

# Vox-Cop

Vol. 6

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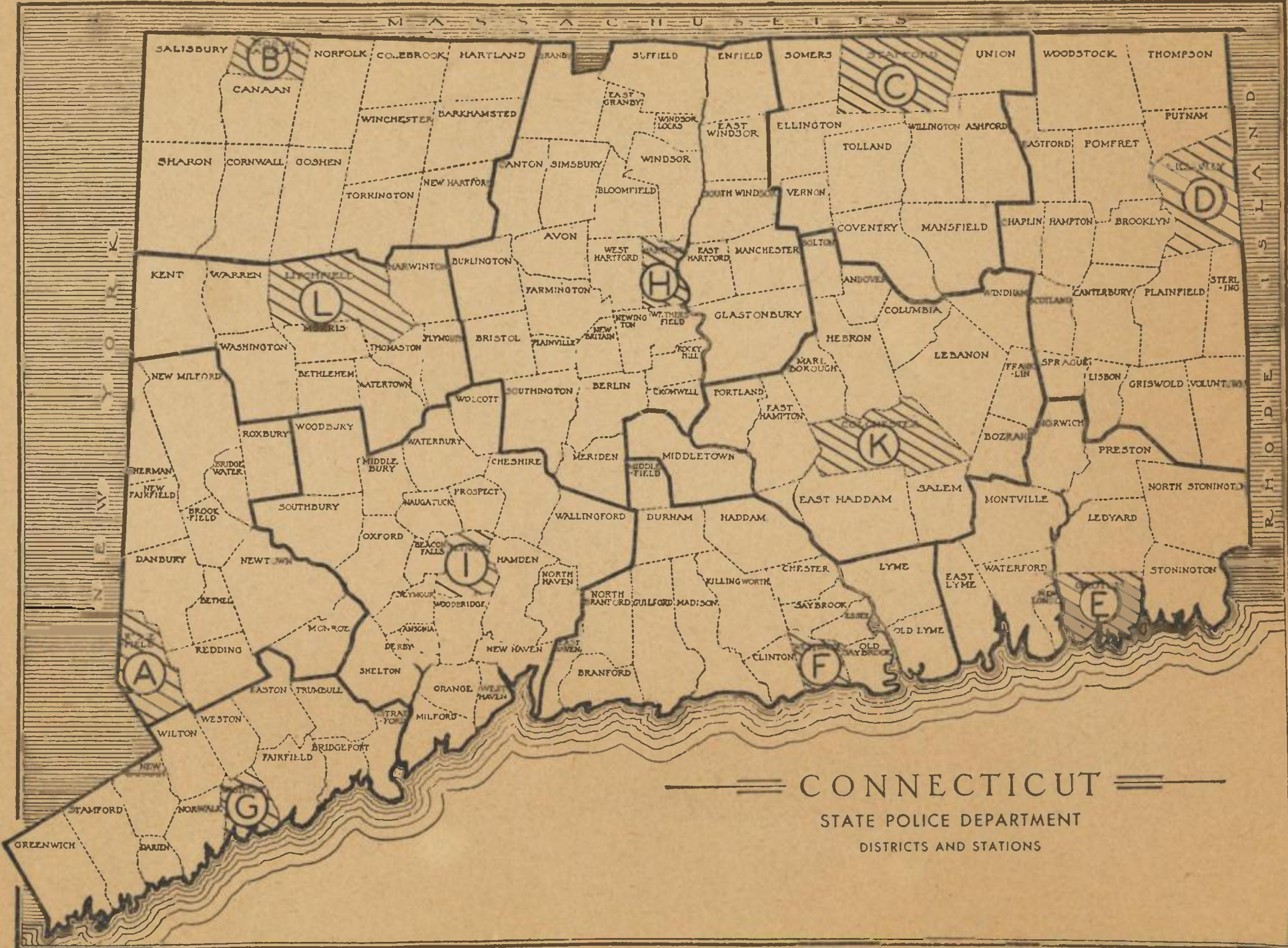
No. 8

## CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY  
Commissioner

APRIL 1949



CONNECTICUT

STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT

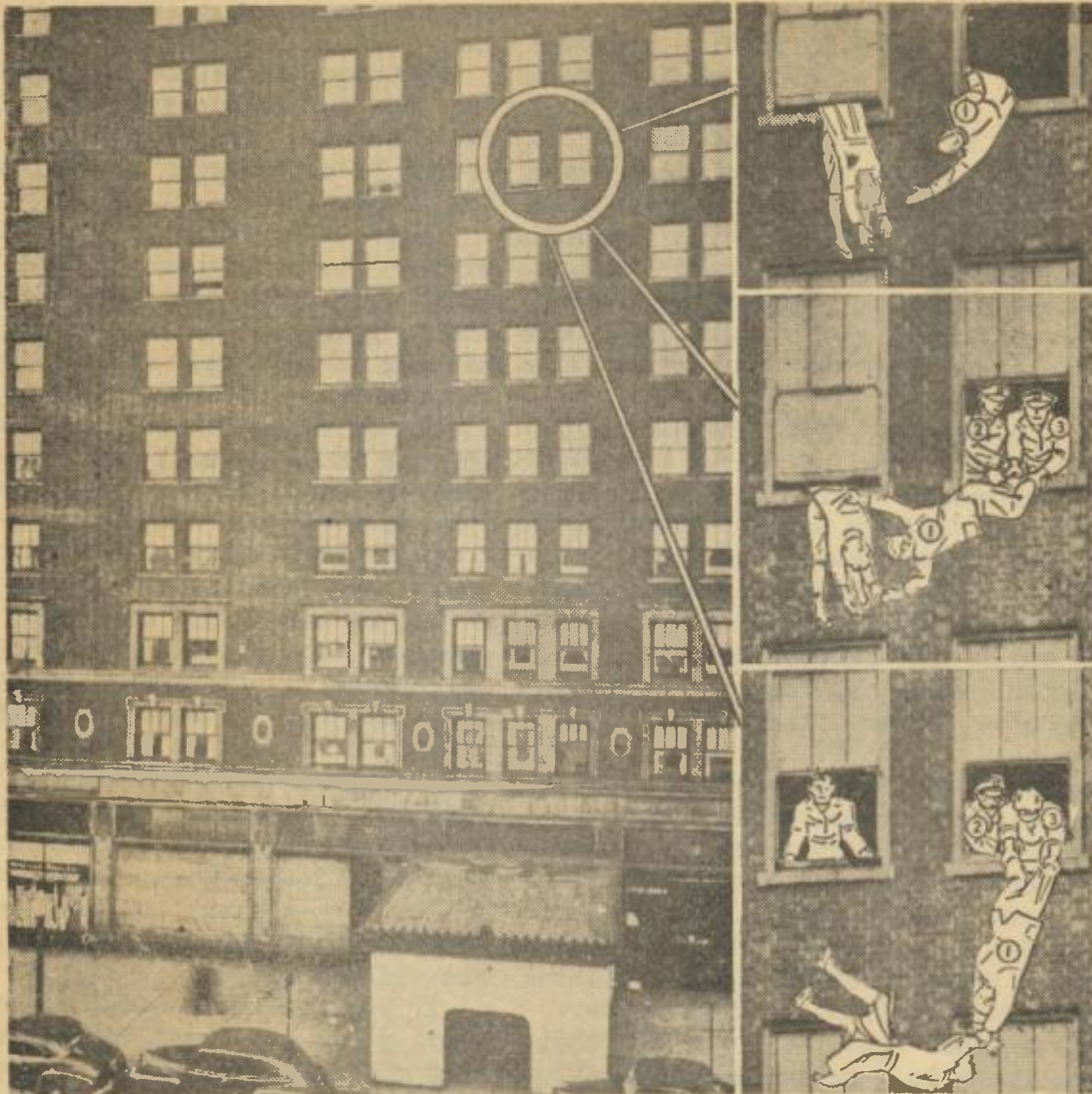
DISTRICTS AND STATIONS

# Yankee By The Clipper

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## POLICE TRIO RESCUES WOMAN DANGLING HIGH ABOVE STREET



Sketches show how Mrs. Lillian Paul, dangling by coat from 8th floor window of Wacker hotel, was rescued. Policeman Francis Sherrier (1), first tried to reach her from adjoining window. Then, as Policemen Henry Dahm (2) and Leonard Anderson (3), held his legs, Sherrier, grasped her wrists as a hotel employe raised the window. Then the two were hauled back to safety. ---Acme Photo

### Brave and Intelligent

There ought to be some special kind of medal for Patrolman Francis Patrick Sherrier of the Chicago Police Department.

There are various medals for courage, but he deserves one not only for courage but also for remarkably quick thinking, intelligence, and athletic prowess all combined in one spectacular deed.

A woman jumped from an eighth floor window of a hotel, but the window fell and caught her coat, leaving her suspended high in air. To raise the window

would have let her fall.

Sherrier, passing by, saw the predicament. He got two other policemen to suspend him by his legs from an adjoining window. They swung him like a pendulum until he could reach and grasp the woman. Then they pulled both back to safety.

We do not know what miseries drove the woman to the brink of self-destruction. Since then she may have reflected that a world including people like Patrolman Sherrier and the men who helped him---Patrolmen Henry Dahm and Leonard Anderson---has a great deal of good in it as well as bad. ---Chicago Daily News

KNOW YOUR STUFF

Most robbery victims can't identify their own belongings--and smart thieves know it.

Here are some useful ideas that may save you headaches.

By Helen Colton

Every year the U.S. public has some \$50,000,000 worth of goods stolen from its homes, persons and offices. Of this, only about \$11,000,000 worth is recovered by police. And less than half of that ever finds its way back to the rightful owners. The reason: few owners can identify their radios, refrigerators, furs, typewriters, guns, bicycles, rings, wrist watches and silverware well enough to satisfy the law.

In Los Angeles, for instance, 500 persons were robbed of radios in 1947. Only four owners were able to reclaim their sets, through proper identification. Two of them still had their bills of sale with their radio serial numbers. One man could identify his only because he had built its cabinet himself. And the fourth owner had special equipment to receive other than local wave lengths.

The other 496 radios were sold to the highest bidder at police auctions. Not that their owners didn't try to get them back. But pointing to one of six identical sets and saying, "That one is mine," isn't enough. Police demand positive identification that distinguishes your set from its duplicates.

What's the best way to do that? Through initials, police identification experts say. Initials scratched, painted, written with indelible ink, or sewn inside or underneath your property, in a spot where a thief can't see your marking and obliterate it.

If you have a fur coat, for instance, open the lining and sew initials in colored thread right into the seams between skins. While the lining's open, you might as well write your name in indelible ink.

Besides initialing your possessions, it is important also for you to keep a

record of the serial number of every item. If you don't know where to look for it, call up any retailer of the article and ask him. But even serial numbers can't guarantee you'll get your property back, for a professional thief may file them off. The surest way to reclaim stolen merchandise is to have it marked with initials, have in hand the serial number and a sketch of the article.

Sketches, no matter how kindergartenish, are invaluable in recovering jewelry. Nothing describes your ring or brooch to a policeman so well as a drawing of it.

Table silverware is just about the hardest item on which to hide a secret mark. If you can afford monograms, that's your best bet. And while you're marking things up, don't forget your furniture. Who's going to steal that? Plenty of nervy thieves don't mind pulling up in a moving van marked with a fake name and taking everything out in full view of your neighbors.

In Dallas, a newly married couple had just furnished their cottage, down to a welcome mat on the doorstep, when they suddenly got a pair of theater tickets in the mail. Enclosed was a teasing note saying: "Guess who these are from."

Delighted with the gift, the couple went to the show. When they arrived home, they found their dream house barer than a burlesque girl, except for another note saying: "Now you know." Thieves had removed everything--even the welcome mat.

If you come home some night and find your place has been ransacked, here's what's likely to happen. You call the police department. They send the cop on your beat over, and he fills out a form.

Along with the details as to the hour of the burglary, the type of dwelling, clues left by the thief, and where you were at the time, he will ask for the description, value, and serial number or other identification of the stolen items.

A list of your missing property goes out on the teletype to nearby cities. The police check the description of your

stuff against the reports that pawnbrokers and secondhand stores must file regularly.

If a pawnbroker reports he bought a "lynx fur jacket, 30 inches long" yesterday, a few days after you were robbed of just such an item, it might well be yours. The police will ask you to come to the pawnbroker's shop or the police property room to see whether the item really is yours. If it is and you can prove it to their satisfaction, you are once again the owner of a lynx jacket.

Recovery of merchandise rarely happens that fast, however. Your property is more apt to turn up months later when the police nab a suspect who has stolen merchandise hidden in his basement or garage, waiting for things to cool off so he can sell it.

When you visit the suspect's garage, you may be confused. You see a coat that looks like yours, but is now six inches shorter and has the furrier's label torn out. You have serious doubts about standing up in court and swearing under oath that the property is yours.

But unless you do that, the police have no evidence against the suspect and can't bring him to trial. If you can identify the stuff as yours, the police will hold it as court evidence to convict the burglar. You'll get it back in four or five months.

"By neglecting to make and keep records people actually encourage theft," says Sergeant John V. Anderson, of the Los Angeles police property room.

"The crooks rely on lack of proper identification to help keep them out of jail."

Other robbery victims aid thieves by not bothering to report thefts at all. Last year, at a police auction, a bike was put up for sale when, suddenly, a boy yelled out, "Hey, that's mine!"

"Can you prove it?" the auctioneer asked.

"Sure. I taped it up once, under the seat, when I broke it."

And so he had. The boy knew about the tape, but, not having the number, never told the police of his loss. He was lucky.

Maybe you think there's not much

chance of your being burgled? In the 10 minutes it may have taken you to read this article, eight persons have been robbed. Thefts occur in the U.S. at the rate of 49 an hour.

Of course, if you happen to live in Amsterdam, N.Y., Kingston, N.Y., or Rochester, Minn., you don't have to be quite as alarmed as you do if you live in Chicago, Los Angeles or Detroit. The first three communities had the fewest thefts during 1947, while the three big cities had the most.

No matter where you live though, it's a cinch your city could benefit from the Wichita, Kan., plan. There, when a new resident moves into town, a policeman visits him and has him fill out a form, identifying his possessions, listing serial numbers and other markings. Most theft victims in Wichita get their stuff back.

If your police department can't cooperate, your friends can. At least the friends of a New York artist did. She threw a party at which she asked her pals to draw sketches of her jewelry, silverware, radio, lamps and antiques.

She gave small prizes for the best sketches, but she herself got the top prize--a detailed, accurate identification of everything she owned.

(This Week)

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#### THE GUAM KILLERS

Ex-Wac Ruth Farnsworth, the prettiest girl on Guam, died before she could tell anything about the men who had beaten and raped her (Newsweek, Dec 27, 1948). But on an island 30 miles long the murderers couldn't hide in a crowd.

Recently the Navy, which administers the Pacific island, reported the arrest of three Negro soldiers. After extensive lie-detector tests, Pvt. Calvin Dennis and his brother, Pvt. Herman Dennis, broke down, also implicating Sgt. Robert W. Burns. More concrete evidence: a smock belonging to Miss Farnsworth, found in the car driven by one of the soldiers.

# BEWARE OF HITCH-HIKERS! . . .

Here's the startling inside story of the professional "thumbers" — their crimes are heading for an all-time high. Read this serious warning to all motorists . . .

by Donald E. Keyhoe

Crimes committed by hitch-hikers have become so common that you hardly ever pick up a paper without reading an item similar to this one:

Four Hitch-Hikers Beat, Rob Priest

"Pikesville, Md. (AP) --Four young hitch-hikers accepted a ride from a Catholic priest last night, then beat him, took his money and drove off in his car.

"Police said Father Joseph W. Hopkins had been struck on the head from behind. In the struggle that ensued, he was cut about the face and head and then thrown out of the car. His assailants, he said appeared to be about 16 years old."

Hitch-hiker crimes--murder, rape, assault and robbery--are steadily increasing. This coming spring and summer they will probably hit a new high. So serious has the hitch-hiker problem become that 23 states and the District of Columbia have enacted laws against soliciting rides, orally or by thumbing.

Unfortunately, it's a hard law to enforce. Most drivers have never heard of it. Others scorn its protection; many kind-hearted motorists gamble on their ability to recognize "safe" hitch-hikers.

Probably Carl Beach, a salesman from Corfu, N.Y., was one of these. He picked up an 18-year-old girl and her boy friend in Oklahoma. How could he know the youth was an ex-convict, that he and the girl were planning to make a quick haul and then run for it? Beach hadn't a hint--until he slowed up for a curve at a lonely stretch in the road.

That's when the hitch-hiker pulled out his gun.

The ex-con shot Beach six times. With his girl's help, he dumped the riddled body into a ravine. Then they drove off for a spending spree with the money from Beach's wallet. The police caught them later, but that didn't help Beach--or his family.

**THIS WEEK** is performing a public service by publishing Mr. Keyhoe's revealing article. All law-enforcement officers will join me, I am sure, in urging every driver to read and heed his warning. The "benefactor" of the hitch-hiker not only exposes himself to serious criminal trouble but also to traffic hazards on busy highways. I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Keyhoe's advice: Pass up all thumbers. — Franklin M. Kreml, Director, Traffic Division, International Association of Chiefs of Police.

Of course, there are plenty of "legitimate" hitch-hikers who are looking for no more than a lift. But if you think the criminal hitch-hiker is a rare exception, listen to the cynical admission of a professional "thumber" known to the American Automobile Association as Alan Sherwood. For years, Sherwood mooched rides, meals, lodging and money from motorists touched by his hard-luck stories. Paid to reveal some hitch-hiker tricks for the Benefit of

AAA members, he summed up bluntly:

"Most hitch-hikers are either crooks or bums, and the people who give them rides are suckers. Often enough, the 'thumbers' are out-and-out stick-up men. I've hitch-hiked all over the country and I know."

A few years ago, lots of poor-but-honest students, migrant workers and others hitch-hiked, but today things are different. The "amateur" hitch-hiker is practically a thing of the past.

If a complete stranger came to your house or apartment, boldly asking to come in and make himself at home, you'd probably shut the door in his face. Yet many people will welcome strangers into their cars, where the risk of attack and robbery is far greater.

#### He Can Get Away

The hitch-hiker has an almost perfect setup. He can wait to catch you off-guard at a lonely spot. Driving off in your car, he can be miles away by the time you reach the police. If he decides to kill you, he has a good chance of getting away with it. Vacationers and traveling men may not be missed for days, sometimes weeks. By then the trail is cold.

Hitch-hiker crimes are usually headlined; thus every driver must be aware of the danger. Why then does a man driving alone ask strangers to ride with him? Why does a woman risk attack?

Here are some typical answers:

"He looked so honest, and I wanted company on the road."

"Where I come from we always pick up people. It's just being neighborly."

"I'm pretty husky. I thought I could take care of myself--but he got the drop on me."

"He had on a uniform; I thought I ought to help him."

"He was such a clean-cut, nice-looking boy."

Most police officials agree with Alan Sherwood that anyone who picks up thumbers because of their youth is a fool. About two-thirds of the car thefts and over half the highway robberies last year were committed by juveniles. The ratio applies to most hitch-hiker crimes.

One official gave me this interesting point of view: "It's the soft-headed drivers who are to blame--not the hitch-hikers. They pick up some kid who's never had anything. They dangle a car, money, a suitcase full of clothes in front of him. It's a wonder more drivers aren't murdered."

In any case, most drivers are easily deceived by appearances. More than one tough thumber has masked a plan for murder with a boyish grin.

Donald Frohme, an 18-year-old Youngstown, Ohio, youth, was one of these grinning killers. The traveling man who gave him a lift was easily taken in. Later, wisecracking with the police, Frohme said the murder-robbery had been a cinch; he'd sold the driver completely with his "boy scout" act. The ill-fated driver in this case was helping to break the state law against hitch-hiking. So was Carl Beach, in the Oklahoma case.

#### Illegal In 23 States

You, too, are breaking the law (in some cases you are held equally guilty) if you pick up hitch-hikers in the District of Columbia or any of these states: Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Nineteen states--mostly in the South--permit it: six leave it up to counties and cities.

Probably all states will eventually ban hitch-hiking, but it will take wider public support to bring about general enforcement. Colorado has shown the way. Highway signs remind motorists that hitch-hiking is illegal. There, as in some other states, the driver as well as the thumb-jerker faces a penalty if convicted. But in most states the law, even if enforced, is not enough. Here's how it usually reads:

"No person shall stand in a roadway for the purpose of soliciting a ride from the driver of any vehicle." Obviously, any hiker can evade this by standing just back of the curb or by accosting drivers at parking lots and filling stations. What we need is a law

with no loopholes.

The professional thumber is quick to size you up. A shrewd crook will note your clothes, luggage, how expensive a car you're driving and the number of passengers. The petty thief will look for chances to lift a purse or some luggage, if you let him sleep in your car in lieu of providing a room.

#### A Good Lie

The plain bums will try to land easy-going drivers who'll buy them meals and lodging or give them a few dollars on hearing a tale of woe.

"Don't fall for hard-luck stories," Alan Sherwood warns. "I don't care how good a story we tell. It's usually a well-rehearsed lie."

Here are examples: Going home for a funeral; the thumber's wife is about to have a baby; someone is desperately ill, dying; the hiker, rushing home to get married, has only a three-day vacation. The most common tale concerns a new job: the thumber is broke, his family in need but he's been promised a job at a city along your route. If he gets there quickly, all will be saved.

Thousands of motorists fall for these stories every month.

During the war, it was considered a patriotic duty to give servicemen a lift. Most uniformed thumbers today are trustworthy; they're merely saving the fare, though the average one can well afford to pay. Recently, however, there has been an increase in hitch-hiker crimes by uniformed men. An what's more many of the uniformed hitch-hikers who have committed crimes on the road turned out to be men who had never seen any service.

In spite of this, some motorists still feel a compulsion at the sight of a uniform. Robert Stokes, a 37-year-old truck driver of Providence, R.I., was one of these--but he won't be any more. Stokes, driving his own car, with his year-and-a-half-old son beside him, stopped at a gasoline station near his home. A hitch-hiker in a sailor's uniform asked for a ride, explaining he was anxious to reach his home at Richmond.

"I thought he meant Richmond, Rhode Island," Stokes later told police. "And

since he was a sailor I thought it was safe."

But when Stokes stopped to turn toward his home, the hitch-hiker pulled out a club. Alone, Stokes could have resisted. But the child was in danger of being clubbed, perhaps killed. With this threat held over him constantly, Stokes drove all the way to Richmond, Va., where the hitch-hiker jumped out and escaped through a crowded bus station.

Besides actual hitch-hiker crimes by known servicemen, there are professional thumbers who use a uniform, or a convincing remnant of one, to get rides and free meals. Sherwood tells of one case:

"This fellow was on crutches (he didn't need them). He wore part of an Army uniform (he'd never been in the service). When no one was around, he'd carry his crutch under his arm. He told me he'd been on the road three years, following warm weather around, living off generous drivers."

#### 20 Per Cent Are Crooks

Most thumbers fall in the moocher class, but an estimated 20 per cent are crooks. Some are petty offenders, moving to keep ahead of the law. Some are hardened criminals who deliberately plan hitch-hiker robberies, with murder if necessary.

Some drivers will tell you they are prepared for any hitch-hiker who gets tough or pulls a gun. One motorist told me he'd simply jam on the brakes at high speed, throwing the crook against the windshield hard enough to knock him out. In a city, he'd deliberately hit another car to bring the nearest cop. A violent turn would throw the crook to one side then the driver could grab the man's gun or knife. One driver has a secret ignition cut-off he can work with his heel, and this also sets off the horn.

But a gun in the ribs can weaken the strongest determination. The crooked hitch-hiker has thought out all those angles. He's fully prepared for you. Even at 60 to 65 miles an hour, he can shoot, grab the wheel and take over.

Cars have been wrecked during such struggles. In one case where a driver



fought back, the hitch-hikers forced him to turn off into a woods. After robbing him, they tied him to a tree and used him as a target for pistol practice. Your chances of coming out unscathed, once a crook jumps you, are less than one in a thousand.

Many hikers, of course, haven't the nerve for violence. One small-time crook recently rode three days with a Midwest motorist. During the long trip the driver bought him meals and let him sleep in the car. Not until he reached home, after letting the hitch-hiker out, did he discover that his wallet was missing.

Some drivers who wouldn't pick up a man will fall for a plea by a woman, especially if she's young and pretty. Smart truck drivers who cross state lines call them "jail bait." Regardless of your kind intentions, if you carry a woman across a state line, you're exposing yourself to arrest for violation of the Mann Act. The woman has only to complain to police that you made advances after crossing the line--and you're stuck with a Federal charge.

#### "Pay Up Or Else"

On some highways, this has become a racket. A woman, usually young and attractive, hitches a ride, letting the unsuspecting driver take her across a state line. Then, when they near a policeman or a state trooper station, she threatens to "expose" him if he doesn't pay off.

With an ugly scandal the alternative, the man usually parts with every cent he has. He may even be forced to accompany the girl to a crooked tourist camp, or some other spot, where an accomplice will try to lay the foundation for future blackmail.

Even if your "guest" has no criminal intentions, you still lay yourself open to several unpleasant things. In 21 states and the District of Columbia, you are liable for any injury to a hitch-hiker from even minor negligence.

The 21 states are: Arizona, Connecticut, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina,

Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, West Virginia and Wisconsin. In other states, a "guest" law relieves drivers of such responsibility for ordinary neglect.

#### Nearly Lost His Truck

Many professional thumbers are wise to this angle, and they know the 21 states. You might not be so lucky as the driver whose accident restored speech and hearing to a deaf-mute. In some cases where thumbers have been hurt motorists without insurance have been badly stuck.

One truck driver will never give anyone a lift again. "I picked up a guy one day," he said. "He tossed his clothes bundle in back. An hour later, state troopers came tearing up a hill after me, sirens wide open. When I stopped, smoke was pouring out the back and it was starting to blaze. The fire started in that hitch-hiker's bundle. I still don't know what he had in it, but I nearly lost my truck."

The average thumber has plenty of gall, often more than enough to intimidate a meek driver. I know of one case where an elderly motorist stopped to read a road sign and a hitch-hiker jumped into the rear seat. The old man told him he hadn't stopped to pick him up, but the hiker was so surly that he let him stay. He carried the fellow 28 miles, then stopped in a city near a traffic cop and told him to get out.

