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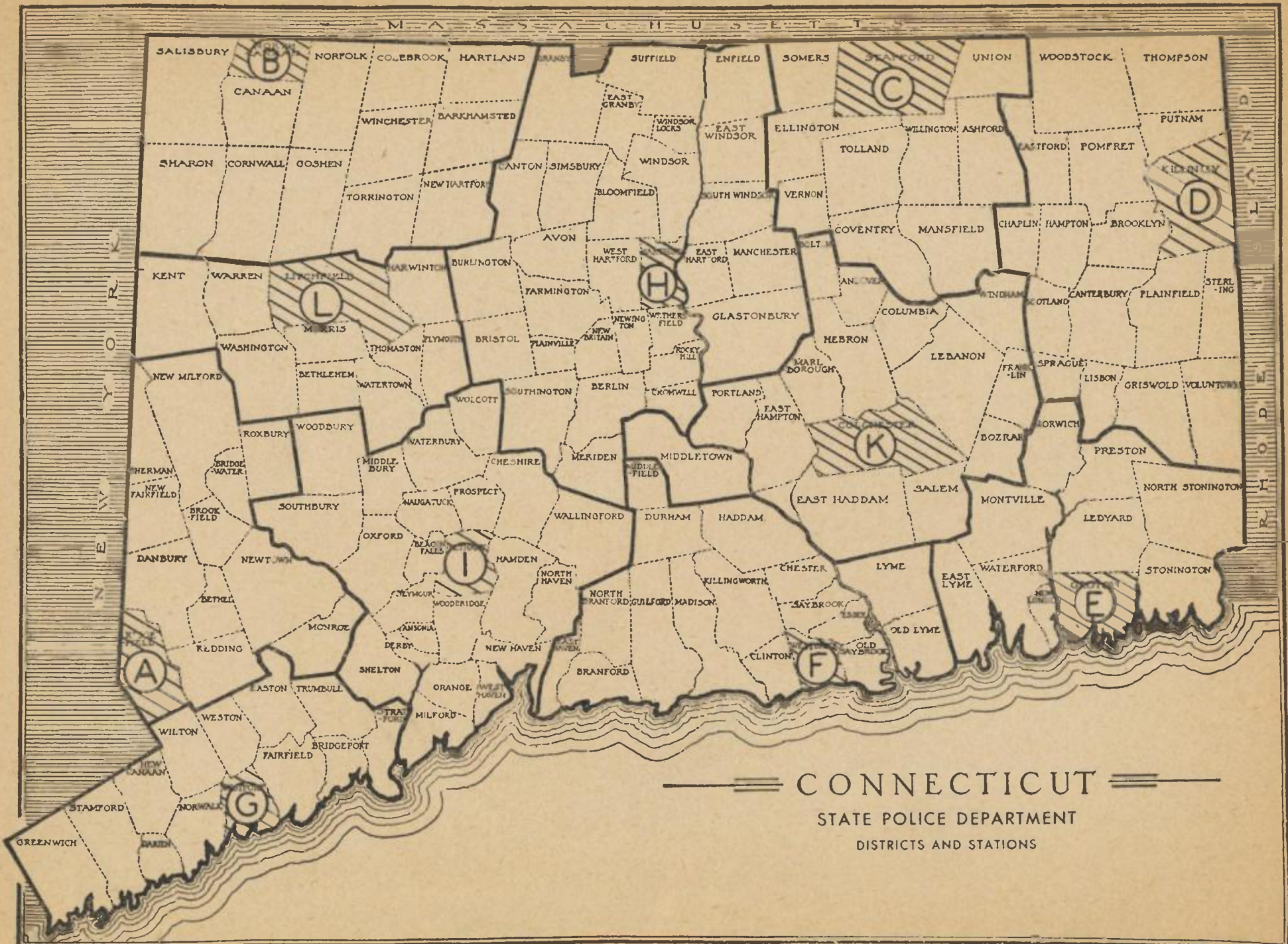
No. 9

CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

MAY 1949



CONNECTICUT

STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT

DISTRICTS AND STATIONS

Yankee By The Clipper

VOX-COP

May, 1949

Between Ourselves

BY EDWARD J. SHUGRUE

Big, good natured--but a terror when he gets mad --is a state policeman, who most folks have not known by his correct name through the years. A nickname hung on him in his youth on the East Side stayed with him through most of his athletic career, but huge Leo

wrestler.

Leo Henry Dymkoski was born on the "East Side", just where he has never been able to actually ascertain, Nov. 1, 1914. He got all his education in Staples school, and the Warren Harding high school. In between he managed to put together a sports career as well as working for a collection agency in Stamford.

He then took to selling automobiles for Charley Haynes and Tom Morrissey, later shifting to the employe of Irving Mills. In 1939 he became chief of plant protection supervision at the Auto Ordinance company, which later became Maguire Industries. He was succeeded in that post by his first assistant, Anthony P. Matera, when he accepted an appointment to the State Police department, Aug. 1, 1941. He was first assigned to the Westport barracks, and since 1944 has been assigned to the Bethany barracks.

Let's get the trick name settled first.

When Leo was a mere kid he won a rough and rugged fist fight on Staples street and was promptly named by his cronies as "Lomski", after a prominent heavyweight warrior of that period. The cognomen stuck and all through his sports career he was "Lomski".

He married the former Eloise S. Eubanks of Spencer, N.C., April 20, 1940, and they have a youngster, Leo Chester, who is five months old. His middle name of Chester comes from the fact that the baby's godfather is none other than Chet Gladchuk--an All-American football center at Boston College, later a star with the New York Giants, and now head gridiron coach at the University of Bridgeport.



LEO DYMKOSKI

Dymkoski is a respected member of Ed Hickey's uniformed staff and one of the best shots on the state police force when it comes to handling a revolver.

He has been best known as "Lomski"--a title he carried when he was a football player, pugilist and

Star on Many Football Teams

Leo started playing his football along with Dr. Ralph Lenoci with a kid team known as Maple Street Bears. He graduated to sandlot clubs, which "just floundered around" Old Mill Green, before he was picked to perform with the Stratford St. James around 1930. This club included Tim Piorek, Allie Buzgo, John Bob-

yak, Andy Metz, Jake Stonie, Joe Findorak, Eddie Metz, Jimmy McQuillan, Cooney Sabol and Mike Duch.

The next year the "Saints" changed their name to the Holy Names with Tim Jonasko as manager. Most of the former players were carried along plus such additions as Pete Fedorko, Eddie Scheck, Jabo Jablonski, Joe Perry, Bill Stasco, Kroll, Charley Prokop, Swede Larson, Eddie Metz with Frank Kecko as coach and Andy Swatt as trainer.

Things were a bit tough for dough around this period so the boys had to stay close to home to play, but they won somewhat of a district championship by licking the Fairfield Tigers, 6-0, the Rosebuds, 2 to 0, on a safety, but the big game was a 3 to 2 win over the Savoys. Joe Findorak kicked a 27 yard field goal to provide the clincher.

With Trojans and Rosebuds

Leo stayed with the Holy Names the next two seasons as they licked both the Rosebuds and Savoys before "bumper 25-cent crowds" at Newfield park by the respective scores of 7 to 0 and 12 to 6. All of those contests were rugged, and many of them were interspersed by something known as "fisticuffs". The referee-who is the writer--can testify to such facts.

When John Hank Creevey took over as manager of the Rosebuds he surveyed the town for the best football players so along about 1935 he induced "Lomski" to join his club. The team included Frank Kecko, Eddie Swezey, Steve Miska, Tim Piorek, Mickey Dolyak, Buddy Nash, Johnny Yakowicz, George Kidney, Joe Perry and a host of others.

The Rosebuds really won state fame in 1936 by beating the famed New Britain club, 12 to 6. The winning touchdown came in the last minute of play as Miska, now Harding's brilliant coach--who served as center, tackle and fullback--heaved a successful 40-yard pass to Dolyak.

That same season the Buds came back home to polish off the Holy Names, Savoys and Easterns in district championship affairs.

Leo took his "Lomski" name to Danbury in 1937 and himself a spot as left tackle on a squad that in addition to Miska, included three other Bridgeport boys, Tom Murphy, one of Notre Dame's greats; rugged Vic Curtis, and John (Butch) Pivarnik.

Jack Thompson managed, played quarterback, kicked and passed for that Danbury team--and he wanted nothing but the best when it came to football talent. His roster also included: Ellie Armstrong, Freddie Leoser Frank Saniak, Red Negri, Murph Epstein, Van Alderstyne Gallagher, Fritz Patella, Bill Tobin, Kieth Topping and Vic Reuter--plus other luminaries that all but made Thompson bankrupt. He didn't care as long as his team won--and in our book it was never licked by a

state rival.

It pulled a surprise one night by besting the Brooklyn Dodgers, 12 to 7, but the next week lost to the New York Giants, 21 to 6.

In 1938 Leo joined the Fairfield Tigers, who included: Ed Henry as manager, Charley Heim and "Mayor" Tiny Johnson as coaches, Dr. Ed Kemp as ace roofer and physician; Parkemege, Krolikowski, Sullivan, Ardell, Collimore, Broadbin, Henry Trudeau, Esposito, Gentile, Toth, Greene, Lucas, Lesiak, Kovacs, Braun, Murtha, Curran and Lieut. Chris Schick.

His career this season was handicapped by torn knee ligaments, so after that he hung up his mole-skins and cleets.

Leo admits that he scored but one touchdown in his life. He was playing for the Holy Names and the tally came "either against the Rosebuds or Savoys, but a blind referee (who happened to be the writer) called it back and said somebody was holding."

Boxer and Wrestler

"Lomski", as Leo was known, was a handy guy with his fists and Dutch Schultz--a famed but now deceased New York racketeer and beer baron, wanted to handle him as a professional. Leo had 16 to 17 fights as an amateur, including a draw with Nathan Mann. He dropped a couple of decisions, but was never floored.

Leo had dreams of fame in the realm of pugilism until his mother put her foot down.

Around about this time Leo was also working as a trainer for Andy Parker who taught him plenty about the art of wrestling. Lomski became so proficient that Jack Curley, who saw him in practice, wanted him to turn pro, but again Leo's folks said no.

In his prime as an athlete, Leo stood, 6-1 1-2, weighed about 215. Today he can bend the beam down at 235.

Member Of Champion Pistol Team

On the State Police force Leo is known by his right name of Dymkoski, and is one of the crack revolver and pistol shots on Commissioner Edward J. Hickey's "finest".

Personally Leo has won 37 different medals in competition and was a winner in the Naugatuck Valley event last year. Other members of the State Police squad include: Lieut. Mike Smith, Sgt. Bill Casey, Ed Formeister, Detective Ralph Boyington, Jerry Smith, Lee Cable and Al Powell.

This team has won 15 New England first place medals.

Long ago Dymkoski was a member of Battery D of the 242nd Coast Artillery Corps, and as a first class private earned a sharpshooter's medal.

Quite a versatile fellow, I'd say.

(The Bridgeport Sunday Post)

BE THANKFUL FOR THE FBI

(New York World Telegram)

Almost any issue of the Daily Worker, Moscow's official mouthpiece in America, is full of abuse of J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

No name is too filthy or vicious for Commies to use when they discuss the FBI and its personnel—particularly its director.

In every possible way, the American Communists have tried to undermine and discredit the FBI. Their most effective work has been done not by themselves, but by fellow-traveler and left-wing groups who have been influenced to join the campaign. Many of these critics have been sincere idealists who somehow think it is wrong to lock your doors against possible intruders. It has been popular among them to seize on any weakness or fancied error as an excuse to try to tear down the nation's chief investigating agency.

Director Hoover has been pictured as a publicity seeker and the G-men as interlopers in the work of the local police agencies. These attacks have stirred up suspicions and ill will which have made the work of the federal investigators more difficult to perform.

Now and then, a glimpse behind the scenes shows why all this hatred and opposition exists.

Such a glimpse has just been provided here in the conspiracy trial of 11 American Communist leaders.

A Massachusetts advertising man took the stand and revealed that for nine years he has served the FBI as a member of the Communist party. All that time, he had been furnishing Mr. Hoover's bureau with inside information about what the Reds were doing.

There have been other similar flashes from time to time, showing that the FBI has been awake to the Communist menace for a long time. Whatever else was happening in other government departments and bureaus, the G-men were on the job.

While Moscow was building and training a fifth column to betray America in event of war, or to overthrow our government in case of domestic crisis, one arm of the federal government was alert and on guard.

If war came it might turn out that our first and most valuable army is right here at home—the agents of the FBI. This is the force which would have to overcome Moscow's fifth column in order to prevent the sabotage and betrayal of our men in the Army, Navy and Air Forces.

It is comforting to discover that the FBI is on the job. There has been so much carelessness in other government departments that the vigilance of the FBI is all the more outstanding.

No wonder the Commies hate and want to destroy Director Hoover and his men. They are the biggest single obstacle to the conspiracy of American traitors to make us slaves of the Soviets.

HEROINE

Grownups have no corner on bravery. A 14-year-old girl who saved her four brothers and sisters when fire swept their home in Des Plaines, Ill., has stirred the hearts of residents of Chicago and the surrounding area. The youthful heroine has been presented with savings bonds with a present face value of \$10,000. Neighbors, friends and strangers packed the county building in her home community to cheer her when the presentation was made.

Nearly every day acts of bravery take place whether in war or peace. That a little girl has warmed the hearts of so many people and they have seen fit to reward her in a practical way is satisfying. Too often, deeds of courage go unnoticed.

---Boston Post

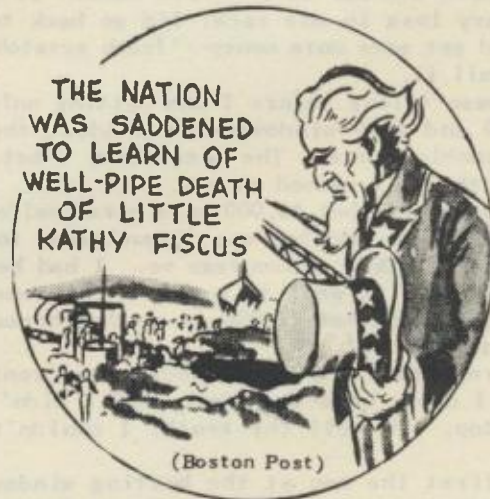
The Fire Safety Code Is Not the Whole Answer

Connecticut's welfare institutions not only need more buildings but many old ones should be replaced with fireproof structures. That point has been highlighted by the disastrous hospital fire in Effingham, Illinois. That tragedy seems to have concentrated quite wonderfully some minds in the General Assembly. The building program inaugurated by the 1947 General Assembly should be expanded and speeded up.

Governor Bowles' request to State Fire Marshal Edward J. Hickey to check on conditions in all public institutions was in order. But in that matter Connecticut has not been derelict. It learned, in part at least, a lesson from the circus and Niles Street convalescent home fires. The 1947 General Assembly enacted a statute providing for a fire safety code. Such a code was formulated and announced by the State Fire Marshal. It applies to all buildings except private homes and manufacturing establishments. The latter come under the State Labor Department.

Enforcement of the Fire Safety Code by State and local officials, according to Mr. Hickey, has resulted in many changes in buildings and the removal of many fire hazards. Commendable as all this is, including Commissioner Hickey's prompt and vigorous compliance with the Governor's request, institutional fires still remain a horrifying possibility. Elimination of that is squarely in the lap of the General Assembly.

---Hartford Courant



TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

It develops that auto traffic over Merritt and Wilbur Cross Parkways set new high records last year. About 18,000 cars daily went over former for year's total of 6,585,996. This is 157,000 higher than 1941 peak. About 4,500,000 used Cross Parkway last year. Surveys show average of three passengers to car on Merritt Parkway, which indicates about 19,750,000 persons used that route last year. What'll we do 10 years from today, turn everything over to motorists?

---New Haven Register

GAMBLING IS A DISEASE!

And it costs the nation \$15 billion a year. Its chief victims are a horde of people who are mentally sick, whether they know it or not

by Philip Harkins

(THIS WEEK)

"I started with a small stake. I didn't know the difference between a fetlock and a wither but I got a big kick out of gambling on horses--a thrill hard to describe.

"Once I started gambling, I couldn't seem to stop. The small stake went down the drain. But I was the manager of a small bank in Massachusetts--I simply "borrowed" more.

"I'd take the money home in thick packets, hide it under the front seat of my car. At the track, I used the car as a mobile bank. If I took a heavy loss in one race, I'd go back to the car and get some more money--'fresh scratch' gamblers call it.

"It wasn't long before I was betting only in the \$50 and \$100 windows--the windows the big-shot gamblers use. The more money I bet, the bigger thrill I seemed to get.

"In one race I bet \$5,000 on a horse called Reborn. The horse won but was disqualified for bumping. That didn't discourage me. I had become a plunger. I went to my car, got some 'fresh scratch' and bet \$7,000 on another horse. I lost again.

"There wasn't any money under the front seat when I drove home that day. But I didn't want to stop. To tell the truth, I couldn't stop.

"At first the men at the betting window were friendly. But somehow, word got around that I was a bank manager. The men at the windows started holding out on me. If I won \$1,000 they'd give me \$800 and dare me to report them. They'd laugh at me, taunt me. But I had to take it. I was \$80,000 in the hole by that time. And besides, I was still getting a big thrill out of gambling.

"In December of '47, I decided to take a few weeks' vacation. My wife and I left our two children with her family. First we drove up to

Boston to a bankers' convention; then we headed south. We got as far as Charleston, West Virginia, and I found a racetrack. I couldn't resist it....

"When we got back home, the state police were waiting. During my absence, an auditor had checked the books.

"I talked it over with my wife and decided to throw the police off the track for a few days so the kids could enjoy their Christmas holidays. When the holidays were over, I confessed."

This is a true story. It was told by a man who is now in a prison in Boston, serving a sentence of six to nine years for embezzlement. It is the story of a sick person--a neurotic gambler.

Forty million Americans gamble. Gambling doesn't win, place or even show in the business index but it's big business--one of our biggest. It is a business that has grown over wrecked marriages, prison terms, suicides. Ten years ago, gambling was a six-billion-a-year business. That was bad enough. But today the figures are an all-time high; 15 billion American dollars are poured every year into gambling.

If you've ever gotten a kick out of an office pool, the jackpot on a slot machine, or a rubber of contract bridge at a tenth of a cent a point, you've had a taste of the gambler's obsessive disease. For most people, it stops right there. But the neurosis-ridden gambler wants ever more kicks and thrills, until the search for elation bogs down in a stumbling, punishing pursuit that leads to debt, divorce, jail and sometimes suicide.

There is a parallel between drinking and gambling. Both can become unhealthy outlets for a neurosis. Similarly you can gamble without being a neurotic just as you can drink without being a drunk. But countless case histories in

gambling and alcoholism show that neurotic gamblers and alcoholics have often started down the road to ruin with just a few hands of friendly poker, or "a couple of drinks for the road." There may be just one soft spot in the mental make-up. Gambling, like alcohol, can exploit that spot. Then follows the familiar tragedy of the person who says pathetically, "I can't stop drinking," or "I can't stop gambling."

Neurotic gambling is more insidious than alcoholism because its effect on its victims is less noticeable physically. The neurotic gambler doesn't become a stumble-bum in public with a ragged beard, a purple nose and slovenly habits. The gambler may shine his shoes and shave regularly until the very day that the cops call and take him away to prison.

When gambling becomes a mental disease in a person, it follows two dramatic patterns. The first was discovered in a survey by a guaranty company of 1,000 cases of embezzlement. Gambling proved by far the major cause of embezzlement. The average embezzler was not a villainous fellow with beady eyes and a long waxed mustache. On the contrary, he was a male of normal mien, 36 years old, married, father of two children, with an adequate salary and a respectable position in the community.

The bank manager who gambled away \$80,000, for example, exactly fitted the pattern.

The second pattern is pathological. The leading authority on it, a pioneer in this new field, is Dr. Edmund Bergler, of New York. Dr. Bergler has treated and cured neurotic gamblers. His analyses show that their symptoms are amazingly similar.

Dr. Bergler's most astonishing assertion is that the neurotic gambler wants to lose. He supports this theory by exposing the twisted roots of the gambler's neurosis, which trace back to childhood rebellion against authority.

As children we are all rebels. We may kick Daddy in the shins and get smartly spanked in return. We submit eventually to law, logic, moderation and self-control.

The neurotic gambler is the little boy who didn't surrender. He continued to rebel and finds in gambling a means of carrying on his revolt. There is no logic in gambling. It flaunts virtues; all the wrong things are rewarded.

But Dr. Bergler's analyses show also that the neurotic gambler feels guilt about this rebellion. His feeling of guilt is relieved by his gambling losses.

"In all of my analyses of gamblers," says Dr. Bergler, "I found this fact confirmed--that the gambler unconsciously wants to lose. Long analytic experience teaches us that, in neurosis no aggression is possible without self-punishment. In losing, the gambler simply pays the price for the neurotic aggression he expresses."

The neurotic gambler has childish illusions of omnipotence. As children, we all go through a period during which our egos are over-inflated. Loving parents encourage our omnipotent feelings

by fulfilling all our wishes for food, sleep, attention. Gradually, however, this soft pleasant dream is destroyed by reality. "Its destruction," says Dr. Bergler, "is probably the deepest disappointment of childhood."

The neurotic gambler clings to his illusion of omnipotence. He commands his dice--come seven, come eleven. And once in a while, seven does come and so does eleven; the slot machine hits the jackpot; that filly in the third wins by a nose. The neurotic gambler is delighted; it's proof of his power.

A gambler patient of Dr. Bergler's described the thrill of gambling as a mixture of pleasure and pain.

The thrill of gambling is not related to greed. A patient of Bergler's made money out of a gambling game played with 15 matches. Two people play. Each player takes up to three matches. The loser is the one with the last match. Bergler's patient won continually by leaving his opponent with 13, 9 or 5 matches. But the patient abandoned the game; winning was too easy. The thrill disappeared.

This thrill is physiological as well as psychological. Dr. F.C. Davis, of the University of California at Los Angeles, interviewed the patrons of "bookie parlors" as they made their bets and waited for race results. "The organic basis of the gambler's thrill was evident," Dr. Davis reported. "It was especially noticeable when the individual made a bet much larger than was his custom. Then there would be profuse perspiration, muscle tremors and twitching responses as the crisis reached its height."

Gamblers know that the "percentage" is heavily against them. But that knowledge is not a deterrent. The Chicago Crime Commission, in a recent investigation of gambling, found that even the owners of gambling houses sometimes squander their tainted fortunes in pathological assaults upon the "rigged" apparatus in rival casinos.

A Navy veteran who lost his nest egg at Las Vegas told this writer that he had the time of his life in the Nevada gambling town. "I knew the odds were against me," he said, "but once I started, I couldn't stop. I had the thrill of a lifetime as I lost \$3,500 in one week. When I got back to Los Angeles, I realized that I had gone completely out of my head at Las Vegas. The atmosphere of the place, the hum of the roulette wheel, the click of the chips, the tension had a demoralizing, intoxicating effect on me."

Every neurotic gambler in the casino or at the racetrack knows the odds are against him. But the thrill of gambling, the feeling of omnipotence and the unconscious self-punishment overpower logic.

Even the cashiers at racetrack windows, who ought to know better, become infected by the disease. Consider the fantastic story of a middle-aged cashier from Brooklyn, who worked at

Jamaica track on Long Island.

Betting Fever

As the '48 racing season drew to close, Mr. Mutuel was suddenly overwhelmed by the desire to gamble heavily. Up to that very moment, he had carefully held his bets down to \$2 despite the fact that he worked at a \$5 window. Now, without warning, the pent-up gambling urge gripped Mr. Mutuel with the violence of an attack of cerebral malaria. He reached into his cash drawer.

By the end of the fourth race, he had lost \$2,250 of the track's money. In the fifth he put \$500 on a horse called Allie's Pal. Allie's Pal ran fifth. In the next race Mr. Mutuel tried to recoup with a \$1,000 bet on a mare named First Flight. She finished eighth. In the seventh race a horse named Mr. McGregor was selected. Mr. McGregor finished fifth; Mr. Mutuel lost another \$1,000. In the last race, Mr. Mutuel bet \$500 on a filly named Charmante. With more charm than speed, Charmante came in sixth.

When the gambling fever had run its course, Mr. Mutuel's shaky tally sheet showed a deficit of \$5,250. Arrested, he admitted to police that he really didn't need the money--he earned more than \$100 a week. Then why had he stolen and gambled away over \$5,000 in one afternoon? All Mr. Mutuel could say was, "I thought today was the day." No wonder it takes a psychoanalyst to figure out these cases.

In his study of gamblers, Dr. Bergler has discovered that the neurotic gambler is a pathological optimist.

"Every gambler," says Bergler, "conveys the impression of a man who has signed a contract with fate, stipulating that persistence must be rewarded. With that imaginary contract in his pocket, he is above all objections and logical arguments."

The neurotic gambler never stops when winning. He does not look upon the money he has won as the result of chance. "The money won by the neurotic gambler," Bergler says, "is a down payment on his contract with fate to win always. He keeps playing until he proves to be exactly what some people call him--a sucker."

He continually kids himself. He almost always starts with a small stake and tells himself, "It doesn't matter if I lose this. After all, I can afford it."

Good-by, Rent Money

"The next step," says Dr. Bergler, "is that the source of the money or stake is disregarded. The family man, who bets with the money which should feed and clothe his wife and children, is a well-known tragic figure. Nearer the abyss is the man who defrauds his employer, using the eternal excuse that he is convinced that this time he must win."

