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CONN. STATE POLICE DEPT.



EDWARD J. HICKEY,
Commissioner

MARCH 1947

Hail! To the Wearers of the Green

By WILLIAM J. PRENDERGAST

In almost every Connecticut community there's a "little bit of Ireland" where the early settlers came from the Emerald Isle across the sea to the New World where freedom could be won and sustained. The contribution of the Irish race to the Nutmeg State; cultural, religious and patriotic, have left a noble imprint on our Commonwealth.

Irish names were met with frequently in early Colonial times and were contained in the first settlers of a number of towns and villages of Connecticut. The Penal Laws and the Trade and Navigation Acts against Irish industry and commerce in the 17th and 18th centuries, which practically ruined home industry and brought about widespread poverty and suffering, forced considerable numbers to emigrate to these shores. In the 19th century, crop failures and famines were instrumental in enticing the Irish people to come here.

The digging of the Northampton and Windsor Locks Canals and, a short time later, the making of the railroad beds, brought many Irish to

Connecticut. As hard work was a characteristic of the Irishman, he "spit on his hands" and with Herculean efforts prepared for the future.

By 1860 there were over 55,000 foreign born Irishmen in this state. They multiplied and prospered rapidly so that today they are numerically second only to the Italian Americans. The Irish settled mostly in the large cities: Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury. Some took to farming while others continued to practise their former trades, especially weaving and spinning. The Police and Fire departments, postoffice clerks and mail carriers, trolley and bus operators and railroad conductors, were and are, predominantly Irish. Some became political leaders of note, lawyers of renown and doctors of great skill.

Many nationalities fill the Catholic churches today but it was the Irish fidelity to the standards of the Cross of St. Patrick which erected many of these structures in the be-

ginning. Many Irish priests have heeded the call to the service of God and Country and the Sisters of Mercy, that fine band of nuns, have dedicated their lives to the teaching of children and the caring of the orphans, the sick and the afflicted in the hospitals, the homes for the aged and other places built by the Irish.

Irish loyalty to America has always been great. George Washington commanded that St. Patrick's Day be observed in the army in gratitude to his Irish warriors. The Fighting 9th of Connecticut which won many laurels on the battlefields of the Civil War was composed of Irishmen under Captain Lawrence O'Brien. A monument to the memory of that heroic regiment stands at City Point in New Haven.

As a patriotic and moral force the record of the Irish challenges comparison. In the shamrock laden hills of Ireland, St. Patrick sowed his seed but it was in Connecticut and the other sections of our great nation that it really brought forth fruit.

--Connecticut Circle

AN IRISH BLESSING

(English translation of an ancient Gaelic prayer)

"May the blessing of Light be on you, light without and light within. May the blessed sunlight shine on you and warm your heart till it glows like a great peat fire, so that the stranger may come and warm himself at it, and also a friend.

"And may the light shine out of the two eyes of you like a candle set in two windows of a house, bidding the wanderer to come in out of the storm.

"And may the blessing of the Rain be on you—the soft sweet rain. May it fall upon your spirit so that all the little flowers may spring up, and shed their sweetness on the air.

"And may the blessing of the Great Rains be on you, may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean, and leave there many a shining pool where the blue of heaven shines reflected, and sometimes a star.

"And may the blessing of the Earth be on you—the great and round earth; may you ever have a kindly greeting for them you pass as you're going along the roads. May the earth be soft under you when you lay upon it, tired at the end of the day, and may it rest easy over you, when, at the last, you lay out under it; may it rest so lightly over you, that your soul may be quickly thro it, and up, and off, and on its way to God."

(Distributed to friends on St. Patrick's Day by James L. McGovern,
associate editor of the Bridgeport Post-Telegram.)

James L. McGovern

IRISH TRAVEL

Tourist Traffic in 1946

One and a half million ration cards were issued to that total number of visitors to the 26 Counties area of Ireland in 1946. Half a million of these visitors stayed for four weeks and upwards. Altogether, it may be calculated that the grand total of visitors' expenditure here in 1946 was not less than ten million pounds. These figures correct some which appeared on this page in our last issue.

COBH, Co. CORK

TO many travellers Cobh has been and will be their first glimpse of Ireland. This town built up a steep hill on the south side of the Great Island is the best known port of call for Trans-Atlantic liners. From its fortunate position at a key point in Cork Harbour—one of the safest harbours in the world—Cobh developed during the last century from a small fishing village to a large town.

To those who would like a quiet holiday, Cobh with its mild air, sheltered and sunny position and beautiful surroundings is loved. For those who delight in handling a boat or testing their skill at yachting, Cobh is famous, and along with these things there are the daily delights of watching the activities of a seaport town set in a most beautiful part of county Cork.

CORK HARBOUR.

Cobh is built on the south side of Great Island in Cork Harbour. Immediately in front of the town is the Lower Harbour, with the islands of Spike and Haulbowline. The hills on the east and west side swing around at the harbour mouth to two headlands crowned with the forts of Camden (west) and Carlisle (east). Outside the forts is the lighthouse of Roches Point built in 1835. Its light is 135 feet above sea level and the light can be seen for 14 miles. On the east side of the harbour are the villages of Aghada and Whitegate and also such well-known beauty spots as Cloyne, East Ferry, and Rostellan. Near the western entrance to the harbour is Crosshaven, a favourite seaside resort with Cork people. The wooded hill of Currabinny is a prominent landmark near here and the Owenaboy river, where Drake sheltered from the Spaniards, flows into the harbour area at this point. Monkstown and Passage are situated in the west passage and this channel is used by ships proceeding to Cork city.

Men of the West

After more than 50 years ranching in California, 88-years old Patriek Mongan, a cousin of Mr. J. W. Mongan, T.D., has sold out his American holding and flown home to settle in Inishboffin, off Galway, where his brother, Mr. E. Mongan, still lives. Another interesting Galway story of the month deals with Mr. John Ford, the noted Hollywood film director. The "Connacht Tribune" correspondent, trying to track down the "Ford" ancestry, at first found no link, but later discovered that "John Ford" of Hollywood, is no other than the American born son of John Feeney of Tourbeg, Spiddal, Co. Galway, where the old homestead still stands.

Coasting Along Wicklow

SETTING sail from Arklow to take a trip along the Wicklow coast, we left the dark waters of the Avonmore where it passes beneath its 17-arched bridge, a mile north from the crag of Arklow Rock that is the approximate outpost of the county to the south. Out over the shallow bar between the pier we had a full view of Arklow's dual-beach—south where the new golf links crown the sandhills, north by Ferrybank, beyond the remains of Kynochs' war-time munition works, and the future site, we believe, of a great playground.

Every Town its own "Specialty"

WHAT has the Continent got that we haven't? If I were to answer this question in two words, I would say—devilish little. Here and there, of course, the sun shines more. Well, that is one of the things over which we have no control, and if we were to have a series of summers like that of 1946, you would find Irishmen, as well as others, streaking towards the sunny spots as naturally as cattle in the wild will travel hundreds of miles to a "salt-lick." But let us take it that in 1947 and the succeeding years, we are to have the normal allowance of sunshine for these islands—what have these Continentals got in the running of their hotels and restaurants, that makes people prefer them to ours? Again the answer must be, mighty little—but they make the best of what they *have* got.

Wonderful Morning in Spiddal

Away to the west the Aran Islands look as if they had sprung up mushroom-like in the night and might disappear again in the twinkling of an eye. Going out in their direction are three boats with their dark sails silhouetted against the soft, white clouds of the sky. Stretching before me is the deep blue sea on which the sun and clouds are making fascinating patterns of light and shade. This is Galway Bay. Across the bay on the extreme right are the Cliffs of Moher and opposite rise the hills of Clare, and these slope away to the east towards where lies the "City of the Tribes."

Looking towards Galway City on my left is a long stretch of flat country. It is thickly dotted with neat cottages, most of them thatched and all brightly coloured—white for preference with blue and yellow also popular. Laid across the countryside is a network of stone walls and these form incredibly tiny and peculiarly shaped fields. And isn't it wonderful to see what crops the inhabitants attempt and succeed in raising in this well-nigh impossible land?

About midway you can see the prosperous looking village of Spiddal; just outside it is the wooden cross erected by missionaries about ten years ago to remind the people of their promise to give up potan making! On the other side is a wood and through this a rippling river flows to the sea. This wood is on the estate of Lord Killanin, whose residence, "Spiddal House," is among the trees.

Two local women have just passed by—both are wearing beautiful fawn shawls with fancy borders and both are chatting "in a language that the English do not know."

Such is one small corner of the West—the immortal West to which I am now paying my first visit and to which I intend to return. —A. M. DAVIS

Mr. Samzun of Cleggan and France

When the news flashed along the coast that Mr. Samzun of France had returned unexpectedly to Cleggan, the Connemara lobstermen were delighted, says the *Connaught Tribune*. Mr. Samzun had built up a considerable lobster trade with France to which he had returned at the war call-up and had been given up as lost in Connemara in the absence of any news of him through the years.

The Seventeenth of March



IS more than fifteen hundred years since St. Patrick first trod the soil of Ireland, and from that day to this, throughout the world, wherever the Irish have penetrated (and where have they not?) the seventeenth of March has been a day of celebration.

In colonial America sporadic celebrations were held by the few Irish congregated principally along the Eastern Coast, but during the Revolution it is said that the day was officially recognized by General Washington who, as Commander of the American Forces, set aside St. Patrick's Day as a day of special observance. It is also recorded that at Valley Forge the General, in honor of the day, permitted the harp of Erin to be displayed and issued an extra ration of rum, admonishing the troops to obey the "rules of sobriety"—as if the admonition were needed where the Irish were concerned.

When our Elks lodges, as many of them do, make the seventeenth of March a day of special celebration, inviting the lads and lassies of all racial antecedents to dance to the lilt of Irish tunes, they are not only, like good Americans, joining their brethren of Irish ancestry in honoring the memory of a great man, but following an illustrious precedent set by the Father of our Country.

Ireland is a little country, just a wee speck of green emerging from a turbulent sea, but her sons have gone forth from there to fight the battles of many lands. They have done much for America, and at her call have marched shoulder to shoulder with men of many races and creeds to fight for the liberty denied their own country for centuries.

The world owes much to St. Patrick, for it was he who lit the lamp which dispelled Ireland's pagan gloom and struck the vital spark of freedom that burned through centuries of persecution, inspiring not only the people of Ireland, but those of other lands, to fight for freedom of conscience and of soul.

There's a little bit of Irish in the heart of everyone on St. Patrick's Day, else why does it beat faster when the band plays "Garryowen"? And why is there a bit of moisture in the eye when one hears "The Wearing of the Green"?

---ELKS MAGAZINE

ATHLONE

ATHLONE SOLICITOR COMMENDED

Michael Farrelly, farmer, Oldtown, Ardagh, Co. Longford, was, at Killucan, Co., Westmeath, sentenced to three months and his driving license was suspended for twelve months for driving a motor car near Kinnegad, while under the influence of drink. He was also fined £50 for dangerous driving.

District Justice Beatty, said Mr. Dermot Murtagh, solicitor, Athlone, deserved the highest commendation for bringing Farrelly to justice.

BYE-LAWS TO CONTROL TRAFFIC

Athlone Urban Council Proposed

A suggestion that bye-laws be adopted to control traffic and parking of cars on streets on the town was made at meeting of Athlone Urban Council by Mr. P. J. Lenihan, Chairman.

The Chairman said that unless they adopted bye-laws they would really have no legal authority to control traffic. They could consult with the Garda authorities in the making of traffic regulations.

The Co. Manager said he would have a report on the matter for next meeting.

The Chairman said that when the bye-laws were adopted the Guards could prosecute and these bye-laws would have the binding were very urgent.

Mr. Waters said the bye-laws were a very urgent necessity.

SALES BY M. J. KELLY

Straw For Sale

I am instructed by Mr. P. J. Minnock, Kilcare, Durrow, to sell, on Friday, at 3 o'clock, the produce of 20 Irish acres of very clear wheaten straw, made up in suitable lots

M. J. Kelly, M.I.A.A.,
Auctioneer and Valuer,
Ballygar, Athlone and Moate

THE TINKER MENACE

Justice's Remarks at Athlone

During the hearing of charges at Athlone Court on Friday involving what was described as "an orgy of poultry stealing" in South Roscommon area on the part of three young itinerants, District Justice Donnchadh Ua Donnchadha, D.J., stated there were tribes going around this country living on other people. They grazed their horses on other people's food, and they trespassed on and damaged other people's property with impunity. The time had come to stop this sort of thing and legislation should be introduced to cope with the menace. It was appalling to think that in this, the twentieth century they had such tribes roaming the country and camping in dirty little hovels along the roadsides, suffering the greatest hardship. It was absolutely absurd, but these people were a race apart from everyone else, and he had to deal with them as such.

GUARDS HIGHLY COMMENDED
AT ATHLONE

A Scot, who came to Athlone on a week's holiday and spent five days of it in Mountjoy Prison, figured in a larceny charge at Athlone Court on Friday, before Mr. Donnchadh Ua Donnchadha, D. J. He was a brown-haired young

man named Patrick Canty, who was stated to have been born in Glasgow. He appeared in custody.

He was charged with the larceny, as well as other alternative counts, of a bicycle, the property of Mrs. Kathleen Hogge, Riverdene, Coosan.

The prompt recovery of the missing bicycle by Garda William Gallagher and Garda Patrick Connor evoked high commendation from the Bench.

Supt. J. Devine conducted the hearing of the charges and Mr. W. Tormey, solicitor, appeared for accused.

Mrs. Hogge said she wished to thank the Guards for their recovery of her bicycle and expressed her appreciation of their efficiency.

Justice--I intended myself to highly commend Guard Gallagher for the very quick way in which he recovered the bicycle.

Supt. Devine stated there was another Guard, who also displayed very great detective ability on the occasion. He was Guard Patrick Connor. It was certainly very quick.

Murray. -- 18-1-47

Found in Athlone during Xmas, a Lady's Dress. Owner can have same by giving description and paying cost of this advertisement. Apply--Box No. 1406, this Office.

INGENIOUS FRAUD

A most ingenious fraud was successfully committed at Athlone Market last week. A respectable shopkeeper directed a farmer in the neighbourhood to bring him a load of hay and previous to entering the market the farmer artfully concealed in the centre of his load a stout, able-bodied man, covering him overhead with a slight sprinkling of hay. So soon as the load was weighed, the cart moved off, and in a bye street discharged its inside passenger and delivered its load some 2½ cwt's. lighter than when it left the scales.

ROSCOMMON

KILROY IN ATHLONE!!!

Strayed from my lands a grey-white-faced heifer, 2½ years; Guards notified. Information gratefully received by Thomas Kilroy, Batteries, Athlone.

