

*Doubling*

# Vox-Cop

Vol. 6

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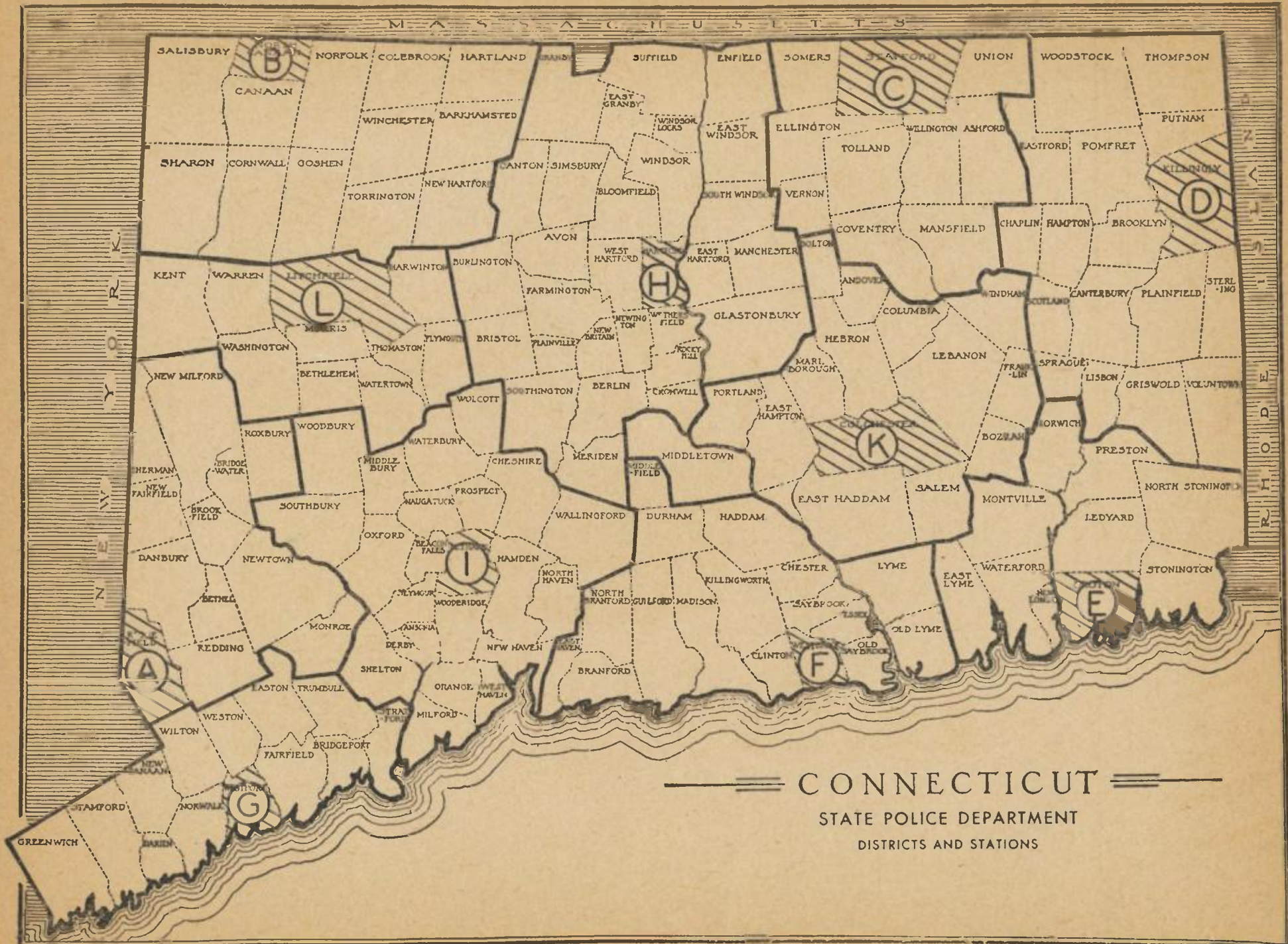
## CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY  
Commissioner

MARCH 1949





CONNECTICUT  
 STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT  
 DISTRICTS AND STATIONS



# Yankee By The Clipper

VOX-COP

March, 1949

## The Top O' The Mornin'



There is a stone that whoever kisses,  
O, he never misses to grow eloquent.  
'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member of Parliament.

A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or  
An out-an-outer to be let alone !  
Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him,  
Sure, he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone

—" FATHER PROUT."



**First Eire Vessel to Cross With Passengers Gets Noisy Harbor Welcome**

The new 7,500-ton S. S. Irish Pine with a crew of forty-five Irishmen and one Englishman, and a master who hails from County Cork, arrived in NY under a spray of fireboat hoses and the cacophony of ship and tugboat whistles, which seemed to say, "Look what's here, a ship of the Irish Merchant Marine."

In many ways, the docking of the ship at Pier 51, Eleventh Street and Hudson River, was a newsworthy and eventful occasion. The Irish Pine is the first ship capable of sailing the Atlantic and built exclusively for Eire ever to arrive in the United States. It was also the first Irish ship to carry passengers.

The Irish Pine, which has accommodations for twelve passengers, is the first of five new freighters being built for Irish Shipping Limited, a government agency, for trans-Atlantic service.

The master of the Irish Pine is Captain James Patrick Kelly who has been on the sea for twenty-eight years, twenty-two of them with various British concerns. Captain Kelly, who looks exactly like the master of an Irish ship should with ruddy cheeks, a fair eye and a swagger to his walk that no ordinary mortal would quarrel with, said that the one Englishman aboard (the chief engineer) was rapidly being converted to an Irishman.

Daniel Morrissey, Minister of Industry and Commerce for Eire, greeted New York dignitaries on "a bit of Irish soil." There was James J. Farley wearing a derby; James J. O'Brien, secretary to the Department of Public Works, who represented Mayor William O'Dwyer; Garth Healy, Irish Consul General at New York; the Most Rev. Joseph F. Flannelly, administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, who was representing Francis Cardinal Spellman; Justice Matthew J. Troy, of Special Sessions, and William B. O'Brien, who needs explaining.

Mr. O'Brien, a seventy-two-year-old former postal clerk, painted an "imaginary Irish battleship," which bristled like a thistle with eighteen guns on the port side alone, fifty-three years ago. Today, about 2,000 copies of this painting hang in Irish bars and homes throughout the land. A painting of the ship was presented to Captain Kelly by Mr. O'Brien.

---The N. Y. Herald Tribune

**IRELAND AND ISRAEL**

During World war II, when England was endeavoring to regain control of the Irish ports, the charge was brought against the government of Eire that it was Fascist in fact and spirit. The charge, of course, was without basis. To refute it, the leading Jewish citizens of Eire issued a public statement declaring that no country in the world was freer of anti-Semitism than Ireland. The happy relationship that exists between all creeds in Ireland was brought forcibly to the attention of the people of New England by the arrival here of Rabbi Theodore Lewis, leading Jewish churchman of Eire.

The result of the favor and affection with which the people of Ireland and the people of Israel regard one another is demonstrated by two facts. The leading rabbi in Ireland became the leading rabbi in Israel. The government of Ireland is preparing now to guarantee the people of Israel 1,000,000 pounds of kosher meat. Communism and Fascism had no time for the consciences of men. In communist Russia there is, of course, no ritualistic slaughter of cattle for the Jewish people. Tyranny has no time for tradition or religion or the conscience. But free men respect free men, and such is the basis of brotherly love. Ireland has established a pleasant pattern.

---The Boston Post

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*Short Stories by Irish Authors*

**CORK'S BEST PUBLICIST WAS REV. Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804-1866), better known as "Father Prout", who claimed to be a combination of "the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork breezes". The melody of his lyric, The Bells of Shandon, has echoed in every part of the globe.**

The Shandon Bells were set up in 1750 and their sweet tones have become part of Cork's glamour, attracting tourists through the years. "Father Prout" is supposed to have written his lyric on a portion of wallpaper over his bed as he lay low with "Roman fever", near the banks of the Tiber in Rome.

His ashes are mingled with those who lie in the shadow of the Shandon Bells

---F. A. WARD in Feature Magazine.

**IF YOU WOULD SEE DUBLIN AT ITS loveliest you must view it on a sunny morning when yourself and the sun have just got up**

There will be few to share the vision with you but office cleaners hurrying from their morning duties, paper boys crying their wares to one another, Gardaí going on duty or off it, bus and tram men on the early shift.

The streets are swept of traffic and the pavements empty, for the city hive is still unstartled. Then you can see in all their beauty the slanting perspective of the streets, the noble proportions of the buildings, and come with a gasp on those sudden lovely vistas of arch, steeple and street which seem to lie around every Dublin corner.

There is some quality in the morning sun before it has risen too high above Butt Bridge which brings out the warmth of Georgian brick and makes the many colours of the Liffey's bookish banks blend and mingle in a harmony which is the secret of the morning

---TATLER in the Irish Independent.

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**IN THE OLD GRAVEYARD IN THE parish of Killery, Co. Sligo, there is a projecting slab to which is attached a yard or two of string which goes by the name of the "Straining Thread".**

There is a local tradition that if this thread is removed in "due form" it will cure strains, pains and aches. The "due form" is for the sufferer to (1) say certain stated prayers; (2) take the thread off the stone, and (3) leave another in its place for the next patient.

It is said that this practice is carried on to the present day and that these straining strings are sent for from America by those who have emigrated from the neighbourhood.

---Church of Ireland Gazette.

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A soldier who had just lost his three stripes for a slight infraction of regulations emerged from his C.O.'s tent muttering "That guy is a man of few words. He calls me in and says: 'Hello, sit down, sergeant; get up, corporal; goodbye, private'."



# The Connecticut State Police at Bethany

## Station "I"

Lieut. George H. Remer, Commanding



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Presents



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### "A LITTLE BIT OF ERIN"

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MARCH 17, 1949, WHICH YEAR  
MARKS THE 1517<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING  
OF ST. PATRICK AT SLAINE ON THE RIVER BOYNE.

Erin Go Bragh



Department of State Police  
Station "I"  
Bethany, Connecticut  
U.S.A.

M. J. Kinnane, L.L.B.  
Choimisineara  
An Garda Siochana  
Baile Atha Cliath  
Republic of Ireland

A Chara:

The Officers and members of the State Police of Connecticut, Station I, at Bethany wish to extend to you and your entire command throughout the Irish Republic, Greetings on this St. Patrick's Day.

Our wishes to you can better be expressed in St. Patrick's Prayer for Ireland:

The Blessing of God upon you all,  
Men of Erin, sons, women,  
And daughters; prince-blessing,  
Meal-blessing, blessing of long life,  
Health-blessing, blessing of excellence,  
Eternal blessing, heaven-blessing,  
Cloud-blessing, sea-blessing,  
Fruit-blessing, land-blessing,  
Crop-blessing, dew-blessing,  
Blessing of elements, blessing of valour,  
Blessing of dexterity, blessing of glory,  
Blessing of deeds, blessing of honour,  
Blessing of happiness be upon you all,  
Laics, clerics, while I command  
The blessing of the men of Heaven:  
It is my bequest, as it is a Perpetual Blessing.

Erin Go Bragh,

Lieut. George H. Remer	or	Lieut. Seoirre H. McRemer
Sergt. H. Theodore Strand		Sergt. Teadoir McStrandahan
Sergt. Louis Marchese		Sergt. Lugaid O'Marchese
Off. Carl Carlson		Off. Cearball McCarlson
Off. Francis Bozentka		Off. Frainc O'Bozentka
Off. Frank Cassello		Off. Frainc O'Costello
Off. Joseph Ciecierski		Off. Seoram O'Ciecierski
Off. Jack Croce		Off. Sean McCroce
Off. Thomas Duma		Off. Tomar O'Duma
Off. Leo Dymkoski		Off. Leon McDymkoski
Off. Edward J. Dooling		Off. Eamonn O'Dunlaing
Off. Edward Engstrom		Off. Eamonn O'Engstrom
Off. Walter Foley		Off. Ualcar O'Faglada
Off. Clayton Gaiser		Off. Clayton O'Gaiser
Off. Ernest Harris		Off. Earnan O'Harris
Off. Albert Kostok		Off. Ailbe O'Kostok
Off. James Lenihan		Off. Seamus O'Leanacair
Off. Stanley Sobolewski		Off. Aineirlir O'Sobolewski
Off. Thomas Leonard		Off. Tomar O'Lionard
Off. John O'Brien		Off. Sean O'Brien
Off. Donald Paige		Off. Donnall McPaige
Off. Dimitro Pawchyk		Off. Dimitri O'Pawchyk
Off. Edwin Puester		Off. Eamonn McPuester
Off. Raymond Piascik		Off. Reamonn O'Piascik
Off. Daniel Reardon		Off. Donnall O'Riordain
Off. Edward Steele		Off. Eamonn O'Steele
Off. Thomas Smith		Off. Tomar Mac an gobann
Off. Kenneth Tripp		Off. Kenneth McTripp
Off. John Sweeney		Off. Sean O'Suibine
Off. Arthur Lassen		Off. Art O'Lassen
Off. George Bartholomew		Off. Seoirre MacPartlain
Off. Albert Pethick		Off. Ailbe O'Pethick
Off. Glen Thomas		Off. Glen Tomar
SPW Ruth Wilcox		SPW Ratnait McWilcox



# FAED FIADA

## (St. Patrick's Hymn)

### I

I bind me today,  
God's might to direct me,  
God's power to protect me,  
God's wisdom for learning,  
God's eye for discerning,  
God's ear for my hearing,  
God's word for my clearing.

### II

God's hand for my cover,  
God's path to pass over,  
God's buckler to guard me,  
God's army to ward me,  
Against snares of the devil,  
Against vice's temptation,  
Against wrong inclination,  
Against men who plot evil,  
Anear or afar, with many or few.

### III

Christ near,  
Christ here,  
Christ be with me,  
Christ beneath me,  
Christ within me,  
Christ behind me,  
Christ be o'er me,  
Christ before me.

### IV

Christ in the left and the right,  
Christ hither and thither,  
Christ in the sight,  
Of each eye that shall seek me,  
In each ear that shall hear,  
In each mouth that shall speak me --  
Christ not the less  
In each heart I address.  
I bind me today on the Triune -- I call,  
With faith in the Trinity - Unity -  
God over all.



FABD FIADA  
RIPLEY "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" BROADCAST  
(St. Patrick's Hymn)

(March 12, 1938)

Next week St. Patrick's Day comes around again - the big day for all Irishmen and the Wearing of the Green. And so tonight, I'm going to present a drama of Irish achievement in honor of the sons and daughters of Ireland.

The year is 1848 - during the reign of Queen Victoria. In that year, an uprising known as the "Young Irish Disorders" took place in Ireland. The rebellion was suppressed and nine of the ring-leaders were captured and brought to trial. The trial is just ending as our first scene opens in the courtroom. The jury returns after considering a verdict.

Judge: The court will come to order.

Judge: Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?

Voice: We have, my lord. On the charge of treason-felony, we find all nine defendants ... guilty.

Judge: Order! The prisoners will rise!

Judge: Thomas Meagher, John Mitchel, Thomas McGee, Richard O'Gorman, Michael Ireland, Morris Lyene, Charles Duffy, Terence McManus, Patrick Donahue. Prisoners ... you have jointly and severally been found guilty of treason as charged by the Crown. Before sentence is passed, is there anything you wish to say to this court?

Meagher: (Defiantly) Aye, my lord! And I'll say it for myself and for the whole nine of us ... jointly and severally ... yes, and every other way!

Judge: Is that the wish of the other defendants?

Voices: (Prisoners) Aye, it is! Tell them for us, Tom Meagher! Go to it, Tom!

Judge: You may proceed, Mr. Meagher.

Meagher: My lord, this is our first offense but not our last! If yez'll be aisy with us this once, we promise our word as gentlemen to try and do better next time! And next time ... sure, we won't be fools enough to get caught!

Judge: (Rapping gavel) Let there be order here. In the light of these facetious remarks, I see no cause to postpone sentence longer! This court hereby sentences the defendants to be hanged by the neck until dead, and when pronounced dead, the head of each will be severed from his body by the duly appointed executioner, in accordance with the laws of Her Majesty's Court and may God have mercy on your souls! The Court stands adjourned.

Judge: Lieutenant! You will forward these proceedings at once, to her Majesty in London.

COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Lord Russel: If your Majesty will allow me, there can be no doubt about the guilt of these nine Irish rebels. They are to be executed this week.

Victoria: But what about these petitions, Lord Russel - these articles in the newspapers ... they ask me for clemency.

Lord Russel: I know, your Majesty.

Victoria: If these rebels are executed there is a possibility they may become martyrs. After all, the rebellion is over, My Lord, and there have been too many executions already. They shall have their lives, but they must leave Ireland, forever.

Lord Russel: Yes, your Majesty, exile ... but where?

Victoria: You shall tell me that, my lord.

Lord Russel: I would suggest ... Australia, Your Majesty. It's so far away that these rebels will never meddle with the affairs of government again. Besides, Australia needs colonists.

Victoria: Very well. The sentence stands commuted. Bring me the necessary papers, I dare say Australia will give these rebels something to think about, other than politics!

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COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA  
(26 years later)

Voice: Your Majesty ... The Prime Minister.

Disraeli: Your Majesty.

Victoria: Mr. Disraeli, I asked you to come here to discuss the Irish situation. It's just 26 years since we put down the Young Irish Disorders of 1848.

Disraeli: I remember them well, Your Majesty. I even recall the nine ring leaders. They were sentenced to death for felony treason?

Victoria: Yes, I commuted their sentence so they might not become martyrs. They were sent to Australia where they were forgotten forever. Even I do not remember their names. Why are you smiling, Mr. Disraeli? Is there something I say that amuses you?

Disraeli: I beg Your Majesty's pardon, but Your Majesty just said that those men were completely forgotten.

Victoria: Weren't they?

Disraeli: Not quite, Your Majesty. As a matter of fact, I have followed the fate of those men with great interest. One of the ring leaders was Charles Duffy. He



is now Sir Charles Duffy and also Prime Minister of Australia!

Victoria: Prime Minister of Australia!

Disraeli: But there is more to come. Not all of your exiles cared for the Australian Climate. There was Thomas Francis Meagher, who went to the United States.

Victoria: Meagher?

Disraeli: Yes, and Thomas Meagher is now ... Governor of the State of Montana!

Victoria: Truly amazing! The others?

Disraeli: Terence McManus and Patrick Donahue also went to America. Both are BRIGADIER GENERALS IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

Victoria: Indeed! ... Well, continue ... continue.

Disraeli: Number five! Richard O'Gorman ... he emigrated to Newfoundland. Naturally, he is Newfoundland's GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Victoria: Oh, naturally. And number six?

Disraeli: Morris Lyene is Attorney General of Australia. And Michael Ireland, another of the rebels, will shortly succeed him in that important office.

Victoria: My Lord, I confess, I am somewhat faint, but go on, go on!

Disraeli: John Mitchell is doing well in New York. It seems he's rather influential in politics there.

Victoria: And the ninth Irish rebel?

Disraeli: The ninth rebel, Your Majesty, is Thomas D'Arcy McGee, member of Parliament from Montreal, Minister of Agriculture and President of the Council in the cabinet of the Dominion of Canada. Truly, Your Majesty, it is an amazing story ...

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#### RIPLEY

Believe it or Not, those nine Irish Rebels were banished from Ireland forever by Queen Victoria. And they wandered to the far corners of the earth, each achieving high public office in the country of his adoption. Two of them became Attorney Generals of Australia -- two became Brigadier Generals in the United States Army - one became Governor of Montana - one became Prime Minister of Australia - and one became President of the Council in the cabinet of the Dominion of Canada. Only one of them - did not hold public office. But his grandson carried on the glorious tradition. For that grandson was John Purroy Mitchell, who became Mayor of the City of New York, Believe It or Not!

Many thanks to Robert Ripley.

E.J.D.

SPECIAL MARCHING ORDERS  
For St. Patrick's Day

By Dan Parker

With all wartime restrictions lifted, Irishmen will be able to cut loose in the St. Patrick's Day Parade this year with some of the fanciest marching steps that ever wore a hole through shoe leather and pavement.

Sure, they'll be that proud that Fifth Avenue will be ankle deep with buttons ripped from coats by expanding chests. 'Twill be the greatest day for the Irish since the discovery of corned beef and cabbage by a Greek chef. And here's the marching orders for the various counties:

KERRY - "Heel and toe and away we go" will be the marching song of the stalwart Kerry men. They will dance a breakdown for the entire route, every last one of them praying that Mickeen Quill, self-appointed ambassador to the Kremlin has one, too - a Breakdown, that is, Mickeen will start out with the Kerry men, but will wind up in the Hudson River from veering too much to the left and 'twill serve the spalpeen right.

CORK - Every last Corkonian in the line will have to carry ballast to keep from floating through the air with the greatest of ease. To show their lightness of foot, they'll waltz clog to the tune of "Daughter of Rosie O'Grady" scattering sand on the pavement from small manila envelopes in the manner of old time Poli soft shoe dancing acts, to get the shuffling effect.

GALWAY - Galwaymen will glide along like a school of herring and will show the rest of the Byes how to march if the track comes up sloppy as they do their best over a wet course.

MAYO - 'Twill be necessary for the Mayomen to parade piggy-back so they won't run away from the rest. Sure, there's no holdin' the Mayo Byes, at all, at all, since they took possession of the City Hall. Lord Help Us!

SLIGO - The Sligomen have received special permission to do a bit of showing off this year by throwing back flips the entire route, while each man's son of them holds himself by the scruff of the neck at arm's length.

DOWN - As usual, Downmen will march in the middle, which is neither up nor down, and they will "lepp" instead of march.

TIPPERARY - Every roarin' son of Tip will carry the emblem of the county, a hunk of Hibernian confetti, in his right hand, just in case any Orangeman should show up along the line of march. Tip men will toe out and swing their shoulders at every step.

KILKENNY - The Kilkenny byes will tiptoe like cats, purring softly to themselves, as they slink along. No drops of the crathur permitted until after the parade.

LIMERICK - The hop, skip and jump has been prescribed for the Limerick men, who are requested to bring along flagons of butter milk to keep themselves from dyin' of the "droot", entirely.

LONDONDERRY - Londonderry men will be followed in line, but none of their Londonderry Airs remember! And no fancy buck and wing steps, either, from the



Far Downs!

CLARE - Because they have tender feet, Clare men have requested for permission to do cartwheels for the entire route.

LEITRIM - The Leitrim men, who go in for two steps forward and one step back marching routine, are warned to be sure they get into the right line of march this year. In 1946, they marched 15 blocks before they found out they were in the Knights of Pythias parade.

CAVAN - The solid men from Cavan will wear plates to keep from wearing out their leather before the end of the parade. Every third block, they will do about face and march back one block to the rear, for all being out of step by their jiving marshal and also, avick, to give the admiring colleens another look at them.

ROSCOMMON - Ah, sure, nothin' will hold back the Roscommon byes, at all, at all, when they start showin' off their fancy marching steps. And wait 'til you see what happens when they pass the Sheep Meadow at Central Park, if any of the flock happens to be loose.

DONEGAL - The bould-byes from this stony citadel of the north will bring along baked praties, which they'll eat in the Donegal manner, skins and all, just to show that it's true what they say about their county.

KILDARE - The Kildare men will gallop like thoroughbreds from the Curragh for the entire route and bad cess to the division that won't open up ranks and lave the Kildare byes come through. They expect to finish three blocks ahead the Kerry men who will thereupon challenge them to parade all the way back to the starting line again.

WICKLOW - These bould laddybucks demand mountains for their marching. A flat course like Fifth Avenue is too easy for them so they will march backwards in order not to disrupt the parade by bumping into forward divisions. Should they do so in reverse a good game of "Boomps-a-Daisy" would enliven proceedings.

CARLOW - Carlow men are so light of foot, they'll wear divers lead soled boots to keep them on the pavement which bears out the old saying that you can drive a Monaghan man to water but a Carlow man's shoes must be lead.

TYRONE - The Black O'Neills of Tyrone, with Buck himself setting the pace, will head the division. They are so contrary they'll march from curb to curb just to be different and also to fill in the time it takes the slower marchers to negotiate a block.

ARMAGH - These Ulster men will do jigs on the odd blocks and reels on the even ones and they'll get to 110th Street before the sluggish Sligo men unless the leprechauns gang up on them and block traffic.

WEXFORD - The byes from Wexford will stage a sit-down strike if they don't have the skirl of the bag pipes to inspire them to do their fanciest marching which calls for cutting a caper in unison at every intersecting street.

(All counties not listed here will go to the end of the line and start marching in whatever manner suits their hearts and bunions, and may their arches hold up until the finish line, the Lord betwixt them and all harm.)

Thank you, Dan.



THE EX-COP WHO RUNS NEW YORK

Condensed from the Saturday Evening Post

Milton MacKaye--Irish Digest

Mayor O'Dwyer has survived a difficult period since he took office. Because New York is America's biggest city, the hot white light of publicity constantly beats upon it, and the activities of its mayor are news.

Jimmy Walker became a national symbol of the night-club era, and Fiorello H. LaGuardia, able but unpredictable, the whirling dervish of reform.

O'Dwyer was faced with a series of municipal crises even before, as one reporter phrased it, "he knew where to hang his hat in City Hall". The first calamity occurred on a February day in 1946 when wage negotiations in the tugboat industry exploded into a strike. This was calamity indeed, for the bulk of New York's food, fuel and raw materials is ferried by tugboats across the Hudson River from the Jersey shore. The mayor acted with military promptness. He proclaimed a state of emergency and ordered immediate curtailment of commercial activities to conserve fuel.

To-day O'Dwyer smiles a little ruefully at the memory of the brickbats tossed his way during those early months. A man of extra-ordinary frankness, he lays many difficulties to his own ineptness. "I just didn't know anything about city government," he says. "Everybody thinks he could be mayor, and I thought so too. But it's a job that takes a lot of learning."

The mayor, a sentimental man, learned the hard way what a professional politician should know instinctively: that your best friends will pull and haul you. And that a good many of them want something.

His sincerity, his humility and his determination to be a good mayor have raised his stock immeasurably. And his accomplishments have been considerable. The city is running on four wheels instead of three, and is being run cleanly.

The mayor--called Bill-O by his friends--was born fifty-seven years ago

in Ireland at Bohola, County Mayo. He was the eldest of eleven children, and his mother was sure he had a vocation for the priesthood. The son was a little less sure; his great dream was emigration to the United States.

He was ultimately sent to the University of Salamanca in Spain, to study for the priesthood. The boy, however, was in a state of profound indecision. He had become convinced that he was not qualified to take holy orders, but he was haunted by the idea that he had failed his family. Taking the last of his money, confiding in no one, he engaged passage to the United States.

He landed here with \$25.35 in his pockets, determined to make his own way. The year was 1910; he was twenty years old and strong. He worked first as a coal passer on the docks, and then went to sea as a stoker. Subsequently he was a fireman, a longshoreman, a hod carrier, a plasterer's apprentice--all rather strenuous occupations for a young man who had four or five years of Latin under his belt.

His connection with the building trades gives O'Dwyer a certain personal proprietorship in New York's architecture; with his own hands he helped build the Woolworth Building, the Hotel McAlpin and a good many other Manhattan landmarks.

These were strong-back years, but they were happy ones--for the Boy from Bohola, by his own confession, was engaged in a love affair with the City of New York. Every morning as he stretched sleepily, he congratulated himself on his luck in just being in New York.

A shift to a job as a bar-tender at the Vanderbilt Hotel brought him into contact with the Bohemian saloon set of the time--actors, prize fighters and other sporting figures, wacky millionaires, men about town. Naturally gregarious, O'Dwyer liked most of them; their antics furnished him with rich material for the nostalgic anecdotes he tells to-day.

In 1916 he became an American citizen. The next year he applied for a position on the police force, passed the examinations, and shortly was walk-



ing a beat in the tough Brooklyn waterfront section. On a chilly night in April, 1918, a frightened youngster, breathless from running, accosted him on his rounds; the boy said that his father, insanely drunk, was about to kill his mother. When O'Dwyer burst into the family flat, a man swung from a couch with a pointed pistol in his hand. O'Dwyer's finger was faster on the trigger.

It was obviously a matter of the miscreant's life or his own, but the incident left some mental scar tissue. He could not forget that he had left a boy fatherless. In subsequent years he clothed and educated the boy, and ultimately got him an appointment on the New York police force.

O'Dwyer now began to study law in his off hours, was graduated from Fordham Law School in 1923, and subsequently went into private practice. He was a good politician and was not indifferent to the fact that political activity often puts roses in the cheeks of an anaemic law practice.

Oddly enough, O'Dwyer found his first foothold for political climbing in the sports pages of metropolitan newspapers. Because of his contacts and friendships back in Ireland, he was able to set himself up as a part-time sports promoter. Mr. O'Dwyer was appointed a city magistrate at a salary of \$12,000 a year.

A magistrate's court is a poor man's court. O'Dwyer thinks it was when he first sat on that bench that he began to grow up--to have a feeling for people in the mass, to learn a little about their struggles and conflicts, to understand that justice is a comparative thing.

The procession of events carried him to other jobs and to other parts of the world, but he still remembers that assignment as the most rewarding in personal satisfaction.

In 1938 things began to happen fast. Governor Lehman appointed him a county judge to fill a vacancy, and later that year he was elected to a full fourteen-year term at a salary of \$25,000 a year. But meantime the searchlight of investigation began to seek out the closet corners of Brooklyn. The governor superseded the district attorney there, and

a public inquiry disclosed that protection for law-breakers was being bought and sold. O'Dwyer put away his judicial robes and was elected District Attorney in the autumn of 1939.

As district attorney he hit the publicity jackpot which assured his nomination for mayor two years later; his prosecution of a fantastic group of professional killers known as Murder, Inc., was a national sensation. O'Dwyer hated all criminals who carried guns. His hatred was based on personal tragedy; his beloved brother John--still remembered as the gayest and wittiest member of the O'Dwyer tribe--had been killed senselessly by gunmen during a restaurant hold-up in 1934.

The underworld assassins of Murder, Inc., killed for pay and on order; they were responsible for more than eighty murders. Six of the boss criminals died in the electric chair. Months later he was granted a leave of absence from the district attorney's office, and became a major in the Army.

There is not room here to chronicle his Army career.

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Next to the President, the Mayor of New York has probably the biggest and toughest administrative job in the country. He has 170,000 people working for him, of diverse colours, creeds and political peculiarities.

William O'Dwyer was elected in the autumn of 1945 in a three-cornered race with a triumphant 694,000-vote lead over his closest opponent. The city was in a bad way; it needed more taxes and more people on the pay roll, and it needed them right away. A compatriot, looking over the situation, decided that O'Dwyer was guilty of a primary-error in judgment--becoming Mayor of New York too late in American history.

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"Why aren't you patrolling your post sentry?"

"Well, I started doing it, sergeant," said the recruit, "when the absurdity of marching up and down suddenly struck me."---Home Topics



SHE WAS EISENHOWER'S DRIVER

Condensed from the Sunday Dispatch

A. W. PARSONS

At Inis Beg, "a somewhat run-down estate on a small but lovely emerald island in a river in County Cork", lived a girl named Kathleen McCarthy-Morrogh, whose favourite pastime was to sail four miles downstream to the Atlantic with her brother and three sisters.

She lived what is commonly called the "sheltered life"; the worst thing that ever happened was when a shower spoilt a tennis party. Later her life was to become anything but sheltered.

In 1939 she was working as a mannequin in London. The day after war began she joined the Motor Transport Corps and went through the blitz in Lambeth as a rescue-squad ambulance driver, "living and driving and working in a bomb-made hell, with blood and death as commonplace as a cigarette."

By the summer of 1941 the blitz had petered out and Kay Summersby (an unsuccessful marriage had changed her name) was transferred with some of the other girls to driving the seventeen American military observers then in London.

She was still driving Americans when in May, 1942, she was told to pick up a passenger at Paddington Station. His name was Major-General Eisenhower.

