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EDWARD J. HICKEY
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Tests Solve Many Crimes

By WILLIAM J. BRENNAN

To those who don't know him and of the impressive record he has built up during the past 14 years, Frank Stratton, police biological chemist, who has time and again swung the balance of evidence that clanged cell doors behind criminals by harnessing the fruits of the scientific laboratory to regular police work, has all the appearances of a mild, shy college professor.

Quietly walking around at the scene of a crime, his unruly black hair persistently falling over his eyeglasses, he has many times had difficulty getting through police lines and even then trouble staying in, because his appearance and manner do not savor of the confident attitude of the police.

But to the members of the homicide squad this quiet, dark-eyed chemist, with his hobbies of farming and houseboating, is a boon companion. When murder rears its ugly head, he is among the first to be called to the scene, for what he has seen and later tested in his laboratory has often been the deciding factor between the electric chair, a lifelong prison term, or acquittal.

To get an idea of the magnitude of the work that this unassuming graduate of Massachusetts State College, and the father of two children has produced for the police department, it would be well to remember that he was working on his 436th case the other day when the Post reporter talked with him, and that figure is undoubtedly higher by

several cases since.

If you were to visit him in his laboratory, there would be nothing to indicate the vital evidence that has come out of that jumbled up collection of glass retorts, jars, bottles of acids, reagents, glassware and plumbing fixtures. Like most laboratories where practical work is done, it looks like a hodge-podge of everything.

Many a time though, from his laboratory has come evidence of great help to solve capital cases. For instance, Stratton points out, when he reaches the scene of a shooting, or stabbing, blood stains are of great importance.

The regular policemen know little of blood spots. To the chemist, however, they mean a great deal. For instance, although there are thousands of spots in a 100-yard area, their character place without question the actual spot where the bleeding started.

Chemist Stratton points out that on the spot where the bleeding started, the blood spots, which examined carefully under microscope, show little stringers, not visible to the naked eye all around the edge of the spots. As the spots are farther and farther away each has a characteristic still pointing back toward the trouble scene with the tiny threads, always pointing in that direction growing less and less as the distance increases.

Those few flakes of blood scraped into a tube at the scene of a crime are often the most important of evidence. Once in the laboratory, the

benzedrine and other reagents will show whether it is human blood or not.

Then again there is another highly important angle, not so much as evidence itself, but for the tremendous psychological effect it has on the suspect under arrest. For instance, a killer has had plenty of time to wash his hands thoroughly before police arrived. What blood that was on them has disappeared to the naked eye. The suspect denies the killing or any knowledge of it. Police, although they are certain from other evidence they have the guilty party, are stymied by his insistence on innocence.

From the amount of blood at the scene, police are certain that the killer must have had his hands in blood, but there is no evidence of it on the hands of the suspect. Then Stratton is brought in. The chemist, by his very lack of conversation, coupled with the natural fears of the suspect of the wonders of science that to him are dark mysteries, undoubtedly makes him a fearsome figure to the killer.

Producing a bottle over the hands of the suspect and placing a basin underneath, he calmly informs the suspect in a quiet voice that he is about to pour a quantity of benzedrine over the prisoner's hands. In his quiet voice he assures him that if he has had no blood on his hands nothing will happen, but that if he has had blood on them that they will turn as red as the very murder that has been committed.

Many times during the years,

the prisoner, feeling fairly safe with his hands washed, confidently has submitted to the test only to stare in horror as the blood reagent turns his hands a vivid scarlet. Seeing the highly colored hands, many a killer has broken down and confessed to police his crime. The psychological effects of this test have been tremendous.

For determining if blood is that of a human, Chemist Stratton uses what is known as the Hemochromogen crystal test, a serum obtained from rabbits in his own laboratory which react to show the human protein present in the blood.

Virtually hundreds of automobile hit-and-run cases have been solved through the police laboratory. Little bits of glass, metal, skin, scalp, hairs, fibre, clothing, headlamps and marks on clothing visible only by use of microscope have identified the killer cars.

Human hair doesn't play the important part in solving crimes that most writers of lurid detective fiction would lead the public to believe. In fact, according to Chemist Stratton, there is no individuality in hair. There might be some comparison made, he points out, if the chemist could get hundreds of hairs for his comparison but, as he says, you never get that many. Hair is not much good as evidence when it is alone, but may make fine supplementary evidence.

Into his laboratory comes about every sort of material, from paints, cements, powder patterns from gunshot wounds, etc. X-ray is called into play to reveal many times evidence hidden even from the microscope. Lead bullets, for instance, leave traces on the edge of cloth. These carefully scraped off and put on a spectrograph, show elements in the bullet.

The powder pattern of a bullet, while easily discernible on white cloth, can show the distance at which the bullet

was fired, but on dark cloth the naked eye cannot see it. Infra-red photography is used to overcome this handicap and the pattern stands out. The same infra-red brings out blood stains that the naked eye cannot see, and even locates other hidden stains in materials.

While the work of Chemist Stratton often convicts a suspect in a crime, it, by the same token, many times has the effect of clearing other suspects and eliminating them from the crime being investigated. In fact, in one case, not so long ago, police had seized a car in a downtown garage, believed to be the one in a fatal hit and run case. It had been badly damaged. Officers thought that they had the right car until Chemist Stratton went over it. Caught in the axle and underparts of the chassis he found a number of strands of timothy hay, indicating that the accident had happened in the country instead of a city street where the crime had taken place. This proved to be the case on further investigation.

One case that proves how important the work of Chemist Stratton can be, happened in 1938. It was a snowy morning when James Cleary, an elevated starter, heard the last car coming along near Eggleston sq. Jamaica Plain. He leaped over a snowbank to get it and was bowled over by a hit-and-run car that fled at high speed. Cleary was critically injured.

A taxi driver saw the car as it raced away in the darkness, and got all but one digit of the number. Lieutenant Joseph B. Fallon of the homicide squad began checking on every car that any combination of numbers coupled with those noted by the cabbie could have. One such car was registered to a Milton business man. He appeared highly respectable and told police that he had not been in the vicinity of the accident. Everything seemed to indicate that he was a substantial citizen.

Police decided, just to be sure, to take a look at the car. Frank Stratton, the chemist, was with the police. Police took a quick look and the car appeared to be okay. They were about to leave when Chemist Stratton absent-mindedly ran his hand over one of the headlight lenses. He was astonished. There was no lense there, although it hadn't been noticed in the semi-darkness.

Police whipped the car out of the garage and took it into the laboratory. It wasn't long before Chemist Stratton came up with the damning evidence. Opening the hood of the car he found imbedded in the cowl a brass button. On it was the lettering, "Boston Elevated Railway." To add to this, fragments of glass still in the rim, matched glass found at the scene of the crime. Under the microscope at the laboratory the brass button showed little brown spots that, when tested, proved to be human blood.

The Milton man, still insisting on his innocence, was finally placed on trial in Superior Court, and it was mostly the evidence of the chemist that finally sent him to jail.

These many tests, together with the so-called paraffin test which turns to a purple color hands that have fired a gun have proven the bane of the evildoer but Chemist Stratton, seldom mentioned when glory is passed out for cracking hard-shelled crime nuts, will just keep on puttering with his chemical retorts and coming up with the right answers.

---The Boston Post

C. S. P. officers know well the abilities of Frank Stratton. On the Harvard Legal Medicine Seminar Staff for State Police Frank has on many occasions lectured to "our boys," in Boston at Harvard and in Hartford at our Refreshers. We appreciate his talents and cooperation.--Ed.

FIFTY-YEAR SURVEY OF AUTOMOBILING

Article By Rudolph Elie
In The Boston Herald

While the automobile industry doesn't exactly have to bash you over the head with publicity handouts to prove that it is a pretty important factor in the economic and social life of the nation, I must say that the true extent of its influence, its productivity and its doings aren't fully savored until you have looked over one of its annual "Facts and Figures" booklets. The 1948 edition, the 28th the Automobile Manufacturers Association has gotten out, came in the other day, and after a hand-to-hand struggle with a copy boy who was delivering it to the reference library, I have it here before me, its handsome brown-and-yellow cover looking pretty impressive.

COLOSSUS--The theme of the pamphlet is the industry's pride in the fact it has produced, in slightly more than 50 years, 100 million motor vehicles for an average of two million a year; that it provides something like nine million jobs; that it paid three billion dollars in taxes to state and Federal governments in 1947; and that it is the second biggest industry in the United States and, for that matter, the world.

It got off to a fairly slow start back in 1893, when the Duryea brothers built the first successful American gasoline car, but within 10 years Connecticut had to enact the first traffic laws, and within 20 years somebody thought of applying installment financing to automobiles. From then on--which is to say in the 30 years since 1918--nobody could stop the colossus that the automobile industry became.

In 1918, disc wheels appeared, then, in 1922, balloon tires. Four-wheel brakes came out in 1924, safety glass in 1926, syncro-mesh transmission in 1928, the short-lived free wheeling in 1930, steel tops (turret tops, they used to call them) in 1934, automatic transmission in 1937, and sealed beam headlights in 1939. But in those years, many a fa-

miliar name fell by the wayside.

NAMES--Gone are the Hayneses, the Jordans, the Jefferys, the Velies, the Appersons, the Moons, the Briscoes, the Durants, the Saxon Duplexes, the Erskines, the Stutzes ("the car that made good in a day"), and the Kissel Kars. Today there are only 21 brand names for passenger cars, and one of them, the Checker, is used only for cabs. Kaiser, Frazer, and Crosley are the only "new" ones; the rest seem to have been around for years and years.

While Massachusetts is 10th on the list in numbers of automobile registrations by states, and Boston is 27th, a truer picture of Boston's incredible traffic predicament is revealed in the totaling of the number of cars by counties. Thus it turns up that Greater Boston, which may be said (at least in terms of overloaded highways) to include Suffolk, Norfolk and Middlesex counties, registered 341,344 passenger cars in 1947. This puts the area ahead of Greater Detroit and so fifth on the list and if you add Bristol, Essex and Worcester counties, to increase the radius from Boston to roughly 50 miles, you get 578,102 cars, which makes it fourth among the metropolitan areas in the country and I shouldn't be surprised if first in actual traffic congestion.

DRIVERS--That traffic congestion is largely an American situation is clear from the fact that there is one car for every four people, practically one car to a family. Russia has one car for every 70 people, Yugoslavia, one for every 1,345 people; Great Britain, one for every 17; and China, one for every 15,367. Thus, the United States has 78 per cent of all the passenger cars and 51 per cent of all the trucks in the world, and has, moreover, more than 50 million licensed drivers.

Other fascinating statistics, if statistics may ever be termed, fascinating, are that we burn up nearly 30 million gallons of gas a year in traveling 300 million miles, killing in the process 30,000 or so people. However, to end on a more optimistic note, it ap-

pears that we're improving as drivers. Nowadays, we have to drive twice as many miles as we used to to kill our quota.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ALONG CONNECTICUT'S
ROADS AND REST SPOTS

By S. X.

Motorists who have driven over the good roads of Connecticut have been pleased to note that highways are pretty much free of litter. Many States are less strict in enforcement of highway rules.

Few commonwealths have built so many picnic places in scenic spots. Tables, benches, trash cans, have made roadside meals delightful. Picknickers commonly clean up before leaving a shady nook, and these State-provided sylvan groves have made for respect of private property.

New York, with its great population of recently arrived emigres have been bothered with the task of keeping the highways and shoulder areas free of litter. There are, too, many slovens who are not particular in leaving premises cleared of rubbish.

A family motor party held a picnic at Jones' Beach. Luncheon remnants were carefully packed in a shoe box which was stowed in the rear seat compartment occupied by two children. One threw the box onto the road and spewed the contents on the highway, unknown to the parents.

In a short time a State policeman motioned the car to stop. He was a fine specimen, splendidly helmeted and accoutered, and polite. He passed the shoe box, with its food remainders to the front seat occupants, saying "This package fell from your car. We are pleased to return it to you." With that speech he was soon out of sight. But not out of mind. Mortification set in and it was a silent drive home.

Roadside litter is not only an eyesore. Lighted cigars and cigarettes

are commonly jettisoned, starting fires in a dry period. Paris maintains an army of women to clear the parks of offending matter. Central Park, in New York, is frequently a littered scene until the arrival of a ground crew to clear the broad acres.

When so much is spent in acquiring highway acres and in landscaping the scene, the public can best show appreciation by clearing their own dirt.

---Hartford Times

WESTERN EDITOR BACK FOR YALE REUNION
FOUND MERRIT PARKWAY IMPRESSIVE
AND STATE POLICE OBLIGING

To the Editor of The Republican:

On Aug. 22, the Sunday supplement of the Spokane Washington "Spokesman-Review" carried an article by Malcolm Glendinning, the managing editor of the newspaper, on his trip by car across the country to attend a Yale reunion. In this article "America From an Automobile Window," Mr. Glendinning makes the following comments in which your Connecticut readers might be interested:

"To us the most notable drive was the 85 miles from New York to New Haven over the Merritt highway, four lanes with an intervening green plot and with trucks and taxis barred. There were several 10-cent tolls on the highway. Signs directed that disabled cars be taken entirely outside the lanes and center parking for adjustment, and we saw many of them in trouble, naturally with such heavy traffic."

"Going to Deep River, Conn., from New Haven we got off the route. We finally stopped a motor cop, who informed us we were traveling in the wrong direction. Most accommodatingly he said, "Turn around and follow me and I will show you." So with a motor escort for 10 minutes we drove out of New Haven in state. And I did not even have a cigar to offer him for his kindness."

Susan Lewis Spencer
Sacramento, Cal.,

Disloyalty Is Not a Right

The National Commander of the American Legion, Mr. James F. O'Neil, who is Chief of Police in Manchester, New Hampshire, remarked in a speech before the annual convention of Lions International that the American concept of legal rights was never meant to give sanction to any form of crime, including that of disloyalty to the United States, which is the worst form of crime.

There is entirely too much stress, he said, in the thinking of the American people upon the degree of tolerance which is commanded of them by their concept of legal rights for the seditionists and traitors among them.

There is entirely too little stress, he also said, upon the patriotic and moral safeguards which are essential and vital to the free institutions and principles which constitute the American way of life.

"It is time," said Mr. O'Neil, "for all Americans to take stock of inroads being perpetrated brazenly by the forces of international revolution and gangsterism—and to combat them at home as well as abroad."

The background for these remarks by Commander O'Neil is familiar to all readers of newspapers and listeners to radio broadcasts.

Every time an effort is made in Congress or in the courts of the country to enact legislation or to enforce it for the purpose of holding Communists to account for disloyal and treasonable acts, the cry goes up that their legal rights are being invaded.

It is not only the guilty Communists who raise this cry, but the timid Americans who profess disbelief in communism but say it cannot be put under restraint in the country without setting the precedent of restraint which would ultimately silence all other voices of protest or dissent.

Even knowing precisely, and acknowledging freely, the Communist objectives in the country, these shallow Americans persist in their contention that the Bill of Rights must provide a refuge for those who defame it in order that our fundamental freedoms may remain inviolable.

So we are constantly having repetitions in the country of the shameful spectacle of our enemies disparaging and undermining our government and our way of life, and of many Americans—often responsible and influential Americans—defending this criminal treachery as a "right" which exists under our basic laws and can only be denied with violence to our way of life.

Mr. O'Neil, enlarging upon this theme in a recent issue of "The American Legion Magazine," suggests that the American people pursue this misconception of the supposed rights of Communists to their own very great danger.

"The nature and purposes of world communism are now generally understood by all literate, informed Americans," he writes.

"Communists, no matter what their pretenses, are foreign agents in any country in which they are allowed to operate."

Once they achieve power in any country, he grimly warns, they never prove themselves gullible in the matter of giving their enemies shelter under the structure of legal rights.

"Having stifled all opposition and public opinion in a bloody reign of terror," says Mr. O'Neil, "these brutalitarians naturally do not have to worry about public reaction.

"Terror is openly advocated and used precisely for the purpose of silencing all public protest against the crushing of the last few remaining human rights."

Disloyalty is a crime in America, and should be dealt with as a crime.

Communist criminals are no more entitled to refuge under our laws than any other criminal who holds all moral and spiritual and patriotic concepts in contempt.

The American people, as Mr. O'Neil observes, must either defend their way of life against their enemies, or abandon it to them; and the manner in which we deal with communism will determine if abandonment is our choice.—Chicago Herald-American.

GRAFT

Editorial

By CAPT. G. C. KOPP, Editor

Joseph Clark was a patrolman on the local police force. Joe went on the force when he was twenty-one and a year later he married his sweetheart of high school days, Nadine Melton. That was in 1940. In 1942 the Clarks became a family of three when Joseph Junior, better known as Buster, arrived.

The Clark family life was interrupted in 1943 when Uncle Sam needed Joe in the Army. Joe saw service in the European Theater and did himself proud by winning two medals for valor. He was one of the fortunate who came home without a scratch and was honorably discharged in 1945. Once more Joe became Patrolman Clark and he started to take over where he had left off.

Now an ex-G. I., Joe began to take advantage of some of the veterans' benefits and the first thing he did was to buy a new home. The home was located in a new subdivision on the west side of town, known as Westside.

The Clarks became quite popular in their new location. It wasn't "Mr. Clark" anymore, to nearly everyone in the subdivision he was just plain Joe. Whenever there was any promotion for the good of the little Community Joe was one of the first called on. Joe was even elected president of the Westside Improvement Center.

Nadine also was a popular member of the community. Neighbors were always dropping in for a friendly chat—and too there was the bridge club.

Little Buster—well he probably hadn't earned the community-wide prestige like mother and dad but he certainly was the cock-of-the-walk in his neighborhood. If other youngsters didn't give him his way he soon told them off with "my daddy's a Policeman and I'll get him to put you in jail." Many times this had the desired effect on the kids.

All these things were fine while they lasted but now people speak of these things in the past tense—you see, Joe suddenly sold his little home and moved away to another town. What happened? Well the story runs something like this:

Joe was riding high, probably too high when the props fell out from under his world. Joe had no one to blame but himself but it was a shame that Nadine and Buster had to take the fall, too.

Joe Clark's position and prestige in the community became shaky when an article appeared in the local newspaper. The article was captioned "Cop Suspended, Accused of Bribe Charge." The article went on to say that Joe Clark had been accused of accepting a ten dollar bribe and failed to prosecute a person he arrested. During the next few days the Clarks weren't seen much by the neighbors.

The climax was five days later when the newspaper ran an article captioned "Clark Guilty On Bribe Charge, Fired." That was when the Clark's pretty bubble burst. Joe was asked to resign the presidency of the Westside Improvement Center, Nadine dropped out of her bridge club and even little Buster felt the effects when he became involved in a scrap with one of the neighborhood youngsters. Buster threatened to tell his daddy but the other youngster's retort was, "yah, your daddy ain't no cop no more. He's a crook, my daddy said so."

It wasn't so very long that the Clark family moved from Westside.

Joe Clark isn't the only police officer who accepted graft nor is he likely to be the last. There have been and probably will be men in law enforcement who will degrade themselves to such a low degree as to accept graft.

If an officer would accept graft his penalty may not be the same as Joe Clark's. He may go on a long time before he is detected or he may never be detected by his superiors, but surely he realizes he is violating his oath of office and the confidence of all honest, law abiding citizens of his community.

It has been said by some that the pay of law enforcement officers is so low that it is no wonder that some stoop to graft. This is only an excuse by those weak misfits in law enforcement who do stoop so low as to accept graft. When men go into law enforcement they know the pay scale. If the man is a conscientious person and he realizes that he cannot make ends meet on the salary of a law enforcement officer he will choose another profession.

Graft bribery and many so-called "gifts" all fall in the same category. It is "pay-off" by some crook to an officer so that the officer will overlook the vice in which the crook is engaged.

This despicable character behind the cloak of a badge and authority is worse than the criminal. He is sworn to suppress crime; it is within his power to suppress it. Instead, he places a few filthy dollars at a higher standard than his honor, his family, his friends, his profession, his sworn duty.

Probably there will always be some of these cheap, despicable grafters to filter into the ranks of law enforcement agencies as long as there are law enforcement agencies. This evil however can be reduced by: 1. Carefully screening the applicants who apply for positions in law enforcement; 2. Superiors carefully checking every complaint concerning graft, coming to his attention; 3. Solicit the co-operation of citizens to prefer charges against officers who would stoop to bribery or graft; 4. Superior officers making periodic surprise checks on subordinates.

There is not as much graft in law enforcement agencies as some would have others believe. It does exist however, and as long as any amount of it exists it will be greatly magnified by the public.

It is our duty as good law enforcement officers to stamp out this unnecessary evil in order to give law enforcement the good name it rightfully deserves.

GOVERNOR PASTORE SPEAKS
AS STATE POLICE ARE INSPECTED

NOT SO BAD HERE

Gov. John O. Pastore and Supt. E. Ralph Bonat laid stress on the great importance of public relations in the state police department in brief addresses recently at the annual state police inspection held at the North Scituate barracks, Rhode Island.

Calling the state police "a force whose grand reputation has gone beyond the limits of Rhode Island," the Governor praised the ability and integrity of Superintendent Bonat who was promoted from the force to the superintendent's position by the governor.

Bonat cited the help and co-operation of the press in many cases and warned that relations between police and press must always be based on a mutual understanding of the problems and policies of each.

Following an inspection of the personnel, Superintendent Bonat presented to Trooper John Anderson of the Hope Valley barracks a trophy significant of his winning the annual Rhode Island state police pistol meet, and presented to Sgt. Lawrence Sullivan a certificate for the Blackstone patrol for winning the highest average for any police district in the meet.

During the ceremonies, the Rev. Lucien Jean, M.S.C., chaplain at the state institutions, offered a prayer in memory of deceased members of the state police.

Among the persons attending the ceremonies were Jonathan Harwood, former superintendent of state police, Lt. A. E. Rivers, representing the Connecticut state police, and families and friends of many of the department members.

---Providence Journal

It matters little what our objective in life is, so long as it is decent, honest and beneficial. It is the inside glory, deep in the heart, that makes anything worth while.

---George Matthew Adams

The National Used Car Dealers Association, meeting in the Waldorf-Astoria early in October, was told that stolen-car rings are most active in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Max Bloom, president of the Association, said that cars from this, and our sister State, are so suspect that some of the dealers in New York refuse to trade in them. "The remedy," said President Blum, "lies in uniformity of title laws, and Massachusetts and Connecticut are woefully lacking in these."

A Hartford insurance man has described a title law as a provision for something like a birth certificate which is supposed to accompany the car and show its legal ownership from the time it leaves the maternity ward in some factory till it reaches the junk-pile graveyard where even the best of cars end up someday. But there are serious doubts that a title law would mean the end of stolen cars or of the troubles that descend on those who purchase them. A fellow who steals a car in order to sell it is not likely to be balked by a mere piece of paper which the buyer is supposed to find in the dash-compartment.

Connecticut does keep a file of serial and motor numbers, as anyone knows if he has registered a car in this State. If a Connecticut man buys an automobile and finds that these numbers have been altered or mutilated, he should begin to suspect that he may have a hot car on his hands.

Our stolen-car record does not seem alarming either. At the present moment, for example, in the area patrolled from the Hartford barracks, there are just two motor vehicles that are AWOL. Couple of errant trucks, we believe. The same low ratio prevails in the New Haven and Waterbury areas. In the Bridgeport area four cars are missing. But then, Bridgeport is close to New York, where Mr. Bloom says they don't like to handle Connecticut cars, so the thieves will probably find themselves without a nearby customer.---Hartford Times

SGT. JAMES 'SCOOP' O'BRIEN
NEW HAVEN DETECTIVE, RETIRES

Detective Sgt. James J. "Scoop" O'Brien, who has been a New Haven detective longer than any man in local police history, retired Oct. 1st. He reached the mandatory retirement age of 68.

O'Brien had been a member of the Police Department since 1907. His 41 years on the force made up one of the longest records of service in the department. The well-known detective is one of the last of the dwindling group of "old-timers."

Native of Ireland

A native of Ireland, O'Brien came to New Haven in his youth and worked for a wholesale grocery house in his first job. He later went to work for the New Haven Railroad, and was foreman of a crew which checked freight cars.

On June 18, 1907, he was made a supernumerary policeman. In March of 1912, he became a grade E patrolman. He climbed up the various patrolmen's grades, and was appointed to the Detective Bureau in 1915. He was made a detective sergeant on December 11, 1931.

O'Brien made a great many arrests during his career, and the frequency with which he "scooped up" criminals won him his nickname in his rookie days. He once moved in on a card-game single-handedly and arrested 48 Chinese.

Six Commendations

Six commendations were given O'Brien by the Board of Police Commissioners and the chiefs he has served under.

Two of these commendations came within five months of each other, and for similar achievements. On April 2, 1928, he was commended for work in bringing about the arrest of a gang of men charged with a series of burglaries. On September 4 of that year he was again commended for participating in the capture of another group of burglars.

O'Brien, who lives at 22 Cliff Terrace, Morris Cove, had been on night desk duty in the Detective Bureau in re-

cent years.

The veteran detective served under four police chiefs during his career. James Wrinn was chief when O'Brien started. Wrinn was succeeded by Henry Coles. Philip Smith was the next head of the department, followed by the present chief, Henry P. Clark.

(More power to you "Scoop" and a long happy retirement.--Ed.)

BEGLEY, U.N. OFFICIAL, BACK
FROM PARIS, SAYS ATTACK
WAS OF 'GANGSTER TYPE'

Frank M. Begley, soft-spoken, former Connecticut state policeman and veteran United Nations employ e, ran his fingers over freshly etched scars in his right cheek and right ear.

"I hope we can get an international force to protect U.N. personnel," he reflected. "I hope that the force will not be used. But I hope we have it because of the six guys who passed on. They never had a chance."

Mr. Begley, who arrived Sept. 30 at La Guardia Field from Paris aboard a Trans World Airline plane, then resumed the thread of the events that led to the assassination of Count Folke Bernadotte, U.N. mediator, and Andre Serot, colonel in the French air force and chief U.N. truce observer for Jerusalem.

He recalled that on Sept. 17 he was driving the car in which General Aage Lundstroem, Count Bernadotte's chief of staff, rode with him in the front seat, while the two top U.N. officials sat in the back.

Mr. Begley, who is thirty-six and lives at 80-15 Main Street, Jamaica, Queens, remembered that they came to a small incline on the road in southwestern Jerusalem.

"There was a zig-zag road block ahead and an Israeli-type jeep," he continued. "Several men in Israeli-type uniforms were near the vehicle. Some of them approached our car. One of them looked into the car, saw Count Bernadotte and reached for his gun.