Take Notice--That the Lands of Annagh, Ballykeeran, in our possession, are laid with Poison from this date for the protection of stock and mearings. Signed -- John Foxe and John Hafford. 18th January, 1947.

The lands of Rehan, Ballinlig, Upper and Lower, are laid with Poison -- Patrick Murray, Patrick Kelly, Peter Kelly, Thomas

JUST AN OLD IRISH CUSTOM

Sequel at Roscommon Court
When three boys from the Roscommon area were prosecuted at the local District Court recently for the larceny of 40 heads of cabbage from the garden of Mrs. Bridget Fahey, Ballybride,

Supt. Somers said that there was an old custom in this part of the country--the origin of which he could not establish--that on the last day of October young boys went around gardens, plucked heads of cabbage and scattered them outside the people's doors. In this case the defendants went to the garden of Mrs. Fahey, but instead of merely taking two or

three heads of cabbage, they took 40 heads of her best Brussels sprouts and scattered them over the area, to the very great annoyance of the owner.

Mr. P. J. Neilan, Solr., said that he was unable to explain the origin of this old custom, although he may have taken part in it as a boy himself. The boy for whom he appeared admitted taking two heads of cabbage and he now regretted it very much.

WESTMEATH

PEEPS INTO THE PAST

(Extracts from "Westmeath Independent," Nov.-Dec., 1863)

Employer and Servant

At Athlone Petty Sessions, before W. Potts, Esq., J.P., an employer summoned his domestic servant for leaving his employment without permission. He stated that he hired her for half a year, but she only worked for him for 14 weeks when she found another master in the neighbourhood to whom she went. The defendant's case was that she was not treated well and the food was not of the best. In addition, she was sent by her employer to another farmer to carry hay on her back--work that she was not suited for. The court dismissed the complaint on the grounds that an employer was not at liberty to send his servant to work for another without her consent.

Emigration

We regret to say that numbers of persons from this and neighbouring counties continue to leave for America, while hundreds of families are preparing to emigrate in the spring.

"A WESTMEATH PROTEST"

Mr. M. J. Kennedy, T.D., who for more than twenty years was a member of Westmeath Co. Council, created a mild sensation at a meeting of that body in Mullingar, on Monday, when he intimated his resignation from the council as a protest against the appointment of a man to a position in Castlepollard, whom, Mr Kennedy alleged, had not been a member of the Defence Forces or emergency services. Mr. Kennedy then left the meeting.

Mr. Kennedy said the council invited applications for appointments to the fire brigade in Castlepollard. The appointments which were not very remunerative, were made, and in one case a man was appointed who had no connection with the L.S.F. or other emergency services, and was opposed to these services during the emergency. He asked to know the nature of the advertisement and by whom the applicants were selected.

"I have made up my mind," added Mr. Kennedy, "if this man is continued in the appointment I will resign from this council as a protest."

KILBEGGAN

ROAD ACCIDENTS ON INCREASE

Opinion at Kilbeggan Court

The opinion was voiced at Kilbeggan District Court that accidents arising out of motor vehicular traffic were on the increase.

When Mr. O'Donoghue, D.J. commented on the fact that there were three cases for dangerous driving on the list, Supt. J. Devine, Athlone, stated that such cases were undoubtedly on the increase.

AN GARDA SIOCHANA.

OIFIG AN CHOIMISINEARA,

BAILE ATHA CLIATH.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
DUBLIN.



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Any reply to this communication should be addressed to

The Commissioner,
Garda Síochána,
Dublin.

and the following number quoted —

Different matters should be made to form the subject of separate communications.

The Editor,
"Vox-Cop"
State Police,
Hartford,
Connecticut,
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Editor,

As Commissioner of Ireland's National Police, I gladly avail of the opportunity offered by your special St. Patrick's Day number to extend warmest, fraternal Greetings from the police officers of the Gárda Síochána to the Connecticut State Police Officers and the police officers of the United States.

So many of our exiled people and their sons have won honour and fame for the part they have played in building up the reputation of your police for fearlessness, efficiency, loyalty and courage, that we in "the old land" have a special soft corner in our hearts for the police of the U.S.A., and take a special pride and interest in their achievements.

With all good wishes from,

Yours fraternally,

M. J. Kimane

COMMISSIONER.

GARDA SIOCHANA
(Civic Guard)

Oifig an Árd Cheannphort,
(Chief Superintendent's Office),



éire

Thurles,

28th February, 1947.

In case of any further communication on this subject, please quote the following reference) and address—

The Chief Superintendent, Garda Siochana, Thurles.

The Editor,
VOX-COP,
State Police,
Hartford,
Connecticut,
U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in availing myself of the opportunity and honour afforded me by your esteemed Police Commissioner, Edward J. Hickey, Esq., to extend on behalf of the Civic Guard Force in County Tipperary, and on my own behalf, Saint Patrick's Day Greetings to the Connecticut State Police Officers and to all police officers throughout the United States of America of Irish descent, particularly the exiled sons of County Tipperary.

To their families and friends, as to themselves, we here in Tipperary wish Peace, Health and Happiness, and Courage and Faith to do their duty to God and Country loyally, fearlessly and well.

Yours faithfully,

E.A. Reynolds
CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT

A I R B I T O F I E R I N

VOX-COP

March, 1947

The Superintendent's Office,
Garda Siochana (Civic Guard),
Athlone,
Co. Westmeath,
Eire.

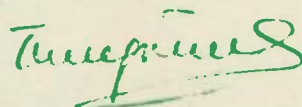
1st March, 1947.

E. J. Hickey, Esq.,
Commissioner,
Department of State Police,
100 Washington Street,
Hartford 1. Conn.

Dear Sir,

On behalf of the Garda Siochana of Athlone District I have much pleasure in extending the greetings of the Force here to fellow Police Officers in the State of Connecticut on the occasion of the Special edition of VOX-COP. Coupled with these greetings I would add the seasons particular greeting - i.e. St. Patrick's Day greeting - to all members of the Police Force of Connecticut

Very Sincerely Yours,



Superintendent.

GARDA SÍOCHÁNA



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Oifig an Ard-Cheannphoirt,
(Chief Superintendent's Office),

GALWAY

March 1st, 1947

Uimh. Thag.
Ref. No.

The Editor,
VOX-COP,
State Police,
Hartford,
Connecticut, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I learn with great pleasure from the Commissioner of Police for the State of Connecticut that the Connecticut Police Department intends to honour Ireland and the very many Police officers of Irish parentage and descent throughout the great United States of America by the publication for St. Patrick's Day, feast day of our National Apostle, of a special edition of VOX-COP and I avail gladly of the opportunity which this special edition affords me to extend, on my own behalf and on behalf of all the Galway members of the Garda Siochana, to the Connecticut State Police and to all other Police officers in the United States of America our hearty, fraternal greetings and sincere, good wishes for success in their profession and for health, happiness and prosperity in their private lives.

Sincerely yours,

H.V. MacManus
CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT

MPOC

VOX-COP

March, 1947

GARDA SIOCHANA

In case of any further communication on this subject, please quote the following reference **CE.625/47.** and address-

The Chief Superintendent, Garda Siochana, **Cork.**



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Oifig an Árd Cheannphort,
(Chief Superintendent's Office).

Union Quay, Cork.

8th March, 1947.

The Editor,
VOX-COP,
State Police,
Hartford,
Connecticut,
U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I have been reminded that it is your intention to issue a special edition of your magazine for March, 17th this year. Perhaps you will permit me through the medium of your publication to offer friendly greetings to the officers and men of the police department of the State of Connecticut and of the numerous other police forces of the U.S.A. which your magazine no doubt reaches.

On my own behalf and on behalf of the officers and men of the Garda Siochana in the City and County of Cork, particularly on the occasion of our National Holiday I have pleasure in sending fraternal greetings to those of our kith and kin engaged in the noble work of the protection of life and property and the preservation of peace throughout the United States of America.

Yours faithfully,

Chief Superintendent.
(F. Burke).



To Curb Crime Tighten Parole System

In the holdup murder of Patrolman Cecil Ingling we have come full-circle back to the problem of releasing confirmed criminals on "parole." The three thugs who killed Ingling—the one who was captured and the two the police are seeking—are "parolees."

It is plain that an overhauling of the parole system as it is operated in this State is needed. Officials attached to that system are defending it, in spite of the ugly facts coming out regarding Ingling's murderers.

The basis of that defense is the assertion that a large number of convicts under parole settle down quietly and behave themselves.

This may be true, and it may be accepted as demonstrating need for some kind of a parole system. But the constant reappearance in criminal activities of men who have been let out of prison as supposedly reformed; the murders, assaults, burglaries and other vicious crimes for which they are responsible, are forcible proof that existing parole methods are not good enough by any means.

In fact, they constitute a menace to law-abiding people, especially at this time when the country is going through a crime wave of unexampled proportions.

The man, Edward Hough, who was captured after Ingling's murder, and the accomplices for whom the police are searching, James F. Smith and David Almeida, were "model prisoners" while in the Eastern Penitentiary.

Of course they were—it was their only chance to be paroled. And, according to Major Henry C. Hill, chairman of the State Parole Board, they seem to have been "model" parolees—very good boys.

But there they were a few days ago holding up a supermarket near 20th street and Fairmount avenue—hardly a step away from Cherry Hill prison—when Ingling, unarmed and utterly forgetful of danger, tried to halt their stolen automobile and was shot down in cold blood.

Hough self-educated himself as an English teacher while serving five years of a five-to-ten-year sentence for holdup.

Almeida, 32, has a criminal record going back to his teens. He was sentenced for holdup and robbery, served less than ten years and was pardoned and released on parole last fall. The youngest of the three, James Smith, is 22. He served half of a "three-to-six"-year term for assault and attempted holdup, was released last April and has been working in his father's delicatessen store since.

All three had specialized in armed robberies. They went back to their trade, in spite of parole checkups and seemingly good records since they walked out of the "Pen" with the kindly admonitions of parole officials.

The last great crime wave, in the Thirties, brought out sharply the evils of parole systems. Some names of that era are familiar yet—John Dillinger, Alvin Karpis, Doc Barker, Baby-Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd, Raymond Hamilton, Harmon Waley, William Mahan, Robert Mais, Walter Legurenza, Walter and George McGee—murderers, bankrobbers, holdup men, kidnapers.

Virtually all had been paroled once, some twice, to get back at their old games, to kill more people or commit other crimes before their careers were ended in the electric chair, in grim battles with G-men or by long prison terms.

That vicious history is repeating itself. Through the parole system hardened, desperate men are being fed back into criminal ranks. The system has taken on the character of legalized and semi-automatic mercy for thugs.

No criminal who has used a gun or other deadly weapon deserves to be paroled. The system which is turning such individuals loose is wrong on its face. It has got to be revised, with the emphasis where it belongs—on protecting the public and the police from murderers and confirmed crooks.

COURTESY PAYS

A human interest story from Washington, D. C., telling of the appointment of William J. Broderick, for 19 years a member of the Pennsylvania state police, to the post of captain of the capitol police force, brings to the fore one of his cardinal principles for the men under him. Broderick says he is going to insist on courtesy, first, last and all the time, from his policemen. He figures the taxpayers, who come to Washington to see the capitol, are paying the freight. Consequently they are entitled to every courtesy his men can show them. It will be "yes sir," "no sir," and "yes m'am" and "no m'am" from his men, he said, and in dealing with "difficult" people his men should still be as mild as possible and still accomplish their job. Each week, he says, produces a few persons at the capitol with grudges against the government or some idea in their disturbed minds that they have a "mission" to damage the capitol building, etc.

The contrast, if Broderick succeeds in this courtesy idea, is bound to be marked with the hardboiled methods followed by the police in some cities. Complaints are frequent, for instance, that it sometimes is hard to get a civil answer from policemen in New York city. Strangers in the community often find the officers on duty impatient over any inquiry, no matter how reasonable, although it is of course perfectly true that this applies only to some of the officers. There are men on the New York force who are courteous and helpful under all conditions, which makes the contrast with the grouchy or belligerent ones all

the more noticeable.

And, ironically enough, it is a fact that the Pennsylvania state police once had a reputation of being a hard-boiled, discourteous force, although marked improvement has been noted in recent years. It was a favorite practice of the Pennsylvania state police some years ago to stop a long line of cars to check licenses and registrations, bawling everyone out in general principle particularly if, well back down the line, the motorists dared to ask what the delay was all about.

Courtesy on the part of the police does pay dividends, unquestionably, and ugly dispositions in policemen bring a community into disrepute. "Oh yes," says the motorist as the name of a city is mentioned, "that's the town where that traffic cop practically had apoplexy when I got into the wrong traffic line that time. Remember?" The officer of the law, on the contrary, who goes out of his way to be helpful and courteous, who corrects the transgressions of motorists in a moderate and reasonable manner--even, if need be, sternly--is one of the best advertisements for his town. The emotionally unrestrained policeman, whose gorge begins to rise the moment he spots a traffic offender--the man who perhaps has, fundamentally, the instincts of a bully and no patience whatever--is often a detriment to a police force.

-- (New London Day)

THEY CHASE TRAIN ROBBERS

by Ruth S. Livingston

OF SOME 6 000 arrests made by the railway police in each of the past few years one of the most satisfying was that of a personable young man who had long been known to them as "the brideless bridegroom."

He was a Pullman car con man. It was his practice to board a car a few minutes before a train left the station. With wedding clothes full of rice and a voice full of anguish, he would exclaim that he'd lost his wallet, that his bride was in their compartment, weeping over the penniless honeymoon. Warm-hearted fellow passengers were usually good for \$50 or \$100, and after profuse thanks, the young man would dash back to his imaginary bride—and off the train as it rolled away. But one day, after having worked his dodge for two years, he dashed off into the arms of the New York Central police.

Such police—7,500 strong throughout the country—are employed by every railroad of consequence in the United States. Each road maintains and pays its own force. But as members of the Protective Section of the Association of American Railroads, all forces co-operate in hunting down and arresting criminals. They have their own over-all communications system and a monthly newsletter that serves as a clearing house for railroad crime information.

The authority of the railway police varies from state to state but they are always empowered to make arrests on railroad property and in some states, well beyond it. Their badges are supplied by the companies they work for, sometimes under the authority of state police.

You see some of the railway police dressed in conventional blue uniforms. But there are hundreds of others in plain clothes, riding the passenger trains or patrolling the big terminal stations. And there are many more in workmen's overalls riding the boxcars and guarding property in freight yards.

They are an efficient band. They have a record of 98 convictions out of every hundred cases tried. When organized in 1921, they

launched a big offensive against railroad crime. At that time the annual robbery losses on American and Canadian lines amounted to \$10 000,000. By 1939 it had fallen to \$407,000. Robbery losses rose again during the war because of the added passenger and freight load. Nevertheless, the police can take some credit for the fact that throughout the war there was not a single confirmed case of enemy sabotage on any of the 250,000 miles of railway they covered.