Some hikers simply become pests as the hours drag by. They mooch meals and whine about their hard luck until you feel guilty of owning a car and having a job. When you open the door of your car to a stranger, you never know what you're getting--a bore, a sponger, the nervy kind that will ask you to drive miles out of your way--or a crook. Of course, many of the professional thumbers can be pleasant--it's part of their act. Sometimes you run across really worthwhile people--though not very often.

But the point is: you never know.

On the other side of the picture, it's true some hitch-hikers have been victims. Both civilians and servicemen have been beaten and robbed by motorists

who picked them up. Some women hitch-hikers have been brutally attacked.

But in most cases it's the driver who takes the big risk. The average thumber doesn't carry much money. But the motorist has valuable property--his car--ready for easy taking. Usually, he has some money, often valuable luggage.

One prominent motor-club official summed it up even more bluntly than Sherwood:

"Any one who picks up a stranger is a damned fool. If he risks the safety of a woman with him, he's guilty of criminal negligence. And the driver who picks up several hikers, letting possible thieves or killers get behind him, simply has rocks in his head."

#### Tender-Hearted Drivers

The campaign to arcuse the motoring public is gradually getting results. You occasionally read of arrests for thumbing in Colorado and a few other states. At some filling stations, managers won't let hitch-hikers solicit rides. More and more drivers are pass-

ing up the thumbers.

But there are still too many tender-hearted motorists who find it hard to resist an innocent-looking young face.

If you're one of these drivers, it might help to clip out that news item about the priest and paste it on your instrument board. Or perhaps this final warning from the professional, Sherwood, will carry more weight:

"There may be youngsters thumbing rides who are perfectly harmless, but they're mostly bums. You can't tell the good from the bad. Maybe you think you're big, you can handle yourself. But you'll think differently when you look into a gun barrel.

"So take it from me: save the space in your car for your friends, and let the hitch-hikers wave until their thumbs fall off.

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#### POLICE ARREST 'GOOD SAMARITAN'

Detroit---Thomas Jenkins, 30, found out that it doesn't always pay to help out your neighbor.

He stooped over to give first aid to a stranger who had hurt himself in a fall.

Two policemen saw Jenkins and thought he was robbing the fallen man. They searched Jenkins and found some gambling house slips. The would-be-Good Samaritan was taken to court and ordered to pay a \$100 fine or serve 90 days. He had not paid the money up to today.

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#### NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES

In Grapevine, Texas an escaped convict, arrested nearby, told officers he locked a stolen truck when he abandoned it because he "didn't want anybody to swipe it."

#### A TOUCH OF HONESTY

Not Long Ago, we learned by the grapevine that an employee was stealing hospital linens to equip a rooming house. The reported thefts gained such proportions that eventually, flanked by two husky policemen, we called to pay our respects to the landlady.

Our visit was not in vain. The police soon were snatching towels from the towel racks and yanking sheets and pillow-cases--all marked "Jewish Hospital"--from all the beds in the house.

Finally, our visiting party entered the last attic room. The woman, who meanwhile had been protesting her innocence and disclaiming any knowledge of theft, fairly shrieked to the officers, "Don't you dare touch them sheets in that room; they belong to St. Luke's" --Florence E. King, administrator, the Jewish Hospital of St. Louis.

(From Hospitals, December 1948)

# Amateur Bank Robbers Seldom Do Well

By H. J. Beppler

*American Bankers Association*

An interesting study in the psychology of criminals as it is influenced by the very existence of banks, is furnished by a few men who were old enough to have heard many times that crime does not pay. But apparently they felt convinced they could do a better job.

A twenty-four year old merchant seaman entered a bank, stood in line at a teller's window, and, in turn, presented a note reading, "Give me all the money or I'll start shooting." The teller placed within reach uncounted currency, later determined to amount to \$1,451, and the lone bandit scooped up the loot and escaped.

Elated, the bandit confided in a friend how he had raised a goatee, changed to a bright red shirt for effect, and, without a gun, held up a bank. He presented his friend with \$320 of the \$1,451.

After shaving off the goatee, discarding the red shirt, and dressing in some new clothes, the two celebrated this brilliant victory with some drinks and bravely returned to view the scene of the crime. Near the bank they were spotted by two police inspectors and an FBI agent and taken into custody. Of the loot, all but \$52 was recovered.

"Dillinger couldn't have done any better. I'm proud of this job." After giving himself that pat on the back, the bandit pondered over his hopeless predicament which he couldn't quite relish and continued: "Next time it will be different. I'll play it smarter . . . I thought the neighborhood of the bank would be the last place they'd look for me. Another thing, I'll be sober next time."

At another bank a bandit got \$3,398. He entered shortly before closing time and finding some depositors still in the bank, stalled for time by talking with the bank manager about a G. I. loan. The moment all depositors had left, he stood up, pulled his gun, and announced: "I've just been kidding you. This is a stick-up."

The bank manager was amazed and stupefied. Impatient, the bandit belatedly: "I'm not kidding and I'll kill you if you don't go over to the tellers' stands and hand over the money." Still striving to resist, the bank manager calmly took from two tellers' cages all the one dollar bills and put them in a pillow slip the bandit brought along for the purpose. Annoyed by the manager's slow motion,

the bandit snatched the pillow slip, scooped up all the money in another teller's cage, herded the entire staff into the vault and left.

As soon as the bandit was outside, the bank manager ran to the door and saw a green sedan backing out of the customers' parking space immediately in front of the bank. The green sedan sped away, but an attendant at a nearby service station took up the chase and reported the license number of the car to the police. This number and the description of the car furnished by the bank manager enabled the police to overtake it and capture the bandit within thirty minutes.

At the police station the bandit gave his age at 44 and his occupation as bartender, and to sound a good note in his own behalf, he said:

"You won't believe me, but I'm really a very honest guy. I always pay my bills and I didn't want anybody to get stuck on my checks so I pulled this job. But I see that I was a sucker to think that I could get away with it, and I'm glad I didn't. I don't care what happens to me . . . what I care about is the people I hurt, my family, and the people I stuck with the checks."

He admitted having given "N.S.F." checks totaling about \$1,100 in payment of gambling losses, hoping to make them good by ill-gotten gains from robbery.

A third bank was robbed by a man who confessed his belief that it was an easy way to get money. He took two weeks to decide upon the right time, Friday afternoon just before closing, because, he said, "There were not so many customers then, and all the employees were busy getting things ready to close up."

He was armed with a Luger pistol purchased from a sailor for \$5, and after arranging for a taxicab to be there for the getaway, he entered the bank. Unexpectedly three depositors entered at the same time so he busied himself until they departed. Then, in a commanding voice he ordered a teller: "Push the money over here. If you want to live, push it over."

When the teller saw the Luger in a shooting position, he grudgingly pushed over a handful of ones and another of

twos, followed by some fives, tens and twenties. In all, the amount totaled \$1,147, according to a later count.

Entering the cab, the bandit threw some bills on the driver's seat and told him to drive fast. The bewildered cab driver turned and saw a gun pointed at him.

The story ends with the cab finishing a wild ride under a stop light and the cab driver running out to the traffic policeman stationed at the intersection. There followed a dramatic arrest of a scared bandit by a policeman who could talk rougher and tougher in promising to perform a fatal anatomical operation with gunfire.

At police headquarters, the bandit told of having been disgusted with everything, that he was 49 and that all he could get were odd jobs, and that after he had studied the bank carefully, it looked like an easy way to get money. He forgot to say, of course, that once before he had committed robbery and that upon being convicted he was sentenced to six years in the state prison.

According to these men, the solution of their money problems was to get money, and they took the advice—"to get money, go where money is." Their methods and success illustrate that bank protection does not necessarily end with the installation of protective equipment.

A defense against similar attacks depends upon many factors, including the layout of a bank, personnel and their respective positions, and location within a city and proximity to the nearest policeman or head police headquarters. Within each bank a system should be worked out to cope with attacks by lone bandits, with or without notes, who operate quietly, if not silently. Signals may be arranged and if a teller's counter affords some protection, dropping out of sight to give an alarm, mechanically or orally, can be of help.

## Illinois Policeman and Police Journal

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Here lies the remains of Smithy,  
A bullet turned him to clay;  
He was leading the life of Riley  
While Riley was away.

MAKING MINIATURES TAKE THE PLACE  
OF PILLS FOR EX-STATE COP RETIRED  
BECAUSE OF ILLNESS

By Jules Sebestyen

Most people when ill take a pill or a doctor-prescribed medicine to put themselves back on the road to recovery.

But, with Earl R. Morin, of Fairfield, former Conn. State Police department theater inspector, highly skilled work on a lathe, turning out miniature objects in brass is his antidote for a nervous condition which, resulted in his retirement with total disability from the State Police force less than three years ago.

A Basement Retreat

Tiny telephone sets, picks and shovels, a hydraulic jack which actually works and a movable vacuum cleaner complete with cloth bag, are among the many items that Mr. Morin says he has turned out in countless hours in the basement of his home at 65 Robson place to relieve his nervous condition.

As a result of his occupation, Mr. Morin has developed from one set of trains a model railroad, completely controlled by electrical switches, which now covers an area of nine by six feet. It embraces hand-made railroad station, a boat dock, business building, a factory, service station, control tower, park and beach sites.

His miniature objects are fitted in to create a realistic picture of a little community built around a railway terminal.

To Exact Specifications

His railroad station, made of plywood with emery cloth roof, houses ticket booths and refreshment stands with miniature telephones, which when placed under a magnifying glass, bears, like all his other objects, the exact specifications of the real thing.

In his refreshment stand his miniature hand-made stove holds pots and pans, coffee urns and imitation pieces of steak, cakes and pies painted to resemble the original.

Throughout his model railroad setup, which would delight the heart of any youngster, Mr. Morin has sprinkled the efforts of his skilled technique. There are the hand-made pumps for the service station, street lights, park and picnic benches and a complete replica of a business office.

The blacksmith shop, railroad gang at work in a road bed with pick and shovel, loading platforms with cranes, loaded luggage trucks, in addition to a pot bellied stove in the tower, mailboxes and many other objects one would find in such a setup, dot the layout.

Started Railroad in 1940

Mr. Morin started his model railroad back in 1940 after his physician told him some such work was the best remedy for his ailment.

"I find that the doctor was right 100 per cent," he asserted. "When I used to feel ill I would move into my workshop, next to my basement room which is modeled after a small theater, complete with projection booth and screen and of late a television set.

"I spent hours at a time working on the miniatures, despite poor eyes." All that work had to be done with a magnifying glass focused on the job.

Many of his objects are so small that they cannot be handled properly without the use of tweezers.

Mr. Morin said he doesn't have the slightest inclination to turn out any of the miniatures when he feels well.

The former theater inspector regards a miniature reproduction of a theater projection booth equipped with safety factors of his own design as his outstanding piece of work in miniatures.

Enlarged photos of the miniature booth show every piece of equipment found in a regular projection booth made to exact specifications.

Inspector 21 Years

Mr. Morin retired from the State Police in October, 1946, after having served 21 years as theater inspector in the western end of the state.

During his service he was given credit for making many improvements in the safe operation of projection booths.

He addressed many organizations on his work and was a member of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers.

Prior to entering State Police service, he had been an electrician, part time projectionist in various theaters, chauffeur for Frank J. Staples, had staged his own motion picture shows, and had been in the business of selling hand soap with Jesse Woodhull.

--Bridgeport Post

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### CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE

When the month of February gave the State of Connecticut a parting fling in the shape of the heaviest snowfall in more than a decade, the postmaster of Meriden thought conditions were so severe that he suspended delivery of all mails on the following day. It is interesting to contrast this reaction with that of the State Police Department.

When Monday's snowstorm began to reach severe proportions, Commissioner Hickey called into action all members of the State Police Department not actually engaged in desk work. This meant that some of the men who had been patrolling the highways all day continued to patrol them at night, untangling traffic snarls, giving aid to standard motorists and keeping vehicles moving. They worked all through the night and until snowfall had ceased the following day. Some of the men were on duty as long as 24 hours without rest.

For this, members of the State Police Department received no extra compensation. It was accepted in the line of duty, for such is the loyalty, the tradition and the esprit de corps of Connecticut's State Police.

The citizens of Connecticut ought to have a greater appreciation of their State Police. The instance which we have just cited is not an unusual one. Any emergency will call the police into action and they do not count hours or put in bills for overtime. Canada's Mounties may be more celebrated in song and story, but when it comes to discipline, alertness and loyalty, we

think our own State Police can match them point for point.

For the fine spirit which pervades the department, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey is responsible in no small degree. The men would be the first to say so to any inquiring reporter. He watches over the welfare of "his boys" like a father, and they in turn know that their leader is a real policeman, familiar with every problem of the calling.

In return for this fine service, the State of Connecticut keeps the pay of its State Policemen down to one of the lowest levels in the nation. In the face of this, many of the officers have refused opportunities for more lucrative employment in private business. The reason is their loyalty to the force.

Isn't it about time Connecticut recognized this and paid them better?

---The Bridgeport Sunday Post

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### OUR STATE POLICE

Just why Governor Chester Bowles, who wants Connecticut to spend its taxpayer's money on many strange schemes, should pare the budget for the State Police is beyond the ken of the average resident of this state.

Our State Police are rated as among the best in the nation. They are overworked and underpaid, according to Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, alert and efficient head of the State Police department.

Mr. Hickey says his men work 60 hours a week. City police, he asserts, in most cities and towns in the state, work 48 hours, except in case of emergency.

Governor Bowles, ultra-generous in most of his plans to spend public monies, has recommended that the State Police department's payroll requests be cut by \$66,610. He also advises that \$80,300 be slashed from funds for equipment for the State Police, and that \$36,470 be subtracted from the department's request for funds for food, gasoline, oil and motor vehicles.

"We cannot operate efficiently on the recommended budget," Commissioner Hickey declares. "We cannot do all that is imposed on us unless we have the things we think the men are entitled to."

We do not profess to know exactly what the State Police department needs, and we have no inside information on whether Governor Bowles is correct in believing the budget should be cut. However, we believe Mr. Hickey knows far more about it than our new governor possibly can know. And it seems passing strange that Mr. Bowles quibbles and hesitates at allowing the State Police the money said to be needed, while he is so overly generous as to other, and most dubious, projects.

Certainly if Commissioner Hickey says our State Police are underpaid and overworked, the matter should be investigated most thoroughly before the Legislature sides with Mr. Bowles rather than with Mr. Hickey.

Connecticut's State Police are important to our welfare and safety. They should be amply paid and not overworked, both for the good of themselves, the department, and the safety and welfare of the residents of this state.

The people of Connecticut believe in and trust Commissioner Hickey. They believe in and trust their police.

---The Danbury News-Times

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#### STATE POLICE

Out in Wisconsin, civic leaders are campaigning for development of its so-called highway patrol into what one newspaper there calls a "real state police force." The Milwaukee Journal reports that objections being voiced to the move are similar to those heard in Michigan when the latter state set up a state police force: Some labor leaders protested; some sheriffs feared for their prestige; some local traffic officers declaimed against state intrusion.

Today in Michigan, 50 communities are clamoring for establishment of state police posts within their borders. This means, says The Journal, "that the peo-

ple are so convinced of the worth of real state policing that they are overwhelming headquarters with requests for extension of the service."

By contrast with these Midwest states which seem ill-prepared to cope with a number of policing problems, Connecticut this year will witness the 46th birthday of its State Police Department. With 11 barracks strategically located about the state, and an authorized strength of 300 trained men, our state police force is ready to dispatch well-trained, adequately-equipped men to any corner of the state by day or night. Our smallest community is afforded good protection. The foresight of our legislators in 1903 is paying off now by way of low crime and accident rates. The Midwest is still catching up on its preventive and enforcement systems of police work.---Waterbury American

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#### THEY LIVE WITH DANGER

There are probably more hazardous ways of making a living than being a policeman, whether on the local or the state level, but that form of livelihood probably has more unpredictable situations than most others. It is to the credit of the men who choose this line of endeavor that they are alert and ready to act swiftly in most cases.

There was such an incident recently in Old Saybrook, when a state policeman, during the routine questioning of a man he deemed to be suspicious, suddenly became aware that the man was armed and might be reaching for a gun. With reflexes working quickly, Officer Henry Cludinski pinned his man down before he had a chance to carry out any murderous design, which he later admitted he contemplated. The man, who confessed to having stolen a taxicab in New York state, carried 215 rounds of ammunition.

Officer Cludinski's good work is but another instance of the fine work done by the state's police organization which, although young compared to other state departments, has made tremendous progress in a comparatively

few years under intelligent direction of intelligent, courageous material. The protection of Connecticut citizenry is in capable hands.---Middletown Press

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MINOR CRIME WAVE

State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey called attention recently to the rising tide of crime in the state--especially the armed hold-ups reported from the more thickly settled portions of the state. The suburban parts of the state may face the same problem, the commissioner believes, before the situation is under control. He feels sure that at least some of the offenders are parole violators, especially those coming in from other states, and he calls attention to a measure before the legislature which would require parolees to report to the chief of police of the town in which they take up residence, as soon as they arrive, providing the town has a police department. If there is no police department in town, the parolee would be required to report to the nearest state police barracks.

To some who place a great deal more reliance on the efficacy of parole than past experience would seem to warrant, this kind of check-up upon parolees may seem undesirable. The fact, unfortunately, is that a good many men and women released on parole are not able, or even desirous, of fitting themselves into society as law abiding citizens. If parolees are required to report to the police, on entering this state to live, they would be usually no worse off than in their own states, where parole customarily means reporting from time to time to the authorities. It is, in short, part of the arrangement on which they are released. So far as the police in Connecticut are concerned, it at least would give them some idea of what they might be up against.

Generally speaking the state police of Connecticut have allowed few major crimes, coming within their orbit, to go unsolved. They have an exceptional record of solution of crimes--and of convictions when they make arrests--which

leads the average citizen to believe that, insofar as they are called upon to help solve the recent crimes, the record in due time may show relatively few criminals getting away with it. But it is, of course, true that a wave of serious crimes would greatly tax the present law enforcement facilities and slow down the work of investigation in each case. The department can be so rushed with business that it cannot devote its painstaking attention to every case. To that end the commissioner's suggestion for public assistance comes to the fore. He urges that persons noting suspicious actions on the part of anyone will assist greatly if they will report the situation promptly to the police. The element of time is important, he says, in the detection of crime; a tip that men in a car, for instance are acting peculiarly may put the state police on the track soon enough to capture the men almost redhanded in some crime.

---The New London Evening Day

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LOOKS LIKE SINCERE  
LEAP TO WATER WAGON

Madison, S.D.---Floyd Olson, a painter, has let all the bartenders in Madison know that he means it this time.

After having been arrested for drunken driving, Olson walked into the editorial offices of the Madison Daily Leader and soberly asked the editors to print a personal statement.

They obliged with a front-page display of the following:

"In regard to my recent arrest for driving while intoxicated. I have no harsh feeling towards our city cops or anyone else. In fact, I know that it has done me good; it is for my good and the sake of my family and for public safety that I am doing this.

"I personally black-ball myself for all future sales of liquor to me in this city of Madison. I personally want all saloon keepers, bar owners and all their employees to make a note of this article.

"NO MORE DRINKS FOR OLSON"  
"Signed: Floyd Olson."

"D----IF YOU DO  
AND D----IF YOU DON'T".

Evidently the Yale basketball squad has AAL priority over everything else traveling the highways for a playing engagement or someone in higher circles needed a flock of tickets for the Yale-U Conn game Wednesday night. About 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon a big bus carrying the Yale squad enroute to Storrs literally raced through town in the wake of a State Police cruiser. The State Police cruiser's siren kept blaring as it opened traffic so that the sons of Old Eli could speed the highways undisturbed by such insignificant things as ordinary traffic congestion.

The siren on the State Police automobile sounded as though it were bellowing, "Get out of the way. The Yales must go through." Everyone who chanced to see and hear this spectacle of "high brass on the highways" thought naturally that an ambulance was speeding to an accident or to a hospital--and just as naturally, drivers kept to one side to give right of way. We wonder what the State Police officer would have done if someone had refused to give way to the onrushing conquering hoopsters from New Haven. What would the charge have been? In dashing through town the State Police car driver was breaking about every traffic law imaginable. He should have been arrested for speeding, reckless driving, and, possibly, obtaining a right of way under false pretenses, if such a law there be.

It just chanced that shortly before this episode a local ambulance had gone along East Center street on an accident call. There could have been serious developments from such confusion.

We learned later that the Yales were rushing to Storrs so that they could get some rest and relaxation before their strenuous combat with the U Conn Huskies. If they had been traveling at a more leisurely pace they should have been able to get the required pregame siesta en route.

These unnecessary State Police escorts are getting to be somewhat of a joke. They are so commonplace they are

getting quite boresome.

---Manchester Herald

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#### ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

Many, many years ago there lived in this state a man who held the high position of Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police. This particular executive used every available opportunity to address public gatherings with the same theme, "members of the State Police are your friends" but through his orders he made those same officers perform acts that were distasteful to them (mass arrests for petty offenses--traps for speeders--etc. etc.) and which certainly did not tend to create an atmosphere of respect and cooperation on the part of the general public.

Since Commissioner Edward J. Hickey took office, things have changed considerably. He does not go around telling the people that the police are their best friends, but he does instruct his officers in manner and behavior toward the public which cannot help but bring forth the respect and the cooperation of the people. When individuals who are arrested compliment the officer in a court room for the courteous manner in which he performed his unpleasant duty, we are well on the road toward the ideal that men and women--at least those who are not criminals at heart--look upon the police as their friends. Such a friendship will lead to wholehearted cooperation between the public and the police--so essential in this day of subversive activities.

Officers who feel that they have the respect and friendship of the general public face any assignment in a better frame of mind and they will go all out to protect their "friends". This is probably the reason why the same group of officers who are "cited" constantly by the public for "courtesy" are the ones consistently "cited" for "bravery" within the ranks--and in the final analysis we might say, "That's why Connecticut is such a good place to live!"

Is it such a wonder then, when two newspapermen get together and agree that



there is such a thing as a "good cop"?-- something which Commissioner Hickey called a "rare occasion" during the 4th annual banquet of Station D.

It may be a "rare occasion" elsewhere and it may have been a "rare occasion" in the past, but it is not a "rare occasion" in Connecticut of late, where the old time "copper" has been replaced by "gentlemen at work and at play."

---Windham County Transcript

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#### COMMISSIONER'S APPEAL

State Police Commissioner Hickey has appealed to public spirited citizens to render such assistance as they can in combatting crime and bringing criminals to book. The Commissioner has expressed concern over the growing number of offenses accompanied by violence, some of which have been committed by parole violators from other states.

A bill before the General Assembly would require parolees to report to the chief of police as soon as they take up residence in a town where there is an organized police force. In communities lacking such an enforcement agency, they would report to the nearest State Police barracks. Such a law might be a considerable help. But where does the private citizen come into the picture? Without knowing the ropes of enforcement and with no official position, how can he be of real service to enforcement?

Commissioner Hickey believes that citizens can aid by reporting without delay any suspicious situation. It is hard, of course, for the average person to decide when circumstances are suspicious enough to warrant telling the police about them. To send police off on a wild goose chase is certainly the last thing that any citizen would want to do. Repercussions, in that event, might be embarrassing. Yet there are times when it is better to take such a chance than to keep mum. The citizen must--to put it in common language--"use his head."

Two holdups by armed men occurred over the week end in Meriden, fitting into the pattern of similar crimes a-

round the state. Prompt and efficient police work according to report, has already solved these robberies. But, with such lawlessness on the increase, as the Commissioner has pointed out, the possibility of similar occurrences in the future should not be discounted. Some of the "police characters" now at large around the state might decide, at any time, to camp in this vicinity. With no intent to alarm, it seems in order to mention that a lonely road at night is a dangerous place to park.

---Meriden Journal

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#### CRIME DETERRENT

The New Haven area during recent months has been subjected to a large scale outbreak of holdups, robberies and crimes of violence. Naturally these are alarming to the citizens of this or any other community. They cause particular concern in a City such as this which long has enjoyed an enviable reputation for the maintenance of law and order. This concern, however, is reduced in marked degree by the effectiveness with which the police of this municipality and the co-operating departments in the Greater New Haven area have dealt with the situation.

For a considerable period small shopkeepers and businessmen in one large area of the City were kept on an uneasy seat by the holdup visits of an individual designated as the "paper bag bandit." Constant vigilance, alert police work and a devotion to the work at hand beyond the mere call of duty brought arrests in this case.

In another holdup early Friday morning a trio of suspects were brought to book within 16 minutes after the report of the crime had been received. This is good police work and the citizens should be swift to give recognition to this fact. Police work such as this provides us with a very effective crime deterrent. It offers valued insurance against any wholesale crime outbreak in this area.

---New Haven Register

# APPRECIATION LETTERS

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## STATE OF CONNECTICUT



WILLIAM J. COX  
COMMISSIONER

STATE HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT

FILE NO.

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

PLEASE REPLY TO

Danielson, Conn.

March 24, 1949.

Dear Sir:

While returning from an inspection trip this afternoon, I came upon one of the survey parties assigned to my unit working in a particularly hazardous location on U.S. Route 6 in the Town of Hampton. This road as you know, is heavily travelled and the work being done by the party required them to cross the travel path practically continuously. One of your officers assigned to Station D at Danielson was assisting the party by handling traffic. When I asked the man in charge if he had requested the officer, he informed me that the officer had come upon them during his patrol activities, found his services necessary and had stayed to assist them.

During the three and one-half years I have been in charge of the Danielson Residency of the State Highway Department. I have been impressed by the readiness of Lt. Albert E. Rivers of Station D to assist us in any way possible and by the cheerful manner in which this assistance has been rendered.

He has loaned us the boat assigned to his station, on many occasions when it has been necessary for our men to work in deep water, delivering it to the site of our operations and picking it up when we had finished with it. He has furnished officers to handle traffic at hazardous locations when we have requested them, in addition to the many times the officers have stopped of their own accord as did the one today.

The splendid cooperation of Lt. Rivers and his men has been greatly appreciated by the men of this unit and myself. Please extend our thanks to your men and accept our congratulations on the efficiency of your splendid organization.

