

Vox-Cop

Vol 4

ISSUED BY THE

No 8

CONN. STATE POLICE DEPT.



EDWARD J. HICKEY,
Commissioner

FEBRUARY 1947



Governor James L. McConaughy

"The State of Connecticut should be as good an employer as any. I want all state employes to know that they have the right of access to their departmental heads at any time for a discussion of affairs pertinent to their employment." --Inaugural Address, January 8, 1947. (Photograph by Bachrach)

To My Fellow Officers and Associates

WHEN GOVERNOR McCONAUGHY RECENTLY REAPPOINTED ME TO MY THIRD FOUR-YEAR TERM AS COMMISSIONER OF STATE POLICE HE THEREBY PUBLICLY ENDORSED THE ADMINISTRATION AND OPERATION OF THE DEPARTMENT ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF CONNECTICUT.

I SHOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY THANKS FOR THE APPOINTMENT--IT WILL GIVE ME AN OPPORTUNITY TO CONTINUE THE WORK I STARTED WITH YOU DURING GOVERNOR BALCWIN'S ADMINISTRATION IN 1939.

DURING THE PAST EIGHT YEARS WE HAVE EXPERIENCED BOTH GLOWING SUCCESSES AND DISMAL DISAPPOINTMENTS IN OUR WORK. OUR TOTAL EFFORT HAS BEEN EVALUATED BY THE PEOPLE WE SERVE, HOWEVER, AND THEY HOLD OUR ORGANIZATION IN HIGH ESTEEM. TEAMWORK HAS EARNED US THIS ESTEEM--TEAMWORK WILL KEEP IT.

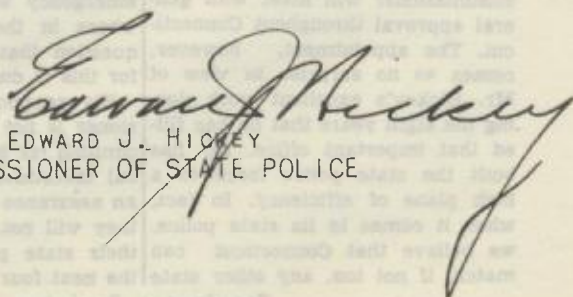
IT WOULD NOT BE AMISS HERE TO COMPARE OUR DEPARTMENT WITH A FOOTBALL TEAM. MY POSITION AS QUARTERBACK MERELY REQUIRES ME TO PLAN OUR STRATEGY TO A CERTAIN EXTENT AND CALL THE SIGNALS THAT PUT THIS STRATEGY TO THE TEST.

THOSE IN OUR HEADQUARTERS, THE BARRACKS, AND IN THE FIELD ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR "CARRYING THE BALL" AND "BUCKING THE LINE." YOU HAVE EARNED US THIS WELL DONE ACCOLADE.

THE PRESS OF THE STATE HAS COMMENTED FAVORABLY ON MY REAPPOINTMENT. THEIR IMPRESSION OF OUR DEPARTMENT IS THE ONE YOU GIVE THEM, OF COURSE.

IN THIS ISSUE, VOX-COP IS REPRINTING EDITORIAL OPINION EXPRESSED THROUGHOUT THE STATE. THESE OPINIONS REFLECT YOUR EFFORTS AS WELL AS MINE.

MY THANKS FOR YOUR STAUNCH SUPPORT AND GENEROUS COOPERATION DURING THE PAST EIGHT YEARS. MAY WE KEEP ON PLAYING THE GAME TOGETHER!


EDWARD J. HICKEY
COMMISSIONER OF STATE POLICE

Hickey's Reappointment

The best compliment which could be paid State Police Commissioner Hickey is that his reappointment for another four-year term was taken for granted by the people of Connecticut. Yet, there is cause for gratification that Governor McConaughy has so acted, as it was within his province to have named another, had he so desired.

Long before he assumed his duties as head of the State Police, the name of Edward J. Hickey was synonymous with strict law enforcement in Hartford County. Now his influence is felt directly in all parts of the state. That he is a tower of strength upon whom local police departments depend for cooperation is a well established fact.

Sometimes in public life a man comes along to make an office great, rather than the office making the man. It is so with our State Police boss. He was a natural choice for the post when the opportunity came, and he has made it an even greater force for highway safety and for general prevention of crime than it ever was before.

With all of his arduous police duties he has found time to serve his community and state in important civic roles. This is attested by his recent decoration as a churchman by Pope Pius. At present he is state chairman of the annual March of Dimes Campaign. Commissioner Hickey is an outstanding force for good in the state. It is timely to review his record and to express appreciation for it, as he begins another term in his important office.

Meriden Daily Journal

MR. HICKEY'S APPOINTMENT

We believe that Governor McConaughy's action in reappointing Edward J. Hickey as state police commissioner will meet with general approval throughout Connecticut. The appointment, however, comes as no surprise in view of Mr. Hickey's excellent work during the eight years that he has filled that important office. He has built the state police force to a high plane of efficiency. In fact, when it comes to its state police, we believe that Connecticut can match, if not top, any other state

in the union. It has a splendid body of men thoroughly trained and fully equipped, on their toes 24 hours of the day ready to meet any emergency which may arise anywhere in the state. There is no question that much of the credit for this is due to Mr. Hickey.

His reappointment as commissioner is not only a deserved recognition for him but a good practical investment for the state. It is an assurance to the taxpayers that they will not have to worry about their state police department for the next four years.

Torrington Register

Three P's Purged

Announcement of the reappointment of State Police Com. Ed Hickey for another four-year term will meet with unanimous approval from Groton to Greenwich and from East Thompson to Canaan. If there should be one negative vote, it would undoubtedly come from Wethersfield, where a certain state institution has become well populated with men and women whom Hickey and his hard-hitting lads have put out of circulation.

In the years that have elapsed since the Hartfordite took over the state police system, Hickey has built up an organization that today ranks second to none in the U. S. Purged of the Three P's—Politics, Pull and Palookas—our troopers have been tuned up to a pitch of deadly efficiency, because the two major requirements for membership on the force are intelligence and intestinal fortitude.

The police commissioner, himself, is an amazing example of what these two qualities can do in combination. Hickey is not only an almost fictional type of sleuth, a master of the art of scientific detection, but an organizer and an executive of unusual ability.

Little has been said of the manner in which Hickey and his boys took on the staggering load of protecting the state during the war years. However, the fact that not one major act of sabotage was committed, speaks volumes for his control of a situation fraught with frequently dangerous possibilities.

The citizens of Connecticut are very lucky indeed to have a man of Ed Hickey's caliber working for them. Gov. McConaughy will have no occasion to regret his reappointment.—
A. J.

Sunday Herald

Edward J. Hickey Reappointed

Col. Edward J. Hickey, commissioner of the State Department of Police, is an official of strong character, trained in legal and common sense experiences for his job long before his original appointment, rich in a background that he applies in a practical way every day in the week. When Gov. James L. McConaughy recently reappointed him for another four years of service at his post, the whole state took it so much for granted as the normal, to-be-expected thing that it brought hardly a ripple of comment. Why particularly remark upon the fact that the sun rises in the morning?

Connecticut has been fortunate in having such a man for a job of this great importance. A department run under his direction serves the state even more conspicuously—or should one say inconspicuously—through crime prevention than through crime detection. Offenders and offenses there will always be, but our territory, being kept as a place in which operation is not so easy, makes many an operator decide that he had best not stage Connecticut as the scene of his crimes.

The spirit of the department under Col. Hickey is one of cooperative service. There is no lack of firmness, but our state police are not offensively officious. It gives to all decent citizens a sense of a presence upon the highways and at the various headquarters at strategic places about the state of friendly, protective men. Particularly their thorough organization, speedy response and efficient work in disaster calls are to be noted when they are busy at such things, and often thought of with confidence as to what may be expected if emergencies arise.

As an organizer, as an executive and as a citizen who knows his state in spirit as well as in physical facts Edward J. Hickey is a first-quality man for the work he is directing. May his years go on through the four now indicated and for many appointments beyond.

Waterbury Republican

HICKEY HONORED BY CATHOLIC CHURCH

Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police, has been designated a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by His Holiness Pope Pius XII. This signal honor was bestowed at the request of the Most Reverend Henry J. O'Brien, Bishop of Hartford.

The Order of St. Gregory the Great is conferred upon men and women who have, in an outstanding manner, furthered the well-being of society, and the church. It was established by Pope Gregory XVI in 1831 and placed under the patronage of St. Gregory I, one of the great Popes of the Church.

Police Chiefs' News



By THE YANKEE PEDLAR

State Police Commissioner Wins Esteem

Gov. McConaughy's appointment of Edward J. Hickey to head the State Police for another four years was a wise move. When he took office in 1939, Comsr. Hickey didn't command the universal respect of the state's citizens that he carries in office today. He's earned the high esteem he now enjoys by sheer doggedness. He stepped out of the Hartford County detectiveship fresh from his work on the Waterbury conspiracy trial to take over a police organization that was just about fair to middling as far as efficiency went. Mr. Hickey was bent on making it second to none and to do this he had to step on a lot of toes. But he did it. In retrospect it might be said that the methods were forceful but fair even though at the time they might have appeared high handed

Waterbury Republican

HICKEY'S REAPPOINTMENT

No surprise is occasioned by the announcement that Governor McConaughy has reappointed Edward J. Hickey as state police commissioner, since such was a foregone conclusion, although there is good reason for believing that the same action would have been taken by a democratic governor because of the excellent record which the commissioner has made.

Commissioner Hickey has done a superb job and is fully qualified in every way to administer that responsible post. There was a demonstration of his fitness during the days when he was county detective for Hartford county which indicated that it would be extended to the direction of the state police department.

The judgment of Governor Bald-

Norwich Bulletin

and dictatorial. Had Hickey's term expired while a governor other than Raymond E. Baldwin was in office the chances are the commissioner would have been booted out of his job. It is a good guess that he is safely past that stage now. The Connecticut State Police in eight years has whipped into a top-flight force, picked men and women trained in every phase of law enforcement and public safety. Besides the talent, Mr. Hickey's male and female minions of the law have the equipment necessary to do a good job and nobody is more intent on seeing that they do it than the veteran executive who a few days ago began his third term as head of the Department. There was pre-campaign talk last year that Comsr. Hickey had his cap set on the governorship. His nomination might not be a bad idea for he's one candidate who would get gobs of votes irrespective of the party that made him its standard bearer.

win eight years ago in placing him at the head of the state police has been complimented time and again. Under his guidance the department has demonstrated an efficiency that is a great credit to the organization and to the state, as well as the head of the department. Its service is in constant demand and prompt and effective work is done through the members stationed in the several barracks throughout the state.

Commissioner Hickey knows his business, knows how to deal with crime, knows how to get his man, all of which is fully recognized by Governor McConaughy in keeping him at the head of the department. The state police department experienced its difficulties in its early days but it has proved its worth and Connecticut has found that it could not do without it.

SALUTE TO MR. HICKEY

The reappointment of State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey by Governor McConaughy for another four-year term may be viewed with not only equanimity but pleasure. Mr. Hickey has filled this post with such distinction that it would be difficult to conceive of even the most partisan Governor, of either party, failing to retain this valuable public servant in office. There are many good things about Connecticut but none that stands out more clearly than the efficient, honest, and resourceful Department of State Police. Week in and week out, month after month they do their job well, whether it be regulating highway traffic, arresting criminals, finding lost persons or solving murder mysteries.

Every organized group of persons, whether in public departments or in private enterprise, develops *esprit de corps* in proportion to the amount of leadership at the top. In this sense the Connecticut State Police are infused to a man with the kind of honest and intelligent zeal for public service that characterizes Mr. Hickey's work. Connecticut, before this, learned well how the untouchable honesty of one man in public life could have a marked effect in keeping a community virtually free from corruption. For thirty-four years Hartford County was out of bounds for big-time gangsters largely because of the diligence of Hugh M. Alcorn, Senior, a tradition now maintained by his son. Teamed with the elder Alcorn for many years, Mr. Hickey shared with him the honors that he so richly won in public service.

As Commissioner of State Police, Mr. Hickey has added further proof of his value to the community, both in his official capacity and through the many civic enterprises with which he has identified himself. Deserved compliments should not be saved for obituaries. Now that Mr. Hickey has been reappointed it is as good a time as any to salute him.

Hartford Courant

Colonel Hickey of Course

Some may have observed that The Times hitherto has made no comment editorially upon the reappointment of Col. Edward J. Hickey to be Commissioner of State Police for another term. The failure to remark could be explained by the fact that his continuance in the post is so much to be taken for granted that the announcement of it hardly falls in the category of news.

Every Governor, of course, has a right to appoint a man of his own choosing as Commissioner of State Police, precisely as he has a similar right to fill all offices within his bestowal. However, Col. Hickey has been so efficient and has developed the State Police into such an alert, versatile and useful body and there hardly could be thought of supplanting him with a man better fitted for the job.

Any Governor who sought to make a change would have to admit, tacitly at least, that he was doing it purely for political reasons and to bestow the office upon someone whom he wished to do a favor, rather than with any idea of improving the department.

Naturally Governor McConaughy had no such ideas, but as a matter of routine in which he must have found pleasure and satisfaction, acted to continue the status quo. That is as it should be and a matter of self-congratulation for the citizens even if it is not a spectacular item of news.

Hartford Times

Excellent Appointment

Gov. McConaughy is to be congratulated on his appointment of Edward J. Hickey for his third term as Connecticut's Police Commissioner.

In his eight years in office, Mr. Hickey's reputation as a capable, progressive leader of the State Police has extended far beyond Connecticut's borders. In the field of investigation, too, Mr. Hickey has proved himself to be among the country's best.

The excellent public service which Mr. Hickey has rendered the State is sure to be continued as he begins his third term and with it, the confidence of the people that police standards will remain as splendid as they are now.

Stamford Advocate

A Good Man Stays

Here we take a chance on getting accused of trying for an in with the State police. Oh well, we have been called a "cop-lover" often enough to be inured to any suggestion that we have gone in for police back-patting.

Well, anyway, we think Governor McConaughy showed excellent judgment in reappointing Edward J. Hickey as Commissioner of the State Police. If his other appointments are as sound and well-considered, he will have established a fine record in the selection of his department heads.

The Connecticut State Police are a fine body of men. It is fitting that they be headed by a fine figure of a man—who knows his business.

For Commissioner Hickey does know the police business. We doubt if a dissenting voice to that statement could be found. He came up the hard way, has had long years of experience in police work, has learned most of the answers, and knows all of the questions.

When rumor maintained for a few weeks last fall, that Lieutenant Governor Snow might be elected Governor, we registered a silent hope in our own mind that he would eschew politics in the State Police Commissionership, and refrain from appointing a deserving Demo-

crat to the post. To be sure, so long as there is a two party system, the political victors are going to claim the spoils. Yet, it seems to us there are certain important appointments which should be outside and above politics. Of those, the most important, we think, is the Commissioner of State Police.

Of course, Commissioner Hickey's appointment originally had its origin in politics. He was first named by Governor Baldwin. He is, we believe, a Republican. But we suspect that Governor Baldwin considered Hickey's effectiveness as a police officer first, his politics second or third or fourth.

Certainly, our Commissioner Hickey was then, is today, Connecticut's outstanding police officer. His reputation is not only state-wide but nationwide. He not only knows his business—he sees to it that the men under him know theirs.

Connecticut's State Police Department under him has established a record of efficiency and discipline that has given it, too, a fine nation-wide reputation. The boys in grey whipcord who ride the vari-colored Fords (maybe the black cruisers will return when the automobile business returns to normal) are most dependable, courteous, and helpful in every sort of emergency—even to putting chains on your car in a storm, when you neglect that precaution yourself.

So, again, congratulations to Governor McConaughy, Commissioner Hickey, and the State Policemen of Connecticut. The Department can now keep on rolling in high.

(Say, look, officer, we were only doing 50, honest. On the level. Besides, look at this piece we wrote about the Commissioner. You don't care what we wrote about the Commissioner? But officer. Oh all right, we'll follow you in to the Barracks. Next time, though, we'll save wear & tear on our typewriter ribbon.)

Stafford Press

HICKEY RETAINED

"Ed" Hickey has been reappointed state police commissioner. This is a pretty satisfactory announcement for any Connecticut newspaper to make. His work has been outstanding.

He is a defender of peace, guardian of all citizens, and as so often heard on a certain radio program he not only "prosecutes to the limit of the law but also protects with equal vigor the rights and privileges of all the people."

Edward J. Hickey has been connected with police work of various types for many years. He has handled cases national in scope and his work during all the years has been particularly free from criticism.

Commissioner Hickey has developed a body of state troopers and officers covering all parts of Connecticut. The highest regard is felt for this entire group of men. Governor McConaughy has done himself proud in leaving this efficient police commissioner in charge of state law enforcement and there need be no worry during his term of office as to results.

Winsted Evening Citizen

The Man for the Job

Under the masterly direction of its efficient and industrious head, Colonel Edward J. Hickey, the State Police Department has achieved a distinction in the field of law enforcement equalled by few and excelled by none in this country.

One may be sure Governor James L. McConaughy was well aware of this when he drafted for another term of four years, the man who has attained an international reputation as a detector of crooks, and as a fearless and tireless foe of gangsters and criminal racketeers.

There is no need recounting those invaluable services he has rendered to his state and its citizenry during his eight years of office.

Unsolicited honors have been bestowed on him by various protective agencies of national origin and import; and several of the more important of these have chosen him for the highest post of election.

In addition to his supervision of the several hundred drilled and disciplined state troopers he commands, he is likewise responsible for the duties of State Fire Marshal and State Sealer of Weights and Measures.

He has been president of the Connecticut Police Chiefs Association and with our entrance into the last war, as one of the directing heads of the Governor's cabinet, he formulated plans for the organization of the Air Raid Wardens, the Tower Watchers, and other protective volunteer groups that served our towns and cities so well during the war's "blackouts", many times necessitated as a precautionary measure.

With the aid of his able lieutenants, he provided training schools for the "rookies" pressed into service when many of his experienced troopers were drafted by the armed services.

The large and expanding war industries of our Connecticut cities had the assistance of his experienced operatives in training factory guards and selecting personnel entrusted with confidential information whose sphere of service was more often within the plants than without.

Connecticut's freedom from sabotage throughout the war can fairly be said to have been due in no small measure to the effectiveness of his operating agencies with whom he kept in intimate touch, day and night, from Pearl Harbor until after V-J Day.

All his efforts were not given to his own State. He was frequently requested for advice and counsel in other parts of the country and in each instance cheerfully complied and remained to see the program he outlined carried into effect. As chairman of the State Provincial Section of the International Police Chiefs Association, he wields a powerful influence.

Bridgeport Post

EXCELLENT APPOINTMENT

It is safe to say that there will be no quarrel anywhere with Governor McConaughy's reappointment of Edward M. Hickey to be commissioner of the Connecticut State Police department for another four-year term. The excellent results of his previous administrations, since first named by Senator (then governor) Raymond E. Baldwin, makes any other choice unthinkable.

"Ed" Hickey came into the department only after he had made his mark as a police officer. His previous experience included work with the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency, the United States Department of Justice, Naval Intelligence during World War I and as Hartford county detective under State's Attorney Hugh M. Alcorn from 1922 to 1939. It was in the last that he established himself firmly as a fearless, competent law officer, than whom none in the east was more dreaded by criminals.

In addition to his wide experience he has brought to the department an administrative ability far above the average and that invaluable quality to inspire in others the spirit that animates him. That he has succeeded is a matter of record. At home and elsewhere outside of the state the Connecticut State Police department ranks high among the most efficient.

Congratulations are due Commissioner Hickey for the splendid work he has done and to the governor who has recognized it.

Middletown Press



Lincoln Once Escaped Death

Allan Pinkerton Foiled Plot — His Feat Led to Creation of U. S. Secret Service and to Custom of Protecting Presidents.

By FRANCES M. KELLY

Four years before his tragic death by a bullet fired by John Wilkes Booth on Good Friday night, 1865, a plot to assassinate Abraham Lincoln was frustrated by the cleverness of the celebrated detective, Allan Pinkerton. And it was his discovery of that plot that established the fame of that Scotsman and led to the creation of the United States Secret Service and the detective agency bearing his name which operates in all parts of the world.

It came about in this way. While Pinkerton was employed by the Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, he learned of the conspiracy to kill Lincoln who was on his way to Washington for his first inauguration. In some quarters the story was scoffed at, but that it was taken seriously has been amply proved by a score of witnesses who were directly concerned in the business of getting the President-elect to Washington without injury.

Leaving Springfield, Illinois, on Feb. 1, Lincoln passed through the principal northern cities, making brief addresses at various points. On Feb. 21, 1861, he stopped in Philadelphia on his way to the National Capital. The next day, he was to dedicate a flag in front of Independence Hall. On the cold and dreary eve of this event, he rode through the streets of the city and afterward shook hands with hundreds of persons who were waiting to greet him at the Continental Hotel three blocks from our national shrine wherein the Declaration of Independence was signed.

