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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

FEBRUARY 1948

Yankee BY THE Clipper



VOX-COP

February, 1948

MAN HELD FOR TEARING DOG FROM TWO-DAY-OLD PUPS, HAMMERING HER TO DEATH

A Montville man, accused of tearing a collie dog away from her litter of two-day-old pups and beating her to death with a hammer because he suspected her of killing one of his ducks, is under arrest at the Groton state police barracks and will be arraigned in the Montville justice court Saturday on a charge of cruelty to animals. The accused is Joseph Svack, 53, of the New London-Norwich road.

Terming it one of the most revolting and vicious cases involving animals that has ever come to his attention, Lieut. William E. Mackenzie, commanding officer of the barracks, said Svack was arrested on the complaint of Henry A. Beckwith of this city, a state Humane society agent who was called into the case by a neighbor of Svack.

The dog, Mackenzie said, delivered her litter Tuesday. She was in the cellar with her pups when Svack allegedly tore her from them, carried her outside and dealt her blows with the hammer until she was lifeless. Svack, it is reported, then tossed her body into a snowbank.

Lieutenant Mackenzie pointed out that the maximum fine for such an offense is \$250. In default of bail of that amount Svack is being held at the Groton barracks.

He was arrested last night by Officer Otto Hafersat after Agent Beckwith registered the complaint. Beckwith took custody of the motherless pups.

---New London Day Jan. 22, 1948

GETS 60 DAYS FOR HAMMER KILLING OF DOG

The maximum penalty--60 days in the county jail--was imposed in Montville justice court today on Joseph Svack, 53, of that town, accused of tearing a collie away from her litter of two day old puppies and beating her to death with a hammer because he suspected her of killing one of his ducks.

The sentence was imposed by Justice Nathan Weisler on Svack's plea of guilty to a charge of cruelty to animals. The case was prosecuted by Grand Juror Leo Manville.

The offense, branded by Lieut. William E. Mackenzie, commanding officer of the Groton state police barracks as "revolting and vicious," occurred Jan. 21. Svack tossed the dead dog into a snowbank after battering her head with the hammer.

A neighbor complained to Henry A. Beckwith of this city, a Connecticut Humane society agent, and Svack was arrested by Officer Otto Hafersat of the Groton barracks.

---New London Day Jan. 31, 1948

Things Told by The Tattler

(New London Evening Day)

SELDOM has any news story originating in this vicinity aroused such compassion—and such wholesale indignation along with it—as the account of the offense of Joseph Svack, 53, of Montville, who beat a collie dog to death with a hammer because he suspected her of killing one of his ducks. The collie, nursing a litter of eight puppies, about a week to ten days old (original reports erroneously said they were two days old), was unceremoniously killed by Svack and the body thrown onto a nearby snowbank. Justice Nathan Weisler of Montville, after one continuance of the case, sent Svack to the county jail for 60 days, the maximum penalty for cruelty to animals.

The Day supplied the story of Svack's conviction on a guilty plea to The Associated Press and the wire service evidently distributed the story widely throughout the country. Since the appearance of the story, State Police Lieut. William E. Mackenzie of the Groton barracks has been busy answering letters from indignant persons in almost all parts of the country, and has received telephone calls from cities as far distant as Boston and New York, from one man, who is particularly aroused, in Kensington, Conn., (followed by a letter) and from other points throughout Connecticut.

Within a period of a few days after the conviction of Svack the letters began to arrive. Within a week or two they had built up to formidable proportions. Last week Lieutenant Mackenzie received letters from St. Petersburg, Fla., Indianapolis, Ind., Kansas City, Mo., Utica, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., two from Jamestown, N. Y., Portsmouth, N. H., Rochester, N. Y., New Britain, Conn., and Cicero, N. Y. This week another batch arrived; among the more distant cities represented were St. Petersburg again, Birmingham, Ala., Toledo, O., Jacksonville, Fla., and Louisville, Ky.

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THE anger and disgust shown in the letters amazed veteran state policemen. Some of the writers promised Svack pretty violent treatment if they could ever get

their hands on him. Others said that a coating of tar and feathers seemed too good for him. And this was only the milder comment. Almost all showed deep concern for the puppies—how they were to be cared for—and many suggested that Svack "ought to be watched" when he finally is released. One man offered funds to "prosecute this man on any other charge" that might be worked out by authorities, to increase his sentence. Another writer proposed that she circulate a petition to be presented to the judicial authorities, apparently in the hope that this somewhat unorthodox approach would influence the court to reopen the case and impose a sterner sentence.

How many letters the lieutenant has received, in all, it is impossible to say. They were still coming in late this week—most of them addressed to Montville, incidentally, because the AP dispatch bore that date-line. They were forwarded to the Groton barracks. To Lieutenant Mackenzie the concern shown over this brutal attack on the dog is heartening in these days of uncertainty and strife. It seems to him, he says, that time and effort spent by so many persons to espouse the cause of a defenseless collie, now past all human help, is a fine indication of the essential decency of so many of the people. And few will disagree with him on that score. True, some of the persons who wrote were quite obviously so furiously angry over the act that they suggested rather extravagant punishment for the man. But the fundamental thought was not vindictive; what they all wanted was ordinary humane treatment of this dumb animal, particularly since she was nursing a family of puppies.

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THE puppies, incidentally, had to be destroyed; they were so young they could not be fed properly unless a foster mother was found, and there was no mother available. Henry A. Beckwith of Crystal avenue, New London, agent for the Connecticut Humane society, had the unpleasant duty of asphyxiating the pups in the "lethal

chamber" of the humane society truck that he uses. It is a painless death. The society strives all of the while to place dogs in good homes where possible. In this case there wasn't much chance for the puppies because of their age. If they had been nearer the age of weaning they probably could have been placed in good homes and they would have learned to drink milk in a day or so.

Beckwith reported this week that he has received a great many communications on the Svack case, also. There have been at least 50 or 60 phone calls, he estimates, and a smaller number of letters. Some of the phone calls have come from places as far distant as New Haven, Torrington and so on. Many were from persons who wanted to know the fate of the puppies. Others were offering to take one or more of the puppies if they could get along without a foster mother.

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EVEN that is only part of the story, however. Jailer Eric Swanson of the Franklin street county jail said this week that he has had a real deluge of letters from all over the country on the case. The general tone of them is about like that of the others received. Some cite heroic acts on the part of dogs—efforts made by dogs to save human life, even to the point of sacrificing their own lives. Others point out that the average dog is a worthy member of the community, giving his owner much pleasure to pay for his food. The wrath of the letter writers goes to considerable length, in fact, some correspondents suggesting that a 60-day sentence for the man is by no means enough.

Swanson has had 24 letters during this week alone, and others before that. They came from California, Kentucky, Texas, Colorado, Maine and several other states.

And, finally, it was reported this week that the selectmen and judge in Montville had received a number of communications concerning the case, with the same general purposes in mind on the part of most of the persons who interested themselves in the situation.

CONNECTICUT HUMANE SOCIETY

BARCLAY ROBINSON
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ARTHUR L. SHIPMAN, JR.
TREASURER
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H. G. TOFELDT
FINANCIAL SECRETARY

BRANCH OFFICES

NEW HAVEN - BRIDGEPORT - STAMFORD
NORWICH - WATERBURY - NEW LONDON

February 2, 1948

Colonel Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner State Police
100 Washington Street
Hartford, Conn.

My dear Commissioner:

The Connecticut Humane Society wishes to express their appreciation to the State Police Department and through you to Lieutenant William E. Mackenzie and Officer Otto Hafersat of the Groton Barracks for the efficient and satisfactory manner in which they handled the case of Joseph Svack of Montville who so cruelly beat a bitch to death leaving a two days old litter of puppies.

When our New London agent, Henry Beckwith, called the Barracks for assistance he received prompt and efficient assistance from Officer Hafersat, and I know that Lieutenant Mackenzie took a personal interest in the case as I talked the case over with him on the telephone. The sentence of 60 days in jail is no more than the man deserved and will serve as a warning that such conduct will not be permitted in the State of Connecticut.

Sincerely yours,
CONNECTICUT HUMANE SOCIETY

Reed W. Hitchcock

Reed W. Hitchcock
Director, Animal Department

RHODE ISLAND



Nickname: "Little Rhody"

Official Name: State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations

State Motto: Hope State Flower: Violet State Tree: Maple

Arms Of The State: Golden Anchor on a Blue Field

Settled by Roger Williams in 1636 Declared a sovereign State on May 4, 1776

Adopted Constitution on November 5, 1842

Counties: 5 Cities: 7 Towns: 32

Area: 1214 square miles, 156 of which are water surface.

Size: "Smallest of the 48"

Population: 713,346 Ranks 36th of the 48 States

Most densely populated State in the nation with 674.2 persons per square mile

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS

Manufactures: Textile, jewelry, refined gold and silver, machinery, iron and steel products, rubber products and woollens.

Fisheries: Lobster, mackerel, herring, bluefish and scup.

Agricultural: Dairy products, poultry, truck farm products and nursery stock.

Minerals: Building Stone, clay, lime, sand and gravel.

More than 100 streams and many inland lakes, with an excess of 400 miles of coastline, offering excellent bathing, sailing, fishing and hunting facilities. Famous and exclusive summer colonies on the Narraganset Bay, including Newport, Easton's Beach and Bailey's Beach.

Physical Features: There are three natural divisions in the State: the Narragansett Basin marked with several small islands, the glaciated highlands and Block Island.

RHODE ISLAND STATE POLICE

The Rhode Island State Police, created by an act of legislature effective April 2, 1925, began actual police operations in July of 1925, with a complement of 21 members and a Superintendent. The present force numbers 71 police members, 2 radio technicians, a Social Investigator, 10 civilian teletype operators and a civilian clerk.

The Department occupies 6 barracks and 2 sub-stations. Headquarters is located at Lincoln Barracks and includes a Traffic & Supply, Crime, Radio and Fire Marshal Bureaus. The Superintendent by statute is also the State Fire Marshal.

Two FM radio transmitters located at Scituate and Hope Valley Barracks maintain communications with 48 cruisers.

The state-wide teletype net-work inaugurated in 1935 and under State Police control is connected with the twelve-state system covering eleven states and the District of Columbia. There are 32 teletype stations within the State separate from the Central Teletype Bureau.

E. Ralph Bonat is the fourth and present Superintendent, having enlisted as a Trooper on June 18th, 1927. On January 16th, 1948, as a result of the voluntary retirement of Capt. E. F. Stenhouse, Executive Officer and Lieutenants F. W. Pierce and A. L. Taylor, the greatest shake-up of personnel in

the history of the Department was necessary. Twelve promotions were made as a result of these retirements. They were: Lieutenant J. F. Kennedy to Captain, in charge of Traffic & Supply Bureau at Headquarters; Sergeant G. W. McGovern to Lieutenant, District Commander of the Eastern District; Sergeant F. W. Newton to Lieutenant, District Commander of the Southern District; Sergeant E. F. Parker to Lieutenant, at present on leave of absence serving as Chief of Police in the City of Pawtucket; Corporal H. A. Cassidy to Sergeant, assigned to Training Schools and Special Services at Headquarters; Corporal C.E. Anderson to Sergeant, Patrol Commander at Chepacket Barracks; Corporal W. L. Gates to Sergeant, Patrol Commander at Wickford Barracks; Corporal L. A. Colle to Sergeant, Assistant Patrol Commander at Lincoln Barracks; Trooper A. L. Duffy to Corporal, assigned to Hope Valley Barracks; Trooper F. L. Fitzgerald to Corporal, assigned to Lincoln Barracks; Trooper R. A. Gallagher to Corporal, assigned to Patrol Commander at Bald Hill Sub-Station; Trooper T. J. McHugh to Corporal, assigned to the Fire Marshal's Bureau. Captain John T. Sheehan was appointed Executive Officer and Captain Harrie C. Gill was appointed Assistant Executive Officer.

POLICEMEN FIND DOG GUILTY
OF DIALING ALARM

Scarmody, a little white dog of undetermined ancestry, got itself a lot of attention from Providence police recently.

Finding itself alone in the office of the Capitol Petroleum Co. at 466 Allens Avenue, the dog knocked the phone off the desk. In some manner police are unable to explain, the phone dial was turned in a complete circle, attracting the operator.

She grew tired of saying "operator" and summoned police. Three scout cars, a cruiser and a traffic patrol car responded to the alarm. Even Capt. John J. Lang of precinct 4 rolled.

Capt. Lang, noting nothing out of the ordinary about the exterior of the building, called the manager, Charles H. McCarthy Jr., of 81 Eleventh Street, who released Scarmody, recently added to the office staff as a pet.

"We definitely did not hire the dog as a switchboard operator," McCarthy said.

POLICING PROVIDENCE

Charles A. Higgins Taking Over as Chief,
Writes About the Department
Its Long History and Its Plans
for Meeting Problems of the Present
and Future

By
Charles A. Higgins
Chief of the
Providence Police Department

The Providence Police Department of the future will owe a debt to its history. In our present plans we are considering three general problems--the acute traffic congestion, juvenile delinquency and postwar crime control.

Being the center of a densely populated area and having streets that have changed little in many years. Providence will continue to furnish traffic headaches. However, engineers--who are frequently in conference with the Bureau of Police and Fire--are continuously searching for ways of relieving the headaches.

More congestion, for example, is expected at Columbus Square upon completion of a new, large store in that neighborhood. Plans have already been made, in conference, to relieve this.

Until relief is obtained in the form of a radical change in the city's street layout, the department will have to meet each new difficulty with temporary emergency regulations.

To combat juvenile delinquency we feel that we already have established a pattern for the future with our newly-created Division of Women and Juveniles. Recently we put the division on a 24-hour basis.

It is proposed to expand its personnel. Results have been achieved already, with 1947 juvenile delinquency records showing a substantial drop. This was accomplished only by co-ordinating the division's work with that of existing social agencies. An important feature of our aspect of the work is the practice of having patrolmen of the Providence Junior Police section go into

neighborhoods to foster and encourage competitive sports.

To combat postwar crime our policy is closer co-ordination between the uniformed patrol force and the Detective Division. A "prowl" patrol of three cars, eliminated several years ago, has recently been reactivated in the Traffic Division. Between 12:30 and 8 a.m. two patrolmen to a car operate throughout the city in search of suspicious persons or cars. One of the two men is armed with a riot gun. We hope to enlarge this patrol soon. Strict orders have been given to maintain perfect harmony and liaison among the precincts, the Detective Division and this patrol. Only by such co-operation can we give the citizens of Providence efficient police protection.

To properly understand the department's operation, a view should be taken of its history. That is why I said at the start that the department owes a debt to its history.

Consider first the magnitude of the department today. It consists of 323 patrolmen, four policewomen, 54 sergeants, 31 lieutenants, 13 captains, a deputy chief and a chief. There are 78 employes (clerical and maintenance) without police powers.

It operates 38 cars, 5 cruising patrol wagons, 2 spare cruising patrol wagons, 22 two-wheeled motorcycles and a beach wagon for the Division of Personnel and Training.

Last year the department's budget was approximately \$1,400,000.

The department has evolved from very modest beginnings. In the early days Roger Williams and his companions, being English, adopted English laws for the management of the colony. The need for police protection was limited, so members of the colony acted as constables as the need arose.

In 1651 a town sergeant and constables were chosen, and a night watch of four men, who traveled in pairs, was established in 1775. This apparently was organized because of the unsettled times and disappeared with the emergency. In December, 1796, another night

watch, of six men, was established. These men, predecessors of today's patrolmen, walked the streets from 10 p.m. until sunrise daily. They were appointed by the Town Council and paid \$1 a night. The first watch house or police station was erected near the Market Building in Market Square. In 1797 it was voted to levy a tax to maintain the night watch.

The watch system was changed when Providence was incorporated as a city in 1832, the change probably being a result of the Olney's Lane Riot in 1831, in which five persons were killed. In 1848, the first badge of office, a brass star, was adopted for voluntary use. Two years later the watch was compelled to wear it.

Providence, center of a large metropolitan area, has a police problem unique in this country. We are in the center of a densely populated area through which two major highways pass. We are between two large cities---Boston and New York. We are called upon to furnish police protection for many thousands of persons who pass through the area or come here for purposes of shopping or recreation. In order to give the proper kind of police service we must have adequate tools and materials to work with. In connection with this thought, Providence is now securing bids with a view to installing FM radios in the department, and it is hoped that these will be in full operation before many months have passed.

---Providence Sunday Journal

CRANSTON POLICE SOLVE SUSPECTED
BREAK ON LOCATING DEAD STARLING

By
James P. O'Brien

Cranston Police recently solved a suspected housebreak by finding a dead starling.

In fact, police concluded that the starling was the actual "burglar" they set out to find.

Patrolman George Seavor was dispatched to the home of Harry E. Burns, 324 Norwood Avenue, Edgewood after police received a report that articles in the house appeared to have been disarranged.

The message had judicial import for it came from the home of Justice Antonio A. Capotosto of the State Supreme Court.

The Capotosto's live next door to the Burns family and in the spirit of neighborliness had offered to check the Burns' home during the absence of the family.

A check yesterday found evidence leading to the belief that the home had been burglarized.

Armed with the necessary scientific equipment for solving housebreaks Patrolman Seavor launched his investigation. He looked the place over and found a few overturned lamps and other articles.

"It's a housebreak all right or I'm a dead pigeon" mused Seavor to himself.

He went outside seeking clues but found no exterior signs of a break. Neither could he find any evidence of theft from the house.

It was then that Seavor suddenly came upon the real evidence. The dead starling in the fireplace.

It didn't take Seavor long to put two and two together: the starling had entered by the chimney, more in curiosity than from felonious intent and had disarranged things in its mad flight through the house.

The patrolman unceremoniously removed the dead "burglar" marked the case closed, and prepared for some good natured ribbing by his colleagues at headquarters.

POLICE CHIEFS EXPRESS OPPOSITION TO
SPEEDY ARRAIGNMENT PROPOSAL

Representative Rhode Island police chiefs recently branded as a stumbling block to police investigation the Zimmerman bill which would require arraignment, if requested, of a person two hours after being charged with a misde-

meanor.

"From what I have read of the bill, it is a piece of crackpot legislationIt looks like 'here's to crime,'" said Chief George W. Robbins of Barrington.

The chiefs said it would create a difficult situation under the existing district court system. Robbins declared that "to carry out the provisions, it would be necessary to have a judge or court clerk in every police station."

The chiefs declared that their departments, under the two-hour clause in the bill, would be hindered in their investigation of misdemeanor cases that might, under further probing, develop into felonies.

Rep. Coleman B. Zimmeraman (R-Providence), who introduced the bill in the House, expressed surprise last night at the attitude of the police chiefs.

"I thought it a good bill when I introduced it," he said, "and I still think it is a good bill. It does not change the provisions of the existing law in regard to the holding of persons charged with felonies, but it will take care of situations such as we have been hearing about when some student or other young person gets into trouble. It will give the average innocent person a chance to talk with an attorney and have a prompt arraignment without being held overnight in a police cell."

Zimmerman said the object of the bill was not concerned "with drunks or small racketeers," but with the average citizen who gets into trouble. He said he did not believe that in practice, police would have any difficulty in following out the bill's provisions.