She wasn't too pleased. Three chill mornings running she had been down at the transport pool at 5:30, and after that she expected the excitement of driving a Very Important Personage, not just a major-general no one she knew had ever heard of.

But after driving General Eisenhower and General Clark for ten days she found that they treated her "as a human being, not as a uniformed machine."

And when Eisenhower returned to London as Commander of European Theatre of Operations she became his regular driver, and soon a sort of unofficial aide and bridge partner in 3d.-a-100 sessions as well. She started travels through the British Isles, North Africa, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium, Luxem-

bourg, the Netherlands, Palestine, Iceland, Denmark, Hungary and America.

She heard a great deal, for talk in the back seat of the staff car was "more top secret than anything on paper", and she saw odd sights--like Winston Churchill feeding milk to a cat out of a saucer on the table of the headquarters mess. The story of those fierce and restless years she has now told in a lively book published in New York by Prentice-Hall: Eisenhower Was My Boss.

On the way to North Africa Kay's transport was torpedoed and she spent a stormy night in a lifeboat overcrowded with very seasick survivors before a British destroyer picked them up.

Driving Eisenhower along primitive, squelching roads in North Africa, already clogged with lorry convoys, was tough. And not even Eisenhower's prestige could still "the continual collection of grins and wolf-calls I harvested in this exclusively male territory".

In Algiers one day Eisenhower complained: "My personal mail's getting so heavy it's almost a fulltime job in itself. How would you like to take it over, Kay?"

So, between motor-trips, she dealt with masses of letters from mothers worried about sons wearing their long underwear or being exposed to the moral temptations of Algiers. Others explained just-too-wonderful ways of winning the war in double-quick time or merely asked for an autograph.

When President Roosevelt landed in North Africa on his way to the Cairo Conference, Kay drove her Cadillac over to the plane and waited. Then a "burning Irish face" appeared in the car window and Mike Reilly, chief of the President's secret service detail, said: "Hey, there! You're not expecting to drive the President, are you, lady?"

"I certainly am," Kay replied. "I'm General Eisenhower's driver 'and he instructed me to drive him and the President to the villa."

"But you can't!"

"And why not?"

"No woman ever drives the President! No woman ever has--or ever will, as long as I'm boss here."

For the moment Reilly won and a ser-



geant drove. But later Mr. Roosevelt asked to meet Kay and said: "I've heard quite a bit about you. Why didn't you drive me from the plane? I've been looking forward to it."

"Mr. President, your secret service wouldn't let me drive!"

"Would you like to drive me from now on?" Roosevelt asked.

"It would be a privilege, sir."

"Very well, you shall drive me, then." And she did.

President Roosevelt always addressed her paternally as "child", and after his return to Washington sent her a photograph inscribed: "To Kay Summersby, with warm personal regards."

In liberated Paris she learned, after a year of anxiety and hope, that though not an American, permission had been given for her to join the WAC's. She became a second lieutenant, but the commission ended her career as Eisenhower's driver.

Apart from that, her routine was the same. She continued as Eisenhower's personal secretary, and eventually became the first female five-star aide in American military annals.

However, she was not finished with "firsts" or excitement. For when the Germans collapsed General Eisenhower packed off his "official family" to see the last act in Berlin.

Thus, eight days after the announcement of Hitler's death, she became:

(1) The first Western woman to enter defeated Berlin;

(2) One of the only three Western women permitted to witness Nazi Germany's formal surrender; and

(3) One of the few survivors from a great sea of vodka which flooded the Russianised surrender hall in Berlin.

Now, demobilised since July, 1947, Kay Summersby is living in the United States, appearing on the radio and planning lectures. She has applied for American citizenship.

---Reprinted from the Irish Digest

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When there is room in the heart, there's always room in the house.

---Thomas Moore

## A NEW STATE'S ATTORNEY

With the Superior Court judges confirming the appointment (Feb. 14) of Albert S. Bill of West Hartford, as State's Attorney for Hartford County, the job will be in competent hands. Mr. Bill is an able attorney with a high reputation for honesty, integrity, and knowledge of law. One court-room observer has described him as being "quietly tenacious." He has had plenty of court-room experience, and is at home in courts of every jurisdiction, including the Supreme Court of Errors.

The State's Attorney's office in Hartford is unique in that it has been headed by a member of the Alcorn family for more than forty years. During that period, the law has been enforced with courage and with the public interest paramount at all times. Connecticut can congratulate itself on the generally high quality of its State's Attorneys, and on the system of appointment that practically assures ability and integrity in this office. Appointees are removed from the pressures invariably associated with political campaigns. These appointments are made by the judges of the Superior Court, which includes the Supreme Court of Errors. This means that twenty of the best legal minds in the State endorsed the candidate.

There is much about attorneys known to judges that the layman does not know. Any person, therefore, who can pass the scrutiny of these twenty jurists must have plenty to offer in the way of knowledge and, even more important, character.

---Hartford Courant

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## JUDICIAL EMPLOYEES BARRED FROM POLITICS

Judges of the Superior Courts of Connecticut at the last meeting barred from all political activity except voting all members of the state judicial department appointed by them. The action was taken at a meeting of the judges in Hartford a fortnight ago.



## A Year With the Mounties

Traditionally, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police get their men. Last year they were also asked to get their herring. A request from the Department of Fisheries that they try to discover "the whereabouts of schools of herring as there are lengthy periods of the open-water season when this information is unknown" was just one of their assignments last year. Other jobs, described in the annual report of the RCMP submitted to Parliament last week: helping ships in distress, breeding horses, fighting smugglers, in-

the second member of the police party in firing warning shots into the framework of the bank whenever either of the bandits showed himself. Both men surrendered without further resistance."

The work of the RCMP among the Indians and Eskimos of the Northwest and Yukon Territories is extensive and important. For example, the police "are required to travel hundreds of miles every winter by dog team to visit the various outlying trading posts and to see that the Eskimos are receiving their [family] allowances."

The report has an appreciative section

ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE  
Office of the Commissioner  
Ottawa

February 8th, 1949

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

1. Please accept my thanks for your letter of February 4th with regard to the recent visit of Inspector Kelly to Connecticut.

2. I am very glad to know that his visit was so much appreciated.

Yours faithfully,

S. T. Wood  
Commissioner

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Halifax, N.S., Feb. 11, 1949

My dear Commissioner:

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed my visit to Connecticut and to thank you for doing everything possible to make my stay a happy one. Any small thing I might have done to help out with the youngsters, was amply repaid by your kind hospitality.

It was an honor to be associated with your organization in this undertaking and I now know you have every right to feel proud of it.

I doubt if you could have chosen a better man than Officer Dowling to look after my interests while in Connecticut. His efforts were very much appreciated. I can assure you.

Please accept my very kindest regards for both yourself and Mrs. Hickey.

Very sincerely yours,

(W. H. Kelly) Insp.



National Film Board

### Accidents, murders, hungry Eskimos are all in his day's work

investigating a train wreck, catching bank robbers at work, publishing a magazine (R.C.M. Police Gazette, circulation approximately 1,070), and paying family allowances to Eskimos.

Fighting crime is still a main function of the Mounties. For instance:

"The manager of the branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Hampton, N. S., was awakened . . . by what he described as a 'pounding noise' coming from the bank." He phoned the RCMP. Two Mounties "drove the 23 miles to Hampton over pavement made slippery by a heavy rain, in twenty minutes, and halted the police car in front of the bank, the car's headlights shining on the front windows of the building. The corporal ran around to the rear of the building in time to see a man jump from the rear window and run away. Following shouts and two warning shots which were not heeded, the running man was brought to the ground by a revolver bullet in the left thigh . . . In the meanwhile two more men inside the bank attempted to get away via the front windows of the building but were prevented by the action of

on the work of the force's canine division—sixteen dogs plus five pups undergoing training. P.S.D. (Police Service Dog) Buck was the hero of one quickly solved theft. "A back window had been removed to gain entry and the investigating constable had protected footprints in the immediate vicinity. Buck was given scent from these prints and tracked along five city blocks of back lane to a well-traveled road where he lost the scent for a few minutes but picked up the trail again . . . The trail led across the lane to another well-traveled road and turned into a farmyard. On questioning [the son] of the farm owner, he confessed."

Some 1948 RCMP statistics: The uniformed strength of the force is 3,012 officers and men. There are a Marine Division and an Aviation Section with six planes. During the year ending, March 31, 1948, the force handled 76,731 cases. During the year the 128 officers and men of G Division, covering the territories, traveled a total of 411,513 miles "by various means of transport, including dog sled, boat, aeroplane, auto, rail and foot."

Newsweek, February 1949



GOV. BOWLES' NEW CHAUFFEUR  
STATE TROOPER

In the past, selection of a driver for the Governor of Connecticut has been regarded as a political hand out. The governor often picked a party worker for the job, he was made a member of the State Police Department, and wearing a state trooper's uniform, he chauffeured the chief executive as well as acted as his personal bodyguard.

Gov. Chester Bowles did it a little differently this year. He called State Police Comar. Edward J. Hickey and asked him to recommend three men for the job and send them over to see him. The commissioner selected three troopers with outstanding records and sent them over to see Gov. Bowles. The next day the commissioner called Trooper Charles J. Heckler and told him that he had been selected as the governor's driver during his tenure of office.

Trooper Heckler has been on the job only 10 days now and hasn't had a thorough taste of what driving for the governor is going to be like, but he considers it a definite honor to have been chosen for the position and so far has found Gov. Bowles "very considerate."

For Trooper Heckler, a tall, good looking but unassuming officer with the air of the outdoors about him, it is an honor that marks the completion of 13 years of distinguished service in the department in Windham County. Born and brought up on a 100-acre dairy farm in Coventry, Heckler graduated from Manchester High School, then worked for a dairy in Massachusetts and as a landscape architect on Long Island before returning to Connecticut and joining the State Police force in November of 1935. For 10 years he was assigned to the Danielson barracks and for the last three years has been doing special investigation work in the office of the county detective, Rowe H. Wheeler, in Putnam and Willimantic.

One of the highlights of his career as an investigator came in 1946 when he uncovered a group of cattle dealers in Pomfret who were buying infected cattle from the northern New England states and

reselling them around Pomfret and in Rhode Island. The cattle were infected with Bang's disease and were causing a wave of undulant fever throughout the district. Trooper Heckler located the source of the trouble and turned up enough evidence to bring about the conviction of the cattle dealers.

The year before that he had also solved a mystery that involved the game warden who had been shot at in his home presumably by a disgruntled hunter. Heckler found the projectile and traced the gun that had fired it which led to the conviction of its owner. He has worked on several other murder cases and has come to the conclusion that there is more criminal work for the state police in Windham County than there is in any other county in the state.

Heckler joined the state police when he was 24 and after 13 years of service he still looks 24. If investigation work in Windham County hasn't aged him, he figures working for the governor won't either even though he is on call whenever the governor wants him and the chances of his getting home to his wife and two sons in Coventry will be less frequent.

It is still too early to tell just what the routine of Heckler's life for the next two years will be like, but police work has accustomed him to irregular hours and he doesn't think that acting as driver and bodyguard for the governor should be too different, although it will be a change and he is pleased that he was chosen for the assignment. It is still bewildering to him that his routine should have changed so completely and unexpectedly in the past two weeks.

"The commissioner just called me one day and told me to report to Gov. Bowles," is Heckler's version of the story. "I went in to his office and he asked me a few questions and the next thing I knew they told me I was going to be his chauffeur. It's funny, but people have been acting differently towards me since then, too. I never thought they'd make so much fuss over a cop."



# THEY CALLED IT JERSEY JUSTICE

by Ralph Bass

(This Week)

**I**N NEW JERSEY some time back, a gentleman named Farrell had the misfortune to witness an accident — a train struck an automobile, injuring five of the car's passengers. Farrell agreed to testify at the legal suits.

The first case came up in Trenton, the second in Newark. Other suits were called in New Brunswick, Bayonne and Bloomfield. Farrell had to shuttle from one end of the state to the other to offer his testimony five times in five different courts. Then came the decisions. Three persons won their cases, and two lost. The witness and the facts were the same in every instance.

A travesty of justice? Yes, but it can't happen again — not in New Jersey. For, after years of planning and wrangling, that state has come up with an up-to-date judicial system that's been called "the number-one legal miracle of the century."

Three court levels — supreme, superior and county — have replaced the antiquated courts which had ruled under such names as the Court of Chancery, the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the Prerogative Court. The system of Justices of the Peace, who drew incomes from the fee system, was abolished the first of the year, and a policy of "no-fix" traffic tickets has been instituted. Civil suits, which previously dragged on for 10, 14 or more years without a decision, are today being heard and judged within two or three weeks.

### Who Did It?

THOSE who prophesied that such overwhelming court reforms must fail could only ask: "How did it happen in one of the most conservative states?" If they question any judge or lawyer in New Jersey, the answer is quick: "Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt."

But Vanderbilt, a grim-jawed lawyer who has an air of enormous physical and mental power despite his unimpressive size, passes the credit to Gov. Alfred E. Driscoll and to others like James Kerney Jr., editor of the "Trenton Times," Sen. Alfred A. Clapp and Judge John Grimshaw Jr.

The chief justice was a 42-year-old lawyer,

law professor and leader in reform politics back in 1930 when he was elected chairman of the newly organized Judicial Council of New Jersey. The archaic court system, dating back a hundred years, was even then in disfavor with New Jersey lawyers and judges — except for a handful who profited by delay and confusion.

Right then, the hard-working, dominating council chairman began his fight for reform which didn't end until 17 years later when Governor Driscoll signed the state's new constitution after New Jersey's first constitutional conventional in 103 years. The governor promptly named Vanderbilt to be chief justice of the supreme court — highest judicial post in the state.

### Like a Nightmare

**O**NE of the new chief justice's first blows was aimed at the stultifying practice of delaying law proceedings for many years. "This habitual policy of some of our judges cannot be tolerated," he says. The energetic, gray-haired justice shudders when he recalls incidents of gross mismanagement in the state's judicial system which took place under the old constitution.

In one case, Mr. Smith sued Mr. Jones in Court A and waited three years for his case to come to trial. When the big day finally arrived, Smith showed up with witnesses and a confident grin. The trial lasted two weeks, then the judge solemnly intoned, "I'm afraid you're in the wrong court. You should have taken your case to Court B."

So Smith began all over again in Court B. He waited two years for the trial. Again he went to court, again the trial dragged on — this time for four weeks. When it was all over, the judge looked grim. "Gentlemen," he announced, "this case doesn't belong here. It should be tried in Court A."

Still persevering, Smith rushed back to Court A, told the judge there what the Court B judge had said. "Uh huh, I guess he's right, after all," mused the Court A jurist. "But you're too late now. There's nothing we can do."

And he was right. The judicial setup as it was then organized in New Jersey provided no further opportunity for Smith. Since no judge would accept the case, Smith was blocked from ever getting a decision.

A Mr. Henderson had a different experience, though just as maddening. In 1940, he sued a man and in two years received notice that his case was coming up for trial. The judge agreed that Henderson was in the right court and listened to the evidence, most of which favored the complainant. Henderson felt elated — he was sure of victory.

A week passed, then another, and Henderson phoned his lawyer. "No decision yet," he was told. Suddenly, Henderson realized it was the anniversary of his trial, and still he had received no verdict. Calling his lawyer, he screamed in anguish, but there was nothing the legal counsel could do for him. In 1948, Henderson was still waiting for a decision.

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**E**IGHT long years without a verdict would never be allowed under New Jersey's new constitution. Some courts are now current with their work, and almost all have disposed of any unfinished business that came up before 1947. In the fall quarter of 1948, more than twice as many cases were concluded as in the same period of 1947. "Justice delayed is justice denied," Vanderbilt pronounces severely. "That kind of treatment is intolerable in a liberty-loving state."

Concern with the public welfare is no new avocation of Justice Vanderbilt's. From school days, he has never been without a cause. Even in the final stages of his court-reform battle, he found time to head a War Department advisory committee whose recommendations led President Truman to approve sweeping changes in courts-martial procedures.

Besides his determination to win, the 60-year-old jurist's main asset has consistently been a solid knowledge of his subject. New Jersey judges have said that he knows more law than anyone else in the state.

Vanderbilt early showed signs of brilliant scholarship. At Wesleyan, he got his A.B. along with his Phi Beta Kappa key in 1910. Later, he received degrees as a master of arts and a bachelor of laws and 15 subsequent honorary degrees. In past years, he has served as president of the American Bar Association, dean of the New York University Law School and president of the Essex County Republican League.

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**M**EMBERS of his family have followed in the justice's footsteps. Walking into his Newark home during a family reunion is like attending a lawyer's convention — his twin sons have recently completed their bar examinations, one daughter is a lawyer, and his two other daughters are married to lawyers.

But Vanderbilt has little time for home. Associates say it is not rare for him to work as much as 16 hours a day. Between cases, he gets off trenchant phrases for the benefit of lawyers and laymen. "It is our duty not only to be just, but to be *known* to be just," he says.

The crusading chief justice knows there is much more work to be done before the new setup operates perfectly. "But one thing I can promise," he says with determination. "There'll never be another Farrell case in New Jersey."



---PREVENTIVE POLICING---

EMOTIONAL FEVER HELD  
CAUSE OF DELINQUENCY

Experts, Dr. Ralph S. Banay, psychiatrist and director of research on social deviations, Columbia University, and Edwin J. Lukas, executive director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, recently announced in New York City that the best way to keep kids in your town from crime and delinquency is to spot the first danger signals of emotional fever.

Your eyes can be the thermometer to detect these signs. When they appear, get a doctor. Act against incipient emotional sickness as you would against a fever that might be a forewarning of a bad cold, measles, 'flu, or other diseases.

This advice comes from two experts in the study of crime. The basic cause of crime, they hold, is emotional illness. It drives people to criminal or anti-social acts, even when they don't know they are being driven, or why.

This approach, they say, would do far more to control crime than the burning of comic books, banning gangster or sexy movies, punishing parents of delinquents or abolishing slums.

Delinquents come from privileged homes as well as slums. In fact, says Lukas, some surveys show there is just as much delinquency, proportionately, in private schools and "good" neighborhoods as in schools and homes in crowded, run-down city areas.

The commonest danger signals to look for, say Dr. Banay and Lukas, are:

Continued aggressive shyness. Hostility. Hatred that grows like cancer. Habitual lying, or cheating in school. Willful disobedience. Fire-setting. Stammering and stuttering. Sexual experimentation beyond normal curiosity. Complaints of vague aches and pains.

These are fever signs only if they continue. Any child may show some of them at different times.

They start because the child feels unloved, rejected, ashamed, ridiculed, hurt by indifference or brutality or for

kindred reasons, Dr. Banay said.

"Crime," says Lukas, "is something uniquely personal. The criminal is trying to express a protest against something he lacks or thinks he lacks. Very often he is inviting punishment for feelings of guilt over something he once did, or had thought of doing."

Dr. Banay, author of a recent book, "Youth in Despair," points out that "a large part of what we do depends on what we feel, not what we think. There's a purpose behind everything a person does, even though the person may not be conscious of the purpose."

There are practical steps that can be taken now to combat delinquency.

"In schools, we examine children's teeth and strive for dental health," Dr. Banay said. "But it would be far better to have trained psychiatrists or psychologists make annual examinations of children's mental and emotional health, and to bring treatment to those who need it."

Parents could do part of this job at home, Lukas believes, and take their children to doctors or psychiatrists when emotional danger signals persist.

But this would be only part of the task.

"One of the greatest needs is better parents," Lukas declared. It takes skill to be a good parent. Few people learn the job in time. We need to start training children, in adolescence, to become skillful parents. The best time is to start in high schools."---A.P.

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EDUCATORS AND CLERGYMEN BACK MOVE  
TO HOLD PARENTS RESPONSIBLE FOR CHILDREN

Any parent whose lack of reasonable parental control and guidance has led to a child's delinquency should be punished by law, in the opinion of prominent educators, clergymen and others questioned today by The Times.

Questioning was based on the recent action of Hartford Police Court Judge John J. Bracken in sentencing two fath-



ers found guilty of contributing to the delinquency of their minor children. Their three sons, one 13 and two 15 years old, had admitted a long series of crimes. Judge Bracken held the fathers guilty of failing to provide reasonable control over their sons' actions in a decision which broke local precedent.

All persons interviewed by The Times upheld the action of Judge Bracken. Educators called lack of parental control one of the "serious handicaps" faced by schools today. They deplored the necessity of such a "shock treatment" in forcing certain parents to exercise their duties toward their children, but held that punishment by law was perhaps the most remedial measure.

"Any parent not exercising reasonable parental control and who allows his child to be out at unreasonable hours without parental approval," said Fred D. Wish, superintendent of schools, "is contributing tremendously to potential delinquency in his child.

"The lack of parental control and guidance is one of the most serious handicaps faced today by the schools in their endeavor to inculcate attitudes and habits of good citizenship.

"It is unfortunate that parents should have to be legally forced to exercise parental care and love. However, since this is necessary, as seems to have been the case, the action of Judge Bracken is justified and encouraging."

Principal Leo M. McCrann of Bulkeley High School said it "seems difficult to believe" that some parents actually exercise little or no control over their youngsters.

"In such homes, it is regrettable, but necessary for police and judicial authorities to step in to force lax parents to discipline their youngsters. Frequently, youngsters who are experiencing difficulty in school are those who come from homes where fathers and mothers regard their parental duties too lightly and allow children too much freedom--particularly in regard to remaining out late at night and with companions unknown and not approved."

Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman approved Judge Bracken's action, but added his

hope that similar court decisions would not become "too wholesale."

"Such action as taken by Judge Bracken undoubtedly has value as a 'shock treatment,'" he said. "It will focus attention on parental obligations. On the other hand, despite the concern of some parents, some children do go wrong. In such a case, I would not approve any court holding them responsible.

"However, when it has been definitely established that delinquency has resulted from neglect and indifference on the part of parents, I would unhesitatingly approve their being held responsible."

Police Chief Michael J. Godfrey, whose department has been plagued by numerous crimes committed by teen-agers, believed such court punishment of neglectful parents might appreciably lessen such crimes. He added, however, that each case should be thoroughly investigated and judged separately on facts found in each individual household.

The Rev. Leland P. Cary, pastor of the First Methodist Church, approved the law's insistence on acceptance of parental responsibility and at the same time warned that "we must also examine ourselves."

"We should increasingly enact legislation to make parents feel their responsibilities toward their children," he asserted, "but we must also examine ourselves. Parents alone are not wholly responsible. So are our churches and schools. When a youngster fails, someone else has failed previously."

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#### OUR 'BAD BOYS'

A few days ago Judge Bracken in Hartford Police Court punished with suspended jail sentences two fathers whom he had found guilty of causing the delinquency of their minor children. The three boys, 13 to 15 years old, had been involved in 33 cases of breaking and entering, and about 10 attempts to break and enter. They had been out of their homes almost every night in December.



The parents' defense was that they thought the children were working in a bowling alley, at shining shoes or baby-sitting. Judge Bracken warned the fathers that their obligations to their children are clearly stated in law and continue from the time their offspring come into the world until they reach maturity.

The Judge is to be commended for this enforcement of the law. It is greatly needed. If parents understood their legal as well as moral obligation to protect their children from falling into ways of crime there might be fewer cases of delinquency. It is undeniable that many parents do not seem to care what happens.

There is a tremendous volume of interest just now in the delinquency problem. Perhaps the horrible Bristol incident has brought it to a peak. The local breaking and entering cases have contributed. Throughout the State there have been other cases to make thoughtful persons ask themselves if the State's machinery for prevention of delinquency is adequate. Should there be a return to stricter oversight of children, such as the curfew? Should there be less secrecy in dealing with "bad boys"--does not all the sheltering they get tend to encourage them in further crime?

Something much more effective than present means of dealing with young lawbreakers is urgently needed. Putting some parents in jail might help save some boys and girls, but it might also do harm. There is no doubt that present protective devices are not sufficient. Something much better, something verging on compulsory moral and religious training, is needed. Leadership in child-correction that is active and courageous in addition to being well-trained seems to top the list of immediate essentials.

---Hartford Times

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#### DELINQUENT PARENTS

Police Court Judge John J. Bracken has set an excellent precedent in hauling two delinquent fathers into court. The minor sons of these two parents

were responsible for a number of breaking and entering cases. Apparently the boys wandered the streets long after midnight. In explanation, one father said he thought the boy was working in a bowling alley. The other thought his son was shining shoes.

There's no need to belabor the defendants in these two cases. Large families and economic pressures probably played a part. At the same time it's a healthy sign when the courts start looking beyond the end product, the delinquent child, to the source. Nine times out of ten that source is the home. It is no happenstance that nearly all delinquent boys and girls come from broken homes, or homes so loosely tied together that the word "home" is a misnomer.

In all the feverish excitement on behalf of the common man, somehow it's been forgotten that the common man has certain responsibilities. One of these is the natural as well as the legal responsibility for exercising control of his children. Sometimes even the best parent may suffer from the acts of a wayward child. But more often than not the wayward or delinquent child is the product of his parent's laziness, irresponsibility or belief that he can shift the responsibility. Judge Bracken did a salutary thing in haling these two men into court.---Hartford Courant

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#### LACK OF RELIGION HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR DELINQUENCY

Lack of religion in the home was held by State Policewoman Harriet Simmons as contributing most to juvenile delinquency, in an address last week in Hartford before Christ Church Cathedral women. She spoke in place of Policewoman Kathryn Haggerty, who was unable to appear. Mrs. Simmons, a resident of Westbrook, said that the majority of young people who become lawbreakers come from broken homes and homes where "no one cares." This, she stated, combined with the absence of religious teaching in early childhood, make for the young criminal.



"We are getting away from parental authority," Mrs. Simmons continued. "Nuisance offenders, formerly punished through parents, now become charges of the police." The speaker referred to the number of young girls who ride trucks from Maine to Florida, as a means of escaping unhappy homes or circumstances. They eventually fall into the hands of the law and are committed, usually on morals charges, to Long Lane Farm or Niantic. Another juvenile crime area is the seashore in the summertime where night spots allow the selling of liquor to minors.

Mrs. Simmons, who has been a police-woman for the past four years, is the mother of an eleven year old boy. Touching on entertainment for young people, she said she thought parents should pick and choose the movies their children attended. She also said she found comic books "deplorable."

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#### DELINQUENCY ON DECLINE REPORT SAYS

By Mary Goodwin

Juvenile delinquency in Connecticut has been on the decline for five years, instead of on the upswing, according to Juvenile Court figures.

In Hartford, in fact, there was only one year out of the last 15 with less delinquency than the years 1947, and 1948. That was the year 1939, with 456 children reported to the court. There were 468 last year.

The Third District Connecticut Juvenile Court on Washington Street released these figures last Thursday, contradicting recent stories (and releases from various non-official sources) which said that Hartford is experiencing a rising tide of juvenile delinquency.

Court figures show 420 boys and 48 girls reported last year, seven more cases than in 1947. But this made the delinquency rate 28 per cent lower than the wartime high of 1944, when 652 children were reported.

The authenticated figures also refute the so-called "boy burglary" epidemic, since there were actually 25 fewer boys

referred for breaking and entering in 1948 than the year before.

Judge Thomas D. Gill of the State Juvenile Court for the Third District, made these comments on the figures:

"The trouble with juvenile delinquency statistics is that they produce a feeling of either alarm or complacency.

"Scare figures sometimes generate short-lived bursts of impulsive action, which are long on publicity and short on results. Reassuring data convince the optimistic that there is nothing to be done.

"Actually, there is constantly a need for addressing ourselves to the known and recognized components of a well-rounded child welfare program, rather than foolishly casting about for a 'cure-all' delinquency formula which does not and never will exist.

"These figures are not released to produce complacency, nor will they do so among the lay and professional child welfare workers and organizations. They have long recognized that the basic social forces which produce delinquency are not geared to statistics and do not give ground to anything less than an unceasing attack, year in and year out.

"Rather, the figures are offered in fairness to public and private agencies of this city whose efforts in conjunction with those of Hartford schools and churches have brought about a substantial lessening of the delinquency conditions of several years ago."

Judge Gill cited the "virtually maximum" use of school facilities here for recreation, through the coordinated efforts of the Board of Education and Park Department.

He also remarked that when the Connecticut Committee for the Prevention of Crime and Delinquency set up a Hartford committee two years ago, the committee found it would just be duplicating efforts of established agencies if it continued. It dissolved, said Judge Gill, "because it was too intelligent a group to make the common mistake of seeking a delinquency panacea to try to justify its existence."

Judge Gill went on, "There surely can be no quarrel with the idea of



keeping the public adequately informed of our youth problems. But to lay extreme emphasis on youth delinquency at a period when youth adjustment is better than it has been for a decade may result in an exhausted public interest at a later date when it is more urgently needed."

He said there's another undesirable by-product of too much publicity. For example, he said, there was much said in 1942 when several boys broke a few parking meters. Result: More than 60 boys followed suit in the next three weeks. "A new field had been called, to their attention.

Here is another statement of Judge Gill's:

"It is a common thing for many boys with the idea of theft to try to persuade themselves that there is little chance of being caught. This is particularly true of that group of boys whose home situations are so barren and disorganized as to fail utterly to meet the children's basic needs.

"For a boy who is wavering on the brink of wrong-doing, it will undoubtedly be a cogent argument that three boys could go on breaking and entering night after night for two months without apprehension.

"Up to now, we have had a situation involving a large number of breaks by a relatively small group of boys. There is a genuine possibility that this marginal group of boys who are ever hovering on the edge of delinquency will now be persuaded that the odds favor trying their luck."

Judge Gill also had something to say on the use of curfew laws. Many juvenile delinquency articles, he said, have suggested that young boys can frequent bowling alleys, shoe shine parlors and other hangouts until all hours of the night with "apparent immunity." If the condition is true, it shouldn't be publicized for youth consumption, he said.

"No curfew is necessary to prevent this kind of thing, or the problem involved in groups of youths loitering without purpose on the streets. There is ample statutory authority now in existence for its prevention."

There just hasn't been accurate re-

porting of all recent juvenile delinquency problems, Judge Gill said. He cited an "astonishing error" in a story two weeks ago, which said 175 juveniles had left the Washington Street Detention Home without permission since April 1948.

The facts are, said Judge Gill, that the Detention Home has had a yearly average of 30 escapes since it has been operated by the State Court. The greatest number in any year was 48.

The home is a small "open type" institution, Judge Gill said. "A maximum-protection building, with bars, strong rooms, and other devices which have brought children's detention homes into disrepute, might well reduce the number of escapees to zero, but at a price in permanently damaged children that the community could ill afford to pay."

News reports often don't distinguish between juveniles and minors, Judge Gill added. In Connecticut, a boy or girl ceases to be a "juvenile" and subject to the Juvenile Court Act at 16. "Hence, to speak of the 'Bristol' case, for example, as illustrative of juvenile delinquency is definitely confusing when one of the principals in that case is 18, and one is in his 20's.

Judge Gill concluded, "Juvenile delinquency in Connecticut has shown a decrease for five successive years from 1944 through 1948, with the result that there were in the state 1400 fewer children before the Court last year, than in 1943.

"Most assuredly, there remains much to be concerned about, much to be accomplished, but at no time in the last 19 years has there been less reason for feeling that the situation is frightening."---Hartford Courant

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LET'S BE SENSIBLE  
ABOUT DELINQUENCY

"The trouble with juvenile delinquency statistics is that they produce a feeling of either alarm or complacency. Scare figures sometimes generate short-lived bursts of impulsive action,



which are long on publicity and short on results. Reassuring data convince the optimistic that there is nothing to be done."

That quotation from Judge Thomas D. Gill of the Third District Connecticut Juvenile Court should give all of us something to think about. The Judge made the comment in releasing figures showing that delinquency was less here last year than in almost any year since 1934. The statistics themselves are heartening, in view of the widespread belief that the younger generation is going from bad to worse. But more significant is Judge Gill's advice about not taking figures, either good or bad, too seriously.