In the midst of the reception, someone whispered in the ear of the President-elect that he was wanted in the private room of Norman B. Judd, soon to be his Minister to Prussia but then a member of the party that was accompanying the Presidential party to Washington. Mr. Lincoln excused himself and, going to the room, was introduced to Allan

Pinkerton who said he had an important story to tell him. What followed can best be told in the words of the President himself as he afterward related it to B. J. Lossing, famous artist and historian of that era:

Advised Lincoln To Avoid Baltimore

"Pinkerton informed me," said Lincoln, "that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have the pluck to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I did not like that. I had made arrangements to go to Harrisburg and go from there to Baltimore and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore."

Before Mr. Lincoln went to bed that night the son of Sen. William H. Seward—soon to be Lincoln's Secretary of State—handed him a letter begging him not to go through Baltimore, as army officers were convinced that there was a plot to kill him in that city. Still Lincoln was skeptical. He cross-questioned the son of the Senator in an endeavor to ascertain if this information had come direct from Washington or whether it was an echo of the Pinkerton story.

Next day he delivered an impressive and characteristic address in front of Independence Hall, as scheduled, and then proceeded to Harrisburg, capital of Pennsylvania, to fulfill his only remaining engagement which was to speak before the Pennsylvania Legislature.

When his speech was concluded, there was a hurried conference of his friends to determine on a

course of action. Gov. Curtin of Pennsylvania, Col. A. K. McClure, publisher of the Philadelphia Times, Tom Scott, the then President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and others participated. The consensus was that he should avoid Baltimore.

Lincoln Agreed To Advice Under Protest

Mr. Lincoln protested that he did not want to go into the National Capital "like a thief in the night," that he intended to follow his itinerary; but after much arguing, he was persuaded to heed the advice of his friends. The rumor that he went disguised is untrue. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, celebrated Pennsylvania author whose writings include "Life of Abraham Lincoln," tells what happened in these words:

"At 6 o'clock, he left his hotel by a back door, bareheaded, a soft hat in his pocket and, entering a carriage, was driven to the station where a car and engine, unlighted save for a headlight, awaited him. A few minutes after 11 o'clock he was in Philadelphia where the night train for Washington was being held by order of Col. Scott, the President of the road for "an important package." The package was delivered to the conductor as soon as it was known that Mr. Lincoln was on the train."

A great crowd surrounded the hotel in Harrisburg in the hope of hearing a speech from Lincoln. But the next morning he was in Washington, safe and sound, "where Mr. Washburne and Mr. Seward met him and with devout thanksgiving conducted him to Willard's hotel, there to remain until after the inauguration."

From that incident has grown the custom of protecting the President-elect from the time of his election until he formally assumes the duties of his office, and of course, afterward.

Watkins Syndicate

SPRINGFIELD SAMMY

Only on infrequent occasions do the law-abiding citizens of Hartford have even a momentary glimpse into the scabrous side of life that is unfortunately an aspect of almost every large city. Such an informative view was obtained last year during the course of the Hartford conspiracy trial. During the past few weeks, the log has again been lifted by the State's Attorney, with the result that two more offenders have been found guilty of assault and received sentences.

At first blush it might appear that local newspapers have blown up what appeared to be a routine police court case to a synthetic *cause celebre*. But the amount of space given this trial of Springfield Sammy and his colleague, John Trikakakis is justified by the many ramifications of this case. Not the least of these is the indication that attempts have been made to intimidate witnesses. Warrants have already been issued dealing with this charge, and additional charges of perjury during the recent trial have also been made. These will be tried in due time. Until then, of course, no judgment of guilt or innocence can be made.

Thoughtful citizens should read carefully the State's Attorney's summing up of this case against Springfield Sammy. Here is the nub of it as it appeared in *The Courant*: "The State's Attorney declared that Manarite (Springfield Sammy) had made a career of 'shaking down' victims in Hartford for the last three years and is skilled in beating people with clubs so as to injure and intimidate them. In 1943, he said, Manarite confessed that he and Stavola had beaten a man with a pickaxe handle. The Hartford Police Court dealt leniently with them."

It may justifiably be asked why an individual with the known record of this defendant should have been shown lenience by the Hartford Police Court. Perhaps if courts of inferior jurisdiction had not dealt so leniently with this defendant, and others like him, the State's Attorney would not have been compelled to step into this case. In any event citizens of Hartford County can congratulate themselves that the State's Attorney's office can still be depended upon to deal with these matters unswayed by political manipulators and fixers. That is the one bright side of the case of Springfield Sammy.

--Hartford Courant

Time Well Spent

The time that has been taken up in the Superior Court with the trial of "Springfield Sammy" and a local "club" operator on charges of assault and battery upon a woman, has been well spent in that it has afforded the good people of Hartford a glimpse at conditions that long have existed but about which the majority of citizens know little.

The court has found "Springfield Sammy" guilty of assault with a dangerous weapon and has sentenced him to jail for a year. The club operator has been sentenced to jail for several months, to run consecutively. Assuming that the sentences will stand, these two persons will be out of circulation for some time.

There were developments in the course of the trial that apparently are to have further attention from the State's Attorney, particularly allegations by witnesses that attempts had been made to influence their testimony, by persons who were not at that moment charged with any crime. The Court suggested these matters might be dealt within separate proceedings. These have now been inaugurated.

After having experienced recently a trial in which well known men were convicted of conspiracy to interfere with justice, Hartford would hardly be content if it should happen that others involved in somewhat similar machinations were not brought to book. The conflict between the underworld and the authorities sworn to enforce the laws is a ceaseless one. The underworld has only one interest—easy money. If crime must be connected with "getting the money" the underworld is not at all squeamish about engaging in it.

The State prosecuting authorities can be depended on to pursue the underworld. Hartford will be much interested in future happenings in connection with these matters. Meanwhile it may take satisfaction that the State's Attorney devoted full attention to what might appear to be "just a breach of the peace case," but which may turn out to have been a prelude to something more important.

---Hartford Times

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1947

State of Connecticut

Office of the State's Attorney

Hartford County

Hugh Meade Alcorn, Jr.
State's Attorney

John P. Hodgson

John S. Murtha
Assistant

Hartford, Connecticut

February 14, 1947.

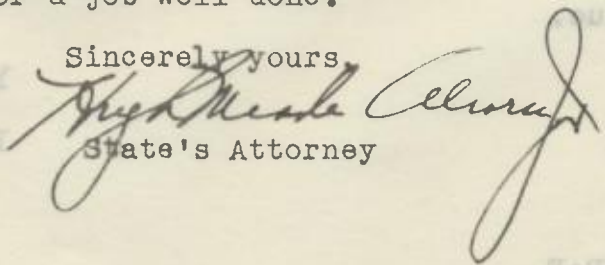
Hon. Edward J. Hickey,
Commissioner of State Police,
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

I have today written Chief Godfrey of the Hartford Police and Chief Gallagher of the Springfield Police thanking them for the assistance of their men in the preparation and presentation of the Manarite case, and I cannot wind up this phase of it without thanking you for your own splendid personal cooperation throughout. Because of the angles of this case with which only a few of us are familiar, you can readily understand why I am particularly grateful for it.

I wish you would also communicate to the various officers who assisted in handling the difficult problem in the court room my personal thanks and to Mrs. Miller my special gratitude for a job well done.

Sincerely yours,


State's Attorney

A Jr/RD.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1947

THE IDEAL SERVICE STATIONS, INC.

Office: 50 Town Street — Storage: 50 Town Street

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

February 3, 1947

Mr. Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner of State Police
Hartford, Conn.

My dear Mr. Hickey:

It is a great honor for the writer to be able to offer his hearty congratulations to you and your department in this district for the extraordinary job of nabbing a criminal.

We have had several breaks into our station in the past, the last one being during the night of January 25 and yet less than twelve hours later your men were able to make an arrest with only a foot-print as their only clue.

Yours most sincerely,

IDEAL SERVICE STATIONS, INC.

Anthony A. Bernard

President

AJB:F

DEPUTY SUPT. CARSON TO RETIRE

(Waterbury American)

Tribute paid to Daniel J. Carson by Police Board members on the occasion of his resignation as deputy superintendent were no stereotyped expressions of praise. The commissioners spoke of Deputy Carson as not only a most efficient officer but also as an outstanding citizen. That was a pretty good description of Dan--a well rounded man, held in high esteem and affection by all who know him.

It is no small accomplishment to retain personal popularity over more than 30 years while serving as a policeman. Officers of the law often have unpleasant duties to perform. It takes a rare man and an exceptional personality to do these things with the least hurt. Dan could. Basically, this may be attributed to a natural fine appreciation of fairness and a native kindness that impressed everyone. These attributes were evident to the members of the force in his charge. They had full confidence that they would always get "a square deal from Carson." They also recognized him as a counselor to whom they could go in time of trouble. This happy combination of rugged honesty and easy-going approachability is enjoyed by few people. Dan Carson had both of these qualities to an unusual degree.

These same attributes were assets to Deputy Carson as a citizen. Everyone liked him. Hundreds gave him confidences that were denied to others. As a result he was, as they say in the sports world, "in the know." He was part of the community. He knew the city and its people intimately and understandingly, in a way usually reserved to members of the Fourth Estate.

Now Deputy Carson has elected to take off his badge and at the same time bow to a new authority.

Everyone hopes that he will enjoy many years of happy married life upon his retirement on March 1.

PRESERVE IDENTIFICATION

(Middletown Press)

In a recent address in Middletown State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey strongly urged his hearers to have themselves fingerprinted, keeping the prints themselves for use only in the event identification might later be needed.

Millions were fingerprinted during the war and their prints are on file, but more millions were not. In the event of accident, when facial features and other physical characteristics are obliterated, one sure means of identification remains, namely the prints taken from the fingers when these, too, are not destroyed. If these are in file or have been in the possession of the owner, his identity can be quickly established, if accident occurs, and the state spared expense and the family uncertainty.

The suggestion is worth while.

ACCIDENT VICTIM DISAPPEARS

Pasadena, Calif.,--(AP)--Police pondered today the mystery of the disappearing accident victim.

An ambulance took aboard a man, believed a clergyman, struck down at an intersection. En route to a hospital, the driver stopped to aid victims of a second crash. Swinging open the door of his machine, he discovered the first patient had disappeared.

STATE POLICEMAN LOUIS STEFANEK
PROVES ADEPT
AT CHANGING FLAT TIRE

(Danbury News-Times)

"Be courteous to the people you serve and make the public State Police conscious" is one of the slogans of Commissioner Ed Hickey's department.

This doesn't mean that the gendarmes are to make the public conscious by hailing everyone they see into court but by extending the little courtesies of life that mean so much.

And one of the boys down at Ridgefield barracks who really believes in the slogan is Bridgeporter Louis Stefanek who is his short career to date in a police uniform has made the news on several occasions, among the latest being his accomplishment of roping a New Milford bull (bovine not policeman) that had decided to stray to other pastures.

This time Louis makes the news for extending his courtesies to a young woman motorist who late Sunday afternoon in the midst of heavy traffic on the Danbury-Brookfield road found herself confronted with the chief gremlin of all drivers, a flat tire.

But Louie who came along shortly afterwards proved himself up to the occasion in helping the young lady out of her predicament by really getting down to work, rolling up his sleeves and presto, the tire was changed.

There was no bull connected with this latest of his accomplishments because one of the News-Times' roving reporters happened to drive by at the time and saw Louie at work.

MARKED CRIME INCREASE
IN CITY AREA LAST YEAR

Drunkenness More General And

Felonies Jump--Motor Vehicle
Arrests Show Slight Drop--
Accidents Gain But Fewer
Fatalities--Traffic Still Problem

(New Haven Register)

There was a considerable increase in law-breaking here last year, Police Chief Henry P. Clark states in his annual report, listing 11,872 arrests for 1946, compared with 10,588 in 1945.

There was a sharp increase in other classifications. Arrests for felonies jumped from 883 in 1945 to 1,009 last year, Chief Clark disclosed, while arrests for misdemeanors amounted to 9,695 last year, in contrast with the 8,538 of 1945.

There were drops in motor vehicle and juvenile cases, however. Motor vehicle arrests amounted to 2,852, slightly under 1945's total of 2,904, while juvenile referrals totaled 241 last year, a drop of 43 from the 1945 figure.

There were only two homicides here last year, Chief Clark's report reveals.

MANCHESTER POLICE CHIEF SCORNS
RETIREMENT DESPITE 39 YEARS
IN LAW ENFORCEMENT JOB

By Pete Mastronardi

(Bridgeport Sunday Post)

Manchester,--Believed to be the oldest law-enforcement head in the country--in length of service--Chief Samuel G. Gordon, head of this town's police force more than 35 years, was 70 years old recently.

Appointed to patrol a beat, Oct. 16, 1908 at \$75 a month and three years later promoted to chief by the Board of Selectmen, Chief Gordon asserts he can retire today if he desired and in addition to receiving old age

pension, he would get 50 per cent of wages earned during the last five years he served with the force.

Chief Gordon may have many more years to add to his record, because shortly after World War II started the town ordinance compelling employees of this town to retire when they reached their 70th birthday was set aside, and nothing has been done about renewing it.

Force of 4 Now 29

When appointed a policeman 39 years ago, the department consisted of only four law-enforcers and Chief Gordon has seen it grow to its present strength of 29. Of this number, one is a captain, one a lieutenant, two are sergeants and the remainder patrolmen. The town, with a population of 34,000 is patrolled by three police cars and one motorcycle, all police radio equipped.

Since assuming his present position 35 years ago, Chief Gordon said there have been no retirements in the department.

One member of the department, Capt. William Madden was killed in the line of duty 29 years ago.

During his career as chief, five murders have occurred in the town. Two he vividly recalls were the killing of Police Capt. Madden, Jan. 30, 1918 and the murder of Ong Jing Hen, Oak street laundry operator, March 24, 1927.

Killers Caught in a Day

Chief Gordon said that a near record was made in the apprehension of the Laundryman's killer, which occurred as the result of tong war. The murder was committed at 7:20 a.m. and at 6:30 p.m. two Chinese had been nabbed for the killing. Fingerprints obtained on the gun found at the

scene of the crime proved to be the most outstanding evidence against one of the accused. Both were convicted and hanged.

In the police captain's death it took the combined efforts of several police departments approximately eight weeks to round up five individuals from New Haven, New York, Jersey City, and Hoboken in connection with the killing. All five were convicted of second degree murder.

The first official recorded murder in Manchester occurred in 1911, a few weeks after the chief took office. A man residing in Hartford, but believed to be on business in Manchester, was shot and killed in a duel. The man responsible for his death escaped and was last reported to have been killed in action during the war.

Asked if he believed crime had increased in Manchester, Chief Gordon replied "I think it has climbed the same as any other town or city."

Chief Gordon during his spare time can be located in his two large green-houses near his home where he raises a great number of flowers. But the hobby he enjoys most is breeding racing pigeons, which he has been doing the past 5 years. The chief formed the first pigeon club in Manchester late in 1914. The club still exists.

WHO'S CRYING NOW?

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 3--(AP)-- Police answering a call on White Oaks St. found the neighborhood literally crying for help.

Investigation showed that boys playing on a vacant lot had stumbled across more than a dozen tear gas canisters, presumably old Army equipment.

The boys broke several, and the wind did the rest.

WITH NUTMEG FLAVOR

When the editor of the Connecticut State Prison's magazine objects to the manner in which the radio broadcasters are filling the air waves with blood and thunder it is time that something should be done about it. "The Monthly Record" is an excellent journal written, edited and published by the inmates of the State Prison. In its current issue the editor has a featured article built around Dr. Louis A. Warsoff's disturbing discovery that one out of every five persons under 21 years old in America committed a crime and was arrested last year. Dr. Warsoff, professor of political science at Brooklyn, N. Y., College, said that never before had young people or children committed so many crimes. These were not altogether "juvenile delinquencies" he said, but in many cases, "well planned crimes." His remedy was more religion and fewer movies for children.

Prison Editors Deplore
Crime Programs

At this point the editor of The Monthly Record cut in to make this observation: "Prison publications, magazines published by prisoners themselves--have long bemoaned the fact that such radio programs as Crime Doctor, Mr. District Attorney, Detective Drama, The Falcon, Special Investigator and Gang Busters, to name a few, are permitted to clutter the ether. Prison editors all over the country have written editorially against such programs which bring crime stories into the homes to corrupt the youthful listeners. They continue to urge that something be done to bring more wholesome and constructive radio programs into American homes."

The man who gave this advice is paying a debt to society at the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield. He knows whereof he speaks and when he takes time to give warning for the benefit of youngsters who have not yet fallen into the clutches of the law there seems to be good reason for taking stock in what he says. After all, few are closer to the situation than he and his associates. --(Sunday Republican)

M. A. HORNSBY, ATLANTA POLICE
CHIEF, IS DEAD

(Herald Tribune)

Atlanta, (AP) --Marion A. Hornsby, fifty-seven, chief of Atlanta police since 1937, died at his home February 1, after a sudden illness. Apparently in good health when he left headquarters early in the evening, he was stricken shortly after reaching home.

A police officer all his adult life, Chief Hornsby reached the apex of his career--at least in the eyes of the world at large--by his handling of the neo-Fascist organization that called itself Columbians, Inc.

The first major demonstration staged by that anti-Negro, anti-Jewish organization was also its last. On Nov. 2, four Columbians appeared on Atlanta's Garibaldi Street to picket a Negro family moving into a house formerly occupied by whites. White and Negro onlookers lined up on opposite sides of the street.

Into this nasty-looking situation drove Chief Hornsby, with other officers. He made a short speech. "I want to tell you Columbians that the Atlanta Police Department is policing this town," he said. Pointing to the Columbians, he turned to an offi-

cer. "Arrest those men," he said.

When he became chief, Mr. Hornsby said, "I hate crooks, and I'll run them in on sight. I have no use for soft-pinch cops, policemen who make easy arrests to keep their record up. I want policemen who'll wage continual war on gamblers, lottery men, bandits, killers."

He carried his words into his policies. He attracted young men to the force, a number of them college graduates. He set up the first two-way radio system in the department, modernized the equipment, re-established the traffic bureau, set up a new identification bureau and a new crime reporting bureau.

(Chief Hornsby gave The State and Provincial Section IACP, a royal greeting at the last Regional Meeting at Atlanta. The Police Service has lost a great chief--E. Jay H.)

F. B. I. 46% BEHIND IN WORK

Washington, -- (AP) --Attorney General Tom Clark told economy-hunting Senators that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is 46 per cent behind in its work and that the case load an employee is twice too much. He was questioned by the Senate Civil Service Committee, which is going through the government, department by department, looking for places to cut the pay roll.

POLICE WHISTLES URGED FOR CITIZEN PROTECTION

New York City--In view of complaints of insufficient police protection in some sections of the city, it was stated at Police

Headquarters that the department has always encouraged private citizens to keep police whistles handy in homes, stores or any place where it is felt that police assistance might be needed in a hurry. Recently precinct commanders have urged people who must travel on the streets at night to carry such whistles on their person for protection.

A sharp, shrill, official-type whistle will almost invariably cause a criminal to flee, according to the police. There is no ordinance against the possession of such whistles, it was noted, but they should not be used indiscriminately or allowed to become children's playthings. They have been placed on sale recently in a number of drug-stores and other shops.

--(Herald Tribune)

YOUTH TANGLES WITH WRONG CARS

Los Angeles, -- (AP) --Robert Russell, 19-year-old student, couldn't have picked a worse place to have an accident.

The scene was just outside the Police Traffic Record Bureau. Officers reported Russell's car struck three machines on one side of the street, caromed into a fourth on the opposite.

All the cars were owned by policemen.

STRICTLY AUTOMATIC

Johnson City, N. Y.,--(AP)--An indignant motorist stormed into police headquarters, slammed a parking ticket on the desk and declared "Your blasted parking meters don't work."

The motorist, said he had deposited a nickel and cranked the

meter four or five times.

Patrolman Patrick Morrissey smiled. "That's funny," he replied, "Our meters are all automatic. There aren't any cranks on them."

PIOUS CONVICT FAILS
TO IMPRESS POLICE

Santa Fe, N. M., -- (UP) -- Ex-Convict Jack Braden, 19, who got paroled from prison because he wanted to "save souls like mine," had a ready explanation today when arrested in a stolen automobile.

He hadn't actually stolen the car from a Denver minister who had been his benefactor and guide, he had merely pressed it into churchly use "to carry out the work of the lord."

Police were unimpressed and put him into jail to await the arrival of Colorado authorities, who planned to charge him with auto theft and perhaps revoke his parole obtained only two months ago. Braden was a hopeless cripple when sentenced for theft. A prison operation enabled him to discard his crutches and he convinced authorities that the surgical miracle had reformed him.

WHERE'S THE FIRE?