"I got out of the car to get at him, and began hitting at him. The second man hit at me, and began to shoot with a tommygun. The other had an automatic."

Two other uniformed men, he added, covered other vehicles in the Count's motorcade. After the shooting, Mr. Begley said, the assassins bolted for their jeep and aimed a few shots at him.

Mr. Begley looked into the back seat of his car. He saw that Colonel Serot appeared dead. Count Bernadotte was bent over. General Lundstroem, he said, asked the Count if he was hurt. Count Bernadotte nodded affirmatively. At the hospital to which Mr. Begley sped, a bullet was found in the Count's heart and five others in his left side. Medical aid was too late. Sixteen bullets had ripped into Colonel Serot's body. Mr. Begley was wounded by flying fragments.

"It was a well planned gangster type of assassination," observed Mr. Begley. "The attack was well planned and brutally carried out."

"The people I was sorriest for were the good Jews who were working towards a solution," he continued. "The assassination was a blow below the belt."

Mr. Begley will visit his parents in New Haven, Conn., and then join his wife Mrs. Anne Begley, and their four children in St. Petersburg, Fla., on a vacation. Formerly head of the U.N. security force, he is now the organization's chief of maintenance and engineering service.---Herald Tribune

jug. There was some trouble about getting him out in the morning, however, because it seems that the prisoner had mistaken the lock for a slot machine and had jammed it so full of nickels that he had to be extricated with a hacksaw.

Surprise. Then there was the Denver traffic cop who repeatedly chalked for overparking a car left on the street. He let it go at that because "we had a bigger job on hand--the Chandler disappearance." After several days he had the car hauled to the station house. He discovered it belonged to Chandler. He also found that it contained Chandler's body.

Ticket Specialist. A Boise, Ida., motorcycle cop developed a reputation for handing out tickets. One day he met his match. "Whatcha name?" he snarled at his latest prey. "Aloise Zachary Artaxerxes Mefgenthenwallerberry," said the meek little man behind the wheel. He got off with a lecture.

It's Fun. A policewoman in Cleveland got a particularly pleasing assignment one morning. She was to arrest a certain gentleman for non-payment of alimony. He was her own husband. She got him.

Basement Barrage. A Philadelphia patrolman got a call from his wife one day. There was a burglar or madman in the cellar, she said, and he was shooting. With several of his fellows the patrolman dashed home. They drew their guns, crept down the cellar stairs--and were met by a hail of bottle caps from a too-yeasty crop of root beer.

---Elizabeth Hull ---This Week

FLAT FEET, RED FACES

Being a cop isn't the easiest job in the world. Get a load of these embarrassing moments...

Enforcing the law is only part of a cop's job. But even when attending strictly to the law, a cop can expect only the unexpected. These stories prove it.

No Jackpot. A drunk was sentenced to a night in the Rock Springs, Wyo.,

BRIEF, BUT PUNGENT

New York Bureau of Highways officials decided that the traffic warning signs on parkways were too wordy. The signs read: "Caution--pavement narrows," "Slow-merging traffic," "Drive carefully--narrow bridges," etc.

As a result, the officials concocted a single sign to replace all others. It reads: "Squeeze ahead."

---Felix J. Hartlep

Kentucky State Police

Purposes and Plans

For many years the State of Kentucky has had in operation an organization called The Highway Patrol which was a division of the State Highway Department. The Highway Patrol has been extremely restricted in its scope of operations; and there has grown over a period of years, a knowledge on the part of the people of the need for a State Police Force with general police powers. Thirty-seven other states have police organizations with general powers, and the citizens of Kentucky who have traveled through the states of Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York have been particularly impressed by the programs that those states have in effect.

It will be many years before the Department of Kentucky State Police will be as effective as the organizations in the above mentioned states. The Act passed by the 1948 Legislature of Kentucky did not become effective until July 1, 1948, and there are a number of loop-holes in the Act which need amendment at future sessions of the Legislature to perfect the organization. The funds appropriated for the use of the new organization are little more than were had by The Highway Patrol and the new organization does not have the opportunity to use the Highway funds allocated to the purchase of its equipment.

The force is limited in its activities in cities of the first five classes in that it has jurisdiction in such cities only upon invitation of the Mayor, or when in the hot pursuit of an offender, or when in search of an offender wanted for a crime committed outside the corporate city limits, or when interviewing or seeking to interview a witness to any such crime, or when ordered by the Governor in case of an emergency. It is the opinion of the Attorney General's Office that the Mayor has the power to make the invitation upon adoption of a resolution by the City Council or Town Board authorizing him to make such request.

In view of the limited amount of funds that the force has, its scope

of operations will of necessity be restricted. It is not the intention of the department to supplant the local officials. It is the desire of the department to render assistance to the local sheriffs and police officers and to give them certain services that the counties and cities are unable to maintain.

The Department hopes to set up an efficient laboratory, a central cross-indexing system for the identification of motor vehicles, and a central filing system for the recording of fingerprints and the maintenance of a bureau of identification. It is hoped that the Department may teach every sheriff and every police force the methods of securing fingerprints from offenders so that a constant flow of prints will come to its files thus making it possible to check the activities of criminals at one point.

It is obvious from the Legislative Enactment that the peoples desire is that the major portion of the Department's duties continue to be traffic control and policing the highways. Eighty percent of its income is realized from gasoline taxes, therefore, at least eighty percent of its duties must be handling traffic problems on the highways and promoting safety.

The Department would like to be able to tell the public that it is going to wage a war against crime and eliminate it from the State. It would be futile, however, for it to make such a statement and the public must rely upon its local officials to carry out local law enforcement problems. In addition to the local law enforcing officers there are certain State and Federal Agencies such as the F. B. I., the Treasury Department, and the Alcoholic Beverage Control Department which are maintained for the specific purposes of enforcing the State and Federal laws and apprehending the violators of these laws. The Kentucky State Police Department will render its support at all times to assist these organizations.

It is the dream of the Kentucky State Police Department to have a

well organized force of trained, intelligent men located throughout the State. It desires that these men be advised as to the beauties of Kentucky and have a knowledge of her laws and people. These men shall be properly uniformed and adequately equipped with vehicles, radios, firearms, traffic lights, and road information. They shall be correctly housed in strategically located barracks of a design peculiar to the department so that they may be easily identified. These barracks should be so located that they will be available to the traveling public and recognized as a bureau of information and a haven of refuge in emergencies.

The department intends that its men be courteous, efficient, good in appearance, and well informed. If such men are properly equipped and properly directed they can do a good job. The Department knows that it will not fail because it is receiving the complete co-operation of Kentucky's able Governor, Earle C. Clements, and the support of his capable staff. The people of Kentucky throughout the state have indicated their desire that this organization be perfected and with all of the above factors the new organization should certainly succeed.

"Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

A. LINCOLN

BY THE YORK CLIPPER



William C. Raloff

WOULD DROP "COP" TERM

BY THE YANKEE PEDLAR

To the Editor of The Times:

For a long time I have noticed with a certain degree of repugnance the increasing use of the term "cops" in reference to police officers in the newspapers and over the radio.

It seems to me that this is an undesirable trend, and that we could all benefit from the development of greater respect toward our law enforcement officers. In the minds of many people, I suspect, "cops" is a degrading and undignified term. Why not discontinue its use in the newspapers and on the radio?

Tyrus Hillway,
President, Junior College
New London

Cop is a slang word, respectable and respectful, but still slang. It is a logical word, being an abbreviation of copper, meaning one who captures, takes, or cops. Copper is an eighteenth century word and cop has been around since the middle of the nineteenth. It can look up its ancestry in a Latin Dictionary. It seems more friendly and familiar than policeman; less ambiguous than officer. Its use depends on circumstances. With us, if we have been going around sixty, any man with a badge is Lieutenant. Above sixty, Captain.---Editor

---Hartford Times

ORIGIN OF COP

To the Editor of The Times:

In connection with the explanation of the derivation of the word "cop," you stated it is short for copper, meaning one who captures or seizes.

I recall an explanation I once heard given by an authority on police history. He claimed "cop" is from the first letters of the words "Chief of Police."

Bob Sloane

Fifteen young men were being committed to the State Reformatory in Cheshire last week. It was an unhappy scene which observers thought could have been avoided had those involved showed a little consideration for themselves and perhaps those dear to them.

For most of the boys (and that's all they were) the mass commitment was a sad and blighting experience. But there were three in the lot who had indicated no such contrition for their misdeeds. The trio had taken the short ride from the New Haven County jail and were about to enter the "little house." They preferred to have you believe they were so contemptuous of society that they could do the Cheshire "stretch" standing on their heads.

"It'll be Wethersfield next," one of the recalcitrants cracked as Deputy Sheriff William F. Pollard unlocked the shackles which bound him to a kindly, middle-aged colored man. This forlorn prisoner had been sentenced to state prison and was on his way to the "big house."

It was plain from the expression on his face and from his conduct that this was not his first brush with the law. He had listened patiently to the false bragging of his ensnackled companions without saying a word until the car stopped outside the reformatory.

As the first crusty youngster was about to be led away, the Negro asked the deputy if he might speak.

"Certainly," answered Sheriff Pollard who wasn't happy with his unpleasant task.

"I want to say something to that boy," began the convict whose outlook was darkened by a 10-year prison term. Speaking in a soft drawl that revealed his ties with the deep South he said:

"Young man, I've been in prisons before, I'm sorry to say. You can't beat the law. When you get out of here take my advice--go straight. You'll never regret it." He turned and reentered the police car to continue the ride to Wethersfield.

The unfortunate smart alecs seemed suddenly taken with responsibility.

The black man rode away looking convinced that his wisdom had penetrated the hardened exteriors of the adolescent offenders.

AN UNEXPECTED COMPLIMENT
FOR THE JUDGE

Justice Arthur F. Ells of the Supreme Court of Errors was destined to be somewhat embarrassed last summer when he went up to Pinehurst with Mrs. Ells to spend a brief vacation. Upon arrival they were greeted by a caretaker whose speech quickly indicated his Italian background. His name was Tony. "Ah Mista Judge Ells. We are so happy you come. You are a kinda judge, a gooda judge."

The jurist was impressed with the man's enthusiasm, but his curiosity was aroused. "Why thank you Tony, but why do you think I'm a kind and good judge?" he asked.

"It'sa my friend, judge. My frienda, he was in your criminal court and you senda him to state prison for five years."

Judge Ells drew back puzzled. "But I still don't understand how that makes me a good judge in your friend's estimation," he said.

"Buta judge, you no understand," Tony rejoined. "My frienda, he expect to get 10 years."---Waterbury Republican

HICKEY GIVES TALK
AT POLICE CHIEFS PARLEY

New York --- The fifty-fifth annual conference of the International Association of Chiefs of Police opened here with representatives attending from 26 states and Canada.

The first session of the conference, which continues through the week, was devoted to organization business and committee reports.

Among those who addressed the opening meeting were: Colonel Hugh H. Waggoner, of the Missouri Highway Patrol; Colonel Charles H. Schoeffel, superintendent of the New Jersey State Police; Colonel Howell J. Hatcher, of the North Carolina Highway Patrol; Commander Donald S. Leonard, of the Michigan State Police, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, of the Connecticut State Police, Colonel Beverly Ober, Superintendent of the Maryland State Police; and Colonel Robert Rossow, superintendent of the Indiana State Police.

REFORMATORIES CALLED SCHOOLS OF CRIME

Washington -- Secy. of Labor Tobin urges nationwide adoption of the "big brother" type of youth correction, branding reformatories as "just post-graduate schools of crime."

"Reform schools make the criminals of the future," Tobin said on a broadcast arranged by the American Legion's District of Columbia Department, which originated the "big brother" plan now in use in Legion Posts in a number of cities.

"Should the Legion's 3 million veterans support the campaign as sponsors for these boys and girls and in obtaining jobs for them on their release, I believe it will revolutionize the entire method of rehabilitating our youth," Tobin said.

"If successful it should enable us to tear down half the so-called reformatories in the country."

LAUGHTER
THE BEST MEDICINE

The meek little man approached a policeman on the street corner.

"Excuse me, officer," he said, "but I've been waiting here for my wife for over an hour. Would you be kind enough to order me to move on?"

---Contributed by Jack Seaman

Boy Tries To Fill Chief's Shoes



Eight-years-old Richard U. Sherman filled the shoes of Police Chief Arthur G. Wall of Windsor as "chief for a day." He is shown posed as he thought the job might be handled, but learned better before the day was over. Richard H. Custer (left) town manager and public safety director and Chief Wall show the "boy chief" a cruiser list.

"CHIEF" TAKES OVER

Eight and one-half years old Richard Sherman took over Saturday, September 25 as "Chief of Police for a Day," replete with all of the accoutrements of the office, except holster and gun. A nightstick was substituted for the lethal weapon.

Richard, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Sherman of Club House Road, became "Chief" by winning a drawing at the second annual field day of the Windsor Police Mutual Benefit Association. The association had a special gold-braided hat made for him and supplied him with a badge, both of which are his very own.

Richard got a taste of the cares of office Friday afternoon when a cruiser brought him to Town Hall to pose for a picture with Chief Arthur G. Wall and Director of Public Safety Richard H. Custer, who pinned the badge on his shirt and offered his congratulations.

The new "Chief" was hit in the eye with a baseball earlier in the week and was a bit worried whether the doctor would pronounce him recovered in time to take over command of the Police Department. The doctor came through with an okay Friday morning. One of his duties was to stow away a turkey dinner as guest of the WPMBA Saturday noon. He didn't experience the least difficulty on that score.

---Hartford Courant

GREENWICH BOYS CLUB

Policemen Harold Davis and Jim Finn, and Chief John M. Gleason and Det. Sgt. John Conlon (l. to r.), all alumni of the Greenwich Boys Club, show small fry Leo Tobin how the game of checkers should be played at the Boys Club Reunion, held recently in the clubhouse. The reunion, first of 10 events in a series designed to acquaint the public with Community Chest agencies was attended by many former members, who engaged in games and contests in the gym, pool and game room. Boys Club veterans, some of whom had never been in the new clubhouse, tramped through the building and contemplated pictures of themselves when they were members of the old club. (Photo by John Gotch, Jr. --Greenwich Times)

Youth Watches Experts (?)



POLICEMAN'S LOT NOT HAPPY ONE

By
Keith Wheeler

I hung around Capt. Tommy Harrison's Town Hall station for a few nights trying to figure out what kind of a man it takes to make a policeman and whether I'd like to be one.

Now I don't know for sure. There are things about the job to make it interesting, to be sure, but there are disadvantages, too.

The hours are fairly long--eight hours a day six days a week, and theoretically on duty all the time--and the pay is just fair by today's living costs --\$3,480 a year for patrolman under the new raise.

The physical strain is not great, at least by comparison with some jobs. But a patrolman needs a reasonably good physique, excellent arches and a good deal of weather resistance walking a post. And the prowl car men somehow invariably find that no burglary or holdup ever take place lower than the third floor of a walkup apartment.

Infinite Drudgery

But you need other things: a boundless capacity for detail and drudgery, a talent for working with other people, ability to absorb a lot of boredom, courage upon occasion, a barrel of patience, the memory of an elephant and the tact of a rich man's secretary.

Riding around with Sgt. William Hoban's squad the other night we stopped half a dozen loitering teenage boys and urged them to hustle home ahead of the curfew. The kids had a funny sounding story about helping some friend with his high school homework in a hotel two miles away on the drive.

Three hours later we checked into the station and found one of the same youngsters warming his wet feet by the radiator and telling Acting Lieut. Rupert Fallon a blood-curdling tale about being forced into an auto six hours earlier, driven all over the city and finally dumped out in the snow to freeze.

Since his lie was both obvious and

absurd it might have been easy either to ridicule him or get tough and toss him in the cooler for the night. And that might, unnecessarily, have shoved him along the road to becoming a cop hater and criminal.

Friendly Technique

Instead, Fallon called the kid's dad, then gave the kid a reasonable lecture on hanging around with the wrong people, and urged him on to man-to-man basis to watch himself in the future.

Maybe the approach didn't do any good, but at least it allowed the kid to retain some of his self respect-- and anyhow it didn't do the harm a tougher technique might have done.

The kid's case illustrated another thing the good cop needs and that's a fairly thick hide. The policeman's situation in society seems a little ambiguous. His function is to be everybody's protector, but nearly everybody looks upon him as a semi-enemy. Maybe that's because most of us have at least a little larceny in our blood and because we just naturally and instinctively resent authority.

As they say in that sad old Gilbert and Sullivan ditty: "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

(The salary stated in the third paragraph is for patrolmen in Chicago).

---Reprinted from Chicago Sun-Times

THE ROADRUNNER

The Texas Department of Public Safety of which Col. Homer Garrison, Jr., is the director, has come out with a new employees magazine appropriately titled "The DPS Chaparral" and with a cover showing a chaparral bird, or roadrunner, standing on a coiled rattlesnake and with a rat in its beak.

Just like the famous Texas Rangers and the Texas State Highway Patrol, the roadrunner is a great and successful enemy of rats and snakes of all types. In the days of horse power on Texas roads the roadrunner would dart out of

the brush at the roadside, and race in front of the horses for considerable distances. Tired, it would scoot back into the brush.

An old legend in the southwest is to the effect that, finding a rattlesnake asleep, the roadrunner would make a ring of dried cactus around the reptile. Then it would dart in and peck the snake. The legend said that rattlesnakes will not crawl across anything that scratches their bellies. Hemmed in the rattler would go crazy and bite itself to death. The roadrunner would then have a feast of snake meat.

Says "The DPS Chaparral":

"This bird symbolizes the spirit and duties of this department by rendering a service to mankind in destroying his enemies, such as rattlesnakes, rats and insect pests. This is done by roaming the road and hunting out these enemies."

Texans can always be counted on to come up with picturesque and fitting titles for almost anything.

---Illinois Policeman's Journal

TEMPERS

Mrs. Albert Warren of Los Angeles charged that her husband beat her and kicked her, tried to choke her, cut up her clothes with a razor, threw the dog against the wall, and bounced the family goldfish on the floor--all because she refused to eat an orange he offered her.---Newsweek

THE GHOST WALKS

When Charles Willey's home and farm buildings in Macomb, Ill., were destroyed by more than 200 "mystery" fires recently, local farmers superstitiously blamed a ghost, despite the skepticism of police experts. Last week the small "ghost" confessed. She was Wonet McNeil 13. redheaded niece of the Willeys, who was living with them because her parents were divorced. She said she thought

that if the farm buildings burned she would be sent back "to live with my mom." The Willeys, said Wonet, "were old and had an old car," but she had fun with her mother, who had remarried and lives in a trailer in Bloomington.

---Newsweek

MUGGLES

The principal speaker on juvenile delinquency at a Los Angeles youth rally September 1 didn't appear. He was Robert Mitchum, 31, sleepy-eyed film star ("Crossfire," "The Story of GI Joe") who had been arrested the night before in a raid by Federal narcotics officers, charged with smoking marijuana. When Mitchum and Robin Ford, 31, a Hollywood real estate agent, dropped in to see blond starlet Lila Leeds, 20, and dancer Vickie Evans, 25, police hid below an open window. They said they saw Miss Leeds light up "a stick of tea" and hand one of the "muggles" to Ford and Mitchum. Confronted, the \$3,000-a-week actor first told reporters: "Sure. I've been using the stuff since I was a kid. I guess it's all over now. I'm ruined. This is the bitter end." Later however, he pulled himself together to say "It's a frameup", and to tell photographers: "Don't take my picture with my eyes shut. It makes me look like I've been hit in the head."

---Newsweek

POLICEMAN FINDS SUSPECT AT FIRE

Glastonbury, -- Police Officer Joseph A. Varni and George M. Bretschneider, a farmhand, were watching flames consume a large barn owned by Edward F. Dickau, brother of the fire chief.

"Wonder how it started?" inquired Varni, to make conversation.

"I lit it," came the surprise answer from Bretschneider.

Police booked Bretschneider on a charge of wilful burning of a building.



C O P S

WITH IDEAS



VOX-COP

October, 1948

Alertness And Speed Frustrate Robbery

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly Magazine notes this recent case: Last fall, a garageman located 5 miles southwest of Sussex, New Brunswick, closed his place of business about 10 o'clock and went home for the night. Next morning, Sunday, a neighbor telephoned to him that the side door of his garage was open. Arriving in a hurry, he found that the place had been forcibly entered and some tools stolen--an electric drill, two iron bits and a claw bar.

The owner promptly reported the matter to the R.C.M.P. at Sussex. The "Mounties" shortly afterwards drove up with an electric drill and a bit which he identified as his. The identification was the important piece of evidence in a wider pattern of crime involving a bank robbery, a shooting and a quick arrest.

Early of the same morning of the garage break-in, the manager of a branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia of Hampton, N.B. 16 or 17 miles west awakened to the sound of a pounding noise. He listened a moment, then got up to investigate and it wasn't long before he realized the suspicious sounds came from the bank premises 75 yards from his home. As it was a warm night, he walked softly across his yard to the bank, and through a window saw a stranger inside the bank with the vault door opened. Quietly he stole back to his house and didn't turn on any lights as he phoned to the R.C.M.P., Sussex detachment. His call was accepted and he was asked to pass the information along to the R.C.M.P. at St. John, N. B. and to stay where he was and wait.

About 4:30 A.M. a wet and slippery highway had made fast driving dangerous on a stretch of 22 odd miles between Sussex and Hampton yet, in approximately 23 minutes the patrol arrived, having

cruised the last three minutes without lights to insure their approach would not be seen. Its front aimed at the bank, the patrol car came to a gentle stop and out of it stepped a Corporal and a Constable. Silently the former moved to the back of the building while the other made ready at the front and when both were in position, with each commanding a view of two walls, the car lights were switched on.

The sudden glare brought swift action. A man leaped through the rear window and started running. The corporal called out to him ordering him to halt and as the order was ignored he fired two warning shots in the air. Still the fugitive didn't heed the command so the Corporal took deliberate aim and shot him in the leg just above the knee. It was only a flesh wound and as the Corporal rendered first aid another man jumped through the window and escaped.

Meanwhile up front two other men rushed a window hoping to elude capture, and when the Constable fired warning shots they decided better. A minute or so later two men, accomplices, came out of the building with their gloved hands up and surrendered without resistance. Shortly afterwards police re-enforcements arrived from St. John and returned to that city in a few minutes with the three prisoners, all of whom hailed from Montreal.

The outstanding features of this case are the bank manager's conduct and promptness in notifying the police and the speedy action of the police that ended so satisfactorily. Had the former attempted to investigate further on his own, a quite different ending might have resulted with the criminals escaping to try again some place else. Public cooperation of this common sense sort is a valuable assistance to the police in

their never ending fight against crime, in this instance it doubtless saved many citizens serious financial loss. The Mounties' part in the round-up deserves more than passing attention. They reached the scene from Sussex, 22 miles away, swiftly and caught the men in the act. They captured two of them without difficulty, the third man, trying to flee, was brought down wounded in the leg, by a Mounty who first fired two warning shots in the air--by which time, presumably, the running fugitive was anything but a close target. The whole episode bespeaks cool thinking and fast action on the part of the bank manager and the police.

SAFE CRACKERS PULL BLINDS TO HIDE WORK
BUT AROUSE PATROLMAN'S SUSPICIONS

Lynbrook, L.I., --- The front door to the Crestwood Dairy at 639 Merrick Road was all right when Patrolman William Skahill made a routine check at 1:35 a.m. recently, but there was something different about the Venetian blinds. Normally, they were open at night: now they were nearly closed.

Patrolman Skahill peered through a crack and saw inside the office a couple of shadows where no shadows had been on previous checks. He turned away without haste, sauntered to his radio car, whistled a few bars and got into the car as though he had not a care or a suspicion in the world.

He drove a block before calling Lynbrook Police Headquarters. Two other radio patrolmen joined him within a few minutes, and they all crept back to the dairy on foot, two to the rear and one to the front.

At a whistled signal, the policemen pounded simultaneously on the front door and the back door, shouting, "Come out with your hands up!"

The back door opened and one man came out with a rush. A shot in the air by Patrolman Dan Offerman stopped him and he came back with his hands in the air.

At the front Patrolman Edwin Faulkner heard a noise overhead and an instant later a man dropped to the sidewalk.

Patrolman Faulkner pounced on him and pinned him down, but found that it wasn't necessary. The sixteen-foot drop from a one-story extension of the two-story building had broken both legs.

He was taken to Meadowbrook Hospital in Hempstead, where he was identified as Joseph Krsowski, thirty, of Brooklyn.

The other man, taken to Nassau County Police Headquarters in Mineola, identified himself as George Schklair, twenty-six, of Brooklyn. Both were charged with burglary.

In the dairy office, police found the pair, working efficiently with a set of burglar tools, had got the combination off the safe, opened the outer door, and were within ten minutes of reaching \$6,000 in the strongbox.

Schklair admitted, police said, that Patrolman Skahill had fooled them completely. When he sauntered away they thought they were in.

POLICE CHIEFS URGED
TO BE READY FOR WAR

Poland Springs, Maine, -- Asserting that "war is apparently in the offing," Pres. Kenneth W. Howland of the New England Police Chiefs Association advised his colleagues to bring emergency plans up to date.

Howland, chief of police in Woodbridge, Conn., was the principal speaker at the first session of the association's annual convention.

"From the information available," Howland said, "it appears that if a war does come we will not be able to keep it entirely away from our shores. With modern airplanes we must expect to have some bombing, if not worse . . ."

"I do not wish to be thought of as a crepe hanger, but I do believe in being prepared."

Emergency plans, he said, should be revised if necessary "to meet the new conditions that may arise."

Even if war is averted, Howland said, the time and thought involved "is well worth while." And part of such plans, he added would be valuable in the event of a major civilian disaster.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP.

October, 1948

BRANCHES
FISHERS ISLAND
GROTON
EAST LYME AND NIAN TIC
LYME
MONTVILLE
MYSTIC
NDANK
OLD LYME
STONINGTON
WATERFORD



AMERICAN RED CROSS
NEW LONDON CHAPTER
18 BROAD STREET
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

September 29, 1948

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

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the splendid cooperation given to Red Cross by Lieut. William E. Mackenzie and the officers at the Groton barracks.

In celebration of Army Airforce Day on September 12, both the ambulance from the State Police barracks in Groton, with Officer John R. Fitzgerald driving, and the Red Cross ambulance with a first aid crew were on duty when a serious accident to one of the planes occurred. Officer Fitzgerald and the Red Cross unit immediately went into action. Lieut. Mackenzie and his men upon arrival were very efficient in their assistance of the rescue work and in aiding the first aid unit to function unhampered in the administering to the injured and in aiding wherever and whenever possible. In a report submitted by Miss Lee Shapiro who was in charge of the First Aid crew, it was stated that while tragedy and pain surrounded the crew the satisfaction of working side by side with friends and able assistance made the job less arduous.