The job of the Railway police, in short, is to protect both people and property in stations, freight trains and passenger trains. Their station activities are the most varied despite the fact that most of them boil down to guarding people against their own foibles.

In Penn Station, which handles millions of passengers a month, uniformed police are kept busy directing cab traffic, answering questions of baffled travelers, escorting sick people to rest rooms and returning stray moppets to their parents. Eight or 10 plain-clothes men wander through the vast waiting rooms with their eyes on luggage and the kind of people who are likely to make off with it. Lieutenant James R. Thompson, who has been in charge of Penn Station protection for 28 of his 64 years, often can be found standing inconspicuously among a throng pressing through the gate to a Florida special.

Slick Workers

"THERE'S a lot of money on those passengers," he explains, "and there may be pickpockets among them. They're pretty slick. Two or three will work together. One cops a wallet and slips it to the man behind him. By the time the victim gets that 'empty-pocket' feeling, the wallet's gone forever."

Bag snatching is even more of a problem. "A lot of people ask for it," Thompson says. "They put their things down, then wander away to pick up tickets or magazines. They're always surprised when they come back and find bags missing. Of course, we recover a lot. It's not hard to spot a fellow sneaking out of

the station with luggage he couldn't afford."

Herbert G. Moxham, Police Chief of the Boston & Maine, tells about a veteran just back from the Pacific who lost a bag while buying tickets for himself and his new bride. He rushed to the station police with a frantic plea for help. They immediately showed him a bag one of their men had removed five minutes earlier from a furtive individual hurrying out of the station. The astonished soldier identified it and resumed his wedding trip on schedule.

In Penn Station, the police are often summoned by a device most travelers would never notice. In each corner of the main waiting room is a large but innocent-looking white globe. When a globe lights up it's a signal for any policeman who sees it to phone the inspector's office. It may only mean that a small boy has to be talked out of running off to the Far West. Perhaps a rough drunk has to be discouraged, or a suspicious-looking parcel opened.

One day's routine included an elderly spinster who threw herself at one of the police and told him breathlessly that a strange man had been following her for five blocks. A plain-clothes man solemnly escorted her to her destination—the home of a friend where she was going to pick up a pet canary.

Another police responsibility in big stations is the protection of visiting notables, and most of the station police are proud of their famous acquaintances. Lieutenant Thompson has been on familiar terms with every President since Wilson.

Freight Jobs Are Tough

His associates, however, are most likely to remind him of his relations with Ex-Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. One day when Thompson was accompanying him to a train, the venerable jurist decided he wanted a newspaper. There was no time to buy one, so Thompson handed him one from his own pocket. He later discovered he'd given him a racing form. When Hughes returned, he

congratulated Thompson on the choices he had marked for bets.

Where railway policing gets really tough and risky is in freight operations. No one knows, and the railway police are the last people on earth who would tell just how much stealable stuff travels by freight. But there are unquestionably great amounts of cold cash, clothing and cigarettes, and when sizable shipments of such items are dispatched the police take careful precautions. Cars and yards are flood-lighted and closely guarded during night loadings. Police often ride in locomotives or cabooses to watch the cars en route and at station and watering stops.

The police chief of one railroad tells of a typical freight-robbery case. **Hundreds of large boxes of cigarettes were disappearing from shipments coming out of the Potomac yards near Washington.** Police found that two men would climb to the top of a cigarette car in the yards. After the train pulled out, one would lower himself by a rope ladder, break the door seal and, while the other stood watch, sling dozens of boxes out along the right-of-way where accomplices waited to pick them up.

This same police chief says that in the past 30 years 15 of his men have been shot to death in freight duty. "Not by big-time gangsters, but by unauthorized riders — ordinary hobos — who happened to be armed and just lost their heads when they were caught. Many of these men have criminal records and are wanted by the regular police.

"A few years ago in West Virginia, out of four hundred men arrested for unauthorized riding, one hundred and twenty had previous records and thirty-five were wanted for major crimes in other places. So when we turn them over to civil authorities, we're rendering a service that goes beyond railway protection. I tell you this because a lot of folks are sentimental about hobos and think we're too tough on them."

Agile Trickster

THE third aspect of railway police operations—passenger protection—is perhaps the most colorful of all. It was in this sort of duty that they caught the "brideless bridegroom." Another similar trickster had a flesh-and-blood wife and made excellent use of her in his work — partly because she was so agile. The police inspector who told about her said,

"You won't believe it, but this woman could stand in the aisle of a Pullman car and hoist herself into an upper berth with one leap. She and her husband would get reservations on a sleeper going, say, from New York to Buffalo. But they'd buy tickets only to Syracuse. At night they'd turn in when everyone else in the car did. Three or four hours later, the husband would go into the smoking room and get the porter into conversation, telling him that he couldn't sleep.

"While they were chinning, the wife would slip through the car filching wallets and jewelry. She'd jump into an empty upper if she could find one; from there she could reach clothes hung in a lower. They'd get off the train before most of the other passengers were up. They worked this game east and west for several years. But we have a fast communication system among all the roads, and after we got a series of suspiciously similar reports on Pullman robberies in one section of the country, we were able to close in on them."

VIP's Upset Schedules

ONE of the more specialized jobs of the railway police is the protection of famous and important travelers. Presidents are a singularly difficult charge, and the police go to elaborate lengths to safeguard them. They will not disclose all of their methods, but a few of them will give you an idea. **On some lines, when a President's train is on the rails, no other train may pass it in either direction. There is always the remote possibility that the second train might be derailed and cause a smash-up.** Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of trains must be stopped, entailing an enormously complicated revision of schedules. Freight trains, for example, are run onto sidings before the President's train passes. Bridges, crossings, underpasses and tracks are carefully inspected. Some lines run a pilot engine ahead of the train for the entire journey.

President Roosevelt was a great railroad traveler, especially between Washington and Hyde Park, and the police of the Baltimore and Ohio probably knew as much about his week-end whereabouts as anyone in the country.

Roosevelt's train often came into Pennsylvania Station too, and whenever it stopped there, 50 or 60 railway police stood guard around it. Lieutenant Thompson likes to

recall the time he found Fala on the station platform as the President's train was pulling out and pitched him aboard in the nick of time. But his smile fades quickly when he recalls the night an air hose popped off under the President's car and every policeman on the scene took it for a bomb or a gunshot.

Every now and then the railway police are involved in duty for which there seems to be no convenient category. One of them found himself hot on the trail of a youth who, like many another, had enjoyed the witless sensation of throwing something through the window of a moving train. This time, however, it had been a monstrous piece of pie dough, and it had hit one of the railroad's most important executives.

Another policeman, working for the Long Island Railroad, declares that one of the greatest satisfactions of his career was in jumping onto the tracks to retrieve the handbag of a woman who stood looking from bag to approaching train with tears of terror and dismay. A colleague says he never made anyone happier than when he came upon a lad in the freight yards. The boy was grieving over two lost Scotties, and the cop finally located them for him in a boxcar.

The Pennsylvania police thought they'd seen everything until the day they got a riot call by telegraph from a train coming into the station at Newark, N. J. When they and a dozen city police swarmed aboard, they found a desperate group of trainmen and conductors held at bay by a throng of sailors who had taken a dislike to the ensign in charge of them and locked him in a men's room.

The police released the unhappy young officer, and the train and the war went on apace. *The End*

---THIS WEEK MAGAZINE

LIGHT-FINGERED JOB

A driver for the New York State Department of Public Works thought it was perfectly safe to walk off early yesterday and leave a two-wheeled sand spreader, unloaded, especially since it was attached to a truck whose motor had broken down on Northern Boulevard near the Village of Laurel Hollow in Nassau County. He was wrong. When he got back with help, the sand spreader had been detached and dragged away.

DETECTIVE LOSES HAT

Detroit, -- (AP) -- Detective Ralph Mahanna has been a policeman for 18 years and during that time, he said, he always has sat in restaurants where he could keep his eyes on his hat.

Recently, however, he was unable to find a seat facing a clothes hanger in a Woodward Ave. cafe.

His \$12.50 hat was gone when he went to get it.

"COLD" CASH STOLEN
AT FULTON MARKET

A total of \$1,136 in "cold" cash and \$420 in checks was stolen from the Fulton Market store at 368 Bank St. after burglars made a forced entrance early today, according to Inspector Joseph R. Bendler.

Detective James Stack said thieves coolly bored holes in a lower panel of the rear door and smashed it down sometime between 2:30 and 4:50 a. m.

The money and checks were taken from cigar boxes secreted in the meat cooler, the police report said. (Waterbury American)

SERGEANT SATISFIES
PERSISTENT CUSTOMER

Chicago,-- (AP)--John Petahara came into the Chicago Ave. Police Station seeking a place to sleep.

In the morning he complained. "The bench was too hard. The cops made too much noise at morning roll call. Besides," he said "the prisoners have nice cots to sleep on. I've got my rights!"

"OK," snorted Sgt. Frank Sheehan. He booked Petahara on a disorderly conduct charge. "You can have a cell for the next 24 hours."

"That," said Petahara, "is what I came here for in the first place."

TODAY'S BEST STORY

Puyallup, Wash., -- (AP)--While on patrol Officers Frank Doolin and James Rooker came upon a motorist having trouble with the lights of his car.

While they were helping him fix the lights their patrol car radio announced the license number of a stolen automobile--that of the car they were fixing.

COWBOY-COPS LASSO
BLAZING GREASE POT

Philadelphia,-- (AP)--A fire in a police garage was averted by two officers who thought quick--and then turned "cowboy."

A backfiring police car, one of 50 being serviced, started a blaze in a portable greasing machine.

Capt. Howard McBride and Patrolman John Davidson lassoed the apparatus and towed it into the street.

LYDDY WARNS HOUSEWIVES
AGAINST 'BOGUS' SALESMEN

By Robert L. Sawyer
A warning issued recently to all Bridgeport residents, Supt. John A. Lyddy turned a suspicious eye on unauthorized house-to-house canvassers, by urging everyone to safeguard themselves against "bogus" salesmen.

"Women or children left alone in their homes, could be easy prey to the thief or burglar who plans to gain entrance by posing as a salesman," Supt. Lyddy warned.

The Police Department has taken precautions against bogus solicitors, by issuing permits to all bona fide house-to-house salesmen. The permit is applied for by any person wishing to canvass here, and bears a complete identification, including fingerprints and picture.

The permit, in card form, grants permission to solicit funds, subscriptions of or orders for future delivery; but is not an endorsement of the bearer, merchandise, or services offered, by the Police department.

Clearly stated on the card are rules prohibiting the transfer of the card, or soliciting before 8 a. m. or after 6 p. m. and making courtesy compulsory at all times, and requiring that the permit be shown upon request.

Signed by Supt. Lyddy, the permit is the means by which the resident can safeguard himself against robbery or burglary.

"Be suspicious of any salesman who calls at your home before 8 a. m. or after 6 p. m." Supt. Lyddy asserted. "If he is authorized, he will not appear at these times."

"Do not hesitate to demand his credentials at any time, and refuse any dealings with him unless

he can produce them.

The canvassers' picture on the permit will make positive identification quite simple, Supt. Lyddy said. Bar him from your home until you are satisfied of his identity.

Beware of Evening Callers

"Numerous complaints have reached us recently of suspicious-acting salesmen who call after dark," the superintendent asserted. "The questions that they have asked children and women who open the door lead us to believe that all of them are not bent on legitimate dealings.

"A salesman, who burglarized more than a score of homes in this and surrounding communities by first posing as a salesman to determine who was at home, is still fresh in our minds," Supt. Lyddy recalled. "His apprehension terminated a long series of burglaries and thefts in which the gullible housewife was in important accomplice.

Honest Man Welcomes Inquiry

"The canvasser often has good merchandise, and is as reputable a business man as you can find anywhere. If he is, he will be as anxious to identify himself as you are to have him identified. Gaining your confidence by proving that his solicitation is properly authorized should be the first step in the sale.

"If housewives refuse to open the door to canvassers after 6 p. m. and parents warn their children to take the same precautions; this is by far the most effective method of discouraging attacks and robberies in the future."

--(Bridgeport Sunday Post)

Yankee ^{By The} Clipper

VOX-COP

March, 1947

"Send me 1000 Colt Revolvers at once..."

General Zachary Taylor, Texas 1846

*... and President Polk ordered from Samuel Colt of
Hartford, Connecticut, the Colt Walker model .44 revolver*



Three thousand miles away in Texas, there was a border war. It was a fast-shooting war, and many a life was lost while a man reloaded his gun. Here's where Samuel Colt's repeater was needed—urgently. When President Polk's message was received, ironically, there were none available or in production, for the government had twice rejected the repeater for official military use. Colt knew that Connecticut could produce them—and fast! for here men understood standardized parts production. There was Eli Whitney's plant at Whitneyville . . . the clockmakers of Waterbury and Bristol . . . the small machine shops throughout the state. To them Samuel Colt sublet orders for parts that were assembled under his direction in Hartford. These were the first significant stirrings of American mass production methods.

Samuel Colt's life was as romantic and adventuresome as a novel. His grandfather, a Revolutionary War veteran, told him tales of war and famous Indian fighters that fired the lad's imagination with the idea of a gun that would shoot several times without reloading. At eighteen, he sailed for Calcutta on board the brig *Corlo*, and from this adventure brought back to America the wooden model for future Colts, which he had whittled during long days at sea. There followed the Walker .44 in 1847 . . . the Wells Fargo .31 in 1848 . . . the Six-Shooter that shot its way west in the Gold Rush of '49.

In 1855, Samuel Colt purchased an expanse of meadow land to the south of Hartford. The land was low and flooded every spring, but the ingenious Colt filled it in, built flood walls and planted willows with sinuous roots to hold the soil. Here he built Colt's Armory . . . America's first major assembly line production, based on standardized parts and divided labor. To it came future industrialists for training, among them Francis Pratt and Amos Whitney.

The Colt repeater revolver was literally the shot that was heard around the world. Its distribution was international . . . it took the names of Colt and Connecticut to the farthest corners of the earth. Its manufacture was the spark that set the great wheels of American industry turning . . . their hum and whir is a perpetual memorial to Samuel Colt, inventor, chemist, industrial engineer and citizen of Connecticut. This was . . . This *is* Connecticut.

G. FOX & CO. Ad. -- (Hartford Courant)

STATE POLICEMAN PICKS UP
UNEXPECTED LOAD OF LUMBER WHEN
TRUCK SKIDS BACKWARD ON HILL

(Stafford Press)

Only to a State Policeman could it have happened--getting a load of lumber on the hood of his cruiser when a lumber truck decided to proceed backward instead of forward!

It happened like this recently when traveling on the highways hereabouts was a treacherous as a Judas kiss:

Officer Ludwig Kolodziej, Station C, was the victim. He was driving to the Barracks from his home in Suffield, and was driving up the north side of Somers Mountain. Well up the hill he came up behind the truck, which was having hard going on the iced slope.