Boise, Idaho, Feb. 5--(AP)-- Three fire trucks rolled out to an intersection in the business district after an onlooker reported a car on fire.

On arrival firemen learned the motorist had leaped into the blazing vehicle and driven off for the fire station after the alarm was given. In fact, witnesses near the fire station said later, the trucks almost ran him

down as they sped out to answer the call.

The unidentified driver then turned his smoking vehicle and followed the engines.

By the time he arrived at the intersection from which the alarm was first given, the firemen had returned to the station by another route.

The department is still wondering what happened to the car.

JOBLESS PAY FRAUD
DETECTIVES PRAISED

The investigation division of the State Unemployment Compensation Department has been commended in Police Court by Judge A. A. Ribicoff for the detection and solution of cases in which the state is defrauded of unemployment compensation.

Specifically, the court praised the work of State Policeman Michael J. Santy and Agent Benjamin Brown, 285 Broad St., of the compensation department. The two men have appeared as witnesses against more than 30 persons who were presented in Police Court during the past year for unemployment fraud.

Three such cases were presented recently. Albert McLean of 183 Wethersfield Ave. was given a suspended sentence of 90 days in jail and ordered to make restitution at the rate of \$7 a week for \$210.66 which he allegedly collected illegally as compensation. Charles L. Doyle of 44 Willow St. was fined \$25 for alleged illegal receipt of \$98, which he has repaid in full. Ben Holloway, 66 Pliny St., was given a suspended sentence of 90 days for his allegedly illegal claims totalling \$130.88. Judge Ribicoff suggested the money be repaid from other compensation due him from the state. --(Hartford Courant)

YOUTH DELINQUENCY FINDS ROOT IN
HOMES IS PASTOR'S CHALLENGE

(Excerpts from a sermon preached by the Rev. Elden H. Mills at the First Church of Christ, West Hartford, on "Youth Sunday," Feb. 8.--Ed.)

"Somewhere, several years ago, I read the story of Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, pastor of the Baptist Church on Park Avenue, taking his son to the station to see him off on his first trip to college. The minister looked his son in the eye and said, 'My boy--you are on the threshold of a new world, where you will be largely upon your own. In all the new circumstances which you will surely face, always remember whose son you are.'

"At first glance that may seem to reveal excessive egotism on the part of Dr. Woelfkin. But such is not at all the case. A man of less character could not have spoken it humbly. He meant--'Remember who and what you are.' He did not mean--remember that your grandparents came over in the Mayflower, or, remember that your father and mother hold a social position which must have no blot upon it. He meant rather that because of the fortunate Christian family in which he was reared, the boy was in a great heritage--that he had integrity to live up to and worthy causes to live for.

"Unfortunately, there are too many parents who cannot put themselves in that position. They are in the position of so many who send their children to church school, but have nothing to do with religion themselves as an active force. Many of them excuse their disinterest in religion by the flimsy proverb that they had an overdose of it when they were young, when the

real excuse is they are afraid to have too much to do with it lest it make some real difference in the way they live.

"However, the laxity of the times, and even the laxity of their own lives, is such that, if picked up by their children, the children will disgrace their parents. So, in order to protect their respectability they send their children to the offices of religion so they may be inoculated with some serum of spiritual vitality, hoping it will counteract the neutral or negative influences of parental indifference, and protect the family from possible disgrace.

"On this Sunday in 'Youth Week' and on the anniversary of the beginning of the Boy Scouts, the subject of the morning has presented itself--the matter to be discussed has thrust itself upon me with almost a lack of conscious effort.

"This week past has been a very disturbing one to your minister. Three hours in police court on what the police and probation officer call the worst delinquency case in their history, can do no less than give one some serious moments.

"At frequent intervals this pulpit has cautioned the parenthood of this town concerning its lack of discipline, and apparent unconcern over their children's disrespect of property, dishonesty, and irreverent conversation. Of course the problem is deeper than that--children pick up from their elders their code of ethics. If there is developing juvenile delinquency in this town it is because there is parental delinquency already existent.

"One of the greatest problems today is the adult-infantilism which characterizes quantities of grown men and women, too sickly

and thin to face with either the daring of youth or the stability of manhood the complex entanglements of modern life, and who escape its responsibilities by material self-satisfactions or by embalming the sensibilities in alcohol.

"The other experience was a day at the State Hospital at Middletown, along with 30 other ministers. There we saw what a bad home can do to a 12-year-old boy, already a manic depressive. We saw over and over again the results of our social sins. In stronger language than I can use, because he had the facts, the head doctor showed the effects of alcohol on the human brain, and he brought in the living evidence before us. If any young man is tempted to loose living, I recommend that he take a trip through the venereal disease ward of an insane hospital. I should like, in passing, to put upon our consciences the lack of financial support given by this State of our State hospitals, as evidenced by inadequate facilities and low salaries.

"In both these instances, human life is involved. Young people who go wrong are still temples of God, who, for some reason or other have desecrated their temple. Men and women who desecrate the sacred premises of soul and body without the solemn recognition of the privileges and responsibilities of Christian personality, are forgetting who and what basically they are. And many of our mental cases are attributable either to our social sins or to the need of understanding love in our young years.

"And now I want to speak positively to young people, who are striving to remember who and what they really are. Paul, who spoke the words of our text, in another sentence sets the tone of the

Christian life, when he says--'I am a debtor, I am under obligation to Greek and barbarian.' The greatest sower of the seeds of Christianity over the pagan world never once gives any indication that the world owed him anything. He admits that what he delivers to the world is nothing more than he already owed it. One of the causes of today's inability to measure up to the moral requirements of individual personality or of national statesmanship is because the popular attitude is 'The world owes me.' Naturally, if there is no relation between what I consider of value and the Eternal Values, then I will get all I can in whatever way I can.

"No, no--young people, the world has a claim on you--you are debtors to it. Some of us, more privileged than others, for whatever reason, have what others do not have--that places us under obligation. 'I owe myself to the world!' There is loyalty in that. It links me up with the heavens above. It was Robert E. Lee who was offered \$10,000 salary by a large university if he would become the nominal president--they wished to use his name, and he replied that the name of Robert E. Lee was not for sale.

"And this same Paul wrote another formula--short and monosyllabic--'Fight the good fight.' True character has its fight. It is not always marshalled by fife and drum; it may not reach the headlines or be mentioned at the microphone; far from being in regiments it may be on life's desert island wild and lone. Some of the bravest battles ever fought have their field of conquest within a single human soul.

"Young people, you are God's dwelling place--God's spirit, more than anything else in the

world, lives in your heart. God's temple is sacred, and that is what you are. You can live to experience life's tingling sensations, while its real meanings slip through your fingers and wilt and die, parched by modern flippant cynicisms. You can steal for immediate ends the sacred satisfactions of life, only to find them empty.

"Wouldn't you rather with patient faith, earn their right, and live as though there were great ends to serve, great faiths undergirding life, great purposes to live by, and great hopes ahead?" -- (Hartford Times)

CONTROVERSY OVER COMMUNISM
PROVES 'SHOWDOWN HAS COME'

To the Editor of the Bridgeport Post:

The recent turmoil in our city in two of the large factories with regard to Communists in labor unions proves rather conclusively that here in Bridgeport, at least, the showdown has come. It is the climax of a battle between true Americanism and Communism. Frankly, there is no other issue involved. The UE Local 203 has succeeded in ousting Communism from holding office and has evoked the wrath of the Red leaders. The Brass Company fight is solely against Communist control of the Internation Union. Organized labor now must make its decision either to accept Communism as a part of its organization or to toss it overboard once and for all. Every man concerned with organized labor must enter the combat and vote his decision. It is with this showdown in view that I write this letter to all members of organized labor. The Bridgeport decision will affect the whole country for many years

to come; a definite stand must be made.

Red means danger. The Red is Communism and the danger is our beloved America. Not too many of our people seem to know what Communism is, what it will mean in their lives. So let's take a look at Communism without getting too technical. First of all, we do not want to knock a system without finding out if there is some good about it. With regard to Communism we must agree that they are right in asserting that all men are created equal and have an equal right for employment. Justice demands that not one part of the people be impoverished while another part lives in abundance. This is the rightness that appeals to working people--ones who say that Communism is not too bad, men whom we label "fellow-travelers."

But that is where the rightness of the system stops. And even this seeming rightness they turn into horror by the manner in which they intend to achieve their goal. They profess that private property is to be abolished, and the State should confiscate it. That means, simply, that if you should buy a house now, and Communism should prevail in America, you must turn your house over to the State, which may or may not allow you to live in it. But you don't own it anymore. They consider that "religion is the opium of the people"--in other words a drug which makes men do what they do not want to do. So, out goes the church. They do not believe in God--they are atheists--so they do not need churches of any kind. Worship of the State would be the order of the day--no religion whatsoever. Further, you would have no say about the education of your children--the State would

tell you when you could have children--then, and at no other time. Your job would belong to the State; so the State would tell you where you are to work and in what capacity. If the State decided you were to work in Alaska, off you would go to Alaska with no questions. Organized labor unions would determine your wages and your hours. Make no mistake about this--this is Communism. Many of the fellow-travelers in your office or shop will tell you that Communism is a great thing for the working man--don't let him fool you. Tell him to split his next week's pay with you, and see how fast he'll hang on to his property.

We must work with every effort to better the conditions of the worker--but it can't be done with Communism. That is not our way of life. We are Americans. We live according to a Constitution which guarantees to every man inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We grant his right to own his own property, to choose the work he wants to do, to raise a family according to decent standards, to live the life he wants to live in conformity with the law of God. Communism would destroy all that in America. It is definitely the Red Menace and the sooner we realize it, the better off we'll all be.

I make this appeal to all workers of Bridgeport. The destiny of America, in part, rests in your hands. This is not a bugaboo, nor an imagined boggy man. Communism is making a definite stand in your life, and you must be strong to avert it. Veterans who have returned do not expect America to be thrown on the ash heap; they suffered too much for that. The white crosses that mark heroic sacrifices on foreign fields do not expect to

be besmirched with the red of Communism; they paid too high a price for that. In the words of our late President, "you have a rendezvous with destiny now." Loyalty to America demands that you exert your influence to bar from her shores a force that seeks to destroy her; allegiance to the principles of your democracy demands that you stand fast to your American way of life. Extend to each worker the open hand of comradeship, but refuse to give the clenched fist of violence. Organized labor can, at this time, hold the entire nation in its debt by a determined stand to oust Communism and Communists from its ranks; it can also be brought to everlasting disgrace by accepting to do business with those who follow the party line.

On behalf of the thousands in our city who have no voice in your affairs, but considerable interest in your decision, I appeal to every organized labor union in Bridgeport to hold fast to the flag of America and save us from the flag of destruction.

Rev. Raymond P. Shea
 Director, Bridgeport Chapter,
 Diocesan Labor Institute

TOO LATE TO BE SORRY

Horace Lendrick, 24, of Detroit, tearfully begs forgiveness and 'another chance' from father Ira Kendrick, 53, when accused of robbing him of life savings. But elder Kendrick signed armed robbery complaint, explaining "I'm sorry son. It's too late now."

--(AP photo caption)

LEST WE FORGET

Some very sad news came from Station "E" on February 20 with the teletyped announcement of the death of "Johnny" Mallon following an automobile accident in the city of New London on February 18.

The papers of the state have paid him due tribute, and VOX-COP adds a contribution to his memory. To his family we extend our sincerest sympathy. A kind father and a good husband - John J. Mallon, Jr., will be sadly missed by his family.

"Johnny" Mallon has always been a loyal support and rooter for the Connecticut State Police, and one of the best public relations contacts. It would be hard to enumerate the many instances where he has gone out of his way to promote the welfare of the department as an organization as well as the welfare of the individual officers. A good newspaper reporter in any capacity, he excelled in police and fire reporting. He knew the questions and the answers regarding techniques in these protective services. He could tell the workers from the drones, and when some "publicity-seeking hound" sought to take all the glory, Johnny knew the purpose, and in each case he took time out to "check" with the boys who were in the "know." He never hurt anyone but employed his talent to give both the individual and the organization due credit. The cause of law and order likewise gained proper respect.

No State Police function in New London district for the past ten years lacked his presence, and it is difficult to recall any at which he did not officiate as master of ceremonies. At the Station "E" Auxiliary Dinner in Niantic following V-E Day, he

performed in the presence of the Submarine Base ranking officers, and in his inimitable way he took the Admiral and Rear Admiral "over the coals" to their delight and that of the gobs and auxiliaries in attendance. The last Station "E" party shortly after New Year's held at the Crocker House, Johnny again presided as Emcee. That evening he was in an unusual happy mood. He took occasion to review his intimate knowledge of Connecticut State Police personnel, and many of the boys there with their wives and sweethearts were more than pleased when he made it clear that his stories and joking remarks did not pertain to anyone present.

About a year ago his rheumatism forced him to be hospitalized at Battle Creek, Michigan. His first week's confinement found him without VOX-COP. He promptly had his nurse send a card for CSP news. His stay at Battle Creek gave him a chance to meet patients from other states, and he promptly inquired as to their state police organizations. On the mailing list of VOX-COP today are many names sent us by Johnny Mallon. These few, inadequate lines will inform many of his distant friends of his passing.

Connecticut State Police mourns the loss of its good friend - John M. Mallon, Jr. "They are not dead who live in the hearts of those they leave behind."

CHIEF JOSEPH F. OWENS

On February 19, Connecticut State Police Headquarters received a news flash of the pass-

ing of Chief Joseph F. Owens, of Rome, New York. Chief Owens was well known to Connecticut State Police and to local police of this state. A past president of New York State Chiefs of Police Association and past president of the International Chiefs of Police Association, Chief Owens was widely known throughout the United States and Canada. A native of Canada, he was brought to the United States by his parents while an infant. He rose from the ranks of the Rome Police Department to the position of chief, an office that he held for a number of years. His leadership and aggressiveness attracted the attention of his fellow chiefs in the Empire State, and the honors bestowed upon him by the State Association prompted the IACP to recognize his ability to preside over and direct their activities. As president of the IACP he gave freely of his time and energy. No gathering of IACP officials during the critical war period from 1942 to 1944 was worth while without Joe Owens' counsel and advice.

On two occasions he served Connecticut State Police as an examiner in promotional tests for captains, lieutenants, and sergeants. We remember his genial manner, his pleasantries, and his genuine interest during these examinations. He added much to the impartial oral tests. Afterwards, he frequently inquired about the progress of the eligible candidates.

As a storyteller he had few equals. Always clean in thought and expression, Joe had the knack of telling the right story at the right time. His outstanding performance as master of ceremonies at the IACP Banquet in Detroit will long be remembered by his friends. The speakers of the evening were all in serious mood,

undoubtedly because of the then serious war news. Just before the close of the banquet, however, President Joe took over and with a few simple stories his wit and humor brought down the house.

To his family VOX-COP extends sincere sympathy. To his fellow officers in Rome we express our regrets for the loss of a good and kindly man and a fine public officer.

On a crowded city street recently a policeman wheeling an abandoned baby in its carriage toward the police station was startled to hear a small boy call out, "Hey, what's the kid done?"

--(Reader's Digest)

THERE'S ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Oakland, Calif., Feb. 11--(AP)--Rosemary is for remembrance John F. Beard, 23, of Reynolds, N. D., was reminded today.

Police flushed a prowler at an Oakland tavern early this morning. Patrolman Edward L. Rumsch took off after the suspect, who dashed through a rosemary hedge.

Several blocks away inspector Leo Haynes, on the lookout for the suspicious tavern prowler, sniffed the fragrance emanating from Beard as he passed on the sidewalk.

Haynes arrested Beard and plucked bits of the herb from his trousers.

"Okay," said Beard. "So I smell like rosemary."

He was booked on charge of investigation for burglary.



Day Unto Day

By
NICK KENNY

TODAY'S POEM is especially dedicated to the late Patrolman Harry Schiffries, killed in the line of duty by two of the most cowardly rats ever spawned.

Writing of heroes, Gerald Stanley Lee said: "There is never any real danger in allowing a pedestal for a hero. He never has time to sit on it. One sees him always over and over again kicking his pedestal out from under him and using it to batter a world with."

THE MAN *in* BLUE

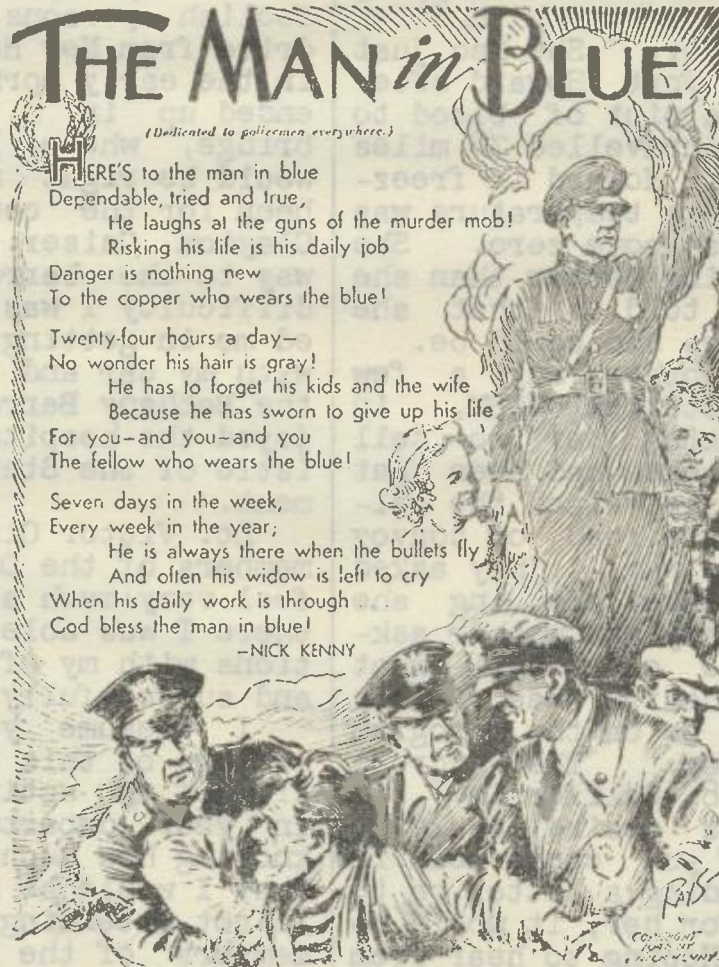
(Dedicated to policemen everywhere.)

HERE'S to the man in blue
 Dependable, tried and true,
 He laughs at the guns of the murder mob!
 Risking his life is his daily job
 Danger is nothing new
 To the copper who wears the blue!

Twenty-four hours a day—
 No wonder his hair is gray!
 He has to forget his kids and the wife
 Because he has sworn to give up his life
 For you—and you—and you
 The fellow who wears the blue!

Seven days in the week,
 Every week in the year;
 He is always there when the bullets fly
 And often his widow is left to cry
 When his daily work is through
 God bless the man in blue!

—NICK KENNY



Copyright 1947 by Nick Kenny

**MOTHER OF 24 DOESN'T
FORGET WOUNDED VETS**

In the January 30 issue of The Catholic Transcript there appeared the story of Mrs. Charles H. Clarke, of Thurmont, Maryland, mother of 24 children, who, in addition to managing a 17-room house and helping to farm a six-acre tract, was about to give her 15th pint of blood for members of the armed forces. The Transcript received a letter this week from the 15-year-old son of this remarkable woman. It follows:

Dear Editor:

Our pastor, Father Wooden, has just sent my mother a clipping from your paper, which had an article about her. She had just come home from Fort Howard after giving her 15th pint of blood to the boys. She travelled 78 miles to and from Fort Howard in freezing weather. The temperature was about 5 degrees above zero. She came home feeling better than she ever did and told us that she felt as happy as she could be.

They had mother say a few words over Station WCBM, in Baltimore, asking her to tell them all where she had been that day, and how she helped the soldiers along the road on convoy duty during the war. They asked her if there was anything she would like to say and mother asked them if she could tell what her heart's desire was. This desire was to be on the program "Queen For a Day." The address is Hollywood 28, California.

If Mother's desire could be granted and if you could help in any way by sending a letter on to this program for her, it would be appreciated. Hoping to hear from you, I am one of the 24 children, who is writing this letter for her.

Sincerely yours,

Paul Clarke

(A letter has already gone forward from this paper to the "Queen For a Day" program, requesting that Mrs. Clarke be invited to appear on it. It would be little enough reward for the fine example of selflessness Mrs. Clarke has set for American women.--Ed.)-(Catholic Transcript)

QUALITY BRANDS
167 WEST LIBERTY ST.
WATERBURY 10, CONN.

Dear Commissioner:

One icy day, like many other foolish persons, I attempted to drive from New Haven to Waterbury in the early morning, and finally ended up in a ditch in Woodbridge, where I probably still would be right now if it had not been for the courtesy of Officer Clayton Gaiser. He was on his way to the barracks and saw the difficulty I was in. He assisted me in getting out of the ditch with my car and transported me to the Bethany Barracks where I enjoyed the hospitality characteristic of the State Police Department.