I wish to highly commend to you Lieut. William E. Mackenzie and his men for their fine spirit and cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

Thomas H. Shipman
Chairman, First Aid

THS:EJ

APPRECIATION LETTERS

Bronx 53, N.Y.C.
August 4, 1948

Dear Sir:

I sent my report of the accident which took place Sunday at 1:35, August 1, 1948 at the toll house in Stamford, Conn.

I am doing nicely and am able to write you a personal report on Officer W. Quaintance #145 who handled the accident.

He handled the case with consideration, sympathy and kindness. He made the reports and filled the forms that all we had to do was sign our names. He was to be off duty in five minutes, yet he gave us all the time needed, waited until the taxi pulled out and waved good-bye.

As we drove off, Mr. Tasker said, "I can't get over how kind he was to me, I'll never forget him". I answered, "We both have a crush on him."

May he receive all the good he gives.

Sincerely,

Dorothy Lovell

(The letter above was sent to the Motor Vehicle Commissioner, who relayed it to this office for our information. ---Ed.)

Norwich, Connecticut
September 21, 1948

Dear Commissioner:

Saturday last, the evening of September 18th, an electrical storm, accompanied by wind of considerable velocity, struck this section. It was especially severe in the East Great Plain section where I reside.

The men residents of this section were either at a political rally at Gardner's Lake or were fighting fires, leaving the women at home alone. During the height of the storm, several large

branches of trees were blown across the road and live wires thrown down in the path of vehicles. This created a very dangerous hazard.

One of your State Officers, James Dygert, resides in this neighborhood, and together with his son, took charge of operations, working feverishly to stop and divert traffic and due to his untiring efforts, serious accidents were unquestionably prevented.

It so happened that not even a town official or employee appeared upon the scene until after Officer Dygert and his son had performed valiant service, above and beyond the line of duty.

I am not given to writing such a letter as this, but in view of the fact that the women in the neighborhood would have been frantic because of the conditions stated above, I think Officer Dygert and his son deserve these few words of commendation.

I am taking the liberty of sending a copy of this letter to the Commandant of the Groton Barracks.

With best wishes to you and yours, I am,

Very truly yours,

John D. McWilliam

Oyster Bay, New York
September 25, 1948

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank the members of the State Police of Conn. for the kindness and consideration which was given to me when my car was destroyed by fire on the Merritt Parkway near the Park Ave. cut-off, Fairfield, on Wednesday, Sept. 22. It was especially kind of them to take me to the home of my friends in Newtown, Conn.

Thanking you once again, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Marion H. Wyckoff

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

September 28th, 1948

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

I am writing to compliment the Connecticut State Police for its efficiency and courtesy as capably demonstrated by three members of your department early Sunday morning when they provided escort for United States Senator Albin W. Barkley, who was traveling from Worcester to New Haven, Connecticut, to make train connections for Washington.

This escort, arranged by the Massachusetts State Police at short notice, enabled Senator Barkley to keep important appointments in Washington later that day. He was very grateful and asked me to convey to you and the members of your department an expression of his thanks:

The escort was made up of Trooper John Foley, Joseph Palin and Arthur Lassen. Their skillful work, courteous attention and conduct as officers of your department certainly reflected credit upon your administration and upon them.

With all good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Jeff Sullivan
Mayor

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE SERVICE
NEW HAVEN 10, CONNECTICUT

September 18, 1948

My dear Commissioner:

There is neither written or spoken words that can adequately convey to you and Major Kelly appreciation for the service rendered on Wednesday, September 15, in returning Detective Carl Gustafson from Memorial Hospital, Albany, N.Y. to his home in this City by ambulance of your Department.

You may be certain that the influence of that service has made a most lasting impression upon the personnel of this Department.

Any request, aid, and cooperation that the State Police Department shall have need for is yours with my personal appreciation and gratitude.

Very truly yours,

Henry P. Clark,
Chief of Police

CONNECTICUT OUTBOARD ASSOCIATION

September 28, 1948

Dear Commissioner:

On behalf of the C.O.A. I am sending you our personal thanks for your cooperation on August 29th 1948.

Your troopers were very helpful in traffic also in the assistance rendered in a slight mishap that occurred on the river.

I also wish to thank you for the assistance of the U.S. Coast Guard, who did an excellent job.

Sincerely,

Dr. Stanley M. Lund,
Commodore

Manchester, Connecticut
October 8, 1948

Dear Mr. Hickey:

No doubt people are usually speedy in writing a note of complaint; however, this note comes as a note of many thanks to the State Police. Especially to Officer Charles Pritchard and Officer George Panciera who aided me in recovering my purse, last Saturday night on my way back to Hartford from New Haven.

Their efficiency and kindness were greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Faye Waxman Block

Circumspecto

VOX-COP

October, 1948

STRATFORD

Fair young maidens used to faint if they surprised a burglar rooting through their bureau, but times--and young maidens--have changed.

Pretty, 24-year old Sally Clare DeVaney arriving at her home, about 6 o'clock one night last week found a strange young man searching the drawers of the chest in her bedroom.

"Who are you?" she asked politely, giving him a chance to account for himself.

"Nobody," replied the young man calmly.

Sally gave him another chance.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing," he answered succinctly.

Corners Intruder

Satisfied she was making no mistake, Sally thereupon lunged at the intruder in a courageous attempt to capture him singlehandedly.

He eluded her grasp, however, and dashed down the stairs into the first floor library. To his chagrin he found himself cornered, with Sally in the only doorway. Feeling he was safe for the moment, she telephoned Sgt. Eugene Schaaf at Stratford police headquarters and requested reinforcements.

The burglar took advantage of her occupation with the telephone and ran out of the door past her into the dining room. A man who could spot an exit when he saw one, he plunged without pause through a large plate glass picture window, landed on the front porch and took off down the block.

Sally took the easier way out through the front door, and chased him down Ferry boulevard. Then she lost sight of him, and decided the police might have arrived in her absence, so she headed back.

At the house were Policemen Jerome Hansen and Robert Horkheimer. Joining them in the patrol car with the traditional cry, "He went that way!," Sally

continued her pursuit.

As they drove down the boulevard, Sally soon spotted the chap walking along, his hands bleeding from his encounter with the dining room window.

Questioned by police, he admitted he was Sally's burglar, and was taken into custody.

The young man, who proved to be Elton P. McFarland, 22, of 734 Ferry boulevard, was taken to Bridgeport hospital for treatment of his lacerated hands, and then booked at Stratford police headquarters on a technical charge of breach of the peace.

INDIANAPOLIS

Man Finds Life Out of Jail Too Expensive

Walter C. Seward is back in jail because the cost of living is too high outside.

Seward, who has spent 33 of his 54 years inside the State Prison at Michigan City, asked parole officials to send him back to prison.

He had been freed on parole and was working at a job parole officials had obtained for him.

I couldn't keep from violating my parole on just \$25 a week," Seward said, He was working at a tree nursery.

Seward was serving a life sentence for a slaying.

MOUNT HOLLY, N.J.

Burlington County Jail authorities were sorry they gave a prisoner, Edward F. Hulse, 28, a brush and told him to whitewash the 20-foot prison wall. He painted his way to the top and escaped.

Hulse had been held awaiting trial for escaping from the Bordentown Prison Farm in 1945 where he was serving a term for grand larceny.

BRIDGEPORT

City Gets Added Police Protection
With Installation of 3-Way Network

By Frank Decerbo

Bridgeport was provided more efficient police protection with the inauguration of a new ultra-modern three-way mobile communications network, providing contact between one radio patrol car and another, and between radio cars and Police radio station WPFW.

Made possible by the efforts of Clifford Fraser, radio supervisor, aided by Patrolman Joseph Crenwich, who devised a plan for converting the two-way equipment presently used by police, the new system will increase the efficiency of the department's 36 radio-equipped vehicles.

Provides 3-Way Contacts

Described by Supt. of Police, John A. Lyddy as one of the most modern communications setups in the country, the three-way system makes it possible for conversations to be conducted between individual radio cars, in addition to providing contact with cars and the main radio station.

Supt. Lyddy pointed out that two radio cars proceeding to the scene of a crime, fire, or accident, will be able to keep in touch with one another and transmit instructions and calls directly as to their location and any new developments which might occur, instead of having the radio dispatcher at Station WPFW relay the calls back and forth over the air to the cars.

Modification of the equipment, which has been authorized by the Federal Communications commission, consists of replacing mobile transmitter crystals turned to a lower frequency with ones tuned to a higher frequency in the FM band.

The new system includes the same arrangements by which fire alarms, broadcast over the Fire department's talk-alarm, are relayed over the police wave length, and by which calls are transmitted to and received by Emergency hos-

pital ambulances. Radio equipment in the ambulances also have been converted to the three-way system.

It also is possible now for Supt. Lyddy and captains of divisions to go to any telephone and talk directly to any one of the department's police cars anywhere.

The telephone to car contact is completed through special equipment installed in Station "T", on Thorme street site of the transmitter for Station WPFW.

The police department's system differs from commercial radio telephone in that the equipment is owned by police and operated by their technicians, and not by the Telephone company.---The Post

BROOKLYN

Tavern Patrons Take
Disputes to Library

Some frequenters of taverns in Brooklyn have learned a new technique to replace fist fights in settling arguments. They go to the public library and the arbitration of reference books, according to Miss Cecile J. Lynch, librarian of the Saratoga branch of the Brooklyn Public Library at Hopkinson Avenue and Macon Street.

There are six taverns within a two-block radius of the library branch, and arguments are fairly numerous. To acquaint the neighborhood with the library's resources, an exhibition was presented last winter on "The History and Art of Drinking." It recorded the pictorial and literary history of drinking customs throughout the world from Biblical times to the present. It was shortly after this exhibition that tavern disputants began to bring their issues to the library for settlement.

BERKELEY, CALIF.

A man arrested on a charge of drunken driving gave police, firemen and gas

company a four-hour headache. He blew himself up, more or less-accidentally, of course.

Police officers William Radcliffe and Philip E. Mowrer said Frank Apron, thirty-four, of Vallejo, was involved in a three-car accident. He was given a sobriety test and told to sit down on the curb while police investigated the accident.

The officers said they smelled gas, but before they could stop him, Apron lighted a cigarette and dropped the match into a storm sewer drain. Six-foot flames shot up all around him. The fire burned for four hours while firemen stood by and gas company repairmen fixed things. They said a gas line had leaked, filling the sewer.

Apron was treated at a hospital for first-degree burns on the arm before he went to jail.

in return for their promise to mail a check for the amount when they arrived at their new home in New York City, never expecting to hear from them again. But they did.

Within a reasonably short period of time thereafter, a check for \$10 was duly delivered, with a graceful note of thanks for the Boone Police Department's thoughtful courtesy. The incident is reported to have inspired the department's official functionaries with new faith in human honesty.

In itself, it was highly edifying, to be sure. On the other hand, it brings up the disconcerting thought that, by a classical definition generally ascribed to Charles A. Dana, it's not the common rule, but the exception to it, that makes "news."---Waterbury American

THE GENTLE TOUCH

About a block ahead of a Sacramento Police car, looking for parking meter violations, a young woman scurried along inserting a coin in every meter that showed a red flag. On the seat of each retrieved car she left an envelope and this note: "Dear car owner: You have over-parked, and there is a policeman only a few cars away. I have put a penny in your meter, giving you an additional twelve minutes. You have been saved \$2.50 for a parking ticket. Will you put a portion of that money into the attached envelope?"

The envelopes, stamped and addressed to the County Home for Children brought a really substantial sum. -- Reader's Digest.

BOONE, IOWA

There Are Some Honest Ones Left

The police authorities of Boone, Iowa, recently let a honeymoon couple go without paying a \$10 fine for speeding,

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The police radio directed Patrolmen Lionel Turcotte and J. B. O'Connor to check a disturbance caused by a dog. They checked back a few minutes later with a two word report: "Dog gone."

Dog Gone! -- Ed.

WATERBURY

The prisoner admitted in Waterbury City Court having had a few drinks but was vehement in his denial of the charge of panhandling. Despite testimony by patrolman John Whiston, that the man had stopped people on Grand street, and asked for money, the accused insisted he was no panhandler.

As the accused took the witness stand, Judge Mitchell G. Meyers looked him over carefully and then asked, "Weren't you trying to panhandle me in my office yesterday?"

The man looked at the judge and then blushed a deep crimson as he walked from the stand.

Judge Meyers gave him a suspended jail sentence with a warning.

FIRE PREVENTION - FIRE NEWS

VOX-COP

October, 1948

FIRE

This is Fire Prevention Week, which should remind you that if you don't have fires you don't have to put them out. Otherwise, you might have the bad luck of a man in Lancaster, Pa., whose barn caught fire. He tried to call the fire department but found his phone was out of order. His daughter began to ring an old bell on the roof of the house but the rope broke. She climbed up to ring the bell by hand but fell off, hurting her leg.

Neighbors finally summoned the fire department but it was delayed when a fireman fell off the truck, hurting his leg. Damage: \$20,000. Moral: how fire proof are you?

---This Week

BROODER DESTROYED WITH 5,500 CHICKS IN ELLINGTON FIRE

Ellington, -- A large three-story brooder house containing some 5,500 month-old chicks burned to the ground early on the morning of Oct. 9. The brooder was on the farm of Hyman Rashall and Nathan Cantor on Meadowbrook Road.

Mr. Rashall's daughter, Mrs. Hedda Reihlin, was awakened by a bright light shining on her window. She called the Ellington Fire department which was unable to extinguish the fire due to the lowness of the nearby brook.

Another large building, nearby, containing thousands of laying hens was not damaged.

LEGGE PRAISES FIRE TRAINING IN SCHOOLS

Fire Marshal Eugene A. Legge praised school training in fire prevention

in a report on activities of his staff during Fire Prevention Week in Waterbury.

Fire drill speed evacuations were held in many schools, the report shows, and fire prevention talks were given before 18,615 pupils in public, private and parochial grade and high schools.

On the marshal's staff are Lt. George Carroll and Pvts. Thomas McGrath and Joseph Maloney.

ALERTNESS OF CHILD SAVES LIVES OF 5 IN EAST HAVEN HOUSE FIRE

East Haven -- The alertness of a three-and-a-half year old boy last week was credited with saving the lives of a family of five as fire destroyed their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Patten told this story as they stood beside the fire-blackened ruins of their cottage home.

They were awakened early by their son, David, to find the house filled with smoke and fire. David was holding his two-year-old sister, Joanne, in his arms.

Mrs. Patten, carrying her three-months-old son, was helped by her husband through a window to safety and then David and Joanne left before Patten made his escape.

They quoted David as saying he "waked up choking" to find the house filled with smoke and the fire burning fiercely. Taking Joanne from her crib, David carried her to their parents' room and awakened them.

Firemen, with no water supply other than that contained in their booster tanks, could not save the house, only the chimney of which was left standing.

Fire Chief Ernest Hansen said the cause was undetermined but apparently came from an electric heater used to warm an early-morning bottle of milk for baby Bruce.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

Aids To Fire-Safety

It is an easy matter to prevent fires and save lives in our homes by simply being careful and using common sense. The following suggestions are offered as a guide to every citizen:

1. NEVER LEAVE YOUNG CHILDREN ALONE.
2. Keep chimneys and smokepipes clean and in good repair.
3. Keep storage in attic or basement at a minimum and store neatly.
4. Make sure there is an alternatively means of escape.
5. Keep electrical wiring and appliances in good repair.
6. Do not overfuse circuits. Fuses of 15 ampere capacity are sufficient on house lighting circuits.
7. Unless protection is given, smokepipes should be at least 18 inches distant from joists and woodwork.
8. Install fire-detector units in cellar and at head of cellar steps, attached to gong in upstairs hall.
9. Keep doors closed at night.
10. Have an approved extinguisher handy.
11. The door at the top of the cellar stairs should be one which will resist fire for at least an hour.
12. Keep matches in metal container and out of reach of children.
13. Do not leave irons or other electrical appliances turned on except when they are in actual use. Let them cool off before putting away.
14. Keep oily dusting cloths in a covered metal container.
15. Never use inflammable liquids for dry-cleaning in the home. There are safe types of cleaning fluids on the market.
16. Don't hang electrical cords on radiators or over nails.
17. Don't use matches or candles to hunt in closets. Use a flashlight.
18. Don't empty ash trays in wastebaskets. There may be a live cigarette among the ashes.
19. DON'T USE KEROSENE TO START OR QUICKEN A FIRE.

20. Don't smoke in bed.
21. Don't hunt for gas leaks with a match. Put soap lather on suspected joints and watch for bubbles.
22. Never leave a fire burning in an un-screened fireplace.
23. Don't use inflammable insect sprays indoors and under no circumstances should gasoline be sprayed in closets, etc., as an insect spray.
24. Don't heat paraffin wax over a direct fire. Use a double boiler to melt the wax.
25. Always use care, common sense and forethought and you will live longer.

DOMINION FIRE COMMISSIONERS,
OTTAWA

BOY, 4, FOILS FIREMAN TWICE

Danbury, Conn. -- An unidentified boy who appeared to be about four years old had quite a time for himself here.

He turned in a fire alarm from a box in Danbury's congested factory district, bringing three fire companies to the scene.

After firemen arrived, he gave the alarm box hook another yank which brought out all of Danbury's fire-fighting apparatus together with 150 firemen.

Fire Chief John A. McNamara said the second alarm was equivalent to a general alarm because of the nature of the area.

He also explained that the boy was able to reach the fire alarm box the first time because "it was a low hanging one."

The boy turned in the second alarm, the Chief said, while he was struggling in the arms of a fireman who saw him standing near the instrument.

"He slapped the fireman in the face with one hand and turned in the alarm with the other," the chief said.

During the excitement of apparatus arriving to answer the second alarm, the chief said the boy disappeared.

IF YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD

You're trapped by flames in your hotel room, a dozen stories above the street. The hallway outside your door is an inferno--there's no hope of reaching the fire escape. Do you have a chance? You do, if you keep your head.

At the terrible Winecoff Hotel fire in Atlanta an Army officer and his wife were thus trapped. Other people were leaping to the pavements. The officer's wife, insane from fear, wanted to. He caught her by the arm, threatened to slap her. "We have a chance," he said, "if you'll do exactly what I tell you."

First, they opened the water taps all the way in the washbasin and tub. Then he took the blanket off the bed, soaked it in the bathtub, and gingerly opened the door to the smoke-filled hall and draped the blanket over the outside of the door--to keep the door from catching fire as long as possible.

Together, they hoisted the mattress off the double bed and propped it against the inside of the door to the hall. They moved the dresser against the mattress to hold it to the door. The top of the mattress still flopped over, so they got a chair and put it on top of the dresser. The officer got a wastebasket and his wife a pitcher and they carried water from the bathroom, soaking the mattress thoroughly.

By this time the water was two inches deep on the floor of the bedroom--and still running. The room was filled with smoke. Now the officer opened the window a little at the top and a little at the bottom--not enough to cause a fire-drawing draft but just enough for essential ventilation. Then the two of them made a tent out of the drenched carpet; pulling it over their heads to ward off as much of the lung-searing smoke as possible. They sat by the window, their nostrils at the lower window opening.

They were still at the window, four hours later, when firemen broke into the room. And they were alive.

-- C.N. Penn. quoted by
Helen McGibney, A.P. dispatch.

HICKEY STRESSES CONTINUOUS
FIRE PREVENTION CAMPAIGN

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, State Fire Marshal, urged a year-round campaign of fire prevention in his talks before the Bridgeport Safety Council at the Stratfield Hotel in Bridgeport and at Westbrook during the dedication ceremonies of Westbrook's new fire house. A large delegation of fire and police chiefs from both areas were in attendance in Bridgeport and Westbrook. Commissioner Hickey a life member of the Bridgeport Safety Council, spoke over WICC, radio station in Bridgeport, and joined with Lieutenant Governor Robert E. Parsons and Fire Chief Grote of Chester, at Westbrook in paying tribute to the late Mark Holbrook who was killed in 1947 in clearing the wooded area on the site of the new fire house.

At both functions, Mr. Hickey traced the technological advance of the fire-fighting techniques, but stressed the role of the individual citizen.

"This country will win the war against fire when, and only when, we realize that every true American must take his place as a belligerent....If we are to succeed in reducing fire losses and the toll of life to a minimum we must constantly battle with public indifference."

Fire claimed the lives of 116 persons in Connecticut during the last three fiscal years ending June 30, according to Mr. Hickey. A total of 216 persons were injured by fire during this same period, and property losses exceeded \$5,000,000 he said.

In praising Westbrook's new structure Mr. Hickey paid tribute to the nation's firemen.

"Buildings and fire fighting apparatus do not wholly indicate the strength of the fire forces in any community. The strongest part of any fire department is not its fine equipment, its attractive uniforms, or its being housed in a modernistic building. No, indeed, the strongest parts are the character and courage of the men who respond regularly to the many fire calls regardless

of the hour of day or to the imminent dangers in line of duty."

FIRE LOSSES IN CANADA

During the year 1947, Canada had 52,931 fires with a property loss of \$57,050,461. This shows an increase of over 15 percent for the year 1947, over the previous year of 1946, when the damage caused by fire amounted to \$49,413,363.

Valuable lives were snuffed out by the demon fire during the year 1947, 149 adults (men), 92 women and 149 children lost their lives.

• Investigations show that over five and a quarter million dollars in property damage was caused through the carelessness of smokers, an enormous increase from the year 1946, when the damage was three and a half million of dollars.

Fire is a complete destroyer, not only in the sense of property destroyed but the loss of valuable lives that cannot be replaced.

-- Police & Fire Bulletin

WINSTED

Alarm Turned In By Alert State Cop

Fire which originated from sparks from a painter's torch which was being used to remove paint from a dwelling house at 47 and 49 Front street recently caused damage estimated roughly at \$5,000 before it was extinguished. The house is owned by Mrs. Thomas F. Head Sr., and is occupied by her own home and that of her son, Thomas F. Head, Jr. and family.

Painters had been using torches as is often customary, to remove old paint from near the veranda on the first floor

near the entrance to Mrs. Head's apartment and had then left and gone to another part of the house. State Police Officer Charles L. Hawley of 40 Coe Street, who had just started out from his home to report for duty at Litchfield barracks at 5 o'clock, noticed the smoke as he was driving along Main street. He went over to Front Street, shouted to a painter who had not then noticed that the house was afire and then went immediately to the fire alarm box, No. 24 at Main and Division streets and turned in the alarm at 4:34 o'clock.

In the meantime a still alarm had been telephoned to the Central firehouse and the Squad A truck was just starting out when the alarm started to ring. The fire was immediately drawn up the partitions into the attic and also to mushroom under the porch roof.

Soon large clouds of smoke were pouring from the house, both from around the porch where the fire started, and from the upper portions as well.

WINTER FIRES

Winter is the season of the year that fire chiefs dread most. For it is during this period of the year that they are usually called upon to fight the most serious fires. In addition to having the more serious blazes during the winter time, the fire departments have at the same time to face the most difficult conditions.

Homes and buildings have to be heated and overheated stoves or furnaces are frequent causes of fires.

And when the work has started the cold hampers the men and the fighting of a small fire becomes a serious problem. There is also great risk to the men themselves as the slippery conditions put them in danger of falls which may prove serious and sometimes fatal.

With all these things to consider, the fire chiefs have good reason to worry over winter fires.

Pertinent & Otherwise

VOX-COP

October, 1948

Parents Take Safety Plea To Police, Get Help

New York City newspapers recently publicized the protest and direct action taken by a group of Brooklyn mothers in their campaign to strengthen safety facilities along the streets surrounding public schools. With the opening of the schools in September, a number of accidents happened on the thoroughfares adjacent to the schools which aroused public indignation. Of interest to all police chiefs, is that public criticism was not heaped upon the New York Police Department for failure to render police service. The attack was on the city administration for not providing adequate police manpower.

The mothers who, for several days, had been patrolling the thoroughfares and stopping cars where several children had been injured by motorists capped their drive by sending a delegation of five to police headquarters for an hour-long conference with the chief of staff of the police department. They got action. Two extra traffic policemen were taken from other locations and assigned to the busy intersection two blocks from the school where motorists had been persistently ignoring boulevard stop signs. In one day and during the hours of school, the two officers issued 30 summons to violators. The mothers who protested to the police represented the Parent-Teacher Association of the 800-public schools. They complained that not enough policemen were detailed to the area at school rush hours; that stop signs in the neighborhood were rusted and obscured by trees; that motorists ignored the few visible signs; and that "School Zone" signs were made of cardboard and blew away in every wind. These are familiar charges in all police circles. It took five mothers to take matters into their own hands and for two days preceding their call at headquart-

ers they were armed with whistles and notebooks, having stationed themselves at street corners around the school, taking down license numbers of errant motorists to report to police officials and in fact they stopped fast moving cars to lecture the drivers.

In Connecticut we are conducting a Pedestrian Campaign throughout the state and the burden falls almost entirely on local police departments rather than the State Police. We have been very fortunate that very few accidents happen at school intersections. The most serious one in the past year involved a police officer attempting to stop a fleeing car operated by automobile thieves. Nevertheless there are too many near accidents at such crossings and few departments are adequately manned to properly maintain strict control of traffic at these particular crossings. A note of warning, however, has been given by the Brooklyn mothers. If municipalities fail to recognize the need of adequate manpower and proper control at school crossings and motorists will not exercise proper caution in these particular areas, then drastic action must follow. The agencies responsible for the safe conduct of children to and from school are not only the police, the school authorities, the courts, but each and every operator of a motor vehicle. It is our duty to educate motorists to reduce speed at school crossings; to have cars absolutely under control; and to be alerted for unexpected conduct on the part of the children. The State Police, too, need to give more attention to motorists failing to stop to the rear of school buses at points where children are being discharged from such vehicles. Let's not wait for a protest to bring direct action. ACT NOW!

"WHAT'S COOKING"?

New York -- The National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters announced a revision reducing coverage of the residence and outside theft policy.

The revision is effective October 1, in all states except Texas where it goes into effect Dec. 1.

The coverage on all property unattended in automobiles, motorcycles and trailers--other than public conveyances --has been excluded from the policy under the revision. However, policyholders may restore such coverage by paying an extra premium.

The revision also limits coverage on property in custody of laundries, cleaners, dyers, tailors and pressers to loss caused by robbery at their place of business. Coverage available away from the premises is further restricted to the kind of property actually insured within the premises and the amount of such outside coverage may not exceed the amounts insured within the premises.

