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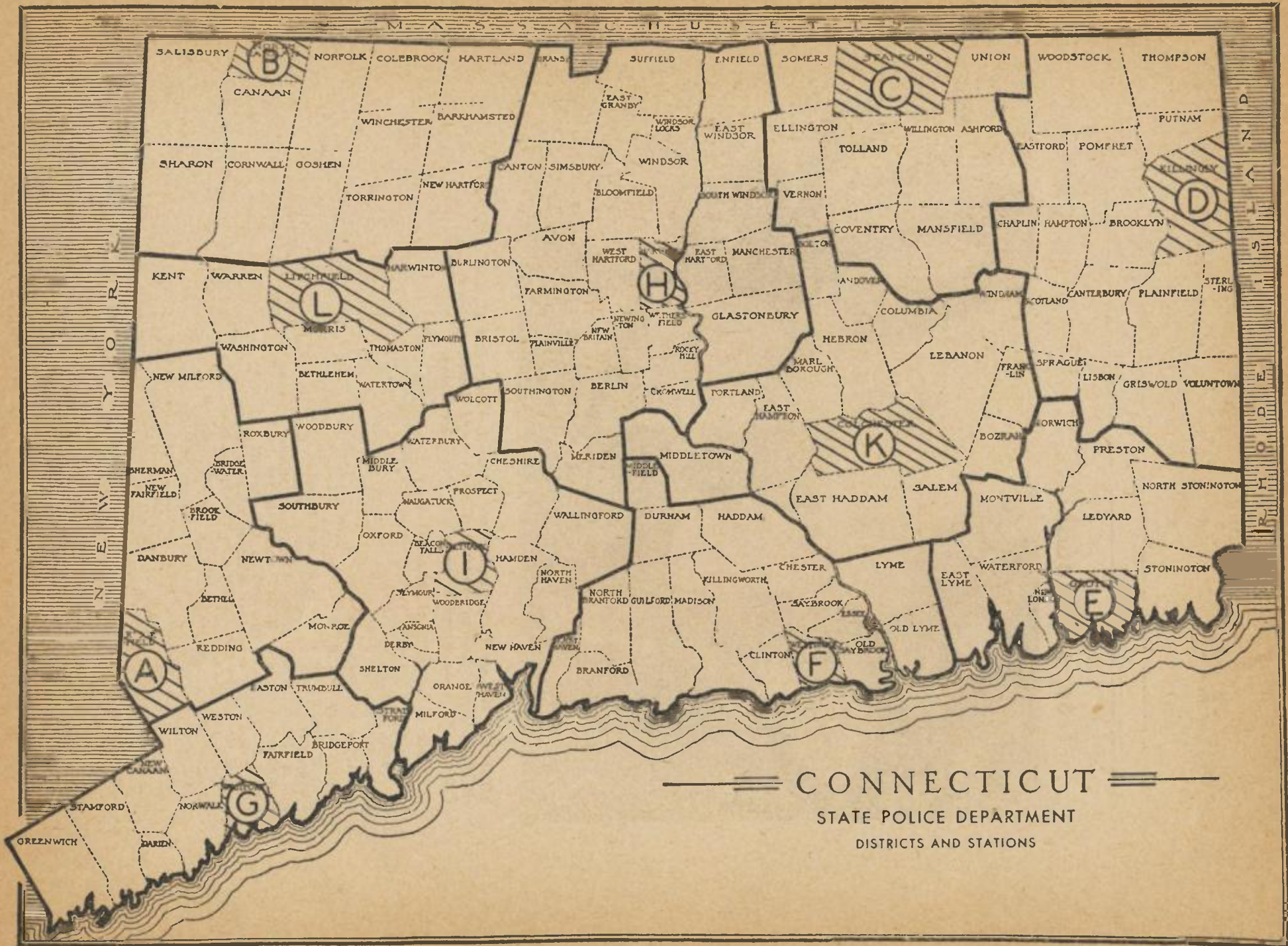
No. 6

CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

FEBRUARY 1949



SALISBURY CANAAN NORFOLK COLEBROOK HARTLAND TRANS. SUFFIELD ENFIELD SOMERS STAFFORD UNION WOODSTOCK THOMPSON

WINCHESTER BARKHAMSTED EAST GRANDY WINDSOR LOCKS EAST WINDSOR ELLINGTON WILLINGTON ASHFORD EASTFORD POMFRET PUTNAM

SHARON CORNWALL GOSHEN TORRINGTON NEW HARTFORD CANTON SIMSBURY WINDSOR TOLLAND EASTFORD POMFRET WILLOUGHBY

KENT WARREN LITCHFIELD MARKWINTO DURLINGTON AVON WEST HARTFORD EAST HARTFORD MANCHESTER TOLLAND COVENTRY MANSFIELD CHAPLIN HAMPTON BROOKLYN

WASHINGTON MORRIS THOMASTON PLYMOUTH BRISTOL PLAINVILLE NEWINGTON WESTFIELD GLASTONBURY HEBRON COLUMBIA INDIAN COTLAND CANTERBURY PLAINFIELD STERLING

NEW MILFORD BETHLEHEM WATERTOWN WOLCOTT SOUTHWINGTON BERLIN CROMWELL PORTLAND MARLBOROUGH LEBANON TRANSELIN SPRAGUE LISBON GRISWOLD VOLUNTOWN

ROXBURY WOODBURY WATERBURY CHESHIRE MERIDEN MIDDLEFIELD MIDDLETOWN EAST HADDAM SALEM MONTVILLE FRESTON

SHERMAN NEW FAIRFIELD BRIDGE WATER MIDDLE BURY PROSPECT WALLINGFORD DURHAM HADDAM EAST HADDAM SALEM MONTVILLE FRESTON

DANBURY NEWTOWN OXFORD DEACON FALLS HAMDEN WALLINGFORD DURHAM HADDAM EAST HADDAM SALEM MONTVILLE FRESTON

BETHEL REDDING MONROE DERBY NORTH HAVEN NORTH BRANTFORD GUILFORD MADISON KILLINGWORTH CHESTER LYME EAST LYME WATERFORD STONINGTON

STAMFORD NORWALK GREENWICH DARIEN WESTON WESTON FAIRFIELD BRIDGEPORT MILFORD BRANFORD CLINTON SAYBROOK OLD LYME NEW LONDON

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CONNECTICUT
STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT
DISTRICTS AND STATIONS

Yankee By The Clipper

VOX-COP

February, 1949

Troopers' Roadblock Ends Taxicab Chase



YOUTHFUL William G. Deviney, left, and Joseph R. Karlon, both of Worcester, Mass., are questioned by State Policemen Walter Perkins, left, and Russell J. Olson, after capture on Cross Parkway. Knife was found in stolen cab they were driving. ---Hartford Times Photo

A 70-mile-an-hour flight of two alleged taxicab bandits from Worcester, Mass., came to an abrupt end against a four-car State Police barricade across the Wilbur Cross Parkway on the outskirts of New Haven.

William G. Deviney, 20, and Joseph R. Karlon, 18, were captured 75 minutes after, State Trooper Russell J. Olson said, they held up a Yellow Cab operator on a deserted side street in Worcester and escaped in his cab.

At 2 a. m. Jan. 17 a statewide alert for two men and a description of the cab was broadcast from a teletype message received from the Worcester police.

TROOPER Olson was patrolling in the Meriden area. Near the Scale House on Route 5 he observed the cab traveling at an ex-

cessive speed towards the parkway. He continued the chase and at the same time radioed headquarters giving direction for the setting up of the blockade.

TWO troopers from Bethaney Barracks, John Sweeney and Frank Cassello, and Walter Perkins of Hartford Barracks on patrol in the Middletown area, proceeded to the Route 5 overpass on the parkway near the New Haven city line and set up three sides of the road block.

AS HE approached the getaway cab, Trooper Olson said it immediately slowed down to about 35 miles an hour. He then trailed it into the blockade where the pair offered no resistance when they were arrested.

Worcester police reported that the cab driver, Douglas McCormack, said the pair hailed him

about 1:15 a. m. and asked to be driven to an address on Providence St. in Worcester. There, according to McCormack, the two men held him up with a pistol and a knife, taking his money and forcing him from the cab.

A U. S. Navy issue knife with a seven-inch blade was found in the cab by the State Police but they were unable to locate the pistol.

DEVINEY and Karlon were returned to Hartford Barracks for questioning. They were presented on a fugitive warrant in Meriden Police Court and then turned over to the Worcester authorities.

The cab, equipped with a two-way radio telephone, was not damaged.

Lt. Henry M. Mayo pointed out that the capture "clearly demonstrated the effectiveness of the State Police highway patrol." He also commended Trooper Olson.

(The Hartford Times)

CAPTAIN JIM DOOLEY, NOW RETIRED,
 HAILED BY EVERY MAN WHO KNEW HIM

By Tere Pascone

We paid a visit last week to the home of Captain James A. Dooley, retired Bridgeport police officer with the hope of learning what manner of man he was, his philosophy and his observations during 43 years of police service. We wanted to find out what it was that made him one of the best loved and most popular superiors in the department. And why it was that the mention of his name always brought words that bordered on the reverent.

But we ran into trouble. It was not so easy to question a man who all his life had done the questioning, and whose makeup was one averse to being singled out for publicity.

"I really don't like all this," he said sincerely and somewhat embarrassedly. And he shied away from answering questions aimed at his own aggrandizement.

A tall, pleasant man with grey hair and watery blue eyes, he scarcely looked his 81 years of age. Years of police work had not hardened him. He had pounded the beat in every section of the city, had been one of the best detectives in the bureau, and he had risen from the ranks to head the Second Precinct. Yet, he had lost neither warmth nor understanding. His badge had not gone to his head.

He's No Hero to Himself

"There's no sense trying to make a hero out of me," he protested. "Because it never was that way. We always had team work in the department. It was all a part of a day's work."

So we left Captain Dooley and sought our information elsewhere, and talked to men and women in and out of the police department who had known him during the years. And we were told many stories.

Captain Dooley was a man who treated officers under him with fairness and understanding. One day, he called into his office a policeman about whom he had received numerous complaints.

"Sit down," he said. "Let's have a

talk."

Instead of blasting a reprimand at him, or bringing up the details of the complaint, he quietly began:

"You tried awfully hard to get your job, didn't you?"

The policeman nodded.

"Well, don't you think you should try just as hard to keep it?"

The abashed man in uniform remained silent. He made no excuses. But Captain Dooley never had trouble with him again.

An Understanding Nature

One of the assets which endeared the former detective to many who had crossed his path was his kindness. He had a deep comprehension of nationality groups which make up Bridgeport's population, and he was tolerant of misbehaviour as the occasion demanded.

Once he was sent to a home in "Hell's Kitchen," a section where Yellow Mill Village now stands, to investigate a complaint of a woman who declared her husband was aiming to kill her. When he arrived there, he found the poor frightened housewife, with three frightened children, and a husband who was swearing and hollering he'd "kill her yet."

Instead of grabbing the man by the coat collar and ordering him into the patrol wagon, Captain Dooley waited a moment for him to quiet down. And then he said:

"These are your children aren't they? You love them, don't you? Your wife, she's their mother, isn't she? And you love her, too, don't you?"

The man looked at Captain Dooley in amazement. He began to cry.

"You really don't want to harm your wife, do you?"

The man shook his head.

Well, anyway, before Captain Dooley left, the whole family was crying and kissing one another, and they never gave the police department trouble again.

Counselled Many a Juvenile

Many a juvenile picked up for theft and burglary has received words of counsel from the former police captain,

and he has seen these same boys grow up to manhood, and become a success in their field of work.

"Lots of those kids don't know better, because no one steered them right," he once told a friend. "You got to talk to them and make them understand. Just because they did something wrong once doesn't mean they're going to do it again. And just because one member of the family goes wrong doesn't mean that something is wrong with the rest of the family."

Those who observed him testifying in court said he was a man of honesty. He knew when to make an arrest and when not to make it, and the prosecutor could be pretty sure that a prisoner hauled into court by Captain Dooley was going to stay arrested, and that no amount of legal manipulation could change that.

Most everyone agrees that Captain Dooley was ever a retiring person; that he treated his men all alike, that he was a square shooter, and that he did not make unreasonable demands upon them. He never liked publicity and if his name appeared in a news story of a case he was investigating, praising him for his detective work, he forgot it the next day.

"That was yesterday," he used to say. "It was all in a day's work. Today's another day."

Saw the Force Grow

A man who witnessed the growth of the police department from the days of horse drawn patrol and mounted police to the present era of motorized equipment, he has also seen the growth of the city with its accompanying problems.

When he donned his blue uniform in 1905, there was not the need for the large number of men on duty during the day as there is today. Most of the force worked at night patrolling city streets. Jim Dooley became part of the night patrol in the days when the Boston avenue and Old Mill Green section was a village. It was a time when Bridgeport was becoming more and more populated with Poles, Italians and Irish and other nationality groups and he got to know them well, not only as a policeman but before that as foreman of

a gang at the Citizens Gas company which was his first job.

To him, they were not foreigners. They were human beings with hearts of gold. And once in awhile when the police department was called out to quiet a brawl at a wedding or at a party, he approached the case with admirable rationalization.

Captain Dooley has investigated every kind of a case from minor thievery to spectacular fires and murders.

"The Beardsley Park fire was the worst my men ever went on," he said. "And the most puzzling I ever investigated was that furnace suicide down at the National Catholic church on Harriet street and Barnum avenue. It certainly was a queer one. The sexton, Joseph Green, crawled into the church furnace and cremated himself.

"What made it all the stranger was what he did before he squeezed himself through the furnace door. We found asbestos chips all through the church. And on the center altar and basement walls, he had scrawled unintelligible words all of which started with a 'K'. Then he draped the altar in mourning in preparation for a funeral service, and laid out the priest's vestments. He knocked out the sanctuary lamp and placed all the sacred candles and vessels on their sides. That certainly was a queer one--the likes of which I had never seen before or heard of since."

His Views on Murder

Speaking of murder, Captain Dooley has his own ideas.

"There are some who believe that murder is more apt to take place in slum areas. That is not so. Murder will take place anywhere, even in a church. There is no rule about this. We've had murders in every section of the city, even on Main street. And a murder which is not solved always is an open case on the books. It is never closed until the solution is found."

His service with the Bridgeport Police department was interrupted only once--during World War I--when he was given a year's leave of absence to work for the Department of Justice in the Bridgeport area.

Among his important assignments, he was detailed with the group to guard President Theodore Roosevelt when he visited Bridgeport, and also the late President Taft.

In recognition of his service as a law enforcer, the Police Board early this month awarded him a certificate of honor lauding him for his loyalty and his fine work through the years. As a further recognition, friends joined together and gave him a testimonial dinner at the Ritz ballroom Feb. 1st.

'The Best Boss'

When the Second Precinct heard he was going to retire as of Jan. 1., Lieut. Raymond Shanley, on desk duty at the Arctic street station house, said, "Mr. Dooley was the best boss the men at this precinct ever had, and they are sure going to feel badly that he is retiring."

In a nutshell, Captain Dooley's rise in the department was as follows:

June, 1905, he joined the police force.

January, 1917, promoted to sergeant after patrolling a beat for nearly 12 years.

February, 1918, advanced to rank of lieutenant.

January, 1930, placed in command of the Night Patrol division.

June, 1932, desk duty assignment.

April, 1934, became acting superintendent of the Fourth Precinct station.

June, 1934, promoted to captain in command of the Fourth.

November, 1934, placed in command of the Second Precinct.

January 1, 1949, retired.

Capt. Dooley married Mary A. Kelly, with whom he resides at 64 Garfield Ave. They have seven children, Mrs. Mary Roche, Elizabeth, Norine, Catherine and Agnes Dooley, John J. Dooley, who has followed his father's footsteps and has been a patrolman four years, and James, who is with an aircraft company in Texas. Captain Dooley has four grandchildren, John, James, Robert and Maryanne Roche.

---Bridgeport Post

LYNCHING IN THE SOUTH

From The Hartford Courant

Any year in which even a single person is put to death by illegal means cannot be said to be a good one. The Tuskegee Institute, which compiles lynching statistics, reports two during 1948, with one borderline case--a Negro who was shot for voting. Most interesting, however, is the fact that one of the two victims was a white Georgian, accused of cattle stealing, who was beaten and burned. Encouraging too, is the fact that seven lynchings were prevented by good police work. Nineteen lives were thereby saved.

Whether or not President Truman is successful in putting over an anti-lynching law, the threat of such legislation has been effective. It has moved the South to put its house in order. This is reflected in the increased dili-

gence of police in preventing lynchings. People who incite lynching parties, naturally cowards. As such they hesitate to act when they know that police authority will be exercised.

It can be argued that if lynching is now reduced to a minimum in the South, there is no harm in federal legislation. But the South feels with justification, that it is dealing with the problem in the best possible way, without interference by the Federal Government. It is a fact that most communities in the North have far more murders than there are lynchings in the South. Yet there is no attempt to enact federal legislation against murder. And on lynching the South has a good argument in the record of the past two years.

COW PASTURE JUSTICE

by Jack Harrison Pollack

This Week Magazine

ARE you one of the millions of big-city Americans who have been hauled before a justice of the peace for a traffic violation? If so, though your fine may have been small, His Honor's two favorite words, "and costs," probably raised your ransom as much as \$28 extra.

Since his judicial income usually depends on what he extracts from you, the average justice of the peace, usually a layman holding court in a rural area with jurisdiction over petty criminal and minor civil cases, almost invariably finds you guilty — especially if you're a stranger.

Asked how he rendered such speedy verdicts, a frank Ohio J. P. once winked, "I only listen to one side of the case. Otherwise it confuses me."

This bizarre method of dispensing justice — the only contact which countless Americans have with the law — is troubling legislators, judges and the legal profession. Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt of the Supreme Court of New Jersey — which abolished the J. P. office on January 1 — warns: "Undisciplined, unsupervised, the justice of the peace is a sore problem."

DEFENDERS of the oldest U. S. court remind us, however, that there are many competent, honest backwoods Solomons who mete out civil and criminal justice quickly and fairly. Respected by their communities, the conscientious J. P.'s settle chicken squabbles between neighbors, reprimand unlicensed hunters, and dispose of numerous petty complaints without the delay and expense of an ordinary court. The justice tribunal, in fact, was set up to decide local disputes that otherwise would go to a county court which might be two days away by carriage.

Today, a comic philosopher by reputation, the justice of the peace is chiefly known for fining out-of-state motorists and marrying eloping couples. When a hard-pressed Kentucky female recently offered \$10,000 for a husband, an Arkansas J. P. offered to wed her and perform the ceremony himself.

One thing that can definitely be said about our J. P.'s: we're well stocked with them. There are 50,000 in the U. S. Pennsylvania has the most — about 5,500.

Almost anybody can become a J. P. No special qualifications are needed for the job under most state laws. Some justices can't read or write. Only Louisiana and Arkansas insist they be citizens and speak English. In only nine states are they required to reside in the state.

As a U. S. Senator told me: "Men are apprenticed for years in the trades and professions but aren't even tested for the justice-of-peace position." To make it even easier, election to the J. P. office is rarely contested. As far as most voters are concerned, elections are usually "blind." In a swank Pittsburgh suburb, a 22-year-old female domestic worker, without knowing she was a candidate, was elected a justice of the peace. She turned down the job. A western J. P. who held on to his admits, "I've had this job since 1928 when two friends put my name in as a joke while I was away." A cigar-store Indian was chosen justice of the peace in Allentown, N. J., some years ago. Even dogs and horses have been "elected."

THE average J. P. is 58 years old. One in five is between 70 and 90. Most serve part-time as storekeepers, farmers, bakers, butchers, barbers, carpenters, real-estate agents, shoemakers or paperhangers. Few make a living solely from justice-of-the-peaceing. To earn extra money, they take time from their regular chores to sit in judgment on their fellow men.

Some don't even take off time. A Tennessee J. P. continues milking his cows while fining defendants. An Illinois jurist stands behind the plow. On warm summer days, an enterprising New Jersey justice hawked gallons of ice cream while convening court in the soda parlor he owned. **Other J. P.'s hold trials in general stores, gas stations, barns, hayfields, while leaning over a back fence — anywhere they happen to be.**

Usually, though, court is held in the justice's home. But when a Michigan J. P. was trying a defendant in his living room, his wife started cleaning house, and chased them both out to the front porch.

Wherever this horse-and-buggy court is held, your chances of going scot-free are slim. Lawyers wisecrack that J. P. means "judg-

ment for plaintiff."

On motorists, rural and small-community justices really go to town, thriving on speed traps and hidden red lights. A Utah J. P. has been known to accompany a cop. He holds court on the roadside, collecting fines from itinerant suckers on the spot.

OCCASIONALLY grassroots justices do double duty. The story is told of an Eastern motorist hauled into an empty room of a Midwest whistle stop and ordered to wait a minute. A few seconds later the "cop" returned, wearing a shabby judicial robe and muttering, "All right, court is now in session!"

At a shady Florida justice mill, a backwoods jurist brushed aside a Northern motorist's not-guilty plea: "'Not guilty' don't go here. Pay the fine or I gotta send you to jail." A Pennsylvania J. P. refused to accept a not-guilty plea on the ground that it was Sunday and he couldn't administer an oath. "Pay up," he said. "That'll make it easier for both of us."

You can never be certain what kind of justice you'll get in a justice court. Some whimsical gavel-pounders will soak you \$100 for not having your driver's license on you and only \$2 for recklessly running someone down. An impatient Southwestern J. P. fines all comers \$10, whatever the offense.

Usually, though, the justice carefully observes where you're from. **A Wyoming J. P. fines New Yorkers — whom he doesn't like — a flat \$25.** Californians complain that Texas squires prey on them. The Auto Club of Michigan reports that many of its members are held up in an Ohio town. A Dixie jurist asked a defendant where he hailed from.

"Brooklyn," the culprit informed His Honor. "Hm! That'll be fifty dollars!"

Whether much of this booty ever reaches official coffers is doubtful. Many justices don't bother issuing receipts. When demanded, they may be scribbled on the back of an old envelope, a blank check or a hunting-license application.

Supervision of America's J. P.'s is as lax as selection. The majority of our states don't even have accu-

rate lists of their justices' names and addresses, much less receive records or accountings from them. Checking by state auditing divisions is spasmodic and inspired solely by financial motives. No regular J.P. supervisory agency exists in most states.

JUSTICES get paid through the "fee" system in most states. They are supposed to remit the fines and keep the "costs" — justice by the piece. Co-operative states offer the J. P. costs for conviction — and nothing for acquittals. But as Virginia Trial Justice Harold F. Snead remarks, "It's doubtful whether any judge can be fair and impartial when the outcome of the case involves his own pocket-book." Justice truly limps when the defendant, whether he's a motorist, unlicensed fisherman, drunk, roadside petter or whatnot, must pay for the justice-dispensing — and hears only nine words: "What's the charge? That'll be twenty dollars and costs."

Some unscrupulous J. P.'s in Illinois have been known to serve as collection agencies for finance companies on a commission basis. They write to a debtor: "Before my constable issues a warrant, I am giving you this opportunity to settle up." The frightened recipient of the letter usually pays — and the J. P. gets his cut. Instances are on record where "defendants" who owed nothing have been harassed with such threats.

Justices receive salaries in five states. South Carolina pays the lowest, beginning at \$8 a month; California, the highest, up to \$8,500 a year. Most J. P.'s say they'd rather be on salary. Justices preferring fees consider it "the only practical method." Legal experts agree that higher salaries and greater supervision would attract better men and raise the office's dignity.

ACTUALLY, the job's demands are much greater than generally realized. In many states the J. P. is the only court which is used by enforcement officers. Civil cases include breach of contract, trespassing, action on notes, damages for negligence. Criminal cases take in petty larceny, ordinance violation, assault, gambling, fish-and-game offenses, disorderly conduct, indecency, intoxication, fraud, malicious mischief, public nuisance and vagrancy.

Yet only six per cent of J. P.'s are lawyers. A nationwide survey conducted for the National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement by New Jersey Barrister George Warren revealed that 20 per cent don't even possess copies of the laws they enforce! An Oklahoma justice, waving aside a dusty, unopened statute book on his shelf, told an inquisitive

defendant, "No use lookin' in there son. I run this here court on the Golden Rule."

The AAA knows of a J. P. who believes in equal justice. This impartial worthy likes to fine both the plaintiff and defendant! But on one occasion when he threatened to do so, the two parties in a civil suit went into a huddle and refused to testify against each other. Since there was no witness, the J. P. was stumped. He finally scratched his head and dismissed the case, muttering.

"I don't want to do this," he remarked, "but you fellows got me."

Justices are appallingly ill-informed on their own jurisdictional limits. Asked what their maximum allowable fines were, J. P.'s in the same state gave answers ranging from \$1 to \$5,000. Many justices have no idea how far their power goes.

YOUR willingness to go to jail usually reduces the fine and costs. If you're short of cash, some "bargaining justices" will take whatever you have — watch, camera, ring, spare tire, jack, groceries — and call it square. As a result, some of their homes resemble hock shops.

Accessible to everyone, the J. P. tribunal isn't usually a lawyer's court. But in one civil case before a Southern justice, reports Norman Damon, vice-president of the Automotive Safety Foundation, two local barristers were representing their clients. At noon they vied to see who could take the J. P. to lunch. The defense lawyer won, and he and the J. P. adjourned to the local tavern where they had five quick ones. When the after-lunch court session began, the defense lawyer waxed alcoholically eloquent. At the height of his new friend's oratory, the justice excitedly leaned over and shouted, "Give 'em hell, Ben! I think we've got 'em licked!"

GREGARIOUS souls, J. P.'s are usually potent politically in their communities. In some places justices have banded together in state-wide associations, chiefly to preserve their office.

Sensitive to growing criticism of their "cow-pasture justice," alert J. P. state associations in New York, California and Illinois are trying to clean house within their own ranks. Today "Schools for J. P.'s" are being run by major law schools. Last spring Law Professor J. Walter McKenna conducted one at New York University, and another is in session at the University of Illinois Law School.

Recently, the first real national J. P. conference took place in Seattle, spark-plugged by the American Bar Association's indefatigable traffic-court director, James P. Economos. A permanent organization known as the

American Association of Trial Courts of Limited Jurisdiction was formed. It will co-operate with the American Bar Association and seek to instill justices of the peace with a real desire to modernize their courts.

The J. P. tribunal is a hangover from Edward III's fourteenth-century England. It was intended to preserve the King's Peace, and holders of the office were the most responsible and capable men in each community. But this qualifying requisite and another safeguard, supervision, were never transplanted to these shores.

Instead, the office has been such a haphazard no-man's land that the J. P. has become one of the major modern judicial headaches. And today authorities agree that the justice of the peace court must be improved or eliminated. Missouri, in 1945, became the first state to abolish J. P. court, and Kansas City, Kan., recently did likewise. Ten states now deprive J. P.'s of jurisdiction over traffic cases. The situation was so bad in Virginia and Maryland that salaried trial justices and magistrates assumed most of their functions. California, Iowa, Michigan, Texas, Washington, Oregon and Tennessee are now carefully re-examining their J. P. systems. Experts believe that J. P. courts should be replaced with state-wide supervised personnel.

Defending the justice court, Alfred Morrison, New York state J. P. leader, who is now trying to organize 56 county schools for J. P.'s with the State Bar Association, told me, "The J. P. court isn't outmoded. It's needed in rural areas. Justice is meted out promptly so people can go about their business. Sure, it has many faults which are of recent origin. They arose out of the complexities of modern jurisprudence. But if there's any truth in the adage 'justice delayed is justice denied,' then the J. P. court has much to recommend it."

TO STREAMLINE the justice-of-the-peace system, here is a program approved by the American Bar Association House of Delegates:

1. Eliminate the vicious "fee" system and provide adequate salaries for full-time J. P.'s.
2. Reduce the number of justices. There are now far too many J. P.'s in the U. S.
3. Furnish them with proper court facilities. Take the J. P. "out of the cow pasture."
4. Select qualified men, preferably legally trained ones, for the office.
5. See to it that they are supervised by or responsible to a central state agency such as a chief justice, an administrative officer or the judicial council.
6. Furnish them with clerical assistants. Require them to keep satisfactory records and to report to a county or state office at least once a month.
7. Let them retain only judicial functions. Eliminate all their other local governmental duties.
8. Provide annual judicial conferences or

schools to improve J. P. practices and procedures. Keep them abreast of latest developments.

By putting this type of program in practice, we can rid ourselves once and for all of our "cow-pasture justice."

"THIS WEEK is performing a most valuable public service in exposing the shortcomings of the Justice of the Peace system. The J. P. has a definite place . . . but his is primarily a local court, designed to settle local matters. It is not geared to the Motor Age. Jurisdiction over traffic cases should be in the hands of properly supervised authorities, insuring speedy, impartial justice for all motorists." — *American Automobile Association*

"The American Bar Association, with the support of many forward-looking justices of the peace, is stimulating a program to improve the J. P. system. With the continued co-operation of THIS WEEK and the nation's press, lasting improvements will be forthcoming. Then the millions of defendants annually charged with traffic violations in rural areas will be assured of their 'day in court.'" — *James P. Economos, American Bar Association*

What is Your Criminal Record?

Murray Teigh Bloom

IF FOUR laws were rigidly enforced, more than 99 percent of us would be ex-convicts or currently in jail, according to a recent nationwide survey conducted by the Randen Foundation of New York. To see how many crimes *you* may have committed and how long you might have spent in jail if you had been caught and convicted, test yourself on the following questionnaire.

The questions are based on the penal law of New York State, but discrepancies in the laws of other jurisdictions in the United States will be slight. All of the offenses are fairly serious and the least of them could draw, upon conviction, a maximum sentence of one year in jail. None of the offenses is archaic or based on freak laws. For each of them there has been at least one conviction in New York within the past five years.

The method of scoring at the end of the questions will give you an idea of your "hidden criminal record."

1. Did you ever drop nails or glass in any street or public place?
2. Did you ever give any information to another regarding birth control?
3. Did you ever smoke in a gaso-

line station or spit on the sidewalk?

4. Did you ever remove fruit or flowers from a person's property without permission?

5. Did you ever hit anyone except in self-defense?

6. Did you ever, without proper authorization, open a sealed letter addressed to someone else?

7. Were you ever intoxicated in a public place?

8. Did you ever place a bet on a horse race anywhere except at the track?

9. Did you ever sell a lottery ticket?

10. Did you ever take a towel, an ashtray or similar property from a hotel or restaurant?

11. Did you ever drive a motor vehicle without a proper license or registration, or while intoxicated?

12. Have you ever entered the United States from Canada, Cuba or any other foreign land without declaring the correct value of all your purchases to customs officials?

13. Have you ever participated in a chain letter which involved sending money through the mails?

14. If you are married, have you ever been unfaithful to your spouse?

15. Did you ever vote in an elec-

tion in which you had bet on the outcome?

16. Did you ever over-assess your personal "contributions to charity" on your income-tax report?

17. Did you ever exaggerate your previous salary or experience on an application for a job?

18. Have you ever exaggerated the value of lost property in collecting your insurance?

19. Did you ever have in your possession a pistol or any firearm capable of being concealed on your person, without having a license for it?

For affirmative answers to questions 1 through 14, give yourself six months for each offense. These are misdemeanors and theoretically could have brought you as much as a year in jail. For yes answers to questions 15 and 16 give yourself a year each. These are sometimes misdemeanors and sometimes felonies, depending on the circumstances. Questions 17-19 involve felonies, and commission of these crimes theoretically could bring you from two and a half to five years each. But we'll be easy on you, so merely give yourself two years for each. Add them all up and you'll get an idea of how time-killing your life of crime could be.

Godfrey Conferring Decorations On Policemen



Chief Michael J. Godfrey, left, Friday decorated three Hartford policemen for "meritorious service." They are left to right, Leo V. Girard, Michael Proccacino and John J. Kerrigan. In the background are fellow policemen present when the awards were made at police headquarters (Courant Photo).

Three policemen were called out of the ranks of Squad B Friday January 28 and decorated for heroism and meritorious service by Chief Michael J. Godfrey, on the main floor of Police Headquarters.

The men were Policemen Leo V. Girard, John J. Kerrigan and Michael Proccacino. Beside receiving engraved medals the men received meritorious citations describing their individual acts.

They read as follows: "Officer John J. Kerrigan displayed extraordinary heroism during the early morning hours of Dec. 18, 1948, in the apprehension of three youths who had shortly before burglarized a local theater and made an unsuccessful attempt to force the safe. At the time of their

capture they had in their possession burglar tools and a loaded revolver. By his utter disregard for his own safety the officer manifested the best traditions of an heroic policeman.

"Officer Leo V. Girard did display superior alertness and devotion to duty during the early morning hours of June 16, 1948, while on a routine investigation, that eventually proved to be murder. During the preliminary investigation, he did obtain and transmit to his immediate superiors the registration numbers of a motor vehicle that drove away from the vicinity and, due to the promptness and correctness of his information, within seven minutes after the alarm was broadcast the murderer was apprehended before he could prepare

an alibi. This was the Ames murder on Ashley St.

"Officer Michael Proccacino displayed good judgment and devotion to duty the early morning hours of Dec. 17, 1948, when notified by a citizen that he had heard a pounding in an auto supply store on Park St. By prompt action in observing conditions in and around the store he immediately summoned aid and, due to such action, the thieves were apprehended and the proceeds of the burglary recovered."

