

Vox-Cop

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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

MARCH 1948



Governor James L. McConaughy

The Connecticut State Police department has lost a true friend with the passing of Governor James L. McConaughy. Truly, they are not dead who live in the hearts of those they leave behind. We shall always remember him as "one who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

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

James Lukens McConaughy

In the death of Governor James L. McConaughy Connecticut has suffered a heavy blow. With a suddenness that matched his meteoric rise in politics, the work that he loved has ended. It is not to employ an idle phrase to say that in his official capacity, Governor McConaughy placed first service to the citizens of the State that had honored him. Indeed, as teacher, college and university president, leader in civic affairs wherever he was stationed, head of United China Relief, and civilian deputy to General William J. Donovan of the OSS during the war, Dr. McConaughy was always urged on by the spirit of service to his fellow beings. He never seemed to be too busy not to respond to the many varied calls for his time and unusual talents. In his sixty-first year the ending of his useful life has stunned all who knew him personally or by reputation.

★ ★ ★

Long before Dr. McConaughy was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1938 he was a national figure in the field of education. When called at thirty years of age to the presidency of Knox College, he was one of the youngest college presidents in the country. From a very successful administration in that small institution in Galesburg, Illinois, where he emphasized educational democracy, he came to the presidency of Wesleyan University in 1925. During his tenure of eighteen years Wesleyan enjoyed a large expansion in endowment, buildings, enrollment, and in the size of the faculty. In the words of the late William Lyon Phelps, Dr. McConaughy brought to the University "tremendous energy, complete sympathy with youth, sound scholarship and an unusual amount of that preferred stock known as common sense. This combination of qualities, plentifully salted with humor, has brought him the hearty cooperation of the alumni and the enthusiastic devotion of the students. It is credibly reported that even the Faculty like him." And it was a basic educational principle with him that, in his own words, "a few courses well taught are far better than hundreds of courses that are more for the subject than for the student."

Governor McConaughy's political philoso-

phy fell easily and naturally into the category of true liberalism. He was thoroughly democratic and at times nonpartisan. He did not hesitate to admit on the eve of the 1938 campaign that many Republicans would probably vote for Democratic United States Senator Augustine Lonergan and personally congratulated the Senator for some of his positions on difficult legislation. Dr. McConaughy regretted President Roosevelt's proposal to reform the Supreme Court but heartily agreed with the over-all objective. He would have all public servants and college presidents retire at seventy years, thinking that most of them at that age have lost their touch with the common man and would be out of sympathy with the common man's aspirations.

Dr. McConaughy carried his liberalism right into his campaign for the governorship and into his administration, disturbing though a few of his proposals were to some members of his own party. But he sincerely believed in legislation to curb discrimination in employment. He was naturally a true and generous friend of the public schools. His humanitarian instinct caused him deep concern about our institutions for the mentally and physically unfortunate. He was an able administrator in both education and government.

★ ★ ★

All this is not to say that Governor McConaughy did not make mistakes. He would be the first to recognize that he had erred in some matters. But he was the type of man for whom there is a great and endless need in public service. His character was unimpeachable, his philosophy of life was sound and inspiring. To every task he gave thorough attention, and to every institution that he served he rendered a full measure of devotion. He was firm, courteous, humorous, and kind, — a credit to those who had honored him along his life's way, Dr. McConaughy was a willing and constructive doer in the great cause to advance human welfare. Of the contribution he made toward that goal, anyone could be proud. His is a record of achievement surpassed by few men who have served Connecticut, and also labored in wider fields productive of better things and a better way of life.

(The Hartford Courant)

"THE EMERALD ISLE"

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892)



EDITOR'S NOTE:—This poem has never appeared in any edition of the collected works of Whittier. It was discovered by Samuel T. Pickard, Whittier's literary executor, in a scrap-book kept by the poet's elder sister. The poem, which is as passionate an appeal for Irish freedom as the island itself has ever produced, indicates that the New England poet must have been deeply stirred by his theme. It is entitled "The Emerald Isle". It was published in Garrison's Free Press, August 3, 1826, when Whittier was nineteen years old and a student at Haverhill Academy. We are most happy to have a small share in what we trust will result in restoring this masterful epic poem to its rightful place among the gems of poetical literature.

JAMES I. McGOVERN,
Associate Editor Bridgeport Post and Telegram.

— THE EMERALD ISLE —

Q *Brightly figure thy shores upon history's pages,
Where names dear to fame and to science long known,
Like unsetting stars through the lapse of long ages
From the sea-girded isle of Hibernia have shone:
Fair Island! thy vales are embalmed in the story,
Which history telleth of ages gone by,
When Ossian's proud heroes strode onward to glory,
And ocean's wave answered their loud battle cry.
The wild vine is creeping—the shamrock is closing
Its foliage o'er many a dimly seen pile—
Where entombed on the fields of their fame are reposing
The proud peerless chiefs of the Emerald Isle.*

Q *And in far later years, with the purest devotion,
To the high cause of freedom full many a son
Of the green shores of Erin, the gem of the ocean,
Fair evergreen laurels of glory has won.
The martyred O'Neill and the gallant Fitzgerald,
On the bright list of glory forever shall stand,
And fame circle Emmet, the eloquent herald,
Who wakened the spirit and pride of his land.
They are gone! They are gone! But their memories that linger
On the shores where they perished no wretch shall revile,
No slave of a tyrant shall dare point the finger
Of scorn at those sons of the Emerald Isle.*

Q *Hibernia; though tyrants may seek to degrade thee,
Yet proud sons of science acknowledge their birth
On thy sea-girded shores, whose high genius has made thee
The gem of the ocean, the wonder of earth.
Long, long, has the halo of glory surrounded
The memory of Brian, the pride of thy shore;
And o'er thy dim lakes and wild valleys have sounded
The heart-touching strains of Carolan and Moore;
Oh, soon may the banners of freedom wave o'er thee,
Green island of Erin; may liberty's smile
To the luster of primitive ages restore thee,
The gem of the ocean—the Emerald Isle!*

"Caed Mile Failtie" from "Kathleen-Ni-Houliban"

(100,000 Welcomes)

(Allegorical Name of Eire)

A CHARA (Dear Friend):

Today the Gael and the Celt at "home and abroad," native-born and descendant, wherever free men assemble, unite without regard to sectarian differences to pay homage to the patron saint of Ireland, the illustrious Apostle, whose learning, piety, and patriotic zeal won to Christendom a race and a nation, proud possessors of an ancient culture, an accomplishment without parallel in all profane history.

Although sixteen centuries have written finis to their cycles since Patrick first lighted on Tara's hill the torch of Christianity, the faith and the patriotism which he inspired among his people, long since acclimated in all parts of the inhabitable globe, have shed none of their lustre. There will be few, if any, to gainsay that Saint Patrick's Day is the most universally observed of national anniversaries. 'Twas while reflecting on this challenging truism that T. C. Erwin in his notable song of the "Potato-Digger" struck this note of glee:

"As the great sun sets in glory unfurled,
Faith it's grand to think as I watch his face,
If he never sets on the English world
He never, lad, sets on the Irish race."

To the strains of "Garry-Owen," "O'Donnell Aboo," the "Minstrel Boy," the "Wearing of the Green," and the "Kerry Dances," to cite but a few of the soul-stirring Celtic martial melodies, endless numbers will march and make merry today prayerfully and proudly proclaiming their hope and their belief that in God's good time the ever existing ideal of their forefathers a UNITED IRELAND will become an accomplished fact. The age-old struggle of an unconquerable race for their freedom from alien rule will be unfolded in song and story at far flung festive boards illumined by the wit and the humor of the kinsfolk of the Brehons and the Bards, the Shanachies, the "Soggarth Aroons," the "Mother Machrees," and the "Kathleen Mavourneens" who'll bid you the "top o' the mornin'", as they rise in greeting and give voice to the time honored toast of the omnipresent Celt "Erin, Slainte Gael Go Bragh" (Erin, a bright health forever.)

My story this Saint Patrick's Day relates to the long-lost poetical gem by one of New England's outstanding poets, John Greenleaf Whittier, whose "Maud Muller," "Snow-bound," "Barefoot Boy" and "School Days" are but a few of the fond adolescent remembrances of older New Englanders whose nostalgic recallings include the "Little Red Schoolhouse" that dotted the countryside.

It was forwarded to me by my erudite and observing Irish-American countryman, Mr. Michael W. Rayens, vice-president of the American District Telegraph Co., of New York City. While browsing through a maze of seemingly abandoned and forgotten lore in an old bookstall in his native habitat, he rescued this priceless gem from obscurity, a bit of "Irish Luck" which, to this Celtic Chronicler, if not truly astounding, is surely most highly gratifying.

JAMES L. McGOVERN,
Associate Editor
Bridgeport Post-Telegram
March 17, 1948

"A'stor gra geal mochree"

James McGovern

The Hibernian Observer

VOX-COP

March, 1948

Grateful Eire Erects Memorial To Brother of Bridgeport Cop

A grateful Ireland recently erected two memorials to a daring young Irish army officer killed in action in 1920 in that nation's successful fight for freedom from the British and a Bridgeport policeman was moved deeply at the news.

The Irish hero was Capt. Patrick McCarthy, slain by an enemy bullet during a skirmish in the North Cork village of Millstreet.

The Bridgeporter is his brother, Traffic Officer William McCarthy, well-known to many Bridgeporters through long years of directing traffic at the busy intersection of Main and John streets. He resides at 123 Parallel street in the North End.

Sean Moylan, minister for lands in former Prime Minister Eamon DeValera's cabinet, was the chief speaker at a memorial to McCarthy was unveiled in the town of Newmarket, North Cork, where the McCarthys were born.

"An Example for Today"

Moylan, who fought alongside the gallant young captain in the Irish Republican army, called McCarthy an example to the young Irish of today. The monument was unveiled by Dan Breen, member of the Irish Dail Eireann, or parliament, and a noted figure in the Irish struggle.

Newmarket was decked out in holiday garb for the event and several thousand people attended the

exercises. Enlarged photographs of notable incidents in the Irish war of independence were placed in store windows. The drawings of Sean Keating, artist noted for his interpretation of Irish life, were brought on from Dublin and also displayed in the town's center.

With three bands in the line of march, the assemblance then went to the Lismire cemetery where comrades of McCarthy in the Cork Second Brigade conducted military exercises.

Reared in Great Traditions

In another ceremony, a plaque was unveiled on the spot in High Mill lane, Millstreet, where the I.R.A. captain was killed. Prof. Alfred O'Rahilly, the principal speaker, said McCarthy was reared in the traditions of the Irish Fenians and the Land League, two groups active in earlier years in the independence movement. Said O'Rahilly:

"When the Black and Tans (British auxiliary forces) were terrorizing this locality—burning, looting and shooting—Patrick McCarthy led a party to defend our people against them."

He concluded by saying the Irish should value the great heritage left by McCarthy and others who died for their country and "we can make sure that the victory of war will not become a defeat of peace."

The Irish Press, in an editorial tribute to McCarthy, said in part "his courage was an inspiration to his comrades, his generosity and

gaiety won their hearts."

McCarthy's most notable exploit occurred Sept. 28, 1920, when he led members of the Cork Second Brigade in a raid on the British military barracks in the garrison town of Mallow, North Cork. They seized the building from the 17th Lancers—a British mounted regiment.

A Dramatic Venture

McCarthy's role in this successful venture was worthy of Hollywood. He got inside the barracks in the guise of a workman and when the outside I.R.A. forces forced an entry the armed McCarthy locked up British troops rushing to the aid of the gate guards.