The bureau explained that since the broadening of the residence and outside theft policy in 1943, inflated property values and "a major nationwide crime wave" caused an alarming increase in insurance payments for losses. The bureau said it believed further rate increases would be impracticable and decided instead on limitation of the coverage.

WEST HARTFORD JUDGE AMAZED
WHEN ACCUSED ADMITS GUILT

"This is the first time in all my years as a judge and as a prosecutor that I've heard a man admit that he was drunk while driving a motorcycle," Judge Harold K. Watrous said in the West Hartford Town Court recently.

The judge was directing his remarks at George Sokoloski of Simsbury who was arrested for operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor.

According to Town Prosecutor Daniel C. Flynn, Sokoloski was first observed

on his motorcycle traveling south on So. Main St. in a "weaving" manner. When stopped by a traffic policeman, Mr. Flynn said, Sokolski told the officer that he was just returning home from a wedding in New Britain and that he thought he was too drunk to be driving. After making the statement he then handed the policeman the keys to the motorcycle, the prosecutor said.

Judge Watrous found the man guilty and set fine at \$120 with \$50 remitted.

(Who said "It pays to be honest"? -- Ed.)

WANT TO BE A 'PRIVATE EYE'?

By Pete Mastronardi

Would you like to be a private eye, to peek through keyholes and over transoms, or to trail people and still get paid for it?

Well, here's your chance. A Bridgeport man next week opens what is believed to be the first detective training school for males and females in this state.

The man is Martin J. Pizighelli, of 290 Hamilton street, who boasts of more than 15 years' experience in private investigation work throughout Connecticut.

Mr. Pizighelli's new school will make it possible for those enrolled to take the home study course if they so desire.

In addition, he claims that people can learn to become expert detectives in only 16 easy lessons.

The school will be operating next week, at 284 Hamilton street, under the licensed name of the National Detective Training school.

Persons taking the course at the school or at home will receive consultation service on problems connected with their course, and examinations and grading of written exercises will be handled only by recognized instructors of the school.

Following completion of the course,

Pertinent & Otherwise

VOX-COP

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The revision is effective October 1, in all states except Texas where it goes into effect Dec. 1.

The coverage on all property unintended in automobiles, motorcycles and trailers--other than public conveyances--has been excluded from the policy under the revision. However, policyholders may restore such coverage by paying an extra premium.

The revision also limits coverage on property in custody of laundries, cleaners, dyers, tailors and pressers to loss caused by robbery at their place of business. Coverage available away from the premises is further restricted to the kind of property actually insured within the premises and the amount of such outside coverage may not exceed the amounts insured within the premises.

The bureau explained that since the broadening of the residence and outside theft policy in 1943, inflated property values and "a major nationwide crime wave" caused an alarming increase in insurance payments for losses. The bureau said it believed further rate increases would be impracticable and decided instead on limitation of the coverage.

WEST HARTFORD JUDGE AMAZED
WHEN ACCUSED ADMITS GUILT

"This is the first time in all my years as a judge and as a prosecutor that I've heard a man admit that he was drunk while driving a motorcycle," Judge Harold K. Watrous said in the West Hartford Town Court recently.

The judge was directing his remarks at George Sokoloski of Simsbury who was arrested for operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor.

According to Town Prosecutor Daniel C. Flynn, Sokoloski was first observed

on his motorcycle traveling south on So. Main St. in a "weaving" manner. When stopped by a traffic policeman, Mr. Flynn said, Sokolski told the officer that he was just returning home from a wedding in New Britain and that he thought he was too drunk to be driving. After making the statement he then handed the policeman the keys to the motorcycle, the prosecutor said.

Judge Watrous found the man guilty and set fine at \$120 with \$50 remitted.

(Who said "It pays to be honest"? -- Ed.)

WANT TO BE A 'PRIVATE EYE'?

By Pete Mastronardi

Would you like to be a private eye, to peek through keyholes and over transoms, or to trail people and still get paid for it?

Well, here's your chance. A Bridgeport man next week opens what is believed to be the first detective training school for males and females in this state.

The man is Martin J. Pizighelli, of 290 Hamilton street, who boasts of more than 15 years' experience in private investigation work throughout Connecticut.

Mr. Pizighelli's new school will make it possible for those enrolled to take the home study course if they so desire.

In addition, he claims that people can learn to become expert detectives in only 16 easy lessons.

The school will be operating next week, at 284 Hamilton street, under the licensed name of the National Detective Training school.

Persons taking the course at the school or at home will receive consultation service on problems connected with their course, and examinations and grading of written exercises will be handled only by recognized instructors of the school.

Following completion of the course,

the graduates will be given written recommendations to any firm or agency with which they seek employment.

Mr. Pizighelli, who has had 15 years experience as an investigator at present is the owner of the National Detective Agency. He is licensed by the State of Connecticut and is also a member of the Associated American Detective Agencies.---Bridgeport Post

(Did this originate in Bridgeport too---"There's a sucker born every minute."---Ed)

GOOD BUSINESS SEEN
FOR COMING MONTHS!!

U.S. Report Expects 1948 Motor Vehicle Registrations To Exceed 41,000,000

Washington -- More motor vehicles are on the highways this year than ever before in history, the Federal Works Agency said early this month.

Preliminary reports by the Public Roads Administration show that motor vehicle registration will exceed 41,000,000 by the year's end, topping all previous records.

That would put some 3,200,000 more vehicles on the road than last year's 37,360,000--an increase of 8.6 per cent.

Registrations of private automobiles is expected to reach 33,225,000 compared with 30,718,000 last year. Truck and bus total registration is likely to hit 7,332,000 this year. It was 6,641,000 last year.

The five states with the largest estimated registration in 1948 are California, 3,795,000; New York, 3,125,000; Pennsylvania, 2,251,000; Texas, 2,265,000, and Illinois, 2,206,000.

Whenever you make a fool of yourself, be sure to keep in mind just who did it.

The man who expects much from himself and little from others, has few rivals.

IF-----

If you can keep your temper when all about you
Citizens are losing theirs, yet blaming it on you.

If you can trust yourself, when your Chief doubts you,
Yet, make allowance for his doubting too!

If you can wait to be appreciated, yet not be tired of waiting
Or be fussed at, yet not pass the buck too much;
Or being hated, don't give way to hating;
Or being in dutch, don't beef to beat the Dutch!

If you can grin when some old maid is on the phone

Asking you to get a dead cat out from under her old house;

If you can smile when some two-bit young street-corner drone

Thinks he's a big shot, but an officer is a louse!

If you can hear your court testimony spoken

To appear a lie; this done to make you seem a fool:

Or if you can take a rap when a regulation is broken

By your pal: yet remain silent, calm, and cool.

If you can keep from showing any hard feeling

When another is promoted, instead of you

If you can guard against hitting the ceiling

When you did not get something you thought was due;

If you are willing to accept some extra hours,

After your eight hours have been served and done;

No one but this chaplain give you flowers:

But you're a darned good Peace Officer, Old Son!

--Compliments, Florida Peace Officers Association--Chaplain Lloyd L. King

OFFICER QUILP

EFFESS



OH HOW I LIKE TO PATROL IN THE RAIN!



I'LL HELP THESE PEOPLE AND MAKE OUT A GENERAL SERVICE REPORT



I WOULD LEAVE MY RAINCOAT IN MY LOCKER!



GOODBYE! AND THANKS!

GWAKK!



HERE'S A GENERAL SERVICE SLIP SARGE.

QUILP! TAKE A BATH AND CHANGE YOUR UNIFORM! WILL YOU PLEASE ATTEMPT TO PRESENT A DECENT APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC!

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

October, 1948

Night Crime Is On The Increase

If you must roam the streets after dark, here are rules to help you defend yourself.....

BY Ralph Bass

It was 3 a.m. and the tall, blonde girl was hurrying along the dark sidewalk. From time to time she glanced back nervously. A burly figure darted out of an alley and a large hand clamped over her mouth. But a moment later the would-be mugger shrieked in agony and fell writhing to the pavement. At a near-by hospital he moaned. "I didn't know women still wore those things."

He was talking about hat pins. And women still wear them--especially nurses, waitresses, telephone operators and others who must go home late at night through dimly lighted, dangerous neighborhoods.

The hat pin is a weapon in the war against stick-up men, rapists and yeggs all over the country. Assault crime is on the increase--by the latest figures--a stick-up every 10 minutes, a rape, murder or assault every six. Even if you're a man you're in plenty of danger if you walk through tough districts after dark. How can you protect yourself? Here are some rules given to THIS WEEK by former Deputy Chief Inspector John J. Hennessy, of the New York City Police Department. Hennessy spent 28 years on the force and here's what he says:

1. When a gun is bruising your ribs, hand over your money and don't argue. Most criminals don't want to kill, but anything goes in a getaway. If they've got records they'll often risk the "hot seat" rather than do more time.

2. Sneak a look at the fellow. Has he any scars or other unusual marks? Nine times out of 10 he's in the rogues' gallery.

3. If a mugger suddenly slides a brawny arm around your throat from behind, don't struggle. You can't live with a fractured larynx.

4. If you run into a brute who slugs

first and takes your wallet afterwards, there's still something you can do. If you're not hit hard, pretend you are. Lie still--or he may finish the job.

5. But don't hesitate to scream at the top of your lungs if you see an evil-looking stranger sneaking up on you at night in a lonely street. Many a woman has escaped attack when heads began popping out of windows. Above all, don't be too proud to run.

6. If you must stroll around town after dark, don't walk too close to the building line. A long snaky arm can reach out in a flash and snatch you into a hallway, an alley or eternity. Stay close to the curb.

If you wear glasses, you may be a target, too. Crooks know most police officers have good eyesight, and they won't risk tangling with a possible detective.

Prostitutes too, prefer to accost men with glasses. Several years ago a couple of vice-squad men in a mid-western city outfitted themselves with window pane spectacles. Their arrest records lengthened miraculously.

7. Keep away from districts where, after nightfall, strangers are regarded as manna from heaven. If you do blunder into such a neighborhood, walk straight ahead, fast, mind your own business, and you may be lucky. Dawdle, loiter, peer about curiously or ask directions, and your name may appear on the police blotter next morning, with the notation: possible fractured skull. Paradoxically sometimes you're safer in a crowded slum than in a lonely, swanky district. Criminals prefer privacy and heavy purses.

8. Don't practice your judo lessons on a thug. He may have taken the advance course. Why risk your life for a

couple of dollars which is all you should carry if you frequent dubious neighborhoods? People who carry their life savings in their hip pockets usually go down fighting and are buried at the city's expense.

9. Don't count your money in public. And don't flash your roll in a tavern unless your insurance is paid up.

10. Learn the location of the police box in your neighborhood. Your call is flashed to radio cars and often they can be at your side in less than a minute.

11. Get yourself a police whistle. It scares off thugs and brings police with the same blast.

12. Try to stick to well-lighted streets. Statistics show there are twice as many crimes committed in poorly lit areas. And insist that your landlord keep bright lights burning in the hallways.

13. Stay away from empty lots and don't walk near billboards behind which an assailant may lurk. Keep out of public parks after dark.

14. Look around as you leave a subway, trolley or bus and make sure you're not being followed. And don't get into a conversation with a man who asks you for a match or cigarette.

15. Before you step into a self-service elevator, see who's inside. If you don't like his looks, don't go in. In a car stalled deliberately between floors anything can happen.

16. Don't carry a gun for protection unless you're an expert. An untrained pistol-toter usually shoots himself in the leg the first time out. The bandit always has the drop on you, anyhow. Besides, police believe that if more people carried guns, murders and suicides would zoom. A quarrel, a fit of depression--bang!

Finally, there's one sure-fire method says Hennessy, for avoiding vicious characters. After dusk, lock your front door, turn on the television set, and settle down for the night. -- This Week

"This crime was the work of a master

criminal," said the prosecutor, "and was carried out in a skillful, clever manner."

"Flattery won't get you nowhere," the crook said. "I ain't gonna confess."

---Auburn Plainsman

HOLDUP STAGED AT AIRPORT

New York, -- A gunman held up a cashier in the Pan-American World Airways Office at LaGuardia Field last week with about \$3,000, police reported.

Passengers at the international terminal, about 50 yards away, were unaware of the holdup.

It occurred on the second floor of the nearby hangar building. The gunman escaped after binding and gagging the cashier.

Carl F. Nelson, the cashier, said the robber overlooked several thousand dollars in a safe compartment.

The holdup was the first reported at the airport since it opened in 1939.

KILLER AWAITS VERDICT ON LAST-MINUTE ALIBI

New York -- A killer who admitted that committing murder was "just like ordering a cup of coffee--no more trouble than that," waits in Sing Sing death house to see if his last-minute alibi for two men convicted with him would save their lives.

Andrew Sheridan, 46, testified in General Sessions Court on a plea for a new trial for his co-defendants, John M. Dunn and Daniel Gentile, convicted with him for slaying boss Stevedore Anthony Hintz.

The killer, who admitted he was a waterfront racketeer, said they had nothing to do with it. He engineered the shooting, Sheridan said, and it was "just like ordering a cup of coffee--no more trouble than that."

The three men are scheduled to die Nov. 15.

MOONSHINERS MAKING A POSTWAR RECOVERY

New York -- There's still plenty of moonshiners in them thar hills plenty in the big cities, too.

They're making a postwar recovery that has the legitimate liquor people up in arms. And Uncle Sam's revenueurs--doing their best with a drastically trimmed budget--are kept hopping.

Modern moonshining is a far cry from the pungent-smelling little old stills hidden back in the piney hills, or the bathtub hooch plants of prohibition days.

It's a streamlined big-time operation now. Inter-state syndicates of illegal distillers use trucks and cars by the hundreds, fast planes, and modern chemistry. One operator in the South not long ago was even reported using a helicopter to reach his almost inaccessible still.

The legal liquor men estimate that as much as one-fourth of the distilled liquor consumed in this country last year was illicitly produced. That would mean American tipplers are downing some 45 million gallons of moonshine a year, conservatively speaking.

The price of this mountain dew, of course, varies considerably. Delivered young and raw in five-gallon cans, it may bring only \$2 a gallon in the backwoods.

Often Sells For \$10 A Gallon

But when slightly aged, flavored with a dash of good legal whiskey and bottled with counterfeit labels and tax stamps, it often sells for \$10 a gallon in town.

That case of "holiday bargain" liquor some friend of yours bought last Christmas for \$10 under the legitimate price may well have been doctored-up hooch--even if it bore legal-looking labels of a well-known brand.

Just how big the moonshining business has grown is difficult to estimate in dollars. U.S. alcohol tax unit men say the only way it could be figured with any reasonable accuracy would be to persuade the bootleggers to volunteer the information.

However, F. E. M. Whiting, president of the Licensed Beverage Industries estimates that the moonshiners and bootleggers deprived this country of 650 million dollars in unpaid federal and state taxes in fiscal 1948.

He says this figure is based on the capacity of illegal stills seized during the period. Tax enforcement officers think the estimate is high. They're confident that even with their much-reduced manpower, they're keeping illicit stills under much better control than that.

Legitimate distillers, naturally unhappy that moonshiners are taking a fat slice out of their potential profits, stress such tax loss figures in their argument that federal excise levies on liquor are far too steep.

When the public has to pay \$9 a gallon to Uncle Sam, plus State taxes, on every gallon of legal spirits, millions of otherwise law-abiding citizens are going to turn to Bootleg Joe, according to the liquor men.

During the war, moonshining fell off sharply. Copper, grain and sugar, as well as gasoline for hauling, were scarce. When vital supplies require ration coupons, that adds to the danger of illicit operations.

Besides many consumers were in the Armed Forces. Often they were either brewing their own "jungle juice" or buying foreign beverages on the spot--like the famous poor man's cognac of Normandy, calvados.

When the war ended, the illicit industry staged a fast comeback and it has been gaining momentum ever since.

The Treasury Department's Alcohol Tax Unit disclosed the other day during July and August of this year alone, 1,262 stills were seized. They had a total producing capacity of 34,624 proof gallons a day. Compare with the figures for the same two months last year: 878 stills seized, capacity 19,806 gallons daily.

Arrests climbed sharply, too---1,400 persons clapped into the clink during the two-month period this year, 1045 in the same period of 1947.

Today's Moonshine Made From Sugar

The old traditional term "corn liker" isn't used much in the trade anymore. Because by far the largest part of today's white lightnin' is made from sugar instead of grain.

Sugar mash takes only a couple of days to ferment when modern chemicals are used to speed the process, as against nine days for the old corn mash.

Not only that, but the sugar-process can't be smelled so far away--a big item for a moonshiner ducking the revenuers. And it leaves no messy residue that's hard to dispose of.

Many a careless boozer has been undone because his still drainings killed trout in a stream and put fisherman on the alert. Or because wandering cows ate dumped-out grain mash and started giving queer-tasting milk.

The great bulk of illegal distilling continues to be done in the Southern States, but criminal syndicates also have been found stepping up their operations elsewhere, especially in the Middle Atlantic states.

The largest still captured in New York State since prohibition was seized by Alcohol Tax Unit agents only a few weeks ago. It was hidden in an isolated barn near Carmel, and agents said it could turn out 500 gallons of 190-proof spirits a day.

Multiply that capacity by a conservative bootleg retail price--say \$8 a gallon--and you get some idea of the magnitude of modern-day moonshining.

GUNMAN ESCAPES WITH \$1,000

San Francisco, -- A gunman with a Van Dyke beard and wearing a red shirt and slacks held up a branch of the American Trust Co. bank early this week. He escaped with about \$1,000.

There were about 150 persons in the bank, at California and Polk.

The gunman stood in line until he got to the window of the teller Richard Curtis, 23.

He told Curtis quietly: "I'll shoot

everyone if you make a noise."

Then he put the canvas bag on the counter.

Curtis pressed the burglar alarm and pushed about \$1,000 in bills toward the man. He turned and disappeared quickly in the street crowd.

'KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY'

If it is possible to make a driver happy while he is being arrested for a traffic violation, Connecticut's State Police have the know-how.

In the current issue of a monthly bulletin published to keep state policemen informed on the latest techniques--are the following training tidbits:

Title, "Handling the case." Subtitle, "Addressing the violator."

"The first words the officer should use are the words which please any customer when they enter any place of business--namely, "Good morning, sir" or "good morning, madam," or "good afternoon---" or "good evening---."

The bulletin is not, however, completely convinced that everything will be love-and-kisses forever after. It advises cautiously:

"This courteous approach can do much to keep the conversation that follows on a reasonably friendly basis."

Some hints on the physical conduct of the officer are also given. For one thing, he should not stick his head in the window of the automobile.

After all this advice on how to give the offender every chance to be arrested under cordial and courteous conditions, the bulletin sounds a business note:

"Some officers prefer to keep their gun hand free and accept the license with their other hand."--Hartford Times

It is interesting to note that in a five-year study it was proved that 92 per cent of all cars stolen were left unprotected, with keys ready for use and doors unlocked.

Entre



Nous

VOX-COP

October, 1948

Gang Chiefs Baffle Scotland Yard

By Robert Musel

London -- The "master mind" isn't always a figment of mystery fiction. Scotland Yard has two of them to worry about right now.

Behind the baronial walls of the Yard, overlooking the Thames, all the resources of scientific crime detection are being used to trap two whose exploits would sound ridiculously untrue even between the covers of a lurid crime novel.

They are both business men, ostensibly. Both operate from London. Somehow they seem to be able to command silence even from underlings caught and facing long jail terms. Not even the promise of freedom or a light sentence ever has given the police a damaging bit of evidence.

Only the other day one of them apparently attended the trial of some of his hirelings. Detectives are reasonably certain he was there but they can't prove anything against him. They hoped there would be some sign from the prisoners. But the accused took their long sentences without a glance at him.

One of the two specializes in robberies of big country houses and valuable art works. He is believed to have helped plan the \$100,000 jewel robbery of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor two years ago when they were guests at a mansion in suburban Sunningdale.

He is almost certainly the brain behind the robbery of Lord Astor's Hever Castle, where they picked what they wanted with the discrimination of art experts.

Before the war, Scotland Yard detected the same hand in several robberies at the stately and usually isolated homes of the wealthy nobility.

He ceased operations during the war, perhaps as a patriotic gesture, and the Yard hoped that something had happened to him. But the Windsor robbery changed their minds.

The second master mind is by far the more dangerous. His most recent exploit was a bid for what would have been one of the greatest hauls of all time--4 million dollars in gold, diamonds and other valuables from the bonded warehouse at London airport.

Among the items worrying the Yard is how the G.O.C. (general officer commanding), as he was known to his men, managed to learn the contents of the warehouse and the secret time of arrival of a plane carrying \$800,000 in gold. Also how he managed to recruit eight of London's toughest gangsters from six different gangs and yet exact blind loyalty from them.

He moved his eight chosen men into furnished rooms near the airport, supplied them with a Rolls Royce, a Bentley (both among the most expensive cars in the world) and a powerful station wagon. He knew the habits of the warehouse guards and had their tea drugged on the day appointed for the raid.

Scotland Yard learned about the raid from a separate underworld source, however, and although they watched the preparations and foiled the robbery, they never got a line on the leader. The break-up of the warehouse raid was a dramatic highlight of post-war crime here. The robbers all wore silk stockings pulled down over their heads and carried blackjacks and iron pipes--but no guns.

Instead of drugged employes, they found Scotland Yard Flying Squad officers pretending to be overcome.

NAUSEATING DRUG CAN PUT
ALCOHOLICS ON THE WAGON

Alcoholics can be put on the wagon for months and even years by a drug treatment that makes them sick of the sight, taste, or thought of alcohol, two Seattle physicians report. The drug is emetine, which nauseates anyone who takes it. It's given to the chronic drinker. Before he becomes sick from it, he's given various kinds of drinks. He retches and is miserably sick, from the drug, not from the drink.

After four to eight such treatments, he can't stand the taste or sight of a drink, even when he doesn't get the drug first. He associates the sickness with the drink, even though he knows the drug was what made him sick.

This association of ideas is psychological, and is called a conditioned reflex. A Russian, Pavlov, did a famous experiment with it. In his laboratory, a bell was rung before dogs were given or shown their food. The dogs' mouths watered at the sight and smell of the food. After a time, the ringing of the bell started their mouths to watering even when no food appeared.

This conditioned reflex treatment is not a cure for alcoholism. But a new report, based on treatment of 2,323 chronic drinkers since 1935, says it can be valuable aid in helping alcoholics stop their drinking if they sincerely want to.

The results are described in the New England Journal of Medicine by Dr. Paul O'Hallaren, assistant chief of staff of the Shadel Sanitarium, Seattle, and Dr. Frederick Lemere, staff psychiatrist.

They checked the record of the 2,323 patients who had received the treatment between 1935 and 1945. Nearly 45 per cent were still on the wagon in 1945, they said. On the average, those who had started drinking again had stayed dry for more than 11 months.

The study shows that after the treatment, 85 per cent of alcoholics will abstain from drinking for at least six months. Seventy per cent will go a year or more, sixty per cent make it for at

least two years, 55 per cent for three years, 40 per cent go four years, and more than 30 per cent go seven years or more, and 25 per cent have stayed on the wagon for up to 10½ years, the end of the surveyed period.

To be done safely, the treatment has to be given by properly trained doctors or nurses. It isn't a sure cure. Alcoholics don't drink to excess out of pure love for the taste of alcohol. The reason for their drinking lies in peculiar problems of personality, the mind, or their environment.

Another strange fact is that an alcoholic, once he quits drinking, can't take even a single drink safely. Cases are known where recovered alcoholics sincerely wanting to stay sober, started on sprees after taking cough medicine that contained alcohol.

The drug treatment is valuable because it helps the patient stop drinking while attempts are made to work out the personality or environment problems behind his drinking.

The cases reported included persons, mostly men, of all ages, intelligence, and social and financial status. Treatment was not attempted on other patients who weren't sincere about quitting their drinking, or on a small number who were insane or who weren't well enough physically.

PINK ELEPHANTS

Police throughout the State were seriously shocked last month when they received a teletype warning from the State Police to be on the look-out for "a live two-headed cow." But oddly enough they were not kidding. A truck containing a double-headed bovine had become separated from another vehicle carrying other animal freaks, and the constabulary was trying to find it. And while we're on the subject, there was a report of another cow that lapped up some fermented corn juice leaking from the base of a silo and developed herself a beautiful jag.

POLICE CHIEFS ARE WARNED OF FIFTH COLUMN

Poland Spring, Me. -- The most effective means of keeping war from American shores, Edward P. Morgan said "is to insure that the Communist fifth column is extirpated from our midst."

Morgan, former administrative assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, told the New England Police Chiefs convention the American "dream of freedom is endangered today to a degree unparalleled in our history."

"We seem to indulge the feeling," said Morgan "that we and the world are at peace. Nothing could be farther from the truth."

"In overrunning the countries of central Europe, the Soviet Union has placed her great Red army at their back door, has infiltrated these countries with Communist agents, and with power politics and ruthless secret police methods has literally taken over these countries contrary to the wishes and desires of their people. This is war--in any man's language."

Depicting Communist Party members as "potential saboteurs and espionage agents of the Soviet Union," Morgan said "they must be removed from strategic positions which they have infiltrated before the very serious world situation becomes more critical."

Fires, Explosions

Catastrophic fires and explosions which will plague civilian areas in a third world war, were forecast by Edward J. Hickey, Connecticut Commissioner of Public Safety, in a paper read to the assemblage by Capt. Leo F. Carroll, of the Connecticut State Police. Commissioner Hickey could not attend because of illness.

Major disasters and plans to cope with them was the subject of the Commissioner's paper. Above all else, he advised the chiefs, "don't hesitate to keep the public fully and immediately informed by radio, press and amplifiers.Hampering such releases adds to chaos and misinformation."

In the event of disasters, Commis-

sioner Hickey said in his paper, the police must; 1, provide for the movement of essential traffic; 2, establish medical centers in the disaster areas; 3, set up a lost and found spot for children; and 4, evacuate all persons from the disaster areas.

Officers Elected

The chiefs elected Nelson G. Bourrett Cranston, R. I., as president to succeed Chief Kenneth W. Howland of Woodbridge, Ct.

Others elected were: Vice presidents Arthur W. McIsaac, Concord, N.H.; Francis Cone, Bennington, Vt.; William J. Callahan, Athol, Mass.; Earl Bradbury Brewer, and Walter Sandstrom, West Hartford, Ct.

Secretary, Thomas H. Welch, Needham, Mass.; executive director, Archie Bullock, Arlington, Mass.; treasurer, James J. Crosby, East Providence, R. I., and sergeant-at-arms, Anthony Ferrara, Bristol, R. I.