Chief Godfrey said that in the future all policemen deserving of these citations will be presented with them before their own squads. The medal is gold suspended on a red, white and blue ribbon, with the name and date of the citation engraved on the back.

(The Hartford Courant)

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF JURY

Wilma Bailey was a 17-year-old high-school kid in New Bedford, Mass., when she met Sgt. John Ybarbo at a USO dance at nearby Camp Edwards in 1942. Caught up in the excitement of war, the New England girl and the Texas boy got married. Shortly thereafter, Johnny was shipped overseas. He was wounded at Anzio. While he was away, Wilma had a son, James.

After John was discharged from the Army, he reenlisted for service in Germany as a constabulary trooper. In 1946 Wilma joined him in Frankfurt, where they set up housekeeping for the first time. But what should have been a joyous reunion was instead the preface to tragedy.

"From the time I got off the train," said Wilma later, "I knew (John) was a changed man. He didn't even kiss me. He started telling me to do things for him, ordered me about, told me to shut up when I spoke, and even decided at what time I was to go to bed." But this was not all. John also subjected Wilma to the humiliation of hiring as a housemaid one Anne Marie Nolte, a Fraulein who was pregnant by him.

Their life assumed a pattern of violence and brutality. By Wilma's story, "every few months" John would beat her--blacking her eyes and bruising her face. He would threaten to kill her and commit suicide. On one occasion, in the presence of Anne Marie, Ybarbo knocked his wife off a chair with his fist, threw her on the bed, and then yelled for his pistol to kill her.

Last Sept. 21 the Ybarbo story flared up to a climax during a drinking party with two German girls and three American soldiers. John kept telling Wilma to go to bed. She refused. Then, according to all accounts, John dragged her out of the living room to the bedroom. "He kept right on hitting me all the time he pushed me on the bed," said Wilma. In retaliation she bloodied his nose--"the first time I struck him back." Releasing her, John went to the bathroom to wash off the blood. "When I come back I'm going to black both your eyes, break your nose, and knock

out all your teeth," he shouted.

"I thought of his remarks that he would kill himself and kill me first," Wilma later declared. "I thought of other fights we had--I couldn't go through that again. I got off the bed and reached for the gun which was in a wall locker...and then started walking towards the bathroom. Then, well, I started to push open the door and he came towards me. I fired the pistol and he screamed." Three bullets hit her husband.

When the German girls and their soldier-friends rushed in from other rooms they found Wilma holding John's head. She testified: "He asked for a drink of water. I said he could not have any water because I saw he was shot in the stomach...then I got him some. I gave it to him in my hands as he lay on the floor. Ten days later John Ybarbo died.

When Wilma came up for trial in Marburg on Dec. 14, her case became more than one of sex, liquor, and violent death. As an American in occupied Germany, she had a doubtful legal status. A three-judge court, appointed by Gen. Lucius Clay, heard the plea of her counsel, Stanley Gaines, for a jury trial, but turned it down. It held that Americans in the United States sector "left the Constitution behind." She was refused the right of indictment by a grand jury. She thus became the first American civilian to be tried for a capital offense in occupied Germany. The court proceeded to try Wilma for "willful and premeditated murder, with malice aforethought," with a penalty of death on conviction. When the prosecution failed to prove premeditation the court reduced the charge to manslaughter with malice aforethought.

Last month the court sentenced Wilma to two twenty-year terms, to be served concurrently. Presiding Judge De Witt White, rejecting her plea of self-defense, said: "The court cannot infer that the fear (in Wilma Ybarbo's mind) was so great as to create an irresistible passion." But this decision was only the first step in a long legal battle. It would be appealed as a test of the basic right of trial by jury in occupied territory.--Newsweek

'Baby Burglars', 9 to 15, Boosting City's Crime

By ED DORSEY

The rising tide of Hartford's juvenile crime was reflected today in a statistical report released by the Hartford Police Department.

In the brief span of eight months starting Apr. 1, 1948, youngsters have been directly responsible for more than 100 burglaries. The offenders range in age from 9 to 15 years.

Five breaks by juveniles were reported in April: 7 in May, 11 in June, 6 in July, 7 in August, 17 in September, 14 in October, 15 in November, and 23 in December. These figures do not include attempted breaks.

About 175 escapes were reported to police from the Juvenile Detention Home on Washington St. One boy escaped three times in two days.

POLICE files reveal two escapees stole a car in Hartford, went to Glastonbury, boarded a \$14,000 boat and after damaging it to a considerable extent, left it on the rocks, stole a truck which they smashed up in Durham and then stole another vehicle before they were apprehended in New Haven.

Juveniles were implicated in three breaks in the Clapp and Treat Hardware Store on Central Row in the last year. In one break over \$2,000 in pistols, revolvers, ammunition and hunting equipment was taken.

Two boys, 15 and 17, were arrested on Pitkin St., East Hartford, carrying knapsacks containing some of the stolen loot. They were on their way to Glastonbury to bury it.

In another instance two boys

left the detention home and broke into several gasoline stations in the South End. The older boy kept all the bills stolen during the breaks, gave his 13-year-old companion the coin loot from vending machines and then left for Florida. The younger boy turned himself over to police after he spent the money.

Five juveniles, charged with gas station breaks in Hartford and suspected of many in West Hartford and Wethersfield, travelled by bus and bicycles. They worked not later than 11 p. m.

* * *

A JUVENILE and four minors were responsible for a break at the Newgate Oil Co. on Huyshope Ave., where a large safe was rolled to a rear platform and the door ripped off. Over \$8,000 in checks and some cash was stolen. The boys later admitted burning the checks and throwing the cash box in the river. The tools used to open the safe were stolen from the Edward Balf Co., a few doors down the street.

Juveniles who escaped from the detention home broke into Wachtel's Department Store on Front St. and later went back to the home and gave themselves up.

Two minors and a juvenile were captured on the roof of a Pearl St. business house a few weeks back. It was necessary for Detective Michael Tosca to fire a shot in the air before they surrendered.

A 15-year-old boy and a minor were luckily unhurt when Policeman Theodore Napper fired

his revolver at two figures fleeing from the Thomas Trant Plumbing Supply Co. on State St. with \$250 they had taken from the safe.

CHIEF Michael J. Godfrey summing up the increase of juvenile crime in the city said, "It certainly is the responsibility of the parents to look after the welfare of their children and see to it that they are in the house at a reasonable hour. There has never been one of my boys who belongs to the Hartford Junior Legion of Honor involved in a burglary or break since the legion was formed."

"I certainly agree with the judges of the Police Court that where children from 9 to 15 are responsible for safe jobs and burglaries, the parents should be brought before the court and penalized because they have failed to provide the proper environment for them.

"It will be a sad day when these same parents are asked to come down to a morgue to identify the lifeless body of the child it was their duty to protect.

"There is a constant danger of death or injury in the arrests of juveniles and minors in the early morning hours. They have been apprehended by police with drawn revolvers and in some cases shots have been fired. In a dark store or alleyway it's impossible to tell if it's a boy or man.

"What kind of parents are they who will go to bed at night knowing that their children are out prowling streets, alleyways, and rooftops where at any time they could be brought down by a policeman's bullet?"

(The Hartford Times)

OUR YOUNG CRIMINALS

Crimes which have been committed of late in various parts of the State by juveniles are at last arousing public sentiment to a point where something seems likely to be done. It was suggested in these columns recently that there had been plenty of talk--all well meant but not getting anywhere--and time is pressing for action.

Suggestions which come from police officials and others interested in straightening out the youth of the State are all good, but some are better than others. Among the best is that the number of women serving as State police officers be increased. There are 12 now on the force, and men connected with crime prevention say the women's work is most effective. They keep their eyes open, spot places where delinquency breeds, and move discreetly but swiftly to rescue young women, especially, from danger.

Taverns are places that need much sterner oversight than they get. Boys are growing up to be ruffians, thieves, and scoundrels through lack of punishment for their offenses. The recent war cannot be blamed for present-day delinquency except to the extent that it interfered with proper oversight by parents of their youngsters. Lack of religious interest by parents is reflected in tough children. Where young ones have no fear of divine punishment, such as is taught in many churches and Sunday schools, they lack a deterrent to going wild. Maybe religious leaders have neglected one of their duties by overdoing kindness to potential criminals, whereas compulsory courses in Dante's "Inferno" as illustrated by Dore might scare them into being honest, decent and "good." Too many parents "dear" and "darling" offspring who need to be punished and "get away with murder" because they are not.

Perhaps the recently organized Connecticut Committee for the Prevention of Delinquency and Crime will be able to stimulate interest in this problem. The committee is composed of men and women interested professionally in law-enforcement. Its work must spread far

beyond its present limits if it is to save youths of today from careers of crime and vice. Recent case histories are too appalling to be passed over lightly.---Hartford Times

FAR NORTHERN POLICEMAN HERE

Inspector Kelly of Canadian Force
Talks to City Youth

Crime detection and prevention by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was the subject of a lecture and films given at the Bushnell Memorial Saturday at 9:30 a.m., January 29.

Some 3000 Hartford boys and girls attended the affair which featured Special Inspector William H. Kelly of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Tickets for the program were distributed by the Boy Scouts, Boys Brigade, Friends of Boys, YMCA and other youth organizations.

Inspector Kelly explained why police and youth are allies in maintaining good government. He showed motion pictures on "Training the Police Dog," "Policing the Artic," "Northwest Passage," and "The Red and the Gold."

Edward J. Hickey, commissioner of State Police presided at the meeting. A special corps of 25 state policemen, in their new uniforms attended the affair with many local police officials. Ushers were provided by Trinity College and the Kiwanis Club.

Following his Bushnell appearance, Inspector Kelly went to the Newington Home and Hospital for Crippled Children where he repeated his lecture. On January 30 he appeared at a youth rally at Hillhouse High School in New Haven.

The committee in charge of arranging Inspector Kelly's visit here consisted of Commissioner Hickey, William W. T. Squire, Mrs. Herbert F. Fisher, William D. Barnes and N. Searle Light.

When God made man, He didn't arrange any of the joints so the critter could pat himself on the back.

---Fleet Flashes

Michigan's Sherlock Holmes



Condensed from Esquire

By Karl Detzer

POLICE chiefs in the Midwest, confronted with a stubborn murder case, now frequently call in LeMoyne Snyder, M.D., of Lansing, Mich. A soft-spoken, handsome man of 50, Dr. Snyder is a surgeon, lawyer, author of a book on scientific crime investigation and one of America's top detectives. He has tracked down murderers in many parts of the world, solved more than one "perfect crime," and on occasion has proved to the satisfaction of judge and jury that the defendant couldn't possibly be guilty.

Two years ago Snyder joined several other unusual detectives and former Attorney General Homer Cummings in a company called "Scientific Evidence, Inc." Two of the partners are Raymond Schindler, a famous New York private detective, and Leonarde Keeler, inventor of a widely used lie-detector. Recently Snyder, Keeler and Schindler took a "vacation" trip to the Pacific Coast—delving in crime detection on the way. In Los Angeles a police official appealed for help. "We're stumped on this case," he explained. "A woman disappeared without a trace about a year ago. The lie-detector doesn't get us anywhere with the husband."

One piece of evidence inter-

ested Snyder and his partners. The woman's best clothes were missing; the husband said that she had taken them away with her. But weeks after the disappearance, her daughter had found her mother's front denture. Snyder and associates were convinced she wouldn't have left without it. They decided to make the lie-detector test again.

The investigators knew that in this part of California a murderer is likely to try to get rid of the corpse by throwing it over a cliff into the Pacific, by burning or by burial. Avoiding all mention of murder, Keeler talked to the husband about cliffs and fires. Nothing happened. Then he talked about burials. The lie-detector needle vibrated. Shown the result, the man confessed.

"In that case," Snyder says, "the police hadn't ruined matters before we took over. So often someone with the best intentions messes things up."

Last year, for example, in a mid-western city, a deputy sheriff nearly spoiled a case. A husband and wife had a pleasant home, no bad habits and never drank liquor. One night the husband frantically telephoned neighbors that the house was on fire, and his wife was trapped inside. A bucket brigade quickly put out the blaze, which was confined to the

living room. In front of a chair, in which she had apparently been sitting, lay the charred body of the wife. The coroner called the death accidental.

Snyder was brought into the case by a state trooper's suspicions. The body was exhumed and Snyder proved that death had been caused by chloroform and that the woman had been intoxicated at the time. After death, the body had been covered with oil and set afire. Confronted with the evidence, the husband confessed.

He had slipped raw alcohol into his wife's glass of grape juice. She didn't know what alcohol tasted like, and became drunk quickly; the rest was easy.

However, Snyder admits it would have been hard to convict without the confession. "We couldn't find the bottle that had contained the alcohol," he says. "Then we discovered that a deputy sheriff had found it, noticed that it contained alcohol, and had thrown it away. That's what I mean by messing up a case."

A Harvard Medical School graduate, Snyder was serving as resident surgeon at New York's Fifth Avenue Hospital when he was called one day to care for a badly shot-up young man. Almost immediately four detectives strode into the room.

"Hello, Legs," one said. "Who shot you?"

Snyder realized suddenly that he was saving the life of the notorious Legs Diamond, hoodlum of the prohibition era.

When the police asked him what he had done with his gun, Diamond wouldn't talk. One of the detectives said to a subordinate: "There's a flower bed at the right of the main entrance. You'll find his gun there, where he threw it." The officer returned with the pistol.

"The policeman who knew the gun would be in the flower bed was using the deductive process," Snyder says. "I was greatly impressed."

It was years before Snyder himself undertook crime detection. When he returned to Lansing, his home town, and started private practice, his house was only a few blocks from Michigan State Police headquarters. Troopers used to send for him to help with the injured from automobile accidents. Often, he discovered, the location or condition of injuries disproved statements of principals and witnesses. So he found himself called into court to testify — only to be balked again and again by the shrewd maneuverings of attorneys.

"That's when I began to think about studying law," he says.

Somehow he found time to get his law diploma. Meanwhile the State Police appointed him official consultant. When his police duties began to interfere with his practice, he decided to devote himself wholly to medico-legal investigations.

He studied detection methods from coast to coast, at Scotland Yard, in Paris and Vienna. He lectured at police schools and conventions, wrote articles for police journals and a book on homicide detection which is now the bible of many police departments.

Among innovations Snyder sponsored in the United States was the dermalnitrate test to determine if a person has fired a pistol in the preceding 24 hours. In a demonstration of the test, five men went to a pistol range. One fired a gun, then vigorously scrubbed his hands with soap and water. On their return,

Snyder poured hot paraffin over each man's hands, imbedded cotton in it, let it cool, peeled it off. When he dropped acid on the five pairs of paraffin prints, only one showed the blue-black evidence of tiny chunks of powder.

Courts in most states are not yet willing to accept the result of this test as evidence, but it does serve to eliminate many an innocent suspect.

Moulage came into use in Michigan largely through Snyder's efforts. This process, first utilized in France, is used in making casts of tire tracks, wounds, even masks of unidentified dead. Such masks have led to solution of murder cases, through belated identification, long after the victim has been buried.

Today every Michigan state trooper and many city patrol cars carry little instruments which measure the amount of alcohol a suspected drunken driver may have in his system. The trooper hands the suspect a small rubber balloon, asks him to blow it up. The man's breath retained in the balloon, analyzed chemically, tells the whole story. Snyder did not invent this telltale device but he reduced the explanation of its infallibility from medical terms to language a layman could understand, then translated it into legal terminology and took it into court. Only then did the state supreme court give the device its blessing.

Snyder is impatient with the theory that there is no such thing as the perfect crime. Occasionally he bumps into homicides many years old which had never been suspected, and these lead him to believe that thousands of others have passed unnoticed.

One such case was that of an Italian fruit vendor who, it was believed, had cut his own throat 12 years before, after setting fire to his little shop. His partner, who had left the shop only a few minutes before discovery of the fire, urged thorough police investigation. The coroner's verdict was suicide.

Last year police investigating an arson racket picked up the partner and other associates of the long-dead man. From snatches of talk among

them, officials learned that shortly before the fire 12 years earlier, the dead man and his partner had quarreled. And there was something about the partner wielding a ball-peen hammer.

Dr. Snyder listened to the thin chain of unconvincing gossip, decided finally, "Well, I guess we've got to dig up Tony."

The subsequent autopsy revealed the perfect imprint of a ball-peen hammer on the back of the skull. The blow undoubtedly had been fatal. The cut throat and the fire had been window dressing. Confronted with this evidence, the partner confessed.

"But that was only one case," Snyder points out. "Think of the thousands we don't suspect."

Many policemen are openly hostile to this doctor's refusal to "go along" on a case they believe they have solved, without doing his own investigation.

"He just doesn't give a darn about getting a conviction," one officer said. "He's just as likely to spoil a case after you've got it worked up by proving that the party you've got your hands on can't be guilty."

This happened last May when a 20-year-old was arrested for shooting his sweetheart. The paraffin test came out positive on *both* the boy's hands and on the right hand of the dead girl. The sheriff arresting charged first-degree murder.

"But a positive reaction to this test doesn't prove that a man fired a gun," Snyder cautioned. "A negative reaction does prove that he didn't. He might have got nitrate into his skin some other way — changing the oil in his car, for instance." Snyder subsequently proved that the girl had committed suicide.

Reprinted from
The Reader's Digest

*Connecticut State Police---
Harvard Associates in Police
Science - 17 strong---have
had the pleasant and instruc-
tive experience of attending
Dr. Snyder's Courses at State
Police Seminars, Harvard
Legal School of Medicine.*

SO IT'S NOTHING TO BE DEAF?

(From The Deaf Child's Advocate)

So--you think that it's nothing to be deaf...hm? That losing your hearing is nothing--compared to other things..! But tell me--did you ever pause for so much as a single minute, to think what it would mean to you--to lose your hearing? No? Well...how about taking a minute...right now--and thinking about it...hmmm?

First thing to cross off your list--- is the radio! From now on, the radio--- is out! Out like a light! Twist the dials as much as you want but the radio is now no more than a decorative box for you! Gone is Lowell Thomas, the Jack Benny program, Fred Allen, Bergen and Charlie McCarthy; no more Town Hall Meeting of the Air; no more good symphonic music, or Guy Lombardo, Bing Crosby,...all gone...absolutely gone!

No longer can you hear The Lutheran Hour broadcasts, or the Greatest Story Ever Told; never again listen to other special broadcasts. Face the Truth or the Consequences...the radio for you is now Miss Hush herself!

And no more news reports on weather announcements. They were rarely right anyway, you say?

Well, maybe not--but they were something!

Next--cross off your list--the telephone! Yep, that's right--the telephone! What's the good of it if you can't hear! No more picking up the phone and twirling the dial every time you feel like talking to someone. From now on--you can write! Or telegraph! Or--horrible thought--get someone else to phone for you!!

Nor will you be able to receive phone calls. Well...your friends can write too--if they still want to...!

Next to come off your list--is conversation. People may possibly understand what you say to them--but you will never hear their replies--because naturally, you won't be able to hear what they're saying! Good night! How will you get along with people, anyway? How will they ever be able to understand...?

That's just it--you're going to find

it mighty tough going not being able to hear what people are saying to you! Good night! How about your job?

Think you'll be able to hold on to your job without your hearing? Would you like to try it--just fun? okay--get a pair of those rubber ear plugs they use for swimmers--and wear them on the job for one day, for half a day--for one single hour! And see how you make out.. And don't forget--they won't bolt out ALL sound, but enough to give you a good idea...

Then there's the family. You'll be left out of every conversation, whether it's around the supper table or in the living room. When there's company you'll also miss all the jokes, and the rest.

You may find your friends dropping away...finding other places to go, or other things to do...after all, who wants to talk to people, who don't understand them!?!

After a while you'll begin to feel a terrible kind of loneliness settling over your life...you'll be alone at home with the whole family around you...and you'll feel alone in the midst of crowds. Then you'll begin to understand what a wall of silence can be... what a barrier.

Are you beginning to get the idea now? But let's not stop here--we have hardly scratched the surface!

There are a hundred thousand other things you are going to miss when "talkies" will once again become just plain "movies" as far as you are concerned. It will be like the old fashioned "silents"--only without the titles to explain what's going on.

Stage plays will be out--and operas will become only things of scenic beauty--you won't catch a word of the play, or a note of the music in the opera.

But you will also have to enjoy a lot of other things without music from now on. No longer will you be able to enjoy the organ in church--nor the choirs. No more concerts, glee clubs, operettas ...In fact--just...no more--period!

Then there are a lot of other things --not really important in themselves-- but you'll miss them anyway.

The adventurous hooting of train whistles; the blast of an ocean liner's foghorn; the splashing of water from the faucet; a door closing; the shrieking fire-engines racing down the street; the harmonious chords of a piano; footsteps on the street; the clicking of typewriter keys; the slamming of a book; a child's laughter; a baby's cry; leaves rustling in the wind; birds chirping; autos passing by...now are you beginning to get the idea?

It's almost impossible for anyone who hears to conceive of absolute silence--but try...try real hard to imagine an absolutely silent world! Not a blessed sound in the midst of so much activity! Not a peep out of anything! A house could come crashing down on top of you and you'd never hear it! In fact, you'll have to watch your step crossing streets--because you'll never hear the honking blast of a horn, or a cop's whistle.

In fact, you can resign from your clubs and societies for all the good it'll do...

So--how was that again...? You say it's nothing to be deaf? Nothing?

(Ed. Note: Sounds terrible doesn't it? Well, the deaf become so well adjusted that they seldom even think of such things!)

---The American Era---School Paper of the American School for the Deaf.

(Yet some are complaining about extra hours! Others about having to give 25 years, minus age requirements for a pension in order to get another job in civilian life. Some others include those discontents who like to bite the hand that feeds, and some few who like to "coast" at the expense of others who work diligently for the good of the service.---Vox-Cop)

SCOUTMASTER'S MINUTE

This is a story of courage and a brother's devotion, but Scouts will find it important for something else. In a town in northern Iowa a group of youngsters had gone down to a railroad

bridge to watch a streamlined train go by. Among them were Scout Lyman and his little sister. They watched the giant go thundering by then started for home, along the tracks. Just as they reached the trestle, someone yelled "Here comes another train!" All made a dash across the bridge and reached safety at the other end...all, except one.

When Scout Lyman looked around he saw his sister standing paralyzed with fear in the middle of the trestle. She covered her eyes with her hands as the steel monster came rushing down upon her.

Scout Lyman dashed back and caught her by the neck. There was no time to run for safety. He pushed her down to the edge of the bridge, threw himself down beside her, holding her tight to the trestle, his feet hanging into space, as the express rushed over them.

The train stopped and the crew ran back to find the Scout holding his terrified sister, both safe and uninjured.

This story shows something more than the danger of walking trestles. The Scout showed something more than courage and devotion. He showed initiative. No one told him what to do. There was no chance to study how to meet the emergency. He had to act, act fast, and on his own responsibility.

We have all known boys who sit around and wait for somebody to give them instructions; boys who do only what they are told to do and nothing more. Business and professions are crowded with men who do only what they are told, who can't think for themselves.

We say that Scouting helps train boys to think for themselves because in camp and on a hike, and in Troop meetings Scouts have lots of opportunities to act without being told what to do. It helps boys to stand on their own feet and act like men.

---Reprinted from Scouting, Feb. 1949 Issue

Officer: "Can you describe your assailant?"

Victim: "Of course, that's what he hit me for."

A Thought from the Cloister

The Anthonian

IT IS hard to say why we so habitually pass by without notice or comment things that constitute the fundamental necessities of life. Health, faculties, food, fatherland, air, light, sky — these, which we receive from God for our natural needs, are taken so much for granted that we never reflect on them. Yet each item is as necessary to fill the cycle of life as each degree is necessary for the completion of a circle.

Consider the simple element of water. Merely to mention the word is to invoke a theme of almost inexhaustible content. Statistically, water covers over seventy percent of the world's surface. Chemically, the earth could produce no vegetation without it. Neither animals nor men could live deprived of it. Only light took precedence of it in the order of creation. At first water covered the whole earth, no doubt preparing it for the time when parts of it would emerge and bring forth the green herb and the trees bearing fruit and "having seed, each one according to its kind." And when God destroyed the living things on the earth, men and animals, because of man's sins, He used water for this purpose — the very element on which their lives depended.

This is water in its mass and universal aspect, but it comes to us in individual, almost personal, ways also, for the earth is dotted with wells and fountains and streams that belong to our childhood and early years when by their grassy banks we dreamed the dreams of youth. God seems to have instituted an affinity between a bubbling spring and the young heart's aspirations. There is the freshness of hopes just born in each convex upsurge that steadily breaks the wrinkled surface by a strong pulse from the earth's heart. There is a call to far places in the sound of water rushing over stones on its way to the streams and rivers and at last to the oceans that wash the continents of the world. And there is warning, too, in the rainbow-tinted bubbles that sail

so coquettishly for a moment on the surface only to break in gray froth at the water's edge.

Stories of heroism, fame, romance, tragedy, and all that human nature seeks and human emotions reveal, were woven by mythology around the wells of the known world. Nor has religion neglected the theme.

Water is mentioned more than eight hundred times in the Bible; for the Bible was written by a people who were acquainted with deserts and who had therefore an appreciation of water that we can hardly grasp.

IT WAS as a well that man first saw water; the book of Genesis says of the garden of Eden, "A river went out of the place of pleasure to water paradise, which from thence is divided into four heads." And no river ever came out of the ground originally in full flood — though the Tigris, one of the four, later ran under Mount Taurus and reappeared in its original volume. A well was man's first quest on a journey or in making camp. The angel found Agar, bondwoman of Abraham's wife Sara, "by a fountain of water in the wilderness." Abraham's servant made his camels lie down "near a well of water." The Israelites cried to Moses, "Give us water that we may drink!" And God said to him, "Strike the rock and water shall come out of it."

THUS, to the Hebrew mind water was an undeniable sign of God's blessing and friendship. In fact, the whole idea expressed in the word "blessing" was that of a camel lying down in lush grass; for this meant the end of a journey and rest in an oasis that supplied fruit and shelter — and, source of all this shade and food for man and beast, the well that bubbled up in the center of the haven. Said the author who wrote in the person of Solomon, "Thou gavest to Thine, abundant water." The Psalmist likens the soul's desire for the possession of God to the stag's panting thirst for the "fountains of water." And in the Apocalypse, the book that closes the

Bible, St. John says, "For the Lamb Who is in the midst of the throne will shepherd them, and will guide them to the fountains of the waters of life."

We scarcely need to be reminded of the prominent place that water held in our Lord's own life and teaching. Tradition points out a well on the outskirts of Heliopolis in Egypt which, it is said, sprang up in the sand to enable Mary to wash the divine Infant. And we have the words of the Evangelists themselves to tell us how often Christ employed this simple element. He made of it the remote matter of Baptism, the sacrament without receiving which we cannot enter heaven. "Amen, amen, I say to thee," He told Nicodemus, "unless a man be born again of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." And by using water as the medium of three of His miracles, He made it serve as the means of proving His divinity. He walked on water to come to His Apostles on the night after He had shown them that He was above all earthly kingships, by forbidding them to join a popular movement to make Him King of Palestine. He calmed the stormy waves of Lake Genesareth with a word. And He changed water into wine.

MOREOVER, our Saviour permitted Himself to be baptized in the waters of the Jordan. He lifted, partially at least, the veil of His Messiahship for the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. He promised heaven for a glass of water given in His name. On Thursday of Holy Week, when directing Peter and John to go and prepare the Passover, He told them to follow a man "carrying a pitcher of water." Before instituting the Holy Eucharist "He poured water into the basin" and washed His disciples' feet. And when He was dead on the cross, as John testifies, "one of the soldiers opened His side with a lance; and immediately there came out blood and water."

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

MINISTÈRE DE L'INTÉRIEUR

DIRECTION GÉNÉRALE DE LA SURETÉ NATIONALE

ALS, Le 11 DECEMBRE 19 48

COLOMINES Pierre
Officier de Police au COMMISSARIAT CENTRAL de
POLICE d'ALS (Gard) - FRANCE -

à Messieurs les POLICIERS de l'ÉTAT de Pérou
~~ÉTATS-UNIS d'AMÉRIQUE~~

A l'occasion du train de la reconnaissance qui va partir en Amérique, j'ai la joie de remercier en mon nom et au nom personnel de tous les Poliviers Français, tous les Policiers Américains qui ont gardé pour la France, une estime appréciable.

En dehors de mes fonctions, je compose des airs de musique de danse et de chant, que je vous dédie à tous.

J'ose espérer que vous voudrez bien les accueillir et, au besoin, les faire exécuter par les Musiciens de la Police ou de vos connaissances.

Chez nous, de nombreux fonctionnaires occupent leurs loisirs en s'adonnant à la Littérature, la Peinture et la Musique.

Une Société des Policiers Français, amis des Arts, est en voie de se créer. Je serais heureux d'apprendre que dans tous les Etats Unis d'Amérique, de semblables Sociétés sont déjà créées, et notre travail serait beaucoup plus intéressant, si un échange désintéressé des Oeuvres des Policiers pouvait se réaliser entre Américains et Français.

Dans l'espoir de vous lire bientôt et d'entretenir des relations de franche cordialité, je vous prie d'accepter l'expression de ma grande amitié.-

Colomines Pierre
Officier de Police
Commissariat central

France

Als (pas)



Below is a literal translation of the letter on the preceding page. It was accompanied by several songs written by Pierre Colomines. The package containing them was among the many gifts to the American people that were received when the French "Merci Train" (Thank You Train) arrived in the United States.

FRENCH REPUBLIC
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL POLICE

Ales, The 11th of December, 1948

Pierre Colomines
Police Officer of Central Commissariat of
Police of Ales (Gard) - France

A message to the police officers of Connecticut:

As the train showing our gratitude is leaving for America, I have the pleasure to thank in my name and in the name of all the French police all the American police who have held for France a real friendship.

In addition to my duties, I compose dance music and songs. These I dedicate to you.

I dare to hope that you will welcome them, and, if you have the occasion, have them played by musicians in the Police Department or among your acquaintances.

Here, many men in the Civil Service spend their free time in cultivating literature, painting and music.

A society of French Police interested in the arts, is about to be created. I should be happy to learn that similar clubs are already established in the United States of America and our work would be much more interesting if a mutual exchange of police procedures could be realized between the American and French Police.

Hoping to have a letter from you soon and to have a mutual exchange, please accept the expression of my great friendship.

S/ Pierre Colomines
Police Officer
Central Commissariat
Ales, (Gard), France

APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

February, 1949

EDMUND S. CROWLEY, CHIEF



Department of Police
CHIEF'S OFFICE
BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

January 10, 1949

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

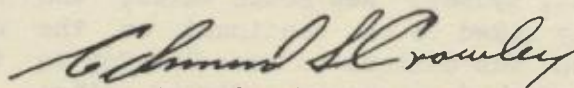
Dear Commissioner:

I would like to thank you personally for your assistance in the Brackett case and I also wish to compliment Detectives Rome and Nelson of your department for the efficient police work they did in helping to bring the case to a successful conclusion.

The co-operation received by the Bristol Police Department on this and many past cases from your organization has been more than gratifying and I as head of the department sincerely appreciate it.

If at any time I or the Bristol Police Department can be of any assistance to you or to your department, please call on us at any time.

Sincerely yours,


Chief of Police

APPRECIATION LETTERS

Detective Sergeant Francis J. Mangan recently rendered assistance to the Prosecuting Attorney's office in New London in a troublesome non-support case which involved a fugitive. Det. Sgt. Mangan ably responded to the Prosecuting Attorney's call. As a result of his diligence the accused was apprehended and returned to New London City Court for prosecution. Following disposition of the case, the presiding Judge, Hon. Louis C. Wool, and Prosecuting Attorney John J. McGarry complimented Det. Sgt. Mangan. Both officials took occasion to commend him in a letter to Lieutenant Mackenzie and the Commissioner.

Off. Guy Bonuomo of Station "A" was complimented this month by a Newtown business merchant, Alvin B. Coger, in a letter sent to Lieutenant Klocker, Commanding Officer of Station "A".

A few nights previous, Officer Bonuomo's attention was attracted to a nightlight in a business establishment. The particular light was so unusual that Officer Bonuomo took time out to make an investigation and in checking the premises he found the proprietor in the store attending to some business beyond regular office hours. The extra light not only attracted Guy's attention but earned for him a very complimentary letter.

Said the writer: "I surely feel more secure to think that your State Policemen check on our business places in the rural areas during the night season and I want you to know how much I appreciate this service."

Vox-Cop readers will recall that last October a request was made to ascertain if readers desired to be continued on the mailing list. The response asking to be continued and commenting on Vox-Cop was indeed surprising.

Last month we were again surprised and exceptionally pleased to receive a note from Commissioner of Police, James F. Scott, Sydney, New South Wales, who not only asked to be continued on the list but was anxious to have Vox-Cop to keep informed on our various police practices and procedures.

Our friends in foreign lands are in-

vited to send articles for Vox-Cop publication. We know they will enlighten us as to their police practices and procedures.

Captain Carroll recently received a letter from Dr. Clifford D. Moore. Many of us recall the very fine services Dr. Moore has rendered to the State and to this Department while serving as Administrative Head of one of our State Hospitals. It is good to know that we still enjoy each others confidence and that we are in a position to serve in cases of this kind not only for the hospital but for our "Buddies".