Americans are given to extremes. You may argue about many of our other national characteristics, but you will have to grant that as a people we are not conspicuous for our steadiness of outlook. We shift with unnerving speed from indifference to hysteria. That fluctuation has been evident in our attitude toward events abroad. It applies as well at home. Once we are convinced we have a problem, we become almost obsessed with it. Juvenile delinquency has been, in the war and post-war years, one of our favorite problems.

We have had forums and discussion groups about it. We have written treatises and letters to the editor about it. We have interviewed all the experts, and printed their various views on what ought to be done. And to a certain extent, all this is healthy. It is in the tradition of attacking our problems boldly, with all the information on them we can muster. But the very vigor of our attack tends to magnify any given problem. Too often the seriousness of a situation is measured only by the amount of talk about it.

A good deal of the talk about juvenile delinquency appears to have been misleading. Few of us, at any rate, would have guessed that the Juvenile Court here had less business in 1947 and in 1948 than in any year but one of the last fifteen. As Judge Gill warns, "to lay extreme emphasis on youth delinquency at a period when youth adjustment is better than it has been for a

decade may result in an exhausted public interest at a later date when it is more urgently needed."

We are too eager to find a panacea to cure an evil that will be with us for a long time. We can all agree that delinquency is serious. But let us not wax hysterical about it, particularly when we are making clear progress in coping with it.---Hartford Courant

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#### NEW HARTFORD COUNTY DETECTIVE

State's Attorney Albert S. Bill last Friday announced the appointment of John F. Reardon as county detective. Mr. Reardon, whose home is at 22 Mitchell Court, Wethersfield, has been acting county detective since the resignation of Joseph F. Mitchell December 21, 1946. Mr. Reardon, a native of Pawcatuck, is a former state policeman. He became a member of the department in October, 1937 and served for seven years at the Danielson barracks. In March, 1944 he was transferred to Hartford and assigned to the state's attorney's office. He resigned from the State Police Department in September of that year to become a full time investigator for the state's attorney.

(Vox-Cop congratulates John and extends every good wish.---Ed.)

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#### HIT AND RUN

It takes all kinds to make a world,  
they say,  
But there's one driver we could do  
without;  
For when it comes to decent and fair  
play,  
He doesn't know just what it's all  
about.

The one that I refer to has no double-  
The poorest sport I know of, barring  
none;  
Instead of stopping when involved in  
trouble,  
He lets himself become a "hit-and-run".

---Francis Ellsworth Asher



# APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

March, 1949

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March 1st 1949

State of Connecticut  
Dept. of State Police  
Headquarters Division,  
Field Station I.

Gentlemen:

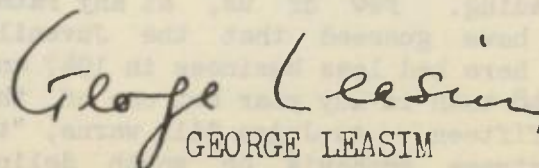
It was a pleasant surprise for me on February 26th last, to meet Officer Donald Paige, #204, of your command. Officer Paige stopped me in the vicinity of Southbury, Conn., for a slight excess in speed, as I was driving by.

He reprimanded me politely for this slight excess, and I should like to report that his diligence and courtesy in the performance of his duty are the mark of a well trained Officer, and a member of a well organized unit, of which Connecticut should be proud.

Such has not been my experience in the past, upon the rare occasions when I had been guilty of driving mistakes, even in my home state of California.

My hat goes off to the Connecticut Department of State Police!

Very sincerely yours,

  
GEORGE LEASIM

GL:hs

P S I won't do it again...



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

BOARD OF POLICE COMMISSIONERS  
TOWN OF GLASTONBURY

February 14, 1949

Dear Sir:

I have been requested by the Board of Police Commissioners for the Town of Glastonbury to express to you their appreciation for the radar assistance rendered toward the control of speeding on the State highways of the town.

The survey data and graphs were thoroughly studied by the Commissioners who have been highly interested in the experiment and its ultimate results.

Thank you again for your and your officers generous cooperation.

Very truly yours,

B. Brainard Bell, Clerk

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NEW LONDON GROUP  
ATLANTIC RESERVE FLEET  
U. S. NAVAL SUBMARINE BASE  
NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

21 February 1949

My dear Commissioner:

During the month of January 1949, a photographic laboratory on one of the Reserve Fleet vessels moored in the Reserve Fleet Berthing Area, U.S. Naval Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, was forcibly entered and several valuable articles of equipment such as lens, etc., were stolen.

Due to work in progress, the theft could have been accomplished by some forty persons known to have been aboard or by someone not authorized to be on board who had evaded security measures in force.

The Connecticut State Police of Groton Barracks was called upon, specifically to try and obtain finger prints in the laboratory.

Sergeant Osmus Avery was most cooperative. He made several trips to the Base endeavoring to obtain a good clear

print. Lieutenant Frank V. Chameroy, of the State Police Identification Bureau, also contributed much of his time in an endeavor to identify the prints found as one of the suspects.

Their untiring efforts proved most successful in that one print was identified as a member of the crew not authorized to be in that vicinity. He was questioned and finally confessed the entire theft. All valuable government equipment was recovered intact in his possession in the town of New London. He will be punished by a Naval Court Martial.

The cheerful, resourceful and untiring efforts of the above officers is most highly appreciated. I wish to take this opportunity to express my thanks for their aid in solving this specific crime and also for the always willing whole hearted cooperation of the Connecticut State Police whenever they are called upon.

Respectfully yours,

F.W. Fenno,  
Captain, U.S. Navy,  
Commander, New London Group  
Atlantic Reserve Fleet

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February 21, 1949  
Northford, Conn.

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

On Nov. 29th, 1948, I was the victim of an unusual accident. While traveling on Route 17 in Middlefield, the left front wheel of a Chevrolet poultry truck, coming in the opposite direction came off, struck my new car and caused considerable damage.

Sgt. Dorrence Mielke of the Westbrook barracks responded to a call and by his careful, painstaking and intelligent investigation established that the nuts were missing on two of the bolts holding the wheel, that the two bolts were broken and that this highly dangerous condition was allowed to exist while the truck was operating on the highway. All these facts were not easily es-



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

tablished since the wheel had been painted over but Sgt. Mielke's detailed examination of the wheel, rim and parts brought them to light.

Without this excellent work it is obvious that more serious disaster on the highway would result, since the operator of vehicles in defective condition would never be discouraged. The owner of the truck was convicted.

My purpose in writing is to commend Sgt. Mielke. He was prompt, courteous and able throughout. We in Connecticut have always had reason to feel proud of our State Police. You and your men give the citizens of this State a feeling of comfort and protection which money cannot buy.

With my kindest regards and sincere appreciation, I am

Respectfully yours,

Nicholas E. Arpaia

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AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF  
WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

February 14, 1949

My dear Mr. Hickey:

On Tuesday night, February 8, one of our employees, a deaf gentleman named Kenneth Phelon, was driving to Waterbury with his wife to see her mother, who was in the hospital there. Unfortunately their car developed some trouble between Farmington and Bristol. It was around 7:00 o'clock at night and the garages seemed to be closed. Officer Palin of your staff happened by and was very helpful to Mr. Phelon. In fact he telephoned the Hartford office who got in touch with Mr. Taylor of our staff who went out and fixed the car up so Mr. Phelon could proceed on his way. When he arrived, Officer Palin was still there trying to be of help.

I want you to know that we appreciate Officer Palin's kind assistance very much. It saved Mr. Phelon from perhaps being stranded there for the rest of

the evening, and to us the whole incident typifies the fine spirit of service that prevails among the Connecticut State Police.

Sincerely yours,

Edmund B. Boatner  
Superintendent

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CITY OF NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT  
FIRE DEPARTMENT

February 11, 1949

Dear Sir:

I want to express my appreciation for the fine service afforded this department by your office through the person of Frank Whalen in the recent arson investigation conducted here. The manner in which he handled this affair was extremely thorough and efficient.

Fortunately we do not have many cases of this nature, but it is gratifying to know we can receive such able assistance from your office when the occasion arises.

Very truly yours,

W.T. Shaw, Chief Engineer  
New Britain Fire Dept.

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Officer William Mathews of Station "G" was complimented for rendering courteous and efficient service on the Merritt Parkway.

Officer Vincent O'Brien of Station "H" was complimented not only for courteous service but also for responding to a fire in a car along the Wilbur Cross Parkway at North Haven.

Officer Vincent Searles was complimented by a Connecticut resident for consideration and aid extended when he encountered difficulties with his automobile.



# STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

March, 1949

(All State policemen are urged to carefully note underscores in this article.)

## Comic Books Cause Holdup

By William F. Brennan

Going suddenly wild with a stolen State police pistol last week in Boston and copying gangster methods he had gleaned from comic books, Lawrence C. McQuarrie, 14, launched a short but sensational crime career despite his 4 feet 5 inches height and 80-pound weight. He fired a shot in his home, held up his mother and two friends, cut a telephone wire, shot a druggist in an attempted robbery, and fired a shot in an automobile in an attempt to escape capture.

John J. Marcus, 45, pharmacist and part owner of the Shawmut pharmacy, South End, went to the hospital in critical condition with a bullet wound over his heart alleged to have been fired by the boy in the attempted robbery.

Still carrying the .38-calibre revolver he had stolen in the morning from a holster of State Trooper Charles J. Rollins in a closet at the Andover State Police barracks, the boy was caught with a flying tackle as he fled along Shawmut Ave. from the scene of the shooting by George W. Johnson, Jr., 19, of the South End.

As Johnson seized the boy and demanded to know if the gun was a toy, the boy fired another shot from the revolver.

The bullet crashed through a door of the automobile of Mitchell Corey which was parked at the curb. Johnson disarmed the boy and walked him back to the drugstore, scene of the holdup.

Daniel McQuarrie, father of the boy, and his stepmother, Veronica, told officials how they tried in vain for the past two years to prevent their son from reading crime comic books.

Mr. McQuarrie said he had burned up at least \$10 worth of them during the two years, but the boy managed to keep sneaking them into their home. The crime comics were blamed by the parents for the boys escapade.

### Blasts Comic Books

"Something should be done about these books," Mr. McQuarrie said. "Guns, cutting telephone wires, holdups and shootings are all these books are filled with and they let little children buy them and learn how such criminals work."

When police searched the boy at Warren Ave. station, where he was booked as a delinquent child, charged with assault and battery with a loaded revolver with intent to rob, Detective George Harnden found two boxes wrapped with string. In them were a hypodermic needle and a syringe.

The boy said he had taken them from the home of his aunt, Mrs. Eva Ueberhand a registered nurse. Police pointed out that the little boy had undoubtedly read of them in dope addict comics.

The shooting of Marcus occurred shortly after 11 a.m. The boy, according to his own story, walked into the drug store and talked with the druggist, ordering a hot chocolate and drinking it. Then, asked to run an errand, he went across the street to a store and bought three buns for Marcus and returned with the buns and the penny in change.

When he returned Marcus was alone. Police say that the boy told them that he asked Marcus if he was alone and that the latter replied he was expecting a man and woman shortly.

Then he drew the revolver from under his shirt. Pointing it at Marcus, he demanded his money. So small is the boy that he had to lift the gun to a level with his head to get it over the soda fountain.

The astonished Marcus may have thought it was a joke because he ordered the boy out of the store. Then a shot passed over his head and into the wall.

Marcus started to run from behind the



counter and the revolver fired again. That bullet crashed into Marcus just below the left shoulder, directly over the heart. Although staggered by the impact of the bullet, Marcus did not fall, but started after the boy who fled into the street.

Owen Thomas 67, who was just outside as the boy ran out took after him but was no match in running with the boy. Thomas shouted for help.

Marcus thought the boy had headed toward Washington St., and he started in that direction. Actually the boy, with Thomas in pursuit, had run along Shawmut Ave.

Thomas's shouting attracted the Johnson boy who was walking along the street with his younger brother, Charles E., 12.

Johnson captured McQuarrie and walked him back to the drug store where he turned him over to the police.

The adventure which finally lead to tragedy started out as a boyish escapade. McQuarrie with three other boys, ages ranging from 11 to 14 years, decided to go to the camp of McQuarrie's aunt, playing hookey from school. One of the younger boy's parents learned of their whereabouts and started for the camp.

On the way he stopped at Andover State police barracks to ask aid in the search. Trooper Rollins, whose gun was later stolen, was on desk duty and ordered Trooper John Cooney to go to the North Reading camp with the parent.

The trooper and father found the windows boarded up and the doors padlocked. They got in, however, found the three boys and took them to the police barracks.

The father was going to take his son home, but police suggested that as long as he had a car with him he might as well take the other two along also.

They waited for some time at the barracks until messages were relayed to parents of the other boys to obtain consent to take the boys home. It was 9 a.m. when the consent arrived.

Meanwhile the boys wandered around the barracks.

Trooper Rollins, whose gun was stolen, went off duty at 8 a.m. and left

the barracks on a day off. He had followed his usual practice of taking off his leather holster and harness and putting them beside his overcoat in a closet.

The door to this closet is not kept locked. They pointed out that the gun stolen by the boy is one with an eight-inch barrel which is difficult to carry by a man on desk duty who keeps a shorter muzzled gun with him for protection on the desk.

The McQuarrie boy opened the door of the closet and took the gun.

State police, or his two boy companions hadn't the slightest inkling concerning the gun taken by McQuarrie. State Police didn't realize the gun was stolen until they were informed by Boston police of the shooting.

Arriving in Boston the boys were taken to their respective homes.

Mrs. Veronica McQuarrie, step-mother of the boy, ordered him into his bedroom while she and a woman visitor talked about what had happened at North Reading.

They were talking when a shot rang out in the boy's bedroom. As one started for the bedroom to investigate, the door opened and in the doorway, pistol in his hand covering them was the boy.

"I'm going to leave this house. Don't anybody try to stop me," the boy is quoted by police as saying under threat of the gun. Then, with the swagger he had seen comic book desperadoes use, he walked to the sink, took a pair of scissors and cut the telephone wire.

Backing to the door he swung it open. Still acting like his comic book bandit heroes, he snarled a warning "not to try to follow me," and disappeared down the stairway. Someone telephoned police. Police had hardly reached the place when the report of the shooting of Marcus in the drug store two blocks away came over the air to radio cars.

Police rushed to the scene and took the boy into custody. Officer O'Keefe reported when he asked the boy why he had shot Marcus, the boy replied, "He made wise cracks, so I gave it to him."

The boy was taken to City Hospital,



where he was identified by Marcus as the one who shot him, and police stated the boy admitted the shooting.

Strangely enough the bullet that went through Marcus failed to penetrate the back of his suit coat. Holes were found where the bullet went through the front of the coat, shirt and through his body.

Corresponding holes were found in the back of the undershirt and dress shirt, but none in the coat.

This was later explained when one Emmanuel Weisberg, found a spent .38-calibre bullet on the sidewalk where it had fallen while Marcus was running in pursuit of his assailant. It is believed that the bullet had spent its velocity in passing through Marcus.

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CRIME COMIC BOOK GAVE HIM  
IDEA FOR MURDERS, YOUTH SAYS

Talladega, Ala. -- A 19-year-old youth who told police a crime comic book gave him the idea of shooting his wife and another woman to death was held on a murder charge, last week.

Police Chief Willis Dean said Herbert Hoover Gentry, a machinist, signed a statement admitting both slayings.

The victims were Gentry's pretty 19-year-old brunette wife and her childhood friend, Mrs. Louise Deal, 23, Rome, Ga. Their nude, bullet riddled bodies lay in a backyard cesspool for five days until they were found.

Gentry a former student at the Alabama School for the Deaf, has partial speech and hearing. He readily re-enacted the crime, Dean said, after telling him he had thought of killing his wife for some time, and had read of ways to do it.

The Gentrys had been married 18 months. They had been separated for two weeks, but began living together again. Dean said Gentry told him he had seen his wife with other men.

According to the statement made to Dean, Gentry shot his wife and Mrs. Deal as the two women sat on a sofa in the Gentry home. Gentry then dragged the bodies to the cesspool about 30 feet from the house and took off all their

clothes.

"I threw my wife in first," Dean quoted the young machinist; "then the other woman. I dropped rocks on them, then mud, then papers from the house."

Charred fragments of the women's clothing were found near the cesspool.

A search for the two women began when Mrs. Gentry's parents, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Adams, Rome, Ga., were unable to find their daughter on a visit here.

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CAUTIOUS: Under death sentence for murder, a New York prisoner declined to tell how much money he had made on the grounds that it might incriminate him with income-tax authorities.

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ONLOOKERS AID POLICE IN  
NEWSPAPER ROW CAPTURE AFTER SHOP OWNER  
BALKS GEM THEFT

Several unidentified pedestrians in crowded Newspaper Row were heroes of an exciting chase after a suspected holdup man, one tripping him as he fled with intended robbery victim in pursuit and another stepping on his right arm as he attempted to sweep up a .38 calibre pistol to cover Traffic Officer John L. "Bucky" Harris closing in for the capture.

Quickly overpowered by Harris and disarmed, the prisoner was taken to Milk st. station where he identified himself as William Emberly, 25, of Oklahoma City, Okla. Sergeant William E. Mutz stated that when questioned Emberly knew little about Oklahoma City, and they suspected that he may be a resident of Boston seeking to hide his real identity.

The man put in appearance early in the afternoon, walking into the diamond appraisal shop of Ben Gluck at 43 Province st., a short distance from City Hall.

Gluck was seated in his office off the main store when the man walked in and asked if he was Ben Gluck. The girl clerk was in a basement wash room and was not aware of the presence of the stranger.

When Gluck admitted his identity the



man closed the door and then produced a gun. Gluck asked him not to shoot and the robber assured him that he wouldn't hurt him if he behaved himself.

Gluck then got up from his chair and walked into the main part of the store where there were many thousands of dollars in gems and a large sum of money. As soon as he got free of the smaller office Gluck ran to a door and began shouting for help.

Surprised at the sudden change in his victim's behavior the man appeared, stunned, then frightened. He turned, tucked the gun into his pocket and dashed out of the store running at top speed toward School St. with Gluck in pursuit.

The chase led through pedestrian traffic in School St. toward Washington st. where Officer Harris was directing traffic. The shouts of Gluck were heard above the traffic din just before the man reached the corner of Washington street.

As Emberly was making the turn into Washington St. at top speed, a man in the crowd stuck out his foot and tripped the fleeing man. His balance gone, he was carried forward by his momentum and crashed into the side of a parked truck and fell to the pavement.

Officer Harris meanwhile was running toward him with his gun out when, police say, Emberly reached inside his shirt and pulled out his pistol which, from his prone position he started to aim at the approaching policeman. It was at this point that someone behind him sensed the danger of the policeman's being shot and stepped on the arm of the robber pinning it to the ground until the officer could reach him.

At police headquarters no record could be found on Emberly, who told police he had just arrived in Boston a short time before he attempted the robbery.

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Prosecutor: 'Now tell the court how you came to take the car.'

Defendant: 'Well, the car was parked in front of the cemetery, so naturally I thought the owner was dead.'

AUTO STEALING IS A BOOMING INDUSTRY  
HERE'S HOW YOU CAN BEAT IT

By Mort Weisinger

When you leave your car in a street, driveway, garage or parking lot, what are your chances of finding it still there when you return?

Automobile stealing is one of the nation's most prevalent crimes today. According to an official FBI report, car thieves appropriate someone's precious four-wheeled locomotion once every 180 seconds. In 1947 more than 21 cars were stolen every hour.

Old-time car snatchers used to pick the lock of a car door with a "jiggler," a hacksaw blade cut down to the size of a nail file. The ignition lock was defeated by pulling out the wires back of the lock and connecting them to a "jumper." A skilled thief could do both operations in two minutes.

Today's car rustlers have shaved the actual "stealing time" down to mere seconds. The commonest ruse employed by hot-car rings is to plant a member of their gang as a mechanic in a large garage. In Chicago the loss of 20 cars was traced to the activity of one such inside accomplice. During his lunch hour the mechanic took the keys of several cars to a near-by locksmith and ordered duplicates. Gang members, equipped with these keys, were able to spirit away their mobile loot in stop-watch time.

- - -

Recently, in New York, a salesman who had ordered a new car grew weary of awaiting delivery. Tempted by a "bargain" sedan offered for "quick sale" in the personal-ad columns of a newspaper, he parted with his cash for a shiny new model.

Twenty-four hours later the salesman was reporting the theft of the car to the police. They informed him that he was probably the victim of a "three-key operator." The ad had been inserted by a car crook who had given his victim two keys and kept the third. Three-key operators require only one car as working capital. They reclaim the machine a few hours after it is sold, then drive



Wait a few days before giving your final decision. Auto thieves can't wait; they have to sell in a hurry.

3. Take time to investigate when the price seems too low.

4. If you are at all suspicious, call up police headquarters and have the engine number compared to those on the list of stolen cars.

Car racketeers are clever enough, but they can be outsmarted. Follow these two sets of rules and your new car won't be "hot." And you'll have a better chance of finding it where you left it the next time you come out of the movies.---This Week

\*\*\*\*\*

#### MAN FISHING OUT BILLS WITH GUM ON STICK SEIZED

A telephone switchboard operator on the balcony in the Weehawken Trust Company office, Union City, N. J., screamed when she looked down into a teller's cage on the main floor. Some one was poking a stick through the bars of the cage and jabbing it at a pile of \$5, \$10 and \$20 bills on the counter.

As it developed, the telephone operator, Mrs. Elizabeth Haag, had good reason to scream, for the stick had a wad of moist chewing gum on one end and an ex-convict on the other. He ran out the door, but Mrs. Haag already was dialing Police Headquarters.

Four policemen arrived in time to see the man running down the street. He was crouched behind an automobile at Bergenline Avenue when the policemen pounded up. He still had the stick, they said, and the stick still had its chewing gum tip.

The man was booked as Charles Harris forty-nine, of Philadelphia. Deputy Chief Edward J. Mescall said Harris had been arrested fourteen times on a variety of charges in twenty-one years.

Police said he entered the bank with his stick under his overcoat, and when he saw a teller leave his cage, he walked over to the window and stood there as if waiting for the teller's return. Meanwhile, he poked about with

his stick. When Mrs. Haag saw him and screamed, police said, he had several bills stuck to the gum on the end, but when he started to flee, the bills were pulled off on the bars of the window.

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#### CRIME IN HOLLYWOOD

1--MISCAST: Robert Mitchum was convicted of a narcotics charge on Jan. 10 along with co-defendants Lila Leeds and Robin Ford. Under orders to come back for sentencing Feb. 9, Mitchum returned to the RKO lot to play a hero-policeman in "The Big Steal."

But on Feb. 9, Mitchum and companion were sent to jail for 60 days.

2--MISTOOK: Vickie Evans, blond dancer arrested in Hollywood Sept. 1 at the Mitchum "reefer" (marijuana) party, was booked in New York on a fugitive warrant from the West Coast trial. Miss Evans, who said she would fight extradition, revealed that her hair was "the color nature gave me," that she takes "four or five baths a day," and that she never drinks--"not even coffee." Her troubles increased when a man posing as Robert Mitchum appeared at the courthouse, saying: "I want to talk with the kid. She should have went back and straightened it out." The ersatz Mitchum later admitted he was Dan Vickey, a male model, who hoped to use the publicity to "get a job in Hollywood."

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#### DRAGGED IN BY THE HEELS

Philadelphia, -- Detectives reached out and seized a window cleaner by the legs as he worked on a ledge five floors above the street. The man, Walter Kitbaro, thirty-four, told Detectives Edward Hinnegan and Hugh Boyle: "Okay, you don't have to do that. I'm coming in." Kitbaro, wanted in New York City on charges of holding up an apartment house manager in December, 1947, was held without bail for a further hearing. "I know the jig's up," Kitbaro told Magistrate John Morlock.



away to another city to perform an encore.

Many thieves function without a spare key. They prowl the city's shopping districts, alert for the woman driver who parks her car with the motor idling and dashes into a store to pick up a bundle. Cars are coming and going all the time and the thief attracts no attention as he hops possessively into the purring machine and roars away.

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Other car pirates specialize in preying on autos parked on hills. They release the brakes, straighten out the wheels and roll noiselessly away. The car's momentum carries it a block or two out of the owner's sight. A confederate waiting in a tow car hooks a chain around the bumper, and the stolen machine is whisked away to the gang's headquarters.

Peak period for stolen cars is between 8 p.m. and midnight. That's when the famous nemesis of auto thieves, "Eagle-Eye Gus" Schalkham, made most of his arrests. In 10 years as a New York cop, Gus spotted some 300 stolen cars, thanks to his knack of remembering license plates the way he remembered cards in pinochle.

One evening "Eagle Eye" spied a stolen machine darting by the exit of the Queensboro Bridge. Commandeering the next automobile he gave chase and arrested the operator. Gus was preparing to thank the driver who had helped him overtake his quarry when he managed to catch a glimpse of his benefactor's license plates. You guessed it. This, too, was a hot car.

Auto thieves are rarely active in deserted streets, where suspicious neighbors are in the habit of phoning the police about loiterers who tinker with cars. Favorite hunting grounds are crowded theater districts, football parks, race tracks and other congested areas. The knowledge that the owner will be gone for a definite period gives the thief time to manipulate the lock with his "jiggler," employ his "jumper" to circumvent the locked ignition switch, remove the telltale license plates and replace them with an innocuous set.

If you are one of those careless motorists who lock the car door but neglect to shut the window that last extra inch, you may soon be using the trolley or bus for transportation. Using a long wire hook that resembles a plumber's "snake," a dexterous car thief can extend it through the narrow aperture, snare it under the door handle and by tugging upward, cause it to turn.

To keep your car from being stolen, police urge you to paste these rules on your dashboard:

1. Don't park regularly in the same place. This would give the thief a chance to study your habits.
2. Always lock your car; always close your windows all the way.
3. Never leave your car with the engine running, even in your own driveway.
4. Beware of persons who offer to watch your car.
5. Choose your parking lot wisely.

Hand in hand with the hazard of having your car stolen is the equal risk of innocently purchasing a hot car. Today, thousands of used-car buyers drive stolen cars and never know it. To secure apparently legitimate titles to hot cars, illicit merchants buy up wrecked cars from auto graveyards. Their purpose is to own the wrecked car's motor number, then steal a car of similar make and model and endow it with the identity of the smashed machine.

To thwart thieves, motor manufacturers for the past decade have been putting secret serial numbers at dozens of places on their cars. They are hidden in inaccessible spots in the chassis where discovery by a thief is almost impossible.

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Several times a year police authorities and insurance investigators make a spot-check of cars parked in public garages, detect numerous stolen cars by reading their secret identifications. If it turns out that you have bought a hot car, the car is restored to its rightful owner and you are stuck.

To avoid purchasing a stolen auto always observe these precautions:

1. Beware of the seller who wants cash instead of a check.
2. Don't close the deal in a rush.



LULLED BY TELEVISION

The lure of the television screen proved too much last week for Joseph Motyka, forty-six, of Manhattan, N.Y. According to police, he pocketed several used fountain pens, cigarette lighters and spectacles after breaking into a home in Brooklyn. Then he wandered into the kitchen, poured himself a drink, wandered into the living room and sat down to watch the television. After an hour the man of the house awoke upstairs, heard the commotion, and called police. Motyka was arrested for burglary--while still absorbed in the screen.

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THE ONCE OVER

By H. I. Phillips

("Burglar, engrossed in video show, remained in house until police captured him."--News item.)

Burglar--Stick 'em up!

Tenant (tinkering with dials)--The picture is good but the voice is bad.

Burglar--Reach for the sky, and fast!

Tenant (still tinkering) -- How can these western dialogues get on this eastern program?

Burglar (jabbing gun in his back)-- This is a stickup!

Tenant (turning and seeing him) -- What's all this? I thought your orders were coming through by coaxial cable.

Burglar--Where's the dough?

Tenant -- I'm not sure. Some people say it's in the comedy programs, some say it is in the children's hours like Howdy Doodly.

Burglar--I don't want no wisecracks, mister!

Tenant (obviously an all-out video fanatic) -- I agree with you. They're overdoing 'em on all stations. Suppose I switch to Channel Five.

Burglar (impatiently) -- Come through with the Moolah!

Tenant -- Moolah? That's on Channel Four, I think.

Burglar (sharply) -- I don't want any nonsense.

Tenant -- Okay, we'll duck the comedy programs. Do you like music?

Burglar -- I didn't come here for no recital. Cut this routine or I'll plug you.

Video Voice--And now we take you to the video playhouse for the stirring drama of a man who spent 30 years in prison and . . .

Burglar--Turn that off!

Tenant--My error. Let's see what's on Channel Two.

Video--You have heard the argument for bigger prisons, now let us hear from Warden Spelvin.,. .

Burglar--I warn you my patience is running out, bud.

Video--Now listen carefully and you will be told how you may get \$28,750 with practically no effort.

Burglar (drawing up a chair)--That's more like it.

Video--This is the largest jackpot in the history of this program and it may be yours . . .

Burglar (Putting down his gun and getting quite absorbed)--Make it louder will ya?

Video (louder)--To get this record sum all you have to do is awah . . . yak-yak . . . eek-eek . . . wha-wham. . .

Burglar (grabbing gun again)--I've a good mind to plug you.

Tenant--It's not my fault; its static.

Burglar--Yeah? Lemme see what I can do. (He works feverishly on the dials and brings the program in better.)

Video--To repeat, all you have to do to get this \$28,750 is. . .

(The door opens and two cops enter the room. The burglar is too absorbed to notice.)

Video -- Incidentally with this jackpot you can get a 1949<sup>1/2</sup> sedan, an airplane, a six-room house, four weeks in Sun Valley and a deep freeze unit full of choice meats.

Burglar (suddenly sensing the police, and seeing 'em with drawn guns)--Okay, I'll go quietly.

Cops (sitting down by the video) -- Shaddup! You wanna interrupt a program like this!!!

(They all gather closer and sit in wrapt attention.)



FOUR-WHEEL AUTO WITH THREE TIRES  
LEADS TO ARREST ON BIGAMY CHARGE

A four-wheeled automobile with three tires, led recently to the arrest of one man who allegedly has two wives.

Hartford and West Hartford police combined forces to bring about these results.

Rudolph A. DiPietro, of Hartford, was arrested in West Hartford on a charge of operating a motor vehicle without a tire.

The arrested man told West Hartford Policeman Clifford F. Krum that the car belonged to Christopher A. Yannas, 22, Hartford, who had purchased it from Roland G. Rougeau, 29, of Hartford.

The policeman checked with the State Department of Motor Vehicles, where he was informed that the car was registered to Rougeau. Questioned about the registration, Rougeau explained he sold the vehicle a year ago to Yannas, but had neglected to register the sale with the state agency.

Policeman Krum arrested Yannas on charges of improper use of markers and Rougeau with failing to report the sale of a motor vehicle.

Police in both communities then began a routine check of Rougeau in the Greater Hartford city directory. This check disclosed that two women apparently were married to Rougeau, so police continued the investigation.

In the course of the investigation, police received a complaint from John J. Kennedy, of West Hartford, that Rougeau had married his daughter, Miss Joan Kennedy, in Georgia on December 3, 1947.

The vice squad then reported that Mr. Kennedy's daughter produced a copy of a marriage certificate to the effect that she and Rougeau were married in the County of Wayne, Ga., on the 1947 date.

Rougeau had a similar copy, which he destroyed in the presence of the squad to demonstrate his opinion that the document was worthless, a squad member said.

The squad also reported that Rougeau married Miss Alda Levis in New Britain on March 23, 1948. Further inquiry

discloses that Rougeau was divorced from a previous wife on March 14, 1947, in North Adams, Mass.

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HANDS DOWN

One night back in the '20's, when General MacArthur was Superintendent of West Point, he and a second lieutenant were motoring back from New York to the Military Academy. On a lonely stretch of road, two masked bandits stopped the car. With a flourish of pistols they opened the door, ordered hands up. Instinctively, the lieutenant upped his hands, but was amazed to see MacArthur sitting quietly, arms folded across his chest. "Up with them!" growled the thug ominously.