"PADDY" DOLAN, HUDSON COUNTY POLICE CHIEF DIES

Chief Patrick Dolan, 70, of Hudson County Police (N.J.) collapsed and died in front of Police Headquarters, Jersey City, on September 22. "Paddy" Dolan was probably the best known police officer in New Jersey. He was known throughout the East, and well known at all the national conventions. When Chief Dolan took the floor at the national conferences, fun began. He feared no one. He presented his subject and waited for an opponent. Woe to the opponent not fully prepared to back his argument up with facts. We shall miss him at these conventions.

Forty years a policeman in Hudson County, Chief Dolan established a reputation for fearlessness and hard work unmatched in his native state.

Broad-shouldered and of ruddy complexion, Paddy Dolan was able to move into the thick of milling strikers, free-for-alls, and attempted assaults

with only a soft word of caution in a strong Irish brogue.

When Paddy said, "you might get hurt" tempers subsided and men shuffled away.

Paddy Dolan commanded respect and friendship. Five feet eleven inches tall with massive shoulders, he was one of the few survivors of the school that came up the rugged way. As a young man he was a scrapper and fought an exhibition with Jim Jeffries, former heavyweight champion. Paddy was only a welterweight at the time. He made a good showing. As a young man he also served as an umpire in the Southern League before joining the police force. He rose through the ranks by sheer hard work and was appointed chief in 1923. New Jersey has lost a capable police officer; the police of the nation, a loyal and ardent supporter of law and order.

CHARLIE CHAN DISCIPLE
ASKS FINGERPRINTING FOR ALL

By Thor Severson
Denver Post Staff Writer

A disciple of the real-life Charlie Chan proposed that a universal identification plan of fingerprinting be adopted for the protection of "both the individual and society."

He is William A. Wong of Honolulu, director of identification for the Territory of Hawaii, who addressed the convention of the International Association of Identification at the Albany hotel.

Wong is a student of Hawaii's real-life Charlie Chan. Chan's real name, said Wong, was Apa Chan. And the stories about the "one-man police force" still make the rounds in the detective world, even though Chan has been dead five years.

Has Top Record

But then, Wong hasn't done so badly himself. The graying and alert native Hawaiian has an unblemished record in identification work which has gained him

world-wide recognition.

A universal plan of identification, Wong said, would serve "many good purposes." It would give the state an accurate record of identification in its war against crime, protect the innocent and give society the "protection of absolute identification it now lacks."

The war has broken down many of the common fears stemming from civil fingerprinting programs, Wong said. Hawaii has become "fingerprint minded," he added. At present 90 per cent of Hawaii's population is fingerprinted.

The real-life Charlie Chan, Wong remembers, was one of the truly great men in detective work. He was a man of extreme courage.

ANOTHER NEW CHIEF IN NORWICH

Norwich -- Capt. John R. Donovan was advanced to chief of the local police department at a meeting of the City Court of Common Council. Captain Donovan, a member of the department for 28 years, succeeds John T. Casey who retired as chief Oct. 1.

THANK YOU

Our nomination for the Good Sport of the Week is the New Yorker who, after paying his \$35 fine for speeding, found he got a \$15 rebate from the \$50 bond he had posted to guarantee his appearance in court. He promptly turned the balance over to a worthy police charity, thus underscoring the apparent fact that he bore no hard feelings.

Since we mentioned the police, this seems a good time to note the cracker-jack organization that is the Connecticut State Police force. The troopers are clean-cut, intelligent, courteous fellows, working in a tightly-knit, smoothly-functioning team under an understanding boss, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey. To him and his men, a bow.

---Greenwich Times

1948 POLICE CONVENTIONS

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
OF IDENTIFICATION

Lieutenant Frank Chameroy journeyed to Denver, Colorado, in late September to represent C.S.P. at the International Association of Identification. Frank, from all reports, had a glorious trip and continues to relate the many courtesies extended to the delegates. The report about the convention's business sessions indicates much effort was put into the program by the various committees which resulted in a very outstanding and instructive conference.

Were it not so far from New England, other C.S.P. members would have been delegated to attend this worth-while conference. Lieutenant Chameroy was honored, being elected 2nd vice president. The convention elected R.W. Nebergal, Chief, Division of Criminal Investigation, Iowa Department of Public Safety, Des Moines, Iowa as President. C.S.P. extends congratulations to President Nebergal and assures him our loyal support and whole-hearted cooperation.

NEW ENGLAND POLICE CHIEFS

The Connecticut State Police was represented at the New England Police Chiefs' Convention October 3-4-5 at Poland Springs, Maine by Captains Leo F. Carroll and Ralph Buckley. Captain Carroll addressed the convention on Major Disasters. His many friends attending the convention complimented him on his presentation.

Known throughout New England as C.C.E. (Criminal Consulting Engineer) big hearted Leo had a grand time until he received word on the convention floor that his companion, Captain Ralph J. Buckley, had been stricken suddenly ill. From that moment on, Captain Leo not only provided doctors and nurses for Capt. Ralph but rendered first aid, giving all his time to comforting Ralph. C.S.P.

upon being notified, made arrangements for further medical aid and hospitalization upon Captain Ralph's arrival in New London.

C.S.P. Captains are singing the praises of the F.B.I. agents of Maine and Connecticut who were at the convention who joined with Captain Carroll and President Ken Howland in looking after Captain Buckley. Chief Howland, upon his return to Connecticut with the C.S.P. Safety Car visited Headquarters and offered further assistance. Captain Buckley is now convalescing at St. Francis Hospital after a major operation.

I. A. C. P.

Commissioner Hickey, Major Kelly and Lieutenant Pastore of C.S.P. attended the International Association of Chiefs of Police in New York City, October 9 to 14 inclusive. Owing to family illness, the Commissioner spent but two days in New York. Major Kelly and Lieutenant Pastore remained and extended C.S.P. greeting to the I.A.C.P. membership.

Director Homer Garrison of the Texas Department of Public Safety succeeds former Chief Charles Dullea of San Francisco as President of the I.A.C.P. "Our Texas Homer" can be counted upon for an active and progressive administration. C.S.P. has long enjoyed his personal friendship and official cooperation. Texas deserves the national honor bestowed upon her fine sons and stalwart representatives of law and order, President Garrison, I.A.C.P. and First Vice President, Glen H. McLaughlin, I.A.I.

Chief John M. Gleason of Greenwich, Connecticut was elected First Vice President of the I.A.C.P. Chief Earl M. Larimer, Minnesota Highway Patrol was elected General Chairman of the State Provincial Section. Assistant Director, F.B.I., Hugh Clegg, representing the Director of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover, was given an ovation when he announced

that his chief was on the road to recovery.

One of the high spots of the convention was the reception also given to Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan, Boston Police Department, who addressed the Convention in his report on Public Relations. Speaking extemporaneously, Commissioner Sullivan's wit and humor and his timely suggestions had the full attention of the convention. "Tom" Sullivan was at his best. He made many friends and received several rounds of applause.

Report Of Committee On Public Relations

Chairman: Commr. Edward J. Hickey, Conn. State Police, Hartford; Chief Jeremiah F. Dorney, Dept. of Police, Norwalk, Conn.; Chief E. T. Weatherly, Dept. of Police, Cincinnati, Ohio; Supt. Lou Smyth, Chief's Office, Dept. of Police, Kansas City, Mo.; Col. Thomas F. Sullivan, Commr., Dept. of Police, Boston, Mass.; Chief John F. Murray, Dept. of Police, Perth Amboy, N.J.

Successful law enforcement can be attained only through close cooperation between the police and the public--in other words, between those given the task of enforcing the law and those whom the laws are designed to protect.

The degree of cooperation between these two groups of our communities will reflect only the type of relationship we maintain--whether it be good or bad.

Mediums of entertainment and even some of the men who have served within our own ranks have given the people of this country a mistaken idea about the police. Intelligence and courtesy have replaced the ignorance and strong-arm methods of the law enforcement officials of yesterday. It is for us, the policemen of today to put the policeman into the proper class of society in which he should be placed and to obtain the public's recognition of police service as a profession.

A detailed discussion of all the possible ways of approaching and handling the public, acting in the capacity

of a policeman, would be impossible here, but we should always remember one primary fact--simple, common courtesy is the basis of all good public relations.

Good manners are the result of proper education and leadership. As policemen we should strive to be looked upon as leaders in our community. People need us, especially those whose everyday living habits are an important part of our daily lives. We offer something they want and are entitled to have--in a courteous and efficient manner.

Always remember we are "officers" but never forget we are part of the people.

NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Sergeants Leslie Williams and Harry Taylor attended the National Safety Council Conference in Chicago starting October 18. Sergeant Williams participated in the program, Police Section, in the panel discussion on Police Specialization. Sergeant Taylor, who recently served on the special traffic detail this past summer, attended and participated in the Traffic Section Program.

Both Sergeants are attending this Conference for the first time in line with the policies of C.S.P. -- each year different officers are sent to the National Conferences. Members of C.S.P. attending the 1948 police conferences all report each convention as instructive, entertaining and cordial.

ATTEMPT TO FLEE JAIL IS THWARTED

Four County Jail prisoners who were taken to a church recently to profess religion and be baptized were surprised, said Sheriff Earl McKnight, as they sought to dig their way out of a cell.

"We heard them hammering all afternoon," the sheriff added, "but thought we would just wait a while before we went up and let them know we knew it."

'Faster Than I'm Used to'
 Capitol Trip Ruffles
 Country's Safest Girl

THE HARTFORD TIMES

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1948

Eleven-year-old Cornelia S. "Tippy" Ward of Sherman today received the title "The Safest Girl in the Country."

But, there were times when she sped to the State Capitol this morning to see Governor Shannon that there were lumps in her throat.

"Those State Police," she gasped, "drove me faster than I'm used to."

Governor Shannon promptly reassured her that the troopers are "mighty fine drivers—they're used to it."

"As a matter of fact, I go much faster with them than I do normally," he added. The Governor's car is chauffeured by a member of the State Police.

After receiving congratulations and a certificate from Governor Shannon in behalf of the State Highway Safety Commission and the National Safety Council, the sixth grader posed for pictures—with her fingers crossed.

"Tippy," her mother, Mrs. Stetson Ward, and Earl C. Branniff of the commission, headed downtown through heavy Hartford traffic for a luncheon engagement.

"We're not taking any chances," Mr. Branniff remarked. "We're walking."

The safest girl was picked at the suggestion of the National Safety Council. "Tippy" seemed the logical choice since Connecticut was the safest state in the country last year, and since the safest age bracket was found to be among girls from 5 to 14 and the town of Sherman never had a fatal automobile accident.

The brown-eyed, curly-haired brunette was selected as the result of her safety essays written for school.

She will be flown to Chicago next week as guest of the National Safety Council and will be presented before 2,000 delegates at the council meeting.

Dear Commissioner Hickey,

The News Papers said that I thought the Police drove me too fast when they took me to Hartford last Thursday. They even said I was scared.

I want you to know that Officer Jones did not drive to fast and I was not a bit scared. Officer Jones is very nice and a very good driver.

Tippy Ward

"Miss Connecticut Safety"



ESTABLISHED 1817

The Hartford Times

A GANNETT NEWSPAPER

HARTFORD · CONNECTICUT

Carl E. Lindstrom
Managing Editor

October 15, 1948

The honorable Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner Connecticut State Police
State Office Building
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Colonel Hickey:

In Thursday night's paper we carried an article captioned, "Capitol Trip Ruffles Country's Safest Girl." The article went on to describe the trip of eleven-year-old Cornelia Ward of Sherman to the Capitol where she was interviewed by two reporters, one of them from this paper.

The article quoted the girl as saying, "Those State Police drove me faster than I'm used to." There was a comment by the Governor and some other details all of which taken together put a different kind of construction upon this incident than, in my opinion, should have been the case. This story was filed in this office on the Associated Press wire. The Associated Press writer rewrote it further accentuating the speed of the trip to Hartford and in at least two papers in the state additional accent was placed in the headlines on the speed of the State Police car. With the passing thus through successive hands the item reached the point of gross distortion from innocent enough beginnings.

The Times and its reporter must bear the responsibility for the initial attitude which, it must be admitted, was out of tune with the event itself. The reporter's intentions were good, as I have ascertained, but he mistakenly strained at an angle which I am satisfied was non-existent.

I greatly regret the handling of the story; so does the reporter.

It is difficult to pick up the pieces on a mistake of this kind, but insofar as it is possible, I and The Times will do anything we can to put the State Police force in a so justly earned favorable light.

Please accept my apologies.

Sincerely,

Carl E. Lindstrom
Managing Editor

CEL:R

When Police Aid The Defense

By Kenneth T. Hayes

Assistant City Attorney for Grand Rapids, Michigan, in the Traffic Review

"And Furthermore, Your Honor, this officer, as I see it, had four choices: 1. He could have checked the brakes on respondent's car by driving it at the same speed the respondent said he had been driving; 2. He could have checked it at the rate of speed referred to in the brake test in the ordinance; 3. He could have checked it at the highest permissible legal rate of speed at the location of the accident; or 4. He could have just picked out any other figure which delighted his fancy, and that apparently is exactly what he did."

And, with a satisfied look, the respondent's attorney sat down at the counsel table. As the traffic prosecutor started to his feet to reply, the judge waved that he had had enough—another example of how a police officer prepares ammunition for the defense, so that without regard for the guilt or innocence of the respondent, the traffic officer went on trial again. Now, the officer quite obviously did not purposely do this to assist the defense, but he surely failed to "hedge" himself by making some brake checks, at the same speed set out in the ordinance or at the speed at which the respondent stated he had been traveling.

Maybe the officer's use of a speed to make the computation of the braking distance easier seems justified to him, but the jury is convinced that the officer purposely is trying to convict a man by some test other than a fair and logical one.

Defense attorneys learned long ago that weak cases are won by putting the police officer on trial, and if counsel can do a reasonably good job on him, the rest of the case will carry its own weight. Therefore, the traffic officer must be impressed with the fact that the traffic court case begins long before the bailiff's gavel announces the opening of court.

As an example, Mr. Traffic Officer, supposing you and your partner are driving along a city street, approaching a boulevard stop. At that moment a car sails by you through the intersection. Precisely then, the court case begins. You "tail" the driver to the next light, where traffic forces him to slow down. You continue to follow him as he later "walk-stops" at another stop street sign, slows momentarily at a red-flasher, and then goes through some turning movements which even mystify you as to the ultimate course he wishes to follow. Having seen enough funny

tricks for one day, you pull him over in the shadow of the "Come again" sign at the edge of town, challenging him on each violation, but issuing the ticket for the first and to you the only really definite one.

However, defense attorney will waste little time in claiming that it certainly appears as though you were not sufficiently sure of the first violation, so you followed the driver until you really could "get something on him." This smacks of the cry of "entrapment," upon which the defense attorney capitalizes during the trial by asking, "When this respondent violated the law, officer (as he pushes his finger into your face), why didn't you stop him then?"

Well, why didn't you? The judge wonders too as he leans forward to catch the answer, which often is lost in the shrug of the officer's shoulders.

Another way to ally yourself with the defense counsel is to get into an argument with the prospective court candidate at the time you apprehend him on the street. This is exactly what he is sparring for. An argument will cause you to drop your guard and leave an opening for his first thrust—a statement on what he thinks about police officers. Then you counter with some sentiments of your own and before you know it the violator has the opportunity to criticize your conduct as an officer. You might as well write yourself up as a witness for the defense and go pick up your subpoena. You will be lucky, before you get through, if you miss a call to the chief's office for actions unbecoming an officer, as the crafty violator plots how he can make life miserable for you. This is child's play, however, compared with the sorcery which defense counsel is brewing for the trial. He pictures the officer as a vulturous marauder swooping down on the hapless citizen motorist to vilify him on the street in the presence of friends and citizens. "Unfortunate is he," concludes the defense, "who is wont to cross the path of this legal eagle."

Still another fruitful source of ammunition for the defense attorney arises at the accident scene, where the officer

is asked by one of the motorists to make a skid measurement or to measure the distance a car has traveled over the center line. An infallible way of insuring that the defense has something to work with is to come forth with that time-worn quip about "who is making this investigation anyway," and then, disgusted with the interference, forget to obtain the measurements requested. Such refusals are always catastrophes. Mr. Traffic Officer, you look awfully silly at the trial trying to give defense counsel a decent explanation of your action, which has denied to the court and the defense the opportunity to have definite physical evidence when the same was readily available, according to wily counsel. A basketful of trouble is about the only reward for the officer who succumbs to this mistake.

Another popular way to throw your weight for the defense is by discussing unnecessarily the implications of the case in making your investigation. You should remember that you never know to whom you are talking. It may be a very close friend of your courtroom candidate, and whatever he can glean from your comments goes right back to the respondent. An officer should try to hold his tongue because any comments indicating weaknesses or soft spots in the case are quickly observed. In other words, do not inform the motorist that unless you can find some witnesses who will say that the noise from the accident was sufficiently loud for the respondent to have heard it, it may be difficult to convict him on a charge of leaving the scene when he maintains he did not otherwise know he had been involved in an accident.

"Tipping your mitt" gives Mr. Citizen Motorist his first idea on how to "beat" the traffic court case. Remember that the other fellow never knows for sure just how much you do know, and that bothers him. He hesitates about whether it is safe to omit some facts or fabricate a story about which you may already know the truth. So, tell him just as little as you must. Never disclose all your facts, because you leave nothing in reserve and you take away from your traffic prosecutor possible weapons which he could use in the courtroom. Outside of the formal report which is made upon the specially provided forms, your collateral notes are in the nature of a report to your superior office and should be treated strictly as such and not made available and disclosed promiscuously to "hang-

ers-on" and "curious citizens." Feigned ignorance by motorists is difficult to discern. It is one of the best ways, though, for finding out just what the officer has in the way of a case, so be wary of a person who presents himself in that category. Good traffic cases are hard enough to win without the officer "preflighting" the court candidate in the case.

The latest fad adopted by traffic officers provides the defense with a real chance to howl. You arrive at the scene of the accident and, after gathering the facts from witnesses and completing your investigation, you finally confront the operators. You give Driver No. 1 a traffic violation notice and inform Driver No. 2 that he did not do anything wrong as far as you can see. What you apparently meant to say was "so far as I can see now." Two days later irate citizen motorist No. 2 receives his violation notice through the mail or by personal call of a uniformed officer. This provides defense counsel with all he needs to blast away at the inefficiency and indecision of an officer, who, he argues, has no mind of his own and who, after telling a motorist he is blameless, goes back to the accident bureau and concocts some violation to make a charge. If you cannot definitely conclude on the street who should have violation notices, how much better it would be to advise both motorists (even though you know one of them is a sure bet for a summons) that they will be notified as your investigation is completed as to the disposition of their cases.

Above all, don't expect your traffic prosecutor to "make" your case for you in the courtroom, because your case is going to stand or fall on what you did out on the street, and it is only in very exceptional cases that the prosecutor pulls one out of the fire. In all cases you can depend upon the defense counsel to have you and the Traffic Prosecutor with your backs to the wall.

What is the answer to this problem? Must the traffic officer always console himself in advance of his courtroom appearance that he is in for a whipping and slip in a few extra shingles for protection? Unless he has been cautious and performed his duty on the street as though he were already under the relentless examination of respondent's counsel, he might as well prepare for the worst because he will not be disappointed.

But, do you think that a creditable performance up to this point is all that is required of you, for when you take the stand during the trial, you still have plenty of time

to aid and abet defense counsel by what you do.

The officer, as he goes into court having in mind all the wisdom expressed in "Ten Tips for Traffic Officers," should remember three other principles which are neither new nor difficult. First, in presenting your testimony, avoid attempting to "pattern" it on that of your brother officer. Remember that a story in repetition becomes monotonous; but re-told by you with your own expressions and mannerisms, it is brought to life again. The court and jury then are encouraged to follow your testimony, which takes on all the significance of a second witness--an effect the prosecutor wants and desires.

Second, in the midst of a lashing by defense counsel, calling for a series of "yes" and "no" answers, you often grope for something to save you from the terrible fate of being able to answer nothing more than "Yes," "No," "Yes," "No," "Yes," etc., which soon creates a rather stupid atmosphere about you. As soon as this commences, a tested, disarming tactic is to add the name of your defense attorney and another adverb or two to your monosyllabic answer, such as: "Yes, certainly, Mr. Lindsey"; "No, of course not, Mr. Lindsey"; "Yes, of course, Mr. Lindsey." Mr. Defense Attorney is not pleased with this tactic which has caused his "machine-gunning" to boomerang, with your answers now adding positiveness to your testimony, and slowing down the rapid firing of questions, helping you to maintain a calm atmosphere under the bombardment. One thing to remember is that if you are going to address a man by his name, you obviously must first know it.

Third, police officers too seldom attend court trials outside of their own cases. You cannot expect to be at ease in a formal courtroom that is as strange to you as the wonders of Grandma's parlor. Take the opportunity sometime to get acquainted with the courtroom and its attaches before the battle begins and see how the experienced witness performs in a courtroom.

For the most part, these are all points which officers generally know and which have been a part of their traffic education, yet it is good to refresh yourself on some of them. In the pell-mell of everyday experience, it is easy to slip up on matters which at the time appear to hold little significance or consequence. A court scene, however, will magnify your every action, and when you make a misstep, you are taking the stand for the defense.

---ILLINOIS POLICEMAN AND POLICE JOURNAL

Controlling Skids

WITH the arrival of October, drivers in most sections of the country enter a season in which they must cope with the hazard of snow and ice on the highway. Care and skill will be needed many times to control skidding wheels.

Avoiding Skids—The best cure for skids, of course, is to prevent them. Remember that cars are most often thrown into skids by:

1. Driving too fast on curves, rough spots, or while crossing the crown of a highway.
2. Starting, or accelerating, too suddenly.
3. Applying the brakes too hard.
4. Operating weaknesses such as uneven braking, improperly inflated or worn tires.

Obviously, the root of the evil is excessive speed in areas of low traction. So, in freezing weather, drive at cautious speeds and be on the watch for icy places—especially on bridges, in areas shaded by trees, and in sheltered spots where the road cuts through a hill.

Should you find yourself in a situation where you must stop in a slippery area, don't slam on the brakes. Instead, "pump" the brake pedal gently; that will check your speed a little at a time and help prevent, or minimize, a skid.

Getting Out of a Skid—If your car does begin to skid, do something about it. There are no hard-and-fast rules, but here are some suggestions:

First of all, control yourself; do not become panicky.

Second, steer the car in the direction in which the rear end is skidding. See diagram.



Many drivers do this, but turn the front wheels too far, with the result that the rear end "whips" into another skid in the opposite direction. Remember, as the car straightens out, straighten the front wheels.

Third, force yourself to keep your foot off the brake pedal. Slamming on the brakes locks the wheels and increases the skid by causing loss of traction.

Fourth, keep the clutch engaged (clutch pedal out). Holding the car in gear helps to reduce speed gradually and yields better control throughout the skid.

Lastly, resist the impulse to lift your foot suddenly from the accelerator. The sudden braking effort of the engine can increase the skid.

Coordinating these five simple actions will help you control your car in a skid. No driver boasts of his skill in getting out of a skid, because he knows a good driver seldom gets into them. But it happens even to the best drivers once in a while. So, do all you can to prevent skidding, but be sure you know what to do if a skid occurs.

IDENTIFICATION TIPS

Emblems of the Toilers

The patient had a conspicuous and firm, horny callus at the base of his left little finger. It was the stonecutter's "ring"—the most characteristic mark of the granite cutter who uses the mechanical chisel.

Another man had abnormally large knuckles on his left hand. For years he had held the weight of his leaning body on his left clinched fist when weeding the lawn. He was a landscape gardener.

The third patient had a thick, scarred lump at the angle of the left lower jaw and heavy calluses on the four left finger tips. He was a violinist.

To be able to spot a person's occupation by a look at his hands or other parts of his body is the fascinating avocation of Dr. Francesco Ronchese, chief dermatologist at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence.

In his new book, "Occupational Marks and Other Physical Signs,"* published last week, Dr. Ronchese has assembled examples of body marks, both common and rare. The book is of use and interest, both to medical examiners and dermatologists, and to lay people who seek new methods of detecting crime and disease.

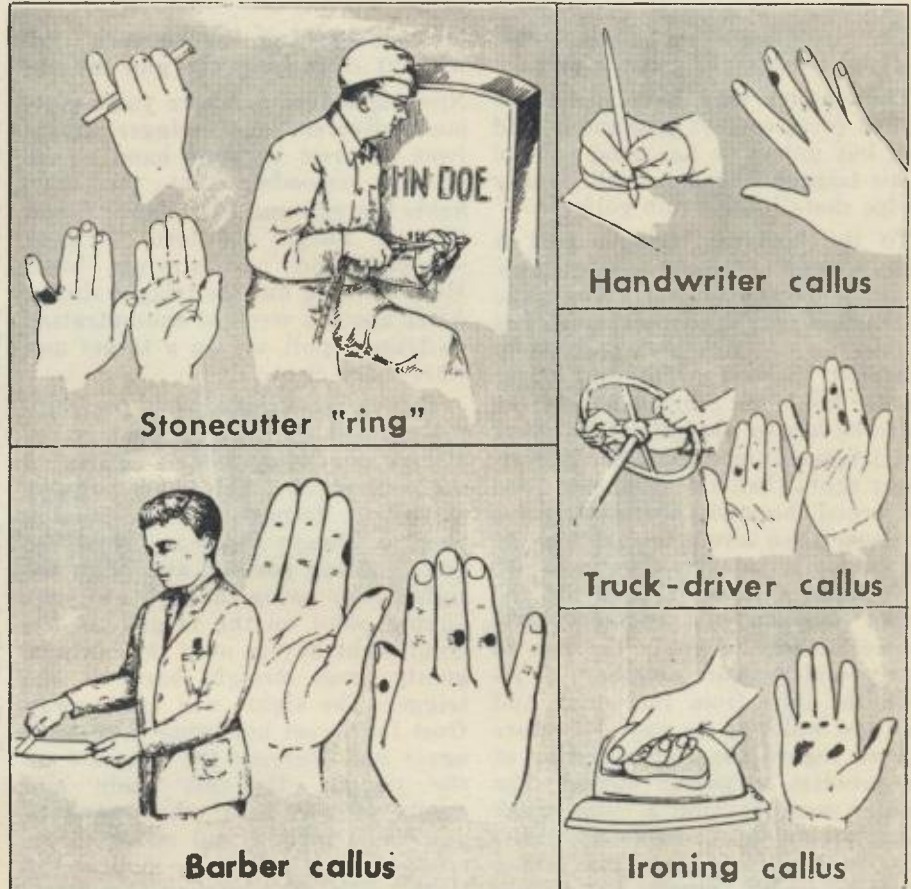
What Do You Do? Body marks peculiar to occupation come from pressure, friction, repeated injuries, and joint deformities. There is the shoemaker's scar on the right hip made by a slip of the knife while cutting leather. There are abrasions found on the shins of junk collectors, truck drivers, engineers, and firemen. And the left shoulder of the mail carrier bears scars from the leather strap that holds his heavily loaded bag.