Lt. Victor Clarke and all the members of the Department made me feel very much at home, and from there I was able to make connections with my office in Waterbury and successfully resumed my trip.

I presume you receive many letters of this type in commendation of the activities of the men in your department. However, knowing how much it means, I feel that I would be remiss in my duty in not extending to you and the members of the Bethany Barracks my appreciation for their assistance.

Sincerely yours,

Edward M. Peters

BOUQUETS

The members of the State Police Department who share the responsibility of giving you the best issue of Vox-Cop possible each month feel that when no readers' complaints follow publication of an issue, it was well done.

We thrive on complimentary remarks, however, and each bouquet does its part in spurring us on to greater literary and artistic heights.

May we pause momentarily, to print with pardonable pride some of the press comment that has been kindly brought to our attention in the past.--Editor.

Under the column caption "Hartford Much Ado" the Sunday Herald recently said: "Col. Ed. Hickey and his Connecticut state police were good enough to send along Vox-Cop, that department's monthly magazine....We are pleased to report that it is a lively, breezy book, and that it contains a lot of good solid reading on police procedure, etc. We might add that we read it from cover to cover and there are very few publications to which we accord that kind of consideration."

In one of his columns captioned "Good Afternoon - A Personal Chat With Art McGinley" carried in The Hartford Times, the well-known sports editor and raconteur had the following to say of Vox-Cop: "...Vox-Cop," as the Connecticut State Police Department monthly is called, in a clever play on words, reached the desk today.

"It is, as ever, an interesting compendium of police news about the State of Connecticut, and with this the opinions of well-known men on the many phases of crime with which the police have to deal.

"Several stories that appeared in state newspapers recently are reproduced. The whole makes a highly interesting publication; it is well edited and, by and large, a credit to the state department.

"In all its issues "Vox-Cop" emphasizes that the fight against crime today is no haphazard, hit-or-miss proposition; that the successful police officer today must be highly trained in the latest methods, a thing that Col. Ed Hickey, commissioner of State Police, has had in mind constantly as he has raised the Connecticut department to its present high point of efficiency..."

The latest appraisal, one that glowed as though printed in neon, was a line from a recent edition of "The Powerhouse" by Jimmy Powers the versatile New York Daily news sports editor had this to say of us: "Connecticut State Police Department's famed magazine, "Vox-Cop" is one of the best in the U.S.A."

Under the heading "Two Excellent Police Sales Promotion Pieces" T. Dickerson Cooke, editor of the International Association for Identification Bulletin wrote words of praise for "Vox-Cop" and the Annual Report of the Texas B. of I.

Mr. Cooke wrote in part: Within the past month two unusually fine police publications have come to the Editor's desk. They are such good examples of public good will builders, that mention of them here seems appropriate.

"....The copy of "Vox-Cop" was the first number of this unusual publication that we had ever seen....Filled with such an interesting variety of police items, it stirred our interest so much that we wrote Hartford for more information about this unique police house organ."

After this introduction Mr. Cooke went on to print Commissioner Hickey's letter describing the history, aims and purpose of "Vox-Cop."

The Vox-Cop staff appreciates the bouquets kindly given us

STATE POLICE GET PRIZES
IN CONTESTS

Four Traffic Picture Awards Are
Gained at Northwestern School

Evanston, Ill.,--(Special)--Indiana and Connecticut State Police officers carried off the majority of the honors in the fifth police photography contest conducted by the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, it was announced at that school recently. Indiana won two first places and five honorable mentions and Connecticut was awarded one first place and three second places. Other competitors gaining places were Cincinnati, Ohio, Police Department; Lake County, Ind., Jail and Minnesota Highway Patrol.

Sergeant William A. Gruber gained Connecticut's only first place in the "Dramatic" or "Human Interest" class. This photo, entitled "Unwary Pedestrian," shows the leg of a pedestrian run over by a car. The leg, still with the shoe and stocking on, has been severed just below the knee. Blood has run onto the pavement. This is a stark, dramatic picture showing only the leg on the blood-covered pavement.

Landing of the Year

Under the head of "General Policing," Officer Wendell H. Tatro of the Connecticut State Police won second place for his

photograph, "Forced Landing?" a picture of the Pan-American Airways Constellation which made an emergency "belly" landing at Windham Airport, Connecticut, without using landing gear. This landing was called by flying authorities one of the best landings under difficult circumstances made in the country in 1946.

Officer Edward F. Christian of the Connecticut State Police was awarded second prize for his "Hit-and-Run" entry in the "Police Identification" class. This is a series of five photographs used as evidence in court to convict a hit-and-run driver. The photos show the victim's car in the side of which a piece of wood was found; a picture of the piece of wood; the corner of the truck with a piece of wood missing; a closeup of the corner of the truck showing the missing piece of wood; and a closeup of the truck damage showing the piece of wood put back into place.

Officer William J. McNamara of the Connecticut State Police won second place for his entry in the "Safety Education" class. Entitled "Traffic Safety," this photograph is a series of three. The winning photo shows a head on collision between a bus and a truck. The truck was loaded with crushed rock. When the collision occurred, many bus passengers were injured by flying rock. The series shows the accident to be the result of a blowout of a badly torn tire.

--(Hartford Courant)

TODAY'S QUOTATION: The experience of today is the lesson for tomorrow.--Tully

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1947

Cromwell Public Schools

Cromwell, Connecticut

R. DANIEL CHUBBUCK, SUPERINTENDENT

January 31, 1947

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

Dear Sir:

The Cromwell School System is again indebted to your excellent State Police organization. On Tuesday afternoon, January 28, \$65 was taken from a teacher's desk at Nathaniel White School. Wednesday morning, January 29 we called the Hartford barracks for help and Officer Hadfield and Policewoman Malone were assigned to the case. By 7:30 P.M. that evening we knew most of the facts in the case and by noon January 30, we had recovered \$63.00 in cash.

Both Officer Hadfield and Miss Malone displayed superior intelligence, tact and psychology in their handling of juveniles and it was a privilege to have them here. I understand that Miss Malone is new to the organization but I would have thought her a veteran from observing her work. Several little girls were connected with our problem and Miss Malone was able to get their confidence quickly and fully.

Gratefully yours,

R. Daniel Chubbuck

R. Daniel Chubbuck, Supt.

RDC/db

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1947

W. E. JACKSON, CHAIRMAN AND LEGAL ADVISOR, BURLINGTON
C. E. GODFREY, MEMBER, ALBIA
VIRGINIA BEDELL, MEMBER, SPIRIT LAKE
SAM D. WOODS, SECRETARY AND SUPERVISOR OF PAROLES

PENAL INSTITUTIONS

MEN'S REFORMATORY, ANAMOSA
WOMEN'S REFORMATORY, ROCKWELL CITY
PENITENTIARY, FORT MADISON

State of Iowa
The Board of Parole
Des Moines

Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
February 12, 1947

Lt. George Remer
Conn. State Police
Westport, Conn.

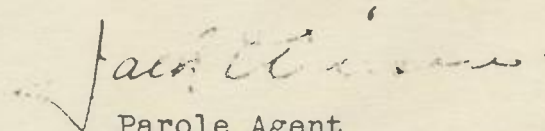
Dear Mr. Remer:

I arrived home late last evening and had a very nice trip home other than a snow storm between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you again for your hospitality and to again state that in all of my travels I have never received such fine treatment nor have I had a better time.

Should you at any time wish cooperation of any nature please feel free to call on the Iowa Parole Board and myself in particular.

Very truly



Parole Agent
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Box 187

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1947

LAWRENCE PLATE & WINDOW GLASS CO.

417 CANAL ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.

February 1, 1947

Commanding Officer
State Police Headquarters
Connecticut

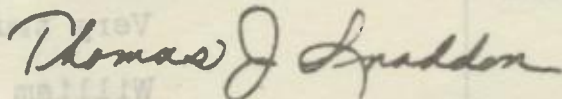
Sir:

I wish to take this opportunity to commend State Police Officer Kimball, Badge #186 for the many evidences of courtesy that he extended to me during the day of January 26.

I was driving at an excessive rate of speed in the State of Connecticut and I was stopped by Trooper Kimball. Even though I was completely wrong and Trooper Kimball would have been perfectly right in being harsh in treatment, he approached me in the manner of an absolute gentleman. The above named Officer explained to me the rules of the highway in Connecticut and cautioned me to be careful in the future. His tact, understanding, and qualities of real police work were outstanding.

You may rest assured that this writer appreciates the manner in which he was treated. I would appreciate your letting Trooper Kimball know that I have not forgotten the kindness he extended me as an "out of Stater". The manner in which State Trooper Kimball handled this matter reflects great credit upon all officers and men of the Connecticut State Police.

Very truly yours,



Thomas J. Snaddon
d

APPRECIATION LETTERS

MEN'S CLUB OF KENT
KENT, CONNECTICUT

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

I feel that you will be interested in knowing about our appreciation of the splendid talk made by Sgt. Casey at the Men's Club meeting last night. A copy of my letter to Lt. Schwartz is attached.

Sincerely yours,

Edward T. Pickard
President

Dear Lt. Schwartz:

That was a splendid talk given by Sgt. Casey before nearly a hundred members of our Club last night. His subject was well organized and he handled it with enthusiasm and sincerity. I can assure you that we are all proud of our State Police, represented as it is by such men as Sgt. Casey. Of undisputed integrity, we count officers like Casey as friends as well as protectors.

On behalf of the Men's Club of Kent I thank you warmly for permitting Sgt. Casey to be with us last night.

Sincerely and Cordially yours,

Edward T. Pickard

Dogwood Lane
Westport, Conn.

Gentlemen:

On Tuesday, while rushing my daughter to the New Haven Hospital as a pneumonia case, my car over-heated on the Merritt Parkway, and we called upon Officer Walter Swaun for assistance, as

I could not proceed in my car.

His response was immediate and with the utmost courtesy and consideration, he rushed us to the hospital.

Needless to say I am greatly indebted to him and your splendid organization.

Sincerely yours,

Milton Ulmer

February 3, 1947

Dear Commissioner:

A single occupant who escaped after wrecking a stolen car on the Saw Mill River Parkway yesterday morning was reported to resemble the description of Anthony Aiello, the last of the escapees from a New York City prison as yet unapprehended.

Although the investigation revealed that Aiello was not involved in this case, I was impressed by the generous cooperation offered by the commanding officer of your Troop G at Westport, Lieutenant George Remer, in covering territory within your State where the subject might make an appearance.

Permit me to extend my compliments to you and the members of your department for this display of interest in mutual problems and I would appreciate your conveying my thanks to Lieutenant Remer.

Very truly yours,

William J. Slater
Chief of Police
Westchester County Parkway

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

February, 1947

NURSE TELLS COURT SHE FORGED CHECKS UNDER INFLUENCE OF YOUNG 'SVENGALI'

Baltimore, -- (UP) -- A plump, 34-years-old nurse, who said she had been "Trilby" to a dashing young "Svengali," was found guilty of forging an elderly patient's name to checks totaling \$40,000 so that the man who had cast his "spell" over her could live in Miami, Fla., in luxury.

She was Bertha Mae Baker, pictured by her attorney as a quiet church worker who had fallen victim to the strange charms of Alfred Verfaillie, a former Army officer. She pleaded nolo contendere to 89 charges of forgery. He was found guilty of receiving stolen goods.

"Our relationship was very strange," Miss Baker told Judge Joseph Sherbow after she related how she met the handsome officer, then only 19, when they were working at the Western Electric Company in the early days of the war. Through her attorneys, the relationship was described as a "Trilby-Svengali" situation. A psychiatrist testified that she suffered from a fear complex.

Miss Baker said she began giving Verfaillie small sums of money because "he would have killed me, and he'll kill me now if he gets his hands on me." Once, she said, he struck her "violently."

Last year, she continued, Verfaillie discovered she was as-

signed to Maryland State Hospital as nurse for 85-years-old William Selleck, Greenwich, Conn., reputed to be a millionaire. Again the strange "spell" was exerted, and Miss Baker forged Selleck's name to 89 checks totaling \$35,000. Four other checks bounced because the patient's cash balance had been exhausted.

She said she never received a cent of the money. A tenth was contributed to her church. The rest went to the blond, sleek Verfaillie, who allegedly spent it in Miami, and at eastern race tracks.

Accordingly to the testimony, he lived in a \$200-a-week suite in one of Miami's swankiest hotels. He bought a car for \$1600, wrecked it and bought another. He bought a race horse named Stormy Bill for \$1800 and a part interest in another. Whenever his funds ran short, he called Miss Baker long distance, reversed the charges and asked for more. Then she would forge another check.

Verfaillie admitted that Miss Baker had given him money. But he didn't know how much, and he said he wasn't aware that she had forged checks. He thought she had inherited the money. He couldn't imagine, he said, why she insisted on giving it to him.

MAN'S OBESITY PROVES A TRAP FOR PICKPOCKET

New York City--Arthur Crayton, twenty-seven, pleaded guilty in Felony Court recently to disorderly conduct, a charge that had been reduced because of his inability, in a ten-minute try, to pick the pockets of a sleeping Philadelphian.

The intended victim weighed, the arresting officers estimated, good 300 pounds. Deeply relaxed, his body so filled his clothes that his inner pockets were practically inviolate. Eventually, still sleeping, he trapped the man.

Two plain-clothes men of the city transit system, Michael O'Sheunessy and Samuel Bryan, told the story. Alighting about 5 a. m. at the Fourteenth Street station of the subway, they saw the visitor resting on a bench near the opposite end of the long platform and Crayton hovering over him.

Crayton went through the pockets of the man's overcoat and suit coat, but found nothing. Then he buckled down to the job of trying to investigate the pocket of the man's trousers. After many attempts he succeeded in insinuating a hand into a trousers pocket.

This caused the man to stir and shift his weight. Crayton was still trying to free himself, the patrolmen said, when they arrested him.

It turned out that the Philadelphian had lost nothing and that he was eager to get to the Pennsylvania Station and a train home. So, the officers took Crayton, a Negro, to the nearest police station and booked him on the lesser charge.

--(Herald Tribune)

BIG-TIME CHISELERS

Chicago, --(AP)-- Jack Stein, manager of a Loop hotel tap room, told police the burglars who broke into his office were husky and brazen.

Stein said the burglars got into his office by chiseling their way through a wall. They removed a 500-pound safe containing \$500.

"I can't figure out how it got out," Stein told police. "Employees were in the lobby all night, and nobody saw anybody carrying out safes."

"PARDON ME"; \$50 MISSING

Greenwich, --(UP)-- Elizabeth Weinkraus was awakened in her third-floor YWCA room by the noise of someone creeping along the floor.

She peered over the side of the bed into the face of a stranger.

"What are you doing here?", she demanded.

"Pardon me," replied the intruder, "I thought I was home."

Later, when Miss Weinkraus looked over her belongings on a dresser top, she found a lamb-skin bill fold containing \$50 missing.

PENCIL, CLEAVER, WARD OFF BANDITS

Boston, --(AP)--When two holdup men threatened Harry Gordon in his market, he made a hasty but effective choice of defensive weapons.

Gordon jabbed a pencil at the eyes of the nearest thief and held him at bay while he reached for a meat cleaver.

That did it. The intruders fled.

MAN CHANGES MIND, PHONES POLICE
IN MIDDLE OF SAFE-CRACKING JOB

Springfield, Mass.,--Right in the middle of a safecracking job Stanley Bochan, of New Britain, Conn., decided that crime doesn't pay.

So he picked up the telephone in the Gingras Express Company office, called police headquarters and asked to be arrested.

When police arrived at the office, they found Bochan fiddling with the dial which he had knocked off the safe. No money had been stolen.

A puzzled judge heard the story and ruled that Bochan be held for grand jury.

Detective Sergeant Herbert U. Warner of the New Britain police Department commented after hearing the report from Springfield, that during the past few years a change had been noted in the type of offenses for which Bochan was arrested in his home city. Since 1936, when he was about 20 years old, he has been arrested 21 times. Formerly the charges usually were theft, breaking and entering, robbery, and robbery with violence but for the past few years, the detective sergeant said, the arrests have been for drunkenness, breach of the peace, resistance and sometimes an assault.

"It does look as if Stanley was gradually coming to realize that crime does not pay," said Detective Sergeant Warner, "and it seems he had been working more steadily as a truckman's helper."

(Hartford Courant)

DRIVE SHAFT STOLEN
FROM PARKED AUTO

New Britain,--Police Friday night said they were sure there was a direct connection between the severe shortage of parts for older cars and a complaint by

HIGH SHERIFF GETS HIS MAN
AFTER INMATE FINDS 'HIDE OUT'

(Waterbury Republican)

Litchfield, -- High Sheriff Harry B. Morse of Litchfield County got his man recently.

As a result Robert Erhardt, 18, 29 Glenwood Ter., Torrington, was back in his cell at the County Jail after "hiding out" for more than an hour.

Erhardt, who had a previous record, was sentenced to a year in jail Jan. 7 by Superior Court Judge Howard Alcorn. He was charged with taking a motor vehicle without the owner's permission and had also violated parole.

Erhardt and other prisoners shoveled snow in front of the jail. Upon returning they were ushered into the basement by a guard. Erhardt apparently managed to slip out through the door shortly afterward, according to Sheriff Morse.

A search of the jail building failed to reveal the quarry. But the sheriff had a hunch Erhardt was somewhere on the premises.

He went to the jail garage, searched through an automobile to no avail and then looked behind a small utility trailer turned upright against a wall. There he found Erhardt, huddled and cramped within a new "prison" scarcely two feet wide.

The youth went back willingly to the jail just across the courtyard. His status is under investigation.

(Atta Boy Harry--Ed)

Carl Paretta, of 57 Rhodes Street that when he returned to his 1936 car recently he discovered the drive shaft had been stolen.

Paretta said he parked the car in a lot at Elm and Chestnut Streets for a three hour period.

(Hartford Courant)

SLOW HORSES, FAST WOMEN CAUSE
MOST EMBEZZLING,
SAY CRIME EXPERTS

Chicago, --(UP)-- Slow horses and fast women lead more men to embezzlement than all other "temptations," the Chicago Crime Commission said recently.

Financial worries lead many a good man to prison and dishonor, the commission said, and behind most of the downfalls is a wily woman or a horse that ran the wrong way.

The commission announced its findings after a study of the basic causes of embezzlement. It was published especially for employers who wonder why "trusted" employees mulct them of thousands after years of honorable service.

"Millions of dollars are lost annually by business concerns," the commission said. "Many prosperous commercial enterprises have failed through the dishonesty of those in whom unlimited trust was placed."

Many of the bonding companies surveyed by the commission reported that slow horses and fast women were the "two most frequent causes of embezzlement."

Gambling, on a blonde or a nag, were said to cause most business losses through embezzlements amounting to more than \$5000.

"Gambling is probably the greatest single contributing factor that we know of, and this is particularly true with claims of large size," wrote the head of one bonding firm.

Most embezzlers dip into the company till to pay for losses at horse racing, but dice games, slot machines, poker and stock market speculations also add to year-end deficits, the commission said.

Others just wanted to "get even" with the boss for a bawling

out they think is unjustified, the commission said. A few steal "pathetically," to pay doctor bills or liquidate debts, the report showed.

HICKEY FORSEES HELICOPTER USE
IN POLICE WORK

"Now I can say I've tried everything," declared State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey after taking his first flight in a helicopter as guest of United Aircraft Corporation at Rentschler Airport, East Hartford.

Enthusiastic after a half-hour whirl above Hartford and vicinity Commissioner Hickey said he foresaw many uses for helicopters in police work. He cited in particular its value for man-hunts in desolate areas and asserted the craft would be "excellent" for traffic-control through use of two-way radio.

The state police head said he was much impressed by the wide visibility from the helicopter as it hovers close to the ground. "The visibility forward and down is nothing short of remarkable," he declared. "In the case of manhunts, it would be nice if these windows were bullet-proof."

W. Y. Humphreys, head of plant protection at United Aircraft Corporation, accompanied Mr. Hickey on the flight which was made in Pratt and Whitney Aircraft's new Sikorsky S-51 helicopter flown by Pratt and Whitney pilot V. A. Smith.

--(Hartford Courant)

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

February, 1947

TRUCK DRIVERS COMMENDED AT COURTESY AND SAFETY MEETING

With a slogan of "Safety Is No Accident," the year-long campaign of safety and courtesy on the highways, was inaugurated recently at a dinner meeting at the inn, attended by 250 from the Norwich-New London-Putnam area.

Operators and drivers of trucks were present in addition to civic officials from the communities in the section. M. A. Savin of New London, chairman of the area committee, presided and the principal speakers were Probate Judge Edward G. Moran of this city and Lieut. William E. Mackenzie, commandant of the Groton state police barracks.