Can the neurotic gambler be cured? Bergler's answer is a qualified "Yes." Bergler has

cured gamblers. But the cure depends on the kind of neurosis that is motivating the gambler. And here the search may probe esoteric areas that can involve anything from masochism to an Oedipus complex. One of Bergler's own patients suggested that neurotic gamblers be compelled by law to be treated psychiatrically.

Warning Signs

How can you tell if you're a neurotic gambler? That's a tough question to answer because the neurotic gambler, like the alcoholic, doesn't like to face up to facts. Nevertheless there are certain warning signs. If you gamble, you might ask yourself these questions:

1. Are you gambling with money that should go for household expenses, food, and clothing?
2. Are you counting on gambling to pay for that next installment on the new car?
3. Are you gambling more than you did a year ago?
4. How do you feel about a sport called horse racing? Do you enjoy it as a colorful spectacle to be viewed perhaps a few times a year, or has it become a nervous mixture of pleasure and pain with your eyes focused only on the tote board?
5. Did you ever get an advance on your salary to pay a gambling debt?
6. Is your work suffering because of your preoccupation with gambling?

If your answer is "yes" to any of these questions, it might be a good idea to talk things over with a medical man.

Civic groups know that a gambling menace exists today. The Chicago Crime Commission recently asked district attorneys in the 48 states to express their opinions on whether gambling should be legalized. Of the 48 DA's, only two came out for legalized gambling.

Major Problem

Gambling is well recognized today as a major legal problem. But Dr. Bergler's work has thrown a bright new light on this murky subject. It calls for a new approach--psychiatric treatment--as well as recognition by the public of gambling as a mental disease. This is a large order but it wasn't too long ago that the alcoholic had the status of a social outcast. He was pitied, scorned, imprisoned, but not understood. Finally, it was discovered that he belonged in a clinic instead of a jail.

The neurotic gambler today occupies the same ignominious rut in which the alcoholic once wallowed. Dr. Bergler and other medical men have shown the way up and out of that rut. But the neurotic gambler will require help from other sources--district attorneys, magistrates, and last but not least, the public. Eventually, the neurotic gambler should turn from a potential criminal into a potential convalescent.

(Reprinted from This Week Magazine. Copyright--1949 by the United Newspapers Magazine Corporation.)

Circumstantial Evidence

By Hal Nelson

Illinois Policeman and Police Journal

John A. Provancher, one-time ace Rockford police detective, smiled a little grimly from his seat at the counsel table in the Winnebago county circuit courtroom.

The setting was familiar: a police detective often has to appear in court. So were the faces of the men in the room; for years Provancher had called them all by their first names—Circuit Judge William R. Dusher, State's Attorney Max A. Weston, Assistant State's Attorney John Sype, Court Reporter Tom Scone, Deputy Clerk Stanley Palmer, Sheriff Emil Heideman, Chief Deputy William Kissack, Chief of Police Folke Bengston, Police Captain Roy Johnson, Sergt. Charles McDonnell, Detective Thomas Hayes, court attaches, newspapermen.

Provancher had appeared in Circuit court with the same "cast" many times while he served on the Rockford police force before joining the navy in 1944. And, in practically every case, there'd been a conviction. Provancher always believed in getting confessions.

But on this Monday morning—April 19, 1948—there was one big difference.

He, Johnny Provancher, arch-foe of Rockford's toughest criminals, was himself on trial—for murder. But Provancher didn't look too worried. He was clean-shaven; he'd taken off 25 pounds of flabbiness since the previous December; his clothes hung on him a little loosely, but he still looked sardoniously resplendent.

The charge was cold-blooded murder. The indictments charged that he had slain Andrew Sorenson, 57, Chemung tavern operator, who vanished mysteriously from his tavern on the morning of December 3, 1947, and whose body was found with two bullet holes through the head January 9, 1948, in Kishwaukee river at Camp Rotary, eight miles south of Rockford, in Winnebago county.

No one, apparently, had witnessed Sorenson's kidnaping from his tavern in McHenry county. No one had heard the two fatal shots fired; no one had seen Sorenson's body stuffed into the trunk of an automobile and later dumped into the Kishwaukee river—to float undiscovered for more than a month.

He, Provancher, certainly hadn't talked. Not a single thing that he had said during those long, lonely hours of

third degree grilling in the Rockford city jail, the McHenry county jail at Woodstock, the Winnebago county jail, could be termed incriminating. They'd tried to rattle him, his one-time police pals, but they hadn't succeeded.

Yet here he was, on trial for murder, with the state's entire case based solely on circumstantial evidence.

There were five counts in the murder indictment returned against him by the reconvened January grand jury on March 4. In three counts, Provancher was charged with murder; in two of the counts with being an accessory. Two of the murder counts charged Provancher was alone when he shot and killed Sorenson; the third named Provancher and John Doe with murder. In the two accessory counts, John Doe was named as the actual killer.

The trial opened slowly. Provancher stared carefully at each prospective juror. State's Attorney Weston didn't try to qualify the jurors for the death penalty. Eleven jurors were chosen the first day; the twelfth was picked on Tuesday. Six were women; six were men. Provancher looked satisfied. His counsel, former FBI Agent James M. Brown, looked hopeful.

The stream of state witnesses moved in and out of the witness box.

John J. Wahl, Sr., manager of the J. J. Wahl Distributing company, for whom Provancher had gone to work after his discharge from the navy, testified that Provancher was employed as a liquor salesman in Jo Daviess and McHenry counties. Provancher's accounts became delinquent in the fall of 1947 and Provancher was given until December 1 to make up a \$3,800 shortage. Provancher didn't have the money on December 1 and was given until December 6 to raise it. He paid up \$800 on November 20 and \$400 on December 3.

J. J. Wahl, Jr., president of the company, testified that Provancher called him long distance from McHenry at 7:45 a.m., December 3, and reported he would be in the office with money that afternoon.

Andrew Sorenson, Jr., testified he went to his father's tavern at Chemung at 11 a.m., December 3, and found the doors locked. The older Sorenson's car was parked in front of the tavern. Entering the tavern through a connect-

ing door from a grocery store, young Sorenson said he searched the premises. He failed to find his father; found only checks in the cash register. Presumed his father was carrying about \$700 in cash. Young Sorenson said that someone had been in the tavern that morning, as he found one large and one small glass of beer on the bar. He notified the sheriff's office at Woodstock that his father was missing.

Albert Larson, trapper and fisherman, testified that early in the evening of January 9, 1948, he found the body of a man floating in Kishwaukee river, nine miles south of Rockford.

Deputy Sheriff Joey Mandell testified that he helped recover the body from the river and that the body was identified as that of Andrew Sorenson.

Mrs. Andrew Sorenson, widow of the tavern operator, testified that her husband always carried large sums of money in his wallet and that he kept a rubber band around the wallet. She identified the clothing Sorenson was wearing when his body was found as that which he had on when he left his home, two blocks from the tavern in Chemung, about 9 a.m., December 3, to go to the tavern.

Coroner David Klontz testified that Andrew Sorenson identified the body as that of his father after tentative identification had been made from papers found in the man's pockets. He said that there was a rubber band around four fingers on Sorenson's left hand when the body was found. He added that he found \$48 in Sorenson's watch pocket and that Sorenson was still wearing a diamond ring.

LaVerne Lundberg, caretaker of the Kishwaukee forest preserve, located near the spot where Sorenson's body was found, testified he found, on December 7, that the lock on the forest preserve gate on the east side of the river had been broken and that tire marks indicated that someone had driven into the preserve.

Dr. A. R. K. Matthews, pathologist at St. Anthony hospital, Rockford, testified that he had performed an autopsy on Sorenson's body and had determined that Sorenson had been killed by bullet wounds in the skull, a skull fracture and hemorrhage of the brain. Dr. Matthews said that one bullet en-

tered the head near the left ear and went out through the upper front of the right ear. The other bullet entered the head near the lower part of the right ear and exited at center of forehead.

Joseph Hafey testified that he visited Sorenson's tavern, known as Andy's tavern, at 9:30 a.m., December 3, and found the front door locked, the lights off, and Sorenson's car parked in front of the tavern.

Dan Alcott, Harvard, testified that he was in the tavern at 1 a.m., December 2, when Sorenson locked up the place and left with \$350 in cash receipts in his wallet.

Donald and Ralph Stoxen, farmers residing north of Chemung, testified that they stopped at Andy's tavern shortly after 9 a.m. on December 3. Donald said he went in to cash a \$25 check. He said that Sorenson was behind the bar and that a man wearing a hat and coat was sitting in front of the middle of the bar with a glass of beer in front of him. He said that he heard nothing said by this man while he was in the tavern.

Ralph Stoxen testified that he waited outside in the Stoxen car, which was parked a few feet in front of a gray Nash automobile with a sun visor and a Rockford vehicle license sticker on the windshield. He said this car was very similar to a picture of a car owned by Provancher. Ralph added that Sorenson's car also was parked nearby.

Provancher looked relieved as the state concluded its first day of testimony. There hadn't been much incriminatory evidence—even of a circumstantial nature. Defense Counsel Brown made a motion to suppress the major portion of the state's evidence on the grounds that it had been obtained illegally. Judge Dusher delayed his ruling pending the testimony of the state's star witness, Police Captain Roy Johnson, for whom Provancher worked while he was a member of the detective bureau.

Capt. Johnson testified that between 8:30 and 10 a.m. on December 1, Provancher dropped in to see him at police headquarters and asked if he had an "extra gun." Johnson said that Provancher told him that he wanted to do target practice with "some of the boys." Johnson said that he got a .38 caliber Colt, wrote down the serial number, handed it to Provancher and told him to return it the following day.

About 7:30 a.m. on December 4, Capt. Johnson continued, Provancher returned the revolver. Johnson asked if the gun had been cleaned and Provancher replied that he had "run a rag" through it. Johnson said that the gun felt cold and that Provancher explained that it had been in the glove compartment of his automobile. Johnson said

that Provancher "told me the gun had a fine trigger pull. I told him I didn't think it was much different from other guns in the department."

Johnson said that Provancher then swung the conversation to Russian roulette and "wanted to know if I knew the percentage." Explaining Russian roulette, Johnson said the player puts one cartridge in the cylinder, spins the cylinder, puts the muzzle to his head and pulls the trigger. If the end of the spin puts the bullet in position to be fired, the player is shot in the head.

The police captain said he asked Provancher why he was interested and Provancher replied that he had read a magazine article on the "game." Johnson said he then explained to Provancher that the gun he had borrowed could not be spun because of a lock. Provancher left shortly afterwards.

In cleaning the gun, Johnson continued, he found two brown spots on the side of the barrel. Later in the day when he learned that a forgery and embezzlement warrant had been issued for Provancher, Johnson testified, he began to associate the brown spots with Sorenson's disappearance. Thinking the spots might have been blood, he revealed his suspicions to Chief of Police Folke Bengston.

At 1:15 p.m. on December 5 (the following day), Johnson said that Provancher returned to police headquarters. By that time Johnson had been given the forgery warrant for service on Provancher. However, Provancher insisted that he understood the warrant was to be "held off" for another day to give him a chance to make good on the shortage.

Capt. Johnson, however, started to question Provancher about his whereabouts on December 3 because, Johnson testified, "if Provancher could account for his time there would be no suspicion."

Provancher said, according to Johnson, that he had stayed in McHenry until 1 a.m. on the morning of December 3 and then had taken a couple to a lake resort. At 7:30 a.m., Provancher said, he woke up in his car parked in front of a church in McHenry. He then telephoned Wahl.

At Chief Bengston's suggestion, Johnson began to search Provancher. Johnson said he found a ring of keys in the lining of his coat. Earlier, Desk Sergt. Carl Hartje had asked Provancher for the keys to his car and Provancher had placed one key on the desk and stated that his wife had the others.

The trunk of Provancher's car was unlocked with the keys found in the coat lining. Blood was found on advertising matter and cartons in the trunk, Johnson testified. There was also an extra pair of shoes.

Asked to explain the blood, Provancher insisted it was from pheasants he had shot and then thrown away, Johnson testified. When Bengston said the department would have the blood analyzed, Provancher "threw his hands to his face and walked to a window," Johnson continued. Provancher then repudiated the story about the pheasants.

"Provancher said, 'There's no use going any further. That's human blood. Get the chief in here and I'll tell the story,'" Johnson added.

Provancher then said that he was driving toward Chicago on December 3 when a pedestrian walked into the side of the car. He put the body in the trunk of the car and later laid him out along the road near Park Ridge.

When Provancher was arrested, Johnson added, he had \$154 in cash on him.

That evening, Provancher was turned over to McHenry county authorities, Johnson said, for questioning in connection with Sorenson's disappearance. He quoted Provancher as saying in his cell in the McHenry county jail, "I suppose if they don't find Sorenson, I'm sunk."

On December 19, Provancher repudiated his story about striking a pedestrian and stuffing the body in the trunk, Johnson said. Provancher then insisted that "somebody" had borrowed his car December 3—during the crucial period between 8:30 a.m. and noon—had messed the car up and threatened his family. Provancher refused to reveal who had the car, but Johnson said he mentioned the name of William Wolfe, McHenry tavern operator.

Judge Dusher denied Defense Counsel Brown's motion to suppress the evidence found in the trunk of the Provancher car, paving the way for admission of the blood-soaked cartons, several clothing fibers, a strand of gray hair.

A series of witnesses from McHenry county, who questioned Provancher during the week Provancher was held there, followed Capt. Johnson on the stand.

Assistant States Attorney C. Russell Allen of McHenry county testified that Provancher told him that he had let William Wolfe take his car on the morning of December 3 while Wolfe tried to comply with Provancher's request that he raise \$400 for him as a loan. Provancher, according to Allen, returned with the car and \$100 at 11 a.m.

Provancher then said he drove back to Rockford, according to Allen. As he reached the driveway of his home, Provancher said he saw a sample case and advertising matter which he usually kept in the trunk of the car on the back seat.

Then, according to Allen, Provancher

opened the trunk and discovered the blood. Provancher then telephoned Wolfe, who allegedly told Provancher, "If you know what's good for you, you will keep your mouth shut."

In explaining why he told the story about striking a pedestrian, Allen said that Provancher maintained, "I had to give you some kind of a story." Allen said that Provancher insisted that his mind was a blank between 8:30 a.m. and the time his car was returned to him.

Wolfe took the stand and denied that he had borrowed Provancher's car. He testified that he was in Bureau county hunting ducks on December 3.

Wolfe's story was substantiated by Joe Glasby, Chicago businessman, who testified that he had left with Wolfe on the Friday before December 3 and that the two of them had stayed in Bureau county hunting until the evening of Dec. 3, the last day of the duck season.

Lyle Hutchins, deputy sheriff of McHenry county, testified that when Provancher and Wolfe were brought face to face on December 8 in the McHenry county jail after Provancher's accusations, he heard Provancher whisper to Wolfe.

"For God's sake, Bill, you've got to say you were here Wednesday so I can cover up what I've done!"

Hutchins testified that Wolfe's reply was: "I'm not taking the rap for what you've done."

Sheriff Fred Bau of McHenry county corroborated the testimony of Capt. Johnson and said that three days after he took Provancher to Woodstock, Provancher denied killing Sorenson but admitted being an accessory after the fact since he had "loaned his car out." Bau said that Provancher accused Wolfe of having the car. Bau said that Wolfe's story of having been duck hunting was checked and corroborated.

Several witnesses established Provancher's whereabouts on the night of December 2. All insisted that he was broke and cashed several worthless checks.

Harold Miller, McHenry bartender, testified that he cashed a \$3 check for Provancher on December 2 which later was found to be worthless. Tom Dutton, also a bartender, said he cashed a worthless \$25 check for Provancher the same day.

Anthony Nunan, McHenry, testified that he drank with Provancher and two women on December 2; that Provancher cashed checks; that Provancher drove them to Crystal Lake early in the morning of December 3; and that he left Provancher in front of the Nunan home in McHenry at 4:30 a.m., December 3.

Arthur Meyers, McHenry, who

worked in the bus station there, testified that Provancher came in at 7:30 a.m., December 3, asked for change for a dollar bill, and made a telephone call.

The State's chief exhibits were several blood-stained cartons and advertising signs found in the trunk of the Provancher car, together with several clothing fibers found in the trunk, and the borrowed police gun. These had all been examined by officials of the Chicago Police Crime Laboratory.

Daniel Dragel of the Crime Laboratory testified that blood on the cartons had been tested; that it was human blood of type A, the same as that of Sorenson.

Edwin O'Neil of the laboratory testified that fibers of clothing found on a carton in the trunk matched fibers in the clothing worn by Sorenson on the day he disappeared and when the body was found.

"I found that the fibers from the carton consisted of wool and cotton fibers dyed blue," O'Neil testified. "The fibers in the actual clothing were the same—the same wool and cotton content and the same shade of blue."

Dragel explained the lack of blood on Sorenson's clothes by pointing out that by being in the river water for a month, all blood stains would have been dissolved.

Police Detective Thomas Hayes, who, with Sergt. Charles McDonnell, was largely instrumental in rounding up all of the state witnesses and in tying together the various parts of the state case, testified that he had spent almost two months working on the murder investigation.

Hayes testified that he questioned Provancher for many hours and that the nearest Provancher ever came to breaking was when he declared, after being bound over to the grand jury, "I'll not talk any more. Now they'll have to find it (Sorenson's body) the hard way."

Hayes said that Provancher told him that he had lost \$8,000 in gambling in the 10-month period before December 3; that Provancher earned about \$700 a month and had gambled most of it away.

Traffic Officer Robert Holmberg testified that Provancher tried to borrow a revolver from him before making a similar request to Capt. Johnson.

After presenting 90 witnesses, the state rested its case on Thursday.

Defense Counsel Brown made a motion for a directed verdict of acquittal. Judge Dusher denied the motion. Brown then electrified the courtroom by stating, "The defense has elected to stand on the evidence of the state. The defense rests."

As Provancher listened intently. Brown made a 40-minute plea to the jury—the only defense.

Brown asked the jurors to credit Provancher with more intelligence, after his years of service as a police detective, than to borrow a gun from the police department to commit a murder or to fail to clean out the evidence from the trunk of his car if he had killed Sorenson.

"Johnny Provancher is fully acquainted with the nature of evidence in criminal cases," Brown continued. "Yet the state would have you believe that he borrowed a gun from his own police department, that he shot Andrew Sorenson, that he disposed of the body in Kishwaukee river, and then did not have guts enough to get the blood out of his car."

Brown declared that Provancher discovered the blood in the trunk of his car when he drove back to Rockford in the afternoon of December 3.

"He knew that that blood had not been in the trunk of his car when he left Rockford on the night of December 2," Brown insisted. "He knew that someone must have used his car. When he realized that he was implicated, he was sick to his stomach. He knew that if he tried to remove the blood, he would have been implicated still further. He even went to the police department. When questioned there, he was playing for time. He knew that sooner or later he would have to tell who used his car."

"There is no proof that the blood, or the hair, or those fibers, came from Andrew Sorenson. No one has identified this defendant as having been in the vicinity of Andy's tavern that morning of December 3. There is no proof that Provancher was in Chemung that morning."

In his statement, State's Attorney Weston stressed that the defense had made no accounting of Provancher's whereabouts between 8:30 to 11 a.m. on December 3.

"This man Andrew Sorenson is robbed, killed," Weston told the jury. "The defendant is short of money, borrowed a gun and did not return it the next day as he said he would. He was short of money, yet the day after Sorenson's disappearance he shows up with \$400. When he returns the gun, it has blood on it. When he is arrested, he secretes and hides the keys to the trunk of his car. When blood is found in his car, he says it is from pheasants."

"Then he admits it is human blood and tells a story of having run down a man and stuffing him in the trunk of his car until he dumps him. Then he accuses an innocent man and when this man has an alibi, he blames it on a mysterious party."

"The record is silent as to what Provancher did between 8:30 a.m. and noon that day. There is no question but this man should be found guilty of

murder."

The case went to the jury of six men and six women at 11:21 a.m., April 23. Shortly before 5 p.m. that afternoon, the grim-faced jurors filed back into the courtroom to report:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, John Provancher, guilty of murder on the first, second and third counts of the indictment and fix his punishment at imprisonment for 25 years."

A moment before there had been a half smile flickering across Provancher's face. As he heard the word "guilty," Provancher slumped back into his seat. His head dropped forward. Then he was led back to his county jail cell.

On Monday morning, May 3, John

Provancher again appeared in Circuit court before Judge Dusher for formal sentencing. Asked by Judge Dusher if he had anything to say, Provancher replied:

"I'd like to say something. I know that the state presented a very substantial case against me, but as God is my judge, I didn't kill Andrew Sorenson. That is all I have to say. That is the truth."

Judge Dusher declared:

"Johnny, I'm sorry you got into this situation. One of the hardest things a court has to do is to sentence a man of your ability to the penitentiary—a man for whom I had the greatest respect when you were a police detective.

"When as a detective you came in

here and testified in cases, I respected your testimony and had the greatest admiration for you. . . .

"I know it was a hard thing for the police officers to come and testify against you. . . .

"I am sorry as I can be to have to sentence you to the term fixed by the jury in the case, but there isn't anything the court can do or would want to do. In the court's mind there isn't any reasonable doubt that you were guilty. . . ."

Provancher's eyes filled with tears. As the judge ceased speaking, Provancher was sobbing quietly. . . . He stumbled blindly back to his county jail cell. . . . to await removal to the state penitentiary at Joliet.

He Brought His Ship to Port

Grim-lipped...clear-eyed...courageous...a figure-head of strength and determination...he holds his ship true to its course, and brings it safe to port!

To the clipper captains of yesterday, foul weather meant sharp sailing. With decks awash...taut rigging...prow deep in spray...they conquered storm with seamanship - bleak skies with iron hearts and brave spirits.

Modern law enforcement has its daring clipper captains. To them, adverse conditions are but a challenge. With courses boldly charted... weather eyes cocked shrewdly skyward...firm grip upon the wheel, they set sail into heavy seas. Undaunted by the cry of "Breakers ahead!"... skirting hidden reefs and treacherous shoals---they strive for justice, in every case.

On today's troubled sea of law enforcement, there is urgent need for clear thinking, fearless management and efficient methods. Success comes only to those who chart their route, firmly grasp the wheel, and sail resolutely ahead. Equip your craft with new rigging. Haul down old canvas...caulk the seams...station every man at his post, and have them "put their backs into it!"

Though the sound of the sea upon the rocks may be loud in your ear...plant both feet squarely before the wheel, and with vision that looks beyond the turbulent waters of today, bring your ship safely to port!

WITH NUTMEG FLAVOR

By The Yankee Pedlar

"ICEBOX BANDITS" SHOT
STATE TROOPER IN 1928

There was an anniversary recently that passed pretty much unnoticed to all except a few veteran troopers of the State Police force. To these men, who include Lt. Elton T. Nolan of the Canaan Barracks, April 6, 1928, recalled a sad chapter in the history of crime in Connecticut. At about 7 o'clock that night which happened to be Good Friday, State Trooper Irving H. Nelson was shot down in Pomfret in an attempt to apprehend a pair of desperadoes whose trail of grocery store robberies and shootings extended from Worcester and Springfield, Mass., down through Tolland and Windham Counties in Connecticut. If the Pedlar isn't mistaken, Trooper Nelson is the only state policeman to have been murdered in the line of duty and in retrospect the sacrifice which he made might be charged up to inadequacy of communications in the terrific twenties. Word had come through that two men had escaped into Connecticut after holding up a food store in Springfield. Not known at the time was the fact that they had shot and wounded a pursuing Springfield policeman.

Nelson, a handsome and powerfully-built man, was assigned to patrol a strategic route between Pomfret and Putnam. The fleeing car slipped through Willimantic, but in the absence of radio or even means of telephone contact with the officer, he was unaware that the robbers were desperate gangsters who in the short space of time had earned the nickname of "The Ice Box Bandits." It stemmed from the gesture of locking their victims in the refrigerator. All Nelson had was a brief description of the car and part of the registration. When it passed him on the highway he gave chase overtaking the car at Pomfret Green. He was a perfect target on his motorcycle and as he ordered the driver to the side of the road, guns blazed

from the rear window. Mortally wounded, Officer Nelson managed to bring his speeding cycle to a stop on the Green. He stepped off and fell dead on the grass. Four bullets had riddled his tunic and lodged in his chest. Tense drama was enacted throughout Eastern Connecticut that night as armed men joined the small force of State Troopers in their search for the bandits who made a clean get away and hid out in Worcester for several days, until Springfield Patrolman Raymond Gallagher identified a rogue's gallery picture as that of one of the men who had shot him off his motorcycle in Springfield only a few hours before Trooper Nelson was murdered. The pair was brought back to Connecticut for trial. Their successful escape on the night of the crime made much of the evidence circumstantial and they were convicted of second degree murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. They were a tough pair. One of them broke out of Wethersfield, fled South and shot a detective before he was captured. When a Florida court gave him a life sentence, he was returned to Connecticut.

---Waterbury Republican

UNIFORM TRAFFIC RULES NEEDED

Assign a Connecticut motorist the task of finding his way in practically any part of his own state and he will get along all right. His familiarity with the general geography of the state, its well-marked road signs and the understandable traffic practices and traffic directions will all help.

But put the motorist in a strange state and he may easily become confused. Traffic practices which are different from those in Connecticut, or markings which may mean something different from the same markings in Connecticut, will add to his bewilderment.

All this is brought out by Wilbur S. Smith, Associate Director of Yale's Bureau of Highway Traffic in an article in the "Traffic Quarterly" published by the Eno Foundation of Westport.

"The negative factors begin to devel-

op as one travels beyond his daily range of activity," writes Mr. Smith. "He begins to find it necessary to decipher new signs and markings." Sometimes the task is complicated by having the same devices used for entirely different purposes, and under varied circumstances."