Heavy calluses are spread over the entire front of the shins of people who work in a kneeling position, like the floor scraper, tile fitter, plumber, miner, textile worker, dress fitter, and scrubwoman.

Fissures and thickening of the lips, and tongue ulceration, are often seen in upholsterers, cobblers, and carpenters who hold nails or tacks in their mouths. Similar injuries are noticed in electricians who test the current with the tip of the tongue.

Seat calluses have long been known as the professional marks of the horseman, particularly the jockey. Other men and women engaged in sedentary occupations may develop boils and scars unless they have enough subcutaneous fat on the buttocks to protect the skin from friction and pressure.

The Hands Will Tell: It is the hand that most often serves as a guide in occu-



From "Occupational Marks" (Grune & Stratton)

Your calluses give the tipoff to your job

pation identification.

The manual laborer has rugged, leathery, thick, yellowish palms and rough, reddish-brown hand backs from exposure to the weather and repeated injuries. Shovel handles produce heavily ridged calluses similar to, but heavier than, those of the carpenter, plumber, or garage worker.

The handwriter, the designer, and the dentist usually have calluses on the tip of the right middle finger. It may also be found in electrical apparatus workers and in thimble users.

By Their Marks: Other characteristic hand marks described by Dr. Ronchese are:

► The jeweler, engraver, ring maker, and stonecutter have large, heavy calluses in the center of the right palm from extensive use of pliers.

► The florist's finger tips are deeply cut and scratched from the use of wires. He also shows a heavy callus on the right

middle finger. Artificial flower makers have calluses on the right thumb and index fingers from rolling paper on wire stems.

► Barbers have calluses on the thumb, right index, middle, and ring fingers from shears, as well as razor-testing calluses on the tip of the right thumb. The surgeon's mark is a small barberlike callus on the inner side of the right thumb from scissors, hemostats, and needle holders.

► The tailor's calluses vary in position and size. The sewer shows only needle marks on the left index finger tip and scratches on the left index fingernail. The cutter has large calluses on the right thumb and on the index and ring fingers from shears. ► Leather workers have scarred hands, fissures, and infections from the friction, heat, moisture, and chemicals used in removing hair and cleaning and thinning skins.

► The housewife's most significant mark is the flatiron callus, consistently located on the right palm in right-handed women.

Trigger Pull Most Important Factor In Pistol Marksmanship

(Law Enforcement Officers Service Bulletin)

The most important single factor in pistol shooting is trigger pull.

The shooter may have developed perfect form, correct grip and a solid hold but unless he has good control of his trigger finger, he will "spray his tee shots" like a dub golfer.

To the beginner, trigger pull is likely to seem so mechanically simple as to be relatively easy. True, the mechanical part is simple enough but to date no one has ever completely mastered the art. The top flight shooter holds his average simply because he has so disciplined his mind and trigger finger that he "jerks" fewer shots than the beginner. Also his jerked shots will ordinarily score no worse than sevens or eights while the novice is prone to do a good job of it and yank them clear off the target. Obviously it requires little physical effort to apply the two to four pound pressure necessary to release the sear from the notch and send the bullet on its way. Therefore we can regard the major portion of the problem as purely mental. The shooter must develop a "one track mind" remaining completely oblivious to anything and everything going on in his vicinity but keenly alert to the instant his sights are pictured in perfect alignment with the aiming point. That one little moment is crucial. The tiny gremlin shrieks "Now," making the desire to jerk the trigger and "get it over with" almost overpowering.

Persistent Practice Essential

Boil it all down and it spells "Practice." And by practice we don't mean simply firing a great number of shots and hoping that constant doing bring perfection. Good results are obtained only through persistent analysis of each fault and dogged determination to make the necessary correction.

The first few days of trigger pull practice should be devoted to snapping the hammer on the empty gun. During this period make no attempt to aim. Simply hold the pistol in firing position and concentrate every

effort on letting the hammer fall without disturbing the gun muzzle.

Now right here is where you simply must divorce your trigger finger from the rest of your hand. Constantly remember that the hand holds the gun and the trigger finger fires it. Forget the term "trigger squeeze" and pull straight back. Move nothing but the trigger finger. After about a week of concentrating on trigger pull, set up a target and start "dry firing."

The target should be a perfectly round black bullseye on white paper (Don't snap at spots and figures on the wall paper). The black bullseye is clearly defined and the aiming point is always the same. Hold the gun in firing position and align the sights. Now swing the sights to your aiming point on the target. As the front sight hovers over the bullseye gently press straight back on the trigger. The sights will move away from the target but bring them back again and increase the pressure on the trigger. Do this again and again, always hold what pressure you have applied and strive to increase it just a little each time the sights are in proper alignment. Sooner or later the hammer will fall and, if the let-off was good, you should be able to call the shot for its approximate value.

Call Your Shots

Be sure you follow through on the business of "calling the shot" for this is a self check on your progress toward better coordination of mind and muscle.

When you are convinced that your sight movement and trigger pressure are sufficiently synchronized to group your hits fairly close to the bullseye, go out and try a few strings. If possible use a .22 caliber pistol and standard American twenty-five yard target. Take your position on the fifteen yard line. Now lay a spare target on the table in front of you for use in recording the position of each shot according to the way you call it. Now, very

carefully, let off a shot. Perhaps you had almost enough trigger pressure to let it off dead center but the sights moved slightly toward three o'clock just as the gun fired. You think it should be an eight at three o'clock? All right, put it down on the tabled target before you. Now check the actual hit on the range target and, using a distinguishing mark, record it also on the tabled target. Mark both "number one." Do this for five shots and study your record. If the actual hits do not closely agree with the way you called your shots, you have been jerking the trigger and need more dry firing practice. In fact you will always need dry firing practice so long as you shoot the handgun.

Don't let your first attempts discourage you. If you learn trigger pull in less than a year of steady practice, you are above the average. Above all, don't indulge in "careless" practice. Try hard on every shot and make a record of it.

WATERBURY TWENTY YEARS AGO

A police school of drill and instruction patterned after the New York police school was to be established in Waterbury according to an announcement by Police Supt. Joseph H. McLean. A local officer was to be sent to New York to attend the school for two months and on his return start a similar school in Waterbury based on the instruction he had received.

According to a Twentieth Century Fund report, the cost of police protection in the United States rose from \$91 million in 1913 to \$382 million in 1932 and to \$411 million in 1941.

IDENTIFICATION OF DEAD PERSONS

Dr. Alan Moritz, Harvard Medical School, Instructor for Harvard Associates again calls the attention of homicide investigators to the importance of the following police practices and procedures in the identification of dead persons;

An unidentified dead person is obviously a missing person. The major responsibility for searching for missing persons belongs to the police. Whose corpse is it? That question has been asked down through the years. It has been prompted for at least three important reasons -- (1) humanitarian, (2) inheritance, (3) insurance claims. Even though the decedent came to his or her death through natural causes or accident, these are at least the three important points for attempting to establish individual identity.

If the dead person has been murdered and if the murderer has not been apprehended, the establishment of the decedent's individual identity may provide the basic information from which the crime is eventually solved.

Although the identification of a dead person is usually regarded as a police responsibility there are many instances in which the police will seek a medical investigation for acquisition of identifying characteristics. Under section 47, chapter 14 of the 1935 cumulative supplement to the General Statutes, Connecticut state police officers and local police officers are not the only officials charged with responsibilities in line of duty for identification of the dead. We quote in part from these statutes, -- "If the deceased shall be unidentified, the medical examiner, or the coroner if he shall have succeeded the medical examiner in authority, shall order both hands of the body to be fingerprinted and a photograph to be made of the body, provided mortification has not proceeded so far as to make identification impossible, or the nature of the cause of death was not such as to make identification impossible. Three prints of the photograph and of the finger-

prints of both hands shall be made, one to be given to the registrar of vital statistics of the town where death occurred, one to the state department of health and one to the state police department, where they shall be carefully preserved. The state department of health shall pay the cost of making such photographs and fingerprints."

Bodies that are recognizable.

Sources of evidence regarding individual identity.

(1) Recognition by some one who knew the decedent. Mistaken identification, voluntarily and involuntarily.

(2) Photographs--whole face and profile.

(3) Fingerprints.

(4) Description and measurements of body. (Post-mortem changes may alter the appearance of the dead body.)

Mutilated or decomposed bodies.

Sources of evidence regarding individual identity.

(1) Color. As post-mortem change advances skin tends to take on a negroid appearance, -- dark blue, blue-black, brown. Brown and red hair tend to become lighter; grey and blonde hair sometimes becomes darker.

(2) Contour features. As post-mortem change advances features broaden and run together.

(3) Clothing. Serial numbers in lining of shoes. Laundry and cleaners' marks may need ultra violet for the visualization. State Police Headquarters in Hartford maintains a laundry and cleaners' file of identification marks. Exercise proper caution handling all pieces of clothing, handkerchiefs, detachable collars, stockings and washable neckties.

(4) Jewelry, monograms and papers. Engraved dates and initials. Various miscellaneous articles may associate victim with place recently visited or occupation recently engaged upon.

(5) Stature, age and sex. May often be recognized even from small parts of bodies or single bones. "Rule of Thumb" guide for making rough estimate of stature from parts of dismembered body; (a) stature is seven one-half units (chin to

Vertex). (b) Hip joint or tip of spine represents mid-point of vertical axis of adult male. (c) distance between finger tips of extended arms approximately equal to stature.

(6) Weight. General tendency to over-estimate weight of dead body. Weight may be grossly over-estimated because of post-mortem swelling. Look for fit of clothing to estimate amount of swelling.

(7) Teeth. Dental work can be traced and identified by dentists in particular who are more than anxious to cooperate with police.

(8) External peculiarities. Includes operative scars, moles, warts, etc.

(9) Internal peculiarities. Autopsy requirement.

(10) Premises where unidentified bodies are found. Soil and vegetation about the dead body should be taken as samples for analysis by experts for obvious reasons, particularly underneath the remains. There have been cases where insects having to do with decomposition of a body have been taken to aid physicians to determine the extent of decomposition. The investigator that obtains a photograph reflecting the actual scene when body is first discovered many times contributes more to the solution of the crime, where homicide is involved than any other agent of the law. The thinking investigator will not be in a hurry at any time and will make notes in addition to photography at the scene. Patience bespeaks accuracy. Accuracy denotes truthfulness. Truthfulness is based on facts. Facts properly presented bring results. RESULTS COUNT.

A plastic tape, holding tiny glass beads capable of reflecting light at night, has been adopted by the state of Connecticut for automobile licenses. The material called Scotchlite, a product of the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing company, has been widely used for application to the mudguards and handlebars of bicycles to protect children from being run down.

YOU BE THE JUDGE

By Charles C. Collins

A motorist was happily tooling along the highway. His car was comparatively new--one of those jobs with little or no running board. As is the custom with many motorists, he was driving with his left elbow jutting out of the window.

From the opposite direction, a couple of trucks approached. The rear truck started to pull out as though to pass, but when the truck driver saw the automobile approaching, he pulled back to his own side of the road. However, the trailer he was hauling swung out and struck the car a glancing blow. It caused only a slight dent in the fender, but practically ruined the motorist's elbow.

The motorist sued for damages, claiming that the trucker, by letting his trailer swing to the wrong side of the road, was responsible for the accident. The truck driver objected, contending that, while he might possibly be responsible for the dented fender, he couldn't be blamed for the crushed elbow, which wouldn't have been injured if it had been inside the car where it belonged.

If you were judge, would you rule for the motorist or the trucker?

The trucker won this case. The court held that, in letting his elbow protrude from the car at a time when he was passing a couple of trucks on the highway, the motorist was guilty of negligence--that is, he contributed to causing the accident and therefore couldn't collect. Shortly after this decision was handed down, it was made the theme of a safety slogan in last year's national school-safety-patrol parade:

Don't stick your elbow out too far---
Or it may go home in another car!

See: Pool v. Gilbert et al.
Texas Court of Civil Appeals.
No. 11, 671-January 29, 1947

--Saturday Evening Post
September 25, 1948

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

October, 1948

Tackling Traffic

It begins to look as though the remedy for much of the wanton killing on the nation's highways may be well within the grasp of the people who would benefit most by a decrease in accidents, providing they are willing to use it. Various new ideas are all right; for instance, it is a fine thing to teach young people the rudiments of automobile operation, since they will be the drivers of tomorrow, and to try to drum into their heads the awful consequences of recklessness, inattention and cocksure operation generally, in these days of heavy and fast-moving traffic. No one will argue that this practice of teaching young people is anything less than beneficial. And it certainly would help, too, to have some kind of reexamination of drivers who have held licenses for years, to eliminate those who are physically incapable of driving safely, or who have driven for years but do not even know the basic rules of the road.

But the real remedy--the most promising remedy anyone has discovered--quite evidently is strict and increasing law enforcement. For instance, in Maine there has been an unprecedented increase in fatal accidents, as well as a sharp rise in lesser crashes, this year. The Portland Press-Herald has come to the conclusion that the only logical remedy is more policing of the highways--rigid enforcement of the laws, to eliminate insofar as possible the recklessness and fast driving under improper conditions that lead to accidents. It is urging an increase in the Maine state police force to make this increased road patrol possible. Adequate patrol of Maine's roads and strict enforcement would unquestionably reduce accidents sharply, for it has done it elsewhere.

Connecticut has an object lesson before it right at the moment. The state police are making extraordinary efforts

to enforce the laws on speed, passing on curves and hills, ignoring stop signs, driving with upper beam lights in the face of approaching traffic, etc. The immediate results are little less than sensational, not only in numbers of arrests (which is not the objective; the state police are not simply eager to arrest drivers, but to bring them down to sensible and careful driving methods from their present recklessness) but also in performance on the roads. Operation on the Boston Post road is far more safe and careful because of these enforcement efforts.

If the means of saving uncounted lives is to enforce the law much more rigidly--and generally--than it is now being enforced, why cannot the operators of automobiles see the advantages of the system? It is pointed out, for example, in Massachusetts that traffic could be regulated much more efficiently through a sharp increase in the number of state police--perhaps bringing the force to 1,000 men--then turning many of them to highway enforcement. The cost admittedly would be heavy--about \$5,000,000 per year, which of course includes not only salaries of the men but also additional barracks, motor vehicles, supplies, etc.--but one might consider this point: There are about 1,000,000 cars registered in Massachusetts at present; the \$5,000,000 would mean an annual expenditure of about \$5 per car. But if this expenditure cut accidents drastically it would mean a reduction of the present \$40 to \$50 fees per year for compulsory automobile insurance. It might, in other words, cost the motorist less in the long run. It certainly would save lives and a vast amount of physical injury, loss of property, etc.

Why do not all states try this hard-boiled enforcement for a while?

---New London Day

RULES OF THE ROAD

On the high seas, and on inland waterways as well, seamen operate their ships according to a set of well-defined regulations called "Rules of the Road." These rules set down the courtesies and precautions for safe navigation, and most sailors follow them faithfully. As a result, there are relatively few collisions.

In highway driving, we have a similar set of "Rules of the Road" based principally on common sense and common courtesy. Most drivers are familiar with them, but too many motorists forget to abide by them in their anxiety to get to their destinations. A summary of these fundamentals of safe driving may prove helpful:

(1) Passing another car is one phase of driving where the "Rules" are most frequently violated. It is particularly important to avoid passing on hills or curves or at road intersections. Exercise particular care on three-lane highways, for here the middle lane belongs as much to the approaching motorist as to you; and he may decide to use it.

(2) When passing on a two-lane or three-lane highway be sure that approaching traffic is far enough away so that you can pass the car ahead without danger. Remember that passing a car which is traveling forty miles per hour is equal to passing a stationary line of cars 300 feet or more in length.

(3) Sound your horn before you pull out to pass a car ahead of you. This will warn the other motorist, so that he will not turn out or try to pass the car ahead of him. Never increase your speed when a car is passing you!

(4) When driving at night, dim your headlights as soon as you see a car approaching from the opposite direction. This is not only a courteous practice but a safe one as well.

(5) Stay from fifty to one hundred feet back of the car ahead of you when driving in traffic. In this way, you will have ample room for stopping in case it is necessary and can also give the motorist behind you plenty of chance

to brake his car.

(6) Drive more slowly at night than during the day; keep your speed such that you can stop within the visible range of your headlights.

With millions of cars on the road these days, following these simple "Rules of the Road" becomes more important than ever.

---Buick Magazine

CASE AGAINST SPEEDING

If you are driving at a speed of about 40 miles an hour, submits Drillmaster William C. Dwyer, traffic safety instructor of the Waterbury Police Department, your car will have slid forward about 115 feet between the time when you realize the need of stepping on the brake pedal to avert a possible accident and the time when you will have come to a complete stop. The distance will be proportionately greater, of course, if you are going at any faster clip.

Under present-day motoring conditions 40 miles an hour is a comparatively moderate speed, except in the midst of heavy traffic--and in that case it's likely to be pretty nearly impossible as well as legally forbidden. Even so, 115 feet is quite a long way. In most cases it may be two or three times as long as the distance between your front wheels and the person or object you may be in danger of hitting, unless you think and act in the least possible time--on an average, about three-quarters of a second, according to Mr. Dwyer's data--to avoid a crash.

Do you require any further argument in favor of holding down your speed at all times to a reasonably safe limit? If so, the implication is that the motor vehicle authorities probably ought to take away your license to drive--permanently--on the ground that you are too reckless and irresponsible to be trusted with it any more.

---Waterbury American

MUNICIPAL AND STATE FORCES
JOIN IN PATROL BELOW NEW HAVEN

Greenwich, -- Two hundred municipal and State traffic policemen are now engaged in a month-long intensive checkup on traffic movement along the west section of Route US 1 from Greenwich to New Haven, according to Police Chief John M. Gleason of this city, chairman of the project which is being conducted by the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association and the Connecticut State Police Department. This patrol started October 1, and involves the largest police contingent ever assigned to cover a 50-mile stretch of any Connecticut highway, thus developing the most consistent survey of traffic movement ever recorded, according to Chief Gleason.

About 160 traffic patrolmen will be furnished by 12 towns along the road, each town assuming responsibility for post road mileage in its area. State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey approved supplementing town patrols with sufficient extra assignment of state policemen to bring the overall route patrol to 200 men on a 24-hour basis. Daily reports of accidents investigated, arrests made and warnings issued will be filed by municipal police chiefs with State Police Headquarters. Acting as project coordinator, the Highway Safety Commission staff will consolidate this data into daily bulletins for all traffic authorities.

The main objective, according to Chief Gleason, is to reduce post road traffic accident experience. "This is not a crack-down on traffic," he emphasized. "We simply seek to develop more orderly traffic flow on this route; experience indicates that this is best accomplished by the presence of traffic patrols."

STATE POLICE EFFORT

The average motorist probably doesn't realize it but the members of the Connecticut state police force, almost

without exception, gave up to a full day of time, without pay and without prospect of comparable time off, during the week preceding Labor day in helping to enforce the traffic laws in this state. Minutes of a staff meeting held at state police headquarters on Sept. 9 give a detailed report of this extra service. It shows that 96 per cent of state police personnel, excluding state policewomen, officers on extended sick leave and those on vacation, put in 3,372½ hours of extra work on road patrol during that period. If members of the state police force, on their own time, expend so much energy in trying to enforce rules of safe automobile operation on the state roads, wouldn't you think that the average motorist would be willing to use a little extra care, a little extra common sense, in his driving, to help improve the accident and fatality records?

The staff meeting record shows that the Groton barracks officers put in 289 extra hours of patrol work. But even this does not tell the whole story. At other points in the state the policemen were out on the road, for these extra hours, from Aug. 31 to Sept. 6, inclusive. In Groton the extra patrols began on Aug. 30 and extended through Sept. 7, simply because the men were willing to expend the effort and because of the heavy traffic on the Boston Post road from Old Lyme to the Rhode Island line. The time each Groton man spent in extra patrol averaged somewhat more than some other points in the state; it probably would figure out to nearly 20 hours per man, and perhaps even more.

The Groton state policemen report, almost without exception, that the worst offenders on the roads Labor day week were out of state drivers. Careful to show no favoritism, the officers found that by far the major part of their arrests for speeding, reckless driving and passing on hills and curves, ignoring stop signs, passing on the right and so on, were of out of state drivers. And this week one state police officer suggested a possible reason. He drove to Boston one day recently; between

Providence and Boston, on the wide four lane highway of Route 1, he frankly admits that he was literally "scared" at the wild driving. At times, he admits, he had to drive 70 miles an hour "to avoid being run over." Cars overtaking him skimmed by with such narrow allowance of room that he practically had no choice in the matter. Three large ten-wheel trucks, traveling in a group, passed him at 65 miles an hour. Yet nowhere along the route did he even see a Massachusetts state police patrol. In fact as near as he could determine there was no police regulation of the traffic on the road at all. No wonder, he says, so many Massachusetts drivers believe they can make a speedway of Connecticut roads.

With traffic on heavily traveled roads proceeding at this speed, is it any wonder that when accidents do occur it isn't necessary to call a doctor, or an ambulance, but only the morgue wagon?---The New London Day

SAFETY DRIVES

When word goes out that an intensive campaign against traffic accidents is being staged by State Police it means little to motorists except the added chance that they may be stopped. But to the State Police it means hard, grueling work, longer hours, lost days off and canceled personal plans. During the safety drive over the Labor Day holiday, many extra hours of work were contributed by 95 per cent of the State Police. The extra hours of traffic duty during this period from August 30 to September 7 totalled 3372.

As Commissioner Hickey reminded his men at the beginning of this drive: Such a traffic campaign is viewed by the public with mixed reactions. Most people approve it, although such approval is usually in the abstract. This approval sometimes shifts to warm disapproval when individual toes are stepped on. Fear and suspicion lurk close to the surface in most minds and State Po-

lice, as well as local authorities, have to steer a middle course between zealous enforcement and a rigidity that people will interpret as persecution.

Anyone who will examine the matter dispassionately will agree wholeheartedly that the net results of these occasional "drives" more than compensate in terms of lives saved for any personal inconvenience. And to those 18,896 who have thus far this year received warnings of traffic violations it might be again pointed out that these safety campaigns are conducted by the State Police at considerable personal sacrifice. You can't laugh off the more than 3000 hours State Police recently gave to the cause of highway safety in Connecticut.

---The Hartford Courant

BAD TEMPER CAUSES MORE ACCIDENTS THAN AN INFERIOR INTELLECT, CLAIMS ARMY PSYCHOLOGIST

Almost all of us are intelligent enough to drive a car safely.

Impatience, bad temper, and a showoff attitude cause more accidents than stupidity, declares Dr. Walter C. Bingham, Washington psychologist and consultant to the Director of Personnel of the Army General Staff.

If you get provoked when the other fellow eases in ahead of you, jumps the light, toots his horn unreasonably or mopes along, straddling both lanes when the light at the next corner is going to turn red in half a minute, you are letting yourself in for trouble.

A calm and reasonable attitude, even in the face of unrestrained back-seat driving, is called for if you want to be a safe driver.

Although there were about 30,000 fatal automobile accidents in the last year, the accident rate is decreasing. In the last 18 years the accident rate has been reduced by nearly half. This is in spite of the fact that there is much more driving now. There are many more automobiles on the roads and more miles of use per car.

One of the reasons for the decrease in accidents is the change of the green traffic lights at street intersections to a bluish green. This is an aid to color-blind people who cannot distinguish red from green when the green is pure but can often tell red from a bluish green.

that month.

Five children were killed in accidents in which children, sleds and cars were involved. Four of these were killed in coasting accidents in January, and one in February.

Commissioner Watson asked car drivers to watch out for children in the streets particularly in dusk and night hours.

FOOL-PROOF LATCHES

It's good news to hear that automotive engineers and designers have at last found a solution to the automobile door latch problem. Recent reports have it that models to come out next spring will have a door latch that will make the car door easy to close and at the same time prevent it from accidentally opening.

Although it is said that the new latch will first appear on high-priced cars, it is only a question of a short time before manufacturers in the lower-priced lines will have to follow suit.

The door latch problem has long been one of concern, since there has been the danger that riders might be thrown from speeding vehicles on the accidental opening of a door. This frequently happens, of course, causing serious injury and even death.

Sometimes a car door popping open has an amusing angle, as witness the manufacturing executives on the way to a recent banquet in celebration of a new model. The car was a beauty--sleek and shining with handsome lines....but the darn doors just wouldn't stay shut.

28 CHILDREN KILLED BY AUTOS IN STATE

Automobiles killed 28 Connecticut children in the first nine months of this year, Motor Vehicle Commissioner Elmer S. Watson said recently.

July was the high child-fatality month. Three child pedestrians, one child bicyclist and one child tricyclist were killed in automobile accidents in

TIME HAZARD

The sudden change-over from daylight saving to standard time has in the past reflected itself in the number of automobile accidents reported on the nation's highways. Three out of every five traffic fatalities occur after darkness: well over half the accidents involving pedestrians follow the twilight hour.

Man is a creature of habit, whether walking on the street or sitting behind the steering wheel of an automobile. The time switch each fall means a sudden advancement of the hazardous conditions that go with that period just before and just after sundown. It's something for both pedestrian and motorist to remember in the days immediately ahead.

---Boston Post

DRIVER REWARDED

New York -- William Cimillo, the wayward bus driver who drove from the Bronx to Hollywood, Fla., because he wanted to get away from it all in March, 1947, has just received an award for safe driving from his employer, the Surface Transportation Company.

THE ACCIDENT PROBLEM

They subtract - from your pleasure
They add + to your discomfort
They divide ÷ your income
They multiply X your worries

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

October, 1948

RIDGEFIELD ESTATES

Officer Louis Stefanek pulled a Frank Merriwell recently after he was called to assist in an emergency by a young man who located him while on patrol.

The gentleman said it was "a matter of life and death" and that it was. Stefanek was led to a scene that may have been taken from a movie melodrama-- a car off the road near Hanover Road and turned over on the railroad tracks with a young woman trapped inside.

To make the scene complete trains were coming in from the east and west in quick order. Stefanek, lighting red flares like a veteran, handed a few to the excited male, who happened to be the girl's boyfriend of a few minutes ago, sent him one way and went the other to stop both trains. With the aid of the crew and Officer Sam Wilson, the girl was taken to Danbury hospital where she remained in critical condition.