Officer Raymond Piascik of Station "I" was complimented last week in an exceptional letter of appreciation by Mr. Raymond Frankel of J. H. Whitney & Co., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

While traveling on the highway west of New Haven, late at night, Mr. Frankel had a severe blowout and was stranded on an isolated section of the highway. Within a reasonably short time his predicament was relieved by Officer Piascik appearing on the scene and extending the usual State Police courtesies.

We congratulate Officer Piascik on this instance and in view of the difficulties he encounters in such cases. Most of us realize that he continues to suffer from injuries received in the line of duty. When he takes time out to help someone else in distress, he deserves honorable mention.

Officer Staples of Station "B" was complimented by a Massachusetts resident and business man for courtesies he extended on the highway when the visitor encountered difficulties with his car.

Officer Quaintance of Station "G" was cited for courteous and helpful service on the Merritt Parkway as was Officer DeFilippo. Officer Arthur Kathe, of Station "E" and Officer Norman Winslow of Station "D" were also commended by motorists for displaying courtesy to them on the highway.

Lieutenant Clarke and "G" men were commended by Ralph L. Boyer recently.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

February, 1949

\$176,000 Cache of Drugs Found

We have often wondered where and how the underworld obtains large quantities of narcotics. At times reports of drug store breaks disclosed some losses but not in such large amounts as to flood illegal markets. Last month however, we learned of a real cache.

New York customs agents, on a routine narcotics hunt, pried off the cover of an oil tank in the engine room of the freighter Bastia and found a suspicious-looking rope dangling into the oil. Seconds later they fished out waterproof packages of heroin, opium and French perfume, Chanel No. 5.

The cache was valued officially at \$176,000 although it is worth twice or three times that much in the illicit drug market, according to Herman Lipski, deputy surveyor of customs, who led twenty-five agents in the search of the Bastia. "I think it's the biggest seizure since 1941," he said.

The Bastia, a 7,176-ton vessel arrived in New York in mid-January from Leixos, Portugal, with a cargo of fish, pig iron, lead ingots and cork picked up in calls at Mediterranean and African ports. Shortly after it docked customs agents began the search of the Bastia. Mr. Lipski ordered his men to be specially vigilant because the Bastia was considered a "hot" ship. He explained that is the definition given to any cargo vessel which operates from an African and Italian port. It is from these ports that the American supply of drugs is sent, he said, adding that it is the conviction of United States customs officials that Charles "Lucky" Luciano, the deported American gangster is the leader of the overseas dope ring.

Spreading over the ship, the customs agents had searched for only thirty minutes when the first drugs were found.

Agents working in the engine room, climbed atop one of the lubricating oil tanks. A cover on one of the tanks was unbolted, in routine fashion, and an agent pried off the cover.

Peering inside, the tank was found to be almost full but to the rear a rope was seen, fastened to a bolt inside the tank, which is seven feet long and four feet high. Catching hold of the rope, one of the agents pulled up a dripping canvas bag wrapped in burlap. The drugs were found wrapped in waterproof covers.

The alarm was sounded, the Bastia's forty-three crew members were rounded up and questioning began. Meanwhile, the search continued. Later other small quantities of the drugs were found on a narrow ledge at the aft of the ship near where the propeller-shaft leaves the stern. Still more was found under steel plates on the floor of the engine room.

Joseph J. Flynn, assistant surveyor of customs, said that the crude opium seized is valued at \$80,000, the heroin at \$96,000 and the perfume at about \$100. Details concerning the seizure of the perfume were not given. There is a heavy duty on perfume, he said, and occasionally attempts are made to smuggle it into the United States.

No clue to the identity of the "carrier or carriers" of the drugs had been found.

(The Customs Service deserves credit for this haul. Habitual criminals are known as addicts who frequently get "coked" prior to the commission of a major crime. While it seldom happens in the Nutmeg State, we have had instances of such conduct. Can you imagine any worse combination--a gun and a criminal who is a drug addict--especially in the night season.---Ed.)

FEWER ADDICTS

Federal narcotic agents can take a breather--there are fewer dope addicts in the United States.

Three experts, writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association, declared there are only 48,000 narcotic addicts in the nation now, and most of them are men. These experts declared that the number of drug users has dwindled from between 150,000 to 200,000 in 1914 to about 48,000 at the last count.

Drug addiction is a symptom of a basic underlying personality maladjustment, according to the experts, and victims fall into five general classes. These are, in the order of their numerical importance:

THOSE WHO become accidentally addicted while taking drugs for illness; those who take drugs to relieve psychoneurotic symptoms; pscopathic persons who learn through association with other addicts; persons with real mental illness who feel better while taking drugs, and a minor group with "behavior or character" disorders.

WARY JEWELER TRAPS 3
IN HOTEL HOLDUP ATTEMPT

Three men were arrested at 4:30 p.m. recently just after the staging of an armed holdup of a diamond dealer in the Hotel Victoria, Seventh Avenue and Fifty first Street, N.Y. City.

Jack Jucker, twenty-four operator of the J. Jucker Diamond Company, told police he had received a phone call at 10 a.m. from a man who identified himself as a "Mr. Rosenfeld." The speaker, pretending to know persons in the trade, asked Mr. Jucker to come to Room 1518 at the hotel at 4:30 p.m. with a selection of \$1,000 diamonds. The caller said he wanted his ill wife to select one as a gift.

Arriving before the appointed time, Mr. Jucker went to the desk and asked Harold Frazier, assistant manager, for Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld. Mr. Frazier said there was no woman in the room. He

knew the room was registered in the name of "Hal Rosenfeld, King Street, Albany" and that three men were there. When Mr. Jucker made known his business, Mr. Frazier called police.

Patrolman Joseph O'Brien and Philip Paladino responded in a radio car, followed by Detectives Richard Sinnott and John Wyten. They made plans for Mr. Jucker to go to the room, feigning innocence. He was told to say through the door, "Give me some money, anyhow," if there was trouble and merely to rap on the door, if the sale was bona fide.

The detectives and patrolmen took up posts on either side of the door. After Mr. Jucker entered the room with \$4,000 in diamonds in four envelopes in his pockets, they heard a voice say: "All right, boys, here he is." After a brief interval, the police knocked on the door and shouted: "All right, open up and come out backwards with your hands up."

Five minutes ensued, the detectives said, before three men emerged. The patrolmen seized them and the detectives entered to find Mr. Jucker bound hand and foot on the bed, with adhesive tape across his mouth. Under a bureau was a Luger. On the floor were the diamonds for the non-existent "Mrs. Rosenfeld".

Police identified the men as Burton Halprin, nineteen, alleged possessor of the Luger, and Martin Pearl, Twenty-seven, both of Monticello, N.Y., and Elias Leiter, twenty-seven, the Bronx. The latter two told police they operate a poolroom in Monticello.

SAFE STOLEN FROM NAVY
FOUND IN THAMES RIVER

New London, -- A desk safe containing official papers from the office of the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory at Fort Trumbull was recovered last week unopened and intact in the Thames River.

Earlier, the safe had been reported, to State and local police as stolen.

The safe was seen lying off a sea wall in the river by a boat crew and returned to the proper authorities.

R. v MARTIN

Uttering--Murder--Isolated Area Renders Investigation Difficult--Ballistics--R.C.M.P. Identification Branch---Psychiatry--R.C.M.P. Scientific Laboratory--Unfinished Letter Important Evidence

At 11:30 p.m. on Feb. 10, 1947, a C.P.R. passenger train arrived at Wilcox station en route to Moose Jaw from North Portal, Sask. The station agent was carrying express into the station after the train had left when he noticed a man stagger onto the station platform, stumble a few steps and then collapse. The agent went to his assistance and helped him into the station where he appeared to lose consciousness. A doctor was called but could not revive him, although there seemed to be no apparent injuries other than a bandaged ankle. No identification papers could be found.

The R.C.M.P. were notified, and after conducting a routine check-up, it was established that a few days previously the stranger had been treated for an injured ankle in a hospital in Weyburn, Sask., and at that time gave his name as George Markle. Next day the injured man was conscious for brief intervals and told of having been assaulted and robbed by three men who had thrown him off a speeding train, also that his name was Charles Martin.

The doctor and police were not at all convinced by his story, being of the opinion that he was feigning unconsciousness. On February 13, Martin was removed to a hospital in Moose Jaw and again interviewed by the R.C.M.P. there. He admitted that his proper name was Charles George Martin, but that on occasion he had used the names George Markle and Gerald Markle. He stated he suffered spells and was subject to epileptic seizures and further that he had a lengthy criminal record. At each interview the police obtained a different version of his life story.

On February 19, the R.C.M.P. at Estevan, Sask., issued a warrant for Martin's arrest on a charge of passing two worthless cheques at Bienfait, Sask., whereupon Martin was lodged in the Moose Jaw detachment cells to await trial. While there he asked to be taken to the detachment cells to await

trial. While there he asked to be taken to the detachment office as he had something to tell, and requested the presence of another constable during the interview.

When this request was granted Martin said: "if you will keep me in cigarettes while I am here, I will tell you about a double murder that has not been reported to the police."

The investigators immediately informed him that they could promise him nothing, that any statement given must be voluntary. Martin then said: "you people may think I'm nuts but I'm perfectly in my right mind, and know what I'm talking about. I know that I'm putting my head in a noose but I want to get it off my chest."

He was given the usual warning and in turn gave a signed statement which briefed down revealed the following facts:

On or about Mar. 29, 1946, he arrived at Schreiber, Ont., from Montreal, Que., and started to work in the bush. Following this, he was employed as a cook, a truck driver and by the Canadian Pacific Railway. When laid off, he went to Grant's mine, about eight miles south of Schreiber, stayed there a few days and then returned to town where he met Joseph G. Grant, who hired him to work all winter. He returned to the mine that night with the owner.

The next day Martin, Grant and another man whom the prisoner referred to as Mike, staked out a claim which caused some argument about ownership. "We didn't come to an agreement then," Martin related, "and the matter was dropped. Every day after that for approximately five days Grant and myself went into Schreiber for groceries, and on the 10th of December while we were there Grant wanted to borrow a .22 rifle to shoot grouse. I got one for him from a friend of mine and we went back to the mine. When we arrived there, Grant and Mike started talking about the

claim, at which time Mike took the .22 and Grant took a .30-30 rifle and we decided to go hunting. We proceeded down the train to where their bodies are now lying. This was close to where the new claim was staked.

"An argument started about the ownership of the claim. Not knowing what was going to take place at the time and as I was unarmed, I snatched the rifle out of Grant's hands and he grabbed a little belt axe I had dropped. I knew then exactly what I was going to do. I opened fire on Mike first, then immediately fired upon Grant. Mike started to get up and I fired again. Grant started to get up so I opened up on him. I went over and took the .22 rifle from Mike and proceeded back to camp. Between the camp and where the actual shooting took place I threw the guns into the bush along the trail.

"I do not remember much until I arrived in Schreiber driving Grant's Jeep at which time I realized what I had done. I found that I had their wallets on the seat beside me. I don't remember taking the wallets off them. I took the money out of Grant's wallet. There was \$1,180. In Mike's wallet there was \$110.

"I went in to Spadoni's store and bought a pair of leather gloves from a clerk named Pete who worked there. When I came out of the store I met a girl whose name I will not divulge. I gave her \$200. I then drove the Jeep to Fort William, Ont., placed it in a garage there, I do not know the name, then proceeded to the C.P.R. station and bought a ticket for Winnipeg, Man. While on the train I made the acquaintance of a woman whose name is unknown to me. She told me where I might get a room in Winnipeg. I don't remember very much about Winnipeg. On the 14th of December I was taken in a taxi by this woman who I had met on the train, and I was robbed and thrown from the car. I was picked up by an employee of the C.P.R. and taken to St. Joseph's hospital in Winnipeg.

"Detectives from the Winnipeg Police came up and asked me what took place. I told them about this woman and the taxi driver and that I thought I would

know where the house was that I had stayed in with the woman. Fourteen days later I was released from the hospital. They then discredited my story and charged me with vagrancy and I was given six months with warrant held for 24 hours.

"The same day I was released from the city jail in Winnipeg I went to Port Arthur, Ont., on the Canadian National Railway, and from there I travelled in the caboose to Schreiber where I stayed that night. Next morning I went out to the mine and noticed that the shack had been entered and quite a bit of stuff taken. I spent the night at the mine and next morning returned to Schreiber."

Martin then told of being picked up by the R.C.M.P. The statement was read back to him and he signed it. He seemed to be pleased that this was off his mind and drew a map to show where the bodies lay in relation to the mine.

In late afternoon of February 21, Martin asked for a pencil and paper saying he wished to write a letter to his wife. He wrote for some time then handed over an additional statement confessing to another murder on the west coast of Canada. Martin stated these things had been on his conscience for some time and he was greatly relieved to clear them off.

According to this second statement he and a friend had gone hunting at Brunswick Beach, B.C., and took possession of a cabin there. Shortly after their arrival they had a visitor who ordered them out, and during the altercation that followed Martin's friend shot and killed the stranger. The two hunters then put the body in a wooden box roughly constructed for the purpose then poured in cement which they found on the premises, after which they sank their victim in 35 feet of water. Next they tore up the bloodstained floorboards and replaced them with new ones.

This information was turned over to the British Columbia Provincial Police for investigation.

On Mar. 4, 1947, a party of B.C.P.P. journeyed to Horseshoe Bay, B.C., where they found that Martin was well known,

having been employed at odd jobs there. The people had found him pleasant, well mannered and polite. Occasionally he hired a boat to go fishing or hunting and at times was accompanied by the friend he had mentioned, a family man who lived at Horseshoe Bay. One person recalled that Martin and his companion had rented a boat on the occasion when they went to Brunswick Beach, and the investigators turned in that direction. Three buildings were found, answering the description given by Martin in his statement. One cabin was locked, but when the police looked through the window they saw that the floor was practically new. An old shack alongside also had new boards in the floor and contained a partly-filled bag of cement.

The police returned to Horseshoe Bay where Martin's friend was located and questioned. At first he appeared quite frightened and apprehensive. He admitted knowing Martin, but it was obvious from his conversation that for some reason or other he had no use for Martin and stated if the latter returned he would shoot him. He admitted hunting with Martin at Brunswick Beach in the fall of 1944 and using a shack belonging to a squatter.

Martin was again interviewed in an effort to obtain detailed information about the alleged shooting. He not only described the supposedly dead man but drew a sketch of Brunswick Beach where he said the crime had been committed.

The B.C.P.P. made an exhaustive investigation. Both suspects were well known to the police of the district, having been engaged in numerous breakings and enterings. Both were classed as dangerous criminals and of poor reputation. On more than one occasion Martin spoke of killing people and how to dispose of bodies, mentioning that one good way was to coat the cadaver in cement and drop it into water. Martin's wife said her husband's imagination was boundless, that he liked to see his name in the newspapers and be regarded as a big-time gangster. He had a split personality--good and kind at times, despicably mean at others.

The other suspect was interviewed at length and his story of the fishing and

hunting trip at Brunswick Beach remained unchanged. No evidence of the murder on the west coast could be found, and for this reason the investigation ceased.

But Martin hadn't lied about the offences committed in Ontario. In view of the fact that he claimed to have worked for the C.P.R. at Schreiber, inquiries were made at that point and it was learned that his confession corresponded with known facts regarding the disappearance of Joseph Grant and a man named Duchesneau. The Jeep was located in a Fort William garage.

It was difficult for the investigators to accept the self-confessed killer's story and still consider him sane. They had no knowledge whatever of the double murder and because it was still winter, there was little chance of the crime being discovered accidentally. However, from what had come to light, it was now evident that Martin's wild tale contained at least some element of truth and the information was passed on to the Ontario Provincial Police.

On February 22, Martin appeared in Moose Jaw police court and pleaded guilty to a charge of false pretences at Bienfait, Sask., being subsequently escorted to Regina jail to serve a 14-day sentence.

Released on March 7, he was rearrested by the O.P.P. and taken to Port Arthur, where he appeared in connection with a charge of Uttering sec. 467, Cr. Code.

The actual scene of the alleged double murder was Antelope Mine, some six and a half miles northeast of Schreiber, inaccessible in winter except by snowshoes. The mine was owned by Joseph Grant, 70 years old, and had been operated by him since the summer of 1945. In September, 1946, Duchesneau started working at the mine, and shortly afterwards his employer left for California in search of additional capital, returning with \$4,000. He paid off some outstanding debts at Schreiber and bought a Willys Jeep which provided transportation back and forth between the mine and town.

Martin began working for Grant Dec.

to show that the Jeep had been placed in storage at Fort William in the evening of the same day.

There was no trouble identifying the body of Grant as he was well acquainted in the district. However Duchesneau had been known only by Grant, having previously lived in Washington, D.C. and Quebec City, Que. His fingerprints were submitted to the R.C.M.P. Identification Branch, Ottawa, where his identity was established from records filed there.

In order to combat any plea of insanity, Martin was examined by two psychiatrists who were in continual attendance throughout the trial.

Martin from the first tried to plead self defence but there were a number of factors which made this untenable. First of all, there were two bullets in each body, and in each case one had been fired at close range. Martin stated that Grant had taken off one of his mitts to operate the bolt of his rifle at the time of the shooting. When Grant's body was recovered, both mitts were on. Duchesneau could not have been operating the .22 rifle because as already stated the sling strap was severed by a bullet which indicated that the weapon was being carried on his shoulder.

Also introduced at the trial was a photograph taken by Grant showing Duchesneau and Martin standing beside the Jeep, the latter holding the .303 rifle, Duchesneau the .22, yet the accused had insisted that Grant and Duchesneau had taken the rifles when they left camp, leaving him unarmed.

Another feature of the case concerns a bear. Shortly before Martin came to the mine, Duchesneau and another man came across a big black bear hibernating in a den a short distance from the cabin. On the day of the murder, Grant, Duchesneau and Martin went hunting for this bear--the only day they had done so according to the latter's statement. Martin said he had gone ahead of the others, but the animal was no longer in the den. Generally, hibernating bears do not move unless disturbed, and there was no one other than Grant and his two workers within miles of the mine. The

fact that Bruin was shot in the same den by a member of the O.P.P. during April discredited the suspect's statement.

Over 60 witnesses gave evidence and on October 13 the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of murder." Martin was hanged on Jan. 8, 1948.

Reprinted from Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly, January 1, 1949

PRETTY GOOD WATCH, TOO

A man presented his watch to Samuel Gelles in his jewelry store in Brooklyn, to see whether it needed repairs. As Mr. Gelles inspected the watch through his watchmaker's eyeglass, he happened to glance up and found himself staring into the end of a pistol, magnified through the glass to the size of a small cannon. Unfazed, Mr. Gelles struggled with the man, who struck him several times with the pistol butt, then fled. Mr. Gelles has his cuts treated, then looked at the watch again. It was in perfect order and worth \$30.

HAS \$1,275, STEALS BREAD

Baltimore, -- A man with \$1,275 in his pockets was arrested recently and charged with stealing a 10-cent loaf of rye bread.

Magistrate James R. Cadden asked Frank Johnson at a preliminary hearing why he had all the money on him.

"Burial expenses," the 69-year-old defendant replied.

Patrolman Frederick A. Nitch made the arrest.

The man fled but Nitch caught him and found a loaf of bread in his pocket.

The money turned up when Johnson was searched at the police station. It was in tobacco sacks and envelopes pinned inside his pockets--\$20, \$10, \$5, and \$1 bills.

The magistrate ordered him held for further investigation.

SWINDLE TRY LAID TO FOUR

Waterbury, Conn. -- A suspended policeman and three co-defendants pleaded innocent to a charge that they concocted a plot, involving the use of counterfeit money, to fleece a victim they are said to have described as "a sucker from New York."

The "sucker," John W. Corey, 28, of Brooklyn, N.Y., also was in City Court charged with possessing counterfeit money and carrying a concealed weapon. He also pleaded innocent.

The four who pleaded innocent to charges of conspiracy were William Evans the suspended policeman; Henry Joynes of Waterbury, and George Williams and James Holley, both of Brooklyn.

Corey was arrested January 7 by Evans. Evans himself and the other defendants were arrested after a subsequent investigation.

The four charged with conspiracy were held under \$20,000 bail each for trial during the April term of Superior Court.

Judge Mitchell G. Meyers then continued Corey's case, under \$10,000 bail, until April 5, the day the April term of Superior Court opens. Corey is expected to be a state's witness against the alleged conspirators.

Police said that from their reconstruction of the case against the quartet, the sequence of events was this:

Corey, accompanied by Williams, Holley and a woman friend, came to Waterbury from Brooklyn. Corey had \$2500 in genuine currency which he hoped to increase in a card game.

Williams and Holley had counterfeit currency, but whether Corey knew this is undetermined.

Arrived in Waterbury, Williams and Holley approached Joynes with a scheme to plant counterfeit money on Corey, threaten him with arrest and demand his genuine currency in exchange for his release. To do this, they needed the cooperation of a policeman, and Joynes brought Evans into the scheme.

It backfired when Corey submitted to arrest rather than part with his money.

Police Inspector Joseph Bendler gave part of this account as the only witness at the City Court hearing, report-

ing that Corey had been referred to as the "sucker from New York."

JUDGE PELLECHIA STARTS SENTENCE
WITH 2 BOOKMAKERS

Trenton, N.J., -- James Pellechia Jr. former police judge convicted of embezzling \$663,875 from the Columbus Trust Company in Newark, entered state prison here last week to begin serving a sentence of ten to fifteen years. Also admitted were Anthony and Luke Iovine who booked most of the bets on horses which cost Pellechia his stolen fortune.

Before leaving Newark the thirty-nine-year-old disbarred attorney said that bookmaking is a "vicious evil that should be wiped out in this state and any state that tolerates it." He said that thousands of others are trying to beat the races by betting with bookmakers and that "they'll wind up in slavery like I did."

Pellechia had one early morning visitor while awaiting transportation here. She was Miss Michele Grenier, blonde model who occupied a Caldwell, N.J., apartment paid for by Pellechia. She arrived at Essex County Jail about 8 a.m. and spent an hour in the visitors' room with the former judge.

Pellechia was vice-president and counsel of the Columbus Trust Company founded by his father, Pellegrino Pellechia, during the time that he obtained thousands of dollars to pay gambling losses and other expenses by means of false mortgages. When bank examiners discovered the shortages the bank was taken over by the United States Trust Company.

NO PLACE IS SAFE

Nowata, Okla. -- A policeman's ball at Coffeerville, Kas., cost Bill Kelton of Nowata \$100, plus his admission fee. While Kelton, with 2,100 other guests and the cops, enjoyed themselves in the ballroom, thieves outside looted Kelton's parked car.

KINDLY OLD MAN FANCY PENMAN

A grandfatherly 77-year-old widower leaned forward on his cane in Hartford County Superior Court recently and listened intently as Assistant State's Attorney John S. Murtha recounted his long record of clashes with the law. He was Albert L. Anderson, alias Lawson, Vosburgh, and many other names, whose last known address was the Hartford County Jail.

The dignified and friendly Anderson, Murtha told Judge William J. Shea, began his criminal career back in 1923 following a tiff with his wife. He received a year-and-a-day sentence for impersonating a government officer in Atlanta, Ga.

His next "home" was in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he served another short sentence. Then he moved to Indiana where he again was a guest of the state at Fort Wayne. Then he came east and was again arrested in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. After that he came to Connecticut.

Murtha said the charges against Anderson were never of very serious nature but they were, however, consistent. They were mostly for passing bad checks, defrauding hotels or technical charges of vagrancy.

After arriving in Connecticut, he added to his record in Bridgeport--here he received his longest sentence, one to three years for larceny--Manchester, New Haven, Meriden, Hartford and West Hartford. When he returned to New York state he found trouble in Rochester, Albany and New York City. Then to Massachusetts where he was arrested in Worcester, Northampton and Pittsfield.

In March, 1948, the aged man was living in a rooming house on Farmington Ave., West Hartford.

On Mar. 26, 1948, he cashed a \$25 check signed "George E. Lawson" at the M.J. Burnham store, West Hartford. On Mar. 27, he cashed a \$10 check signed "George Lawson" at the Dougherty Drug Store there. Both were returned marked "no account."

But when police tried to arrest him they found they already had. He was by that time serving a sentence for defrauding a hotel, at the Hartford

County Jail. When he was released, they arrested him again.

The tall, big-framed but aged Anderson pleaded guilty to the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses in connection with the bad checks passed in West Hartford.

Judge Shea sentenced him last week to one year in jail.

2 BOYS, BEHIND IN STUDIES
TRY TO BLOW UP SCHOOL

Two Philipsburg, Pa., fourteen-year-old boys who "couldn't get along" in their studies tried to blow up the high school with a charge of 180 sticks of dynamite, police reported last week.

Center County officials said the boys admitted stacking the ninety-pound charge in the main entrance of the school early Wednesday morning but were frightened away by two men.

The dynamite, with seventy-five detonating caps connected to fifty feet of wire and a six-cell battery, was found later in the day behind a church where one of the boys said he had hidden them.

Had the youngsters been successful in their plan, police said, the boys would have been killed and every building leveled within four blocks of the school.

PROWLER WITH PISTOL
MERELY WANTED OUT

Albuquerque, N.M. -- The night watchman in an Albuquerque laundry still hasn't figured out what the intruder was up to.

Discovering a prowler in the laundry, the watchman asked him:

"What do you want?"

"I want out," said the prowler, pointing a pistol at the watchman.

The watchman opened the door as the prowler walked out, carrying the pistol in one hand and his shoes in the other.

Nothing was missing from the building.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY"

Bride to be Says She Will Marry
Hartford Fiance Even in Jail

East Granby, -- Wedding plans of Mrs. Constance Johnson of this village and John Allen, 21, of the Embassy Hotel, Hartford, were interrupted recently by police. They arrested Allen at the home of Mrs. Johnson's sister on Floydville Road here on charges of breaking and entering and theft in the night season.

In Hartford Police Court, Allen was held in bonds of \$1000 for trial. Police told the court that he took a fur collared coat worth \$150, a lapel watch and a bracelet, and other clothing and money, all worth about \$550, from the room of Miss Margo Desimone at the Embassy Hotel. In default of bond, Allen was taken to the Hartford County Jail.

Believes Him Innocent

Fighting back the tears, Mrs. Johnson who is divorced, declared her love for "Johnnie" and said she would even "marry him in jail." Protesting his innocence, she said "I can't believe he would do it. He has a good job, earns good money and has money in the bank."

"Johnnie was good to me," she said. "He made me stop working and twice when my baby was sick he paid the doctor bills." Mrs. Johnson's 11-months-old daughter, Kathleen, is now at Hartford Hospital with pneumonia. "He would have paid the bills for that too," she said.

"Now Johnnie may think I don't want to marry him. But I do, I do," she said. She added that they had just taken blood tests and had intended to apply for a marriage license on the day he was arrested. The wedding had been planned for Saturday, February 5.

According to police, Allen was registered at the Embassy Hotel in a room next to Miss Margo Desimone and about 8 p.m. a clerk at the hotel desk saw him leaving with women's clothing under his arm. When Miss Desimone returned to her room at 11 p.m. she found the door had been jimmed open. A further check revealed that some of her clothes jewelry and two small banks had been

taken.

Examination of Allen's room uncovered a letter from Mrs. Johnson. Through this letter Detective Howard Root, State Policeman Ernest Morse and Policeman James Buzzell apprehended Allen. He was sleeping at the home of Mrs. Johnson's sister where he was a roomer.

After talking to Allen, police said, they searched the room and found the clothing, jewelry and banks taken from Miss Desimone's room at the hotel.

CIGAR-CRAVING SLAYING SUSPECT
SEIZED BY POLICE

Because of his appetite for tobacco Fred Snyder, fifty-nine, of Union City, N.J., who had been sought for questioning about a slaying, left his hide-out early last week for the first time in days to buy some cigars and promptly walked into the hands of New York police.

Puffing away idly under a pillar of the Third Avenue "El" near Twenty-third street, Snyder was picked up by Patrolmen Joseph Trainor and Murray Goldstein, who had observed Snyder from their prowl car and concluded that he was a suspicious character. He was taken to the East Twenty-second Street station to be searched.

First item produced was a clipping from "The Jersey Journal," of Jersey City, dated last month and headlining a story about the slaying of Mrs. Florence Kidney, fifty-five, of Jersey City. Mrs. Kidney was found in a bed in a furnished room at Union City, clothed in a slip which had been punctured fifteen times with a knife. Her false teeth were on the night table alongside several cigar butts, one of which had fallen onto the bed and started a fire.

Questioned about the slaying, Snyder, according to police, admitted that he had lived at the Union City address where the dead woman was found. Several hours later, after Union City police had joined in the interrogation, Snyder was booked on a charge of homicide suspicion, and it was announced that he had

confessed.

In the police line-up later in the day, however, he denied his confession. Asked if he had committed the slaying referred to in "The Journal" clipping, Snyder told Acting Captain Edward Fagan that he had not.

"Did you admit to the policemen that you committed the homicide?" the officer asked.

"If I did, I didn't know that I did," Snyder said hesitatingly.

Later, after waiving extradition, Snyder was returned to Union City where, police said, he reiterated his confession. He was reported to have said that he had been drinking with Mrs. Kidney for several days, when on Monday he got in an argument with her and was attacked with a knife. He allegedly seized the knife from the woman and slashed her in the abdomen and then dropped a lighted cigar on the bed and left.

PRAYING BURGLAR SENTENCED TO PRISON
FOR MINISTERIAL ROLE IN SAFE ROBBERY

Columbus, Ohio, -- A "praying burglar" was sentenced to Ohio Penitentiary by County Criminal Judge Charles A. Leach last week.

Horca L. Faulkner, 31, a hotel "fry cooker," who testified he is a "minister ordained by the spirits" told a jury he prayed while two companions broke open a safe.

When Faulkner said he was a "minister" Prosecuting Attorney George L. Tarbutton asked:

"What sect?"

"No sex to it," the defendant replied.

His hands were clasped or his arms folded while his two companions, whom he identified as "Slim" and "Chicago" pounded out the bottom of the safe in a local market last March 25, Faulkner testified.

After \$476 in cash and \$4750 in government bonds had been removed, Faulkner said, \$40 were pushed into his still folded hands.

The man claimed he innocently followed his companions through a basement

window in the belief they were entering a night club.

Faulkner was given a two to 35-year term.

Prosecutor Tarbutton asked the jury: "Was it physical or metaphysical aid he gave in the burglary?"

It took the jury 11 minutes to return a verdict of guilty.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE

Or How a Pair of Alleged Safecrackers
Compounded Their Own Woes

Two alleged safe-crackers picked up in a Yonkers automobile accessory store a fortnight ago, explained to the police that they were out on bail on charges of safe burglary in New Jersey and were trying to raise funds for their bondsmen and defense.

Alfred Mirabito, 34, and Theodore Collello, 26, both of Hackensack, were arrested at 11:30 P.M. after they allegedly had hammered the combination and one hinge off a safe in Ganter Distributing Company, Yonkers. A few minutes before, according to the police, they had ransacked an unlocked safe in the Academy Auto Parts Company, but had got nothing.

William J. Comey, Deputy Public Safety Director, said Mirabito admitted being out on \$5,000 bail in connection with a safe burglary in Ridgefield Park N.J., last October. He said Collello admitted being out on \$10,000 bail in connection with a safe burglary in Hackensack last September.

Comey said the men told him they planned the Yonkers safecrackings to raise their bondsmen's fees of \$900, and an additional sum to use for defending themselves. They were held for investigation on charges of first degree burglary.

Moss Hart tells about the time he caught a little boy up an apple tree on his farm. The lad said: "One of your apples fell off and I was trying to put it back."

Circumspecto

VOX-COP

February, 1949

The Sergeant Aids the March of Dimes



Sunday Post photo---Schwartz
Spt. Carroll E. Jones of the Bridgeport Police department, who has collected the containers in the March of Dimes campaign to fight infantile paralysis many years, was back on the job again collecting for this year's campaign which ended January 31.

Sergeant Joseph F. O'Donoghue formerly of the second precinct, dons plain-clothes as the new secretary to Superintendent of Police John Lyddy. During the war he was aide to Superintendent Lyddy, the Commander, Protective Force of Civilian Defense, and entrusted with enforcement of Dimout and Blackout Regulations. Except for art duties that he shared with Steve Martin, the Sergeant himself practically published the "Spotlight," a departmental publication for members of the force in the service. ---Bridgeport Post

(We miss the "Spotlight," Joe. ---Ed.)

MAYOR McLEVY THREATENED

Bridgeport police authorities disclosed last month that a 24-hour police detail had been assigned to Mayor Jasper McLevy, the result of an anonymous telephone call threatening the Socialist's life.

Police Supt. John A. Lyddy expressed the belief that the threat, made in a phone call last month to the Bridgeport Post's city desk, was the work of a "crank."

"Nevertheless," said Lyddy, "a special detail of plain clothesmen was assigned to the mayor."

A fortnight later Mayor McLevy requested Supt. Lyddy to discontinue the detail.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Stiffer Penalties Sought For Carrying Weapons

State Senator Hocco D. Pallotti wants to impose stiffer penalties on people who carry concealed weapons without a permit. Stiffer penalties, the senator believes, will cut down the number of crimes by taking away the criminals' tools.

Senator Pallotti introduced a bill in the (Conn.) Senate which would automatically fine a person \$100 and sentence him to one year in jail the first time he is found carrying a concealed weapon without a permit. For second offenders, the senator's bill will provide for five years in jail and a \$500 fine.