Kolodziej stayed well in the rear of the heavy vehicle, watching his driving P's and Q's--about 100 feet in the rear.

All of a sudden the truck lost traction and began to skid decisively backward. The State Policeman decided to do likewise, went into reverse, and drove backward whence he came, toward Somers 4 Corners.

Nothing came from the rearward movement--the truck was heavier and could move faster than the State Police Ford.

The inevitable happened -- Crash!

The scattered lumber didn't happen to hit the windshield, and Kolodziej was saved from a more personal collision. There wasn't enough timber on the hood to build a garage, perhaps -- but there was plenty scattered around the forward end of the car.

Damage to the cruiser was estimated at \$200.

FOR THE PROTECTION
OF THE INDIVIDUAL

(Meriden Morning Record)

A bill to license private detectives operating or soliciting business in Connecticut has been submitted to the General Assembly for enactment into law. It is a good bill, and should be passed. It aims to protect the public from unscrupulous persons posing as private detectives, and to make available to the public the names of reputable private investigators.

It was an incident in Meriden which caused State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey to have drafted a bill to bring private detectives under state supervision. Two local men are now under arrest, released under \$10,000 bonds, on charges of blackmail which arose from their having allegedly threatened a local woman whom they were hired by her husband to investigate. It is charged that they took the husband's money, and hers, too, in as conscienceless a shakedown as can be imagined.

It is to prevent such unprincipled acts that the bill to license private investigators has been proposed. The role of private detective offers a tempting field for racketeering and exploitation by unscrupulous or irresponsible persons. Connecticut citizens are entitled to be secure from unauthorized and unwarranted investigation of their private affairs. Embodying as it does the best features of similar legislation in New York State and Massachusetts, the measure now before the legislature will, if enacted into law, serve the best interests of the people of Connecticut. It should be passed.

POLICE LET DRIVER
OFF EASY, GET REWARD

Springfield, Ill., -- (AP) -- Don Robertson, Chicago salesman, told police on his arrival at headquarters with an overtime parking ticket that he was prepared to pay up to \$15 fine and take the usual tongue-lashing "I get up north" in Chicago.

Police politely told him to put away his billfold. Because he had responded so promptly they told him he would have to pay only five cents--the amount he had forgotten to put in the parking meter.

Robertson was so surprised he paid the nickel and donated \$10 to the policemen's pension fund.

VETERAN MAKES DREAM COME TRUE

Stamford, -- (UP) -- The urge finally proved too much.

Thomas Parkington, 19, walked up to Stamford Police Station today, smashed the green light over the door, and then gave himself up.

He explained, "that's something I dreamed of doing all the while I was in the Army."

REALISTIC!

Kelso, Wash., -- (AP) -- Motorcycle Patrolman Marvin Bishop congratulated himself on escaping from a traffic accident without injury.

Then he went to bed and dreamed about the accident. He threw up an arm, toppled over a bedside lamp and lost a tooth when the lamp fell on him.

INTRODUCTION

Council Bluffs, Iowa, -- (AP) --

Two Iowa State highway patrolmen, waiting in the sheriff's office for a traffic violator who was late, spied a man coming down the corridor.

"Here is our man," one patrolman said calling to the man. "Get in here Bud."

A bemused look came over the stranger's face as he stuck out his hand.

"My name's Al Kehl. What's yours?" he asked the patrolmen.

The patrolmen, their faces flushed, introduced themselves to Iowa's new public safety commissioner, the boss of the highway patrol.

POLICE SHADOW DOG,
EXPOSE FAMILY

Chicago, -- (AP) -- A black mongrel dog which wandered into the Werran Ave. Police Station a few days ago made a fuss over Policeman Clarence Hayden, who said he doesn't like dogs.

But Hayden soon became the dog's champion although other policemen favored taking her to an animal shelter. Hayden allowed her the run of the station and fed her. Then he planned to take the dog home.

But he changed his plans last night. Police trailed the dog from the station and found she had a family of eight puppies hidden away in a nearby basement.

CREDIT

Items of Irish news published in this issue of Vox-Cop have been clipped from an Irish Newspaper, The Westmeath Independent.

We are also indebted to the magazine, Irish Travel, for a scenic view of Ireland. -EC-

POLICE USELESS ON
LORD HOWE ISLAND

By The Associated Press

People who want to get away from atom bombs and food shortages might glance longingly at Lord Howe Island, 450 miles off the Australian coast, but it wouldn't do them much good. They might go there as tourists (the government is planning a plane service) but the 3,200-acre dot in the South Pacific is not open to permanent residents who are not descendants of the original settlers.

Even the present 120 residents cannot own any saleable or transferable right to the island's rich acres. Each resident is allotted an area of land when he comes of age and further allotments are made on marriage and after the birth of each child. But the shares revert to the community on the death of the holder.

The little community is legally a part of Sydney, but the administration is independent. The island has no policemen and no traffic problem. There is not one automobile there.

Principal source of cash income for the residents are the seeds of the kentia palm which can grow any place in the world, but which produces seed only on the island. These palms are those used in hotel lobbies all over the world.

But the residents also raise poultry, pigs and goats, so there is no meat shortage and the lagoon has a large supply of tuna. The islanders catch enough so that they can export some. Vegetable seeds are another export item.

Their little homeland has the most southern coral reef in the world, but there is no safe harbor for shipping, although in the

middle of the nineteenth century, scores of whaling ships called there to replenish water and provisions.

It was settled in 1934 by eight people from New Zealand but they were soon bought out by two Sydney men. The population was 16 in 1851 and 36 in 1869.

In 1912, a royal commission found that the palm seed trade had grown to such an extent that a board was established to administer the affairs of the island. The government reserves the right to take over any of the island property whenever it sees fit.

THINKING

If you think you are beaten, you are;

If you think you dare not, you don't'

If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,

It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost:

For our of the world, we find
Success begins with a fellow's
will--

It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed,
you are;

You've got to think high to
rise,

You've got to be sure of your-
self before

You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who
wins.

Is the one who THINKS he can.

POLICE OUTWIT WOMEN,
ARREST THEM FOR POKER

Brooklyn police with a practical knowledge of poker psychology neatly called a feminine bluff recently, and came up with a full house.

When a complainant telephoned the police about a noisy stud poker match among ten women players in an apartment, the police went about midnight to investigate. They listened to the proceedings through the door for awhile, and finally, convinced that the racket was too loud, they rapped in the name of the law. There was a long silence.

When the door finally opened, there were only four women having a quiet game of bridge. The other six were not to be seen.

But a keen eye detected a window, and beyond it a fire-escape balcony. The police made no move. Instead, they talked amiably with the foursome and let the time pass.

Outdoors it was below freezing in the biting wind.

Soon there came a gentle tapping on the pane. "Let us in," said one of the sextette. "It's too cold out here."

All ten were rounded up on charges of disorderly conduct, and received suspended sentences after giving their promise to play more quietly in the future.

--(Herald Tribune)

SLIPPERY BOY BANDIT
MAKES USE OF MOUTH

Detroit, --(AP)-- A slippery boy-bandit escaped from a neighborhood grocery carrying \$170 in stolen cash in his mouth, hands and pockets.

Mrs. Minnie Barakap, proprietor of the store, told police the boy, about 15, sneaked into a

walk - in refrigerator where the store safe is kept while she was waiting on a customer.

As he emerged with bills clenched in teeth and fists and bulging from his pockets, Mrs. Barakap tried unsuccessfully to block him. He also eluded the grasp of one customer and jerked the door of the store open despite efforts of another patron to trap him.

HE SAW IT ALL

Fitchburg, Mass., --Firemen answering an alarm on Kilroy Street found a three-year-old boy waiting expectantly at the fire box. "Did you see somebody ring this box, sonny?" asked Captain Alexander Bean. "Yep," said the youngster, "he piled that snow in front of the box and then climbed up to pull the handle." "Who was he, do you know?" the firemen queried. "Yep," replied the youngster. "He was me."

"TAXES TAXES"

Rochester, N. Y., --(AP)-- A middle-aged taxpayer appeared before U. S. Deputy Collector Francis A. Dalton in the Federal Building with a problem.

"I owe the government \$27.37," he told Dalton, "but it's sewed on the inside of my underwear and I can't get it out in front of all these people."

Dalton led the way to an unoccupied cashier's booth where the frustrated taxpayer removed his long underwear, and plucked from it the money to meet Uncle Sam's bill.

"This," remarked Dalton, "is the first time I've ever had to strip a customer to get his tax."

Safety mindedness

"I PICK UP THE PIECES"

by Sewell Peaslee Wright

"They send for me when there's death on the highway. I drive the ambulance, and my next customer might be you."

You wouldn't like my job. I don't like it myself. I'm an ambulance driver, the guy who picks up the pieces — yours, or your kid's, or his girl friend's.

Brutal language? It's a brutal job, and a brutal situation, and it's time we did something about it.

Wait a second; that's the phone. Maybe ...

OK, partner, you're in. It's a smash-up out on 103. Pile into the ambulance. Bill's got a headache, and you can go along in his place.

Cozy up here in the driver's compartment, isn't it? And doesn't she ride nice? She's heavy, and long, and she's sprung for this kind of work, but I'd rather drive anything else that rolls on wheels.

I've been driving ambulances for 12 years now, but I never roll this thing down the street that I don't wonder who's out there at the end of the line. Twelve years of this, and I'm still scared stiff every time I answer a call. You'd think I'd be used to it, hardened to it? Well, I'm not, and I don't know any ambulance driver who is.

Sure, we joke about it, but that's just whistling in the dark. We all know that it *might* be someone we love, and any man who has driven an ambulance as long as I have has had to pick up a friend or two.

That's right, we're making better time now. We're out in the country, and we still have ten miles to go.

Two cars, the guy said; the one who phoned. All smashed to hell. Four kids in one of them — and I've got kids, chum. Two of them. The girl is sixteen and the boy is a year older. You can't keep them in every night; you can't forbid them to step into a car. Kids nowadays go everywhere in cars.

When Kids Show Off

THAT'S right. I've got kids on my mind. Know why? Partly because I have youngsters of my own, sure, but partly because I know what every ambulance driver knows: that kids cause more than their share of accidents.

You have one of your own, so you know how kids are. Take my Jim. He's a good boy, on the football team, and gets good grades. But Jim's like any kid: He loves to show off, and he'll take a chance that I wouldn't take and that you wouldn't take. For a dare, or a medal, or a wide-eyed look from a girl, he'll take an awful chance. You know what I mean.

Liquor? That's a small part of it. But even a little drinking is too much to pile on top of that reckless, show-off spirit I was just talking about.

It's the older drivers who are really drunk. If the accident is close in, and we get there quickly, we very often see someone in the party throwing away a bottle or two, getting it out of sight before the cops arrive. There's a law in this state against having an opened bottle of liquor in a car.

It must be quite a smack-up; see all those cars up ahead? There'll be a hundred cars or so on each side of the road, and a mob around the injured people, doing all sorts of things that shouldn't be done — moving them around, washing wounds, even trying to reduce fractures. I remember a car that ran into a concrete culvert guard. One man had a compound fracture of his left arm; must have been broken in three or four places; it was limp as a rag. When I got there a yokel had one foot in the man's armpit, and was pulling on the bad arm. He'd seen a doctor

set a broken arm that way, he told me.

Don't Look Too Much

TURN on that spotlight, and keep moving it. Maybe we can push our way through this mob without killing some more people. I guess we beat the cops to the job, at that.

Move on, mister; we've got to park here. This is an ambulance, in case you haven't noticed, and we're trying to get in where we can help those people over there in the cornfield. ... Thanks, mister, you're a great guy.

OK, pal, turn the light over there, and let it ride. We're going to need it. Around back with me, and take the other end of the stretcher ... that's it. Don't look any more than you have to. Keep swallowing: I've found that helps me a lot, sometimes.

Now you can see why I hate this job. Know any of them? No? Well, thank God for that. Neither do I.

No use stopping here; didn't you notice her head — what's left of it? It doesn't take an M.D. to pronounce her; just a look — and the shorter the better. The police will be along in a minute — they'll have to get the coroner out here, if they haven't already.

The boy's the one. He's the worst of the lot. Don't look at his eyes — you'll see them for days. And don't worry about the blood; there's not too much of it, often a little bleeding is a good thing.

Easy does it, now. That's it. Don't worry about his groaning; he's not conscious. He'd be screaming if he were. I've heard them scream, and it's something that wakes you up nights, in a cold sweat. Now up ... gently. Break step with me. If you two men don't get out of the way, and stop crowding,

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

I'll be back here in a minute with a jackhandle and personally take care of you. This isn't a vaudeville show, you know--this kid may be dying.

Oh, you're the man in the other car? From the looks of your car you're lucky to be walking, mister. Very lucky.

No, I don't know who they are. That's not my business; not yet. Later, I may have to look in their pockets for a name and an address. Get their folks up out of bed, perhaps, and tell them... Great job I have!

Payment for Foolishness

It was all their fault? Look, mister, I'm not a cop. I just drive an ambulance. All right, they tried to pass you when another car was bearing down from the opposite direction. They had to cut across in front of you, so they smashed into you and rolled both cars across the ditch and through the fence.

From what that guy says, it sounds as though they were driving recklessly, but take a look at this kid here on the stretcher. If he lives, he'll pay for his foolishness. Any idea how many stitches they'll have to take in his face? Not less than a hundred.

Onto the cot, now, then back with the other stretcher. If the crowd will just leave him alone... We'll get the other girl this time; she's not in such bad shape. A broken leg and shock. Maybe internal injuries; you never can tell.

That young fellow with the dirty face and bloody hand, walking around and around and around, whispering to himself? I don't know, but I'll lay you a small bet he's the kid who was driving the car. He doesn't know what he's doing. All he knows is that all of a sudden a car's lights

were in front of him, and there was another car beside him, and there was nothing to do, but ram the other car and crash and roll and listen to the sound of metal crumpling and glass breaking and kids screaming.

There's almost always one like that at the scene of a bad crash. Sometimes they keep walking around like that, staring and whispering, and later, perhaps in the ambulance, they collapse.

Don't cry Sis, you're going to be all right. I think you have a bum leg there, but that's nothing a few weeks won't take care of.

Who? Oh, the other girl who was with you? I wouldn't worry about her, Sis. You worry about that leg of yours. It's going to hurt like hell after a few hours. No, we won't leave you alone; my friend here will ride in back with you to keep you company.

Well, I'm glad that job's done and I guess you are too. Yes, the boy was lucky. Doc says he's going to pull through O. K. And the girl with the broken leg, she's fine, Doc thinks.

The boy who was driving? Just shock, Doc says. A day or so here in the hospital and he'll be ready to go home. He was able to call his own folks and tell them. I've got to phone the parents of the other two now...