MacArthur didn't budge. "I'm a brigadier general in the United States Army" he drawled, "and no one can force me to put up my hands!" The bandit, his confidence obviously shattered, lowered his gun uncertainly, then, without a word, backed out and slammed the door.

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COURT CASE INVOLVES DINNER PLATE

Two versions of the activity of a dinner plate were given in Hartford Police Court last week in an assault and battery case presented before Judge Victor F. DeNezzo.

Presented on the charge was Frank Montero, 61, a roomer. He was arrested with Jennie Teal, 41, his landlady, and charged with breach of the peace by policeman Vere Patterson. Mrs. Teal told Patterson she was "fixin" to go to the hospital to visit a friend" but Montero would not allow her to leave the house. In the altercation that followed, she said, Montero struck her with a dinner plate causing a cut on her left ear that required three stitches.

"I didn't hit her with that dinner plate," Montero told Judge DeNezzo, "I was holdin' it in my hand and she fell up against it."

Judge DeNezzo fined Montero \$15 and Mrs. Teal \$5.



'KEEP OUR SON LOCKED UP'

"Slim" had been a problem almost from birth. The son of a well-to-do Main Line family in the Philadelphia area (Merion), he was aggressive and unmanageable. No school could hold him. Finally, in desperation, his parents sent him to Children's Village, a private school for problem children in New York. At 16 Slim enlisted in the Navy serving most of his hitch in the Naval Prison at Portsmouth, N.H. In 1947 the tall, husky, good-looking boy was dishonorably discharged. Somewhere along the line, he had met, married, and deserted a Chicago girl.

Back home, Slim got into hot water almost immediately. It was robbery this time, but the grand jury did not indict him. A job with a brush firm in Philadelphia proved that Slim was a good salesman. One day he pocketed \$130 of the company's receipts. His father paid up. In quick succession, Slim ran up a \$200 bill on his mother's charge account, jumped ship after brief employment on a private yacht, and was arrested for robbing an ex-Navy officer of \$496 in cash and \$4,500 in bonds. When the officer refused to prosecute, the case was thrown out.

Three psychiatrists who examined Slim at this time found him of above-average intelligence, with an IQ of 121. But their report was damning: "He is an asocial individual with active antisocial behavior. He knows the difference between right and wrong but cannot act accordingly. He can be classified as a constitutional psychopath."

Real trouble came on the heels of this examination. Slim was at a picnic with an 18-year-old girl in Bedford, Pa. when it began to rain. The two took shelter in a barn. Slim made a pass at the girl and was repulsed. Angrily, he took off his belt, slung it around the girl's throat, and pulled it tight. The girl had lost consciousness when Slim heard people approaching. He removed the belt, revived her, and took her to a doctor with a cooked-up story that she had run into a tree. Arrested on a charge of aggravated assault and battery, he pleaded guilty and was sentenc-

ed to one to two years in the workhouse. On his father's plea, however, Slim was sent to the Pennsylvania Industrial School for an indefinite sentence.

Last week Gov. James Duff received a letter from Slim's parents. "In the fall of 1950 our boy will be discharged from Camp Hill," the letter read. "We love him dearly but we frankly recognize that he cannot adjust to society and that he is a potential killer. We feel that he should be confined to an institution under careful study, until experts declare that society will be safe if he is at large."

Unusual and pathetic as this letter might be, it presented no new problem to Duff. Pennsylvania courts had sent psychopaths and sexual degenerates to prison in case after case. But on release, 99 per cent had become involved in similar offenses. Under the commonwealth's laws, psychopaths could not be judged legally insane so long as they could tell right from wrong.

Duff's answer to Slim's parents was in the state's House Bill 88, drafted after two brutal sex slayings had shaken Pennsylvania. If Bill 88 became law, psychopaths could be committed to state asylums on the petition of a district attorney and the testimony of two or more psychiatrists. Until then, the Slims of Pennsylvania, like those of many other states, would be free to threaten society with the crimes hatched in their ungoverned minds.

---Newsweek  
(Connecticut needs such a law as Pennsylvania's House Bill #88.---Ed.)

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EMANCIPATION FOR MINNESOTA

Francisco A. Rodriguez acted more like a frightened animal than a free man. He couldn't read or write English or Spanish. For a signature he could scrawl only something that looked like "Frank Rocklinzo." He didn't know how old he was--perhaps 49 or 50. He remembered time in terms of "Hoover Administration" or "big storm" rather than by dates. He once was jailed ten



days for drinking, and another time 110 days for vagrancy and drunkenness.

But if Rodriguez was hardly a model of a solid citizen, the small, weather-beaten farm laborer from Brownsville, Texas had his rights.

Now he was relating in Federal court in Mankato, Minn., how he was kept in slavery for six or seven years by George Stark, prosperous 56-year-old farmer; how he worked sixteen hours a day seven days a week without wages; how he was kept at night behind two locked doors.

Contending Stark beat him with his fists, a waterbucket, a 3-foot board, and a pitchfork on various occasions, Rodriguez haltingly recounted the sequel to one of these beatings:

Q Did you cry?

A Yes.

Q What did you do when this happened?

A I wait till next day. I tell him I want to quit. He say: "You working here, you go no place."

Q Did that make you afraid?

A Yes.

Q Why were you afraid?

A George told me he would kill me and burn me.

Q How many times did he say he would kill you and burn you?

A Five or six times.

Q Did you believe him?

A Yes.

Defending himself in the first slavery trial in Minnesota history, Stark denied all accusations. "Frank is a childish fellow," he said. "He couldn't be trusted with money. It went right through his fingers. I've always planned to pay him in full whenever he decided to leave."

Last week the Federal jury, after eight and a half hours' deliberation, found Stark guilty of holding Rodriguez in involuntary servitude. Federal Judge Gunnar H. Nordbye sentenced Stark to a \$2,500 fine and three and a half years in jail, declaring: "It has been difficult to listen to the story of the exploitation of poor, ignorant, mentally retarded Rodriguez without being shocked by man's ingratitude to man.... It is difficult for the average citizen to believe that, in our enlightened

state, slavery or servitude could exist. But we have learned that it can."

Now that he had regained his rights as a free man, Rodriguez outlined what he expected of life: "I want to go to town when I want. I want to smoke cigarettes and chew snuff. I want to get paid for work. I want to spend money like I want. I want to go to ball games. I want to visit friends. I want to go to church."---Newsweek

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#### WANTED MAN IS CAPTURED IN SAYBROOK

Holdup Suspect Seized After  
Policeman Notes Empty New York Taxi

Saybrook, Conn. An alert state policeman caught Herman Santos, 27, of New York, wanted in connection with the stickup of a White Plains, N.Y., cab driver.

State Police Lieutenant Carroll Shaw credited Officer Henry Cludinski with the capture of Santos on Route 80 here late in the afternoon.

Shaw said Santos, who described himself as superintendent of an apartment house at 732 East Sixth Street, New York City, admitted holding up Robert E. Scofield of White Plains the previous night and fleeing with Scofield's cab.

Santos is being held at the State Police Barracks in Westbrook on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Shaw said White Plains police have been notified and are taking extradition steps.

Cludinski's suspicions were aroused when he saw the empty New York cab. After noting Santos' actions, he ordered him to pull over to the side of the road where he found, Shaw said, a .45 caliber automatic revolver, loaded and cocked, and 215 rounds of ammunition.

Brought to the barracks, Santos told of having forced Scofield, at gunpoint, to drive him to a lonely spot near the Kensico Reservoir where, Shaw said, Santos ordered the cabbie out and took the wheel himself.

Santos was reluctant to tell where he had been during the intervening hours until his arrest here, said Shaw.

---Hartford Courant



# Entre



# Nous

VOX-COP

March, 1949

## MORALE. . . .

By

C. Clarence Neslen, Army Chaplain

The Superintendent of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis said recently in addressing the students, "Gentlemen, the Navy would rather have iron men in wooden boats, than wooden men in iron boats."

The same thing goes for the Marines, for the Army and the Army Service Forces. The Army might say they would rather have iron soldiers with wooden guns than wooden soldiers with modern steel rifles.

What trait or qualifications characterize the iron man? Is it his physical size or build; his muscular strength; his agility; his speed; his power; or is it his mental attainments; his scholastic training; his college degrees; his ability to read, ponder or think clearly; or is it something else?

Have you seen a great big husky fellow who was a coward; who lacked courage; who was yellow and have you met the brainy fellow with many letters denoting degrees, after his name, who lacked courage, bravery or fight?

Man is made up of three parts--the body, the mind and the soul. Morale pertains to the spiritual side of a man. True morale means zeal, confidence, bravery, courage, enthusiasm. One may be strong and healthy in body and keen in intellect, but lack courage, bravery and zeal. He may be ever so strong in body but a coward at heart. He may be well read, highly trained in scholastic affairs but may lack true spirit. He may be ever so deficient in "intestinal fortitude."

The difference between iron and wooden men lies in their spirits, their

souls, not in their bodies or intellects.

The same thing goes for the Army Services. We want iron men and women--both as leaders and employees. The Chief should develop that morale himself, then transmit it to the employees both at time of Orientation and from time to time as he visits the installations.

Remember it is not the size of the dog in the fight but the size of the fight in the dog that counts. You will agree that it is not necessarily physical strength nor mental power that makes the iron man: that makes for Morale.

Morale, is defined as that condition as affected by, or dependent upon, such moral factors as zeal, spirit, hope, confidence, faith, courage or determination.

In the Navy, Army, factories, offices, ship yards or banks, stores or churches you need that invisible thing called Morale.

No where and at no time is it more needed than in those shops, offices, installations of the Army Service Forces today, where we are working long hours and under stress and under unusual conditions for a vital cause.

We are concerned with creating, maintaining and developing that indispensable factor, morale; that makes for good fellowship and contentment on the job.

Morale is contagious. It is communicable by contact. It is catching as we say. All employees are affected by it. You can't very well be vaccinated against it. If you are completely exposed to it you will catch it. When we



work with zealous people we soon partake of their zeal.

People who work with enthusiasm and spirit transmit these Morale building factors to those about them, whether they are working on a farm or ships in the Navy or Salvation Army. When we see these actions on the part of our supervisor or boss or fellow employee that inspire confidence in them, we are apt to have our Morale strengthened.

When we see fair play, justice done, proper rewards made, strict impartiality, equity, true consideration, we soon have confidence in people and systems, we have new hope and faith, new courage and determination.

Employees have a right to keep their jobs if they have ability and energy and show diligence and if there is work to do. They are entitled, when the time comes, to advancement both in pay and job. They are entitled to recognition as individuals, fair treatment, and to have due consideration no matter how humble their job may be. They are entitled to have their skills utilized.

In many offices pains are taken to carefully check typewriters, adding machines, etc., but the girls who use them are altogether too often neglected. Little attention is given to their welfare. They are entitled to as much attention as the machines they operate. The human factor is too often neglected.

New employees are very impressionable. They will receive impressions of their new boss, future associates and the shop by what they see and hear or what happens during the first half hour. Their first impressions may make or break the employee. They may sweeten or sour them. They may warm or chill them. They may enthuse them or discourage them.

When we meet up with deception, double dealing, inequality, hypocrisy, partiality, selfishness, broken promises, pettiness, our confidence is shaken; our faith is weakened; our morale wanes and may go out altogether. Those factors that make for morale can not be over-emphasized. Eternal vigilance must be used to get out and keep out from the shop all those things that make for trouble and discontent.

People are like apples--when they are exposed to wrong environment they will become contaminated and will rot. When disloyalty, dissatisfaction, grievance (real or imaginary), grouches or jealousy are allowed to get into a shop or office, it will not be long before the whole shop is contaminated and all become affected. The machine fails to produce. The evil of the infection can spread and if not corrected, it may get into other installations and the services will be adversely affected.

Among the factors that make for low morale we must include agitators. Beware of them. Either convert and rebaptize, transfer or fire them right now. Put new employees on guard against the disgruntled when they are first interviewed. Poor morale among your old employees will tear down the spirit of the new employees faster than anyone can build it up.

Loyalty is second to none on the list of qualifications for an employee to have. He must be loyal to his Commanding Officers and to his fellow workers. An employee must have enthusiasm beside ability if he is to produce the maximum amount. He being actively enthusiastic, he not only does his work better but he warms up the others. The measure of loyalty of the employees is shown in their work. Some give their all, some give partly and some give nothing and are soon out of the picture.--Utah Peace Officer

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HEROINE, 15, SAVES CHILD;  
DOES NOT EVEN MENTION IT

Chief John F. Murray, Perth Amboy, N.J., last week made official application to both the Perth Amboy and the National Safety Councils for life saving awards for Lilian Mingin, age 15, of Perth Amboy. Chief Murray reports; fifteen minutes after Lilian left her home on Feb. 3, in the Columbus Park Homes, a housing development, to see whether the ice on the near-by Columbus Park Skating Pond was thick enough for skating, she was back at her home. The ice wasn't thick enough, she reported



briefly to her mother.

She didn't mention, and it wasn't learned until the next day after a good deal of amateur detective work, that in her brief visit to the pond Lilian had rescued a six-year-old boy from drowning.

"I tried out the ice," Lilian summarized the incident succinctly. "It was too thin. I was turning around when I saw this little boy on a sled come whizzing down the embankment about fifty feet from me. He shot out onto the ice and about fifty feet out he went through. I guess the water was about five feet deep. I could just see the tops of his hands as he tried to jump out.

"I got down on my hands and knees and then I crawled out. The ice just held me, but I could hear it cracking. I grabbed his hands and pulled him out. Then a lot of his little friends came around and I told them to take him home. I went home myself. I didn't even get wet."

The boy was Kenneth Van Gorder of 689 Kosciuszko Street, Perth Amboy. When he arrived home, his mother was able to learn from the children only, that his rescuer was a girl named Lilian. Mrs. Van Gorder was determined to express her thanks.

Then Mrs. Van Gorder went to the Shull School, the nearest one in the neighborhood, and some of Kenneth's friends pointed out Lilian, who hadn't mentioned the story at school, either.

"I wish I could do more than just thank you," said Kenneth's mother. The children crowded around to offer their congratulations, but Lilian seemed embarrassed by the whole business.

"Thank you all," she said. "But there wasn't anything to it. Anybody could have pulled him out. If worse had come to worse, I would have got wet. And it's time for class."

Mrs. Van Gorder thought, however, that Lilian should have some recognition. She called Chief Murray, and our good friend John agreed.

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Careless driving may wreck a fender or a family.

AMPUTATE LEG OF HERO COP

Unable to restore proper circulation in that limb, Boston surgeons last week were compelled to amputate the lower right leg of hero Police Sgt. John F. Cullinan, who was shot and critically wounded by a dope-crazed bandit Jan. 24 in a South End rooming house.

The amputation, below the knee, required two hours surgery.

Fellow police officers furnished blood needed for numerous transfusions.

Physicians stated there was no alternative to amputation if the sergeant's life were to be saved, because all modern methods of medicine had failed to restore proper circulation.

The surgeon revealed that the bullet fired by Robert Faulk, Jr., 22, of Roxbury, had entered Cullinan's right thigh and severed the femoral artery, main artery feeding the lower extremities on that side.

After piercing the thigh, the slug passed through Cullinan's lower abdomen and emerged from the left buttock.

While Sgt. Cullinan was undergoing the operation, other doctors removed the bandages from the eyes of Faulk, marijuana-crazed bandit, whose robbery and assault career was climaxed by his shooting of the policeman.

The Negro, under police guard at the hospital, shot himself in one temple just before capture, blinding himself. Yesterday the doctors reported Faulk had regained only limited sight in one eye.

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DR. MORITZ TO TAKE POST IN CLEVELAND

Cambridge, -- Dr. Alan R. Moritz, one of the nation's leading scientific sleuths in homicide, resigned last month as professor of legal medicine at Harvard and as state police pathologist to become director of the institute of pathology at Western Reserve, Cleveland.

As state pathologist, Dr. Moritz assisted in investigating virtually every puzzling murder in Massachusetts since coming here in 1937 from Western Reserve, where he had been associate professor of pathology. He also testified



at many trials.

Dr. Moritz, now 47, is credited with developing one of the finest crime laboratories in the world at the Harvard Medical School. He also conducted crime detection classes attended by high police officers from all over the country, at which he emphasized the importance of guarding against destruction of scientific evidence through ignorance.

(Harvard Associates in Police-Science regret Dr. Moritz's departure from New England. Cleveland's gain--our loss. Good wishes, Doctor.--Vox Cop

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CHIEF PRAY APPOINTED  
IN PORTLAND, OREGON

The many friends of former Chief of the Oregon State Police will be pleased to learn of Charlie being named Chief of Police, Portland, Oregon by Mayor Dorothy McCullough Lee. Charles D. Pray headed Oregon State from 1931 to 1946 after a long career in law enforcement, including the Federal Services, after graduating from U. of Kansas Law School in '02.

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With all of the governmental regulations today, there is no legal rationing on good public relations, especially the human kind, such as politeness--no curtailment on smiles--and there is no official ceiling on being pleasant, while serving the public on the job.

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Our good friend from Lyme and New York City, Edward Lyman Bill--affectionately known as "Ed" invited New Jersey, Rhode Island and Connecticut State Police to participate in the February meeting of The Adventurers Club. Captain Leo J. Mulcahy, C.S.P. also joined in the party. The occasion proved not only entertaining but another opportunity to meet our fellow state policemen from New Jersey and Rhode Island.

THE ADVENTURERS

PROGRAM

Savoy Plaza Hotel February 17, 1949

A NIGHT WITH THE STATE POLICE

Guests of Honor:  
Colonel Edward J. Hickey  
Commissioner of the  
Connecticut State Police

Colonel E. Ralph Bonat  
Superintendent of the  
Rhode Island State Police

Speakers:

Lt. Carroll Shaw  
Connecticut State Police  
"The Unmasking of a  
Dangerous Criminal."

Sgt. Andrew J. Casey,  
Rhode Island State Police,  
"Flim-Flam of Money."

Lt. A. H. Albrecht,  
New Jersey State Police,  
"The Mystery Murder of  
Sussex County."

"State Police in Action"  
A sound moving picture in color,  
by the New Jersey State Police

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LT. GAIL S. HALVORSEN  
army flier in Berlin Air Lift  
will give a human interest story  
of how he originated  
"Operation Little Vittles."

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CAPT. JACK L. HASEY  
once in the French Foreign Legion  
and later with the Free French  
in the liberation of Paris,  
will tell some hair-raising adventures.

"ED" BILL  
Toastmaster





# C O P S

## WITH IDEAS



VOX-COP

March, 1949

### COMMISSIONER HICKEY LAUDS POLICE FOR QUICK CAPTURE OF ATTACKER

#### Suspect Seized By State Police Tells of Battle

#### Beat Mrs. Ralph L. Boyer on Head with Candlestick, D. J. Osborne Says

WESTPORT, The arrest of a butler and part-time domestic servant in connection with a brutal assault last week on Mrs. Ralph L. Boyer, 57, wife of a leading artist in the Westport colony, in her home on Easton road, was announced by State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey within 24 hours after crime was reported.

Commissioner Hickey said Daniel Joseph Osborne, 38, a roomer on Polly Morehouse lane, Greens Farms, was charged with assault with intent to commit rape and assault with a dangerous weapon.

Osborne has admitted the attack and was positively identified by Mrs. Boyer in Norwalk hospital as her assailant, the commissioner said.

Osborne beat his victim with a pair of heavy candlesticks after her fierce struggle prevented him from effectively using a pistol, revolver and rope which he was carrying.

Police said the weapons, together with bloodstained clothing, were found in Osborne's car.

Osborne has confessed taking the pistols from the home of Benjamin A. Javitts, Greens Farms road, on Jan. 29, State police disclosed. They said he also admits taking a wristwatch from the Javitts' residence, where he has been employed at intervals as a butler and chauffeur.

Police said Osborne works as a crane operator on the day-shift at the Bridgeport Brass Company.

Police described the attack this way: Osborne, they said, gained entry to

Mrs. Boyer's house about 3:40 p.m. on the pretext that his car had broken down and he wanted to use her telephone to call for help.

After he was inside the house, Osborne attempted to assault Mrs. Boyer, police reported. He pulled one of the two guns from his pocket but it was knocked to the floor during the struggle. Finding it impossible because of Mrs. Boyer's resistance, to use the second firearm, he tried to twist a 43-inch length of rope around the woman's neck.

#### Jumped from Window

Mrs. Boyer fought her assailant off, however, jumped out a window and ran to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Douglas Merriless, about a tenth of a mile away.

She was taken to the hospital suffering from fractures of the jaw and cheek bones, contusions of the windpipe, abrasions of the face and multiple contusions of the body. Her condition was reported as "fair."

In the meantime, Osborne retrieved the gun and fled, police said.

Under the direction of Capt. William L. Schatzman, district commander of the State Police, and Lieut. Victor A. Clarke, in charge of the Westport barracks, a blockade was established on roadways in this area.

After the blockade proved fruitless, police began a check-up of residents in the vicinity of the Boyer home in the northeast section of Westport, about a mile and a half north of the Merritt parkway, in a semi-isolated location.

Lieut. Clarke said police interviewed



about 100 persons in the district, and learned that a Negro served as a part-time domestic for several residents there.

Osborne, questioned in his dwelling, a rooming house operated by Mrs. Margaret Hayes, near the Greens Farms railroad station, about four and a half miles from Mrs. Boyer's home, denied complicity in the attack, police reported, but he was placed under surveillance throughout the night and earlier today.

Investigators found a .38 caliber Smith and Wesson revolver, a .25 caliber Colt automatic pistol, a piece of rope and bloodstained clothes in Osborne's car, police declared.

They were unable to bring Osborne before Mrs. Boyer immediately on account of the seriousness of her condition, but Osborne was ordered to report to Lieut. Clarke at the Westport barracks at 4 o'clock next afternoon.

He did so voluntarily, police said, and began "to break" during questioning there. Confronted by Mrs. Boyer in the hospital, Osborne confessed the attack after the woman identified him as her assailant.

He denied the rape attempt, however, police asserted, claiming that he wanted "to kill" the woman. He gave no reason for the attack, it was said.

Capt. Schatzman indicated that Osborne will probably be charged, in addition to the other counts, with assault with intent to kill. He is held without bond at the Westport barracks.

Both Commissioner Hickey and Capt. Schatzman, who is in charge of State police west of the Connecticut river, commended officers here for a "splendid job" in the case.

Assisting Lieut. Clarke were Sgt. Jesse Foley, Detective Sgt. Frank Bowes and all other personnel at the barracks. A total of 25 men, including members of the day shift, worked in the investigation until late at night, and 12 extra men assisted in the next day's operations.

Lieut. Clarke said Osborne admitted taking two firearms and a wristwatch from the Javitt home earlier this month, but denied removing other items reported

missing at the time. These comprised chinaware, linen and a quantity of jewelry. The wristwatch was in his possession, police said.

According to police, Osborne is married and has a wife and two children living in New York City. He was born in Jonesboro, Tenn., and has been employed at the Bridgeport Brass Company for the last six years.

Before the war, and intermittently since then, he has been engaged for evening work as a domestic here, sometimes for residents in the vicinity of Mrs. Boyer's home.

(Vox-Cop Congratulates all who participated in this case. Too many "butlers" with criminal tendencies are being brought into Connecticut. Local and State Police are urged to carefully investigate all such persons.---Ed.)

"TICKLETREE"  
WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

Lieut. Clarke,  
State Police Barracks,

Dear Mr. Clarke:

May I tell you how grateful Mrs. Boyer and I are for all you have done in this sordid business and with what admiration we hold your work.

Will you please convey to all your men our deep appreciation of the courtesy and sympathy we received from them.

Sincerely,

Ralph L. Boyer

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MANCHESTER'S POLICE  
CHIEF CANINE EXPERT

Nearly every man has a hobby of some sort. With Chief Herman O. Schendel of the Manchester Connecticut Police Dept., dog obedience training is the big favorite when off duty, and the Silktown law enforcement executive is recognized from coast-to-coast as one of the



best handlers in that field.

Best known of the show dogs handled by Chief Schendel is "Goldwood Michael," a six-year old retriever owned by Morgan Brainard of Hartford. The chief puts a value of no less than \$10,000 on his prize pupil.

Twelve perfect scores (200 is perfect) have been compiled by "Mike" in competition throughout the East. No other registered dog in the United States can match that figure.

"Goldwood Michael" has been in competition five years, and for the last four years has been considered top dog in his class for the entire country.

Chief Schendel has won numerous trophies, plaques, medals, ribbons and other prizes for his work with "Goldwood Michael."

During the 1948 baseball season, the pair performed before 70,000 fans prior to a Yankee game in the Stadium. On that occasion, "Mike" proved true to his breed in an amusing sidelight. As Chief Schendel, chatting with some of the New York players after the performance, happened to take a side glance at his canine charge, he noticed "Mike" had "retrieved" a new baseball.

The head of the Manchester gendarmes trained many dogs for government service during World War II.

One of his best personal dogs is "Carla of Warinwin," a German shepherd with a record for consistent victories in open competition.

Recognized far and wide as an expert, the chief is much in demand as a judge at dog obedience contests and recently served in that role in Canada.

---Sunday Herald

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#### BOSTON'S PISCATORIAL POLICEMAN

Emmett Manning, Boston Post, columnist reports: We always figured a Boston policeman held just one aim under his visored hat--that of scurrying for home when off-duty time arrived, and soaking his feet in a bucket of hot water.

That they do--no doubt many of them--

but burly Patrolman John Van Lier of the harbor police, when he abandons the water-front each evening, ducks into a subway for Roslindale with a head full of piscatorial plans.

Soak his feet? Nope. John's job as a maintenance man for the police patrol boats doesn't involve clomping across cobblestones.

He has fish on his mind at quitting time.

Not the common, everyday kind, either, which anybody can identify floating around in a chowder or frying in a batter of butter.

But Van Lier is probably the only gendarme on the force, a force that includes many a fish-eater, who could put the correct name to a score of rare, exotic, tropical fish.

He collects them.

As a matter of fact, he's proprietor, operator, manager and curator of a whole mess of them, which forced him to convert a chicken coop into a makeshift aquarium in the rear of his home.

To keep abreast of the population trend, Van Lier to date has built 15 glass-cased tanks, installed a network of piping, rounded up a portable oil heater, and--as soon as the uniform is off his back--hustles out to keep tabs on his 500 squirming specimens.

"The fish take up a good part of my time," Van Lier admits matter-of-factly.

"But tending tropical fish makes an interesting pastime. At least I think so."

Twenty years of fish collecting are included in his contentions.

"At best," confesses Van Lier, "she shows a sign of tolerance. Especially now that I have them removed, partly through her kind suggestions, from the parlor to separate quarters of their own."

The patrolman buys fish in pairs--from a New York wholesaler. Then he encourages them to raise a family. When there develop too many of one species, he either sells them or gives them away. Some types run into three figures in cost, but he keeps his shopping on a more conservative plane. "My limit is in the neighborhood of 10 bucks," he says."



## PROVIDENCE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Chief of Police Charles A. Higgins, Providence, Rhode Island, recently forwarded to Vox-Cop a copy of his 1948 Annual Report. One of the most extraordinary police reports received in years, it merits the attention of all police executives. Many noteworthy interesting photographs of the personnel record achievements in line of duty and an intelligent statistic report of police operators prompts our recommendation. Vox-Cop congratulates Chief Higgins and his Department for outstanding police service.

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(Reprints Providence 1948 Annual Report)

## TAXI BANDIT CAPTURE

An epidemic of taxicab holdups plagued the police of neighboring cities and towns last July. A series of four had taken place in the course of one week and an East Providence policeman had been shot and severely wounded by a 17-year-old trigger-happy gunman who fitted the description of the taxi-bandit. Climaxing an intensive search the youth was arrested quietly on a Bristol-bound bus on the Washington Bridge by Patrolman Vincent J. Storti of the Division of Women and Juveniles, after his nightlong vigil on all busses bound from Providence to the eastern part of the State. Storti, making his sixth trip of the night, had boarded the bus at the New England Terminal on Fountain Street. A Police Cruiser, on instructions, followed the bus when it pulled out. As the vehicle rolled over the George M. Cohan Boulevard, Storti spotted a nattily-dressed youth with a deeply tanned complexion and a crew haircut. Walking up the aisle to his suspect and past the gaze of curious passengers, Storti tapped the boy on the shoulder and said "Come on, son, you're going with me." The youth offered no resistance and when the bus arrived at the Washington Bridge, Storti removed

his prisoner to the trailing Police Cruiser. The boy was taken immediately to Rhode Island Hospital to confront the wounded East Providence policeman who identified him as his assailant. Taken back to Police Headquarters he was also identified by the four taxi-drivers as the man who held them up.

In Superior Court on September 16, 1948 this bandit was sentenced to twelve years in the Men's Reformatory.

On July 29, 1948 Patrolman Storti was commended for his alertness and for the manner in which he executed his assignment and permission was granted by the Honorable Bureau of Police and Fire for him to receive the reward offered for the apprehension of the person responsible for the so-called taxi holdups.....

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## DETECTIVE AWARDED PLAQUE

Detective Sergeant Walter R. McCoy received a plaque from Chief of Police Charles A. Higgins bestowing upon him the honor of "Providence Detective of the year for 1948." This presentation was made, the Chief said, in recognition of McCoy's record showing the largest number of clearances of crimes to which he had been assigned.

Detective McCoy, a veteran of 22 years' service, recalled circumstances surrounding solution of two series of crimes and by grasping thin threads of evidence was enabled to follow what appeared to be insignificant slips of the criminal himself, to effect his arrest and his conviction before the court.

In one instance four handkerchiefs found at the scene of the breaks resulted in the solution of those breaks and in addition solved two breaks in the City of Cranston. In another instance a school class ring led McCoy to the leader of a vicious gang of eight youthful thugs who waylaid accommodating and unsuspecting motorists, assaulted them brutally and then robbed them. These were highlights in a long series of clearances of crime detection by McCoy whose record has gained him recognition in his profession.



## BRUTAL MURDERER CAPTURED

Shortly before 7 P.M. on Thursday, August 5, 1948 a Massachusetts State Police alarm alerted all of the East to be on the lookout for a Ford sedan bearing a Massachusetts registration and being operated by one Frederick S. Pike, 19 years of age of Charlestown, Massachusetts. The Providence police were alerted and were given a description of the youth wanted.

At 8:07 P.M. Patrolman Joseph F. Nerney of the Traffic Division on motorcycle duty, while observing traffic from a fixed post on North Main Street near Matilda Street spotted the car as it moved slowly down North Main Street. Patrolman Nerney swung out into traffic and started to move up on the car when the operator apparently observed the patrolman following him. Within seconds, the chase was underway with rates of speed between sixty and seventy-five miles per hour as the car and motorcycle swung in and out of traffic. Patrolman Edward J. Brennan of Precinct Two in a patrol car, who had been observing traffic on North Main Street at Pleasant Street, joined in the chase at Pleasant Street, at which point the gasoline cap of Patrolman Nerney's motorcycle became dislodged showering him with hot gasoline but he continued the pursuit. The car proceeded against traffic on North Main street, south of Doyle Avenue colliding with several parked cars. Entering Benefit Street, Patrolman Nerney, who had been withholding fire for several blocks because of traffic, finally got an unobstructed view of the fleeing car and fired two shots from his service revolver. One of the bullets pierced the top of the rear window of the car within inches of Pike's head. Pike then slowed down and pulled over to the curb where he stopped with his hands raised in surrender. With their revolvers drawn Patrolman Nerney and Brennan approached the car from opposite sides and ordered Pike from the car and to take a position with his feet spread apart and his hands extended over his head resting on a wall of the Benefit Street Armory Building, a position taught to the patrolmen in the Department's training

school by a local agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Pike was then searched and placed under arrest. A radio call was made from Patrolman Brennan's car which brought assistance immediately. A search of the wanted car revealed a .25 caliber Colt Automatic Pistol fully loaded lying on the front seat, in the compartment a fully loaded .22 caliber Colt Woodsman Automatic Pistol and in the body of the car a loaded 12-gauge double-barreled shotgun.