Mr. Smith thinks that the states should get together and adopt a uniform traffic code as quickly as possible. Complete uniformity may never be achieved, he remarks, but when the job of informing and regulating motorists and pedestrians can be adequately accomplished with uniform control devices, non-uniform practices should be avoided.

Safety on the highway is the primary issue in this matter, and this alone would warrant whatever time, study and expense are necessary to bring the states into some kind of uniformity. But comfort is also a factor. A motorist who is uncomfortable and distracted because he does not know how to cope with strange traffic rules, can hardly drive at his best under the circumstances. He is apt to get into a jam--or be given a ticket,--for unwitting violation of the rules.

---Bridgeport Post

RUARK'S PERSONAL REPORT

By Robert C. Ruark

The glorification of the dashing thief, the romantic murderer and the halowed hoodlum is old in the history of man. The Robin Hoods, Dick Turpins, Francois Villons, and John Dillingers commanded an odd sort of crowd-appeal. Even Jack the Ripper qualified as entertainment of a sort.

But at a time when we talk a great deal about juvenile delinquency, I baffle easily at the Hollywood intent to purchase the life story of Gerald Dennis the "Raffles" in the glamour belt of burglary. According to announcement, the dashing second-story-man's story will be filmed if a financial agreement can be reached. "Raffles" asking price was 50 Gs. There was even some talk

about letting the handsome crook out on bail to play his own part.

Along these lines there is report that Lila Leeds, the marijuana playmate of Robert Mitchum, will make a semibiographical movie called "The Wrong Road," now that she's out of the clink. Nor is it any secret that Mr. Mitchum's box-office appeal has soared since the cops caught him with a reefer in his fist and shut him up for a spell.

This might demonstrate, to a reasoning as naive as mine, that a career of crime is not a bad thing at all, if one wishes speedy entree to the silver screen. You heist a filling station for operating expenses and dramatic experience, and by the time you get nabbed for a major burglary, you are ripe for the camera.

They have just nabbed Richard Crowe, the New York banker who took off with 800 grand from his bank's strongbox, and I should not be surprised if some agent is not already dickering with him for first crack at his memoirs. There is a certain glamour to the life of a banker who keeps himself in speedboats and club dues by dipping into the till.

I'm the first guy to admit I love cops and robbers and find more excitement in the chronicle of a desperado's doings than in the pasty performance of a professional do-gooder. An illustrated lecture on the non-payment of crime can be both intriguing and morally serviceable, if the crook gets his comeuppance in the last reel.

But there should, it seems to me, be some decent interval between the apprehension or demise of the thug and his enshrinement in prose or celluloid. Using a loaded gat or a smoking reefer as a stepstone to fame and fortune is just a little too bald. An apprenticeship to the acts might be served in a dramatic school or even in a newspaper office, with less wear and tear on the innocent bystander.

However, I always wish to be constructive, and so will help them cast the picture on Raffles Dennis' delightfully whimsical career. Miss Leeds, now a headline attraction, will play a part

of course, as will Mr. Mitchum. You can always work a marijuana angle into a crime story.

We will collect Miss Patricia Schmidt or Satira, who is currently open to engagement. Miss Schmidt is the lively but petulant lass who gunned her lover, Lester Mee, down in Havana. I would suggest her for the female lead.

- - - -

We can cast the fugitive banker as himself, because a banker lends tone to any literary tour de force. It's too bad we can't re-import Lucky Luciano for a character spot, but there are enough ex-murderers and arsonists around to fill out the cast.

There would have to be a villain, or heavy, in this piece, and J. Edgar Hoover would be ideal to show that law abiding does not pay.

And finally the theme is that crime should only cover simple expenses, like a politician working for peanuts in Washington in order to gather memoirs for later sale. Crime is merely a foothold on the ladder of the arts, and the big payoff comes when the cops bust in the door.---Copyright, 1949, New York

Herald Tribune, Inc.

NO VACATIONS FOR DISCHARGED WORKERS

The Attorney General ruled on March 17, 1949, "that one receiving vacation with pay shall be a classified employee of the State at the time the vacation is taken." His decision was made in response to a letter from the Personnel Director which asked an opinion as to whether an appointing authority is required to grant accrued vacation when an employee is dropped during his working test period, when discharged, or when resignation is requested by an appointing authority in lieu of formal discharge action, or when an employee resigns from the State service without giving the required notice provided in Section 341 of the 1949 Revision of the General Statutes.

This means that an employee must, upon submitting his resignation, give at least fifteen days written notice, un-

less other notice is acceptable. It also stops the granting of vacation to an employee that is discharged. This opinion was based on a previous opinion dated December 10, 1948, in answer to a question "Can vacations be granted to the Estate of a deceased employee". Part of that decision said "The conclusion is reached that our Statute does not authorize the payment of compensation for a vacation period to any employee after cessation of his State employment."

GOOD SAMARITAN GOES OFF WITH CAR

Harlingen, Texas---Wilford Hodge has become wary of all Good Samaritans.

Hodge's car failed to start, so with the aid of friends he began pushing it down the street.

A good Samaritan sauntered by and volunteered his aid. As the pushers strained, he hopped into the drivers' seat and slipped the automobile into gear.

The engine started running smoothly, and the pleased owner watched the car chug down the street and turn a corner.

Twenty minutes later--with no sign yet of his car or the Good Samaritan--Hodge notified police. They issued a "stolen car" alert.

Myers, of nearby Clarion, became merrier by the minute after he was jailed on a drunkenness charge in a western Pennsylvania town.

A mystified cop finally spotted the top of a half-empty bottle of wine protruding from Myers' artificial leg.

Myers was shooed out--minus the bottle.

It is only an error of judgment to make a mistake but it argues an infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered. The Chinese say, "The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

EDITORIAL COMMENT

NEED TO FIGHT CRIME

Citizens of Connecticut ought to be sufficiently concerned to act on their own initiative in fighting crime, but they can not fail to be brought to a realization of the seriousness of the situation in this state when they are urged by State Police Commissioner Hickey to report without delay any suspicious situations.

It is a well directed appeal which should get close attention. What the commissioner had to say was prompted by a series of holdups in an area including Hartford, New Britain, Plainville and Meriden, but those are by no means the only points in the state where criminal activity has been recorded. Thus there is good reason for the citizens of all the state to respond whenever the opportunity exists to lend their services in putting an end to crime. Much reliance is placed upon the authorities, local and statewide, but they are entitled to the full cooperation of the public in the enforcement of laws.

Commissioner Hickey's appeal came at the same time that Director J. Edgar Hoover of the federal bureau of investigation was releasing his annual bulletin on uniform crime reports for the past year.

That bulletin shows that a serious crime occurred every 18.7 seconds in 1948 and the estimated 1,686,670 major crimes of felonious homicide, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft in 1948 was an increase of 1.3 per cent over 1947. The rise in urban areas was slight, being but .3 of 1 per cent but in rural areas there was a crime increase of 4.3 per cent over 1947.

It will surprise many to learn that there was an average of 36 felonious killings a day last year and that in each 24 hours there were 2672 miscellaneous larcenies, 1,032 burglaries, 255 aggravated assaults, 150 robberies and 463 automobile thefts, as averaged over the year.

This report which deals with crime furnished by more than 5,000 agencies

shows with the exception of negligent manslaughter and automobile thefts there was an increase in crime, reaching in some instances an excess of prewar level.

In no other year on record were so many persons arrested and fingerprinted as in 1948, the predominant age being 21. That indicates that the authorities were alert, but when it is shown that 58 per cent of those arrested before had records of prior arrests it reveals a feature of the crime situation which calls for careful study. Punishment received evidently hasn't been such as to bring about prevention for the majority of law breakers.

Thus throughout the country as well as in Connecticut there is apparent need for the citizens to give the authorities all possible assistance in running down those who persist in becoming a menace to their fellowmen. Commissioner Hickey points to the fact that "a number of these crimes are being committed by parole violators" too many of whom are seeking shelter in this state and preying upon Connecticut people.

There can be no toleration of crime. There should be no such leniency as to encourage it and conditions ought not to prevail that give the impression that those arrested for criminal acts can be hidden or permitted to escape with finger shaking and a slapped wrist.

---Norwich Bulletin

LOCKING YOUR CAR

A New London man, driving a friend home for dinner, got out of his car one night recently, 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.) The friend watched the process rather quizzically.

"Do you always go through all that--locking even the car doors when you leave your car in the driveway of your own house?" he asked.

"Yep", said the car owner. "It's a matter of habit. I lock the ignition, close the windows and lock the doors under all conditions unless the car is under my eye and within a few feet of me. It is just as much a temptation to a car thief at night in front of my house as it is in front of some other person's house or store downtown."

The friend shrugged his shoulders and remarked that he could "not be bothered" going through all that in leaving his car in his own driveway or in front of his home.

The careful driver, who may rate the kidding title of "nervous Nellie" from some of his friends concerning his car, nevertheless is the motorist who, in the long run, will help hold down automobile thefts. The highway safety commission, of Connecticut pointed out recently that more than 1,400 cars were stolen in Connecticut during 1948. The majority of the cars were taken because careless drivers left the ignition keys in the locks. In Bridgeport where 178 cars were stolen last year--147 with the ignition keys left dangling in the locks --the police are issuing warning tickets to careless motorists. When an officer finds a parked car with keys in the locks he attaches a "ticket" to the steering wheel which reads as follows: "Your ignition key is a deadly weapon. When you leave your keys in your car, you invite some kid to steal it. All too often a kid in a 'hot' car is murder. Protect yourself, protect others by removing your ignition key every time you leave your car. Lock your car. Protect your belongings."

It is true enough that the professional car thief probably can steal your car with or without the keys in it, if he is determined to do so. He can break a window to unlock a door and he can bypass the ignition switch by means of a "jumper" device which establishes the electrical connection he needs. (With some cars the steering is locked when the ignition is locked; the thief can drive off in that kind of situation only when he can duplicate the ignition key needed.) But it creates noise, is apt to attract attention to smash a window and get into a car to fool with the ig-

niton and professional thieves are far less apt to tamper with a locked car. So why not make it a habit to be fussy about locking your car, no matter where you leave it?

---New London Day

SCIENCE AND CRIME

Readers and writers of whodunits will prick up their ears at the news that New York's homicide squad will soon have some new gadgets for spotting foul play. At the present time, although it is easy to determine the presence of morphine in a victim, some of the newer synthetic drugs are difficult to isolate. Now with the use of infra-red and ultra-violet spectro-photometers faster and more precise work in detecting synthetics, alkaloids, barbiturates and organic drugs of any kind will be possible.

It is only a matter of time before everybody from Sam Spade to Hercules Poirot will be doing this as a routine matter. They've probably been doing it already. Because in the imaginary world of crime detection such things as municipal budgets never intrude to hogtie the solution of a crime. That's what has been holding up the New York project, lack of money.

---Hartford Courant

LAND OF ESCAPE

Winter after winter, spring after spring, the lure of Florida's beguiling sun develops strange notions in escapist man, with results which eventually bring his course of escapism into news columns and the courts. Whether it be a mother-in-law, the police or job-hunting in Manhattan which a man wishes to evade, he heads surely southward, like a helpless moth drawn toward the flamingoes. This week, for instance, the head of the abandonment bureau of the Queens District Attorney's office returned after a seven-week husband hunt in Florida. He was able to report a bag of twenty-two husbands who had absented themselves

from domesticity. All were sent North except two. These successfully fought extradition and clung happily to their cocoanut palms and Hialeah.

The climate of Florida has much to answer for under the sun. Let a man steal anything from a Bronx bus to \$800,000, and he flees toward Daytona. Let him envisage lotos-eating weeks of unemployment insurance, and he starts gleefully for a sunwarmed bench looking out on Biscayne Bay, avoiding chillier reclinement fluttered by pigeons and snowflakes in Bryant Park.

Alas, that a District Attorney's office, that agents of Industrial Commissioner Corsi, that relentless pursuers from the Federal Bureau of Investigation should insist on breaking in on this palmy paradise, cutting short the blissful, beatific hours! Florida has indeed become a flowered land of forgetfulness and escape--but the cold hand of the North stretches ruthlessly down, grasping a sun-tanned shoulder that basks too briefly in Elysium.

---New York Herald Tribune

STOLEN CARS

The way to put a stop to the stealing of automobiles is to punish those who are responsible for it. But there is something to be said for the proposal... that a penalty be applied to those who leave their ignition keys in their cars.

Not many people jumped to the conclusion that they could jump into a buggy and drive off the horse just because the animal was not locked to a post. But it seems to be regarded, by some, as an invitation to hop into an auto and drive it away when the key is left in it ready to be turned.

---Norwich Bulletin

CRIMINAL AT LARGE

By confessing to the murder of an eight-year-old boy in New York John Saiu homeless ex-convict, has come to what is probably the end of his criminal career.

It is an end that might logically have been forecast, if not in specific terms, at least to the extent that the workings of his dim and distorted mind would continue to spell trouble. For John Saiu had been in trouble before, many times. In New Britain he was tried and convicted of indecent assault on a small child. For this offense he received six months in jail. After that he was again a free man, free to go and come, free to follow the dictates of his warped and twisted mind.

At length that mind led him to strangle an eight-year-old boy who was playing alone in a park. As the police magistrate said when Saiu was arraigned everybody shuddered and felt a chill when the crime was discovered. The death of John Saiu in the electric chair will not end the shudders and chills. They will be the continuing lot of organized society as long as the John Saius are permitted to walk freely long after their abnormality has been manifest. Not even a spotted leopard at large in the community is half so dangerous. For these strange creatures walk well-disguised as fellow members of the human race.

Unwittingly, John Saiu has offered ghastly proof of the incompleteness of our system of trying to make punishment fit the crime. For how long will the John Saius be permitted to roam freely, even after they have shown their fangs?

---Hartford Courant

END OF THE CONFIDENTIAL SQUAD

New York's new Police Commissioner, William P. O'Brien, has abolished the Confidential Squad. The explanation is that the peculiarly intimate functions of this corps can be more efficiently achieved under the direct instructions of the Chief Inspector, who is in command of all uniformed and detective forces. Every Commissioner has his own notions of departmental structure and a personal philosophy of the best way to get the most out of his subordinates. Mr. O'Brien didn't go into details, but, we assume he dislikes the idea of a

formally constituted bureau, more or less a rule unto itself, to police the police. Possibly this system has outworn its values, and a new and more private approach may get better results. The problem, of course, remains--to keep the police honest and on their toes.

A consistent amount of change has always been healthy policy in the Police Department. The traditional word is shake-up, and the ending of the Confidential Squad, with its mysterious aura, stirs inevitable speculation. Over the years the rise and fall of this squad has been a sort of departmental barometer. First there was Honest Dan Costigan the rigorous personification of conscience, who headed the squad in Mayor Mitchel's administration. Commissioner Enright did away with the Confidential Squad in 1919; George V. McLaughlin revived it in 1925; Grover Whalen killed it in 1928, and the stern Lewis J. Valentine, brought back from exile by Mayor La Guardia, reinstated the detail in 1934. This is the chronology, from which one might almost draw a graph of city affairs. But we believe that any policeman who thinks that the reins are being eased is badly mistaken. The O'Dwyer administration has been swift to crack down on wrongdoers in its own ranks. Mayor O'Dwyer is himself an old policeman, a point always to be remembered.

---New York Herald Tribune

THE NEEDLE'S EYE

By Jack Zaiman

Planning A Crime Career?
Better See Godfrey First

Police Chief Michael J. Godfrey of Hartford is a tall, husky cop with a round face, a bald head, and a twinkle in his eye. All his life he's been in police work, and the expressions he uses to describe a piece of detective business are wonderful.

A hunted individual does not flee the city after a crime. No. He "jumps" the scene. This, I understand, is standard

police talk. But it is extremely difficult to convince the city desk that such a verb should be used in the paper. Then there's another expression to explain how a force of policemen and detectives are put on a case.

You simply don't assign men to a case when it breaks. You "throw out" a force which, on paper, makes it appear they have all been fired. Actually, the opposite is the case. To "throw out" means to assign. Such is the complicated cop talk.

Chief Godfrey is one of those tireless individuals who throws himself with full vigor into a breaking case. A murder, a shooting, some gangland violence will propel the Chief into quick and direct personal action. He is on the scene as fast as his driver can get him there. He assesses the situation, and then he "throws out" his force before the criminal can "jump" the city.

The Chief has his headquarters in the dilapidated Police Headquarters building on Market Street. He's there most of the daytime hours, and frequently at night. At home, he has a telephone to keep in touch with developments. But it's an unlisted number so people can't wake him up in the middle of the night with a report that the howls of a lonely cat were disturbing the peace.

Last week's murder case in Hartford gave Chief Godfrey an opportunity to conduct a course in elementary Detective 1 for this reporter. The answer to the first question put to the Chief made the reporter feel he should go back to elementary Journalism 1.

"What's the first thing you look for when you hop on a case?" asked the reporter, eagerly.

"Clues," said the Chief. He didn't bat an eye.

"Of course," said the reporter, recovering quickly. "But what I mean is, how do you start operating on a case? What are the steps you follow?"

"Why didn't you say so?" Chief Godfrey said. "Come on, son. Get on the ball."

Now here is the real inside. Any person with an idea to taking up crime as a profession or hobby should study the following formula, and then make up

his mind whether, after all, it will be worth it.

"First," said Godfrey, "the motive! Why? Why is the murder committed? Is it robbery, vengeance? We must try to discover the reason why the party has been bumped off."

A pause for air.

"Second, we go to associations. Who are the friends? Who was the last person with the deceased? Where had he been in the hours preceding the crime?"

Another pause.

"Third, we study the little clues that have been left around, the odds and ends here and there. And fourth, the roundup!"

"It's fascinating," the Chief said. "The little clues start building the thing up. We throw out as many men as we can, and they start to work. Hours and hours of work. No sleep."

Within a little while after the police have started their roundup, people are brought in for questioning. "This can go on for a long, long time," the Chief said. "We may be lucky, as we were in the case last week, or we may run into a stone wall."

During the grilling, he said, "you pick up a word here and there that throws you into the case. It may give you the chance to break it. It may give you something to work on. As soon as we get something, members are assigned to trace it down. We keep on questioning, and gradually you pick up this and that.

"It's a process of elimination," he said. "Elimination and deduction."

Sometimes, said the Chief, they nab the culprit right away. Occasionally, it takes months and even years. Once in a while, they never uncover a clue, and the murderer never is found.

"How about your wife?" the student asked. "What does she say when you don't come home at night?"

"The wife of a policeman," said Chief Godfrey in a grandiloquent tone, "the wife of a policeman expects her husband to be among the missing when he's working on a major case."

The Chief suddenly looked at his questioner. "Where were you at 1 o'clock this morning?" he demanded.

"Class dismissed," said the reporter

jumping the police station.

--Hartford Courant

OLD TIMER KEEPS MEMORY FOR FACES

By Robert W. MacGregor

Once a policeman always a policeman. And that is the way John P. "Roscoe" Flynn of 199 Jefferson St. wants it.

At 86, Mr. Flynn still wears the hefty black shoe of a policeman, he still maintains an interest in police departments, and has an eye as alert as any patrolman.

Last Wednesday, Mr. Flynn stopped in at the State Police Headquarters on Washington St. to look the building over. State Police Lieut. Frederick W. Brandt, in charge of the information desk at headquarters, was escorting the visitor through the building.

They were on the elevator when recognition came.

"You're Brandt! We walked a beat together 35 years ago," said the retired Hartford policeman.

"Well, if it isn't Roscoe Flynn!" replied Lieutenant Brandt. He served on the Hartford force before joining the state police in 1922.

Capt. Leo F. Carroll, head of the State Police Special Service Division thought of the ideal way to climax the reunion:

"Ask the boys in the kitchen to put on an extra plate of corned beef and cabbage. We're having company for dinner."

--Hartford Times

STATE GETS AWARD IN SAFETY CONTEST

Connecticut was voted an award for outstanding achievement in public information and safety organization in the annual National Traffic Safety Contest. Notification of the award was made to the Highway Safety Commission by judges of the contest sponsored by the National Safety Council. The state also received a special award for 100 per cent participation.

---Hartford Times

DOTS and DASHES

FROM OVERSEAS

VOX-COP

May, 1949

JUSTICE IN SHANGHAI

Shanghai -- Shanghai police last week announced a new "rehabilitation program" for pickpockets.

Henceforth, the police said, they will chop their fingers off.

TEETH STOLEN FROM DEAD

Berlin, -- Police charged seven men and two women with stealing gold teeth and other valuables from graves.

The gang allegedly smashed coffins open with hatchets, took anything valuable and sold it on the black market. They were said to have robbed more than 300 graves and mausoleums in Berlin cemeteries during the last eighteen months.

Herbert Vogelreuther, a guitarist, was named as leader of the gang. The group kept a close watch on newspaper obituary reports to learn of the burials of wealthy persons, police said, and always operated at night.

WRONG CUSTOMERS

Brest, France -- Four Paris thieves came to Brest recently to dispose of some stolen articles to the unsuspecting provincials.

They split into two groups and began peddling their wares from house to house.

The first group knocked at the door of the commissioner of police. The second group tried to sell the Brest police inspector. All four landed in jail.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE ALONG FENCHURCH ST.

London, -- A mouse picked its way along the curb at busy Fenchurch Street recently, stopped at the feet of a po-

liceman and looked up appealingly.

The bobbie halted the stream of cars and escorted the mouse to the other side of the street.

The mouse went about its business. The flow of traffic resumed.

SAYS HE STOLE NOBEL MEDAL

Manchester, England -- John Higginbotham admitted in magistrate's court last week to breaking into the home of nuphysicist P.M.S. Blackett and taking his Nobel Prize gold medal.

"The police can't get it back," Higginbotham said. "I can. If I am allowed bail I will report to the police every night and get the medal back."

Higginbotham was appearing on a charge of auto theft when he made the admission. Bail was refused.

TOKYO POLICE PHONES CUT FOR NON-PAYMENT

Tokyo, -- When Tokyo's seventy-three police stations failed to pay their telephone bill the government cut off service to them.

Telephone service was restored next day on a police promise to pay up.

Slow payment of taxes was blamed by police for the telephone bill being in arrears.

INVENTS POLICE FORCE, COLLECTS PAY, IS JAILED

Cairo, -- A former employee of the Cairo Police Department was sent to prison last month for fifteen years because he invented a phantom police force and collected \$420,000 in wages for it.

The prosecution said Mohammed el-Wakil, former deputy chief accountant

of the Cairo Police Department, fabricated the imaginary force of fifty-five men and collected monthly wages for it for a long time.

Just then the boy sneezed and precious stones worth \$2,500 fell out of his mouth. Customs officials arrested father and son.

EXTRA DUMMY BLINKS;
BOBBY PUTS HIM IN CELL

Walsall, England -- The policeman passed a tailor's window and saw five dummies inside.

Later he passed again and saw six.

Then the sixth batted an eye.

Said the policeman, "You're under arrest."

The "dummy" stepped through a hole in the window and gave the name of Joseph Doran, twenty-four, of Belfast.

He was sent to prison for eighteen months for burglary and theft of a scarf.

WANTS PUBLICITY IN
JUVENILE CRIME

Swansea, Wales - Swansea's chief police officer recommended a new approach to juvenile delinquency: Let newspapers print the names of children in court cases.

"It is a well known fact," Chief Constable D. V. Turner said in his annual report, "that offenders, whether adolescent or adults, are usually more perturbed about publicity in the press than about penalties inflicted in court."

Present laws ban the publication of names and addresses of children dealt with by juvenile panels.

SNEEZE BARES GEMS HELD
BY 'DEAF AND DUMB' BOY

While passports of a father and son were being inspected recently at Hohenhems, on the Austro-Swiss frontier, an official asked the boy, fifteen years old, if his swollen mouth was caused by toothache.

"My poor afflicted boy has never been able to speak," said the father, showing the boy's "deaf and dumb" identity card.

PONTIFF GIVEN POLICE BADGE

Rome -- A golden honorary badge from the Washington, D.C., Police Department was presented to Pope Pius XII at the Vatican.

The badge was a gift from Police Superintendent Robert J. Barrett, and was handed to the Pope on the donor's behalf by Msgr. Giovanni B. Montini, of the Vatican Secretariate of State.

PRISON IN BRITAIN ACTS
TO KEEP STAGE TALENT

Princeton, England -- Broadmoor Prison's annual convicts' stage play will have a parson in the cast again. This time it's safe.

Two years ago a convicted murderer who enacted a parson in the prison play was so realistically costumed that he walked past the guards and has not been seen since.

This year's parson will wear short pants, white knee socks and a clerical collar five inches high.

EUROPEAN HIGHWAY PLAN OK'd

Geneva, Switzerland--A secret United Nations conference reached final agreement recently on setting up an all-European highway network linking Scotland to the Russian frontier and Norway to the Southern tip of Italy.

Representatives from four nations agreed on a network of major highways across Europe, which all countries are to keep permanently in good repair at standard specifications.

Details of the international network are to be kept secret until they have been considered by the various governments. The original plan was drawn by transport experts of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe.

Your Reflection - Their Impression

VOX-COP

May, 1949

CHESTER BOWLES
GOVERNOR



STATE OF CONNECTICUT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HARTFORD

April 22, 1949

Dear Officer Cludinski:

I do want you to know how much Mrs. Bowles and I appreciate what you did last Friday night for our dog. From all reports, if you had not come along when you did, and if you hadn't taken the trouble to get out of your car and pick him up, he would not be with us today. We have had Juney with us since he was a puppy and the children and all of us are very devoted to him. Everyone would have felt very badly indeed if he had been lost.