What did they say? What practically all of them say: "Oh, my God!" Not all, though. A year or so ago I made a call like that, and the father answered. His boy was dead, but I didn't want to tell him right off. I said there'd been an accident. Know what he said? He said, "Well, boys will be boys, I guess. Damage the car much?"

They Could Be Best Drivers

Boys will be boys. So the ambulances go on screaming through the night. A shrug and

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

an easy phrase take care of the whole situation--until you find out your son has been killed.

Why do I talk about the kids all the time? The kids are involved in a lot of accidents, for one thing. And it isn't necessary; you can't make me believe it's necessary. The kids are, potentially, the best drivers of the lot. Better than you, better than me. Their reaction time is hair-trigger fast. Their eyes are better than ours. They're strong, to hold the wheel against the wrenching twist of a car running wild.

These kids were driven around in cars when they were infants. To them, cars are part of the household set-up, like a bed or a stove or a refrigerator. They have no fear, no respect for the danger in them.

I don't know how I'll come out, but I think I'm getting results with Jim. I'm showing him what happens when you take chances. I'm trying to teach him the rules of the road, and the rules of safety.

I let him drive, of course; a kid has to learn. But I've told him--and so help me God, I mean exactly what I say!--that if I ever hear of his driving while he had a drink in him, or with four or five kids jammed in the front seat, or when he's sleepy, or if he violates the rules I've laid down for him, that's the last time he drives any car his Dad owns. And I mean the last time. Period.

My kids are a big thing to me. If the middle-aged people and the old people want to make fools of themselves, the law is about the only thing that can stop them--they're stubborn, and won't change much. But the kids can be educated. They're got to be.

Wait a second, there's the phone.

Yes...Where? ... Maple and West Hanford? Right away.

Want to go along? The guy said this wasn't so bad...No? Well, I don't blame you, friend. I'll get Bill; maybe his headache is better.

Maple and West Hanford. That's out in my end of town. I wonder ...

Bill! Let's roll!

--(This Week Magazine)

CITED

Portland, Ore., March 6--(AP) Municipal Judge J. J. Quillin suspended a speeding fine when he learned Lee Walker, charged with traveling 39 miles an hour in a 25-mile zone, was a former Californian.

"You are the first Californian in this court in the past two months who was going less than 50 miles per hour," said Judge Quillin. "I would almost say you were deserving of a medal."

ROMANCE WITH DRIVING DOESN'T PAY IN BOSTON

Boston, -- (UP) --A motorist, learned today that it doesn't pay to mix romance with driving in heavy traffic--especially when Motor Vehicle Registrar Rudolph F. King is looking.

King saw a driver making love to a woman passenger as he threaded his car through traffic. The registrar summoned the motorist to his office for a lesson in safe driving.

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"	20	11 (55.00%)	8 (40.00%)	95.00%
Station "B"	11	2 (18.18%)	6 (54.55%)	72.73%
Station "C"	26	8 (30.77%)	16 (61.54%)	92.31%
Station "D"	28	9 (32.14%)	14 (50.00%)	82.14%
Station "E"	24	7 (29.17%)	10 (41.67%)	70.84%
Station "F"	23	7 (30.43%)	7 (30.43%)	60.86%
Station "G"	31	9 (29.03%)	22 (70.97%)	100.00%
Station "H"	34	11 (32.35%)	11 (32.35%)	64.70%
Station "I"	26	7 (26.92%)	16 (61.54%)	88.46%
Station "K"	28	12 (42.86%)	15 (53.57%)	96.43%
Station "L"	12	5 (41.67%)	5 (41.67%)	83.34%
Special Service	2	0	0	----
Wts. & Measures	1	0	0	----
Totals	<u>266</u>	<u>88 (33.08%)</u>	<u>130 (48.87%)</u>	<u>81.95%</u>

INSIDE INFORMATION

All the way from the over-the-fence back-yard gossips in the country village up to the cabinet ministers who head the governments of the world, the search for "inside information" goes on unceasingly. The toddling child who, when left to its own devices, lays a questioning finger on the hot stove is fulfilling the same driving urge for information and understanding as the scientist who probes into the inner reaches of the atom. Man's curiosity has, without doubt, been our salvation, for it has supplied the driving force which urges us from accomplishment to accomplishment as the centuries roll by.

Strangely enough, we often fail to make use of the hard-won inside information we have gained. We know that the slightest break in the protective covering of skin on our bodies makes it possible for thousands of infinitesimally small streptococcus haemolyticus germs to enter. These germs convert the good,

rich cells in the blood into a watery substance and, if this process continues unhindered, death is inevitable.

Of course, the white blood cells always fight valiantly to overcome the invasion of our blood stream by these vicious germs, but they sometimes lose the battle. It is almost unbelievable that we could ever ignore our inside information and carelessly omit first-aid treatment for minor cuts, scratches and injuries which break the skin's surface. Yet all too often we fail to protect ourselves against this most vicious of all man's unseen enemies.

If you are ever tempted to skip first-aid for minor injuries, just pause long enough to remember the long list of diseases which "Old Man Strep" can help along, besides the damage he can cause in his own right. Surely this ought to be enough to make us get busy with the first-aid kit unless we want to play the game with the dice loaded against us.

--(Public Utilities Safety)

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

VOX-COP

March, 1947

LOCK YOUR CAR

By WALTER W. HUBBARD

SIXTY-THREE of every hundred people arrested for stealing automobiles are minors. Two-thirds of our problem in discouraging car thefts, therefore, is a problem dealing with 'teen-agers.

The hard-boiled racketeer type, with a blue growth of beard on his face, a cigarette drooping from his loose lips, and an expensive Stetson pulled down over his eyes, is no longer the average hijacker of motor vehicles. His type has been relegated to the limbo of detective fiction and gangster movies of the post-prohibition days. No longer are the majority of stolen cars speeded into huge, closed garages to the accompaniment of sub-machine gun fire and the screaming sirens of police prowling cars, there to be repainted and have the motor numbers changed.

* * *

Today's thief is a boy; or, too often, a girl.

And the man or woman who sponsors, however innocently, this sort of crime is very frequently the well-meaning but careless car owner who leaves his or her automobile unattended, unlocked, or with the keys left in the ignition. Our own willingness to take a chance on the inconveniences attendant upon car theft can, however, in no way afford recompense for the damage done in throwing temptation in the way of a young man or young woman under twenty-one years of age. In these days of car scarcities it is almost as bad as expecting a cat, left alone in the kitchen, totally to ignore a dish of fresh liver. In

most states the law makes little if any distinction between the motives back of the act of purloining a car — for a joy ride, for temporary use, for permanent use, or for purposes of sale through a "fence." It is usually grand larceny.

In one eastern city, a study conducted over a five-year period showed that 92 per cent of the automobiles stolen had been left by their owners unattended and with the keys conveniently left in the ignition lock. The inescapable conclusion is that thoughtless motorists are thus providing an open invitation to juvenile delinquency.

The fact that the vast majority of cars stolen are eventually recovered by the police authorities is not something which should be consistently relied upon, for when all is said and done there are still approximately one thousand automobiles stolen, every month in the year, which are never returned to their owners.

Breaking this last-mentioned figure down still further, it means that boys and girls are stealing about 145 cars per week, fifty-two times a year, which never find their way back to the original owners.

"The future of America," said President Harry S. Truman, "depends upon the character and quality of its youth. Americans cannot afford to regard that problem passively or to postpone the action necessary to its solution. I am convinced that the active cooperation of all welfare, religious and social agencies, civic leaders, businessmen and citizens in a broad national crime prevention program directed at the roots of the

evil is the path to be followed without delay."

* * *

Frank J. Wilson, chief of the United States Secret Service, commenting upon the problem of car thefts, said: "Many thefts were by children from 12 to 16 years — the greatest number by the 17-year-old class. For ten years the percentage of arrests of boys and girls for auto thefts has increased more than any other crime, and it is climbing higher and higher. . . . For boys the increase was 19.8 per cent (1944 over 1943) and for girls 48 per cent."

Chief Wilson believes more time should be devoted to training and educating the youth of today, and in closer parental ties with the boys and girls in the home.

"Secondly," he added, in suggesting ways to combat automobile stealing, "by making sure that parked autos are kept locked. . . . Auto theft is often the opening wedge by which the young delinquent makes his way into more serious types of crime. He may be satisfied to joy ride in the first few cars he steals, but sooner or later he decides he needs money as well as the car and uses a stolen auto to commit a robbery or a holdup."

In passing on his remarks to a group of AAA Club officials, he suggested two slogans: "Don't contribute to juvenile crime. Lock your car!" and also this: "Don't be the victim of a car thief. Take the ignition key with you!" This is good insurance.

---The Hartford Automobiler

CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS

To the Editor of the Times:

According to figures reported year after year by the National Safety Council, over a period of years, cars in accidents average around 94 to 96 per cent with no defects. These figures, in my opinion, point directly to the driver as being at fault. Therefore, testing of cars does not seem to be the remedy.

More adequate patrolling of our State highways by State Police would act as the best preventative of a great many accidents; this especially during the summer months. For example, from my own experience in traveling back and forth from Hartford to the shore last summer weekends, over 100 miles round trip, I did not see a State Policeman over four or five times and some Sundays coming home, the traffic was miles long, with many pulling out of line, passing, cutting in on curves and going up hill.

I am not criticizing the State Police, but merely pointing to the fact that their presence on our highways would be one of the best deterrents of automobile accidents. I do not think that motor vehicle owners would object to paying one or two or three dollars more on their registration fee in order to help defray the cost of additional State Police for patrolling, and I believe this to be a better preventative of highway accidents than any testing lane.

There is no doubt but that the driver is the main cause of nearly all highway accidents and not the car. Accidents will never be entirely eliminated; they can, however, be lessened by conscientious driving on the part of all operators, and not be getting a ticket punched in a testing lane, which in some

cases, seems to be the "go" signal for reckless driving.

AUTOIST,

West Hartford

--(Hartford Times)

Dear Sir:

I wish to bring to your attention the courtesy shown me by one of your troopers, Thomas D. Nichol, who stopped me for operating a car with unlighted tail lights. If the manner of the rest of the men is comparable to his, I'm sure motorists will show their appreciation by cooperating with existing laws for operating automobiles in this State.

Sincerely,

Stephen Wilton

P. O. Box 40
Somers, Conn.

Gentlemen:

Yesterday, I committed a minor offense in driving from the Wilbur Cross Highway onto the cutoff to Wallingford sometime before noon. I was promptly approached by a State Trooper and expected to have rather an unpleasant session. On the contrary, I was happily surprised to find him most polite and courteous. This type of experience should certainly do much for your public relations and our confidence in the State Police.

Just thought you'd like to know. Please excuse the haste.

Sincerely,

Patricia Jennings

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

March, 1947

The Policeman's Contact With the Newspaper Reporter

By
E. L. Smith

Practically all newspapers print crime news for the reason that a large portion of the public has a tremendous interest in certain crimes, mysterious happenings, or events that arouse their interest and awaken their sympathy. Hundreds of people have neither the time nor inclination to visit court rooms, consequently the newspaper accounts of crime are the only definite information they receive about the evils and dangers of present day life. In publishing such news, the newspapers are contributing their part in helping to prevent crime by putting the citizens on guard.

In my twenty-one years experience as a police officer, I have found that most reporters are pretty decent fellows, and that you can talk to most of them "off the record" about a crime and your confidence will not be betrayed. They are interested in getting the facts as quickly as possible. Some policemen are under the impression that any reporter is anxious to write a critical article about them. This supposition is erroneous. If criticism is made about a public official in the newspaper it is done on the editorial page and not in a news article. It is, too, the policy of most newspapers to not publish anything about a crime that would interfere with the apprehension or prosecution of a criminal. In fact, most reporters are pretty good sleuths, and can many times give you information that will be helpful in solving a case and apprehending the offender.

In most of the large police departments statements to the press must come from a commanding officer. This is particularly true, and should be, where matters of policy are con-

cerned. But in emergency cases it is many times necessary for the reporter to get his information from the patrolmen on the scene that he may have the news in the next edition of his paper.

In all instances, in cities that have more than one daily paper, one reporter should not be given preference and allowed to "scoop" the others. The news should be given with equal dispatch, if possible, to all reporters.

A few commanding officers make the mistake of taking too much credit for the solution of a crime and the arrest of the offender. The patrolman or detective should have all the credit due him for his part in the case. After all, if it were not for the patrolmen and detectives you would not have a police department. **"The steam that blows the whistle does not run the works."** It is the patrolmen and detectives that go into the dives and catch the crooks that make or break the department, and not the boys with the striped uniforms that sit behind the mahogany desks.

We have one kind of officer known in police slang as the "publicity hound." As often as he can he gets his name and picture in the papers and police publications. I know of nothing, other than committing a crime, that will ruin an officer quicker than getting too much publicity. Why, because everybody in the department gets jealous of him, and they begin to "get it in" for him, and, while he may not know it, they call him all kinds of names and the first time some of them have a chance to double-cross him, brother,—that's all!

If you are the right kind of officer and are doing a good job, your higher officials will find it out and so will the press and you will be given due credit.

Northwestern Course Teaches Traffic Police to Improve Work

33 in New Class Represent Departments From Massachusetts to China; Learn to Modernize Safety Programs and Enforce Road Laws

EVANSTON, Ill. (AP).—Thirty-three men from police departments scattered between Brookline, Mass., and Chungking, China, recently started to school. They form the latest, and largest, class at the traffic police college—the Northwestern University Traffic Institute.

The students—wearing the blue of the District of Columbia's metropolitan police, the oxford gray of the Connecticut State police, the khaki of the Oakland, Calif., force, the chocolate brown of the Maryland State Police, and the uniforms of twenty other cities and states—began four and a half months of study.

The prime purpose of the institute is to train men to plan and carry out intelligent and effective programs to keep traffic rolling smoothly, to prevent accidents, and to bring law breakers to book in their home balliwicks.

Course Is Not Easy

It's tough going for the pupils—even before they get in. The newest group, the spring class of 1947, was selected by competitive examinations, interviews and a screening board from 105 applicants. Most of the successful survivors of the tests receive either \$650 fellowships or \$200 tuition scholarships from the Kemper Foundation for Traffic Police Training or the Automotive Safety Foundation. Their pay continues, too.

The scholars, by and large, are a serious, career-minded lot. They range in rank from patrolman to captain. The average age is thirty-two. Fifteen are war veterans.

They go to class five and a half days a week in Northwestern's capacious Technological Institute. Homework occupies their evenings. The curriculum includes law, traffic police organization and administration, accident investigation procedures, traffic engineering, safety education, traffic control, court work and such seemingly surprising subjects as photography, practical psychology and public speaking.