Archie Mock, who brought news of the accident to Stefanek, reported the girl's car went over the railroad embankment after a "final" date by the two. What was that quotation about "a woman scorned"?

Commenting on the arrest and conviction of two Danbury youths for theft and sale of stolen goods to a Danbury junkman, Pros. Louis George recently urged a local ordinance demanding registration of all merchandise purchased by junk dealers and others in the business in Danbury.

The press had it recently that Lou "Squash" Travaglini, is number one boy on the Ridgefield Bobby Sox Yoo Hoo list and further referred to "Squash" as the wealthiest bachelor at the barracks. Any comment Mr. Travaglini?

When Cornelia S. Ward, 11, of Sherman daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stetson Ward

was chosen "Miss Connecticut Safety" by a committee appointed by William M. Greene, director of the State Highway Safety Commission. a request by the National Safety Council was fulfilled.

Officers of this barracks will have a part in transporting the young Miss to Chicago for the award presentation.

Several Bethelites reportedly were hooked in that great fire equipment "sale" which was ended so abruptly recently with the arrest of Ralph Baker, the boy with the glib tongue. Officer Lou Marchese, the lad with the white teeth and polished manner, too, put a stop to that racket.

When our flying Officer Bunnel picked up the phone early one morning a few days ago the caller identified himself as pilot of an aircraft flying from Pennsylvania to Bristol who had been forced down on the Silver Springs golf course by morning fog. When the caller asked if breakfast was being served at that time George suspecting a practical joker asked "Who is this speaking?" the answer came back, "Henry Kaliss".

Suspecting a Traffic Division hoax, Ed. McMahon, who saw plenty of planes flying over Germany, went out to investigate and found it wasn't a joke--it was Officer Kaliss, who had neither a membership card nor a niblick.

When the secretary of the club was notified he was quite surprised, but after he had decided to offer "guest" privileges for the day rather than charge "green fees", Milo's breakfast had been digested and the overcast had lifted sufficiently for TS-7 to take off again and complete his 750-mile flight.

Paul Long, a Jersey City barber, is so tired of having thieves break into his shop (they did it four Sundays in a row), that he has posted a sign requesting them not to break down the door, but to phone him and he'll bring the key....

CANAAN HILLS

It all happened in Winsted on a brisk Fall afternoon while youngsters, slowly plodding back to school, were watching pretty patterns of bright colored leaves as they floated lazily overhead.

Johnny's father had been a "bookie" for many years. His customers came not only from the village, but from many of the larger neighboring cities to place bets which were always honored without question. Consequently he had established himself as a trustworthy member of a questionable enterprise.

Thus it was with considerable apprehension that John, himself, greeted the small swarthy individual in pork-pie hat, form fitting coat, and pointed toe shoes, who approached him at his gasoline station with the reminder that, "I've got four hundred dollars due me on a bet placed with your old man last year". In view of the fact that Johnny's dad had passed away in the interim, there was no way of disproving a claim the validity of which was obviously questionable.

Given a day in which to raise the money, John prepared to pay off but his mother, with other ideas, contacted Station B and related her story. Sergeant Tripp, in company with County Detective Pequignot and Captain Waldo Heath of the Winsted Police, subsequently paid a visit to Johnny's place of business. The sergeant, in the guise of a salesman, discussed the scarcity of spark plugs with an unwitting attendant while John counted out the extortion money to the swarthy gentleman with the pork-pie hat, and, as he prepared to depart with the loot, the salesman came into his element, approached the culprit, and advised him that he was under arrest.

At this writing, Victor Narzar Grillo of Bridgeport has shelved his broad rimmed hat and form fitting coat and is cleaning windows at the Litchfield County Jail while awaiting a bond of ten

thousand dollars -- and all because he didn't know the "salesman" was a sergeant.

Those who believe that police work is primarily concerned with acts of violence, vicious individuals, and lonely patrols, are correct in their assumption to a certain degree; however, there are incidents tucked away in the files of each barracks which, when reviewed, certainly show that human beings rely on officers for many and diverse types of assistance, much of which relieves the monotony of a day and offers material for pleasant reflection.

With this thought in mind, we turn back the clock to a humid summer day when the quiet hum of an electric fan was the ominous warning of depressing heat. The telephone suddenly rang and a feminine voice shouted, "there's a mad dog on our porch who refuses to leave. I've been trying to get to the store for the past hour but he continues to growl; will you please send a man immediately"?

Officer Staples, after a briefing on the proper method of approaching a demented animal, journeyed to the ice box, filled his pockets with broken cookies, and left for his appointment with destiny.

Because of the frantic tone of the caller, the officer's assignment was viewed with considerable apprehension. Our fears were of short duration, however, as we soon saw Fred with the mad animal, a snow-white mongrel exactly nineteen inches long, sitting in his lap with two tiny paws resting on the open window frame of IG-478.

Evidently, having become exhausted, the little fellow had spotted a comfortable front porch and was determined not to surrender.

Paulie Z., whose escapades have made him front-page material in this particular section of the Berkshires, is just a little guy. Although he has passed the twenty-first milestone, he still measures less than four feet from tip to toe.

He was first brought to the attention of our personnel when found carrying a pistol in a shoulder holster. With judgment suspended, Paul turned a new leaf that soon became soiled when he was involved in a minor theft. Having made a satisfactory restitution and paid his fine, he again ventured forth.

Little more was heard of Paul although many times people in the vicinity of his home mentioned the fact that on dark summer nights a mysterious driverless car would appear on the lonely back roads of the village. It seemed to operate moderately until passing under street lights when it would invariably generate considerable speed as if attempting to avoid detection. Quite strange, thought the neighbors, that on these particular nights when the driverless vehicle was roaming the hills, Paulie was nowhere to be found.

Many of the old residents living on the fringe of the forest spent their nights by lamp-light relating the story of the mystery buggy to pop-eyed youngsters. "Just a newfangled do-dad, they declared.

On Tuesday, September 21, the mystery was solved with the appearance of Paulie Z. at Station B's Motor Vehicle Branch Office in a seven-passenger Chrysler sedan of questionable vintage. The interior had been completely remodeled to accommodate its new owner, the little guy who was less than four feet tall.

P.S. He now drives slowly under street lights -- with an operator's license.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

We welcome back to the department and to this station, Officer Robert Bohman, who for the past year and a half, has been a guard at the State Prison Farm, Enfield. "Bob" thinks that the life of a "copper" is much more interesting and exciting than that of be-

ing a guard.

On October 2nd and 3rd, "Ed" Formeister participated in the shoot sponsored by the Connecticut Valley Sportsmen Club, and held at the Rocky Hill Gun Club range. Shooting in the Expert Class, he took 5 first, 3 second, and 2 third awards. Congratulations.

Speaking of shooting, the nurses group from the Johnson Memorial Hospital Stafford Springs, who meet every Monday night at this station, and receive instructions in shooting from "Ed" Formeister, is fast getting up into the Sharpshooter class. Better look out boys, they may score higher than you yet.

"Lud" Kolodziej has just returned to his home, at Stafford Hollow, where he is convalescing from a serious operation, which he recently underwent at the Hartford Hospital. He will be pleased to hear from his friends as he doesn't expect to be able to return to duty for several weeks.

Another convalescent in our station family is Virginia Ann Yaskulka, daughter of Off. and Mrs. John J. Yaskulka. She manages to hop around on her crutches without too much trouble and has returned to school. She underwent an operation on her foot, at the Newington Children's Hospital and now has her leg and foot in a cast.

Somers Center was the scene of the Annual Four-Town Agricultural Fair, on Wednesday, September 29, 1948. Station "C" officers, assisted by the traffic division, kept traffic moving and are glad to report no tie-ups or accidents. Throughout the day, approximately 10,000 persons attended the fair, which was one of the largest and best ever held.

Superior Court Judge John H. King of Willimantic, recently acquired a student pilot's license at the Willimantic airport. Move over, Det. Ralph Boyington, and make room for the judge in the air.

One of the open trolleys that formerly carried Yale boys to the Bowl at New Haven is staying indefinitely at the intersection of Routes 74 and 15. The trolley was on its way to a museum in

Kennebunk and the motor in the tractor drawing it gave a cough and died one day recently. Only the mechanics working on the tractor know when the trolley will resume its trip to the museum in Maine.

A stone in the cellar wall of the Hartford Connecticut Trust Company fell out, one recent morning -- and summoned more state policemen than you could shake a sombrero at.

Reason: The stone fell on the delicate wires which control that pesky outside alarm on the building, and the bell began to clang--and troopers from Station "C" poured into East Main Street and Haymarket Square.

It is not true that Lieutenant Hulburt and Sergeant Lawrence went down into the cellar and booted the fallen stone square in the face for alarming them into a bank robbery scare.

Ardnas, the baby buck deer rescued from a dog's tearing teeth and a watery grave last June at Sweetheart Lake by the two Sandras--Hansen--Haigh--basked in the admiration of onlookers at the Eastern States Exposition and now is staying at Mogegan Park, Norwich.

The deer's history is famous in these parts, he was rescued by Sandra Hansen and Sandra Haigh, 12 year old friends, who were paddling at Sweetheart Lake one afternoon. Severely wounded by a ravenging dog and about to drown the deer was taken to the bank and revived to be nursed back to health by the family of Lieutenant Hulburt.

P.S. The name, by Hulburt, is Ardnas (Sandra spelled backward).

The deer owes thanks also to the Superintendent and nurses at Johnson Memorial Hospital for treating various injuries and for figuring out a baby formula to be used, and the Connecticut Fish and Game Department for transportation to its new home in Norwich.

A long life may not be good enough, but a good life is long enough.

---Benjamin Franklin

WINDHAM CORN

Officer Joseph Guilbeault is back on the desk. We are pleased to have him working again. Joe's accident with the "iron horse" upset all of us for a few days.

Officer Luke Clancy and wife solved the housing shortage with a rent on North Main St., Danielson. Raves several days a week about the good spaghetti he gets at home. He won't admit his loss of corned beef.

Norman Winslow has bought a new colonial home in East Killingly. Watch the country squire go from here in.

Joe Donovan's good spouse finally put her foot down on bringing home stray cats and dogs. He recently brought two little refugees home and promptly gave both a bath--consequences were bad colds. Poor Joe had to dispose of them.

Officer Marikle is building a new home in Moosup. He's carpenter, plumber and architect. How he talks on these subjects. Ask him about the price of lumber.

Recently Off. John B. Murphy won the 11th flight at the Wethersfield Golf Tournament with a score of 84, eliminating three opponents he played with. His prize--a sterling silver teapot which works, according to J. B.

Millicent Maloney, our neat little radio dispatcher, returned early this month from her vacation in Canada and the Adirondack Mountains. Yes, still single. And what a baseball player at annual outing. "Millie" never fails to register for Station "D". Cora Brown pairs up with "Millie" when it comes to "D's" social activities. Nice Pair.

Chief Hamblin, better known as junior alias Short Wheel Base, also went to Canada on his vacation, returning with a new cook-book edited by the Vermont housekeepers, and a new peace pipe. It ought to help him with matrimonial ideas. Keep trying, Junior.

Nicholas Woistovich, our new houseman is a happy little man with gray hair and

brown snapping eyes. Recently one of us started grumbling about something; he stopped his work and said, "America is a wonderful place, you people do not know how well off you are." And then, he told that born in Russia, he had to work in the fields at the age of 8 years, from dawn to dusk, for ten cents a day. His diet consisted of cabbage and dill pickles. His shoes were made from bark stripped from the trees and wrapped around the feet puttee fashion. He lived in a village where the houses had thatched roofs. There being no fire department, dreadful fires would sweep through the village wiping out whole sections and the people helped each other the best way they could. No Red Cross to step into this picture. We asked, "How about when the people got sick?" He replied, "Oh! they just died. Doctors were 150 miles away and how could we pay them? Schools were fifteen miles away and only influential people could send their children." Nick can't get over the size of the American garbage can and thinks we are the most wasteful people in the world. Nick's sister is still in Russia. He never receives any answer to his letters. He thinks she may be a displaced person and could be anywhere. I can still hear Nick saying, "America is a wonderful place."

Sgt. Bob Herr, farmer, sportsman, and usually a good cop, is scalloping these days, but won't tell us the choice spots where he gets bushels and bushels. Occasionally he does give a whopping fish story.

Our sporting representatives Lieut. Rivers and Off. John B. Murphy journeyed to Boston on leave days to see the Braves win the National League Pennant. Both now want all of us to believe they were Brave Rooters all season.

Our Debonair dispatcher, Maurice Gallichant, who seldom gets excited has his nails down to the quick. You guessed it as he was a rooter for the on-again, off-again Red Sox. With the Indians winning Maurice will let his nails grow until next fall.

Lieut. Rivers talks were well received by the Danielson Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club of Plainfield on the history of the Connecticut State Police Department and the important part radio and other emergency equipment played in past disasters.

Ask Officer Albert Powell about how to raise chickens and he will tell you. After Al examined about every car in Killingly until he found the tread marks that matched the ones of the chicken thieves who were operating in Brooklyn and Middletown, he succeeded in breaking up the chicken thieves ring. How about a little Crow, Al?--Don't make it too old.

On September 22, Off. McSweeney patrolling near Putnam observed a Massachusetts taxicab driven by one Robert O'Brien, a desperate character, who had slugged the operator, an old man, unmercifully and robbed him. McSweeney and O'Brien met, result -- O'Brien returned to the Massachusetts authorities by police escort.

Officer Norman Winslow has been breaking cases right and left, too. Recently while questioning a juvenile, it came to light that he and two other pals had broken into the Sportman's store in Danielson and stolen a regular arsenal. The loot retrieved in the woods and other caches was returned to rightful owners.

The trees up this way have their beautiful party dresses on to be worn for a short time and put away until next year. Come up and see for yourself. It is worth the drive.

STATION "E", GROTON

Groton Barracks has the "New Look" top to bottom, inside and out. Quite an improvement:--One of those two toned creations--Hickey green on top--Kelly green beneath.

Station "E" Officers kept a crowd of over 5,000 from hindering rescue work

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

when a pilot crashed at Trumbull field, Groton on air force day.

The Cub-Coaster derby was a big day for Groton kiddies. Lieut. Mackenzie, as usual, at the finish line, issued orders. No tickets for the speeding participants, who, did break the law.

Officer Gail Smith and Patrolmen Egger and Elwood of the New London PD proved to two Coast Guard sailors that stealing cars is a short lived and non-profitable sport.

Farewell and good luck to Off. Cable in his new territory. One of his recent assignments was arresting a drunk who insisted upon munching beer glasses. Discount the thought that this is why he asked for a transfer.

The State Police exhibit at the Springfield fair was indeed magnetic, After long minutes of being pushed and poked we finally managed to reach the display and say "Hello" to HQ and the rest of the boys.

The reason for that gleam in Off. Skelly's eyes is he has a brand new little girl in his new home. A splendid combination.

Dr. Tyrus Hillway, president of the New London Jr. College believes the word "cops" is disrespectful to law enforcement officers and suggests discontinuance of the word in newspapers and on the radio. We all agree. Better grammar and less slang certainly would be appreciated.

Welcome to Off. Jasonis who no doubt will remember one of his first "E" experiences involving a mad operator hurtling through the town of Groton at 85 MPH. Another tale Off. Hickey can tell to his grandchildren as he was the Officer who ended the chase. Other "E" men were in on the wild chase as well as the boss. Wonder what the Lieut. was thinking. He didn't have time to say it, that's a fact.

Most everyone likes to see his name in print (favorably) once in awhile. Every officer had this chance over the Labor Day stretch. Each officer did not receive a personal citation, but operated as that of a team, and the number of arrests and warnings issued during

this period proved that the time was well spent.

Connecticut Police Chiefs Association has presented former Police Chief Murphy of the Norwich PD with a life membership. Well earned.

Off. J. Smith made a trip to Reno, Nevada and returned recently, bringing back his man, as usual!

Incidentally, we have three Smith's stationed at this Barracks---T-G and J-ie, Tyron, Gail and Jack. This could also stand for "Three Good Joe's".

Officer Gunning is busy and contented in his new Special Service detail.

Orchids to Supt. W. D. E. Colgan of the Groton-New London bridge and his co-workers for valuable assistance rendered the public by Hisn and Weun.

Sgt. Dygert quite busy these days organizing and issuing the vacant cottage posters. Sorry to say, Summer's over.

Det. Sgt. Goodale is signing off the air a great deal lately at the Niantic river. Those luscious escallops are back in season again, and will keep the Sgt. quite busy for a month.

P.S. We think we're the only State Police Station on the Circuit with the following Service:

On Monday, October 4, the American League Championship was determined at Fenway Park, Boston.

A few millions of our people listened to the dulcet tones of Mel Allen as he described the thrills of the game.

All three of the cells at Station "E" were occupied. Three youngsters whose crimes were not so heinous but still demanded a hearing before the court, were the tenants.

They were going to miss the baseball saga of the century....until that Lieut. of ours had an idea:

Tuning the station radio to the game, he placed the microphone of the barracks P. A. system in front of the speaker, with trigger tied down; over the wires went the broadcast, out of the speaker in the garage, and in thru the open door leading into the cell block.

In the safety (?) of their quarters, three (more or less) happy boys thrilled to the play-by-play description of the

game.

Result: Three American boys who don't think that we are such bad guys - after all.

Addendum: (The Court suspended Judgement)

Men attached to the Groton state police barracks were plenty angry recently at a female whose identity they would very much like to learn.

From a warped sense of humor the female, who could be at any age over 12, recently gave them many anxious hours as they dashed madly along roads in Waterford and East Lyme in what they thought was a race with the stork.

The female caused police cars to be sent scurrying about the countryside when she telephoned the office of a local physician to report that her cousin was having a baby in an automobile outside the gasoline station where she was calling and that a doctor was needed immediately.

Excited and hysterical, she told the nurse in the physician's office that no one was in the station, which she had found opened, and that she didn't have the slightest idea where she was. Something she said before she hung up led the nurse to believe the car was en route to the Lawrence Memorial hospital from one of the beach resorts west of here. The caller hung up before she could be questioned as to the name of the service station or the general area from which she was calling.

Anyway, the state police were notified and they expended every effort to locate the pair. Police cars pulled in and out of service stations along roads leading to the city while men on duty at the barracks made one telephone call after another to places off the main highways.

Although they had a suspicion at the outset that the case had a few peculiar aspects, they couldn't overlook the matter. The Connecticut state police department is famed for being one of the most versatile in the country.

So the search went on from 12:30 until 5 p.m. but without success. Meanwhile, the staff at the Lawrence Memori-

al hospital had been alerted to be prepared for an emergency maternity case but none arrived.

Finally, all concerned came to the conclusion that a hoax had been worked and all agreed it was the worst kind of a hoax because of its nature. The police officers were still fuming today.

WESTBROOK

An interesting and instructive meeting was held recently at our State Police barracks (F), when the Regional Public Health Nurses held a conference. State Policewoman Harriet Simmons, acting hostess, and Mrs. Hazel Conlon, public health nurse of Cromwell, were the principal speakers and leaders in the discussion on the topic of the school-age problems.

Mrs. (Bill) Conlon, speaking for the 34 nurses present, brought out questions as to how the nurses could help in these problems when and where they could find and recognize the problems, how they would recognize the potential tendencies in a child, what could be done with the parents who did not realize the seriousness of school-age problems, and who should assume the responsibilities concerning the social and medical problems, the forerunners to the legal problems which are the responsibilities of those who enforce the law.

Mrs. Simmons, a well qualified speaker on juvenile delinquency, and with the experience of hundreds of cases, pointed out how the social and medical problems of a school child could be remedied, thus avoiding legal problems.

The group summed up their discussion on the matter of school-age problems with the following conclusion: Mental tests on school children showing abnormal tendencies should be made as soon as possible; closer unity between the church, school, and home; the constant vigilance by the parents is needed for the physical, mental, and normal welfare of a child.

There was a certain amount of embarrassment at the Lower Middlesex County Ambulance Association when someone pointed out that the by-laws of the organization state that "an attendant" must be along on each ambulance run. The fact that the rule has been neglected is nobody's fault in particular. The State Police give up one man to drive the ambulance when a call comes in and they usually just don't have another man available to serve as an attendant. It was agreed to ask the cooperation of the fire department of the town from which the call emanates. In other words when a request for the ambulance comes in from Deep River, a call will go to the Deep River Fire Department, requesting that a fireman be rushed to the scene of emergency to "lend a hand"

the remainder of the day, but with no success. The following day, Sunday, they again returned to resume dragging operations and this time they came up with the body.

Doyle, Lt. Carroll E. Shaw said afterward, had tied a 75-pound toolbox around his waist and then apparently just walked out into the river. Dr. G. M. Craig, medical examiner for Haddam, declared death by drowning.

Working on the case in addition to Lieutenant Shaw and "Matilda," were officers Clayton Gaiser, James Ferguson, George Baldwin, Edward Gayer, and William Conlon.

"MATILDA" LEADS POLICE TO QUARRY

"Matilda" is one of the most valuable members of the State Police force. "Matilda" never fails.

Take one recent Saturday, for instance, when John Thomas Doyle of Westbrook and Hartford, was reported missing and the men of the Westbrook barracks set out to find him.

After a short search, they found his car parked alongside the highway in Haddam. But Doyle was nowhere to be found. Even a thorough search of the entire surrounding area by several troopers revealed nothing.

So a call was put in for "Matilda," who is a specialist in cases of this sort. "Matilda," a bloodhound which had only recently mothered a litter of little bloodhounds, was brought to the scene. She picked up the scent at the car and, without hesitation, led the less sensitive-nosed troopers to the bank of the Connecticut River, several hundred yards away and right to a bundle of clothes which proved to be those of the missing person.

Finding the clothes convinced State Police that Doyle, who was supposed to have faced morals charges in a Hartford court that same day, had done away with himself. They dragged the river for

WESTPORT FLARES

VALUE IN PEDESTRIAN WARNINGS -- While on regular patrol on Sept. 28th, Officers Donald Warner and Wayne Bishop observed three young men walking in an easterly direction on the Meritt Parkway, in the middle of the road. Turning around, the officers picked up these men and questioned them regarding their presence on the road. After hearing what appeared to be a logical story and after having them produce identification cards, released them at the New Canaan Gas Station and continued on their patrol. Approximately two miles west of the gas station they observed a car on the grass on the north side of the Parkway. Checking this car with their stolen car sheet, they discovered it was stolen. They immediately returned to the New Canaan Gas Station and questioned the three men again. After a few denials, one of the men admitted that they had stolen the car in Bridgeport, sometime the day previous, while the other two men were reluctant to talk about it. These men were placed under arrest and returned to Station "G" for further questioning. Had the officers been unable to locate these men at the Gas Station they still had the names of three very good suspects.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.....SOMETIMES. Recently a Michigan motorist, while enroute thru the state via the Merritt Parkway, stopped at the Fairfield Gas Station to refuel. In company with this motorist were her daughter and her elderly father. While at the gas station, all three occupants had the occasion to leave the car at different intervals. The operator and her daughter returned to the car and paid the attendant for the gas she had purchased and continued on her way. Shortly thereafter the old gentleman appeared upon the scene and not seeing his daughter's car, became alarmed. The attendant at the gas station, upon hearing of his plight, called the barracks and gave the story to the officer on desk duty. Immediately a radio call was sent out to Officer Edward O'Brien, to try and locate the Michigan car. Within a short time Officer O'Brien, observed the car and stopped it on the grass section of the Parkway. Officer O'Brien went over to the car to advise that they had left an occupant at the gas station and the operator's first comment was "Where is Papa?" Officer O'Brien then advised the lady that "Papa" had been left at the gas station. The motorist told O'Brien that "Papa" was such a quiet old gentleman, that he hadn't been missed.

CENSUS TAKER -- On last report there has been two new arrivals at this end of the department. It's a brand new baby boy for the William Mathews -- es. "What" No cigars?? It's a brand new baby girl for the Richard Mulligan's. No "Cigars" again???

Mrs. Frank Bowes, of the Det. Sgt. Bowes - es, has made up this months schedule for the Bowes family; Frank finds he is now on the "Day Shift", no more 3:00 A.M. feedings.

In 1946, the latest year for which figures are available, there was a total of 12,324 automobile thefts in the United States.

"H AS IN HYPO"

Station "H" welcomes a new addition, Officer Joseph Pilkin, formerly with Station C. Sergeant Harry Taylor and Officer Marcel Simon are back in the fold after completing their summer tour of several routes in eastern Connecticut with the Traffic Safety Squad, during which time they helped to build up public relations and decrease accidents. We are glad to hear that Officer John Sweeney is on the road to recovery. John has been seriously ill in the hospital. Can't keep an "H" man down!

Lieut. Mayo has turned to the speaking platform lately. He is now lecturing before the Bridgeport Police School on a series of talks about prostitution, vice and gambling. The Lieut. has had long experience along those lines, reminiscent of the days when he was with the Special Service.

While enroute to his home, Officer Higney observed an occupant in the rear seat of a car apparently pummeling a person sitting next to him. After overtaking and stopping the car, Ed found that a man had severely beaten his wife. She was taken to the hospital immediately. Station I gets the case number and Higney gets the arrest.

Officer George Panciera, with an able assist by Officer Tatro and Anthony Liberi of Identification, broke a burglary case recently. George uncovered a latent print which he submitted to Liberi, who in turn identified the culprit's from among five suspects. George apprehended his man.

Officers Charles Pritchard and George Panciera teamed together to recover a woman's purse a short time ago. As a token of appreciation, they received six cigars and two chocolate eclairs from the grateful owner. It must be quite a picture to see George and Charlie munching on the eclairs between puffs on their cheroots.

Hear ye! Hear ye! Any time that an officer is in New Haven he can drop in to see Officer Sal Esposito's new super

television set. It will be just like seeing a good movie and remember -- your badge is your admission.

The world series promoted quite a few confabs throughout the barracks. Now that it's all over, Red Sox rooters (Leavitt, Braithwaite, Palin) and Yankee rooters (O'Brien, Panciera, and Nelson) are howling, "Wait till next year."

"Ed" Higney broke a robbery with violence case last month that deserves honorable mention and a pat on the back from the Brass Hats. Avon's prosecuting Attorney made a complaint that a Farmington resident had been assaulted and robbed in Avon by two unidentified persons.

The victim had been picked up along side the road in an unconscious condition. Beaten and bruised about the face and body he was very badly injured, requiring considerable medical attention. He had lost \$60., the proceeds of a government check. "Sleuth" Higney found, in the course of inquiry, that the victim had been a visitor at one of the roadside inns in the area and indulged freely but not wisely in spirits.