McCarthy and his men thus captured much-needed guns and ammunition from the British. His ingenuity in this assignment was typical of I.R.A. leaders. It was a very necessary quality in a war in which the Irish were outmanned and outgunned by the British. McCarthy's abilities endeared him to such Irish leaders as De Valera, the great Michael Collins, Ernie O'Malley and Gen. Liam Lynch.

"Big Bill" McCarthy came to this country in 1909 and that was the last time he saw the fiery young Patrick. He remembers him as an intensely patriotic youngster who, even at that time, was being steeped in the traditions of the Fenians—ideas of Irish independence which led him to his ultimate sacrificial role.

(The Bridgeport Post)

Tatler's
**Leader
Page
Parade**

VOX Pop. is the abbreviated form of what some people say they must heed before they are elected, and forget about afterwards. Now, then, you six-markers, what is Vox-Cop? Sorry I did not mean to hit the gong so hard.

"Vox," as anyone who has ever failed Matriculation will tell you, is the Latin for "voice." "Cop," however, would puzzle even Mr. Cicero of Arpinum in Latium, whose Latin by all accounts was up to Leaving Certificate standard and even beyond it—if one cares to take the matter any further.

Evidence to hand indicates that "Cop." is the abbreviated version of the genitive singular of a second declension American noun meaning "of the Connecticut State Police."

Th's would probably leave Mr. Cicero scratching his Roman pate. Which is only just, as he, since his time, has left too many people doing the same thing!

In short, "Vox-Cop." is the monthly magazine of the Connecticut State Police Department. As the current issue is the St. Patrick's Day number, it is printed mainly in green ink—and a right tasteful job it is.

Irish Descent

A GLANCE through it would seem to indicate that this far-away police department is a branch of the Garda Siochana. That is not because it contains facsimile reproductions of seasonable greetings from Commissioner M. J. Kinnane, Chief Superintendent E. A. Reynolds, Chief Superintendent H. V. MacManus, and Chief Superintendent F. Burke, but because of the frequency with which Irish names and items of news occur.

The head of the Department, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, himself is of Irish descent, as his name would imply. He is no stranger here for he has toured the country pretty extensively. A police chief of international repute, he was recently made a Knight of St. Gregory by the Holy Father.

Nutmeg State

IRELAND has staffed more than the Police Department in the Nutmeg State. Legal discrimination at home in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the Famine of the last century all resulted in

Irishmen supplying the labour for among other things, Connecticut's canals and railroads. By 1860, there were over 55,000 Irishmen in the State. To-day they are numerically second only to the Italian-Americans. Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport and Waterbury were the cities they favoured.

Many of them rose to renown in politics, medicine, and the law. The police, fire, post office, and transport departments were—and are still—predominantly Irish.

Fighting 9th

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

Barrack Gossip

GOSSIP from the stations, includes this little item from Station "G," Westport (Westport, Conn., I would have you know, solely in my own interests.):

"Overheard in the office the other day, a discussion as to why the 'O' was placed in front of numerous Irish names. O'Brien who still carries the 'O' claimed that he was a descendant of the people from the halls of Tara which was ruled over by an Irish King, named Brian Boru. So in asking where the "O" came from if he was a descendant of Brian, he couldn't give a plausible explanation.

What's In a Name ?

COMMISSIONER CREAGH, an authority on Irish history, explained that the "O" was placed in the O'Brien by the English to give the Irish a title, which was dropped upon arrival in the United States upon learning it was an English title. To substantiate this, the king from whom O'Brien was originally descended was named Brian and not O'Brien.

O'Brien also claims to be related to the late president of Mexico whose name was Oberon, a displaced Irishman, whose ship, captained by an Englishman, failed to make the Port of Boston, landing in Mexico. All of the foregoing is substantiated by the well-known fighting Irish of Westport, O'Verell, O'Angeski, O'Sobolewski, and O'Ciecierski."

All of which would lead the O'Tatler to deduce that Station "G," Westport, has not lost the gentle art of the Irish "leg-pull."

SOME FIFTY-ONE YEARS OF PROGRESS
1897--1948By
Edmund Leamy

On a raw, snowy night in January 1897 fifty men of Irish nationality or descent met in the old Revere House in Boston.

North Irishmen, South Irishmen, Catholics and Protestants they were in jovial yet serious mood, for they had come together to inaugurate a new historical confraternity which was to do honor to the land of their forefathers, and which they hoped would grow in stature and in membership down the years.

On that night, within the hallowed walls of the old hotel, after weeks of discussion and preparation, these fifty adopted a Constitution and By-Laws and brought into being the American Irish Historical Society. Last year that Society was celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary as a force for enlightenment on the Irish contribution to civilization, and as a source of historical information regarding Irishmen in America since the first one set foot on this land of freedom.

The official founding date of the Society is January 20, 1897, but the unofficial beginning goes back before that many a year. It goes back to the early 1880's and the younger days of Thomas Hamilton Murray, patriot, editor and scholar.

A close friend of another distinguished Irish writer, patriot and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of The Boston Pilot, Thomas Murray was editor of The Daily Sun, Lawrence, Mass. For years he had been writing articles on Irish pioneers and Irish families in New England, and with every bit of research work that he did in connection with these articles, realization crowded in on him more and more that historians of the day--either by accident or design--had omitted from their records all reference to the part played by Irishmen and Irish families in the history of the early United States. A

few of the writers so distorted the truth that they even denied there had been any Irish in America prior to 1840.

It is true that the records of Irish families in America were not easy to trace. Often they existed only in land grants, in Wills probated, in marriage and the giving in marriage. But as Mr. Murray continued his research he found the names of many Irishmen who had fought in American wars and who had helped in other ways to shape the destiny of this country.

With all the crusading strength of his virile pen he endeavored to right the cruel wrong that had been done by the historians: but the task grew to be too much for one writer; the load too great for one man. He enlisted the help of others, particularly that of James Jeffrey Roche, who had succeeded John Boyle O'Reilly as editor of The Boston Pilot; Joseph Smith, editor of The Boston Traveler; Thomas J. Gargan, noted lawyer, and Thomas B. Lawler, a member of the publishing firm of Ginn and Company.

These men met often to ponder ways to correct the injustices the early historians had done; they talked to others who had the love of Ireland and of justice in their hearts; and their numbers grew. Finally when there were thirty of them, all outstanding figures in the life of the nation, they drew up a Murray-inspired letter calling for the organization of the American Irish Historical Society "whose special line of research shall be the history of the Irish element in the composition of the American people."

On December 26, 1896, the letter was mailed to persons all over the United States who might be interested in the new movement. One of the signers was Henry Stoddard Ruggles, descendant of an Irishman who had settled in this country in 1657. Others were eighth, and ninth in descent from early Irish settlers. One was Richard Worsam Meade, Rear Admiral, U.S.N., a nephew of General George Meade, who commanded the Union forces at Gettysburg. Another was Theodore Roosevelt, later the 25th

President of the United States, a descendant from an old Dublin family named Barnwell.

Others were the Rev. George C. Betts, rector, St. James Protestant Episcopal Church, Goshen, N.Y.; John Cochrane, president of the N.Y. Society of Cincinnati; Gen. James R. O'Byrne; Robert Ellis Thompson, president, Central High School, Philadelphia; Major General St. Clair Mulholland, Philadelphia; Rev. George W. Pepper, Minister of the Park Methodist Church, Cleveland, Ohio; William M. Sloan, professor of English Literature, Columbia University; Col. O'Brien-Moore, soldier and journalist (father of Erin O'Brien-Moore, the well-known actress), West Virginia; Thomas Dunn English, Newark, N.J., author of "Alice Ben Bolt"; Capt. John Drum (father of Lt. Gen. Hugh A. Drum); Augustus St. Gaudens, New York; Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, rector, Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Samuel Sweet Green, president of the American Antiquarian Society; Thomas H. Carter, United States Senator from Montana; John D. Crimmins, New York; Ignatius Donnelly, Nininger, Minn., and Elmer H. Capen, president of Tufts College, Mass.

The letter that these men signed said in part: "The American of English stock has his historical society; the descendants of the Dutch, Huguenot and Spaniards have associations which specialize the historical work of the bodies they represent; and we feel that the story of the Irish element should be told before the mass of legend and fiction flooding the country under misleading designations has completely submerged the facts."

The principle of the proposed Society as stated was: "To place the Irish element in its true light in American history, and to secure its perspective in relation to historic events on this soil...Its primal object will be to ascertain the facts, weigh them in relation to contemporary events, and estimate their historical value, avoiding in this process the exaggeration and extravagance of poorly informed writers on one hand, and the prejudiced and misrepres-

entation of hostile writers on the other..."--Extracts from The Recorder

POLICING SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN

When the fog rolls through the Golden Gate, shadowy figures, hands thrust ominously into coat pockets, still scurry beneath the overhanging balconies along Grant Avenue. A celestial daughter of joy vanishes into a narrow alleyway. If an Occidental visitor--from Iowa or New Jersey, perhaps, and schooled in Chinese ways by Fu Manchu novels--passes by and wonders what Oriental mischief is afoot this night, a policeman will provide a ready answer. The dark figures are waiters, on their way home from a tiring evening in the chow-mein dens; the "celestial daughter of joy" is a telephone operator en route to work in the Chinatown exchange, where the names of all phone subscribers in the Western Hemisphere's largest Chinese community must be learned by rote.

Not since 1934 has anything more eerie than fog or more spicy than sweet and sour spareribs disturbed the peace of San Francisco's Chinatown. Last year Inspector Jack Manion, a tall Irish policeman whose clientele called him Tao Yen (the most revered man in the community), retired as chief of the Chinatown Squad after a quarter of a century's prowling in the district's narrow byways. "We don't have much trouble any more," said Manion, whose iron fists and Irish geniality, expressed in pidgin English, had combined to impress a generation of Orientals with Occidental standards of law and order.

In 1934, San Francisco police blockaded all streets leading into Chinatown. It was around New Year's, and the police ordered the sale of firecrackers halted. They knew that a fusillade of "devil chasers" at a propitious moment might muffle the sound of gunfire, if the Hop Sing Tong and the Four Families, engaged in a dispute over a bartered bride, came to open warfare. Nothing happened. The

blockade was soon lifted.

By 1942, the sing-song girls, joss houses, and opium dens had given way to neon-lighted chop-suey restaurants and night clubs where Miss Li Tei Ming, who studied philosophy at the University of Washington, sang "Loch Lomond" in a Cantonese-Scotch accent, and Miss Joy Ching, who majored in home economics at the University of Chicago, did a strip tease as "The Girl in the Gilded Cage." The Six Companies, an alliance of businessmen who controlled labor relations, trade practices, and social conduct, had long since replaced the "highbinder tongs" with their sinister hatchetmen.

Last week, with traffic violations, juvenile delinquency, and the prying of tourists comprising the bulk of Chinatown crime the San Francisco police department abolished its eleven-man Chinatown Squad. Hereafter, the only reminder of the district's exotic past would be Jack Manion now 71, strolling the streets a few days each week, saying hello to old friends.--Newsweek

WITH NUTMEG FLAVOR

How Judge Patrick B. O'Sullivan
Acquired A Nickname

By
The Yankee Pedlar

One of the first cases which Judge Patrick B. O'Sullivan heard after his appointment to the Superior Court bench in the early 1930s was a domestic relations matter that earned the Connecticut jurist a nickname that has stuck to him since.