Judge Moran a member of the executive committee, state highway safety commission, said that traffic deaths would put to shame many of the war statistics and, commending truck drivers as "gentlemen of the highways," urged continued care and alertness on their part so that they might play a leading role in preaching the gospel of safety. He mentioned that, as Connecticut leads the nation in traffic safety, truck drivers can lead the campaign toward such a goal.

The local program was one of six held in the state and of hundreds conducted throughout the nation Thursday evening, under sponsorship of the American Trucking association at the suggestion of President Truman.

Judge Moran said he spoke for Thomas D. Hanley of this city, a member of the state safety commission, who was unable to attend, having left recently for South America.

To Match Truck Drivers

Lieut. Mackenzie said that state police find no more courteous drivers than the men who "wheel the big ones." He asked that truck drivers continue their fine example and said that he was sure that "the average driver, in the average community, driving the average car," would be certain to make every effort to duplicate this example.

An "irreducible minimum," which, he declared has not been met despite the state's fine record, should be reached, Lieut. Mackenzie stated. He congratulated the American Trucking association in its sponsorship of the safety and courtesy movement and said it had the unqualified support of the state police department, "the finest state police department in the country," by the record, he stated.

Lieut. Mackenzie introduced Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy, commandant, eastern district, state police, for brief remarks and the captain corroborated the remarks of the previous speakers, regarding the splendid record of truck drivers. (Condensed from Norwich Bulletin)

S A F E T Y M I N D E D N E S S

ENFORCEMENT ACTION

ACCIDENTS - FEBRUARY, 1947

| | Accidents | Arrests | Warnings | Total |
|---------------------|------------|--------------------|---------------------|---------------|
| Station "A" | 27 | 10 (37.00%) | 14 (51.09%) | 88.09% |
| Station "B" | 14 | 5 (35.07%) | 5 (35.07%) | 71.04% |
| Station "C" | 30 | 8 (26.07%) | 20 (66.06%) | 93.03% |
| Station "D" | 30 | 7 (23.03%) | 19 (63.03%) | 86.06% |
| Station "E" | 37 | 16 (43.02%) | 10 (27.00%) | 70.02% |
| Station "F" | 30 | 12 (40.00%) | 10 (33.03%) | 73.03% |
| Station "G" | 62 | 10 (16.01%) | 46 (74.02%) | 90.03% |
| Station "H" | 47 | 10 (21.03%) | 16 (34.00%) | 55.03% |
| Station "I" | 20 | 9 (45.00%) | 10 (50.00%) | 99.00% |
| Station "K" | 20 | 2 (10.00%) | 13 (65.00%) | 75.00% |
| Station "L" | 13 | 5 (38.05%) | 7 (53.08%) | 92.03% |
| Traffic Div. | 4 | 1 (25.00%) | 1 (25.00%) | 50.00% |
| Fire Marshal's Div. | 1 | 0 | 0 | ---- |
| | <u>335</u> | <u>95 (28.04%)</u> | <u>171 (51.00%)</u> | <u>79.04%</u> |

DEATH TOLL REDUCED

(Danbury News-Times)

"A sharp reduction in the number of violent deaths throughout the nation over the New Year's holiday compared to the heavy toll on Christmas was indicated in a survey today" (January 1) according to the Associated Press.

The Danbury area did well, too, "Few Accidents Over Holiday," said the News-Times headline over a story which opened this way: "One of the most quiet New Year's eves and New Year's days we've had in years."

"That was the observation of both State Police Lieut. Harry T. Tucker, commanding officer of the Ridgefield barracks, and Chief George J. Schoen, each of whom reported only one serious motor

vehicle mishap over the holiday."

There were all the elements of a bad situation, too, for the ice storm had coated the roadways, and, in combination with snow, this made for danger spots galore, particularly on the side roads. But perhaps the knowledge that there was grave danger in driving operated to force motorists to use more caution than usual. The night clubs and hotels, inns, restaurants and bars and grills did a rushing business, and there is no report that less than the usual amount of liquid refreshments absorbed. But maybe, at that, the oft-repeated warnings not to drive after drinking were heeded by most. At any rate for whatever reason, it is good to know that the anticipated big crop of accidents was not gleaned.

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

VOX-COP

February, 1947

C. & O. TO TAKE VIRGINIA BOYS ON 4-DAY TRIP

Cleveland,--Some 300 members of Virginia Boys' Club boarded a special, thirteen-car Chesapeake & Ohio train at Newport News, Va., on Feb. 18 for a four-day, nominal-fare educational tour to industrial Detroit.

This tour, postponed from Dec. 3 because of the coal strike's effects upon the railroads at that time, is the second under the plan of Robert R. Young, C. & O. board chairman, to provide education travel opportunities at token expenses to boys' clubs in all cities along the C. & O. line.

On the first tour last fall, 300 Michigan boys added to their knowledge of geography and American history on a four-day trip to Virginia. The second tour gave Virginia youth a glimpse into the industry that made Detroit the automobile capital of the world. The boys visited the Ford Motor Company, the Ford Rotunda and Edison Institute.

The purposes of these tours are twofold: to acquaint boys with their country and its institutions, with the view that this will lead to better understanding and better citizenship; and to develop in them an interest in railroad travel.

Must Have Earned \$10

The boys who made the second tour were selected on a merit basis from the boys' clubs of

Newport News, Norfolk, Roanoke and Alexandria. Each must have earned at least \$10 to be eligible for the trip. The average age of the group is fourteen. To assure proper attention, adult group leaders, physicians, nurses and C. & O. passenger representatives will accompany them.

This will be the first train experience for many of the boys and the first trip outside their home communities for some. They ride on the best railroad cars available, eat in regular diners and will be served by the regular dining car staff from souvenir menus providing them a choice of foods. A public address system enables group leaders to talk to all coaches at once.

During the 1,600-mile trip, the boys pass two nights in hotels and one night on the train.

The following itinerary: Tuesday, Feb. 18.--Train leaves Newport News 7 a. m., stops at Charlottesville, Va., at 11 a. m. for three-hour sightseeing tour including Monticello, the mountain-top home of Thomas Jefferson; Ash Lawn, the near-by home of James Monroe, and the University of Virginia, whose buildings were designed by Jefferson. Continuing to Huntington, W. Va., the group to stop over night in the Pritchard and Governor Cabell Hotels. --(Herald Tribune)

DAVE BOON SAYS

National Youth Week is being celebrated this week. I hope the kids keep a straight face reading that message from Washington which again puts everything up to the home, the parents, the schools and the churches and says nary a word about the forces that openly glorify loose moral standards, crime and pagan behavior, day in and day out.

It isn't the home, the school or the church that parades the endless spectacle of Mexican divorces, murder routines and bizarre conduct by adults.

What of the effect on kids of these two Hollywood cases in a week where celebrities have stolen other men's wives as casually as if it were a routine pattern for living? The men in both cases were close to being idols of millions of young people.

Parents and churches and schools can't do much about that, but Hollywood and the courts could if they were even mildly interested.

(Hartford Courant)

HICKEY IS RIGHT

(Danbury News-Times)

Edward J. Hickey, state police commissioner, is eminently right when he says a religious background in the home is a strong deterrent to juvenile delinquency. Speaking not long ago at the annual communion breakfast of the Holy Name Society of St. Patrick's church, Norwich, Commissioner Hickey said: "There is no magic formula to create sound moral principles in a child. By their words, and equally important, by their example, the parents build up in the child his code of behavior. To accept and believe the teachings of his

parents the child must first know that they love, accept and believe in him. This means the family must be a going concern, and the child one of the partners. Keep your family working together, playing together, planning together, doing everything you can together.

Commissioner Hickey believes as we do, that religion in the home is the only salvation of America. On January 7 we said in an editorial entitled, "Challenge to the Home": "Until the American home is restored to its proper place and sphere, our boys and girls will go astray." That is our belief, and, we are glad to note, increasingly the belief of serious men and women all over the country. As we said further in that same editorial: "The boy and girl brought up in the love and fear of God by decent, home-staying, home-loving parents who place God, the church and religion first, and the gleaning of 'good times' a long way afterwards, seldom go wrong."

We agree heartily and entirely with Commissioner Hickey in believing the home is the place to check juvenile delinquency. If the great majority of American homes were places where God were honored and the truths of religion taught to the little ones, the police and courts would seldom see what we so inadequately and futilely call a "juvenile delinquent."

Delinquency is primarily the sin of neglect on the part of parents; much of it comes from homes broken by divorce. Until we get better, more God-fearing parents, we shall continue to see neglected and spiritually ignorant boys and girls haled before our juvenile courts.

Again let us say--Commissioner Hickey is right.

FATHER FLANAGAN'S
TOUGHEST CUSTOMER

By Fulton Oursler

One winter night a long-distance call came to that Nebraska village known all over the world as Boys Town.

"Father Flanagan? This is Sheriff Hosey--from Virginia. Got room for another boy--immediately?"

"Where is he now?"

"In jail. He's a desperate character who robbed a bank, held up three stores with a revolver."

"How old is he?"

"Eight and a half."

The gaunt, blue-eyed priest stiffened at the telephone.

"He's what?"

"Don't let his age fool you. He's all I said he was, and more. Will you take him off our hands?"

For years the Rev. Edward Joseph Flanagan has been taking unwanted boys off the hands of baffled society: youths of all ages, races, creeds.

"If I can't manage an eight-year-old by this time, I ought to quit," he said. "Bring him on!"

Three days later, Sheriff Hosey and his wife set down their prisoner in Father Flanagan's office--an unnaturally pale boy with a bundle under his arm. He was no higher than the desk; frowzy hair of chocolate brown dangled over the pinched face; sullen brown eyes were half shut beneath long, dark lashes. From one side of his mouth a cigarette drooped at a theatrical angle. "Don't mind the smoking," pleaded the sheriff. "We had to bribe him with cigarettes."

The sheriff's wife laid a long envelope on the desk.

"There's a complete report," she snapped. "And that's not the half of it. This good-for-nothing criminal is not worth helping. It's my personal opin-

ion he ain't even human! Good-bye and good luck--you're going to need it!"

Now the heart of Father Flanagan is warmed by his love of God and man, and especially young ones. Looking upon this patched wraith of childhood, the priest thought that never had he seen such a mixture of the comical and the utterly squalid and tragic.

Waving the newcomer to a chair, Father Flanagan began to read the report. People had forgotten the boy's last name; he was just Eddit. Born in a slum near the Newport News docks, he had lost mother and father in a flu epidemic before he was four. In water-front flats he was shunted from one family to another, living like a desperate animal.

Hardship sharpened his cunning and his will. At the age of eight he became the boss of a gang of boys, some nearly twice his age. Coached by older toughs of the neighborhood, Eddie browbeat them into petty crimes which he planned in detail.

About six months before the law caught up with him, his rule had been challenged by a new member of the gang.

"You never do anything yourself. You're no leader."

"I'll show you," replied Eddie. "I'll do something you wouldn't dare. I'm going to rob a bank."

The bank was housed in an old-fashioned building. When most of the clerks were at lunch, Eddie entered unseen and crossed to an unattended slot of the cashier cage. So small that he had to chin himself up, he thrust in one grimy paw, seized a packet of bills and hid them in his jacket. Then he walked out to divide \$200 among his comrades. But the exploit was a flop; the bank concealed the theft and there were

no headlines. "You're only cracking your jaw," the gang jeered. "You found that dough somewhere."

Eddie's answer was to disappear for several days. Someone had sold him a revolver, and he was out in the fields beyond town practicing marksmanship.

This time the local front pages were full of him. Slouching into a restaurant at a quiet hour, he aimed his gun at the terrified counterman and was handed the day's take from the cash register. Next he dragged a roll of bills from the pocket of a quaking tailor. His third call was on an old lady who kept a candy store.

"Put that thing down," this grandmother cried, "before you hurt yourself!"

She smacked the gun out of his hand and grabbed him by the hair. Savagely he struggled; he might have killed her, but her screams brought policemen. Now Eddie had wound up in Boys Town.

Putting aside the report, Father Flanagan looked at the villain of the piece. In the dimmish light Eddie sat unmoving, head lowered, so that it was hard to see much of that sullen face. As the men watched, the child produced a cigarette paper and a sack of tobacco. One hand, cowboy fashion, he deliberately rolled a cigarette and lit it, thumbnail to match; he blew a plume of smoke across the desk.

The long eyelashes lifted for a flash, to see how the priest was taking it.

"Eddie," began Flanagan, "you are welcome here. The whole place is run by the fellows, you know. Boy mayor, Boy city council, Boy chief of police."

"Where's the jail?" grunted Eddie.

"We haven't a jail. You are going to take a bath and then get

supper. Tomorrow you start in school. You and I can become real friends--it's strictly up to you. Some day I hope I can take you to my heart. I know you're a good boy!"

The reply came in one shocking syllable.

About ten o'clock next morning Father Flanagan's office door opened and the new pupil swaggered in. His hair had been cut and neatly combed and he was clean. With an air of great unconcern he tossed on the desk a note from one of the teachers: "Dear Father Flanagan: We have heard you say a thousand times that there is no such thing as a bad boy. Would you mind telling me what you call this one?"

Back in the classroom Father Flanagan found the atmosphere tense. The teacher described how Eddie had sat quietly in his seat for about an hour; suddenly he began parading up and down the aisle, swearing like a longshoreman and throwing movable objects on the floor, finally pitching an inkwell which landed accurately on a plaster bust of Cicero.

Replacing Eddie in his seat, Father Flanagan apologized:

"It was my fault. I never told him he mustn't throw inkwells. The laws of Boys Town will, of course, be enforced with him, as with all the rest of us. But he has to learn them first. We must never forget that Eddie is a good boy."

"Like hell I am!" screamed Eddie.

The child made no friends among boys or teachers. And for Father Flanagan he reserved his supreme insult--"a damned praying Christian." Spare time he spent roaming about stealthily, looking for a chance to run away. He stood aloof in the gymnasium and on the baseball and football fields: "Kid stuff!" he mutter-

ed. Neither choir nor band could stir him; the farm bored him. And in all that first six months not once a laugh or a tear. Soon the question in Boys Town was whether Father Flanagan had met his match at last.

"Does the little fellow learn anything?" he asked the sisters.

"Somehow he is getting his A B C'S," they reported. "In fact he's learning more than he lets on. But he's just eaten up with hate."

This was not the first tough case Father Flanagan had dealt with. One youngster had shot his father, a wife-beater, through the heart. A murderer--but only because the lad loved his mother. When the priest had understood, he had been able to work things out. There must be something in Eddie, too, that could be worked out.

"I'll have to throw away the book of rules," grumbled Flanagan. "I'm going to try spoiling the little devil--with love!"

Boys and teachers watched the new strategy as if it were a sporting contest, and the home team was Father Flanagan. Upon those weeks and months of planned treats the priest looks back with a reminiscent shudder: the scores of second-rate movies they sat through; the hot dogs and hamburgers, candy bars, ice cream and soft drinks that Eddie stuffed inside his puny body.

Yet never once did Eddie give a sign that anything was fun. In summer dawns that smelled of pines and wild clover, he would trudge stolidly down to the lake, but no grunt of excitement came when he landed a trout. An apathy settled upon him; he became more silent than ever.

Only once toward the end of that unhappy experiment did man and boy come closer together. At a street crossing in Omaha

Eddie was looking in the wrong direction when a truck bore down on him; Father Flanagan yanked him out of harm's way. For one instant a light of gratitude flickered in the startled brown eyes, then the dark lashes fell again; he said nothing.

Even to the man of faith it began to seem that here was an inherent vileness beyond his reach. Hope had fallen to the lowest possible point when one soft spring morning Eddie appeared in the office, boldly announcing that he wanted to have it out with Father Flanagan. This time the brown eyes were glowing with indignation.

"You been trying to get around me," he began, "but now I'm wise to you. If you was on the level, I might have been a sucker, at that. I almost fell for your line. But last night I got to thinking it over and I see the joker in the whole thing--"

There was something terrible earnest and manful in Eddie now; this was not insolence but despair. With a stab of hope the priest noticed for the first time a quiver on the twisted lips.

"Father Flanagan, you're a phony."

"You better prove that, Eddie--or shut up!"

"Okay! I just kicked a sister in the shins. Now what do you say?"

"I still say you are a good boy."

"What did I tell you? You keep on saying that lie and you know it's a lie. It can't be true. Don't that prove you're a phony?"

("Dear Heavenly Father, this is his honest Logic! How can I answer it? How defend my faith in him--and in You? Because it's now or never with Eddie--God give me the grace to say the right thing.")

Father Flanagan cleared his throat.

"Eddie, you're smart enough to know when a thing is really proved. What is a good boy? A good boy is an obedient boy. Right?"

"Yeah!"

"Always does what teachers tell him to do?"

"Yeah!"

"Well, that's all you've ever done, Eddie. The only trouble is that you had the wrong teachers--wharf toughs and corner bums. But you certainly obeyed them. You've done every wrong and rotten thing they taught you to do. If you would only obey the good teachers here in the same way, you'd be just fine!"

Those simple words of unarguable truth were like an exorcism, driving out devils from the room and cleansing the air. At first the tiny human enigma looked dumbfounded. Then came a glister of sheer, downright relief in the brown eyes, and he edged around the side of the sunlit desk. And with the very same relief Father Flanagan's soul was crying; he held out his arms and the child climbed into them and laid a tearful face against his heart.

That was a long time ago. For ten years Eddie remained in Boys Town. Then, well near the top of his class, he left to join the United States Marines. On blood-smearred beaches he won three promotions.

"His chest," boasts Father Flanagan, "is covered with decorations. Nothing strange about that, for he has plenty of courage. But God be praised for something else: he had the love of the men in his outfit--brother to the whole bunch. He is an up-standing Christian character. And still the toughest kid I ever knew!" --(Readers' Digest)

CANINE SAFETY SALESMEN

By Earl Morrill

Imagine that you are in an auditorium crowded with eager-eyed youngsters. On the stage is a policeman with three dogs, two pigeons, and an odd assortment of props.

The policeman's name is E. E. Pressley, and he is from Charlotte, North Carolina. He says to one of his dogs, a year-old collie:

"Now, Lassie, suppose you were a boy or girl on the way to school, and you came to a street that you must cross. What is the first thing that every child should do before crossing the street?"

Lassie walks across the stage, and, without hesitating, she picks up in her teeth a card marked "STOP."

Every youngster in the audience has learned a practical lesson in safety. And what do they do about it? They cheer and clap their hands, then quiet down, waiting eagerly for more. And they get more, much more. They watch Lassie, and Lady, a setter, answer other questions--about safety, about kindness to animals, about training dogs, and about the prevention of accidents. And the lessons included in these questions and answers are driven home to them in a way that could never be accomplished by ordinary teaching methods. The youngsters love every minute of it; and so do adults who see the show.

Part of the program is straight entertainment. Pete the pigeon rides the backs of Lady and Lassie. Oscar, the other pigeon, does backward somersaults. And Elmer, a little terrier, wins the heart of every person in the place when he hides inside a barrel, rolling the bar-

rel while he hides; and then tops his performance by standing on his hind feet on a slack rope. Elmer teaches safety, too, by walking carefully on wires strung high between two ladders, showing the youngsters that even a dog can cross dangerous places if he watches his step.

The show is the product of safety-minded Officer Pressley, a traffic officer in Charlotte. He trained his pets to perform these tricks as a way of teaching safety, and kindness to animals. He got the Charlotte police department and the county humane society to sponsor the show, and began putting it on in Charlotte. It was an immediate success. Soon people in other towns began to hear of the performance, and Pressley gladly staged it for them--first in nearby places, in North Carolina, and later, as his fame grew, in places farther away. Usually the show was under the sponsorship of the police departments in the towns where he appeared. More and more safety and civic organizations began asking him to visit their meetings. And with each performance the act won new friends and further fame.

Now Pressley is on the road most of the time, going all over the country with his pets. His wife travels with him and furnishes music during the act. They try to accept all invitations, but the requests are coming so fast now, that Pressley is booked far ahead. Interested persons, however, may write to Chief of Police Frank N. Littlejohns of Charlotte, N. C. It may be that Pressley is coming your way and can fit your town into his schedule.

Pressley remains on the staff of the Charlotte police department. He stages his show entirely without profit to himself; the

money he receives merely covers the cost of his traveling and maintenance of his pets. Pressley has refused many offers to put his dogs in vaudeville.

Charlotte is proud of Pressley and his work. The city itself and civic groups there have given him awards, and more awards, for his unselfish devotion to a worthy cause. And the National Law Enforcement Review thinks so much of the show that it has offered to make a movie of it, so that Lassie and Lady and Elmer and Pete and Oscar can perform for thousands of grown-ups and youngsters who otherwise might not have a chance to see them. Mr. Pressley is also negotiating with several nationally known movie producers to film his show.

Perhaps, if your town can't book Pressley, it can obtain a movie instead, when the film version is completed. If the movie is as good as the real-life performance, you probably will agree with hundreds of others who say that Pressley's is the best safety show they have every seen.