Under present laws, judges may levy sentences of up to three years and fines of not more than \$500 for such offenses. Senator Pallotti wants the one-year, \$100 fine penalty to be mandatory for all first offenders.

DAILY DOUBLES

LOCKS GARAGE AFTER CAR STOLEN

Laguna Beach -- Raymond R. Hinds now keeps the garage door closed, but in the meantime a car registered to Richard Brayton, Los Angeles, was reported stolen.

Hinds told police that Brayton, his guest, had put the car into his garage shortly after midnight Christmas Eve. Next morning it was missing. Hinds said that the garage doors had been left open and the car keys left conveniently in the ignition switch.

'GOOD AND SWIFT'

An outraged Buffalo, N.Y., citizen telephoned police:

"I don't mind getting a summons for speeding, but I do object to some smart officer signing it 'Good and Swift.' Tell those wise guys to stop the clowning."

A quick check showed the summons had been written by Patrolmen Walter J. Swift and Robert H. Good, assigned together in a patrol car.

'EYES' HAVE IT

A pair of eyes "pleaded" with them and St. Joseph Mo., Policemen Morgan Jones and Lionel Turcotte failed to carry out an assignment. A dog was struck by a car. The policemen were sent to put it out of its misery. Instead they took the dog to an animal hospital and said they would foot the bill.

A POLICEMAN'S LOT

At a busy New York intersection one noon a 30-gallon can fell from a passing truck, spilling milk all over the street. The patrolman halted traffic while the driver retrieved the can. The

officer was about to blow his whistle for the go signal when a small white cat crept up and started lapping the milk. The whistle remained unblown. Traffic stood still and the light changed to green three times. Only after the cat had drunk its fill and returned to the sidewalk did the patrolman give the signal.

---Readers Digest

CANADIAN TROUBLES

The chief constable of my small home town is also the veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone rang and his wife answered.

"Is Mr. Thomas there?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband as a veterinarian or as a constable?"

"Both," came the breathless reply. "We can't get our bulldog to open his mouth, and there's a burglar in it!"

---Readers Digest

ACTION - CAMERA

Norwalk, Conn. -- George P. Williams twenty-four, rushed into the police station having heard that four friends had been arrested in connection with a tavern fight. "How much bail is needed?" he asked Lieutenant John Smith, who said it would be \$100 for the four. "I'll race right down the street and get it," said Williams. He followed his words too literally. In five minutes he was back, charged with driving sixty miles an hour in a thirty-mile zone. "That'll be another \$25 for yourself," the lieutenant said.

HOLDUP MAN NOT OUTDONE

Salem, Mass. -- A holdup man who was an opportunist turned up here.

He walked up to the ticket window of the plaza Theater and told the cashier he wanted "all your dough."

The girl pressed a burglar alarm button.

The man started to move away, then noticed that the next customer in line was holding a \$10 bill.

He grabbed that and fled.

STORED LOOT IN HIS WOODEN LEG

Tokyo -- Police arrested a one-legged pick-pocket who used his hollow wooden leg to store his loot.

He was caught when he tried to pick the pockets of a plain clothes policewoman in a streetcar.

In the artificial leg police found 20,000 yen in crisp 100-yen bills.

WESTPORT, CONN.

After the car in which he was riding struck a Merritt Parkway curbing, overturned, and came to rest in the center "island" right side up, Joseph J. McDonald, 23, Yonkers, N.Y., walked to a nearby house in Stamford and telephoned police.

Shortly afterwards State Policeman Thomas Nichol of the local barracks placed McDonald under arrest on a charge of stealing the car, which had sustained an estimated \$500 damage in the accident.

The car, police said, belonged to Joseph H. Craig, Yonkers, and had been stolen from in front of a Mt. Vernon, N.Y., restaurant.

PARKING METER STOLEN

Elizabeth, N.J.--Louis Tamanini pulled his car up beside a parking meter here recently, deposited a nickel, and went off. Some time later, when he figured his time was about up, he went back to deposit another nickel. His car was still there, but some one had stolen the meter.

COP AND COP WIFE FIND GOING TOUGH

Boston -- Tough as it is to be a policeman, it's tougher still to be married to one. Ask Paul Foley. He knows

both sides of the story.

Foley gets no inspirational kiss at night when he leaves home for his tour of duty as a beat patrolman in the suburban Hyde Park precinct. His wife, Margaret, isn't yet home from work as a policewoman in the tawdy Scollay Square section downtown.

By the time policeman Foley gets through work, policewoman Foley is asleep because she has to be up early the next day.

The Foleys, one of the nation's few husband-and-wife police combinations, nevertheless like their jobs and the lives they lead. They say it's no trouble to raise their small son in shifts.

SPEEDS DEPARTMENT BANDIT

San Francisco -- A holdup man pointed two guns at Mrs. Annie Waxman, fifty-five, in her grocery store, and demanded her money. She gave him \$31.55. "Give me four bottles of whisky," he said. "No, better make it eight." She did. "And four cans of beer--no, eight." She obliged. He started for the door, guns in his pockets, and met motorcycle Patrolmen Herbert Morey and Kenneth R. Jordan, with drawn weapons. "Don't drop those bottles," Mrs. Waxman remarked calmly. He didn't. She said her store had been held up four times in the last twelve years, so she had installed a buzzer system to the police.

TAIL TROUBLES

One of Station H's ace patrol members had occasion recently to stop a pleasure car on the Charter Oak By-pass near the Wethersfield town line for lack of tail laights. Mr. Motorist got out of his car somewhat provoked but upon reaching the rear of his vehicle he became more than upset. His trouble was not limited to defective tail lights -- he found he had lost his trailer some where between Milford Toll and Charter Oak. When last seen he was headed for Milford Toll -- the poor lad.

WATERBURY, CONN.

'KEEP COOL,' SAYS SGT. JOHN MCDONNELL
HEAD OF POLICE FIRST AID CREWS

Sgt. John McDonnell took a cigar from an inside coat pocket, broke it in half, replaced one half of it back in his pocket and stuffed the other in the bowl of his pipe and lit it. He puffed at it reflectively for a moment then rubbed his hand over the fender of the police ambulance. "That's the best equipped ambulance in the state of Connecticut," he said matter-of-factly. "We got it in June of 1942 and since then it's been called out 3,771 times, and it's never failed us in an emergency."

Sgt. McDonnell is in charge of the three first aid police crews that work eight-hour shifts each day and is also first aid instructor to the whole police force. He has been a policeman for 23 years and served on the motor patrol before the ambulance was acquired seven years ago at which time he was put in charge of it. The ambulance is Sgt. McDonnell's baby and he keeps it as shiny as his sergeant's badge and takes as much care in seeing that all its equipment is in order as he does in seeing that every Waterbury policeman is acquainted with the fundamentals of first aid.

The most important thing in first aid, Sgt. McDonnell insists, is for the first aider to keep cool. "He's got to walk in there like an iceberg, or the victim will suffer," is his way of putting it. "It's not how much first aid you know, but how you apply it in an emergency. I've had officers who got 100 in all the first aid tests, but were useless when they had to put it to practical use."

The police ambulance was called out 499 times during 1948 and Sgt. McDonnell figures he went out on about a third of the calls. Most of them come on the 2 to 10 p.m. shift when more things seem to happen in Waterbury than any other hours of the day. Last year the ambulance was called out for 63 heart attacks, 36 injuries in the home due to falls, burns, etc.; 24 times the ambulance was called out and the inhalator

had to be used; 28 times the ambulance went to the scene of an automobile accident and took one or more victims to a hospital, but many more times it went to an auto accident where the victims refused to be taken to a hospital.

"You have to be careful when you mention the word hospital to some one who has been hurt in an auto accident," Sgt. McDonnell observes. "It is enough to send some of them into shock."

The ambulance also went to the assistance of 40 pedestrians who had been struck by autos, and to 20 people who had been injured by falls on sidewalks or streets. There were eight suicides in the city, three by gas and five by poison, that the ambulance was called to and there were 10 attempted suicides at which the ambulance arrived in time to revive the victim.

Christmas-New Year Period

Time For Suicides

The best time for suicides is the Christmas-New Year period, Sgt. McDonnell was found, and he was very surprised as well as relieved when there were none this year.

A few years ago the ambulance was called to an emergency maternity case, and before Sgt. McDonnell could get the woman to the hospital, he had to deliver the baby. He took quite a kidding from his fellow officers at the time and even received calls from other women who were expecting babies asking him if he would take care of them. It was an experience that Sgt. McDonnell would not like to have to go through again, even though he is thoroughly capable of handling it. "I'm not a doctor," he affirms, "just a first aider. But when I picked that baby up by the heels and slapped its bottom and it started to squeal, believe me, I was sure tickled pink."

Sgt. McDonnell's favorite piece of equipment in the ambulance is a Robinson splint. There are two of them, in fact, and the sergeant found them so valuable that he even bought one to carry in his own car. It is a device for lifting an accident victim from the ground without changing the position of his body. It acts like a pair of shears that slide under the body and supports it so that

it doesn't have to be touched by another human before it reaches the hospital. It is improper handling of accident victims that many times causes their death, Sgt. McDonnell has found, but the Robinson splint in 99 per cent of the cases in which it is used shortens the length of the hospitalization that the injured person must undergo.

He Couldn't Do Without The Gray Blanket

Next to the splint, it is the common gray blanket that is Sgt. McDonnell's most valuable bit of equipment. "It has more practical uses than most of this special equipment," he points out. It has not only been used to keep victims warm, but some very effective splints have been fashioned from the blanket that have drawn the admiration of receiving doctors at the hospital.

Sgt. McDonnell has no use for these so-called first aid experts whose first acts are to feel the victim's pulse and look into his eyes, or rush up to some one lying on the ground and pick him up

and put him in his car and drive off to the hospital with him. "I've never seen a person at the scene of an accident, with the exception of a few truck drivers, who was any good when the pressure was on him. And it's surprising the poor cooperation you get from people at an accident. They all crowd around and want to help, when they should know they help most by keeping away," says Sgt. McDonnell.

"Our job when we are called out is to save the person's life," the sergeant concludes. "Sometimes all we do is cover him with a blanket, pick him up on the Robinson splint, put him in the ambulance and take him to the hospital. Sometimes we have to use a resuscitator and an inhaler; but we never step beyond the field of first aid. When the doctor arrives we step out of the picture. But good first aid is just as important as good medical care. It gives us the same satisfaction and we feel just as good about it as the doctor does when we see the victim recover."---Wby. Republican

BRONX, NEW YORK

"It Falleth"

A gambit that has been effective for some 350 years now was used again a few days ago in Bronx County Court by a lawyer, Sidney Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz was counsel for two of four men who pleaded guilty to staging a holdup and an attempted holdup on Aug. 31. His clients were Raymond Wheatley, twenty, and Robert Dobbins, eighteen, both of the Bronx. Mr. Schwartz ended his plea for leniency before Judge Harry Stackell by quoting "The Quality of Mercy" speech from "The Merchant of Venice." (The play was first produced in 1596.) Judge Stackell listened, then sent the two to the Elmira Reception Center. The other two, Charles Booth, twenty-three, and George Klein, twenty-one, of the Bronx, both of whom were armed in the holdups, got five to ten years each in state prison.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Speaks Out Of Turn

Policeman Charles W. Hallisey was making out a parking ticket on Union Pl. It was 1:40 a.m. and the street was all but deserted.

Along came Joseph P. Bilodeau, 21, of 517 Albany Ave.

"Don't break your right arm," Bilodeau remarked, according to Hallisey.

That started something that didn't end until Bilodeau faced Judge Victor F. DeNezzo six hours later in Police Court. Judge DeNezzo suspended judgment in the case.

Hallisey testified that he had talked with the defendant after the latter had kibitzed him on the street. He ordered Bilodeau home, but the man, he said, wouldn't go. When Bilodeau insisted he'd "tell my story to the judge," the policeman decided to let him. He also charged him with breach of the peace.

FOR TELEPHONE INQUIRERS

(Post Copies on your Information Desk)

FOR THE MARCH WINDS

Q. If a husband and wife file a joint income tax return, who is responsible for paying the tax?

A. If a joint income tax return is made by a husband and wife, both spouses must sign it and by so doing each assumes full legal responsibility for the entire tax.

(Lady Esther called and asked. -Ed.)

Q. If an alien woman marries a United States citizen who is in the armed forces, does she thereby become a citizen?

A. Aliens who marry United States citizens, whether they are in the armed forces or not, do not thereby acquire United States citizenship.

(Another Lady! --Ed.)

Q. Are the men who are now being inducted entitled to the same family allowances that were paid to servicemen in World War II?

A. Under the Selective Service Act of 1948, registrants inducted into the armed forces are entitled to receive the family allowance provided for in the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942, as amended. The family allowance consists of a contribution by the Government plus a deduction from the serviceman's monthly pay.

Last week a visitor at Headquarters inquired: "Why are some policemen's badges five-pointed and others six-pointed?"

Our Smiling Lieutenant promptly replied: "There appears to be no reason save expediency. The six-pointed badge has more space for inscriptions and is convenient from this standpoint. Star shapes of any sort for use as badges are

almost never seen in the East. They seem to be confined to the middle and far western sections of the country. Eastern police almost universally use a shield-shaped device."

One of our speakers at a Service Club talk was asked: "Is it a fact that a higher percentage of persons are murdered in the U.S.A. than in any other nation in the world?"

Our well informed police speaker replied: No, sir. Our fair land is well up on the list. Highest percentage of murders leader is Chile; Brazil is second, United States third. Incidentally, Great Britain is ninth and Holland tenth.

A frequent call from local officers:

Q. After a letter has been placed in a mail box, is there a penalty for removing it?

A. The Post Office Department says that after a letter is placed in a U.S. mail box there is a penalty against any person removing the letter and preventing it from being mailed. This is a criminal offense and the person found guilty may be fined or imprisoned.

When the State Board of Health closes for the day, here's one from the "love-birds." Usually on Friday nights and after the Domestic Relations Court adjourns:

Q. How many states now require some form of physical test before a marriage license can be issued?

A. Thirty-six states require blood tests for bride and groom before a marriage license is issued. Louisiana and Texas require that only grooms be examined for vener-

al diseases. Washington, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Minnesota, Arkansas, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and Maryland grant marriage licenses without regard to possible venereal infection.

Will the Army ever get its authorized strength and settle all these points?

Q. May a man between the ages of 19 and 25 who has registered enlist in the army, or must he wait to be drafted?

A. Any registrant who is within the age group 19 through 25 may apply at an Army recruiting station for enlistment in the Regular Army for a period of 21 months' service, which is the same period of service for which he is liable under the Selective Service Act of 1948. No such registrant, however, is eligible to so enlist after an Order to Report for Armed Forces Physical Examination (SSS Form No. 223) has been issued to him by his local board.

Believe it or not from Osborne Farm came this one:

Q. In what language was the Magna Carta written?

A. The Magna Carta was written in Latin. It was addressed, "To the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, justices, foresters, sheriffs, reeves, ministers, and to all bailiffs, and faithful subjects."

Yes! we always know when recruits are on the line:

Q. What states formerly had two state capitals at the same time?

A. The states of the Union that had two capitals at the same time are Rhode Island and Connecticut. In Rhode Island it was a case of the state having two large towns, each claiming to be the political center and neither agreeing to surrender its alleged prestige. Thus,

both Newport and Providence claimed the honor of being the capital of the state. Newport was a capital until 1900. Connecticut was similarly placed with regard to Hartford and New Haven. The towns were originally the capitals of separate colonies. Eventually, however, the geographical advantages of Hartford were admitted by New Haven, and it became the sole capital in 1873.

(Many thanks to Haskins and Webster for the answers. -- Ed.)

CARD FILES KEPT BY YOUTH
DESCRIBE CAREER OF THEFTS

A Chicago youth who wanted to become the "world's biggest burglar" was thwarted recently by the careful records he kept of his career.

Cade Newell, Jr., 21, arrested for questioning, was found to have a complete file of hundreds of burglaries he committed since he was 12 years old.

Newell told police he had two other ambitions.

"I wanted to rob the First National Bank," he said, "and I wanted to be the biggest 'fence' in the world with a private office and a secretary.

A typical card from his files read: "Date--January 12, 1949. Place--Safeway Products, 2310 S. Indiana St., 2d floor. Object stolen: typewriter. How robbed: took out of office. Value: \$95. (Only got \$25, though). Caught: almost. Serve any time: No."

"If I go to jail," Newell said, "I hope I can learn to become a locksmith."

An irate woman, seeking a divorce, told the judge: "My husband never thinks of anything but horse racing. That's all he talks about. The track is the only place he goes. From morning till night it's horses, horses, horses. Why, he doesn't even remember our wedding date."

"That's a lie judge!" shouted the husband. "We were married the day Twenty Grand won the Kentucky Derby."

Driver Proud Baby Born In Taxi



Warren Hill, East Hartford Cab Company driver, gives a cigar to East Hartford Policeman Newton Brannan in honor of the first baby ever born in a taxi that he has operated. Hill, who assisted at the child's birth said, "I feel as proud as if it were mine." Policeman Brannan, father of three children, advised Hill to wait until he became a father and see how it feels (Courant Photo).

HURRY CALL TO BUS FOR TROOPER ENDS IN GOODE NEWS

When attendants at the bus depot phoned that a woman aboard an eastbound bus was "sick" and in need of attention, State Policeman Paul Joseph Hickey sped there to see what he could do to help.

Trooper Hickey rushed the woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Goode of 20 High St., to Lawrence and Memorial Hospital in his cruiser.

In 20 minutes there was more Goode in the world, a bouncing baby girl.

Appended to the report of the event at state police barracks was the note:

"We're now waiting to see whether the baby is named Pauline or Josephine."

East Hartford

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lucious Brown of 34 Irowouis Drive, East Hartford, January 29 in a taxicab on the way to Hartford Hospital.

No one was more thrilled over the infant's arrival than Warren Hill, driver of the taxicab. When it was all over and Hill had brought his vehicle back to the company stand in East Hartford he passed out cigars in honor of the event.

"We taxicab drivers can do anything, even act as midwives at births," Hill declared to listeners at the stand.

Hartford Hospital authorities reported the mother and child doing well.

The East Hartford Cab Company reported that only last month they missed having a child in one of their cabs by a few minutes. The baby was born in a trailer shortly before the taxi arrived to take the mother to the hospital.

New London

While the father was in a dead faint, New London police delivered a baby daughter to Mrs. Harold O'Donnell of this city recently. Police headquarters responded to a call put in by a neighbor and upon arrival at the O'Donnell home, police found Mrs. O'Donnell in labor and the father "distracted." When the baby was about to be born, Mr. O'Donnell fell over in a faint and was revived after the birth of the baby.

Sgt. Frank Philopena and Patrolmen Kenerson Elwood and Raymond Griswold responded to the urgent call and later took Mrs. O'Donnell and her daughter to Lawrence Memorial hospital.

Salem

Connecticut State Policeman John Fersch wondered recently whether he was in the right job.

For the second time in two years, he answered an emergency call and delivered a baby.

ELKINS, W. VA.

A West Virginia sheriff is looking for artificial feet for a boy he helped save from freezing to death.

Sheriff D. E. Croston directed searching parties which found John Helmick in a woods. Helmick and two young companions got lost in a snowstorm. The other two boys died from the cold.

It wasn't until his seventeenth birthday, that Helmick was told his feet would have to be amputated. Just before that he had told the sheriff about new shoes he would have when he left the hospital.

A strong bond of friendship developed between the sheriff and Helmick. When the youth learned amputation was necessary his only comment was "I would like to have Sheriff Croston here when they do it."

The sheriff walked beside his friend to the operating room. He waited four hours while Helmick underwent amputation of both feet and part of his legs.

Then after the doctors reported Helmick's condition "satisfactory," Sheriff Croston announced he was going out to see about getting artificial feet.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Fears Come True For Boy Burglar, 16

The mother of Delbert Curtis, sixteen knew where to find him recently because he left a note on the kitchen table.

He was arrested at his home after police had seized his brother, Jerry, fifteen, and a friend, Sam, fourteen, in the act of burglarizing a market.

The note, found by officers when they visited the home, read:

"Dear Mom: If I ain't here when you come home, I'll be in the detention home with Jerry and Sam.

"I tried to clean up the house for you. I won't see you until about four years from now.

"Take care of yourself, mom.

"Tell daddy I wanted something. We went out to get it and got caught--except me so far--so I'm looking for them

to come anytime now.

"Come and see me on Saturdays.

"Love. DEL."

Police cruisermen said they found the boy in bed, the note on the kitchen table, and the boy's mother not home.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Pentagon Guard Fails
To Recognize Eisenhower

The fellow in the blue business suit started to hustle through a Pentagon entrance as he had done many times before, but:

"Do you have a pass?" the guard challenged.

The civilian looked a little surprised, then grinned.

"I'm Eisenhower," he explained.

Recognition dawned on the guard's face, he waved the general on, muttering about people sure look different out of uniform.

VERMONT

Makes Good--Again!

John M. Breen, who retired as a member of the Hartford Police Department July 16, 1945, is now the occupant of Seat 53 in the House of Representatives in Montpelier, Vt. At the time of his retirement he had been a radio dispatcher and before that he was a veteran traffic officer.

In a letter to Chief Michael J. Godfrey from Breen he said "Hi, Boss. I am now a member of the Vermont House of Representatives having been elected on the Independent ticket with an 85 per cent majority in the last election." He was elected from the town of Jericho, where he has lived since his completion of 25 years service with the local department.

Breen is a veteran of World War I and while a resident of Hartford was commander of the American Legion and VFW posts.

C I R C U M S P E C T O

STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.

Seaman First Class Rudolph Corsini, 20, of River Road, Willington, narrowly escaped electrocution after an automobile accident early this month.

According to State Policeman Ernest Angell, Corsini stepped out of his wrecked car seconds before two high tension wires fell on the machine. The wires burned through the metal roof.

Corsini, home on leave to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Renato Corsini, was traveling south at Stafford Hollow center, Officer Angell said. He apparently lost control of his car at the curve near Grange Hall, and the machine struck a utility pole.

He stepped from the car and had just taken his hand off the door when he saw a bright flash of electricity, Corsini told police. The wires carrying 5000 volts had fallen on the automobile roof.

The Staffordville Fire Department was called to put out the fire that followed. A tire on the car was completely destroyed and the crash and flames did other damage to the auto.

As a result of the short circuit caused by the break in the wires, Stafford Hollow and Staffordville had no power service for six hours.

OLD SAYBROOK, CONN.

Two Brooklyn, N.Y. youths headed for Boston, picked on the wrong motorist when they tried to hail a ride here last Saturday. They "thumbed" State Policeman William Conlon for a ride soon after they abandoned a car they allegedly stole in New York City.

The officer obligingly stopped and picked up the pair, but took them to the Westbrook State Police Barracks instead of to their destination.

Officer Conlon said that while patrolling he noticed the abandoned New York car on the side of the Boston Post road. He checked the vehicle and then drove about a quarter of a mile along the road and spotted the two youths. After questioning them, he said, they admitted taking the car in New York.

They abandoned it after it broke down, the officer reported.

The two agreed to waive extradition, State Police said, and were turned over to Brooklyn, N.Y. police. They were identified as Robert Smith 20, of Sheepshead Bay, N.Y., and Martin Gearns, 18, Coney Island.

HARWINTON, CONN.

State Police credited David Bachand, 19, Bristol, with having saved Carleton Reynolds, 22, Burlington, from death by flames after a car in which he was a passenger crashed into a tree and burst into flames.

Reynolds and his brother, Donald, 21 were thrown from the wreckage, but Carleton was not out of reach of the fire when Bachand reached the accident. He dragged the motorist to safety and aided in taking the brothers to Hungerford Hospital, Torrington.

Trooper Neil Hurley, Litchfield Barracks, said Bachand's action was timely. The car was demolished after it veered off Route 117, mowed down 10 fence posts plunged over an embankment, overturned twice and smashed into the tree. Both passengers suffered back and leg injuries.

U.S.A.

Judge Daly, U.S.A.

Ten large packing cases addressed simply to "Judge Daly, USA," and sent from Germany will arrive any day now at their correct destination in Hartford.

An employee of the New York Port of Embarkation, Brooklyn, N.Y., discovered after a lengthy search for the consignee that the cases were for Superior Court, Judge Edward J. Daly, one of three jurists who presided at the Nuernberg war crimes trials last spring.

The cases contain a complete record of the trial. The record will be placed in the Hartford County Bar Library and be available to lawyers and students.

BAKER, ORE.

Law To Jail Parents Cuts Delinquency

Baker, Ore., has a city ordinance providing jail sentences up to 100 days and a maximum fine of \$200 for parents convicted of permitting a child to become or to remain a delinquent and it has decreased juvenile delinquency 90 per cent, it was revealed last week.

Passage of the ordinance was precipitated by the juvenile crimes of the Panther Club, a gang of boys between ten and fifteen years of age. The gang was broken up and the boys eventually were put on probation and turned back to the custody of their parents.

"I decided upon the plan of placing the burden of the blame on the parents," Police Chief Guy Church said. "The delinquent child would be arrested for the crime, it being a misdemeanor and triable in the city court. Upon his conviction, the parent would be brought in and serve for the crime by fine or imprisonment in the city jail."

The result was City Ordinance No. 2243, it reads:

"It shall be unlawful for any parent, parents, or legal guardians, or any other persons having the care or custody of a child under the age of eighteen to fail to properly supervise and care for such child in that such failure or supervision or care shall cause the child to become a dependent or delinquent child or to live and conduct himself or herself as to be or to remain such a dependent or delinquent child."

"After adopting this ordinance," he said, "we had no further complaints with the exception of two. It is my advice that any town interested in this ordinance should simply try it."

HOLYOKE, MASS.

Armed with a bantam camera, Patrolman Harold Baush is getting "jig time" results on his new beat--Holyoke alleys.

After fruitless attempts to make landlords keep refuse out of alleyways, the health, fire and police department

heads recently nodded approval when Baush proposed snapping pictures of cluttered alleys and backyards. The officer then confronts delinquent landlords with the snapshot. The score: 40 pictures and 40 cleanups.

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

Connecticut Bridge Stolen

State Highway workmen dispatched recently to put the finishing touches to a new bridge they had been building, returned with the news that the bridge had disappeared, apparently stolen during the night.

The wooden bridge was twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. It had been built to replace a bridge across Bass Brook here that had been washed out by the recent flood. State and local police who are searching for the bridge said it might have been stolen for use as building material.

(As we go to press the missing bridge has been located. It was dismantled and the lumber carried about 1000 feet from the original location and concealed with brush. As yet the perpetrators have not been located.---Ed.)

ATLANTIC CITY

Among other persons in Municipal Court were three policemen, sitting in the front row to be witnesses against Howard Gorgas, twenty-four charged with prowling. Gorgas was brought into court and was left standing in front of the bench while court attendant Charles J. Steeb consulted with Judge Stephen Damico in the judge's chambers. Gorgas stepped over a low railing separating him from the rest of the court, walked up the aisle to the rear, and disappeared. Mr. Steeb, returning, took a few moments to tell the policemen and the other spectators what he thought of them then ran from the court. To date Gorgas has not been found.

C I R C U M S P E C T O

OMAHA, NEB.

Harry B. Sare was sitting calmly in an armchair when police arrived at his home. "Here I am," he said.

"Who called us?" asked an officer.

"I did," Sare replied. "I was about to have an argument with my wife and I wasn't in the mood."

He was charged with drunkenness.

ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

Police didn't find it too hard to catch a 17-year-old youth involved in the theft of an automobile.

He had fled from the car along with a companion when police stopped it after a long chase. Both of the youths escaped on foot.

But--

The boy now in custody left a camera in the stolen car. And the camera contained his picture.

WEST HARTFORD

Policeman Mourns Loss
Of Brand New Chapeau

The song "I had a Hat when I walked In" has been ringing through the halls of the West Hartford Police Station and well it might.

For one member of that stalwart force is missing his hat--and a new one at that.

It all started on a Saturday night at a local private girls' college where a dance was being held. Policeman Albert G. Carlson, dressed in his finest civilian attire, had been detailed to watch over the proceedings.

Upon arrival Policeman Carlson left his new hat in the check room; sure that it would be well guarded until his departure.

After the dance began the officer's thoughts as to the safety of his fedora were past. His mind was occupied with making sure that all would remain orderly.

The ball over, the policeman returned to the check room to retrieve his hat. But alack the hat was gone! And so was the policeman's temper, for it was the first time the hat had been worn.

Up until last week Policeman Carlson was still without his hat; but offered this bit of philosophy:

"A hat on the head is worth two in a checkroom."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

She dozed in a movie theater, said Mrs. Hazel Albright to police, and when she awakened, more than \$6,000 was gone from her purse.

She told Detective Arthur Gerding the missing money was what remained of \$9,000 she withdrew last February from a Pittsburgh bank, following the sale of her home there.

The 42-year-old widow said she had been carrying between \$6,000 and \$7,000 in a wallet inside her purse since arriving in Cleveland last July.

WATERTOWN, CONN.

State Trooper Albert Kovach of Litchfield Barracks was a little surprised when he overtook a coupe that went through a stop sign here.

In the seat of the small car were six people, Kovach said. The driver, Daniel C. Capocci, 21, 13 Division St., Bristol, was booked on charges of passing a stop sign and overcrowding a driver.

NEWTON, MASS.

Patrolman Miles A. MacNeil, who had never been repaid for the many times he dug down to help folks who didn't have carfare home, got a flicker of hope in the mail. A forgotten debtor had spent three cents to repay four pennies borrowed a month earlier.

JERSEY JUSTICE

Way of the Transgressor...

If the four men who decided to rob a filling station in Jersey City had known the difficulties they'd encounter they'd probably never have attempted it.

They were unsuccessful in picking the door lock, so they had to break the door down. They tried to open the safe, but failed at that, too, so they loaded it into their car, intending to haul it away where they could use explosives.

Their car balked before they'd gone a block, and when they couldn't get it started they stole another car and tried to shift the heavy safe over into it.

It dropped on the foot of one of the quartet, and he yelled so loud that he awakened neighbors, who called police.

The cops took the four off to jail.

LOS ANGELES

Malcolm S. Hare lost control of his giant truck and trailer one night as he wheeled along San Fernando Road. In quick succession, the big truck:

Snatched a parked car out of a woman's hands as she was locking the door, demolishing the car;

Rammed a fire hydrant and sent up a geyser of water;

Snapped off two telephone poles, bringing down wires for two blocks;

Mowed down three big trees and a 100-foot steel fence;

Came to rest in a vacant lot 200 feet down the road.

Hare was taken to Van Nuys Receiving Hospital with head injuries, shock and a ticket for making an unsafe lane change.

HARTFORD, CONN.

War on Crime

The city's war on crime will be joined shortly by the Hartford Exchange Club.

Howard V. Lockwood, local businessman who is secretary of both the local club and state Exchange, said last week that the organization here is making plans to make an active contribution to the observance of Crime Prevention Week.

"It's really a crime," Mr. Lockwood commented, "not to do something about it."

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Police pondered how thieves could use six new manhole covers.

They received a report from I. B. Pressler, manhole-cover salesman, that thieves had backed a vehicle into his yard and hauled away the 130-pound iron covers.

DOVER, DEL.

Lewis A. Gordon, a truck driver, and his helper, Elmer Morris, started across a grade crossing at night when there was a sudden, "shoosh."

Engineer George H. Mashman stopped his Pennsylvania Railroad train and walked back. This is what he saw:

Gordon and Morris, unharmed, were sitting on the truck's cab seat--with their legs dangling. The train had sheared off the front of the truck, taking the steering wheel, the hood, motor, windshield, dashboard and the floorboards.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A man with \$1275 in his pockets was arrested recently and charged with stealing a 10-cent loaf of rye bread.

Magistrate James R. Cadden asked Frank Johnson at a preliminary hearing why he had all the money on him.

"Burial expenses," the 69-year-old defendant replied.

Patrolman Frederick A. Nitch caught him and found a loaf of bread in his pocket.

Pertinent & Otherwise

VOX-COP

February, 1949

CONNECTICUT

PROBATION AND POLITICS

It has long been true that it is easier to get money from a legislature for a new cell block than for a preventive organization to keep people out of cell blocks. Chief Justice William Maltbie of the Supreme Court of Errors in outlining futile attempts to get a state probation system corroborates that fact. Three times such a system has been proposed. Three times it has been rejected.

Yet some of the people who help to perpetuate a system that, in Justice Maltbie's words, is operated to serve political ends, will hold up their hands in horror at a crime wave. They don't seem to understand that a political probation system contributes directly to crime. As Justice Maltbie says, the key to a good probation system is the probation officer. When he is a political hack, or when he owes his first allegiance to political hacks, the probation service suffers.

Under the present system of municipal probation the personnel is changed every two years. It goes without saying that such fluctuations with the winds of politics destroy morale and impede the development of a good probation system.

Even if the faults that Justice Maltbie finds so prevalent now were not present, the prevailing setup would be weak. Crime is primarily a state, not a municipal matter. The artificial breakdown of the probation system into municipal units, each subject to the pressure of local politics and politicians, prevents the growth of a strong, politically free system of probation.

That there are good, well-trained workers in some municipalities does not in the least weaken the argument for a state system of probation. As Justice Maltbie observes, such a system would

cost no more than \$250,000 a year, or about one-eighth the cost of operating our penal institutions. A good probation system can prevent crime. It can help to cut down the criminal population of our institutions. More important, when properly administered, it can direct incipient criminals into constructive channels.