A divorced mother and father were battling through counsel over the custody of their five-year-old child. Both were intelligent people but a good deal of bitterness remained after their marriage had crashed.

As a new judge, Judge O'Sullivan

listened patiently for more than an hour while lawyers for the parents slugged out ridiculous arguments as to why their respective clients should gain custody.

Newspapermen covering the case were aware of a change in the court's attitude and they waited for the inevitable break. It came when Judge O'Sullivan interrupted to have a court attache bring the puzzled little boy to the bench.

"What's your name, sonny?" asked the judge. The lad replied.

"Call the child's mother to the stand," the judge directed.

"Madame," he said to the pretty young mother: "If it were my duty to send your son to an institution or to award his custody to his father, which would you have me do?"

The woman flashed a chilling glance at her ex-husband, who was equally puzzled by the unusual turn which the hearing had taken. She snapped an answer, obviously made with little thought: "Why I'd see him in an institution first," she said with a huff.

"Thank you. Witness excused," Judge O'Sullivan returned.

Next he called the father to the stand and propounded the same question.

The man rubbed his hands nervously. "I don't know, your honor," he answered hesitatingly. Then as the court pressed for a reply, he groped: "Well, your honor, while I am eager to have the custody of my son and feel that I am fitted for the responsibility, if this matter comes to a choice between an institution and my son's mother, by all means, please give the boy to his mother."

"Thank you," said Judge O'Sullivan breaking the tenseness that had fallen over the court room. Without further ado, the new judge turned to the clerk.

"Mr. Clerk," he said, "you may enter an order directing that custody of this child be awarded to his father."

Next day an editorial appeared in The Boston Traveler, entitled:

"Solomon O'Sullivan!"

--- Sunday Republican

MANY SEEK TO AID WESTBROOK CANINE
'ARRESTED' FOR RANSACKING COTTAGE

Westbrook, Feb. 21 --- The world isn't such a bad place after all--not when its citizens will flock to the aid of an old, nearly-blind, ailing dog.

That's what has happened in the case of an aged foxhound found in a field here recently. The canine was in an exhausted condition, after a series of misfortunes which included breaking into a cottage here, and then nearly starving to death when he found himself temporarily unable to get out.

Story Published

The story of the dog's hard times was published in the Register Thursday, and his photo carried in The Friday Register. Since that time, dozens of persons have written and telephoned the State Police barracks here, offering to do their part to make the dog's remaining days as pleasant as possible.

Many of the interested persons want to take the dog and care for him in the twilight of his life. Other persons offer to give some cash towards the dog's upkeep. Still others plead with the troopers, who found the dog and will decide on his disposition, to take the best possible care of the unfortunate dog.

Touching Letter

One of the most touching letters came from an Ansonia resident, undoubtedly a child.

Lt. Carroll Shaw, commanding officer of the barracks, said the letter was written in a childish scrawl, and many of the words--dog "worden" instead of warden, for example--were misspelled.

Despite this, the letter expressed a child's feelings in the matter in such a way that even the hardened State troopers were moved by it.

"Dear Mr. Dog Worden," the letter reads, "tell the police I read about the dog that you are taking care of---the poor, old foxhound. Please be good to him.

"He must be a good dog when he would not bite anyone and he was very hungry, too.

NEW SEX CRIME LAW NEEDED
IN N.H., EXPERTS TESTIFY

Concord, --- Members of the interim commission studying the causes and possible prevention of serious sex crimes in New Hampshire were told recently by five psychiatrists that some provisions should be made for the confinement of so-called "sexual psychopaths," whether it be in a newly-established state institution or in a special section of one of the present institutions.

They pointed to such compulsory confinement as the first step in a program which should include intensive research work and complete cooperation between the agencies handling such cases, under one head.

There appeared to be little question in the minds of any of the expert witnesses who appeared before the 10-man commission, that New Hampshire should write into its statutes a "sexual psychopathic" law which would remove those guilty of "abnormal sex behavior" from society.

Appearing before the commission were Dr. Willard C. Brinegar, acting superintendent of the State Hospital; Comdr. W. R. Griswold, (MC) USN, senior medical officer at the U.S. Naval disciplinary barracks, Portsmouth; Lt. (jg) S.P. LaCerva, (MC) USNR, who is assigned at the present time as psychiatrist at the U.S. Naval disciplinary barracks, Portsmouth; Dr. R. J. Depner, superintendent of the Laconia State School, and Dr. Anna Philbrick, head of the mental hygiene clinic at the State Hospital, and a member of the commission.

Also offering testimony were Richard T. Smith, director of the state Probation Department, and Francis Reagan, assistant director, and Col. Ralph W. Caswell, superintendent of State Police.

(Manchester Evening Leader)

New York Cop for Sixty Days

A year ago, when Mark Hellinger was collecting data for a film about New York City, he sat in a conference of high police officials and was surprised to discover that, far from being the beefy, burly, popular conception, many of them looked like Farry Fitzgerald. And that's how that diminutive Dubliner happened to be cast as a policeman in Hellinger's forthcoming film "The Naked City."

Fitzgerald prepared for his policeman's role with his usual method of approach. First he read and re-read the script until the whole story was familiar to him. Then he concentrated on creating the character he was to play. Mannerisms, speech and the proper handling of weapons were learned from Captain Frank Lent, of the Police Department, who was assigned as technical adviser to the filmmakers by Police Commissioner Wallander. Fitzgerald had plenty of time for personal observations of policemen at work since 80 per cent of the film was shot in New York and many days of the three months required to shoot it were passed in the Tenth Precinct Station House, home of the homicide squad.

Though he plays a detective in "The Naked City," Fitzgerald walked the sidewalks of New York as much as if he were a regular patrolman. A hundred and seven different Gotham locales were taken for the film during sixty-eight days of actual shooting. Fitzgerald walked for a total of 480 hours, or sixty eight-hour days, while acting his scenes.

One day he did his walking in Hellinger's shoes. It was slightly cloudy that day, too dark for close-ups,



BARRY FITZGERALD

but director Jules Dassin found the light was good enough to take long-shots of a chase sequence on the Williamsburg Bridge. Suddenly the sun came out. A hurry call was put in to get Fitzgerald from his hotel. He responded so quickly, to take advantage of the precious sunlight, that when he arrived he was still wearing his bedroom slippers. In the role of Lieutenant Muldoon he was supposed to wear black shoes. So producer Hellinger, who was the only man in the production unit wearing the prescribed color, sat down on the curb, took off his shoes and gave them to Barry. He stayed

right there on the curbstone until the scenes were shot because Barry's slippers were two and one-half sizes too small for him.

Barry Fitzgerald was born William Joseph Shields on March 10, 1888, in Dublin. He started his acting career with the Abbey Theater players and for many years kept a daytime job as a junior administrative officer at the Dublin Board of Trade while performing on the stage at night. Because he was not sure how his daytime superiors would feel about his nocturnal activities, he decided to change his name. It was the program man who dubbed him Barry Fitzgerald.

THE POLICE WERE CALLED

It was a great tribute to the ability of the 24-year-old Englishman when he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1812, for then, as later, there was turbulence and tribulation in Erin. This young Mr. Peel restored order by establishing an efficient Irish constabulary who were dubbed Peelers in his honor.

Seventeen years later he reorganized and modernized the London police force and did such a fine job that it still is one of the world's best. Since the Irish had priority on his last name, his first was appropriated for the English constables, and, after Sir Robert Peel, they were and still are called bobbies.

---Elks Magazine

FURTHER REMAND IN JAIL ESCAPE CASE

A further remand in custody was ordered by District Justice O'Flynn in Dublin in the case of James Nolan (23), Annomoe Drive, Cabra, William Laverty (24), and Andrew Nugent (28), both of no fixed abode; and it was stated by Inspector E. O'Brien that the evidence would be taken on February 24 and 26.

Nolan and Laverty are charged with having escaped from Mountjoy Prison on Christmas Eve last. Laverty and Nugent are charged with housebreaking and larceny.

It will be recalled that Laverty and Nugent were arrested during a police raid on Mount St. on January 21. Nolan, who was stated by the Guards to have escaped on that occasion, was arrested in a Talbot St., cafe last week.

---(Irish Independent)

ARREST OF HUNGER STRIKER

David Fleming, 27-year-old Killarney man, who remained on hunger-strike for 78 days in Belfast Prison last year, was arrested recently as he stepped from

an Aer Lingus 'plane at Nutts Corner Airport, near Belfast.

Fleming was approached by Head Constable W. Fannin, of the Belfast C.I.D., and another detective, who detained him. It is understood that he would give no account of himself, and he was immediately conveyed in a police car to Belfast Police Headquarters. After interrogation he was lodged in the central police cells at Chichester St.

Since his detention it is stated that he has been refusing food.

---(Irish Independent)

COURT SEQUEL TO CASTLEBAR MEETING

Michael Murphy, Derowel, Balla, was remanded on bail when charged at a Special Court at Castlebar with damaging E.S.B. wires on the occasion of Mr. de Valera's meeting at Castlebar.

An inmate of an asylum was about to be discharged as cured. As he was preparing to leave, the superintendent called him in and asked about his plans.

"Well," was the reply, "I was admitted to the Bar, so I may practise law. I used to be an accountant, so I may become a book-keeper. I speak six languages, so I could be an interpreter. If I find the going tough, I may become a house painter or a carpenter."

With that he arose, placed his left hand on his hip, the back of his other against his forehead, extended his fingers, and added: 'Or--I may become a tea kettle!'"--Passing Variety

The Italians did not invent macaroni. Macaroni was invented by the Chinese and introduced into Europe by the Germans, who taught the Italians how to make it.

But the Italians deserve credit for appreciating macaroni, for by the 14th century they were the only Europeans extensively eating it.

---Irish Weekly Independent

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

March, 1948

DAVID H. SCHUMAN, M.D.

509 ALBANY AVENUE
HARTFORD, CONN.

March 1, 1948

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

Dear Mr. Hickey:

May I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Officer Esposito of the Hartford barracks, for his courtesy and invaluable help the other night when I was stranded with my car on the road to New Haven somewhere near Meriden.

I had a flat tire and was unable to change it due to defective tools. Although I flagged and waved frantically to many motorists going by, not one stopped to investigate what the trouble was. I was also unable to reach any home or garage to call for help. It was then that Officer Esposito arrived on the scene, and who not only gave us that sense of security that we lacked at that time, but pitched right in and helped us change that tire.

Mrs. Schuman and I, and Attorney Webber who was with us, appreciate the help, and admire the conduct of this officer. We wish to thank you and your department for the kindness and courtesy extended to us.

Sincerely yours,

David H. Schuman

David H. Schuman, M.D.

S/H

Local and State Police Cooperate

"The Team Clicks"

VOX-COP

March, 1948

TOWN OF NEWINGTON

POLICE DEPARTMENT

Newington 11, Connecticut

BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS

Harold Whitney, *Chairman*
Leslie N. Hale, *Secretary*
Carl E. Ahlberg

WILLIAM E. HALLERAN
Chief of Police

February 26, 1948

Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of State Police

100 Washington Street

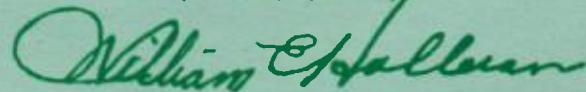
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank you for your cooperation in sending two instructors, Officers Gedney and Kimball, to the Newington Police School.