I want to express not only my own personal appreciation but my admiration for the conscientious and humane way in which you carried out your job.

My best regards and good luck to you.

Very sincerely,

Handwritten signature of Chester Bowles in cursive script.
Governor

cc: Commissioner Edward J. Hickey

Officer Henry L. Cludinski
Westbrook Barracks
Westbrook, Connecticut

CHESTER BOWLES
GOVERNOR



STATE OF CONNECTICUT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HARTFORD

April 22, 1949

Dear Ed:

I am enclosing copy of a letter which I have just written Officer Cludinski.

On Friday night we were out of town and our springer spaniel, frightened by a thunderstorm and unable to get into the house, evidently lit out for the next county. He was hit by a car on the Baldwin Bridge and was apparently lying there unconscious when Officer Cludinski came along, picked him up, and took him to the veterinarian. There was nothing particularly wrong with him beyond being stunned and losing a couple of teeth.

Obviously, Officer Cludinski didn't know it was our dog and it is clear that he went to all this trouble as a matter of routine. This is a little thing but it seems to me that it is a real tribute not only to his own conscientiousness but to the standards which you have developed.

With my best personal regards.

Sincerely,

Chester Bowles
Governor

Enclosure

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



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
SPECIAL STAFF, UNITED STATES ARMY
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

4 May 1949

Mr. Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner, Department of State Police
100 Washington Street
Hartford 1, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Hickey:

We desire you to know how much this Division appreciates the fine cooperation and thoughtful service which you and Captain Ralph Buckley of your Traffic and Safety Division were willing and able to render in the recent reception in Hartford of the five Austrian police administrators. We are pleased that their stay in Hartford was made so pleasant and profitable for them, by reason of your efforts, and those of the interpreter whose services you were able to obtain from Trinity College. We are particularly glad that they were shown the handsome colonial State House and the modern Capitol, as well as the Legislature in action, and your efficient department and training school.

At your suggestion, we have written directly to Professor William Harvey, at the College, to thank him for his generous assistance to you and the party.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "G. P. Lynch". The signature is stylized and cursive.

G. P. LYNCH
Colonel, GSC
Acting Chief, Reorientation Branch
Civil Affairs Division

AUSTRIAN POLICE OFFICIALS PLAN TOUR
OF U.S. POLICE AGENCIES

Five public safety and police officials of Austria are arriving in the United States April 18 for an 8-week tour of representative police agencies in this country to become oriented in U.S. police methods and organization. Each member of the group has been assigned specific technical studies in their particular field as well as a study of over-all administrative and procedural practices. Sponsored by the Internal Affairs Branch and the Federal Minister of the Interior of the Austrian government, the officials will be assisted by Reorientation Branch, Civil Affairs Division, U. S. Department of Army. The latter agency recruited aid of Edward J. Kelly, executive secretary of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in suggesting itinerary and scope of the studies.

The officials are:

Dr. Reuff Seutter, of the Police Administration Section of the Ministry of the Interior, responsible for organization and control of police staffs and units, personnel, equipping and arming police. His specific study will cover uniformed police--their qualifications, billeting in barracks, uniforms and insignia, equipment, armament, other technical equipment, alarms, tours of duty, intervention in strikes, riots and disorders, emergency measures, organization and control of police authorities, organization of patrols and night watchmen.

Dr. Franz Mayer, of the State Police Section of the Ministry of the Interior whose duties include supervision of alien police, handling important criminal cases, combatting activities dangerous to the State, and supervising State Police information service. His specific study will include methods of combatting activities dangerous to the State, political crime, police supervision of, and criminality among, aliens.

Franz Rupertsberger, security director of Land Upper Austria, highest federal police official in one of Austria's eight Laender, who supervises all types of police activity in the land. He will

give particular attention to organization of detective bureaus, cooperation between municipal, county and state police, identification methods, apprehension of wanted persons registration records, control of prostitution and related vices, illegal entry of aliens, relations between courts, and the police, police and court penal records, communications equipment, statistical methods, custody and use of central records of known criminals, press relations international police cooperation, extradition.

Dr. Franz Harger, of the Police Directorate of Vienna, who supervises the prevention and investigation of major crimes. His special studies are the same as those of Director Rupertsberger.

Rudolph Kraft, Lieutenant Colonel of the uniformed police in Vienna, in charge of traffic police and traffic control. His special field will be study of traffic police training methods, uniforming, traffic regulation and control, traffic accident reporting and statistics, safety measures, investigation and reporting of traffic accidents.

First stop on the tentative itinerary will be the New York City Police Department, April 18 followed by visits to New Jersey State Police and Bergen County Police, April 29; Pennsylvania State Police and Philadelphia Police Department, May 2; Illinois Department of Public Safety and Chicago Police Department, May 9; Wisconsin Motor Vehicle Department and Milwaukee Police Department, May 16; Michigan State Police and Detroit Police Department, May 23; Connecticut State Police and Greenwich Police Department, May 31; and the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D.C.---Police Chiefs News Letter.

Mr. J. H. Hendrickson, vice president of the Keyport Banking Company, Keyport N.J., complimented the State Police of Connecticut for courteous treatment received when traveling from Keyport, N.J. to Boston. He was aided by an officer when having car trouble--also when he ran out of gas, miles from a filling station.

I.A.C.P. AWARDS

Evanston, Ill., -- Six cities and six states early this month were named winners of awards offered by the International Association of Chiefs of Police for outstanding performances in the field of traffic law enforcement in 1948.

First-place awards were given in each of six city populations groups and in each of four divisions of states. There were ties in two of the state divisions.

Winners were:

STATES

Eastern Division - Conn. & Pa. (Tied)
 Southern Division - Oklahoma & Texas (Tied)
 Midwestern Division - Minnesota
 Western Division - Colorado

CITIES

Group I (500,000 and over) -- Wash., D.C.
 Group II (200,000 - 500,000) -- Portland Ore.
 Group III (100,000 - 200,000) -- Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Group IV (50,000 - 100,000) -- Pasadena Calif.
 Group V (25,000 - 50,000) -- Plainfield N.J.
 Group VI (10,000 - 25,000) -- Longview Wash.

Col. Homer Garrison, Jr., president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and director of the Texas Department of Public Safety, announced the award winners.

"These IACP awards," said Colonel Garrison, "given this year for the first time, were set up to give suitable recognition to those cities and states whose police departments and highway patrols are doing outstanding jobs of enforcing the traffic rules and regulations.

"Our Association is pleased to cooperate with the National Safety Council, sponsors of the National Traffic Safety Contest, in making these awards available. We believe that they will offer

incentives to better traffic law enforcement work by municipal and state police and highway patrols throughout the country."

Enforcement sections of the National Traffic Safety Contest reports were used in the judging for the IACP enforcement awards. The contest reports are part of the National Inventory of Traffic Safety Activities and constitute one of the yardsticks of traffic safety performance for the nation.

The Committee of judges for the IACP awards consisted of: Commissioner John C. Prendergast, Chicago; Chief Earl M. Larimer, Minnesota Highway Patrol; Chief Charles J. Tierney, St. Paul, Minn.; Chief John M. Gleason, Greenwich, Conn., and Colonel Garrison as an ex officio member. Edward J. Kelly, executive secretary of the Association, Washington, D.C., and Franklin M. Kreml, director of the IACP Traffic Division, Evanston, Ill., attended the meeting of the judges.

SPHINX TEMPLE
 A.A.O. N.M.S.

April 18, 1949

Dear Colonel Ed:

A few of the duties of Potentate has caused the delay in sending you this letter. However, I wish to convey my sincere appreciation to you and your corps of State Policemen who rendered such valuable service to us at the time of our Circus.

The morning of the benefit performance to the underprivileged children was highlighted with safe and expert convoy protection carried out without any accident, delay and with prompt service.

It is this type of service which makes your excellent corps of Connecticut State Police Troopers so efficient and so appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Frank Stafford Jones,
 Potentate



International Association of Chiefs of Police

INCORPORATED

ORGANIZED 1893

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May 2, 1949

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TRAFFIC DIVISION

Director
Franklin M. Krem
1704 Judson Ave.
Evanston, Ill.

AIRMAIL - SPECIAL DELIVERY

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

Dear Commissioner:

It is my great pleasure to advise you that your state has been named first prize winner of the IACP award for the most outstanding performance in the traffic law enforcement field in your division in 1948. Connecticut and Pennsylvania tied for the first prize in the Eastern Division, but the judges awarded first prizes to each state.

Enforcement sections of the National Inventory of Traffic Safety Activities (National Traffic Safety Contest) were used in the judging for the IACP awards. First prize winners were named in each of the six city population groups and in each of the four divisions of states. No grand award was given.

The Committee of Judges consisted of Commissioner John C. Prendergast, Chicago; Chief Earl M. Larimer, Minnesota Highway Patrol; Chief Charles J. Tierney, St. Paul, Minn.; Chief John M. Gleason, Greenwich, Conn., and myself as an ex officio member.

Suggested news releases are enclosed for whatever distribution you wish to make in your area.

Plaques for the winners will be inscribed and ready for delivery in about 10 days. If you wish to set up a presentation ceremony after that time, we will make every effort to have an officer or representative of the Association present. Please let me know your wishes in this matter, giving date and place of ceremony, with at least one alternate date. Address your reply to me at the IACP Traffic Division, 1704 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

My heartiest congratulations to you and your department! With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

Sincerely,

Homer Garrison

Homer Garrison
President

HG:mlh

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

C.S.P. was honored in the April, 1949 issue of Police Chiefs News with a picture of C.S.P. Headquarters on the cover page. "This month's cover," story followed:

"Framed by stately New England elm trees, the Connecticut State Police Headquarters at Hartford, Connecticut, houses the administration facilities of the nation's oldest organized state police department, which was established in 1903.

Completed in 1937, the building contains administrative units, as well as the bureau of identification, communications division, traffic division, and special service units of the efficient organization directed by Commissioner Edward J. Hickey.

It is a million dollar business for protection of the citizens of the state, with total expenditures during 1948 of \$1,843,177.

The 427 state police employees are divided thus: 300 patrolmen; 10 resident police; 12 policewomen and 107 civilians, which include clerks, typists, dispatchers, mechanics and cooks.

The commissioner of state police is state fire marshal, too. In addition to varied criminal and highway patrol duty his department enforces laws passed by the General Assembly relating to amusement park licenses; investigation of fire origins, abatement of fire hazards, approval of fuel burning apparatus, inspection and regulation of motion picture theaters and their licensing; licensing projectionists; storage of motion picture films, enforcement of advertisement bill posting laws; auctions and jewelry sales; manufacture and transportation of explosives; civilian defense coordination and aeronautic law enforcement.

Major John C. Kelly, a veteran of Connecticut state police service, assists the commissioner in directing department policies from the White Building on Washington Street.

Lieutenant Henry Mayo is lieutenant in command of the 30 men assigned to the Hartford county area. They operate from the station which can be seen to the rear and right of the headquarters building.

A Mecca for those who need police as-

sistance, the imposing white structure stands near the State Capitol at "The Gateway to New England."

West Hartford, Conn.
April 26, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

As a citizen of the state of Conn. I feel it my duty to draw to your attention as fine a display of courtesy and devotion to duty by one of the officers of your department as I have had occasion to witness.

This courtesy was rendered me, as a motorist in distress on the highway late at night, and although it may be part of an officers duty to render assistance whenever possible, I personally feel that this officer acted above and beyond the call of normal duty and I want you to know that I sincerely appreciated it. In my eyes and the score of citizens, who I am sure have been and are being accorded the same type of courtesy, it typifies top-notch efficiency and extraordinary duty of a police organization for which the Conn. State Police Dept. has established a renown.

On Monday morning, April 25 at about 1:15 AM I was operating my car along the parkway, route #15, somewhere in the vicinity of Talcottville on my way back from a trip to Mass. when my automobile suddenly developed serious trouble which necessitated it's being removed from the highway by a wrecker. At that hour of the night assistance from anyone is rather scarce, needless to say, and no means of communication available to summon help. The trooper chanced along and without any solicitation for assistance from me, he stopped to inquire as to my trouble. His first concern being to make the highway safe for traffic he assisted me in obtaining the immediate service of a wrecker of my own choosing and remained on the scene making sure that there was no hazard to other traffic proceeding along the highway. And that being done assisted me in getting back to Hartford as there was no other transportation available at that point.

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

The fact that I say that I consider this courtesy rendered me beyond the call of duty is that this officer was through with his normal tour of duty and was on his way to his home, and although I fully realize that their duty is not measured in hours, I feel that his extraordinary courtesy and willingness to assist are very highly commendable and I feel a deep sense of gratitude towards this officer. He displayed very fine efficiency in the way he handled things.

I don't know this officer personally but from information I received this trooper is Officer Joseph Koss, and is attached to the Stafford Springs barracks.

Sincerely,

Frank R. Rothammer

TOWN OF BLOOMFIELD
CONNECTICUT
Department of Police

April 13, 1949

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you and your department for the splendid cooperation on the Zone Police Training School which held its last session last night at the Bloomfield High School. Officer Albert H. Kimball and Lieut. Paul Lavin displayed a fine spirit and were most cooperative.

Sincerely yours,

Herbert C. Beman
Chief of Police

A letter of commendation was received from Mr. B. B. Morgan, Jr. of Stepney, Conn. Although he was the recipient of a warning from Off. Thomas Dunn of the Ridgefield Barracks, Mr. Morgan took occasion to commend him for his "very kind, polite and considerate treatment."

TOWN OF NEWINGTON
POLICE DEPARTMENT
Newington 11, Connecticut

April 14, 1949

Dear Mr. Hickey:

I wish to thank you for your kindness in sending Lt. Paul Lavin, of your staff, to the Newington-Wethersfield Police School for its meeting on Tuesday, April 12, 1949 at the Bloomfield High School.

Lt. Lavin's talk on "Morale and Discipline" was highly informative and most interestingly presented.

Very truly yours,

William E. Halleran
Chief of Police

Town of Newington
Police Department
Newington 11, Connecticut

April 18, 1949

Dear Colonel:

The Zone Police Training School that came to a close in Bloomfield one week ago to-night was certainly a session that held the strict attention of all who attended by the straight forward talk of Lieut. Paul Lavin on Morale and Discipline.

The talk by Officer Albert H. Kimball on Traffic Accident Investigation held at Wethersfield on March 15th. was also one of which I feel the men gained much knowledge.

I want you to know that the splendid co-operation of yourself and these two officers had much to do with the success of our school which was the largest to date, being represented with men from Wethersfield, Newington, Bloomfield, Rocky Hill, Farmington, Simsbury, New Britain, and Plainville.

Yours very truly

L. N. Hale, Secretary
Board of Police Commsrs.

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

THE VALLEY OIL COMPANY, INC.
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

April 25, 1949

My dear Commissioner Hickey:

I would like to go on record as enthusiastically approving the vigilance and prompt action of Officer Frank LaForge on the morning of March 28, 1949, when he discovered the fire at the Valley Oil Company, Main Plant, Portland, Connecticut.

You can be proud of officers like Frank LaForge. They are indeed a credit to our State Force.

Cordially yours,

THE VALLEY OIL CO., INC.

William F. Briggs
President

Off. Frank Duren, Station L, Litchfield, was complimented for a talk he delivered at the Eagle Rock Men's Club of Reynolds Bridge, telling of the different phases of State Police work.

Praise from the Army came from Brig-Gen. Dwight E. Smith, CNG, Retired, who was Parade Marshal of the Army Day Parade in New Haven held April 2nd. General Smith also expressed the commendation of Maj. Gen. Ewart G. Plank, Commanding General of the New York Post of Embarkation, who, with his troops, was escorted by our boys from the New York Line to New Haven and return.

Elmer L. Zeiner of Terryville writes extending his thanks to Station "L" for having him notified that his wife was suddenly taken ill and in need of an emergency operation. Mr. Zeiner was at a Camp in Maine 35 miles from the near-

est phone and there was no other way of reaching him. In desperation Station "L" was appealed to and needless to say their efforts were successful.

Off. Alden Thompson, Station L, Litchfield was complimented for a speech he delivered, on State Police work, to The Junior Fellowship of Christ Church in Watertown.

Off. Vincent O'Brien of the Hartford Barracks was complimented by Mr. Robert Maloney of Meriden for his work in recovering his stolen car.

UNCAS PRINTING & FINISHING CO., INC.
MECHANICSVILLE, CONN.

May 11, 1949

Dear Sir:

A short time ago, Uncas Printing & Finishing Co., Inc. used the facilities of the State of Connecticut Police Department in the apprehension and conviction of two of our employees, who were stealing cloth.

We wish to express sincere gratitude from both the company and the writer personally for the outstanding cooperation rendered us in this instance by Officer Vincent McSweeney and Lt. Albert Rivers of Barracks D in Danielson, Connecticut and Lt. Rundle of the Colchester Barracks.

It seems to us that all concerned did everything in their power to bring the case to a successful conclusion, and we want to go on record with you to let you know that we appreciate their unselfish action.

Very truly yours,

E. E. Clifford, Mgr.



City of Milford, Connecticut

UNDER COUNCIL-MANAGER GOVERNMENT

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE

TELEPHONE 4-1655



ARTHUR HARRIS
SUPERINTENDENT

April 20, 1949

Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner
Connecticut State Police
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner:

April 19, 1949 the Milford Police Department completed an In-service Training School. I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the splendid cooperation and assistance received from your department.

The lectures delivered by Captain William Schatzman and Lieutenant Walter Boas, March 8th and 29th respectively were excellent. I am sure the officers attending benefited greatly.

The school was in operation from January 18th to April 19th, at which time thirty-seven officers from this department, seven from Fairfield Police Department, two from Woodbridge Police Department and three from Orange Police Department graduated. In all the school was an immense success.

Again thanking you for your cooperation and assistance, I am

Very truly yours,

Arthur Harris

Superintendent of Police

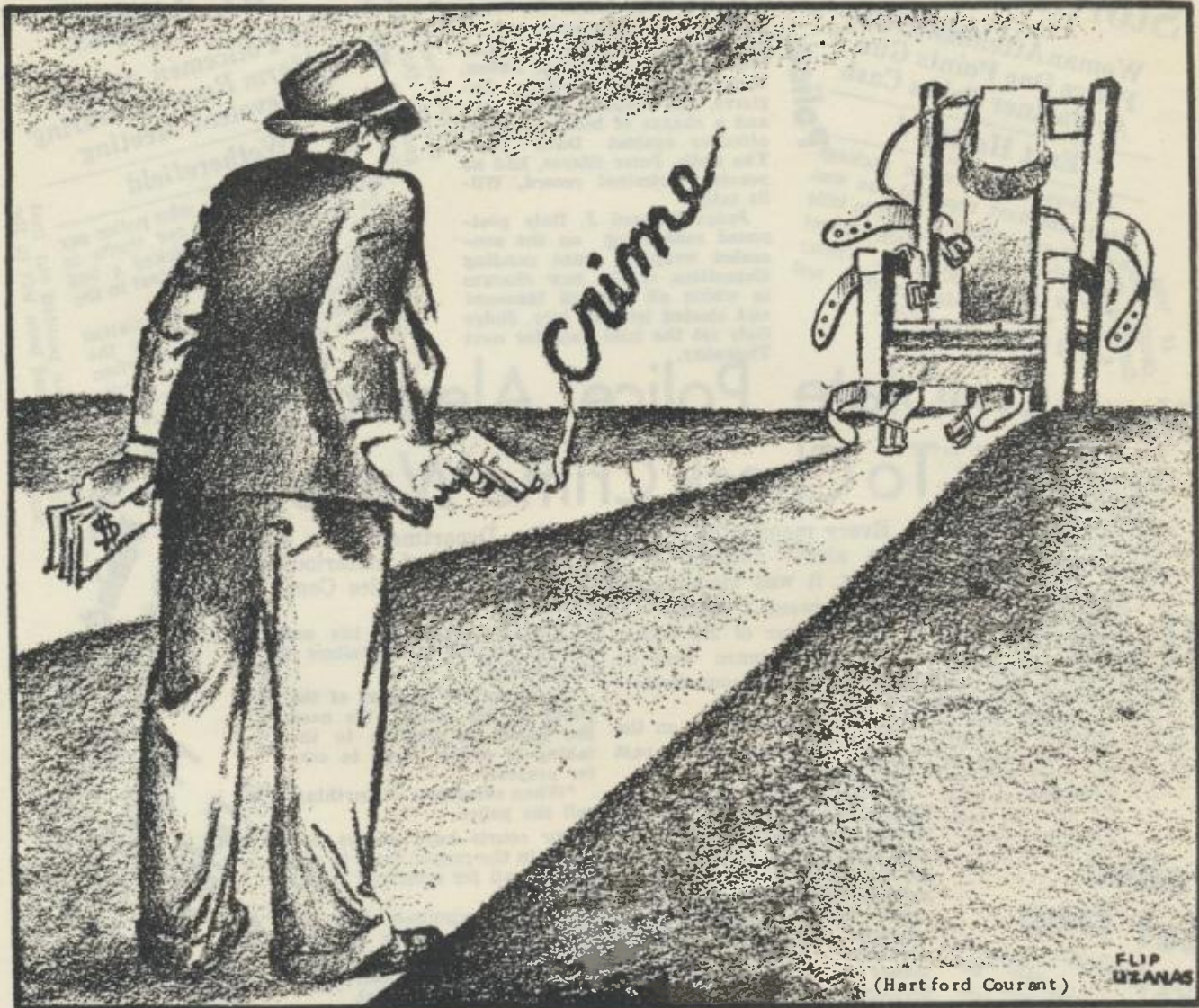
c.c. Capt. Wm. Schatzman
Lieut. Walter Boas

The Spotlight

VOX-COP

May, 1949

Dead End Street



COIN CAUSES ARREST IN CHILD'S SLAYING

A Canadian quarter stolen from the Italian-American Club on Laurel St. Bristol, Conn. Apr. 8 has led to the apprehension of John Saiu, 36-year-old New Britain ex-convict in connection with the sex-slaying of 8-year-old Jack Goldsmith in Starlight Park, The Bronx, N.Y., Apr. 15, 1949.

New York Police in their investigation found two Canadian quarters, one in the New Britain man's possession and the other on the body of the slain child. Police Chief Edmund S. Crowley said the New Britain man admitted breaking into the local club and stealing cigars and cigarettes and a collection of odd coins.

Bristol detectives Thomas V. McCarthy and William Melvitz said the club was broken into Apr. 13, 1948, and \$161 and a quantity of cigarettes were taken. Saiu was questioned about that break as well as a break on Apr. 3, 1948, at the Laverrio Package Store on Center St. where \$40 and a quantity of liquor were taken.

CLOUTIER EXECUTED FOR POLICEMAN'S MURDER

Noel Cloutier, 24-year-old Montreal gunman who last September took part in an east end bank robbery that resulted in the death of two policemen, was hanged in Montreal recently after a last minute appeal for a postponement of the execution had been rejected.

Scarcely 12 hours before his march to the gallows, Cloutier learned that his request for a stay of execution was denied.

Cloutier, who participated in the east end robbery with Douglas Perreault and Donald Perreault, tried twice to cheat the gallows. Once he slashed his wrists with a razor blade in Montreal Jail and later he tried to escape from the prison.

\$345 Taken In Package Store Holdup

Woman Attendant Tells Police One Points Gun As Partner Takes Cash East Hartford

A 52-years-old woman package store attendant reported she was held up and robbed of \$345 in bills and silver at 486 Main Street shortly after 8:30 p. m. Friday by a black-bearded gunman and a red haired accomplice.

Willis Cracks Down

Bridgeport—(AP)—Six New Yorkers were convicted by a Superior Court jury Thursday on charges of carrying concealed weapons in an automobile without a permit.

State's Atty. Lorin W. Willis immediately filed charges of being an habitual criminal against four of the men, Alfred Cohen, Harry Markowitz, William L'Pierre, and Stephen Harmanski, and a charge of being a second offender against Dave Gold. The sixth, Peter Glaros, had no previous criminal record, Willis said.

Judge Edward J. Daly postponed sentencing on the concealed weapons count pending disposition of the new charges to which all pleaded innocent and elected trial by jury. Judge Daly set the trial date for next Thursday.

Youths Held In Thefts Of Four Autos

13 Policemen Answer Alarm Received During Benevolent Meeting Wethersfield

Two local youths who police say have admitted four car thefts in the last two weeks picked a bad time Thursday for the latest in the series.

Police Benevolent Association members were gathering in the police station for a meeting when the first theft alarm of the evening was called in. The seven-man force was joined by six supernumeraries from the Wethersfield police.

Detectives staged their second raid in two months this week to prove that gambling was on in the establishment.

Chief Sullivan pointed out that the youths had been left in the streets.

Worse Crime State Police Alerted To Check Crime Wave

Every member of the State Police Department is on a "crime alert" because of the rising tide of nefarious activities, it was made known today by State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey.

A peak number of 292 policemen and policewomen were on duty yesterday, the commissioner said.

Twenty automobiles are on the list of cars stolen within the past 14 days, he said.

The latest State Police Bulletin, issued bi-monthly for the benefit of law enforcement officers over a wide area, he went on, lists men wanted for automobile thefts, embezzlement, grand larceny, holdups, safe robberies, burglaries, cashing worthless checks, obtaining money under false pretenses, breaking and entering, and violation of parole.

"In an effort to insure crime prevention," Commissioner Hickey said, "every available state policeman is being kept on the highway to answer calls for assistance from neighboring states and cities and towns in Connecticut, because of the increase in criminal activities."

"HOLDUPS ARE again prevalent in Connecticut in the populated areas. Bank robberies are happening in neighboring states. Again we are urging all police departments to work and pull together so that Connecticut will be safe."