JOB WELL DONE

Capt. Earl F. Adams, who retires this month as head of the Providence police department traffic division, is, more than any other individual, responsible for the excellent record that has on several occasions in the past decade brought Providence national prominence

for the effectiveness of its highway safety work.

As director from its inception of the city's long-continued campaign, dating from late 1937 when the 25-mile-an-hour speed limit was adopted, Capt. Adams has devoted himself to the task of keeping our streets from being the death traps of the motor age. He has kept at it doggedly despite all handicaps, including those imposed by the wartime manpower shortage which stripped his staff nearly bare.

The results of his work are measurable in the lives it has saved. In the half-dozen years before inauguration of the campaign, motor vehicle killings on Providence highways averaged more than 27 a year. In the 10 years since, they have averaged fewer than 18 annually. This is a cut of a full one-third. It can be matched by few cities indeed in the United States.

Captain Adams' has been a job well done, and he merits the appreciation and thanks of the community as he prepares to turn the reins of the safety effort over to other hands.

310-YEAR-OLD BAY STATE BAN ON RESIDENTS OF RHODE ISLAND REVOKED

Rhode Islanders planning to visit Massachusetts may now do so legally for the first time since 1638.

Recently Gov. Robert F. Bradford telegraphed Gov. John O. Pastore, saying "All is forgiven, come to Boston anytime."

Governor Bradford's welcome was dispatched after he had signed a bill revoking the colonial law banning residents of Providence Plantations from the Bay State. The old statute applied to any Rhode Island resident who discussed religious beliefs with which Massachusetts Puritans might disagree.

In Columbus, Ga., Mrs. W. E. Jenkins was charged with larceny for snatching a \$6,000 contract from the hands of a lawyer and eating it.

WATERBURY COPPERS

Tuppy Wright of Waterbury recently contributed a special article to the Waterbury American following the death of "an old time cop", Charlie Hurlbut. Brass City Sons at home and abroad will without doubt appreciate Tuppy's column:

"Charles T. Hurlbut who passed away January 2 was a model policeman in his day and covered the streets of all parts of the city from the day of appointment Dec. 6, 1911, until he retired July 27, 1936.

It was the Hotchkiss board of Public Safety that appointed him, Charley Templeton, Ed Hart, and John M. Burrall, constituting the majority side. The minority side Dr. John F. Hayes and his young associate from Out East, Leary or Leahey, are now dead. So is Mr. Burrall. But the board was unanimous in his selection. All five commissioners liked Charley's demeanor before and after his selection.

A rather shy fellow, Charley was extremely nervous in his approach to a police commissioner, who in those days rode rather high and ran the Police Department in a way that sometimes disturbed the feeling of the mayor.

The commissioners used their own judgement in the regulation of all affairs pertaining to the police.

George M. Beach, now residing in Watertown, was the guiding uniformed head of the force, although he was seldom seen in the gold braid that he was entitled to wear. There were just two police captains, Tom Dodds, Sr., a great policeman, head of the detective bureau, and Frank Blakely of the uniformed branch. Barney Cahey was the senior lieutenant, and the then young John J. Bergin, the junior officer of that rank. John Cavanaugh, Joe McLean, and Thomas Dodds, Jr., father of the present patrolman by that name, were the sergeants who checked the patrolmen on post. In the detective bureau were Tom Colasanto, long remembered for his camel hair coat worn many times in the solving of various serious breaches of the law; Jack Kennaugh of the North End, whose

known dignity was rather upset some when he failed in his effort to clear up the much publicized and discussed copper mystery in the woods off Meriden Rd.; and Billy Keegan, named to replace Tom Gorman, a famed sleuth of the East End.

The detectives got no further than a sergeancy. The commissioners made them "slick up," but never allowed them a penny for their clothes. New derby hats had to be purchased by them every fall, under pain of appearance before the men on discipline, and any officer found wearing shoes, down at the heels was liable to dismissal.

Charley Hurlbut knew all of these rules and regulations. But he never had to change his custom and method of dress. Before he entered the force he was recognized as one of the best-dressed young men of the North End.

We have an idea of the patrolmen of the time when Charley first entered the department. The No. 1 man on the list was the never-to-be-forgotten Maurice Noonan. What a policeman! How he could scatter a crowd and how he could run. There was another of the old crowd, Simon McCarthy, christened by the others as the neatest man of the entire force. Fussy to the extreme, Simon wouldn't wear a uniform beyond one season. His shoes were shined not only in the morning, but during the noon hour.

The only Italian on the roster Gigilio Giampetruzzi. The others were mostly Irish, having such names as Tehan, Claffey, Magner, Hayes, Halpin, Healey, Dowling, Hickey, Lawlor, Walsh, Dunphy, Donahue, Madden, Flaherty, Callahan, Fitzgerald, McElligott, Lynch, Grady, Bagley, Kiernan, Moore, Gibbons and Smithwick. Con Kiersted was living when Charley came into the department, but was killed a year or two later in an auto accident near Woodbridge. Dick LeRoy, now ill at his home, was a patrolman, and later was made a captain, one of the best-known and best-liked officers of the past.

The total number of policemen was 70.

The superintendent received \$2,000 per annum, and the rank and file got \$3 a day. The police were always active and made arrests annually in excess of 3,000.

Charley Hurlbut never sought advancement. He was just as quiet as he looked. His smile was ever with him, up and beyond the time he had to retire. Attentive and conscientious, he was never

known to take time out, except the half hour given for lunch.

"Twenty-five years on night and day duty is a long time," Charley once said, "and no man should be forced to stay longer, unless he so desires. Few people understand the duties of a cop during the cold and busy night season. Doors must be tried regularly, and the danger of a fall is there every moment."

BRIDGEPORT on the SOUND

ALL COPS PLEASE COPY

State Police Comr. Edward J. Hickey paid the Connecticut press a courteous compliment when he spoke to New England publishers in Boston this week. He praised increasing co-operation and understanding between police and press.

If this is so, as it is in many places and not quite true in others, then much of the credit for improved relations must go to Ed Hickey himself.

He is the newspaperman's ideal sleuth --efficient, tough and yet humane. He gets his man, but while doing this assists the reporter to cover his story completely.

Ed has learned that when newspapermen are told all the facts, some for publication, others off the record, they will help and not hamper police operations.

Would that the state police commissioner could teach that lesson, culled from his long experience, to all the cops in Connecticut.--L.D.

--(Sunday Herald)

tive bureau in an acting capacity Oct. 1, 1943, with the retirement of Capt. James H. Bray, Capt. "Joe" Morris proceeded to chalk up a record for solving crimes which has never been paralleled in the Park City Police department.

In his more than four years as a detective chief Joe leaves but one out of 11 murders unsolved, the slaying of a Chinese laundryman, for which not even a motive has ever been found.

The detective bureau was his "whole life" and Supt. John A. Lyddy often referred to him as "the most devoted-to-duty policeman the department has ever had."

Services for Capt. Morris took place in the Gannon funeral home, and in St. Patrick's church, with a solemn Mass of requiem.

The State Police were represented by Capt. Leo F. Carroll, representing Commissioner Hickey, Capt. William Schatzman, Lieut. George Remer, Det. Sgt. William S. Sullivan, and Detectives Frank Bowes, Michael Santy and John Doyle.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH A. MORRIS

The Bridgeport Police department lost one of the truly great detective chiefs in the history of the department with the recent death of Capt. Joseph A. Morris, 66.

Since he took the helm of the detec-

That smile on George Fray's face is the result of the \$500 check he received last week for turning in the most valuable suggestion (to improve efficiency) at Bridgeport Brass Co. George is the father of State Policeman George Fray, Jr., -- Saturday Evening Post.

STATE OF NEW YORK



NEW YORK STATE TROOPERS

TROOP K IS READY

...for anything. From the Catskills to Montauk, these State Policemen find a use for boats, bloodhounds and toboggans

by A. D. Rathbone, IV

TWO days had passed since snow had smothered New York with the heaviest fall on record. Many areas were still isolated — lonely outposts cut off by towering drifts. The telephone switchboard at the Hawthorne headquarters of New York State Police's Troop K began to light up like a pin-ball machine.

"I have three children here. And there's nothing to eat!"

"I can't get any milk for my little baby. What'll I do?"

The troopers took over from there. Lacing on snowshoes, they stamped from their barracks, piled bread, milk, eggs from their own commissary onto toboggans and hauled them on foot to scores of shut-in families around Hawthorne, Armonk Village, Thornwood and Katonah.

Meanwhile, Hawthorne teletypes tapped out news of the food emergency to sub-stations and outposts, ordering aid to hungry families.

Other troopers joined snowplow crews, dug their way through wind-blown drifts to make roads for police cars carrying mass quantities of food. For two full days they delivered necessities to hundreds of people. At the same time they helped open "the milk run" — the main highway along Route 9 which was needed for milk deliveries to New York City.

This is just another example of how Troop K, protecting the seven counties near the city, snaps to attention in an emergency. These picked men are ready for any call, but this was the first time they had to be milkmen and grocery boys since the smashing hurricane of '38. Then they dropped their motorcycles for rowboats instead of toboggans.

Every Kind of Problem

TO BE ready for anything is a tradition with the troop, whose 143 men cover territory ranging from criminal hideouts in the Catskills to tiny Fisher's Island off Montauk Point. Proximity to the big city, density of suburban population, a concentration of state hospitals and prisons and extensive water areas create unique problems for this specialized group of men.

One such problem arose the night eight criminals escaped from the Matteawan State Hospital for the mentally sick. Dropping a makeshift rope out a window, they lowered themselves to the ground and scattered in the snow-swept dark.

The escaped men didn't know it, but outposts are arranged in such a pattern that troopers can form a large, ever-

narrowing circle around any trouble spot. Within 15 minutes of the break, the men were completely surrounded; and by the time residents in the neighborhood heard the alarm broadcast, the ring had closed, and all eight were back in custody.

To cope with such emergencies, the troop maintains its own "navy" (three motorboats), deep-sea diving equipment (including an expert diver), fingerprinting and photographic laboratories, a force of plain-clothes men, a kennel-full of bloodhounds, and a growing desire for a helicopter.

Speedily established roadblocks or dragnets are assured by the strategic location of the 24 sub-stations and outposts and a fleet of automobiles and motorcycles. The new FM three-way radio system which allows all cars to communicate with each other as well as with the main station helps the unit's mobility. Walkie-talkies speed the work of cycle and foot patrols. A teletype web fans out from the main barracks at Hawthorne in Westchester County, and direct wires connect with police of New York City, Newark and Hartford.

The Lady Saw Ghosts

SINCE it embraces an area of 3,700 square miles, Troop K can average only one man for each 25 square miles. Once a woman who phoned an outpost for a trooper wouldn't believe that it was staffed by only three men. She demanded attention.

"I know you've got more than three men," she declared hotly. "I've counted fourteen of them going by here in one day."

"Lady," came the reply, "that's the same man going by fourteen times!"

Normally Troop K's "patrol ships" — one surplus navy craft for the lakes and two powerboats for the south shore of Long Island — follow routine duties. They answer police calls from Fire Island, clear congested small boat traffic in the channels, carry out rescues and apprehend boat thieves. But with the meat shortage at its height, the fleet actually stopped a cattle-rustling racket on Long Island's shore.

As part of a city black-beef ring, the rustlers made swift, after-dark raids in speedy craft on meadows bordering the Atlantic. Prize steers were butchered and processed, and the meat was spirited away in the night. Then sailor-troopers established an off-shore patrol, and rustling attempts stopped.

Many phases of crime flow from large cities into rural areas. New York City's Motor Vehicle Bureau annually teletypes

approximately 11,000 missing automobile alarms to the Hawthorne Barracks. Sometimes vehicles are recovered only after they have been stripped of tires, radios, generators, heaters, and even engines.

No matter how careful thieves may be about not leaving fingerprints in such cases, the troop's experts find them. With an almost psychic knowledge of where to look for telltale evidence, they go over dismantled cars inch by inch.

Once two robbers killed the owner of an automobile, drove to a dark corner in Westchester and dumped the body in the bushes. After stripping the car, they set it afire to obliterate all clues. But Troop K's men knew where to look for prints on the charred wreckage. The evidence they found sent the two murderers to the electric chair, but how they found it is a trade secret.

All kinds of people get lost. Some accomplish it in automobiles on well-marked parkways, others on foot. Most cases of displaced persons are relatively momentary, but a few are serious. All require help, often that of Troop K's bloodhounds and their handler, Sergeant W. W. Horton.

Scents a day old or those washed by rain are especially difficult, sometimes even valueless. The sergeant is proudest of the time his dogs picked up the five-day-old trail of an elderly woman from the lone clue of a footprint. Six miles farther on they found her leaning against a tree. Although weak from exposure, she had kept her faith that the dogs would find her. Her first words were: "What took you so long?"

Since 1937 Troop K has raised and trained scores of bloodhounds, but they're not for sale. Since there are only about 150 man-trailing bloodhounds in the country, Troop K's kennel frequently travels by automobile, plane, train and boat to answer out-of-state calls.

On the more prosaic side, troopers have their regular duties to perform. They escort payrolls, serve as local police in small communities, check motor-vehicle license revocations and inspect public places for fire and other safety precautions.

Some truck operators insist on overloading unless watched. Posted property and "dark houses" — summer places closed for the winter — are inspected regularly. Rural school crossings and school buses need protection. To accomplish all these tasks, men on car patrol drive an average of 200 miles a day.

Somewhere in the trooper's schedule (he's never really off duty save for one evening a week and four days a month) he must find time to do his own barracks housekeeping.

Then, too, he never quite catches up with his small mountain of paper work. Each new case, large or trivial, is reported in full on the typewriter, then inexorably followed through to its terse finality: "Case closed."

36,000 Cases a Year

IN 1946, including investigations, felonies, misdemeanors, accidents and vehicle and traffic arrests, Troop K handled 35,932 items and recovered nearly \$260,000 worth of lost or stolen property. The teletype messages received at Hawthorne totaled 185,373 — or an incoming message every three minutes, night and day!

For his services, New York State's Man in Gray receives \$1170 a year to start, plus all clothing and a daily subsistence allowance of \$3.50 when not living in barracks. After six years' service his pay will be \$2562. When he gets his corporal's stripes, it will be \$2867, with a sergeant's rating earning \$3050. Each of the state's six troops has one captain and one inspector who receive \$4800 and \$4307 respectively.

Troop K has a good preparedness record, but there was one time when a trooper wasn't ready. He stopped along a lonely road to help a woman motorist with a flat tire. Suspicious of strangers, the woman bit his hand as he offered assistance.

"How could I tell you were a trooper?" she said later "Your uniform looks just like a bus driver's." ---This Week

NEW YORK STATE POLICE GET \$100,000 RAISE MORE DAYS OFF

Albany, Jan. 31 -- Pay increases amounting to nearly \$100,000 and more days off will be extended to New York State Police in a program initiated by Governor Thomas E. Dewey, it was announced. The pay increases will make the New York state force, with an authorized strength of 900 men, the highest paid in the country, with salaries ranging from \$3,105 for troopers to \$9,325 for deputy superintendent.

Superintendent John A. Gaffney, acting on instructions from Governor Dewey, issued orders, effective Monday, giving all troop personnel an additional night off each week, in addition to the one night off each week already in effect, as well as the existing four consecutive days off duty each month, plus traveling time at each end of such leave periods.

The pay increases will amount to 15 per cent for those now receiving up to \$3,000 a year; 10 per cent from \$3,000 to \$5,000 and 5 per cent for over \$5,000. The former maximum range of pay was from \$2,100 a year for troopers to \$6,900 for deputy superintendent. Emergency compensation increases boosted the troopers' pay to \$2,700 and the additional 15 per cent now granted will raise the figure to \$3,105.

Superintendent Gaffney pointed out that this salary, plus a trooper's daily allowance for food, will give him approximately \$4,155 cash in addition to other benefits. The troopers are supplied with three meals a day or \$3.50 cash for every day on duty. Superintendent Gaffney said most of the force were on duty away from the barracks and receive the cash, which, for approximately 300 days a year, amounts to \$1,050. Additional benefits include lodging, uniforms, incidental clothing, firearms and all other equipment, as well as medical attention.

Under the new plan the entrance pay for rookies will be increased from \$900, plus 30 per cent emergency increment, or \$1,170 to \$1,200 plus 15 per cent, or \$1,380, plus allowances. Once on the force a trooper will be eligible for six annual increments of \$250 each, to a maximum of \$2,700 plus the 15 per cent additional now granted, for a total of \$3,105. ---Herald Tribune

Vox-Cop extends congratulations to our western neighbors.

FOR MOTORISTS
AND
COPPERS

Winter Driving Safety Rules

Rules for safe winter driving, which the Automobiler Club recommends as the way to "Take It Easy" and avoid accidents during the next three months, are as follows.

1. Adjust speeds to conditions.
2. Slow down well in advance of intersections and curves.
3. Use tire chains on ice and snow.
4. Keep windshield and windows clean of snow, ice, fog and frost.
5. Follow other vehicles at safe distances.
6. Signal intentions of turning or stopping.
7. Apply brakes with a gentle pumping action.
8. Use head and tail lights during daytime if necessary.
9. BE EXTRA CAUTIOUS WHILE DRIVING AT NIGHT.

Carry Your Keys

Forgetting to remove the keys from cars may lead to trouble not only for the careless motorist, but also for the youth of the community, warns J. V. Bennett, director of the U.S. Bureau of Prisons in an article which appeared in Look Magazine.

He explains that many young boys are tempted to steal cars more for joy-riding purposes than for financial gain. The results are a criminal record for the boys, and frequently injury and death, he says. --- Hartford Automobiler

RECIPROCITY PACTS AID STATE'S DRIVERS

Connecticut motorists have been granted almost unlimited driving privileges with their Connecticut licenses and registrations in 32 other states, Elmer S. Watson, commissioner of motor vehicles, has reported.

Commissioner Watson said that under recently - completed reciprocity agreements, full reciprocity has been extended by all New England states except Massachusetts, where Connecticut drivers may operate only vehicles registered in this state or Massachusetts.

Saying the agreements should prove of much value to tourists and vacationists driving through other states, Commissioner Watson warned however, that business representatives and firms must adhere to certain restrictions regarding their licenses and registrations in the several states.

The commissioner said reciprocity agreements had been reached with the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, District of Columbia, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Wyoming, Texas, Florida, Virginia, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Iowa and New Mexico.

TROOPERS EXHIBIT DOGS AT WORK

The history of dogs in police work and details of actual cases in Connecticut in which dogs were employed were outlined recently by State Troopers Walter Foley and Clayton Gaiser at a meeting of the Elm City Kennel Club in the Women's Club.

The troopers, assigned to the Bethany Barracks, where State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey recently supervised establishment of a kennel housing six dogs, brought two bloodhounds and a Doberman Pinscher, "Baron" with them.

Following showing of a film on basic obedience techniques and the "finished" dog, Gaiser and Foley presented a demonstration for the membership replete with measures used by the canines in attacking armed persons.