The instructions on Laws of Arrest and Traffic Accident Investigations, given by the Officers, were very helpful in the training of our Policemen.

Very truly yours,



William E. Halleran

Chief of Police

WEH:ES

WHERE THE DEAR OLD SHANNON FLOWS

VOX-COP

March, 1948

MR. MacBRIDE ON BAN ON RADIO SPEECHES

Addressing a large crowd at Navan recently, Mr. Sean MacBride said he felt the refusal of Mr. de Valera to allow the radio to be used for election purposes was due to the fact that the Government Party did not want the views of the other Parties to be put before the people.

In the rather inclement weather prevailing at the moment it was impossible for a large section of the people to attend election meetings.

LIMERICK LOSE BIG FEATURE

Limerick's most popular race meeting (St. Patrick's Day) will not be held this year as the Irish Turf Board has transferred the fixture to Limerick Junction.

This decision has created great surprise amongst the local racing public.

The "Sunday Independent" Limerick correspondent, wiring last night, says that the Junction meeting is unlikely to take place on March 17, but may take place the following day.

TRAVELLING BY TRAIN

Sir---I read with interest the complaint made by Ennis "Traveller" about the delay and other inconveniences he experienced on the 6 p.m. train ex-Kingsbridge on Dec. 29. I am also a Clareman, and on the same day I was traveling from West Clare to Newbridge, Co. Kildare.

The trains ran according to schedule as far as Limerick, but from there on it was a circus or a heartbreak, according to your point of view. The poor old engine started off, broke down, started and stopped again, and so she travelled all the way--in fits and starts. I

actually heard the guard on one occasion shouting "Are you right there, Mike." I arrived in Newbridge three hours late.

After all the scorn, sarcasm and calumny that we Claremen have suffered since, many years ago, Percy French immortalised in song the hazards of the jiggy-joggidy West Clare Railway, it certainly is gratifying to know that at last the "shoe is on the other foot."

Another Clareman

GRATEFUL IN LEITRIM

Sir---I wish to tell "Manorhamilton Housewife" that my father worked an 80-hour week for 6/-, plus three meals of Indian meal stirabout; no insurance, no dole, no family allowance, and no holidays with pay. Her husband gets 45/- for a 48-hour week, carrying with it insurance, family allowance, dole, 14 days' holidays with full pay, and his meals do not consist of Indian meal stirabout but ham and eggs for breakfast and steak and onions for dinner. etc., etc.

Think over it, housewife, and kneel and pray for E. de Valera and the men of Easter Week, 1916, who gave you the standard of living and freedom you enjoy to-day.

Grateful

Main St., Manorhamilton

CHANGING OF NAMES

Sir---When aliens change their names --legally--are they allowed free choice in selecting any of our Irish names they consider good camouflage? I can picture my greatgrand-children playing with black-eyed little O'Connors and O'Sullivans in the years to come. We are proud to see an Irish name mentioned in a position of note in another country, but

in the distant future we can be sceptical as to the nationality of the holder of such a name.

May I suggest that a list of "foreign" names be drawn up and aliens' choice confined to these. Our Irish names should be a sacred heritage, jealously preserved for our Irish people.

Mother

Ballylongford, Co. Kerry

SAYS, "UP DEV.!"

Sir---I feel I must reply to a letter in your previous issue. It was from a housewife whose husband is earning £7 per week. She has 10 children, all school going, so that she has a family allowance as well.

She states that she cannot afford one night to the pictures! What is she doing with the money then? All I can say is, she must have little to do to write such ridiculous nonsense. There are people living on the dole who can manage a picture a few nights in the week.

I myself have nothing like £7 per week, I have a family, yet I can go to a picture and enjoy myself in many a way. I am a heavy smoker.

God help the country if everyone was like that housewife.

"Up Dev"

Wicklow

PARENTS OF IRELAND

Consider the interests of your children and your own interests, in the coming elections. Your children need Technical Training. The Nation needs it.

(Dublin Sunday Independent)

Can you ask discontented teachers to put their hearts into imparting that training?

Here are some facts on Vocational Part-time Teaching in Dublin:-

Since 1939 No Increase of Pay except a nominal Emergency Bonus (maximum 10/-) and a miserable 20%, granted after the war, to the Elementary Grades.

Increase in cost of living: 84%
Increase in pay: for some, 20%; for the rest, nil.

Professional Technical Teachers, many of them are paid at a rate less than £3 per week.

Their work is vital to the Nation, yet they have no security, no sick leave, no payment for holidays, no pension.

This is in Dublin. Worse still are the conditions of country teachers.

The existing Government demands highly-skilled operatives and technicians...yet such is their treatment of the Technical Instructors.

Your vote can perpetuate, or abolish, these conditions.

In the interests of your children, Think, and Vote, Carefully

Issued by the Vocational P.T. Teachers' Association, Dublin, Eire.

SERIES OF ROAD MISHAPS

A series of mishaps marked the commencement of Mr. MacBride's tour in Meath and Westmeath recently.

On the way from Dublin to Navan Mr. MacBride's car broke down and another car had to be procured. He was about half-an-hour late in arriving at Navan.

On the way from Navan to Oldcastle Mr. E. Ginnell's car skidded at a bend and overturned. Mr. Ginnell and his party escaped injury.

Meantime, Mr. MacBride's car was delayed by a heavy snow shower, which reduced traffic to a crawling pace.

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

VOX-COP

March, 1948

WATERBURY, CONN. SCHOOL CHILDREN'S SAFETY ALPHABET

A LWAYS Look All Ways before Crossing a Street. You lose a Few Seconds but may save One Life.

B E Smart—Be Alert—By Being Careful—Be American in your Behavior.

C HANCE Takers Are Accident Makers. Are you One?

D AREDEVILS are paid a large salary for taking chances. All you get is sorrow.

E VERY Time we make a Careless Move, it's One Step Nearer An Accident.

F UTURE America depends on the school-child of today. Your future depends on the Safety Habits you practice today.

G OD has bestowed but one life upon us. Let's do our best to protect it.

H EALTH is Wealth. Guard Life's Greatest Gift. It's easy to lose, hard to regain.

I NATTENTION - Carelessness — These are twins and are related to Ole Man Accident.

J UMPING off the sidewalk. Pushing the other fellow into the street. Both add up to double trouble.

K NOW your safety rules—Practice them Always. It will lengthen your life span.

L IFE is a grand adventure. Make it beautiful by Thinking Right - Acting Right.

M EMORIES of an Accident Linger Long. Think Before this happens to You.

N O one can be Too Careful,—Many Are too careless with the best things in life.

O BEY traffic policemen—Cross only at Corners. To Keep Well—Look Well Before stepping from the curb.

P LAYING on ice-covered lakes, ponds and rivers is a short cut to Tragedy.

Q UICK dashing into the street, may mean a fast ride to a hospital, followed by a Slow Recovery.

R UNNING BENDERS" is a trick performed by show-offs. Remember, When the Ice is Thin, Your Chances are Slim.

S OME folks have to learn the hard way, by having an accident.

T ODAY is the Day to Be Careful—Tomorrow May Be Too Late.

U SHER in the New Year with Safety uppermost in your mind. You'll never have cause for regret.

V IGILANT—Keep the meaning of this word in mind.—Being Awake and On The Alert To Discover And Ward Off Danger;

W EAPONS of all kinds are Deadly. Stay Away From Those War Souvenirs.

X MARKS the Spot where the Accident Happened. Be sure this does not apply to you.

Y OUR Life—Your Health—Your Future—Your Happiness. All these are dependent to a great degree on your behavior.

Z ONES of Safety are—Sidewalks - Crosswalks - Parks. Use them properly—remember, the Only Time a Child should be in the street is While He is Crossing.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL safety alphabet, prepared by William C. Dwyer, drillmaster of the Police Department, has been distributed to school children of the city. It has as its motto for 1948: Respect, Kindness, Consideration for all, Humility Before God. In a preface to the alphabet, Mayor John S. Monagan and Police Supt. William J. Roach urge the children to be careful in avoiding accidents.

OUR CHILDREN

By
Angelo Patri

Teach Children to Harbor
Only Good, Kind Thoughts

We are all agreed that "Mind is man," but having made our bow in that direction we go our way and forget we have a Mind until it makes us conscious of its uneasiness. The wiser way would be to remember that all we are and all we do springs from our minds, and do our best to keep our minds in a healthy condition.

Our thoughts are the creatures of our minds and, to some extent, we have control over them. We know that thoughts of fear, hate, jealousy, and unharmonious thought is bad for the health of the mind.

Parents and teachers have a grave responsibility in this field of mental hygiene. Young children make tremendous strides in experience during their early years. The experiences they have with people are likely to influence their minds for years to come, so we should all be more than careful about such experiences.

Fear is a bad emotion to rouse in a child. Fear is poison to the body and mind, and it should be guarded against by every possible means. Love protects children against fear, so parents and teachers should be filled with love for the children they rear. "Perfect love casteth out fear." That is an eternal truth, and to be respected fully in all our dealings with children.

It is not possible for a parent or teacher to give a child the love that inspires his growth if the child is disliked. Dislike is not hidden. Thoughts have a way of seeping through to the minds of people, and there is no way of preventing that. If a parent or teacher dislikes a child, he cannot teach that child in love. And teaching him in fear will destroy his healthy attitude, and sow the seeds for mental ill health in years to come. Let somebody who can

like the child teach him.

Train children to harbor only thoughts of good will, kindness, duty, cheerful willingness to share work, play, joy and sorrow with those about them, to accept life and make the best of it. Discourage lamentations over disappointments, any show of ill will, and encourage happiness. Keep in mind that the mental attitudes of parents, teachers and people in general are reflected on the minds of the children and be a bit careful.

(Released by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TRAFFIC DEATHS AMONG CHILDREN

Twice as many persons in the 5 to 14 age group were killed last year while stepping from between parked cars, as were killed in all older pedestrian groups.

In rural areas one-third of all pedestrians deaths occurred while walking in the roadway. In all cities with over 10,000 population, more than one-third of the pedestrians killed were crossing between intersections. One out of six killed or injured in the 5 to 14 year group was coming from behind a parked car, and one out of every four of the same age was killed or injured while playing in the roadway. Our problem is not only to Keep From Between Parked Cars, but to keep out of the roadway altogether, except when crossing at proper places. Perhaps 9,500 people would be alive today if they had been more cautious in their use of the roadway as a pedestrian. - Htfd. Automobiler

PREJUDICE--A BAR TO SUCCESS

Are you inclined to be prejudiced? There is nothing so detrimental to you or to mankind as that peculiar state of mind.

Prejudice locks the door to investigation. It blocks the way to sympathy, justice and fair play. It closes the mind to reason and understanding and, therefore, to growth and progress.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

March, 1948

SAFE-MAKERS VERSUS SAFE-BREAKERS

By Frank Illingworth

(Irish Digest)

The graph of "crimes entered" shows a marked increase in the popularity of safe-breaking. So it was after the last war: but this winter will see an epidemic of safe-burglaries such as we have never known.

The reason is self-evident: professional cracksmen have returned from the wars with the latest knowledge in the handling of explosives, and their numbers are being swelled by many would-be crooks, who, but for Service training in explosives and sabotage, might have ended up on the less spectacular rungs of Crimedom.

And thus the battle between the makers of safes and the breakers of safes has entered upon another silently fought round. The safe is not yet made that can defy the safe-breaker for an indefinite period. Given the time, he can crack any safe.