Jobs Still Fading

Danielson-Putnam folks are feeling lower than ever as they glance at the unemployment figure.

An Honest Thief

PAUL REPERT of 111 View St., Meriden, had a funny experience with his Dodge convertible which will soon show the complaints in each city of the Bay State for residents in small cities with 722 ran afoul of the cities with 2,986,588, or near the suburbs, came than three times 168,829 to be spect

Police Set Trap Quick Action:

ONE-ARM BANDITS, Particular modern versions of machine guns, hurriedly being hidden again

Sideline for Chief

MERIDEN Police Chief Mike Carroll is, among other things, an

TOUGH CONSPIRACY LAW

HAD GOOD EFFECT
An alarm was sent on car's desecrated
J. O'Brien
Ivan and S. B. J. O'Brien

Get Chiefs Behind Drive

These take in but eating and larceny, force. operation of auto including a

Prison: a Deterrent

With 2 Men in Theft

Arcade Luncheon Raided Again

Gambling

Persistent New Britain police, who can look out of headquarters and right into a restaurant where they believe horse bets are made, take a hand in the clean-up.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

May, 1949

MURDER

"And now, Mr. Waner, is there anything you can say as to who might have caused the murder of your boy?" The gnomelike coroner shot a piercing look at James Waner.

"I wish I knew," the widowed Waner, now twice-bereft, choked. "I only wish I knew..."

The year was 1912 and it was two o'clock of a fog-thickened, cill November night in the little Irish town of Sligo. Mrs. Kane, a neighbor, had discovered the body of the lad, carried him into her small home and covered him decently with a blanket. The coroner and a jury of six were lined up on one side of the room and James Waner, Mrs. Kane and several tousled neighbors in night attire were on the other side.

"Mrs. Kane" — the coroner relished the drama of his job — "Mrs. Kane, won't you tell us in your own words how you came upon the body of Pat Waner?"

Mrs. Kane tugged a green knitted shawl closer around her shoulders.

"Well, now, I was having myself a cup of tea before bed and—"

The coroner interrupted. "What time was that, now?"

"It was just about 11:00, and—"

"How do you know it was 11:00?" the coroner snapped.

"Because it was shortly after I heard St. Jude sound the hour. And if ye'll let me tell the story, Mr. Coroner, we can have this inquest over and done with and I can be gettin' me cold and tired bones into bed for a bit of sleep." The coroner subsided.

"Now, just as I was about to

put the tea to me lips I heard two shots and then a third from out in the alley." Mrs. Kane looked with contempt around the room. "I waited a bit and there was not another sound. Of course, none of me brave neighbors had courage enough to get out there and help some poor murdered soul who might be dyin. So I lit me lantern and found the poor lad murdered in cold blood. He was bleedin' from the head and from his hand. Then I seen that a bullet must'a got him right in the heart, poor divil. And a nice handsome young boy he was, too."

James Waner groaned aloud.

Mrs. Kane waited a moment and continued: "There was nothin' I could do for the unfortunate lad, so I brought him into the house and said a Hail Mary. Then I crossed his arms and covered his body and called the police."

"We will have to make positive identification of the body," the coroner said. "Unveil the corpse."

Two jurymen slowly pulled down the blanket. The body of young Patrick Waner — bloodied head and bloodied crossed hands — was nota pleasant sight. Instinctively everyone moved back.

The coroner waited for the full impact of the sight to take effect. "Is there anyone among us who can tell who committed this murder? Is there anyone here who can add anything to the evidence?"

The little group looked questioningly at one another. Then Mrs. Shaunessy screamed. "Look!"

She pointed at the corpse. It was moving. There were gasps

as the bloody hand of the murdered young man uncrossed itself slowly, slowly straightened and pointed—directly at his father.

James Waner screamed and fainted.

When they revived him he confessed. His motive was jealousy. His son had won the love of a young widow the father had set his heart on marrying. He had spied on Pat at a rendezvous with her, had followed him and killed him.

The dramatic accusation by the dead hand was not hard to explain. The onset of rigor mortis had caused the accusing hand—when freed from the blanket—to straighten out and, by an amazing quirk of fate, point directly at his father, the murderer.

James Waner was tried before the Sligo Assizes, convicted and hanged in Sligo Gaol.

BOMB DAMAGES JUDGE'S HOME

Detroit — Traffic Referee Courtney Fitzsimons and five members of his family escaped injury recently as a bomb shattered the rear of his home.

The explosion tore a hole through the brick wall in the basement.

Fitzsimons, suffering with a cold, was in bed on the second floor at the time. He was knocked out of bed by the force of the blast.

Fitzsimons, traffic referee since 1939, could give no reason for the bombing.

(Montreal Police & Fire Bulletin)

THE GAME OF LONELY HEARTS

Colonel Herbert Barns, Supt., Delaware State Police announced recently the solution of a double murder in the arrest of Mrs. Inez Brennan, 45 years of age, who lured her victims to their death shortly after meeting them through "lonely Heart" correspondence.

The chief of the state police said that the plump, dark-haired, twice-married widow broke down after being confronted with the confessions of two of her sons.

One son, 16-year-old Robert, had earlier told police that he killed Wade N. Woolridge, 67, of Bedford, Va., "because mother told me to."

Later, Robert said, his mother told him to shoot Otto Schultz, 55, on his farm near Concord, N.H., with a shotgun Schultz had given him for a gift. When he "lost his nerve" and refused, Robert said, his mother hid the shotgun under her skirt, waylaid Schultz near his barn, and killed him herself. Robert's, half-brother, Raymond, 23, had confirmed the confessions.

The murders were uncovered when Woolridge's relatives reported him missing after visiting Mrs. Brennan. He had \$1,500 with him when he left home. From the Schultz killing, Robert said, Mrs. Brennan got the proceeds of the sale of Schultz's truck, chickens, furniture, and miscellaneous farm equipment.

The bodies of both men were first buried in a pigpen on the Brennan farm, southeast of Dover. Later they were burned, and the remains placed in five-gallon oil cans and tossed in the city dump.

The confessions revealed that Mrs. Brennan and two of her sons went to Concord to visit Schultz the day after Christmas. Robert said:

"But when we got there, mother kept nagging me I should shoot him, I told her I had already done the other one and I wouldn't do this one. Schultz was going around saying he was going to marry mother.

"Finally we drove back from a visit to Concord one day and mom was waiting for him with a shotgun under her skirt and when he came out of the garage she

shot him in the head."

Robert said that Schultz' body was loaded in a truck for the journey back to the Brennan farm. Outside Concord the truck was stopped by a policeman and taken to the sheriff's office, while Mrs. Brennan paid off an attachment against Schultz.

Luckily, Robert said, none of the policemen examined the truck's cargo.

Mrs. Brennan's breakdown came after an extensive grilling, during which she was confronted with the confessions made by her sons. Earlier, police had described their sessions with the widow as "like talking to a stone."

Police were examining a bundle of "lonely hearts" letters, for a clue to the possible fate of other correspondents.

Mrs. Brennan wrote to one suitor, Thomas M. Stretch, of Canton, N.J.:

"You know how I am, Tom. I have to know a man for a long while before I would marry because marriage is a sacred thing and should last forever."

Stretch, who visited her farm for two nights after corresponding with her through the club, said her listing read:

"Inez Brennan, RFD 3, Dover, Del., age 44, weight 160, height five feet five, black graying hair, brown eyes, Baptist, high school education, farm-erette. Income, not stated. Widow, no dependents, she owns her own farm and car. She prefers living in country. Her hobbies are raising chickens, flowers and gardening. Men 44 to 60 years of age write and learn more. She will answer all letters."

(Ed's. Note -- The recent disclosures of "Lonely Hearts" murders prompts the suggestion that "Missing Person Searches" need more than routine attention. It can happen anywhere. Watch for such correspondence.)

FOR THE VICTIM

Governor Williams of Michigan and Governor Dewey of New York warrant nationwide thanks for coming together on the important matter of the trial of the "Lonely Hearts" killers who ruthlessly

slew well-off women for their worldly possessions. The cold-blooded killers will now face death in New York if they are convicted of a wanton murder there. Under Michigan Law, they would have received life. If there was ever a case where the punishment should fit the crime, it is this one. True, as some will put it, the deaths of the killers will not restore the lives of their victims. But the example will certainly deter any other potential slayers.

New England is concerned in this case. Some New England women were earmarked for death by these ghouls. It may develop that one or more New England women did meet death at their hands. Of late, there have been too many violent deaths in the nation to trifle with those responsible. Governor Dewey who sees criminology clearly in this instance, spoke outright for the forgotten men and women of crime--the victims. There should be more genuine tears for the innocent departed and less crocodile tears for the savage barbarians who cruelly kill but when caught weep for mercy.---Boston Post

(Editorial written prior to Delaware case.)

GUNMEN ROB DEAD MAN'S HOUSE
AS HIS FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSES

Philadelphia, -- Two men held up the home of the late Isidore Ludwin, a jeweler, on a recent Sunday, bound and gagged four women and a girl with diapers and fled with nearly \$5,000 in loot, While the robbery was in progress, a thirty-five car funeral cortege for Mr. Ludwin, who died on Thursday, halted before the house in a gesture of respect.

Detective Lieutenant Irving Mock said the men rang the doorbell of the home and said to Mrs. Rebecca Crumbley, fifty-six, a maid: "Where's the funeral? We're guests." Then one of them whipped out a gun and forced her into the house.

"We're very refined bandits," she quoted one of the men as saying. "Keep your face shut and you won't get hurt."

They took her to a second-floor bedroom and tied her hand and foot and gagged her. Then they hurried downstairs and encountered three women friends of the Ludwin family and fifteen year old Dolores Blum, the Ludwins' niece. Each in turn was robbed, tied up and gagged.

For forty minutes the men ransacked the house, taking jewelry and silverware. They left before the funeral guests returned.

TEEN-AGE GUN MOLLS IN BROOKLYN

Teen-age gun molls--more vicious than their male companions--are reported operating in Brooklyn as auxiliaries to gangs of marauding boys.

The bands of girls use such names as Shangri-La Debs, Chandeliers and Robinettes.

The girls, serving as walking arsenals, hide weapons for use by boy cohorts in attacks on rival roving gangs and other forays.

In many cases, the girls provide the male hoodlums with alibis when arrested saying they were with them at a dance or movie at the time of a fight.

This was the picture of street warfare painted recently as officials conferred at Brooklyn Adolescents Court on methods of combatting the evil.

Boston --- Thieves with little respect for the law were being sought by police.

Patrolman James O'Day of Roxbury, attached to the Brighton station, reported robbers broke into his apartment taking his pistol, badge and other articles.

Precaution. In San Diego, police were looking for two men who robbed the Nu Hotel of \$23, then carefully went through Clerk Edwin A. Leonard's pockets and took his last nickel "to keep (him) from calling the police."

SYSTEMATIC

A recent incident in Chicago indicates that manufacturers of filing equipment might be passing up some good prospects.

Police captured a burglar, then went to his room for a routine search. They found a card file that listed every call the man had made in his nocturnal forays. He not only recorded the address of the person he called upon, but also gave the date and other information that might be essential in his follow-ups. In addition, he posted results of his calls, indicating whether he was caught and whether he served any time.

The card file has since been closed while inventory is taken and the burglar serves a term in jail.

STEALS CAR TO ATTEND
AUTO THEFT HEARING

Philadelphia, -- Army Private Charles Behrens, nineteen, was stopped last week for speeding and readily admitted he had stolen the auto in Long Branch, N.J. The Fort Monmouth, N.J., soldier told police he took the car because he was in a hurry to get to Philadelphia. He wanted to "stand by" a soldier pal who was to be given a hearing on charge of stealing an auto.

RED-FACED COPS. Until this year it was perfectly legal to steal in Albany, Ore., provided the value of the pilfered articles was less than \$30. In one recent case, the city fathers discovered that for the past 84 years the town had no law to cover thefts under that amount.

WOMAN CATCHES UP WITH THIEF

Malibu, Cal.---Thelma Van Ostrum was cool and the sheriff's office collected.

Mrs. Van Ostrum said she saw a man run from her parked car in Topanga Can-

yon and found her purse containing \$76 gone. She couldn't catch him.

Later she picked up a hitch-hiker who looked very much like--. She drove him straight to the sheriff's substation.

Deputies booked Franklin Wade Rutt, 46, on suspicion of burglary. The officers said they found Mrs. Van Ostrum's purse with \$26 in the canyon--and \$50 on Rutt's person.

PRISONERS STEAL CELLMATE'S CLOTHES

Toronto---Honor among cellmates? Not in Toronto.

Terrance Gordon, arrested for drunkenness, took himself a quiet snooze in his cell. When he awakened, his first exclamation was:

"That guy over there is wearing my suit."

Police charged two of Gordon's fellow prisoners with theft. They had managed ---without being observed by police--- to take off Gordon's suit and put him in an ill-fitting pair of old trousers.

HELPFUL WIFE GETS IN TROUBLE

Chicago---When Jacob Walker's car stalled in a South Side street he got out to push it over to the curb. His wife, Ida, moved over to the driver's seat.

As Walker pushed the car, the motor started and the car pitched into a parked car. Neighbors summoned police. They gave Mrs. Walker a traffic ticket for operating a car without a driver's license.

Philadelphia, -- Police have caught the "fair weather burglar." They said George Force, thirty-eight, admitted robbing fifty West Philadelphia homes since last September while housewives were busy hanging wash or scrubbing porches. He never operated on rainy days and never robbed more than one house a day, police said.



COPS

WITH

IDEAS

VOX-COP

May, 1949

Brooklyn, N.Y. police recently used Army-type walkie-talkie radios and made a surprise landing from the sea on Pier 15, the foot of Montague Street, Brooklyn, to break up a waterfront policy racket.

This novel approach was adopted because in several months of detective work the Brooklyn Waterfront Squad had never been able to catch the policy operators by approaching on land. Always the detectives were spotted, the operators tipped off, and the evidence whisked out of reach.

Detectives William Brennan and James Hopkins, dressed as longshoremen, coasted up and down Lower New York Bay in a motor launch, listening on their walkie-talkie to reports from the land patrol. This consisted of Detectives Michael Ann and James Maloney, and Lieutenant John J. Boyle, who was in charge of the operation. When the land patrol saw their suspects enter a shack at the entrance to the pier at 8:30 a.m. following a crowd of longshoremen, they radioed to the sea patrol to close in. The sea patrol landed at the far end of the pier, walked the length of it without attracting attention, and entered the shack as though to make their policy bets. Then they arrested three collectors and seized money and tally sheets.

No place for a toot is the house at 72 Buena Vista Avenue, Yonkers N.Y., outside which three young men merrily tooted their auto horn at 1 o'clock in the morning. It is the home of Yonkers Policewoman Helen O'Lear. When she called from her balcony for quiet, they ignored her. When she announced her position as a distaff arm of the law,

they became rude.

Thereupon she summoned two of her male colleagues and arrested the trio on disorderly conduct charges.

Last month Constable Cecil Paul, Vancouver, B.C. Police Department, attracted by a shooting in a holdup of a branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, shot and instantly killed a 23 year old bandit who was carrying a frightened boy as a shield. The cop's bullet struck the robber between the eyes and he fell dead in the street as he dropped the five year old boy uninjured to the pavement.

Two executives of the bank, a branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, were wounded by the bandit before he scooped up \$3,000 in cash, took to his heels and grabbed up the youngster for a hostage as he sped through the street entrance.

Constable Cecil Paul, attracted by the shooting, stopped his motorcycle and fired a warning shot in the air. When the bandit returned the fire, the constable took deliberate aim and fired. The gunman fell with the boy in his arms.

"I hated to shoot at him when he had that boy in his arms," Constable Paul said afterward, "but I figured I could pull it off okay. The warning shot went high, but the second one went where I wanted it to, thank God."

Called to Deep River, State Policeman Edward Gayer (CSP) found plenty of "concrete evidence" to work with when he was asked to investigate vandalism to a freshly laid sidewalk.

The damage was done to a sidewalk in front of the new Steven's Hardware Store on Main Street, opposite the Town Hall. After the sidewalk was finished, some youngsters decided to leave their names for posterity. Some wrote their full names in the soft cement, and others left their first names or nicknames.

When Trooper Gayer arrived, all he had to do was take out his pencil and pad and copy all the names, about 30 in all.

He then checked with school authorities, and was able to learn the home addresses of most of the youngsters. Gayer, attached to the Westbrook Barracks, contacted all the parents and they will pay for the cost of putting down a new sidewalk.

If there are any hardhearted hombres in the Hartford Police Department, their names aren't Weinstein, Schweighoffer and Talty.

That was proved over a recent weekend when an apartment at 112 Porland St. was damaged by fire and John Wajcharewicz, its 72-year-old occupant, had to be taken to McCook Memorial Hospital for treatment of burns on the face and hands.

The hospital would let Wajcharewicz go home, but his place wasn't livable.

Hearing of the man's plight, Lt. Samuel Weinstein, Sgt. Michael Schweighoffer and Policeman James Talty visited the apartment and did a quick job of interior decorating. Peeling off their coats, they fixed up the only room where all windows still were intact.

Wajcharewicz slept at home that night --and probably dreamed of the hearts of gold 'neath buttons of brass.

A rookie policeman in a certain Eastern city recently did well enough at filling out his first offense report until he came to the heading "Classification," which required a description of the incident, such as grand larceny, murder, etc.

His report told about indecent pro-

posals an unknown man had made to a woman over the telephone.

Under the heading of Classification the rookie wrote: "Attempted rape by telephone."

---John Oppitz
True Detective

A Boston Post subscriber recently wrote the Editor as follows:

"Quite often, the pushing and shoving which goes on among spectators at a parade ruins the day for parents and the young fry too. However, at least one member of the Boston Police Department, Patrolman Camille Boudreau of Division 3 saw to it that everyone in his sector, near Andrew Sq., saw and enjoyed the parade. The efficient and courteous officer selected the youngsters from out of the crowd and arranged them on the curb according to size. To the oldsters, who could view the scene with an unobstructed view and relieved of the necessity of hoisting youngsters onto their shoulders, the patrolman proceeded to identify each passing piece of military material, which to the ordinary civilian are just so much unidentified pieces of mechanical warfare.

"By his courteous action, Patrolman Boudreau had an orderly group of spectators in his sector, aided the parents and youngsters in viewing the parade and who knows, probably instilled in the impressionable youngsters a more thorough understanding of what the man in blue represents."

Robert T. Collins has learned that bad little boys don't always hold grudges against teacher--even when they grow up to be policemen.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins, who live at 49 High Farms Rd., West Hartford, were driving to Boston recently. Both the skies and the roads were clear. They were in a hurry. The speedometer needle crept up slowly.

As they neared the Massachusetts state line the driver noticed a black car in his rearview mirror. It came

closer and closer. Deciding against trying to make it across the state line, Mr. Collins brought his car to a stop.

The other car drew up and its occupant got out. He was a six-foot-plus state policeman. "Remember me, Mr. Collins?" he asked.

The former school teacher looked again. He did remember him. He also remembered he had scolded a certain young scamp almost daily for some infraction of school rules. But he looked a lot different and bigger in the policeman's uniform.

"Why Tommy!" Mr. Collins greeted him warmly wondering whether school boys and policemen, ever turned the other cheek.

After talking a while, during which a full explanation was made regarding the reason for so much speed on the highway, Tommy waved his former teacher on his way.

"But the next time . . ." warned Tommy as the older man stepped on the gas.

The husky state policeman looked after him with a reminiscent grin.

Meriden (Conn.) Policeman, Arthur A. Iwanicki responded promptly on a radio call to investigate the cause of smoke coming from a local garage around 4 a.m. He found a well-known local character fast asleep with his clothes burning and another part of the building blazing. Iwanicki unable to awaken the sleeping trespasser carried him outside and rolled him in puddles of water until his smoldering "duds" were extinguished.

A New Haven railroad policeman was credited with the spectacular rescue of a 61-year-old man from drowning in the swift-flowing water of a power canal.

The policeman, Earl Burr, 35, of South Norwalk, saw Percy Holda of Leavenworth road, Shelton, fall into the canal and dived, fully clothed into 20 feet of water, to bring him to safety.

Shelton police and members of a fire department emergency crew applied artificial respiration and succeeded in reviving Holda after a half hour.

EAGLE-EYE KULISH

THE PROWL CAR occupied by Patrolman Joseph Kulish and his partner, Howard Graff, of the Jamaica, Long Island, Precinct, has a piece of equipment that is not standard in the New York City Police Department. Nor is it a departmental violation.

It is nothing more than a plywood board on which a loose-leaf index rests.

Thanks to this simple arrangement, originally devised as a hobby, Patrolman Kulish is now the undisputed title-holder for the recovery of stolen cars in the five boroughs, having recently passed the one-thousand mark.

"I can prove every one," the alert copper said as he thumbed the pages. "I've saved all my memo books at home, and just as soon as one page is filled, I file it away in the indexed volumes I have."

The system is an easy one to operate but Kulish has failed to persuade his fellow officers to follow it, since they don't always relish the thought of putting in an extra half-hour or so of work on their own time.

Kulish reports for duty an hour earlier than he is due. He picks up the daily list of cars and license plates that have been reported stolen. These he carefully enters in his loose-leaf index, and they are filed both alphabetically and numerically. With the board resting over the dashboard of the police car, Kulish, with a flip of a finger, can check a suspected plate or car in an instant.

A couple of months ago, while driving up a side street in South Jamaica--it is in this area that Kulish has recovered an unusually large number of "hot" cars--his eye caught the license plate on a parked car. He flipped his file and checked the number and sure enough the car had been reported stolen. Kulish drove to the nearest callbox to order a tow car to pick it up. When he returned, the auto had vanished.

The following afternoon, acting on a hunch, or maybe it was just plain curiosity, he drove down the same street and there in front of the same house was the same parked car. This time Kulish de-

cided to wait. Two hours later a man emerged from the house and got into the vehicle. Kulish stepped up to him. Questioning revealed that the car had been reported stolen, but that was months ago, and the car was now back in the rightful owner's possession. However, the man's answers seemed too pat to Kulish. Also, how had it happened there had been no cancellation of the theft?

Kulish and the car's occupant returned inside the house where the eagle-eyed copper put in a call to the Bureau of Information at police headquarters. The record there corroborated the man's story, but through an oversight the cancellation had never got on the teletype.

The driver, who was amused at this incident, according to Kulish, told him that he himself was engaged in the same profession and that Kulish had been the first cop to tell him he was riding around in a "stolen" car. The man was an officer of the law.

"Yes, I come in for a good deal of kidding," Kulish admitted, "but it's all in the spirit of good fun, so I don't mind. This is a hobby to me, just like some men like to collect stamps or butterflies or to go fishing. If I recover one stolen car a day, I've had a good day."

On the force since 1930, Kulish is married, has a grown daughter and resides in St. Albans, Long Island. He said that he averages about 100 car recoveries a year and has picked up two or three on a single tour of duty. His biggest haul was five in one day, but that was a rarity. 1946 was his best year when he recovered 168 vehicles and made fifteen arrests.

On two occasions Kulish and his partner have been cited by the department. The first was two years ago when they observed a stolen car, with five occupants in it, moving along a main thoroughfare. Graff, at the wheel, tried to force the car to the curb but the driver stepped on the accelerator and the car shot ahead. Out of the rear side window a blackjack and revolver were thrown.

With their siren screaming, Kulish

and Graff gave chase, and after firing several shots caught up with the car two miles away. The quintet were taken to the stationhouse and further questioning revealed that the car had not only been stolen but had been used as a getaway car in a half-dozen stickups.

Shortly after that, Kulish and his partner were instrumental in bagging a gang of car-strippers. When three men were apprehended riding in a stolen car their confession led to four other stolen cars that had been completely stripped and abandoned in an outlying marshland.

"Eventually," Kulish said with a hopeful gleam in his eye, "I would like to see my system used by the department. I am certain it can be worked into a normal eight-hour tour without hardship. This has gone up through channels to the Commissioner's office. Now I am waiting to see what happens."

Frequently Kulish receives "fan" mail from grateful owners who write and tell him what a nice job he did. Others have written to the Police Commissioner lauding Kulish's exploits.

His greatest admirers are the insurance companies.

---Ben Schneider
True Detective

Woodbury---Edmund Lusas, Woodbury High School senior, has figured out at last why a Waterbury policeman stopped him at Bank and Grand Sts. the other day.

The policeman asked him his name and where he lived, and when Lusas told him he came from Woodbury the officer said:

"Oh, you come from a farm."

Lusas and a group of Woodbury High boys had been letting their hair grow since Christmas to make their roles in a Dramatic Club play more realistic.

"Unless you can find some sort of loyalty, you cannot find unity and peace in your active living."

---Josiah Royce



Bay State and District of Columbia Win Safety Awards

Massachusetts and Washington, D. C. have won the grand awards of the National Safety Council's 1948 National Traffic Safety Contest. They were selected as the state and city most active in traffic accident prevention work.

This is the second time both Massachusetts and the District of Columbia have won top awards. The Bay State took its first prize in 1937 and Washington the city award in 1946.

Five other states as well as 18 other cities won honors in the annual nationwide competition. All states and 578 cities participated.

North Carolina won first place for states in the South, Minnesota in the Midwest, Washington in the West and Massachusetts in the East. New Jersey won second place in the East and North Dakota in the Midwest. Second awards were not given in the other divisions.

Washington, D. C. won the first award for cities of 500,000 population and over. Buffalo took second place and Milwaukee third.

A total of 401 cities with populations between 5,000 and 10,000 have won places on the Contest Honor Roll for going through 1948 without a single traffic fatality.