---New Haven Journal Courier

TWO MOTORISTS "DIDN'T HAVE TIME"
TO AID OFFICER WITH INJURED BOY

A Bangor, Maine policeman stood in the middle of State street one afternoon with an unconscious five-year-old boy in his arms seeking a ride to the nearby Eastern Maine General hospital but two passing motorists "didn't have the time" to convey them there.

Officer Edward Barry reported to headquarters that when Richard Kingsbury ran into the side of a passing car and was badly injured, he rushed to the scene from his nearby post and picked the youngster up in his arms.

The boy was unconscious and Officer Barry's first thought was to get him to the hospital.

He tried to flag down the first car, but the driver said he "didn't have time" for the mercy errand, and another vehicle's operator also was "too busy."

The driver of a third vehicle in the line gladly consented to take the policeman and the injured boy to the hospital.--Bangor Daily News

T.W.S. Parsons... Boy Scout Chief

RETIRED POLICE COMMISSIONER
TO HEAD SCOUT ASSOCIATION

Thomas W. S. Parsons, OBE, O. St. J. retired commissioner of B. C. Police has been appointed provincial commissioner of the B. C. Boy Scouts Association.

Announcement of the appointment was made by Prentice Bloedel, president of the provincial Scout council.

In this voluntary capacity, Mr. Parsons will bring to Scouting a background of many years interest and close contact with youth in B.C. His appointment places him at the head of the 10,000 Scouts, Cubs and Rovers in B.C. and Yukon.

Mr. Parsons, who served nearly 36 years with the B.C. Police, has been prominent and active in St. John Ambu-

lance Association work for many years and recently became administrator of Queen Alexandra Solarium for Crippled Children at Mill Bay.

Mr. Parsons was a member of the South African Constabulary, Baden-Powell's police, just after the end of the Boer War. He remained in contact with Baden-Powell until the Scout founder's death.

The new commissioner is not a newcomer to Scout administration since he has served both on the Victoria District Council and on the provincial Scout council.

R. Ken Jordan, provincial executive commissioner, will be Mr. Parson's immediate assistant.

TEPPLERS BARRED FROM BARS BY
OLD LAW; TOWN QUIET

Bedford, Pa., --- Things were pretty quiet in this mountain community on a recent Saturday night and, according to Assistant Police Chief H. A. Clark, they're going to stay that way--thanks to a 76-year-old law.

Under the law, almost forgotten since its passage in 1872, five women and 75 men have been banned from buying beer or liquor as persons of "known intemperate habits."

A list of those involved has been posted in each of Bedford's 11 bars, Clark said, and all tavern owners have been informed they will be subject to a fine of \$25, 30 days in jail and possible liquor license suspension for selling drinks to offenders.

"We just decided we'd put up with these people long enough," said Clark. "We got tired of helping them home at night. If we brought them in and fined them, we were working a hardship on their families. This will work better."

The list will be revised every 90 days, Clark said, with the understanding that an improvement in conduct will bring a restoration of drinking privileges.---(AP)

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1948

WATERBURY REPUBLICAN

MORNING AND SUNDAY

WATERBURY AMERICAN

EVENING

MEMBERS AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

61 LEAVENWORTH STREET

WATERBURY 91, CONNECTICUT

January 21, 1948

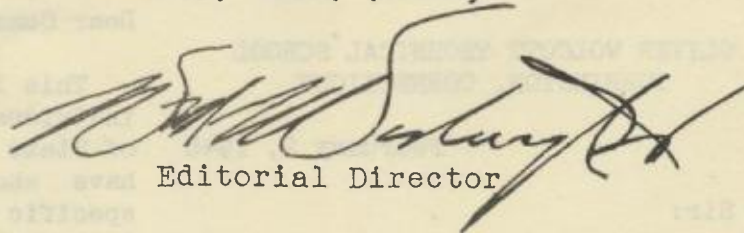
Lieut. Victor Clarke
State Police Barracks
Bethany, Conn.

Dear Lieutenant:

Last Saturday night my car stalled in Woodbridge in the midst of that night's heavy storm, and I appealed to your men in Bethany for help. The help was very promptly forthcoming in the form of a garage man whom they managed to locate and sent to the spot.

This was another instance of the very fine service that we have all come to expect of the state police and I want you to know how much I appreciate it.

Very truly yours,



Editorial Director

William W. Vosburgh, Jr./G

A P P R E C I A T I O N L E T T E R S

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATIONAL HISTORY
Central Park West at 79th Street
New York 24, N.Y.

February 2nd, 1948

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

My son, Endicott P. Davison, was involved in a fatal accident near Berlin, Connecticut, on November 23rd. Now that he has been completely cleared, so far as criminal charges are concerned, I wanted to write you and tell you how impressed he was with the job that the State Police did.

He said that within a minute or two of the accident, one officer had arrived, and very shortly after that - within a few minutes, a considerable number more were on the scene. They went about their business very efficiently and thoroughly, and he had the feeling that your force was well trained and able to fulfill their duties quickly and effectively.

I know that I, as a father, am most grateful that men of that caliber were assigned to those duties and wish to congratulate you and them on the way in which they carry them out.

Sincerely yours,

F. Trubee Davison

(Ed's note: "The officers concerned were Walter Swaun, Joseph Palin, John Sweeney, and Sergeant Gruber.")

OLIVER WOLCOTT TECHNICAL SCHOOL
TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT

February 2, 1948

Dear Sir:

I am writing to express my appreciation of the courteous service rendered by one of your force. About one o'clock on the morning of February 1st as Mrs. Jones and I were returning to Torrington from an evening in Litchfield I dis-

covered that our car radiator was frozen. As I stopped in the usual cloud of steam a car drew up in back of us and one of your officers inquired if he could be of service. After examining the radiator and discussing where we could obtain service at that hour of the night, he suggested pushing our car to Torrington. I can assure you that this act was greatly appreciated and although I could have reached Torrington eventually by waiting for the engine to cool and by advancing by steps, yet at that time of morning in sub-zero weather the delay would have caused considerable discomfort to Mrs. Jones.

After pushing our car to the Allen House Garage your officer made sure that our needs would be well cared for before leaving to continue his regular routine. At that time I found that his name is Wilcox and he that my name is Jones.

In this minor incident was exhibited to an unusual degree those qualities of efficiency, courtesy and friendly assistance which characterize our State Police here in Connecticut.

Sincerely yours,

Herbert B. Jones,
Director

CITY OF ANSONIA
CONNECTICUT
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR

February 4, 1948

Dear Commissioner:

This letter is to thank you for your individual efforts, and as Commissioner of State Police, for the cooperation you have shown to the City of Ansonia with specific reference to the Hershey Metal Company labor dispute.

With my personal best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Thomas J. Nelligan
Mayor

Local and State Police Cooperate

"The Team Clicks"

VOX-COP

February, 1948

COOPERATION DID IT!

Yes, it was cooperation that did it --cooperation between our own and the Bridgeport and Danbury Police Departments that brought Harry W. Shepard to the bar of justice.

The Danbury News-Times, in the editorial reprinted on this page says, "Most of us, perhaps, fail to understand the great amount of hard work involved...." Well, our department started active work on the case that led up to the apprehension of Shepard on November 29, 1947. That was the date Officer Edward Giardina was assigned to investigate a breaking and entering case in the Mill Plain Section of Danbury--one of the many jobs Shepard worked on.

Since that time the following members of the Ridgefield barracks have lent their talents and time to solving the long series of breaks: Lt. Harry Tucker, Officer Louis Stefanek, Officer Robert Lineweber, Officer John T. Jones, Officer John T. Small, Officer Edward Meagher, Officer William J. McNamara, Officer Charles Gorman.

Their work in the beginning consisted of leg work, special night patrols and paper work until the alert Bridgeport police compared several items they saw in Bridgeport pawn shops with descriptions on state police teletype messages and found they matched - the case warmed up considerably then.

The next job to do was to find the man that had pawned the jewelry and to trace the trinkets. Neither task was easy.

Shepard was a floater, he's the kind of a fellow whose name is followed by "of no certain address".

State and Bridgeport police spread the net and sent the word out that Shepard was "wanted". Search was centered in Bridgeport and it was there that the elusive fugitive one night walked into the arms of some Bridgeport investigators who were on the right spot and not accidentally.

Now the case is back to the legwork stage again. Round and Round to people who have had property stolen from them in more than 16 cases to identify the valuables and to clinch the case against Shepard.

The recovered property now is valued at thousands of dollars, the time spent totals thousands of hours.

Thanks, News-Times for giving due recognition to the police who worked tirelessly on the case. We think they deserve it.--Vox Cop

GOOD POLICE WORK

Good police work resulted in the arrest of Harry W. Shepard, of this city, who is now behind bars in bonds of \$10,000 while the authorities are making a thorough check on his criminal activities over a long period of time in this area.

He has confessed, according to police, many burglaries and thefts, and it is estimated that he stole goods worth approximately \$50,000. Some of these have been recovered, and possibly more eventually will be returned to the rightful owners, after the loot has been traced.

Shepard is alleged to have stolen from some 50 homes, most of them summer residences in the Danbury area. His work was of the expert kind, for, while police have been hot on his trail for months, they had a hard time catching up with him.

But they worked tirelessly. State Police worked with the police of both Danbury and Bridgeport, and the co-operation and interchange of information among them finally had the desired result. Shepard was arrested when Bridgeport officers closed in on him last Wednesday evening in that city.

State Policemen William J. McNamara and John T. Jones, and Detective Captain Eugene F. Melvin and Officer James

COOPERATION

A. Whitlock, of the local force, were active in trailing Shepard, and in piling up evidence that finally pointed to his activities in entering so many homes. He is also accused of having passed at least two worthless checks in Danbury.

Society is indebted to all police who worked on this case. Most of us, perhaps, fail to understand the great amount of hard work involved in tracking down a clever criminal, and in getting proof that he is guilty. That this man is behind bars, and has been led to confess at least many of the mysterious burglaries that have puzzled and alarmed so many, is cause for congratulation.

The News-Times believes good police work should be made known, and that the community should be grateful to its guardians for superior performance of their duty.

They certainly have done well in this case. ---Danbury News-Times.

SEVEN ARRESTED IN BRISTOL GAMBLING RAIDS BY STATE, LOCAL POLICE

Five of seven men arrested in gambling raids conducted by state and local police in Bristol were fined by Judge Frederick W. Beach in City Court.

In passing sentence, Judge Beach commended state and local police for their cooperation in the raids. He added, "Betting on horse races and buying lottery tickets is being done by many people and it's unlikely that the courts and police will ever be able to stamp the practices out entirely. However, that should not deter officials from making an effort to keep these rackets within bounds."

He also said. "This should serve as a warning to those who escaped the net this time that these raids will be conducted again."

The five fined were as follows:

Sam Alkas, 43, of 17 Main Street, charged with pool selling, \$500.

Rocco Segretta, 48, of 63^{1/2} King St., pool selling, \$500 with \$100 suspended provided that he is not arrested again

within a year.

Harry Leba, 26, of 17 Main Street, horse betting, \$25.

James Cavalieri, 50, of 82 Park St., pool selling, \$200 with \$100 suspended provided he is not arrested again in the next year.

William Kelaita, 25, of 257 Park St., pool selling \$250.

Nolled for lack of evidence to support charges of pool selling were the cases of Joseph Geladino, 34, of 9 Irving Street, and John Rafaniello, 32, of 171 Laurel Street. Alkas and Kelaita were represented by Attorney Arthur Nichols, of Plainville, while Attorney Joseph P. O'Connell was counsel for Geladino, Cavalieri and Rafaniello.

The cases against the defendants were presented by Prosecutor Francis V. Tracy. The latter described Alkas as the "king pin" of lottery ticket sales in the city. He said that when his Main Street place was raided yesterday, 2,173 lottery tickets and 1,317 result sheets were found. Mr. Tracy further stated that Alkas purchases the lottery tickets for 34 cents each and sells them through a number of agents for 50 cents apiece.

Segreto's horse betting establishment, the prosecutor stated, is located in a place in King Street known as "The Barn". Police yesterday found horse betting slips at the barn and at Segreto's home, he added. When the raid on the barn was conducted, a radio was turned in to a broadcast of racing results. An odd feature surrounding Segreto's case was the fact that in another part of the barn hobby horses, owned by the Connecticut Carnival Company, are stored and repaired.

Kelaita and Rafaniello, Mr. Tracy said, were arrested in connection with the finding of 22 lottery tickets at a North Main Street service station, managed by Rafaniello. He said that Kelaita this morning admitted that the tickets were his and that Rafaniello had no knowledge of them. It was at this point that Judge Beach entered a nolle in Rafaniello's case upon recommendation by Mr. Tracy.

VOX-COP

February, 1948



EDMUND S. CROWLEY, CHIEF

**Department of Police**

CHIEF'S OFFICE

BRISTOL, CONN., February 16, 1948

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

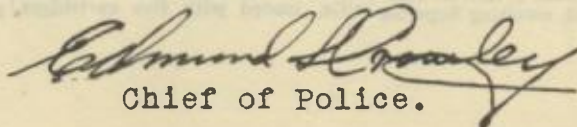
Dear Commissioner:

I sincerely want to thank you and your department for the co-operation extended to my department on Friday, the 13th of February 1948.

Captain Carroll and his men did an excellent job in assisting this department and I do wish that the Captain be informed of this.

Thanking you again for your assistance to the Bristol Police Department and me personally, I remain,

Sincerely yours,


Chief of Police.

COMMENDATIONS

VOX-COP

February, 1948

THREE OFFICERS TO RECEIVE MEDALS FOR BRAVERY



Luke F. Clancy



Robert Lineweber



Louis Stefanek

FOR BRAVERY

Students of human conduct have long known that courage and kindness go hand in hand. The bully is never brave. In a practical application of this truism it will be found that those law-enforcement officers who have a reputation for decency and politeness in their everyday dealings with people are usually more efficient than the surly and ill-tempered. Generally speaking, it will also be found that when the chips are down and old-fashioned guts are needed, the decent ones come through handsomely.

The Connecticut State Police have long before this established themselves deeply in the respect of their fellow citizens. By

their good works, not only in arresting law-breakers, but in the almost as frequent role of Good Samaritan they enjoy a well-deserved reputation for honesty, intelligence, efficiency—and courage.

The award of medals for bravery are to be made to three members of this group for outstanding acts of bravery during the past year merely highlights the long chances the state troopers frequently take in the routine of duty. For example Officers Louis R. Stefanek and Robert L. Lineweber of the Ridgefield Barracks won their award by braving the rifle fire of a man who had already seriously wounded one person. Perhaps it would have been safer if the officers had shot the man down

from a place of concealment. Instead they faced the rifle and disarmed him without firing a shot. The award to Officer Luke Clancy of the Danielson Barracks is being made because he captured two armed jail breakers, again without firing a shot.

These three men are not a whit braver than many of their associates. In fact, they might be described as typical of the men who function so well under Commissioner Edward J. Hickey. We may be sure that the whole personnel of the State Police join with the people of Connecticut in congratulating these three officers, who have so dramatically illustrated the fact that courage never goes out of fashion.

(Hartford Courant)

Awards To Be Given Officers for Bravery

Three State Policemen were voted medals for bravery by the department's board of awards Off. Louis R. Stefanek and Robert L. Lineweber of the Ridgefield Barracks and Luke Clancy of the Danielson Barracks. They were recommended for the decorations by their commanding officers, Lieutenant Harry Tucker of Ridgefield and Lieutenant Albert Rivers of Danielson.

Policeman Stefanek and Lineweber braved rifle fire to capture and disarm Henry C. Newton of Golden Hill Road, Danbury, on January 6. Newton is now in Fairfield County jail, awaiting Superior

Court trial in April on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

Captured Armed Man.

According to department records, the two policemen went to the Newton home in answer to a call for help from Mrs. Katherine Newton. As they approached she ran from the house and Newton appeared in the doorway, firing several shots after her from a rifle. One of them struck her in the hip. The two policemen carried her to their car and then started up a narrow, 180 foot long pathway through the deep snow, ordering Newton to stand where he was. He held his fire, although the two officers in their dark uniforms, presented perfect targets against the snow. Newton's rifle, loaded with five cartridges

and 38 cartridges in his pockets, were taken from him. One of the Newton children told the police his father had threatened to kill Mrs. Newton. Another child was found cowering in an upstairs room.

Caught Two Fugitives.

The capture of two armed men who escaped from Windham County Jail in Brooklyn resulted in the award to Officer Clancy, who served with the Marines during the war.

George Korch and Robert Pickering escaped from the jail last September 18 and during the next five days committed several burglaries. Policeman Clancy was searching for them in Canterbury when he noticed the shades drawn in the home of Frank Slevin. Dur-

ing the day, when carpenters were working there, he had noticed the shades were up.

The policeman walked around the house and saw Korch in a downstairs room. Smashing a window pane with his revolver, Officer Clancy ordered Korch to surrender and Pickering was covered and placed under arrest when he came from an adjoining room. The policeman handcuffed the wrist of one of the men to the ankle of the other and took them to the barracks. When the house was searched a loaded revolver was found in a jacket. Pickering was sentenced to the State Prison and Korch to the State Reformatory.

The awards will be conferred on the officers at a ceremony to be held at State Police headquarters later this winter.

The Observant Sergeant

VOX-COP

February, 1948

SPEAKING OF BRASS HATS

If I were boss, I am sure I would
Say a kindly word whenever I could,
For the man who has given his best by
day
Wants a little more than his weekly pay
He likes to know, with the setting sun,
That his boss is pleased with the work
he's done.

SPECIAL FOR STATION "H"

Policemen and firemen throughout the nation will be glad to hear of a new invention that gets kittens down from trees. It consists of a very long aluminum tube with a tricky snare on the end. You raise the tube to the desired kitten, catch her in the snare, pull her into the tube.

Puss then steps on a fleece-pad and comes sliding willy-nilly down the tube to terra firma.

HASKIN REPORTS

Q. When did habeas corpus become an accepted principle of law?

A. The writ of habeas corpus ("have the body") was guaranteed in England by the Habeas Corpus Act of 1679 but suspended thereafter. It was written into the Magna Carta in 1215. The American colonists valued it highly and in 1787, to prevent similar suspensions, a provision was written into the Constitution: "The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

Massachusetts State Rep. Clarence A. Wood, Hopkinton, says a Cambridge woman admitted she purposely feeds whisky

to her husband and turns him over to police each time he is released from periodic drunkenness sentences.

The explanation: Sober and free, he earns \$30 a week; drunk and locked up, he makes her and her children eligible for welfare checks totaling about \$60 a week.

DEEP RIVER

Here's one to remember when you are "all alone" and "on the grill" for more stripes or bars.

Special Act 154 passed by the last session of the General Assembly legally changed the name of this town from Saybrook to Deep River. The change became effective July 1, 1947. In the past, considerable confusion existed because of the similarity of names of this town and Old Saybrook. The situation was made doubly difficult since the village area of the Town of Old Saybrook is known to Post Office authorities and to the public generally as Saybrook.

Just in case of a Fire Call here's a list of official organizations and officials.

Connecticut State Firemen's Association. President, Omer H. Bruneau, North Grosvenordale; Secretary, John Moehring, 56 Toms Rd., Stamford.