Yours very truly,

G. Albert Hill  
State Highway Commissioner

By W. T. Schuler  
Resident Engineer

WTS:ah

APPRECIATION LETTERS

YOU-Sell-YOURSELF And OUR ORGANIZATION  
Everytime YOU CONTACT-ANY-OF THE PUBLIC.  
SERVE PLEASANTLY And PROMPTLY.

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A Westwood, New Jersey resident impressed with the courtesies extended to them by Officer Searles of Westport Barracks writes; "The State of Connecticut has obvious reasons to be congratulated on its road system. Not until one gets into difficulties such as occurred to us last night on the Merritt Parkway, does one realize that the superb road system is matched by an equally fine state trooper force." The contributor Mr. Kenneth L. Dorman had the good fortune of meeting our "Vince" Searles when the Dorman family car became disabled on the parkway.

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THE TORRINGTON REGISTER  
The Torrington Printing Company  
Torrington, Connecticut

March 11, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

This is a brief note to express appreciation of the courtesy and co-operation of the officers of the Canaan and Litchfield barracks of the state police extended to us in our efforts to gather and disseminate news in which the public is interested and to which the public is entitled.

While this courtesy and co-operation is the daily practice, I am prompted to send this note at this time because of the especially fine helpfulness of the Canaan barracks yesterday when we were trying to obtain information about a fire in Lakeville which occurred a very short time before our dead-line. There were wild reports being circulated hereabouts that all of Lakeville was menaced by a disastrous fire, and the prompt publication of the facts did much to allay alarm and deter curiosity seekers from swarming to Lakeville. Without the co-operation of the men at

the Canaan barracks it would have been impossible for us to have obtained these facts in time for publication.

However, this helpfulness is characteristic of the men at both Canaan and Litchfield and we want you to know that we appreciate it. After all, like the state police department, we are striving to serve the public.

Very sincerely yours,

John H. Thompson

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March 21, 1949

My dear Commissioner:

Last Friday afternoon in the height of the snow storm then prevailing I was driving on Route 44 between West Willington and Ashford when my car skidded off the road, with the result that the front end became deeply embedded in the snow and the rest of the car partially blocked the highway. Attempts to get it out under its own power failed, and I was faced with the prospect of trying to get a wrecking car from somewhere, when State Officer Lester W. McIntosh, from the Danielson Station, came along and stopped to see what he could do. After a pretty tough job of digging out the snow, which entailed considerable labor on his part, we succeeded in getting the car out and back on the road again.

If I had had to leave the car there, partially blocking the road, until I could summon help from somewhere, it probably would have been sideswiped by some other car, without any fault on the part of the driver of the other car, because of the conditions prevailing, and the action of Officer McIntosh in getting me out of the situation undoubtedly prevented a bad situation developing. The way in which he went about his task and the courtesy and the efficiency with which he carried it out is typical of the co-operation with the public over and above the duties of mere law enforcement of the fine body of men under your command.

APPRECIATION LETTERS

Under the conditions prevailing, it was a very great service to me, and I want to express my thanks and deep appreciation to Officer McIntosh through you for his aid and assistance. It was the kind of thing that one does not forget.

With warmest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

John B. Byrne

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DORSEY TRAILERS  
ELBA, ALABAMA

April 1, 1949

General:

On March 25, 1949, one of our drivers namely, Fred Hickman, of Enterprise, Alabama, lost his billfold containing approximately \$250.00 in cash and some extremely important papers that could not have been replaced.

On March 26, Officer Andrew J. Yurtin of Canaan, Connecticut, found this billfold. I am pleased to advise that the billfold, along with the money and all the papers has been received.

Please accept our sincere thanks for your kindness and cooperation in this matter.

In my opinion, Officer Yurtin cannot be given enough praise for a nobler deed of this kind. Please extend our sincere thanks to Officer Yurtin.

Yours very truly,

T. K. Dorsey  
Purchasing Agent

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Officers Victor J. Keilty and Charles Sedar of Station B earned the gratitude, appreciation and compliments of Dr. M. Bohun-Greene, Surgeon General of the Irish War Veterans of the U.S.A. when at the height of the storm on the evening of February 16 they responded to the

good physician's mobile service telephone call as to his being stranded on Route #7 following a blow-out. Incidentally, it is the first mobile service call coming to the Department's attention from a private car. The Irish War Veteran was indeed fortunate to have such service at his command, especially in the hills of Litchfield.

When Officer Sedar responded, he pitched in and changed the tire. Then he placed the car on the highway for travel. Dr. and Mrs. Bohun-Greene were unable to do so being handicapped because of injuries received in a previous experience. A complimentary letter for the assistance given was sent HQ by Dr. Bohun-Greene.

C.S.P., especially the boys attached to station "B" also received a cordial invitation to visit, when in Washington, Irish War Veterans National Headquarters 127 B Street, S.E., Washington, D.C.

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TOWN OF SEYMOUR, CONNECTICUT

Office Of The Selectmen  
No. 1 First Street

April 4, 1949

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

The members of the Seymour Department of Police wish to thank you for allowing them the services of State Officer Thomas Duma as instructor during our recent series of first aid classes.

Yours very truly,

Harry F. Mannweiler  
Chief of Police

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Outstanding service by the following personnel has brought commendation letters to the Department: Sgt. Robert Herr; Dets. John Doyle, George Mitchell, John Pomfret; Offs. Joseph Donovan, Warren French, C. Taylor Hart, Albert Kimball, Arthur Lassen, Edward O'Conner, Donald Paige and Walter Stecko.

# Circumspecto

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## ALERT ROOKIE PATROLMEN TRAP NEW YORK CRIMINALS

Our recruits at Bethany Training School will, no doubt, be interested in the following:

Recently the night clerk in the Hotel St. Clair was alone when a visitor entered at 3:40 a.m. and asked politely if he might visit a guest.

"I suppose so," Louis Coleman said, although he was a little suspicious. It was late for friendly visits.

Later Mr. Coleman called in a friend Patrolman Walter Houlihan, rookie policeman on a neighborhood beat.

The clerk asked Patrolman Houlihan to make a tour with him of the five-story, 77-room hostelry. They found nothing unusual until they reached the darkened hallway on the top floor.

Shielded by the darkness, they watched a fire door leading to the roof being opened slowly. In the dim reflection of a red exit light, they saw a man entering.

Dispatching Mr. Coleman downstairs for help, the patrolman waited until the suspect had advanced until he was almost abreast of him.

With gun drawn, Patrolman Houlihan ordered the man to halt. Instead, the suspect lunged at the patrolman. They grappled and fell. In a few minutes Patrolman Houlihan had subdued the man. On him he found a revolver.

Then the fire door opened again. Two more men slipped in. Patrolman Houlihan ordered them to halt. They ducked into a vacant room. He fired twice at them.

Loathe to leave his prisoner, Patrolman Houlihan waited for reinforcements. They arrived in a matter of minutes and surrounded the hotel. A dozen detectives poured in.

### Fled Down Fire Escape

However, the two men had fled down a fire escape from the vacant room. One

is believed to have been the nocturnal visitor and the other a man who registered yesterday afternoon.

Patrolman Houlihan's prisoner was identified as William Cleary, 38, of Miami, Fla., who came to New York a week ago and was living at the Hotel Forrest. He was booked on a Sullivan law charge.

Police found a second revolver on the floor of the vacant room from which the two men had escaped. They found a crowbar near the fire door. It had been used to pry off the lock.

Police also found a window had been opened on the sixth floor of a 16-story loft building adjoining the hotel. The window could be reached from the hotel roof. Police believe the trio had planned a burglary in the loft building and were using the hotel as their headquarters for the job.

Cleary had registered at the hotel under an assumed name.

Another case disclosing 8-years of thievery was solved by Postal Inspectors last week on a tip from a police rookie.

Ralph Rippere, sixty-six, a supervisory clerk at the Grand Central Station of the New York Post Office, Lexington Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, was accused before Commissioner Garrett W. Cotter, in United States District Court, of stealing more than \$4,500 from the mails in the last eight years and of taking cash from letters over a ten-year period.

Rippere, of the Bronx, a postoffice worker for forty-two years, was held in \$5,000 bail to await action of the Federal Grand Jury after he waived examination.

A preliminary investigation disclosed that the principal victims of the alleged thefts were the Franciscan Friars of Atonement at St. Christopher's Inn, Garrison, N.Y., and the Maryknoll Fathers, who receive many cash contributions in the mails, according to Robert

Mitchell, Assistant United States Attorney, and William L. Nester, postoffice inspector. Mr. Mitchell said that Rippere admitted thefts over ten years and Inspector Nester said the defendant "played the numbers" with the stolen cash.

Rippere was arrested when Alexander Knipel, a rookie patrolman, became curious as he watched the postal employee examining a valise full of letters in a telephone booth at Forty-second Street and Broadway. Investigating, he found that the valise contained \$3,581 in cash and 130 letters addressed to various organizations, police said.

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ORDERLY TOWN

Brewster, on Cape Cod, has an unusual distinction in these times.

It has no police department. It needs none. With all the news about crime, holdups and juvenile delinquency, Brewster finds its residents--and the visitors, too--to be orderly and law abiding. An appropriation to create a police department was voted down at town meeting. Of course, should anything suddenly get out of hand, which Brewster people think unlikely, there is the State police force. A community with no crime to think about indeed seems like a peaceful, happy place.

---Boston Post

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COCK FIGHTING LAW TIGHTENED  
IN ENGLAND

London--The House of Commons cracked down recently on the ancient sport of cock fighting.

The House approved on second reading a measure to tighten up the century-old law against cock fighting. Sir William Darling declared the sport still flourishes in some parts of England and quoted an old tavern ditty which he said still is sung in some lustier pubs:

"To keep game cocks and hunt the fox,

"To drink the punch and whisky,

"We fear no locks, we'll train the

cocks,

"And care not if it's risky."

"The object of this bill," Sir William commented, "is to make it more risky."

The measure permits police to make arrests if they find roosters which have been clipped for cock fighting. It also bans possession of steel fighting spurs which are attached to the cocks' legs.

Police complain they have been unable to combat cock fighting effectively because the present law says they must actually witness a fight.

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WHY?

I think that we shall never see  
The country as it used to be:  
When the little man had no trouble,  
And the cost of things wasn't double,  
When freedom meant just what it said  
And everyone kept a level head.  
When morals were high and politics clean  
Our senses alert and minds more keen.  
When friendships were sincere and  
genuine  
No malice aforethought but always  
benign.  
When thoughtfulness, kindness and  
benevolence  
Took the place of hatred, bigotry and  
irreverence.  
When our young ones obeyed and showed  
respect  
Instead of running loose reined and  
unchecked.  
There's no denying the world has changed  
But WHY do the inhabitants act so  
strange?

---Harry B. Parker  
Boston Sunday Post

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Southend, Eng.--Dr. John Marney testifying in court, described a case:

"He had bilateral periorbital hematoma and left subconjunctival hemorrhage."

Lawyer Maxwell Lewis urged: "Translate that for us ordinary mortals."

Dr. Marney translated: "Two lovely blackeyes."

Hartford's Police Rendered  
Prompt Service And Cancelled  
One-Way Trip For

DESPONDENT MAINE LAD

"I'm going to commit suicide, Dad." The receiver clicked, the wire went dead.

It's a long way from West Enfield, Me., to Hartford and, in the Maine town, the terrified father knew he had only seconds to save the life of his son.

At 60 Laurel St., Hartford, Donald Miller, 25, turned on the gas jets of the stove in his tiny apartment. A kitchen clock softly ticked off the seconds.

Capt. Frank DiBellis picked up the phone in headquarters and took a call from West Enfield, Me. It was 6:30 p.m.

Out went the alert. Four cruisers, their sirens moaning, sped on the errand of mercy. The kitchen clock continued to tick.

The policemen made short work of the lock on the door.

In the gas-filled kitchen Miller was found with his head in the oven, a blanket pulled over him.

Artificial respiration and an inhalator were applied. Miller was removed to St. Francis Hospital and later to McCook Memorial Hospital where his condition was reported as good.

It was now 7:15 p.m. The phone rang in West Enfield, Me. A voice told the distraught parent, "Your boy is all right we got there in time." Captain DiBellis hung up. The clock in the Laurel St. apartment ticked on, but without urgency now.

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YOUNG COUNSELLOR

On Juvenile Jury the other night in Hartford, a mother complained to the jury (which is composed of a panel of pre-teen age children) that her young son liked to stand on his head most of the time and she was worried. A seven-year-old calmly set her mind at rest. "I wouldn't worry about it," he advised. "He's probably just turning things over in his mind."

"A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER"

One of our recruits posed the usual question last month at the Training School: "What is the origin of the term 'Philadelphia Lawyer'?" Some of his associates attempted to answer but one in particular remained silent until he had opportunity to consult Haskins Service. At the next "bull session" he reported;

There are many different opinions as to the origin of the expression: "It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to straighten it out." John Peter Zenger, proprietor of a newspaper of Albany, was indicted for criminal libel, and was successfully defended by Andrew Hamilton a Philadelphia lawyer, in 1735. The case was epoch-making as Hamilton established for all time the principles of free press and free speech to which the law of libel should be forever subservient. The New England folks have a saying: "Three Philadelphia lawyers are a match for the very Devil himself." This appears in the Salem Observer of March 13, 1824."

Then came the one about "Bald Eagles"

Q. Is it against the law to kill a bald eagle? A. The Fish and Wild Life Service says that a special law was passed on June 8, 1940, completely protecting the bald eagle at all times, with a penalty of a fine or imprisonment or both, if the law is broken, depending upon circumstances. Federal permits must be obtained for Taxidermist work.

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AERIAL WALK HOME

In Minneapolis, a 17-year-old girl complained to police that her boy friend made her "walk home" from an airplane ride. She said she argued with the boy while they were up in his plane. He landed 30 miles away from Minneapolis, telling her the plane needed repairs. She got out, she said, and he flew away.

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One person is injured accidentally every 3 seconds.

## -REWARDS-

IN NEWARK, OHIO, James E. Shrider, pleading guilty to carrying a concealed weapon, explained that the butcher knife was merely a keepsake, given to him by his grandmother.

IN CLEVELAND, OHIO, the burglars who broke into the Cowles Bakery brewed themselves coffee, sampled the cake, washed up the dishes and made off with two recipe books.

IN FORT WORTH, TEXAS, 6-ft.-10, 300-lb. L. J. Mitchell was granted a divorce when he testified that his wife had fired a rifle at him, but Judge Frank P. Culver mused: "I don't see how she missed."

IN DETROIT, MICH., Edwin Ketko, 48, dropped a dead mouse into a glass of beer being drunk by Gerald J. Courtney, 25. Police said Mr. Courtney then chased Mr. Ketko into a street and beat him senseless.

IN DETROIT, MICH. handcuffs that are 25 years old are no kind of equipment to operate with in this day and age.

On that plea Andrew Baird, Wayne County sheriff, got the Board of Auditors' approval to spend money for new ones.

IN MARBLEHEAD, MASS., Mrs. Arthur Hogan sent the following to the Boston Sunday Post Editor:

"Your paragraph a few days ago about a typographical error reminded me of one that occurred some time ago. An item in a local paper read:

"Due to a typographical error, this paper stated yesterday that 'John Jones is a defective on the local police force.' It should have read: 'John Jones is a detective on the local police FARCE.'"

IN READING, PA., State Policeman John Hahn will always remember Feb. 21 as "baby day."

First of all, Hahn's wife, Dorothy, gave birth to a daughter at an Allentown, Pa., hospital.

A few hours later, Hahn was called on to make a mile-a-minute trip to save the life of another newborn child.

Hahn responded when a doctor directed that a three-pound boy born to Mrs. Harold Fink of Hamburg, Pa., be rushed to a hospital and placed in an incubator.

IN DETROIT, MICH., last week an expert contended that an innocent muncher of limburger cheese, onions or cloves, could take a test on a drunkometer and flunk even though he hadn't had a drop of alcohol. The same thing would happen to anyone with a sturdy breath, he said.

Sheriff John L. Osborn called on six Ann Arbor police officers who consumed varying amounts of selected foods and then stepped before the machine with reeking breaths. The drunkometer was not fooled--it registered zero.

IN HOPE MILLS, N.C., the local constable obliged when Robert Allen made a frantic appeal to him: "You've got to put me in jail. I've got two wives and I just can't stand it any more."

IN PHILADELPHIA, John Alcorn, 12, and his brother Robert, 11, playing under the water tanks at the Penn. Fruit Co., discovered \$1,800 in coins, carefully wrapped. Part of \$6,000 loot stolen from the fruit company. It had been hidden by robbers who planned to return for it later.

IN WOODMERE, L.I., classmates of 11-year-old Michael Hewitt jokingly told him the New York Police Department gave its horses away. Innocently Michael wrote to the commissioner: "I wanted a horse all my life. The air of Long Island is good for boys, so it should be



swell for horses too. I promise to take very good care of the horse." Last week a police van drove up and left Rife, a gelding which was being retired from Troop C. "Oh gosh!" was all Michael could say.

IN BROOKLYN, N.Y., Mayer Seidman, a tavern owner, didn't want a dead man cluttering up his bar.

When Israel Chase dropped dead in his phone booth, Seidman, a bartender, and a helpful customer dragged the body outside and propped it against a lamp post. Next day Seidman was charged with violating the Sanitary Code.

IN PEORIA, ILL., An athletic burglar performed several strenuous feats to enter the Merchants Candy and Tobacco Co., only to find the room empty after getting inside.

After climbing a tree next to the building and across the roof, the agile second-story man ripped a door from a skylight and dropped into the room on the second floor, police said. The room was empty and locked from the outside.

IN TORONTO, CANADA, Fifteen-year-old Donald Bird, of Fort Frances, Ont., who found a can of money while playing, will receive \$1,430 when he is twenty-one, Chief Justice J. C. McRuer ruled last week. The boy sued the town of Fort Frances for the money which police took in charge after receiving reports that a boy was spending lavishly.

IN BRISTOL, CONN. t'was the eve of St. Patrick's Day but two Irishmen, William McGrath, 45, Springfield, Mass., and Joseph Finnigan, 48, Boston, could not wait until the 17th to do a little celebrating, with the result they got into trouble with the police. Both were arrested on Prospect St. for intoxication and breach of the peace by Patrolmen Lawrence Rajotte and Adam Klimek.

"We were only defending the good name of St. Patrick," said Finnigan and McGrath when they appeared before Prosecu-

tor Thomas J. O'Donnell at police headquarters this morning. "It would be a shame to fine us for that on St. Patrick's Day," declared Finnigan.

"Being Irish myself, faith and it would," said the prosecutor, "so, the top o' the mornin' to ye."

"The top o' the mornin' to you, and thank you, sir," said the pair as they left arm in arm.

IN WORCESTER, MASS., A policeman stopped a motorist at a downtown intersection March 17 and accused him of driving through a red light.

"How could you expect me to see anything but green on St. Patrick's Day?" asked the driver.

"Go along with you," said Policeman George Francis Rafferty, smiling as he put away his notebook and pencil.

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#### ADVISER FAILS TO HEED OWN COUNSEL, TRAPPED

A few weeks ago Hartford residents heard an announcer at a local radio station warn:

"Now folks, make sure you don't forget your 1949 auto registration. Remember you only have seven days left. Don't get caught in the rush. Act today!"

The following day the same announcer came through with:

"Don't forget, folks, only six days left for 1949 registration. "Do it today!"

This went on every day until the last day in February. On that day his plea went:

"Well, folks, the deadline has at last arrived. Today is the last day you'll be able to purchase those 1949 registrations.

"So, mother, if you want to keep father out of jail you call him up right away to make sure he got that registration.

Monday, the same announcer was fined \$3 in West Hartford Police Court for failure to register his car.

---By Bill Pike, Hartford Times

## 2 PHILADELPHIA POLICEWOMEN KICKED, BEATEN

In the first such incident in the 13 years since women first joined the Philadelphia police force, two policewomen were slugged, kicked and badly bruised early one morning last week while cruising on an all-night patrol as part of the campaign against juvenile delinquency.

Four hours after the two women were beaten, male police arrested a high school athlete and a City Water Bureau worker as the assailants. Later they were held in \$2500 bail each for the grand jury.

The women were attacked after they discovered two drunken 17-year-old girls in an automobile at 8th and Race sts. and ordered the girls into a police car.

The policewomen were Geraldine A. Kelley, 30, daughter of City Councilman William A. Kelley, and Genevieve G. Welshans, 32. Both carried guns but neither had a chance to draw a weapon.

The man held by Magistrate Nathan A. Beifel identified themselves as Charles McLaughlin, 23, employed by the Water Bureau, and Frank Logue, 19, a basketball star at the John Bartram High School.

Magistrate Beifel was told this story by Capt. Thomas Gibbons, of the Crime Prevention Division, to which the policewomen are assigned:

Dressed in street clothes, the policewomen cruised south on 8th st. at 3:30 A.M. and at Race St. saw an auto parked containing two girls and three men. The cruising car slowed to a stop and the men whistled and "yoo-hooed" at the policewomen.

Both Miss Kelley and Miss Welshans got out of their car, identified themselves and told the girls to get into the police automobile, since both were obviously minors.

As the women talked to the girls, two of the men in the car walked over and without warning swung their fists. Miss Welshans was punched in the jaw and kicked in the back and the leg. Miss Kelley got her arms up in front of her face and both forearms were badly bruised.

The men ran to a taxicab but the driver refused to carry them. Miss Welshans stayed with the two crying young girls while Miss Kelley ordered the cab driver to help her pursue the men. But the assailants got away in the darkness.

The policewomen then took the girls to the Winter St. station, where they were questioned and then sent to the House of Detention pending an inquiry as to who sold them liquor. Captain Gibbons meanwhile was informed and at 7 A.M. arrested Logue and McLaughlin at their homes.

At the subsequent hearing, Captain Gibbons told Magistrate Beifel both men had admitted previous arrests and he urged high bail, as did Assistant District Attorney Edward Swotes.

(As we go to press awaiting disposition, both accused are being held for Grand Jury--True Bills returned.--Ed.)

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## HOTEL MAN GETS SHOCK: GUEST RETURNS TOWEL

Greenfield, Mass.--Here's something that seldom happens to hotel men.

A guest mailed a hand towel from Brooklyn, N.Y., to John Waleker, manager of the century-old Mansion House, with a note which said he had packed it accidentally before leaving the hotel.

Waleker said it was the first time anyone ever had returned anything to him in 43 years in the hotel business.

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## WRONG WAY TO REACH CHURCH

Julian Lampkin, thirty-two, of New Britain, Conn., explained his seventy-mile-an-hour speed on the Wilbur Cross Parkway by saying that he had with him the pastor of a Stamford church who feared his flock would go home if he did not arrive to begin the service at the scheduled hour. "Too fast even to get to church on time," said Judge Edward M. Rosenthal in Meriden Police Court, fining Lampkin \$15.

# Pertinent & Otherwise

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## GEM THIEF'S GIRL FRIEND IN TEARS

Beverly Hills, Calif.---Betty Richie, a small town belle, alone, friendless and broke, cried in her jail cell over the lies a million dollar jewel thief told her.

The beautiful 24-year-old school teacher knew now that the dashing city slicker who won her heart never really loved her or meant to marry her.

Instead, she said, he used her as a front for his underground life, took all her savings and left her to face a charge of receiving stolen property.

"I didn't care so much about that," she said, "but then I found out about all his other girl friends.

"I don't care what happens to Jerry at all. If I hurt him, maybe it's because he's hurt me more."

The school teacher's handsome boy friend, Gerald Graham Dennis, 29, was described by police as "one of the greatest burglars who ever operated." They said he used his good looks to worm his way into wealthy society from Hollywood to New York and plot his \$1,000,000 robberies.

Police said Dennis had \$120,000 in gems and furs triple-locked behind a closed door in the luxurious apartment he shared here with Miss Ritchie. But he gave her nothing for personal necessities and only \$12 to \$15 a week for food.

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## INSPECTOR DROPS CHOW TO HANDLE HOLDUP

San Jose, Calif.---Three hold-up men walked into an embarrassing situation when they tried to rob the Ken Yink Low restaurant.

There to greet them, as they displayed their firearms, was Police Inspector Don Kidder, having an early morning dish of mushroom chow yuk.

Kidder responded to the "hands up" demand by going for his pistol.

Much shooting followed but no one was hurt. Two of the bandits fled and the third was captured by Kidder.

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## EXPLOSION TRAPS CULPRIT

Hamburg, Germany---A German set a chemical trap for the culprit who was robbing his woodpile by hollowing a log and filling it with magnesium. His neighbor's stove exploded the next day.

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## NEWARK HOUSEBREAKER SHOT TO DEATH BY YOUTH

Newark, N.J.---Arthur Oliverie, nineteen, shot and killed a man who was trying to break into his home at 296 Eighth Avenue a little after 2:30 a.m. recently.

The dead man was identified as Ernest Fleming, twenty-three, who had been missing since last July from his home at 222 Plane Street.

Arthur Oliverie was awakened by his younger brother Jerry, who heard a noise downstairs. Looking out his bedroom window, the older youth saw a man tampering with a downstairs window. He woke up his father, Alfred Oliverie, and loaded his 12-gauge shotgun. Leaning out of the window, he discharged both barrels. The police found Fleming dead in the yard and the first-floor window open.

Arthur Oliverie and his brother scared away a burglar who was trying to get into the house about four months ago.

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## BANK BANDITS' RUSE NETS \$70,000 AT MIAMI BEACH

Two robbers posing as workmen escaped with \$70,000 last week in a well-planned holdup of the Merchants National Bank on

Lincoln Road here. Most of the money stolen comprised week-end deposits by night clubs, restaurants and hotels at the peak of their winter vacation business.

The men made the first move in the robbery on Saturday. Wearing shabby coveralls and carrying tool kits, they gained admission to the bank building by posing as elevator repairmen. They got in early in the morning by telling a watchman they had come back "to finish the job." Then they waited until two clerks stepped into the chamber at 8:15 a.m. to open the vault containing the night deposits.

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#### DRUNKARD ACT BY POLICEMAN TRAPS CABBIE

Though he has been hacking in New York City for twenty years, Bernard Greenwald, forty-six, still can't tell the difference between a policeman playing 'possum and an honest-to-goodness drunk. It was this weak link in his training, that brought him into Bronx Magistrates Court recently charged with larceny, both grand and petit.