In the beginning the safe-makers fondly hoped to develop burglar-proof safes; long ago they contented themselves with increasing the time it would take the cracksmen to solve their conundrums in steel and concrete.

The battle started when wooden boxes strengthened with iron bands were replaced with iron sheets riveted together. But the safemakers soon learned that bolts can be cut off; and if at first rivets won them a round, the cracksmen took little time in proving that rivets can be driven out as easily as they are driven home; and in any case, by the time rivets were in general use, the safe-breaker had the technical knowledge to prize the iron sheets open where they met at the corners.

The safe-makers countered with safes, comprising one sheet of metal. If at first the back proved a weak point, developments in welding provided the cracksmen with his knottiest problem to that date. Later the makers of safes

answered the cracksmen's drills, circular cutters, hacksaws and dynamite with layers of hard and soft steel welded together. The latter can be drilled and the former shattered, but the two together can neither be blown apart nor drilled open.

But if the safe-maker's knowledge in welding beat the cracksmen, the latter's electric-arc cutters, coal gas blow-lamps, hydrogen and oxyacetylene blow-lamps offered the safe-maker a problem which he only solved by himself turning cracksmen and putting his conundrums to practical tests.

But he was not slow in finding the answer to the 6,000 degrees F. flame of the oxyacetylene blow-lamp. Experiments showed that a layer of copper between sheets of differently tempered steel conducted the heat over the whole sheet, thereby preventing it from being concentrated long enough at any one point to burn through the metals.

But to what purpose was this major victory if the door could be swung open? The gap between the door and the body of the safe had been removed by counter-sinking, but the cracksmen could still force gelignite into the keyhole and blow the lock to pieces.

This they proved to good effect when, in 1918, men emerged from the Services with new knowledge in explosives and steel-cutting tools. In Paris, tunnellers rented a house adjoining a bank, burrowed into the vault over a week-end, blew the safe lock to bits, and got away with 500,000 francs. In New York, cracksmen shattered the locking device on a jeweller's safe and benefited to the tune of 500,000 dollars, and in London, safe-breakers got away with amounts ranging up to £25,000.

But the safe-makers were perfecting new safety devices while the cracksmen grew rich. And one dawn in London a burglar found that a safe door remained

firm even when gelignite blew the lock apart: an automatic locking device had barred the door from the inside when the lock fell to bits!

Then came combination locks, with tumblers set to operate the mechanism to a certain set of numbers or letters. The scenario writer shows the cracksmen, ear pressed against the lock, listening to the tumblers falling while sensitive fingers manipulate the dials. But not once has a safe been opened by this means. It is beyond the power of even the safe-makers themselves to open a combination lock as the fiction writer has it.

Safes were becoming safer! They could still be "cracked", but from defying the "breaker" for an hour, they now defied him for a week-end. More recently, safes guaranteed to withstand the cracksmen for 120 hours have been perfected, and the modern safes made by one London firm have withstood all the onslaughts of cracksmen.

Faced with metal too tough for the deadly oxyacetylene blow-lamp, the locks proof against explosives, the cracksmen adopted the simple expedient of stealing the keys to safes, or carting them away to be opened at leisure at secret hide-outs.

These are the favourite methods of to-day's safe-breakers. Recent months have shown that it is not enough to have a safe designed to withstand attack from a Friday night to a Monday morning, or to bolt it to the floor. There have been several instances where safes have been cut out of wooden floors and removed in toto, and others where jewel safes--of the type hidden behind a picture--have been cut from brick walls. The safe-maker anticipated this turn of events many years ago with concrete foundations.

Hand-in-hand with these improvements, the safe-maker has worked to produce safes proof against natural hazards--fire, flood and impact. To incorporate fire and flood-resisting qualities into metals and designs invented to defeat the safe-breaker proved exceedingly

thorny problems. But painstaking research produced a fire-resisting and moisture-generating compound which remains inert until, at a certain temperature, it comes into automatic operation in proportion with increasing heat.

Let a safe fall with collapsing floors into an inferno of fire, and its contents remain unscorched. This was proved time and time again in Britain during the bombing, when it was also established that a modern safe falling ten stories into water-flooded basements would remain sufficiently intact to keep its contents dry.

An interesting development is the birth of the safe-deposit--the child of an age demanding safes large enough to store away wealth in golden tens of millions, such as Fort Knox, U.S.A.

Answering this demand, the safe-makers designed ferro-concrete strong-rooms with thirty-ton ferro-steel doors. These were a natural development of the "bank vault", and in their construction the safe-makers remembered that more than once determined cracksmen, appreciating the strength of modern safe doors, have burrowed from adjoining premises through the walls of a strong-room.

Some idea of the lengths to which safe designers have gone to protect the secrets and wealth of industry was given by the men who tried to "crack" the safe at Krupps, Essen.

Painful hours with drills and blow-pipes saw them cut through layers of bronze, brass, armoured-steel, copper and another layer of steel plate, only to be defeated by a thick slab of ferro-concrete. After a week of fruitless endeavour, they removed the tiresome safe bodily and carted it away.

Why is the safe-breaker so successful? The answer is that the great majority of safes are out-of-date and quite incapable of standing up to the cracksmen with modern tools; and the owners of modern safes leave them unattended for periods exceeding those for which they are guaranteed to defy the cracksmen.

ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE

Con Men Ply Trade On Banks of Liffey

By
John M. Dunne

Until recently a teacher in the English department at Connecticut University, Mr. Dunne, whose home is in Newington, is now in Dublin for studies at Trinity College there. In articles for Hartford Times readers, he is reporting his observations of the general Irish scene.

The River Liffey cuts straight through the heart of Dublin. On the south side lies College Green and, over the bridge on the north side of the other main thoroughfare, O'Connell St. begins. But to get a sharper savor from the city it is better to move along the narrow streets that line and overlook the river, the quays.

Here the 18th Century quality of the city is more pronounced than along the more cosmopolitan thoroughfares. The quays themselves are narrow, lined on the river side with a gray stone wall about five feet high, and on the other side by ancient two-story brick buildings. The ground floors of these buildings have poky little shops that smack strongly of an older tradition. One in which the shopkeeper was content to stack his wares rather than to display them.

There are second hand furniture shops, used clothing shops, second hand book shops, questionable-looking fish and chips saloons. Every two or three hundred yards there is another bridge spanning the Liffey, sharply arched to allow the river traffic to pass beneath at high tide.

The people who move along the quays are pretty rough looking, some of them, but the very derelicts of Dublin have a rakish air to them that seems to defy adversity. It is the shabby women scurrying along, their children wrapped in black shawls, who have the look of despair in their streaked faces.

Down here is where the confidence

games flourish. There is one gang which must have a pretty cynical view of the number of gullible people to be found along the quays, and I am afraid that their cynicism is justified. They operate a variation on our native shell game that goes something like this:

A small group of men is seen clustered around a small folding table erected in a doorway. A quick-eyed man is flipping three cards down on the table and chanting: "All you have to do is Find the Lady, m'lads. Which card is the queen of diamonds?"

He shows the three cards to the group, then begins scrambling them about rather clumsily, but keeping them face down. Anyone can keep track of the queen, and the dealer keeps inviting someone to name her. One fellow points to a card. "That's it, that's the queen!" he says. "Will you put ten bobs on it?" demands the dealer. The man produces a 10-shilling note, the equivalent of a two-dollar bill. The card is turned up and--sure enough--it's the queen. The dealer hands the man two 10-shilling notes, and begins again.

By now the crowd has begun to grow and the dream of easy money is shining in their eyes. It is so easy to follow the queen and better yet, once when the dealer was looking the other way one of the crowd leaned over and bent up one corner of the queen, and now anyone can see which card it is.

Two or three different ones risk 10-shilling notes, and they win every time. Finally one fellow in a Kerry cap puts his 10-shilling note on the queen, but a man beside him in the crowd whispers to put more on. He does, two, three, four times the amount. The card is turned up, but it isn't the queen: it's the deuce of spades, although the corner is bent just like the queen's has been--up until now.

The man looks stunned. Someone calls "The Police!" The table is collapsed, the cards, dealer, table, and 10-shilling notes are gone before the sound of the alarm has died away.

The swindle is pretty obvious. No one sets up on a street corner and pro-

ceeds to give away 10-shilling notes by playing cards inexpertly. Yet I have seen that trick worked half a dozen times and within a radius of two blocks. I have even come to recognize some of the confederates who win the 10-shilling notes. Sometimes it takes a while to work someone up to the proper pitch, but that vision of something for nothing never fails to inspire someone to make a fool of himself.

I speak from experience.

-- (Hartford Times)

SLOT MACHINE THIEF
SAYS 'JOB' IS LEGAL

Puts Chicago Police in Hole
With Flawless Logic

Chicago, --- Recently Chicago police held a genius--he hits the jackpot every time he "plays" a slot machine--but they were inclined to agree with the man, Delbert Shinn, thirty-six, of Chicago, that "you can't keep me in jail" because of his winning ways.

Mr. Shinn explained his system this way:

"I get somebody to go in with me and while he plays the machine I go around in back and drill a little hole.

"Then I put a wire in the hole and trip the jackpot lever and all the money comes out. Then I plug up the hole with some wax crayon, the same color as the machine, pick up the money and walk out.

"Next time I go back, I just put a wire in the same hole and trip the jackpot lever again. I've been doing it for years."

When he was asked by police: "Isn't that against the law?" Mr. Shinn asked in turn: "What law?"

"You see," he explained, "a slot machine is illegal in the first place and has no business being where it is, so that legally, it isn't there, and you can't take money illegally, from something that isn't there. You can't put me in jail for that."

Timothy O'Connell, head of the special investigations detail of the Detective Bureau, said: "We're still investigating him, but haven't learned much."

ILLEGAL RACKET

One Delbert Shinn, 36, has the Chicago police in something of a dither because of his eloquence in proving that he is not a lawbreaker, and because he is embarrassingly right when he says that the racket he is working is going to be difficult to stop because it only preys upon an illegal business. Shinn works with a companion, and quite evidently is an expert on slot machines--the "one-armed bandits" common in areas where gambling is "wide open" and usually set to gyp the customer nearly every time. Shinn had his companion play the slot machine while he went around back and drilled a small hole in the case. Obviously the hole must be in an absolutely exact location, because Shinn then reached through it with a wire and tripped the lever which released the jackpot. Out spilled the money and Shinn hastily plugged the hole with wax of the same color as the case. The assistant scooped up the money and departed, looking for another slot machine.

In due time they made return calls on machines that they had already drilled and rifled. As long as the supply of machines held out business was brisk. Trouble is, someone caught Shinn at his work and complained indignantly to the police, who picked up the slot machine genius. The culprit readily admitted his "guilt"--that he had been drilling slot machines and emptying the jackpot into the waiting hands of his assistant. In fact he says he has been doing it for years, never before having been caught. When the police gruffly informed him that this was illegal he contradicted them boldly and proceeded to prove his point.

The slot machines are illegal (where he works them), in the first place.

The machine has no business being where it is, taking in the money of the suckers who play it, and legally it has no standing with the police. They cannot, in other words, protect an illegal enterprise. If the machine isn't in existence legally, says Shinn, you can't take money out of it illegally. He doesn't think any court is going to put him in jail for beating an illegal gambling machine, which never gives a sucker an even break (except by mistake or coincidence). The Chicago police scratched their heads and wondered if maybe Shinn isn't right.