Pike was taken to police headquarters for questioning where he confessed he had murdered 17-year-old Paul Zayka, a chore boy employed by Suffragan Episcopal Bishop Raymond A. Heron on his farm in Bolton, Massachusetts by firing three shots from an automatic pistol into the boy's head and then striking the youth with an axe. He also admitted firing two wild shots at the bishop and stealing his car for his getaway.

Waiving extradition, Frederick S. Pike was turned over to the Massachusetts State Police and brought back to Massachusetts where on December 11, 1948 after a trial in the Superior Court at Worcester, Massachusetts, he was found guilty by a jury of first degree murder in the death of Paul Zayka.

On August 6, 1948 Patrolman Joseph F. Nerney was cited by the Honorable bureau of Police and Fire for his alertness, aggressiveness, coolness, and persistence and awarded the Department Meritorious Ribbon for his action in the apprehension of Frederick S. Pike: he was also advanced from second to first grade patrolman and given an extra day off. Patrolman Edward J. Brennan was also cited for his alertness and awarded the Department Ribbon for his meritorious action and also given an extra day off.

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## THE COP WHO GOES TO STATE COLLEGE

From 4:00 P.M. to midnight Patrolman George E. Healey works as a policeman in downtown Providence. Then he goes home for a bit of sleep. At 6:00 A.M. he is up again and soon thereafter he is



off to State College, where he is a Sophomore carrying a full schedule of five courses, 16 class-hours a week. He catches a late forenoon train from Kingston, studying on the way up; gets home for lunch, a short visit with his family, and more studying; puts on his policeman's uniform, hurries down to Precinct One for Roll Call, and he is out keeping the citizenry in order again by 4:00 P.M.

Patrolman Healey at 34, has run up more than nine years of army service, including six in foreign countries. Beginning in 1932, he served in the Canal Zone with the Field Artillery, worked at the State Hospital and the State Prison here, returned to the army and the Canal Zone, joined the Canal Zone Police, re-entered the army in 1943, and served in England, France, Germany and Austria, most of the time with Anti-Aircraft outfits. When he was discharged, however, he had become an Infantry Sergeant.

Patrolman Healey was born in East Providence, R. I. and attended Sackett Street School here and then LaSalle Academy for two years. After his discharge from the army he took the State Equivalency Tests and received a high school certificate after which he enrolled at Rhode Island State College. After graduation from State College he hopes to go to law school. Healey has been a member of the Providence Police Department since December 3, 1946.

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#### If The Cap Fits

#### THE STATE POLICE WILL PUT IT ON

Edward Goff of Deep River was driving on Route 9 when a passing car side-swiped him.

Because it was dark and because Mr. Goff was busy keeping his own car under control, he was unable to get the number of the car.

Mr. Goff reported the accident to the State Police. Trooper Joseph Suchanek went to the scene where he picked up some evidence--a gas tank cap with a

lock in it and a hub cap which appeared to have come off a red wheel.

State Police made what they call a "routine check." Besides keeping a sharp eye out on the highways for a car to go with the two caps, State Police inspected garages, streets, highways and parking lots.

About 24 hours later, Trooper Lloyd Babcock found a damaged car in a parking lot in old Saybrook. The hub cap fit the hub and a key on the ring hanging from the ignition fit the gas tank lock.

Trooper Babcock was somewhat of an unwelcome welcoming committee of one for the owner of the car, Paul A. Lavigne, North Windham, when he returned.

In Court Mr. Lavigne pleaded guilty and was fined \$50, \$25 remitted, for evading responsibility.

---Hartford Times

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#### HEIR TO \$143,000 SENTENCED

A Belleville, Ill., resident--Robert G. Baker, twenty-one-year-old heir to a \$143,000 fortune, was sentenced to five years to life in the penitentiary for burglary recently. Circuit Judge Edward F. Bareis told Baker: "You deserve no consideration. If you had been a poor boy, possibly I could have excused you." Baker was arrested in St. Louis when he attempted to pawn articles taken in three burglaries here.

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A lady arrived at the consulting rooms of a fashionable psychiatrist, leading a duck on a string.

The psychiatrist sat his client down, put her at her ease, and then said casually:

"And now, madam, what do you think precisely is wrong with you?"

"Oh, there is nothing wrong with me. It's my husband."

"Your husband?"

"Yes," she answered, glancing affectionately at the tethered fowl. "My husband--he thinks he is a duck."

---Irish Independent



## Kansas City Traffic Tragedy

By Col. Michael A. Quinn

**F**EW traffic accidents have aroused a community to greater safety effort than the death of fifteen-year-old Terry Quinn (photo above) in Kansas City, Missouri, on December 3, 1948. And few parents have translated their grief into such constructive and dramatic action as did Colonel M. A. Quinn (below), father of the boy who was struck down. This is Colonel Quinn's own story of the tragedy and its aftermath.

**D**EATH is no novelty to me. During more than 30 years in the United States Army, three years and four months of which were spent in Japanese prison camps, I have seen death in all its forms.

In the hopeless defense of the Philippine Islands at Manila and on Bataan I saw men die instantly; others after prolonged suffering. I watched my own friends slip into a coma and I patiently waited until they breathed their last.

In prison camps I saw men murdered by barbarous captors while I watched and prayed. I saw my own body lose more than one-third of its weight. To hold my sanity I wrote 120,000 words in a diary, pouring out my heart on paper to form one long letter my family was to read after the war.

After the most glorious homecoming any man ever had, life started all over again and I made up for the lost joys of being with my wife and seven children.

And then—December 3, 1948.

I was returning to Kansas City by plane from an official mission. At the airport I saw a small group of people waiting for me. I wondered at their presence and at their strange behavior.

One of my older sons, Mike, stepped forward from the group and took me by the hand. He bluntly told me that "Red" was dead. At that time nothing registered because I had seen "Red" just 15 hours before, wisecracking and joking as usual. Finally Mike grabbed me by the shoulders, shook me and said, "For God's sake, Dad, it's Terry your own son I'm talking about. He's dead."

Mental paralysis seized me. I didn't know whether I was listening to the ravings of some mad dreamer or whether I myself was in the grip of a nightmare as Mike and the others

told me that Terry had gone to his death under the wheels of a truck; that he had died saving the life of his younger brother, Jimmy, by pushing him out of the path of the truck.

Then sanity returned. I realized that the thing that couldn't happen to me had happened. The boy we were so proud of had gone out of our lives.

Just how much this boy, recently turned 15, meant in my life, was especially vivid the last Christmas season. In 1947 the Christmas card from the re-united family of Col. and Mrs. M. A. Quinn pictured the father and mother and seven children gathered around a Christmas tree. In 1948, the card from the Quinn family gratefully acknowledged the kind expressions of sympathy from friends on the death of Terry Quinn.

As those cards were going out to our friends I looked back over the year that had passed, and back to October, 1945. Life had started all over again as I was re-united with my family. I know sometimes I was impatient with the children, but all in all my family life was everything a man could ask.

There was Terry, only a year older but still a big brother to Jimmy. Terry's whole life seemed to be wrapped up in athletics. The only thing that could induce Terry to study for A or B grades was a new pair of football shoes or some such reward. On his own volition he decided in 1947 to attend De La Salle Military Academy in Kansas City. His gay and wholesome love of life was infectious and our home became a meeting place for his many friends. A year later, when Jimmy became a cadet at the academy, Terry showed him the ropes and helped him with his Latin and English. After school they played together. I think Terry excelled in teaching his brother football.

Naturally I was proud of Terry's accomplishments in sports. In other words, he was pretty much of an average American kid. So my mind was obviously impressed one evening shortly before Thanksgiving when Terry walked into my room and instead of the usual wisecrack informed me that now that he was 15 years old it might be a good time to plan for his future. He expressed a desire

to dedicate his life to some form of service, a priest of the Catholic church or a member of the teaching order of Christian Brothers.

My reaction when he asked, "How do you feel about it, Dad?" was to think it over very carefully. I told him I would be proud to know he was dedicating himself to serving humanity. I suggested prayer to find out whether he was on the right track. This he promised.

During Thanksgiving week Terry spent three days in prayer at a retreat. There were spiritual exercises and admonitions on how to live so as to live forever, yet fully prepared to meet death on the morrow. On December 2, the day before he was killed, he took his final examination in the last phase of his training.

The morning of December 3, the first Friday of the month, Terry attended Mass and received Holy Communion at Visitation Church near our home in Kansas City. My wife had driven Terry and Jimmy to church. As she left them, Terry turned to her and said, "Thanks, Mom, I'll be seeing you." After Mass a friend gave them a ride to 20th Street and Grand avenue and from there the boys, Terry and Jimmy, started walking to De La Salle Academy, 15th Street and the Paseo.

When the boys reached the safety island at 20th and Oak, the traffic light changed. Instead of continuing north, they headed east with the green light. They were about two-thirds across the intersection when a truck swung around the corner and bore down on the boys.

Terry yelled, "I can't make it, Jimmy," and threw his brother out of the way. The front and rear wheels of the truck passed over Terry's body. Jimmy reached safety, but turned around in time to witness the tragedy. He ran over to see the mortal remains of the brother who had saved his life. Then shock took its effect. An ambulance took Jimmy to the hospital, where a kindly medic told him his brother was dead. It was Jimmy who told the nurse: "Oh, you can't call Mom. Dad's out of town and there's nobody home with her. Call Monsignor MacDonald."

Such tragedies I realize have been experienced in thousands of homes—



thousands too many. It has been my lot to offer sympathy and assistance on such occasions. But I had not known how deep such tragedy could strike until it visited me in this form.

I can now say without qualification that no suffering endured in war and prison camps—physical, mental and spiritual—can compare with the agony and anguish of a parent whose child has been snuffed out in an accident.

Since December 3, this comparison of degrees of suffering has often run through my thoughts. The black days of Manila, Bataan and prisons . . . the discomforts and pains . . . the hunger, privations and brutality . . . the suspense . . . the presence of death all about me . . . the life-sapping longing for those at home . . . the knowledge through each long hour that they were worrying about me and that I might not see them again.

Such, however, was my fate as a soldier. My hardships and pains were my own. They were in the line of duty I owed my country. And I was consoled with the knowledge that, at the time, my family was safely at home in Kansas City.

After the accident, I told myself, "There isn't anything anyone can do for Terry now." Then the realization came to me that this wasn't true. There was something I could do. I could make sure his sacrifice was not wasted.

I studied pictures of the accident. I looked at the death-dealing truck. I questioned the police who made a traffic study of fatal accident No. 40 in Kansas City in 1948. I saw pictures of the blood of my son across the mid-stripe of 20th street. Then and there I firmly resolved my life would be devoted to preventing as many such accidents as possible in the future.

The resolution is still as fresh in my mind as it was when it was indelibly stamped there the night of the day Terry was killed. Despite the horror of Terry's death being publicized in the newspapers and over the radio, that same evening a 20-year-old girl was killed by a car as she was standing in a Kansas City safety zone waiting for a bus.

The hue and cry raised as a result of the two fatalities—Terry was No. 40 and the girl, No. 41—came to a focal point a few nights later at a meeting of the City Council when I stepped forward from a delegation of friends to address that body. With no prepared speech I begged the Council to do something to save other lives. No doubt I rambled somewhat,

but in substance what I told the Council was something like this:

Nothing you can do will give my boy back to me, or that girl back to her bereaved parents. But you do have the power to save other lives by such things as keeping potential murderers from behind the wheels of motor vehicles. You do have the power to keep mechanically unsafe vehicles off the streets.

I do not profess to have the answers, but I can suggest certain things. After long experience with motor vehicles and drivers, I know that they can be made safe. That has been proved in the Army where my car and all others are carefully inspected every thousand miles and where a driver does not get a license until he has passed an exhaustive examination.

You should require that everyone who applies for the right to drive must demonstrate he is really capable of driving. And capable means more than having the few cents it takes to obtain a state and city driver's license.

You should make it impossible for a vehicle that is mechanically unsafe, or overloaded, to continue in operation until it meets requirements.

You should see that no one is authorized to drive unless financially responsible either personally or through insurance arrangements.

While I have the floor I want to make other recommendations. I am not an authority in whose jurisdiction they fall. But I would suggest that children in grade school be thoroughly educated in the hazards of modern traffic and that all high school students be required to learn how to drive for credits such as are given in mathematics and English. Not enough is being done to fit them for this role which is a major part of the American way of living.

I recommend that the police force be backed up by higher authority and that the police be given an opportunity to spend more time on education of drivers and enforcement of popular, practical regulations and less time tagging parked cars.

I also recommend that conscientious police and lower court action against known offenders receive better support when appeals are taken to higher courts.

My pleas did not fall upon deaf ears. Mayor William E. Kemp of Kansas City immediately formed the Mayor's Traffic Safety Educational Committee for the purpose of educating the public as to the responsibility of drivers and pedestrians. The Advertising and Sales Executives' Club of Kansas City matched an appropriation by the City Council to carry on the campaign.

As a member of the committee, I was encouraged at the first meeting by the attention given to the need for studying legislation with a view to remedying the most obvious defects in driving conditions. I also was encouraged by the personnel of the committee which included representatives of the Kansas City Safety Council, newspaper and radio, merchants and industry, schools, churches, civic groups, tavern owners, divisions of the city and county government and commercial transportation.

I was gratified to read the *Kansas City Star's* editorial which coincided with my contentions that an increase in fines for certain traffic violations would not cure the evils bringing on such fines. I knew that most motorists would immediately conclude that revenue was the consideration, not safety.

*The Star's* editorial on Christmas Day, headed "Lives We Can Save," was especially effective in pointing up the traffic and fatality situation with the conclusion that "Kansas City can have safety if it wants it bad enough."

All of this encouraged me to further efforts. Those efforts were not centered, as some might believe, on prosecution of the driver who killed my son. I held no animus against the man and I realized that punishing him would not bring Terry back. But I did feel that if there had been better control of drivers and trucks the accident might not have occurred.

I have wondered why the man was allowed to drive when his licenses had been revoked on previous occasions, or why he and the man who killed that girl were free to take their cars out on the streets again the minute bond had been provided on the second degree murder charges they faced.

I wondered also why the city had not been aroused, as now, at the time of the first fatality in 1948?

Those and many other questions passed through my mind as I reflected upon the future of motor cars and humans. I knew that God alone was judge of what it would be. But of this I am certain, my son did not die in vain.

Public Safety



## EXPIRING LICENSE PLATES

Pity the poor policeman, who may suspect that an out of state car is being operated on expired license plates but can't be sure unless he has a phenomenal memory or spends considerable time thumbing through a list of expiration dates from the various states and the Canadian provinces. A recent list of expiration dates of automobile registrations is enough to confuse any law enforcement officer unless he carries the listing with him and looks up each state's rules. There are, for instance, some states that rule registrations expire on Dec. 31 of each year, but do nothing about failure to renew a registration until a couple of months have passed. But more and more states are getting away from the idea of expiring registrations at the end of the calendar year. Some make it confusing by having as many as four expiration dates during the year.

Delaware is one state like that. Its registrations run out at four different times during the year—March 31, June 30, Sept. 30 and Dec. 31. California's 1948 plates expired on Dec. 31 but were recognized until Feb. 4 if the car owner could show he had applied for new plates and had not received them. Missouri seems to be in something of a confused situation; it is renewing its 1948 plates on a "staggered" basis, and says it will not have all its records cleared until about the first of April. Apparently 1948 plates are good until that time. Wisconsin has a new system in vogue; it is renewing plates throughout the year, some expiring each month, and is indicating date of expiration on plates. Obviously this means that annual registrations, as such, are more or less a thing of the past in that state.

There is one state, Mississippi, that expires its plates on Oct. 31, one that has them expire on Nov. 15--Alabama--and quite a number that pick the month of December for expiration of registrations, most of them using Dec. 31. But by far the majority of states use the months of January, February and March for renewal of registrations, with March the most popular month. In Janu-

ary both the last day of the month and Jan. 15 are used as dates. In February dates from Feb. 1 to Feb. 28 are listed. And in March (15 states have plates expiring in that month) the first and the 31st are both utilized. A few states use such dates as April 1 or April 15; West Virginia's number plates expire on June 30.

The whole thing is confusing, of course, but it indicates a trend away from using the calendar year for registrations. Once it was the invariable custom of states to issue registrations by the calendar year. Possibly because many of the motorists complained that there was too much to do, too much drain upon the family pocketbook at that time of the year, the change has come in many states.

And, incidentally, Connecticut's motor vehicle registrations expired as of Feb. 28. Motorists who renew early save a lot of standing in line.

---New London Day

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MAN BANISHED BY  
CONNECTICUT COURT "FOREVER"

New London, Conn., The Superior Court Friday banished a Groton, Conn., man from Connecticut "forever."

The exile was one of the conditions imposed for the release of the man from an insane hospital, where he was confined after beating three members of a clergyman's family with a furnace shaker.

Judge Thomas E. Troland rules that George C. Carpenter jr., twenty-eight, must immediately leave Connecticut without passing through the town of Groton, where the assault occurred May 27, 1947.

Carpenter, committed to a state hospital after his arrest, subsequently was tried on a charge of assault with intent to commit murder. He was acquitted on grounds of insanity, and returned to the hospital.

Judge Troland said that upon posting a \$5,000 bond to insure his observing the conditions of his release, Carpenter may be discharged from this hospital providing he "leave the territorial lim-



its of the state of Connecticut forever."

The judge said he must also notify the New London County state's attorney of his whereabouts each month.

Members of Carpenter's family said he probably would go to an uncle who operates a fruit farm in California.

Judge Troland said that in banishing Carpenter from Connecticut he was acting under a statute giving the court power in such cases to take whatever action it deems proper. He said he knew of no precedent for an exile order aside from a ruling he himself handed down in New Haven more than a year ago. In that case, he released a man who had been committed to the state hospital in Middletown after an attack on his wife, but he ordered the man to leave Connecticut immediately and never return. The ruling has not been challenged.

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#### SLOT MACHINES GIVE IDAHO CITY CASH AND GRIEF

Twin Falls, Idaho, Slot machines, which have brought this city \$393,742 through a "partnership" with machine owners during 1948 have been silenced.

The city licensed slot machines at 50 per cent of the gross proceeds, after deduction of a 10 per cent maintenance fund, and reaped a harvest of nickels and troubles. Before they were outlawed, the 265 slot machines averaged \$1,093 a day in proceeds for this city of 12,000. But the City Council found drawbacks.

Police Commissioner I. E. Notschke said many of the machines "were controlled by a syndicate." He said false bills of sale were presented to the City Clerk in making application for licenses. Also, he charged, owners devised a scheme of "milking" the tubes of the machines and "various means of defrauding the city were discovered."

A Twin Falls City patrolman was convicted of extortion. The state charged he had obtained \$1,000 from a cafe operator to insure continuation of the cafe's slot machine licenses. The case is being appealed to the State Supreme

Court.

Relief agencies said their rolls were growing and that the slot machines "were a contributing factor." Business men reported an increase of overdue accounts.

Police became skeptical of the increase in armed robberies and questioned two men who said they had been held up by gunmen. Both signed statements they had dreamed up the robbery stories because they were afraid to tell their wives they had lost their weekly pay checks in slot machines.

During the slot machine era, the city built a new swimming pool, made extensive street repairs, launched a broad youth recreation program and laid plans for two new fire stations. Mayor H. G. Lauterbach said that with the removal of slot machines, construction on the fire stations will be delayed.

Three other Idaho cities--Boise, Nampa and Rupert--also canceled their slot machine licenses for 1949. They charged a flat fee for the machines, ranging from the state-required minimum of \$500 up to \$1,500 charged for \$1 machines in Boise. Of the license fee proceeds, the state and county got \$125 each and the city the rest.

Governor C. A. Robins has asked that the 1947 law authorizing the devices in incorporated villages and cities be repealed.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Pin-Money" Is An Old Term, and the making of pins a very old industry. The Pinner's were incorporated into a Guild in 1370, and protected by a law which forbade importation of pins. Charles I received from the Guild £500 a year, which he handed to his wife; hence the term "pin-money".

---Times Pictorial

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A woman motorist was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing a telephone pole.

"Idiots!" she exclaimed. "They think I've never driven before."



## RIGHTS FOR FELONS?

Maurice Meyer was not the kind who would settle down to a life term in prison. Sent up to the Stateville, Ill. penitentiary in 1933 for tying his girl friend in a sack and dropping her off a bridge, Meyer took up the study of law. Thereafter he devoted his spare time to preparing legal papers for fellow prisoners. He won reduced sentences or outright releases for 200 inmates.

Luis Kutner, a lawyer who had argued several of the cases Meyer prepared, said the prisoner had "probably the most brilliant legal mind I have ever encountered." Joseph E. Ragen, warden of the Stateville and Joliet pens, took another view: Meyer was a "brainy one" all right, but he was also a "troublemaker and agitator, one of the most dangerous men alive." Kutner and Ragen even disagreed on Meyer's appearance. To Kutner, he looked like a "college professor." Ragen's description was more pithy: "He looks like a criminal."

Meyer had a good friend in the pen--Harry Siegel, a two-timer serving a twenty-year sentence since 1938 but eligible for parole next September. Last May, Meyer and Siegel decided to set up a "Samaritan Foundation," operating through Kutner, to prepare and finance petitions for habeas corpus, paroles, appeals, and executive clemency. The foundation would get its initial capital from the prisoners' amusement and trust funds and would be administered by "public-spirited citizens."

Through June and July, Kutner visited the two men in prison, working out plans for the "foundation." During one visit Warden Ragen, tipped off by the grapevine, called in Kutner to ask him for details and promptly transferred Siegel to the state prison in Menard "to bust this up." That, said Kutner, blew the project sky high. His reprisal was a legal buzz bomb.

Last week, in a Chicago Federal district court, Kutner filed a \$300,000 damage suit--probably the first such in legal history--against the warden on behalf of the two prisoners and a jail-

mate, Robert Harp. In a 32-page complaint which invoked the Eighth ("cruel and unusual punishments") amendment, the lawyer charged:

That Ragen runs the prison "to serve his own personal gain."

That profits from the prisoners' commissary which finances their amusement fund are improperly spent.

That brutality is so widespread prisoners are "terror-stricken, frightened, and overawed."

Answering the charges, the broad-shouldered, stern-faced Ragen pointed to his eighteen-year record and to his high reputation in penological circles. As for the Samaritan Foundation, Ragen said bluntly, it was "strictly a shake-down." I don't give responsibility to any inmate." The whole scheme, he intimated, would have permitted the two convicts to solicit business for Kutner.

The lawyer's answer was not exactly to the point. "I'm not taking a fee in this damage suit," he said.---Newsweek

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## VICTIMS TAG "HERO" THIEF

To the newspaper clipping of last week, recounting hair-raising adventures as a man kidnaped by the French Foreign Legion, Walter Leathe of Malden now may add others--telling how his story resulted in police obtaining a larceny warrant against him.

Last week's story, on Page 1 of a Boston paper, chronicled Leathe's purported thrills and chills on a year's tour of Europe and he recounted horrors he had endured after the Foreign Legion allegedly snatched him to North Africa.

Two Emerson College students were quite delighted, but hardly moved, over the story because, they told police, they'd been waiting a year to put the tab on Leathe in the matter of some missing articles and a \$200 bum check.

Leathe had been their classmate, according to Lawrence C. Rosen and William S. Rose, who live at 10 Commonwealth Ave., Back Bay. Last February, they said, he obtained \$200 by the check, and vanished with a wardrobe



trunk and typewriter owned by Rosen.

The departure of Leathe had been sudden, the students declared, with Leathe confiding that, all along, he'd been attached to Navy Intelligence and now duty compelled him to go to France.

Subsequently they checked with the Navy Dept., they said, and were informed that nobody by that name was in the Intelligence unit.

Rose and Rosen, accompanied by Detectives Joseph O'Donnell and William Bradley, went into municipal court with their story and Judge Keniston issued a larceny warrant for Leathe's arrest.

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#### MISSING AUTO PLATE CAUSES TRIO'S ARREST

Connecticut State Police Officer John D. Bonolo was crossing the bridge from Warehouse Point to Windsor Locks when he noticed a car without a front license plate crossing in the opposite direction.

Taking a quick glance back, the officer noticed that the car had a rear plate. This might have satisfied him, except that he glanced up and saw the next car coming over the bridge had the same license plate on the front.

Convinced that here was a violation of the law, the officer turned his cruiser around and halted both cars.

As a result, three men were arrested on charges of theft of auto parts from a car auction at Bradley Field. They are Ernest F. Amiot, 23, of East Hartford; Milton W. Pomeroy, 24, of Hartford, and Raymond E. Foster, 21 of East Hartford.

Amiot will also face charges of operating an unregistered car and improper use of license plates.

Officer Bonolo said the men told him that Amiot had purchased one of the cars at the car auction and drove there with the other two in another car he owned to bring the newly-purchased car to Hartford. They had adopted the one plate expedient because Amiot had no dealer's markers.

They admitted, that they had taken batteries, sealed beam headlights and

other auto parts from vehicles parked near the auction site and were transporting these in the two cars halted.

Amiot was released on \$250 bond. The other two men were released on bond of \$100 each.

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#### BOLD BURGLARS RAID HEADQUARTERS OF FOE

Last week in New York, burglars broke into a Queens firm which manufactures bullet-proof and burglar-proof glass by smashing a window.

The loot taken was estimated at \$155, including tools used in the manufacture of burglar prevention equipment.

Said Louis Barltestone, president of the firm:

"It never occurred to us to put our own glass in the door."

Generosity: Abe Glintz, a Brooklyn plumber suffering from unrequited love, was haled into court by his onetime sweetheart, Ester Santgarten, who charged he had dispatched to her home: a fire engine, a city ambulance, a gas-company emergency truck, a wagon from the insane asylum, a load of lumber (collect), and an undertaker.

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#### SEES HER AUTO DAMAGED; FINDS \$60 LEFT NEAR IT

New Milford, Conn., Miss Josephine Barton, who teaches school in New Britain, was in the home of friends on East Street, New Milford, recently when she heard a crash in front of the house. She ran out and saw a car pulling away after breaking a bumper of her car and denting a fender.

Miss Barton was examining the damage, which she estimated at \$25, when she noticed a \$20 bill on the pavement at her feet. She went into the house to put the money in her purse and came out again to examine her car. This time she found two \$20 bills. A thorough search failed to reveal any more money, but Miss Barton feels she did not lose by the transaction.



# Pertinent & Otherwise

VOX-COP

March, 1949

POLICE! FORGOT MY KEY!

Is This Trip Necessary

By Norton Mockridge  
(World-Telegram Staff Writer.)

Garden City, L.I., -- The woman's voice over the phone sounded as though she were only seconds away from asphyxiation. And the desk sergeant at police headquarters rushed a squad car out when she gasped:

"Send a cop over right away. Please, please. Right away!"

When police reached the house they found the woman gasping all right, but it was from anger and frustration. She was late to meet her husband because she had washed her hair and now the electric dryer wouldn't work.

The police, after a quick survey of the situation, suggested she flick the switch before calling headquarters again.

That little incident is related in the February issue of Village Facts, a bulletin published by the local village government to keep taxpayers informed on what is being done with their money.

Much of the first issue of the newsy little sheet is devoted to the high cost of "calling the cops." It cost the village \$11.15 to run over to the angry woman's house and tell her to turn on the electric dryer switch, the bulletin says.

Incidents like it are fairly common here, according to Village Facts. "Squadcar Sam," a representative policeman dreamed up by the editors is quoted as saying that every night he tells his kids what an exciting day he had foiling bank robbers, but actually his duties are much more prosaic.

There are the people who call the cops when Junior is "lost," even though they haven't thought to peek into the next-door neighbor's house where he's playing G-man in the attic.

And there are the forgetful house-

wives who phone from Manhattan to say they left the oven on and won't some nice policeman go over to No. 22 Memory Lane and turn it off? Then there are the absent-minded gentlemen who forget their latch keys and need some second-story assistance. And so on.

Finding Junior recently cost the village \$21.35; turning off the oven cost \$4.40, and boosting some locked-out lord and master into his second-story window cost \$6.70. All of this is based on the cost of paying a policeman and maintaining his equipment.

The village fathers don't mind paying the bluecoats for catching stickup men, controlling traffic and keeping things quiet and orderly. But they do object to using them as baby-sitters for someone's mind.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE OLD ORDER

In his Commentaries on the Laws of England, first published in 1783, Sir William Blackstone seems to regard the constables of his time with open disapproval. "The general duty of all constables," he writes, "both high and petty, as well as of the other officers is to keep the King's peace in their several districts; and to that purpose they are armed with very large powers, of arresting and imprisoning, of breaking open houses and the like: of most part put into these offices, it is perhaps very well that they are generally kept in ignorance."

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## "LET'S IN"

In Indianapolis, Lifer Walter Seward paroled from the Indiana State Prison after a total of 22 years, was so shocked at the high cost of living that he persuaded the Division of Correction to send him back to jail.---Time



THE VIRTUE OF SILENCE

From Mongolian folklore comes this helpful little fable of the boastful frog.

Two geese were about to start southward on their annual autumn migration, when they were entreated by a frog to take him with them. The geese expressed their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised. The frog produced a long stalk of grass got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey when they were noticed from below by some men.

The men loudly expressed their admiration for the device and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. Whereupon the vainglorious frog opened his mouth to say, "It was I", lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

Moral: When you have a good thing, keep your big mouth shut!

---Wall Street Journal

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The twins' identical appearance, causes no end of trouble in town in identifying them. They are both 6 feet 1. Hugh weighs 225 and Larry only 200.

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table.

"What's that?" asked the deputy collector.

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"Why on earth do you come here looking for a time table?" the perplexed deputy collector asked.

"I want to find out what time my tax is due," explained the woman.

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LINCOLN MEMORIAL

On a hot day in Washington, a little colored lad was dangling his toes in the pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial. A bustling old man caught him and complained to a policeman about the boy's disrespectfulness.

"I guess you're right, sir," said the policeman. Then he looked from the frightened culprit to the great statue of Lincoln in the colonnade. "But, somehow, I don't think it would've bothered him a bit."

---This Week Magazine

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FREEDOM

Freedom is a man at the lathe, or at the desk, doing the job he likes to do, and speaking up for himself. It is a man in the pulpit, or on the street corner, speaking his mind. It is a man puttering in his garden in the evening and swapping talk with his neighbor over the fence. It is the unafraid faces of men and women and children at the beach on Sunday, or looking out of the car windows speeding along a four-lane highway.

It is a man saying, "Howdy, stranger" without looking cautiously over his shoulder. It is the people of the country making up their own minds. It is a soprano singing the Star-Spangled Banner off key, and meaning every word of it.

Freedom is the air you breathe and the sweat you sweat. It is you, and 140 million people like you, with your chins up daring anybody to take it away from you.---Author unknown



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"AIN'T IT CONFOOSIN?"

The American Bar association has a committee which is complaining that motion pictures, radio, and comic strips treat the lawyers badly. Arthur J. Freund is chairman of the special committee to influence the various media to change their ways, to give the lawyers a break. Mr. Freund said:

"The lawyer, the judge and courtroom procedures are all too frequently depicted in an unfavorable manner. Whereas the doctor is almost always represented as a kindly, charitable and capable professional person, the lawyer is usually portrayed as cruel, selfish, tricky and unethical..."

\*\*\*\*\*

ARE YOU?

Are you an active member,  
The kind that would be missed?  
Or are you just contented  
That your name is on the list?  
Do you attend the meetings,  
And mingle with the flock,  
Or do you stay at home,  
And criticize and knock?  
Do you take an active part  
To help the work along,  
Or are you satisfied to be  
The kind that "just belong?"  
Do you ever go and visit  
A member that is sick?  
Or leave the work to a few,  
And talk about the clique?  
Think this over, member,  
You know right from wrong;  
Are you an active member,  
Or do you just belong?