--(Buick Magazine)

TAKES PENSION AFTER 15 YEARS

For fifteen years Mrs. Leonard McCandless, sixty-five, of Cedarville, N. J., declined to accept a New Jersey state pension to which she was entitled for the death of her son, Trooper Leonard McCandless, of the state police, killed in line of duty on June 28, 1931. Recently she wrote to Colonel Charles H. Schoeffel, superintendent of the state police, that she needed help and was unable to get along on her own because of illness and the high cost of living. So the State House Commission unanimously voted yesterday to give her \$900 a year.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY A COMMUNITY PROBLEM, McKELVEY DECLARES

By Alma Lockwood

There is nothing restricted about a youngster who gets into trouble.

He may be regarded merely as a heartache to his parents, or a headache to the authorities--but unless, someone takes the trouble to head him in the right direction, he ultimately will become a chronic pain to the community--a threat to its security and a liability on its economic ledger.

Because he recognizes juvenile delinquency as a community problem, Vincent McKelvey, of the Youth division of the Detective bureau, believes that solution of the problem is the community's responsibility. Pointing the noses of small fry in the direction of good citizenship is a job for all groups, he contends, because in the final analysis, all groups will be affected.

Broken Homes, Poor Housing

The circumstances which cause juvenile delinquency are many and varied, Detective McKelvey has found, but two prime factors are social and economic: broken homes and poor housing. The first is fairly self-explanatory, but the second has a few ramifications.

Take a crowded area with cramped space for recreation; add a crowd of kids with plenty of energy to think up tricks and no clear sense of purpose; flavor with the spice of gang spirit--and you've got the base of a sweet devil's brew. And to whip up something extra-special in the way of trouble, set the mixture over a flame of racial or religious prejudice, and see how the cauldron will bubble and boil without benefit of stirring'

That, of course, is the broad aspect of the problem of juvenile delinquency--the need for secure homelife, desirable environment and adequate recreation facilities; but McKelvey knows that the necessary solution can't be achieved in short order.

However, in course of his job, he sees certain conditions which he believes can--and should--be corrected immediately.

One of them was the subject of a panel discussion in Burroughs library, sponsored by the Bridgeport Inter-Group council as part of Brotherhood Week observance. Dr. Randall B. Hamrick, director of the Community Advisory Service center, was the moderator, and Detective McKelvey was the speaker.

He talked about shoe-shine boys--the little shavers, no higher than grasshoppers, who travel about the streets with their working equipment--many times a cigar box with a shoe-last nailed on.

Many people think these small workmen--some of them as young as six years of age--are "cute."

"Bright little chap...starting early...going to get ahead in the world," they say.

Detective McKelvey thinks they're cute, too, but ever since he has been with the Youth division he has worried about them.

It's the little kids who get into the worst trouble, he has found. Bright as they are, those big eyes don't see far beyond a few coins or a stick of candy -- and the result is that these youngsters are easy prey for older folks whose eyes are not so clear.

In the news item regarding "man held on morals charge," there is little to indicate the story of an eight or nine-year-old lad coaxed away from his corner stand to a shack or an old

boat, on the pretext of "more shoes to shine."

A Community Job

But McKelvey knows the inside of that story and many like it, and it's his theory that the community should do something to protect these youngsters. And he has a definite idea as to what that something should be.

Some cities have an ordinance prohibiting boys under a certain age from working on the street, but McKelvey doesn't want to accomplish his objective by an ordinance.

He hopes to see a shoe-shine boys' club established--an organization of standing and prestige that the kids will want to join; a club that will establish a minimum age limit and assign locations according to seniority, individual preferences, and other factors. He thinks it would be a fine thing if membership in this club were contingent upon permission from school--assurance that Joe's physical and scholastic standing warrant the outside work. Each member should be given a badge, he believes, to identify him--sort of like a policeman or fireman.

At present, he says, certain aspects of the shoe-shine business resemble the tactics of some larger enterprises of doubtful repute.

It's natural that some of the "territories" seem more desirable than others, from a business standpoint. Bud, age seven, thinks that Wall street at Main is a pretty good spot to set up his stand of a Saturday morning.

But Butch, 11, thinks the same thing. And so do Tom, and Dick, and Harry, or any one of the approximately 300 high-polish lads operating in the city.

The natural consequences of this uniformity of thinking are

obvious. Bud, whose muscle is still in the jelly stage, picks up his box and scrams to some less desirable corner, while his successor takes over and conducts a successful operation--till some bigger Butch muscles in.

After a succession of pushing around, little Bud is likely to wind up a long way from his original stand--and no-one knows where he is.

A Club Could Ease Things

McKelvey says that a club, autonomous and operating under supervision, would go far toward correcting such a state of affairs, and he would like to see one of the civic luncheon clubs take hold of the idea and do something with it.

So far as he knows, a shoe-shine club along the lines he suggests would be something new in protection methods for these youngsters, and he's keenly interested in giving it a trial. It would require a very small investment, he says, and would be a tremendous service to the entire community.

"The kids will come if it's made inviting," he declares--and his assurance carries weight because he knows from experience what makes boys tick.

Husky, blond Vin McKelvey is a Bridgeport product. Born in 1913 he attended St. Augustine and Madison schools, Central High University of Connecticut for higher education. He stayed there two years, intending to major in forestry, but decided that life in the great open spaces would be too lonesome, and came home.

After working two years at Melgs and company, he took his exam for the police force in 1937. Starting as a rookie on Main Street traffic, he progressed to a radio car, and then was

assigned to the Youth division of the Detective bureau.

He assumes he was given this assignment because he had done "a little" in Scouting over the years. He worked through Troop 31, St. Patrick's church, to the rank of Eagle Scout; later was on the camp staff at Pomperaug, and for the last nine years has been scoutmaster of the Third Precinct Troop 40.

Together with Detectives Herbert Perkins of the Youth division, McKelvey handles the complaints that come in pertaining to "juveniles," as they are known in police parlance. The youngsters are turned over immediately to the Juvenile court, but it's part of McKelvey's job to find out the whys and wherefores of each case.

Complaints range from noise-making when a night-worker is trying to sleep, to broken windows and thefts. But of them all, property damage is the biggest headache, McKelvey says.

"Many times, when you talk to the boy, you find he has no reason for marking up walls or breaking windows or otherwise defacing property," the detective declared. "He doesn't even have a grievance against the people who own or occupy the building. It's just deviltry."

A Case of "Adult Dumbness"

Of course, there are times when McKelvey thinks that the problem of juvenile delinquency is misnamed, and should be known as "adult dumbness."

A case in point is of a woman who complained that a boy, whom she could not identify, had obtained money under false pretenses--taken money for shoveling a walk, and then disappeared leaving it under three inches of snow.

"But how did he get hold of

the money?" McKelvey, puzzled, wanted to know.

"I gave it to him before he started," the woman replied.

Recounting the story, McKelvey holds his head.

One of the ways boys get into serious trouble is in trying to keep up the level of their take-home pay. It has happened that, say, a shoe-shine boy has a good week and brings home five or six dollars. Perhaps the next week there are several rainy days, business falls off, and the amount brought home is sharply reduced.

If the "old man" raises enough of a fuss, the boy looks round to find some extra money next time there is a slump. Gambling is the next logical step--and if that doesn't provide the necessary difference the boy tries to get the money from someone else--frequently not stopping to think that the law has an ugly word for it.

According to McKelvey, the most important part of his work is preventive. As a member of the Youth Agency council, he brings his problems to it and the member agencies pitch in to help.

If, for instance, he tells the group that "there's a gang forming in the West End that looks like trouble; what can we do to head it off?"--the information is a tip-off to the Boys' club, the Boy Scouts, or any other youth agency functioning in that area, to get busy.

It is such activity, on a much broader basis, that Detective McKelvey believes is valuable and necessary as assurance for community well-being.

"In considering ways and means to combat juvenile delinquency, there is no substitute for an active interest," he asserted. "And when I say 'active', I mean just that--not just signing up

for membership or paying a dollar dues. Activity includes time and effort given to our own kids.

"Some parents believe their children think of them as buddies--but the fact is that when Junior comes across a seamy part of life, nine times out of 10 he'll tell an outsider and clam up on his dad.

"Staying close to kids and keeping their confidence is no easy job, and takes a lot of working at," he concluded.

McKelvey is married to the former Betty Quinn and has a youngster of his own: Raymond, "one-and-a-half-years-old," he says.

"The poor kid," he groans, "When he grows up, I bet I'll have to send him away to school on account of his old man!"

--(Bridgeport Post)

WANDERING COW GUEST OF HONOR
AT COLLEGE PARTY

Middletown--Patrolman Chester Razzka well knows from experience how to take care of children going to school. But his duties as a cop in a college town gave him a new one--how to care for a cow going to college.

A good-sized Holstein, found ambling south down High St. in the road from the Wesleyan campus near the Phi Nu Theta fraternity house, plainly needed protection. So did motorists.

It is understood the cow had a big time at its fraternity. Police received numerous calls by phone to come and pick up a cow.

The cow was "dry" in spite of its big time and looked as though it might be headed for the maternity ward of a cow hospital. Later, police discovered that the animal had been borrowed by students from the Ruffino farm in the south end on condition that

she be returned.

She's back but, according to police, the dean is going to look into the matter.

SUSPECT CAUGHT AS HE WATCHES
POLICE FUNERAL

Freeport, L. I., -- Fast thinking by a detective walking as a pallbearer in the funeral procession here of a brother officer resulted in the apprehension of a suspect sought by Nassau County police since last month for theft.

Fifty policemen were marching in the procession along Main Street near Railroad Avenue following a funeral service for Detective Richard E. Brinsley. Suddenly Detective Wilson Graham spied a man on the curb who looked like one Detective Brinsley had been seeking before his death.

Unable to drop out of the procession, Detective Graham walked slowly ahead to the intersection of Railroad Avenue, twenty feet away, where Patrolman Edmund Ellison was directing traffic.

Detective Graham motioned to Patrolman Ellison to fall into step with him. Quietly he described the man he had seen, and explained that he was suspected of the theft of a \$300 camera from the photography studio of Samuel Glickman, Freeport, on Jan. 5.

While the funeral procession continued on to Greenfield Cemetery, Hempstead, L. I., Patrolman Ellison hurried back and arrested the man described by Detective Graham. At police headquarters he proved to be the wanted man and admitted the theft, police said. He gave his name as Thomas Gionakis, twenty-four, of Freeport.

--(Herald Tribune)

OUR CHILDREN'S TOMORROW

E. CHRISTY ERK'S
SPHERE AND STRATOSPHERE

"Sphere & Stratosphere," for more than six months, has seen fit to criticize the plethora of crime shows on the air. In fact, we took our gloves off on several occasions and waded in barehanded. Naturally a controversial subject such as this brought me many letters, some for, some against. The arguments of those against only served to heighten my desire to wallop the murder broadcasts that have been saturating radio.

Now the break has come. The radio execs in their ivory towers have heard the inky calithump. CBS has already gone into action, having just nixed a commercial bid for a half-hour mystery airer on the grounds that the net has more than enough at this time, even though it meant losing the account to another chain.

In doing this, CBS has listened to the rousing cry, to get away from blood and thunder and entrails. NBC says it will add no more whodunits to the net and ABC is clamping down hard and fast.

"Sphere & Stratosphere" takes a pardonable pride in the part it has had the past six months in smoking out the gutty stuff from radio. It got so that one dead body wasn't enough, three, four or even five were tossed into a half hr. It got so that murder seemed at a low ebb unless a program could open with a throat being cut or a head bashed in. It got so that the so-called "host" on these whodunits screamed the initial cue, while waving an ax, razor or stiletto. And pulled his boots higher to get above the tide of claret that was simulated in.

Frankly it was more than a lot of listeners could take. Bill

Paley, chairman of the board at CBS, last fall, months after we started our attack, told radio execs the murder stuff was too much, that radio better get its house in order, that killing on the air was being overdone. It was an understatement if I ever heard one, but started the official wave that is now rolling nicely to cut out gobs of gore, and bring back to the vines of radio the grapes that are tender and fine. Murder to me is a misconception of life and to blast and plaster it on radio is a misconception of radio. It's been a rough battle but the rougher the going, the sweeter the fruits of victory. --(Waterbury American)

PANTIES OUT OF COP'S LINE

Oklahoma City -- The case of missing panties -- 315 pairs of them--prompted Police Clerk Earl Cunningham to cry for help.

After the arrest of a man with 315 pairs of women's panties stolen from clotheslines throughout the city, the ladies began telephoning Cunningham, clerk of the police stolen goods department, to see if their property was among that recovered.

"I absolutely draw the line on describing women's underwear over the telephone," Cunningham told Police Chief L. J. Hilbert.

"In the first place I don't know a briefly from any other kind of lingerie. What the dickens do I know about knit rayon with run-resistant cuffs? And how should I know what color is 'tea rose'?"

The chief called in Miss Jean McInnis, pretty police report clerk, to come to Cunningham's rescue. (AP)

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

February, 1947

CRIMINAL ATTITUDES

By ALAN CANTY

*Assistant Director, Psychopathic Clinic,
Recorder's Court, Detroit, Mich.*

MOST of us in our work have seen lots of law breakers. Some of these truly may be called criminals. Others we should call offenders or violators. In any event, we have been concerned primarily with the detection or apprehension of the individuals and with the gathering of information about their activities for the purpose of prosecution in Court.

All of these functions are both necessary and proper, but few of us have ever stopped to think about why a given individual was defying the social and legal conventions.

I am thinking now in terms of something wholly apart from the possible immediate motive in a given case. The motive may have been the precipitating factor. It may have been the thing that caused the offender to commit this particular offense.

But why did he respond in an anti-social manner—seize the opportunity—take the law into his own hands—why did this particular person respond to the temptation that confronted him when another person in a similar situation would have avoided breaking the law?

When we talk about motives in connection with criminal behavior we must keep in mind the fact that the so-called motive is really only a set of circumstances with which the offender was confronted.

The motive is really the temptation that was placed in his way. He either gives in to this temptation or he avoids it. If he responds to the temptation and violates the

law, we can say that the temptation or motive was the thing that uncorked or revealed the fact that our offender's personality make-up was defective.

Why does one person return an article of value he has found while another individual will keep it? Why does one person shoot the man who is having an affair with his wife, while another would merely leave her and sue for divorce?

Why do some people steal in an attempt to get money while others work for it? Why do some drivers have long traffic records, while others who do a comparable amount of driving seldom get a ticket? Why do some men whenever the opportunity is presented make sexual advances to little girls, yet other men would never think of such a thing?

We are inclined to dismiss the matter by simply saying "Well, people of that kind are abnormal—they aren't like other people."

True enough of course, yet what is different about them? They look just like other people—they wear their clothes the same way—eat the same kinds of food—they enjoy the same pleasures as others. Yes, they even feel the same emotional reactions that other people experience. Under circumstances apart from their criminal activities they respond to such emotions as sorrow, pity, anger, fear, or happiness just as do normal individuals.

And so the something that is different about them is a thing that is found inside. Their thinking is warped in some way. That is not

to say they are insane (a certain percentage are, of course, but we are not now speaking of those). Their attitudes toward the personal liberties or property rights of others are warped.

They satisfy their own selfish interests without regard for the possible consequences to others. They cannot repress their sexual desires, or perhaps it is a case where they are unable to control their tempers. But why—why do some individuals have these unsocial or anti-social tendencies—these faulty attitudes—how did they get that way?

Then we have all dealt with the criminal who is definitely a "cop hater." We know too that even among the otherwise normal population there are a number of fairly decent and respectable citizens who, while not "cop haters", still dislike the police.

We know also that some offenders after arrest won't cooperate with the police if it means the giving of information about their criminal associates. Sometimes this is solely because of fear. Fear of punishment from their associates at some later time. But in many cases it is merely a desire to make it difficult for the police.

They are deliberately trying to defeat the ends of justice. They are unwilling to do the thing that would be best for the community as a whole. Even when it is to their own selfish advantage to do so—they refuse to cooperate. Why do all these things happen?

OPERATION OF THE INTERSTATE COMPACT

FOR MANY years law enforcement officers were aware of the pressing need for legislation to regulate the movement of criminals across state lines. Parole authorities, realizing that the success of parole depends upon adequate control of those who are released from penal institutions, were seriously concerned.

It was recognized that the supervision of parolees is complicated by the demands of industrial economy which tend to increase the mobility of our population and drive many parolees to move from one state to another either before or during their terms of supervision.

Further, parole people felt that through the assistance of a family or friends in another state, superior opportunities for employment, or similar pertinent reasons, the rehabilitation of a parolee could be facilitated by transfer to such other jurisdiction. To adhere to the fundamental aim of parole, the protection of society, there had to be agreement among states that parolees would not be allowed to wander promiscuously unchecked.

This "No Man's Land" of crime control was placed under surveillance some years ago by the federal government and as a consequence Congress in 1934 passed the "Crime Control Consent Act." This act granted the "consent of Congress to any two or more states to enter into an agreement or compact for cooperative effort and mutual assistance in the prevention of crime and for other purposes."

It is this action which has been the basis for various interstate crime compacts for the control of criminals and the suppression of crime, including the Interstate Compact for the supervision of parolees and probationers. Michi-

By A. ROSS PASCOE
Chairman, Michigan Parole Board

Reprinted
from
Michigan Police Journal

gan has the distinction of being one of the first states to enter and participate in the Compact, passing an enabling act early in 1935.

The Committee on Interstate Cooperation of the National Probation Association recently canvassed the signatories to the Interstate Compact of Probation and Parole to evaluate the efficacy of the Compact after nine years of operation.

As a result of its study the Committee has made several observations of interest to law enforcement authorities. The report is based upon twenty-five returns to a recent questionnaire sent to the thirty-nine states now signatories to the Interstate Compact of Probation and Parole.

Generally, each section of the country indicated that the transfer of probationers and parolees under the Compact is operating satisfactorily.

Regarding the interstate movement of convicted offenders since V-J day, September 1945, twenty-five states reported that 125 probationers have been received by them while 128 had been sent to

other states. During the same period 1,157 parolees were received while 873 were sent out, showing a movement of parolees ten times as great as of probationers.

One reason for this, according to the reports, is that parole cases are usually handled by central authorities, while probation cases are handled chiefly by local courts. It is also true that probationers reside in the community where the offense was committed while parolees roam the country and frequently commit their serious offenses in states other than their own.

The study disclosed that even in the post-war period the parolee movement is from agricultural to industrial commonwealths. In Michigan this is not the case. Our statistics show that since the termination of the war more parolees have been sent out of the state than received. At present we are supervising 375 outstate parolees while other states are supervising 527 for us.

Ordinarily the two sets of figures are in equilibrium. The explanation of the present trend is that many men who become involved in criminal offenses and subsequently sentenced to Michigan penal institutions were migrant workers attracted to the large urban areas of Michigan by the promise of plentiful work and high wages.

After completion of sentence these men are eager to return to their home states and, accordingly, provisions are made for their supervision. In many instances Michigan parole authorities have insisted upon return to the home state if conditions were favorable.

The question of whether receiving states can require a sending state to return parolees was covered in the questionnaire. The majority of opinions was agreed that the receiving state cannot require

a sending state to return these offenders although it was recognized as desirable.

A number of the states suggested recommendations to enhance the Compact. The Committee felt the responsibility for taking action on some of these recommendations might well lie in the province of the Interstate Compact Administrators Association, a new organization established to facilitate the transfer of probationers and parolees. Some of these recommendations were:

1. measures should be taken to interpret the Compact to Judges, Governors, and Attorneys General;

2. consent should be required for persons who are in fact residents of, or whose family lies in the receiving state, and can obtain employment there;

3. to provide a method by which amendments may be made to clarify or expand the Compact;

4. a change of clause to indicate that the parolee must be accepted for supervision "to come under Compact";

5. legislation which will permit gaining custody of a parolee absconder when apprehended in a state to which he was not paroled;

6. legislation to provide that a state may arrest on its own warrants.

Since some question has been raised as to the constitutionality and validity of the Compact, particularly, the section which waives certain rights of extradition, the states were quizzed on their attitude toward placing a test case before the United States Supreme Court. An imposing majority of the states voted that such a test would be welcomed.

The point is made that interpretation by the Supreme Court, regardless of the outcome, would

adjudicate the question once and for all: Everyone agrees that a writ of habeas corpus is the right of every American citizen and no compact can abrogate that right. At the same time certain measures, such as the Compact, are justifiable in view of the need for the protection of each state from the operation of offenders in the twilight zone, between the jurisdiction of the states and the Federal Government, in which criminals frequently operate to escape justice. - (Mich. Police Journal)

S. P. IN-SERVICE TRAINING

Thirteen members of the S. P. department are enrolled in the current In-Service Training Course in- fingerprints, latent prints and photography being conducted at Headquarters under the supervision of Lt. Chameroy and Det. Sgt. Menser.