Those who believe that a good probation system is pampering the criminal just don't know what they are talking about. And those who seek to perpetuate a politically dominated system are, wittingly or unwittingly, helping crime flourish.---Hartford Courant.

RHODE ISLAND

BOARD OF PAROLE FREES NOTORIOUS GUNMEN WITH LONG RECORDS

Three notorious gunmen with long criminal records, who had been paroled once from Rhode Island State Prison and then sent back again for crimes committed later, have been paroled again, it was learned recently.

Gov. John O. Pastore designated Director of Social Welfare Edward P. Reidy to make a complete study of the whole parole situation in Rhode Island and said on the basis of the survey he would submit to the General Assembly suggestions for complete modernization of the state's parole system.

The governor's statement was made after the Journal-Bulletin in a series of stories had published the names of seven criminals recently paroled.

Calling also for full publicity on the release of criminals on parole the governor further said members of the present board "owe it to themselves and to the public to give their reasons for the actions that they took" in the pre-

Christmas release of the notorious criminals with long records.

He said he felt the public interest requires that the three members, Chairman Nat C. Cohen, James V. Greenhalgh, and William Keough, convene as soon as they possibly can to explain their attitude and their actions with reference to these cases.

In designating Reidy to go a step further and make recommendations for overhaul of parole procedure the governor pointed out that the social welfare director--who conferred with him for more than an hour before returning to Rhode Island had been connected with the U.S. Department of Justice as a member of the U.S. Board of Parole.

In a formal statement the governor said in part:

"Because of recent developments in connection with the granting of parole to certain offenders by the parole board I feel that the public interest requires that the members convene as soon as they possibly can to explain their attitude and their actions with reference to these cases. I have no reason to doubt that the members of this board, all of whom have served in this capacity longer than I have been governor, and the chairman of which has served in this capacity almost as long as I have been in public life, are men of honesty and integrity. If any mistake has been made I am sure it is one of judgement but which at any rate must be explained in the public interest of crime."

"While there may be some nobleness in remaining steadfast to a policy that lack of publicity helps to rehabilitate a released convict, in my opinion, I think that we are wasting our sympathy on individuals who could have given some thought to publicity before they began their life.

MERIT SYSTEM BOOK PUBLISHED

State officials and legislators last month received a booklet giving facts on operations of the state and municipal merit systems.

Published by the Connecticut Merit

System Association, a privately financed organization which has been fighting the spoils system for years, it is designed to promote "more and better understanding of the merit system."

The 32-page booklet will also serve as a springboard for new bills to strengthen the system soon to be considered by the Legislature.

It deals with such subjects as coverage of the system, appointments, discrimination, dismissals, lay-offs, leaves of absence, political activity, residential requirements, service rating sick leave and working test period.

Some 12,635 of the state's 16,314 employees are in the classified service and therefore under merit system provisions, the booklet says.

Included in the bulletin is a discussion of the merit system now operating in Hartford, Bridgeport, New Haven, New Britain and Stamford.

Editor of the booklet is Mrs. Aileen Roberts Lotz of the CMSA staff.

The Governor's Executive Secretary, Douglas J. Bennet, in a recent article in the Hartford Courant is quoted as follows:

"Governor Bowles has demonstrated throughout his public career consistent support for the merit system as applied to both the Federal and State Civil Service."

SEEKS PEN PALS

To the Editor of The Times:

I am stationed on Adak, just off the coast of Alaska, and have been here for the past 18 months. Since I have been up here my girl has gotten married and now I do not receive much mail. I am making an appeal for pen pals.

I am willing to write to anyone who is willing to do the same. I am from Hartford.

Richard A. Howe, A.N.
Naval Air Facilities
Adak, Alaska

(We're sending him Vox-Cop.---Ed.)

THE BLOTTER

INSIDE STUFF: Atlantic City, N.J., is on the lookout for what Police Chief Heiser has nicknamed "The Silk Panty Burglar." Six homes have been broken into--with nothing stolen but ladies' underthings. The police are combing the undy-world...

- 00 -

IN YONKERS, N.Y., burglars broke into the home of a family away for the weekend and painted the windows black to enable them to use lights while ransacking the place without attracting attention from neighbors.

- 00 -

IN WASHINGTON, Richard Baskerville, 43-year-old waiter, knocked off work at 2 a.m., put on his new hat and topcoat, picked up a \$10 bill and went out the door.

Outside a thief snatched the bill from his hand. Baskerville walked three blocks to the precinct police, reported it, and started home again.

Two hours later he was back at the Police Station complaining his hat was snatched en route home. Police gave him a hat, started him off again.

Another two hours, back he came, complaining that three men knocked him down, stole his coat and the hat the cops gave him.

Police put him in a taxi with instructions to the driver to let him out nowhere, except his own home. He made it.

- 00 -

IN ROANOKE, VA., when a postal clerk asked for positive identification before turning over a registered letter, the addressee removed his false teeth and pointed to his name on the plate.

- 00 -

IN CAMDEN, N.J., Miss Mary E. Evaul, who

retired from the Camden public school system last year after thirty-seven years as a teacher, appeared in Police Court last week before Judge John R. Di Mona on a charge of violating a parking ordinance. Miss Evaul started to explain how she had made the mistake. "Well, Miss Evaul," said the judge, "twenty-eight years ago, when I was a pupil in one of your primary grades, I thought you were pretty tough. But today we'll forget that. Case dismissed." Then the judge and his former teacher interrupted the court session to talk over old times.

- 00 -

HIGHWAY ROBBERY: Mayor George Shock, of South Bend, Ind., received a letter from an eight-year-old constituent in which she complained that since parking meters had been installed, she hadn't been able to put anything in her piggy bank. Her father told her he needed all his change for the meters.

- 00 -

FALSE ALARM: Hearing the words "holdup" and "money" outside her window, Daylynne Rogers of Seattle, Wash., summoned police. They discovered three citizens discussing the cost of living.

- 00 -

MAN OF ACTION: When a motorcycle cop near Kansas City stopped a car because it had a dirty and cracked window, the driver took a crank handle, knocked out the window and drove on.

- 00 -

RIGHT TO SIN: Bridgeport, N.J., police ordered an evangelist to stop approaching people on the street and asking, "Heaven or hell?" Commissioner George B. Davis termed the question "an invasion of a man's private life."

- 00 -

People are like auto fenders---they never learn from experience.

THE OBSERVANT CITIZEN

This is the anniversary (January 30, 1949) of the birth in 1882 of Franklin D. Roosevelt, 31st President of the United States, only man in history to serve more than two terms as President of this great republic, probably the only man who ever will.

We are still too close to the Roosevelt era to be sure what its place in history will be, but there is no doubt about the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was the most powerful figure of his time.

Perhaps, his greatest fault, if it was that, was the taking of too much upon himself. His sudden removal from world scenes of action left his countrymen standing they knew not where.

The mad Booth's bullet took Lincoln's life when he seemed at the pinnacle of his fame. What would have happened in those difficult years following the Civil war had Lincoln lived has always been a matter of interesting conjecture. The same applies to Roosevelt in regard to trying period we are now going through. What would he have done about it? Was he the man who could have made the United Nations pull together in peace as they did in war? Could he have steered the Western nations and the Soviet down a smooth and peaceful course?

We of course, will never know. Lincoln was not spared to attempt the binding of this republic's wounds; Roosevelt was not destined to wrestle with the postwar woes of the world, whose distances during his time shrank from days to hours.---Boston Post

WE HAVE SOME TOO!

Some fellows can get away with anything. There's one in our neighborhood that does. Morals don't mean a thing to him. He has no regard for truth or law. The duties of the so-called good citizen are just so much bunk as far as he's concerned.

He doesn't vote at either the primaries or the general election. He never thinks of paying a bill. We have

seen him take a \$2 taxi ride without giving the driver so much as a pleasant look. The driver only stared at him and muttered something silly.

He won't work a lick, he won't go to church, he can't play cards, or dance, or fool around musical instruments, or even the radio. So far as known he has no intellectual or cultural interest at all.

He neglects his appearance terribly. He's so indolent he would let the house burn down before he'd turn in an alarm. The telephone can ring itself to pieces and he wouldn't bother to answer it. Even on such a controversial subject as the liquor question, nobody knows exactly where he stands, because one minute he's dry and the next he's wet. But in spite of all his faults he comes from a darn good family.

He's our new baby.

Chelsea W.H. Diamond
(Boston Post)

H. I. Phillips, columnist for the N.Y. Evening Telegram, recently took time out to write the following item. Vox-Cop reprints it for the information of inquirers. At least three times our "Information Please, Desk" has been called by none other than Yale Students to settle bets on this point. The telephone calls were traced to one of the "Nite Clubs" on Route 5:

DOWN AT MORY'S

With the famous Yale "Whiffenpoof" song now being done to the point of sacrilege by mike and juke box, and with almost every story of its origin 100 per cent wrong, the matter is hereby cleared up, thanks to the New Haven Register. No Louis Mory ever figured in the operation of Mory's, where the song was composed. And Mory's was not called the Temple bar after any English pub. It got its name through the simple fact that it was for years located in Temple street, New Haven. The Louis referred to in the song was Louis Linder. Linder ran it for years, but the orig-

inal Mory's was a ~~grog~~shop down in Wooster street near the water front run by Frank Moriarity. It was discovered by a group of Elis walking back from a harbor regatta. They found its ale and chops so attractive that they spread the word. Moriarity became, of course, "Mory."

That was eighty years ago. Later Moriarity moved to Court street and ran a place called "The Quiet House." In 1876 it moved to Temple and Center streets, and it was there that Louis Linder gave up a job at Heublein's to take it over. The Whiffenpoof song was written by Meade Minnigerode, George Pomeroy, Jim Howard and Carl Lohman away back around 1909.

(Stations H & I should refer this item to the "Nite Squad Desk."---Ed.)

JUDGE PUZZLED AS LAWYERS GO FISHING,
PLAY GOLF AND EVEN BUILD HOUSES

Fall River, -- A Superior Court justice complained from the bench that "no one seems to care what the judge says."

Judge Joseph E. Warner of Taunton, presiding at a civil session of Superior Court here, was told when a case was called that an attorney was unable to appear because he was building a house.

"Now I've heard everything," Judge Warner said. "I go to Barnstable and they tell me the lawyers are out fishing. I go to Springfield and they tell me the lawyers are out golfing. And I come here and they tell me they're out building houses."

Then he shook his head and added:

"I don't know what's the matter with the lawyers of today. When I was practicing, every attorney was afraid of the judge. When a judge issued a command or a request, we jumped to do his bidding. I don't know, but today no one seems to care what the judge says."

(This house where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a Smith's, Alas!---
How rapidly the iron age

Succeeds the age of brass!---Erskine
---Ed.)

JAILS BLAMED IN CRIME STUDY

By Carl Greenberg

California jails are responsible for "a tremendous influence on our total crime picture," Governor Earl Warren's Special Crime Commission on Adult Corrections and Release Procedures reported last month.

The Commission, headed by Attorney Burdette J. Daniels, also:

1. Recommended removal of state prison wardens from political influences and establishment of civil service ratings for them.
2. Urged state minimum standards for all city and county jails.
3. Charged "at least 75 per cent of all jail inmates are confined in complete idleness."
4. Asked for establishment of two 250-bed hospitals for care and treatment of alcoholics and research into the field of alcoholism.
5. Sought abolishment of the State Board of Prison Directors.
6. Strongly recommended legislation providing for a comprehensive study of "the entire problem of public control and regulation of alcoholic beverages.

600,000 Yearly----

In its report to the Governor and the Legislature, the Commission said approximately 600,000 persons each year pass through California's many jails, between which there is a wide disparity as to personnel, sanitation, feeding, discipline and work programs.

"Kangaroo courts" for so-called "self-discipline" of inmates still exist in some jails, the report indicated.

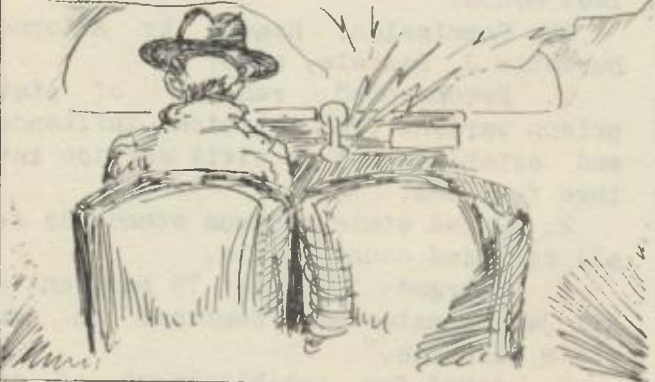
Alcoholics----

Admissions to the proposed alcoholic hospitals would be by voluntary action or Superior Court commitment for not more than two years.

"Forty-five chiefs of police of Los Angeles County have individually submitted reports to the Commission which estimate the total cost of arresting and jailing drunken persons at more than \$4,000,000 in Los Angeles County alone," the report stated.

OFFICER QUILP By Effess

ALL CARS WATCH FOR GREEN BUICK SEDAN
MASS. MARKERS UNKNOWN - BELIEVED TO BE
CARRYING SAFE STOLEN FROM ACME LAUNDRY



QUILP TO SGT TUFFY - THERE'S A GREEN
BUICK SEDAN PARKED BY THE OLD KENT
HOUSE! - WE HAVE A VACANT HOUSE STICKER
ON IT. BETTER COME A RUNNIN'! I'LL STAND
BY.
ROGER!



NO SIGN OF
LIFE OUTSIDE I'LL
SNEAK CLOSER.



HURRY UP DOC!

YOU DON'T WANT TO
RUIN THE MAN'S SAFE
DO YOU?



WHOSE PANTS?

QUILP! GIVE ME MY PANTS!
NOW!

I JUST
BORROWED
THEM THIS
MORNING. MY
OTHER ONES
ARE AT THE
CLEANERS!

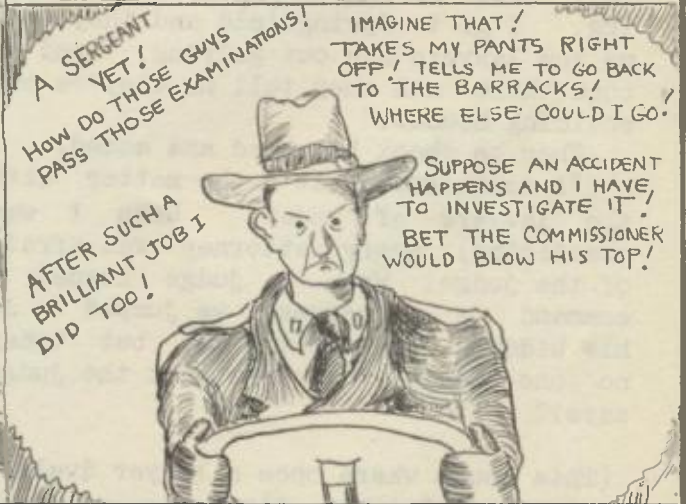


A SERGEANT
VET!
HOW DO THOSE GUYS
PASS THOSE EXAMINATIONS!

AFTER SUCH A
BRILLIANT JOB I
DID TOO!

IMAGINE THAT!
TAKES MY PANTS RIGHT
OFF! TELLS ME TO GO BACK
TO THE BARRACKS!
WHERE ELSE COULD I GO!

SUPPOSE AN ACCIDENT
HAPPENS AND I HAVE
TO INVESTIGATE IT!
BET THE COMMISSIONER
WOULD BLOW HIS TOP!





C O P S

WITH IDEAS



VOX-COP

February, 1949

CAMERA COP

Australian Constable Tells His Story To The Judge with Photographs

When he returned from the war, covered with medals, First Constable Tom Cunningham, of the State Police of Victoria Australia, sat down and estimated how much time he wasted in courts trying to prove that a traffic offender was guilty. He was staggered at the number of hours and multiplied it by 118, the number of other policemen on traffic duty around the capital of Victoria, Melbourne. He resolved to do something about it.

The motorcycle cop hit on the idea of carrying his camera, a fast miniature, when he hopped on his motorcycle to chase traffic offenders. In his first afternoon, he snapped five traffic violations, then printed enlargements. In police court, a surprised magistrate took a few seconds to study each picture and fined five offenders five pounds each and the equivalent of 40 cents each for costs -- film and prints. Tom Cunningham left court early, and the stunned motorists, confronted with startling proofs, paid up without the usual protests of innocence.

The magistrate was delighted to eliminate the windy arguments that sometimes ensue between drivers and motorcycle cops--with one side or the other usually leaving in a state of high dudgeon. Motorists grinned and admitted that they must have strayed over to the wrong side of the road--Australia drives on the left--or that they didn't see that fire hydrant.

Victoria police officials are now studying Cunningham's methods with a view to training all motorcycle cops in photography.

---Richard Crandell
This Week

ALERT POLICEMAN TRAPS MEAT THIEF

Meat has been missing from Armour and Company, Hartford, for the past several months, but it wasn't until about 3 a.m. last Wednesday that police found where it was going. Policeman Charles Hallisey solved the case of the missing \$14,000 worth of meats and foodstuffs when he arrested Francis X. Bouffard, 46, of Hartford.

First report that the products which were shown missing at monthly inventories might have been stolen came about through the alertness of Policeman Hallisey. Last October he noticed a car parked near the Armour company building.

A man was taking meat from the building and putting it in the automobile. Policeman Hallisey reported this to the manager of the company. The establishment was watched by Hallisey. Company officials who reported a probable \$4000 loss of meats asked that no action be taken until the year end inventory was completed. When this was done a deficit of \$14,000 was shown.

Hallisey then gave the building closer checks which were climaxed with Wednesday morning's capture.

In his car a \$3200 model 1949 vehicle Bouffard had about \$700 worth of meats.

When Bouffard was brought to Police Headquarters Detective Lieutenant Thomas C. Barber and Detectives Henry R. Bacon and Moore Storrs started investigating the case. Several co-workers of Bouffard were questioned and later released. Detectives Bacon and Storrs searched Bouffard's one-room apartment and found meat and other products with a retail value of about \$1000. A refrigerator in the cellar of the home where he lived was filled with hams, pork loins, bacon and butter.

When asked by police why he took these things, Bouffard is alleged to

have replied "To take care of the friends I go out with and have a good time."

Bouffard had been employed by the company since 1942. He worked as a "smoker" and assistant foreman. He usually reported for duty about 5:30 a.m.

POLICE PROGRESS

Half the battle in a safety drive is to get people thinking about it. Where the public becomes safety conscious accident rates drop and fatalities are fewer. Hartford has been coming along fine in its drive to cut the death toll by automobiles. It now ranks among the safer cities of the country. Chief Michael J. Godfrey plans to intensify this campaign by more educational work in schools, churches, clubs, and similar places.

Two members of the Hartford Police Department have been attending a four-month traffic course at Northwestern University. They will be assigned to the work. Simultaneously two more members of the Department are going to Northwestern for similar study.

There are two angles to this that are healthy symptoms. First, of course, is the fact that even more vigorous attempts are going to be made to prevent accidents. The second has nothing to do with accident prevention except incidentally: it is the willingness of the Department to have its members receive supplementary training from experts.

Unfortunately in the past there have been police officials whose attitudes toward experts has been something less than intelligent. It has been summed up in the familiar grumble "we don't want outsiders telling us how to run things." That is the typical attitude of the slovenly and provincial bureaucrat.

This, plus the recognition of individual members of the Police Department who through alert performance have helped to capture lawbreakers, should boost police morale. This is a far finer basis on which to assay the value

of police work, than the long prevailing yardstick of whom you know. Three policemen, Leo V. Girard, Michael Procacino and John J. Kerrigan received these citations for "meritorious service" last week. As a result of their work, one murderer and several thieves have been taken out of circulation.

Put it all together and it adds up to a better police department, better policemen, and better police protection.

---Hartford Courant

(Vox-Cop congratulates Chief Godfrey and his force.---Ed.)

TROOPER, ACTING ON HUNCH NABS DRIVER IN STOLEN CAR

A state policeman's intuition was credited Sunday with recovery of a car which had been reported stolen early in the day by police in Cambridge, Mass.

Trooper James W. Duane of the Hartford Barracks was patrolling north on Route 5 in South Windsor when he spotted a car traveling south on the far lane of the dual highway which "didn't look right."

Turning around he soon overtook the other vehicle, a 1946 Ford sedan, and signaled for it to stop. The driver J. Harvey Russell, 19, of 11 Cedar St., New Market, N.H., according to Trooper Duane admitted that he had stolen the car in Boston, Mass.

Russell at the time of his arrest had two passengers in the car. They were able to identify themselves as hitchhikers and after questioning were released.

Trooper Duane said that Russell also admitted stealing another car in Portsmouth, N.H. and then abandoning it in Claremont, N.H.

He will be presented in South Windsor Town Court on a fugitive warrant and held for Massachusetts authorities.

Reckless talking runs down more people than reckless driving.



The Role Of The Police Matron

By J. Roy Leevy

The police matron is in many cities becoming an important part of the juvenile delinquency program. Associate Professor J. Roy Leevy of the Sociology Department, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, is certainly qualified to discuss her role in this program. He has served as a Youth Probation Supervisor in Edgar County, Illinois, and as a member of the Board of Control of the Indiana State Crime Commission and has taught and conducted research in state correction institutions. During the recent war he was active in a program of rehabilitating juvenile offenders, an activity which brought him into close association with police matrons and juvenile courts. During the summer of 1947 he was Codirector of the Junior Police and Police Matron's Conference, which was held at Purdue University. -- Editor.

Today in Modern American cities the local governmental officials are attempting to furnish a new type of service, connected with the police department. This service is known as the Police Matron. This type of human aid service, as the police matron is sometimes called, is an outgrowth of the demands for a better understanding of youth and their problems connected with juvenile courts and of the child welfare departments of some public school systems.

Usually when a new service is added to the governmental services of a city, one thinks in terms of a criteria to be used in the selection of the person or persons who carry on the services. When the selection of personnel for city services is based upon a set of criteria, one usually finds that there are certain variables that have to be considered also along with the adopted criteria to be used. This is because nearly every American city has certain specific differences in the occupations of its inhabitants, differences in the mores of

the people, and differences in nativity and racial characteristics, let alone such factors as population mobility and unemployment of workers.

Based upon the writer's experience of dealing with police matrons during and since World War II, and dealing with youth and adults, he wishes to suggest factors or criteria which police commissioners and government officials may utilize in the selection of police matrons.

- 1 A candidate should be a woman who is young mentally; that is, she should be able to continue to learn from other people's association.
- 2 Formal education should be general with a major in sociology, criminology, and minors psychology, government economics, speech, and human biology.
- 3 Some experience as a teacher in either public or parochial schools.
- 4 Traveled at least in American cities, but not necessarily abroad.
- 5 General knowledge of the different occupational levels of the city where

she is to be employed.

- 6 Some experience, say 6 months or a year, as a clerk in a department store.
- 7 Knowledge of the various courts of the city, county, and state where employed.
- 8 Knowledge of the physical structure of the city where she is employed--such as the street pattern, the public park location, and the various social agencies.
- 9 Knowledge of the welfare set-up of public and parochial schools of the city.
- 10 Knowledge of employment and recreational opportunities for youth in the city.
- 11 Understanding of the public relations program of the city, radio, newspaper and all service club information bureaus of the city.

What shall be the duties of the police matron? Now that the writer has suggested the criteria to be used in the selection of the police matron, he wishes to suggest some of her duties. Her duties may vary slightly in different cities but in the main include the following:

- 1 Cooperative understanding of the entire police department. That is, she should know and understand the functions of all the men personnel of the department.
- 2 Not a crime detective of adult women of the city. Serves as an aid to the policemen when so delegated by the Chief of police of the department in case of supervision of women who are arrested by policemen. She should not crave police power, but use it when it is delegated to her by her superiors in the police department.
- 3 She should work with the visiting teacher, the truant officer of the schools when pupils are unnecessarily tardy from school. At all times she is not to replace the visiting teacher in the school system.
- 4 She should assist the juvenile court judge in matters of records and obtaining information about accused youth, who are brought before the ju-

venile court judge. She is not prosecutor nor defender in the above case but consultant to all people concerned with youth problems.

- 5 She is not to replace the county, state, or local parole and probation officers. She is a consultant to these officials.
- 6 She is not a high grade stenographer for the director of the bureau of records of the police department. She is his consultant.
- 7 She is not the city editor of the local newspaper not the commentator of the local news for the local radio station, but an understanding interpreter of human problems.
- 8 She is not a "public speech maker" but should be able to interpret to the public before all kinds of service clubs, the problems of human beings as diagnosed by this branch of service of the police department.

There is a trend today in most American cities to supply many services to its citizens, hence the usefulness of any service such as a police system or any of its departments depends to a great measure how the citizens of the city cooperate in ways not only of supporting these services through tax paying but in assisting the police of a city in preventing misbehavior of human beings as well as assisting police in the treatment of those persons who are trying to live a useful life.

Simply adding a new service such as the police matron to the police department and then to have citizens ignore its usefulness to youth and adults, relative to constructive behavior is not only a waste of human effort but a means of processing more human behavior problems.

Each and every citizen not only must have respect for the services of the police department but must have a genuine interest in the total usefulness of a city. If this is the case the "Role of the Police Matron" in the busy American city will be one of helpfulness to all persons who dwell in the city regardless of race, color, or creed.

OLD-TIMER'S COLUMN

The recent visit to Connecticut of Special Inspector William H. Kelly, R.C.M.P., prompts Vox-Cop to reprint an interesting article which appeared in the R.C.M.P. Quarterly Magazine. Aside from Inspector Kelly's presentations in Hartford and New Haven "Youth and Police" he was a most interesting guest and possesses a charming personality. On Friday morning, January 28, he addressed The Friday Morning Club in Hartford at the Holcombe home. In the earlier colonial days, of Hartford, this locality was known as Lords Hill. With Inspector Kelly, we found it a most interesting place. Spacious rooms, historic collections, antiques, heirlooms, portraits of early citizens of Hartford, and many fine photographs of early Hartford. That same Friday evening, Inspector Kelly was the guest of C.S.P. at dinner, Hotel Bond. Seventeen Executives of the Department were delighted with his personal and official stories and with Rev. William D. Barnes, Representative in the General Assembly from Bloomfield, and President of the Connecticut Committee on Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency and Crime, we were pleasantly surprised with several vocal renditions by our honored guest. The Bond Trio added to the occasion with their musical instruments. After the Youth Rally at the Bushnell Memorial in Hartford, on Saturday evening we journeyed to the Newington Home for Crippled Children. With Mr. Barnes at the piano, Inspector Kelly delighted the youngsters with his Irish and Scotch folk songs. Then came the "Mounties" in the colored film. And while the greater Hartford children were able to give vent to their feelings in the morning, the Newington youngsters, despite their handicaps, successfully demonstrated their appreciation. The New Haven branch of the Connecticut Committee on Sunday entertained Inspector Kelly and he again demonstrated his ability in public relations. The famous Yale Band serenaded the rally. We felt rather proud Saturday morning of our special detail attired in their dress uniforms acting

as escort to Inspector Kelly from State Police Headquarters to the Bushnell Hall. Officer Frank Dowling from our Groton Station was detailed to accompany Inspector Kelly on his Connecticut visit and on Monday morning, they journeyed to the Groton Station and to the Submarine Base where Captain Fenno and Commander Hardy received Inspector Kelly, Captain Buckley of C.S.P. and Officer Dowling. Lieutenant Mackenzie at Groton, as usual, was extended the courtesies of the base for our honored guest and early that morning the party journeyed down the Thames River to Long Island Sound on a submarine, where, shortly before noon, it submerged some sixty or more feet. This, we were informed, was a new experience our R.C.M.P. guest. We are looking forward to his early return and as he left Connecticut air-bound for Boston and Halifax, C.S.P. sent with him and to his fellow officers our good wishes and further assurance of cooperation.

Down Yesterday's Trail

In a letter to the Quarterly Mr. S. H. Dye of Toronto, Ont., a veteran of the 10th Royal Grenadiers who participated in the North-west Rebellion of 1885, tells us he was given a copy of the April 1946 issue by a friend and noted the announcement of the death of George Alexander (Grizz) Adams.

That brought on reminiscences which he put on paper. He knew "Grizz" and all his family well and remembers distinctly when Adams engaged in the N.W. M.P. in 1882. In the same magazine was A.N. Mouat's account of the Rebellion and that gave birth to more reminiscences.

Our correspondent's trip down yesterday's trail was very interesting and we believe the devotees of this column will agree.

I was with the 10th Royal Grenadiers in 1885, writes Mr. Dye, and marched from Qu'Appelle Station to Fort Qu'Appelle, then on the Clarke's Crossing. Our regiment crossed the South Saskatchewan River and moved up till we engaged the enemy in the Battle of Fish Creek.

We were the advance company and covered the crossing of Nos. 2 and 4 companies of our regiment also the crossing of the Winnipeg Field Battery. We then made the crossing ourselves, leaving No. 3 company to guard our camp. At the line of battle we advanced in extended order to the edge of Fish Creek bank and lay down alongside the 90th Winnipeg Rifles. They retired, leaving us on guard till all other units were withdrawn. We were the last to leave the field. In red coats and fur hats, with rain and sleet pelting us from above, we stood guard till about 1 a.m., when the "90th" came out to relieve us. We retired to their tents, soaked to the skin, rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep. It had been a trying day with only a couple of hard tack to eat, and our water bottles empty. At daylight the sun came out, and we received a cup of black tea, then back on picket again. All our supplies were across the South Saskatchewan and we did not get our tents or overcoats till a few days later. I helped to carry stones from the river to put on the graves of the men who were buried there.

After the Fish Creek affair, we advanced towards Batoche on the south side of the Saskatchewan River, and three days later our lines deployed in skirmishing order and continued along the river bank. As we came in sight of the church, a priest came to the door and waved a white flag. We were told to halt while Gen. Fred Middleton considered the situation. Presently we advanced again, passed the church and halted to rest among trees along the river bank. To our left we could hear an occasional round of battery fire, and now and then the rat-ta-ta-tah of the machine gun in charge of Lt. A. L. Howard of U.S. Army. The half breeds sent volleys up the hill from rifle pits and knocked twigs off the trees we were sitting under, but their aim was too high and we weren't in very much danger. Late in the afternoon General Middleton came through our lines and proceeded into the woods until he disappeared. In about 15 minutes he came back dragging a blanket which he held up so we could see the

bloodstains and bullet holes in it, then he passed back of the line. Later the same afternoon we were ordered to retire and the halfbreeds came on after us, firing and wounding a couple of men on the skirmish line. About dusk we were on the open prairie and carried the injured pair into the zareba (circle of wagons in the centre of the field). The halfbreeds' fire continued but was too high, otherwise a large number of our men would have been shot.

We marched into barracks and lined up in four companies of Grenadiers. We could see flashes of rifle fire as the enemy shot from the woods, and a few minutes later two men called out that they were wounded. Colonel Grasset of the 10th Royal Grenadiers ordered us all to the wagons, and resting our rifles on the wooden sides, we poured a blistering volley into the bush. This discouraged the halfbreeds for their fire stopped. Several of us made a little rampart two feet high with bags of oats, and by the time we finished the stars were out twinkling down on us.

I slept soundly, and was awakened just after daybreak by a sentry who told me to take his place on guard. All was peaceful and quiet, a lovely morning. I stood just outside the wagons, with the church about 200 yards away at the edge of the woods. As I walked up and down, I saw General Middleton and another officer pacing back and forth just inside the corral. Finally the whole camp was up. We got a couple of hard tack and a cup of hot black tea, then were ordered to advance to the skirmish line again. We stayed there all day, but there was no firing in our section, and once some cattle strayed into the open. I ran out and herded them back behind our lines, then got bawled out for doing it without orders. As it was time for us to retire from the line of battle, we were about to enter the corral, when we received further instructions to wheel to our left. In skirmishing order we advanced and dropped flat. A sudden burst of rifle fire sounded and we saw the men who were holding that part of the line retire towards the camp. I understood we were to ambush any halfbreeds who followed them but something went wrong

with the plan, and the officer in command was very peeved.

That's all Mr. Dye tells us about this part of his experiences, but in a subsequent letter he states that in his opinion the hard trip of the Eastern Militia over the north shore of Lake Superior was the worst part of the campaign.

We were not hardened up, he writes, and as one man said when we arrived in Winnipeg, our faces had been frost bitten, sunburnt, and the skin was peeling off in strips. I slipped into a hole on the last night's march--19 miles along forest and lake trails through drizzly sleet. The tendons were wrenched in my right big toe, yet I marched seven miles in that condition, every step torture and pain. When I took my shoe off, the foot puffed up and the doctor had nothing to treat it with. At Port Arthur I tramped up Main Street with only two pairs of socks on that foot, and in Winnipeg I bought a cheap pair of moccasins at the Hudson's Bay Company store, but later found I could not march very well with them so had to discard them. I cut a hole in my shoe where it pressed against the swelling and during the rest of our march from Qu'Appelle to Clarke's Crossing suffered a little less. By the time we returned to Toronto, I had the shoes tied up with cord, and the soles were paper.

I tried to go to the Klondyke in 1898, but the Mounted Police kept a lot of us from going, as we did not have suitable outfits. But that's another story. Those were stirring days in the Old West, and it's sad to think that the boys of 1885 are melting away and soon will be only a memory, a page or two in history.