\*\*\*\*\*

TRY IT SOMETIME

When a neighbor telephoned Mrs. Clara Wood of Pocatello, Idaho, that the Wood police dog was romping in her yard, Mrs. Wood told her to put the dog's ear to the phone. "Ted," she said, "You come right home!" Ted was off like a shot and back in his own yard a few minutes later.---New York Times Magazine

MERITS PROMPT ACTION

Persons using profanity or shouting abuse over a telephone would be subject to a fine of up to \$500 or a year in jail or both, according to a bill introduced in the Senate.

Sponsors were Senator B. Fred Damiani and William F. Lynch, both of New Haven.

\*\*\*\*\*

WHISPER ROUTS BURGLAR

William Dubin, a Newark, N.J., lawyer was awakened yesterday morning by the sound of someone moving around in his bedroom. In a carrying whisper, he said "Give me my gun, dear." The intruder fled. A few moments later his wife stirred and said:

"What gun? What are you talking about?" Mr. Dubin is thinking of buying one.---(Better late than never.---Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

"BLARNEY"

The fairy tale of the Blarney Stone regarding its reputed powers of giving loquacity to the tongue-tied is known universally. From all over the world, thousands make their way to Blarney-Castle every year. They mount the massive stone steps in order to kiss the famous Stone--possibly hoping to gain eloquence of speech and the gift of smooth persuasive talk.

\*\*\*\*\*

There is a District Court held at Blarney on the first Tuesday of each month. Civil proceedings for Blarney are dealt with in the Court House at Cork.

District Justice---P. Keely, B.L.  
The State Solicitor for the Blarney Area---M. Dempsey, Solicitor  
Civil Bills Officer---P. Barry  
Peace Commissioner---J.J. O'Leary, P.C.  
Phone: Blarney 11.  
Garda Siochana---Supersintendent, M. Cunningham, Sergeant M. Kelly, Detective Officer J. Carrigy, - Phone Blarney 3

("Just in case of extradition!--Ed.)



IRISH SPIRITS

THESE ARE THE ODDS AGAINST:--

An old Irishman was taken suddenly ill, and all the local housewives came in to see what could be done for him. One, Mary Nally by name, suggested that they should give him whiskey.

As they were all talking, however, suggesting different remedies, nobody paid any attention to her. Then the agonized voice of the patient was heard from the bed saying: "Can't ye let Mary Nally talk again!"---Inisfail

\*\*\*\*\*

Can anybody tell me  
Where the Blarney Roses Grow?  
It may be down in Limerick Town,  
Or over in Mayo.  
It's somewhere in the Emerald Isle,  
But this I want to know:  
Can anybody tell me  
Where the Blarney Roses Grow?

(Try Ridgefield, "me, lad!"---Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

NOW SHE KNOWS!

A Huntington, W. Va., woman, Mrs. Otto Wilson lost her life's savings, estimated between \$10,000 and \$12,000 in cash and \$5,000 in bonds, at a movie recently. She told police she had carried the money in her purse "for a long time" and that she just couldn't believe "there were people in the world who would steal a persons' life savings."

"Put your money in Trust--and not your trust in money." -- Old Sage.

\*\*\*\*\*

COP, NOT A GOOD HUMOR SALESMAN

Joseph Augustine, 22, of Middletown arrested on a speeding charge by Policeman Edward J. Sheren, was fined \$12.

"What called my attention to Augustine's driving," Sheren said, "was the fact that he passed me at a high rate of speed, blowing his horn as he did so. Later he said he didn't realize my black and white car was a cruiser."

Marriage (if single)	---	7 to 1
Twins	---	860 to 1
Quins	---	490,000,000 to 1
Getting hit by lightning	---	330,000 to 1
Landing in hospital	---	10 to 1
Going to prison (if you're male)	---	1,800 to 1
Going to prison (if you're female)	---	15,000 to 1
Committing murder	---	15,000 to 1
Getting killed on a railroad	---	1,000,000 to 1
Getting killed on a plane	---	2,700,000 to 1
Getting killed in a car	---	4,800 to 1

---Reader's Scope

\*\*\*\*\*

The white center line on highways was originated in 1911 by Edward W. Hines, a road commissioner of Wayne County, Michigan.

\*\*\*\*\*

They were off to the races. Meeting at the railway station, one was surprised to see the other carrying a camera.

"What's that for--to photograph the horses?"

"No, the bookie."

---Irish Digest

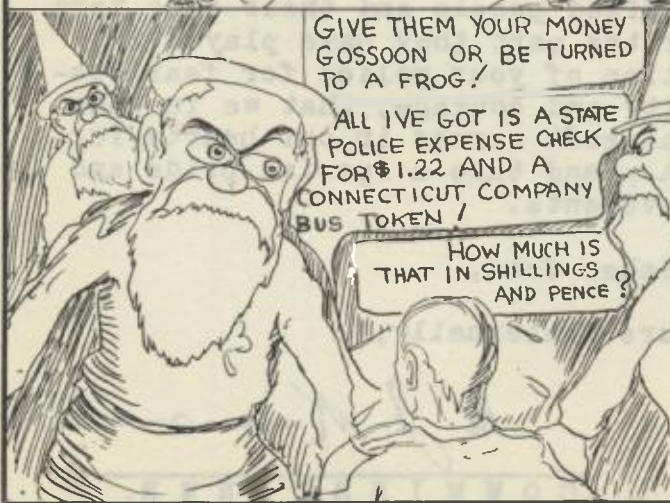
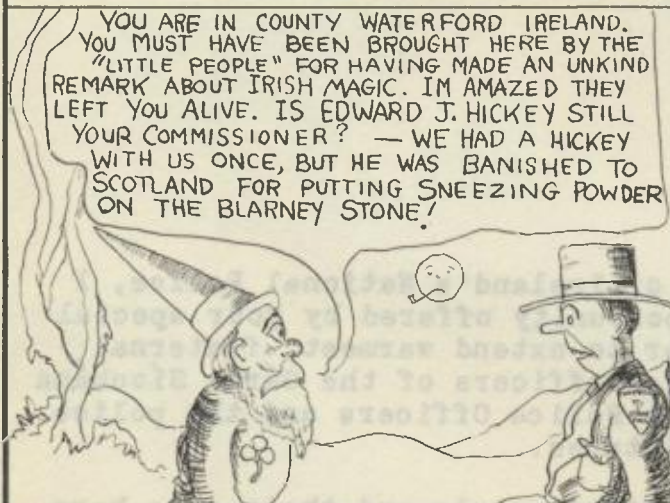
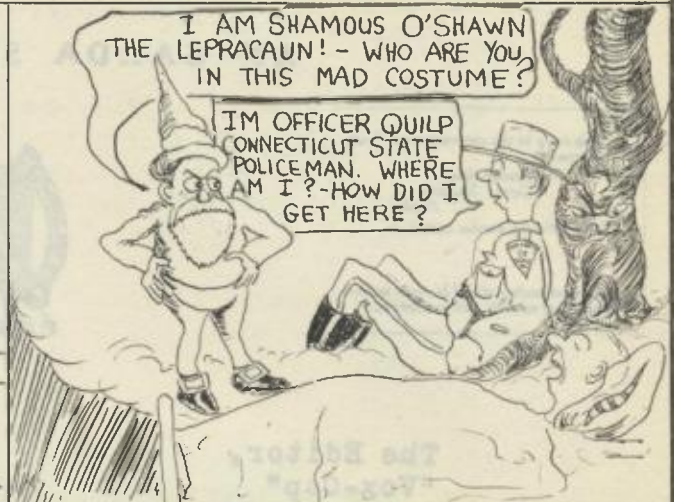
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Q. Can a person in this country be accused of murder if nobody is found?

A. It is not always necessary for the body of the victim to be found in order to convict of murder. The term "corpus delecti" refers to the body of the crime, not to the physical body of the victim.



# OFFICER QUILP By Effess





AN GARDA SIOCHANA.

Any reply to this communication should be addressed to  
The Commissioner,  
Garda Siochana,  
Dublin.  
and the following number quoted:—  
125-125  
Different matters should be made to form the subject of separate communications.



OIFIG AN CHOIMISINEARA,

BAILE ATHA CLIATH.

POLICE HEADQUARTERS,  
DUBLIN.

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

Dear Mr. Editor,

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

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

With all good wishes from,

Yours fraternally,

*M. J. Kinnane*

COMMISSIONER.



# IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

March, 1949

## Errors In Handwriting Identification

By Albert D. Osborn\*

Recently, a woman in Connecticut was accused of forging the endorsement signature on a relief check. The forged name was identified as being in her handwriting; and, in fact, she would have been tried for the alleged offense if a mail carrier had not admitted stealing the check, putting the name on the back, and cashing it.

Why was the mistake made in identifying her as the writer of the endorsement?

The answer to that question is not difficult as it is a common mistake for the reason that there is usually not sufficient writing in a single signature to identify the actual writer when it is not a question of genuineness.

Of course when it is a question of the genuineness of a signature, there will be available signatures of the writer and ordinarily the question of genuineness can be definitely determined. However, the identification of a single signature or name as having been written by a certain writer, when it is not that person's name, is an entirely different problem, for a single forged signature seldom furnishes enough writing to identify the actual writer.

The identification of handwriting is the same as any identification; there must be sufficient identifying qualities to eliminate any reasonable possibility of accidental coincidence. In handwriting, the identifying qualities must be such that these individualities in the writing would not be found in another's writing. At the same time, there cannot be any real differences.

In any comparison the differences are actually more important than the similarities. This is easily illustrated. For example, in identifying a particular person, if there is a description at hand and an individual is found who fits the description in three or four ways, but the descrip-

tion calls for a man five feet six inches tall and the individual at hand is six feet tall, of course in spite of the similarities the one difference is controlling and the individual is not the right person. Anyone can understand that the difference in such a case indicates at once that the similarities were mere coincidences. However, in comparing handwritings many people for some strange reason do not give any consideration whatever to the differences.

Time after time, handwriting is identified by a comparison of similarities only, and after finding similar letters a report is made that the two are by the same writer. These same people who make such reports would, I am sure, not do the same thing in identifying an individual as fitting a description. But in handwriting it seems easier to overlook the differences. This is as fatal in handwriting as it is in the identification of a person.

Two people who went to the same school and learned the same system will write in a similar fashion to some extent. When they first leave school their writing will look more alike than later when they have developed many letters individual to themselves. But their writing will be based on that certain system learned and many letters will continue to look alike. If an uninformed person sees the writing of these two people, he will see letters that look alike and in many instances a conclusion is reached that the two writings are by the same person, when it is merely a similarity due to learning the same system.

Many letters in handwriting are about as much help in identifying a writer as would be the statement in a description that a certain person "has dark hair." But in handwriting such common forms which are the same are often used as a







many times hand printing is particularly individual. However, with a small amount of pen or pencil printing, mistakes are often made. Similarities will be pointed out that are general. Most people do not realize, for example, that in pen printing almost every other person will make an "o" considerably smaller than the other printed letters.

Some years ago in a case tried in New Haven, Connecticut, a man was accused of putting the printed address on a poison package. The printed address was very brief and the printing of the suspected party did not justify an identification. At the trial, the defense attorney had four government detectives in the case print the same address and, with just the four samples, the printing of one was as nearly like that in the poison package address as the printing of the accused. The four detectives had considerable merriment in the proceedings as three of them were pointing their fingers at the fourth; and it is not surprising that the accused was acquitted. It is possible that the accused actually printed the address but certainly the evidence was not there to convict him; and again a common mistake had been made of identifying a small amount of printing as having been done by a certain party when there was not sufficient basis for an identification.

\*Of New York City. He is the son of the late Albert S. Osborn who is credited by many as having established a "New Profession," that of "Examiners of Questioned Documents." He was associated with his father for over 25 years. He testified in the celebrated Lindbergh Kidnaping-Murder case as a handwriting expert.

---Connecticut Bar Journal

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Manager (paying Murphy his salary):

"These notes are a bit grubby. I hope you are not afraid of microbes, Murphy?"

Murphy: "Not at all, sir. No microbe could live on my salary."

---Ireland's Saturday Night

## YOUR TELL-TALE FINGERPRINTS

Condensed From The Evening Herald

Published Daily At  
Independent House, Dublin

In the sixty years since it was first adopted by the police as a positive means of identification, fingerprinting has progressed to a state of perfection.

Once a criminal has his fingerprints on record, he must conduct any further infringements of the law with the utmost caution. Should he leave a tell-tale thumbprint at the scene of a later crime, then his identification is a foregone conclusion.

Most fingerprints at the scene of a crime are indistinct and are smudged by perspiration or other matter, these are known as latent prints.

Latent fingerprints may be so distinct that they are visible to the naked eye, depending upon the article touched and the pressure exerted by the person making the impressions. More often than not, however, the prints are extremely faint and must be "developed" before they can be reproduced.

Various powders and liquids are used in developing such impressions, depending upon the article bearing the impressions. Two very effective types of powder are a white or grey powder of finely-ground chalk and mercury; and a black powder with a base of lamp-black or charcoal. Amongst other preparations, a powder of ground aluminium and bronze is sometimes used.

The designs in fingerprint patterns fall into four main groups--whorls, loops, arches and composites. As soon as an imprint is reproduced, the expert can classify it into one of these groups. Each digit also has certain values, from which a formula is derived. If a particular print is on record, then the expert (working on this formula) can identify it in a few minutes.

Fingerprinting was not originally employed in crime detection. Its use as a means of identification was first developed in China, where it was the common practice to testify wills with an imprint of the thumb. For centuries



royal seals to important documents were made by pressing the thumb upon warm wax.

The modern use of fingerprints can be traced to Sir William Herschel, who was resident in India in the middle of the 19th century. He first observed coolies giving each other receipts by exchanging thumb-prints, and it was in India that he first heard of a case in which a native had been convicted of a felony on evidence supplied by fingerprints.

Convictions of a similar nature followed, and the matter was brought to the attention of Sir E. R. Henry, a police inspector in Bengali. Henry subsequently returned to Scotland Yard as a police inspector and is said to have initiated the use of fingerprints for purposes of criminal identification.

Some years ago it was reported that certain criminals were having the skin on their finger-tips altered to prevent identification. Any criminal who goes to this trouble, however, is merely wasting his time. Fingerprints are the easiest and quickest means of identification, but other methods exist which are just as reliable.

The soles of the feet are one alternative means. It is difficult to obtain impressions of the fingers at birth, as the patterns at the tips are insufficiently set. Impressions from the balls of the feet, however, are quickly acquired and are large enough to be examined easily.

In some large maternity hospitals this method is accepted as evidence for purposes of records, and as a safety precaution against the possibility of mixing the infants.

An eminent German anthropologist, who claimed that in twenty-five years he had examined more than 200,000 recorded fingerprints, described methods of fingerprint examination which revealed the racial or ancestral group to which an individual belonged, and also any inherited tendencies.

During an outbreak of infantile paralysis he claimed that he had found victims belonging to one group all possessing the same fingerprint characteristics, and that similar results had been obtained with persons affected with

other diseases.

Prior to the development of fingerprints, the Bertillon system of identification was the most widely used. Its founder was a Perfect of Police in Paris named Alphonse Bertillon, who was an ardent student of scientific anthropology in the identification of criminals.

Bertillon's system was to take the measurements of the bones and other parts of the anatomy which do not change in adults. Criminals could alter their appearances by surgical means but they could not alter the width of their cheekbones, for instance, or the width of their skull. There are valuable elements in this system which are still adhered to to-day.

---Reprinted from Irish Digest

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#### HARVARD ASSOCIATES IN POLICE SCIENCE

The Second Annual Meeting of the Harvard Associates in Police Science took place at the Department of Legal Medicine at the Harvard Medical School, February 10th and 11th, 1949. It was attended by 58 members from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, and Iowa.

The business meeting was advanced from its original evening schedule to the late afternoon of February 10th so that attending members could take in some of the sights of Boston. Captain Harrie C. Gill, of the Rhode Island State Police, was elected President of the organization succeeding Det. Sgt. William Menser, of the Connecticut State Police Department. Captain Frances G. Lee was re-elected Secretary and treasurer, a post no doubt she will always hold and rightfully so. Other Officers were elected according to the rules and regulations of the Organization.

A refresher course had been arranged by Capt. Frances Lee and Dr. Allan Moritz during the two-day visit to Boston which was most interesting and educational. Those who gave their time and knowledge were Doctors Moritz, Ford, Jetter, Walker, Spyker, Goethals



and Fisher. Among the subjects gone into were "The Accident Ward and the Undertaker's Workroom," "Abortion," "Public Disasters," "Doping Race Horses and Dogs," "Demonstrations of Scientific Instruments, Spectrograph, Spectrophotometer," "Occupational Marks," "Emergency Delivery of a Baby," "Post-mortem Artifacts" and "Demonstrations of Laboratory Tests."

The original Seminar and Refresher Course is one of the best that has ever been offered the members of the Connecticut State Police. It brings about personal contact with State Police Officers of the many states that send their members. The refresher course increases these contacts because here you meet members who were in other classes and other states. However, the most important thing is the knowledge gained from these learned men who teach the classes. They do not expect Police Officers to be doctors or specialists, but they give you the possibilities that come in the path of the Policeman's life. What to look for--What to do with it--What can be done with it--and that the most difficult problem has an answer if you recognize and preserve the tell-tales, in which the answer lies!! These are the things that are pointed out in detail and what can be done with them in the hands of skilled persons. The identification of the dead, identification of mutilated bodies, identification of the skeleton, when did death occur by the rate method and association method, death by gunfire, asphyxia, stains, carbon monoxide, poisons, death from obscure causes, are a few of the subjects gone into by the doctors. No matter how much experience one may have had in these various subjects, these Doctors will point out new and interesting facts about each situation all which tend to make the solution easier and more clear. It also refreshes the memory and brings back things which may have been forgotten.

Space does not permit one to go into all the subjects mentioned but one of interest and much talked about is Marijuana. Marijuana is the flowering top of the Hemp plant and was known and used in Syria 650 B.C. It was also

used by the Greeks in 79 A.D. and a Chinese physician used it in 220 A.D. for an anaesthesia. It is also linked with Marco Polo in 1250 A.D. referred to as Hash Hish. Today it is commonly known as Reefers. It is smoked, chewed, injected and mixed with tobacco. The plant grows 3 to 4 feet high in poor soil and up to 15 feet high in good soil and is an annual plant. There is the male and female plant and it is from the flowering part of the male plant that Marijuana comes. These flowering parts are more potent when grown in a tropical climate. It likewise depends on how well it is cured for its potency. Some persons can resist the effects of Marijuana and in others it tends to increase their energy and power. Some get delirious and the vision is ruined so that they have no perception of time or distance. It likewise produces hallucinations; while in others it will produce a deep sleep. It can be identified by ordinary sight, or if hydrochloric acid is applied, it will cause the leaf to bubble. The actual plant is shown as well as the reefer ready to smoke. It is of interest to know that Marijuana is not new and has been known and used down through the centuries. This briefly is a sample of explanation and instruction given at the refresher course on one of the many subjects.

The members of the Connecticut State Police Department are fortunate to have such a course offered them with such able instructors. We are likewise fortunate to have a Commissioner who recognizes the value of these instructions to the police officer. Facilities at the school require limited attendance from each state sending its members. The individual Police Officer attending this school is offered an opportunity to increase his knowledge and by the same token the Police Department which he represents benefits from the information gained, making a more efficient department.

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Take gifts with a sigh; most men give to be paid. ---Irish Proverb



THE BAR

The Saloon is sometimes called a Bar,

A Bar to Heaven, a door to Hell

Who ever named it, named it well;

A Bar to manliness and wealth

A door to grief and sin and shame;

A Bar to hope, a bar to prayer

A door to darkness and despair;

A Bar to honored useful life

A door to brawling, senseless strife;

A Bar to all that's true and brave

A door to every drunkard's grave;

A Bar to joys that home imparts

A door to tears and aching hearts;

A Bar to heaven, a door to hell

Whoever named it, named it well.

By a convict serving a  
life term in Joliet Prison, Illinois

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FINGERPRINTS SHOW WRONG MAN BURIED

Federal Bureau of Investigation fingerprint files have uncovered a case of mistaken identity which resulted in Albert Bogli of East Hartford being buried in Northampton, Mass, as Jack Welch. Plans are now being made to have the body disinterred and returned to East Hartford for burial.

The mistake occurred when a man who fell down a flight of stairs at 300 Front St., February 6 was identified as Jack Welch of South Hadley, Mass. This identification was so made by Isaac N. Chase, assistant superintendent of the Open Hearth, and a sister of Mr. Welch. The sister was located through a check of Public Welfare Department files.

The error in identification was discovered in a routine fashion. It came about when local police sent a picture and fingerprints of the dead man to the FBI. Over the week end word was sent to Hartford that the dead man was identified, in Washington, as Albert Bogli, 78, of 80 Maple Street, East Hartford. When Hartford detectives learned this they contacted East Hartford police and were told that Mr. Bogli was reported missing to that department on February 9.

Lived With Son

Mr. Bogli lived in East Hartford at the home of his son, William Bogli. Police were told that he had left his son's home on February 6, the day of his death, to visit some friends in Hartford.

Mrs. William Bogli, daughter-in-law of the deceased, said the family will have no definite word on preparations for reburial in East Hartford until they have talked with Police Chief Michael J. Godfrey in Hartford.

After the first identification of the body was made the Welch family was notified and a Northampton undertaker came to Hartford for the body.

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The Connecticut State Police will be pleased to learn that Superintendent Walter W. Martin, Pinkertons, Hartford, has been promoted to Superintendent and transferred to Boston.

His Assistant, George H. McKenney of the Hartford office has been promoted to Superintendent, Hartford.

CONTRAGULATIONS!!

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Let this be your slogan: "Take care of the small things and the big things will take care of themselves." The result--no skeletons in the closet and no sweepings in the corner.

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Did you stop to think that half the shadows in life come from standing in your own sunshine.



# Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

March, 1949

## FIRST SPEEDING ARREST IN CONNECTICUT BY USE OF RADAR--PREVENTIVE POLICING

A man late for a business appointment was arrested as a speeder in Glastonbury Feb. 12 and thereby became the first automobile driver ever held in Connecticut on the basis of radar evidence.

He was Matthew Dutka, who was driving from his home in Norwich to Hartford along Route 2. He was stopped by State Troopers Vernon Gedney and Albert Kimball as he approached Glastonbury Center.

### OF MANY THINGS

By Thomas E. Murphy

#### THE LITTLE BLACK BOX WORKS MAGIC

I spent a couple of hours the other afternoon sitting it out with State Policemen Vernon C. Gedney and Albert H. Kimball, waiting for a speeding motorist to come along. They had their now famous little black box with them, and it was remarkable to see how law-abiding everybody was. Not a car traveled over thirty-five during a two-hour period. Some crawled along so slowly that, on a busier day, they might have obstructed traffic. One woman motorist stopped at the yellow blinker, and seeing the State Police car lapsed into a long period of petrified immobility.

This radar gadget is even more remarkable than it sounds in print. We were on Route 2, at a crossroad that has been the scene of many bad accidents. A few hundred feet to our left was a small hill. The minute a car appeared over the brow of this hill, the dial on a gadget that looks like a speedometer in Officer Gedney's car, started to move. At the same time an automatic pen started tracing the speed on a graph.

They were all slowpokes that day. At least three cars bearing the magic

legend "Legislature" went by. It's nice to report that none was doing more than thirty-five.

This remarkable little device is made here in Connecticut. Although at the time it had not been tested in local courts, it's got a bright future. Glastonbury was selected for the first official tryout because local authorities expressed a desire for it, and assured the police that the graph would be accepted as legal evidence. I tried to get Harry Batz, The Courant's photographer, to submit himself as the legal guinea pig by speeding past. I pointed out that a poultry dealer won undying fame by becoming the first to test NRA. He was unmoved by the chance to go down in history as the first man in Connecticut to be arrested and convicted on radar evidence. He allowed he'd rather stay on the side of law and order. So it was not until two days later that the first offender was netted.

State Police are justifiably irked by people who call this system of radar control a speed trap. One newsreel company called Captain Ralph Buckley and said they wanted to get some shots of the new speed trap. The Captain said he didn't know anything about a trap. All the State Police are trying to do is make the highways safe. They're not trying to trap anybody. I don't know how lasting the reform will be, but motorists were a careful lot one afternoon last week.---Hartford Courant.



HIGHWAY SAFETY COMMISSION  
 FAVORS USE OF RADAR

To the Editor of The Courant:

I wish to express official appreciation as Chairman of the Connecticut Highway Safety Commission for the editorial published in The Courant February 10 entitled, "The Little Black Box in Glastonbury."

It is so important that motorists be impressed with the fundamental concept of upright enforcement policies so often expressed by State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey to the effect that his department plans no "traps" for motorists. Not but what the practice could be justified in many cases where drivers wilfully and arrogantly flaunt regulations and disregard safety admonitions.

As stated so effectively in the editorial, there is no "essential freedom" accorded any of us to create hazards for others, to jeopardize accident-free use of street or highway. Let us keep in mind, Mr. Editor, that 252 persons were killed on Connecticut's public ways last year, and nearly 13,000 injured, some of them so seriously that it would have been as well for them to have been killed outright, callous as it may seem to make such a statement.

Our commission long ago endorsed use of radar by the State Police. Used in the manner prescribed by Commissioner Hickey and which Capt. Ralph J. Buckley has observed with care, radar has become a very effective traffic safety instrument. We hope the State Police Department can secure more for similar use about the state; we hope Connecticut municipalities, some of which are observing State Police radar experience with interest, can purchase such equipment to observe traffic movement in municipal areas.

It has been well said by many prominent citizens in recent times, Mr. Editor, that we have now arrived at a period in developing safety on street or highway when traffic authorities must stop pleading with people to be safe drivers and TELL them that they must drive safely or be removed from the highway. It is disgraceful that our

nation should go on year after year recording the sad vital statistics reporting so many traffic deaths and injuries.

Robert I. Catlin, Chairman Conn.  
 Highway Safety Commission  
 Hartford

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"EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT"  
 ---Durante

Are the state police "too gentlemanly" in their efforts to apprehend violators of the motor vehicle laws, sometimes? A local motorist raised this question after reading that the state police are putting to use a new radar device to measure the speed of passing cars in Glastonbury, but that they do not propose to use it "secretly." Instead they have posted the road conspicuously with signs reading "State Police Radar Speed Control Zone," etc. After that if they catch any speeders, the department thinks, it will be the drivers' own fault.

It certainly will, and that seems to be just the one thing the matter with the effort, the local motorist says. He is no old fuddy-duddy who never drives more than 25 miles an hour, either. As a matter of fact he once was classified by his friends as "wild" behind the wheel--until he had one bad accident and then another that was spectacular but did not result in any serious injury, although it pretty well wrecked his car. The more he has thought of these accidents, the more certain he has become that speed is far more of a factor in serious accidents than the average driver can begin to comprehend. He has "slowed down" as he puts it and seldom drives above 45 miles an hour now, and then only under conditions that make it reasonably safe.

The result is that he has less and less use for the "lead foot" driver who ~~thinks~~ his car is under perfect control, when he "eases" it along the road at 65 miles an hour, just because the stretch ahead is reasonably clear of traffic. The reformed local driver says he thinks the only remedy--the only action that many drivers will respect--is a hard-



boiled attitude on law enforcement on the highways. "If the sign says 40 miles an hour," he says, "what right has the driver to assume that it means 55 miles? If it says 30, because of crossroads or congestion, why should the motorist be permitted to drive 40 miles an hour? The signs along Connecticut highways are a constant warning to the careful driver of his proper speed in each zone. Why is it necessary to give him advance information that maybe, up ahead, the state police are about to clock him with a new device, and very apt to give him a ticket unless he slows down?"

The local man's argument--and there is some merit to it--is that only a numbskull will ignore a special sign saying "Speed trap ahead" or "State Police Radar Control Zone," and that if he has any brains at all he will slow down accordingly. But the same driver, if habitually inclined to exceed the speed limit, will automatically increase his speed "to make up the time" once he has passed this zone. Thus, according to the New Londoner's reasoning, a speed test sampling of this kind may make for faster driving on either side of the radar zone, instead of improving conditions, at least on the part of some drivers. But the wild driver doesn't want to lose his license. He will slow down only if he is uncertain where he may encounter a speed check, without warning. Mobile radar units, taking samplings of Connecticut driving in different parts of the state and without any advance notice, would do more to cut down speeding, this motorist says, than any one other move the state could make. It could do it in a couple of months, he thinks.

It may be that the motorist "has something there." Certainly studies by traffic experts have shown that the motorist who is perpetually in a hurry, who tries to progress at five or ten miles an hour faster than the other traffic on a highway, and who doesn't seem to realize that many highways will not handle their load of traffic safely if some motorists are exceeding the speed limit, cutting in and out of traffic, is the cause of many serious ac-

cidents.

This isn't just a matter of being tolerant and "decent" about it, either. There is no percentage in being hesitant about enforcing the traffic laws when human lives are at stake. Often the driver who is pulled up short for speeding ought to be thankful that he has not been permitted to break his own neck. But the pity of it is that the wild driver often takes lives other than his own. Because he is essentially a wild driver, who can't be bothered with speed limits, stop signs, oncoming cars in passing, etc., he helps make Connecticut roads hazardous, increases the insurance rates for the safe drivers and perhaps is responsible for taking a human life. In fact, it is no very profound observation to state that highways are constantly growing more hazardous as the number of automobiles in use increases and that the day is coming when strict enforcement of all the traffic laws, without any hesitancy and whether the motorist likes it or not, must be the rule of the police.

---Tattler-New London Day

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#### IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

Drivers of new-model cars, those with low front-end air intakes, should take warning from a tragic occurrence in Washington, D.C. Shortly after parking his car at a curb, the driver was found dead at the wheel. An autopsy showed the cause of his death to be carbon monoxide poisoning. Investigation disclosed that his car had been parked bumper to bumper behind a taxi whose motor was idling. Tests under similar conditions demonstrated that within 22 minutes enough carbon monoxide could be drawn into the rear car through the air intakes to build up a lethal concentration.---Adapted from P.J. Valaer in Industrial Hygiene Newsletter.

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"To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted."---Electricity Notice



DRIVER'S JUDGMENT IS BASED  
ON "TIME," NOT ON "DISTANCE"

A study of the weaving and merging maneuvers of motorists has been issued as part of the Yale Bureau of Highway Traffic's long-range program to establish new criteria in re-designing the highways of America.

This report, "Studies of Weaving and Merging Traffic," is based on a theory that each motorist forms a "time judgment" of the safe opening between vehicles into which he can move after leaving a stop sign or when crossing into the adjacent lane.

Three former students of the Yale Bureau of Highway Traffic, compiled the data. They point out that the driver's judgment is made in terms of "time" rather than distance, since the "traffic gap" is actually moving along the highway, and the motorist's action depends on his own speed as well as that of nearby cars.

The authors of the survey, F. Houston Wynn, Stewart M. Gourlay, and Richard I. Strickland, studied the movement of cars at stop signs, acceleration lanes, expressways and traffic circles. The studies were conducted on the Henry Hudson Parkway near the George Washington Bridge in New York, and at Pulaski Circle in Hartford.

Used Movie Camera

Using a 16 millimeter movie camera, an electrically driven counter and a timing mechanism set to operate the shutter at a rate of 88 pictures per minute, the students measured the traffic movement. With the camera placed at a point in which its field of view included the desired sections of roadway, they determined such quantities as the time required to weave from one lane to another and the effect of parked cars on the free movement of traffic.

To show the restrictive action of stop signs, studies were made at similar intersections with and without stop regulations. The average motorist, they found, needs a traffic "gap"--or distance between vehicles--of six seconds duration before entering the passing or through lane after a stop sign, but will

weave into an adjacent lane in a two and one-half second "gap" if his car is in motion.

Considering night driving conditions, the authors found that "when good street lighting is provided, the night capacity of the merging traffic is little less than the daylight capacity."