Classes will be conducted on Feb. 12, 19 and 26 and March 5 and 12.

Those assigned to the class are Sgt. William Tripp, Sgt. Robert Herr, Sgt. William Gruber, Sgt. William Casey, and Officers Edward Giardina, John Kearney, Otto Hafersat, Joseph Suchanek, Edward J. O'Brien, Albert Pethick, Frank LaForge, James Conlon and Edward Sheeler.

The Feb. 12 class was attended by Det. Sgt. Frank Mangan, Det. John Doyle and Officers John Fitzgerald and Howard Sternberg who had missed one day of the previous course.

CRIME TODAY BIG BUSINESS
TRAINEES TOLD

Top Officials Address
30 Prospective State
Policemen at Academy

Bethany, Feb. 10.--(Special)--
Crime today is big business,
over-stepping community lines,
and must be battled with the aid
of the most modern police meth-
ods, speakers told 30 new train-
ees for the Connecticut State
Police at the opening of their
three months course Monday at
the State Police Academy here.
The class is the largest to be
accepted for permanent appoint-
ment since 1940.

It was Howard B. Fletcher,
special agent in charge of the
FBI in Connecticut, who told the
group that crime has become big
business and outlined its methods
but he also told them that the
city police department is still
the key unit in law enforcement
and that "there is no place in
this nation for a national po-
lice organization as a substi-
tute for local law enforcement."

Special Agent Fletcher dis-
cussed cooperation between the
FBI and police departments and
also dwelt upon the responsi-
bilities resting upon police of-
ficers. "Your authority is
granted by the voters," he said,
"and your job will be to enforce
the laws they make. Always bear
in mind that each individual has
certain rights and privileges.
He must be protected in those
rights."

Career Service

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey
told the men that state police
service today is a career ser-
vice, that law enforcement has
attained a reputation that stands
second to none in the public
service and that "it holds this
place now through the honest ef-

fort of the men who have preceded
you."

He touched upon department
standards while Captain William
L. Schatzman went more deeply in-
to the ethics and standards of
the State Police Department.

Commissioner Hickey also told
the trainees that they were not
expected to be finished police-
men when they leave the academy
but that they would learn the
fundamentals. "The rest you will
learn through experience in the
field."

Superintendent William J.
Roach of the Waterbury Police
Department addressed the group
as president of the Connecticut
Police Chief Association and
told them they were being ad-
mitted to the "finest state po-
lice department in the country."

He was a member of the oral
examination board that screened
the recruit class.

Major John C. Kelly who was a
member, with Commissioner Hickey,
of the first state police train-
ing class back in 1921, contrast-
ed facilities the academy offers
for training today with those
afforded in 1921. He described
early police work of the depart-
ment, presenting numerous anec-
dotes. --(Hartford Courant)

BLISS

Seattle, Jan. 29 --(AP)-- "The
light changed, and there he was
still killing the girl," Traffic
Patrolman S. J. Stevenson told
the court.

"She had her head on my
shoulder. She was asleep," re-
plied 22-year-old Charles W.
Clapper, GI student charged with
reckless driving. "I just leaned
over to look at her. Going to
marry her I hope."

Commented Judge Roy Degrief:
"You're apt to have a serious
accident. The fine will be \$15."

DIRECTOR



Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.



January 1, 1947

IN REPLY, PLEASE REFER TO

FILE NUMBER _____

TO ALL LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS:

There is an element of danger inherent in certain types of traffic problems which is often overlooked until its unfavorable effects are reflected in the records. It is that of overspecialization.

Within a few years the automobile has become an integral part of our way of life. The resultant traffic problem is of recent origin, but analysis of police organizations reveals that traffic control constitutes from fifty to seventy per cent of the problems of police departments. Therefore it would seem logical that a proportionate amount of police personnel should be devoted exclusively to traffic work. However, an analysis of police practices and procedures has revealed that to do so would prove prejudicial to the best interests of law enforcement.

Consider police departments prior to the advent of the automobile. They were established with the authority to protect life, limb and property and the officers having that responsibility were allotted certain areas. These were divided and subdivided into districts and beats. The patrolman was charged with responsibility for all action necessary to protect citizens. With the development of motorized traffic, officers were selected for specialized assignments at street intersections. This was intelligent specialization. But the next step was a step toward the confusion resulting from overspecialization.

In particular, overspecialization has led to four serious violations of the fundamental principles of area organization for police control. They are: First, duplication of area coverage resulting in the independent and uncoordinated assignment of personnel. Second, a wastage of manpower. Third, removal of authority and responsibility for handling problems arising within the area from the area commander. Fourth, the vesting of authority and responsibility for street problems of traffic control in a headquarters officer when headquarters' activities should be limited essentially to staff functions.

Some departments require referral of all accidents to special squads. Thus there is specialization within specialization.

Overspecialization in the varied branches of law enforcement is too often forced on reluctant departmental heads by pressure groups who fail to realize the debilitating effects of such action. Many times officers are subjected to propaganda barrages by uninformed citizen groups. Often, a simple, straight-forward explanation of the dangers of overspecialization will change the attitude of such groups.

In the final analysis, it is the responsibility of the police executive to study the data relative to the existing need for specialization in his organization and act on the basis of facts rather than as the result of outside, inexperienced, preconceived notions of what should be done. Such action will minimize the danger of overspecialization. It will also insure the maintenance of a properly trained and efficiently operated traffic division where the need for such exists.

The obvious need at this time is the training of all regular uniformed personnel to handle all the normal traffic problems which arise in the regular course of duty.

Very truly yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

"TRAINING IS THE ANSWER"

By

C. B. Horrall, Chief of Police
Los Angeles, California

Need for Training

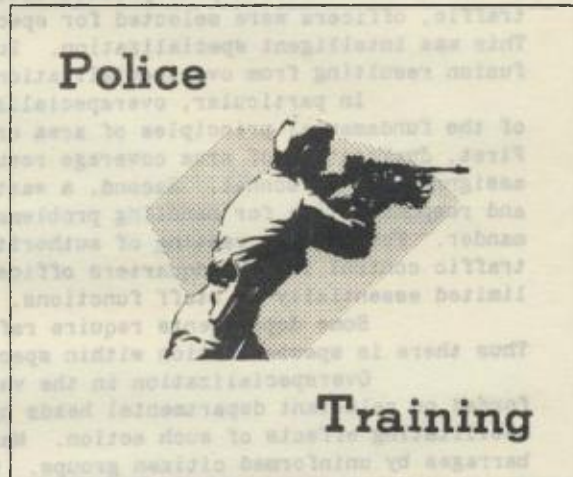
What man would consider opening an office as a doctor or dentist without adequate professional training, or expect to continue in his chosen field without keeping abreast of the latest procedures and techniques of his profession? The answer is obvious. It would be impossible to succeed under such circumstances.

Modern police work is rapidly approaching the status of a profession. As a semi-profession it requires not only initial or entrance training but also constant study and continued training to keep abreast of the multiple and ever-changing problems which continually arise.

Early History

In the year 1903 when the Los Angeles Police Department was first brought under the City Civil Service system the requirements for a policeman were very simple. In addition to certain physical requirements it was necessary that he be able to read and write, do simple arithmetic and have fair knowledge of the city. If he could pass these requirements he was given a badge, a revolver, and the authority to make arrests, and told to go out and make the city safe for its citizens.

This practice was continued, with some modifications, until June of 1924 when the first systematic effort was made to train new officers. At that time 800 recruits were employed by the Los Angeles Police Department. The National Guard Armory was used as a training area and an attempt was made to give these men the mental and physical training they would need as law enforcement officers. These first classes were hampered by the lack of proper facilities and equipment. As a result of this training effort the need for a thorough and constructive program was seen.



Present Facilities

Today our new policemen do not go out into the field handicapped by the lack of training, as did the officers in the year 1903. Our present training program inaugurated April 1, 1935, gives the recruit policeman every possible assistance in preparing himself for the job ahead. Recruit training classes are held at the Los Angeles Police Training Academy located in the hills of Elysian Park two miles from the City Hall. In addition to its training activities the Academy offers physical conditioning and recreational facilities.

Among these facilities are a gymnasium which incorporates basketball, badminton and volleyball courts, gymnastic apparatus, and mats for tumbling. Also included are a swimming pool, baseball diamond, handball courts, tennis courts, weight-lifting room, and a lounge and library for purposes of recreation and study.

One of the most important phases of police work is the use of firearms. A modern pistol range with 25 and 50-yard targets is located in the upper portion of the 20-acre Academy grounds. Here the men are required to qualify monthly. They may also participate in competitive matches among themselves, or with members of other Departments.

Our range is now being equipped with hydraulically operated combat targets which will electrically record the length of time required for an officer to draw his gun and make a hit. Another section of the Academy is the Visual Aid unit, which prepares scale models and charts for classroom instruction, and makes sound motion pictures for training purposes. One of these films, entitled "The Fundamentals of Revolver Shooting," is available to the public through the Bell and Howell Film Library.

An attending physician with a complete staff of assistants helps to keep the men physically fit, and examines all new candidates before they are accepted by the Department. His office at the Academy is equipped with the latest X-ray machines and other modern equipment to carry out effectively his assigned task.

For the convenience of the men using the facilities of the Academy, a modern cafe offers tempting and ample menus.

Recruit Training

The recruit training course normally covers a three-months period. Due to the current pressing need for men in the field this course is being temporarily given on a one-month basis. The training covers two phases: physical and academic.

The physical program includes drill, calisthenics, first aid and lifesaving, use of the police baton, self-defense, target and combat shooting, and the use of special weapons.

The academic training includes a study of all types of crimes, arrest procedure, evidence recognition and preservation, scientific investigation (casts, footprints, tool marks, latent prints, handwriting, etc.), juvenile problems, patrol and observation, communications, report writing, and a thorough study of the local, state and federal laws. Each training group is also given instruction in public relations and in courtroom demeanor. Local attorneys and judges participate and give actual dramati-

zations of courtroom scenes. Here the new officers are shown the pitfalls to avoid and the proper way to conduct themselves on the witness stand.

Continuation Training

In addition to training new men the Police Academy offers many educational opportunities to our police personnel. It sponsors an in-service training program which covers a three-year period and is open to all officers. In it are presented such subjects as criminal law, evidence, vehicle code, public speaking, report writing, psychology, sociology, etc. Attendance in this course is voluntary.

Special Courses

Several special courses are offered. One such course given to all men returning to the Department from military leave places particular emphasis on changes and additions to the police job which took place during the period of the recent war. Special courses are given to detectives, to juvenile officers and to accident investigation and traffic enforcement officers.

A one-week in-service refresher course is offered to men of all ranks once every three years to bring them up-to-date on new laws, procedures and techniques. Veteran policemen who are to be used in supervising and training recruits in the field are given specific training and instruction to better qualify them for the job.

Instructors' training is given to members of the Department who are assigned as instructors at the Academy. These are normally men who are experts in their particular fields, but who may not have had previous experience as instructors.

Promotional courses are designed to qualify men for promotion to the next higher rank. They are available on a voluntary basis and are attended on the employee's own time.

Supervisors' Training

Realizing that no organization is better than its supervision a new course in supervision and leadership is being offered. This course is of a conference type and is being attended by a selected group who will be trained as conference leaders, and they in turn will conduct training conferences with all supervisors in the Department. It is believed that these courses will materially improve the caliber of our leadership.

Every effort is being made to utilize the facilities of our Training Academy to the utmost in order to keep our men physically and mentally fit and properly informed so that we may keep abreast of the times and do an effective job of policing our City.

"NOT SNOW, NOR RAIN, NOR HEAT, NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS."



VOX-COP

February, 1947



This is the State Police Academy "Co-Ed Class" of November 4, 1946, posing for the cameraman upon completion of their course at Bethany.

Members of the class, left to right, are: C. Taylor Hart, Mary Doyle, John McCarthy, Harriet Malone, Edward O'Connor, Lucy Boland, Willis DeMars and Vincent McSweeney.

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

Best wishes to Officer and Mrs. Charles Gorman on their recent addition; incidentally, this makes it five to go for "Smoke Gorman's Baseball Nine."

We have often heard of the many and varied duties of a state policeman, but we at Station A think that this one should be given a top rating:- "Officer Robert F. Meli assisting in the birth of three lambs, while doing police duty after a section of a farm house on the Westbrook Pegler estate, was destroyed by fire."

Excerpt noted in Jimmy Power's Column "The Powerhouse" - February 11th Edition of the New York Daily News:- "Connecticut State Police Department's famed magazine "Vox-Cop" one of the best in U. S. A."

Hearty Congratulations to our Commander-in-Chief on his reappointment for four more years as Commissioner of State Police. May the coming years be as successful as his preceding ones as a law enforcement executive.

Upon completion of their Fingerprint and Photography In-Service Class, Officer William McNamara and Edward McMahon were dubbed "Holmes and Watson," respectively, but now that Officer Edward Giardina will be completing his course, in the near future, we are baffled as to where he will fit in the picture. Any suggestions will be appreciated.

The other day Officer Thomas Dunn interviewed and lectured to a group of twelve-year old boys

from the Ridgefield Junior High School. It certainly was a pleasure to observe Officer Dunn's oratory manner. (Keep up the good work Tom: Kimball hasn't a thing on you!

Recently the Junior Class of the Ridgefield High School, who are putting on a Class Play, decided to garb their hero in the uniform of a Connecticut State Policeman. When the class received approval from the Commissioner, for the loan of the uniform, they promptly sent their hero to Station A to be outfitted. Then came the truth; and it really hurt; for it was revealed that the only ones who still possessed the "school boy's figure," were Lieut. Tucker and Off. Waltz.

JUDGE BARS RATTLESNAKE AS PET

New York -- (UP) -- Robert Butler, 58, of Brooklyn, who says he prefers snakes to women because "human snakes don't rattle to give you warning," lost his best friend yesterday -- a six foot diamond-back rattlesnake.

Magistrate Vincent J. Kowalski in East New York court ordered the snake destroyed after giving Butler a suspended sentence on charges of keeping a dangerous animal.

"It's a pet, your honor, judge it's perfectly harmless. I'd like to show you," Butler said.

"Never mind," said the magistrate, glancing at a box where the snake whirred its rattles menacingly.

"I've had it for 15 years and never had any trouble. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'll sure miss that snake," Butler said.

STATION "B", CANAAN

We at Station "B" feel that the following warrants more than the usual "matter of fact" declaration because it exemplifies the methodical concentration necessary to the "breaking" of so many cases which, on the surface, appear most ordinary.

A casual glance at the police blotter in any daily Newspaper will invariably show the dismissal of numerous cases because of a lack of evidence. Investigators closely associated with the more subtle type crime--that performed by the crafty culprit, are wholehearted in their endorsement of the officer who labors diligently through sheafs of seemingly unimportant data in order to salvage the shreds which, when woven together, build a pattern that leads to conviction.

The following case entitled, "Assault with a Dangerous Weapon," will prove of prime importance to many of the new officers because it vividly displays the painstaking effort exerted by Officer Victor J. Keilty in piecing together the many loose ends of a crime perpetrated upon a man whose powers of observation were clouded by the fear which masks the heart when one comes abreast of an automatic in the hands of an irresponsible party; it might well be called, "A Treatise on the Compilation of Evidence."

At 7:45 Pm, January 27th, Litchfield County Game Warden, Seth Monroe, called the station complaining that one of his Deputy Wardens, George A. Willis, had been fired upon by an unidentified man during the course of an attempted investigation of illegal fishing on Whist Pond in Goshen.

The primary investigation, which consisted of a review of facts by Warden Willis, brought forth the following: He had decided to make a routine check of the above mentioned location on the afternoon of January 26th. Upon arrival, he noticed two men fishing through the ice--they also noted his approach, and, without further ado, started into the woods. The warden, believing they would await his approach, parked his car and started in steady pursuit. He had followed about a half mile when suddenly and without warning, one of the "poachers" wheeled around and fired two shots, one of which became embedded in a tree that was in a direct line with Warden Willis. The "tall and dark" individual who had done the shooting then issued the terse command, "get going." As you might well imagine, Willis "got going" and in his haste neglected to obtain anything by way of identifying information.

Thus, upon this fragile foundation, Officer Keilty started the construction of facts which when hammered together through patient effort, have proved conclusively that no crime is without a solution.

The fishermen had hastened away without retrieving a nondescript metal bait pail, army jacket, and ice chisel; their vehicle had left tracks in the snow, and an empty shell case had dropped to the ground, having been expended in a futile effort to eliminate a youngster employed by the State to protect its game reserves. The car tracks, examined meticulously by the investigating officer, showed only a slight wedge shaped marking; their distinguishing tread marks had been worn almost to a point of obliteration. Not so, however, with the bait-pail; it was

an oval shaped metal container carried by means of a water pail handle which in turn was fastened to the container by two small "ears." But who might the owner be and where could it have been manufactured? Throughout an entire evening and well into the night, Officer Keilty reviewed the many previous cases involving "Illegal Hunting and Fishing." Finally, as the list of potential suspects dwindled, he came upon case B---Z investigated by Officer Wilbur Calkins. A perusal of the report brought to light what at first seemed to be the statement of an embittered child, "They Won't Catch Me Again." Throughout the following day this casual declaration droned through Keilty's mind until at last he determined that an investigation in this man's town would be in order. So, with bait pail and chisel, he started--enlisting assistance from the neighboring police department in whose territory the lone suspect resided.

A lieutenant at the PD knew a sheetmetal worker who had done this type work on occasion; needless to say, he was immediately contacted and, after a quick glance at the pail, declared that he had made this particular one for "Teddy" D---, a rabid fisherman. He recognized his work because this was the only pail with that particular type handle and "ears."

And so "Teddy" became Suspect #1 in Case B-487-B. The pail was his and the statement, "They won't catch me again," was also his. Drips of information started falling; Teddy, for some unknown reason, had not been driving his car of late; Teddy was always "poaching"; Teddy had an automatic; yes, Teddy had taken on new importance. Still Keilty persisted in a slow measured manner; the local blacksmith was

located and shown the chisel; he recognized it as one fashioned for a "Teddy D---", some years back. "Ted's a great fisherman you know. He asked me to fashion a cutter for chopping ice. If you notice, you'll see that the last rivet in the handle ain't brazed--I remember 'cuz I put it in. The edge was specially drawn to a point for Ted--that was his specification; yeh, I made it for Teddy."

Keilty plodded on casting aside the "good will" evidence submitted by those with a flare for publicity--but clinging tenaciously to the true bits of information which by now were taking definite form.

Through a "friend," the officer was told that Ted's car could be viewed at S----'s garage. The tires were closely scrutinized; one, a Seiberling, still had the wedge shaped marking noted previously in the snow. While not the best evidence for a conviction, it became part of the general pattern whose each new thread more closely outlined the name "Teddy."

The expended shell still remained a mystery. Officer Keilty sought out a "confidante" of Teddy who had just recently filed application for a position in a local Police Department. The applicant, enthused over his potential position, readily agreed to a plan which would bring Teddy and his automatic to a shooting gallery for an evening of target practice. The plan worked and Keilty now had eight shells for ballistic comparison. An examination under microscope showed firing-pin marks similar to the one left on the shell intended for the Warden.

Thus an accumulation of meager evidence, sifted and re-sifted, had beaten a path of GUILT to Teddy's door. He was arrested on

February 11th, 1947, on a charge of "ASSAULT WITH A DANGEROUS WEAPON."

STATION "C", STAFFORD

A Staffordville ex-soldier who learned all about State Police work from the inside has just been appointed to the Department, one of the 30 new officers.

The new officer is Richard A. Schwartz, former dispatcher at Sub Station C here. He left Monday for the Bethany Barracks for a three months training course.

Schwartz came here from Bridgeport in 1941. His home is in Staffordville, and his wife and two children will maintain their residence there.

He entered the army in 1944, served 18 months, six months overseas with the 1213th Service Command Unit in Italy. He was captured and served 72 days as a German Prisoner of War in northern Italy.

The State Police recruit wears the ribbons for the European African service medal, Middle Eastern service medal, Good Conduct medal, and the Purple Heart medal.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

Station "D" has settled back into routine since its banquet in January, which was a great success from all viewpoints. Thanks to the boys from Station "C" and "E", who carried on while we made merry.

One of the Rhode Islanders who frolicked with us at our banquet, had the honor of being appointed superintendent of police of the State of Rhode Island, Capt. E. Ralph Bonat. We wish him success

in his new endeavor.

One never knows what will develop when they start out on a complaint. Officers Guilbeault and Marikle started out to investigate a complaint of breaking and entering in the local hotel at Jewett City. The case turned into another case of theft, successfully closed, as well as three cases of immoral conduct, which Windham County occasionally is called upon to deal with. These last three cases were also closed out successfully. We like our cases in bunches, like bananas.