His accuser was Patrolman Anthony Flynn, of the Hack Bureau nemesis of wayward cabbies. Having received several complaints about overcharges for taxi rides in the West Bronx, Patrolman Flynn took up a stand at 1:50 a.m. at Broadway and 242d street, weaving a bit unsteadily and vigorously flagging his arm at Greenwald's cab.

"Take me to Pittman and Baychester Avenues," he said thickly as he lurched into the cab. Then he sank back in what looked like stupor. For the occasion he had brought along a pocketful of bills, whose serial numbers he had recorded in his notebook.

It should have been a \$1.75 ride to Pittman and Baychester, but one hour and twenty minutes later he and Greenwald had not arrived there, according to Patrolman Flynn. Greenwald, he said, stopped in Van Cortland Park and after careful reconnaissance gingerly lifted \$27 from a coat pocket of his presumably intoxicated passenger. Flynn only snored a bit.

Finally, at Pittman and Baychester, Greenwald stopped and shook Patrolman Flynn by the shoulder. "Three dollars and a half," he said, pointing to the meter. Patrolman Flynn took out three \$10 bills, handed one to Greenwald.

"Okay," said Greenwald, according to Flynn. "That's one. Now two more."

Patrolman Flynn said he gave the three \$10 bills to Greenwald, plus a \$1 bill for the extra 50 cents and a tip. Greenwald, he said, pocketed them with the comment, "That makes the right fare."

At this juncture, Patrolman Flynn suddenly straightened up and flashed his badge. His partner, Patrolman Clifford Bittel, who had been following at a distance, came along, and they took Greenwald to the Wakefield station house. Though the cabbie insisted it was his first fall from grace, the records show police said, that he had been arrested six times and jailed for a year in Boston. Magistrate Peter Abeles held him in \$1,500 bail for a hearing. The \$3.50 still showed on the cab meter.

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#### 'SEVEN-COME-ELEVEN' GOES ABROAD

The director of the Monte Carlo Casino, most famous gambling house in Europe, is visiting Las Vegas, Nev., which knows a thing or two, also. "I am here," said Louis Ceresol, "to be taught the new dignity of modern gambling."

America's favorite dice game, known as craps, is to be added to the gambling menu of Monte Carlo. The game has become international, said Ceresol. And it might catch some American tourist dollars.

Ceresol and his chief croupier are devoting a week to a course of instruction in craps at Las Vegas. They brought along a tape recorder so they won't forget the professional chatter when they get back home.

(Why not send "cops" to Monte Carlo or Las Vegas for training?--Special Service Inquiry.)

MASSACHUSETTS TROOPER  
SURPRISED AT IDENTITY

Mass. State Trooper Vincent Power stopped a speeding automobile on the Worcester Turnpike recently near Westboro.

"What's your name?" he asked the driver.

"I'm King Peter of Yugoslavia."

"Oh, yeah," retorted the trooper. "And who's that in the back seat, Napoleon?"

"No, that's my bodyguard."

The driver produced documents showing he was the exiled King, en route to New York from Boston. No charge was lodged against him "because of his diplomatic immunity," Trooper Power said.

(Merritt Parkway Patrols---Watch out for Napoleon.---Ed.)

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JAILED FOR A WISECRACK

In Shelbyville, Ind., George Banta, a truck driver from Muncie, Ind., learned recently that it is better not to wisecrack in court. He was brought before Justice of the Peace John Banawitz on a traffic-violation charge. The justice, in a hurry to dispose of the case, went to the bench unshaven.

When the justice fined Mr. Banta \$25 and costs, the truck driver handed over the money and remarked: "Well, now you can get yourself a shave."

Justice Banawitz then imposed an additional fine and a three-day jail sentence for contempt of court.

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MAN RIDES HERE FROM PROVIDENCE  
BETWEEN TWO DIESEL ENGINES

Arthur J. Rose, 31, of Providence, reached New London early one morning last week by train standing precariously between two Diesel engines of the fast-moving State of Maine express.

He was pulled from the train, chilled through, by a surprised New Haven railroad policeman, John J. Anderson, who promptly booked him, mostly for his own

safety, on a trespassing charge.

"What made you ride that way?" an equally surprised Judge Louis J. Wool asked Rose in police court next day.

"I wanted to see my wife and child in New York and didn't have sufficient funds," Rose replied.

"That's a good way not to see the judge retorted as he suspended judgment and ordered Rose to leave the city but by a much safer mode of travel.

Anderson reported that Rose had only a few inches of standing space between the two engines. Furthermore, he said, the gloveless Rose had hardly anything to hang onto.

(With hitchhiking tolerated and ignored on Route 1, we thought this past-time went out of style.---Ed.)

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HITCH-HIKERS PLYING "TRADE" AS USUAL

Police in Yonkers, N.Y. continue to seek three soldiers who allegedly kidnaped and robbed Dr. Edward Johnson, 28, resident physician at Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville, last Thursday night.

Dr. Johnson told police he had picked up the three soldiers as he was entering the West Side Highway at 42nd St., Manhattan. They told him they were headed for the Merritt Pkwy.

As he was about to leave the Saw Mill River Pkwy. at Palmer Ave., two of the soldiers in the rear of the car dragged him into the back seat and the third took the wheel, the doctor told police.

He said the soldiers drove him about all night and then dumped him out of his car near Cambridge Rd. here after taking his watch and \$15 in cash.

(We've noticed too many hitch-hikers along the Connecticut Parkways this spring--some in uniform and otherwise. Preventive Policing will pay dividends in protecting the lives and property of our good Samaritans.---Ed.)

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Sad lessons are learned at the grade school crossing.

The world's best driver can wreck an unsafe car.

-1949-

AID DENIED PROSTITUTES

In Gary, Ind., Prostitutes thrown out of work by Gary's recent anti-vice campaign were denied state unemployment compensation. "They're classed as individual contractors," said Lyman K. Dilts, manager of the Indiana Employment Security Office, "therefore, they are ineligible for jobless pay." Mr. Dilts said "quite a few" dice girls, card sharks and bookmakers have applied for unemployment benefits.

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-1899-

FROM THE TIMES, MARCH 18, 1899

Hartford Police raided several disorderly houses last night and brought 40 women to the police station.

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HOW TO DRIVE SAFELY

First Army Headquarters declared last week that the motor pool of the United States Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Hancock, N.J., has established a record by going without an accident since last May. The thirty vehicles have been driven a total of 162,000 miles all through New York and New Jersey, the Army said. "Our system is simple," Captain Cecil A. Lyle, motor officer, explained. "The men in the company drive two vehicles at the same time. The one they're in, they operate physically, the one in front of them they drive mentally.

("GI'S" C.S.P. How about it?--Ed.)

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Andy: "What's the big idea--painting your car green on one side and red on the other?"

Sandy: "It wins accident cases. You should hear the witnesses contradict each other."

HAS ANYONE TOLD YOU?

---Why Connecticut is called "The Nutmeg State." The nickname was gained by Connecticut when in early times sailing vessels went from the ports of New England and other sections of the United States to carry on trade with countries in the Torrid Zone. From the East Indies and elsewhere, these vessels obtained various products, including nutmegs.

Connecticut had its share in this foreign trade, and nutmegs were sold by merchants who lived there. We are told that some of those merchants found their supply of nutmegs short, and sent out peddlers with wooden nutmegs which looked like the genuine articles. After a peddler left, a housewife might find that she had bought wooden nutmegs, and they failed to help her spice the dishes she cooked!

Connecticut was given the nickname of "Land of Wooden Nutmegs," and later this was shortened to the "Nutmeg State."

- 00 -

---What Federal offenses can be pardoned by the President? The President may grant pardons for any Federal offense except in case of impeachment.

- 00 -

---A motorist must stop his car when a blind person signals with a white cane of his intention to cross a street. In Connecticut Statutes (Section 8543) such provision is made. Sixteen other states are known to have similar laws. These States are:

Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Washington and Wyoming. Violations are punished by fine or imprisonment.

\*\*\*\*\*

---God gives every bird its food---but he does not throw it in the nest.

POLICEMAN IS SLAIN  
BY CRAZED CAPTIVE

Patrolman John McKechnie, Port Jervis N.Y. was beaten to death on the morning of March 18, in a basement room in the City Hall by Harold Brundage, twenty-nine, whom he was detaining there for physicians who were to inquire into his mental condition. The first news of the attack on the policeman came from Brundage himself, who walked upstairs to the office of John J. Powrie, acting Police Chief and announced: "I have just killed the devil."

Patrolman McKechnie had been beaten about the head with the stock of a shotgun. The room in which Brundage was being detained is used for the storage of evidence. The shotgun was one, recovered recently, which had been stolen from a sporting goods store. There were indications that the policeman had been strangled as well as beaten.

Dr. H. M. Brewster, Health Officer, said after a preliminary examination of the prisoner that he was abnormal mentally. By direction of Clare J. Hoyt, District Attorney of Orange County, Brundage was charged with homicide and sent to Middletown State Hospital for observation. Brundage, who served in the Navy in World War II, lives with his mother, Mrs. James Brundage, a widow. Patrolman McKechnie brought him in that morning as a result of a call from Port Jervis High School that the young man had thrown his coat in the snow and was prancing down East Main Street.

Patrolman McKechnie was thirty-nine, was married and had two children.

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MAN NICKED BEHIND EAR  
BY STRAY POLICE BULLET

The luck of the Irish saved Michael Cropley, twenty-three, a grocery clerk of 98 Coffey Street, Brooklyn, when a stray bullet hit him in the head.

Returning from a St. Patrick's Day party about 3 a.m. Mr. Cropley was walking on Columbia Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. He heard a report and felt a sharp sting behind his right ear. He walked a few

feet and collapsed.

Two hours later he recovered consciousness and went home. His sister, Mrs. Josephine Pisano, noticed blood behind his ear and called the police. An ambulance from Long Island College Hospital responded and the doctor told Mr. Cropley he had suffered a flesh wound.

Police were baffled until a Patrolman reported in that at 3 a.m. he had fired two shots in an attempt to halt three men in a car who were acting suspiciously on that street.

When Mr. Cropley was informed that he was apparently struck by one of the stray bullets, he exclaimed: "Well, that's the luck of the Irish for you."

(We urge the discontinuance of this practice---warning shots on public streets---. The risks are too great and the results too often effect innocent bystanders. Shoot only in self defense is the FBI rule.---Ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

Boston---The police emergency telephone--Devonshire 1212--rang early one recent morning and the caller identifying himself as a Beacon Hill resident asked:

"You handle emergencies?"

Assured they did the man said in a well-modulated voice:

"Oh I'm so glad, I have an emergency. Would you call me at 8 a.m. My alarm clock just broke and I have to catch a plane at 9."

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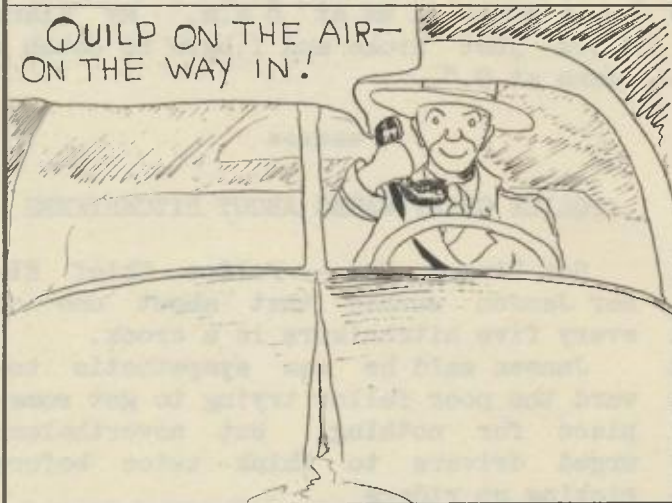
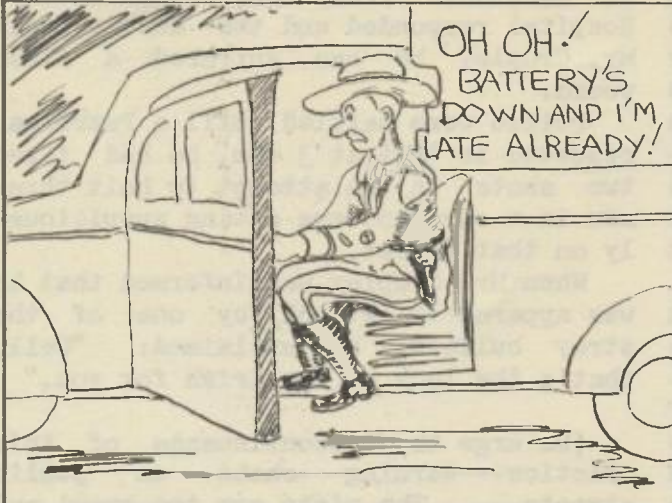
POLICE CHIEF WARNS ABOUT HITCHHIKERS

San Diego, Cal.---Police Chief Elmer Jansen warned that about one of every five hitchhikers is a crook.

Jansen said he was sympathetic toward the poor fellow trying to get someplace for nothing, but nevertheless urged drivers to think twice before picking up riders.

He ordered officers to book all suspicious looking hitchhikers for vagrancy.

# OFFICER QUILP By Effess





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# Nous

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## -PROBATIONERS-PAROLEES-RECIDIVISTS-

An interesting viewpoint is presented in an article in the current issue of the "Monthly Record," the publication written, edited and printed by the inmates of the state's prison at Wethersfield.

"The Connecticut Prison Association, with the support of Chief Justice William M. Maltbie and many civic organizations, is now asking for a statewide probation system. They intend to prove that there is no such thing as a recidivist; an incorrigible.

This statewide probation system will mean proper supervision under people whose primary interest will be to keep everyone on the streets as useful members of the community.

In the past, many of you on seeing a 17, 18 or 19-year-old come out of quarantine, have been moved to say such things as: "The judge who sent that kid here should be strung up, etc., etc." But, without an adequate probation system, the judges are actually under a handicap. If they send the kid to the reformatory, the odds are that he'll end up in prison anyway. If they put the kid on probation, under the present inadequate system, without proper supervision, he'll soon be back in court.

Under a statewide probation system, a pre-sentence investigation of the boy's case would be mandatory, and the judges could do one of the following: Defer the sentence and place him on probation under proper supervision; sentence him with the stipulation that he serve part of the sentence, with the remainder to be suspended during good behavior. Under proper supervision, a vast majority of first and second offenders will become useful members of their community--not recidivists supported by the state.

A recidivist once told me: "If, in the beginning, the judge had sentenced me to two weeks in quarantine, two weeks in solitary confinement and then put me on probation, I'd never have served another day."

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## HELPING HAND FOR DELINQUENT TEENAGERS, RATHER THAN PROBATION, URGED BY VISOKAY

The need for society to extend a "helping hand," towards 'teen-age boys and girls who become delinquent and the importance of teaching youngsters "respect" instead of "fear" of policemen were stressed by William S. Visokay, former state policeman for 16 years, who is now director of safety for the Bridgeport Brass Company.

Firmly convinced by his experience as a police officer that there is no such thing as a "bad boy," or a "bad girl," Mr. Visokay in an interview, denounced those parents who make "boogiemens" out of policemen when they say to their offspring, "Now you be a good boy, or I'll call the officer...and he'll put you in jail..."

Mr. Visokay said sending a boy or girl to a probation officer, truant officer or parole officer did not solve the problem of keeping wayward youths straight.

"What they need is someone they can bank on as a real friend, someone to whom they can tell their troubles. Many of these kids who commit minor felonies do not know any better. They are often children of broken homes or unpleasant home backgrounds. Or they have been brought up to hate the law, to despise policemen."

Mr. Visokay pessimistically viewed the conditions today.

"Religion should be taught in the schools. Boys and girls should have the

fear of God in their hearts. If they did, they would never become juvenile delinquents. If a boy or girl goes off the right path, he or she should not be marked for life. They should be helped and the reason found why they did wrong. Nine times out of 10, it's the parents' fault."

Mr. Visokay said that a "helping hand group," could do no end of good.

"Take a boy who is sent to jail for a minor felony. He goes up to North avenue for a few months. He comes out. For months he's been behind bars. How does he feel? He has a stigma, a record. He feels out of society, with no one to turn to. It makes him tough, hard, sore at the world. Now if he knew there was a place where he could go which would help him get a job, get him straightened out--a friend, someone who is kind and understanding and interested enough to help him, the chances are he'll go straight.

The former state policeman cited the case of Raymond N. Fernandez, the confessed lonely hearts killer of two women and an infant in New York and Grand Rapids, Mich.

When Fernandez was about 17 years old, he lived in the Bridgeport area, and was convicted in 1932 for stealing 30 chickens with two companions from the farm of the late George Sherwood in Easton.

"John Hanusovsky was a state policeman at Westport at the same time, and the two of us were assigned to investigate the case. Through a wallet owned by Fernandez which he had dropped at the scene where the chickens were stolen, we solved the case. When we picked the fellow up, he was working in the fields of the farm.

"He made no resistance when we took him in. I remember him well. He had no parents here, and was living alone. He was fined and given a suspended jail sentence. But did anyone bother to take an interest in what happened to him afterwards? No. Perhaps if someone had he might have been a respectable citizen today. That boy--for that's all he was then--probably felt lost and had no one to turn to for help."

Mr. Visokay also said that parents

under no conditions, except in case of dire need, should allow their children to quit school before completion.

"I hear many parents say, 'I can't do anything with Johnny or Mary. They just don't want to go to school. They say they want to work.' I say this, when kids start acting that way, the parents should put their foot down firmly and make those kids go to school until they finish. Too many parents take the road of least resistance, and then they wonder why their children get into trouble."

In the matter of religious training Mr. Visokay said, parents should set an example.

"If parents want their children to go to church every Sunday, they should go, too. The fathers should go and practice what they preach."

---Bridgeport Sunday Post

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### KILLER OF 2 WOMEN, INFANT, HAS POLICE RECORD IN EASTON

By Pete Mastronardi

The confessed lonely hearts killer of two women and an infant in New York and Grand Rapids, Mich., Raymond N. Fernandez, who faces possible death in the electric chair, received his first criminal record in Easton back in 1932.

State Policeman John T. Hanusovsky, assigned as an investigator for the office of State's Attorney Lorin N. Willis disclosed that he and former state Policeman William Visokay, now head of the Bridgeport Brass company guard force, arrested Fernandez, then 17, and two companions for the theft of 30 chickens from the Easton farm yards of the late George Sherwood.

Arraigned in Easton justice court, Fernandez was fined and given a suspended jail sentence, according to Hanusovsky.

The state policeman said that thefts of chickens from yards in Easton, Trumbull, Wilton and nearby towns were occurring daily at the time. Police-Chief Edward Knight asked for state police aid and both Hanusovsky and Visokay

were assigned to investigate.

A check of chicken yards in Easton failed to produce any clue until police looked over the property of Mr. Sherwood where Policeman Hanusovsky found a wallet owned by Fernandez and some personal papers which he had dropped during his hurried get away from the scene.

Papers in the wallet showed that Fernandez resided on the Easton-Stepney road, the policeman said.

Further investigation revealed that Fernandez had sold the stolen chickens to the proprietor of a Penbrooke street poultry market. He was located near the market by the state policemen with his two companions and a small pick-up truck that they had been using to cart away the fowls.

---Bridgeport Post

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#### HICKEY'S WARNING AND A NEW CRIME TRUST

Whether a bandit holds up a store in the metropolitan area of Hartford or a vast criminal syndicate operates on a national scale, the motive is the same--easy money. State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey has taken cognizance of the wave of local crimes. The California Commission on Organized Crime has a pertinent warning on the national level.

Nobody in Connecticut knows better than Mr. Hickey about the crime wave. The increase in Connecticut's metropolitan areas parallels conditions in the larger metropolitan districts. It is a sign that times are not quite as lush as they were, that honest money is not so plentiful. And, as the Commissioner notes, it is particularly distressing that many of the law violators are parolees from institutions outside Connecticut. This development affords a strong argument for the bill requiring that such parolees register with proper authorities when they take up residence here. His plea for cooperation by the public and the press to help curb the wave is timely.

If the California Commission on Organized Crime is nearly right a giant

criminal syndicate has developed in the United States. In size it over-shadows even the great Capone empire that grew up during the bloody prohibition era. According to this commission a nationwide slot machine racket exists with an estimated take of two billion dollars a year. Even more important from the standpoint of public morals, this syndicate allegedly has a \$400-million-kitty for bribing public officials.

Investigators for the Commission report that the "Combination" heading the racket buys public officials like "sacks of potatoes." Its full line of business includes slot machines, bookies, punchboards and other devices for separating suckers from their money. Overlordship of the empire is alleged to be in the hands of Frank Costello of New York.

Mr. Costello has been getting in the news quite a bit lately. Only last week New York millionaire Clendenin Ryan said he was setting aside a million dollars to fight crime and corruption in public life. He, too, named Mr. Costello as the big shot in the underworld. Mr. Ryan is sponsoring the National Foundation for Good Government and while he is being dismissed by some public officials as a crackpot, there is a general, uneasy feeling that something is seething under the surface. Latest developments include an attempt to put a wire tap on Mayor O'Dwyer's telephone.

Anyone who can remember the days of gang dominance in the unhappy Volstead era will shudder at the idea of a new overlordship headed by Costello or anybody else. If such a crime trust exists it should be rooted out quickly by the cooperative work of state and federal authorities.

---Hartford Courant

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#### ROBBERY INCREASE CALLED INDICATION OF TIMES BY HICKEY

"The increased number of robberies in the Connecticut metropolitan areas is indicative of the times," State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey said in Hartford last week in an AP release.

"They parallel conditions which are to be found in the larger metropolitan areas throughout the country."

"We have not yet reached this increased number and kind of crime in the suburban sections of Connecticut but the threat is imminent," the Commissioner continued.

"It is to be regretted that a number of these crimes are being committed by parole violators. All too many of these men are out of state offenders seeking shelter in this state," the commissioner pointed out.

He explained that there is now a bill before the General Assembly which would require such parolees to report to the chief of police as soon as they took up residence in a town where there is an organized police force. In communities having no formal law enforcement agency these men would report to the nearest State Police barracks.

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#### WATCHING PAROLEES

Connecticut is not going to be the refuge of parolees from other states if State Police Comsr. Edward J. Hickey has his way. It is these parolees who are responsible, the commissioner warns, for a number of robberies in cities of the state. He urges support of the bill now before the General Assembly which would require out-of-state parolees to report to the chief of police when they move into a Connecticut city, or to State Police if they plan residence in a town without an organized police force.

Crime is on the upswing nationally and Connecticut cannot escape an increase unless it exercises stern vigilance. The tendency toward expansion of criminal activities is natural at a time when honest money is harder to get. Parolees, who are skilled practitioners of the criminal arts, are likely to find themselves tempted to return to their trade when confronted by difficulties in finding an honest job. Such offenders must and should be watched and there should be no squeamishness on the part of our legislators in giving the parolee-registration bill favorable at-

tention.

---Waterbury American

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#### CAPTAIN RIDGELY--FIRST VICE PRESIDENT, MARYLAND POLICE ASSOCIATION

C.S.P. extends congratulations to Inspector Joseph H. Itzel, Baltimore Police Department and to Captain Ruxton M. Ridgely, Maryland State Police upon their recent elections as top officers in the Maryland Police Association. Inspector Itzel became President and Captain Ridgely First Vice-President of the association for the current year.

In addition to the election of officers, members of the association approved the appointment of a pensions committee, to be headed by Captain Ridgely.

The newly appointed committee will formulate plans to insure the payment of full salaries to policemen invalidated in the performance of their duties and in the case of policemen killed in line of duty, payment of salaries to the widows so long as they remain unmarried.

Captain Ridgely has been a frequent visitor to C.S.P. and we join with his many friends throughout the country in extending felicitations.

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Manila---Felipe Balangit won an oratorical contest at Mindanao College.

Davao police promptly arrested him on a sedition charge.

The student body threatened demonstrations, protesting the police action as curbing freedom of speech. Davao's mayor bowed, dropped the sedition charge.

Title of Balangit's speech: "Wanted, A Peaceful Revolution."

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#### BURGLAR GETS PENNIES

Quincy, Mass.---A burglar who broke into the home of Rev. Sidney W. Powell, pastor of Boston's Tremont Temple, escaped with four souvenir pennies.

# IT'S TIME TO START THINKING

VOX-COP

April, 1949

Remember this News Flash last month?

Illinois---The Virgil State Bank in Virgil, (population, 500), 48 miles west of Chicago, is closing its doors because it is tired of being held up. Three times since October, holdup men have robbed the bank, for a total of \$8,007. The directors have wearily come to the conclusion that additional protection isn't worth the cost.

Not until the "Illinois Policeman and Police Journal" reached us in March did we, "Down East," know anything about Illinois Police action in this case. It didn't seem possible Illinois's law enforcement had failed as the news dispatches implied. Here's the real story:

"Quick work and an efficient road blockade by the Illinois State Police resulted in the capture of the two bandits and the recovery of all the money they had stolen from the Virgil State Bank on January 14. One customer of the bank was shot by the robbers during the hold-up.

The Virgil bank, in a small town in Kane county, looked like such a "soft touch" that three sets of amateur bank robbers held it up between last October 28 and January 14 of this year. Two of the total of five gunmen involved are in federal prisons and the other three are facing trial. Two of the latter have confessed.

The last robbery of the bank was committed by Arthur Otowski, 20, and John Minster, 18, both of Chicago. They were chums, wanted to go into business and get married. They had read of the two previous robberies of the Virgil, but not of the arrest of the robbers.

Otowski and Minster started a deal by which they would acquire a service station in Chicago. All they needed was the money to pay for it. Then they could get married. On January 14 and armed with a revolver, they rode their motorcycles to within a mile of Virgil and walked into the bank. They shot and wounded Phillip Altpeter, a Virgil farmer, and took about \$1900 from the

bank's till.

They fled in an auto belonging to one of the bank's customers, which had been left in front of the place. Driving to where they had left their motorcycles, they abandoned the car, separated, and started on round-about routes for Chicago.

As soon as Chief Clerk Spinner of the Elgin station of the Illinois State Police received word of the robbery, an alarm and order for a blockade was sent out by radio to all officers on duty. Those off duty were notified by telephone.