The aim is to present up-to-date information on all elements—from engineering hazards and hindrances out of roads and tracing hit-run killers through scientific

methods to selling safety to the whole community.

"We not only try to make them better policemen but the best informed in the field," explains slim, affable A. R. Forster, director of training. Besides the book, blackboard and lecture routine the enrollees see demonstrations of modern techniques. They witness the chemical magic of the drunkometer, a device for testing breath for evidence of intoxication. They learn how to compute the speed of an accident-involved motor vehicle from a measurement of the skid marks.

Wesley Brown, Northwestern wrestling coach and jiu-jitsu expert, puts them through their physical conditioning paces and teaches them the arts of hand-to-hand combat.

Visits Going Department

To round out their education, each student makes a one-week visit to a police department which has a good, going system of traffic control and accident prevention. He sees how the problems he studied in theory are solved in actual practice.

The staff of the institute serves as the basic faculty. These officials—all ex-policemen—share the teaching tasks with Northwestern professors and experts in police specialties, law, engineering, safety and related lines.

The story of this unique establishment, the only school in the United States wholly devoted to training traffic police officers, is linked with the story of its top director, Franklin M. Kreml.

Back in 1929—long before he earned a law degree, a variety of awards from civic and safety organizations, and a lieutenant colonel's rank, the Legion of Merit and six campaign stars for his war-time service with the Army Transportation Corps—Mr. Kreml was a motorcycle patrolman in Evanston. A neat, trim fellow with ideas and executive ability, he soon was given the job of organizing the Evanston accident-prevention bureau. It was based on the

principle that accidents would decline if their causes could be identified and removed. Accidents did slump. Evanston became a model traffic town.

Other cities, impressed, asked for advice. So, in 1933, the Evanston police department and Northwestern joined in sponsoring the first officers training school, a two-week course. That resulted in the founding of the institute in 1936.

Four kinds of schooling for police are now offered—the four-and-half-month course and a three-week basic training course, both scheduled twice a year in Evanston; a two-week regional course conducted periodically at other universities; and an annual two-week advanced training conference for "old grads."

Altogether, almost 1,500 policemen have received instruction on the Northwestern campus.

State-Wide Survey Of Farm Accident Experience Asked

Because of Connecticut's outstanding record in collecting and using traffic accident data, the National Safety Council, through Maynard H. Coe, director of the farm division, requested the Connecticut Farm Safety Committee at a meeting in the Hotel Bond Monday to sponsor a state-wide survey of farm accident experience the survey would be designed to secure data which the National Safety Council could use in developing a national prevention program.

Mr. Coe emphasized the scarcity of farm accident data and stressed the value of a study such as Connecticut could develop through existing facilities.

The committee authorized Chairman W. B. Young, dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Connecticut, to name a study committee consisting of representatives of the Extension Service of the university, the vocational division of the Department of Education, the Departments of Agriculture, Domestic Animals and Dairy and Food, and the Highway Safety Commission to report recommendations at a Farm Safety meeting to be held the first Monday in June.

In his address, Mr. Coe praised the farm safety program of the state and said that the National Safety Council used "Connecticut as a shining example for the rest of the country." Later in his talk he said that the Connecticut Farm Safety Committee was the best in the country. —Hartford Courant

MURDER HIDES WELL TOO OFTEN IN U. S. A.

By FRED BRADY

MURDER hides too well in America. The doctors who question violent death say that, and now they are asking for laws throughout the nation which would give them charge of a body wherever "mysterious" death occurs.

These doctors—led by a Harvard professor and medical examiner backed by a 70-years-old Massachusetts law—claim that such legal powers for them would hang murderers and save innocent suspects from the gallows. Give them authority with no political strings, they say, and murder will out.

Medical examiners or coroners—they don't care about the name, but they do say they care that the job be lifted out of the political plum basket and paid well enough to attract the best medical men.

This is why:

"In all or most jurisdictions of 39 states the coroner is not required by law to be a physician.

"Medical science participates less effectively in the administration of justice in the United States than it does in any comparable civilized country in the world.

"An important, if not the principal, cause of this deplorable condition is the fact that official medical investigators are selected in most states by political methods rather than by the merit system."

Those are the charges in a report of a committee of the American Medical and Bar Associations, headed by Dr. Alan R. Moritz, Professor of Legal Medicine at Harvard, pathologist for the Massachusetts State Police and an associate medical examiner in Boston.

Moritz, whose laboratory has stripped the mystery from many murders, says that a nationwide system for medical detection can do three things:

"There will be much less chance for murder to be committed.

"We can prevent prosecution of innocent people when circumstances of death look bad.

"We can discover obscure causes of death which are sometimes public dangers as unrecognized contagious diseases."

Moritz — and Dr Timothy Leary, Boston medical examiner for nearly 40 years—remember cases of innocent persons cleared of charges by medical

evidence when circumstances cried murder against them.

In a Massachusetts farmhouse the body of a man was found on the kitchen floor and scrawled in his own blood the charge—"Nellie did it." His wife, Nellie, was arrested on suspicion of murder.

A MEDICAL examiner reported: The charge was the man's last lie. All medical findings proved that he had shot himself, dragged himself from the cellar to the kitchen and as he lay dying wrote the bloody accusation.

A man was indicted for the murder of his wife, found shot to death in their home. Witnesses testified that the husband had repeatedly said he was "tired" of her, wished her dead.

A medical examiner reported: The husband was innocent. Tiny bullet fragments in the shattered bones of the wife proved the shots must have been fired from a great distance by a high velocity rifle. The death bullets were traced to a deer hunter's gun.

Police found dead from poison a middle-aged woman who, neighbors said, had complained for months that her husband wanted to kill her and had told her he would poison her. The husband was arrested.

A medical examiner reported: The husband was innocent. The woman was a suicide from a poison that killed within a few minutes when she was alone and was of such a type that she couldn't have taken it in error.

Then there are the murderers who almost escaped—cases of death seemingly innocent and natural until a medical examiner's study uncovered the mark of murder.

A WOMAN was found shot to death, a revolver in her hand and a wound in her head from a bullet found lodged in the wall. First verdict—suicide.

A medical examiner reported: Murder. Inside the woman's head was a second bullet which the killer had fired after carefully holding his gun barrel against the hole in the temple blasted by the first bullet.

A man found unconscious in his room died at a hospital after a diagnosis of meningitis. First verdict—death from a natural cause.

A medical examiner reported: Murder. The man had been stabbed in the head, with an ice

pick, his hair covering the tiny wound. Bacteria on the ice pick had infected him with meningitis.

In the charred wreckage of an automobile smashed against a tree a man was found dead, burned beyond recognition. Through the registration his identity was established as the owner of the automobile. First verdict—accidental death.

A MEDICAL examiner reported: murder and mistaken identity. Body measurements proved that the man was not the same one to whom the car was registered. Study of fractures proved he had been killed not by the accident but by an automobile driven over his body time after time.

Police finished that one by dragging out of hiding the owner of the car and proving to a jury that he and his son murdered a vagrant after getting him drunk.

Then they put him in the car and headed it into a tree. Their plot was to collect heavy insurance in the name of the automobile owner.

Moritz says: "There's no way of knowing, but thousands of such homicides could have escaped detection in the country."

Moritz averages 300 autopsies a year and Leary reports that in 1946 he investigated 1360 deaths in Boston as medical examiner, an office created here 70 years ago when, Leary says, Massachusetts had "a series of scandals through appointment of unfit men as coroners."

BOSTON now has four medical examiners. In 1877 when a lawyer, Theodore H. Tyndale, led the attack for reform, Boston had 43 coroners—among them an auctioneer, a seller of patent medicines, an insurance agent and a man who signed himself "notary public and coroner."

States which now require medical investigation in violent deaths are Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana, Ohio—and Essex County, N. J., and New York City.

Moritz says, however, that in these days the systems are far from ideal because of political interference and inadequate financing.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

March, 1947

MURDER HIDES WELL TOO OFTEN IN U. S. A.

By FRED BRADY

THE GUNNERY SCHOOL WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT

My dear Lt. Schwartz:

I want to thank you both officially and personally for the very effective help you rendered to this school on the occasion of our dormitory fire on February 25th. Your presence alone did much to preserve order and your act of getting auxiliary lighting equipment from Watertown was a major contribution.

Everyone in Connecticut is proud of the State Police and my personal experiences with members of the Force strengthen my already high opinion of the organization. I hope that we shall have little need for your professional services in the future, but if need should arise, it will be good to know that you and your colleagues are around and ready to help.

Sincerely yours,

Ogden Thiller

pick his hair covering the tiny wound. Evidence on the ice pick had indicated him with certain
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BOSTON now has four medical examiners. In 1937 when a lawyer, Theodore H. Tyndale, led the attack for reform, Boston had 23 coroners—among them an auctioneer, an insurance agent and a man who signed himself "notary public and coroner."

States which now require medical investigation in violent deaths are Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia, Louisiana, Ohio—and Essex County, N. J., and New York City.

Moitric says, however, that in these days the systems are far from ideal because of political interference and inadequate handling.

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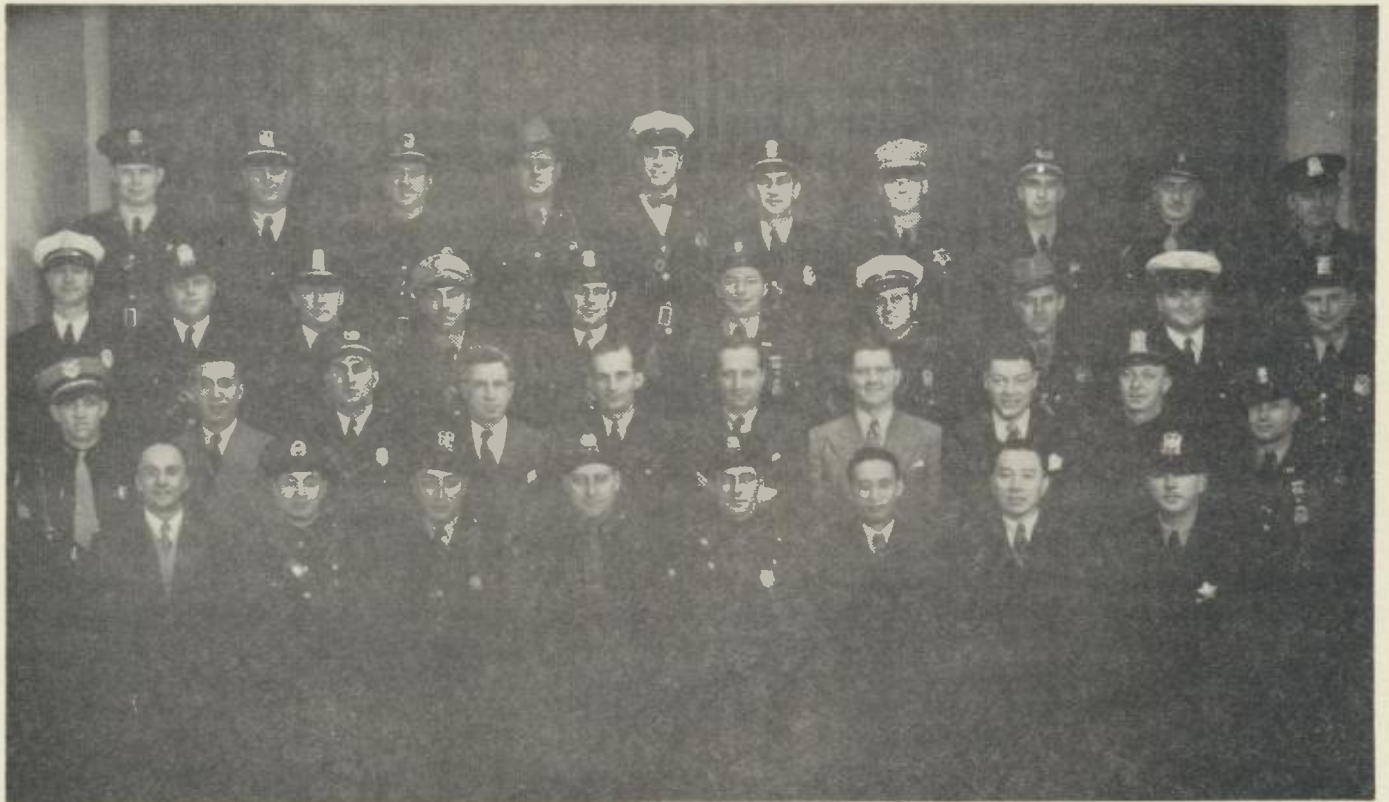
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"NOT SNOW, NOR RAIN, NOR HEAT, NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS."



VOX-COP

March, 1947



These are members of the 1947 spring class in traffic police administration at the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, Evanston, Ill. The course began Feb. 3 and will be concluded June 18.

The 32 members of the class comprise the largest group ever to attend the Institute's traffic police administration course. They represent 20 city police departments, three state police departments, one state motor vehicle department, one sheriff's office and the Chinese Ministry of Interior. Fifteen of the men received awards from the Kemper Foundation for Traffic Police Training, Chicago, and seven from the Automotive Safety Foundation, Washington, D. C.

Connecticut State Police officers included in the class are: Officer Jerome F. Smith, third from right in third row, and Officer Frank M. Dowling, fourth from left in the top row. Sgt. John W. Gompper, East Hartford police, is third from left in the first row.

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

ATTRIBUTES OF A STATE POLICEMAN

- S - Is for their STRENGTH in their untiring efforts.
- H - Is for their HONESTY in the service of the State.
- A - Is for their ANIMOSITY toward Crime.
- M - Is for their MEMORY, which they never seem to lose.
- R - Is for their RELIABILITY both to their Superiors and the Public.
- O - Is for their OBSERVATION, which many times results in merit.
- C - Is for their CONFIDENCE, without it they are lost.
- K - Is for their KINDNESS, in their many daily deeds.
- D - Is for their DANGERS, which they expect to encounter at all times.
- A - Is for their ALLEGIANCE to their Department.
- Y - Is for their YOUTHFULNESS, may they always keep it.
-

SAD NEWS FROM "HOME"

Waterford, Eire, (UP)-Fifteen men drowned or died from exposure when the small coal freighter Ary foundered off the Irish coast Sunday while trying to bring coal to Eire in the face of a raging blizzard, a lone survivor recounted today.

The survivor, Jan Bouski, nineteen-year-old Polish seaman, was washed ashore in a battered lifeboat today. He crawled to the home of Michael Hourigan, a farmer, collapsed, and was taken to Dungarvan Hospital, where it was reported he would recover from frostbite and exposure.

The following correction appeared in a small town paper: "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Jones is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Jones is really a detective in the police farce."

--Quoted in The Link

New London - March 17, 1922.-- Peter Maher, the oldtime "Irish champion" pugilist, who had been employed at a local pier but was undergoing treatment at Lawrence hospital, received a visit from Jack Johnson, former champion, who was touring with a theatrical company.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

not defend him in court, saying that he could not help out.