As usual there were a couple of leeches who saw to it that the check was cashed. The bankroll then became the object of research. The AA candidates took the victim for a walk. In a nearby tavern he was given the opportunity to buy more liquor and unknowingly given "Mickey Finns."

The rest was easy. The raiders included a waitress.

"Hawkshaw" Higney reached the conclusion that the old lesson of seek the woman would solve his case. He started out by checking various restaurants inquiring as to waitresses who might not only have acquaintances in Farmington but employment there in the past.

He hit the jack pot on the first try. Once he got little Marie located he then obtained the assistance of Det. Billy Robinson of Hartford's finest and our own (S.P.W.) Doyle of Special Services. Then the house of cards tumbled down. "Ed" got the full story. Statements were taken from all concerned.

Another victory for Higney in the battle with crime. Nice going Eddie.

COLCHESTER PASTURES

A mechanical device being used by physicians to register brain waves is so sensitive that it has recently been picking up the ball games -- this should give Technician Richards some ideas for our FM sets.

One peaceful morning recently a call was received from natives of East Had-dam, and Officer Robert Donohue was sent to investigate. A house in a quiet wooded section looked as if it had been ransacked. All doors were open and lights were on, signs painted all over the house which was in disarray, both inside and out. Stories were circulated that the owner's husband had been released from prison, where he is serving a term for shooting her. Everything pointed to murder, except a corpus delicti. Investigation proceeded in a normal fruitful manner and today a letter was received from the owner, now a patient at the Middletown State Hospital, who states, "I have had a lot of fun here and am more pleased with this hospital than I was four years ago -- I never drank so much water without scotch in my life."

Steve Sadlowski of Portland and his two sons, started a profitable business a few weeks ago. Due to the fact that they invested no money, complaints were received and Officer Fersch assigned to investigate. The three had been acting as purchaser, handler and salesman. Pop would do the stealing from the foundry in which he was employed, and from the State Highway Garage. He passed the materials over the fence. The handler would pick them up, take them home, and the salesman would dispose of them. However, the partnership has been dissolved and the three awaiting court.

As always, the Golden Rule is

practised at Station "K". Our chef, Leo Caya, who does his daily shopping at the local First National store, found a small red purse near his car. This contained \$142.00. Honest Leo took it into the store where it was placed in the safe. Later, much perturbed, Mrs. Swan entered the store in tears over her loss. When she saw her purse she jumped over the counter and with all of her strength, hugged Rita O'Connor. Yes, Rita is the sister of Officer Edward, and the chef is to be Ed's brother-in-law.

Sgt. McAuliffe and Officer C.T. Hart went to East Hampton to apprehend a visitor of the Bell Town who was wanted by Malden, Mass. for armed robbery. As McLatchy was being taken out of the house, he decided to make a dash for freedom. Over the railing he went, with C. Taylor in pursuit. An uncovered well near the porch, impeded Taylor's progress and he was taken to the Meriden Hospital. Incidentally, the good Sgt. captured the fugitive who states that the Armed Robbery did yield \$6.00.

Officer James Finnegan has been actively engaged for the past few weeks posting vacant property in our territory. In this way he is really learning our remote territories as well as our thickly settled summer colonies. Good work, James.

Requests have been received from three towns for talks in all of their schools. This will keep someone busy for a time. Another good reason why we are in favor of consolidation in our small towns. Having welcomed Lieut. Rundle to our station, we now feel that it is time for him to get out and meet the small fry. Good luck, Lieutenant.

Several here have had a chance to meet the younger generation in the vicinity of Hebron as complaints came to this station of a young man bothering little children. After many days of work, he was finally located. His arrest cleared up complaints in this station, Glastonbury and West Hartford. The 7 and 8 year old kiddies concerned in this case have stated how much they miss the friendly companionship offered

to them by Mrs. Miller throughout the investigation.

LITCHFIELD HILLS

The personnel at Station "L" are a bit puffed up about the excellent job at the annual Bethlehem Fair. Complimented locally and county wise the "boys" again made the annual award. "Thanks for a good job." Saturday the crowd was about normal, but on Sunday, the Officers assigned had to keep on their toes to handle a record crowd of fairgoers reported to be 15,000. The usual parking facilities were soon filled to overflowing in the early afternoon and pastures on the opposite side of the highway (rte. 61) had to be used. This caused additional headaches for our Lieutenant and the officers in that the operators and passengers after parking their vehicles had to cross the highway. It seemed there was no end of vehicles. We are happy to say that there were no accidents.

Another "Fair" weekend at Harwinton when everybody and his brother, yea sister too, turned out. Saturday everything was rosy, but Sunday afternoon, "Whew!!!!" The fairground road after 1:00 P.M. looked like the combined assembly lines of all the big car manufacturers. The officers on this detail under Lieut. Schwartz and Det. Sgt. Casey again performed an excellent job. All did their best to make the fair-goers happy. Because of the overtaxing of parking space, many had to be turned away. Our officers had plenty on their hands in keeping everything rolling. It was a typical New England Fair Day, and the occasion was a merry one. But when the sun went down, "Oh brother" did it turn cold.

Lieut. Schwartz is about to take his well earned vacation. Then he can give direct supervision to the final stages of construction of his new home.

Sgt. Casey on his day leave spends most of his time trying to figure out how to get his Ford and Nash into that new property addition.

Hush, Hush -- Off. Calkins was overheard asking the Lieutenant about alteration to his uniform blouses to allow for the expansion.

Off. Duren is pulling up stakes in Oakville and moving into Waterbury.

Off. Falzone was observed enjoying the sights of the Springfield Exhibition with his family. Sticking out his chest when in the vicinity of the Connecticut State Police Exhibit, he pointed the show out to the youngsters.

Off. Hawley seems more relaxed now that he has pulled the "Boston Braves" through, but somewhat saddened when he received his money and application back for series tickets. Better luck next year. (Too bad we didn't know about this -- Roy Paige -- Station H.)

Off. Hurley -- finding it rather confusing trying to enjoy his days off and attending court at the same time. Neil how about asking for continuances.

Off. Johnson -- rumor has it he has been shopping for a shovel, axe and saw so that the little woman will be able to assist in clearing the "ranch".

Off. Kovach has a surprise in store for him when he returns from days off and learns he has the first "Fortyniner" at "L". Lucky Boy.

Off. Larson is relaxing after the rush of signing up registrants for the draft. A job well done.

Off. Swicklas is putting the "Wembley" ties through a most rigid test waiting for the "stork" to arrive. We all hope it will be soon.

Off. Thompson is back on the job after spending a few tough days on the sick list.

Off. Waltz took very good care of the "folks" during the Harwinton Fair detail. "Bob" returned one lost woman to her husband.

Off. Wilcox -- oiling up his guns and checking his ammunition in preparation for "Woodchuck" season. Page dead-eye Dick.

Clara Toce and Mary Sherlock are

driving to work in real class these days with new convertibles. Can't beat the "L" girls when it comes to style.

Eddie our chef, is back recuperating from his vacation and planning for next year's jaunt.

SKUNK WEARS JAR HEADPIECE MOODILY
TILL STATE POLICEMEN SET IT FREE

Essex, -- A skunk with its head caught in a glass jar Monday morning took to pacing the porch at the home of Rev. A.J. Ogren of the Congregational Church in Centerbrook.

Traffic began to thicken in front of the home as more and more onlookers gathered, at a safe distance. No one in the gathering would volunteer to give the skunk a helping hand.

State Police in Westbrook Barracks were called in the hope they would clear up the case by shooting the skunk. When Lieutenant Carroll Shaw arrived he said shooting was not the right answer. Skunks are scarce enough without shooting one just because curiosity gets him into a pickle.

The lieutenant surveyed the situation and saw a solution. Someone would have to hold the skunk's attention from the front at the risk of having to bury whatever clothes he was wearing. Someone else would have to creep up from the rear, grab the skunk and yank the jar off his head, let go, and get out of there.

Lieutenant Shaw took on the risk of the head-on approach. With a camera and flash bulb he moved close to the skunk and held its attention. Officer Joseph Suchanek moved up from the rear, pounced on the skunk and pulled off the jar.

The crowd moved back a step or two as the freed skunk stood on the porch looking the gathering over. He sniffed the pure air, decided to keep it that way, and sauntered off into some bushes.

Game wardens in this area reported last year that skunks appeared to be

growing scarce. That is not desirable, according to Dr. Russell P. Hunter, superintendent of the State Board of Fisheries and Game. They are counted a beneficial animal, not only for their valuable fur but also because they keep down the insect population.

Skunks, says Dr. Hunter, like to keep out of man's way just as much as man likes to keep out of a skunk's path. About the only time a skunk gets into trouble, he points out, is when the animal gets too close to man's habitations. He gets caught under a porch, gets his head stuck in a jar, or falls into an opening outside a cellar window.

(This Job took steady nerves and outstanding courage, Lads. -- Ed.)

ANOTHER SKUNK GETS IN JAM WITH JAR,
CALLS UPON STATE POLICE FOR SERVICE

Stafford Springs -- In Essex Monday morning State Police expertly freed a skunk made miserable by getting its head caught in a jar.

Less than 20 hours later, at 3 a.m. Tuesday, a skunk came to the back door of the State Police Barracks here with its head stuck in a jar, plainly pleading to have it removed.

State Policeman James Dick reported that he was on desk duty at the early morning hour when he heard "thump thump thump" at the back door. He went to the door, looked out through the window in it but could see neither car nor person in the back yard. He turned and walked back along the corridor toward the desk when the "thump, thump" came again.

Officer Dick went back to the window. This time he looked down at the landing outside the door. There was the skunk, an unusually large one, with a jar on its head.

Officer Dick said he was wondering what to do when two borough policemen dropped in at the barracks. He called them and they came down the corridor to the door. One of them pushed the door open. The skunk started walking in, jar first.

Officer Dick did not want a skunk loose or cutting loose in the barracks.

He quickly stepped outside and took the skunk with him. Having grabbed the bull by the horns, as it were, he held the skunk firmly with one hand gripping its fur. With the other hand he tried to pull the jar off. It would not come off.

The other officers tried to help him, a little timidly. The jar could not be twisted off nor suddenly yanked off.

Officer Dick told the others to step back. Then he dropped the skunk on the concrete landing, hoping to break the jar. It remained intact. Next, he tried banging the jar against the edge of the step. All of this left the skunk doubly jarred and dizzy but the jar did not show even a crack.

By this time other state policemen who had been sleeping in the barracks were up, dressed, down and gathering around. The skunk got a little rest and a photo of him was taken while officer Dick sorted out the many suggestions being made to him.

He walked out into the back yard until he found a sturdy stone. Then he approached the skunk which seemed to be waiting patiently for him. Holding the jar against the concrete landing he tapped it with the stone and it fell apart.

The skunk shook its head a few times and then ambled down the steps and started toward the group of officers. A path was cleared for him swiftly. He walked off into the woods behind the barracks.

Officer Dick said he watched the skunk closely, as they all did, after it was freed and he could not say that it gave any gesture of gratitude but neither did it leave any bad odor. That, they all said, was gratitude enough.

The officers puzzled long over the fact that the skunk seemed to know enough to come to the State Police when he got into such a jam with a jar. He certainly could not have read about that other skunk down in Essex, they reasoned. The story was on the air as well as in the paper, they agreed, but skunks don't listen to the radio.

"I've got it," said Officer Dick. "It's the old grapevine working again."

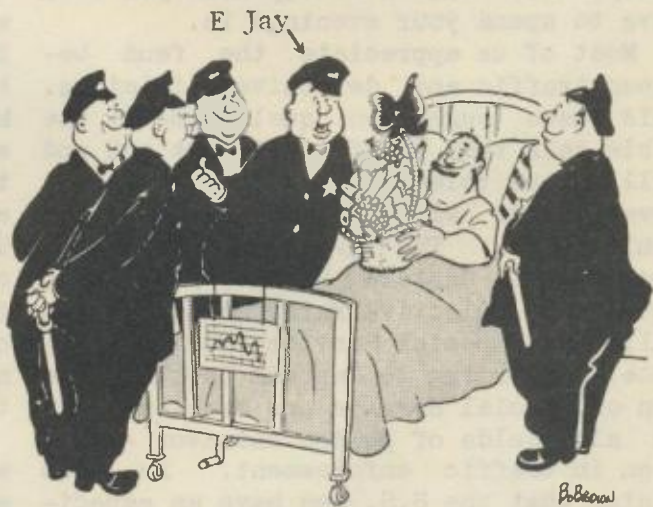
HEADQUARTERS

Vox-Cop is always pleased to reprint letters of appreciation for services rendered by the members of C.S.P. It is not possible to print all the complimentary letters. Frankly, they're too numerous. That statement is made without any exaggeration. Occasionally there are some letters received offering constructive criticisms. Some others, making complaint about our strict enforcement policies, a few, now and then, protesting about activities against violations by out-of-state drivers. Every such letter received is promptly acknowledged. All are investigated and Officers involved are given opportunity to file special reports or to appear before Commanding Officers to give their side of the story. We fully appreciate there are two sides to every story. Fortunately for the department and officers concerned, rarely do we find it necessary to resort to disciplinary action in such matters. Where it has been required, officers found responsible have lost regular leave days for a period of three months, and in one case the third week of vacation leave cancelled. We're not unmindful of the difficulties officers encounter in dealing with irritated drivers or are we unaware of the reactions of motorists to the belligerent, discourteous and "tough" police officer. We are stumped, however, when we receive letters from reliable and reputable citizens accusing police officers of uncivil or over zealous conduct and not being specific as to the identity of the officer or his car. For example, "Why can a cop jeopardize the lives of hundreds of people driving along the highway by chasing a car, which undoubtedly passed a stop sign? On last Sunday, driving on Route #7, that happened, this State Cop, passed car after car, in and out of the line of traffic-- (a drunken driver could not do any more harm). It happens every day, why can't they have some other system? After all they don't own the road. I have never been apprehended for

any kind of a motor vehicle violation, but I am sure the State cop would never get off as easy as he would think if the Commissioner would enforce the laws against State cops as well as other motorists." It has always been the policy of Vox-Cop to keep C.S.P. personnel fully informed as to public reactions. The good of the service requires such action. A complaint of this kind may be unfounded. We could search routine reports for cars apt to use Route 7 which runs from North to South in Western Connecticut. Better service being our objective it behooves all of us to be on the alert at all times and guard against cause for complaints about state policemen. They should set the example for safe driving and proper conduct.

---The Pilot

TRAFFIC DIVISION



"It's really nothin' at all, Buckley ---Mulcahy got the apples, Carroll the bananas, Kelly the pears, Mayo the grapes, I the oranges---all we had to buy was the basket!"

(With apologies to our Captain Buckley and Bo Brown, cartoonist)

SPECIAL SERVICE

Fall is here - and most everyone becomes conscious again of the "new look". Vox-Cop, too, is adding a "new look" in the form of this column. Like the ups and downs of the new skirts, which finally struck a happy medium, Special Service, for the first time, is going to venture out in its "new look". Perhaps, after a few ups and downs, we, too, will be accepted.

The most talked about problem today is the housing situation. But to some - 'Tis a simple matter (starting out). Mr. Blanding had to build his dream house, but not so the Briggs'. Evelyn found the house she wanted already built. An old house in Higganum. Simple? Yes - just to buy it, but - says Evelyn, Mr. Blanding had nothing on her. Trying to reconvert a house is even more of a headache, but cheer up, Evelyn, just think - when your house is all complete, your headache gone (and your money, too) what a lovely home you will have to spend your evenings in.

Most of us appreciate the feud between traffic and detective divisions. This news ought to quell some of the table talk that traffic officers can and will pursue thieves whereas a criminal investigator will not enforce the motor vehicle law. The "proof of the puddin" came when Captain Buckley's Traffic Squad and Selective Enforcement Program called on Special Service for assistance. According to Captain Buckley, the men of Special Service are cracker-jacks in all fields of police endeavor - yes, even in traffic enforcement. He also claims that the S.S. men have an especially fine way of issuing a warning or making an arrest and convincing their customers that the warning or arrest is actually for their benefit. 'Nuff said!

Romance, too, plays its part in Special Service. Yes, it is hearts and flowers. Ginny Baker, the shy pretty girl who works untiringly for the great Leo, has corresponded with a boy in the Navy. She met him for the first time a

few weeks ago. Soon after their meeting Ginny came in with his mark of ownership - a lovely diamond! "A great guy," says our Leo. Ginny is going to Washington, D.C. soon to meet the Navy. Sounds like weddin' bells and soon - Good luck, Ginny - to you and Paul both!

The big question of the day - How does one become a lieutenant in a specialized field? Take our Lieutenants Chameroy and Boas. Both are away out West, attending conferences - Boas in Texas and Chameroy in Denver. Why is it that these conferences are always so far away? Do you suppose these two - at their respective conferences - are the ones who are first to rise and make the motions as to where they are to be held the next time?

Incidentally, let us not say anything about Officer Rome's fascinating hobby. It keeps him billing and cooing these days. Ask Sam about it.

Officers Meli and Oliwa of Special Service, temporarily assigned to Captain Buckley's traffic squad, tell this one. While parked on the side of the road, they saw a car going by with defective equipment. The officers were all set to issue a warning. The operator stopped his car about 150 yards away, ran up to Meli and Oliwa, and said, holding out a sheet of paper, "I have been stopped three times before and already received a warning. What chance have I got." This is just an indication of how well our roads were patrolled. That motorist is right. What chance has an erring operator got. Betcha there aren't as many vehicles traveling on the highway today with defective equipment.

Has anyone ever stopped to consider what a versatile man we have in Lieutenant Pastore. Why, in one short week alone - he drove the Commissioner - acted as Captain (made an excellent one, I understand) and was appointed Fire Marshal. With his appointment came a change of office. He moved - lock, stock and barrel from the third floor to the first floor, and in leaving, he has left a vacancy in one of the Special Service offices that no one - and we mean no one can ever fill!

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

There was a brief - but much noticed item which appeared in the Bridgeport Herald recently which read as follows: "Favorites as news sources among reporters are Capt. Leo Carroll and Dep. Chief Thomas J. Hickey, of the Hartford Det. Bureau. Their versions are always official and never need checking." The comments from EJH and the Major and various Captains were most unusual. Let's say that at least three-quarters of the staff agreed - and just leave it at that!

This seems like a good time to congratulate the men who helped to keep everything running to schedule the day Governor Warren came to town. 3-HQ attended many conferences and issued many orders. As always his men did him proud and everything ran smoothly. But just one thing, Captain Carroll - we heard that while at the Bond Hotel, a noted and well-known dancer was there - a certain MISS HUSH of radio fame. How is it you didn't know her? We understand EJH had to set you straight regarding her identity.

I'll bet very few people know that in New Haven, Connecticut, it is against the law for any person over 15 years of age to ride a scooter on the sidewalk! Look it up if you don't believe us.

Our Criminal Consulting Engineer, Leo Francis Carroll, has returned from Poland Springs, Maine where he attended the New England Chiefs Conference and spoke on disasters. From now on we can expect anything - anywhere - anytime - and with Leo making good in Maine don't be surprised if more blackout trials are pulled this winter.

This is really news! It must be the altitude that Dan Cupid enjoys in Special Service 'cause he has darted another arrow - a sure and swift one, and this time he has pierced the heart of Bea Boucher, the good Captain's secretary. Bea came in Friday, October 8, wearing a most gorgeous diamond. It came as a complete surprise - especially to the Captain. Bea tells us the lucky man is Stephen Connors, Jr., of Rockville, and though their plans are indefinite - the weddin' will be soon.

Loads of Good Luck, Bea, and all the happiness in the world to you both!

EAST HAMPTON SCHOOLS
EAST HAMPTON, CONNECTICUT

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

Just a note to let you know that Lt. Rundle of the Colchester Barracks has visited our schools and has given an interesting and worthwhile talk to the elementary children in the Middle Had-dam School concerning safety, entering and leaving the school bus, and walking along the roads to and from school. I sincerely hope that he will have time to do the same in our other elementary school in East Hampton.

This school has always had very fine relations with the Barracks at Colchester. We are very happy to cooperate with the State Policemen and Mrs. Miller whenever they have any problems concerning our school children. The manner in which they work with school children and the policy of cooperation between State Police and the school is one I think will benefit all of us and I certainly am happy to say that our relations with the Barracks and Lt. Rundle are very good.

Sincerely yours,

Everett A. McDonald, Jr.
Superintendent of Schools

After Raoul Ouellette, restaurant owner of 401 McCord street, Montreal, Que., pleaded guilty to the charge of having an overabundance of flies in his establishment and was fined \$10 by Recorder Leonce Plante, J.A. Desjardins, city health inspector, said that the restaurant had closed down last week following a fire.

Remarked the Recorder: "They must have been fire flies."

IN MEMORIAM

VOX-COP

October, 1948

JAMES C SHANNON
GOVERNOR
L RICHARD BELDEN
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY



STATE OF CONNECTICUT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HARTFORD

September 24, 1948

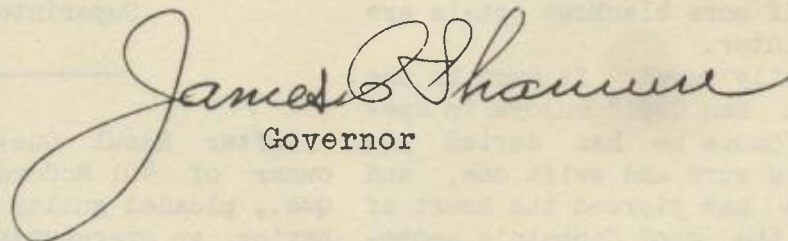
Dear Mrs. Purtell:

I am very very sorry to learn of the death of your husband. Although your personal sorrow transcends all other reactions to his passing, may I say for the many fellow workers who came to know and admire him over the years, that his passing brings a sincere and deep feeling of loss to us all.

A member of the State Police Department since 1929, Sergeant Purtell was known as a highly efficient man of our State Police and a highly respected citizen and beloved friend to countless people in every part of Connecticut.

Please accept my personal as well as official condolences.

Most sincerely,


Governor

s

Mrs. Maurice Purtell
Milford
Connecticut

Sergt. Maurice E. Purtell

Sergt. Maurice F. Purtell, a resident of Milford, assigned to Station "I" and detailed to the Milford Toll Station, died early on the morning of September 23 in the Milford Hospital. Stricken two days earlier, after suffering a cerebral hemorrhage at his home, he was admitted to the hospital in a critical condition and remained in a coma until his death.



Sergt. Maurice E. Purtell

Sergeant Purtell, a native of Ansonia joined the Connecticut State Police Department September 2, 1929. His father John Purtell, a member of the Ansonia Police Force for about 40 years, was claimed by death while still on the department November 1929. We knew his father for a number of years and we recall how pleased he was when his son, Maurice joined the Connecticut State Police. The Purtells were both good police officers and their service records in the respective departments, totalling nearly 60 years, were without blemish.

Sergeant Purtell attended local schools in Ansonia and as a young boy was employed in the job printing department of the Evening Sentinel, Ansonia. Prior to joining the State Police in 1929, he served for more than two years as a Deputy Sheriff in Nassau County, New York, and as mechanic with the Connecticut State Highway Department for four years. After meeting the requirements of C.S.P. Training School he was sent to Beacon Falls Barracks, next to Westport and the final years of his service were spent at Bethany. Active in many major investigations pertaining to burglaries and robberies he rendered outstanding service until his health failed. Detailed to the Milford Toll House and at times to the Wilbur Cross and Merritt Parkways he assumed his less arduous duties with reluctance.

His investigations and outstanding services were recognized on May 28, 1940 when the Departmental Board of Awards bestowed Meritorious Service Awards and Citations. With Officer John Crowley of the New Haven Police Department, Officer Purtell solved numerous incendiary fires in the New Haven area with the apprehension of a demented woman who gave them considerable difficulty when arrested in one of the local churches.

Appointed a Sergeant on March 1, 1941 he went about his duties with regard for others. That he had a wide circle of friends in the Naugatuck Valley and beyond was apparent at his funeral and during the two days that his body, dressed in his uniform, lay in the funeral home. Hundreds visited the mortuary until Saturday, September 25, when the funeral cortege wended its way to the Church of the Assumption and to his last resting place in Derby. The mourners included many personal friends, relatives, and members of the State Police in addition to representatives of the Police Departments of Ansonia, Derby Milford, and West Haven.

IN MEMORIAM

October 4, 1948

DR. CROSS KNEW HOW TO RELAX WITH LITERATURE, ARTS AND FOOD AS SHOWN HERE

Dear Sir:

We shall always remember with deep gratitude your comforting expression of sympathy shown to us in the death of the late Sergeant Maurice F. Purtell. We would especially like to thank the officers and men of station "I", State Policewomen, Miss Doyle and Miss Boland, Captains William Schatzman and Leo Mulcahy, Lieut. Remer, and the officers who spent time at the hospital and at his home. We send our thanks to the entire department and also to you Commissioner.

Yours truly,

Thomas J. Purtell, brother
also sisters of the late
Sgt. Maurice F. Purtell



1946---Governor Cross loved blueberry pie, and a homemade one was baked for him by State Policeman Albert H. Kimball.

Wilbur L. Cross

The tradition of the man of letters in political life has always been rarer in America than in England or in France. Theodore Roosevelt, the elder Henry Cabot Lodge and Woodrow Wilson were scholars and historians, but they were never, perhaps, what Europeans would call men of letters, in the sense that Wilbur Cross fitted the name and fulfilled it in office.

The man who was to become a famous four-term Governor of Connecticut after almost 40 years on the campus of Yale University, had certain tastes in literature which well equipped him for the part he was to play so successfully at Hartford. The professor of English who had written lives of Laurence Sterne and Henry Fielding which had become classics, was, in addition to being an authority on the 18th century English novel, very much the genial student of the human scene who could quote from Mark Twain as often as from Chaucer.

When he campaigned it was never the cloistered scholar who spoke. It was the philosopher wise enough to know

that the most successful statesmen in a democracy have been those who have approached the electorate on the basis of a common humanity. Smollett and Sterne and Fielding had not been mastered by Wilbur Cross in vain.

When he published his autobiography in 1943, ex-Gov. Cross called it "Connecticut Yankee." It is sure that he knew how well the name, with its Mark Twain flavor, belonged to him and that he was proud of the indigenous title. His affection for his native state was as strong as any howler in Connecticut pasture-lots.

He had known a Connecticut country boyhood when he had walked eight miles a day to school at Willimantic where he prepared for Yale. And, when he was nearing 70, he could tell Tolland County voters, admiring fellow-Yankees, and rock-ribbed Republicans, "I can still pitch off a load of hay, milk a cow or break up a settin' hen," tasks at which, one can guess, Fielding would have failed.

---New York Herald Tribune

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."