Officer George Jedlicka, off duty, hurried from his home in Crystal Lake, headed northwest on Route 14. A few minutes later he saw a motorcycle coming toward him, drew his car across the road and stopped the rider. An instant later Officer Everett Anderson pulled up behind the motorcyclist and covered him with his gun.

Anderson, also off duty, had been at home in Woodstock when he received the alarm. He headed for Route 47 and south looking for the bank robbers in an auto, a description of the stolen car having been given to the police. He passed a motorcyclist and a couple of minutes later got the word by radio that the gunmen had abandoned the auto and were on motorcycles. He turned around and started after the cyclist, who was out of sight. He then cut across on Route 176, figuring that the fugitive would follow Route 47 to Route 14 and then whip back toward Chicago. He was right.

The two officers found the stolen \$1900 and Otowski's revolver in the saddlebags of the motorcycle. He then admitted his part in the robbery and said Minster was his partner and that he was to meet Minster at Milwaukee and Devon Avenues in Chicago to split up the loot. Chicago police were notified and picked Minster up at the spot.

Otowski was turned over to the Kane county authorities and Minster to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Chicago. United States District Attorney Otto Kerner, Jr., and State's Attorney

Charles G. Seidel of Kane County conferred and found that the two robbers could be given much stiffer sentences in the state courts on the charges of armed robbery, assault with intent to kill and auto theft, than could be given in the federal court on charges of robbing a bank insured by the government.

STATE POLICE  
GET BANK ROBBERS AND LOOT



BANK BANDIT CAPTURED--Arthur Otowski with Officer Everett Anderson (left) and Officer George Jedlicka of the Illinois State Police. ---Elgin Daily Courier-News photo

Meanwhile, Spencer C. Peterson, 30, of Aurora, who, with Joseph E. Hornyan, 22, of Aurora, first held up the Virgil bank on October 28, last, was convicted in the federal court in Minneapolis and given a four year sentence.

Peterson and Louis Rabenberg, 26, of Aurora, had held up the bank a second time on November 13, last. Rabenberg was also sentenced to four years in prison by the federal court in Minneapolis. Peterson is awaiting trial in the federal court in Chicago. Peterson and Rabenberg were caught by the FBI in Worthington, Minn.

Officer Jedlicka and Anderson and all the other State Police officers taking part in the January 14 blockade were highly commended by Capt. William H. Morris, their commanding officer. So were Chief Clerk Spiner and the radio operators in the Elgin station."

Vox-Cop also congratulates Illinois State Police and each officer engaged in upholding the law in this case.

NEW ENGLAND

Manners & Morals

Like Calvin Coolidge's preacher, The Boston Traveler was against sin. By sending out teams of male and female reporters to register at tourist cabins last fall, the paper proved what most people had long known: that sin thrived in some of them. If its taste was questionable, its evidence was not.

Last month The Traveler chortled with big black headlines, 2 inches tall, when District Attorney Hugh A. Cregg of Essex County confirmed its exposes. Aroused by "flagrant" violations in "utter contempt of the law," he demanded that local authorities prosecute fifteen cabin owners along U.S. Routes 1 and 110 and revoke their licenses. The D.A.'s evidence:

(1) That "tourists" registered under such names as Joe Jerk, Harry Truman, All Day, Youknow, George Washington, Love Snooze, Chicken Dinner, William Shakespeare, Oil Man, Gray Hair, Old Customer, Crook Neck, Zoppo, Flat Nose, Cold Bed, Small Man, Little Mustache, One Hour, and Gold Tooth.

(2) That cabins often operated on a "hot bed" basis (example: one cabin was rented four times in one night--at 12:30, 3, 5, and 7:15).

(3) That the clients, far from being genuine tourists, came mostly in cars bearing Massachusetts license plates and included many regular customers, among them a Haverhill man who registered 47 times within a few months.

---(Newsweek)

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In the United States, one person out of every five owns a car. In Great Britain one out of 24, in France one out of every 42 and in USSR one out of 294 have a car.

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Crimes are not to be measured by the issue of events, but by the bad intentions of men.

---Cicero

## RAFFLES

The recent arrest of Gerard Graham Dennis in Cleveland, Ohio for burglaries in Westchester County, (N.Y.) and elsewhere prompted international publicity. Glorified as Raffles (1949 vintage) every news agency in the land devoted column after column to his exploits. No less than three beautiful girls were included as his "sweethearts." New Rochelle Police Headquarters resembled a police convention hall when the 28-year-old Canadian was jailed on charges of first degree burglary and felonious assault. When apprehended, Cleveland police found \$18,000 in unset diamonds and \$1400 in cash in Dennis's possession. A search of his Beverley Hills (California) apartment revealed a trunk containing jewels, gold, silver, and platinum valued at \$100,000, and a blonde. These headlines drew representatives from every police department in the East, many from the West, and also Canada. By now some may have journeyed from the British Isles but one of the visiting investigators, Chief Robert Byford of Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, completed the job in unmasking "Raffles". Chief Byford, who came to question the dapper burglar with the movie-idol features, pictured Dennis as the black sheep of his family--the spoiled, wayward product of a broken home.

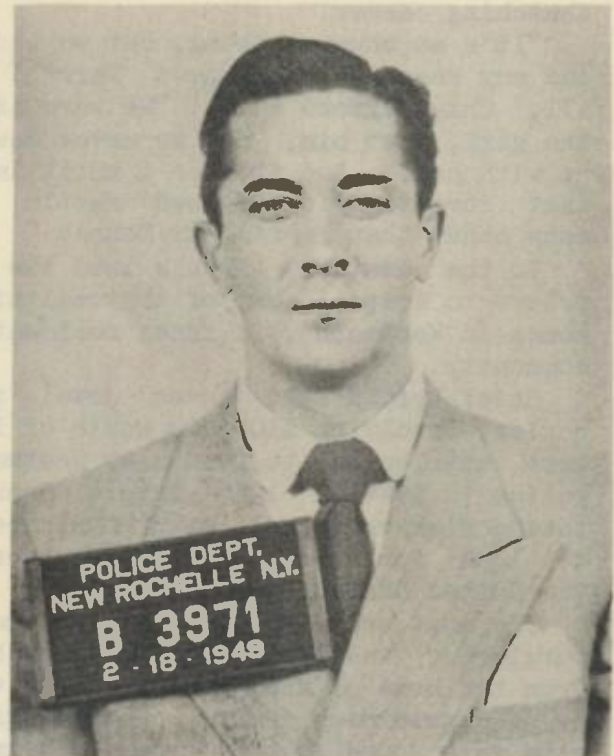
Dennis' father was pictured as a well educated man of good standing; his brother and sister likewise have fine reputations. But Dennis early chose for himself the profession of crime.

He burglarized a home when he was 19, got a year in Ontario reformatory. The next year, he was arrested in Toronto, given another year in a reformatory. Then, for awhile, he apparently tried to settle down. He married, had two children, but finally broke with his wife.

In 1941 he was arrested for house-breaking and given another year in the reformatory. Two years later he was arrested in Toronto for breaking and entering, theft of jewelry and attempted abortion. He was given a sentence of one day under two years and was sent back to the Burwash Industrial Farm in

Ontario. Within a week he escaped.

Then began the career of the super gem thief.



Gerard Graham Dennis

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Chief Byford recounted that, after his escape, Dennis lived for a time in Montreal with one of the first colorful women in his life, Eleanor Farrell. It was during this period, he said, that Eleanor Farrell cashed in a Canadian War Savings Bond, signing the name Eleanor Harrison.

She gave a street address and number, but named no city, in signing for the bond. Authorities did not become interested in this minor slip until they discovered the bond had been stolen from a house in Westmount.

Even then, Chief Byford said, their interest was not too keen. They checked street addresses and numbers and finally found that the number given by the elusive Eleanor Harrison was an address in Toronto.

There they connected Eleanor Harrison with a man named James Martin, but the pair had skipped. It was not until

months later that police became interested again in what was then an icy trail. They found that James Martin was one of the 14 aliases under which Gerald Graham Dennis pursued his lucrative gem-snatching career.

"It's an unusual thing, but we hadn't had any reason to suspect Farrell at all," Chief Byford said. "We were after the girl, not him, but we never caught up with her. And it wasn't until later that investigation showed Martin was none other than Farrell or Dennis."

In the meantime, Dennis used the reprieve to despoil some of the wealthiest homes in Westmount, a fancy residential community.

Chief Byford said seven jewel robberies, involving \$100,000 worth of loot were attributed to Dennis by Westmount police in 1944 and 1945--before Dennis, taking Eleanor Farrell with him, began to look for more lucrative sources in the United States.

The most sensational of the Westmount burglaries was the \$75,000 jewel haul from the home of Mrs. Noah Timmons, widow of a gold mine owner. Some of these gems were found in the Bronx apartment of Dennis in 1947, when he fled, two steps ahead of city detectives, leaving Eleanor Farrell and four guns behind.

However, the principal items in the Timmons loot are still missing, though every jeweler and police department in the nation has been alerted for them.

The most costly on the 10-page list of Timmons loot is the still missing Item No. 10--a \$11,000 ring, consisting of a 5 4/10-carat blue diamond, surrounded by 14 smaller diamonds. Another interesting item is a pair of earrings--each with a 4.05-carat diamond stone in the center, surrounded by seven smaller diamonds.

"I have a hunch he may still have that \$11,000 piece some place," Chief Byford said, "He's too smart to cut it up, because that would destroy its value."

Dennis' activities in Westchester County reflect many of the present crimes reported in and about residential sections of Fairfield County (Conn.) as in Long Island counties, numerous bur-

glaries and criminal assaults on defenseless women in their homes are happening and little aid is being given to police authorities until these particular offenses strike home. Too many individuals are being hired from Metropolitan agencies without any inquiry as to previous history. Ex-convicts with bad criminal records are numbered among such domestic help. Not a few police departments are failing to take preventive measures in "checking" suspects or extending investigative services to our taxpayers in residential areas. We appreciate that there are many unfortunates with police records, trying to gain lawful employment and rehabilitation. We have no desire to thwart such efforts. The lack of any controls on the movement of habitual criminals is a menace to society today.

We must, therefore, urge every police chief in Connecticut to be alert and informed as to these conditions. The existing system of permitting criminals to enter this State without any restrictions or police controls makes it mandatory for competent police executives to employ every ethical and legal means to identify and record such dangerous characters. "Raffles" is often found as a butler and proves to be not only a burglar but a rapist. Yes, too often a murderer. His kind is our immediate problem today. His victims are our protective responsibilities. An ounce of prevention is still worth a pound of cure. We urge each and every law enforcement officer in this State to take an active interest in promoting the enactment of Senate Bill No. 818 now pending in the General Assembly. We owe it to ourselves to make Connecticut "too hot" for Raffles" of the 1949 vintage.

We want our law abiding citizens to feel secure in their homes. This act will provide our local and state police with necessary information to insure safety from marauders of homes and families. It is preventive policing, 1949 style. Yes, we will have opposition from many well-meaning persons but we must press our cause in the interest of law and order. Let's Go!



COP OUTFRONS BURGLAR IN  
DASH FOR LIBERTY

White Plains, N.Y., April 2---Handsome Gerald Graham Dennis accused society burglar, was back in jail today and said to be in a "very glum" mood.

He tried to get away last night but didn't make it.

A rookie policeman, Cornelius Mullane 27, outran the dapper Canadian and captured him after a three-block, gunfire-punctuated chase through streets, alleys and over backyard fences.---AP

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BALTIMORE & OHIO TRAIN ROBBERS

Did you read Newsweek's (March 21, 1949) Story on the B & O train robbery?

No! We reprint it here. The pair "were slobbering drunk" according to Newsweek. We have underlined the many acts performed by these "slobbering drunks."

JITTERBUG JAMESSES

It wasn't Jesse James riding again at all. These were just two young punks, strictly the zoot-suit type, from the tips of their suede shoes to their long, oily black hair. They wore the regulation pegged trousers, freakishly long jackets, and sports shirts. No ties. When they staggered aboard the Baltimore & Ohio's Ambassador in Washington last week, it wasn't with the idea of robbing the train. They were just going home to Youngstown, Ohio, and they didn't have anything more criminal on their minds at the moment than getting another drink.

So they had another, and another, and another. By the time the train had reached Martinsburg, W.Va., they were slobbering drunk; back in their seats in the coach, they muttered to each other angrily about Walter Epps, the dining-car steward. They hadn't liked one of the drinks he served them. To get even they hadn't paid their bill--\$16.15--but they still wanted to fix Epps right.

One of them had an idea: Why not

hold up Epps and take his money?

The other had an even better idea. As long as they were robbing Epps, why not everyone in the dining car?

Well, if they were going to rob the dining car, why not the whole train?

Well, why not?

NONSENSE HOLDUP: They stood up and whipped out the pistols they were carrying in their jacket pockets, and one shouted at the other passengers in the coach: "All of you put your heads down and put your damn pocketbooks and wallets over your heads." The passengers stared at them dumfounded. The zoot-suiter waved his gun: "Make it damn snappy or you'll all lose your heads." Then he pressed the muzzle against the head of Morton W. Peskin, a Cumberland, Md., shoe-store operator, and said: "Give me your money or I'll shoot."

That was how the Great Jitterbug Train Robbery started on March 9 at 7:29 p.m., just five minutes after the Ambassador had left Martinsburg, and that was how it continued for an alcoholic half hour.

The zoot-suiters beat conductor W. W. Purcell with their pistol butts until he agreed to halt the train. Then they rampaged up and down the nine cars, slugging the passengers, screaming curses and grabbing money. They slapped William E. Swan, 65, a waiter, because he only had a dollar. One of them demanded: "What do you mean getting on a train with only one dollar?" They beat up Mrs. Rebecca Davis of Detroit because she only had \$2. They slapped Mrs. Alice Martin of Hagerstown, Md., because she cried out in fright. Jesse James would never have approved. He didn't believe in pushing women around, not Jesse.

Also, Jesse was a dead shot, but the zoot-suit kids were merely trigger-happy. When they found the door to the dining room locked, one of them pointed his pistol at Epps through the glass and yelled: "Open that door or I'll fill you full of holes." Epps was directly in front of him. The zoot-suiter fired --and missed. The bullet ricocheted, however, and struck the steward in the leg.

They didn't have a getaway planned.

The James gang always did. They had stopped the train at a place where there were no highways. So they pounced on engineer C. C. Moore, beat him up, and forced him to back up until they reached a highway. Then they jumped off.

There was a tavern nearby, the Clover Rail Club. Spying it, they had another drunken thought. They walked up to the glass door, kicked it in, and bellowed: "Stick 'em up. This is a stickup." Lining up the 40 patrons, they told them to throw their wallets and pocketbooks on the floor. As they stooped over to pick up the money, one of them dropped his own wallet. It contained his name--Luman Ramsdell; his address--Youngstown, Ohio: and his picture.

NONSENSE ESCAPE: Their attempt to escape was just as senseless as their robberies had been. They stole a car near the Clover Rail, drove off in it, came back, and stole another car. They dumped the second car 2 miles east of Martinsburg, walked to Kearneysville, boarded an Emory Line bus driven by Billy Lopp, and headed for Leesburg, Va.

They were tattered and grimy, and they acted exactly like what they were--fugitives from justice. When the bus reached Charles Town, W.Va., Lopp phoned his office, which called the police.

The cops nabbed the youths at Leesburg and questioned them, but finally let them go. The youths got aboard a bus for Washington.

In Washington, Police Lt. E. E. Scott of the robbery squad assigned a detail to watch the Greyhound bus terminal, but the youths had an afterthought too. They dropped off the bus eight blocks before it reached the station.

They walked into a pawnbroker's exchange, the S & W, only five blocks from the White House, and told William Gorewitz, the co-owner, they needed suitcases and clothing. Gorewitz had a hunch: "When they order pants, they don't want to be measured around the waist. I say to myself: 'Guns maybe'.. I see my chance. Pants need cuffs. 'Very sorry, boys,' I say. 'I have to send my porter to a tailor to have 'em cuffed.' Then I whisper to my porter, 'Call the cops.'"

The porter didn't hear Gorewitz.

However, on the lookout for the bandits Patrolmen Elwood Lomax and James Kennedy happened to enter the store anyway. As they started to frisk the youths, Ramsdell drew his pistol. Lomax whipped out his own gun and fired first, hitting the youth in the chest only 2 inches from the heart. The other zoot-suiter, George Llewellyn Ashton, 21, thereupon meekly surrendered.

Only fifteen hours had passed since the Great Jitterbug Train Robbery began. Jesse would have been disgusted. He carried on his depredations for more than fifteen years, and no one catch up with him until the "dirty little coward shot poor Mister Howard and laid Jesse James in his grave."

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BAR OWNER PASSES  
A PRE-HOLDUP TEST

The conversation turned to crime in the Hometown Bar and Grill at 584 Grand Street, New York City, and two affable patrons at the bar, who had been in twice before during the day, put a query to Lillian Wolfe, co-owner and manager.

"If this place were held up," she said promptly, "I'd hand over every cent."

The two men exchanged glances and simultaneously stood up on the bar floor.

"Okay, folks, this is it," said one, flourishing a pistol. "A stickup. Everybody into the kitchen."

The customers went kitchenward, and Miss Wolfe, true to her prediction, reached under the bar and handed over a box containing \$800 which she had on hand to cash checks for regular patrons. The men fled with it.

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Everyone has some useful purpose in life, even if it is only to serve as a horrible example.

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BEWARE OF HITCH-HIKERS!

# ODD EXPERIENCES WITH CRIME AND CRIMINALS

(Factual-not-Fictional)

VOX-COP

April, 1949

By Dewitt Mackenzie

AP-Foreign Affairs Analyst

There has just come to my hand this final chapter to the story of a sensational French killer whom I encountered in 1936 during a never-to-be-forgotten visit to France's notorious Devil's Island penal colony off the Guiana coast of South America.

The several days I spent on those mysterious isles were a great adventure, for the authorities told me I was the first foreign correspondent ever permitted there. Over them hung the aura of past terrors and heartbreaks which form a tragic chapter of the world's penal history.

There are three little islands in this group--St. Joseph, Royale, and Devil's. They are ideally situated for imprisonment, for about them is a barrier of swiftly and treacherous ocean currents. Great sharks patrol the rocky shores hopefully.

Devil's Island held few prisoners, since it was used only for those convicted of treason. Royale and St. Joseph were used for other great crimes like murder. Royale was the main settlement, and there I was quartered in a huge hospital used for the prisoners.

The hospital was in charge of a French doctor who was serving a life term for murder. He was convicted of poisoning his wife for her money and then marrying her rich sister, whom he also poisoned. He was a fox who crept about the hospital on noiseless feet, and used to startle me by appearing at my shoulder suddenly without my having been aware he was near.

The Doctor's assistant was Joseph Philipponet, a huge fellow about six feet five and broad of shoulder. He had torn a chief of police in France limb from limb with his bare hands and was serving life for it.

Philipponet was as mysterious as his

master, and was forever surreptitiously slipping me messages from other prisoners who wanted help for this, that and the other thing. To deliver one of these notes he woke me in the pitch dark of midnight by scratching on the wooden blind of my bedroom window and hissing like a huge snake.

After my visit I heard nothing more from Philipponet until a few weeks ago when he wrote me from the prison colony, saying he was soon to be released and asking if I could help him get to America. His letter came through the Salvation Army, which does a wonderful work in French Guiana.

Of course there wasn't a chance for me to get Philipponet into America, but I wrote to the Salvation Army for further details. Yesterday I got an answer from a French Army major who had handled by letter in the absence of the Salvation Army officer.

The major said Philipponet was being liberated and sent to France (the penal colony is in process of being liquidated. The doctor, by the way, had committed suicide by poison.

Philipponet figured a man with his record wouldn't stand much chance back home, and wanted to get a fresh start. He thought he would try to get to Canada and then apply for admission to the United States. The major said Philipponet probably would write to me in due course. Then came this postscript:

"I was about to sign and post this letter when an ex-convict brought me the news of the death of Philipponet. He was very well yesterday but died this morning in his room, of an apoplexy of the heart.

"So his future is all settled."

(AP Copyright 1949)

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Alex Eisenberg, a Brooklyn, N.Y., taxicab driver unwittingly helped a fleeing pair of robbers to make good

their escape recently when two winded men on Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, hailed his taxi one morning and one of them shouted to the driver: "See that man chasing us? He's my father-in-law, and we're trying to get away from him."

Alex promptly accepted the explanation and drove as directed to Franklin Avenue and Fulton Street. But when the men threw him a bill there to cover the fare and made a breakneck dash for the Independent Subway entrance. Eisenberg became suspicious and drove to the Ralph Avenue police station to report the incident.

At the station house he met the supposed father-in-law who had been chasing his late passengers. The man, Dr. Edward M. Tapper of nearby Greene Avenue, was at the station house to report that two men had entered his home on the pretext of seeking medical treatment, had robbed himself and his wife of \$175 and then escaped in a taxi.

The story began at 9:20 a.m. according to Dr. Tapper, when the doorbell rang at the building, which is both his

home and his office. Mrs. Tapper, also a physician, opened the door and saw two young men, each of medium height and stocky build. One of them said his companion had a rash on his stomach. The doctor asked him to step into the office. The man did so, closed the door and then drew a pistol from his pocket. He ordered the doctor to hand over his wallet.

The robber emptied the wallet of \$75, and then he said, "Ask your wife to come in here--but no funny business."

Mrs. Tapper entered the office followed by the second robber, who helped his companion take \$100 from her handbag, then led Mrs. Tapper to the closet and pushed her in, with a warning to stay there fifteen minutes. The other robber told the doctor not to telephone or shout for fifteen minutes, and then the two ran out the door and down the steps.

Dr. Tapper tore after them a moment later and was just in time to see them getting into the taxicab of sympathetic Eisenberg.

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#### YOUTH AIDS ROBBERY OF HIS GRANDMOTHER

Scranton, Pa.---A 19-year-youth, police said, confessed that he "pointed out his grandmother" while an accomplice snatched her pocketbook containing \$190.

The confession was made by Louis Graff, who was brought here from Plainville, Connecticut with John (Corby) Korbobecz, 19, and Paul Reap, 22, to answer burglary charges, Capt. Edward J. Kelly, of the Detective Squad, said.

Graff, Kelly stated, pointed out his grandmother, Mrs. Theresa Smith, 69, to Reap. The latter, unaware the woman was his friend's grandmother, snatched her purse, the detective charged.

When she resisted, Kelly said, Reap twisted her arm until her shoulder became dislocated. As a result of the injuries, Mrs. Smith has been confined to Hahnemann Hospital, Scranton, since

Feb. 8, the date of the robbery.

The three youths also confessed a robbery in Allen's Pharmacy, where \$1400 in cash and \$1000 in merchandise were stolen.

Reap, police said, also would be charged with the theft of \$370 from Miss Helen Hamilton, a retired school teacher in whose home the suspect obtained room and board after telling the woman he was a pre-medical student at the University of Scranton.

Korbobecz, Kelly said, also confessed to robbing the Hilltop Market, where he took \$11.28 in cash and a quantity of merchandise.

When the suspects were taken into custody in Connecticut, they still had more than \$500 in cash in their possession.

FLASHLIGHTS

HARD-WORKING THIEVES  
TAKE 83 FENCE POSTS

In Curtis, Nebr. one thing is certain, thieves are anything but lazy.

Deputy Sheriff R. P. Pedersen reported 83 fence posts were pulled out of the ground and stolen on the Jay Springer farm north of Curtis.

The posts had just been set out and the ground was so soft they could be pulled out by hand. Pedersen said they were hauled away in a truck.

\$3600 TO BRING WIFE  
FROM ITALY IS STOLEN

In New Haven, Conn. a long-cherished dream of a reunion soon with his wife, who is in Italy, appeared shattered for 78-years-old Antonio DiCicco.

Two weeks ago, DiCicco was given \$3600 by his son, Michael, 52.

"This is to bring mama over here, take good care of it," said Michael who had been piecing it together for years.

"I will, I will," cried DiCicco, as he hid the money away in a kitchen cabinet in his home pending the completion of arrangements. The currency consisted mainly of \$20 bills.

DiCicco first missed the money last week. After looking around, father and son reported the theft to the police.

THEFT OF 4 BEER STEINS  
DRIES UP A TAX PARTY

In Audubon, N.J. Mrs. Martin Otto, called on the police in acute distress. Four beer steins from Germany had been stolen from her home. The police were somewhat astonished to learn that the theft had occurred on March 14, 1948.

"You see," said Mrs. Otto, "every year, when we have completed making out our income-tax return, my husband and I give a beer party. It wasn't until I was getting things ready for this year's party that I discovered the theft."

"ON THE OLD FALL RIVER LINE"

In Fall River Mass., Charles Kouby complained to police recently that he was followed on the street at night around 11:30 by a woman who grabbed him and smothered him with kisses.

Kouby told police that he submitted to the assault, what else could he do?

But, he complained, no kiss is worth \$106, the amount in the wallet he carried up to the time the kissing began.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY JAIL SIGN STOLEN

In Haddam, Conn., last February, somebody stole onto the property of the Middlesex County Jail and stole away again after stealing the sign that identifies the institution.

"An outside job," state police proclaimed when a check-up disclosed no prisoners were missing. (We'll find it after commencements--Ed.)

COPS AND ROBBERS CHASE GOES FLAT

In Baltimore, two cops were making just like the movies.

Standing on a street corner they spotted a car used for a getaway in a \$150 grocery holdup. Quick as a flicker the two policemen hailed a taxicab and gave the driver the traditional "Follow that car."

The cab wheeled around and the driver stepped on the gas, with the cops hanging on the running boards. Then sssssshhhh.

Flat tire.

AN OLD TRICK

The Newport News, Va. police looked for more than two years for Tommy Hill, who escaped from the city farm while serving a six-month stretch for drunkenness.

They finally located him. Hill was holding down a job as guard at the North Carolina State Prison Camp at Snow Hill, N.C.

## NEW YORK STATE TROOPER

### CATCHES FLEEING BANDITS

Trooper Joseph Mizerek, Hawthorne Barracks, acting on a hunch, stopped a car around 10:30 Sunday night, March 20, on the Taconic State Parkway near New Castle. As he approached the driver's side of the car, the operator asked, "What's up?" "Just a routine check," replied the trooper. "Let's see your license."

The license produced was being examined by Mizerek when his police radio blared out an alarm on a holdup, together with a description of the wanted men and car.