J. T. Murphy had to show his son, J. B., how to handle a suspect so that you clean up two or three depreddations. J.B. picked up a young lad and questioned him at length about his actions for a short period previous to being picked up, but as J.B. says, "My cases always run into complications." The subject admitted nothing. Next morning J.T. takes over and before you can say "Jack Robinson" he had the suspect admitting not only a case of his but also one of J.B.'s and some belonging to other officers at this station. J. B. still contends that it was the psychological effect of being locked up all night that loosened the subject's tongue.

Juveniles in this territory are obliging and repeat their crimes so that when a certain crime occurs you know your suspect. Off. Angell picked up a juvenile for stealing a bicycle and taking some money to make a little trip. About two weeks later another sum of money was missing, also a bicycle. A little telephoning around the territory and the same juvenile was located by Off. Olson, two more cases solved.

Policewoman Kenyon usually leaves motor vehicle work to the male personnel, but when the car in front of you starts weaving back and forth along the road, Susie thinks that it is time something was done about it. Following the car she radioed to the station and Off. Marikle went out to assist in the arrest. We won't say the subject was drunk, but the urinalysis was so conclusive that his attorney would

Why people do things we'll never know. Tolland County Jail released one of its clientele on the morning of February 28. At 11:00 A.M., March 3, he hit Danielson, got a room at the local hotel, and proceeded to do the town. About 8:00 P.M., supposedly having run out of money or feeling a need for more than he had, he calmly helped himself to about \$35.00 from a drawer at the back of a local drugstore, while the clerks were all busy working at the front. The next morning he was picked up and Off. Winslow closed out another depreddation. Maybe he didn't like his room at the hotel and wanted a more permanent home.

We'll take back what we said about J.B. at the beginning of this column. A complaint came into the barracks that a car belonging to the complainant had been parked in front of his home well off the travelled portion of the road the evening previous. When he looked out in the morning the car had been damaged to the extent of approximately \$300.00 by some passing motorist, who had neglected to stop and leave his name and address. Off. J.B. hurried to the scene and found a few pieces of glass and a grease cap from a left wheel, determined by the damage to the car. Also there were some marks of gray paint showing on the black of the damaged car. This wasn't much to work on but J.B. thought that if he contacted all garages and repair shops possibly they might have information that would help him. The first one he visited was owned by a man who promised full cooperation in the reporting of any gray car brought to this garage for repairs to a smashed

left fender. J.B. satisfied, started to leave. However, in the corner at the back of the garage stood the owner's car, a gray car with a smashed left fender. Walking over to the car Off. Murphy matched the grease cap with those left on the car and then fitted the one he had onto the left wheel of the car, which had a grease cup missing. The pieces of glass proved to be window pane, but in looking over the front of the car J.B. noticed pieces of glass in the radiator. These pieces of glass matched those that J.B. had picked up at the scene. It later developed that the car had been standing in the garage when a windowpane was broken and some of the flying glass had landed in the radiator. J.B. then picked up the owner of the garage who had promised full cooperation and brought him to the barracks. After several conflicting stories and several hours of questioning the owner finally admitted being hit-and-run driver in the case.

Off. Marcus Johnson has had to take a forced vacation in the hospital. Marc has been doing too much and his arthritis is protesting. He's at the Day Kimball in Putnam in case you want to send a card.

Major Frank S. Tenny, who has contributed to Vox-Cop in the past is now on Terminal leave in Manila and engaged in organizing the Philippine Safety Council, patterned after our National Safety Council.

"My two great obstacles are tropical inertia and a current suspicion of anything foreign," says Major Tenny.

STATION "E", GROTON

Spring-Cleaning is not just a household word. It has become part of the vocabulary at Station "E". A little early, we must admit, but then, Spring is just around the corner. Ours not to reason why, ours but to scrub, or die, so said the day shift. Mops, pails, brushes, Spick and Span (Adv.) became the order of the day, as water splashed from ceiling to wall and wall to floor, from the top to the bottom they washed. Rough plaster, smooth plaster, linoleum, attic to cellar, they went. Dishpan hands, sore and bleeding knuckles, aching arms, "my aching back." George Washington's Birthday becomes George Birthington's Wash Day at Station "E". But now, Spicer's Coal Yard is back across the street and Station "E" is no longer its soft coal depot.

Colchester has loaned us the services of Ted Zimmer and the Lieut's office is resplendent in its Saint Patrick's Day Colors. (Lily of the Valley and Empire Green, both "just green" to those that measure colors only by the spectrum).

A word to the good wives of Officers Hickey, McSweeney, La-Framboise, Myers, Kathe and Gunning. Your husbands can wash paint and do a good job of it. Officer Clancy too, should be a help around the house. His ceilings are exceptionally well done but this may be due to the fact that Luke used to be a steelworker and height does not effect him. He's a great man on a staging.

Andy (I'm a Dandy) Andreoli

has been on the sick list. Went to the hospital for observation and will have to return there for an operation in a few weeks. Good-Luck, Andy. Take care of yourself.

Polly's Inn, on the Norwich-New London Road, burned to the ground the other night and the next morning bright and early, "Sparks" Reardon arrived at Station "E". by noon, "Sparks Jr." Brown(e) was on deck to help. The next morning a house in East Lyme was consumed by fire, causing the death of a woman who had celebrated her 81st birthday on the previous evening. Before sun-up but not before he had his breakfast, "Sparks, Jr." was at the scene with his little black book.

P.J. Hickey was not at either fire, contrary to much speculation. It seems both fires were out of the district covered by his company and then, too, it is impossible to hear the Montville and East Lyme fire sirens where "Hick" resides now, especially when the wind is from the south. South of Long Island, that is.

Jack Skelly has been looking over the fairways and greens at the Norwich Country Club. Seems to have weathered the storms well, says Skel, with an odd light in his eye. Could he be thinking of walking Fitz around the course soon. The Skelly-Fitzgerald affair is really something. They were both on the bridge the other night, when a car approached the Toll House and then decided to turn around and return in the direction whence it came. Both officers started after it. They were right. It was a stolen car and contained two men, wanted for theft of motor vehicle and a hold-up, in Mass. Everything is quiet along

the Thames. The car contained two men. Hmm Hmm.

It couldn't Happen Anyplace But Here Dept.--Call received at barracks. 5:00 PM. Excited resident of East Lyme complains-- "Chased my dogs two miles into woods. Shack there--Man dead in there--Send officers--Can't get to shack except by tractor. -I'll take them--Hurry before it gets too dark--No lights on tractor"--. The "E" (for efficient) men start out. Sgt. Farrow and Otto Hafersat, with his camera. The Medical Examiner is informed of the call so that he will be available. As it is his first case as Medical Examiner, he decides that it will be better if he goes along for the tractor ride, rather than wait and have to walk through the drifts later. They arrive at the home of the complainant and mount the lightless-springless, seatless tractor but settle themselves gently but firmly on a plank provided for their comfort. Off they go into the milk white yonder. "Careful here" says the operator "there is a bump". But too late, the warning, as Farrow, Hafersat and Doc Ganey crash the board. On, on and on through the trackless drifts of East Lyme, go the stalwarts, soon to be joined by curious neighbors on a jeep. The windowless shack looms up out of the night. "Open the door, Richard." But no answer. The Sgt. opens the door, to the empty cabin. Yes. The sentence is correct. We said Empty. (period) The dead have risen and they walk again, much to the surprise of the Medical Examiner, who swears he never knew it to happen before. Back onto the tractor goes the Sgt. and Medical Examiner, but not our Otto. He starts following the footsteps in the snow, which lead away from

the cabin. After about five miles, they come out on the main road and the trail is lost. The next morning we located the man who had been playing dead. He was very much alive. You are correct, he is now at the Norwich State Hospital.

"Lafe" Main, Lord Mayor of Swantown, has left his ancestral acres and has gone to live (for a short time, at least) in Norwich. Anyone who has ever been stationed at "E" knows Lafayette Main, Defender of the Right. "Lafe" has been in ill health, and his daughter wanted him to come to Norwich to live with her. So "Moose" Myers was sent to help the old fellow. (Sgt. Avery was ill that day). Upon Officer Myers' arrival, he found that things had to be locked up (he found this out when "Lafe" gave him a bag containing about 88 padlocks and told him to lock the place up.) This done, he departed from his birthplace, for the present.

MAYBE FOXES HAVE HOUSING PROBLEM, TOO

Colebrook River, -- Maybe there's a housing shortage among foxes.

Anyway, Frank Williams found a gray fox fast asleep in his chicken coop this morning. He killed the animal with his shotgun.

After this he discovered that all of his 300 chickens were alive and unharmed.

--(Hartford Courant)

The International Association of Chiefs of Police 54th Annual Conference will be held at Duluth, Minn., Sept. 21-22-23-24-25, 1947.

SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION

It would be most difficult to enumerate in detail just what the Special Service Division stands for and what duties are performed by its members. Those most familiar with the office would say - It's an office located on the third floor of the Connecticut State Police Office - Headquarters where anything can happen and usually does - I am, of course, referring to criminal investigations. Special Service to a stranger would be interpreted as a service with very special attention - just like tying bows on a plainly wrapped package - and they would be so right for the division handles every imaginable type of criminal cases that have been heard of and some not heard of. The duties of the Special Service are great, and the labors of its members are full of interests. Preventing crime, pursuing and apprehending criminals, preserving the peace and safety of the public, cooperating with police agencies everywhere and always, is the creed and concern of each and every member of the Special Service Division of the Connecticut State Police.

This would be a good opportunity to give a birds eye view of what the members are working on at the present and where they are.

Lieut. Robert Rundle and Mrs. Scoville loaned to the State of Vermont to continue working on the Paula Weldon case.

The two Harriet's - Mrs. Harriet Simmons and Miss Harriette Malone in South Carolina and Tennessee for the Attorney General's Office.

Miss Mary Doyle and Sam Rome in Des Moines, Iowa on a diffi-

cult extradition matter.

Officer James Conlon in New Jersey with the Newark Detective sorting out property recovered here to the value of ten thousand dollars, all of which has been identified by good people on the outskirts of Newark as their own property. The story connected with this theft is most interesting. The thief, one of the country's best house burglars, worked at a Connecticut Institution, and enjoyed an excellent reputation. Each week he would drive to New Jersey, complete numerous burglaries, where he had operated more than twenty years ago, and then return to Connecticut, where he concealed his ill-gotten goods where they were located by Officer James Conlon.

Detective John Zekas is now in the sunny south, West Coast Inn Hotel, 301 First Street South, St. Petersburg, and is basking in the Florida Sunshine returning to health and anxious to either see or hear from the brothers or sisters. So - drop him a line, fellows.

Officer Mike Santy with the State Unemployment Compensation Division on Criminal Fraud, and proving each day that crime does not pay.

Mrs. Lois Miller specially assigned on an investigation for the States Attorney's Office for Hartford County, to give protective custody and comfort to an important state's witness. This type of work was common in years gone by when Connecticut's famous criminal trials were under way and volumes could be written about this valuable interesting but little known side of police work by the average investigator. Mrs. Miller, we must hear from you. Your stories would undoubtedly be most interesting.

Sergt. Edward Shedroff loaned to the City of Meriden for a pair of knotty murders, the Butler and Leach crimes, both of which were vicious killings.

Officer James Finnegan loaded down with liquor hearing summons, personnel investigations takes time out to help on a major raid or two, as well as to give a helping hand to his associates regardless of the danger or difficulty.

Detective John Pomfret, night executive officer substituting for Lieut. Lavin, who is Acting Captain for Captain Schatzman, presently on sick leave.

Mrs. Evelyn Briggs a busy busy bee with New England's most extensive abortion ring which is being rounded up, thereby bringing to an end two long years of trailing and tracing of suspects and victims of this vicious racket.

Then last but not least our secretaries Beatrice Boucher, Virginia Baker and Rose Albright, day in and day out turning out reams of documents for our Superior Courts wherein and whereby the evidence gathered is thus preserved and presented to our several States Attorneys.

Every extradition by the State Police and every major case must by these girls - be written and organized into a neat and workable file for use in our Superior Courts by our State Attorneys.

And that, my dear friends, is the present situation in the Special Service Division the day before Saint Patrick's - and as the story goes - the Emerald Isle Saint removed the snakes from Ireland - so do our industrious Special Service Brothers and sisters remove the serpents of crime from society.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

Lieut. Carroll Shaw back in harness after dividing his vacation between Maine and Florida - North for winter sports and South for the sun, while we had everything right here.

Mrs. Simmons out of state again for a "projected leave from F" - this time assisted by Mrs. Malone's daughter Harriet. They had better hurry back while they can, for work a-plenty is awaiting their return.

George Baldwin is still building up evidence against the perpetrators of the East Haven PD break.

Joe Suchanek is terminating his academic career at HQ - where he has been delving into the mysteries of loops, whorls and lost or fallen arches. Here's hoping he is successful in finding that elusive latent print that breaks the case.

Affable "Slim" Connolly keeps the brass polished around the barracks when he isn't cracking the whip.

At least we have some French curves around here - three of them.

Sergt. McAuliffe enjoyed the three weeks with us, but couldn't help admitting he looked forward to discarding his radar direction finder for the more practical visible guide afforded by the light in the Traveler's Tower.

Bill Murphy's fingers are cramped from keeping them crossed while that retirement bill is being debated. And he's not

alone.

In connection with this month's assignment there is that greeting regarding the wearing of the green. That's a tough chore for an Orangeman, but I'm a foine broth of a boy and equal to it. It seems that after St. Patrick chased all of the snakes off the island, the boys were out of work and they came over here for something to do. They were so accustomed to chasing things that they all became policemen and took over chasing criminals. History will show how closely the original Saint is being emulated by our present clan lead by the Knight in shining armor. In any event, lest we forget the purpose of this paragraph, Westbrook Barracks, the Shaw station on the Shore, extends Good Luck Saint Patrick's Day greeting to every member of the force.

STATION "G", WESTPORT

Overheard in the office the other day, a discussion as to why the "O" was placed in front of numerous Irish names. O'Brien who still carries the "O" claimed that he was descendant of the people from the halls of Tara, which was ruled over by an Irish King, named Brian Boru. So in asking where "O" came from if he was a descendant of Brian, he couldn't give a plausible explanation. Commissioner Creagh an authority on Irish history explained that the "O" was placed before the O'Brien by the English to give the Irish a title and which was dropped upon arrival in the United States upon learning it was an English Title. To sub-

stantiate this, the King from whom O'Brien is admittedly descended was named Brian and not O'Brien. O'Brien also claims to be related to the late President of Mexico, whose name was Oberon, a displaced Irishman, whose ship, Captained by an Englishman, failed to make the Port of Boston, landing in Mexico. All of the foregoing is substantiated by the well known fighting Irish of Westport, O'Virelli, O'Angeski, O'Sobolewski and O'Ciecierski.

