina, who is a large girl, off of Katie as tho she was a feather duster. Now his problem. How does one get Katie out? Just a lift out. "No, No, Joe," cries Katie, "you can't do it that way." "O.K., then I'll do it this way," says Joe and reaching down, grabs a big timber. Crash! the timber is attached to the house no more. Joe bends over, grabs another board in his two large hands and stands up, another quarter of the veranda is gone. Our injured Mrs. Haggerty is gently assisted to terra firma. Malvina is taken to the county jail and Mrs. Haggerty is brought to the barracks which is now set up as a casualty station. Oh, yes, LaFramboise and Mangan found George and he was also taken to jail.

"Raggy"

Groton Special Reporter

HARTFORD

July Weddings

July 4, 1945, was an important day for Miss Helen Noonan and Anthony Zemetis of our Communication Division, who on that day jointly and severally forfeited their independence at a lovely wedding at St. Rose's Church in Meriden. The grapevine reports that on their honeymoon in the hills of New Hampshire they became separated from each other near a beautiful lake, but eventually they found themselves and are both back on duty at Headquarters.

Wedding bells rang on July 5, 1945, at Saint Rose's Church in Meriden when Edward J. Dooling, of Station "H", took as his bride, Ellen Frances Carroll daughter of Chief and Mrs. Michael B. Carroll of the Meriden Police Department, "to have and to hold".

Congratulations to all - Vox-Cop

Code of Honor
of the
Connecticut State Police

* * *

The traditions and splendid reputation of the Connecticut State Police are incorporated in the following code of honor, to which all members of the Department subscribe by word and deed:

"I am a Connecticut State Policeman—a soldier of the law. To me is entrusted the honor of the Department.

"I will serve the State of Connecticut honestly and faithfully and, if need be, lay down my life as others have done rather than swerve from the path of duty.

"I will be loyal to my superiors, obey the law and enforce the law without discrimination as to class, color, creed or condition, and without fear or favor.

"I will help those in danger or distress, and at all times conduct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."