Quick thinking "Joe" Mizerek rose to the occasion. With drawn gun, .45 cal., he cornered his quarry and emphatically commanded, "All right, boys, out of there and keep them up!" They did. Fortunately, all four occupants of the car had dropped their guns on the floor of the car as the trooper pulled his car up to stop them. "Lucky Joe," some of us may say. Yes, good trooper that he is, he came through at the crucial moment. He deserves more than mere commendation. He has the heartfelt congratulations of his fellow officers throughout this area. A dangerous gang armed to the hilt is now halted and in jail because of Joe Mizerek's detective instincts and a true "copper's" courage.

As the story came to light, following the mob's apprehension, New York State Police disclosed that the holdup took place at the home of Stephen Usischon, lithographer, and greeting card manufacturer, in Willow Brook Road, Millbrook, the robbers escaping with about \$2,000 in cash and jewelry after threatening to shoot a baby in his crib. The first general alarm, containing no specific detail, had just come in over Trooper Mizerek's radio when a red sedan shot by his patrol car, headed south on the parkway. The trooper stepped on the gas.

A mile or two along the road Trooper



Shown in the photo left to right are George Constantine Colby, 30, Horace Anthony Nichols, 31, George Joseph Pendergast, 32, John Joseph Infortunio, 40, all of New York and Trooper Joseph Mizerek.

Mizerek drew alongside the red sedan. When he sounded his siren and waved his arm, the sedan stopped at the side of the road. The driver, wearing a leather jacket with a moleskin collar, stepped out. Though it was dark, the trooper could see that the other man in the front seat had red hair.

Then came the police descriptive radio alarm over in "Joe's" car. Here was the wanted red car, the bright red-headed suspect and another in Joe's sight wearing a leather jacket with a moleskin collar.

Trooper Mizerek, who served in the Air Force in World War II and later flew with the Chinese National Air Force, dropped the licenses and grabbed for the .45 in the holster at his left hip.

Dejectedly, the redhead in the front and two other men in the back climbed out, hands high. When the trooper demanded their guns, they nodded their heads toward the front of the car. On

the floor were two .22 caliber automatics and a .38 caliber revolver. Lining the men up, Trooper Mizerek radioed for help. In a few minutes several State Police cars arrived to take the prisoners to the Hawthorne barracks of Troop K.

At the barracks, according to police, the prisoners told of the Usischon robbery, which took place about 9 p.m. Mr. Usischon, who has an office at 220 Madison Avenue, New York City, and a factory near Millbrook, had invited a dozen friends in for the evening. About ten had arrived and when the doorbell rang, Mr. Usischon answered it, expecting to find the rest of his guests on the threshold. Instead he saw three strangers, each with a gun pointing at him.

The guests, thinking it all a joke, were a little slow at first in obeying the gunmen's orders. To speed them up, one gunman fired a shot into the kitchen floor. The baby son of the Usischon's caretaker was asleep in a crib in the front hall. The redhead pointed his gun at the baby's head.

"Get going or I shoot," he said.

The robbers first jerked the telephone wires loose. Then they began searching the guests. They took \$672.54 in cash, three watches and a \$350 sapphire ring. One watch was Mrs. Usischon's. She valued it at \$1,000. One guest, Albert Botunno, of Millbrook, had \$1,500 in bills in his pocket. He dropped the roll to the floor, kicking it under a chair.

While this was going on, Mrs. Usischon slipped upstairs and got a .22 caliber rifle. One of the robbers saw her with it on a porch outside the living room. In two strides he was at her side to grab it out of her hands. He fired a shot into the woodwork.

The fourth member of the gang, meanwhile, was busy outside, throwing the ignition keys of the guests' cars into the bushes. When the robbers fled in their sedan, several minutes were lost finding a car that could be driven. Then Joseph and Albert Valettri went to the State Police substation in Millbrook to give the alarm.

At the Hawthorne Barracks the prison-

ers were identified as George J. Pendergast, twenty-two, the redhead, who described himself as a truck loader and gave his address as 580 Third Avenue, New York; George C. Colby, thirty, the driver, of 25-54 Ninety-seventh Street, Jackson Heights, Queens; Horace A. Nichols, thirty-one, a chauffeur, of 217 East Twenty-ninth Street, New York, and John J. Infortunio, forty, the outside man, of 368 Third Avenue, New York. Pendergast was said to have been convicted previously of burglary and Infortunio of robbery.

#### Admits String Of Burglaries

Nichols provided a surprise, according to the troopers, by saying he had committed thirty or forty burglaries in Queens and Nassau Counties and "several" in Yonkers and Bronxville. Four fur coats--a sealskin, a gray squirrel and two persian lambs--were found in the red sedan. Nichols said he had got them in either Yonkers or Bronxville, he couldn't remember which.

Infortunio was pictured as the "finger man" in the holdup. The troopers said Infortunio, a truck driver, had made deliveries at Mr. Usischon's factory and had seen the lithographer with considerable money. It was his idea, they said, to rob Mr. Usischon's home. They didn't, however, expect to break in on a party.

Colby and Infortunio were arraigned before Justice of the Peace George D. Deitz in Arlington, N.Y., in the township of Poughkeepsie. He committed them to the Dutchess County jail setting court for a later date.

Under questioning at the Hawthorne barracks of Troop K of the State Police, Pendergast was implicated according to troopers, in the burglaries said to have been related by Nichols. They will be arraigned later. Nichols was woebegone about his plight, which police said he attributed to failure to stick to his trade.

"I shouldn't never have come along on a job like this," the troopers quoted him. "I'm a burglar."

Vox-Cop on behalf of the Conn. State Police extends Trooper Mizerek Congratulations and Continued Good Luck.

# IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## NEW-BORN BABE BECOMES MERE 11-DIGIT NUMBER IN FILES OF STATE'S NEW IDENTIFICATION SYSTEM

Beginning with births occurring in the state on or after January 1, 1948, Connecticut is using the uniform nationwide system of numbering birth certificates recommended by the American Association of Registration Executives and the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers. This numbering system establishes a positive link between an individual and the record of his birth and is so designed that anyone would be able to decode from the birth number the year and state of birth and how the certificate would be located in the archives of the state where birth occurred. Since for each birth number there can be but one corresponding birth certificate, a birth number can serve as a means of identification.

All states have planned to begin this system as of January 1, 1949. However, some states already have recording methods adaptable to the birth number system and will be able to issue birth numbers to certificates for persons born in earlier years. Changes in filing procedures of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Connecticut State Department of Health have made it possible to assign birth numbers in the state beginning with January 1, 1948. For births after that date, the birth number will be entered on all "certifications of birth" and "certified copies" issued hereafter by the department. It will not be on the Notice of Registration of Birth mailed to the parents after the birth of their child, since the preparation of this notice precedes the arrangement and numbering of the certificates.

The birth number consists of eleven digits divided into three segments. The first block of three digits refers to

the state or area of birth. The number assigned to Connecticut is 106, while those for the adjoining states of Massachusetts and New York are 120 and 131 respectively. New York City, a separate registration area, has the number 156. The next two numbers consist of the last two digits of the year of birth. All children born in 1949, for example, will have 49 as the second element in their birth number, while for children born in 1950, it will read 50.

The last block of six digits relates to a serial registration number assigned in the area where birth occurred. In Connecticut, beginning with January of each year, all birth certificates are now arranged in order after their receipt from the 169 local registrars of vital statistics and numbered. The sequence of numbering is continued in following months until the end of the year. The certificates for the year are filed permanently in this order and alphabetical cross-indexes prepared.

For illustration, a child born in the Town of Berlin on January 5, 1948, has the following birth number:

106-48-000001

Area	Year of	Serial
Connecticut	Birth	Number

Arrangements will be made in Connecticut to supply these birth numbers to the local registrars of vital statistics having custody of the original record of birth. With one block of numbers assigned to Connecticut, the responsibility for numbering the certificates had to fall on one central agency rather than on the several local registrars.

The establishment of a birth number



system opens up several interesting possibilities for the future. Information on the birth certificate is now required for such diverse purposes as school entrance, working papers, motor vehicle operator's licenses, passports, entrance into military service, and in some instances, for marriage. One of the most frequent needs for a birth certificate in recent years has been to establish the right to social security benefits. The evolution of our social security system may make it desirable to fix a person's age on entrance into the system rather than deferring it until benefits become due. If this should prove to be the case, a certification of birth containing the birth number may serve both as proof of age and for the assignment of a social security number. For if a birth number uniquely identifies a person, there is no reason why it should not also serve as a social security number, other uses would undoubtedly develop. One may readily visualize that agencies issuing driver's licenses and licenses of other types would refer to and use the individual's birth number rather than creating serial numbers for their own exclusive use.

By a suitable scheme of cross-referencing, it would be possible to note on the birth certificate filed with the official registrar, whether there has been a subsequent record of the individual's marriage or death. The lack of a central source of information on deaths is often a great handicap to executors and insurance companies attempting to settle estates and insurance policies. By reporting the birth number on the death certificate and clearing and noting the fact of death on the birth certificate, a reference to one source (the birth certificate) would establish the facts.

None of these applications must be expected in the immediate future. They become possible only when a person knows his birth number as well as he does his own name and is prepared to confirm the number. Surnames are a distinguishing mark of advanced civilizations and, indeed, did not come into universal use among all classes of the population in England until long after the Norman invasion. In Turkey the use of surnames

did not start until after World War I when Kemal Ataturk introduced this reform along with other ideas borrowed from Western culture to help the country deal with the complexities of modern life.

It is a fact that the machines, indispensable to modern systems of record keeping, function better with numbers, which are more susceptible to ordering and rearrangement, than they do with names. The same forces which in the past led to the use of surnames may bring us eventually to the point where a number will be considered as an extension and part of a name. This possibility may give added significance to the introduction of uniform birth numbers in Connecticut and the United States.

One of our state policewomen Mrs. Kathryn Haggerty of Hdqts. Special Service Division commenting on the system of numbering birth certificates remarked, "It adds another advance in civilization; the tagging of newly-born infants with 11 digit numbers will uniquely identify them as does the finger or foot print.

Time was when a person was identified only by his name. And then as civilization progressed, surnames were added as a distinguishing mark. Then footprints smudged in back of birth certificates. And now numbers."

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#### HANDWRITING STANDARDS FOR COMPARISON

By Lieutenant Stanley S. Smith.  
Document Examiner, Technical Laboratory  
Bureau of Criminal Identification  
And Information  
Pennsylvania State Police

(Reprinted From International  
Association For Identification Bulletin)

By "standards" in questioned document investigations we mean such known to be genuine items as can be indisputably used for comparison with any disputed handwriting, handprinting, typewriting, printing etc.

This means much more than the average police investigator may suppose. It

means that one cannot always rely on another person's word that a certain individual wrote a letter, filled out a form, or made certain notations, unless it is substantiated by certain qualifications. In the early probing stages of an investigation, of course, a certain latitude may be cautiously allowed, though not recommended, in the matter of proof for the preliminary survey so as to advise the investigator whether or not he is on the right track. However, for the final analysis, and in preparation for court, the specialist in handwriting identification must be provided with provable specimens known to be in the handwriting of the suspect.

#### RULES OF EVIDENCE MUST BE MET

It is essential, therefore, that any handwriting samples submitted for comparison with any writing under investigation and likely to be involved in a court trial or formal judicial or other proceeding meet the requirements of the rules of evidence as to admissibility; otherwise, the time and effort expended will be wasted as the testimony involved will not be allowed. Quite often, handwriting identification testimony may be the most critical feature of the case and without it a prosecution or suit is lost.

A specimen of handwriting in order to qualify for admissibility as a standard comparison must usually meet one of the following conditions to be acceptable:

- A. That it was acknowledged by the suspect to be in his handwriting.
- B. That it is identified as the handwriting of the suspect by someone who saw him write it.
- C. That the handwriting is identified by someone who has seen him write and is familiar with his handwriting.
- D. That the specimen, as a letter, is responsive to correspondence held with the suspect and purports to be by him, as testified to by the person who had written to him and received the specimen in reply.

(This, of course, might be overcome by testimony that someone had written the letter or other matter for him.)

It is thus clear that the investigator must take certain precautions to insure the legal acceptability of this type of evidence. Too often this is neglected, even when the conditions were favorable at the time.

Frequently a suspect or a witness favorable to him will make an admission when first confronted with a specimen of handwriting which they think has no bearing on the crime being investigated. But if the papers are first gathered and at a later time these persons are confronted with them, they will have time to reflect defensively, and/or refuse to reply on advice of counsel whom they in the meantime may have consulted. Therefore, it is usually best in the beginning to ascertain from the suspect and witnesses the genuineness of any specimen handwriting obtained.

It will also be apparent that the casual opinion of a witness to the effect it is the handwriting of the suspect is not enough. He must show an acceptable reason for such belief. Even members of the same family have often mistakenly asserted that a certain writing was or was not in the hand of one closely related.

#### Weaknesses Of Request Specimens

A specimen of requested handwriting obtained from a suspect by the officer is, of course, the easiest to prove genuine, but it may not be the best for comparison purposes. This is because even an innocent person will be under tension, nervous, and very self-conscious at such a time. This will usually have a noticeable effect on the handwriting submitted and may be far from natural and normal. In fact, some characteristics might be included which in his ordinary writing may rarely appear. An infrequent characteristic may be repeated under strain which otherwise might rarely occur, thus insinuating greater force and weight than would normally be justified.

The compensating feature of a request specimen, which should always be obtained whenever possible, is that the same word and letter combinations are obtained for comparison with the text of the questioned writing which aids the

examiner and jury inspecting them. Whenever possible, however, the request specimen should be supplemented with probable normal handwriting to check consistency in efforts at disguise and normal variations.

Hard and fast rules are, of course, impossible to apply in every case. Some persons normally write variably. Sometimes they are affected by their moods, by hurrying, by their physical condition or simply by idle whims. Others cannot vary much and write with almost machine-like precision under most conditions. Still others are affected in varying degree of both extremes.

Therefore, to obtain adequate standards, the officer should first consider and study the questioned writing and attempt to visualize the condition under which it was executed and the implements used. At least one specimen should be obtained from each hand, marking and dating the specimen. Some persons cannot write left-handed, others right-handed, fluently. Some, who are ambidextrous, can write equally well with both hands.

#### Ball-Point Pens Inadequate

The request specimen should duplicate the conditions found on the questioned paper as to ruling, size of the paper (which effects the size of the writing) pen, pencil, crayon, etc. Good quality white paper should be used to facilitate photography. By good quality paper is simply meant sized paper, particularly for pen and ink writing so that the ink does not "feather" out and obscure fine characteristics. Of all writing implements the fine pointed "Spencerian" type steel pen probably reveals the most characteristics, and when employed to execute the questioned handwriting one should be furnished to the suspect to write the request specimen. A ball-pen type of implement would supply a much less satisfactory specimen, and often, might be almost worthless. Even a hard inflexible fine point as found in many fountain pens in critical limited writing might handicap a conclusion of identity in such a case.

However, when the questioned handwriting is executed with a ball-pen, the

request specimen should include writing with a similar one, preferably by the suspect's own, if he possesses one. Most ball-point pens from the identification standpoint are the most difficult for the specialist to cope with as they reveal the least characteristics of the writer, less even than those deposited by pencil and crayon. The strokes are frequently spotty and ink failure causes over-writing and unnatural pressures.

A "Stylo-graph" or "Ink-O-Graph" type of pen having an ink tube with a projecting pin which releases the ink flow when applied to the paper has a distinctive track, making a uniform furrow in the ink strokes, and so also reveals fewer characteristics than the split nib pens.

#### Use Suspect's Own Pen When Possible

One of the best rules to follow is to have the suspect write with his own pen and ink which will sometimes furnish additional evidence, but if his own implements differ from that used by the offender, a similar pen should be provided.

Care should be taken not to excite the writer unduly, and efforts to place him at his ease should be made. Questioning at any length should follow rather than precede the taking of any request specimen handwriting.

When the questioned paper is ruled, as tablet paper, and where a printed line is provided to the check endorsement, a ruled specimen should likewise be obtained. Some writers, even without a line to follow, write with a base line straight as a die. Others can write on a straight line only if there is one to follow. Some ignore a printed line and write through it, over it or under it.

Some writing slopes upward, some downward. Some lines are serpentine, others a series of arcs, still others, stepped. Some writers will do a very distinctive thing, like peculiarly connecting two letters when there is no base line to follow but do not do it when there is a base line. All of these are some of the matters which are considered in determining identity between writings.

# Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## Tells How Maine Highways

## Were Made Safest in Country

Col. Francis McCabe Says Everyone Co-operated,  
Including Weather---Engineers, Educators  
Played Big Role

By John Mason Potter

AUGUSTA, Me., Maine's highway fatality rate was lowest in the country during January, and is a demonstration of what can be accomplished when everyone co-operates, declares Colonel Francis J. McCabe, the 40-year-old head of the Maine State Police.

For everyone co-operated, including the weatherman, says Colonel McCabe, and the result was that the rate was 5.3 per million inhabitants in Maine, the lowest of any State in the union. Actually the Pine State had less than that number of deaths because the total population of the State is under 1,000,000.

There were four deaths resulting from highway accidents in the State during the first month of the year, or half the number of the same month in 1948 and in 1947.

The 5.3 rate in Maine was just slightly more than half of the rate in Massachusetts during the same period. The Bay State's figure was 10.4. Maine's rate was less than one-fourth of New Hampshire's rate of 21.9. Connecticut had the second best rating of any New England State with 7.2, and Rhode Island was next with 8. Vermont had the worst New England rating, with 25.7.

### Widespread Credit

Colonel McCabe, who began studying highway safety shortly after he joined the State police as a rookie back in 1934, declares that the credit for Maine's remarkable record goes to a lot of people. It goes, he declares, not only to the law enforcement officers such as the State police and the municipal law officers of Maine, but also to teachers and civic groups and road builders, working together in con-

certed effort to keep death off the highway. And to all this combined effort there was joined another factor, the weather, with the result that Maine's record in January of this year was one-half of the previous two Januarys, and the lowest in the country.

For a long time Maine has been one of the leaders in highway safety, and the January record which has everyone connected with the safety campaign beaming with pride was the result more of effort than of accident, declares Colonel McCabe.

"There wasn't any magic," he declares. "It was due to the concerted effort of everyone, the law enforcement officers, the educators, the newspapers, civic groups and the general public at large. The good weather helped a lot, and in addition our highways have been improved so that there are fewer hazards confronting the motorist."

The law enforcement officers he mentions includes not only his own State police force but also members of the police forces of the various cities and towns. The sheriffs of the 16 counties and their deputies have played a minor role in the campaign because they leave the matter of maintaining law and order and safety on the highways to the State and local police for the most part, and confine themselves primarily to the apprehension of criminals.

### Selective Enforcement

The State police have maintained traffic patrols along all of Maine's highways, working especially against speeders. It has placed emphasis on what Colonel McCabe calls "selective enforcement."

Every week each of the six troops of the Maine State police received a bulletin from the headquarters here. The bulletin tells the location of the traffic accidents during the previous week. The commander of each troop studies the bulletin and then is expected to give special attention of the areas within his jurisdiction where accidents are occurring. In some cases this involves shifting of men about within the jurisdiction of the troop. Thus if there should be a sudden increase of accidents—or even a gradual increase of accidents—or even a gradual increase—on the highways between Skowhegan and Waterville the State troopers would give that area more attention.

This selective enforcement has been a big factor in the reduction of highway accidents, in the opinion of Colonel McCabe.

In addition, the State police has increased the number of check patrols. These patrols stop motorists, after setting up a road block, and require each car and each driver to be examined.

"The examination includes everything," he explains. "We check on his brakes, his lights, and even how he drives."

"The presence of a law enforcement officer on the highway is a detriment to reckless driving, and it certainly cuts down the number of accidents. Of the 3693 accidents reported to us last year, only one occurred at an intersection where a police officer was stationed. The majority of the accidents occurred in the rural areas, where there were fewer officers to watch the drivers and where the drivers knew there was less chance of their being caught if they speeded or violated

traffic regulations."

But there were other factors involved in the good record for that month. The weather was good, there was little snow and the highways remained clear of snow and ice along most of the main routes. Without snow, children with sleds did not coast down roads being used by cars, nor coast down slopes and across highways. That kind of a winter may have been an unhappy one for children, but it certainly cut down on the number of children killed or injured, he points out. February brought snow for coasting and Maine's rate went up sharply.

### Fewer Hazards

In addition the good weather and lack of snow meant that there were fewer hazards to the motorist. He was not so apt to skid. In addition he knew that if he could get around better, so could the State police officers patrolling the highways, and that if he stepped on the gas on a good stretch, he was more likely to encounter one of the blue-uniformed officers of the State force.

"But the impulse of motorists to speed, to cut in and out of traffic, to pass each other on curves and on hills has been reduced to some degree as a result of an educational program being conducted through the schools and through the Parent-Teachers Association. For a long time safety patrols of school children have been encouraged and indoctrinated, but this year we went after the parents with surprising success," he says.

"State police officers addressed scores of P.T.A. meetings, and the talks were directed at telling the parents, themselves, how to observe the rules of highway safety and how they could cut down the rate of accidents and of deaths. We showed them a motion picture film, and we hammered home the message. The P.T.A. groups all over the State have been pushing this thing, and the results have been marked.

"Here again, the weather helped us. Without snow and storms more people attended these meetings and heard our talks and the talks made by other law enforcement officers.

"This effort toward reaching the parents, combined with a similar campaign waged in the classrooms, has made more Maine people anxious to keep their highways safe than ever before. We encourage safety patrols in the schools, of course, and we try to do more than just tell them how to get across the street in safety. We teach them the general rules of highway safety and today we see safety patrol members of a few years back among today's good, safe drivers."

### Improved Highways

Still another factor in bringing

down the Maine fatality rate has been the improved highways. "A good safe highway is a not a cure-all for traffic hazards," he points out. "But often it will make it harder for a poor driver to practice his faults. Thus, there are drivers who still insist on passing on curves or on hills. If a highway is straightened, and if it is graded so that there will be no sharp rises, then such a driver is less apt to involve himself in accidents, and is less of a menace to himself and to others." Colonel McCabe points out that since the opening of the Maine Turnpike between Portland and Kittery, there has been only one fatality on it.

Last year there was a great deal of highway work done in Maine and a large part of it was devoted to widening roads, straightening curves and cutting through small hills and eliminating blind rises. This work was done by the various levels of government—by the State, the counties and the cities and towns. The net result was that many of the worse highways hazards were lessened or eliminated.

Maine's feat in achieving the lowest fatality rate in the first month of 1949 was especially significant in view of the fact that the amount of driving has increased sharply in the Pine Tree State, he points out. The number of cars on the highways does not tell the true picture regarding highway traffic as much as does the amount of gasoline consumed. During the last 12 months the gasoline consumption in Maine has gone up 17 per cent over the previous 12 months period.

Highway safety is a favorite theme with Colonel McCabe, who headed the State police highway safety division for many years. Despite the comparative youth of the officer—he is the youngest State police commander in the country—he is an old timer in this field, and one of the first in the Pine Tree State to study the subject. Two years after he joined the State police, he went to Northeastern University to study traffic and safety. That was back in 1936 and the first beginnings of a State highway safety campaign were just getting under way.

For back in Augusta the Department of Labor and Industries was just starting to do something in the way of educating the public about the growing menace of highway fatalities. The department had a program of education concerning industrial safety and it branched out to include highway safety. Later the program, as it concerned highways and traffic, was turned over to the State police.

McCabe studied two years at the Illinois University, and on his return in 1937, was placed in charge of the newly created highway safety division of the State police and

given the job started by the Department of Labor and Industries.

He held the position for a number of years and became a died-in-the-wool highway safety man, and his promotion up the ranks to become head of the force last October, did not lessen his interest in the subject.

Colonel McCabe was born in Dover, N. H., December, 1908. His family moved to Maine when he was six months old, and he grew up in Berwick. He played baseball and football at Berwick Academy, where he was graduated in 1927. He went on to the University of Maine, where he won his letter in both sports and received his degree in 1932.

For a couple of years he worked at odd jobs, playing professional baseball for two summers and doing some work as an auditor. Then in 1934 he was appointed a patrolman on the State police force.

He climbed the ranks over the years. He took a military leave of absence in 1940 to enter the service and served as a first lieutenant of military police at Camp Edwards, before going overseas.

He was 18 months in Europe, sometimes serving with the army, and sometimes with the Allied Military Government personnel. When the American army stabbed into Germany, one of the first prisons to be captured was at Limberg. It was a prison for criminals and McCabe with 14 men ran it. The 15 men had charge of more than 600 prisoners. The prisoners had been jailed for practically every crime in the criminal book, from petty thievery right up to murder.

This experience in running a prison came in handy, for on his return to Maine at the end of the war, Governor Horace Hildreth made him warden of the State prison at Thomaston. He had the distinction of being the youngest warden of a State prison in the country.

But he did not resign from the State police but took a leave of absence. He still thought of himself as a police officer rather than a prison administrator and he considered his assignment at Thomaston as temporary. He was there two and a half years.

Last October, he was appointed head of the State police force and was raised from lieutenant to the rank of colonel. He succeeded Colonel Laurence C. Upton of Millbridge, who retired because of ill health.

Colonel McCabe lives in Augusta with his wife and their 12-year-old son, Terrance. He is a member of the American Legion and of the National Association of Police Chiefs.

BOSTON

SUNDAY POST

GREEN LIGHT:  
Waits Faithfully

Harry S. Truman, of Independence, Mo. is getting into a habit of popping up as a poll topper in this or that department.

"Man of the year...most popular, etc., etc..." are some of the poll winning titles he already possesses.

Now, he has come up with another.

Mr. Truman is the nation's No. 1 pedestrian.

No less an authority than the National Safety Council has so designated Mr. Truman.

THE ASSOCIATION'S magazine, Public Safety, pictured Mr. Truman on its cover and commended him for his interest in safety.

The traffic advisory board of the District of Columbia hailed the President's "firm decision to wait faithfully for the green light before crossing Pennsylvania avenue."

Mr. Truman turned down a suggestion that a special traffic control be established for his daily walks between his temporary residence at Blair House and the White House.

Mr. Truman said he preferred to obey the traffic signals "like any other citizen."