Connecticut Fire Chiefs Association. President, Paul P. Heinz, Fire Chief, New Haven; Secretary, David Mercer, Fire Chief, Racebrook Rd., Woodbridge.

And in case one needs to call the police, here's a list of Police Organizations and Officials in Connecticut.

The State Police Association of Connecticut. President, John B. Brennan, Chief of Police, Stamford; Secretary, John A. Lyddy, Supt. of Police, Bridgeport.

Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association. President, Hugh Meade, Chief of Police, Torrington; Recording Secretary, John A. Lyddy, Supt. of Police, Bridgeport.

THE PASSING PARADE

We recently made a hurried trip to Tolland Superior Court to give testimony in a civil action. While going over to Vernon somehow or other we got to thinking about earlier days and our travels over East.

Taking a journey down Memory Lane we envisioned our 1921 run-a-bout with its top securely fastened down leaving us exposed to the weather elements. Presently, we took a look at the 1948 speedometer which was registering 48 m.p.h. at the moment and recalled that in 1921 if one went over 28 m.p.h. we would certainly be reported and grounded. Only the Studebaker fleet was allowed to make high-30 m.p.h. The reflection caused us to cut down on this 1948 trip and besides, the snow-banks were too treacherous and uninviting. Things have not changed too much, however, we get grounded today, maybe for less cause.

Having safely reached the seat of Tolland County, we made our way into the brownstone sanctum. It hasn't changed a bit in a quarter of a century, except for the personnel serving the public in the various offices.

Each doorway is labeled with a sign, and as we started to climb the stairway, we recalled familiar faces and voices. What's true in Tolland County's seat of wisdom and halls of justice is virtually true throughout the state. Father Time has made many changes. In our earlier visits we were always greeted with a cordial welcome from City Clerk Thomas and then a short call on Chief Joe Tobin frequently brought a cheery "God is Good". Good old Steve! Often we spent a quarter of an hour or more with the Judge of the City Court, Judge Fisk. He and Steve were friendly chaps.

Remember an arson trial in Rockville in the early twenties that provided a never to be forgotten experience-cross-examination by the late Ben Holden. What a job he did on us and did we profit by that experience--never lead with your chin. Judge Joel Reed had presided. Now his grandson is frequently seen

about the courthouse also engaged in the law. Prosecutor, Tom Noone, long on preparation and a stickler for minute detail just couldn't stop Ben that day and when we left the stand it was all over but the foreman's report. (N.G.)

Where are the "Cross-Examiners" of today? What's become of the astute criminal trial lawyers as the local press of yesterday always described "good old Ben" and his contemporaries.

Again we made our way into the court room and there was one of the old-timers seated at the counsel table, "Clayt" Klein, full of life and vigor. The few minutes we sat in the witness box brought back many fond recollections. The bench is now graced with the son of eastern Connecticut's one and only "King." Remember the Cline case? We were not in on it as an investigator, but knew intimately those who were and had the inside story. Many a "go" we had with the "General" and his life-long associate, "Sam" Harvey, who is still hammering away at witnesses in Tolland and adjoining counties. The pair were hard to beat and when one or the other got going on a witness (Especially a copper) they proved beyond any reasonable doubt that "two heads were better than one". Only once did we get anywhere with them and that was in a "rice throwing" contest. We had a battle royal another time with "Sam" over in Windham County, but that's too young for this review.

As we left the witness box after being excused by the County barrister, we couldn't help but forget for a few brief moments our court room manners. "Clayt" joined in upsetting the decorum. It was a cordial and warm greeting. Bet all the tea in China his thoughts at the moment coincided with mine-Federal Court trials and tribulations--those in particular just before and after World War I. "Clayt" knew his way around in those days--often in a highpowered foreign make automobile. It is good to see him back in practice and in good health.

And while we were on the witness stand, we looked over and there seated

at the clerk's desk was none other than Johnny Yeomans. He was Coroner for a time in Tolland. Yes, I remember John when he was a student at Trinity College. His dad, too, was Superior Court Judge. Also at the counsel table was another young lawyer, Tom Birmingham. Tom now lives in Andover. He was born in Hartford over in Frog Hollow. His father was in the public service too for the City of Hartford. Didn't have time for further observation and had to hurry on to Springfield on another mission.--A spectator.

WHEN ENTERTAINMENT GOES DIRTY, IT GOES

By

The Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J.
(Catholic Transcript)

I see that the night clubs have taken a beating, sung themselves far into the red, and left their owners and managers holding empty purses. Night clubs are things I know little about. I have always regarded them as suckertraps. And since I have read their programs throughout the years, I have decided--more or less from a remote viewpoint--that they must be the most completely stereotyped and routined and grooved entertainment in the world. Deadly dull, I'd call 'em.

Now they follow the infallible, inexorable rule of the entertainment world: Go dirty, and go out of business. Not long ago one of the national weeklies printed a story of night clubs and a large picture of a night-club entertainer, Joe Lewis, "singing his dirty songs." I recall from over a long period of years the comments on a certain noisome person named Dwight Fiske (with an e or without it?), who specialized in refined smut.

Well the geese killed off their own supply of golden eggs, and we can be glad.

When entertainment goes dirty, it disappears. That happened to the dime museum (once the biggest money-maker in

the entertainment world), to vaudeville, to burlesque, to the carnival, to the legitimate stage outside New York.... And if the movie magnates so willingly and swiftly followed the lead of the Legion of Decency, it was because the smartest among them knew the rule: Go dirty, and go out of business.

It wasn't the fact that the night clubs are clip joints, however beautifully decorated, that threw them into the red; the supply of suckers is endless. It's dirt that does it; it always has done it. And thank God and the decency of the majority of the human species, it apparently always will do it.

REVIEW OF ETHICS
URGED ON POLICE

Detroit, --- A coroner's jury called for a review of police ethics in the use of fire arms recently following a verdict of excusable homicide in the fatal shooting last Oct. 12, of a 13-year-old Negro boy.

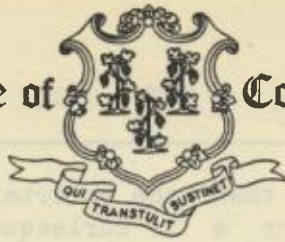
The jury of six, including three Negroes, deliberated two hours. Testimony revealed that Beverly Lee failed to stop after shouted warnings and a shot fired in the air and that he was then shot by Patrolman Louis Begin.

Lee was being apprehended for purse-snatching. The jury's letter to the police commission said.

"We are of the opinion that the Detroit Police Department needs to review their moral code of ethics regarding the use of fire arms, especially when a youth is involved for a minor felony."

PAYS TO ADVERTISE

In Los Angeles, a burglar, climbing into the office of Dr. J. Lewis Bruce, slipped and fell through the transom, cut himself, telephoned the doctor, who came on the run and patched him up, refused to prosecute.



By His Excellency JAMES L. McCONAUGHY, Governor

A STATEMENT

Health is a precious asset of each individual, and of the State. Illness which can be prevented is a social liability. Good citizenship means that each of us should keep in as good physical health as possible.

Medical science has made notable gains in the fight against venereal diseases. This scourge could soon be wiped out. Our State has been a leader in legislation and education. Congenital syphilis has declined markedly, due in part to our premarital and prenatal blood test laws.

But laws alone cannot solve this health problem. The public—youth in particular—must realize the dangers of infection, and the facilities for treatment. Consideration must also be focused upon prevention through statewide educational programs devised to strengthen the moral fiber of our youth, so that they may develop early, proper habits and attitudes in their relationships, one with the other, and be prepared to establish a wholesome, happy, healthy family unit.

The American Social Hygiene Association has designated February 4, 1948, as National Social Hygiene Day. As Governor of the State of Connecticut, I urge our citizens to recognize the significance of this day and to cooperate and support, this day and every day, the program of our health authorities for the purpose of insuring happier and healthier family life and thereby to remove from our communities much of the tragedy of venereal diseases.

James L. McConaughy

Governor.

January 19, 1948.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

February, 1948

PODIATRIST PRAISES POLICEMEN FOR PEERLESS UNDERPINNINGS

By
Hal Clancy

Boston, --- Dr. Joseph Lelyveld, a metatarsal maestro who likes to stick to facts, said that people should stop calling policemen "flatfeet."

It's not nice and it's not true, he said indignantly.

He said he had investigated and found policemen to be possessed of peerless underpinnings. Some of the nation's finest arches are pounding beats, he said.

"Policemen have good feet when they get on the force and they take care of them," he said. "They wear the right type of shoe. As an occupational group they come close to having the best feet in the nation."

If the constabulary wanted to be smug about it, he said, most forces could boast not a bunion in a precinct.

"Surveys show only letter carriers have an edge on policemen in foot health," he said. "That's a recent development. Comes from so many policemen riding in squad cars and exercising the wrong muscles."

However, he said, it's a toss-up. Both groups are superb physical specimens from the shoe laces down.

The doctor knows his foot facts. He is chairman of the National Foot Health Council and it was he who started "National Foot Health Week" 23 years ago. As a podiatrist in Rockland, he has been battling bunions among the citizenry for 27 years.

"Barbers and dentists have the worst feet," he said. "They stand still for long periods and many of them wear the wrong sort of shoe. Few worry about foot fitness."

He said their case histories followed a uniformly grim pattern. First strain. Then fallen arches. Then almost anything from backaches to varicose veins.

So, the doctor said, the next time

one of the nation's finest toots you over to the curb and hands you a ticket you may nickname him whatever your sense of discretion and valor permit.

"But, in the interest of science," he said, "don't call him a flatfoot. It's a billion against a blister his feet are better than yours."

STATE POLICE NAB EVASIVE MAN WHO ABANDONED DANBURY FAMILY

Danbury, --- Bruno John Cappucci, 29, formerly of Danbury was being held in custody recently in Ridgefield state police barracks in lieu of \$3,000 bond on charges of abandonment of his wife and minor child and with non-support.

Cappucci who led police a chase which extended to Reno, Nevada, was arrested by State Policeman John T. Small and Edward F. Meagher when he alighted from an interstate bus in a local terminal. Police had been "tipped" that he was heading for Danbury and were on hand when the bus arrived.

Lieut. Harry T. Tucker, commanding officer of Ridgefield barracks, said police have been looking for Cappucci since March 16, 1946, when he is alleged to have abandoned his wife, Anna, in this city.

They later learned he was in Reno where he had married a girl named Irene Hickey and after this marriage went to Mexico where he obtained a divorce from his wife here, Lieut. Tucker said.

He returned to Reno where his second marriage was short lived and ended in a divorce court. He was taken into custody Dec. 31 on a warrant issued by local authorities and held as a fugitive from justice.

State Policeman Small was sent to Reno and upon arrival found Cappucci had "jumped" a \$1,000 bond. After spending a week with Nevada authorities looking for the fugitive, the policeman returned.

Then they received a tip that Cap-

pucci had turned up in Johnson City, N.Y., to visit a woman to whom he had been married before he met his wife in Danbury and they hurried to that city to find that he had again fled.

Friday afternoon they received another tip that he was heading for Danbury and it paid off when the bus arrived.

OSCAR SLATER DIES: WAS AIDED
BY CONAN DOYLE

AYR, Scotland, --- The last episode in mystery writer Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's real-life criminal investigations was written recently with the death of the central figure in one of the most celebrated murder cases in British criminal history.

Oscar Slater, seventy-five, a Silesian, died in obscurity at AYR, Scotland after outliving both the judge who sentenced him to hang and Conan Doyle, the man who was responsible for his freedom.

Conan Doyle, who died in 1930, devoted fifteen years to working on the case, in much the same manner as his famous fictional character, Sherlock Holmes, tracked down imaginary criminals.

Oscar Slater was convicted on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to die thirty-eight years ago for the murder of an eighty-two-year-old woman, Marion Gilchrist, in her Glasgow apartment on Dec. 21, 1908.

The only clue that pointed to Slater was the fact that he had offered to sell a pawn ticket involving a brooch before he left Glasgow to sail for the United States with a woman who was not his wife.

A brooch was missing from Miss Gilchrist's collection of jewelry after she was found brutally beaten to death. After Slater's arrest in New York City, further investigation disclosed that the brooch bore no resemblance to the one owned by the victim, that Slater had had it for some time, and had pawned it before the murder.

Despite this, a case was developed against Slater and after he had waived extradition to return voluntarily to Scotland, he was convicted on the testimony of three witnesses who had got a fleeting glimpse of a man seen leaving the woman's apartment shortly after the murder.

The case aroused such widespread interest that 20,000 signatures were obtained to a petition in his behalf, and two days before the execution date, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He passed the next eighteen years in Peterhead Prison, until the efforts of Conan Doyle and others brought about an appeal and a review of the case. The verdict was set aside by a unanimous verdict of five judges. Slater was set free and was paid \$30,000 as compensation.

Later the exonerated prisoner quarreled with his benefactor, Sir Arthur, over repayment of money the writer had advanced in behalf of Slater.

--Herald Tribune

TODAY'S BRIGHTNER

Litchfield, --- The continued cold weather may cost plenty in the extra consumption of fuel, but it is a money saver to some.

Lt. Philip Schwartz, officer in command of the State Police barracks here reported "crime is at a new low level. It is too cold here for the criminals to come out."

MUSICAL MAYHEM

The policeman rang the bell. Inside the house the piano-playing ceased, and a rather scared looking young woman appeared at the door and asked: "Yes, what do you want?"

"Well, miss," said the cop, "we have just had a telephone call to say that there's some fellow called Mozart being murdered in this house."

RACKETEERS' MISTAKE

Prison sentences for two New Jersey racketeers and a jail sentence for an accomplice have brought to its inevitable climax their attempt to set up in Connecticut a chain of "protected" gambling houses. It was the worse than foolish idea of these gentry that by paying a State Police Lieutenant \$250 a week they might run dice games in Naugatuck Valley towns and reap a harvest. The lieutenant of course reported the bribe offer and obtained, under the direction of Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, evidence that brought about guilty pleas.

It should interest the public that profits from gambling, especially dice games, are so great as to make an investment of \$250 a week for protection good business. That is, such an investment would have been good had it been possible to make it. Fortunately for the people of Connecticut, it was not. The racketeers now know that, to their regret.

Men are venal--not all men, but enough of them so that there must be constant alertness to protect the public from them. Lieutenant Victor L. Clarke of the Bethany Barracks is typical of the personnel of the State Police. He is in the business of protecting the public against lawbreakers. He does not work for praise, but for his routine salary and the satisfaction he gets out of public service. Nevertheless he deserves a special word of praise at this time, as do those others who assisted in bringing this case to a successful end.

So, too, do the three State Policemen who were voted awards for bravery a short time ago. Fortunately the men are not called on every day to risk life. It is satisfying to the public, however, to know that valorous men are at hand when courage is needed. It also is gratifying to feel that the State Police, from the top all the way down, are of a kind when it comes to intelligence, devotion to duty and valor.

--Hartford Times

STATE POLICE NAB RACKETEERS
WHO SET UP DICE GAMES IN CONN.

This department scored one of its biggest victories in 25 years over the rich racketeers who constitute organized crime when Charles "The Blade" Tourine and his cohorts Louis DeBenedetto and William Taub pleaded guilty and were placed behind the bars for various sentences.

If you don't know the story of how these "bad boys" were put away for a winter or two, we'll give the facts to you, but briefly.

Lieut. Victor Clarke, Bethany Barracks commander, one day recently had a caller, one William Taub, acting for his chief, Tourine. Also on call outside the barracks front door was Benedetto. Their call was mostly business--how would the lieutenant like \$250 a week to hold his police hounds from disturbing the gambling layouts they planned to establish in various parts of the State Police domain in the Naugatuck Valley.

Clarke listened attentively, told his visitors he would think the matter over and believing money is the universal language, his callers left, satisfied. "Vic", an honest cop, with more than 20 years of service in the department soon decided his next move. He contacted Commissioner Edward J. Hickey and told him of the offer.

Then and there, wheels went into motion. Taub and Benedetto were "detained" when they reached the Merritt Parkway. Tourine made a get away only to give himself up to Federal Officers in New Jersey on a charge they had against him.

Imagine his chagrin when he was remanded to the Danbury Federal Correctional institution, and then landed in the waiting arms of the Connecticut State.

Now the trio were united again while they were awaiting trial on conspiracy charges. Commissioner Hickey and Captain Leo Carroll, Special Services, personally dug into the mess deeply.

Tourine, who claims he cannot read or write, went to Lewisburg, Pa., federal prison on a five-year rap in 1944 where he met Enoch "Knockie" Johnson, imprisoned ex-politico of Atlantic City.

Through Johnson, Tourine made important contacts with so called political big shots and with top flight gamblers. He also added Benedetto to his following while behind the bars.

When Tourine got out on parole he started building a chain of gambling dens in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. He was boss of houses in Derby and Ansonia and planned others.

Tourine thought money would talk his way out of the jam he found himself in even up to the time his case was to appear in court. State's Atty. Abraham S. Ullman thought different, however, and prosecuted the cases with zeal. Another criminal excursion into Connecticut ended conspicuously and in failure for Jerseyites.

PLAINFIELD MAN HELD IN
AERIAL DEER SHOOTING

Danielson---A flying state policeman, a state aeronautical inspector and a game warden combined forces to make an arrest in the case of the mysterious flier reported seen shooting deer in Eastern Connecticut.

Lawrence Krauss, 31, a Plainfield business man, was arrested by Officer Albert A. Powell of the Danielson Barracks who said Krauss admitted hunting deer with his own plane over the Scotland-Chaplin areas. His plane is kept at the nearby Plainfield Airport.

Krauss was released under bond of \$100 and his case was turned over to the State Fish and Game Department for prosecution.

State Aeronautical Inspector Everett M. Walker and Game Warden George Willis co-operated with Officer Powell in the investigation.

More Deer Shooting
Colebrook---Six men were fined on

deer hunting charges by Justice Erving Pruyn, who convened court in the basement of the Colebrook Center Congregational Church recently.

Archie Dove Jr., 33, of Winsted was fined \$50 for illegally killing deer and \$25 for illegally hunting deer.

Matthew Brady, 31, also of Winsted, was fined \$10 for hunting without a license and \$20 for illegally hunting deer.

Companion cases were disposed of as follows: George D. Swanson, 49, fined \$25 for illegally hunting deer; Arthur Swanson, 42, fined \$100 for illegally killing two deer; Dewey Swanson, 19 fined \$50 with \$40 remitted for illegally hunting deer. All three are of Wallens Hill, Barkhamsted. Alexander Brown, 18, of Smith Hill, Colebrook, was found guilty of illegally hunting deer and was fined \$50 of which 40 was remitted. --- Hartford Times

COMIC BOOKS BLAMED
IN DEATH OF YOUTH

Pittsburgh, --- A coroner's jury recently blamed comic books in connection with the hanging of 12-year-old Billy Becker in the cellar of his home.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death but scored the dime thrillers as contributing factor in the boy's death.

Billy was found hanged by a clothesline tossed over a rafter.

His mother, Mrs. Charles Becker told the jury her son was an incessant reader of the books and probably hanged himself reenacting one scene.

"I burned everyone I found," but Billy always found ways of hiding them."