The Council says this is an increase of 98 over those listed in 1947.

Colorado had the highest percentage of honor roll winners with eight out of 10 reporting cities qualifying. Iowa had the next best record with 19 out of 24.

Judges of the contest were Thomas H. MacDonald, commissioner of the U. S. Public Roads Administration, chairman; Leslie J. Sorenson, vice president for traffic and transportation of the National Traffic Commission; and W. Earl Hall, past chairman of the National Committee for Traffic Safety.

Others were Norman Damon, vice president of the Automotive Safety Foundation; Lou E. Holland, chairman of the National Traffic Safety Committee of the American Automobile Association; Robert E. Raleigh, director of field service, traffic division, International Association of Chiefs of Police; Hal H. Hale, executive secretary, American Association of State Highway Officials, and Basil R. Creighton, acting executive director, American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators.

AAMVA

DRIVES TO CONNECTICUT FROM ILLINOIS WITHOUT LICENSE OR PLATES

An automobile trip across half the country without an operator's license or registration plates on the car, was interrupted for a soldier at 2:30 a.m. recently by Connecticut State Policeman Joseph Jasonis of the Groton barracks.

Jasonis stopped the car in Groton when he noticed the absence of markers. Questioning the driver, John E. Jones, 20 year old soldier of Paris, Ill., he was dumbfounded to learn that Jones had not bothered to take out a license either.

Jones said he purchased the car March 1. Starting out from Paris, he headed for Camp Edwards, Mass., and had succeeded in driving through countless cities and towns in the long trek before he was stopped by the observant state policeman only about 100 miles from his destination.

ABOUT ROADS

Highway construction, due largely to increased use of the automobile, has been among the most progressive movements of the world in recent decades, and the word road has practically given way to the words highway and speedway.

Many present-day highways are tell-tales of ancient history, for they follow the routes of historic roads. This is especially true of highways of modern Europe and even of the United States. Watling and Stane sts. and Peddars way are survivors of the military roads with which Rome once adorned Britain.

Nobody knows who built the first road but remains have been found of a highway laid out by Cheops, builder of the Great Pyramid, in Egypt. Babylon had three great highways, and the first levying of tolls in the history of highways took place on one of these Babylonian routes.

By the Roman laws, roads were free for use of the public. They could belong to no one person or group of persons and the emperors were charged with their maintenance. Soldiers, convicts, and slaves kept them in repair. In some

places service on roads eliminated the payment of taxes. The Romans were proud of the emperors who built highways. They honored them with triumphal arches and medals and named the highways for them.

HE QUOTES WILL ROGERS, FINES WILL ROGERS JR.

Los Angeles---The words of his famous father were quoted to Will Rogers Jr. recently by a Traffic Court judge who, fined him \$40.

Municipal Judge Roger Alton Peaff fined Mr. Rogers for speeding and unsafe passing of another car at an intersection, and then said: "I guess you know, son, what your daddy used to say about things like this: 'Don't speed--get up fifteen minutes earlier!'"

Mr. Rogers, thirty-seven, is a Beverly Hills publisher. His operator's license was suspended for thirty days in addition to the fine because he had a record of three citations last year.

SHOTS FAIL, TRAIN HALTS SPEEDER

Massillon, Ohio---After six shots at his tires and a brush against a roadside tree failed to halt an eighteen-year-old speeder, a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train did the trick. Two city policemen reported they chased Thomas Helline twelve miles through city streets and then on the open highway before the wild ride ended with the youth's car piled into the side of the slow-moving freight. Unhurt, he was fined \$50 and costs and had his driver's license suspended for a year.

UNDAUNTED

One hundred thousand Connecticut motorists failed to renew their driving licenses before May 1. Judging by comparative results the average citizen is not nearly as afraid of a state cop as he is of an income tax agent.

Emily Post writes a book on Traffic Etiquette

A gentleman driving an automobile shouldn't light the cigaret of a lady beside him, nor should he tune the radio for her, says author of *Etiquette*.

EMILY POST, the last word on when to lift your hat, or how to set a table, today enters a long-neglected field—behavior in traffic. She has written *Motor Manners: The Bluebooklet of Traffic Etiquette*.

From now on, there's a word—with Emily Post's stamp of approval—for the motorist who honks his horn at you the instant there's a delay in traffic. The word is "rude."

The well-bred person, Mrs. Post says, will find "courtesy and well-mannered conduct in practically every traffic rule. . . . A gentleman will no more cheat a red light or stop sign than he would cheat in a game of cards. A courteous lady will not 'scold' others raucously with her automobile horn any more

than she would act like a 'fishwife' at a party."

Mrs. Post's booklet was written under the sponsorship of the National Highway Users Conference, an organization dedicated to safe, economical and efficient highway transportation.

"An unsolved mystery of our times," the author of *Etiquette* declares in her foreword, is that "behind the wheel of a car, men and women, both whose behavior in all other circumstances is beyond reproach, become suddenly transformed into badly-mannered autocrats.

"Far too little traffic courtesy is shown on our highways," she declares, and "bad motor manners can all too often result in MURDER."

Emily Post's Code of Traffic Courtesy

As Mrs. Post says, "Bad motoring manners can be murder. Just plain simple courtesy and consideration for others at all times will make the use of streets and highways safer, more efficient and more pleasurable." To which she adds: "Well-mannered drivers and pedestrians" can follow this Code of Courtesy:

LOOK
MAGAZINE

- 1 A well-mannered driver will share the road, never usurping the right-of-way from other vehicles or pedestrians.
- 2 A well-behaved driver uses his horn as a warning device in emergencies and never as a bad-tempered voice to threaten or scold.
- 3 An honorable man or woman would no more cheat traffic regulations than cheat at games or in sports.
- 4 Courteous pedestrians will cross busy streets at intersections, respect traffic lights and avoid darting out from behind parked vehicles.
- 5 An obliging driver will never fail to dim his lights when meeting other cars in the dark.
- 6 Well-bred people, whether drivers or passengers, are just as considerate of each other as are hosts and guests in a drawing room.
- 7 An accommodating driver parks his car so as not to interfere with the use of other parking spaces or with the movement of other vehicles.
- 8 Orderly drivers always keep to the right, except when using the proper lane for turning or passing.
- 9 A courteous driver never fails to signal his intentions to stop, turn or pull out.
- 10 Considerate persons always drive at speeds which are reasonable and prudent, considering traffic, road and weather conditions.
- 11 One who has any consideration for the safety of others will refrain from driving when physically exhausted.
- 12 Kindly persons never show curiosity at the scene of an accident and always give any assistance that may be possible.

State Police Checking



FULL TREATMENT—State Policeman Charles W. Pritchard (front left) checks license plates, Sgt. Harry Taylor (rear left) the equipment, and Policeman Joseph Pilkin (right), the registration of truck driver Hucles B. Scott of West Medford, Mass., at Meriden scale house.

By EDWIN M. KENT

It's liable to happen any time --and does!

An observer flying in a plane high above Connecticut might get the idea a great wand had suddenly waved truck after truck off the highways.

One minute the big trailer jobs and the two-and-a-half tonners and the peewee half-ton trucks are zooming along with their cargoes of freight.

Then presto! And such traffic had dwindled abruptly.

Truck drivers by the score are seized with an overpowering urge to pull up alongside the road and take a nap.

Scores of others park at the nearest hot dog stand or hamburger joint for a snack, though

it may be any hour of the day or night.

Many more quickly break to a stop and busily tinker with their motors.

* * *

IT'S LIKE MAGIC, but Lt. Henry M. Mayo, commander of the Hartford state police barracks, will tell you there's nothing mysterious about the situation whatsoever.

The Meriden "scale house" is open, that's all, or maybe the one at Suffield or Enfield or Granby.

And all those strangely inactive truck drivers are loathe to tempt their luck under the rigorous inspection this simple phrase means to them.

Lt. Mayo says the oddest phrase of these happenings is the way drivers all over the state learn

that one of the scale houses is open. A complicated "grapevine telegraph" system apprises them of the fact, he says.

Drivers blink their headlights three times to let other drivers know a scale house is open. Sometimes they pass the message along by word of mouth.

Sgt. Harry Ritchie once found a driver sitting on the front bumper of his parked truck chanting, "The scale house is open, the scale house is open," to other drivers.

Another time, when the Meriden scale house was on a party line telephone, Officer Charles Pritchard picked up the receiver one day and heard a man warning truckers far and wide that the scales were operating. A warning put an end to that.

Then there was the roadside

restaurant, a favorite haunt of truckers, whose proprietor obligingly hung out a sign, "Hamburg Special, 25c," every time the scales were open. That soon was stopped, too.

WHEN A scale house is open for an extended period, some truckers try to alter their routes in order to keep on going. State policemen are often stationed at the well-known bypass roads to keep trucks on the main highways and thus offset the practice.

Trucks are checked at the scale houses for overweight, violations of the Motor Transport laws, registration, equipment, and the like.

Sometimes inspectors of the Public Utilities Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission co-operate with the State Police in their inspections.

At one time only the drivers were held for violations, but now either the owner or operator may be arrested. Customarily, nowadays, a summons is issued for the owner.

Bonds are required in the case of out-of-state trucks. Court fines for overweights usually range from \$35 to \$300, and for violations of the motor transport laws from \$50 to \$150.

When a truck is overweight to

the danger point, it is detained until the overload can be transferred to another truck. Otherwise they are usually allowed to proceed.

The Granby scale house on the College Highway has a 25-foot platform scale. The other three houses, on Route 5-A in Suffield, and on Route 5 in Enfield and Meriden, have 50-foot platforms.

THE MERIDEN SCALE is automatic, accurate to the pound, and has a capacity of 1,350,000 pounds. In its operation there is a sergeant in charge, an officer to guide vehicles off the highway, an officer to do the weighing, and an officer to check equipment and registrations.

Detectives Anton M. Nelson and Sam Rome once stopped a trucker who was overweight although his truck carried no load. He had registered his minimum weight erroneously low in order to save money on a reduced fee.

Another trucker practically pleaded with Officer Pritchard to give him a summons for driving overweight. He said that if he was stopped often enough his boss would take him off the out-of-state runs and let him drive local runs. Then he could be home every night.

During the war an officer ran across one trucker who had a large box filled with heavy stones tucked away under his truck.

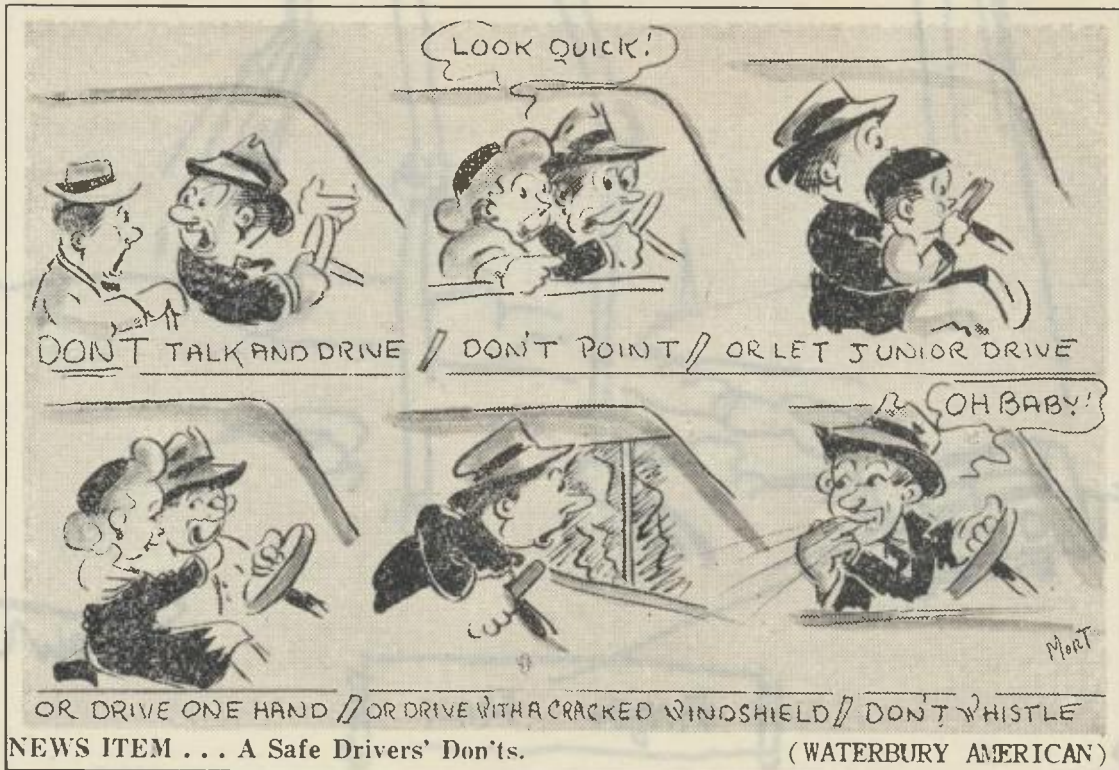
IT TURNED OUT that the trucker had been in the habit of having his empty truck, plus the secret 400-pound load of stones, weighed on a coal yard scales. Then he would dump the stones, pick up a load of chickens at a poultry farm and have his truck weighed again. He had been getting an extra 400 pounds of chickens that way without paying for them.

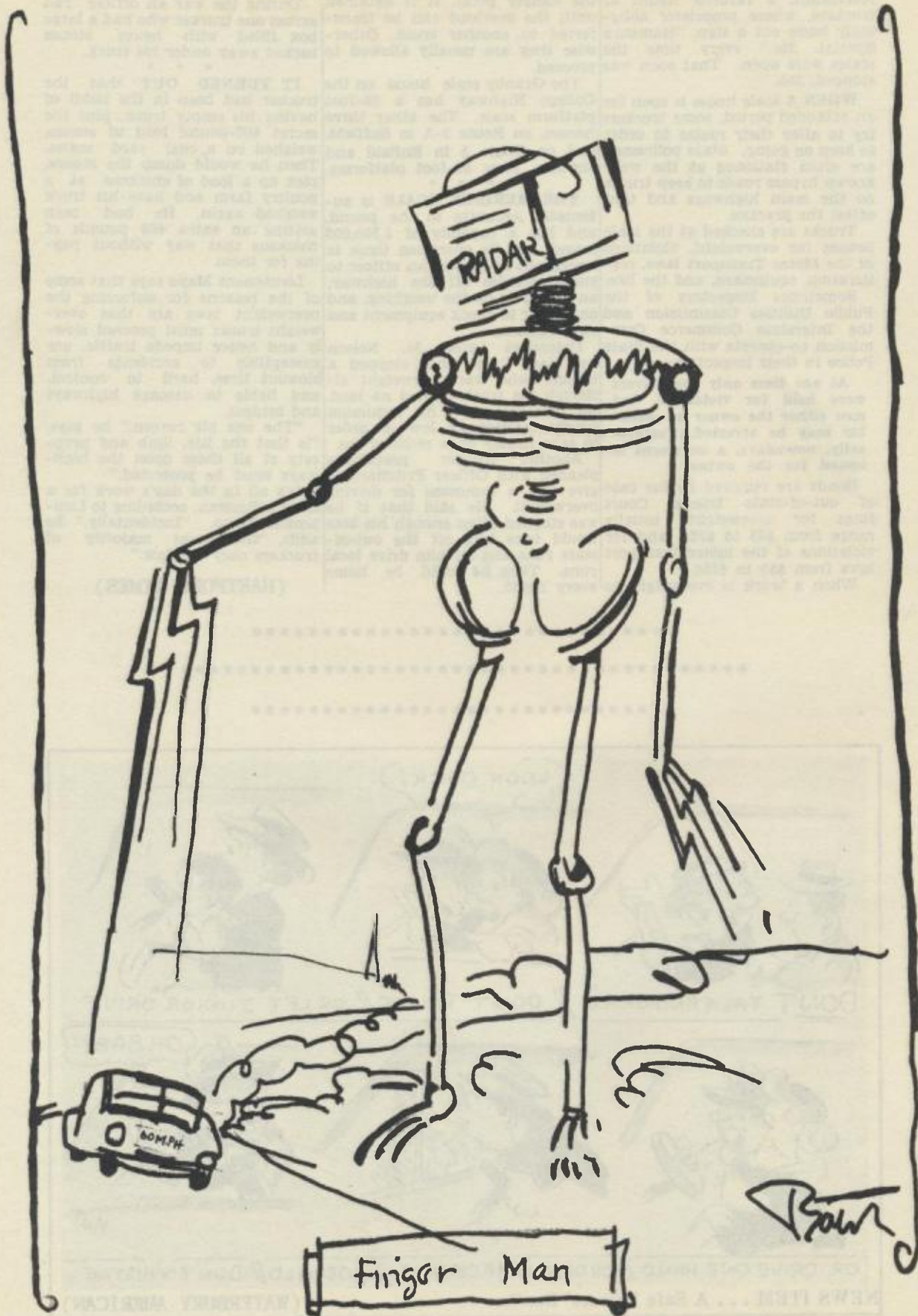
Lieutenant Mayo says that some of the reasons for enforcing the overweight laws are that overweight trucks must proceed slowly and hence impede traffic, are susceptible to accidents from blowout tires, hard to control, and liable to damage highways and bridges.

"The one big reason," he says, "is that the life, limb and property of all those upon the highways must be protected."

It's all in the day's work for a state policeman, according to Lieutenant Mayo. "Incidentally," he adds, "the great majority of truckers obey the law."

(HARTFORD TIMES)





Finger Man

Baw

Circumspecto

VOX-COP

May, 1949

ILLINOIS

ALIAS THE CORPSE

The phone jangled in the dining room of the Joe Ruffcorn farmhouse outside Elgin, Ill., at 10:30 Friday morning, April 1. Mrs. Bessie Ruffcorn, a straightbacked, assertive woman of 52, answered. She blanched as she heard the operator say: "The Seattle coroner is calling collect." She accepted the charges, telling herself; "This is it." For only three days earlier she had received a letter from Seattle from her eldest son, Lewis, aged 29, a hard-drinking, high-gambling, don't give-a-damn Navy veteran who had been wounded off Guadalcanal.

Mrs. Ruffcorn soon heard the worst. Her son had dropped dead on a Seattle street that morning, apparently of a heart attack. He had been identified from official papers in his pocket. Mrs. Ruffcorn agreed to pay for shipping the body back to Elgin. Then she fetched her stooped, 57-year-old husband and their 26-year-old son Lowell from the weatherbeaten barn out back on their rolling 350-acre dairy farm. She broke the news to them.

Promptly, the Ruffcorns took care of all the necessary details. They gave their undertaker-friend Robert Allanson \$306 to pay for shipping the body back and to cover mortuary fees. They phoned the sad tidings to relatives in Chicago, downstate Illinois, Michigan, and Texas. They asked Rev. C. Wesley Israel of the First Methodist Church to officiate at the funeral services. They arranged for burial in the family plot. They notified friends that the body could first be viewed in Allanson's funeral home.

Last week, Joe and Bessie Ruffcorn led their fellow mourners up to the open casket, banked with flowers, to take one last look at their son. "I was too paralyzed to raint," Mrs. Ruffcorn said.

"It wasn't Lewis."

Beyond doubt, the body was not Lewis Ruffcorn's. Instead, it was someone perhaps fifteen years older, with gray-ing hair instead of Lewis's wavy, light-brown hair. Somehow, chance had played a macabre April Fool's joke. Was Lewis himself dead or alive? Would the Ruffcorns have to foot the bill for the mistake? Who was the dead man? And how was the error made?

Within 24 hours, Mrs. Ruffcorn again answered the phone. Once more, it was long distance from Seattle. But this time, it was Lewis. The Seattle coroner, had found him fast asleep but completely alive in the dingy Interurban Hotel on Skidroad. Mrs. Ruffcorn recognized her son's voice. Just to make sure, she asked him who owned their farm. He gave the right answer.

Quickly, the relieved Ruffcorns set out to recover their \$600 in cost. For, in addition to advancing \$306 to the undertaker, they had spent \$96 on phone calls, \$81 for burial suit, shirt, and tie, \$60 for substitute farm hands, and the rest for incidentals. The Seattle coroner promised to try to get his city to pay the costs. "If he don't do that," said Ruffcorn, "it won't be so good. After all, twaren't our fault or Lewis's."

The corpse's identity was settled, from photographs and fingerprints, by the FBI. The dead man was Dave Lee Wires, born 47 years ago in Villisca, Iowa, and more recently floating around from Omaha, Neb., to Yakima, Wash. Elgin-detective Robert Koch said: "We're stuck with a body."

The Seattle coroner's explanation for the mixup: Dave Wires had picked up a job application from Ruffcorn's flop-house room, which the Navy veteran had partially filled out. Wires used it to get meal tickets from the Veterans Aid Bureau, and it was the only identification found on his body.---Newsweek

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHO'S IN GRAVE?

A man "killed" in New York City and "buried" March 20 in his New Hampshire home town, turned up in Hartford Friday (April 22) alive.

These complications arose through a case of mistaken identity.

The chain of events started early in March. Edward J. Cassidy, 44, of Milford, N.H., visited New York City. While there his wallet containing identification papers and Social Security card were lost or stolen.

Shortly after that a man was killed in New York City by a hit and run driver according to Hartford police. In his pocket were the papers and a Social Security card of Edward J. Cassidy.

This information with a description of the dead man were forwarded to Cassidy's mother in Milford. On the basis of the description she, with other members of the family claimed the body. It was shipped home in a sealed coffin and on March 20 the funeral was held.

Unaware of circumstances Edward J. Cassidy left New York for home. Arriving in Hartford without funds, he telephoned his mother, and asked her to wire him \$50.

Believing it was a hoax, as she was certain her son was buried, Mrs. Cassidy notified Sheriff Thomas F. O'Brien at Manchester, N.H. She told him of the telephone call and her belief.

Sheriff O'Brien told her to send the money then contacted Deputy Chief Thomas J. Hickey. Telling him the story, he asked that Hartford detectives take into custody for questioning whoever came to claim the \$50 sent to Cassidy.

Dets. Stephen Burgen and Thomas Nagle waited at the Western Union Office. Cassidy came in and received the money.

Told the story, Cassidy answered questions about the family which checked with all information given to Hartford police by Sheriff O'Brien. He then consented to staying in custody until a family member arrived to identify him on sight.

Friday, a brother-in-law, John Richardson arrived at the Detective Bureau. Ed-

ward J. Cassidy was brought into the room. In the presence of Chief Hickey, Captain George J. Dworak and Detectives Burgen and Nagle, Mr. Richardson said, "Yes, that's Ed."

Soon afterwards, Cassidy and Richardson started back to New Hampshire, with one question uppermost in their minds: Whose body is in Edward J. Cassidy's grave?

NEW YORKTHIEF LOOTS HOME WHILE OWNER
IS TRYING TO GET POLICE ON PHONE

From his office in Brooklyn Sydney P. Edelman was chatting on a recent morning with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Minnie Posner, who was visiting in his home at 44 Arrowhead Lane, Lawrence, L.I., when suddenly she interrupted him.

"That is very strange," she said in a strange voice.

"What's strange?" Mr. Edelman asked.

"There's a storm out here," said Mrs. Posner. "A bad storm in the house." She hung up.

It didn't take Mr. Edelman long to figure out that something was badly amiss in his home and that his mother-in-law had made a guarded attempt to warn him of it. He jiggled the receiver and told the Brooklyn telephone operator to connect him with the Lawrence precinct of the Nassau County Police, whose number he did not know.

"Is this an emergency?" the operator asked.

"Yes, it is," Mr. Edelman snapped.

A moment later, he was talking to a desk sergeant, but in Brooklyn, not in Nassau County. That required a few minutes of explanation, but finally Mr. Edelman got his call through to Lawrence.

There, Lieutenant Harvey Kraft and Detective Tom Pemple, who had been cruising in a radio car two blocks from the Edelman home, drove up too late to be useful, by just about the length of time it had taken Mr. Edelman to get his telephone call through to the Nassau County Police.

What had happened at the Edelman home was this:

The doorbell rang at 11:30 a.m. and Mrs. Betty Edelman opened the door to a well-dressed man carrying a brief case. He immediately produced a small, nickel-plated revolver and backed Mrs. Edelman into the house.

That was the scene Mrs. Posner, sitting at the telephone at the foot of the stairs, described as a "bad storm in the house," before hanging up the receiver as the intruder turned the gun on her.

The robber also rounded up the maid, Mary Bernard, of 234 West 147th Street, New York, who had started to work only that morning, and herded them upstairs, nervously brandishing the revolver and demanding Mrs. Edelman's jewelry.

Spunky Mrs. Posner, who is sixty and lives at 4611 Twelfth Street, Brooklyn, berated the intruder roundly. "The children will be here any minute," she said, referring to her two grand-daughters, seven and twelve, "and I don't want them to find you here. Take the jewelry and whatever else you want and get out of here."

Once she even gave him a push, alarming the maid to the extent that she protested that Mrs. Posner would get them killed. The robber emptied the contents of a jewel box on a dresser into his coat pockets, then collected some costume jewelry from the top of the dresser.

He picked up Mrs. Edelman's purse from the bed, found only six dollars in it and threw it back on the bed in disgust. Then he forced the women downstairs again. Suddenly he turned and went back upstairs alone, and returned with the keys to the Edelman car. He had emptied them out of Mrs. Edelman's purse on the bed.

A moment later, the car whipped out of the garage, went around the circle turn-around at the end of the dead-end street and roared away. The robber was barely out of sight before the police arrived. The stolen car was found abandoned two blocks away.

Mrs. Edelman estimated her loss at \$10,000, including one diamondset ring valued at \$1,400 all covered by insurance.