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RADAR SPEED TRAPS

Modern science has finally caught up with the auto speeders. The radar will be put into operation next week in Connecticut, for the first time in the East, although it has been in operation in some places in the Midwest with much success. Adequate roadside warnings will be given motorists that they are entering the radar zone, and if they ignore these warnings, they will get summonses.

This new radar gadget is known as the Little Black Box. A State Police officer stationed with this setup will note the speed of passing cars, as recorded by the instrument. When a driver exceeds the speed limit, the officer will radio another officer down the

highway, and the speeder will then be stopped.

This will do away with the practice of State Police officers traveling at breakneck speed to overhaul speedsters. Before long State Police everywhere will probably resort to this method. And if it can cut down the ever increasing accident toll on the highways the sooner the better.

---Boston Post

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ATLANTA'S ONE-WOMAN TRAFFIC  
BLITZ STARTS WHEELS TURNING

Atlanta, Ga.---This town is undergoing a sort of one-woman reconstruction period. If Margaret Shannon of The Atlanta Journal wins, the street will be safe, not only for the homefolk, but perhaps even for touring Yankees.

Down here they drive with a fierce Southern pride. There's a minor Civil War every day on Atlanta's narrow winding streets.

Margaret, supported by a battery of journal photographers, took on the entire motoring public, the police department, the traffic judge and the plutocrats of parking.

So far, she's winning hands down. Like many other cities, postwar Atlanta found itself with thousands of new people and an ever increasing stream of automobiles flooding its non-elastic streets.

Last October, Margaret began a series of stories as a simple study of the city traffic snarls but soon branched out to hammer away at careless drivers.

The Journal frequently reserved a front page spot for the articles and accompanying picture panels. Hundreds of callers rang the Journal, most of them with pet driving peeves of their own.

Capt. Marvin Thomas, head of the Traffic Bureau of the Atlanta Police Department, became Margaret's ally. Together they worked out a three-month safe driving campaign.

So far, police have been on the lookout for such things as jaywalking, incorrect hand signals, jumping ahead on a caution light, weaving from lane to

lane, bus drivers who fail to pull over to the curb and slow drivers who impede traffic.

Arrests increased; people talked; the careful driver became less rare.

Irked by cars parked--sometimes legally, sometimes not--on busy streets, Margaret pointed out ways to smooth the homeward path for weary drivers.

Results? Since the series began, parking has been eliminated on 10 major streets in the downtown area and banned on four others during rush hours. Three parking garages have been started and three new parking lots will be opened.

Margaret spent several days in traffic court, sitting on the bench beside the recorder, watching "too many fines suspended, too many minor fines given for major violations."

One article spotlighted the number of drunk drivers who walked out of court with their driving licenses still in their pockets and repeated violators who went unsentenced.

Following that story, the traffic recorder sent three drivers to the city stockade for several months.

He also announced that he had a bill pending in the legislature, which would set up a traffic commission, and allow him to add another recorder to hear cases and an engineer to standardize Atlanta's traffic controls.

In January of this year, 4,270 cases came before Arnold, as compared to 3,220 in January, 1948. The added arrests were due in part, he said, to the Shannon series. He did not have the figures on convictions.

The Greater Atlanta Traffic Improvement Association, which had not met since it was formed a year ago, is now active. It's demanding--and getting--better street lighting, for one thing.

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#### SAFETY DRIVEN HOME

In Milford, N.H. the high school safety patrol prides itself on a fair but firm enforcement of traffic regulations in the school area. Names of first offenders are displayed on a school bulletin board. A second violator

brings a letter to the offender's parents. Three-time losers are driven up a one-way street, the stern lecture. Fines are assessed on the fourth and each successive offense.

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#### NEW AMBULANCE

Winsted---The Litchfield County Ambulance Fund has voted to purchase a new ambulance to replace the one that has been in operation in Litchfield County since the fall of 1941. The ambulance is housed and operated by state police at the Canaan Barracks.

The ambulance fund is supported by private contributions and appropriations from Litchfield County towns and is available for use in all sections of the county.

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#### COMMUNITY AMBULANCE

To the Editor of The Republican:

I have been reading a great deal lately about a new town ambulance that is being purchased by donations throughout Litchfield, Bethlehem, and Bantam. This seemed all well and good and from experience of having an ambulance in Thomaston, the town of Litchfield should greatly benefit by having one of their own. However, it seemed very unjust and unfair to other towns, especially taxpayers as myself, to use the intended form of upkeep. What right has State Police Comsr. Hickey in giving approval to provide the State Police barracks for a garage, supply gas and oil and maintain drivers for the ambulance? In Thomaston the town has to pay for the garage, gas, oil, and fortunate enough to have volunteer drivers. Why shouldn't other towns benefit the same as Litchfield?

Kenneth Johnson

Thomaston

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Every hour 11 people are killed accidentally.

BEWARE 5 O'CLOCK SEADOW OF DEATH;  
IT'S AN EVIL HOUR ON THE HIGHWAY

By Allan Keller,  
World-Telegram Staff Writer.

Something happens to the body chemistry of a man or woman about 4 o'clock every afternoon. Thought processes slow up, muscles and nerves lose dexterity and the lenses in the eyes seem to become fogged. These are some of the reasons the hour between 4 and 5 p.m. is the most dangerous in the day for motorists.

Statistics released today by Elmer S. Watson, motor vehicle commissioner of Connecticut, disclose that drivers also are more tired at the end of the work week, just as they are at the end of the work day. In 1948 the highest number of road accidents occurred on Friday.

#### Where Danger Lurks

The report on Connecticut's 252 deaths and more than 12,000 injuries has all the figures and charts a statistical enthusiast could desire, but it also is prepared to carry its message directly to drivers and pedestrians.

By the use of cartoons and simple English, the people of Connecticut are told that Danger works on the night shift, that the elderly have two strikes against them before they even leave the house, and that the man or woman who thinks four or five quick Martinis make them brilliant conversationalists should never walk home from a party.

The report reveals that three times as many pedestrians are killed at night, even though far fewer vehicles are operating, and the chief reason is that most pedestrians wear dark clothing. A white shirt or dress, or even a newspaper in the hand, would have prevented many of these accidents.

#### Age And Liquor

The odds against the old folks in the Nutmeg state are terrifying. Nearly 30 per cent of all pedestrian fatalities were suffered by only seven per cent of the population--those past 65. Only constant alertness can end this danger, the officials warn.

As for the "wobbly" pedestrians, they don't always reach their abodes even though they may yodel "Home, Sweet Home" in whisky tenor and absinthe alto. The coroners' reports to Commissioner Watson showed that two out of five pedestrians killed had been drinking.

It's been known for years that alcohol and gasoline are not fit companions for driver or pedestrian. But today's report from Connecticut reveals that nine out of 10 pedestrian fatalities did not know how to drive a car.

#### Non-Drivers' Risks

Non-drivers, the report shows, do not understand the problems that confront motorists and are unaware of the time and space required to stop a car even at low or moderate speeds. This ignorance costs many lives, and death does not ease the blame.

Finally, the report shows, most collisions between cars result in no injury to the passengers, but when car and pedestrian collide, there is rarely any hope of escape for the pedestrian.

"In practically every case," the report stated, "it is injury or death for the 150-pound pedestrian who is no match for a 3000-pound car."

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FIREWATER: Salt Lake City firemen answering an alarm to a car wedged atop a snowbank on U.S. Highway 40 in Utah, found the driver still in his seat, and the wheels spinning so futilely in snow and ice that the tires were afire. The driver, well fortified with alcohol against the cold, thought he was still tooling along the highway. He proved to be a fire-extinguisher salesman. His car was loaded with extinguishers. When the firemen roused him, his first words were: "If this weather keeps up I'll never get out of Colorado."

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Policemen, firemen and ambulance drivers in Durban, South Africa, have been protesting an ordinance forbidding them to pass red traffic lights or other red stop signs.



## Seven Boys Who Risked Own Lives

### to Save Others Are Cited as Heroes

By Tere Pascone

For "unselfish and heroic service, far beyond any responsibility or call of duty," seven Connecticut youths ranging in age from 9 to 14 are today sporting silver life-saving medals and have in their possession certificates citing their heroism. The awards were presented by the Bridgeport Safety Council, Inc., at a luncheon in their honor last week in the Stratfield hotel.

The youngest of the seven is 9-year-old Richard Kenney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Kenney of Salisbury, who piloted a school bus with 30 children aboard to a safe stop in a snowdrift on Feb. 14, 1949 when the regular driver fainted at the wheel.

Three are Stratford boys: Roger V. Raymond, 12, 34 Elizabeth terrace; Allan Gordon Nicol, 10, 65 Newtown avenue, and Frederick Klein, 11, 235 Reed street, who on Feb. 9, 1949 saved six-year old Mary Kerr, 9 Hillside terrace, Stratford from drowning in Motil's Pond.

Three others are from Milford: Fred Hoyt, 14, 98 Meadowside road; Wilbur Grindrod, 13, 86 Harkness drive and Thomas Nolan, 13, 57 Harkness drive, who saved Richard Sasscin, 5, 26 Argyle road from drowning in Nig's Pond, Milford, also on Feb. 9, 1949.

With their offspring came Mr. and Mrs. William Hoyt, Mrs. Lee Grindrod, and John Nolan of Milford; Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Raymond, Mrs. William Nicol and Mrs. Albert W. Klein of Stratford. Mrs. Wallace Kinney and her son were driven from Salisbury by Officer Charles Sedar of the Canaan Barracks in a State Police car made available by Lieut. Elton Nolan.

The program included a review of the incidents in which the boys manifested their heroism.

Oddly enough, two of the near-tragedies occurred the same day--last Feb. 9 --in Stratford and in Milford, almost simultaneously.



THE HERCULES who were honored at the Bridgeport Safety Council dinner were, front row, left to right: Richard Kenney, Allan Gordon Nicol and Wilbur Grindrod. Back row, left to right: Roger Raymond, Thomas Nolan, Fred Hoyt, and Frederick Klein. ---Photo by Art Griffin

In Stratford, Mary Kerr fell through the ice on Motil's pond, Elmhurst avenue at 4:24 p.m. According to reports, Young Raymond walked out on the ice attempting to reach the girl with a stick, but as he moved closer to the edge of the broken ice, another section broke plunging him into six feet of water with the girl.

Meanwhile two other youngsters, Allan Nicol and Fred Klein, who were nearby and saw the accident, placed a plank at the edge of the ice and were able to effect a rescue of the two.

Scarcely 20 minutes before, the Sasscin boy had fallen through the ice on Nig's pond at Robert Treat parkway and Meadowside road, and would have drowned if it had not been for the heroism of Fred Hoyt and his two playmates. Fred plunged into the pond and brought the Sasscin boy to the bank, where he was pulled from the water by Wilbur Grindrod and Thomas Nolan.

Five days later, up Salisbury way,

the quick thinking of young Dick Kenney averted an accident which might have proved tragic for 30 children. Dick was seated in the middle of the bus when he saw the driver collapse against the wheel. The vehicle began heading for a ditch and a public utility pole. Dick rushed to the front and remembering his father's training in driving swerved the wheel and headed the bus 400 feet, swerving it deliberately into a snow-bank. He said he knew the engine would stall when it hit the snow and it did. No one was injured.

Thomas M. Webb, president of the Safety Council opened up the meeting, congratulating the boys for their bravery. And he told them it all added up to "fine citizenship"--the kind the State of Connecticut would be proud of in years to come.

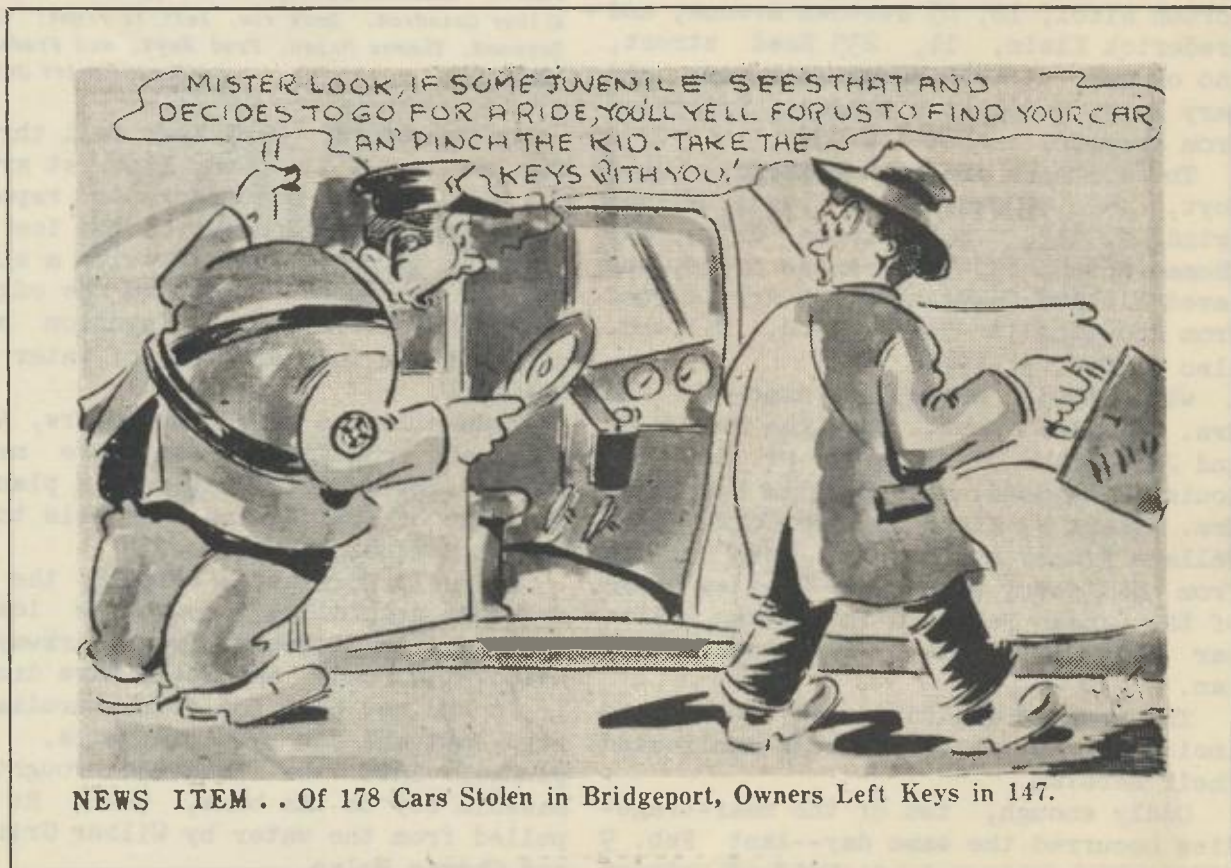
State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey gave the principal address and

he drew a parallel between the acts of heroism of the boys and outstanding conduct of Officer Charles Sedar of the Canaan Barracks during his service overseas in the last war. Commissioner Hickey declared that the seven youths had not only done a "commendable, outstanding thing," but also they had laid the foundation for becoming good citizens.

Police Supt. John A. Lyddy told the audience "how different were these acts of heroism from acts of juvenile delinquency!"

"We hear a lot about juvenile delinquency and of boys getting into trouble and having to live down something they did in their childhood for the rest of their lifetime. These boys, in contrast have nothing to regret in later life, and won't have anything to regret if they continue to live right."

---(Bridgeport Post)



NEWS ITEM . . Of 178 Cars Stolen in Bridgeport, Owners Left Keys in 147.

# AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

April, 1949

## STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

### "SPRING COMES TO THE RIDGEFIELD HILLS"

Spring comes! Soft green spreads o'er  
the hills,  
The talking brook with music fills  
As April rains in gentle fall  
Bathe house and barn and field and wall.

Spring comes! The land in colors new,  
With fresher tones and brighter hue,  
Is patched by shadows from the sky  
As fleecy clouds drift slowly by.

The air is rich in warmth and feel.  
Nostalgic is the soft appeal  
Of breezes filled with sweet perfume  
Which calls to mind the sod and loam  
Of fields new-turned by shearing plough  
And orchards decked on branch and bough  
With blossoms, fragrant, rosy, white,  
A garden spot of sheer delight,  
Soft greens, soft lights, a gentle kind  
Which brings sweet solace to the mind  
Of one who, seeking peace and calm,  
Annoints his wounds with nature's balm.

Spring comes! And birds in every tree  
Sing winter's but a memory.

Edwin W. Proctor

Spring comes! And every policeman pipes  
Upon his reed his song of enforcement  
To the lawbreaker and his associates,  
too  
Who, before snow flies, their transgres-  
sion,  
They'll rue.

(Columnist's Addition)

This month's GOLD MEDAL AWARD is hereby awarded to Officer Guy M. Bonuomo for his capture of three soldiers, in Newtown, less than an hour after they stole a new 1949 Studebaker from New Haven.

This month's SILVER MEDAL AWARD is hereby awarded to Officer Edward F. Meagher for diligently solving Officer B. C. Davis's Hit & Run Case.

Numerous house breaks were solved recently by Officers Edward F. McMahon and Leon M. Merritt, with the assistance of Officer Edward Meagher, when two escapees from the Southbury Training School were questioned, and subsequently admitted these jobs.

Officer Bonuomo found himself in quite a muddle the other day when he was assigned to investigate a car vs. lambs accident, which took place in Newtown--- wool all over the place.

Officer John Jones certainly went to town early this month by cleaning up a Morals Case in Bethel with the arrest of Five Local Youths, who were involved with a fifteen-year-old girl. They were all bound over to the next term of Superior Court. Incidentally, the girl's mother and father were also arrested on charge of Causing Delinquency of Minor Child, were found guilty, and each was sentenced to sixty days in County Jail. Execution of Jail Sentence was suspended but they were placed on probation.

Reference is made to our introductory poem, for ye scribe has taken note of the various phenomena which occur upon the advent of this season, and a peek in his notebook reveals that: Lt. Klocker carries his right arm in a sling--too much painting (??) of the summer cottage and L-O-B-S-T-E-R boat....Sgt. Palau--90 degrees yesterday at Bell Island--claming is good....Off. Bonuomo--Juv-nile work is INTERESTING??...Off. Bunnell--Fort Dix, here I come...Sgt. Murphy--off comes the overcoat....Off. Davis--Trying out his water wings for size.....Off. Dunn--Lent is over--Got a Kool.....Off. Giardina--a feminine member of his family is ill--Spring Fever or could it possibly be painter's colic?...Off. Gorman--gettin' ready to show his boys the trick of the famous "Smoke Gorman Ball"---Off. Jones & McNamara giving the new "Dark Room" plenty of super-vision....Off. Lineweber's new car is a

dream-boat....Off. McMahon--Cleaner must be shrinking his uniforms--they're so TIGHT....Off. Meagher agreeing with Bonuomo on that Juvenile work....Off. Merritt polishing up his cycle with the hum of the birds birding and the bees beeing....Off. Noxon--bumper crop of juicy tomatoes....Off. ~~Small~~--when vacations are handed out--put me before Dunn he was out of the department a year??... Off. Stefanek--thanks to Newtown Court for obtaining a new watch-band for him--(wonder what the story is there?).... Off. Wilson banging away at those terrors of the highway.

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STATION B, CANAAN

The selection of material for publication each month consists primarily of a review of case numbers, a hasty perusal of reports, and the formulation of a story containing a sequence of certain events which, in the opinion of respective commanding officers, might offer constructive and interesting reading for those whose days are a repetition of exciting drama.

This formula, while of general interest, is definitely lacking the one feature which makes each barracks an active community of common interest--the spirit of cooperation in the menial as well as important tasks.

We are of the confirmed opinion that even though "Officer John Doe" may seldom find his name among those cited for a special investigative service, he may, nevertheless, be the one person whose groundwork of tedious patrol and long hours of traffic duty in some remote location, are the positive means of preventing the potential criminal from culminating his plans and saving the reckless motorist from physical disaster through the medium of his timely presence. We might better term him "the hero whose name seldom appears in print." He is, however, equal in stature to those whose sensational action rightfully gains public acclaim.

So, hats off to "Officer John Doe"

whose monument of achievement is carved with the quivering word of thanks from the corner urchin whose stray pup he has returned, and the nod of admiration and respect from those whose disordered lives have been made worthwhile because he took time from a busy day to offer a word of kindness when the world seemed void of friends. These qualities, although seldom story material in themselves, are the very attributes which make "John Doe" and integral part of success in any business.

We are happy to know that our cooperation with various newspapers is appreciated to the extent that such editors as Mr. Thompson of the Torrington Register finds time to pen a note of thanks.

We have found through experience that a system of mutual assistance is definitely beneficial to both organizations and the occasional "Thank you", lends incentive to our desire to be of all possible service to the man who searches out the news which many are prone to accept as "matter of fact," little realizing the multitude of problems confronting the reporter whose life, often exciting, can be mighty discouraging at times.

The evening of March 21 had all the requisites of spring; a soft breeze, high riding moon, and bright stars pinned in pretty patterns to a clear night sky.

Ed Herron pulled his car to a stop in the vicinity of the Stuart theater and, after listening for a few moments to the strains of a waltz which emanated from his car radio, flipped the switch, locked the ignition, and entered the theater little expecting that his radio would be removed during the course of the picture.

However, within twenty-four hours after receipt of his complaint, Off. Leland Cable, patrolling the village of Lakeville, observed a vehicle whose occupants seemed to act in such manner as to warrant a close check. This decision on the part of an efficient officer proved to be the decisive factor in solving a theft that lack of tangible clues made more interesting. The stolen

radio was found on the floor of the vehicle in question. Its two occupants confessed their implication and were arrested for theft. All of which would seem ample evidence of the fact that Lee Cable has that "sixth sense" so vital to efficient law enforcement.

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TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

Spring arrived at Station "C" at the usual time this year though things started sprouting that were unusual for the season. Our effervescent Officer J. (for Jim) Walker Dick blossomed forth with a brand new "shiner", during the early morning hours before daylight. "Jim" and "Lud" Kolodziej were out to pick up a "hit-and-run" operator, in Ellington, last week, and the operator felt that two officers were not enough to escort him to the barracks. So did his family. He will be presented in court this week.

What is Easter season without bunnies? "Bob" Bohman wonders whether it is all worth it as he diligently builds a hutch for the two white bunnies he has for the little Bohmans.

Back to limited duty has returned "Andy" Andreoli. At last he has discarded his cane. It's nice to have him back with the gang.

Of late several groups of young persons have been entertained at the station by the personnel under Lieut. Hurlburt. The Problems of Democracy class of the Stafford High School spent one afternoon with us discussing crime, the detection, apprehension, and presentation of criminals before the courts. The class has been visiting different institutions of the state that have to do with criminals.

Among the other groups have been the Boys Scouts from Stafford and Staffordville, and the Willimantic Luther League of the Lutheran Church, Willimantic.

The Andover P.T.A. recently gave a most successful minstrel, in which "Tom" O'Brien was interlocutor. This station had a prevue of it as most of the jokes were tried out on us.

STATION "D" DANIELSON

Lieut. Albert Rivers was voted a member of the Quinebaug Valley Fire Chief Association on March 21.

At this writing Off. Henry Marikle is ill at his home, so if you are in this vicinity, drop in and see and cheer him up.

Ruth Wilcox and Susan Kenyon, representing the Conn. State Police Department, attended the spring meeting at the New England Policewomen's Association held at the Narragansett Hotel on April 2, as guests of the Providence Policewomen and Chief Charles Higgins. Judge Luigi DePasquale of the Sixth District Court, was the principal speaker and gave an inspiring talk on the importance of policewomen in handling female cases.

Miss Mary Driscoll, member of the Boston Licensing Board and veteran social worker, said policewomen don't have to be all fizzled out, you can be glamour girls but remember always that you are women and that certain things are expected of you.

"The woman's job on the force is to keep the community clean and decent," she said, adding, "I am on the warpath against female impersonators who are becoming more and more active."

Chief Higgins responded with the promise to keep places employing female impersonators out of Providence because the decent people don't want places that pander to licentiousness just because somebody wants to make an extra buck.

"If you are a student of history", he added, "you know that Greece and Rome fell when they became decadent."

Other guests of the Association included Eric Parker, Secretary of the Bureau of Police and Fire, Capt. Edward Kelley, Director of the Women's and Children's Division. 30 policewomen were present.

Nick when asked about one of Susie's new hats, "ummmmm---nice!, fits your face."

Of another, "Looks like Elizabeth Park, all roses."

THAMES TIDES

Wilfred J. Bellefleur of Norwich, Alfred V. Bickford of Stonington and Robert W. Hart of Waterford from this area comprise three of the fifteen new trainees who have entered Police training school at Bethany. Welcome.

Former Police Capt. William T. Babcock of New London PD now deputy director of U.S. Military government in Berlin, Germany was injured in an auto accident in that city. "Nothing critical" was the good report received in Colonel Babcock's home town, New London.

Capt. B. Chapman of the Groton PD really likes the "New Look" not from the angle you may be thinking of but because a local stenographer at the Electric Boat, just had to shovel off her walk to get to work the other morning. "Its the New Look," she said. "Deep snow raises the dickens with these darn clothes."

We shall all listen to a harbinger of spring soon, Hyla Crucifer, the spring peeper. Mr. Don Fraser, cartoonist and Pappy of dummy Elmer and a very good friend of the boys at Groton is, in fact so friendly that he has been doing some investigating on his own. An amphibious creature, known as "Milky" an Albino frog, colored white is the subject. The frog was actually seen by Mr. Fraser and had large white bushy eyebrows, and was covered with thick white fur. Actually a puzzle or enterprise for scientific minds. Note:--We believe you, Don, but take it easy.

Dog bites dog, thats life. Dog bites man, that hurts. Man bites dog, thats news, but, when dog bites warden, thats criminal. Patrolman John E. White, New London dog warden while carrying a female to the dog pound was accosted by a cocker spaniel who noticed the predicament his lady friend was in and bit the warden on both hands causing hospitalization.

"Happy birthdays" to Off. J. Smith and Off. J. Kearney this month also "Happy anniversary" to Off. H. Myers and Mrs. Monahan, Detective Service.

Director J. E. Hoover of the FBI confirms lone fingerprint as that of a

soldier whose body was found floating in the Thames river. Capt. J. J. Courtney of the New London PD said Det. D. J. Murphy did an excellent job inasmuch as there were enough print characteristics on only one finger of the decomposed body.