INSIDE JOB

In Oakland, Calif., Allen Nauman hid his \$45 roll in his shoe, went to a movie, dozed off, awoke with the shoe still on, the roll gone.

Entre



Nous

VOX-COP

February, 1948

OFFICER QUILP

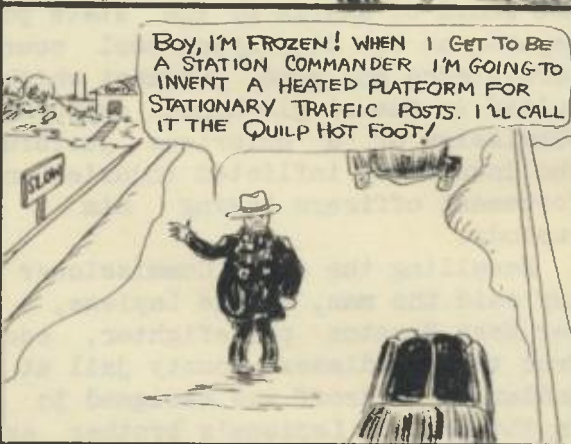
By EFFESS

GROUNDING BY THE COMMISSIONER FOR HIS PART IN THE ACCIDENT LAST ISSUE, OFFICER QUILP FACES LIFE ANEW — ON FOOT!

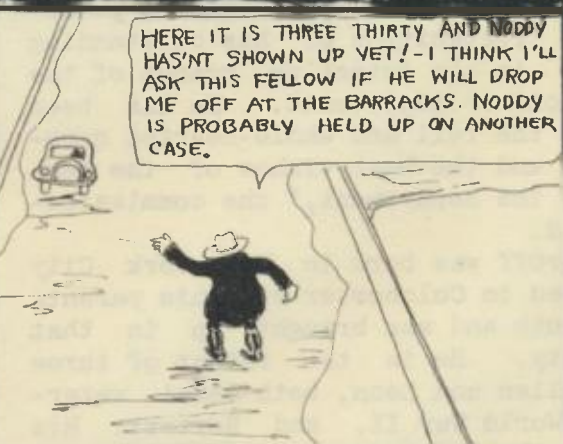


QUILP! OFFICER NODDY WILL BRING YOU TO THE BRIDGE DIRECT TRAFFIC UNTIL THREE P.M. NODDY WILL THEN PICK YOU UP AND BRING YOU BACK

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT HISTORIC CARPET IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE QUILP?
OH I WASN'T THERE NODDY, THEY HAD MY HEARING IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM BECAUSE IT HOLDS MORE PEOPLE.



BOY, I'M FROZEN! WHEN I GET TO BE A STATION COMMANDER I'M GOING TO INVENT A HEATED PLATFORM FOR STATIONARY TRAFFIC POSTS. I'LL CALL IT THE QUILP HOT FOOT!



HERE IT IS THREE THIRTY AND NODDY HASN'T SHOWN UP YET! - I THINK I'LL ASK THIS FELLOW IF HE WILL DROP ME OFF AT THE BARRACKS. NODDY IS PROBABLY HELD UP ON ANOTHER CASE.



YOU GOT ME OFFICER! I JUST STOLE THIS CAR IN HARTFORD!



I'VE DRIVEN PATROL CARS OVER A HALF MILLION MILES — WHY DO I HAVE TO CATCH MY FIRST STOLEN CAR WHILE ON FOOT?!!

SHEDROFF APPOINTED NEW LONDON COUNTY DETECTIVE

State Police Detective Sergt. Edward P. Shedroff, 45, of Amston Road, Colchester, was appointed New London County detective by State Atty. Robert P. Anderson of Noank, succeeding the late Frederick O. Johnson who died suddenly of a heart attack at his home in Eastern Point, Groton. This appointment became effective Sunday, Feb. 1.

A veteran police officer, holder of a state police bravery award, the second highest in the department, Shedroff is currently attached to the department's special division at headquarters, Hartford. He formerly was assigned to both the Groton and Colchester barracks.

Commenting on the appointment, State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey said Shedroff's service in the department and his training under the state police system qualifies him as a detective sergeant and makes him more than likely to succeed as a county detective.

"I consider his appointment a promotion in recognition of his outstanding service in the detective branch of the state police department. He has been assured the full and whole-hearted cooperation and the best wishes of the members of the department," the commissioner added.

Shedroff was born in New York City but moved to Colchester with his parents as a youth and was brought up in that community. He is the father of three sons, Allen and Leon, both naval veterans of World War II, and Herbert. His wife is the former Rose Levine. Shedroff himself served in the navy in the first World War and is a member of the Adler-Bolduc post, Veterans of Foreign Wars of Colchester.

He became a member of the state police department Nov. 5, 1930, and received his training at the department's former training school at Ridgefield. He was assigned to the Groton barracks March 9, 1931 and remained there until Aug. 1, 1939 when he was transferred to the Colchester Barracks.

On May 1, 1944, Shedroff was transferred to the special service division at Groton. He served there under Fred-

erick O. Johnson who was a state police detective sergeant before he was named county detective last February, replacing William E. Lewis, who retired after holding the position for 25 years.

Shedroff was appointed a detective Nov. 1, 1945 and was made a sergeant March 2, 1946. He gained both posts through competitive examinations. He was transferred from the Groton barracks to the special service division at Hartford, headed by Capt. Leo F. Carroll, on June 10, 1946. As result of another competitive examination, he was advanced to the rank of detective sergeant Dec. 1, 1946.

Last March he attended a seminar in legal medicine for state police officers at the Harvard Medical school and, upon qualifying, became a Harvard Associate in police Science.

An outstanding police officer, he was cited for bravery Oct. 24, 1946 by the board of awards of the state police department for displaying cool courage, persistence and good judgment which resulted in the single-handed capture and submission of a notorious jailbreaker who invariably inflicted injuries on enforcement officers taking him into custody.

Recalling the case, Commissioner Hickey said the man, George Lapiene, a former East Hampton prizefighter, escaped from the Middlesex county jail at East Haddam. Shedroff was assigned to wait in the home of Lapiene's brother as the state police had information the escapee would likely go there.

"He did, about midnight," Commissioner Hickey said, "and after a struggle with Lapiene, Shedroff subdued him and placed him under arrest without inflicting any bodily injuries.--New London Day

The appointment of County Detective Shedroff to New London County adds another chapter to the law enforcement history of Connecticut.

In each county of the state, prosecuting attorneys of the superior court

now have detectives trained and experienced in all phases of criminal investigation. All these detectives gained their training and experience in the State Police Department. The apprenticeship has proved its worth and value throughout the years.

Activities in the field in the various phases of law enforcement, continuous appearances in the various courts (Justice, Town, Borough, City, Common Pleas and Superior), and contacts with the public - all these factors contribute to the education of a good law enforcement officer. We believe implicitly in the old adage that experience is the best teacher, and when the high courts of our state turn to the State Police Department for specialized service we are both pleased and proud that the Department's efforts to produce better police officers are appreciated.

This recognition has been evident since 1917, when the then State's Attorney of New London County, Hon. Hadlai Hull, appointed former State Policeman William E. Jackson. As we look over the roster we find the following State Police graduates now serving as County Detectives: Rowe Wheeler, Windham County; John Reardon, Hartford County; Edmund Flanagan, New Haven County; George Dunn, Middlesex County; Thomas Laden, Waterbury District; Edwin F. Pequignot, Litchfield County; and Arthur Koss, Tolland County.

Also assigned to State's Attorney's offices are Lieut. John Hanusovsky and Officers Charles Heckler and Edward Matus. During each term of the criminal side of the Common Pleas Courts in Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Norwich, and Waterbury, State Policemen are given special assignments to assist the several Common Pleas Prosecutors.

On Tuesday evening, February 3, County Detective Shedroff's state police friends joined with several county detectives and the Special Service Division in a testimonial dinner at the Hotel Bond in Hartford.

Among the speakers were State's Attorney of New London County, Robert Anderson, who said Shedroff had been cho-

sen for the important role on the basis of (credentials) and then proceeded to pay glowing tribute to the sincere and gentlemanly conduct of Shedroff's predecessor in office.

Greetings were brought to the guest of honor by Mrs. Kathryn Haggerty representing the state policewomen; Lieut. Henry Mayo, Hartford Station; Off. Samuel Rome, Special Service; Lieut. Frank Chameroy, the Identification Bureau; Lieut. Walter Boas, Communications Division; Off. James Parrott, Resident Officers; County Detective Rowe Wheeler, County Detectives of Connecticut and Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy representing the Eastern Division.

Capt. Ross Urquhart of the Fire Marshall Division and Capt. William Schatzman, Western Division, were represented by Major Kelly, who read their communications and thereafter handed them to the guest of honor with very appropriate remarks. Officer Fred Feegel, Communications, rendered several of Detective Shedroff's favorites.

Off. John F. Ring, who has been assigned to Special Services to fill the vacancy caused by Shedroff's resignation, said that he knew it would be hard to fill his successor's shoes, but he would do his best.

Commissioner Hickey traced the rise in public esteem of the county detective in Connecticut and gave Shedroff this advice: "Be honest, discreet and careful to guard well the reputation of the position you now hold."

"The chap who stands up and calls them as he finds them, who simply does his duty; that is the man the State's Attorneys are looking for."

Handcuffs, a revolver and a brief case were presented County Detective Shedroff by the Commissioner in behalf of the Special Services Division.

The honored guest voiced deep appreciation for the tributes paid him and said that, although physically he was leaving the department, he still would feel part of it while carrying out his law enforcement.

Captain Leo F. Carroll Special Service Division head, presented Major John

C. Kelly, first commander of that division, as toastmaster. The toastmaster called upon Detective Shedroff for a special assignment and the group thoroughly enjoyed the remarks that went with his presentation to Lieut. Adolph Pastore of an appropriate gift in connection with the Lieutenant's vacation at the Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Now that the die is cast, we can well appreciate the feelings of mingled sadness and joy that filled the heart of our associate, Edward Shedroff, as he took up his new duties. After more than 17 years in the State Police Department he felt part and parcel of it and gave it all his allegiance. Its destiny was his destiny and he would sink or swim with it. His performance record continuously demonstrated his great loyalty toward his superiors and to his duties.

Had we not felt that the position of county detective for New London County held more in the way of advancement for him and afforded a broader field for the exercise of his talents, we would have urged him to remain with the Connecticut State Police Department. And now the time has arrived to say hail and farewell. Hail, County Detective Edward Shedroff! Your brother officers and associates wish you all the good luck and success that you deserve. And farewell, State Police Detective Sergeant Edward Shedroff! Our paths will undoubtedly cross many times in the field of law enforcement and we are confident that you will afford us the same cooperation and assistance as always. You have our earnest assurance, of course, that our facilities will ever be at your command.

MEN AND MANNERS

By
George Ross Wells

It's difficult to be grown up all the time.

Being grown up means a lot more than

merely having attained full physiological growth. It means proven ability to control one's actions in relation to a chosen goal, ability to make judicious choices after reviewing the implications of various alternatives; and, above all, ability to stick to your decision when once it is made. Being grown up involves skills and knowledge and persistence and a large measure of strength of character.

Since patience, reflective thought, constant work and unremitting self-control are the basic equipment of the grown up person, it is obvious that while most of us are more or less grown up none of us is completely grown up. Practically all men abandon their maturity now and then. Whether or not it is disastrous to abandon maturity depends upon the way in which it is done.

The most familiar of the harmful ways of abandoning maturity is losing one's temper. We speak of indulging in a burst of bad temper and the descriptive word is exact. Letting oneself go in temper is distinctly pleasant, a self-permitted indulgence. But it is not grown up and very seldom anything but harmful and expensive to everyone concerned.

Allowing oneself to become "blue," to indulge in fits of self "blue", to indulge in fits of self-feriority, real or fancied, to bemoan one's persistent bad luck, all of these are as blameworthy as uncontrolled anger and as definitely childish.

Crime is frequently a form of refusal to be grown up. The criminal is unable or reluctant to accept the actualities of life, which is the opposite of a mature attitude.

It is in the various fields of games and sports and hobbies and light reading and amusements in general that the majority of grown up persons find their necessary occasional escapes from maturity. No adult need be ashamed of enjoying games or whatever other release from maturity he prefers. On the contrary, the adult realizes that to be in all important matters he must sometimes be childish in unimportant ways.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT
OFFICE OF STATE'S ATTORNEY
NEW LONDON COUNTY

EDWARD P. SHEDROFF
COUNTY DETECTIVE

302 STATE STREET
NEW LONDON, CONN.

February 9, 1948

Captain Leo F. Carroll
100 Washington Street
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Captain:

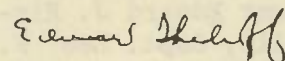
To you, and through you, please convey my profound thanks to the Special Service Boys and Girls for a swell party and those beautiful, practical gifts.

I want you to know Captain, I enjoyed working for you and with the personnel under your direction. Also, at Special Service, I received a broader police education which I know will be of great assistance to me on my new assignment.

As time goes on I will call upon the Special Service Division for assistance in the mutual interest of law enforcement. These contacts cannot occur too often for me.

Again, thanks to all for everything.

Respectfully yours,



Edward Shedroff

CHIEF MURPHY PAYS TRIBUTE
TO LATE COUNTY DETECTIVE

Chief Thomas P. Murphy, in a well deserved tribute, described the late County Detective Frederick O. Johnson as "one of the finest officers in the business."

His tribute follows: "The untimely death of County Detective Frederick O. Johnson is a shock to us all, especially those of us who knew him intimately. It was my privilege to work with Fred Johnson over a long period of years and as a result of that association I had come to regard him as one of the finest officers in the business. He was an efficient, intelligent and conscientious officer who regarded his duty as sacred. On the other hand he was just, courteous and lenient when there was occasion for leniency. His death is a great loss to the law enforcement agencies of eastern Connecticut."

lice department were Detective Sergt. Dennis W. Cavanaugh, Sergt. William J. Corcoran, Detectives Clarence Martin and Dennis Murphy and Policewoman Loretto R. Noonan.

The following comprised the guard of honor: Sergt. William E. Farrow of Groton, Sergt. Frank Leighton of Colchester, Sergt. Dorence Mielke of Westbrook, Detective Sergt. Edward Shedroff of Hartford. Detective Sergt. Roy Goodale, resident officer of Niantic, and Sergt. Osmus Avery of Groton; Troopers Howard Sternberg of Westbrook, William Conlon of Westbrook, Arthur Kathe, Leland Cable, Robert Donohue and John Fitzgerald, all of Groton; Frank LaForge of Colchester, William Stephenson of Colchester, James McCormick of Stafford Springs, and Robert O'Grady and Joseph Donovan of Danielson, and Policewoman Lucy Boland of Groton and Katherine Haggerty of Hartford.

JOHNSON FUNERAL RITES CONDUCTED

Funeral services for County Detective Frederick O. Johnson of Groton, who died suddenly at his home, were conducted at the Bishop Seabury Memorial Episcopal chapel, Groton.

The Rev. Harvey L. Woolverton, rector of St. James' Episcopal church, officiated, and burial was in Maplewood cemetery, Norwich.

Bearers, all state police lieutenants were William E. Mackenzie of the Groton barracks, Albert Rivers of Danielson, Carroll Shaw of Westbrook, Robert Rundle, Carlton Klocker and Irving Schubert, of Hartford.

Included in the state police delegation were Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, Major John C. Kelly, Capt. Leo F. Carroll, Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy, Capt. Ralph Buckley and Lieut. Adolph Pastore of Hartford.

Also represented were the local police department, the Norwich fire and police departments and the Norwich Elks.

In the delegation from the local po-

COURT PAYS TRIBUTE TO
FREDERICK O. JOHNSON

Paying tribute to the late County Detective Frederick O. Johnson of Groton in common pleas court at Norwich, Judge John C. FitzGerald appointed Chief Deputy Sheriff E. Clement Sugrue of this city to attend the Johnson funeral, representing other court officials detained in Norwich by a case on trial. Judge FitzGerald eulogized Mr. Johnson's work both as a county detective and as a former state policeman.

The family of

Frederick O. Johnson

acknowledges with

deep appreciation your

kind expression of

sympathy

TERRY TULLOS, "POSTER BOY"

by

Off. John F. Sweeney

When you and I were young we read of the Knights of Old in their shiny armor, and mounted on sturdy steeds, as they battled for lost causes and turned the tide of victory by their efforts.

In the Apocalypse you read of the four horsemen. One of the protecting horsemen in the flanks assisting this group of four is Infantile Paralysis.

Today I saw Terry Tullos, the three year old poster boy of the Infantile Paralysis Campaign, called the "Poster Boy" by the committee, challenge this horseman.

Terry's horse was the braces he wears on his legs. But his lance was the dimes the good people give to the mile of dimes.

His lance of solid silver and the good will of the millions of people will unseat this unwholesome adversary, and while the rest of humanity will take care of the other four horsemen, Terry will help take care of this one.

Terry was met at the Hartford Railroad station by a committee from the organization. He came from New York and after his Hartford stop was to go on to Boston. In Hartford, accompanied by his parents, I saw Terry go to work.

At the WTIC radio booth at the Mile of Dimes across from the Old State House he went on the air like a veteran.

He went to the McCook Memorial Hospital in Hartford and by his presence gave courage to those afflicted with the

gave courage to those afflicted with the illness. It helped them a lot to know they are not in this fight alone, and that Terry Tullos and the Infantile Paralysis Organization are back of them one hundred percent.



Off. John F. Sweeney and Terry Tullos

John Hurley, of the Infantile Paralysis organization was responsible for Terry's presence in Hartford for the campaign.

Commissioner Edward Hickey was contacted and an officer was detailed to act as escort to transport Terry on his itinerary in Hartford.

This was a "routine" assignment given to me by Lieutenant Mayo. That is how I saw a twentieth century knight help fight the battles of humanity.

---Off. John Sweeney joined the State Police Department on March 7, 1938. He has served throughout the state at most of our stations. Most of his service has been at Station "H", Hartford where he is presently assigned. His service has been faithful, honest and fearless.

"A TRIP TO THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY
IN THE COUNTRY"

by Officer John T. Small

On December 15th 1947, armed with a warrant, I was assigned by Lt. Harry Tucker to locate one B. John Cappucci, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn., who, on March 16th 1946, left his wife Anne Meken Cappucci and their unborn child.

After her husband left her Mrs. Cappucci returned to the home of her parents in Danbury, Connecticut and at the present time is still living with them with her baby boy who was born on July 21st 1946. After checking with Mrs. Cappucci, it was determined that her husband, who, on and off, corresponded with her, was living in Reno, Nevada, and since leaving her had been married twice. Mrs. Cappucci informed me that her husband had supposedly divorced her in Mexico and since that time had married two women. His latest marriage was on June 13th 1947 in Reno, Nevada, and to the best of her knowledge he was still living in Reno.

On December 16th 1947 an exemplified copy of a warrant was sent to the Police Chief in Reno, Nevada requesting him to apprehend Cappucci and take him into custody for our department. The necessary steps were taken for the rendition of Cappucci after his apprehension by the Sheriff's Office in Reno. On January 19th, notice was received that Governor Vail Pittman of Nevada had honored Governor McConaughy of Connecticut's Warrant, and I was instructed to proceed at once to Reno to take Cappucci into custody and return him to Connecticut.