The children arrived for lunch soon after the police.

MICHIGAN

THE BARKER'S BARK

Jim Sacchetti had always lived by his tongue. A sharp-faced man with dark darting eyes and excitable manner, he had a line of machine-gun patter to meet every situation. At the age of 9, he had begun working in carnival shows. Eventually he became a shill and then a barker for girlie shows. He "worked the games," gambled, and floated from one job to another.

In Detroit, Sacchetti ran a blind pig, was arrested twice, and talked his way out with small fines. Charged with rape in 1942, he gave a convincing spiel that won his freedom. In Toledo, he was picked up for stealing a suitcase but wangled a three-year probation. Operating on the margin of the law, he would hold a job till he had a stake, quit, drink away his money, and find another job.

A year ago Sacchetti met Ralph Ray Hunter, a decorated but dishonorably discharged veteran of Guadalcanal, and Evelyn Lari, Hunter's girl friend--a part-time waitress and part-time prostitute whose 22-year-old body lodged a 10-year-old mind. The three social derelicts teamed up together. Dead broke, they moved on to Detroit with a vague plan for getting money from one Elmer Jones, a 72-year-old retired contractor who was "fond" of Evelyn.

But Jones was not the easy mark they expected. One night last June the old man was found in his Fox Creek home, beaten to death and trussed to a chair with neckties. His wallet and a \$1,200 ring were missing. When the Hunter-Lari-Sacchetti team was arrested, Evelyn put all the blame on the men, claiming that she had been forced to take part in the crime.

In a gray-walled Recorder's Court, under the staring eyes of Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy's portrait, the two men and the girl went on trial last

month. Calmly and cockily Hunter denied Evelyn Lari's story. He had gone with her to Jones's house, he admitted. In a fit of jealous rage the contractor pulled a gun, and the ex-marine grappled with him. The beating had been in self-defense. And Sacchetti, Hunter insisted had been in his hotel room at the time, lying in a drunken stupor.

Then Sacchetti took the stand, prepared to talk his way out of the toughest rap he had ever faced. Overnight he reduced the trial to shambles with a spiel that had the courtroom in stitches the prosecution in a fury, and the judge in a helpless quandary.

In a voice that ranged from the shrill tones of the barker to an ingratiating whine, Sacchetti protested that he had played no part in the actual assault. "I'm an innocent man being persecuted," he shouted. "I've been beaten by the police...I've waited eight months to talk. And I'm going to talk."

Asked by Ralph Garber, the assistant prosecutor, what he had done before he was 18, Sacchetti shot back: "What were you doing before you were 18?"

"I was working on a farm," Garber answered placatingly.

"That's where you ought to be now," Sacchetti cracked. When Garber persisted the witness--who admitted to marijuana addiction--snapped:

"Are you hard of hearing, Garber? I've told you five times I managed a restaurant before I was 21."

Garber insisted on an exact answer.

"I'm an alcoholic," barked Sacchetti. "I don't remember time. I don't know what time it is now."

Sacchetti asserted that on the night of the crime he had gone out for a drink. When he returned to his hotel room, he had knocked on the door with a coin.

"Nickel or quarter?" Garber asked.

"I don't know--just a coin," said Sacchetti.

"You called it a quarter in your testimony only yesterday," Garber pressed.

"So you'd call me a liar for 20 cents?" the witness countered bitterly.

"You hit Jones on the head with a gun!" the prosecutor said dramatically.

"Relax. You're going to blow a fuse,"

Sacchetti warned him. Then, rising from the witness chair, he told Garber: "Why don't you take the stand and tell us what you saw go on out there...You've got a hell of an imagination!"

"Say, were you admitted to the bar?" Garber asked, sarcastically.

"The only bar I ever saw was a cocktail bar," Sacchetti snapped back.

"Confine yourself to answering questions," Judge Joseph A. Gillis told him at one point. "This is a court of law, not a carnival."

"Well, it looks like one, the way it is being carried on," the ex-barker replied.

At another point he interrupted the judge with: "You're aggravating me.... What are you going to do to me--fine me...sue me...give me 30 days for contempt when I'm on trial for my life?"

"You sit down or I'll restrain you," Gillis barked when Sacchetti stood up to remonstrate. "If you want to finish the rest of the trial in handcuffs, you will." The rambunctious witness was not impressed. "I might as well. I'm handcuffed anyway." The judge, usually a jolly man, stormed off the bench. In his chambers, he snatched up a couple of pencils and snapped them in two. "I think there has never been another trial like this one," he moaned.

For two days March 24 and 25, Sacchetti talked fast and long, seizing every opportunity for a wisecrack and keeping the court in an uproar. On Friday, April Fool's Day, the prosecution asked for a first-degree murder verdict and the case went to the all-woman jury. Saturday the jury gave its answer to Evelyn's accusations, Hunter's alibis, and Sacchetti's vaudeville performance.

The verdict: Hunter and Sacchetti, guilty; Evelyn Lari, not guilty.

Standing before Judge Gillis to hear his sentence, Sacchetti made one last attempt to talk himself out of an unbeatable rap. "From one alcoholic to another, your honor," he said, "I think you've been unfair in this whole trial."

"Life imprisonment," said the judge.

---Newsweek

A man without principle should not draw much interest.

MICHIGAN

JAIL BIRDS

When Brig. Gen. Julian N. Frisbie, U.S.M.C., Ret., took over as warden of the Michigan state penitentiary in Jackson last December, he found 5,800 prisoners and 1,568 canaries. A little puzzled by this interest in the yellow warblers, the tough-hitting veteran of Guadalcanal and onetime commandant of the Portsmouth, N.H., naval disciplinary barracks began to investigate.

Frisbie soon found that the birds had become a universal medium of exchange, with good singing canaries worth anywhere from five to twenty cartons of cigarettes. In the peak year of 1937, prisoners had done a \$150,000 business selling birds to outsiders. One man had 37 canaries; other fanciers kept a score.

Now and then, Frisbie discovered, an inmate would try to turn this convict bird love into a racket. Several years ago an agile prisoner began stalking sparrows in the prison yard. When he caught one, he would hide it under his clothes, take it to his cell, and dye it yellow. Until the paint wore off, he did a good business in phony canaries at \$15 each.

But most inmates were as devoted to their pets as a matron to her Pekingese. They would use part of their meager spending allotment on bird food at the prison store and often leave their favorites with "bird sitters" when they attended the weekly movie in the auditorium. Some prisoners even got permission to take their canaries to work with them.

Frisbie, unused to such dainty practices, thought the canary situation was out of hand. "I haven't got anything for birds or against them," he said. "But the whole thing is growing into too much of a problem. I don't know anything about birds, but canaries seem to multiply almost as fast as rabbits." When his assistant, Robert Northrup, whose wife keeps a seven-toed cat, complained that "with a bunch of birds cell blocks smell like the animal tent at the circus," Frisbie cracked down.

Last month, forced to choose between

a prison and a rookery, he ruled that after June 1 only one bird per prisoner would be allowed. To get within this quota, inmates shipped out their surplus pets to relatives or passed them on to visitors.

Last week Warden Frisbie's feathers were really ruffled when a garbled report that he was planning to execute the birds in a gas chamber was printed in Wisconsin and Illinois. Soon protests and offers to take the unwanted birds poured in, some from as far as Alaska. A little girl in Wisconsin pleaded that the death sentence be commuted. Others pointed out that Michigan had no capital punishment for human beings. A form was prepared to reassure anxious correspondents that Jackson prison would not be converted into an ornithological Dachau.

Annoyed by the publicity and the added work, Frisbie said tartly: "My secretary is madder than hell. For myself, all I ask is that you don't make me out as a hard-hearted brute going around with a butterfly net and leading a canary with a ring through its nose."

---Newsweek

WATERBURY, CONN.

A North End woman excitedly phoned detectives recently. She said she just found a check made out in a large sum.

Upon investigation, Inspector Joseph R. Bendler learned:

The check was for \$4,950: dated Jan. 19, 1949; made out for John Thomas Drake and signed by James L. Monroe.

Only hitch was that the check had the name "Merchants Trust Co." For those who don't remember or are too young to know that bank folded in December, 1931.

In Elizabeth, N.J. Robert Breslin, 21, stopped his car when he saw a prostrate figure in its path on First Ave. As he bent over the man, a second one grabbed him from behind and took his wallet. The other man leaped up and ran.

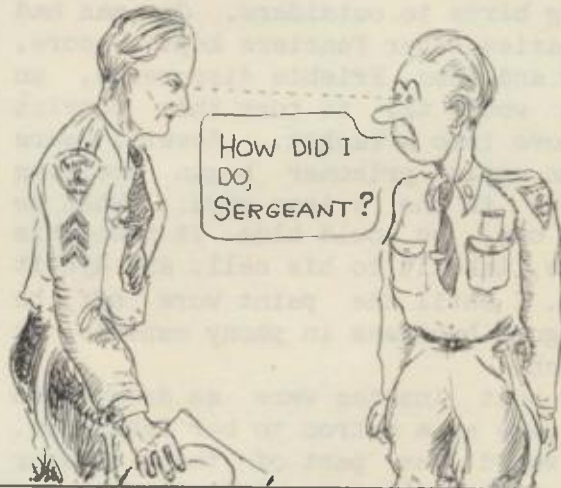
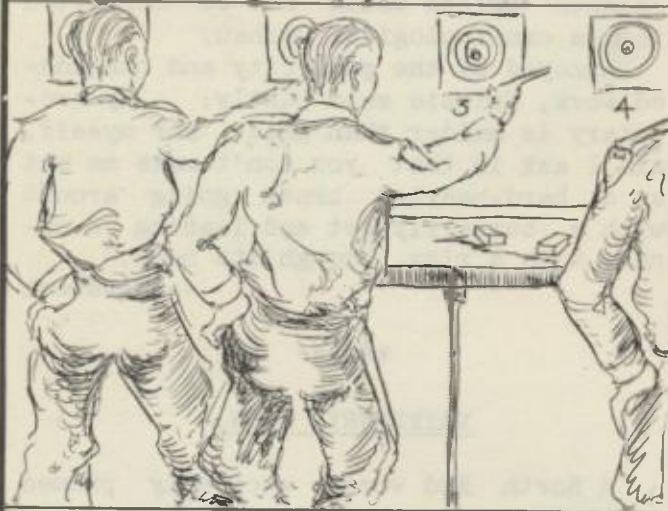
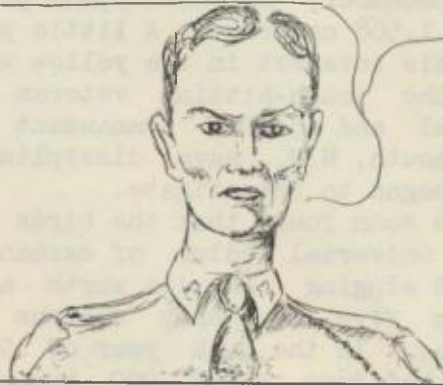
OFFICER QUILP By Effess

BOY! I'LL SHOW THEM SOMETHING! I'VE BEEN SHOOTING ALL MY LIFE!



NOTICE QUALIFY FOR PISTOL TEAM TODAY
SGT TUFFY

THERE WILL BE NO ACCIDENTS ON THIS RANGE! NO CARELESSNESS, INATTENTION, NOR CONVERSATION. PREPARE TO SHOOT. DO A GOOD JOB QUILP!



YOUR TARGET WAS No. 4. EVERYONE HAD TEN SHOTS. YOU HAD **NO HITS!** BUT TARGET NO 5 HAD **TWENTY HITS!**

° FAILED TO QUALIFY!
OFFICER QUILP
" NODDY



REWARDS

VOX-COP

May, 1949

IN MILWAUKEE, police and firemen, dragging the harbor entrance for the body of a reported suicide, recovered instead, the weighted body of Patricia Birmingham, pretty 16-year-old suburban West Allis high school girl. The girl had been shot to death and then thrown into the river with a heavy, concrete building block tied to her feet. The body of the suicide victim was not recovered. Within a week Milwaukee police announced the arrest of Patricia Birmingham's brother-in-law, Milton Babich. The accused Babich, 19, shot and killed 16-year-old Patricia because she knew her 17-year-old sister, Kathleen was pregnant prior to her marriage and threatened to tell her parents.

IN PHILADELPHIA two silent thugs who gave all their orders by waving revolvers took \$985 from Milton Kern at the Hascoe Bag Company warehouse, where he is an employee.

IN CHICAGO, Mrs. Elizabeth Zimmerlin, 52, tapped her white cane at the curb of the busy intersection of Halsted St., and Clybourn Ave.

A young man approached and offered to help the blind woman across the street. As they reached the opposite curb, Mrs. Zimmerlin told Hudson Ave. police, the courteous stranger snatched her purse and fled.

IN ATLANTA, GA., recently, the usual line-up procedure was put into reverse when a holdup victim was put under the lights, and the pair held in connection with the robbery pointed him out.

A taxi driver, D. M. Strickland, who was held up, was so nervous he couldn't pick out any one in the line-up, so he went under the lights, and Robert Heard and William Burch, the suspects, had no trouble in recognizing him as their victim. Both admitted the \$7 holdup, detectives said.

IN "THIS WEEK" we found this:

On the spur of the moment, while strolling through the park one day, he asked her to go to the matinee with him. But she had her dog, Fido, along and there wasn't time to take him home. So she took Fido to a police station near by, and turned him in as a stray. After the show, he went to the station described his lost dog, Fido, and picked him up again. He posted a \$5 reward for the finder. Next day, she stopped in and collected it.

IN QUINCY, ILL., a dapper jewel thief hid \$4,100 in his trousers for four months while he lingered in a Quincy jail. But his cache burst out of the seams when he entered the state prison at Menard. Prison guards found the money in \$100 and \$50 notes in the belt seam of trousers worn by William J. Weiss, fifty-six, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. He pleaded guilty to burglary charges on March 11 and was sentenced to from one year to life. Police identified him as "Natty Ned," wanted for house breakings here and in Rock Island, Ill., Davenport and Des Moines, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb.

IN CLEVELAND, two Cleveland Transit System employees who looted fare boxes of at least \$10,000 in the last year were arrested recently and police recovered nearly a ton of pennies, nickels dimes and quarters from their homes.

The two, Stanley Prosek, fifty-five, and John Major, thirty-nine, admitted they systematically rifled bus-fare boxes at a transit system station.

Police recovered \$5,000 worth of the coins at Prosek's home. They found \$2,000 more at Major's home after Prosek named him as an accomplice. Prosek is a veteran of thirty years' service with the transit system and would have been eligible for a pension next year. Major has worked for the system six years.

R E W A R D S

IN YORKTOWN, SASK. two children at play found a severed arm on the highway and ran home to tell their parents. A search party found Joe Weeks, twenty-three, wandering in a dazed condition a half-mile down the road.

He had been driving with his left arm out the window when a passing truck sheared it off above the elbow.

IN CAMDEN, N.J., William Williams, twenty-seven, believes in taking advantage of opportunity, even though it comes while he is locked in a cell. Williams was resting in the city jail on a charge of threatening to kill when he was joined on March 30 by William Haggins, of Philadelphia, who had been arrested for careless driving. When Mr. Haggins was taken to court the next day to pay a \$10 fine, he had no wallet. Police found it in William's possession. Judge John Dimona sentenced Williams to thirty days for stealing while in jail. He had been previously sentenced to thirty days on the other charge.

IN BALTIMORE, thieves broke into a bar early in the morning and escaped with \$1,000 but police said here's what they had to do to get it: Scale a twenty-foot wall at the rear of the establishment; rip open a heavy screen; force a window; force a door leading to the basement; force another door leading to a storeroom; tilt a heavy safe over on its side, and chisel an eight-inch hole through the plating. Then, to leave by a side door, they forced it open, only to find a heavy screen door padlocked. They broke that lock, too.

IN COLUMBUS, OHIO, Ohio State Penitentiary officials were looking high and low for the warden's barber. Clay Sims forty-seven, personal barber to Warden R. W. Alvis, and an honorary dormitory trusty, walked off during the night. Sims, who was serving a life term for the Aug. 8, 1930 slaying of John Convert, at Cat's Creek, Ohio, would have been eligible for parole in June, 1951.

IN PHOENIX, ARIZ., a motorist paid his \$2.50 overtime-parking fine at police headquarters with protest.

Minutes later he was back to apologize. His car had been given a shiny polish by a trusty. Police said the man was so agreeable they didn't give him another ticket for parking in an area restricted for patrol cars, where the trusty had mistaken his automobile for a city vehicle.

IN INDIA, to make the punishment fit the crime it was announced by the Madras provincial government last week that hereafter, convicted black-marketers will be required to list their offenses on their business letterheads.

IN DECATUR, ILL. Police broke up a party at John McKinney's home because, they said, they were suspicious of his new-found wealth.

There was an abundance of food, two live chickens and wine for the seven friends McKinney was entertaining.

Police Lt. Howard Bridges said McKinney told him he made the purchases with \$200 he found in a purse he had stolen. McKinney told Bridges he burned the purse.

At Police Headquarters, where McKinney was charged with grand larceny, he met Miss Blanche Daniel, a cafe operator whose purse had been stolen. She told McKinney when he burned the purse more than \$400 also went up in smoke. The money was in a secret compartment.

IN NEW YORK CITY, Police searched back alleys and lodging houses along the Bowery for possible alcohol-poisoning victims after a wave of eight deaths.

At least four of the victims were reported to have died of drink called "smoke," a deadly mixture of wood alcohol and water. Autopsies were to be performed.

It was the largest death toll from such a cause since prohibition days when scores of down-and-out Bowery residents were killed by the concoction.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

May, 1949

THE DANGER OF DIRECT EVIDENCE

By Detective-Sergeant Sanders Denver Police Department, U.S.A.

The following story of a direct evidence case, in which I was one of the arresting officers, where two innocent men were charged with murder is, I believe, without parallel in the annals of police history.

In the year of 1912 a uniformed officer of the Denver Police Department, by the name of McPherson, was assigned to patrol a beat in one of Denver's subbubs known as Valverde, where the majority of the citizens were employed in the glass works and paper mills. Soon after, two hoboos named Tullos and Rizor appeared in the little hamlet. These men were confirmed drunkards and petty larceny thieves, and proved to be a great source of annoyance to the residents. They would steal harness or anything they could pick up, dispose of it for a few cents, and spend the money thus obtained for liquor.

Officer McPherson finally arrested the pair and charged them with vagrancy. They were found guilty and given thirty days in the county jail. After the trial they were heard to make some very threatening remarks against the police officer, and later when they were released from the Denver jail they returned to Valverde and directed some more threats against Officer McPherson. Some of the citizens repeated the threats to McPherson, but he paid very little attention to the matter, only remarking that he would

either run Tullos and Rizor out of the place or lodge them in jail again.

On the evening of March 9th, 1912, a cold, snowy night, after Officer McPherson had made his rounds to the glass works, he stepped into a saloon to get warm. The saloon was owned by a man named Lloyd, and was situated on the banks of an irrigation ditch. Close by a bridge crossed the ditch. Lloyd had an old man working for him who acted both as janitor and bartender. When the police officer entered the saloon, Lloyd, his wife and bartender were the only occupants of the place. The bartender, seeing McPherson, said: "I just saw the two hoboos out on the bridge." The officer went out to see if he could find the men, but came back shortly saying they were not there.

However, the bartender insisted that he saw them there just before the officer came into the saloon. The officer then unfastened his belt in which he carried his night stick and began to remove his overcoat. At that instant two men came running into the place through the rear door, each one holding a gun in his hand. At sight of the police officer they opened fire, shooting McPherson through the breast. Lloyd, who had started to run behind the counter, received a shot in the back. McPherson grabbed for his gun and fired, but the men retreated through the back door and made a getaway.

Chief Hamilton Armstrong, of the Denver Police Department, mustered all the men he could into service and ordered them to the scene of the shooting. When the chief and I arrived we found McPherson and Lloyd badly wounded, so we immediately called the ambulance and sent them to the County Hospital. Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd McPherson and the bartender all contended that it was the two hoboos, Tullos and Rizor, who had done the shooting.

In making an investigation we discovered the footprints of two men in the snow. We followed the tracks along the side of the irrigation ditch and they led to the door of a rough shanty used by a ditch rider as a telephone station. We found the door unlocked and entered the shack, which contained an old iron bed and a few dirty bed clothes. We lighted some matches and discovered the two hoboos fully dressed with hats and shoes on covered up in the bed. They were well under the influence of liquor, and we placed them under arrest, putting the handcuffs on them. The place was then thoroughly searched, but we found no firearms.

We came to the conclusion that after the shooting they had thrown the guns into the ditch. We brought the men back to the scene of the shooting, where the bartender and Mrs. Lloyd positively identified them as the ones who had done the shooting. Tullos and Rizor were loud in their protestations of innocence claiming that neither owned a

gun. They were examined at some length, but still the men were firm in their denial of any connection with the affair. Finally we put them in the patrol wagon and drove to the County Hospital, where McPherson and Lloyd had been taken.

Tullos and Rizor were ushered into the ward occupied by the two injured men, and both McPherson and Lloyd identified them as the men who had done the shooting. McPherson pointed an accusing finger at the two hoboes and said: "You dirty, murdering sons of b's." Officer McPherson and Lloyd died about midnight, but before they passed away they each signed a written statement that the two hoboes were the men who had shot them.

About four o'clock on the morning of March 10th, a doctor by the name of Curtis, with offices in the Cooper Building, at 17th and Curtis Streets, called Police Headquarters and reported that he had just taken a wounded man from the Bay Window Block at 18th and Curtis Streets to St. Joseph's Hospital. He said the man had been shot in the back and that the bullet passed through his body and lodged under the skin in his breast. Dr. Curtis was going to operate on him, but he would not consent to the operation, nor would he give the doctor any details of what had happened to him, or how he received the wound.

Officers were immediately dispatched to St. Joseph's Hospital, with orders to keep the man under strict surveillance until an investigation could be made, and others were sent to the Bay Window Rooming House. The landlady of the Bay Window said that the two men had been occupying Room 9 for a couple of weeks, that they stayed very close in the day time, but were out most of the night, and that a woman visitor usually brought

their meals in to them. She described the men, saying one was about 35 years of age, light complexion and heavy build. This description fitted the man in St. Joseph's Hospital. The other man was said to be 22 or 23 years of age, dark complexion and medium build.

A guard was maintained over the wounded man, and two officers were left at the rooming house. Instructions were given to the landlady that if the man's partner called up to inquire about his pal's condition, she was to tell him he was very sick and desired to see him immediately. At 7 a.m. the landlady answered a telephone call, which proved to be from the wounded man's companion, and he was greatly concerned over his friend. She told him the man in question was very ill and wished to see him at once. He told her that he was out near First and Broadway, but that he would take a car down town as quickly as possible. He arrived in about half an hour, and went to Room 9, where he was put under arrest and taken to Police Headquarters.

After about thirty minutes' questioning, he disclosed his identity, saying his name was Ed Sewald, and that the name of his partner in the hospital was Oscar Cook. He further stated that they were the men who did the shooting at the saloon where McPherson and Lloyd were shot. He confided to us that he and his partner, Cook, had been out on "stick-up" jobs, and that they had gone to the Valverde saloon with the intention of holding up the proprietor, but when they saw the officer in the saloon, they immediately opened fire, because they feared he was lying in wait for them.

Chief Armstrong and I went to St. Joseph's Hospital for the purpose of interviewing Cook, but

he would admit nothing, nor would he answer a single question. When we returned to the city jail, we found Sewald more anxious to talk, and he was willing to turn State's evidence to save his own neck. Sewald informed us where he had hidden the guns and we recovered them in South Denver. The bullet taken from Officer McPherson's body was from a .38 calibre revolver and it fitted Cook's gun. After this the two hoboes Tullos and Rizor were immediately released, and they dropped from sight. Cook recovered, but would not allow the bullet to be extracted.

Later, Cook and Sewald were formally charged with the murder of Officer McPherson and Lloyd, and the case was tried in the West Side Court. On Sewald's testimony, Cook was found guilty of first degree murder and was sentenced to be hanged, and because of the fact that he did turn State's evidence Sewald was given life in the State penitentiary. Cook paid the penalty with his life, and after he was hanged the bullet was taken from his body and it proved to be the .38 calibre bullet from Officer McPherson's gun.

If the bullet from Officer McPherson's gun had not hit Cook as he ran from the saloon, the two hoboes would have been tried for the murder of both men, and the circumstantial evidence against them, together with the death-bed identification of Lloyd and McPherson, would have made it very difficult for Tullos and Rizor to beat the "rap."

During my thirty-four years of service in the Denver Police Department, I never knew of a case equal to this one.

MONTREAL

POLICE & FIRE BULLETIN

THE POLICE SERGEANT AS A LEADER

By

Capt. Raymond E. Clift
Cincinnati Police Department

One of the first things a new police sergeant must learn is that he is a leader of men. As such, he is obliged to learn many things about leadership--not the least of which is the proper use of authority. This might even be the most important thing to know about his new job. If he uses too much authority or always falls back on authority to get work done, he will soon learn the poverty of power and become thoroughly disliked by his subordinates.

Carrying out a supervisory task is not at all as simple as giving an order. That can be done by anyone. The job of the police supervisor today is that of eliciting active cooperation of officers in the common task of law enforcement. It is showing men how to do the work and helping them to do it. Even the Army long ago recognized that you can't make a man do a job by ordering him to do it, and that the negative threat of punishment is one of the poorest ways of maintaining discipline and efficiency.