They still have hopes of getting Shinn behind bars on some count, though, and they are investigating his past as thoroughly as possible to see whether he cannot be held on another count. Thus far they have not had much luck. He seems to have been a law-abiding manipulator of illegal slot machines for some years back, careful not to break any laws. And, ironically enough, the onus is really on the Chicago police. If they removed all the illegal slot machines in their area--every last machine regardless of location, and kept them out of use--they would even put Shinn out of business. He might even have to go to work.---New London Day

INEBRIATE BITES POLICEMAN'S HAND
CAUSING INFECTION

A serious blood infection developing from having been bitten while attempting to subdue a belligerent inebriate, Officer Malcolm Tapley, Bangor, Maine is now at the Eastern Maine General hospital where he has undergone surgery and is scheduled to have a second operation.

Chief Edward M. Short said that blood poisoning developed after the bite on Tapley's left hand and his condition reached a point that required an operation. A second operation on the hand will be necessary after a lapse of time, the chief said.

The incident occurred recently, while the policeman was taking an intoxicated

man to a cell at police headquarters.

Bangor Daily News

JUDGE PRAISES HEROISM OF WICKLOW LADY

"I have known of few braver acts than that of this venerable old lady in beating off this strong young burglar," said Judge Fawsitt at Wicklow, when he sentenced Matthew Patrick Lyons, a native of Rathdrum, to three years penal servitude for housebreaking and larceny at the residences of Miss Isobella Newton and Miss Mabel Powell, Kilmurray, Kilmacanogue, Bray.

The accused pleaded guilty.

Mr. N. McDonald, prosecuting counsel, said that on the night of November 28 Miss Newton, who was aged 76, found a man, with a horseshoe in his hand, standing at her bedside. The man tied her wrists to a bedpost, reminded her of a woman who was murdered at Loughlinstown, and then went to another room. Miss Newton freed herself, and followed the man. Throwing her dressing gown over his head; she snatched the horseshoe from him, and struck him over the head with it.---(Irish Independent)

Don't leave money in your safe overnight unless it's a good safe. By a good safe, I mean one that is burglar-proof (most office safes are merely fireproof). The best idea is to install a small burglar-proof safe inside your present one.

Many businessmen believe that the safe should be in a dark place, preferably at the back of the store. This makes it just dandy for thieves. Why not take a tip from the chain stores, which put their safes in front, right by the window, under good lights which burn all night?

Also--to prevent anybody from flipping the safe over on its back, to make it easier to work on with a drill and a crowbar--have it embedded in concrete.

--Ex-Cracksman in the
Irish Digest

CRIME AND CRIMINALS

If the incidence of crime can be affected by the vagaries of climate, and man, in his turn, can dictate the weather, the meteorologist and the police official one day will work in closer concord than at present.

When the head of a criminal investigation department discovers that burglary is increasing in a specific area, he will order the police meteorologist to turn on the rain or the snow in that district; but, in this event, the innocent would suffer as surely as the potentially guilty.--Irish Times

Unlike most poisons used in murder, arsenic may be detected in a body many years after burial and even in its ashes long after cremation.--Collier's

How did the men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation--the F.B.I.--come to be known as "G." men? Here is an extract from the Story of the F.B.I., issued by the Department of Justice, U.S.A.:

"In the early morning hours of September 26, 1933, a small group of men surrounded a house in Memphis, Tennessee. In the house was George "Machine-Gun" Kelly, late of Leavenworth Penitentiary. He was wanted by the F.B.I. for kidnapping. For two months F.B.I. agents had trailed the gangster and his wife, Kathryn Kelly. Quickly the men of the F.B.I., accompanied by local law enforcement officers, closed in around the house, and entered.

"'We are Federal Officers...come out with your hands up....'

"'Machine-Gun' Kelly stood cowering in a corner. His heavy face twitched as he gazed at the men before him. Reaching trembling hands up towards the ceiling, he whimpered, 'Don't shoot, G.-Men!

Don't shoot!"

That was the beginning of a new name for F.B.I. agents.

By the time Kelly had been convicted and had received his sentence of life imprisonment, the new nickname, an abbreviation of "Government Men", had taken hold throughout the underworld.

--M. Cregan in the Garda Review

Do criminals make good soldiers?

Answer.--A good many do, especially if they are sent into combat at the earliest opportunity. And, strangely, those who show traces of neurotic symptoms (based on feeling guilty over their offences) are a better military risk than the hard-boiled ones. Men who turned to crime to release their pent-up resentments got a real kick out of fighting. But unfortunately--as we can read daily in the papers--once the war was over, even a few "heroes" went back to their old ways.--Sunday Independent

When we purchase a tram ticket, do we ever think of the marvelous organization that is behind its issue? If we were to present that ticket to transport headquarters, they could immediately tell us where we purchased, the name of the conductor who punched it, and a life-history of the car on which it was supplied.

This uncanny system was actually the downfall of three crooks who were picked up by the police at Ligoniel and suspected of doing a job at Carlisle Circus (Belfast). The tram tickets found in their pockets proved conclusively, that they boarded a tram at the Circus shortly after the offence was committed.

---J.H.S. in Salute

(Irish Digest)

Entre



Nous

Boy, 2, Rescued From Well, Revived By Police At Life-Saving Session

(Hartford Courant)

Westbrook, Feb. 24.—(Special.)—John Doerrler drove his car into the yard of his home on Horse Hill Road, near the Clinton town line, at noon Tuesday. His wife had lunch ready and before entering the house he asked, "Where's Steve?"

Just then he happened to look in the direction of a six-foot-deep well nearby, and saw what looked like rags floating on the surface. He ran to the water and pulled at the rags. It was his 2-years-old son, who had fallen into the well while playing.

Mr. Doerrler placed the unconscious boy in his car and drove three miles to the Westbrook State Police Barracks. Inside the barracks at the time state policemen were receiving instruction in artificial respiration.

Carrying the boy under an arm, the father rushed into the bar-

worked to revive him, was almost speechless with happiness when he heard the boy whimper. Steve, stripped of his wet clothes and thoroughly rubbed with towels to warm his body, was then taken to the office of Dr. William G. Ames of Essex Dr. Ames, praising the work of the officers, said that if the rescue had been delayed a few minutes the boy would have died.

Wrapped warmly in blankets, the boy was later taken to Middlesex Hospital in Middletown, where his condition was described Tuesday night as "fair." Lieutenant Shaw was assisted by Sergeant Harold Washburn and Policeman William Connelly, William Conlon, and Ernest Morse.

which his son lay as the officers

which his son lay as the officers

which his son lay as the officers

which his son lay as the officers

STATE POLICEMEN WHO PARTICIPATED IN LIFE-SAVING ACT



Posed in front of the Station ambulance at Westbrook are left to right: Lieut. Carroll Shaw; Sergt. Harold Washburn; Off. William Connolly; Off. William Conlon and Off. Ernest Morse.

Westbrook Boy Saved From Well Recovering Rapidly



This little boy is alive and well today thanks to speedy work by his father and troopers of the Westbrook State Police Barracks after the youngster, two-year-old Stephen Doerrer of Westbrook, fell into a well at his home. He was unconscious when his father found him and rushed him to the barracks, where the troopers revived young Stephen. Later, an Essex physician who treated the boy said that seconds meant the difference between life and death for the youngster. The child is shown at the Middlesex Hospital, Middletown, before his discharge. With him are, left to right: His mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Doerrer; father, John; Mrs. Chester Alexander, a nurse at the hospital, and Trooper William Connolly, and Sgt. Harold Washburn, who helped revive the boy.

THEY ALSO SERVE

A two-year-old Westbrook boy is alive today because the Connecticut State Police are trained to do a job and are capable of swift action in an emergency. The child, plucked from a cistern's waters by his father, was rushed unconscious to the Westbrook State Police barracks by the frantic father. Artificial respiration and the use of an inhalator by trained police officers restored the flickering spark of life. Properly, a physician and a hospital finished the task so well started.

A matter of seconds in this case constituted the measure between life and death. The State Police had just completed a refresher course in artificial respiration when this emergency was laid at their doorstep.

(New Haven Register)

It was no accident that this frightened father turned to the State Police in this time of distress. Connecticut citizens are becoming increasingly aware that this uniformed body of law enforcement agents is something more than an organization engaged in handing out highway violation tickets or dealing with criminals.

The transition from the stern officer to the messenger of mercy is frequent. Incidents too numerous to mention illustrate this fact. The making of arrests, aid to distressed motorists, the healing arts of first aid, all are a part of their daily work. Too often when the citizen sees a uniformed man or watches with guilty conscience the approach of a squad car through his rear-view mirror, he is prone to forget this fact.

AN EFFICIENT FORCE

In the minds of a great many citizens a state trooper is a uniformed man who is apt to come along the road and hand out a ticket to the driver who is proceeding at a greater rate of speed than is permitted by law. He may perform other tasks, such as directing traffic or investigating auto crashes.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The state's police force has, over a period of many years, been developed into a highly efficient corps of men who are adept in a number of lines, ready to act swiftly in any of a variety of emergencies.

There was a little demonstration of this in Westbrook Tuesday, when a distraught father came rushing into the barracks with the inert form of his two-year-old son who had fallen into a well while playing. It so happened that a class in life-saving was going on at the time. Immediately Lieut. Carroll E. Shaw, the commanding officer at Westbrook, and several of his associates went into action. In just a little while the lad regained consciousness, began to cry and at that, of course, the father's joy knew no bounds. There was nothing but praise for the police from the father and the doctor to whom the young man was later brought for further attention.

This is but an isolated incident of many in which the state police serve the folks in their territory. The files are full of many such cases. The state police, however, are not content to rest on these laurels. Thought is constantly given to new ways in which the force may be of even greater service to the public. In the various barracks located at strategic points throughout the state there is an amazing diversity of equipment to enable the police to cope with any foreseeable emergency.

The human factor is not neglected. Men of the state police are constantly in training, learning the methods to be employed in various emergencies, whether it be resuscitation of immersion victims, persons electrocuted or injured on the highways. They are men of many arts and many parts and, altogether, they constitute an efficient force which should be a matter of pride, as well as comfort to the residents of Connecticut.

(Middletown Press)

OFFICER QUILP EFFESS

7.30 AM

QUILP, I HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU - YOU CAN USE YOUR CAR AGAIN, AND SO HIT THE ROAD BOY, AND GOOD LUCK!



8.00 AM

HERE I AM AGAIN OLD CONCRETE RIBBON - BACK HOME AGAIN!



6.00 PM

Boy WHAT A DAY! FIVE ARRESTS, TWENTY FOUR WARNINGS AND LOCATED SOME STOLEN PROPERTY. I THINK I'LL STOP AND EAT THIS APPLE I'VE BEEN HOLDING ALL DAY.



THE COMMISSIONER! MAYBE HE NEEDS AN ESCORT - I COULD EXPLAIN - I JUST GOT OUT OF ONE JAM - MY SERVICE RATING -

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG, JUST EATING AN APPLE - DID YOU SEE THE DIRTY LOOK HE GAVE ME? -

OH THE HECK WITH IT!



"KNOW YOUR STATE POLICE"
 CONCERNING DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITY
 NOW AIRED BY TWO STATE STATIONS

The State Police have taken to the air waves!

"Know your State Police," a series of interview type programs was inaugurated early in February at WERY, Waterbury, and now may be heard over WTOR, Torrington, as well as the Cross City American-Republican Newspaper outlet.