On January 19th 1948, at 11:30 PM, I boarded the New York Central Train for Reno. The first nite on the train was uneventful. A few hours were spent in becoming acquainted with my fellow passengers who were traveling all the way across the country. At 4:00 PM the next afternoon we arrived in Chicago and having four hours to spend I made a quick tour of Chicago with a fellow passenger, who was from New York City and going to San Francisco. Chicago is well named the "Windy City" and was very cold when

we arrived and not much of the four hours lay over was appreciated by the passengers. After leaving Chicago we started to hit the middle west and from what I could see of the countryside with its miles of barren land and mountains I'll take Connecticut any day. The peculiar thing was that although the weather was very cold in the West there was very little snow on the ground which was a big difference from what I had left in Connecticut.

On Thursday morning Jan. 22nd I arrived in Reno at 11:30 AM Pacific Time. The first impression you get of Reno is the gambling clubs all over town and all of them displaying big neon signs advertising their places. Walking into the railroad station the first thing that greeted my eyes was a row of slot machines and they were very active with players.

Immediately upon arrival I contacted Sheriff Ray Roos of Reno and he informed me that Deputy Sheriff Jack Goss who worked on this case would assist me in taking Cappucci into custody. I was informed that Cappucci had been picked up on December 31st 1947, and had been released a few hours later on a bond of \$100.00. Sheriff Goss stated that when I wanted to pick up Cappucci that all that was necessary would be to go to the gambling club he was working at and take him into custody and shove off with him to Connecticut, as at this time I had in my possession the Executive Warrant from Governor Pittman of Nevada turning Cappucci over to me.

Arrangements were made for me to stay in the Hotel Mapes in Reno which is the newest and largest Hotel in the town having been completed around Christmas time of 1947 and costing in the neighborhood of four million dollars to build. This hotel along with its regular transient business caters like all other hotels to both men and women who are in Reno for the sole purpose of obtaining divorces, which in Reno is the number one business along with Gambling.

After checking and finding that Cappucci had skipped his bail I made a tour of the city in the hopes that he might be found in some other gambling

club than the one that he worked in when he was picked up for our department. After going in and out of practically every spot in the town and in surrounding towns it was determined that Cappucci wasn't around this section.

In the course of my tour of the city I saw practically every type of gambling devices there are. All clubs have slot machines from 5 cent ones to silver dollar ones. They have crap tables and roulette wheels and faro games and many other sorts of ways of taking your money, and all of the places are well crowded and stay open 24 hours a day.

Silver Dollars are the medium of exchange throughout Nevada and when you start pulling out one dollar bills they know you are a stranger and stare at you. This town is full of gamblers from all over the country and from what I heard is full of ex-convicts and there are a number of prisons near Reno. They have what is known as an ex-convict law in Nevada, whereby a person with a criminal record coming into Nevada must register with the police department or sheriff's office when he enters the state.

I received information from Cappucci's former employer that he believed that Cappucci was heading back East as he had received from Cappucci a money order that was mailed from North Platte, Nebraska which was for the sum of \$100 or the amount of bail that he had posted for Cappucci when he was arrested by the sheriff's office.

With this information and information received from the Ridgefield Barracks that Cappucci had been in Bridgeport around Jan. 20th I was instructed to return to Connecticut as it was believed that he was still around there.

Upon my return I learned that Cappucci had contacted friends in Bpt. and also had gone to see his first wife in Johnson City, New York. An attempt was made to locate and apprehend him in these places but it was unsuccessful at this time.

Acting on information from Lt. Tucker, Officer Edward Meagher, and I went to Danbury and waited developments. In

about two hours Cappucci appeared on the scene in a Danbury taxi and was immediately taken into custody.

He stated that his purpose in coming back to Danbury was to try and induce his wife to drop the charges against him. He was very sullen and would not say very much about his life the past couple of years after leaving his wife in Bridgeport in March of 1946. He did say that he knew that I was on the way out to Reno after him and decided to jump his bail and head for Bridgeport where he contacted friends and then went to see his first wife in Johnson City N.Y. After leaving her he went to Chicago where he had been the past couple of weeks working for a milk company.

He was very uncooperative and on February 9th was presented in Danbury City Court on the warrant charging him with non-support and abandonment. He pleaded not guilty to both charges and after his wife Anne testified as to the facts of the case he was given the opportunity of taking the witness stand and telling his side of the story but refused to do so.

Judge Charles Hallock stated that he didn't like Cappucci's surly un-cooperative attitude and after hearing the facts of the case found Cappucci guilty of both charges. He sentenced him to six months on the non-support charge and one year on the abandonment charge to be served in the Fairfield County Jail, the sentences to run consecutively. I delivered the prisoner to the county jail and was very pleased to close the case with the fugitive safely locked up and happy I didn't have to watch him on the way back from Reno.

---Officer Small was designated to attend the State Police Training School Aug. 22, 1938, and on completion of the course was assigned to the Ridgefield Barracks. Transferred to Westport he was given military leave in 1942 for service in the Coast Guard. He returned to duty November 1945 and was assigned to Ridgefield again where he still serves.

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

VOX-COP

February, 1948

Many Applaud Radio Attack On Comic Books

Only Ten Disagree With Denunciation
of Such Periodicals

More than 250 irate parents and other indignant citizens who feel that "something ought to be done" have written their endorsement and encouragement of Dr. Frederic Wertham's recent radio attack against comic books as "obscene" glorifications of violence and aggression. Only ten letters expressing succinct disagreement have been received.

The subject of comic books was debated one Sunday recently on "Something Ought To Be Done," over station WMCA by Robert Farrell, publisher of "Four-Star Comics," and Dr. Wertham, who is senior psychiatrist for the New York City Department of Health and director of the Queens mental hygiene clinic and the Lafargue clinic in Harlem. Dr. J. Raymond Walsh was moderator of the discussion.

Letters have been streaming in to the station since the subject was announced in reference to an article appearing in The Herald Tribune, in which Dr. Wertham expressed his opposition to the 10,000,000 comic books now circulating weekly.

Two mothers--one of a four-year-old innocent, the other of a fourteen-year-old addict--wrote letters typical of the parents' viewpoint.

"There is nothing," the first wrote from Brooklyn, "in a comic book interesting enough or educational enough to warrant my buying such books for my child. From the very start young children who read comic books or, as they call them, "joke" books, have a misconception of what a book should really be. When given an interesting children's book, they only glance at it and find it

dull."

The other mother, also from Brooklyn, had a three-page complaint. "My boy," she wrote, "has at least a hundred of these books in his collection. I have read them myself to try to understand his unwholesome appetite for this type of literature. I found them to be, with few exceptions, filled with torturous methods of killings of all kinds. The more horrible the methods employed the greater the fascination they seem to exert on my son and his friends.

"How often recently I have read with inward feelings of apprehension reports of crimes committed by fourteen, sixteen and eighteen-year-olds. How an editor of this type of periodical can salve his conscience by saying that our government had ordered comic books for the armed forces for relaxation and that therefore they must be good for the youth of the nation--is hard to understand in view of daily examples to the contrary.

"The mothers of our nation," she declared, "do not want their children to have daily lessons in murder."

A New York City doctor wrote, "The worst feature appears to be the very name of 'funnies' and 'comics' for crime stories. Crime is exhibited as fun until the interchangeable terms of 'crime' and 'fun' become identical."

"Why is it," the editor of "a small children's monthly magazine" asked, "that the popular comic books do not delve into the importance of peace, the love of all people and the difficulties that will face this generation of youth

when it comes of age? No, such publishers do not care to trouble the infantile mind with thinking material."

To a Manhattan matron parents are the guilty parties. "They buy those horrible books," she wrote, "and let their children read them because they do not want to be bothered by the children. This fact, naturally, no one would dare bring out; we are such a nation of hypocrites--motherhood sacred and all such lies. As Dr. Wertham said, one does not have to be a psychiatrist to see how stupid comics are. They dull the brains of children, making them almost morons."

In self-defense, one mother wrote pathetically, "If we forbid our children to purchase them, they borrow them from friends; if we refuse to allow them to be read at home, they read them elsewhere." A woman in Westwood, N.J., wrote pessimistically, "Ours has been referred to as a 'generation of vipers'. Unless we do something, and do it soon, the generation of tomorrow will be one of fiends."

Other listeners had solutions in mind. One parent felt that "the situation must be cleared up at its source, the publication plants." "Our government should force the issue," he wrote, "by ordering these publishers to clean up their horrible crime pictures and reading matter to an extent where these books would be fit for our children to read." "I hope," a third wrote fervently, "that when my child reaches the comic-book age such books will be barred from the mails. How about an organized drive to ban them?"

As did several listeners, a self-confessed "layman" urged the setting up of "editorial standards for comic magazines and books" by a committee of publishers, parents and psychiatrists. "If the harmful effects of the comics are as widespread as I am led to believe," he concluded, "it is likely that legislation might be passed to curb publication of these magazines and books. The industry would be wise to act now."

Minority Stresses Values
The pro-comic-book minority stressed

the educational values of the so-called "true" comics which deal with biography and history. "Good comics," a doctor wrote from Manhattan, "help to fill one's leisure time, especially for kiddies and grown-ups, keeping them occupied and out of mischief." He suggested that sex education "also be pictured in biological bird and animal comparative comics and be also amusing."

A high school speech teacher wrote a typical letter in favor of comic books. "Your defense of the comics touched my heart," he wrote Mr. Farrell. "My students all read the comics and I have put in a good word for them all the time. They are doing a swell job. Yes, they have faults, but the good far outweighs the faults." -- Herald Tribune.

OUR CHILDREN

By
Angelo Patri

Children Should Be Praised
Not Criticized Constantly

Fault-finding is the easiest thing in the world. There are people--we all know them--who rarely open their mouths but to find fault. Usually these folk have nothing to do that matters. Put in the place of the worker with whom he is finding fault, he would be about as useful as a second tail to a dog. But how he can tell the other fellow what is wrong with him and his work!

The fault-finder is a most depressing influence. He leaves depression in every footstep. He slows down the worker, robs him of energy, deprives him of the feeling of competency that is necessary for a wholesome, healthy attitude of mind. All this and nothing to compensate for it.

The foreman who never has a word of praise for the worker, the mistress who sees only the dust under the table, the school inspector who counts the scraps of paper he sees littering the playground, the mother who sees only the

dirty hands of the child who has been doing something he hopes will please and surprise her pleasantly--these are the weights on the backs of the burden-bearers.

There is no 100 per cent in anybody on this earth. No child ever yet grew up without worrying his father and mother; no teacher ever yet kept every rule, taught every child perfectly, and got every report in on time. What of it? This is an imperfect world at best, and it is inhabited by imperfect human beings allowed a brief span of growth, a few years of service in which to forward their generation on the march toward perfection. Why not cheer for the good they do? Cheer here and now instead of after they are dead?

No child can live a whole day without doing one good action. No teacher, however inefficient, can live a day in school without doing something praiseworthy. No parent can last through a day with children without once discovering an ability to deal worthily with them on occasion. Total failure, like total perfection, is impossible.

Then look for that one good deed, that one perfect movement, and speak of that one. Praise the good deed, and never mind the bad one. It can wait. Hold fast to the good one. Preserve it because it is the precious bit of leaven that is going to lighten the whole lump. Fault-finding sours the bread. Praise always sweetens it.

Praise, a word of encouragement and understanding, will give the child, the worker, the parent, strength for the next step. That is what he needs--strength, inspiration, your helpful word and hand. See that he gets it if you would have him succeed, and be rewarded yourself in spirit.--Bell Syndicate Inc.

BOY MURDERER POSES PROBLEM

Chicago, --- Twelve-year-old Howard Lang was indicted recently on a charge

of murdering a playmate, seven-year-old Lonnie Fellick, in a suburban wooded area Oct. 23.

Lang was the youngest person ever charged with murder in Chicago. Immediately after the indictment was returned before Judge Cornelius Harrington, the boy was transferred from the juvenile home to the county jail.

Warden Frank Sain said the boy, the youngest person ever incarcerated in the Cook county jail, would pose several problems. Sain said he was considering giving young Lang a job as office boy or page. If he is placed in a cell, Sain said, he will share it with another prisoner.

"I don't want to put him in with a hardened criminal," Sain said. "But I think it's best for him not to be alone."

Sain said he hoped to find a cellmate who would "act as a father" to the boy.

Young Lang admitted that he killed the Fellick child by stabbing him and smashing his skull with a 25-pound chunk of cement.

CHILD DELINQUENCY LAID TO DIVORCES

Toronto, --- Revision of the divorce code is one of the answers to Canada's juvenile delinquency, in the opinion of Dr. William J. Deadman, Hamilton pathologist.

"Adultery should be a punishable offense and co-respondents should be charged as accessories," he said in a "World Neighborhood" series lecture recently.

A steady decline in church attendance, a high percentage of armed forces rejections, and a large number of deserters from the services, were other symptoms of increasing delinquency.

"Our objective must be a youth training program to develop healthy bodies, educated minds, intelligence to its full potential, the technique of earning a living, and the ability to keep out of jail."

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

February, 1948

Do State Police Trained Dogs Get Their Man?

Yes, Say Officers Walter J. Foley
And Clayton Gaiser of Bethany
Barracks---the Animals Are Not
Infallible but They Have Done Fine
Work Finding Missing Persons And
Tracking Criminals

Five State Police dogs were tracked to their lair one wintry day last week as the wind buffeted around the Bethany State Police barracks. They were kennelled behind the garage near the high jumps and shooting range where they have lived since last May. This canine quintet, Red and Mattie, bloodhounds, Corp. Pal, a cross between a bloodhound and a Labrador retriever; and King and Baron, two Doberman pinschers, are there strictly for business and go through a rugged daily exercise and training routine.

For years animals of this type have been used to track humans. They chased Eliza across the ice in pre-Civil War days and they chased John Crowe through the Wolcott woods in later times. In neither case did they catch anything.

Dogs were not an official part of the State Police organization when they hunted the still missing John Crowe. They were officially appointed in 1941 at the Ridgefield Barracks. The question still remains: Do State Police dogs catch anything? Their two trainers, Officer Walter J. Foley and his assistant, Officer Clayton Gaiser, claim they do.

They point to a case last year in Moodus, when the bloodhounds, quiet trailers, were put on a 29 hour old track, and Corp. Pal, the crossbreed and oldest dog of the lot, found a 91 year old woman lost in a swamp. In Monroe last year they saved a woman from suicidal decease by finding her before she bled to death. They have broken through brush, and labored through dusty trails searching for missing children. They are valuable, though not necessarily infallible.

On such cases as these only the playful innocent bloodhounds are sent out. The only thing they



waterbury Republican photo

FOLLOWING the scent over a stone wall, Corp. Pal a cross between a Labrador retriever and a bloodhound, and Mattie, a pedigree bloodhound, break through at the end of their leashes. Holding them are Officer Clayton Gaiser, recently appointed to dog duty, and Officer Foley. These two dogs are friendly harmless animals, used in the search for missing persons.

would be likely to hurt is a flea, according to the trainers. Actually they are very friendly animals, bounding along a four or five mile trail (the average length) looking for a missing person. When not on the job they want attention, particularly Corp. Pal, who puts his fore feet on a visitor's shoulders, gazes at him dolefully, and then takes a playful swipe at his jaw with one powerful paw. They are strong animals, conscientious, with highly sensitive olfactory nerves.

The Pinschers Are The Attack Dogs

Officer Foley devotes all his time to tending these dogs as well as the two pinschers which demand more strenuous training. These are the attack dogs used on criminal cases and for guard duty.

Other breeds, like German shepherds, are good for this kind of work, but Officer Foley has a particular yearning for Dobermans. They leap seven foot jumps; catapult themselves through simulated windows, representing those in a normal cottage or automobile; climb ladders and walk along planks of narrow construction.

They also grab a man by the arm at the German order of "Hag'em." Dogs are particularly valuable if persistent; rarely will you find any dog, human or otherwise, more persistent than Baron. He holds on to what he bites. In fact he has been known to grab a quarter inch thick leather arm protector and bite right through it. If necessary he will let go of the arm and go for the throat.

The two men whom these canine characters obey are good looking enough in their uniforms to apply for membership in the New York Dog and Hunt club—holding a leashed dog by one hand, and a glass of Calverts in the other. The Dobermans are strictly one man dogs by the time they are trained, and sharp words like "heel," "sit," "guard" are obeyed with alacrity. They are taught not to bother women and children but to treat them in the proper chivalrous manner when they catch them. However if a woman or child is involved in, for instance, a lost person case, the gentler bloodhounds are usually sent out.

If the missing person is a criminal, the dogs work in a team, since the bloodhounds, with their floppy ears, squat bodies and huge heads, are better trailers. They are quiet and direct in their work, while the Dobermans zigzag around and are more inclined to bark vociferously.

Both types were used as a team not too long ago up in Maine. A French Canadian criminal had escaped into the state and after wandering about in the wilderness for a while managed to kill a guide for his food.

Caught A Criminal In Maine

Since Connecticut was at that time one of about two states that had a set of dogs, the animals were loaded into a plane and flown off to the scene of the crime. It was a three day proposition, which meant a change of dogs and masters, but they eventually discovered the culprit and were, say Officers Foley and Gaiser, largely responsible for his apprehension.

Often enough they are used unsuccessfully. In August a boy lost himself in the woods down in Weston, and two young searchers found him atop a stone wall before the dogs did. More recently than that they have been used twice in searches for escaped prisoners, one from Litchfield and one from Cheshire. Both these men crossed up the dogs, although they were captured shortly after their escapes anyway. One was trailed to a brook, and the other to a main road where he picked up a ride.

The dogs were successful in catching up with a Negro fugitive in the Southern part of the state several years ago when the dogs were quartered in Ridgefield, and the officers claim that the dogs have turned up missing bodies upon occasion, one in Trumbell last year.

As Officer Foley explains it, every person has his own individual body scent which is recognizable to dogs and which he leaves by footprints, or in any brush he passes by. How long the scent stays strong enough for the dogs to follow depends a great deal on weather conditions. For instance in cold damp weather, with no wind, the heavy atmosphere and the wet quality of the ground will hold the scent for more than a day.

Officers take something like a shoe and hang it over the dog's nose for about half a minute and then set him to work at the end of a leash. He's off.

Bloodhound Has Short Legs, Heavy Body

The bloodhound is not off very fast, though, because of his short legs and heavy body weighing as much as 100 pounds. Nor is he particularly agile. He would never be able to leap the barrier that a Doberman is trained for.

Officers Foley and Gaiser like dogs, but they also know how to treat them and how to give a command that the dog will obey. They stand for no nonsense; obedience is of the essence at all times.

Baron, an eager beaver, whom they put through the paces, seems to have enjoyed his training. Officer Gaiser suggests that he take a running leap at a seven foot wall, and over he goes. Without invitation he leaps right back again.

There is one story of a dog who was missing from his kennel one morning, and the trainers found him out in the field going through the windows, climbing the ladders and generally practicing all the tricks he was put through every day of the year.