Auto-Scope

With the automobile market showing definite signs of easing and with prices still at a very high level, 1949 might see introduction of a lower cost automobile by one or more major manufacturers. General Motors is reported to have taken its light car project off the shelf for a new look in view of present conditions of steel supply and prices of the regular Chevrolet line.

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HEATED ROAD GIVEN TRIAL

Motorists may no longer be confronted with the winter driving hazard of icy roads if an experiment being carried out on a Detroit highway proves a success.

The effect of radiant heating under pavement is being observed on a 500-foot strip of roadway by Michigan highway department officials. The system installed in November, consists of five 100-foot long heating elements composed of mesh wire imbedded in the pavement.

These heating elements, 18 inches wide, are installed under two wheel tracks on each side of the six-lane highway. One side, consisting of three lanes is surfaced with plain concrete; the other with black-top. The highway department wants to know whether there is any difference in the effectiveness and cost of heating the two surfaces.

Heat is controlled by a thermostat, which turns on the current when the temperature drops to 34 degrees and cuts it off when the mercury rises to 40. Cost figures will determine whether the system can be installed in highways and expressways. However, the system seems to be the answer to snow and ice problems on particularly dangerous sections of roads and highways.

---The Connecticut Motorist



IMPROVING TIRE MILEAGE

If you would like the maximum mileage from your tires, here are two suggestions:

1. Check the tires at least once a week to see that they are inflated to the correct pressure.

2. Rotate the five wheel positions (including spare) at regular intervals.

Frequent checking of tire pressure is one of the cheapest and best forms of tire care. Underinflated tires wear more rapidly; also, side walls are damaged by overbending, too much internal heat, and by too great a strain on the fabric in taking bumps. Overinflated tires wear excessively on the center of the tread.

Periodic rotation is advisable because the tires on your car do not wear equally in the different wheel positions. Careful tests and measurements have shown that, on the average, tire wear varies in about the following ratios:

Left front.....14%	Left rear.....29%
Right front.....19%	Right rear.....38%

In other words, rear tires wear faster than front tires, and right tires faster than left.

Rear tires wear faster because they are power driven. But they also wear more evenly than front tires because of the equaling effects of braking, traction, and power drive.

Front tires wear more slowly because they are free rolling rather than power driven. But they wear less evenly because steering and turning distort them, even when front-end alignment is within specifications.

Obviously, rotating tires tends to equalize their wear. When the rotating is done, the spare tire should be included. This gives an active tire a "rest," and gives the spare tire some needed exercise. Tire manufacturers have found that using and resting a tire periodically greatly lengthens its life.

By including all five tires in your rotations, you substantially increase their mileage. For example, if tires are rotated every 3,000 miles, then,

when the car has been driven 15,000 miles, each will have traveled only 12,000 miles.

Switching tires regularly also helps to maintain the original quiet, smooth ride and balance built into them by the manufacturer, because it minimizes uneven and spotty tread wear, which generates tire noise, vibration, and unbalance.

Rotate your wheels every 2,000-3,000 miles, or at the latest every 4,000-5,000 miles. It will mean better mileage and better car performance.

---Buick Magazine

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MARY HAD A SMALL SEDAN

Mary had a small sedan,  
A perfect dream, and so  
Everywhere that Mary went  
The gang was sure to go.

Mary learned to speed one day;  
Came up against the law---  
Now everywhere that Mary goes,  
She rides long-side of paw!

---Frances Ellsworth Asher

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Early road laws in the United States required that an automobile driver who met a horse-drawn vehicle must stop, shut off his motor, get out and lead the horse past the car.

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SAFETY SLOGANS

Learn today and live tomorrow.  
Drive carefully -- There's wet blood behind those dry statistics.  
Better late a few minutes than laid up a few months.  
Drive as if your life depended on it-- It does.  
Figure on repairs or you'll have repairs on your figure.  
Remember, the morgue is still the coolest place in town.  
Read and heed the signs of life.



# AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

March, 1949

## CONNECTICUT'S STATE POLICE FORCE TOPS NATION IN EFFICIENCY



Edward J. Hickey, (inset) state police commissioner, presides over one of the finest law enforcement agencies in the entire nation. The pictures here show some of the department's activities with which the public is little acquainted. Upper left: In the front office, Marcel Simon, a state trooper, of Simsbury, takes a complaint on the phone; Michael Caruso, civilian dispatcher, sends out an order of the day, and Trooper Vincent O'Brien, of New Haven, checks the teletype. Upper right: Lt. Frederick W. Brandt, of Canaan, 27 years a member of the department, presides over the information desk. Lower left: Civilian mechanics Charles F. Real (left), of Windsor, and Howard W. Hayes, of East Granby, tune up a trooper's car. Lower right: Mrs. Evelyn Briggs, one of twelve policewomen, interviews a mother in a juvenile delinquency case. (Sunday Post photos--Schwartz)



# Hickey's Men Always Alert To Halt Crime

By ANNE WHELAN

The average person's sole contact with, or knowledge of the important State Police department, is the state highway patrol.

But while this is an all-important function of the department, organized in 1903, during the administration of Governor Abiram Chamberlain, of Meriden, it is by no means the sole duty of the state's troopers.

For example, there are other specific duties such as combating vice and crime, essentially in the rural districts, where there are no police departments, as in the municipalities.

The commissioner of state police, Edward J. Hickey, is state fire marshal, too, his department enforces laws passed by the General Assembly relating to amusement park licenses; investigation of fire origins, abatement of fire hazards, approval of fuel burning apparatus; inspection and regulation of motion picture theaters and their licensing; licensing projectionists; storage of motion picture films; enforcement of advertisement bill posting laws; auctions and jewelry sales; manufacture and transportation of explosives; state coordinator of civilian defense; assistance in enforcement of motor vehicles laws and assistance in enforcement of aeronautic laws.

### Police Tattoo Chicks

This licensing can sometimes go into peculiar channels.

For example, if a farmer of poultry man wants to brand his fowl against theft, the state gives the chicken tattoos and keeps in file the identification symbol.

Functions have been gradually added to the department, in its 43 years of existence. Take this enforcement of the law regarding transportation of explosives. Some years ago a Shelton man traveling on a trolley placed on the front of the car, near the motorman, a can of gasoline, which exploded, burning and injuring several passengers. Immediately to safeguard and protect citizens a law was passed by the General Assembly, prohibiting such practice, which prevailed rather generally up to that time, and state police were entrusted with enforcing it.

The State Police department is

distinctive and apart from other departments of the state, though it assists, when necessary, the motor vehicle and other departments.

It is a million dollar business for protection of the citizens of the state, with total expenditures last year of \$1,843,177, with 427 employees civilian and police, divided thus: 300 patrolmen; 10 resident police; 12 policewomen and 107 civilians, which include clerks, typists, dispatchers, mechanics, etc.

Withing the last few years, Commissioner Hickey has installed a new office Business Manager, James S. Forbes, whose report shows that in the last year, \$1,245,775 was expended for salaries and services. To slightly reduce the expenditures of the department \$53,935 was received from licenses fees.

To the above list of licenses should be added licenses for private detectives and agencies, professional bondsmen and electricians.

### Safeguards and Protects

Analyzed and reduced to its lowest common denominator, the department may be said to function for the safety and protection of the state's citizenry.

At the beginning of the century agitation ran high throughout the nation, particularly in large states of wide unprotected areas, for a state constabulary. Connecticut cities were close enough, as now, but there were many unprotected areas which, although adjacent to cities, were not concentrated enough, nor had they sufficient money to establish an organized police department.

So the state police in 1903, a very modest organization, was charged with specific enforcement of laws in the rural districts, obtaining evidence for courts, etc.

In the early days the burden of the work of the department was enforcing unpopular laws in regard to gambling and liquor. Even now, in this city, State's Attorney Lorin Willis has occasionally called in the department troopers over heads of local police to get evidence against gamblers. But this is rare nowadays and there is complete cooperation between the state department and local police.

In the solving of murders the department has been eminently successful. But this is another story which cannot be elaborated upon in this short space.

### Hickey a Go-Getter

The present efficient commissioner, recognized as one of the most able in the nation, won his spurs as county detective in Hartford, working with the state's attorney's office in many notable cases, mentioning the Hayes corruption case in Waterbury. Commissioner Hickey is a go-getter, alive to every new method and equipment in the de-

partment, known throughout the nation for his progressive ideas.

Members of the State Police department, the uniformed members, particularly, are a hard-working lot with the average day's duty 10 1/2 hours.

They are generally handsome, strapping men of army calibre, with excessive pride in their work, and work best, as news reporters do, when under pressure, as Lt. Frederick W. Brandt, in charge of the information desk at headquarters in Hartford, observes.

Lt. Brandt has served three commissioners — Hurley, Sunderland and Hickey, in his 27 years with the department.

Candidates for the department are picked by merit system and go through strenuous training at the Training school in Bethany, spending three months as recruits and nine months on probation.

Incidentally, the first training school when the department was set up, was at Boxwood Manor, Old Lyme, a swank hotel.

### Turnover is Light

The turnover in the department is relatively light, only two resignations last year, with one discharge. Pay starts at \$1,900, with maximum, for a trooper, \$2,960. But included are furnished uniforms, living quarters at the 11 barracks of the state, for single men, and food.

I had one of the best meals I ever had at the Hartford barracks where there is a competent chef and assistants, — fried chicken, tastefully cooked, vegetables, applesauce, coffee with genuine cream, and cake. I have had similarly good meals at the Ridgefield barracks.

Eleven barracks are maintained in two divisions, with the Eastern part of the state commanded by Capt. Leo J. Mulcahy, over these stations; Stafford Springs, in charge of Lt. Harris Mulburt; Danielson, Lt. Albert Rivers; Westbrook, Lt. Carroll Shaw; Groton, Lt. William Mackenzie; Colchester, Lt. Robert Rundle.

The western division is commanded by Capt. William Schatzman, with these stations; Ridgefield, in charge of Lt. Carlton Klocker; Canaan, Lt. Elton Nolan; Westport, Lt. Victor Clarke; Hartford, Lt. Henry Mayo; Bethany, Lt. George Hemen, and Litchfield, Lt. Philip Schwartz.

### Road Safety Major Aim

It might be observed that although all divisions of the department are important, the cutting down of deaths on the highway, which last year reached 250, is a presently preoccupying function, and to that end, in cooperation with the Motor Vehicle department, and the highway department,



which turns over completed roads to the State police, the police department has innovated in progress.

It is the first department in the nation to use the radar electric speedometer, to clock speeders. This machine, only one of which is yet in use, on the Glastonbury highway, where there was a high accident rate, has proved efficacious in controlling traffic. It can be switched at will to any spot in the state where accidents are high in rate.

Also the department was first in the nation to use helicopters for observing traffic—at the Yale regatta on the Housatonic river and the Yale boat races on the Thames. There is no limit to which Commissioner Hickey will not go in ferreting out equipment and new inventions to aid in protecting the public on the highways and cutting down the death toll.

The department was also the first in the nation to use frequency modulation for police radios.

**Two Policewomen**

It also pioneered in the three-way radio, station-to-car, car-to-station and car-to-car.

It was in the front line of progress with women police, to deal with women and children, with two pioneers in 1942, Evelyn Briggs and Katherine Haggerty. These are merit system employes, largely with nursing, welfare or social service experience.

Actually, the department has a larger mobilization than the National Guard in calamities and emergencies, such for example as the Hartford circus fire and the Hurricane of 1938.

**Departmental Divisions**

The various divisions of the department are:

**Communications** — Lt. Walter Boas. This division, one of the finest equipped in the nation, concerns itself with teletype communications network with 41 Connecticut state and municipal teletype stations, for crime detection and follow-ups. Files of this division are extensive, including data on wanted and missing persons; stolen motor vehicles; stolen, lost and found property, and locations of missing persons.

**The Crime detection department:** Under directorship of Capt. Leo Carroll, operating as the special service division of the department, with branches in the field and investigators assigned to the state's attorneys offices or to stations. This division gathers prolific evidence for state's attorneys and the federal government. Both state policemen and women are often assigned to assist other law enforcement agencies in detection of major crimes and prosecution of such cases.

The Bureau of Identification is presided over by Lt. Frank V. Chameroy. This division concerns itself with fingerprinting, with a

rogues gallery containing 26,732 photographs and 70,673 fingerprints.

The Photographic division, under direction of Lt. Frank Shaw, takes photographs of material for evidence for police, and photostats and aerial photographs.

The Traffic division, under direction of Capt. Ralph J. Buckley, concerns itself with the important safety problem in traffic analyses, accident information, permits for use of state parkways for restricted areas, etc.

The department has a scientific crime laboratory and other details for identification of criminals offered freely to prosecutors and officers of the law. The licensing division, under Capt. Ross V. Uruquhart, issues permits for motor vehicle races, inspects circuses and carnivals, auctions, fairs and dog shows, issues advertising licenses, weapon permits, permits for electricians.

The department of emergency services, commanded by Lt. Michael D. Smith, maintains headquarters at the Bethany station. It is responsible for maintenance and operation of all emergency equipment.

**Governor Names Top Men**

The commissioner is appointed directly by the governor, without assembly approval. Commissioner Hickey has been reappointed by successive governors irrespective of politics.

The department in 1948 made 34,266 motor vehicles arrests, and 3,483 criminal arrests.

In all the 11 barracks there are more than adequate accommodations for the troopers, with recreation rooms offices, finely managed dining rooms. Courtesy seems in contrast to municipal police stations, to be an inherent characteristic of the department.

There is one gripe, if it can be called a gripe, which the department has against citizens,—that is their lack of cooperation.

In England a citizen considers it an honor to inform the bobbies about violations of the law, misdemeanors or infractions which they observe, but here in Connecticut, as well as all over America, there is toward police officers an indifferent, "It's-none-of-my-business" attitude, and informers are looked upon as "stool pigeons" rather than law-abiding citizens.

Through their radio departments, their literature and other means of informing the public, the Commissioner would like to change this attitude and replace it with one of public cooperating with law enforcement officers.

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Bridgeport  
Sunday Post

**1948 MILEAGE RATE HIGHEST, DEATH TOLL LOWEST**

Despite increased travel, the 1948 traffic death toll for the nation is not expected to exceed 32,000, the National Safety Council reports.

This would be at least 300 under last year's motor vehicle death total and would mark the second successive year that traffic deaths have been reduced.

A photo finish between 1947 and 1948 was expected by the Council when October deaths increased 8 percent. However, the November traffic toll dropped 4 percent from the same month last year—2,930 deaths as compared with 3,050.

This brought the 11-month total for 1948 to 28,670 deaths as compared with 29,110 for the same period last year, a reduction of 2 percent.

Although the expected saving of approximately 300 lives is relatively slight, the gain was made in the face of greatly increased vehicle mileage with consequent greater risk of accident.

Travel totaled 33,270,000,000 miles in the first 10 months of 1948, which is almost as great as the mileage for the entire 12 months of 1941.

Based on mileage, the 10-month death rate is the lowest in history . . . 7.7 for 1948, 8.4 for 1947 and 11.5 for 1941.

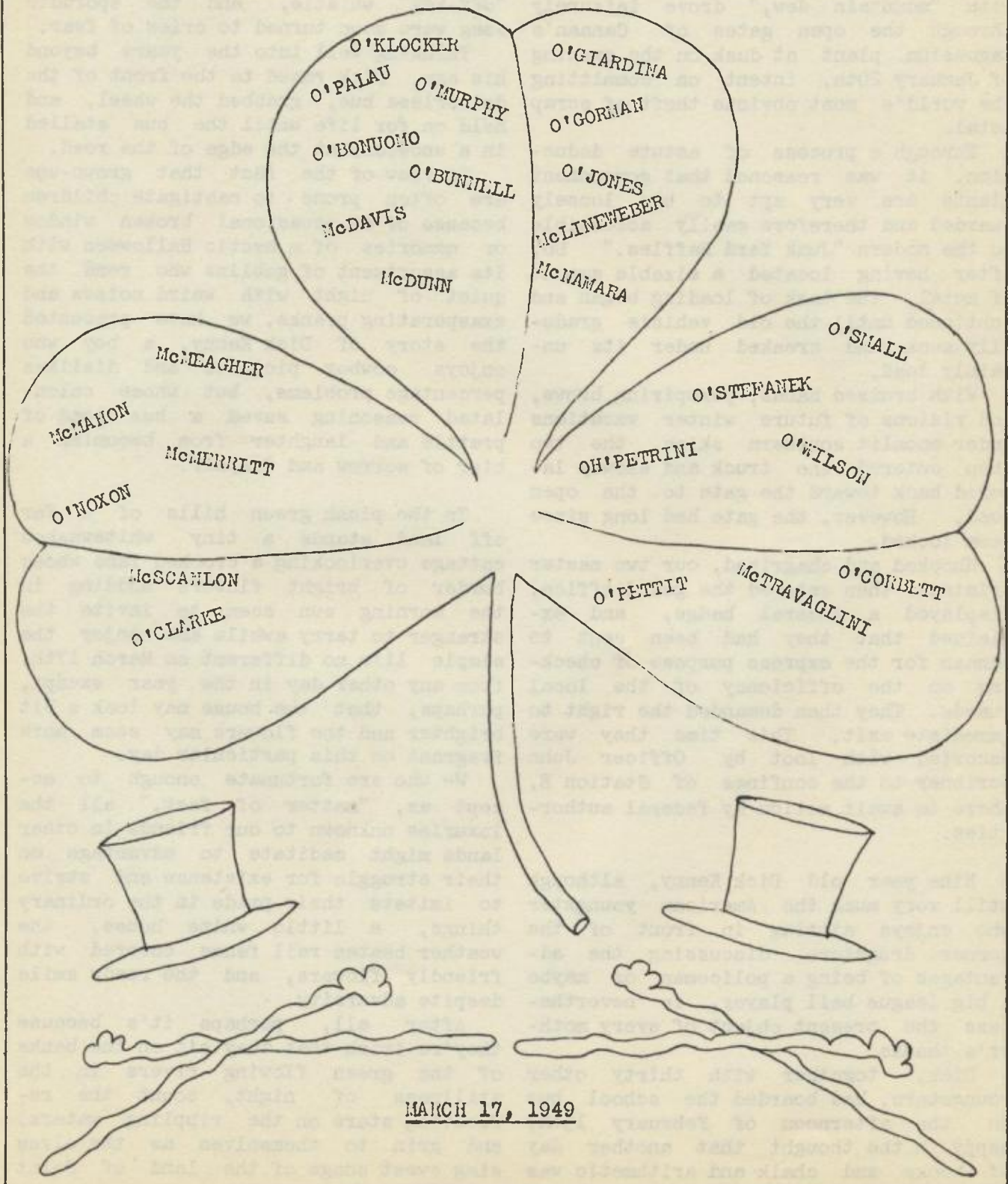
Three regions of the nation led in this year's death reduction. For 11 months, the Pacific region cut deaths 12 percent, the South Atlantic states 6 percent, and the North Atlantic region 5 percent. Mountain region deaths increased 9 percent; deaths in the North Central states rose 1 percent, and the South Central region had no change.

Colorado  
State Patrol



AROUND THE CIRCUIT

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY GREETINGS - FROM THE FIGHTING IRISH OF STATION -A-





## CANAAN BANSHEES

Two confirmed optimists, riding in a Chevrolet truck and well fortified with "mountain dew," drove leisurely through the open gates of Canaan's Magnesium plant at dusk on the evening of January 20th, intent on committing the world's most obvious theft of scrap metal.

Through a process of astute deduction, it was reasoned that government plants are very apt to be loosely guarded and therefore easily accessible to the modern "Junk Yard Raffles." So, after having located a sizable amount of metal, the task of loading began and continued until the old vehicle gradually sank and creaked under its un-gainly load.

With bruised hands, perspiring brows, and visions of future winter vacations under moonlit southern skies, the two then entered the truck and slowly labored back toward the gate to the open road. However, the gate had long since been locked.

Shocked and chagrined, our two master criminals then entered the guard office, displayed a federal badge, and explained that they had been sent to Canaan for the express purpose of checking on the efficiency of the local guards. They then demanded the right to immediate exit. This time they were escorted with loot by Officer John Scribner to the confines of Station B, there to await action by federal authorities.

Nine year old Dick Kenny, although still very much the American youngster who enjoys sitting in front of the corner drugstore discussing the advantages of being a policeman or maybe a big league ball player, is nevertheless the present object of every mother's thanks.

Dick, together with thirty other youngsters, had boarded the school bus on the afternoon of February 13th, happy in the thought that another day of books and chalk and arithmetic was completed.

The usual unrestrained laughter and chatter of grammar school children was soon forgotten, however, as the bus driver suddenly slumped forward in his seat leaving the vehicle with no guidance. Childish prattle, the occasional "off-key" whistle, and the sporadic song were soon turned to cries of fear.

Thinking well into the years beyond his age, Dick raced to the front of the driverless bus, grabbed the wheel, and held on for life until the bus stalled in a snowbank at the edge of the road.

In view of the fact that grown-ups are often prone to castigate children because of an occasional broken window or memories of a hectic Halloween with its assortment of goblins who rend the quiet of night with weird noises and exasperating pranks, we have presented the story of Dick Kenny, a boy who enjoys cowboy pictures and dislikes percentage problems, but whose calculated reasoning saved a bus load of prattle and laughter from becoming a bier of sorrow and despair.

In the plush green hills of a far off land stands a tiny whitewashed cottage overlooking a crooked lane whose border of bright flowers nodding in the morning sun seem to invite the stranger to tarry awhile and enjoy the simple life no different on March 17th, from any other day in the year except, perhaps, that the house may look a bit brighter and the flowers may seem more fragrant on this particular day.

We who are fortunate enough to accept as, "matter of fact," all the luxuries unknown to our friends in other lands might meditate to advantage on their struggle for existence and strive to imitate their pride in the ordinary things, a little white house, the weather beaten rail fence covered with friendly flowers, and the ready smile despite adversity.

After all, perhaps it's because they're Irish that they sit on the banks of the green flowing rivers in the stillness of night, count the reflecting stars on the rippling waters, and grin to themselves as the elves sing sweet songs of the land of Saint Patrick.



STATION "C", STAFFORD SPRINGS

Our Democracy

Mat

## THE PRICE of LIBERTY 1790 and TODAY



"IT IS THE COMMON FATE OF THE  
INDOLENT TO SEE THEIR RIGHTS  
BECOME A PREY TO THE ACTIVE.  
THE CONDITION UPON WHICH GOD HATH GIVEN  
LIBERTY TO MAN IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

**T**hese words were spoken in 1790, not by  
an American but in Ireland by  
John Philpot Curran in a speech upon  
the right of election.

**T**hey express a sentiment that was strongly  
felt by the citizens of our Republic and  
of other countries where the spirit  
of Democracy was rising and the right of election  
had been won by the people.

**T**hey apply with even greater force  
today, when the right of  
free election is being imperiled  
in various countries in the world.  
Maintenance of this right requires  
eternal vigilance.

**H**ERE IN THE UNITED STATES  
THIS MEANS ACCEPTANCE  
BY ALL OF US OF THE  
RESPONSIBILITY TO PARTICIPATE  
ACTIVELY IN THE ELECTIVE PROCESSES  
OF OUR DEMOCRACY.



NUBERT  
MATHIEU



OH GEE - SPRING?

So you don't think it's Spring, huh?,  
Department.

Well, here are some odd New England weather phenomena as observed by Lieutenant Harris J. Hulburt, Commanding Officer of Station C, State Police:

One full grown edible radish, easily dug up from frostless ground on the Gowdy farms in Somers. Radish was self-seeded.

A parcel of parsnips unearthed under the same conditions on the same vegetable ranch.

Four inch high peas in flower bed near Evio Canistrari home on East St. They were in a way self-sown--although they got a running start when a couple of kids were having a pea shooting battle in the vicinity last Halloween. The peas dropped to the ground for self-perpetuation.

Maple trees tapped, sap running at the Nathan Armitage farm in Ashford, biggest Maple Sugar producer in Eastern Connecticut.

Blue Birds back.

Excavation of new Agricultural Building, University of Connecticut in Storrs turns up no frost.

Contrast: crowd playing golf on course in East Hartford--crowd fishing through ice at Crystal Lake.

Ski trails around here, though, were closed.

More Bird Lore: A red-breasted, cocky, flipperty-gibbett Robin was seen Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Carroll W. Cooley in West Stafford.---Stafford Press

POLICEWOMAN CRACK PISTOL SHOT

Much to their embarrassment, Detroit Police have discovered an Annie Oakley in their midst.

Officers turned out recently for the annual interprecinct pistol matches. They admit they weren't counting on Mrs. Rosemary Schneider, 28, a former school teacher who joined the force's women's division three years ago.

Mrs. Schneider copped the individual

title with 179 of a possible 200 points.

(Here's a challenge Miss Jacobson--don't fail to uphold Station C's reputation for "topping".---Ed.)



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STATION "D", DANIELSON

The following are a few of the prophecies?? made by Toastmaster Peter Berris at Station "D's" fourth annual party, March 3, 1949 at K. of C. Hall, Danielson.

March 4: Lt. Rivers flooded with volunteer requests to do clean-up duty at K. of C. Hall.

March 10: Luke Clancy hands in clear, concise, accident report. Cora Brown, Clerk, fainted.

March 17: 12:01 a.m. Commissioner announces issuance of new Spring uniforms featuring orange ties.

8:00 a.m. same day. Station WTIC reports that over half of the state police department, including Capt. Carroll, offer to resign in protest to new tie order.

8:06 a.m. same day: Commissioner suspends HQ dispatcher for issuing false order on tie color and announces that Conn. State Police will still feature Greek Blue neckwear. Captain Carroll declines comment.

April 1: Chef Hamblin threatens to quit Station "D" if dishwashing machine is installed.

Susie Kenyon arrives at barracks on time with new hair-do.

April 14: Grapevine has it Sgt. Herr goes to Stafford Springs.

April 15: Transfer rumor proves false. Herr prices house lots in Canterbury.

April 29: Off. McIntosh checks in with 16 arrests, one warning for the day. Desk Officer Powell suddenly stricken



with facial paralysis.

May 1: All officers at Station "D", except Marikel, inform Lt. Rivers, that "it doesn't make much difference when their vacation is arranged". Susan Kenyon reports with new hat. McSweeney denies that he doesn't get along with his Uncle Tim.

May 2: McSweeney caught by wife greasing steps in home. Off. Winslow requested to play taps for neighbor's funeral. Accepts. Susie Kenyon gives hat to Nick Woyk. Nick goes to Hartford for the weekend.

May 14: Rumored Sgt. Herr to go to Stafford, Guilbeault to Hartford. Choice of four main dishes offered for breakfast by Chef Hamblin, Marikle complains because of no ham for eggs.

May 15: Sgt. Herr prices lots in Canterbury. Guilbeault thinks Lt. Rivers is his best relative. Donovan takes day off to help Sophie plant potatoes.

May 16: Donovan takes another day off to finish planting potatoes.

June 1: J. T. Murphy and Sgt. Herr plan to start police window's campaign fund, each kick in fifty dollars.

June 15: J. B. Murphy at Day Kimball Hospital, golf ball lodges in mouth while he begins a hard luck story with "S-a-a-y". Stecko reports without neck-tie. Susie Kenyon has a new slip. Marikle can't understand why it always rains on his day off.

June 30: Rumored Sgt. Herr goes to Stafford. Millie Maloney invents two minute make up kit. McSweeney's car stalls, dry rear.

July 1: Sgt. Herr talks to his father about lot in Canterbury. Willing to pay taxes for same. Hart asks for day off. Hurt while rushing to bathroom.

April 12: Boys leave for outing. Herr takes special helmet along. Brother-in-law J. B. Murphy asks for barracks duty. Winslow requested to play taps for neighbor. Accepts. Gallie reports with new neck-tie, featuring painted beauty.

Johnson complains of tie-distraction while on desk duty.

Sept. 5: Donovan asks for day off to help Sophie pick potatoes. Millie has new boy friend. Shmoo is sad, very sad. Weigle's girl friend hints they may get married. Cora sews buttons on Murphy's trouser, not same pair lost in chowder.

Sept. 15: Donovan offers three bushels of potatoes to J. T. Murphy for a buck per. Sgt. Herr buys the potatoes. Susie reports with another new slip, no hat. Marikle doesn't like it.

Oct. 1: Chef Hamblin threatens to quit if they install a new dishwashing machine. Cora takes up knitting again, sick of sewing. Truman's secretary announces president to make important speech Oct. 15.

Oct. 15: Truman admits to the nation that employment is off, blames congress, Wall Street, and Officer Marikle.

Nov. 3: Sgt. Herr concedes Truman's victory, however sees no political change in Canterbury. Johnson has new girl friend.

Dec. 31: McSweeney gets new car; Guilbeault gets McSweeney's old one; Cora gets an earful; rumor persists that twenty-year pension bill is to be considered in 1951; rumored Lt. Rivers will be transferred to Rhode Island.

The party, March 3, was a hugh success. Guests included Supt. Bonat and a dozen of his R.I. State Police Staff. Editor Herklots of Danielson spoke of State Police progress in the past 25 years. Commissioner Hickey's address on local, and State Police cooperation with County Detectives gave us a new outlook on an important function of law enforcement.





STATION "E", GROTON

With the tempo of work steadily increasing, the photography room at the barracks is being enlarged. Off. Emmerthal, Mr. Nash and "Snazzy" of the Emergency division are the busy beavers.

Off. J. Skelly checked a truck. The operator was of Chinese extraction and with the approach of the uniform, it made him nervous and irritated, so much so that his conversation was part Chinese and part English. One of those monologues which comprises two octaves. "Phew", says Off. Skelly.

Off. J. Fitzgerald was one of the fortunate fellows to witness the Pep-Saddler fight at the Garden in New York City.

Something fishy about this story when Off. P. Hickey and Special Agent Leonard Johnson of the FBI kept a five hour vigil which resulted in arrests of 3 men on charges of theft from the Railway Express. Yes, that's right, it was fish they stole.

Like to play cards, especially bridge?--This one's a card. \$600.00 in "hot" jewelry recovered intact from a girder beneath the Thames River Bridge. The jewelry had been stolen since New Year's Eve and two boys playing around the bridge discovered the cache.

Gosh, we thought the boys at the barracks had gone "horsey" on us the other day as we heard them mention, "Dawn Knight, Bubbles O'Dell and Sandra Winters." These were the stage names of 3 girls arrested for performing an indecent exhibition. Two men were also arrested in the raid which was staged by Det. Sgt. Mangan, Officers Jasonis, Gunning and Policewoman Boland.

Det. Sgt. R. Goodale received an autographed copy of "The Dubious Bridegroom." The author is Erle Stanley Gardner who has dedicated the book to Capt. Frances G. Lee of the New Hampshire State Police. Sgt. Goodale and Mr. Gardner were classmates at Harvard Medical-Legal Seminar.

In 1704, named after Governor Winthrop's home in England, the area known as Groton was founded. Pequot Indians

were the inhabitants then and one of the last members of this tribe passed away this month at Lantern Hill. Shipbuilding was one of the town's first industries. During the revolution many privateers were fitted out here, returning with British ships as prizes. Traditionally, we still have the modern Electric Boat Co., which built many of the Subs used in the last war and this month the keel was laid for the new Hispeed, attack Sub named "Trigger". This was the first keel laid since the summer of 1945. The first named "Trigger" was lost in 1945 off Okinawa.

Here we go again--"It floats through the air with the greatest of ease"--but-toll collector C. Hall didn't think it worth singing about at the time. Supt. W. D. E. Colgan reports a trailer-truck lost a rear wheel as it approached the toll house striking the concrete bumper which skirts the edge of the bridge highway catapulting same through the air, to strike the roof of the toll house which is 14 feet high.

Believed to be the first of its kind since the law was enacted in 1947, Det. Sgt. Mangan and Sgt. O. Avery with Capt. J. Courtney of the local Dept., arrested a local man on a charge involving private detective work without license.

Off. G. Smith on desk duty received a phone call the other day re: the new aluminum inserts for 1949 plates. "Hey, what color are these new inserts supposed to be? When I got home mine didn't have any color on them at all. To save a trip back to the Motor Vehicle office, I'll paint them myself, if you'll tell me the color." Oh, me.-- People have more fun than anybody on our phones.