Since Commissioner Edward J. Hickey participated in the first interview by Fay Clark during her "Our Neighborhood" program now heard from 10 to 10:30 a.m. each Tuesday, over WERY, 1590 Kc., Officer John Swicklas, Litchfield Barracks; Policewoman Evelyn Briggs, Special Service; Lt. Frank Chameroy, B. of I.; Officers Walter Foley & Clayton Gaiser have told the story of their work to the radio audience.

Capt. Ross V. Urquhart will discuss the licensing and fire marshal work on March 16, Capt. Ralph Puckley, Traffic Division will speak March 23, and Lt. Walter Poas will close the WERY series March 23 with information about the operations of the Communications Division.

Miss Margaret Graham is the interviewer at WTOR 1490 Kc. The program is aired each Monday at 1:30 p.m. Commissioner Hickey and Lt. Philip Schwartz Litchfield, have already been heard. The future schedule is as follows: March 15, Lt. Frank Chameroy, B. of I.; March 22, Policewoman Kathryn Haggerty; March 29, Lt. Walter Poas, Communications; April 5, Capt. Ross V. Urquhart, and April 12, Sgt. Leslie Williams, Traffic Division.

Public comment has been very favorable since each series has been aired. Officer Henry Kaliss is in charge of departmental arrangements for the programs.

STATE POLICE ON THE AIR!



Commissioner Hickey is shown being interviewed by Miss Margaret Graham at Station WTOR, Torrington, during initial program of "Know Your State Police" series.
 ----Photo by Rubens Studios



Fay Clark and announcer Bob Stewart shoot the questions at Lt. Frank V. Chameroy during the fourth program in the "Know Your State Police" series presented by WERY, Waterbury. ----Photo by Waterbury American

A BIT OF ERIN

VOX-COP

March, 1948

How Things Are In Glocca Morra

Andrew Drohan, Lismore, sends us the following, headed, How Things Are In Glocca Morra:-

Things are lonely now in Glocca
Morra,
Full of trouble, grief and sorrow,
They ain't like they were of old,
Before you went in search of gold,
The weeping willow sobs all day,
The brook flows lonely on its way;
I'm sad and lonely waiting here,
Longing for to have you near.
Somehow I've lost my twinkling eye,
For each day I weep and sigh,
Now, if that gold you've never found,
There is still a welcome hanging
round
So promise you'll come back to-mor-
row
To your love and Glocca Morra.

ITS LOCATION

Tony Ford, Grange Park, Waterford, writes: Pending publication of my History to Glocca Morra (Glocca Morra--Ancient and Modern--10 vols.), the following touching, emotional verses may help to give your many interested readers some idea of the location of the place, etc.:-

I

Now they're asking, begorra,
where's auld Glocca Morra,
'Tis in Ireland, of course, shure
I know the place well,
For 'tis there I was born on a cold
Christmas morn',
I remember well hearing the
village church bell.

II

'Tis a quaint little place and 'tis
just a hen's race
From the slumberous village of
Mullinavat;
The lads are all witty and the
girls are all pretty,
And their figures are grand--
not too thin nor too fat.

III

You would travel for miles for a
smile from their eyes,
For their beauty they're famed
from Mooncoin to Floodhall,
And they don't use cosmetics nor
study genetics,
And, by japers, they hardly use
mirrors at all.

IV

The stream is still leaping and
the willow's still weeping,
And the birds are all singing the
songs of the free;
And short-wave transmitters keep
sending out whispers:
"Come back to auld Glocca,
alanna macree."

V

But poor Glocca Morra has one
secret sorrow,
Ah! her willow keeps weeping by
night and by day;
For she feels 'tis her ruinin' the
way that they're croonin'
Their home-sick enquiries beyond
in Broadway.

ITS SPELLING

"York Road," Rathmines, writes:
"With regard to the spelling of Glocca
Mora, or Glocca Morra, I shall be
pleased to have your views as to which
is correct. There is a fierce argument
going on at present with a few friends
resulting in a bet on the correct spell-
ing."

We gave this letter to one of our re-
porters. He replies: I understand that
Gloccamorra is the correct spelling, ac-
cording to the gramophone record. Eng-
lish gramophone firms, however, hyphen-
ate it thus--Glocca-Morra. But the
first spelling, the American one, is re-
garded as being the authentic spelling
of Glocca Mora, since the song originated
in America.

IT'S IN KERRY!

A Reader writes: I was very interested in the letters in last Sunday's "Sunday Independent" as regards Gloca Mora. I received the song of Gloca Mora from my friends in America and they told me that Glocca Mora is in Kerry, as some of their friends are to spend a holiday there this summer. So it must be really in Kerry! If you want the words of the song, I will let you have them.

M.C., Mooncoin: Your Carrick-on-Suir reader, whose letter appeared in the "Sunday Independent," when replying to, where is Gloca Mora? refers to the poem, "Ballindawhee," as if it is a place that does not exist. I would like to enlighten our Carrick-on-Suir friend that Ballindawhee is the name of a little village in the parish of Mooncoin; not far from where Rev. Fr. Dollard, author of "Ballindawhee," was born. "Ballindawhee" (a village of two houses) is now a village of three houses known as Ballincur. Some of the older inhabitants still call it Ballindawhee.

---Sunday Dublin Independent

DIE-HARD

On his first trip to Ireland some years before the war, a Philadelphia Congressman met and talked to one of the ancient ferrymen on the Lakes of Killarney. "Would you mind telling me how old you are?" asked the visitor.

"Indeed not. I'm 75." was the answer.

Recently, the Congressman made another trip to the "auld sod" and found the same boatman plying his trade. When asked what his age was now, the old man replied promptly, "I'm 75."

"But you were 75 when I was here eight years ago," said the Congressman. "How do you explain that?"

"Explain it?" sputtered the ferryman. "There's nothing to explain. Do I look like the kind of a fellow that would be telling you one thing one day

and something else the next?"

--Cont. by W. A. McGarry
Readers Digest

LOVE AMONG THE IRISH

By
Sean O. Faolain

I turn to an unusual source as an introduction to the fascinating subject of Love in Eire. This book is called "The Statistical Abstract." From it we have all learned some surprising things about Love among the Irish.

We have learned that there are, comparatively, more men and women in Eire than in any other country in the world who have never fallen in love deep enough to want to wed.

Oh, I know what occurs to the mind at once--they can't afford to wed! Can that really be true? Are the Eskimos better supplied with the goods of the world? Are we poorer than the peons of Mexico or the fellaheen of Egypt? How come that they can afford to marry in the wilds of South America and the Arabian desert and among the flooded rice-fields of China?

No Shortage of Men

This state of things is not new in Eire. In fact, over the last hundred years fewer and fewer Irishmen have been feeling the thrill of love in their breasts; or, if they have, they have crushed it out very effectively.

Nor is it, as we know, that there is any shortage of men.

From the cradle to the centenarian there are more men than women among us; or they go by the name of men anyway.

There must be an awful lot of people, like Christy Mahon in "The Playboy of the Western world" who are "simmerin' in passion to the end of their days" without ever coming to the boil.

Another interesting thing that we have discovered from this "Guide to Love" (as compiled by the Department of Industry and Commerce) is that the auld

pot takes about forty-five years to come to the boil--when it does.

45 The "Critical" Age!

Up to the age of forty-five there are three or four times as many bachelors as husbands in Eire.

After forty-five, these old buckos can hold out no longer; then there are about twice as many husbands as bachelors.

Think what that means; it means that if you sat up in the gallery during a meeting of men in any Irish town or city and looked down at all the polls beneath, black, white or shiny as an egg, every third one is a bachelor. And if you wanted to pick out the bachelors you would be more likely to be right by keeping to the polls under forty-five.

Sad indeed must be the life
Of him whose love's unwon;
Sad to be without a wife--
And twice as sad to have one!
Or:-
When the blackbird's lost his
black,
And the swan's no longer pale,
When the cuckoo calls each
month,
Believe a woman's tale.

WE'RE IRISH STILL

By
Rev. Michael Tormey

We're Irish still, we're Irish still,
Though centuries of woe
Have passed since first by Henry's will
Our nation was laid low.
Though Tudor's kings have passed away,
Though Stuart's reign has passed,
We're Irish still, as 'ere their sway,
And will be to the last.

Though o'er our Island Cromwell's hand
Its blighting ban had laid,
Though William spared not bloody brand,
Nor promises betrayed;

In foreign field, in foreign fight,
Our Irish nobles spill
That blood which once was Ireland's
right.

Yet we are Irish still.

Though Wexford's sod drank deep of gore,
Though Tone and Emmet died,
Across the sea though millions pour
With each returning tide:
Nought can our Celtic nation kill,
We'll stand to Erin fast;
We're Irish still, we're Irish still,
And will be to the last.

---Irish Independent

PORTRAITS

By
James J. Metcalfe

What Is A Friend

What is a friend? A friend is one
...Who takes you by the hand...Who lis-
tens to your troubles and...Who tries to
understand...Who comforts you in sick-
ness and...Rejoices in your health...And
who is always at your side...In poverty
or wealth...Who does not ask for payment
or...Expect the slightest share...And
who will keep your secret when...En-
trusted to his care...A friend is one
who really means...The praises he pre-
sents...And criticises only to...Pro-
mote your competence...Who always serves
you faithfully...And is sincere and
true...And who would merely like to
have...The same respect from you.

----Irish Independent

At an inquest in Northern Ireland the young medical officer told the Coroner:-
"I found on examination a contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumefied state with abrasion of the cuticle." The thing thus described was a black eye.----Irish Digest

When The Burglar Goes A-Burgling HE WILL FIND THAT SCIENCE HELPS THE GARDAI

IN a number of charges relating to well-planned robberies recently heard in the Courts, District Justices warned prisoners that, though they might consider themselves very clever in covering up their tracks, they would find to their cost that the Gardai were much cleverer in the long run.

This warning is well borne out by particulars of research work carried on in the Ballistics and Photographic Section of the Gardai, and described in the report just issued by the Commissioner regarding crime in 1946. The duties performed by the section include:—

Examination of all exhibits appertaining to firearms and explosives. Restoration of erased numbers on stolen bicycles, motor vehicle engines, guns, batteries, etc.

Examination and comparison of glass fragments, paint marks, dust, etc. Examination and comparison of cutting instruments or instruments used in forcing doors, windows, safes or boxes. Preparation of micro-photographs where necessary for production in Court.

Pliers Told the Tale

Typical cases inquired into during the year were:—

Six pieces of telephone wire were received which had been maliciously cut in Co. Donegal. Two pairs of pliers were found in possession of a suspect. Test cuts were made with each of the pliers on similar wire.

Microscopic examination showed that one of the pliers made cuts similar to those on the telephone wires. Micro-photographs were prepared which showed peculiar characteristics present in the wire from the scene and in the wire cut by pliers found in possession of suspect. A conviction followed.

About 140 spikes cut from heavy wire were placed in a cornfield. A cold chisel was found in the house of a suspect. Test cuts were made with the chisel on similar wire. Microscopic examination and micro-photographs were prepared which proved that the chisel found in a suspect's possession was used to prepare the spikes found in the cornfield. The accused was convicted.

Thefts of Porter

Complaints were made by the Great Northern Railway Co. that barrels of stout in course of transit from Dublin to Dundalk were being interfered with, holes being bored in barrels and stout withdrawn. A strange feature was that there was no apparent damage to the wagon seals. The train had several stops en route, at one of which shunting operations were carried out. Gardai lay in ambush one night during

shunting operations and found a wagon door opened. At the door were three railway employes, including the train guard, who said he had discovered the seal broken and called the others to witness the fact. They were searched, and a penknife was found in possession of one of them.