Officer Foley Attended Canadian Mounted Police School

Officer Foley worked with the dogs at Ridgefield for several years before he attended a special three and a half month course for training dogs given by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police near Ottawa. He returned in 1944 to impart his knowledge to Connecticut, and it was about that time that he picked Corp. Pal to train. He worked in Ridgefield until after the kennel was built last spring in Bethany, and the dogs moved in. Officer Gaiser, photographer for the barracks, was then appointed as his aid. Gaiser's application for leave to attend the Ottawa school is now in, and he hopes to go up next spring.

Dobermans Think Things Out

Between the two officers the dogs are kept in condition and put through their paces every day. The original training usually takes a year or more, depending on the dog's brains. The Dobermans occasionally surprise people by thinking the whole thing over one night and coming out the next morning with unexpected intelligence about what it's all about.

The dogs, the only ones for this kind of work in the state, can be quickly transported in a new bright blue truck with kennel facilities in the back, recently acquired by the department. They have served other parts of New England, as well as Maine, including New Hampshire and Vermont, but now some of these states are in the process of acquiring their own.

The dogs are high spirited animals, although the bloodhounds and the crossbreed are the only ones that bear any resemblance to pets. The other two raise their hackles at any strange man, in or out of a State Police uniform.

Officers Foley and Gaiser admit to Corp. Pal's being six years old. Since he is strictly a trailer, he will last longer than the athletic Dobermans, whose working span is not more than seven or eight years.

It is not advised to get too friendly with any Dobermans with clipped ears that you might meet along the Bethany road. The clipped ear is the sign of a fighter. As it happens however, one of the State Police Dobermans has ears that flop because he came from Canada where the custom of marking is different. So it's best not to get too chummy, clipped ears or no clipped ears.

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

February, 1948

STATE OF CONNECTICUT



Commissioners

Edward J. Hickey
Chairman

Elmer S. Watson
Secretary

G. Albert Hill

STATE TRAFFIC COMMISSION

State Office Building
Hartford, Connecticut

William C. Hansen
Assistant Secretary

FILE NO.

RESOLUTION

BE IT RESOLVED that the State Traffic Commission go on record in extending its sincere appreciation to State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey for the splendid co-operation and efficient manner displayed by him during his term as Chairman of the State Traffic Commission, which office he assumed on July 25th, 1941 and terminated this date by reason of reorganization and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that it is with a feeling of deep gratification that while he has relinquished the office of Chairman, his wise counsel in the affairs of the Commission will still be available through his continued membership and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the meeting of the State Traffic Commission held at Hartford, this 9th day of February 1948.

Handwritten signature of G. Albert Hill in cursive.

G. Albert Hill, Chairman
Commissioner of State Highways

Handwritten signature of Elmer S. Watson in cursive.

Elmer S. Watson, Secretary
Commissioner of Motor Vehicles

Hartford, Connecticut
February 9th, 1948

SAFETY DEMANDS INCREASED
VISION IN YOUR MIRROR

(Connecticut Motorist)

That inside rear-view mirror may be useful enough for getting a general idea of what goes on in your car's wake, but experience is demonstrating that it's in the same category with the famed one-armed paperhanger. Too much of the potential danger that lies behind is completely beyond your rear-view vision.

Fully aware of this hazard safety folk are beginning to carry the torch for compulsory use of outside rear-view mirrors.

A recent check showed that only one car in ten is equipped with an outside mirror, 90 per cent of the operators you see on the street trying to get along on hunches regarding what's behind in that blind spot. Supplemental vision could save thousands of those sneak attacks which annually cost so much in damaged property and human misery.

Spotting The Blind Spot

Just for the sake of argument draw a rough sketch of your car. Mark an "X" where you sit while driving, and in the center of the windshield line draw a mirror. Mark off about two-thirds of the rear panel of the car to represent the rear window. That's a generous width but we want to be fair about this. Now draw a line from one side of the mirror to and through the corresponding side of the rear window. Draw another line from the other side of the mirror to and through the other side of the rear window. Project these lines as far as your paper will allow behind the car. Between those lines is your usual rear view vision, provided milady hasn't moved the seat cushion. To your left you will note that there is considerable area in which you have no vision at all unless you crane your neck, look out the window or otherwise manoeuvre to see what's in that blind spot field.

This little sketch will prove the fallacy of saying to Satan, "Get thee behind me". He's already there, in a big way.

ONE SAFETY FLAW, AND DEATH FINDS IT

Danger-Obsessed Father
Runs Over His Son

Pasadena, Calif., --- A year ago mural artist J. H. Zorthian read of how a boy had been killed in traffic.

Mr. Zorthian became obsessed with the fear that the same thing might happen to one of his three children.

He canceled his negotiations for a home in Pasadena, and sought a place where his children would be safe. He put aside all his work while planning means of keeping his children safe.

First he bought twelve acres on a mountain at the end of a winding, narrow road. At each turn along the road he posted signs: "Children at play."

Before starting work on the house, Mr. Zorthian personally built and fenced a play yard for his children. He built it in such a way that it was impossible for a car to get within fifty feet of it.

Then he built the house, putting into it all the careful design that he concentrated in the murals he had hanging in forty-two public buildings in Eastern cities. But this time the design was for safety as well as beauty.

Finally he built the garage. Only one automobile ever drove up to it--Mr. Zorthian's.

Then he surveyed every possibility of danger to the children. He could think of only one remaining hazard. He had to back in and out of the garage. He might back over one of the children.

He immediately made plans to build a protected turnaround. He was going to pour the concrete for it last week. However, the first rain fell in many weeks of a California drought, preventing him from doing so.

If it had not rained, the turnaround would have been completed by Sunday, when Mr. Zorthian's eighteen-months-old son, Tiran, squirmed away from his sister's grasp and ran into the path of the car as Mr. Zorthian backed it from the garage.

The child was killed instantly.

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



VOX-COP

February, 1948

STATE POLICE GRADUATING CLASS OF MARCH, 1936



L. to R., front row: Louis Jackman, Raymond Goodale, Edward Engstrom, John Casey, Michael Santy, Patrick Quilter, Francis Whelan. Back Row: John Doyle, William Flynn, Christopher Hayes, Edward Dooling, Lawrence J. Delaney and William J. McNamara.



L. to R., front row: John Labecki, John Donovan, William Stephenson, James Reardon, Frank Bayliss, Francis Mangan, Leland Cable. Back Row: William Menser, Lester Mercier, John Sugrue, James McCormick, Charles Heckler and Harry Ritchie.

(Waterbury American photos)

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

Officer George Noxon and State Policewoman Theresa Petrini teamed up together, in the early part of January, and took a train trip to West Virginia where they took into custody Elsie Denny, formerly of Danbury, and returned her to Connecticut where she was tried and convicted for abandonment of her minor child.

Officer John T. Small, likewise, boarded the Reno, Nevada bound train, in the middle of January, to return to Connecticut one John B. Cappucci, who was wanted here for non-support and abandonment of his wife and minor child. He jumped bond out in Reno, and after a "delightful trip" Officer Small returned to Connecticut, without Cappucci; but apprehended him in Connecticut, a short time after his return. When Cappucci was presented in Danbury City Court he was found guilty, as charged, and sentenced to 18 months in the county jail. This is certainly a quaint way to perfect an extradition, but everyone is happy - Officer Small received a good trip, and got his man, and we have another case closed.

Officers Louis Stefanek and Robert Lineweber will be proudly displaying their medals for bravery, in the near future, as a result of their apprehension of one Henry C. Newton, of Danbury, on January 6th, 1948, at 12:30 A.M.

At the above mentioned time and date, the accused, Henry C. Newton, had an argument with his wife and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Newton ran out of the house, to get under cover, and while running down the path the accused shot her in the hip with a rifle. In the meantime the officers, who had been on assigned patrol, answered radio call to go to the home of Henry C. Newton, as there was trouble there.

They arrived just as Mrs. Newton was coming down the path and saw her get shot. The accused kept on shooting, but the officers braving the gun fire removed her to their car, out of danger.

Then they started back up the path for the accused, who was still holding the rifle. He ordered the officers to stay where they were. They kept talking with him, while they moved toward him and when close enough grabbed the rifle, disarmed him and took him into custody. Newton is due to meet State's Attorney Willis in April having spent the winter in jail for not having his bond of \$15,000 available.

Officer Charles Gorman, augmented by the Juvenile Court Officers, apprehended one Angelo Testanaro, of Danbury, on complaint of a 15 year old girl with whom he was involved in a moral offense. The accused was presented in Danbury City Court where probable cause was found, and he too was bound over to the Criminal Superior Court.

"Good Sight" is in using your foresight today. Then your hindsight will appreciate your foresight of yesterday. Therefore, the saver of hindsight is the wisdom of foresight. Good hindsight "eyesight wise" is our effort in fitting glasses perfectly.

This is an advertisement, which appeared in a local newspaper, advertising the testing and measuring of the eyes, and fitting glasses by a local man, who was arrested by our department for practicing optometry without a license, after he "fell" for the line of a couple of our charming State Policewomen, and outfitted them with glasses.

Officers William McNamara and John Jones, through the co-operation of the Danbury and Bridgeport Police Departments, were rewarded recently in the capture of one Harry W. Shepard the "Phantom Burglar".

Through this apprehension these officers have "cleaned up" many cases in this territory, dating back as far as 1940, which comprises of about 40 "breaks".

Officer Louis "Diamond" Marchese has just recently arrived back from his three weeks vacation stay at "Bermuda" He sure looks fine, having gained about 15 lbs., and receiving a real "down-South tan". Incidentally he did not go alone! He politely informed us that he

took his mother along with him. Accidentally he had a slight "signal 10" shortly after his return and did he get a "ribbing" from LHQ.

STATION "B", CANAAN

GATEWAY TO THE BERKSHIRES

Reviewing the numerous types of crime committed through the years, the experienced analyst usually discovers a particular pattern of action pursued in the consumation of each unlawful deed together with the determining factor prompting the act. Thus, through the medium of persistent effort, diligent application, and tedious study, the experienced police officer pursues with success both the murderer who believes he has left no clue and the bad check artist who has wasted a talent in the erroneous opinion that his is the perfect profession. Each fails in his act because the pattern of murder as well as the blue print of forgery are deeply penciled in minute detail upon the mind of justice by reason of repetitious acts of a similar nature.

However, in the category of sex crimes against children, we perceive a more complicated picture; the culprit, usually depraved, is imbued with a peculiar cunning born of a diseased mind. We find him in slums and in society; he walks the lonely streets at night or mingles with the "select" in restricted circles. He is the quiet man whose age belies his ugly intent or he may be the friendly youngster who has an unusual interest in children. His modus operandi, while typed to a certain extent, leaves much unsolved in view of the fact that his twisted mind requires the closest scrutiny in order that, from its perverted reasoning, we may assimilate the distorted thoughts comprising a motive. This crime segregates itself from those committed by apparently reasonable beings. It reflects the action of a man void of reason - or the practical appli-

cation of unrestricted viciousness upon the trust and faith of those whose tender years protect unsullied minds.

We have prefaced the following story with personal observation simply to impress the reader with the many tremendous obstacles confronting Officer Angelo Buffa on the evening of June 17, 1947 when he was first assigned to an investigation involving an attempted indecent assault upon two little girls. But, let them tell their story: It had been an exceptionally humid summer afternoon and they had decided to ride their bikes down toward the Housatonic river, relax on the grassy bank, and, like all other children, toss pebbles at the rippling waves and listen to the hollow echo. They had not gone far from home, however, when they were aware of a "large old black car" slowly approaching. It stopped and a stranger appeared and beckoned to them. After asking a few irrelevant questions, he made an indecent proposal to the children with which, in their innocence, they complied. The aspect of a more serious situation was thwarted by the sudden appearance of another vehicle which scared the perpetrator away. The youngsters, suddenly realizing to a limited extent, the import of their experience, and plagued with the awful fear that this "bad person" would again overtake them, rushed to their homes and repeated a story nauseating in its innocent recitation. Each youngster mentioned "an old black car and a man with bad front teeth", whose clothing gave the impression that he might have worked with the soil."

Thus, with few pertinent particulars, Officer Buffa pursued a phantom, many times with hope and often with failure. Pictures of known perverts were shown. Quiet understanding questions were asked in a delicate manner; suspects were quizzed but the man with "the old black car" continued to remain anonymous--that is, until he ventured forth again in the village of New Hartford and was eventually tracked to his home for the same type crime upon a grown person.

Officer Buffa immediately proceeded

to the station where the suspect was being detained and, after a few pertinent questions, the admission came. The wall of false leads melted away and Angelo saw before him the "man with the bad front teeth" whose error lay in the belief that he had outwitted the sincerity of childhood as understood by an efficient enforcement officer.

There was a note of happiness evident in J.H.'s whistle as he plodded slowly through the evening crowds at Times Square enroute to his tiny New York apartment. He didn't seem to sense the usual "end of the day fatigue", nor was he aware of the heavy smoke clouds billowing just above his head. The tinsel theater advertisements offered no attraction to J.H. now because at last he was a home owner. He had recently purchased a pretty little place in the Berkshires where summer sun smiled through hundreds of glistening window panes and brilliant flowers, mingled with the fresh aroma of country hay, made a man feel that heaven was certainly in Litchfield County.

J.H. had plans for this little home. As in the case with all proud owners, he envisioned himself the master of the hills; in fact, he had begun drilling a well on a gentle slope beyond the house, but winter came and blanketed the countryside. The little house stood alone against the wintry gales, the flowers drew themselves beneath old maple leaves, and stray birds rested on the lamp post which stood by the kitchen door. A large yellow poster tacked to the door warned all that J. H.'s house was protected by the State Police--and thereby hangs a tale.

Officer William Francis, assigned to vacant house patrol, happened to pick J.H.'s number for a monthly check. Not being aware of the fact that Litchfield County boasts of wildcats in the hills and snow drifts as high as houses, Bill started out on his tour of duty. He had a trying day what with slippery roads and unfamiliar locations but, nothing daunted, he proceeded checking through the hills. At last he came to J.H.'s house---the snow drifts looked small and Bill was tall, so, in he went. He

hadn't gone far when he became aware of a sinking sensation, as though something were drawing him downward. Finally, with only a large gray hat and a very grim look of determination appearing above the ground, Bill's feet came to rest----at the bottom of the well J.H. was building---and had forgotten to cover.

STATION "C", STAFFORD SPRINGS

Mistress Freda and Mistress Mary had a narrow escape from serious injury, perhaps worse, recently when the roof of a barn on the farm of Herman Leutjen in Tolland, caved in from a terrific weight of snow. Freda is a sprightly young heifer, Mary is a sedate, matronly cow.

Mr. Leutjen was away from home when the roof went; but Mrs. Leutjen acted with level-headed precision; she called Station C, State Police. Officers Joseph Koss and Ralph Waterman dashed to the rescue as fast as their Ford would carry them---compatible, of course, with safety.

When the officers arrived they found things in a sorry mess. The cows had been lying down when the roof collapsed, and there they were unable to move a lick, and mooing plaintively at their plight.

The officers done noble. They wiggled their way in under the debris to calm the cows. Mr. Leutjen came home and shored up the fallen top.

Mistress Freda was first released, as she wasn't pinned down as tightly as her friend. The officers managed to work Freda slowly out through a path they had made among the debris. Mary was another story. She was jammed into an extremely awkward position, and the officers and Mr. Leutjen had to drag her to safety on a rope tied about her horns.

When they were released, Freda and Mary went into a complete, hysterical, nervous, collapse. It took dozens of "so-o-o-o bossies" to restore them to normality.

Police station cowboys, Koss & Waterman will be known as henceforth.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

For a short period Station D experienced a crime lull, if there is such a thing, and during that time we had the opportunity to spend some time on the pending cases. All good things must come to an end and it did with a bang. Three young men in Plainfield, who started their career with the theft of a bicycle, enlarged their field and went in for stealing automobile accessories. They managed to avoid the long arm of the law for some time but as one knows successful exploits of this type intoxicates the perpetrators into believing they cannot be caught. The unexpected happened one night during their prowl when they aroused several residents of Plainfield who went into action and they not only called the police but captured and held them pending arrival of Officers J. Hart and L. Clancy. Later with the assistance of Officers O'Grady, Winslow, and McSweeney, theft after theft was solved and the perpetrators committed to jail.

About the same time we were advised by Off. John Smith of Station "E" that they had in custody two boys who admitted to breaking into one of the local jewelry stores. No break of such nature had been reported to this station, but a check revealed that such a break had been made in the Modern Jewelry Store in Danielson.

Off. McSweeney, with the cooperation of the Norwich Police Department and our brothers at Station E (Plug for you, Elmer!) was successful in apprehending John Slopovsky, St. Clair, Penn., who came into our peaceful rural area and passed a fraudulent check at a gas station in the town of Lisbon. He claims he came here from Florida where he had frequented the gambling places and found the odds in his favor. To his sorrow, he learned the hard way that chips fall and now Slopovsky is confined to the New London County Jail at Norwich awaiting trial. At time of apprehension he was operating a 1947 Plymouth Sedan, Florida

registration 1D81440 listed to William Anderson, 3836 Tercidal Ave., Coconut Grove, Florida. In the car were a set of Pennsylvania registration plates 6-DZ-43, listed to John Karavage, 2139 A St., Girardville. Maybe one of us will get to Florida yet!!

A call received from a girl who claimed she had jumped from a moving car to save herself from being raped, led to the apprehension of two young Massachusetts men by Officers Winslow and Smith, who were patrolling in the area and recognized the car from the description obtained from the girl, although she could give no registration number. A check of the girl's story and that of a companion's, who was with the subjects when apprehended, led to their prosecution as charged.

Officers John B. Murphy and Joseph Donovan assisted the Putnam City Police Department in apprehending Ernest Vandale of Putnam, who over a period of time had managed to dispose of approximately \$6000.00 worth of automobile tires and accessories picked up at random from the Montgomery Ward & Company branch in Putnam. To date about \$1000.00 of the stolen goods have been recovered and the subject is sojourning for the winter enjoying Windham County Hospitality.

Off. Marikle is working on two breaks in close proximity in the towns of Lisbon and Griswold that have similar characteristics and lead him to believe that they might have been done by the same person.

On the lighter side of the ledger congratulations are in order to the Lester McIntoshes who were united in marriage on Saturday, February 7. Good luck and much happiness.

DOUBLE TAKE

In Chillicothe, Mo., Mrs. Lee Marksbury, whose car had just turned over five times, crawled out unhurt, took a look at the debris, keeled over in a faint and cut her face.

STATION "F", WESTROOK

"ALONG THE SHORE"

Well, if anyone ever intends to write a sequel to "Snowbound" he certainly can get an inspiration from this winter. Here at Westbrook we manage to hold our own. Someone said if you don't like New England weather, just wait a while. It will change. If the past month is any indication, this statement is open to reasonable doubt. However, each day brings us nearer spring; the sun is getting higher and higher. And after all the calendar is out only 11 minutes every 1000 years or so! The thing to do is fear for the worst and hope for the best.

Off. Sternberg, attending a course at the Northwestern Traffic Institute, sends an interesting letter. He modestly states that he has been very busy and it is too early to make any definite statements. But when the final marks are compiled he will be up at the top of his class for our money.