Neighboring barracks narrate stories of liberating skunks from milk bottles. A local youngster gave the coup de grace to one caught in a trap. So...?-- This animal wore a glass collar which once was the top of a milk bottle. The necklace was not the type worn by lovely ladies with their best outfits and the perfume was definitely not Chanel #5.

Acting Deputy Chief Police Inspector Michael E. J. Ledden of New York City was awarded this promotion recently for uncovering the anti-O'Dwyer wiretap plot. A.D.C.P.I. Ledden a guest at one of our Station E parties has many friends in this area.

Setting off a string of firecrackers momentarily caused wild excitement at the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association's St. Patrick day dance in New London, causing the arrest of the would be prankster. A friend of the prankster objected and he too was placed under arrest.

Lieut. L. W. Williams Jr. was recently elected president of the newly formed Men's club of St. Mary's Church, New London.

Word was flashed by radio from Westbrook to Groton that hit-and-run accident had occurred at the Baldwin bridge involving an employee there. In less than one minute Off. Jasonis had the operator. Speedy recovery, these radios in Station E cars.

"People have more fun than anybody." Many of them observing a recent show in a leading theatre in Norwich noticed there appeared in the movie a car bearing Conn. Reg. The number was quickly memorized or jotted down by many and inquiries as to whom these plates belonged to were numerous. The local PD supplied the information and the manager of the theatre advised the plates belonged to an M G M salesman. Why, will not people involved in accidents or circumstances requiring reg. number, obtain same so we may expedite Justice to

their advantage?

Believing the operator of an auto which had rolled down a bank into the Poquonock river was injured, Town Policeman J. Johnson went to his rescue with a boat. During the rescue attempt, both fell into the water and Off. D'Areangelo who was standing on the bank pulled them out of the water. The operator was arrested on a Motor vehicle charge and refusing a change into dry clothes was locked up. Brrr-Such goings on.

A Sub sailor was arrested by Patrolman Elwood of the New London police after he had sideswiped a new police cruiser and sped off at breakneck speed. When apprehended the sailor claimed he did not know it was a police car he had struck. Now, there is an excuse worthy of note.

Off. Gail Smith gave Harold Russell a ride from the train in New London to Norwich where he had many speaking engagements for the day. Mr. Russell had placed a call to have him awakened in time at his New York hotel, which was not done, causing him to be late. In his talk that evening, he expressed his gratitude to the Conn. State Police Department for the favor extended. His main topic was "Freedom From Racial Prejudice In U.S." Who is Mr. Russell? Why, he is the star that appeared in "The Best Years Of Our Lives," portraying the disabled sailor and he is in human life just as natural and likable as in the picture.

"Guilty of both charges" said the judge to an operator arrested by Off. O'Connor for defective equipment and reckless driving. The latter charge was for backing up at approximately 20 miles per hour into another car in front of a school during a blinding snow storm. The defective equipment charge was for poor brakes and not because the rear windshield wiper was not in working order, which is a suggestion if all cars are to travel in that direction.

Norwich PD report an unusual arrest by locking up Grandpa and Granddaughter. Both were arrested for Breach of Peace and Intoxication.

"Any one around my goal is it," announced the goal keeper not knowing

that his playmate had helped himself to \$1000.00 worth of jewelry during a Hide and Seek game in a private home in Norwich. Off. Thoma of the Norwich PD solved a good case.

Fifteen men of the 305th Military Police battalion Z-1 inspected the Groton barracks to learn how a well operated and equipped police unit functions. Lt. Mackenzie personally conducted the party explaining just how the personnel and equipment does the job.

Sgt. Dygert answering numerous phone calls relative to a surmised plane crash. Off. Kathe investigated and it proved to be a weather balloon, which was seen spiralling to earth.

Off. D. C. Browne of the Fire Marshal's division at HQ discharged from local hospital claiming he feels good but aged. We are glad to see him back on his feet again.

A New London man driving a friend home for dinner got out of his car one night, carefully locked the ignition, locked both doors and started up the front walk with the friend. (The car had been left in front of the house to drive the friend home at the end of the evening.) "Do you always go through all that---locking even the car doors when you leave your car in the driveway of your own house," quizzed the friend? "Yep," said the owner. "Matter of habit. I lock the ignition, close the windows and lock the doors unless the car is under my observation and within a few feet of me. Same temptation to a car thief whether the car is in my yard or parked somewhere else." "Quote" If this is food for thought---Let's all make it the main course.

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Have you seen the sign on U.S. Route 1, near Florence, N.J.? "20,000,000 people pass this spot every year." Added in red paint: "Make that 20,000,001--KILROY."

"Buy a trunk?"

"Why?"

"To Put your clothes in."

"And go naked? The divil a bit of it."

Irish Digest

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

OLD CONNECTICUT RIVER BRIDGE  
AT SAYBROOK SAILS AWAY

We observed during the past fortnight sections of the Old Bridge between piers being floated out on barges for demolition. The spans on the new Baldwin Bridge are of more than sufficient height for river traffic including these barges laden with spans. Route 1 traffic continues over the river now without draw bridge delays. Motorists drive by now apparently contented with the world. Many are ignorant of the long tie-ups under the old system. Most interesting to us was the methods used to remove the old bridge spans. The wrecking crew partly flooded the barges with water and loaded the decks with shorings. Then the barges were moved into position under the spans and shorings piled up to the bottom of the span.

With the barge properly located, water was then pumped out, the barges lifting sections free of piers. It was just as simple as that--why?--because of trained and capable hands and balanced headwork. The team clicked. When vacationists and tourists return this summer it will indeed seem a strange country.

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STATION "G", WESTPORT

Do you recall that in the last issue of Vox-Cop we were commenting how fortunate we were in having such a mild Winter?...Well...it seems we no more than got the mail off when Ole Man Weather dropped his last batch of snowdrifts down on us, making our commentary look very silly. Whoever it was that made that statement about New England weather...."If you don't like the weather, wait a minute"...Well, it seems to me that he should have left us with another about being thankful for what we have, because it could be worse.

With the coming of good traveling conditions, one would be inclined to think that our accident rate would be on the decline but unfortunately that thought doesn't seem to be holding true. With the passing of the snowy and icy conditions of the Winter Season the average motorist is developing a Heavy foot, relaxing just a little too much when behind the wheel and also forgetting the alertness acquired during the Winter when called upon to dodge other skidding cars.

During the latter part of the month of March, Officers from this Station completed three hit-and-run accidents with complete enforcement in all three. Officers Wallace, Mathews and French added to their laurels in the above-mentioned, three cases open and closed with an arrest made in each. An enviable record in any book and a great boost for public relations.

Foremost was the case of Officer French, in which he was afforded the unusual opportunity of observing the actual happening of a hit-and-run accident. According to nearly all statistics everything was against its happening at that particular time. It was between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of a clear warm day and traffic along the Post Road was light, just the type of day one wouldn't expect an accident of this nature to happen. Officer French, patrolling the Post Road, noticed a station wagon approaching from the opposite direction and a young lady walking along the shoulder of the road, facing traffic. Suddenly, the station wagon swerved towards the shoulder of the road, struck the young lady, dragged her for a short distance and then continued on without stopping. Amazed at what he had witnessed, Officer French radioed the station requesting an ambulance be sent to the scene and then caught the operator of the station wagon a short distance away. In the meantime Officer Edw. O'Brien was en route to the scene with our station ambulance. He arrived a very few minutes after the accident happened and rushed the victim to the hospital, where it was determined that she was badly injured. The opera-



tor of the hit-and-run vehicle, an operator without any previous motor vehicle record, was found to be operating while under the influence of liquor. This operator was bonded with the Local Town Court for \$500.00 on the above charge, and when news of the circumstances of this case reached States Attorney Lorin Willis, he, in turn, went before the Fairfield County Superior Court and secured a Bench Warrant for his arrest on a charge of Criminal Negligence in the Operation of a Motor Vehicle with bond set at \$2500.00

I am glad to report to the many friends of Officer Louis Jackman, that Lou, although badly injured in an auto accident a short time ago, is improving slowly but surely. He was fortunate in escaping with his life. Keep your chin up, Lou, and get well quickly.

I might also report that our Mechanic George Gereg did a fine job in convincing his wife that they shouldn't make that trip to California this year.... he and Officer Carlson et al are going fishing up Vermont way soon.

Officer Frank Baylis...."Who's going to win the Gavilan-Williams Fight, Buck?"---No comment.

Officer Frank Bennett...."Are there many deer on that tract of land in Vermont, Frank!"

Frank: "You said it boy, they are starting a Pyramid Club so they can all fit in.

A Word From The Wise.....

Do not be overanxious for relaxation or repose. He who is so, will achieve neither.

MRS. ANNE BRENNAN FOLEY

Services for the late Mrs. Anne Brennan Foley of 214 Fairview avenue, mother of Sgt. Jesse Foley Jr., and Off. Walter Foley of the Connecticut State Police took place Saturday morning, April 9th., at 9:30 a.m. at the funeral home of

Mullins and Redgate, 1297 Park Avenue and at St. Patrick's church at 10 a.m. with a high requiem Mass offered by the Rev. G. Robert Hanover.

Attending the church services were a delegation of the Catholic Council of Women and a large group of her North end neighbors with whom she had been associated for the past 30 years in religious and civic enterprises.

The honorary bearers, including executive officers and members of the Connecticut State Police, were Capt. William L. Schatzman district commander of all Western Conn.; Lieut. Victor Clarke of the Westport Barracks, Lieut. George Remer of the Bethany Barracks; and Officers Leo Dymkowski, John O'Brien and Arthur Harris of the Bethany patrol.

The active bearers, associates of Sgt. Foley at the Westport Barracks, were George Boston, James Costello, George Fray, William Mathews, Robert Murphy and Walter Abel.

The commital services were conducted by the Rev. Francis P. Shea of St. Patrick's church in the family plot in St. Michael's cemetery. Mrs. Foley was a native of Columbus, Ohio and her husband Jesse Foley Sr., who died five years ago was a native of East Hampton, Conn. She was the mother of nine children, seven of whom survive her. Besides the two state officers she leaves a son John; four daughters, Mrs. Frank O'Neill, Mrs. John Ludwig, Mrs. Dorothea Blake and Miss Irene B. Foley; a brother Thomas Brennan; a sister Mrs. Albert Koerber and 11 grandchildren; also a number of nephews and nieces.

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"H" AS IN HYPO

Officers at Station H are displaying their prowess in solving several annoying criminal cases. Detective Ant a Nelson arrested eight men and cleared up six breaking and entering cases. Next he arrested two men and cleared up three robberies with violence cases and a rape case. Sergeant Harry Taylor was successful in the solution of a break-

ing and entering case, and both Officers Joe Palin and Ed Faith each investigated a breaking and entering case to a successful conclusion. All of the persons arrested by our officers are now awaiting trial in the Hartford County Jail. There are forty-two "bound-covers" in the Hartford County Jail, fifteen of whom were arrested by Officers of this station. There is no holding the boys at Station H!

With the coming of Spring, Lieutenant Mayo has a plan on a concentrated traffic effort in the hope of reducing auto accidents in his district. As a matter of fact, the safety film shown since last fall, is still being shown in various theaters throughout the county and no doubt has done some good, as we have not had to record a single fatal highway accident on our spot map, since January 1, 1949, in this territory. We are keeping our fingers crossed!

If any more illnesses occur at Station H, Lieutenant Mayo is going to change the name to the "State Police Convalescent Home."

Officer Palin suffered a casualty and almost lost the big toe on his right foot, in giving a wrestling demonstration. Facts are, as near as we can determine, his hands and arms became entangled with the lower extremities, and feeling that he had his victim in a precarious position, he wanted to tantalize him and decided to bite his toe, but the mistake Joe made, was that it was his own instead of his victim's.

Officer Hart has learned a considerable amount of French since being assigned to the Merci Train detail, and has called upon Sergeant Ritchie and Officers Massicotte and Paige, to tutor him in the finer points. In fact, if any station needs any linguist expert, they may call upon us, as we have Lithuanians, Italians, French, Germans, Swedes, Poles, Scots, Gaels and one officer with a bit of an old English accent. The boys refer to the latter as "Churchill".

The station compliment is anxiously awaiting the arrival of a television set that works.

Clerk Brad Cole recently made the announcement that he was the proud father

of a baby boy. Wife and son are doing fine.

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STATION "I", BETHANY

Spring is here and with the fine weather, the traffic volume is noticeably increasing. The National Safety Council forecasts the heaviest volume of traffic in history will roll over the highways and by-ways through the nation. Let's all get together and put our shoulder to the wheel and double our efforts in sound, sensible, and sane enforcement. The top brass undoubtedly will have a program with which to combat the causes of accidents and evidence of that program is already noticeable with the placing of Safety Division signs on the cars of all engaged in Traffic Law Enforcement. It appears to the writer that every officer should do everything possible to put the Traffic Control Plan into effect. This can be done, and done with the least opposition from the public, if the officers assigned to Traffic Control will remember the relations that should exist between the State Police and the public, whether that public walks or drives a car. Let's get behind Traffic Control and make this the safest State in which to drive or walk.

Good police work was credited to Officer "Tom" Duma who arrested a Plantsville resident 24 years of age. The complaint concerned indecent exposure in Prospect during daylight hours. Investigation as to his background disclosed a habitual pervert. Confronted with evidence as to travels and identity he admitted exposures in the following communities: Prospect, Cheshire, Meriden, New Britain, Bristol, Plainville, Burlington, Collinsville, Farmington, Unionville, Wallingford, Wolcott, Waterbury, New Haven, and Terryville. A Tip of the Trooper's Hat to "Our Tommy".

The Naugatuck High School Driving Class for Adults, numbering 30, visited Station I as a part of their course. Shown through the Barracks, Training

School and given a talk on the Operation of Motor Vehicles. They also visited the quarters for the blood hounds. Mr. Edwin Miller, Instructor of Driver Training, went away pleased. The Teen-Age group are next on the list of visitors. Good Public Relations!

Many fine things were said about our issue of Vox-Cop for March. Just wait until Columbus Day. We will show you another good article dedicated to those of Italian Extraction.

Officer Thomas Duma, our First Aid Instructor, has been busy nights on his own time teaching First Aid to the Sevmour Police Department and Prospect Volunteer Fire Department and has other invitations to instruct. We at Bethany appreciate "Tom's" prowess in this field and we who have had the privilege of being one of his students can really appreciate his knowledge of First Aid.

We were privileged and pleased to have had a visit from our new Secretary of State, Mrs. Winifred McDonald of Waterbury. She just dropped in to say "Hello", and to compliment us on our March issue of Vox-Cop.

Headlines...NAUGATUCK BOY ELECTED GOVERNOR...That's true... Our own Jerry Labriola will serve as Governor for two days in April. He was elected Governor of Boys State.

It dawned on a certain officer that it was April 1st. Here is what happened last year. A note was left to have a certain officer call a number and ask for Mr. Crabb. The voice at the other end said that there were a number of Crabs at the place at this time. Then the officer after further questioning found out he was talking to a Hartford Sea Food House. Beware of notes to call "Mr. Graves."

NEW LIGHT CRUISERS  
TO BE LAUNCHED IN CONNECTICUT

The good ship "Dolly" and the good ship "QUASSAPAUG OYSTER" will be launched in the near future at the Monaugin Ship Yards, Long Island Sound, East Haven, Conn. The Dolly is owned and skippered by that seafaring Captain, Thomas Duma. The Quassapaug Oyster is owned and skippered by that old salt,

Captain Thomas Leonard. Both men being Mariners by profession are attempting to secure the services of that Old Whaler Alex Kostok. They will settle with Kostok for worms if I know their prowess of angling and fishing. Ruth Wilcox will break the Champagne bottle over the Bow of each ship. Regular fishing trips are now being arranged for excursions on the Naugatuck River.

Sergeant Theodore Strand is busily engaged tying flies. He will soon be trying them out at Wilson's Fish Market.

On March 18, 1949 at 7:15 P.M., Joseph P. Kurty of Wallingford called the Wallingford Police and stated that he was sideswiped on the Wilbur Cross Parkway. Officer Piascik investigated and when the facts were clear Piascik arrested the complainant for Evading Responsibility, when he learned, through physical evidence, that Kurty drove his car into a road fence and was not sideswiped by another car. Then Piascik arrested Kurty for giving False Information to Police. Guilty Pleas were entered on each charge, and Kurty came away from court a poorer but wiser man. Good work Ray.

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER"

(Modern Version With Apologies)

The woman was old and ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of a winter's  
day;  
The streets were white with snow and  
sleet,  
As the faithful policeman walked his  
beat.

Down the street came the traffic's roar,  
As the factories were dismissed at four;  
The autos were packed like many sheep,  
As they battled the snow so white and  
deep;  
At the crowded crossing bent and for-  
lorn,  
Stood the old lady tattered and torn.

None offered a helping hand to her,  
So weak and timid afraid to stir,  
Lest the autos knock her off her feet,  
And crush her body on the slippery

street.  
 The policeman blew his whistle shrill,  
 And traffic stopped and stood quite  
 still,  
 And to the old lady he whispered low,  
 "I'll take you across if you wish to  
 go."

She placed her hand on his strong right  
 arm,  
 As he guided her across free from harm;  
 The people cheered and said a prayer,  
 What could have happened but for the  
 policeman there.

Back on his post he takes his stand,  
 His whistle shrills, he waves his hand;  
 The motors purr and the storm they  
 braved,  
 Happy that somebody's mother had been  
 saved.

"Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head,  
 In her home that night this prayer she  
 said,  
 "Oh Lord be praised for the policeman  
 dear,  
 Who does his work without fear;  
 Always lending a helping hand,  
 To make life safer in this great land."  
 So now dear motorist let this a lesson  
 be,  
 You have a mother such as she,  
 So when the winter's driving is bad,  
 Think of "Somebody's Mother" and  
 "Somebody's Dad".

By J. J. Carroll, 1st  
 For the Meriden Police

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STATION "K", COLCHESTER

The fire at the Valley Oil Company  
 in Portland early Monday morning, March  
 28, brought a word of well-earned praise  
 to Semper Paratus LaForge from LHQ. As  
 usual, Frank was on the job shortly aft-  
 er the fire was noticed and routed out  
 the families of the houses near by while  
 calling in for help.

The series of car thefts which has

been keeping the personnel of Lazy K?  
 on the go was at least slowed down by  
 the alertness of Combat Brescia when he  
 apprehended a juvenile in the act of  
 taking a car from the theater in East  
 Hampton. His apprehension cleared up  
 a half dozen similiar thefts.

It is good to hear the cheery voice  
 of WJTK 210 issuing from our station  
 once more. Welcome back, Mac.

Off. John Fersch on pins and needles  
 awaiting the formal launching of his  
 steamboat the "Colchester Clam". Off  
 Bob "Salty" Donohue has designs on said  
 "Clam" as he claims there is only one  
 rock in the Thames River he hasn't run  
 aground on as yet, and with a little co-  
 operation from Off. Fersch he can elim-  
 inate this deficiency.

Off. Joe Sikorski has a new way to  
 reduce--10 lbs. off in 30 seconds. Joe  
 claims this happens when the safety  
 valve on the furnace in your shiny new  
 3-day-old house goes off for the first  
 time.

Offs. Hickey and Ackerman still bath-  
 ing swollen feet from what they claim  
 was an 18-mile parade in New Haven??????

If you plan on any pre-season angling  
 don't attempt to do it on Det. Boying-  
 ton's patrol. Three anglers caught fish  
 three days running and Det. Boyington  
 caught anglers three days in a row.

Our Scout in the Eastern part of our  
 territory, Off. Daniel Boone McKenzie,  
 reports everything under control with no  
 Indian uprisings East of the Rt. 2 fron-  
 tier.

Sgts. Leighton and McAuliffe keeping  
 their powers of observation alert by  
 surveying each other's waistline daily  
 with appropriate remarks.

Dispatcher Adams hasn't been seen  
 around the barracks evenings since he  
 acquired a nice new Dodge. Evidently he  
 likes to drive?????

"Ma" Miller and Chef Caya recently  
 developed a new formula for "Cream  
 Puffs" with Off. Hank Gowdy acting as  
 chief taster.

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Gossip--The news one wants to hear  
 about someone else but not about him-  
 self.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

Spring is here and with it the quiet peaceful hills at Litchfield are quiet no more with the hammering and banging going on here at Station "L". No one around here is heard complaining as everyone here at Station "L" knows that it is not in vain and our great reward will come on the day the construction is completed.

Station "L" has already received one new addition and that is the Berkshire Ambulance. It is a nice 1948 Cadillac, color light green and will be a credit to the barracks.

Vacation time is drawing near and everyone is anxiously looking forward to that time when they can fish, hunt, and swim. There are those that will want to take their vacation during the great hunting season, others will prefer the fishing season, and then there will be those that will take any time. Here's hoping everyone gets the time he wants! Good Luck, boys.

HIGHLIGHTS AT STATION "L"

On the evening of March 24th our enterprising Off. Arthur Johnson, who has a flare for becoming involved in extenuating circumstances, went out on routine evening patrol. When he left the station he expected to spend a probable uneventful tour of patrol.

While cruising along Route #6 near the Taft School in the town of Watertown he came upon a parked car. His ferret-like instincts were aroused by this car being parked in an unusual place. Officer Johnson decided to make a check of the car and its occupants. Seeing a man alone behind the wheel and inquiring if anything were wrong, our dashing young officer had not time to even be surprised when the occupant, threw open the door and leaped upon him in a panther-like manner. The assailant, a man of no small stature, proved quite a problem for our officer. The two men then engaged in a wrestling match on the shoulder of U.S. Route #6. The adversaries being of approximate

strength it appeared that the altercation might result in a stalemate. However, a passing motorist, in a spirit of cooperation, came to the rescue of the officer. Combining forces, they quickly overcame the culprit, one Terrence F. Dowling, of Waterbury. Dowling was taken into custody by Off. Johnson and charged with Intoxication, Breach of The Peace, Assault and Resisting Arrest. For his evening of frolic, Dowling was fined a total of \$40.00 in the Watertown Justice Court.

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HEADQUARTERS MIRROR

Station "F-boys" gave "Bill" Connolly a surprise party April 10 when the "records" disclosed "Bill" passed the 20 year mark at Station "F". Lt. Shaw and associates, including the Connolly family walked into Sunday dinner in Westbrook and took William Henry Connolly off his feet with a turkey dinner, a few speeches, some congratulatory teletype messages, a large cake and a pen and pencil set.

Others in the department who have matched "Bill's" record of 20 years in the same station are, Lt. Harris Hulburt at Stafford Springs, Officer John T. Murphy at Danielson. Lt. Fred Brandt now at Hdqts., exceeded records at Station "B" Canaan.

Westbrook area would not seem natural without Bill Connolly on the job. We join in extending him continued good health and a longer term of duty along the Sound.

Connecticut Police Chiefs noted with unusual interest the recent news dispatches from Yardville's (N.J.) Chief of Police Robert Waterson reflecting his attitude and admonitions to the Town's volunteer firemen breaking traffic laws while driving personal cars to fire houses in answering fire alarms. Chief Waterson believes that even a fire can at times wait on the traffic law. Firemen en route to a fire house, he pointed out, are subject to the New Jersey State

Motor Vehicle Laws.

We in Connecticut may not agree with that policy. There is, however, in the Nutmeg State an urgent need to curb speeding ambulances in the towns and cities. Too many needless chances are being taken by such drivers not only when seriously ill and severely injured patients are being transported in congested areas but in cases where no emergencies exist. Too many such accidents are happening hereabouts.

New York City Police this spring had unusual assemblies on two glorious Sunday mornings. First the Sons of St. George attended church services and a communion breakfast. Former Commissioner Wallender addressed the group and pointedly advised his former command to continue their good efforts in battling the enemies of society. His talk as reported in the press was inspiring as well as impressive. Gatherings of this kind mean much to New York's finest. Parading with the Police Band playing "Onward Christian Soldiers" to and from Church to a Hotel early Sunday morning is an inspiring sight and reflects the true spirit of comradeship among the rank and file.

A recent Sunday brought out the members of the Police Holy Name Society. More than 6000 policemen attended Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral and of that number 4000 heard Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, guest speaker, remark "that if loyalty is the supreme need of the home then "our cops" are among the best citizens and should be emulated."

Describing disloyalty as the "greatest fear in our land today," Archbishop Cushing said, "A nation can handle almost any other type of crime. You can counter thievery with locks. You can anticipate most crimes by vigilance. But you can't even discover traitors until they have already done their damage."

Archbishop Cushing said that "there is one thought I would like to express here this morning and it is this: When people worry nowadays about loyalty in public office and in posts of trusts, they are not worrying about the loyalty of our police....Within a few days there

have been gatherings of the disloyal, and almost every level of society and every walk of life was represented among the disloyal persons present. But on one thing you can bet; in the whole crowd of them, in all their disloyal ranks, there was not a single 'cop.'

In his informal remarks to his men Commissioner O'Brien reported that in the last year New York has shown a decrease in all major crimes, while an increase in the number of arrests had been recorded.

"It is to you men that the credit for this belongs," the Commissioner said. "I'd be foolish to stand here and ask you to do better. I do plead with you to keep up the good work."

Veteran Members C.S.P. were grieved to learn late in March of the passing of an old friend and associate, Harry M. Shedd, Director of the Automobile Underwriter Detective Bureau. Mr. Shedd died in Florida while on a brief vacation. His funeral, held in his home town, Elizabeth, N.J. was attended by many police and numerous executives. Captain Leo F. Carroll represented the Connecticut State Police.

"Harry" Shedd served his native state in New Jersey's Motor Vehicle Department and in 1916 organized the Automobile Underwriters Detective Bureau. Always alert to auto theft prevention and in the detection and apprehension of automobile thieves, he gained the full cooperation of law enforcement agencies throughout the country. We in Connecticut knew him intimately and long enjoyed his personal friendship, wholehearted assistance and cooperation.

His demise leaves a gap in old friendships. We shall miss his guiding hand and counsel in auto theft conspiracies.

Another life long friend of C.S.P. passed away within the fortnight at his home in Norwich. Lieutenant Mathew Delaney, retired, Norwich Police Dept. Lt. Delaney, after 44 years of service in the Norwich PD, retired a year ago. He was a loyal, faithful and trustworthy police official. Always congenial and affable he made many friends. We shall miss him too.

Code of Honor  
of the  
Connecticut State Police

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*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."