Commenting still further on ex-Constable Adams' death, Mr. Dye relates: I saw Grizz with others in the N.W.M.P. uniform and we gave him a great send-off. I corresponded with him at least once a year, Christmas time, telling him what had happened to the old friends we both knew in Toronto. When he came back we gave him a bang-up reception.

At the celebration of our 64th Roll Call, continues Mr. Dye, we had cards with the following inscription:

March 30, 1948

64th ROLL CALL

Survivors of the 270 Officers and Men who answered the 1st Roll Call, March 30, 1885.

1885--READY, AYE READY!--1948

10th Royal Grenadiers -- Batoche Column
North-West Riel Rebellion

64th ROLL CALL, MARCH 30th, 1948

No. 1 Service Company	Age
Thomas Allen, 1197 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont.	82
Shirley H. Dye, 433 Ontario Street, Toronto, Ont.	81
George Cook, Salmon River, Sayward District, B.C. (Vancouver Island).	82

No. 2 Service Company	Age
W.J. Cantwell, 136 Warden Ave., Toronto, Ont.	83
A.O.H. Freemantle, 1751 Haywood Ave., Hollyburn, B.C.	91
Hugh G. Burke, 1636 S.W. 9th St., Miami, Florida, U.S.A.	88

No. 3 Service Company	Age
Alfred Burrige, 106 Yorkville Ave., Toronto, Ont.	82
A.F. Hatch, 71 Melrose Ave., Hamil- ton, Ont.	82
J. Menary, 96 Alexander St., Toronto, Ont.	81
H.R. Roberts, 238 Roselawn Ave. Toronto, Ont.	80

No. 4 Service Company	Age
Corporal Stainsby, 311-5th St., New Westminster, B.C.	83
James Brickinden, 2121 N.W. 34th St., Miami, Florida, U.S.A.	82
A.H. Voelker, Desboro, Ont.	84

Answered Last Roll Call

Richard Cook, 16 Ascott Ave., Toronto,
Ont. Died March 26, 1948. Aged 83.

If any comrade has been left off this list, send name and address to S.H. Dye, 433 Ontario St., Toronto.

By jingo! we were at Batoche
And fit at Fish Creek, too, Begosh!

---The Khan

Only six of the old "Rebellion Boys" are left in Toronto. One who was wounded at Batoche has his leg off at the thigh. Another has been to Bisley five times and has won the Dominion of Canada Governor General's match. A third was in the Boer War with the Mounted Rifles, also in the World War I, in which latter service he was badly wounded.

The 10th Royal Grenadiers is now the Royal Regiment. The late Reg. No. 773, Sgt. W. C. Smart, one of the men who took Big Bear prisoner, was a brother of Colonel Smart of the Midland Battalion.

Yes, those were stirring days!

COMMISSIONER WALLANDER RETIRES -
WILLIAM P. O'BRIEN SUCCESSOR

February 1, brought the surprising announcement in New York City Police Headquarters of Commissioner Arthur Wallander's voluntary retirement and the promotion of Deputy Commissioner William P. O'Brien to head New York's Finest.

Saying he was leaving the department "with reluctance and with real regret," Commissioner Wallander told the Mayor he would take a job as assistant to the president of the Consolidated Edison Company--a job which, he said, "offers a little more in the way of finances and perhaps won't be quite as hard." The Consolidated Edison post is reported to pay \$20,000 a year. Besides that salary Mr. Wallander, who has been on the force thirty-five years, will receive an annual city pension of \$6,000. The Police Commissioner's salary is \$15,000.

Commissioner Wallander, made it official at noon February 1, when he handed Mayor O'Dwyer a letter of resignation in the line-up room of Police Headquarters, 240 Centre Street. Present were high police officers and city officials and a large group of police recruits--483 new patrolmen and thirty-five police-women.

Both the Mayor and Commissioner Wallander were obviously affected by the leave-taking ceremony. The Mayor recalled that when he himself was a rook-

ie policeman in 1917 he had been drilled by Mr. Wallander, then an instructor at the Police Academy.

"There have been many Police Commissioners in the last thirty-one years, some still alive, God bless them," the Mayor said, "but no Police Commissioner was greater than Arthur Wallander in my book. However, I would not raise one finger to change your mind about leaving. I prefer to think that what you've done was out of good conscience and a sense of fairness to your family."

In reply Mr. Wallander told Mayor O'Dwyer that it was a privilege to have served under him and that "to know you is to love you."

Considerations of health were reported to have played a part in Mr. Wallander's decision to retire.

Mr. O'Brien, a fifty-eight-year-old former patrolman who has been on the force since 1916, will take over his new post on March 1, when Commissioner Wallander's retirement becomes effective. Until then he will be acting commissioner while Mr. Wallander is in Florida on vacation. Mr. O'Brien is first deputy commissioner of the department, a rank he received yesterday. He had been third deputy commissioner since last March 13.

We reprint the following editorial from the Herald Tribune:

EXCELLENT TRADITION

Next to being Mayor of New York, the job of Police Commissioner is probably the toughest in this city's government. With a heartfelt sense of fitness, Mayor O'Dwyer stood in the line-up room at Police Headquarters on Tuesday and accepted Commissioner Wallander's resignation. As one old friend to another, policeman speaking to policeman, Mayor O'Dwyer reached back through the years to the time when he was a beginner at the Police Academy, taking instruction from the man now retiring with a tear and a regret. Commissioners have come and gone, the Mayor was saying, "but no Police Commissioner was greater than

Arthur Wallander in my book." This was an occasion to make a man feel that he was appreciated, publicly and privately in all his fullness.

Commissioner Wallander headed the Police Department only three years, but he ably directed the far-flung civilian defense activities during the war and his name has been long and favorably known to the general public. A career man, thirty-five years in a service second to none, he represents a continuity of tradition which New York takes almost for granted. In this city we feel that the complex Police Department, where the demands are stern, is best commanded by one of its own. The Wallander regime is really an extension of the long tenure of the late Commissioner Valentine, and of course the earlier record of Commissioner Mulrooney is not to be forgotten. A standard has been set, one to be cherished by the 18,000 within the department and proudly considered as well by seven million other New Yorkers.

We extend our best wishes to Commissioner Wallander in his new and less strident (but more remunerative) activities at Consolidated Edison. May he find the greatest satisfaction. To the new Commissioner O'Brien, who succeeds to the full title on March 1, we say welcome. Mayor O'Dwyer has chosen well. Again a lifetime policeman, up from the ranks, heads the Police Department. The excellent tradition carries on.

C.S.P. has long enjoyed Commissioner Wallander's assistance and cooperation. We too extend our good wishes for his future and assure Commissioner O'Brien our continued support in all matters of mutual interest.

EX-TROOPER HEADS DRIVE IN GERMANY

Berlin, -- Brig. Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, famous police official, recently took charge of a drive to crush a smuggling racket which has mushroomed in Western Germany.

Gen. Lucius Clay, U.S. military gov-

ernor, announced he had assigned Schwarzkopf, his deputy provost marshal, to find and plug the loopholes through which 200 million dollars worth of goods is smuggled across the border annually.

Schwarzkopf is a former head of the New Jersey State Police.

The U. S. Air Force has announced a series of arrests of persons of various nationalities. French police, it said, arrested three Americans in Austria.

The Americans were identified only as civilian employes of the War Department, picked up in Innsbruck after disappearing recently from their jobs at Karlsfeld. The announcement said they were found "in an area where cigarettes were being unloaded from a rail car."

Clay said Schwarzkopf would study customs enforcement throughout the zone, to locate weaknesses and recommend how they can be strengthened.

GOOD BUSINESS

By Edgar A. Guest

If I possessed a shop or store, I'd drive the grouches off my floor!
I'd never let some gloomy guy offend the folks who come to buy;
I'd never keep a boy or clerk...with mental toothache at his work,
Nor let a man who draws my pay, drive customers of mine away.

I'd treat the man who takes my time... and spends a nickel or a dime
With courtesy, and make him feel that I was pleased to close the deal,
Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff I have to sell,
And in that case, then glad he'll be to spend his dollars all with me.

The reason people pass one door...to patronize another store,
Is not because the busier place...has better silks, or gloves, or lace
Or special prices, but it lies... in pleasant words and smiling eyes;
The only difference, I believe, is in the treatment folks receive!

COURT REFORM SPEEDS TRIALS
IN NEW JERSEY

The reformation of the New Jersey court system, completed last Sept. 15 in accordance with the state's new Constitution, has resulted in a great speed-up in the administration of justice, particularly in the simplified trial and appellate courts. Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt stated recently.

As chief justice of the State Supreme Court and, as such, administrator of the state's entire judicial set-up, Justice Vanderbilt made his first public pronouncement concerning the accomplishments of the new judicial system at a luncheon-meeting of the judicial section of the New York State Bar Association, held in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria.

During the last four months the judges and lawyers of the state have had their "exciting moments" watching the changes take place in courtroom procedure, he said, recalling the recent furor created by the new traffic ticket plan instituted through new rules applied to the Police Courts. He was referring to criticism from certain police chiefs about the quadruplicate tickets, which were described as "fix-proof" by Justice Vanderbilt.

Politicians Objected

"To be perfectly frank," Justice Vanderbilt, "all hell broke loose for ten days and I was regarded as a criminal."

When the matter quieted down it was obvious that the objections to the new tickets originated from "the editors, the politicians, the bank presidents and society women who wanted to still have tickets fixed," he said, musing that such persons "really believe in law in general."

"The whole thing is working beautifully now," he said.

BROPHY TESTIMONIAL

Connecticut officials attending the

Thomas P. Brophy (New York City's Ex-Chief Fire Marshal) testimonial dinner at the Waldorf, February 1, included-- Chief Brennan, Stamford; Gleason, Greenwich; Godfrey, Hartford; Roach, Waterbury; Commissioner Hickey, C.S.P.; Fire Chief Heinz, New Haven; Chief "Mike" Morrissey, Pullman Company and Chief Charles Higgins, Providence, joined the Connecticut delegation. Horace Carver of Kansas, and former Pinkerton Chief "Herb" Mosher of Garden City, L.I. entertained many of "Tom's" associates in 16 X style before and after the dinner.

PALLOTTI BILL PROMISES
TO CUT POLICE RETIREMENT

Conn. State Police would be able to retire after 20 years of service, instead of the present 25-year requirement under a bill Senator Rocco D. Pallotti introduced in the Senate this session.

The Hartford Democrat said that all the 322 members of the State Police force favor the lower period of service and he felt that "after 20 years of working, many times day and night, they have done their duty and should be eligible for retirement."

Two years ago, the Legislature set up the 25-year retirement program, though Senator Pallotti then urged a 20-year plan. They may retire now at half pay with an additional 2 per cent allowance for every year served beyond the 25-year period, the Senator said.

DETECTIVE NOW A POLITICIAN

Johnny Broderick, who was one of New York City's roughest and most feared detectives, grew restive in the last two years of retirement and early this month entered into the thick of Tammany politics.

He formally opened quarters at 1225 Avenue of the Americas at Forty-eighth Street and announced his candidacy for the post of Democratic co-leader in the 1st Assembly District, which covers most of the Broadway theatrical section.

We must think today of Our Children's Tomorrow

VOX-COP

February, 1949

Common Sense About Comics

Condensed from Parent's Magazine
Katherine Clifford

Wise parents read the comics too and
discuss them with their children.
It's a way of guiding their taste.

As the furor over comics waxes and great minds debate their merits and demerits, my children and yours go right on reading them. For comics are "the thing" and the herd instinct is strong. If children are forbidden comics at home they'll read them somewhere else, and I question whether the sense of guilt involved in reading them sub rosa isn't worse in effect on youthful minds than the comic itself.

At our house we don't worry about comics. We allow our four children to read them, and occasionally read them ourselves because we want to be able to discuss them with the children, just as we discuss *Treasure Island* and *Wind in the Willows*. And we are amazed to find that many anti-comic partisans have never read a comic; they are merely echoing things they've been told by others.

There are comics and comics, just as there are books and books. Some comics are trash. So are some of the day's best sellers. But we don't advocate abolishing books. By the same token it's unfair to classify all comics as unfit. Some publishers are making a sincere effort to provide comics which children can read without causing their parents gray hairs.

I hold no brief for lurid sex and crime-ridden comics, but I heartily approve those which treat of historical events, which poke fun at human foibles, which offer good adventure and enter-

tainment, or which subtly infuse an exciting story with arguments for racial tolerance and other worthy aims. A child can not be damaged by reading material which makes history seem real and exciting, or which furnishes a flesh-and-blood hero to drain off the hero-worship inherent in children.

Maybe I just don't catch all these subtle symbols of eroticism, sadism and worse which comics reputedly contain. Maybe most children don't either. Well-intentioned adults are alarmed over many things children pass by unheeding.

I can't help wondering if comics, along with radio, haven't become the latest "whipping boy" for a failure of our whole society. Wouldn't children who are led astray by comics and radio be led astray by some other influence if these were lacking? Juvenile delinquency existed before the printing press. My own children draw pictures of men shooting other men, using lots of red crayon. I can't blame the comics. My children and their friends drew such pictures before they ever saw a comic.

I doubt if any child who has a happy home, whose parents have done their job well, and who enjoys his school, family and friends ever suffers any real damage from reading the better comics. At any newsstand it's possible to sort the wheat from the chaff. As for the unworthy comics, we don't forbid them. We

try instead to influence our children away from them. A little ridicule helps, especially from Dad. He points out, in comradely fashion, where and how they are ridiculous.

Some comics we dismiss with "Sorry, son, I haven't read that one. It looked like junk to me." Son accepts this because we say in the next breath, "Did you read your latest Such-and-Such Comic? That was an interesting bit about..." We find that our children tend to read the comics we approve, not because we say, "This is good for you, that is bad for you," but because like most children they want to share their experiences with grownups.

Another common complaint is that comics make a child lose interest in books. Shortly after our eldest son learned to read, I myself complained that he never read anything but comics. He answered that there was nothing else in the house for him to read. I was indignant. What about all those books we'd bought for him? "Yes," he said bitterly, "the ones you read to us are full of big words, and the others are all about baby animals and little trains that ran away." He had outgrown the library we'd so carefully selected for him, of course. Now we keep plenty of books of his own age level, and while he still reads comics he is often more eager to continue one of the books.

Like it or not, comics are as much a part of growing up as baseball, muddy shoes and arithmetic. There's a sensible program for eliminating the evils so widely discussed: Encourage the good comics, improve the poor ones. As long as our children won't give up their comics--and they won't--we might as well concentrate on providing them with the best.

---Readers Digest

COMICS WILL STAY, SAYS
NUN: MAKE THEM BETTER

El Paso, Tex. -- Comic books have a definite place in education. The way to counteract the influence of evil comics is not simply to prohibit and con-

fiscate them but to match them in appeal with worthwhile comics.

So believes Sister M. Lilliana Owens of Loretto Academy here. The nun, widely known as a historian and educator among the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest has put her belief into practice by writing comic-book scripts.

One of these, "Key's Toast to the Flag of the U.S.A.," was done for the Treasure Chest, published by George Pflaum, of Dayton, O. Now she has written the history of her community, the Sisters of Loretto, in comic-book style. It has been published under the title, "Loretto -- The Monument of Nerinckx." by the Catechetical Guild of St. Paul, publishers of the comic monthly "Topix."

Sister Lilliana first became aware of the possibilities of comic books while teaching at a high school in New Mexico. One of her boys, Tony, better acquainted with athletics than with scholarship, turned in a fine paper on Martin de Porres, and it developed that he derived his information and interest in the Peruvian Saint from the Catechetical Guild's publication.

Questioning the boy, Sister Lilliana learned that he was having trouble with English, and that phases in the ordinary textbooks served to confuse him. The pictures in the comic book, however, helped him with the language and at the same time furthered his interest in the historical and religious aspects of Martin de Porres' career.

"I was convinced after my talk with Tony," the nun explained, "that comics have a definite place in education--visual education--which is so necessary, and especially necessary where the bilingual problem is so outstanding. I decided also that we must help make them good in order to counteract the effects of the bad comic."

"Simply to prohibit and confiscate objectionable comics is no remedy for a comic-book addict," she continued.

"Comic-book addiction is a symptom that indicates a lack of balance in the child's home and school environment, especially in the matter of entertainment. With such children the good comic must be substituted for the bad. Teachers and parents must be on their toes as to

the names of the current comic books and also the names of the Catholic comic books."

"Monthly there are new comics appearing and old ones are disappearing," Sister Lilliana stated. "It is well for us to remember that under pressure of the critics many publishers have changed the name of their comics from bad to good within one or two issues. The comics then revert back to their original type when this criticism relaxes."

CRIME COMICS FAN, 16, HELD
IN BLOODY KILLING OF BOY, 12

Philadelphia -- A slim, bespectacled 16 year-old youth whose room was found littered with comic books about crime was held on a homicide charge last month in the scissors slaying of a 12-year-old neighbor.

The battered and slashed body of Ellis Simons was found behind a garage in the fashionable Wynnefield section, clad only in shorts and bound hand and foot. Police said he apparently put up a "Terrific battle" before he died.

George F. Richardson, assistant superintendent of police, said that Seymour Levin made an oral statement admitting the killing.

Richardson said that Levin related in his statement that he met young Simons--whom he didn't know before--at a newsstand and invited him to his home to look at his chemistry set.

Later on, the statement continued, Levin told the younger boy to leave when "he said it was a cheap set."

'Complete Blackout'

"I saw a small knife in his hand," the statement said. "We started to fight. We had a struggle in the bathroom. I went out of the bathroom and got a couple of aspirins.

"I returned and then saw blood. After I saw the blood, I drew a complete blackout."

A blood-stained, long-bladed pair of scissors was found in his room.

Levin, a student at a select private school, was quoted by Richardson as

saying that he now would miss his chance of becoming a doctor. "I guess I'm done for," he was quoted. "Now I guess I'll go to the electric chair."

Investigators searched through Levin's room and unearthed a host of comic books dealing with crime and a number of works of fiction on the same subject.

Young Simons was reported missing by his father, Stanley Simons, after he failed to return home last Saturday night.

Terrific Struggle

Police found the boy's body behind the garage after being summoned by neighbors who noticed bloody clothing in the Levin yard.

Radio Patrolman Carmen Santaniello, first on the scene, said he found the boy's body on its back behind the garage, "his face all puffed and beaten."

Clothes line had been looped around his neck and run down the front of his body around his hands and ankles.

Detective Lt. Erwin Mock of the homicide squad said blood smears and bloody fingerprints throughout the second floor of the Levin home indicated young Simons "put up a terrific struggle before he died."

"There was blood on the bed, on the walls and on the floor," Mock said. "The body then was dragged down the stairs out a back door and into the garage. We believe the rope tied around the feet was used to drag the body."

Levin, who posed willingly for photographers and told them to see that my picture gets on the front page," is the son of Morris Levin, 47, operator of a dry goods store at Toms River, N.J.

PITTSFIELD CHIEF ACTS ON NOVELS

Pittsfield, Mass. -- Reprints of novels by Margery Sharp, Erskine Caldwell and Katherine Brush were among 75 publications ordered removed from newsstands by Police Chief Thomas H. Calnan in a campaign against "lewd and obscene"

cover displays.

Calnan said he spent most of a day going through the stocks of two distributing agencies. He said he made no attempt to read the 75 magazines reprints and comic books, but ordered them removed principally on the basis of the pictures on their covers.

"These books," Calnan said, "arouse the untrained passion of our youth."

The newsdealers had no comment upon the chief's statement that if the offending publications have not been removed within 3 days he would take "further action." Calnan gave no indication what further action he planned.

Among the reprints banned, Calnan said, were Margery Sharpe's "The Stone of Chastity," Caldwell's "Midsummer Passion" and Katherine Brush's "When She was Bad."

COMIC BOOKS GET GLARES IN NEW ENGLAND

Boston -- New England, which has been known to set fire to imprudent novels, is now turning a scorching glare on comic books because it says some of them are "filthy."

The bright-paged adventure pamphlets which American kids read at a non-stop pace and trade with each other in piles at a time are kindling the same wrath which many noted American books have blistered under.

Church leaders and police officials in many New England communities have blasted some of the comics as juvenile crime-breeders, not only bad for children but for grownups, too.

A Lawrence committee ordered a ban in four districts when three clergymen said some issues were "crude, filthy and even unfit for mature consumption."

Boston--where polite reading in colonial times was chiefly sermon collections--has named 80-year-old sea-story writer James B. Connolly to head a seven-man censoring committee.

And at least a dozen major New England cities have brought out recent bans in a drive which may lead the nation where similar action has been reported in other areas.

BAN ON COMIC BOOKS

To the Editor of The Courant:

Recently I read that of the millions of comic books published each year, 90 per cent are printed in Connecticut. This figure seems most surprising. Especially since most of these books build up crime as glorious adventure and lower our children's taste in reading.

Conscientious parents can, and do, influence their own children to reject lurid, comic books, but there are many more children whose reading does not have adequate supervision.

I know that a commission was appointed to banish types they considered unfit for publication. I wish to add my voice to that of hundreds of Connecticut parents who want this supervision to continue.

Will the Courant, in behalf of Connecticut parents, do what is possible to blot out the bad influence of objectionable comic books?

--Mrs. H. J. Richards
West Hartford

GIRL CAN FLY PLANE BUT CAN'T DRIVE CAR

Xenia, Ohio -- The automobile is still a mystery to 14-year-old Barbara Jean Gibson. But give her an airplane and she is at home.

Barbara Jean has climaxed two years of flying instruction with three solo flights. The occasion was one month after her 14th birthday.

Although she has flown solo, Barbara Jean can't qualify for a license until she is 17.

And she still hasn't learned to drive an automobile.

Patrolman John Reardon of Brockton didn't know how popular he was with the school children until he was shifted to house duty during census taking. Children swamped to police headquarters to learn why their favorite policeman wasn't on the job.

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

February, 1949

WITH NUTMEG FLAVOR

Think of the Broken Body of a Little Child The Next Time You Try Speeding

By The Yankee Pedlar

Have you ever seen a little boy die from being crushed beneath the wheels of a loaded beer truck? It's the most terrifying experience that a human eye can witness. Even more terrifying is the knowledge that you tried to do everything possible to keep life in his battered little body and found that what you did wasn't enough.

Terrifying as it is to be near the scene of a traffic accident this cannot possibly compare with the agony that must inevitably overtake the unfortunate person whose vehicle was the instrument of such a tragic death.

Nothing can be done to restore the life that was so ruthlessly squeezed out of an innocent six-year-old victim on North Riverside St. last Monday afternoon. But the sacrifice which tiny Joseph Ferrucci made should not for one second be forgotten.

If every mother and father in Waterbury could only know the horrifying agony that seized this little boy's mother (let alone witness any part of it) the whole city would be up in arms demanding an immediate stop to the caloused carelessness that is a constant threat to the lives of children in every section of the city.

Speed Demons Still
Go Their Foolish Way

What the factor was that was responsible for Joseph Ferrucci's death is not of concern here. But there is a speed factor in automobiling in Waterbury that is going unchecked despite the efforts of police to curb it.

This is only a warning and it will

be ignored by irresponsible drivers. Others have been patently flouted. All you have to do is stand at any corner or hill and you'll see the shuddering evidence of it. Some day a child will dash out and the result will be sudden death. Remember, there's no more shattering task to contemplate than that of picking up a bruised little body and seeing life slip out of it before anybody even knows his name or to whom he belongs. Only less shocking to the nervous system is seeing that little boy's mother, when she heard those awful and devastating words: "Ma, Joe's dead!"

The Little Body
Lying In The Morgue

It's a mother's instinct to want to be at the side of that little boy even though she knows his broken body, blood-stained and half naked, lies still and uncared for on a slab in a hospital morgue awaiting examination by a physician who will determine the pathological cause of death. It's a gruesome sight but Joseph Ferrucci's mother wanted to see her little boy last Monday night and those were the only conditions under which she could see him. Even this sight was consoling to her, difficult though it may be to imagine that it was.

"Poor little Joey, he has only one shoe," she remarked as a nurse withdrew the slab.

"Why couldn't they have fixed his tongue," she asked of a sympathetic policeman, who stood by to give her support. As Joey's body was silently returned to the compartment of the morgue, his mother turned away. "I feel better now, I really do. When can I take my Joey home?" she pleaded amid ignorance of formalities the law requires must be observed no matter how great the heartbreak. Nobody seemed to know.

This is only part of the stark, unrelieved tragedy that carelessness with an automobile can bring.-Wby. Republican

SPEED ON THE PARKWAY

Theodore E. Steiber, county coroner, and James Melton, singer, automobile collector, and chairman of the Merritt Parkway Commission have disagreed on the question of the present parkway 55-mile speed limit. Mr. Steiber, in the course of reporting on an investigation of a double fatality on the parkway early in October, recommended strongly that the speed limit be reduced to 50 miles an hour.

Mr. Melton's retort was simply that the 55-mile limit is not excessive if adhered to. The Weston resident added, however, that this was a big "if".

As usual in such matters, there is something to be said for both sides. But until a further attempt is made to enforce the present parkway speed limit, it would be useless to alter it. If a 50-mile limit is not more aggressively enforced than the present higher speed, the accident rate will not be reduced appreciably.

The question of parkway speed limits is a timely one. Innumerable accidents and other traffic delays have made the parkway anything but pleasant for the motorist. Our own observation is that the main cause of the trouble is the driver who operates his car considerably in excess of 55 miles an hour. As long as this driver is permitted more or less free use of the highway, all other drivers must pay the price.

A wave of arrests is not necessarily the answer: more state police on patrol along the parkway and other arterial routes would result in more conscientious observance of the speed limit. The same applies to traffic along Route 7.

Whether or not it is possible to assign more patrol cars to the parkway and still have enough left to take care of the numerous other duties of the State Police Department--is, of course, the question.---Ridgefield Press

There are 1,530,000 miles of surfaced roads in the United States, almost five times as much as in 1920.

SPEED ON THE PARKWAY

To the Editor:

When the Merritt Parkway Commission first raised the speed limit on that wonderful thoroughfare, it looked like at long last we had grown up from horse and buggy thinking. Alas, it is not so. --It is a known fact that MOST ACCIDENTS result from SLOW, road blocking driving. Why is it that editorial writers continue to fall back on the old faithful space filler--the need to reduce speed on the highways.

Theodore E. Steiber, the county coroner, is paid to determine the cause of deaths. He may, not unlike anyone else in this fair land, make suggestions to the authorities, but that he takes exception with a speed law is hardly more important than if the writer does. His opinion carries the weight of any citizen, true, but let us not make it appear that because he is the coroner, he is an authority on traffic.

The Pennsylvania Turnpike, from Harrisburgh to Pittsburgh is the outstanding example of the fallacy of ANY speed limit. It is ridiculous to divert police officers from their efforts to curb crime for the task of slowing down traffic on a smooth, well-constructed road like the Parkway.

And, as for the travel on Route 7, referred to in your editorial,--that horrible trip, encumbered by cars parked along in snake like formations can only be bettered by giving out tickets for "obstructing traffic." Ten miles an hour is not uncommon on Route 7, what with the trucks, the curves and the goons who refuse to budge.

I would recommend that all speed restriction on the Merritt Parkway be eliminated forthwith. I would further suggest that a minimum speed limit (as well as maximum) be posted on Route 7. I would also recommend that the writer of the editorial referred to above be assigned to traveling from Danbury to Norwalk five times a day as punishment for his apparent lack of knowledge.

VICTOR B. GILBERT

Ridgefield Press

FAIR WARNING

The average motorist might look with a jaundiced eye on the plan, soon to be put into effect in Glastonbury, Conn., to check speeding by means of radar equipment. No longer will he become suddenly aware in his rear-view mirror of the trailing officer on his motorcycle--an apparition grim enough in all conscience, yet perhaps seen in time to make possible a prudent easing of the accelerator. No longer will he be permitted the luxury of argument. He will have to argue, says Captain Ralph J. Buckley, in command of the state police traffic safety division, "with the little black box." For it will be in this box that his motion has been recorded; and the device will be more devastatingly accurate, and certainly more proof against persuasion, than the old-fashioned officer who had "clocked" him.

What is admirable in the scheme and what saves it from justifiable reproaches is the fact that warning will be given. On entering the area where the radar equipment holds its impartial and un pitying sway the motorist will be informed by a clear sign. We are all of us in this world under the eye of a stern fate, ready to trip us up if we stray from the set path, visiting us with penalties if we break the higher laws of our nature. But at least we cannot claim ignorance of the invisible force. Moralists and philosophers from the beginning of time have been telling each succeeding generation of the moral order to which they are inexorably subject, and have been painting in stark colors the lot of those who defy it. There is thus a kind of rationality in our universe; and the traffic safety division of the state has been wise to extend it into a lesser sphere. On the highway we may be peered at by a remorseless invention; yet, with warning given, we keep an essential freedom and a basic dignity.---N.Y. Herald Tribune

Famous last words; "Well, if he won't dim his, I won't dim mine."

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX
IN GLASTONBURY

The Connecticut State Police have created quite a stir with their announcement that they are going to stop speeding in Glastonbury by radar. That's not so revolutionary as it sounds. For more than a year now the State Police have been testing radar speed control. The men who operate it are licensed radio men, and by the use of microwaves they can determine the precise speed of passing automobiles. These waves can follow a car at a distance of from 300 to 600 feet. When they do, a little graph tells exactly at what speed a motorist is going.

The Glastonbury area is a good place to start. Although the main street is heavily traveled, traffic is not so congested that it would jam the works on the recording device. Furthermore, there seem to be a lot of motorists who believe that once they pass the town center they are in open country. The daily toll of animal deaths is testimony of the fact that too many people drive too fast.

The State Police make it clear that this is not a trap. Visible signs state that radar speed control is in effect. The project bears no resemblance whatever to the old-fashioned speed traps that were nothing more than shakedowns. At the same time the State Police might justifiably ask why speeding motorists feel that it is unfair to clock their speed without warning them.

There is nothing sporting about excessive speeding. Yet even so perspicacious a newspaper as the New York Herald Tribune, in commenting on this experiment, gave it a passing nod of approval because of the "fair warning." It said: "On the highway we may be peered at by a remorseless invention; yet, with warning given we keep an essential freedom and a basic dignity."

This represents a pretty general point of view, that it's not cricket to clock a fellow who may be doing sixty without warning him in advance. There is no "essential freedom" involved in speeding, and nothing "basically dignified" about driving a dangerous weapon

so as to endanger human life. It's about time we abandoned the idea that it's all a pretty little game, and the police are not playing fair unless they warn us that they're checking. The only basic dignity that's involved is the dignity of human life. The only essential freedom is that of our children and their pets, to be free from the danger of being run down by a melon-head who hasn't been "fairly warned" and therefore feels free to drive as fast as he wants to.---Hartford Courant

MOTOR MANNERS

Dear Mr. Kieran: As a nature lover you must do a great deal of walking. What are your opinions on the manners of motorists toward pedestrians?

Mr. Kieran: First take note of current conditions. Most motorists drive like "sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine." The appalling proof of it is that they kill more than 10,000 pedestrian citizens of this country each year. And it's usually the result of bad motor manners.

The average motorist drives too fast, scatters mud heedlessly on pedestrians on rainy days, has no consideration whatsoever for men on foot and thinks that when he has turned loose a raucous blast on his horn, anything that happens subsequently to a pedestrian is the poor devil's own fault.

Along country roads the cars whirl around sharp turns and force rural strollers to dash to the ditch or the fence for safety. In cities, even with traffic lights at crossings, a pedestrian crosses a street at grave risk to life and limb. Drivers halted by red lights nonchalantly stop on crosswalks to make progress more difficult for harassed pedestrians.

Here are some polite suggestions for abating the insufferable situation:

1. Drive as though pedestrians were friends, not enemies.
2. Try using the brake occasionally instead of relying exclusively on the horn. This will prove that you really

do give more than a hoot for a pedestrian.

3. Don't wait until the last moment and then slam on the brakes. You might as well kill a man as scare him to death.

4. A driver blocking a crosswalk should not sit there with an arrogant air as though the milling pedestrians were beneath contempt. At least he could look apologetic. "Assume a virtue if you have it not." (Shakespeare.)

5. Don't cheat at traffic lights or corners. Give the pedestrian time to get across the street before you start up.

6. Don't drive so fast. It probably won't matter if you arrive a few minutes later.

7. Remember that an automobile is supposed to be an accessory to civilization and not a homicidal weapon.

---John Kieran-This Week

STATE POLICE CITED FOR PUBLIC SERVICE

"Enforcement agencies have a responsibility to the public to please as well as police," Harry Barsantee, assistant manager of the Publicity Department of the Travelers Insurance Companies, told members of the Northwestern University Traffic Institute, Evanston, Ill., in a recent address before that group.

Speaking on public relations, Mr. Barsantee cited the Connecticut State Police as a model of public relations operation while maintaining an excellent traffic law enforcement record. "Connecticut State Police are known throughout the state as courteous, cooperative and highly efficient officers," he said.