Det. Mitchell of Headquarters, Kenneth H. Lundy, the Governor's representative and State Dept. of Education, Henry Sevene, the operator of the Merci train, representing the Highway Dept., and assistant Francis (Curly) Watson were overnight guests at the barracks when the Merci train sojourned on its siding at the Groton Highway garage due to the unexpected snowstorm which delayed its schedule. The merci train was met with excellent representation at Norwich and New London con-



sisting chiefly of civic groups and dignitaries of each town. Mademoiselle Marie Louise Burle, an exchange student, at the University of Conn. College for Women in New London met the train in that city. Miss Burle was residing in France when the Friendship Train arrived there in 1947. She related in descriptive detail how grateful the people of France were and the Merci train symbolizes their direct appreciation. We enjoyed the French Police letter in Feb. Vox-Cop.

"My Body to Ireland, My Heart To Rome. My Soul To God"---Testament Of The Irish Leader. Daniel O'Connell, who Died in Genoa, 1848, on His Way To Rome.

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STATION "F", WESTBROOK

ST. PATRICK AND LENT.

There's preaching and penance,  
There's fasting and prayer,  
And the saving of souls  
Going on ev'rywhere.

What with the missions, contrition and churching galore  
You'd think there'd be sinners and sinning no more;  
Long faces, long sermons, long hours to repent,  
Leave divil-a-much fun in the season o' Lent!  
The fasting and pious is that full o' grace  
They can't look a fish or a hen in the face.  
As a Roman I'll argue that fish can't be beat,  
And yet I've heard tell they say grace before meat.  
I tell you there's times when religion is weak  
They say 'twas an apple brought Adam to grief,  
Faith! All that saves us is the high price of beef!

So half way through Lent  
One grand day is sent

to lighten our troubles  
and make us content.

St. Patrick! Oh there was a saint with a heart.  
As soft as fresh butter and big as a cart;  
And 'twas he that remembered the long forty days,  
The weakness of men and their women and ways,  
The diet of fish and the riot of prayer.  
And the sinners that sinned from Mayo to Kildare;  
And says he to himself, "The day that I'm born  
I'll pick out in Lent on some windy March morn,  
When the Irish can have one long day's vacation  
From fasting and fish and prayer and salvation;  
When the boys may break loose and go hell-bent for leather,  
And make their own rules, regulations and weather."

And so in March gray  
To drive care away  
God sends to the Irish  
The Saint and the Day.

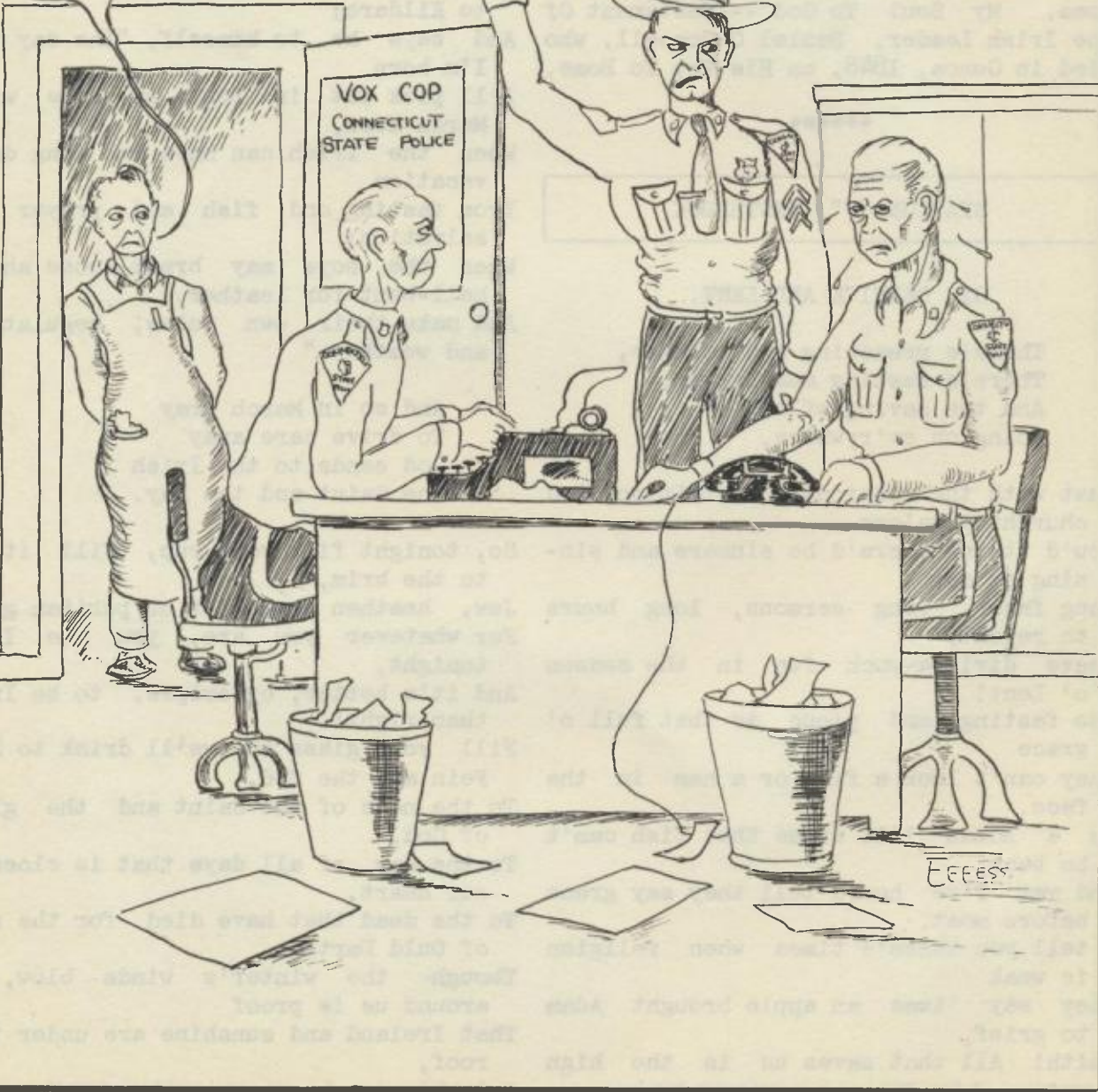
So, tonight fill your cup, fill it up to the brim,  
Jew, heathen or papist or puritan grim,  
For whatever you are, you are Irish tonight,  
And it's better, by cripes, to be Irish than right!  
Fill your glass and we'll drink to Sinn Fein and the Sod,  
To the name of the Saint and the glory of God,  
To the day of all days that is close to our heart,  
To the dead that have died for the sake of Ould Dart.  
Though the winter's winds blow, all around us is proof  
That Ireland and sunshine are under this roof,  
And this is the message the good saint has sent;  
Eat, drink and be merry,--for tomorrow is Lent!



DEADLINE 1.00 PM

MARCH  
7  
1949

THE PRESS JUST BROKE  
DOWN BUT I'M AFRAID TO  
TELL ANYBODY!





STATION "G", WESTPORT

While the majority of the populace of this section were warming their feet in front of the open hearth during the week just past, Officers John Carlson and Walter Abel were rushing Mr. Spring by touring 18 holes of Golf. Brrrrr, the temperature was about 40 degrees. Despite this fact, Officer Carlson said he completed the course with a mighty 88, not that we doubt the Officer's word, but.....Well, maybe next week he will play the other nine. Officer Abel, now offers his clubs, the best that can be purchased, FOR SALE. Needless to say, Officer Abel was Officer Carlson's opponent in the match.

I am sure that all the friends of Jimmie (String Bean) Angeski will be pleased to hear that he has returned to duty from sick leave. Jim took a trip to the hospital for the removal of his appendix.

If you know of anyone who should want ten easy lessons in Spanish, would you have them contact this station. Sergt. Jesse Foley and Officer Boston just returned, a short time ago, from a trip down thru Mexico and their accent is something to hear. They made a stop at Alcapulco, no less, The Alcapulco, need I say more? Sergt. Foley visited a former classmate of his from Northwestern University Traffic Institute, now in charge of the Traffic Bureau at Mexico City.

Most any day now, if you should stop at this station, drop in for a word with our Garage Foreman George Gereg and just mention Trout. George is beginning to get that far away look in his eyes. To best explain the reason, refer to the Vermont section of the program put out by the Sportsman's Show at Grand Central Palace. Last year John Carlson and George went on a Trout Fishing trip up around Lake Dunmore and they quoted, almost identical to that of the program, "Out of this world".

So naturally, George has probably been day-dreaming about returning to this Utopia of fishing. At last report, George was going thru extensive oratory

in an effort to convince his wife that this is NOT the year to spend their vacation-time on a trip to California. Good Luck, George.

This station's erstwhile nominee as Speedboy of the type, Disp. Walt Doolan, may now be seen sporting a nice shiny sedan. Where to this year, Walt? Good touring.

Our Chef, Nelson Speer, has also returned from sick leave, feeling fine, that's another appendix that won't be missed. Glad to see you back, Nels.

Clerk, Bea MacDonald has also returned to the fold after a winter of tough sledding, without the sled.

CORKMEN FIFTY YEARS AGO

Then, as now, they were kind, hospitable, quick-witted, sharp-tongued often superficial, easy to know but difficult to understand, yet always irritatingly sure of themselves and of their city. Was it not a Corkman who wrote: By The Banks of my own Lovely Lee? Yes, they were pleasant, happy leisurely days, those now far-off nineties--we shall not look upon their like again!--From a broadcast by Mr. J. J. Horgan from Radio Eireann, 24th January, 1947.

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"H", AS IN HYPO

Congratulations to Officer and Mrs. Jim Duane on the new addition to the family - a seven pound daughter; name of Mary Ann. The proud parents also have two sons.

Lieutenant Mayo has been enjoying a two week vacation and has been taking in the points of interest down on the Carribean Sea. The barracks personnel have received cards postmarked at Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands from the boss. Maybe we'll be able to get him to relate his tale of interest when he returns.

Last month, Officer Joe Palin saw



to it that an expectant mother arrived at the hospital in time to have her young'un. This month the feat was duplicated by Officers Joe Palin (again) and Joe Pilkin. Both women were without transportation and Palin's assignment was during the recent snowstorm. Both officers easily won their race with the stork.

"Joe" Palin should have lived in the days of Grace O'Malley: "Woman's Life" a Dublin magazine recently printed the following about our heroine, Grace O'Malley:

GRACE O'MALLEY

"Born in 1530, she lived for 70 years in a period when piracy was more a custom than a crime, when some regarded it as a noble calling fit only for the very bravest and most gallant of men.

"While Grace O'Malley was still in her 'teens she was known for her vast knowledge of nautical affairs, her ability to command and her unlimited courage. When her father died she took complete control of his ships, went into sea battle by the side of her crews, and when resting had a rope tied to her toe so that someone on board her flag ship could awaken her by pulling on it, if danger threatened.

"Very shortly before the birth of her first son, her ship was attacked by a Turkish Corsair; but she arose from her bed and came on deck with a blunderbuss in each hand, to take command and to repel the enemy.

"In despair the Government of the Pale declared her an outlaw and placed a reward of 500 pounds on her head."

As far as we know, Joe, she is still a fugitive!



STATION "K", COCHESTER

Recently Off. Hank Gowdy obtained a warrant for a native of New York for Forgery. In the great city he found a good demonstration of the old adage "Robbing Peter to pay Paul". The accused was being held in New York for fourteen counts of Forgery, all committed to pay off previous rubber checks.

Off. Kevin McDonald is on the sick list and we all wish him a speedy recovery.

Off. C. Taylor Hart has left this station for Greener Pastures in a station nearer his home. The personnel of this station wishes you luck Taylor.

"Ferret" Ackerman recently apprehended a native of Meriden, who was formerly a headache to the Mass. authorities. Several cases in Meriden and Wallingford were cleared up when this man was arrested.

It has long irked the BUSY BEAVERS to hear about, "Lazy K??" Never let it be said that we are not world renowned. In the Sunday issue of NEWS OF THE WORLD, January 30, 1949 published in Glasgo, Scotland, there appeared an article on a case recently investigated by this station. This paper was sent to Lieutenant Rundle by a friend who was visiting in Scotland.

As long as we are known overseas in Scotland, here's a little story about a Scot Police force.

13 MINUTE DRAMA

(By Courtesy of the Nieghbor--  
Organ of The Scottish Police  
Force-Reprinted From The Garda Review)

"Shortly after 5:00 PM on the second last day of the year, Det. Inspector John Johnston and Det. Sgt. Alexander Calder of Glasgow City Force, were sitting in the rear seat of a C. I. D. saloon with a rather dejected prisoner between them. Both officers were experienced in the warm glow which usually follows a good arrest and had



just radioed to Headquarters that they were returning with the "body". The glow didn't last long, however, as the urgent voice of the announcer came over the air, directing the nearest car to College Street, where house breakers were believed to be gaining entry to a whiskey store. The car was swung around, and in three minutes the detectives were piling out at the entrance to the street, calling on the driver to take charge of the prisoner. As they did so, two young men working at the door of the store with a jimmy, took to their heels and fled down the street, disappearing into an entry. A hurried search disclosed both men hiding up in a nearby stair, and when they were taken back it was seen that a staunchion had been bent preparatory to an entry being made into the building. Both were bundled into the car and in a further three minutes were standing at the central bar listening to an attempted house breaking charge being preferred against them. The speed of events so shattered their morale that neither had the time nor the wit to think up a convincing reply to the charge. Inquiries made later elicited the fact that the proprietor of the whiskey store, apprehensive of the safety of his stock with the approach of the festive season, had insisted on Burgot Burglar Alarm engineers working non-stop to install the system before dusk that evening. The men finished work at 2:20 in the afternoon and exactly three hours later, at 5:20, the installation flashed its message to police headquarters that illegal entry was being made. From that moment only 13 minutes elapsed until the would be house breakers were being arraigned at the bar. Truly an unlucky number for the miscreants. The burglar system is a fascinating invention and as a result of its undoubted efficiency has the approval of the major police authorities. It is an established fact that it has enabled the police to effect 800 arrests and records at least 53 frustrations. For security reasons, the system operates under a close protective cloak and it is not possible in these pages to af-

ford any description of the principles as to its workings. We note, however, that it has been installed in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. The agency is a most enterprising organization as a number of ex-police officers are on the salaried list."

Our friends in Eire, England, and Scotland will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that in Colchester Barracks we maintain the fire alarm for this community. Our neighboring station at Westbrook has performed similar service for its community for a number of years. Our stations at Stafford Springs and Danielson operate burglar alarm systems for banks in addition to fire alarms for factories. We have yet, however, to beat the 13 minute drama.

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STATION "L" LITCHFIELD

Ground has been broken for the new addition to the station. The excavating has been completed and the footing poured. The cellar hole is now full of snow but with a fair break in the weather work should get underway soon.

Shortly before 7:40 a.m. each day, excepting Sundays, a trooper climbs the stairs to the Lieutenant's bedroom, sits down before the remote mike of Torrington's WLCR and goes on the airways with "Tips From the Troopers". Good thing that new class has started at the Academy because with all the big time radio networks trying to sign up Duren, Swicklas, Thompson, Larson and Wilcox for choice news spots on the major stations, we will be very short handed around here if the boys succumb to the call of fame and fortune.

Officer Hawley experiencing a new adventure driving his '49 Ford. Hasn't had to call in for assistance or a tow car in several days now.

Oranges and post cards show that Clara Toce still thinks of the more serious side of things while enjoying her leave in the southland. Hasn't forgotten that all good things must end



and she will soon be back at "L".

Our Miss Sherlock has been coming in all lame and bruised each Monday morning for some time now. She says she gets that way skiing. We know that she did buy a pair of skis. Mary is very coy about certain things but has been heard to say "watch June 4th".

Our concierge Earl Elliott has been looking over the new Crosley car but after the snow of the 1st of March decided to put off the purchase as he is afraid he wouldn't have been able to find it in the drifts out here.

Anytime you're out this way and feel like a piece of pie that is really pie, stop in and try Chef Grabner's. And for a stew that really has stamina and stuff, his is supreme.

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IRISH HEARTS

Headquarters Special Service presents a memorial tribute to a late executive member of the Irish Garda. (Ireland's National Police Force).

THE LATE  
SUPT. WALTER BRAZIL

An Appreciation

"For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share."---Thomas Gray.

These famous lines from Gray's Elegy--Written in a Country Churchyard were the first to my mind when I recently heard the sad news of the sudden death of the late Superintendent Walter Brazil (R.I.P.) For me, his passing from 'this vale of tears' marks the end of an epoch.

Just twenty-five years ago I "ventured forth from my native heath" to begin life as a policeman. Young, in-

nocent and carefree, like many of my contemporaries, I was soon submerged in the maelstrom of life in the McKee Barracks. Of the rush and flurry of those first distorted weeks, I have now but a kaleidoscopic recollection, nor can I recall too clearly the identity of the majority of the twenty odd comrades who occupied the same dormitory as myself. Definitely, the outstanding personality of the group was Walter Brazil, and I recall, with gratitude, the help and encouragement he gave me in those trying days of my initiation as "a custodian of law and order."

Early on, Walter Brazil's administrative abilities were recognised, and he was appointed to the Staff at Headquarters. Following a sojourn in the country, I was recalled to assist him in a minor capacity. We were officially associated for many years, and I can bear testimony to the humane outlook which he at all times brought to bear on his administrative work. A man of unimpeachable character himself, he expected a high standard of conduct from members of the Force. Yet, he never lost the human touch, and he was ever ready to "help the lame dog over the stile." The personal problems of individual members always received his compassionate consideration, and I know that many members of the Service have reason to revere his memory. He was generous to a fault, kind and considerate to everyone, and above all, a perfect gentleman. Even though he attained a degree of eminence himself, he had no time for class distinctions, and "he looked for the good in every man." I learned much from his philosophy of life.

These are the things for which I will remember Walter Brazil. As a comrade, he was incomparable; as a gentleman and an Officer, he had no peer.

And now the story is ended. Walter Brazil has laid down his burden and "winged his flight to pastures new." May the sod rest lightly on his mortal remains, and may the Divine Reaper grant his dear soul eternal rest, and bring consolation to his bereft and beloved widow and little daughter.--Reprinted from The February 1949-GARDA REVIEW:



HEADQUARTERS MIRROR

Riches are a strange thing. They have always interested men. This was so in the days of the famed Midas. Legend has it that everything he touched turned to gold. Now, what are our most important riches? Are they stocks? Are they bonds? Are they real estate, or, are they cash? Believe it or not, Mister, they are not any one of these. Our greatest riches are children. There is a thing called juvenile delinquency. We rather detest the term. As the saying goes, people are funny. They can understand if an adult does something seriously wrong and goes to jail. On the other hand, they throw up their hands in holy horror if some immature child does something wrong. Some time try to figure it out. We haven't been able to. If there is one man who has seen the doings of youth and seen them on the black side, it is Meade Alcorn of Suffield. Mr. Alcorn recently gave his views and, indeed, they are sound ones, as he is a sound man, at a meeting of Our Lady of Lourdes Mother's Circle at the auditorium of the School of St. Thomas the Apostle in West Hartford. He said that he looked upon crime as "a symptom, and only a symptom of deep seated social ills." He further said "The youth with a gun is a problem. But he is not the real problem of our age. He is the blister that breaks out on the body politic indicating an illness within the civic body that affects us all as parents and as Christian thinking people."

The "illness" Mr. Alcorn described as a double problem of responsibility, both in a critical phase.

"In the first place we are suffering from widespread indifference to social and civic responsibility, which has arisen largely in the last 30 or 40 years. This indifference extends even to our good citizens. It manifests itself in closing our eyes to the factors that lead to crime and a disposition to say: 'Let the cops take care of it.'

"In the second place, we are raising

generations of children to a large extent devoid of a sense of moral responsibility."

Mr. Alcorn recalled some of the cases of young men and women who were arraigned in court during his term of office to illustrate his contention that they lacked an awareness of moral duty.

"You and I," Mr. Alcorn said, "as fellow citizens of these youths must share some of the responsibility that they did become criminals. I plead with parents that the answer to our social illness is to remove the factors that lead to crime rather than to punish the offender after the crime.

"How are we going to reach the child of morally derelict parents before he follows his parents' footsteps? It is partly our responsibility to reach into dangerous situations and see that every child is provided with proper control, adequate discipline and sound guidance."

And while we are in this field, let us look at something published on the editorial page of The Hartford Times the other night. Let us read about Dick Kenney. Here is what The Times editorial writer said: "After all the stories of youth delinquency and crimes by mere children, it comes as a breath of invigorating fresh air to read about nine-year-old Dick Kenney of Salisbury and his school chums. Dick is the lad who brought a school bus to a stop after the driver fainted, steering it away from a utility pole and 400 yards down the street until it slowed down, and then letting it stop against a snowbank.

"That would have been rare presence of mind even for an adult. Few of the latter would have known what to do with such a vehicle. Dick knew. His father had shown him the rudiments of driving and he had the wit and presence of mind to act.

"Such examples, like bad ones, are infectious, so, instead of a panic, Dick had a load of willing helpers. One opened the emergency door, a couple others summoned help, a fourth notified the bus company. Fine work for all of them--Tommy Lovett, 12; Roland Webb, 10; Frank Twing and Shirley Britton, 14; but especially by cool-headed, ready-acting Dick Kenney. His parents undoubtedly



are proud of him. All Salisbury ought to be. We are."

--Reprinted from Thompsonville Press--

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Connecticut Police, local and state, are pleased to observe a native of Bridgeport is included in the recent New York Police promotions of high command.

The third new Deputy Police Commissioner is George P. Mitchell. Born in Bridgeport, Conn., the Deputy is 56 years of age. A shy, quiet-spoken six-footer who more resembles in appearance a bank president than a policeman who began walking patrol on July 25, 1917.

Until his appointment as a deputy commissioner, Mr. Mitchell had been chief of detectives of the entire city's force for four years. Except for a few months in 1930 he has been a detective for the last twenty-five years, and has participated in solving some of the city's most difficult homicides.

During the war he headed the sabotage squad--a detail of 180 men, including besides New York police--lawyers, linguists, agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and investigators of the Army and Navy who did undercover work ranging from uncovering plots to bomb St. Patrick's Cathedral to tracking down Axis Secret agents.

During his early years on the force, he was active in police sports and is credited with pitching five victories over the Fire Department baseball team. He throws a right-handed spitball.

Mr. Mitchell is married to the former Vera Duffy and lives with his two sons, Robert A. and William J. Mitchell, at 91 East 235th Street, the Bronx.

We note also Mayor O'Dwyer's appointment of former Third Deputy Commissioner William P. O'Brien (58) to Commissioner places three ranking officers all in their fifties and all highly experienced in command of New York's "finest."

It was on Friday, the 13th, in July, when William T. Whalen, the new chief

of detectives, joined the force with a friend, William O'Dwyer, now the Mayor.

A few months later the pair could be seen almost any night, walking adjoining posts on First Avenue along Brooklyn's Gowanus Bay waterfront.

In 1945 Chief Whalen was a lieutenant in the main office squad. More recently he cleaned up what he believes are the worst breeding places of crime in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn.

Chief Whalen, who is fifty-three and consumes six to eight cigars a day, is good-natured, plays the piano by ear and has a wide repertory. He lives at 80 Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, and is the father of five children, Helen, who is now Sister Mary of Assumpta; Mrs. Eileen Carrougher, Miss Marie Whalen, Joseph Whalen and William T. Whalen Jr., who is now carrying his father's old shield as a patrolman in the 16th Precinct.

Earlier this month Vox-Cop's editor had opportunity to personally meet Chief Whalen at a Monday morning Hdqts. line up. He impressed us immediately as a "two fisted copper" who knows the game and will be frequently heard from in directing the detective activities against major crimes. O'Brien, Mitchell and Whalen now represent the New York City Police Department's Accent-On-Youth Movement. We wish them every success, good health and prosperity. We join with all Connecticut Police Chiefs in assuring our Metropolitan Police Associates our full cooperation in all matters of mutual interest.

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#### NEAL APPOINTED SAFETY CHIEF IN TENNESSEE

Sam K. Neal has succeeded Lynn Bomar as commissioner of the Department of Safety in Tennessee. Neal is a former newspaper man and has been telegraph editor of the "Nashville Banner", a copy editor on the "Nashville Tennessean", assistant city editor of the "Chattanooga News Free Press" and co-owner and publisher of the "Carthage Courier".

During World War II, the new commissioner served with the overseas bureau of the Office War Information and the Navy.



## ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1949

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# "Caed Mile Faightie"

(A Hundred Thousand Welcomes)

A CHARA: (Dear Friend)

The ambition of every Irish Patriot, Protestant and Catholic alike, has been to erect a United Ireland, republican form of government with democratic institutions, one land, one flag, one united people working hand in hand for the eventual fulfillment of Erin's age-old dream. For more than 1,000 years this dream, still unrealized, has been the root cause of every Irish uprising, including those provoked by overpowering British arms, the most notable of which was led by the alien invader, Oliver Cromwell.

The late John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, editor, poet and statesman, cited among a score of others, foremost in the leadership and struggles against British domination in Ireland during the past 150 years, these illustrious sons of Erin: Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, Henry Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Thomas Davis, Sir John Gray, John Martin and John Mitchel, all Protestants.

Referring to Martin, Gray and Mitchel--the latter was the grandfather of John Purroy Mitchel, former mayor of New York City--who died within 20 days of each other, O'Reilly said: "All three were Protestants and their death draws attention to the truth that no people in the world are so utterly without religious bigotry as the Irish. These three Protestants were the most beloved and trusted men in Ireland and by the Irish Catholics and Protestants throughout the world. The only question Ireland asks her public men is:

"ARE YOU TRUE TO MY CAUSE?"

And isn't the "Day We Celebrate" chosen above all others by Kathleen-ni-Houlihan to wish all the world the "Top o' the Mornin'" an appropriate hour to petition for that unity in a national sense that Patrick accomplished in the spiritual?

'Tis indeed the Great Day when the sons and daughters of the Gael and Celt in every clime eschew ancient differences as they converge about the festive board and in song, dance and story, entwine their laurels about the brow of their Glorious Apostle, Patrick, who wrought the first Irish miracle--sure there have been many since--in supplanting Paganism with Christianity in their Fatherland.

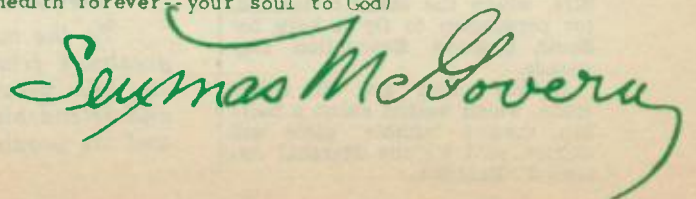
Regardless of doctrinal differences unity is so essential to the fulfillment of Ireland's destiny that we are supremely confident St. Patrick, in his own good time, will successfully plead the Cause before the all-enduring Throne of everlasting Justice.

Convincing evidence, it seems to us, is not lacking to support the contention that apart from the stirrings created in parts of Erin by pernicious political propagandists actuated by selfish aims, Ireland is singularly free from religious bigotry; a substantial majority of the Irish people including hundreds of thousands of differing creedal persuasions feel that once these alien intruders, through choice or otherwise are eliminated, the long-sought unity will arrive through the process of peaceful pursuits basically educational.

At least that is the prayer and hope of one Irish Celt, proud of his American birthright, equally proud of the immigrant Irish Catholic stock from whence he derived, who begs the privilege of toasting you in Gaelic in the name of St. Patrick and United Ireland.:

"Erin Slainte Gael Go Bragh: Th' amam do Dhia"  
(Erin a bright health forever--your soul to God)

JAMES L. MCGOVERN, K.S.G.  
Associate Editor, Post-Telegram  
Bridgeport, Connecticut





**"Irish"  
Jack  
Brennan**

His face is as familiar to Bank St. as is the Town Hall.

His friends are in the hundreds, running the gamut from famous actors to learned doctors, outstanding athletes to society matrons.

liquor - rotted sots to the fancy drinking set. He's the best friend a reporter ever had; and the best boss a cop ever had. We've heard this from the lips of a policeman who was ousted some years ago—a guy who had a couple of beers in him, and was telling the truth.

*Of florid face, and on the corpulent side. Police Chief John B. Brennan ranks as the State's best-dressed police chief.*

Why all this sudden flattery about Jack?

Well, tomorrow he starts his thirty-fifth year as a member of the City Police Department, and we feel it only proper that when a man merits praise he should get it.

Despite his ready smile, and quick handclasp, he can be tough, and it has been mainly through his efforts that Stamford numbers its policemen among the best in the State.

The chief was appointed patrolman on March 11, 1914. On June 10, 1919, he was named captain by the late Mayor John Treat, and on March 8, 1926, John F. Keating, then mayor, made him head of the entire police department. Many happy returns, Jack. You're one of the best!

—Len Massell  
Stamford Advocate

**Boston Irish Want  
Blarney Stone Loan**

Boston — Boston's Irish may be kissing the famed Blarney Stone—or a piece of it—come St. Patrick's Day next Thursday.

Irish Consul Joseph F. Shields said he has cabled and telephoned owners of the castle in Cork, Eire, where the stone is located, for permission to fly it here for South Boston's Evacuation Day parade.

If they can't get the entire stone, which weighs about a half-ton, then a "sizable" piece will suffice, said Parade Marshal Joseph P. Reardon.

**Bowles Appoints  
Special Board For  
Employee Studies**

Governor Bowles Thursday announced the appointment of a special three-member temporary committee to study the relation between the state government and its employees.

Named to the committee are Rev. Robert McGrath of Hartford, head of the Diocesan Labor Institute and a member of the city's personnel board; Mrs. Lillian Poses of Stamford, former regional attorney for the War Manpower Commission and for the Federal Security Agency; and Professor Myron Clark, industrial engineer now conducting a labor-management center at the University of Connecticut.

The Governor's statement said the committee will study the state's wage structure; wage inequities; incorporation of cost-of-living adjustments and bonus into basic salary schedules; employee classification; retirement system; hours of work and working conditions; right of employees to engage in collective bargaining; machinery for handling grievances; coverage of state employees under the unemployment compensation law, and other problems.

"The state must become an up-to-date employer," the Governor said. "Certainly good employee relations are every bit as important in government as they are in modern industry."

The committee has been asked to bring in its report in time for action during the present General Assembly.

(Hartford Courant)

**WILL AID STATE JOB STUDY**

Raymond F. Male, New Jersey personnel director, is on leave of absence from his post there and is working with Governor Bowles on a reclassification study of state jobs.

**Award For Richard Kenney.**

Bridgeport, March 10.—

—From the hands of State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey yesterday, Richard Kenney, 9, of Salisbury received a silver medal and a certificate for his act in steering a school bus filled with children into a snow-bank after the driver fainted at the wheel recently in Salisbury. The award came from the Bridgeport Safety Council which commended Richard's quick thinking in the emergency.



**CEAD MILE FAILTE,  
MO CHAIRDE!**

The Irish Rabbi, Theodore Lewis, born and bred in Dublin and now visiting the United States, has written the following pre-St. Patrick's Day message to The Herald's readers. Here is Rabbi Lewis' greeting in Gaelic:

Go ndaoine na nGaedheal  
de Connecticut, beirim failte  
teo no Eirinn. Mar an Eabhrach,  
Eireannach, deirim taim uallach  
no comhoibhrighim m'ordha  
agus cairdeas le an riaghalta  
agus daoine na Eireann.

Eirinn go bragh!

Translation:

**100,000 Welcomes, Friends!**

To the many Irish in Connecticut I bring warm greetings from Eire. As an Irish-born Jew may I say how proud I am of the magnificent co-operation and friendship accorded the Jews by the government and the people of Eire. IRELAND FOREVER!

(Sunday Herald)





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."