Howard reports that his arrival at Evanston was twelve hours late due to the extreme weather. It is very cold, but there is little snow when compared with Connecticut.

If he found little change in temperature, his budget had to be adjusted. Shirts are laundered for 44 cents each; and hamburgers are priced in the vicinity of \$1.00.

His address is YMCA, Room #359, 1000 Grove St., Evanston, Illinois and he will welcome letters from all of you.

If badge No. 164 is temporarily inactive as far as Westbrook is concerned, so is badge No. 18. Off. Thomas Ahern has resigned to enter private employment. The best of luck, Tom!

First aid refresher courses are being conducted in the station dining room this month. If any stranger had one look at the "patient", bedecked in bandages, splints, tourniquets, etc., he would immediately call the coroner. But if he waited a moment, the "patient"

would have a speedy convalescence, and soon would be rendering first aid to another "victim" who previously had attended him.

Det. Sergt. Harold Washburn was assigned here Jan. 2nd. A short time later, while on night desk, he dispatched an officer on an intoxication and breach of peace complaint, resulting in cell No. 1 having an involuntary occupant for the night. Presently the door of the barracks opened and a companion of the occupant of the cell insisted that he be locked up instead. The Sergeant, explaining that this would be impossible, noted that the offer was inspired to some extent by this person's imbibition, at least more so than his altruism. A little encouragement on the part of the Sergeant resulted in the martyr's departure, and undoubtedly the next morning he was happy that things worked out as they did.

Det. Sergt. Washburn's arrival coincides with Sergt. Mielke leaving the desk to take over investigations. Were it not for the fact that the sergeant abstains from tobacco, he would look well in a Sherlock Holmes pipe. Anyway, you can't dispute that Sherlock was not as handy with a camera as the sergeant is.

A look out the window discloses it is snowing again. Just think of the traffic jams there will be next July on Rte. #15 in Durham--at the ski tow.

STATION "G", WESTPORT

Station "G" hopes that the usual saying of things coming in "threes" does not apply in all cases, because we have had two fires in the Rowayton section of Norwalk within two weeks, and in each of these we have had the unpleasant task of digging a burned body from the ruins.

Officer George "Al" Boston has left the ranks of the "Infanticipators" and now has a brand new baby girl--all concerned are doing fine.

Fannie Mae received her usual Valen-

tine from a secret admirer--she is having it processed for latent prints in the hope of solving the mystery.

Officer DeFilippo is worried lest he be separated from his bosom pal and night-patrol companion Emil "Siggs-G" Struzik.

"The Chippendale Chair" has been removed from the Sta. "G" dining room. It has kept everyone on their toes, and almost put a few of them on their-----. It made quite an impression on several who stopped by for a free lunch. Elmer "Little Sparks" Weyh can testify to the good contact.

If that briefcase which Officer "SS" Bowes tows around gets any bigger he will need a caddy for it. He claims there is nothing in it but time tables and flight schedules, but we know there is a good market for brushes at the moment and we are a little suspicious.

It will be nice to see some green grass and bare roads again after the steady diet of white we have been enjoying.

STATION "H", HARTFORD

On January 12th, Officer Pritchard, ably presented one Vincent Plantaus before the Newington Town Court for operating a motor vehicle under the influence of liquor. This accused had already had a previous conviction for the same charge, and was represented by eminent counsel. It was hoped that the usual procedure would not be followed in charging his client as a second offender. However, the case was presented in such a manner that the accused was found guilty and fined \$102.00. He was then charged as a second offender and given a sixty day additional jail sentence.

Can't stop our Charlie when he gets under way:-

On January 27, Officer George Panciera, checked a report of stolen motor vehicle from the Westminster School in Simsbury. Through diligent efforts, Officer Panciera located this car about

five miles from the school, abandoned. Investigation revealed that the motor block had been damaged by the thief. In checking the car Officer Panciera found three flashlights, and in turning the car over to the owner was informed that one of the flashlights did not belong to him. Subsequent investigation disclosed that the third flashlight belonged to one Myron W. Pratt of Simsbury, a known car thief. When confronted with the flashlight, Pratt readily admitted that it was his, and that he had taken the car. He has been bound over to the next term of Hartford Superior Court. George Panciera never lets go--and this case adds to his tenacity.

On Christmas Day, 1947, Officer Marcel Simon investigated a fatal motor vehicle accident in the town of Granby. Arriving at the scene, Off. Simon found two men decidedly under the influence of liquor, while the third occupant of the car was dead. Both of the occupants claimed that the dead man had been driving the car at the time of the accident. Officer Simon, however, through perseverance and a relentless investigation which called the science laboratory into use, determined that it had been physically impossible for the dead man to operate the car, since he was in a state of stupor due to his intoxication. Blood specimens taken from the three occupants determined this fact through Dr. Beauchemin and Dr. Greenberg of Yale University.

Blood specimens also played an important part in determining the actual driver of the car, inasmuch as the steering wheel, door, and windshield on the driver's side of the car were spattered with blood. The dead man had no cuts on him, as well as one of the other occupants. The third occupant had the least concentration of alcohol in his blood and was the only man to receive lacerations in the accident.

Subsequent investigation disclosed that this third party was the last man seen behind the wheel of the car, about two miles from the scene of the accident. He was held by Coroner Schaefer of Hartford County as the person respon-

sible for the death of the deceased. Marcel Simon continues to give Station "E" his best and we're pulling for the award on these cases.

Officer William Braithwaite, after being called in by the local police, investigated a hit and run accident in the town of Southington which caused the death of a small girl. At the time of the coroner's inquest, the coroner felt that there was not sufficient evidence to hold the accused as being negligent, although the coroner felt that this man was the operator of the death car. This did not stop the officer's zealous efforts, as he felt that this man was responsible for the death of the child. He obtained a warrant from the local court charging the man with Evading Responsibility, and after a long trial he was found guilty. The decision of the lower court has been appealed to Hartford Superior Court. Bill has been busy on this case so long that some of us wondered if he had been transferred elsewhere.

Officer Edward Higney obtained the first conviction in this station for giving false information to an officer under public acts 46, 1947 legislature. The accused in this case was fined \$25.00.

STATION "I", BETHANY

Off. Carl Carlson on night patrol discovered a car parked in back of Jim Dale's Clothing Store on the Post Road, where several breaks have been attempted. While Carl was checking on the radio and learning that this was a stolen car, the three youths from New Bedford, Mass. who were in the car, decided to take off and headed in the general direction of New York. Carl followed in hot pursuit and soon had the three under arrest.

When the good word gets around, Non-

support in the Valley should be on the wane. Two men have just been returned from out-of-state to answer to the charge - one by Off. Pawchyk, from Pennsylvania, and the other from Baltimore, Maryland, by Off. Pethick.

Ed. Puester - or Walter as the newspapers would have it - discovered a car on the Wilbur Cross which he decided was going too fast and should be checked. When he attempted to follow the car its speed kept increasing and during the chase this car sideswiped two other cars. Ed got busy with his radio - the New Haven Police were contacted - and the car was abandoned in New Haven. Ed wound up with a stolen car, a couple of sets of stolen plates, a cargo of loot. He still wants the two men who were in the car - their descriptions were broadcast to all stations.

Things are gradually returning to normal at Station "I" - Tom Duma has returned minus an appendix and Tom Egan is back after his extended illness. Egan is going to have to eat soup until he gets himself a set of clackin' crockery - but it sure is good to see him well and back to the grind again.

O'er snow and ice
We creep like mice
We hope we've had our last storm
Accident reports loom
As we give traffic room
And we pray that the weather will
warm.

Tho we're not always to blame
It's all just the same
We're grounded till judgement is
passed
If we try our best
It's the acid test
When we're stopped and our fender is
smashed.

Duma is teaching
First Aid and is preaching
Safety Conscious we all must be
So we'll study like fury
To avoid judge and jury
And to make us all accident free.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

THE BEAVER'S PARADISE

The vast and wooly wilds that are now covered with a heavy blanket of snow, keep the boys at Station K occupied in assisting stranded motorists who travel these highways when, in our opinion, they should be at home. We have entertained, fed and kept cheerful, a goodly number in this magnificent old edifice, that is located deep in New London County. We have added, during this seizure of bad weather, another station routine in keeping track of weather reports, checking the thermometer, putting on and taking off chains and are eagerly looking forward to the day when we can truthfully say "Ah, Beautiful Spring-time!"

We have, like all stations started our refresher course and the full crew responded very well, under one of our able instructors, Det. Ralph Boyington. Ralph, as you all know is quite a handy young man with pistol and guns of all types and he is quite the instructor and knows his first aid backwards. We expect, that after being instructed by not only Det. Boyington, but by Officers Fersch and McDonald, as well, that we will be able to take care of any first aid emergency arising in our area.

Officer Henry "Hank" Cludinski, the whirlwind from New Britain, who was investigating a housebreak in Hebron, finally tracked down his men in Dick Tracy fashion and found the culprits, Mitchell and Sawyer, two well-known thieves from Willimantic, were picked up in the state of Penn. A fast trip was made to the Keystone State by Sergeant McAuliffe as co-partner and the boys were returned to the township of Hebron and were immediately bound over to the next term of Superior Court, much to the delight and pleasure of the good people in Hebron. However, in listening to the good sergeant and Cludinski tell about their experiences with the different state troopers with whom they came in contact, we sure appreciate being members of the

Good Old Connecticut Gang, CSP.

It is quite amusing for some of us when grouped around the mess hall table partaking of good food, to listen to the two glamor boys of the Army Air Force, ex, Hart and Cludinski, reminisce. Cludinski about jumping the Hump and Hart as to the rule and regulation of Flight Instructions and then to listen to poor Sikorski, one of the Original Rangers, tell about the good old Infantry days and where the Air Corps made their mistakes. Officer Ackerman, who skippered some scow out of the port of New York, has quite a time getting a word in edgeways about his experiences on the briny deep, especially when Pop Eye Bill Hickey, ex-quartermaster, 1st Class USN, who wore out plenty of shoelather on the flying bridge with Nimitz, Halsey and King, starts reminiscing about the years that he spent under the Union Jack winning World War II. Now Hickey, being a modest lad, (like most of the O'Hickey Clan) generally withdraws diplomatically and lets the army have its way, at least for the time being.

Eagle Eye John Fersch, the famous photographer of Station K, Ex-Maharajah of Hindustan, Sultan of Swat and authority on the manly art of Self Defense gets his three cents worth in and usually breaks up any and all gabfests.

The two old salts from Tolland County, Officers Dick and Stephenson, will generally set the Navy where it should be with a little dig here and a little dig there to the Army and Air Corps.

Five-by-five Brescia, who resembles the "Little Flower" in more ways than one, a graduate of the Great Pinnell Ensemble, not only tells of his army experiences but dwells on the experiences of Company "A" State Guard of Conn. Being a quiet individual, so to speak, he gets a dry lick in once in a while and is generally followed by quite a roar of laughter.

Squire Kevin McDonald from the great town of Portland, situated on the river, is busily engaged rounding up the boys who had the nerve to come into this area and break into the Ted Hilton Hide-a-Way establishment, steal and carry a-

way sundry articles, to their homeland, New Britain. Kev says they might be kids but they sure did a man size job in wrecking Ted's place on the Salmon River. The boys were apprehended by the New Britain Police before a complaint was received. On the bed which the boys used for one night, at the summer hotel, were found 24 blankets. No doubt the lack of heat will keep them at home for the rest of the frigid weather.

Old-Timer Frank LaForge who has been assigned to this station for some time knows the area backwards and can tell you, not only where places are, but the easiest, best and shortest way to get there, and from his keen memory of names, can quote a person's record, who arrested him and why, without consulting the note book. Frank is quite an asset to our station.

The smiling Romeo and pride of Williamantic, the assistant in the commissary division at this station, has been smitten as Valentine's Day draws near and it is reliably reported that he is in the market and shopping for a large solitaire to decorate the little girl's finger. From all reports he will be married this coming summer, if not sooner. We suggest that it should be sooner so that he can get down to earth. Mr. Leo Caya, our chef, will, without a doubt, be tripping the light fantastic to the altar come July. It is reliably reported that he too is shopping for a parcel of land where he can build some sort of shack for the Mr. and Mrs. It appears to your reporter that both of these mechanics in the galley are about neck and neck in the race to the altar. We wish them all the luck in the world.

The Major Domo, Sir Edward (no diet) McKee has been crying the blues criticizing our good friends, the State Highway Department, for the excessive use of sand and salt and he, for one, states that he has shoveled more salt out of the building than has been put on the highways and byways of this fair community. He is the expert in maintenance, a past master of the one-arm-operation of the waxing machine at our station.

Bashful Walter Adams, our genial

dispatcher is continuously writing to Dorothy Dix relative to a serious affair that is now in the bud but progressing rapidly in the vicinity of the Middlesex Hospital. The Admiral, being an ex-pharmacist mate can sure talk her language. From where we sit the boy with the jazzbow ties and the winning smile, will be shopping for rings in the future.

Our station would not be complete without the presence of our good friend and helpmate, Mary Webster. She's the busy little beaver who handles budgets and keeps us on a level keel as far as the clerical job is concerned. Her cheery smile and winning personality is an asset to the station.

Last, but not least, the Rembrandt of the office, Old Sparkie Norman Tasker. The versatile youth who can turn his hand to anything has finally decided the best things are found in Colchester. We don't mean the Cedar Bowling Alleys.

Lieutenant Lavin has been floating on air since he received the call from his daughter in Greenbelt, Maryland. Expecting to become a grandfather in the near future he has been informed that it will be twins. Here's to the babies Grandpa, hope one is a boy.

Our pair of Hawk Eyes, Sergeants Leighton and McAuliffe, are always on the alert around the barracks and garage. Their inspection ritual is tough and keeps us all on our toes. They see to it that all is running smoothly and according to our bible, the General Orders.

This report would not be complete without a word about our good friend and helpmate Mrs. Lois Miller SPW. Mrs. Miller has yet to be caught without that famous smile of hers, and without always being in a position in doing a favor for one of the boys at the station, in watching the little beaver you might see her in coveralls washing her new car, THE Pride and Joy, or see her struggling with her chains, or mending one of the officers coats or replacing a button, or taking a turn in the kitchen. We think our Lois is a dandy, and we are sure

proud to have her with us, and be our friend.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

The day dawned cold and clear and throughout the Litchfield Hills the driven snow was drifting. Officer Alden Thompson sat secure behind the beautiful mahogany desk in the "spacious general office" of Station L, looking through the window at the thermometer which was shivering at 12° below ZERO and reflecting on his good fortune at being sheltered from the elements by the lavishly insulated walls of Station L. His reverie was broken by the jangling of the phone upon the desk and he picked up the phone and spoke in the approved state police telephone courtesy manner.

The person calling was Dr. John F. Kilgus, Jr. of Litchfield who was calling from the Aaron Feldsher farm in Morris. The doctor stated that an ambulance was enroute from Torrington Fire Department to the farm to pick up an elderly man who was unconscious in the barn, having suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. Dr. Kilgus reported that the barn was some several hundred feet removed from the highway and that there were ten foot snow drifts between the highway and the barn and he wondered if we could send officers with a toboggan to move the unfortunate patient to the side of the road. Officer Thompson informed the good doctor that we would respond at once with a toboggan. Det. Sgt. Casey immediately called a conference to ponder the situation and ascertain where we could get a toboggan.

Ever resourceful, Officer Wilbur L. Calkins after due consideration allowed as how one day last summer he called at the farm of one of our trial justices and found the judge picking chickens and that for a bench the judge was using a toboggan laid across a couple of saw horses. The judge was promptly called and upon being asked replied that he had the toboggan and that we were welcome to

use it.

Officer Calkins and Thompson were assigned to pick up the toboggan and proceed to the Feldsher farm. Arrived there they parked the state police car and unloaded the toboggan. Standing Officer Thompson against the drift Officer Calkins clambered up Thompson's form and managed to get to the top of the drift and then pulled up the toboggan and Thompson. The two then literally swam through the snow to the barn where the patient was wrapped in blankets and bound to the toboggan. The officers removed the patient to the roadside where with the help of the doctor, farmer, and foreman Eric Seward of the State Highway Department they lowered patient and toboggan down the side of the drift to the road and the awaiting ambulance.

Recently one of Litchfield Counties leading morticians was returning home one night after a professional visit and had the misfortune of having his car struck by a speeding motorist. The mortician in his suave and gentlemanly manner offered to come to an agreement about damages. But the speeder had one of those back seat drivers with him - his wife. She ran to a nearby house and called the barracks and then returned to the scene of the accident and shook her fist in the face of the mortician and shouted, "I'm having you locked up." Officer Hawley arrived, investigated, and arrested--the complainant's husband.

The month of October 1947 was a banner month in "L" Territory as the Statistical report for the department will show. The results of good patrol work on the part of the officers at L, showing only 3 accidents occurring in the area which were reported to the station. These included #1 a car and bicycle accident and two car vs dog accidents. We at "L" are very proud of this report for October and are determined to keep on in our endeavors to make this area the lowest in accidents at all times.

The record may not be equalled but if good policing is the answer (which we are convinced is) then it will show again.

SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION

COMMUNICATIONS FURLOUGH

I never gave much thought to Communica-
tions,
Teletypes or out-lying radio stations,

Until it was my fate
To be assigned there of late.

When I entered I became confused on
sight-
When I saw files to the left and files
to the right-

Each with a number and filed in its
place
And keeping up with the system became
quite a case!

Messages kept for many years back
To find them is really quite a knack-

Then come the broadcasts sent all over
the state-
Each with a number and of course, a
date-

One is a missing person - or maybe a hit
and run
Another a holdup with a loaded gun-

Then a car reported stolen from a drive-
way
After the alarm is sent, it's found not
far away-

So quick-like out goes a cancellation
Giving all details along with the reg-
istration-

Then someone yells - make out a tape,
which is a pain
Especially one that isn't too plain.

A reference number is a must
Or else your tape is really a bust!

Then when busiest, there are bound to be
Signals fifty, fives and three-

And of course, the weather reports buzz
back and forth
From all directions - east, west, south
and north-

Suddenly the phone rings and to answer
it is a simple task
But another problem begins when the
voice will ask-

Where is so and so
And just where did he go

And where will he be when he leaves
there-
Brother! no wonder I am losing my hair

Of course, radio does give you a wonder-
ful break
'Cause there are only five stations
that can check your mistake-

And so it goes every night and every day
So that on some days to get up - it just
doesn't pay-

Communications is comprised of the un-
sung heroes of the CSP
If you don't believe me - try trading
places with me-

But still in all - I can only say
After my furlough I'll be back with them
all the way-

But right at this point - I'll just take
flight
Enuff said - 104 HQ - Goodnite!

Officer James B. Conlon
Special Service CSP

POLICE TO FILM TIPSY MOTORISTS

Milwaukee, --- Tippy drivers here are
apt to wind up in the movies, red noses
and all.

Police announced recently they will
experiment soon with colored motion
pictures of drunken drivers, to be used
as court evidence against the motorists.

Why color film? To show up bleary
eyes and flushed complexions.

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 con-
duct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."