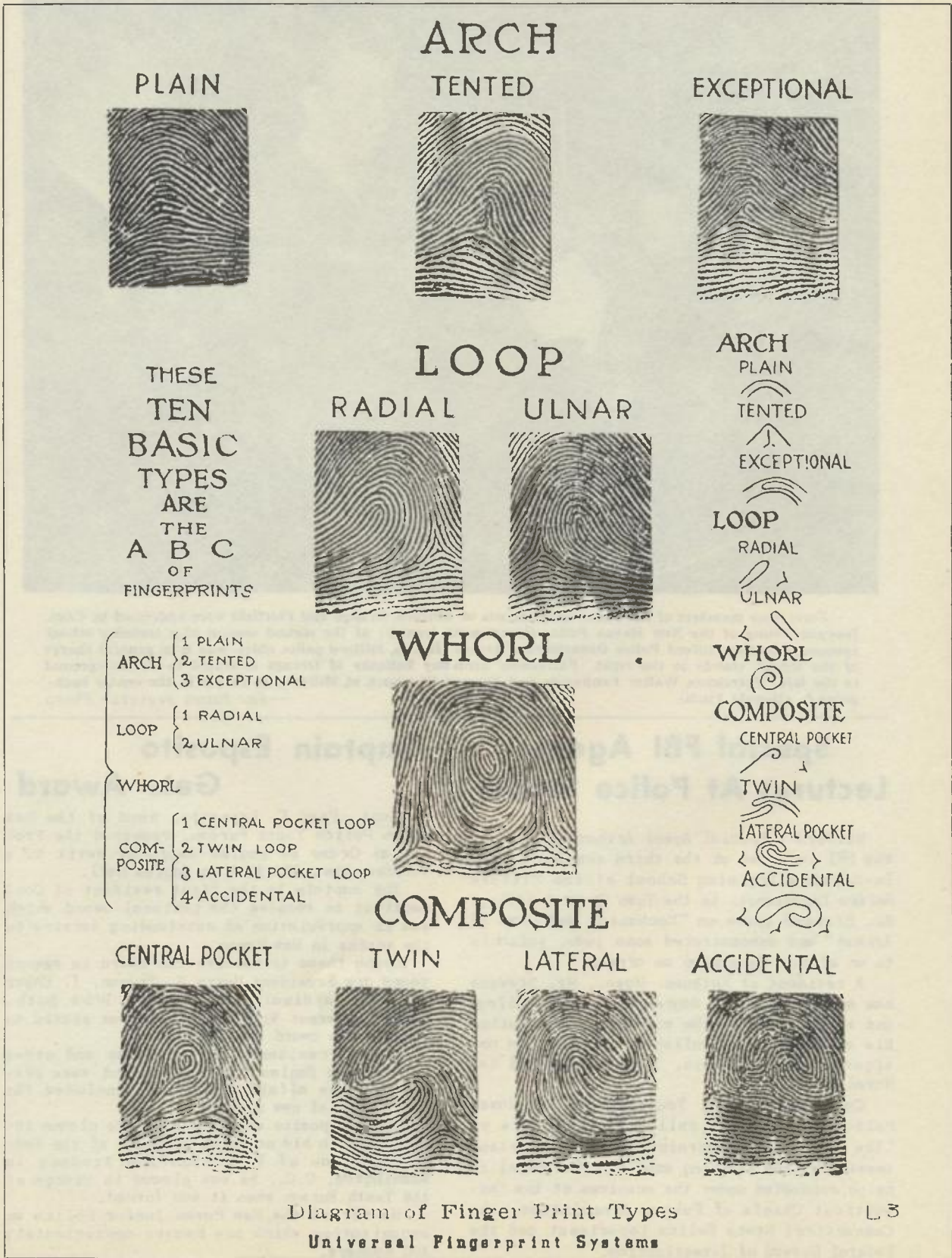
NICELY ARRANGED ACCIDENT

Memphis, Tenn., -- A speeding car smashed into a parked taxicab.

The vehicles hurtled 80 feet and came to rest beside a hospital door.

Two men got out of the wreckage and walked in for treatment.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES



Capt. Howard Young Addresses Milford Police School



Forty-four members of the police departments of Milford, Orange and Fairfield were addressed by Capt. Howard Young of the New Haven Police Department (center) at the second session of a training school sponsored by the Milford Police Department. Arthur Harris, Milford police chief, who is in general charge of the school, stands to the right. Patrolman Anthony Zellnsky of Orange is seated in the foreground to the left. Patrolmen Walter Pankowitz and Edward Chernock of Milford are seated in the center background. (Donald Fitch)

—New Haven Register Photo

Special FBI Agent Lectures At Police School

Milford---Special Agent Arthur Stevens of the FBI lectured at the third session of the In-Service Training School of the Milford Police Department, in the Town Court Building. Mr. Stevens spoke on "Mechanics and Laws of Arrest" and demonstrated some judo, valuable to an officer in making an arrest.

A resident of Methuen, Mass., Mr. Stevens has an A.F. and M.A. degree from Tufts College and was captain of the wrestling team during his senior year at college. He has been assigned to San Antonio, Tex., Miami and New Haven.

Captain Howard O. Young of the New Haven Police Department, delivered a lecture on "The Duties of a Patrolman" at the previous session of the training school. The school is being conducted under the auspices of the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association, the Connecticut State Police Department and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Captain Esposito Gets Award

Capt. Fred F. Esposito, head of the New Haven Police Youth Bureau, received the Fraternal Order of Eagles Award of Merit at a ceremony Dec. 28, 1948 in Eagles Hall.

The captain is the first resident of Connecticut to receive the national award which was in appreciation of outstanding service to the youths in New Haven.

Among those to receive the award in recent years are President Harry S. Truman, J. Edgar Hoover, Cardinal Spellman and Babe Ruth. Former Governor Wilbur L. Cross was slated to receive the award when he died.

State President James Gardner and other outstanding Eagles from Connecticut were present at the affair which also included the initiation of new members.

Capt. Esposito received a bronze plaque inscribed with his name. A graduate of the Federal Bureau of Investigation Academy in Washington, D.C., he was placed in charge of the Youth Bureau when it was formed.

He formed the New Haven Junior Police an organization which now boasts approximately 400 members.

STICK 'EM UP! Don't Move or I'll Shoot!



Don't worry friend, this is just a joke. The weapon pictured above couldn't fire a shot, but I'll bet that you wouldn't be able to figure that out if this "toy" was pressed against your ribs in a dark street. You probably wouldn't be any happier about the "joke" than are the parents of children who have ordered and received through the mails such toy weapons.

This exact duplicate of a German P-38 automatic pistol is only one of many such cast aluminum weapons available to the readers of some of our less ethical blood and thunder Crime "comic books." These books, sold on many newsstands in this state, carry a full page advertisement telling about the merits of the weapons and carrying photos of real war arms. The top line of the ad is addressed to "Kids and Adults Too." This is certainly gagged right as the replicas will appeal to a certain class of adults who will see great possibilities for them as well as children who feel that it is smart to imitate the characters they see in such crime comics.

What excuse can there be for the production of such "toys?" The only possible reason is to bring in a small profit to the makers without any consideration of the possible uses to which the guns may be put. Surely the makers realize the possibilities of such realistic toys and the harm which will come from their improper use. Like the publishers of the crime "comics" who seem to be so lacking in common sense and decency, their only consideration is the profit from the sales. They lack an understanding of the moral responsi-

bility they bear for the unlawful acts they incite in others less able to realize the error of their ways.

We realize that most boys will always be interested in guns and in that spirit of western adventure which inspires their games of "Cowboys and Indians" and that legitimate toy pistols and six-shooters are part of the young adventurers stock-in-trade. This is a normal and expected thing. Such healthy play directed into the proper channels helps to mold into our youth the ideals of the western gentleman and the hero of the better horse operas.

Imagination plays a great part in any child's game, that healthy type of imagination which makes a toy cap pistol all that is necessary to hold the bad man at bay. There is no need for such realism as these illegitimate "authentic replicas" inject into the picture. Such items can only lead to trouble and will add nothing to a child's experience that is worthwhile.

Another factor in this duplication of real weapons is that youngsters might easily confuse a deadly weapon with these copies. The toll of children killed by playing with guns is already high and these "toy" pistols will surely increase these tragic deaths.

There can be no excuse for such wanton disregard of principles. Our children have a right to expect that their welfare will be protected from such exploitation by those without a sense of moral responsibility. Our adults with childish minds who will be affected by such "toys" also need protection. Such advertisements are not found in good books. You can't tell a book by its cover, but you certainly can tell the quality of a book by the type of advertising it carries. Beware of publications which carry such ads. Bar them from your home and keep them out of the hands of children. Persons who gage their success in dollar values alone have always existed and such illegitimate items will find their way into the hands of children if they are not protected by their parents and guardians. The law does not cover the sale of such items and as yet the sale of crime "comic" books is not regulated. Like the guardians of liberty, parents must be ever vigilant in protecting their children from such people and their products.

(This article is not to be reprinted without the express permission of the Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police Department.)

TRAPPED BY A TINY MISTAKE

By

William E. Brennan

Myer Goldenberg, 37, serving a life term in Mass. State prison, for the brutal knife slaying of his girl friend in the darkness of a lonely road in Franklin Park, was trapped in his crime by a tiny mistake. His victim was Mrs. Sophie S. Robart, 28-year-old Mattapan divorcee and mother of an 8-year-old daughter.

Goldenberg, a salesman employed in his father's Harrison Ave. clothing factory, still contends that the real slayer in the case was a stranger who forced him at gunpoint to drive into lonely Circuit dr. in Franklin Park, a road closed to motor vehicles. There, he claims, the slayer after robbing him knocked him unconscious and fatally stabbed Mrs. Robart.

Most damning of the evidence against Goldenberg at his trial in Suffolk Superior Court, was that given by Medical Examiner Timothy O'Leary, veteran of a hundred or more murders. (We in Connecticut know of Dr. O'Leary's ability as a Medical Examiner and Medical witness in homicide cases.) Still sticking to his story of the mysterious bandit, Goldenberg had told of how the robber attacked Mrs. Robart with a knife from the back seat of the car.

Dr. O'Leary, one of the most noted pathologists in the country, tore this story to pieces. He told from the stand of the 10 stab wounds that he had found in the body of the woman.

Significant in the testimony of Dr. O'Leary under cross-examination was his statement that it was doubtful if the blows could have been inflicted by a person in the rear seat of the car. The blows he said, were from different angles. He stated that, assuming she was seated on the front seat of the car, her assailant, in order to deliver the blows in the direction indicated by the wounds would have had to stand alongside the open front door on the right-hand side of the car.

This testimony blasted completely the story as it had been told by Goldenberg. Moreover, the doctor offered his expert

opinion that because of the deadliness of the blows, Mrs. Robart was incapable of self-locomotion after receiving the wounds.

Goldenberg's story had been that she ran with him about 60 feet, falling twice after he helped her from the car when the killer had disappeared. Moreover there was no blood on the back of the front seat of the car and only one spot in the area of the rear seat.

Dr. O'Leary was the last witness to take the stand for the government in the trial, and the jury was apparently impressed by the weight of his testimony. On a day in March the jury marched out of the courtroom to consider the case at 4:30 p.m. Seven and a half hours later they walked wearily back into the courtroom with their verdict. Guilty of second degree murder was the announcement of the foreman and at one minute before midnight Judge Allen G. Buttrick sentenced Goldenberg to life imprisonment.

The murder weapon was never found despite one of the greatest searches in Boston history.

Police, however, had worked up a pretty substantial case against Goldenberg in the murder. Mrs. Robart, a hard-working girl employed in her father's West End antique shop had been divorced six years before from her husband, who at the time of the slaying was a second lieutenant in the U. S. army. One of the touching things at the trial was his greeting to his 8-year-old daughter, Elaine, whom he hadn't seen since her mother was slain.

About four years before the murder, Goldenberg, nine years Mrs. Robart's senior, met her for the first time. Their acquaintanceship developed into a close friendship and then courtship, with frequent quarrels interrupting periods of quiet. Always, however, there were reconciliations, and the courtship continued.

The last break had come about two weeks before the killing. Then, Goldenberg telephoned the home of Mrs. Robart and asked for a date, to which she agreed. He showed up about 8 p.m. and Mrs. Robart, after kissing her little daughter good night, walked out of her home, never to return.

The next thing known of the couple was shortly after 9 p.m. Goldenberg staggered out of a road from Franklin Park into Morton St. and flagged down a motorist. He was bleeding from a cut on his neck and asked to be driven to the Forest Hills Hospital. Once there he informed the driver of the car that his girl had also been beaten by the robbers, and pleaded with him to hurry back to Franklin Park to find her and give her aid.

Meanwhile, motorists had stopped and found the body of Mrs. Robart on the grass near Circuit dr. She had bled to death from the terrible knife wounds. As soon as the superficial knife wound in his neck had been stitched, Goldenberg was taken to Jamaica Plain station for questioning.

There Goldenberg told the story of the slaying of Mrs. Robart, which police insisted he changed later to account for circumstances discovered by police at the scene of the crime.

He told how they had driven in his car to American Legion highway and parked the car beside the wall of Franklin Park. He had just put his arm around Mrs. Robart, his story went, when out of the darkness the stranger appeared and asked the way to get in town. Then suddenly, as he was being directed, according to Goldenberg's version of what happened, the man produced a pistol or revolver and pointing it at them opened the door to the rear seat and climbed in.

The robber, according to the story, then told Goldenberg to drive ahead. As the car started along Morton St., Goldenberg claimed, the robber demanded his wallet and the driver handed it back to him. The wallet, he said, contained \$30.

As they reached Circuit Dr., Goldenberg claimed the stranger in the back seat ordered him to drive in, ignoring the driver's protest that the road was closed to motor vehicles. About 300 yards in on Circuit dr. in the darkness the stranger, Goldenberg said, ordered him to halt.

When he protested to the robber that he had given him his wallet, Goldenberg said he was struck on the head and

knocked unconscious. His next memory, he told police, was when he awakened to hear Mrs. Robart screaming and the stranger raining blows on her from the back seat with some weapon. Then the attacker, he said, disappeared.

He told of helping Mrs. Robart from the car and running with her, and how she fell once and he picked her up and ran about 20 feet more until she fell again. This time he couldn't lift her. He ran back to the car, he told police, and being unsuccessful in his attempt to get her into the machine, placed her on the grass and ran for help. Blood pools on the grass indicated the places where Mrs. Robart had lain, but whether it was where she had been struck by Goldenberg as she fled for her life, or not, will never be known. Dr. O'Leary's testimony that she was unable to move of her own volition after being stabbed seemed to indicate this, which is probably what swayed the jury to its verdict of guilty.

---Boston Post

TINY MAGAZINE KEEPS TABS ON PHONY BILLS

By

Herbert C. Johnson

New York -- A hatcheck girl took one look at a \$20 bill handed her in a New York night club the other a.m. She called the manager.

Her action resulted in the arrest of two men and a woman, the confiscation of \$200 in Counterfeit bills and a police charge that the trio had passed a spurious \$130 in a tour of the hot spots.

On the theory that money handlers even in the banks and big department stores, aren't always as alert as the hatcheck girl, "The National Counterfeit Detector" has been published once a month since 1907.

It is a tiny magazine, measures 5½ by 8½ inches. It runs to about 48 pages. But if you studied it carefully from month to month, there's not much chance you'd ever get stuck with a counterfeit bill.

And the chances of getting stuck with such a bill are high right now. Early

last month Government officials said a flood of \$10 and \$20 counterfeits had been loosed on the country. Bank officials said they were masterful imitations. The influx of bogus bills in the New York area was the biggest in history.

The "Detector" in complete detail describes every U.S. and Canadian counterfeit known or believed to be in current circulation. It also describes bogus issues of more ancient date that probably have been suppressed in toto by the Secret Service, but one or two of which may possibly still be in circulation.

Last month's issue, for instance, lists and describes 11 spurious \$1 bill issues in current circulation, 27 \$5's, 36 10's, 28 20's, 17 50's, 20 \$100's, two \$500's and one \$1,000.

Each listing is studded with all the errors committed by the engraver or printer of the counterfeit note in question. Frequently personal remarks are made concerning the engraving of the U.S. Presidents on the bills.

"Washington appears to be unshaven," says one. Other comments: "Hamilton's forehead blends with his hair, due to lack of hair line," "Hamilton's right eye is too narrow," or "the mole on Grant's cheek and his diamond shirt stud are missing."

From Secret Service Gets Information

The "Detector's" information concerning counterfeits comes from the Secret Service which keeps watch over Uncle Sam's currency. Frequently, Thomas P. Drew, president of "The National Counterfeit Detector" and a topflight New York industrial executive, pays a visit to the New York office of the Secret Service to get the latest news on phony mazuma.

One of the features of the "Detector" is a standing box on its editorial page offering a reward to subscribers for first information concerning new counterfeit notes. The subscriber who sends in a description of a new counterfeit will be given the face value of the note. The maximum reward is \$20.

The company sometimes makes as many as a half-dozen such payments a year.

Drew, who is president of the Automatic Fire Alarm Co., and issues the magazine as a sideline from Scarsdale, N.Y., purchased the "Detector" in 1937 when it temporarily was in a languishing state.

It is published nominally by "Grant, Bushnell & Co."

Grant, Bushnell and a man named Jones (first names buried in the past) founded the "Detector" in 1907. Grant and Bushnell had a mission in life.

That was to educate the public in the ways of the counterfeiter. They divided the country between them and, top-hatted and Prince Albert-coated, visited virtually every American bank instructing tellers and cashiers.

Congress Allowed Them

To Carry Counterfeit Bills

They were the only two private citizens in history empowered by an Act of Congress to carry counterfeit bills. These they would borrow from the Secret Service, exhibit them on their tours and later turn them in for a fresh supply.

Drew has no idea how many times the "Detector" has been directly responsible for discovery of a counterfeit or capture of a counterfeiter or passer.

He looks on the pint-size magazine as a good-will cushion between bank or store management and the public.

"You'd boller too," he says in a brochure, if a teller or store clerk detected a bogus bill you unknowingly had passed him, and then screamed "counterfeit" in the presence of other customers. How embarrassing?

Instead, he suggests the teller or clerk could lead the unlucky client to a bank or store officer. The officer could soothe the client, open the "Detector," show the client in black and white just what type of paper he had tried to pass.

This tactful handling, Drew says hopefully, will ease the blow and send the customer away--minus \$5 or \$20--in a somewhat less resentful state of mind.

The "Detector" is recognized by the Government as a valuable aid to banks and business, particularly in that it does not duplicate a general service of-

ferred either by the Secret Service or any other federal office.

It is the only publication in the country devoted to counterfeits. If the Government were to issue such a publication, it probably would feel compelled to offer it without charge. The cost would be tremendous and it would be another notch out of the taxpayer's dollar.

"It's a good little magazine," one Secret Service official said recently.

-- AP

PARKING LOTS GET 2 LIABILITY RULES

Is the operator of a parking lot responsible for the cars left in his care? It all depends upon how he runs the parking lot, according to the Supreme Court of Errors. (Conn.)

Cases of this nature, the court held in a unanimous opinion recently, may be divided into two types:

1. Those where the attendant merely collects the fee and designates the area in which to park, the driver himself doing the parking and retaining complete control over the car, locking it or not as he wishes.

2. Those involving lots, usually enclosed where the attendants take charge of the car at the entrance, park it, retain the keys and move the car about as necessary, giving the driver a check or ticket, upon presentation of which they deliver the car to him.

"Situations of the second type have usually been held to give rise to liability...while liability has been denied in those of the first," the opinion said.

Under consideration were two cases heard in the Court of Common Pleas at Waterbury. The defendant in both was Lawrence Santora, operator of a parking lot on East Main St., Waterbury.

Santora appealed after Robert Malone was awarded \$400 and Ruth Johnson \$168 for damage to their cars following their theft from the Santora parking lot in November, 1946.

The court held the judgments were

justified, coming under the category of cases where the driver temporarily relinquishes possession to the parking lot operator.

It did not matter, the court said, that the parking ticket given the two drivers carried a statement that the "management assumes no responsibility of any kind."

If the lot operator had shown that the theft of the cars was not due to his negligence, it might have been a different story, according to the court, but no such explanation was offered.

CSP Winners of the "First Series" 1948 - 1949 shoot of the New England Police Revolver League are as follows:

FIRST HIGH INDIVIDUAL IN EACH CLASS

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| Class 1 - Off. Edward Formeister | First Place |
| Class 2 - Det. Ralph Boyington | First Place |
| Class 3 - Lieut. Michael D. Smith | Second Place |
| Class 9 - Policewoman Margaret Jacobson | Second Place |
| and | |
| Class 5 - Team 6 Station F, Westbrook | Second Place |
| Sergt. Dorrence Mielke | |
| Off. Howard Sternberg | |
| Off. Frederick Moran | |
| Off. Lloyd Babcock | |
| Off. Henry Cludinski | |

REFRESHER

Q. Was John Doe a real person?

A. John Doe and Richard Roe are fictitious personages in law who formerly appeared in common-law suits of ejectment. The former was the plaintiff and the latter the defendant. The names may originally have been those of real people, but since they date back at least to the reign of Edward III of England in the 14th century, it is impossible to tell.

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

February, 1949

Youths Charged with Auto Thefts Smile with Cops



Sunday Post Photo--Ward

There is no morose feeling as captives and captors smile in Milford police headquarters as State police question two 17-year-old youths held on charges of stealing autos. State Policeman Donald Paige, seated left, interrogates Frank Corris, Milford, center, and his companion, John R. Brown, seated right. Standing are State Policeman Wayne Bishop, left, and Orange Policeman Anthony Zelinski. The youths, who admitted stealing nine cars between them since Dec. 13, were arrested by Policeman Paige in West Haven after they first escaped police in a chase along Post road, Milford, at night in a stolen car.

RIDGEFIELD ESTATES

The Great "Cigarette Mystery," With Honeybun Dunn Riding Again.

It was 12:30 A.M., January 31st, in the year of our Lord one-thousand nine-hundred and forty nine. A deep fog and mist had crept over Ridgefield Estate and vicinity.

Traffic was at a standstill -- when out of the night there appeared twin headlights of a car. Dunnie was on the prowl and the good kind citizens of New Milford were resting content in their beds, knowing that they were well protected by that "Sterling" State Policeman.

Sitting in the front seat of the patrol car with Dunnie, was Constable Julius Davin, of the New Milford Constabulary. There was little attempt made in conversation, as both officers peered into the night vainly trying to pierce the fog. Suddenly, Davin reached for his inside pocket -- and quick as a flash, our intrepid Dunnie muttered out of the corner of his mouth, "Lets have one too -- I left my "Kools" on the desk in the barracks." Davin pulled out his pipe, replying, "I don't smoke cigarettes -- do you want to puff on this for a while?" With a visible shudder, Dunnie replied, "No thank you." This ended the conversation abruptly.

Finally the ever vigilant eyes of Officer Dunn noted a light in Chases Tavern, located on Route 7, in the Town of New Milford. He stopped the car and got out saying to his companion, "I should be able to pick up a "Kool" in this place. With his usual caution, Dunnie slowly and cautiously approached the building and coming to a window, noticed that it had been broken and that the sash was raised.

Becoming suspicious, both he and the constable entered the tavern, which was in complete darkness, with the exception of a very small light burning over the bar. With drawn guns, both officers made a thorough and systematic search of the premises and crouching in a corner-booth in the dining room, they pounced on one Robert A. Wells, the alleged bur-

glar, who informed the officers, he was "Waiting for a Street-Car." Could it be "DESIRE."

Officer Dunn's Moral of this story is: "A woman is only a woman - but Give me a "KOOL" Everytime.

T'was Judgement Day!

Saint Peter was sitting on his throne writing in the book of gold. "What willst thou?" a deep voice said. "The qualifications of a new group of arrivies." St. Peter said. Ye scribe crept close -- peeked into the book -- and this is what he saw:

LT. KLOCKER -- A mighty "Lobsterman" so he says. Sometimes, for various reasons, known as O'Klocker.....SGT. PALAU -- Bosom buddy of Sgt. Marchese, "Bell Island Forever.".....SGT. MURPHY -- Our Skier, without skis. Now at peace with the world, and the world is certainly at peace, no more "Buttons & Bows" and no more "Diaper Rag" Di-De-Di-De-Di.....OFF. BONJOMO -- Scourge of the highway, a soft voice turned away wrath.

OFF. BUNNELL -- Our flyboy who discourages the romancers who indulge in petting parties.....OFF. DAVIS -- Dandruff in not the only reason a certain Lieutenant's hairline is rapidly receding.....OFF. DUNN -- Our Legal Advisor, room-mate and close friend of Off. Small, whose best and only policy is "Share and Share alike.".....OFF. GIARDINA -- our worthy "Toastmaster" and close consultant on kitchen decorating.

OFF. GORMAN - Our "Needle-Man" and we don't mean knitting, whose latest expressions are still being questioned-- "B.B." and "Hard Times.".....OFF. JONES -- Our "Jack of all Trades" and a master in the art of Golfing.....OFF. LINEWEBER -- Our traveler whose latest journey was a trip to the nation's capitol.....OFF. MCMAHON -- Our "New President" of the Casey Benevolent Fund, "Urp--Urp".

OFF. MCNAMARA -- Another one of our travelers, who we understand is learning to ride a "Camel.".....OFF. MEAGHER -- Our "Problem Boy" whose newest problem is "Gosh" what'll I do if they put me on the South Patrol?

OFF. MERRITT -- Our "Pard" who deserves an abundance of credit in Curbing Juvenile Delinquency, and whose latest act is the forming of the "Miry Brook Rifle Team" for Teen-agers.....OFF. NOXON -- Our "Hair Tonic Seeker", who recently received a prescription from Lieut. Klocker, which absolutely won't grow hair, but shrinks the head down to fit the hair!

OFF. SMALL -- Our "Silver Fox", whose medicine, safety-razor-toothpaste, etc., keeps Off. Dunn in excellent health and appearance.....OFF. STEFANEK -- Our Newest competitor to flyboy Bunnell, who covered 6,020 miles last month, tripping to Mexico, Florida, etc. (Note: No uneventful experiences, so he says.)....
OFF. WILSON -- our little house builder whose only gripe is "Gosh! I wish it was Spring, tough weather to put flashing on a chimney."

Incidentally, before closing, it was Saint Peter's decision that all were ADMITTED, of course with reservations.

CANAAN FLURRIES

An occasional truck rumbling over Route 44 through the village of Canaan together with the echoing bark of a stray dog, and the muffled laugh of a late evening celebrant wending his way toward home in an unsteady manner, were the only staccato interruptions to an otherwise quiet February night.

Business houses had long since closed and tiny night lights peeked through frosted windows reflecting tranquility and warmth. On this night, however, there were plans afoot, the culmination of which led to case B-482-D whose substance is worthy of review not only because it embodies an element of boldness on the part of the perpetrator but also because it emphasizes the ultimate success that can be achieved through patience, persistence, and scrutiny in investigations which offer little tangible evidence--to the casual observer.

Jim closed his service station, happy in the thought that the following

day, Sunday, could be spent at home with his family away from the monotony of routine labor. He carefully checked the pumps, turned down the heat, and placed a five dollar bill, ten one dollar bills, and a small amount of change in his register so that his assistant would be prepared for the following day's business.

Glancing about once more to make certain that all was in order, he locked the glass paneled door and strode off into the darkness whistling softly.

Sometime during that night an unknown individual stealthily made his way to the station and with great force broke the glass panel and rifled the register --obviously in great haste.

On the following morning Officer Angelo Buffa was faced with an investigation which offered a challenge to initiative and resourcefulness. Glass from the door was spread about the establishment, the register was open, and the cash was missing. Officer Buffa immediately obtained a cardboard box and carefully placed within it each piece of glass in the hope that some actual evidence might thereby be preserved. The task completed, the immediate neighborhood was carefully canvassed by both Officers Buffa and Fuessenich in the belief that some resident might have been awakened by the noise of breaking glass. Obtaining nothing of a constructive nature in this manner, the glass was then brought to the barracks. Piece by piece it was removed from its cardboard container and checked for prints. The futility of the examination became more apparent as each bit was checked. Perhaps Officer Buffa might well have thought, "I'm wasting time." He continued, however, and was finally rewarded with two prominent prints on a tiny jagged piece of glass. This was the beginning of a successful trail, patterned by the resourceful reasoning of a competent officer.

There were, however, many additional steps to be taken in order to establish a foundation for conviction. The next, and most important, was to determine a print similarity through comparison with a multitude in file.

Having catalogued the burglary as one

committed by an inexperienced and obviously immature individual, Officer Buffa thumbed through the numerous fingerprint cards until he happened upon one belonging to "C.H." "C.H.", a youngsters of 17, was an incorrigible youth whose escapades as a juvenile offender had done much to establish him as a prime suspect. His card was removed, from file, examined by Sergeant Menser and Officer Buffa, and forwarded, with the broken glass, to Lieutenant Chameroy for final examination. Word was received in short order that "C.H." was the guilty party.

Thus, within forty-eight hours of the murky night when an unknown stranger quietly and with measured step approached the door of the village service station and completed a burglary which to all outward appearances would remain among the unsolved, a persistent officer, whose procedure followed the pattern of a skilled investigator, had completed another in a long series of successful analyses.

Our former Commander Lieutenant Fred Brandt, now at Headquarters, as the ambassador of good will, is doing an extraordinary job on Headquarters Public Relations. Almost daily the Hartford Times photographs Fred or runs an article under "Art" McGinley's column on the Lieutenant's years of faithful service or some particular case in the Pioneer days about Canaan. Good Luck Lieutenant and may your star shine long and bright around C.S.P. It makes the youngsters in "H" area sit up and take notice when your press goes to work.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

During January, two groups of teenagers were entertained at the station. The first group, the seventh graders of South Coventry, spent Wednesday morning, January 12th, at the station, where they were taken on a tour of the barracks, and their questions answered. The group was accompanied by the teacher

James Laidlaw, and several interested adults. Thank you letters were received from all the children. From the letters it is evident that the ice cream cones made the most favorable impression on some of the children. One girl wrote that she found all of the officers to be very nice and she would like to visit the station again. (Her brothers have been quite regular visitors here during the periods of time that they are not incarcerated in one of the state penal institutions.)

The following week the members of the Manchester Hi-Y Club spent Tuesday evening with us. From all reports, the visit was a success.

Not a month goes by of late but that some member of our station family is physically incapacitated. The latest one to join the list is Officer Arthur Andreoli, who was injured when his cruiser left the highway and turned over several times. At the time he was clocking a speeding car when a third car cut-in in front of him. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Officer John J. Yaskulka was recently elected president of the Men's Club of St. Bernard's Church, Rockville. Best wishes for a most successful year.

Causes of delinquency and means of combatting them were discussed by Miss Margaret Jacobson, SPW, at a meeting of the woman's Guild of Union Congregational Church. Those present found her talk both interesting and informative.

Miss Jacobson stressed particularly the change which has come about in family life, with the home having become in many cases a place in which to eat and sleep. Many parents are shifting their responsibilities to the school and the church, and sometimes to the state. Among the causes of delinquency among children and teen-agers she listed the relaxation of home control, too much or too little spending money, migration from the country to larger cities, economic conditions in the home, not enough recreation facilities, inadequate school buildings and equipment and public indifference.

As remedies she suggested the emphasizing of parental responsibility, more

vigilance on the part of the police, a wider utilization of the Juvenile Court; closer cooperation between home, court, schools and churches, rapid elimination of slum areas, the extension of health services, better laws and enforcement of these laws on the employment of minors, an increase in school social workers and guidance personnel and the establishment of youth centers.

Recipe For Scandal

An observant contemporary prints the following interesting recipe for making scandal: take one grain of falsehood, one handful of runabout, the same quality of nimble tongue, a spring of the herb of back-bite, a teaspoonful of don't-you-tell it, six drops of malice, a few drams of envy; add a little discontent and jealousy and strain through a bag of misconstruction. Cork it up in a bottle of malevolence and hang it up on a skein of street yarn. Keep in a hot atmosphere and shake it occasionally for a few days and it will be ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out and the desired results will follow.

ICY DIP FOR FOUR

Although last Sunday was a springlike day, it was too cold to go swimming in Lake Mashapaug--as four Rockville men inadvertently learned about 4:30 in the afternoon.

The four were ice fishermen, angling through the thin ice of the Lake about 30 feet from shore. Suddenly the coating, not more than an inch and a half thick, gave way, plunging the quartet into the icy water.

Residents in the vicinity went to the rescue with ladders, and within ten minutes had pulled three of the men--unidentified--to the safety of the shore. The fourth, Arnold V. Alleman, 43, was in the drink for another ten minutes before he could be pulled out. He was taken to Johnson Memorial Hospital for treatment, and sent home later in the afternoon. The three rescued first were wrapped in warm clothing and treated at the scene for exposure.

The rescue was seen by more than a

hundred persons, including motorists passing along the Wilbur Cross Parkway who stopped to satisfy their curiosity.

State Policeman Ernest Angell transported Alleman to the hospital. The rescued angler was unconscious, suffering from shock and immersion. About halfway to Johnson Memorial, he came to long enough to shoot a startled glance at the officer and ask:

"Who are you?"

"I", answered the officer, "am Angell."

Alleman fainted again. According to Sergeant J. Francis O'Brien the next time he came to "he probably would expect to see St. Peter."

---Stafford Press

WINDHAM CORN

Recently while visiting at the Danielson Kindergarten, where thirty-three pre-school age children attend, I had the pleasure of watching a game called "Lost" in which the teacher, was the police officer. A small child approached her and stated, "I am lost," and the teacher then asked her where she lived and her father's name and telephone number. It was very interesting to note how many children three and four years of age knew all of this interesting data taught to them in kindergarten. The children then honored my presence by singing the following song:

A policeman dressed in blue, is a friend to me and you. Busy streets he helps us cross, and takes us home when we are lost.