Danielson Police Department's personnel was depleted to the point where they decided to have examinations for applicants to the position. This resulted in some distinguished guests for Station "D", last week when the examining board, comprised of Supt. Dewey Roach, of the Waterbury Police, Major John C. Kelly, and County Detective Rowe Wheeler, came to lunch.

Off. Robert O'Grady has moved into town after "10, these many years" of looking for an apartment. His new address is 31 Reynolds St., if you care to stop and call on his wife Betty and "Rusty." Welcome to Danielson, O. G.

Several trips have been made around the country looking for criminals. Off. J. B. Murphy and P. W. Susan Kenyon went to New York, Off. Guilbeault to Vermont, and Officers Guilbeault and Powell to New Jersey. The trip to New Jersey resulted in the bringing back of three culprits who had stolen a car from Hampton. If you are ever in need of a car thief be sure that Somerville, N. J., gets a notice of the car theft. They are very cooperative.

STATION "E" GROTON

The station personnel party was a "howling" success. The sun-ray room at the Crocker House, New London, bowed graciously to all the dignitaries-- Commissioner and Mrs. Hickey; Major and Mrs. Kelly; Captain and Mrs. Carroll; Captain and Mrs. Schatzman; and Captain and Mrs. Mulcahy. Condolences to Captains Urquhart and Buckley and wives, we missed them--and how. We understand that is was a unanimous vote in favor of a repeat--next year.

Responsibility: committee-men-J. H. Smith, R. B. Donohue, P. J. Hickey. Thanks! John M. Mallon, Jr. of the New London Day was his usual self as MCee par excellence. He kept himself and everybody else in "good spirits" with his original state police anecdotes. John really knows the past, present, and at least some of the future (we suspect) of the state police department.

Among the invited guests were our good friends from the Little Rhodie state next door: Lieutenant and Mrs. Pierce; Sergeant and Mrs. Lee; and Corporal and Mrs. Busby. FBI'er-Eilly squired our Jerry.

The Station "E" Trio rendered "Give Me Two Hours More"--effectively! Detective Sergeant Johnson has climbed another rung in the ladder of success. County Detective Johnson he's known as these days. His host of New London County friends join with us in extending the "Best of Luck." The heavy duty at Station "E" will be no novelty for Ban's successor - Detective Sergeant Francis J. Mangan. He was weaned here. Welcome home, Frankie!

Officer Frank (Van Johnson)

Dowling writes from Evanston: "This is no cinch; twenty text books the first day." Note to Evanston charmers: You can keep on wearing the cotton jobs for a while, our Frankie won't be interested in Nylons for some time to come - it sez here.

Hickey, P. J., is at it again. Reaching the toll house the other nite, while on patrol, he discovered that the supervisor had just been defied by several men in a R. I. registered car whom he had ordered to stand by for the moment. They had reversed their course and headed back toward R. I.

Around went the redhead and 'twasn't long before he spotted the fleeing vehicle. So they were off again. Mile after mile fell away under the wheels of the pursued and pursuer with the hick holding his own and that was all. Enroute, the hood flew off the runaway car, narrowly missing P. J. in it's backward flight. At the rotary in North Stonington, the fugitive plowed up over the curb and thru the shrubbery, finally doing a front flip and a no point landing. Paul got three at once and one later. All were juveniles on a temporary respite from Rhode Island "schools." Crime just doesn't pay - except twice a month to Officer P. J. H.

So we caught ourselves another Mick. This one adds Sweeney to his MC. Some say it's Scotch. Anyway we're glad to have him, Mack or Mick. He's a swell guy and we like him. At least when somebody yells "Mack" he answers. The boss doesn't. Miss Malone from "EFF" (the lucky stiff) received her baptism by fire the other day. One day on a John Henry Smith job and believe us she knows things about crime she never suspected. From here in she's "Old Timer" Malone.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

Lieutenant Shaw, now that the New Haven murder trial has been attended to, has left for a long deferred vacation.

Sergt. Joseph McAuliffe is capably spelling the Lieutenant.

Harriet Simmons is out of state on police business; Harriette Malone is pinch-hitting for her. To distinguish Harriette from Harriet guess we'd better call her "Mollie."

Off. William Connolly and Off. Howard Sternberg are dissertating on arches, loops, whorls and components, having successfully completed their course in fingerprint identification at Hartford. Soon Off. Joseph A. Suchanek will be able to join their exclusive conversation.

Patrols in the east observe with satisfaction that work on the new Governor Baldwin Bridge, spanning the Conn. River at Old Saybrook, is about to start. We understand that plans call for its finish around December, 1948. Expectations are that traffic problems, presently aggravated by frequent bridge openings, will be lessened upon its completion.

County Investigator George M. S. Dunn ex 12-F, is inquiring about train schedules to Florida.

Off. James W. Dwyer has resigned. The best of luck "Jim."

Off. John F. McCarthy is now answering roll call at Station "F" and is fast becoming an expert on vacant houses in Station "F" area.

STATION "G", WESTPORT

REMER HAILS WILTON FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR

Wilton has gone four weeks without an arrest being made by the State Police or a case heard in Justice Court. Lieut. George Remer of the Westport barracks hailed Wilton for its good behavior and added quickly that the patrols had been increased slightly during the past month.

In line with recommendations made two weeks ago by Capt. Ralph Buckley, patrols have been made in Wilton to detect violators of the "school-bus" law. But, said, Lieut. Remer, no violators were found in Wilton, and only one in adjoining towns.

Meanwhile, Trial Justice Bessie Fischer, appointed to the bench in January following her "draft" nomination and subsequent election last fall, had only one comment to make on the shortage of cases in her court.

"I guess they must be afraid of me," she said. When asked who "they" were, she would not comment.

OBLIQUE ANGLES

As I stepped off the curb to cross a busy Los Angeles street, I was startled by a shrill police whistle and looked up to see the traffic cop walking toward me. Naturally, I wondered what I had done. "Pardon me, lady," said the officer, "but could you tell me where you got those shoes? I'd like to get my wife some like them." -Reader's Digest

STATION "H", HARTFORD

George Panciera while on patrol down Cromwell way in the early evening found 2 "Ducks" coming up the road in the dark with one eye to guide them. George says they were the biggest Ducks that he ever got. Pinched the operators of these Ducks, rather than shoot them, for running without lights and being overlength. PS they were ex army issue.

Butch "call me Jungle fighter" Palin, riding the Springfield road has kept his eagle eye peeled and came up with two stolen cars and operators recently, the last one leading him on a steeple chase down a six foot embankment into a yard where the car he was chasing ended up by knocking off a veranda, then it was a foot chase with Butch again collaring his man.

Officer Simon on leave, due to injuries to his wrist sustained when the bumper jack let go as he was putting up one of his wheels was keeping in trim, riding around his home town. He came on the scene of a fire where he managed to save a man and his home but further adding to his own wounds by getting singed quite badly, but he says what's a little hair among friends.

Officer Massicotte is beaming these days as he greets the members of the legislature each morning says he isn't playing favorites with the parking--it's first come first served. Keeps the rest of us posted on the doings of the legislature. We all know he is making a very good job of being our front man on the scene.

TO OUTLAW HOME PICKETING

The Judiciary Committee of the General Assembly should report favorably the bill to outlaw picketing of private homes during labor disputes. Unquestionably this bill was inspired by home picketing during the recent strike at Niles-Bement-Pond Company in West Hartford. State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, in supporting the measure, took the reasonable position that this type of picketing "is going too far." Within and without the ranks of organized labor he will find approval of his position.

In defense of this reprehensible conduct Mrs. Margaret Connors Driscoll, attorney for the State C.I.O. Council, argued that home picketing is used for the dissemination of information. The Judiciary Committee, we trust, is not naive enough to swallow that. What official of a struck company does not know that a strike is on, and know all the issues involved? Attorney William J. Larkin put this argument in its proper light when he told the committee that home picketing is not for the dissemination of information but for the dissemination of fear. Moreover, it is an invasion of the sanctity of the home that must not be tolerated longer. In this particular score the union, in the vernacular of the day, has asked for it. Public policy demands that the General Assembly answer in no uncertain manner.

--(Hartford Courant)

STATION "I", BETHANY

Station "I" has a new chef in the person of Glen Troop. In spite of all the groaning about gaining weight, we don't see anyone saying "No" to that delicious pie. Nice going, chef.

Another O'Brien is joining us. None other than Vinnie, our one time station dispatcher and more recently Captain Schatzman's right hand man. He moves from Captain's office to the classroom. First assignment K. P., (and he accepted it with a smile—E. Jay. H.)

Law enforcement agencies in Connecticut will be pleased to know that the elusive Bernard Findley and Frank Springer have been finally brought to justice. On January 21, Findley and Springer entered pleas of Guilty before the Honorable Judge William Shea at superior court in Waterbury to the charge of escape from Cheshire Reformatory. Both were sentenced to the State's Prison at Wethersfield for six to ten years.

We expect the Arrow Collar Company to make a bid for Frank Cassello, after all those photos in the papers lately.

Mrs. Amann has joined the "G" men. Our loss is their gain. Good luck, Ruth.

The Gaiser-Dailey ambulance team has been doing excellent work in first aid these days. On February 1st a call was received at the barracks reporting a 11 year old boy involved in a car-bicycle accident, in a serious condition. Prompt action in taking this youngster to St.

Mary's Hospital in Waterbury, after giving first aid, no doubt saved the child's life, as he had a severely fractured leg, a fractured skull, and was bleeding profusely. Jim Lenihan investigated the accident in his usual capable manner.

Dispatcher Bill McNamara has obtained a year's leave of absence and expects to take life easy meanwhile. We'll miss that cheery tenor over the air waves, Mac.

Ed Higney has his bag packed just in case. Here's hoping you get that trip, Ed.

The 1946 class at the Academy became members of Connecticut's Finest on January 11, 1947, and are all hard at work about the state. Good luck from Station I.

For a few weeks, only Sergeants Williams and Washburn were around to remind us that a new school would soon be starting.

On February 10, 1947, the first Class of 1947 arrived 30 strong. Aside from meal time, when they fill the dining room, we are hardly aware of their presence. The sergeants keep them so busy, they wonder if the life of a cop will always be this way. Station "I" Personnel bid them all welcome.

Leo Dymkoski will now answer all questions as to crime since he has purchased that new book. It solves everything says Leo.

When Frank "The Eel" Bednarczyk, on parole from the State's Prison, broke into the Black Horse Inn on the Milford Turnpike December 30, 1946, he was wearing gloves. These gloves were supposedly a precaution against fingerprints. What "The Eel" neglected to notice was that he

had a hole in the left thumb of his glove, which left a grease impression on a small cardboard box. He had soiled his hands when he crawled through the ventilating fan.

"Zip" Nelson using his newly acquired technique (a la Chamero) photographed the box and "The Eel's" print was plainly read, which gives us another solved depredation.

As if Connecticut didn't have enough thieves of its own, some New York City hold-up artists visited Ansonia on Feb. 2, at 2:30 A.M., when the Spanish Club at 43 Bridge St. was held up by three armed men, who relieved the clientele of approximately \$1,000.00 in cash.

At 3:57 A.M. the Westport Town Police apprehended these men as a result of the two broadcasts sent out. They were all easily identified by the victims. Benjamin "O.K. Benny" Marchese of Ansonia, who is well known about that town, was the driver of the car, and had with him three New Yorkers, Gennarino Anzisi, Lawrence Manzari, and Anthony Scaffidi. Later one Dominic Maniscalco of Ansonia was also arrested on the same charge.

Captain William Schatzman and Detective Anton Nelson have been working with the Ansonia Police Department on this case.

Bench Warrants have been issued charging Robbery with Violence, and an early trial is expected.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

The "Eel" tried to slither through Station "K" territory on Sunday, January 26th. Operating a stolen Packard sedan, with unreported stolen plates, he un-

doubtedly thought the open country would present an opportunity to "case" a few future depredations. Touring the peaceful and picturesque area of Hadam Neck and Hurd Park, a mecca for outdoor lovers, little did he think that the ever-watchful eye of the State Police would invade his privacy. Touring with another male and two female companions, they presented what would appear to be two lawabiding couples - to the average motorist. However, Det. Ralph Boyington, patrolling the same area, had a different view than Mr. Average Motorist. His suspicion was aroused and he caused a routine check to be made on the car and its occupants. The result: the car was stolen in New Haven and the plates stolen from a car that was put up for the winter. The operator, Robert Bednarczyk, alias the "Eel," admitted his guilt and was taken to the barracks for further questioning. As he was on parole from our State's Prison, he was reluctant to talk about any other depredations he was involved in other than the crime he was caught at, viz. stolen car. The next day he was taken to New Haven where he was turned over to that Department. He had admitted a safe job in Milford and another in New Haven and with a parole stretch to complete at the "Field", we at "K" feel that he will not wriggle into our territory for a spell. The moral is boys, when you're looking 'em over on patrol, and your conscience says, "No look just right," give him a check -- he might be on parole or not behaving.

Jay "Jackson" Dunphy (two aiches if you please), under the able supervision of Lieut. M. D. (for Doing things) Smith, has transformed four separate rooms

at Station "K" into a study of higher cabinet making...For deservng "Will" Richards, a room has been completed that rivals the laboratory of the late Tom Edison. And don't think for a minute Will hasn't just as many inventive ideas as the old dictaphone inventor. Then Jackson tackled the project minus blueprints but plus portal to portal allowances, of reconstructing a crib at "K" garage. The transformation was nothing short of a Bel Geddes model of things we shall see in the future.

Rite here we must allow that Jackson was ably assisted by our new master craftsman, Tony Jolie (Cute isn't it? Soze he.) Carpenter, plumber, mechanic or jack-of-all-trades, Tony is it. He learned all these crafts, so he sez, while he was island-hopping in the South Pacific for Uncle Sam.

What the President of the Tinker-toy Company (that's Jackson), did to our evidence and stock room, is a sight to behold. Park Avenue apartments do not compare with the select clash of colors and depth.

"Portal to Portal" Jackson then tackled the blueprints to other changes we had in mind, and the results are not only of professional calibre, but reflect genuine perfection.

We welcome Officer Charles Hart to the personnel of Station "K". We feel confident that he will profit by the contact with the experienced officers, and in turn, bring them up to date on the "latest" from the Academy.

Officer William Conlon, the Third, has just returned from Ohio, in company with SPW Petrini and two law violators. This is "Butch's" second Ohio trip in as many months. But our "Willie"

was not content to relax on his return. He nabbed a well-known car thief, one Herbert Pope, after a fast chase, being given a nice assistance by Off. "Kev" McDonald.

Officer Thomas O'Brien is still in the limelight with several successful convictions in our Superior Courts -- we have five of them in "K" area, and during the January session, we had cases in each of the five counties, and we are rather proud to say all cases resulted in convictions. The five counties, in the event you are puzzled, dear reader, are Hartford, Middlesex, Tolland, Windham, and New London.

The new fingerprints class has Off. Frank LaForge enrolled. Frank will be a successful F. P. E. or we will be incorrect for the first time.

The profound sympathy of the Personnel at Station "K" is extended to Officer Walter Lundgren, whose mother passed away suddenly on February eleventh.

Here are a few theme songs for the heavy-footers ----

"At 25 miles per hour, 'I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven Is My Home;'

"At 45 miles per hour, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee;'

At 55 miles per hour, 'I'm Nearing the Port and Will Soon Be at Home;'

At 65 miles per hour, 'When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder I'll Be There;'

At 75 miles per hour, 'Lord, I'm Coming Home.' "

S. P. ACADEMY, BETHANY

There is really nothing very new in the field of crime, it is more correctly a new application of an old technique. To explain further may we cite the article printed under Styles in Crime in the January issue of "Vox-Cop" regarding the technique of using roofing cement to deaden the sound of breaking glass. The article struck a responsive cord in our mind, and we began to search for some information of the same modus operandi in an old textbook on crime.

After a short search, we found it in that grand-daddy of all books on criminal investigation, the text by Hans Gross. This book written before 1900 told of this technique being used in Austria. May we quote from page 488 of that text as follows: "The noise of the falling pieces of glass must of course be taken into account; it is therefore necessary to prevent them from falling, and for this purpose they are stuck or gummed: a kind of plaster comprised of a piece of cloth of the size of the pane of glass and spread with a substance of a cohesive nature, such as birdlime, black pitch, ... etc. is spread over the whole window. When this is done, some soft object is stretched over the surface so as to smother the noise ensuing when the glass is shattered. When all these precautions have been taken, the middle of the glass is slowly pressed with increasing force till at last it smashes. As a rule the noise made is insignificant: the sound of the breaking glass is deadened by the pad, and the fragments remain attached to the plaster."

Black pitch certainly sounds

very much like black roofing cement. The technique described by Gross is a bit more advanced than that used in Cochrannton, Pa. and Gross saw that used over forty-seven years ago. Perhaps the thieves spend more time studying texts on criminal investigation than do many policemen. We must constantly keep alert if we are to keep abreast of the times, even the science of 1900. It all adds up to a new application of a very old technique. Like an old joke, if it is old enough it is new.

BURGLARS DEVISE WAY
TO BREAK GLASS QUIETLY

A burglars' technique in breaking glass quietly to avoid detection, a method which veteran policemen here said was new to them, was revealed Tuesday in an alarm received at State Police headquarters and relayed over the statewide teletype network. According to the message received here, burglars entering the Drafto Corporation plant at Cochrannton, Pa., Monday night smeared windows with heavy black roofing cement before breaking the glass in order to deaden the sound. Among the articles reported stolen was a Drafto metal discriminator which police said would be effective in cutting armor plate and safes.

--(Hartford Courant)

NEW CLASS GREETED BY COMMISSIONER

The new class of 30 recruits, 28 of whom are veterans of the recent war, commenced February 10 at the S. P. Training Academy in Bethany. Commissioner Hickey was on hand personally to welcome the newcomers. Also present to address the class were Supt.

ficient in every detail and to meet every requirement that is demanded of them. And above all they are also well aware there is a time-honored prestige to uphold and that they are expected to reflect credit on the organization.

ACADEMY CLASS ROSTER

Members of the current training school class are as follows:

Vincent J. O'Brien, 60 Ellsworth Ave., New Haven; Walter Stecko, 76 Tanner Ave., Willimantic; Frank A. Caskey, 280 Broadway, Norwich; John V. Wollschlager, 155 Newton St., Meriden; Kenneth Tripp, 29 Lincoln St., Hamden; Frank A. Defilippo, 285 Grand St., Bridgeport; Ernest J. Morse, 60 Whalley Ave., New Haven; William V. Hickey, 109 Euclid St., West Hartford; Cesaro F. Tremalgia, 88 Union Ave., Bridgeport; Tryon Smith, Jr., 119 Oakland Terrace, Hartford; Guy M. Bonuomo, 929 Reef Road, Fairfield; James C. Garrity, 42 Norfolk St., Hartford; Gail L. Smith, Windham; William Quaintance, Jr., 275 Judsor Ave., Bridgeport; William J. Wallace, 96 Garden Drive, Fairfield; Charles A. Mansfield, 77 Crystal Ave., New London; Samuel J. Wilson, 168 Bungalow Ave., Fairfield; Theodore Sheiber, 58 Olga Ave., Wilton; William N. Gilde-meister, 52 Orchard St., Cos Cob; Lawrence Crotta, 24 Lincoln St., West Haven; George J. Turrell, 32 Hazelwood Ave., Bridgeport; Arthur Pfeifer, 77 West Clark St., West Haven; Frederick T. Staples, High St., Canaan; Charles L. Hawley, 40 Coe St., Winsted; Donald J. Warner, 1172 Noble Ave., Bridgeport; Frederick P. Moran, 282 Exchange St., New Haven; George H. Bunnell, 1348 Capitol Ave., Bridgeport; Joseph M. Hart, P. O. Box 138, Canter-

bury; Donald L. Hurst, 63 Prescott St., Bridgeport; and Richard A. Schwartz, P. O. Box 36, Staffordville.

HEADQUARTERS

Commissioner Wallander added 633 veterans of World War II to the New York City Police Department early in February. Recently the following observation appeared in the New York Herald Tribune:

"Mayor O'Dwyer noted that military service was a great advantage to the new men, but warned against the habit of "pushing people around." He counseled them to be "kind and friendly" and "to draw no line of distinction because of race, color or creed, because every one of our people is a citizen."

"The veterans group, twenty-five of whom received the shields their fathers had worn, comprised the last of the veterans on the current list for appointment to the department and are the first new policemen to receive the new pay rate of \$2,150 base pay plus a \$750 cost-of-living bonus."

(We are trying to reach our present authorized strength of 290 men--advocating an increase to 300 and recommending the appointment of not less than 10 resident state policemen for towns lacking an organized police force and that the towns share an equal portion of the costs. SIX HUNDRED THIRTY-THREE could be used in Connecticut also and provide wholly adequate coverage on a 24-hour basis. How we all could use that \$750 cost of living bonus Wallander's men have.--Ed.)

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.”