The Gardai also took possession of the wagon seal and sent both articles to the Ballistics Section. Examination of the seal showed that one wire was cut out exactly where it came in contact with the seal. A cut had also been made in the seal edge so that the loose end of the wire could be replaced and gripped with slight pressure on the seal. A cursory examination would not reveal any interference with the seal. Test cuts were made with the suspect knife on a similar seal and these were compared with the seal found on the open wagon. Micro photography proved that the markings were identical. Three men were convicted.

Motor Cars Traced

A motor car was stolen in Dublin and when found abandoned the ignition lock was found defective. When the lock was dismantled a very small piece of metal measuring 1/16th inches square was found inside it. Later a suspect was questioned and when searched a very fine file measuring approximately 4 inches by 1/8 inch was found in his possession. Microscopic examination was made of the file and fragment found in lock of car.

It was proved with the aid of micro-photography of high magnification that the fragment found in the lock was broken off the file.

There was no other material evidence available. Accused was convicted of receiving the car knowing it to have been stolen.

Another car was stolen in Dublin and a car of similar make and horse-power was found in County Wexford bearing a different identification plate to that of the stolen car. The engine number had been defaced. The engine was dismantled and taken to the Technical Bureau. The known and recommended reagent solutions for the restoration of defaced numbers on metal were tried without success.

Special research work was done, and, as a result, re-agents were discovered by the staff which rendered the defaced numbers legible. The restored engine number was

found to be that of the stolen car. The accused was found guilty of receiving the car knowing it to have been stolen.

Clever Camera Work

A fingerprint was found on a bread-plate at the scene of a house-breaking. A multi-coloured design on the plate rendered photography of the fingerprint difficult. Owing to the wide range of colours, filters could not be successfully used, and as the fingerprint had already been treated with a non-fluorescent powder, ultra violet lighting was of no avail.

After trying out various methods a successful result was obtained by frontal lighting and photographing the fingerprint at an acute angle. The arrangement of lighting and the angle from which photograph was taken produced a sheen which showed up the ridges of the fingerprint while at the same time subduing the coloured background.

In connection with a forgery charge the questioned document consisted of carbon entries in a receipt book. By employing infra-red photography, it was established that alterations had been made to accused's advantage. Visually there was no difference in the carbon copy entries, but the photographs clearly showed the alterations and additions, thus providing material evidence in the case.

In a case of armed robbery two men gained entrance to a house by breaking a glass panel in a door. In the turn-up of the trousers of one suspect a tiny fragment of glass was found, measuring 1/4 x 1/8 x 1-10th inches. After doing examination and comparison it was found that the fragment found on the suspect could possibly have been broken off three pieces found at the scene.

Glass Fragment Clue

A microscopic examination was made and one fragment found at the scene showed characteristics identifying it with that found on the suspect.

When glass is broken, the portion at the fracture bears a peculiar pattern. A moulage cast of the edges of fragments was made, with the result that the pattern was identified with both.

The method employed by the Garda in this type of investigation excited the interest of other police forces, and when they were asked for further particulars these were supplied to them.

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

March, 1948

RADAR AND HELICOPTER USED FOR TRAFFIC CONTROL

In an effort to make travel safer on the roads, Connecticut State Police Department is now employing Radar.

The new device is a portable unit and consists of a little black box. It is known as the Electromatic Speed Meter and, when placed on a traffic highway car, can record the speed of cars.

This is how it works: A constant microwave signal is sent out by the meter, a moving car reflects the wave, causing a shift in wave length proportioned to the speed of the car. The direct signal from the transmitter and the reflected signal from the moving car are compared in the meter and the difference is translated into miles per hour.

Recording Device

Although the only visible portion of the speed meter is a small transmitter box on the curb, in a bush, on a bridge or the running board of a parked car, it is connected by cables to the Indicator-Amplifier and also to a storage battery.

By using a regular recording device the speeds may be entered on a revolving sheet of paper. This sheet may be produced as evidence against a motorist who therefore, may be convicted of speeding although no policeman ever saw him.

Capt. Ralph J. Buckley, who is in charge of traffic, explained that the speed meter would be used widely, first to get a true picture of speed conditions, and then to put the finger on motorists who break the speed limits.

"The decent driver has nothing to fear, but the cheater or road hog will never know when or where he is being checked.

"It is quite likely," said Capt. Buckley, "that at first motorists will get postcard warnings showing where they broke the limits and how fast they were going. If this doesn't do the trick, we'll go to court with our record charts. Remember, the radar eye is accurate to within two miles an hour."

Use of Helicopter

Connecticut has also pioneered in the use of the helicopter in the control of traffic. When traffic congestion is at its height the helicopter flies over points where there is a great jam, and, getting a bird's-eye view, is able to give orders by radio to the State Police in patrol cars, giving them information which permits immediate correction of difficulties.

It is easy to visualize the control system of the future, with police helicopters hovering over highways and parking centres. With license numbers painted on car tops and every vehicle radio-equipped with special receiving apparatus, orders to go slow or to stay in line could be issued from a literally eagle-eyed patrol officer.

The helicopter has high manoeuvrability and ability to hover for long periods of time, and is eminently suitable for this class of work.

Irish-Americans

Heads of the Connecticut State Police Force and key men in the traffic control schemes are:-

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, whose father, Edward J. Hickey, was born in Ardmore, Co. Waterford, and mother, Mary Fitzgerald, came from Clashmore, Waterford. They went to the U.S. in 1888.

Major John C. Kelly, whose grandfather, Patrick Kelly, went from Co. Cork to America in the early 1880's. His mother, Margaret Downey, was also born in Co. Cork, and went to the U.S. about 1875.

Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy, both of whose grandfathers--William F. Mulcahy and John McDonald--were born in Co. Cork, and

Capt. Leo F. Carroll, whose father, William Carroll, was born at Hospital, Co. Limerick, and his mother, Louise Gorman, daughter of Edwin Gorman, of Co. Waterford.

---Irish Dublin Independent

THE LAW AND THE MOTORIST

---The Court Decides on a Skidding Accident Where Clutch was Depressed

While driving on icy or slippery roads motorists should be very careful not to operate their automobiles with the clutch depressed.

It is well known by experienced persons that by the depressing of the clutch while driving on such highways the operator of the automobile loses to a great extent the control that he usually has over his vehicle.

The Courts have recognized that the ordinary careful and prudent driver would not operate his automobile over slippery roads with the clutch depressed. They have held that such a method of driving may be legal negligence and under certain circumstances have found the motorist operating with his clutch depressed responsible for injury or damage when he is involved in an accident.

A recent decision of the Court of Appeals of Wisconsin illustrates the current thinking of the Judges of our Courts on this question.

Facts in the Case

Dorothy Z and her husband Robert filed suit against Peter G for personal injuries and damages to the automobile of Robert Z.

On the night that the accident involved in this suit happened the highway was slippery. It was thawing and there was water on ice. The accident happened on a practically straight stretch of roadway and both vehicles involved had conventional gear shifts with shifting levers.

The automobiles involved were proceeding in opposite directions on the highway. When defendant Peter G was about 750 feet from the point of the accident he disengaged his motor by depressing the clutch permitting his car to coast. Peter G continued in this manner until the collision occurred, his car starting to skid to the wrong side of the highway when he was about 100

feet from the point of collision.

Robert Z, while exercising reasonable care in operating his own car, was unable to avoid Peter G's skidding automobile and the two automobiles collided causing injuries to Dorothy Z and Robert Z and badly damaging both cars.

In the trial in the lower Court the jury decided against defendant Peter G and awarded damages to Robert Z and his wife.

Peter G appealed alleging, among other things, that the depressing of the clutch of his automobile was not negligence.

Ruling of the Court

The upper Court upheld the verdict of the lower Court and stated in its opinion as follows with reference to the depressing of the clutch by Peter G.

"...Likewise if the clutch had not been depressed he could have reduced the speed of the car by reducing the speed of the motor with less danger of skidding. Under the conditions created by the defendant he could neither increase nor decrease the speed of his car, and he had no control over it except such as he could exercise from the steering wheel. This presented an issue of fact for the jury on the question of management and control, which the court properly submitted, and the jury found against the defendant."

---Charles C. Collins

Case discussed is: Zeinemann et al, plaintiffs, Respondents v. Gasser et al., Appellants, Farmers Mutual Automobile Insurance, Co., Interpleaded Defendant, Respondent. Wisconsin Supreme Court No. 17, August Term 1947.

-- Hartford Automobiler

Owner of small car: "Half a pint of petrol and two ounces of oil, please."

Garage attendant: "And would you like me to sneeze into the tyres, sir"?

--- Irish People

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



VOX-COP

March, 1948



Ann Sheridan, a bright star in the Hollywood heavens, is not a visitor--she lives there. Posed in the doorway of her "old Connecticut home" in Sherman, she is happily surveying a "pin-up" left by a Connecticut trooper to signify that her retreat from the grinding cameras in Hollywood is given good protection when she's busy making movies.-Photo Courtesy Steve Hannegan

NEW LONDON LIFE

Police Captain John Courtney has nothing but praise and gratitude for the way he was treated at the Baptist hospital in Boston where he recently underwent an operation...The Captain says no less than 12 doctors checked him inside and out, up and down and revealed minor other physical defects of which he was not aware....Looking better than he has for months the popular head of the police department must take it easy for awhile but is anxious to get back to work....

When auto drivers leaving the city notice that coast guardsmen looking for rides are not using their thumbs it isn't because they have suddenly grown shy...They are under orders not to thumb rides along the highway while in uniform because it is considered an undignified activity...

GROTON LIFE

The efficiency of the town police force was ably demonstrated recently by Patrolman Elbert Palmer when he became suspicious of and learned the identity of two sailors who subsequently were arraigned on four counts...Palmer spotted the sailors loitering in Noank and since they could give no good reason for being there he took their names...later this information proved vital in apprehending the sailors.

NEW CHIEF DOESN'T CARE WHO GETS TICKETS

New Castle, Ind. --- When Ross H. Scott became city police chief, he began a crusade against parking law violators, Sixty-five persons were given tickets the first day, including:

Sidney E. Baker, a Democrat, who retired as mayor of New Castle the day before.

The former Henry County sheriff, Jess Leakey, a Republican.

Herbert Daily, county Democratic Party chairman.

Franklyn George, former county Republican Party chairman.

MY DAY

This poem was written by Frances Ellsworth Asher, wife of Patrolman Robert Asher of the Colorado State Highway Courtesy Patrol, and is reprinted by permission of the Supervisor of the Colorado State Highway Courtesy Patrol:

Did you ever fix a special dinner
For a special treat
And set a special time of day
That you would like to eat?

And have it ready, waiting hot
at just exactly seven
And waiting---and still waiting---
When the old clock rounds eleven?

Do you ever wonder why they say
That Sunday is a rest-day
When, for your husband, it's a gray
Work-harder-than-the-rest-day.

Do you ever fear your husband
Has attained a one-track mind?
Don't fret, it's just the track
A motorcycle leaves behind.

Did you ever hear the screaming
Of the telephone at four
And wonder, in your dreaming
If it could have been the door?

But then you wake up quickly
When your hubby starts to run
And grab a boot, a pair of sox
A cap and gloves and gun.

And then you fret and worry
And peek out thru the transom
Could hubby, in his hurry
Have left without his pants-on?

If this repeats the story
Of your wild and hectic life
Then you've attained the glory
Of a State Patrolman's wife.

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."