London Bobbies, are named after the famous Sir Robert Peel, of England, they are also called Peeler's by some Britishers.

Off. Henry Marikle, received a letter from ex-officer Sam Freeman, recently. Sam is seriously ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital, at Phoenix, Arizona, and would like to hear from his friends whom he has known in the past.

There is much discussion about Sgt. Bob Herr's new mustache, that he is

nurturing along, and all are wondering whether it will finally blossom out into a Dewey type or Monsieur Beaucaire.

Off. John B. Murphy who is an inveterate pipe smoker, had the occasion to visit one of our clients in the back woods and observed an old lady smoking a pipe. J. B. to cover his embarrassment asked her what kind of tobacco she used, and Granny replied, "None Sonny, just have this pipe in my mouth for local color."

ALONG THE THAMES

Poems have been written (Woodman spare that tree). Odes have been rendered (I think that I shall never see) And to combine the verse and story (A Poem as lovely as a tree). Off. J. Kearney of our roster actually saw the words and music of this lovely song come to life. The time -- a few days before Christmas. The place -- a home in Groton. The father had purchased a Xmas tree and had brought it home to his little girl. Upon examining the tree, Daddy and Mommy and a visiting friend decided the tree was too scrawny and not pretentious enough for their little girl. After pondering their plight Father and Friend cruised around that night and spied "the grandest looking tree," truly one that would delight the youngster. The tree was hewed down and placed in the home with all its trimmings. Christmas day it shone in all its grandeur but alas the tree proved to be stolen. Off. Kearney with the assistance of Off. Falvey of the Groton town PD "cracked" a case which deserves commendation. Trees are stolen every year at this time but few of the cases are solved. A check of the town dump for discarded branches which matched up with the tree (a blue spruce) brought a clue to the right address. Branches of the same texture were on the lawn of this home. Off. Kearney obtained a statement from the mother and father confessing the guilt of the blue spruce and their guilty conscience.

Christmas day had come and gone but the festive spirit hovered about the scene. The father offered to replace the tree that brought such happiness to the humble home and all was forgiven. The tree was valued at \$60.00.

Lieut. Mackenzie is always crusading against Juvenile Delinquency and is there any wonder when a report of the FBI narrates 1 in every 20 persons in the U.S. has a police record?

Reprint of the New London Day 1-12-24 Clarence E. Martin of Williams St., New London resigned from the State Police, having been assigned to Danielson Barracks for several months.

Reprint of the New London Day 1-10-24 State Policeman J. J. Kaminski of Groton resigned, allegedly because he had failed to get a conviction of well-known local woman for driving without a new license on Jan. 2. She asserted she had been unable to get one in the last minute rush.

Water being scarce, neighbors fighting a Connecticut farmhouse fire tapped 50 gallons of hard cider. At a late hour the volunteers were being brought under control. PS Attn: "Fire Chief" P.J. Hickey.

Sgt. A. Edgar of the Stonington PD has arranged for the members of the Stonington Borough School Junior Police patrol to get new helmets and raincoats.

Sgt. O. Avery graduated from the University of Northwestern. A comprehensive course in traffic control, accident prevention, 600 hours of classroom study, work projects, demonstrations and a one week study trip comprise some of the activities. To quote Sgt. Avery, "No wonder I've lost weight, but I liked every bit of it."

Off. A. P. Kathe while on patrol checked a suspicious car at a gas station and it turned out to be a stolen car. The registration plates had been changed and hence were not listed on the stolen car sheet at the time. En-route back to the barracks an alarm came in via teletype of a break in Bridgeport. The boys were questioned thoroughly and admitted many breaks in and around Fairfield and Bridgeport. Officer Kathe was assisted by Off. Jasonis who aided in the questioning.

Much of the loot stolen was in the car. Nothing stolen was really advantageous to either, just the urge to steal. Both boys were turned over to the Bridgeport PD for prosecution.

K-K-K- is back in action in our territory. The last we heard of them was from the Southland. Could the warm breezes we have been enjoying lately have wafted them northward? I beg your pardon, we read further that Grand Dragon Mackenzie is mixed up in this somehow. Pupils of the eighth grade in the rural areas were the guests of the State Police at the local Sub-Base. Capt. Frank W. Fenno, Commandant of the base, Lieutenant Hess of the Marine Corps, Chief Ghormley and his assistants with the aid of the entertainers made the party an enjoyable evening for the kiddies. Off. Gail Smith was chairman of the committee and with his assistants Officers Laframboise, Dowling, Skelly, Kathe, Jasonis, T. Smith, Mansfield, Kearney, Det. Sgt. Mangan, Off. J. Smith, SPW Boland and Sec'y Ballestrini with Officer Hafersat doing the honors with the photos. K-K-K- really stands for Kounty Kids Konclave, a concoction of Lt. Mackenzie's never-ending crusade against bad comics. Prizes were awarded for the best essays on the subject, "Are crime comics funny?" Much enthusiasm was shown by the children in composing these essays. We believe the Lieut., besides entertaining the kiddies gave them some choice thoughts on comics. Two birds with one stone, I was known as, sez Lt. Mackenzie. Grateful thanks are extended to Supt. W D E Colgan of the Thames River bridge who allowed free passage on the bridge for the buses which transported the party to and from the base. The entertainment was aptly supplied by Geo. Russell, Don Fraser, J. Rose and Prof. Cheney.

And now from the sublime to the ridiculous! Not getting personal but did ya' ever drive along behind a vehicle and suddenly discover that the reg. no. was U-2 or perhaps U-41 only to discover it was on a hearse? You may have been stepping on it or just driving by intuition when you came upon it. Honestly, now, didn't this number bring you to your senses in a hurry? We have a

truck in our area that reads on the rear, "Hit me easy-Mayonnaise is dressing." There is another truck with letters emblazoned on the rear, "Please pass carefully--Blind man driving." Anger, bewilderment or just plain curiosity grips you as you grasp the steering wheel firmer and pass the truck to read on the side panel that it is owned by a Venetian Blind company. Just thought you'd like to know these things, in case you didn't already.

Honest Officer, you see it was this way--Rev. Wagner gave invocation and we all sat down and enjoyed a roast beef dinner. Then Lieut. Mackenzie introduced one John W. Gleason, chief of police of Greenwich. We all stood, out of courtesy, applauded and then sat down, but he didn't. It was at this moment we became aware that this was it. Realizing it was too late to do anything about it most of us settled down trying to make the most of it. You all know how these toastmasters are and he was one. But how wrong, how wrong we all were. Mr. Gleason mimicked each character of his stories, which were many, and had us all laughing. In fact, instead of the long drawn-out speeches, things went off at a rapid rate, between the laughter and applause. Commissioner Hickey topped the speakers by describing the President's inaugural. The subject was most interesting and received enthusiastically by all. Guests that were called upon for introduction or remarks were the following, accompanied by their wives or other friends. Supt. R. E. Bonat of the Rhode Island State Police, Capt. Frank Phillips of the New York police, Capt. John Sheehan of the Rhode Island State Police, Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. Finn of Bridgeport, State Police Chaplain Rev. C. R. Wagner of New London, State Police Chaplain Major John C. Kelly, Capt. F. W. Fenno, Commandant of the Sub-Base, Capt. W. J. Schatzman, Capt. Ralph Buckley, Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy and J. S. Forbes of Hq. Incidentally Miss C. V. Collins couldn't make it and was missed.

Also, Lt. Comdr. L. R. Hardy of the Legal office at the Sub-Base, Lt. C. E. Shaw, Lt. Adolph Pastore, Martin Branner (creator of Winnie Winkle) County Det.,

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

E. Shedroff, C. H. Thompson, Joe DeBona, Carol Tracey, J. S. Watterson, Sgt. J. Dygert and Off. G. Smith acted as co-chairmen of the committee. Natch all the personnel of "E" were there with their wives and friends.

After benediction, which was given by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Finn, the party settled down to some heavy a-a-a dancing. The dinner was good, the atmosphere congenial, excellent speakers, rhythmic music, plenty of refreshments, what more could one want, except a party of this kind more often. We were not high-hat in staging the fourth annual personnel party on the roof garden at the Mohican Hotel. Summing it all up, we'd say NO HITS (all got home safely) NO RUNS (at least the ladies didn't complain of any) ONE ERROR (the time just flew).

May I suggest Officer, that you close the case under number nineteen on the reverse side of the complaint sheet?

Bats in the belfry-- A bat in the face--excuse--we mean vase. Members of a church choir near the Barracks sojourning with coffee after rehearsal were scared out of their, let's call it wits...as a weird pair of saucer-like eyes were peering from a glass vase on a shelf. Shades of Dracula! A bat had made a forced landing in the vase while enroute to the belfry.

Sgt. Farrow has a new schedule. The "slow boat to China" doesn't operate on Friday. It's a fast day.

WESTBROOK TIDES

LIEUT. CARROLL E. SHAW looking for 15 more men. SGT. DORENCE MIELKE seeking practice targets. SGT. E. P. TIERNEY preparing for St. Patrick's Day. OFF. LLOYD BABCOCK paying a ten cent toll on the Baldwin Bridge for his contact-for-the-month. OFF. GEORGE BALDWIN arranging his schedule to coincide with Arena fights. OFF. RUSS BURTON shopping for paint for the Burton Yacht. OFF. HENRY CLUDINSKI cooing in

low dulcet tones. OFF. WM. CONLON doing advanced research on the "Ohm". OFF. WM. CONNOLLY supervising the Boston Red Sox spring training. OFF. JAMES FERGUSON purchasing aspirin. OFF. EDWARD P. GAYER laying in a summer supply of victuals. OFF. ARTHUR MAYER spring painting. OFF. LEONARD MENARD vacant house patrolling on Mennunketesick Island with leaky boots. OFF. FRED MORAN expecting. Off. HOWARD STERNBERG polishing off safety speeches. OFF. JOSEPH SUCHANEK prospecting for trout streams. SPW SIMMONS, of course, a new outfit. OFF. JOHN WOLLSCHLAGER securely tucked in his new nest. CLERK WM. BRINK spring housecleaning (a perpetual process). DISPATCHER PETE PUZONE a new look in his eye. DISPATCHER JOHN OVERSTREET accent on the southern accent. CHEF BILL YOUNG preparing menus for summer visitors. CUSTODIAN SAM SOLIUS sharpening the lawn mower. ASS'T EVERETT HUNT checking his son's basketball prowess in the Hartford Courant.

In the EMERGENCY DIVISION - LT. MICHAEL D. SMITH getting a 29 on his paint crew. OFF. JACK DUNPHY tailoring Lt. Brandt to fit the new reception desk. OFF. JOHN EHLERT feeling better. OFF. ROY EMMERTHAL swallowing his cigar butts. TOM EGAN purchasing a new mop and pail. ROGER BLOOD encasing himself in the new truck body. FREDDY STEINMAN purchasing a St. Bernard to lead him thru the drifts to Wolcott. BEN SAVIO jet propelled by the new fan. ROGER JOHNSON migrating to Branford. NASH, ZIMMER & WILLIAMS misfiled at Headquarters. AL PEICHERT waiting for a respite from the Xmas rush.

STATION "F" AUTO THEFT SQUAD ON THE JOB.

On Dec. 15th, a snowy, cold day, there occurred at the intersection of the Boston Post Road and Linden Street in Clinton an accident involving a pickup truck operated by Kenneth G. Hilliard 22, of Clinton, and a 1949 Ford operated by a man who identified himself as Ernest John Barker, 28, of Albuquerque, N.M.

Off. Frederick P. Moran of the Westbrook State Police was assigned to investigate what seemed like "just another

er" highway accident, such as the Station F troopers encounter several hundred times each year.

Officer Moran went over the accident carefully, looking into every detail. He checked on the credentials of both operators and everything appeared to be in good order. The man from New Mexico (or was he?) who identified himself as Barker was in possession of both the car registration papers and a New Mexico operator's license made out in Ernest John Barker's name.

Not only that, but he answered perfectly the description of Barker--age, height, coloring of hair and eyes--as given on the New Mexico license.

The case for that day, ended with the issuance of a warning to Hilliard for failure to grant right of way at an intersection, and the towing away of the Barker car, which was not in running condition, to the nearby P & M Garage.

Nothing more was thought of the case for several weeks. Hilliard and the man who called himself Barker apparently filed accident reports with the Connecticut Motor Vehicle Department, and that was that.

Then, one day--on Jan. 4, to be exact--Officer Moran, while on patrol, happened to pass by the P & M Garage in Clinton and noticed that the Barker car was still there. He stopped and checked with the proprietor, Theodore Melnichuk, who said that the man called Barker had told him to fix up the car and had left behind two personal checks, one for \$368.65 and one for \$25, with the request, however, that the checks not be cashed until after the work on the car had been completed.

Told this, Officer Moran immediately became suspicious. He checked through teletype with New Mexico authorities and in short order the word came back that the car in question had been stolen from its owner in New Mexico "sometime during November". The owner was identified as Ernest John Barker and it was reported that he, Barker, had been in New Mexico right along. The rightful owner admitted that he had made the mistake of leaving his car registration and his operator's license, as well as a brown leather jacket, in the car, but

he apparently had no idea of who had made off with the car.

A check through the car at the garage turned up only two books of matches from a hotel in Boston and a photograph of a girl, inscribed "To Gene, a very swell guy, Love, Mary", but further investigation by Officer Moran revealed that a claim adjuster for the Hartford Indemnity Ins. Co., Hilliard's insurance Co., had issued, on Dec. 21, a check for \$350 to cover the damage to the Barker car to a man he thought to be Ernest John Barker!

Details on the case were immediately flashed by the State Police to police authorities in all other states. Thus, a search for a man identified only as "Gene," alias Ernest John Barker, is now under way. The prime charge, a routine one, is "theft of a motor vehicle."

Another stolen car case came to the attention of F's Squad on Jan. 6 when Charles Rayner of Pleasant Street, Chester called to say that a 1939 Chevrolet owned by his wife, Berly Rayner, had been stolen that day from in front of the Deep River Theater. Rayner reportedly admitted having made the mistake of leaving his ignition keys in the car. Aside from the keys, there were only two quarts of milk in the car.

Off. Joseph A. Suchanek was assigned to the case, and he was investigating the following day when a report came to the barracks from Constable Clifford Collamore of Essex that an abandoned car had been found on Main Street. A check proved it to be the car stolen in Deep River the previous evening. There was no indication, however, as to who had committed the crime.

But then, on the very next day, a teletype message came into the Westbrook barracks, informing the police that a man identified as Richard M. Denison of South Lyme had been arrested that day in Cranston, R. I., for stealing a car in that city.

A further investigation by Officer Suchanek allegedly established the fact that it was Denison who also stole the Rayner car in Deep River. Denison according to State Police, had stolen the car in Deep River, driven to Essex where

something apparently went wrong with the car, taken a bus or a train or both to Rhode Island, and there stolen his second car in three days. A warrant has been lodged against him and when he is released by Cranston authorities, who are now holding him under \$1000 bond, he will be returned to Deep River to answer the charge against him here.

And another car case -- just in case some one thinks we are "snowed in". Alfred E. Granger, 20, and Paul J. Despres, 17, both in New London County Jail under \$1000 bond each, are charged with stealing a 1947 Ford sedan from the used car parking lot of the Shirley Saunders Garage in Old Lyme on Jan. 18th.

According to State Police of the Westbrook barracks, the alleged thieves drove the car from Old Lyme to Princeton, N.J., where they were apprehended the following day, Jan. 19th, on suspicion of being in possession of a stolen car.

New Jersey State Police immediately contacted the Westbrook barracks here, their call reaching the barracks at about the same time a call was coming in from Shirley Saunders reporting that the car had been stolen. Mr. Saunders, who has a number of used cars on his lot, apparently didn't realize that one of the cars was missing until the day after it had been taken.

Granger and Despres waived extradition and Officers Suchanek and Sternberg were sent to New Jersey to bring back the defendants. Presented in Old Lyme Town Court before Alternate Justice Walter Jenckes (Justice Shirley Saunders disqualified himself), the two men were bound over to the next session of New London County Superior Court.

First Aid instructors of the Westbrook barracks attended a one-day refresher course at the State Police Training school in Bethany. Taking the course were Lt. C. E. Shaw, Off. William H. Connolly, and Off. Howard Sternberg.

Dazed motorist (regaining consciousness): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"

Bystander: "Yeah, but the other fellow had the truck."---Carson Mountaineer

"H" AS IN HYPO

There have been two new names added to the Station "H" roster in the past month, and we wish to extend a hearty greeting to both. Sergt. Harry Ritchie and Officer Charles Hart are the two newcomers. The "Sarge" was at Bethany and Officer Hart comes to us from Colchester.

Officer Joe Palin won a race with the stork recently. Sergt. Larry Beizer received an urgent phone call one night from the Lakeview section of Avon to the effect that a woman was about to have a child, and did not have a means of transportation. Palin was assigned and immediately made a race against time in transporting the woman to the hospital. He made it, safe and sound.

Det. Anton Nelson had a major theft case. The accused used a boy to assist on the crimes committed. They involved an unusual and dangerous type of theft. On many nights, in various parts of Connecticut, they cut down active signal wires along railroad lines and sold the valuable wire for junk copper. Once the wires were cut the operator was unable to get clearance for trains between various points. The two subjects were brought to the barracks by Sergt. Wm. Gruber and Officer Geo. Panciera, after they were picked up riding in a car. They were reportedly seen while they were in the process of stealing the wire by people in the vicinity of one of their crimes. Records were obtained and it was found that the leader, a negro, had led a life of crime. The case has been disposed of and a heavy jail sentence was imposed. Det. Nelson was assisted by the West Hartford PD and the Railroad Police.

Officer Ed Higney had a case that involved Robbery with violence. Two negroes seized their victim, and after beating him, they took his wallet containing money and valuable papers. Thereafter they forced entrance into two places, a diner and a club, and made off with their loot. They then split it and went home to bed. The victim of the mugging noted that one of the accused

had noticeable bushy hair. After obtaining the facts of the case, Higney, with the aid of Officer George Panciera, narrowed down the search to a boarding house where they apprehended the two culprits.

BETHANY HILLS

Before this issue is published, our Lieut. George H. Remer will have completed his P. G. course at the Medical School at "Dear Old Harvard." We suggest crimson ties for the "Harvard" grads, and purple ties for the Northwestern men to distinguish their special qualifications.

It is with deep regret that we say "Adieu" to our esteemed Sergt. Harry Ritchie. The Sergeant, who has been laid up at his home ill for some time, now goes to the Hartford Barracks for a REST. We sincerely hope for his early return to this Land of Steady Habits (the good old Naugatuck Valley).

We suspect that Don Paige is suffering from powder burns, from newspaper photographer's flash powder. Seems of late even his 2-bit accidents rate the headlines and in each new edition, there's Don's picture staring back at us. We are dubbing him "Front Paige."

Tommie Duma, our amateur piscatologist, is eagerly anticipating an early spring. He has already started getting his gear in shape and is ardently practicing those difficult casts with his most unusual line.

Could it be that Al Kostok is trying to get the new Sergeant, Marchese interested in fishing, when he has him out on that night patrol, or could it be they're discussing other tales, like Strand?

Off. John Sweeney reports that his ulcers have been completely cured as well as his sinus and hay fever. He attributes his complete recovery to the opportunity afforded him to reside in the State's Health Center for two months. He says that everything that

Dooling and the Chamber of Commerce have said about Naugatuck is true.

Dooling and Dymkoski are still arguing about their favorite sportsmen. Of course Dooling cheers for "Spec" Shea, that "Supreme Pitcher of the New York Yankees" as he terms it. Dymkoski says, "So what, Chet Gladchuk's All American." Incidentally, Leo recently attended the Gold Key Dinner of the Sports Writers, in the company of both Shea and Gladchuk, as well as other notables, including our ex-State Policeman and now National League Umpire Frank Dascoli.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the transfer of the Rev. Father McTeague from Prospect to Groton. Best wishes from your many friends at Bethany, Father. We welcome a native son of Derby, who replaces Father McTeague, in the person of Father O'Connell.

NEWS FLASH -- Bird Kills Deer on Wilbur Cross Parkway -- Officer Piascik who recently investigated a deer-car accident on the Wilbur Cross was much surprised to learn that the driver of the car was a Russell Bird from Massachusetts. We believe it is the first on record of "Bird kills deer."

Recently there have been several armed robberies in our territory but so far they have been confined to the area of cities -- such as New Haven, West Haven and Milford. New Haven Police just did a very nice job in the apprehension of one Filippo Tommasi in connection with the hold-up of a jewelry store in New Haven. The proprietor is still in a grave condition at the hospital having been shot several times by his assailants.

Our trusty kitchen man Joe Marks, is now on the mend following another serious operation. We hope he will soon be able to join us.

LITCHFIELD ECHOES

Did you know that the Litchfield Barracks is now a remote control member

of the independent Torrington radio station W.L.C.R.? Yep, each morning at 7:40, we broadcast "Tips from the Troopers" and the road report directly from the Litchfield barracks. While we may not be professionals, we know we have listeners and hope they benefit from our broadcasts. We decided to have a poll on who is the best announcer and as we expected Frank Duren received the most votes with John Wilcox, Loren Larson, John George Swicklas and Alden Thompson hot on his heels. They tell us "You gotta like it to be good." congratulations.

January 12th, 1949, 2:30 in the afternoon was a long time coming for Lt. Schwartz. It was on this date that the bids were opened at Hartford for the construction of the new addition at Litchfield. We are glad that the Lieutenant has finished his own home so that he will be able to devote all his time to the construction we hope will start soon at the Litchfield barracks. Believe it or not, there are even provisions for a "Snorers" room. Off. Kovach take note!

Personalities: SGT. CASEY, very happy now that mother nature has come through with snow and he can at long last use that Doodle Bug with snow plow attached. Our Sgt. has also become one of the landed gentry having recently acquired 7 acres, more or less, surrounding his home....OFF. CALKINS no longer heard to remark "I haven't had a sick day since I have been on the Dept." The old flu bug got him for 6 days but we are happy to see him enjoying good health once again....OFF. FALZONE -- someone remarked "You can't teach an old dog new tricks". We disagree because we have seen Off. Falzone progress remarkably well in his typing, about which he knew nothing, since Clara Toce went on vacation....OFF. HAWLEY overheard giving some good deals on his ball point pens....OFF. HURLEY -- still cracking those hit and run cases. The latest being in the form of assistance to our newest addition Al Kovach. They arrested their man and presented him in court after several days of investigation. We fully expect Al Kovach is going to be as good as Neil someday....OFF. JOHNSON

is reported being in excellent health these days according to the V.A....OFF. KOVACH has that certain gleam in his eyes these days. "Could it be love?????OFF. WALTZ is as mad as a wet hen because the small claims court in New Milford, recently established, did not exist when he had a chance to collect on some bad debts several years ago.

HEADQUARTERS MIRROR

Harness Races on Ice! There's nothing new about horse racing in zero temperatures. Our grandfathers and great grandfathers did it undoubtedly for modest side bets and to provide mid-winter diversion, when a gentlemanly difference of opinion arose about the quality and speed of his own horse. It may be a surprise for you to learn, however, that racing horses in zero temperature on icy streets actually happened and was taken seriously in the Gay Nineties and in the early 1900's on Washington Street, Hartford, along the thoroughfare where the Connecticut State Police Headquarters is now located. In fact, the site of our Headquarters in those golden days was the home of a former Governor, a former United State Senator and a former President of the National Baseball League, Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley. He also served for many years as President of the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford. We have early recollections of Sportsmen defying the cold in those days. Park Street did not cross Washington Street, nor in the earlier age, did Jefferson Street cross this icy speedway. Our forefathers lacked mobile transportation but did resort to cycling and horsedrawn vehicles during this era. Our present neighbors to the north of Headquarters have many fond recollections and numerous photographs of the early days, not only throughout Hartford, but particularly along Washington Street. Occasionally we are invited next door to enjoy a pleasant Saturday afternoon reminiscing about these early past times. Strange as it may seem, one of us, now posing as an

executive at Headquarters, enjoys the unique distinction of being one of the boys from "Frog Hollow", which in those days was considered the other side of the tracks. Lafayette Street, which now forms the triangle, west of Columbus Monument carried the horsecars and later the electric trolleys. Brownstone residences in colonial houses graced Washington Street in those days. The automobile and motorcycle were being dreamed about over on Capitol Avenue at the Pope Manufacturing Company and the Columbia-Electric Vehicle Plant. Sleights, cutters, and sleds were the fashion in those days of "speed". Almost every winter week-day the driving club members listed their entries on Washington St. speedway. We recall the fancy blankets that protected the animals from the cold. Ear muffs and mittens were in style. Owner's and driver's competition was as keen on Washington St. in the Gay Nineties as at any trotting park today. There may have been purses for the winning horses. Emphasis of the meet, however, was on the sport. A blacksmith was near at hand on Squire St. to adjust the shoes especially designed to prevent slipping on the icy course. Today, police, firemen and ambulances rush thru Washington Street when they can get by the other horseless vehicles.

Connecticut lost a stalwart advocate of law and order early this month in the death of Oliver R. Beckwith, Senior Counsel for the Aetna Life and Affiliated Companies, Hartford. A life-long Hartford County resident, he had been Aetna Counsel for 20 years, former president of the Hartford Chamber of Commerce and since 1940, Chancellor of the Episcopal Diocese of Connecticut. We enjoyed his friendship many years. A corporation lawyer for many years, he was never-the-less interested in the enforcement of the criminal laws. A staunch supporter for the right, it was not uncommon of him to telephone when news accounts reflected a question as to the possible violation of civil rights. As often he called and complimented law enforcement officers who displayed not only courage and fearlessness but consideration for the rights of

others. A number of years ago a bank in Collinsville, where Mr. Beckwith was born, was robbed and considerable notoriety resulted. His concern was for the good name of the Town and well do we remember his personal interest in our unsuccessful efforts to apprehend the robbers. That they were non residents of his peaceful birthplace seemed an important item. So far as we know he did not ever appear as an advocate in the criminal courts of this State. He was, never-the-less deeply interested in the proper administration of Justice. We join in the tribute paid to his memory by his Bishop, Rt. Rev. Frederick G. Budlong, who publicly commented on the death of his legal advisor. "He was a devoted husband and father, possessed of a sterling character which knew no compromise. Always he thought the truth and was obedient to it. He was a truly christian citizen and as a gifted attorney, he rendered superior service in the community."

"As Chancellor of the Diocese of Connecticut his influence in the Episcopal Church became nation-wide because of the clarity of his rulings. To me he was a trusted friend to whom I was completely devoted as well as to his wife and children who helped to make him the remarkable man he was. The world is richer because Oliver Beckwith lived and the influence of his sterling character will endure."

SPECIAL SERVICES

Special Service lost one of its members when Virginia Robey left to join her sailor husband in Virginia. We were sorry, but know she will be very happy with her Paul. Alfreda Wilcox, who is no stranger to the State Police, was transferred from the General Office to replace Ginny. Welcome, Alfreda, and we hope you like our circle.

At the annual meeting of the Associated Police Communication Officers, Inc., held on January 22 and 23, 1949, Lieut. Walter Boas was named president

of the organization. The meeting was held at Elizabeth, New Jersey, and was the first meeting of the Four-State Chapter of the A.P.C.O. It includes municipal, county and state police from the four states of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Congratulations, Lieutenant, we are proud of your popularity and ability.

What will a precocious youngster do next? It seems that John Doyle's little Susie never runs out of ideas. One day not long ago, her mother was doing some washing and was paying no attention to Susie who was entertaining herself. Suddenly Susie said, "Look Mommie, daddy's socks!" Believe it or not, mother's little helper had dipped her daddy's socks into a starch solution, and starched them, but good. They might be prettier that way, but not too comfortable. Cheer up, John, she could have been twins!

Most people associate the word policeman with a hard-boiled person without a heart who wants to gain recognition by making arrests only. To disprove this theory let's go behind the scenes of Special Service and relate two incidents which happened just last week. Officer Rome was assigned to bring back to Connecticut from Houlton, Maine, a man who had abandoned his wife and four children and gone to Maine to live with another woman. At the offset the case seemed hopeless, but Officer Rome talked to the man, not as a policeman, but man to man, and convinced him that the place he should be was with his wife and children. The man agreed and so, instead of going to jail on the charge of abandonment, his sentence was suspended and he was placed on probation. The man is now back with his family and another circle brought together again. And officer Rome is not alone in this sort of work. Mrs. Briggs and Officer Hadfield had a similar case. A 23-year-old girl left her husband and ran off with another man to Boston. Mrs. Briggs and Officer Hadfield went to Boston and picked her up and after their talk she became convinced too. Yes, she returned to her husband, and he happily took her back. Officers Rome and Hadfield and Mrs. Briggs are crimin-

al investigators. They seem however to know much about troubles! None other than Captain Carroll, however, states: "They have learned about applying psychology in police work." Human Nature! says 1 HQ.

Cupid has darted another arrow in the Department of Special Service and snared another eligible bachelor. Henry Petry of the Teletype Division has announced that he and Madeline Heywood Megson, of Glastonbury will be married on February 19, 1949. By the time this goes to press they will be Mr. and Mrs., so good luck and loads of happiness to you both.

Officer Robert Meli wants to know where he can get a truck to use for a few days or weeks or years. Why? Listen to this. Recently, Officers Santy and Meli were driving from Altoona to Harrisburg, Penn. Detective Parsons of the Penn. State Police was along and Bob was very much interested in soft coal and its price and was asking Det. Parsons innumerable questions. They passed several small mines and Bob couldn't get over it when he actually saw several small mines right in the back yards of some of the homes. Bob finally asked Det. Parsons if it would be possible to obtain five or six tons to bring back home and sell it at a profit. His cry has been, "Where, where can I find a truck, CHEAP!" What an angle.

Another episode in the case of Officer Rome's "Bane of Existence." Incidentally, this goes on and on. When Sam Rome and Charlie Barbagallo meet, both will be walking with canes and both will be too old to care, but in the interim, this is what adds to Sam's aging, but quickly. When he and Detective Nelson were on their way to South Carolina to pick up a prisoner, Sam received several telegrams from the supposed Charlie B in which it seems their paths just seemed to cross. On January 29th, two cards were received by Sam. One was from Virginia and on one side was a picture of the ferry between Cape Charles and Little Creek, Norfolk Virginia, and on the other side it read as follows: "You could catch me very easy. You see, I am sea sick. Love, Charlie B." The other card was from Savannah, Georgia,

showing the Hotel Savannah and stated: "Dear Sam, I saw by the papers that you were in South Carolina so I came down here, Charlie B." Poor unsuspecting innocent Charlie. If Rome ever catches up with him, he certainly will pay and pay for just having the name of Charlie B. which is grating music to Sam's ears.

PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURAL POLICING

The Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D.C., prepared weeks in advance for the "most important occasion" in its long history for President Truman's Inaugural on January 20. The Department was out in full strength to handle vehicular and pedestrian traffic in the areas of the Inaugural activities. Police Superintendent Barrett and Assistant Superintendent Truscott compiled a 22 page special order which was distributed to all precincts and bureaus for the information of the District's 1800 policemen and for about 200 police detectives and executives from various cities and states of the Union. All played an active part in the ceremonies at the Capitol and along the parade route in addition to the evening functions at the armory for the gala show and Inaugural Ball.

The accent was on courtesy and senior officers in command of all details, large and small, were instructed to see that this general order was observed. Also assisting the Metropolitan force were details from the U.S. Park Police and Marine Corps, Army, and Boy Scout Agencies. Participation in the inaugural activities, however, did not take away the responsibility for protection of the city from the Metropolitan Police. Special Inaugural Day "fluid defense" system against crime was also devised.

Scout cars and patrol wagons were made available to the department in many areas. Beats were enlarged and the precinct boundaries which might hamper the Scout activities were ignored. Special scout cars carried a lieutenant,

whose function was to reduce the red tape to a minimum. These particular scout cars were directed to give attention to any section of the city requiring special service. The station crews were reduced to skeleton strength while those officers who could be spared from inside duty were used to augment the reduced street force.

It was interesting to note that the parade route was barricaded with a steel cable as early as 8:00 A.M. on parade day. Also, intersections one block removed from the parade route, wherever it was practical were also blocked off with a cable. This, however, did not prevent trucks, which passed through the District traveling through certain designated areas until the parade started. Emergency traffic routes were kept open on six streets that cross Pennsylvania Avenue, namely: Third, Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Fourteenth and Seventeenth, all northwest. All cars permitted this privilege were identified with large-size posters. We noted that they were of sufficient size for quick identification. Street car and bus traffic touching the actual parade route was diverted shortly before ten o'clock that morning approximately three hours before the parade started. We didn't hear one complaint about this traffic restriction. The visiting detectives and chiefs numbered about 200 and were sworn in on the eve of January 18. Given appropriate credentials they were detailed to the various squads and much to their surprise were required to answer roll call at the line up on each succeeding morning. Yes, they were there at 8:30 A.M. The prize assignment was the "Dawn Patrol". They not only took in the parade on Thursday, but had an opportunity to survey the District after dark and in the "wee small hours". The list of those assigned to the "Dawn Patrol" cannot be published for security reasons. We don't mean Washington security, we mean National security.

One is privileged to obtain an Inaugural assignment but let there be no misunderstanding -- it means work, long, hours and tired feet for year round "office boys." Ask the Connecticut Delegation especially.

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."