Station "G's" Singing Irishman, Genial Chip Flanagan had his bags all packed for a trip to Sandusky, Ohio over the 17th. but was crossed up by the decision of Prosecutor O'Cohen of the Fairfield Court.

Hairless Ben Davis looking for a toupee to strut on the 17th, says he is going to escort Edward "Patrick, Michael, Jerimiah" O'Brien down Fifth Avenue on St. Patrick's Day.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Bowes, are enjoying their new apartment at low tide, and are catching up on their social visits to neighbors when the tide comes in. Atlas Bowes is also showing Sgt. Ferris and Officer Abel the way to remove mounds of fat and make rippling muscle.

Officer Searles, Officer Northcott, and George Gereg, are all proud PaPa's this month, Officers Searles and Northcott daughters, and George Gereg a boy.

Officer Frank Bennett, our Power's Model, and cover boy, is recuperating from a major operation. Hurry back Frank, we miss you.

The top of the Morning to All, come Saint Paddy's Day, the 17th.

CHICAGO PLANS REAL IRISH DAY

Chicago,--For the first time in history Chicago's City Hall will be closed next Monday, St. Patrick's Day.

Alderman Bernard J. O'Halloran made the proposal at a City Council meeting yesterday.

There were no objections by Mayor Edward J. Kelly or other members of the council.

MAN, WHO PLAYED IRISH AIRS AT FRIEND'S GRAVE, DIES

Reading, Pa., -- Alvah O. Schaeffer, who played Irish melodies over the grave of an old friend each St. Patrick's Day at midnight since 1898, died last night at 80--exactly one week before his 50th tryst to the lonely Neverskin Mountain Cemetery.

Schaeffer, a former church cornetist, faithfully kept his rendezvous at the grave of Tom Hannahoe, so-called "mayor of Irishtown," to play the Irish air "Lass O'Galway."

Hannahoe had made Schaeffer promise 52 years ago that "you'll play that tune ("Lass O'Galway") over my grave, you will. In the last minutes of St. Patrick's Day you'll play it, and if you beat me--why I'll keep your grave as green as Ireland.

Schaeffer never missed the annual trek. He played Hannahoe's favorite tune personally until 1923 when rheumatism gnarled his fingers. Since then other musicians played it.

In 1942, an estimated 10,000 persons witnessed the tryst.

Buenos Aires, --(UP)-- Fifty-four women graduated March 6 from La Plata Police Training School, becoming the first policewomen in Argentine history.

S. P. ACADEMY, BETHANY

As the fifth week of school for the current class of future officers gets under way here at the Academy we find the original number of candidates, thirty still intact. By this time the rookies are well initiated in the daily routine and are becoming more and more accustomed to the whys and wherefores of their chosen profession.

We are trying to get a sign printed or painted to hang somewhere in front of the academy in full vision to all and sundry with the words "Stork Club" inscribed thereon. A goodly number of our colleagues are to become proud pappys in the near future.

The facilities of the Naugatuck Y.M.C.A. have been placed at the disposal of the academy so each Wednesday morning we are fortunate to make use of the opportunity by trekking up to Naugy for a morning long detailed workout in the gymnasium, consisting of calisthenics, basketball, and volleyball followed by a swim in the pool. The basketball games may be lacking in finesse but certainly not in spirit exhibited. It takes only several minutes of participating in this sport to prove to the boys that maybe they aren't as spry, athletically, as they were during high school days. One of our sergeant instructors might be qualified to attest to this fact also.

Several evenings ago the class was divided into ten groups of three men each. A hypothetical murder scene was set up by Sgts. Williams and Washburn in which the principal character was "Gismo" the academy's oft-murdered dummy. Each of the ten groups

separately investigated the scene of the crime, the idea being to gather the evidence, consider the facts presented, and draw a written conclusion as to the cause or causes of the death of the famous "Gismo." The conclusions were many and varied but one crew, in particular, was most outstanding ... If anyone should find himself confronted with a murder case on his hands and does not care to work on it, just let us know. Our outstanding and individual crew will make it an open and shut case of suicide even if the victim should have no arms and still be shot four times in the back.

The art of judo has a particular fascination to the recruit officers and has become one of our most interesting subjects. Under the expert guidance of Officer Phil Massicotte we have become well instructed in this invaluable subject. Some of the boys who were recently discharged from the services and who had received instruction in judo as part of their service training were able to offer suggestions which were accepted by no less an authority than the very efficient Officer Massicotte.

Now that we are all very much better acquainted than we were when we met here four weeks ago it is easier to cite the personalities of some of our more outstanding bretheren. Our number one glamour boy, Tyrone Smith, received his weekly present from his foremost feminine admirer. We are all happy to note that her adoration for him has not been dimmed. The other Smith boy, Gail, was overcome with joy this Monday A. M. when he returned from his excursion to Windham to find that he had been accepted as first pilot on the "China Clipper" (in the kitchen) for the present week.

This discovery however, failed to dampen the spirit of the always beaming "Smitty" and his face continues to reflect that ever present smile of happy humor.

In the tradition of all police departments this class of students is blessed by a liberal sprinkling of Irishmen. Naturally they believe that St. Patrick's Day should be observed as a national holiday, at least as far as the academy is concerned. Even the non-Irish in the class unanimously concur with this suggestion.

The rookies are awaiting with eager anticipation their "in the field training" period which is believed scheduled to take place in the near future. This training will afford an excellent opportunity for the class to become acquainted with the practical side of the department and the actual experience in the field which will take place before the students are graduated will undoubtedly prove most invaluable and an integral part of the training program.

GIRL HELPS FIND STOLEN POLICE CAR

Buffalo, N.Y.,--A 19-year-old girl's voice on the Police Department's two-way radio network startled the broadcast monitor, but he was happy about the whole thing.

Miss Julia Patrick had spotted a wrecked patrol car and used it's radio to report the accident. The car had been stolen while its operator was investigating a burglary and the police were searching for it.

STATION "H", HARTFORD

Doc Paige has a much improved disposition at the time of this writing, having finally come to roost in his new home, says even though there was quite a strain on his nerves waiting that it was worth it, now he's in his own and no one can come around and tell him to move.

Pappy Leavitt however is still pushing for that house warming Doc. How about it?

Sgt. John Lawrence has been making a patrol tour of the area and sounds a timely warning for all concerned to keep after the speed demons, as it is very evident that we are in for a serious problem unless we get out and let the public know that they have got to have a lighter foot on the throttle.

News has arrived that John Zekas, who has been ailing for some time, has arrived in Sunny Florida, we all hope that the warm weather and sun will do the work so that John can be back with us soon.

Junior Doyle, is also among those now ailing, we also want him to know that we are all wishing him well, and hope he too will be back soon.

Buck Ehlert, has been seen tuning up those outboards, preparing for the days we all hope won't arrive, but he's ready for anything as usual.

Esposito, is around preparing for St. Patrick's day which he claims was really started by a comrade of his, but joins all of us in extending the greetings of the day to the wearers of the Green.

STATION "I", BETHANY

St. Patrick Day greetings to all of ye from Station I, and that I is not for India, son. Station "E" please note.

And sure the good St. Patrick himself must have had a hand in assigning the lads and lassies to Station I, because we have Carey, Dailey, Dunn, Dunphy (lace curtain), Egan, Fogarty, Haggerty, Hartnett, Higney, Leonard, Lenihan, Noonan, O'Brien, Purtell, Smith, and the boss O'Clarke. And we'll have ye know that even the dog is a "Kerry" Blue. March 17th will be a great day for the Irish so you had better not appear without the wearing of the green.

On that same auspicious day, Officer George Fogarty starts as the new Chief of the Guilford Police Department. He can't be having anything but good luck on a day like this. We all wish the very best to a good police officer and fine fellow in his new undertaking. He will be missed by all of us.

Sergeant Maurice Purtell is on the sick list, but you can't keep a good man down, for he is progressing nicely. Hope you will soon be back on the job, Serg.

Beware of Sherlock (Don) Paige when you hitch-hike on the Milford Turnpike, girls. As one, recently picked up, said, "Gee! How did I know he was a cop?" This eventually led to the arrest of two men, father and son, who run a gas station and cabins on the Milford Turnpike, and several girls who were bringing sailors to the cabins almost nightly. All were fined recently in the

Milford Town Court. Nice work, Don.

In the recent Ansonia hold-up, the accused were arrested on bench warrants, charging them with robbery while armed. Justice is swift in New Haven County as our New York visitors found out. The evidence was so conclusive that they decided to cop a plea. Judge Kenneth Wynne in the New Haven Superior Court sentenced Jerry Anzisi, Anthony Scaffidi, and Benny Marchese to not less than five years and not more than eight years in State's Prison, and Dominic Maniscalco to not less than two nor more than four years in State's Prison. Lawrence Manzari was sentenced to one year in the Cheshire Reformatory. Case opened February 2nd, case closed February 20th.

Higney, investigating the theft of watches, says, "They won't give me the right time." He is now known as "Tic-Toc," but never mind, Ed, you're doing a good job.

And now it's Good Day to you for another month, and as the saying goes, "All the cops are not Irish, but all the Irish are cops."

CALL 'BLONDY' AT OWN RISK

Police Lt. Thomas Carey says he sometimes gets his friends in trouble, though he is only an innocent bystander himself.

The lieutenant has sandy hair, and his friends call him "Blondy." "The other day," he said, "a man I know saw me on the street. He shouted, 'Hey, Blondy,' and a blonde girl ahead of him turned around and slapped him in the face."

--(Hartford Times)

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

Off. Art Johnson fell into an easy one last month. Being assigned to his first fraud check case Johnson made a very complete investigation and obtained all of the evidence necessary to put the perpetrator behind bars. Then all he had to do was to locate the criminal and make the arrest, Lo and behold, the subject had been incarcerated in the Litchfield County Jail a few days before, having been committed from New Milford, where our brother officers from Station "A" had presented him on a charge of reckless driving. Unable to pay the \$75.00 fine, their man went to jail. Station "A" contacted Station "L" and requested a Station "L" officer to transport the prisoner to Derby, where he was wanted on a bad check charge, in the event he paid his fine, assessed in New Milford. Imagine Johnson's surprise when he learned that his man was already in the clink! Needless to say, the fine was paid, the man rearrested on the fraud check charge in Kent and presented in court and bound over. Derby graciously consented to "L" priority. Johnson says he didn't believe police work could be that easy.

Our good friend Sgt. Harry Ritchie must have been pleased when he heard that the Thomaston High School case had been solved. Officers Schrader and Swicklas, cooperating with Off. James Ryan of Thomaston, broke the case and arrested the accused, John L. Chipman, who admitted 14 counts of theft, value of property recovered being high in the hundreds. Sgt. Ritchie started this case with Ryan when he was assigned at "L" and it was

brought to a successful conclusion by the successors to the investigation. Most of the stolen property was recovered. Chipman has been bound over to Superior Court and awaits trial at the April term. Good work, Ryan, Swicklas and Schrader!

Off. Wilbur "Tex" Calkins again scored. That famous (remember the strike) Princeton Knitting Mill at Watertown was being systematically raided of their finished products when an urgent call for help was made to the Litchfield Barracks in an effort to stop the thieving. It wasn't too long before "Tex" had his gal, ably assisted by P. W. Doyle, and one arrest led to another. Many pieces of cloth were recovered and it is said there was enough to make every State Policeman's wife or girl friend a beautiful blouse. The culprits will have been presented in the Watertown Justice Court at this reading. Nice going, Tex!

We have been wondering about the new gleam in the eyes of Johnny "Caxle" Wilcox and just discovered what it was when we saw him trotting up the cellar stairway with his arms loaded with photographic equipment. Says we, "Where bound, Johnny?" Says he, "To the new Lab. the firm of Smith, Dunphy, Nash, Zimmer, Hladick, and Schwartz built out in the garage." Bye the way, Hladick is the plumber. Johnny was all smiles. At this writing, you should see him fixing up his new Lab. Attention Photographic and Identification Division. There will be better pictures from "L" from now on!

Officer Neil Hurley continues to carry on with his good work for it seems that he is to be seen at each succeeding term of

Superior Court in Litchfield County as a result of his efforts in the field of investigation. Maybe this success is partly due to the fact that he frequently is pepped up by Off. A. Thompson's Aunt Gertie, who, I understand, is a lovely source for good humor. How about it, Al?

We greatly admire Off. Falzone for the wonderful relationship that must exist between he and his son. He has received permission from the board of education to keep his boy out of school one week while he is on vacation, being bumped out of the boy's vacation period by senicrity. We all hope that Paul and his family enjoy their vacation together in the sunny south.

Sgt. Bill Casey is really sprouting out with all the new trimmings added to his ranch, recently acquired, in Warren. Just now, I hear he is at home figuring up his income tax. Bill thinks the government should pay him a rebate, but we wonder.

Our house boy, Paul Frederick, known as "Freddie" is a welcome addition to the personnel at "L" and he has started off as though he knows his stuff. Keep up the good work, Freddie!

Bye the way, Julian, we hear the Borough of Bantam is considering a meeting for the purpose of voting on whether or not the Main Street should be widened and signs put up allowing "U" turns.

At this writing it is not known if our pension bill will be reported favorably or unfavorably by the committee. No matter what the outcome, we at this Station want the Commissioner to know that we do appreciate his untiring effort in our behalf to

secure for us a better pension plan.

POLICEMAN BECOMES A BUTCHER

(Bridgeport Sunday Post)

Trumbull's Nat Hayward, for 12 years town constable and member of the Trumbull police force, has exchanged his night stick for a meat-cleaver, and has shifted his base of operations from the town's police headquarters to the market at 477 South avenue of which his father, Archibald Hayward, is proprietor. Illness of the elder Mr. Hayward, which has kept him from his place of business and has recently necessitated his son's leave-of-absence from his police duties, to fill in at the market, occasioned Sgt. Hayward's resignation, to become effective March 1. He will be succeeded by Patrolman Joseph Kanes, for 10 years a Constable and member of the Trumbull Police department.

NIGHT STICK STRAP USED AS TOURNIQUET IN EMERGENCY CASE

Bristol--A policeman's club strap was put to use as a tourniquet when Joseph Macklosky, 35, of 31 Chestnut St., fell over a chair in his home and put his arm through the glass door of a china cabinet, severing an artery.

Mrs. Macklosky called police. Patrolmen George Paradis and Adam Klimek stopped the flow of blood by putting the strap of the club around the arm and then turning the club to tighten the strap. Macklosky was later treated at Bristol Hospital.

Early this winter Mr. Macklosky was saved from drowning by Wolcott firemen when he broke through the ice at Cedar Lake.

--(Hartford Times)

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."