The job of the sergeant is primarily one of training. He must instill in his subordinates a zeal to get police work done in a manner that accords with the broadest objectives of the police organization. He must inspire every man to do the job, not because he is told to do it, but because he knows it is the right thing to do. He can do this when he convinces the subordinate that his own goals are consistent with those of the department, and that his own future is inextricably bound up with that of the organization. The basis for these accomplishments is loyalty to the department.

A sergeant cannot obtain cooperation from his men unless he allows them to feel they belong to the organization and are thinking, reasonable human beings just like he is. He must recognize that they frequently know better than he does how to do a particular job. So far as he can, the sergeant should work with

the men, helping them attain the objectives they themselves have helped determine. This does not mean the sergeant should "kow-tow" to subordinates, but only that he should not suddenly regard himself as the fountain-head of all authority and knowledge.

In his actual work with patrolmen, the smart sergeant will soon learn that it is better to give a man a pat on the back for a job reasonably well done than it is to criticize him for an honest mistake. If he must reprove a subordinate, he will do it privately and without malice. Any other method will have bad results for the organization. It will tend to impress subordinates with the idea that it is futile to exercise initiative, and that the only way to "keep the boss off your neck" is not to do anything unless he tells you to do it.

The sergeant should regard his position as an opportunity to serve and assist the subordinates, rather than to command them. He should endeavor to make every one of them a "self-starter." If he succeeds in doing this, he will have performed the greatest service to his organization--for men who are sincerely interested in their job and loyal to their leaders will get the job done with a minimum of supervision.

---The Traffic Review

HOW TO CATCH A PENGUIN

Three penguins disappeared recently from a truck in New Jersey en route to the Holland Tunnel, and State Police warned possible captors that they might regret tangling with the quaint birds. "If found," the police alarm said, "be careful in picking up, as they will bite. Grab from behind or around the neck."

Robbinsville, N.J.--A penguin shuffling through the woods a discreet distance from Route 25 was captured near here by State Trooper George Smith. Trooper Smith shooed the black and white bird into a chicken coop on Mrs. Margaret Brady's farm and stood guard until Mr. Buck arrived.

The Police Officer As A Witness

(Sheriff and Police Reporter)

The following brochure was written by John J. Sullivan, former assistant United State attorney, some years ago, but its foundation is still sound and applicable today. It should be studied by every police officer, all of whom sooner or later will be called upon to testify in court.

I know of no more important subject than that of the one which I have chosen. (The Police Officer as a Witness) for upon his testimony depends both liberty and justice as well as protection.

For the sake of your department and the credit that will be reflected upon it, for your own self respect, and because it is the right thing to do once you have sworn before your living God to tell the truth, tell it and then you will feel that sense of wellbeing and satisfaction of conscience that you have done your duty to the state, to the person at the bar and to yourself.

1. Tell the Truth. No case is important enough to the police department, to the city or its people, or to you as an individual to justify deviation from the truth. Your own self respect, peace of mind and manhood are of more worth to you than the comment of another police officer, a prosecuting attorney, or anybody else.

2. Tell the Story in Your Own Way. Don't try to tell it as a college professor might lecture to a class on psychology or as a minister might tell it in the pulpit. Avoid stilted language, speak clearly and loudly enough to be heard. Jurors become irritated because policemen do not speak distinctly. You are speaking to the jury to determine the defendant's guilt or innocence.

3. Don't Hesitate to Correct Mistakes or Errors. Policemen sometimes make the serious mistake of trying to defend a slight slip as to time and place. They get the impression that because they have inadvertently misstated a fact they must stick to it. It matters not what the defense or prosecuting attorney thinks of you. What counts

is the impression the jury gets as to whether you are telling the truth.

4. Be Respectful on Both Sides of the Case. The police witness who makes a "hit" whether he is Chief or a rookie patrolman is the witness who can say: "Yes Sir," or "No Sir," to the defendant's attorney, to the judge or prosecuting attorney when he is asked a question.

5. Keep Cool. Don't regard the defendant's lawyer as your enemy; you are an unprejudiced police officer and you are there to state the facts and tell the truth; you are not the prosecuting attorney's witness and you are not the defendant's witness. There is no reason for you to get back at the defendant's lawyer when he has asked you a provoking question. The best way is to stick to the facts, keep cool and control your temper. The defendant's lawyer has accomplished his purpose. He then has you off your balance and is likely to twist you around his finger.

6. Don't Get Anxious. Once a jury gets an impression that the policeman is there to convict they are going to acquit.

7. Don't Hurry. There is no hurry about giving your testimony. They are anxious to hear what you have to say. If you don't understand the question ask the prosecuting attorney or the counsel for the defense to repeat it.

8. Don't Volunteer Additional Information. An officer who has a blackjack in his pocket which is to be used in evidence against a defendant is perfectly justified in having that blackjack in his pocket until he is asked about it. If he pulls it out before he is asked about it some of the twelve men in the jury box might use that as an excuse to hold that the policeman is too anxious to make out a case against the defendant.

9. You Are Responsible Only for Answers to Questions Asked. Confine your answers only to those questions. No one can complain

that you volunteered additional information or added to your answers.

10. No conviction is important enough to justify either concealment or any distortion of the facts.

11. If you know anything favorable to the defendant that is competent as evidence and you are asked about it do not hesitate or be afraid to say it. There is nothing that makes a better impression on the jury than the feeling that a policeman is not anxious to conceal something in the case that might be helpful to the defendant. As a police officer, you are assuming judicial functions to a certain extent and you should testify with as much impartiality as possible.

Only 1,100 Of All Accident Deaths Due To Disasters

Catastrophes in which the toll was at least five lives occurred much less frequently in 1948 than in 1947, according to the annual accident summary of the National Safety Council.

The number of deaths in such catastrophes totaled about 1,100, as compared with 2,100 in 1947.

Only one catastrophe in 1948 caused as many as 50 deaths—the Oregon-Washington flood. Five others caused between 25 and 50 deaths—three airplane crashes, the Illinois tornado and a swamped launch.

All Accident Toll 98,000

As in the past, the bulk of the accident toll was made up of one- or two-death accidents.

The Council announced that the 1948 toll of all accidents was 98,000, about 2 per cent under 1947. Injuries totaled about 10,300,000, and the cost was estimated at \$7,200,000,000.

ON GUARD--THE KENTUCKY
PEACE OFFICERS' MAGAZINE

POLICE CLASS
GRADUATES TWO WOMEN

Last month, Mrs. Evelyn J. Briggs and Mrs. Kathryn B. Haggerty became the first policewomen to be graduated from the Harvard Associates in Police Science seminar in Cambridge, Mass. Their services date in CSP from November 1, 1942. They were the first women admitted to the department as officers and attended New York City's Policewomen's Training School before undertaking regular police duties.

The honor of attending a seminar, to which formerly only male policemen from various parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries were invited, came through a meeting of the two state policewomen with the sponsor of the seminar. Frances G. Lee, honorary captain of the New Hampshire State Police Department, met the two at the New England Policewomen's Convention in Norwich several months ago. She asked Commissioner Hickey to allow them to attend the seminar.

Mrs. Lee, whose late husband was a New Hampshire medical examiner highly interested in legal medicine, spent much time and money to assure continuance of the semi-annual seminars.

Only highly-recommended police professionals have been invited to attend the seminar, approximately 30 completing the current course.

The two Connecticut state policewomen have been actively associated in homicide investigations, leading to their selection as students at the seminar.

Before entering police work in 1942, Mrs. Briggs was a social worker and Mrs. Haggerty, a registered nurse.

DEFENDANT FREED IN ARSON CASE

Plainville--A decision handed down last week in Plainville Town Court by Judge Milton M. Koskoff absolved Michael Cavalieri, 31, of blame in connection with the fire that destroyed a partly completed six-room home on Westwood Ave. Mar. 23.

The arson charge against Cavalieri, Judge Koskoff's decision said, was not sufficient to indicate probable cause and the State's case was based on circumstantial evidence.

Five hearings were required to complete the trial, longest in the town court's history. Judge Koskoff required a week to review the case and render his decision.

The final portion of Judge Koskoff's decision read as follows:

"The gasoline and kerosene cans offered in evidence were not checked for fingerprints, although fingerprints might have found the culprit if one existed, the contents were not chemically analyzed, no inquiry was made to see who purchased gasoline or kerosene in cans, and Cavalieri, not having a motor vehicle, his having bought gasoline or kerosene would have been known.

As a matter of fact, the fingerprints might have established the fire-bug as Cavalieri, Lucian Thibault or some other person who might be trying to pin this alleged crime on either or both of them. That the last theory is by no means impossible or even improbable, is indicated by the fact that one can was discovered by the police about three days after the fire, the other 12 or 13 days after, and although almost everything in the place was dirty and black with soot one can was rusty but not dirty or sooty, the other can was as shiny and bright as the new moon.

"It could well be that these cans were never in the fire at all, and if the cans were ruled out as positively being on the premises the night of the fire, as suspicious as the fire looked, it might not even have been of incendiary origin.

"In other respects evidence against Cavalieri is not convincing. Many of the witnesses called by the state helped Cavalieri's case.

"There is not sufficient evidence to establish cause.

"Accordingly the case is dismissed."

Don't make tragedies of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles.

GUN MAKING IS TAUGHT AT COLLEGE

Trinidad, Colo., is full of men crazy about guns according to recent AP dispatches.

Trinidad citizens weren't so keen about it at first but that has passed now. They feel confident the men with the guns always know whether or not the guns are loaded.

The men with eager trigger fingers--and some girls, too--come from all parts of the United States for the gunsmithing course at Trinidad Junior College.

President Dwight C. Baird said that, as far as he knows, Trinidad Junior College is the only school offering gunsmithing as part of a regular collegiate course, as differentiated from a trade school.

Gunsmithing students have to take chemistry, physics, algebra and English along with learning how to drill a rifle barrel or carve a walnut stock.

It all began because Trinidad is the home of P.O. Ackley, nationally renowned gunsmith, who is particularly acclaimed for his barrel-making.

In a two-year period ending in 1946, Ackley received 4000 applications for on-the-job training and the local Chamber of Commerce had another 1000.

Ackley talked it over with the Junior College fathers. Result: the start of the gunsmithing class in January, 1947. It opened with a few students, now there are about 135, ranging in age from 18 to 48.

The gunsmithing course has to declare a holiday during Colorado's deer-hunting season, so the students can head for the mountains with their weapons.

And on Sundays the prairie dog population near town gets a rough time from the gun boys.

Scientists of the General Electric Research Laboratory were recently asked the following:

What is the best way to train one's memory? Does it help to memorize long lists of facts?

A. We consulted Dr. Ernest M. Ligon, Chairman of the Department of Psychology

at Union College, on this question. He says: "The term 'memory,' has about dropped out of our psychological terminology. We now speak more functionally of the capacity for memorizing. Probably it can be applied but not appreciably improved. What this means is that memorizing long lists of facts as such is of little or no value. What is valuable is memorizing materials in the area in which the person needs to memorize. The only person who would profit by memorizing telephone numbers is someone who had to remember telephone numbers. If he needs to memorize research data, that is what he should practice with. The apparent improvement is due to increased organization of the data of this field--that is, he has more things to tie to--and not to the improvement of some mythical faculty called memory."

It is the policy, when prescribing the method of execution to be used for prisoners condemned to death by the Federal Government, to follow the state laws of the state where the criminals stand trial and are to be executed. The bill which was passed and approved on June 19, 1937, provides that the manner of execution shall be prescribed by the law of the state where the sentence is imposed.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

---Henry Ward Beecher

The person who constantly bewails his lot only succeeds in making it harder. Troubles and difficulties are like sponges. When we soak them with tears of self-pity, they grow in weight ten-fold.

**FINAL SCORES THIRD SERIES POSTAL MATCHES — 1948-1949
FIRST AND SECOND TEAM WINNERS IN EACH CLASS**

CLASS 1	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
NEWTON POLICE	1	3455	1146	4601
Gardner Aux. Police	1	3427	1150	4577
Conn. State Police	3	3432	1144	4576
Springfield Aux. Police	1	3423	1141	4564
Mercer & Dunbar	1	3407	1139	4546
Belmont Police Gun Club	1	3409	1135	4544
Springfield Police	1	3388	1134	4522
Springfield Armory Guards	1	3346	1140	4486
Lawrence Police	1	3355	1124	4479
Conn. State Police	10	3345	1122	4467
Conn. State Police	8	3341	1121	4462

(Outranked Conn. State 4 in rapid fire 1097 to 1088)

CLASS 2	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
AMERICAN BRASS GUARDS	1	3329	1138	4467
FITCHBURG POLICE	1	3334	1119	4453
Wayland Police	1	3337	1112	4449
Conn. State Police	4	3341	1108	4449
Natick Aux. Police	1	3338	1110	4448
Springfield Aux. Police	2	3336	1109	4445
Conn. State Police	2	3333	1096	4429
New Bedford Police	1	3313	1103	4416
Needham Police	1	3313	1097	4410
Burlington, Vt., Police	1	3307	1092	4399
Springfield Police	2	3294	1086	4380

CLASS 3	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
CAMBRIDGE AUX. POLICE	1	3287	1132	4419
NEEDHAM AUX. POLICE	1	3284	1118	4402
Conn. State Police	7	3288	1099	4387
Springfield Aux. Police	3	3279	1098	4377
Gardner Aux. Police	2	3254	1112	4366
Conn. State Police	13	3284	1076	4360
Longmeadow Police	1	3272	1088	4360
Conn. State Police	12	3270	1075	4345
Lawrence Police	2	3239	1095	4334
Brookline Police	1	3267	1066	4333
Watertown Aux. Police	1	3259	1070	4329

CLASS 4	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
SPRINGFIELD POLICE	3	3208	1125	4333
ATHOL LEGION POLICE	1	3192	1138	4330
Belmont Police Gun Club	2	3231	1096	4327
Springfield Armory Guards	4	3225	1089	4314
Somerville Aux. Police	1	3238	1070	4308
American Brass Guards	2	3212	1091	4303
Conn. State Police	1	3222	1074	4296
Springfield Aux. Police	4	3207	1081	4288
Gardner Police Aux.	3	3214	1073	4287
Conn. State Police	11	3186	1093	4279
Longmeadow Aux. Police	1	3210	1067	4277

CLASS 5	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
BROOKLINE POLICE	2	3182	1075	4257
CONN. STATE POLICE	6	3185	1069	4254
Conn. State Police	9	3176	1069	4245
Needham Police	2	3151	1069	4220
Wayland Police	2	3159	1058	4217
Bourne Police	2	3152	1064	4216
Lawrence Police	3	3158	1051	4209
Springfield Aux. Police	5	3127	1082	4209
Pittsfield Police	1	3139	1067	4206
Andover Police	1	3128	1067	4195
Revere Police	1	3126	1059	4185

(Outranked Gardner 4 in rapid fire 1031 to 1010)

CLASS 6	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
W. HAVEN, CT., POLICE	1	3111	1065	4176
BOURNE POLICE	1	3123	1041	4164
Fall River Police	1	3105	1056	4161
No. Middlesex County Police	1	3074	1077	4151
Gardner Aux. Police	4	3126	1020	4146
New Bedford Police	2	3100	1043	4143
Burlington, Vt., Police	2	3078	1064	4142
W. Springfield Mobile Police	1	3098	1026	4124
Mass. Capitol Police	1	3103	1020	4123
Mercer & Dunbar	2	3063	1021	4084
Worcester Police Int. Ass'n	1	3071	1012	4083

CLASS 7	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
GARDNER AUX. POLICE	6	3060	1023	4083
BURLINGTON, VT., POLICE	3	3043	1025	4068
Belmont Police Gun Club	3	3021	1042	4063
Gardner Aux. Police	5	3023	1028	4051
Springfield Armory Guards	3	3012	1025	4037
Lawrence Police	5	3004	1033	4037
Plymouth Savings Bank	1	3008	1027	4035
No. Middlesex County Police	2	3008	1021	4029
Andover Police	2	3011	1010	4021
Springfield Aux. Police	7	3028	978	4006
Springfield Armory Guards	2	2998	1007	4005

CLASS 8	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
BELMONT POL. GUN CLUB	5	2995	1029	4024
ATHOL LEGION POLICE	2	2964	1053	4017
Lawrence Police	4	2994	1015	4009
Springfield Aux. Police	6	2979	1014	3993
Conn. State Police	14	2972	1020	3992
Gardner Aux. Police	7	2956	1022	3978
Conn. State Police	5	2995	982	3977
Watertown Aux. Police	2	2968	1007	3975
W. Springfield Mobile Police	2	2958	997	3955
Springfield Police	6	2946	1009	3955
Springfield Police	4	2994	949	3943

CLASS 9	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
PITTSFIELD POLICE	2	2941	981	3922
FEDERAL RESERVE BANK OF BOSTON	4	2914	967	3881
West Haven, Conn. Police	2	2903	972	3875
Springfield Police	7	2846	1016	3862
Springfield Police	9	2864	960	3834
Gardner Aux. Police	8	2878	953	3831
Belmont Police Gun Club	4	2865	947	3812
Gardner Aux. Police	9	2841	960	3801
Springfield Police	5	2854	928	3782
Longmeadow Police	2	2862	919	3781
West Haven, Conn. Police	3	2835	907	3742

CLASS 10	Team No.	Matches 1-2-3	Match 4	Total
SPRINGFIELD AUX. POLICE	8	2744	987	3731
SPRINGFIELD AUX. POLICE	12	2782	925	3707
Federal Reserve Bank of Boston	5	2735	941	3676
Springfield Police	8	2737	930	3667
Springfield Aux. Police	13	2722	936	3658
Burlington, Vt. Police	4	2664	913	3577
Springfield Aux. Police	14	2598	917	3515
Springfield Aux. Police	9	2583	882	3465
Springfield Aux. Police	10	2647	804	3451
Belmont Police Gun Club	6	2553	884	3437
W. Springfield Mobile Police	3	2557	810	3367
Springfield Aux. Police	11	2255	714	2969

FIRST TEN HIGH INDIVIDUALS IN EACH CLASS MEDALS TO FIRST AND SECOND HIGH INDIVIDUAL

CLASS 1

E. FORMEISTER, CONN. STATE POLICE	1180
CAPTAIN C. D. EWELL, SPRINGFIELD ARMORY GUARDS	1169
L. Mansur, Mercer & Dunbar	1161
Dr. E. Croissant, Belmont Police Gun Club	1157
H. H. Loubri, Belmont Police Gun Club	1156
J. W. Alexander, Springfield Police	1156
Joseph Smith, Newton Police	1155
T. Higley, Gardner Aux. Police	1153
G. Gillan, Springfield Aux. Police	1152
G. Champagne, Newton Police	1150

CLASS 2

LT. E. A. NOURIE, FITCHBURG POLICE	1158
DAVID GREENLIE, WAYLAND POLICE	1154
C. A. Chamberlain, Natick Aux. Police	1153
E. J. Maloney, Springfield Police	1150
I. W. Bemis, Natick Aux. Police	1144
John Sroka, American Brass Guards	1143
E. Daborowski, Springfield Aux. Police	1143
L. Cable, Conn. State Police	1134
W. J. Caulmore, Fitchburg Police	1133
E. G. Francis, Burlington, Vt. Police	1128

CLASS 3

LT. M. D. SMITH, CONN. STATE POLICE	1168
HARTWELL, NEEDHAM AUX. POLICE	1155
T. B. Mahoney, Cambridge Aux. Police	1124
W. Dudley, Watertown Aux. Police	1120
L. E. White, Springfield Aux. Police	1117
E. LaFlamme, Cambridge Aux. Police	1116
J. Loring, Watertown Aux. Police	1115
C. Heitman, Brookline Police	1115
Sgt. F. Bowes, Conn. State Police	1115
J. Metzler, Longmeadow Police	1112

CLASS 4

J. FEDELE, SOMERVILLE AUX. POLICE	1144
L. G. HALLERAN, SPRINGFIELD POLICE	1137
W. R. Grochmal, Springfield Police	1121
F. Judycki, Athol Legion Police	1117
A. Rumbin, American Brass Guards	1115
R. Guerin, Springfield Armory Guards	1108
C. Walker, Athol Legion Police	1104
H. Riddle, Longmeadow Aux. Police	1102
E. Giardina, Conn. State Police	1097
J. T. Jones, Conn. State Police	1095

CLASS 5

E. TERMINELLO, REVERE POLICE	1141
L. DYMKOSKI, CONN. STATE POLICE	1123
G. L. Emond, Springfield Aux. Police	1118
M. Barry, Pittsfield Police	1110
A. F. Wagner, Bourne Police	1101
J. Holt, Brookline Police	1101
F. Moran, Conn. State Police	1097
E. McCool, Revere Police	1094
Sgt. D. Henderson, Needham Police	1093
D. Mielke, Conn. State Police	1091

CLASS 6

D. QUATTROMINI, BOURNE POLICE	1175
LT. G. MISBACH, WEST HAVEN POLICE	1100
Sgt. G. Hitchcock, W. Springfield Mobile Police	1096
S. Yablonski, Gardner Aux. Police	1089
A. Jensen, Mercer & Dunbar	1075
J. J. Best, Worcester Police Int. Ass'n	1075
Sgt. J. Leonard, W. Springfield Mobile Police	1060
Sgt. A. Thiboutot, Fall River Police	1060
J. Sutherby, Gardner Aux. Police	1059
R. Nichols, West Haven, Conn. Police	1056

CLASS 7

J. O'BRIEN, ANDOVER POLICE	1084
J. CONNELL, NO. MIDDLESEX CO. POLICE ...	1065
(Outranked Reed in rapid fire 350 to 330)	
L. B. Reed, Plymouth Savings Bank	1065
Arthur Mize, Belmont Police Gun Club	1062
I. E. Clark, Plymouth Savings Bank	1060
L. C. DeRocco, Burlington, Vt. Police	1060
L. Millett, Springfield Armory Guards	1056
J. V. Liberty, Springfield Aux. Police	1048
E. Leblanc, Gardner Aux. Police	1048
Lt. J. MacDonald, Springfield Armory Guards	1040

CLASS 8

R. BLAKESLEY, SPRINGFIELD AUX. POLICE	1104
C. MANSFIELD, CONN. STATE POLICE	1101
E. J. Jaskolka, Springfield Police	1080
A. Tacy, Springfield Aux. Police	1080
Miss M. Jacobson, Conn. State Police	1075
P. Marrinan, Springfield Police	1057
R. W. McDonald, Springfield	1046
I. Anderson, Belmont Police Gun Club	1043
J. Harper, Belmont Police Gun Club	1043
A. W. McAlpine, Springfield Police	1041

CLASS 9

C. PETERSON, W. HAVEN, CONN. POLICE	1086
P. SLOAN, SPRINGFIELD POLICE	1071
Sgt. D. Bullman, Springfield Police	1030
J. Bigby, Springfield Police	1029
J. R. Sweeney, Gardner Aux. Police	1023
H. Marcel, Pittsfield Police	1021
Sgt. M. Onofrio, West Haven, Conn. Police	1009
F. Bachofner, Federal Reserve Bank	1007
W. Stolze, Longmeadow Police	988
W. H. Phelan, Springfield Police	987

CLASS 10

F. E. BULGER, SPRINGFIELD AUX. POLICE ...	1031
T. J. KENNEDY, SPRINGFIELD POLICE	996
R. O'Keefe, Springfield Aux. Police	980
L. Burns, Federal Reserve Bank	978
H. J. Larrivee, Springfield Aux. Police	972
G. R. Funk, Springfield Aux. Police	965
J. B. Taylor, Springfield Aux. Police	963
A. Bouchard, Springfield Aux. Police	961
R. C. Lagros, Springfield Aux. Police	960
A. J. Holt, Springfield Aux. Police	953

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

May, 1949

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

We of the Connecticut State Police at Station "A" regret the untimely passing of Danbury's Fire Chief, John H. McNamara who died Tuesday night, May 3, at his home, in Danbury. He was well known by members of this station, and, of our Fire Marshal's Division for his constant friendliness and co-operation.

Following are a few condensed excerpts taken from the Danbury News-Times:

From fire officials in a number of Connecticut communities and from men and women in all walks of life in Danbury came tributes today to Fire Chief John H. McNamara, who died Tuesday night at his home, 45 Fairfield Avenue.

Chief among these was a tribute from Mayor William J. Hannan. Said Mayor Hannan: "The news of John McNamara's passing came to me with a most distinct shock, as it must have come to his many friends in Danbury.

The ability and integrity with which John McNamara, a lifelong friend, served the citizens of Danbury, both as a member of the Common Council and as head of the city fire department, will long stand as a tribute to his sterling character."

Chief McNamara's association with the city fire department extended over a period of four decades.

The duties of being the city's fire marshal, also, were handled by Chief McNamara throughout his tenure as head of the department, and in recent years he served also as fire marshal for the town. Many were the duties incumbent upon him in these offices in the enforcement of fire prevention and safety regulations.

The earnestness with which he carried out these duties was amply attested to in many annual reports of the National Fire Protection Association which showed Danbury's fire loss to be far below

those of most cities of comparable size in the nation.

On Friday, May 6, at St. Peter's Church, Danbury, a solemn high requiem mass was offered by the Rev. William P. Kilcoyne, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Thompsonville, a brother-in-law of Chief McNamara. There were, also, thirteen other priests present on the alter from Massachusetts and Connecticut.

So passes a public servant who served his community well and faithfully. We shall miss him.

The officers attached to the Ridgefield Barracks during the past two months have been affected by "Spring Fever," to the extent that their efforts overcame its effect with the following results: 143 Motor Vehicle Arrests - 677 Motor Vehicle Warnings and 57 Criminal Arrests. Incidentally, this is a record for this station.

Last week the Emergency Division moved from Westbrook to Ridgefield----only temporarily----of course!

A remark heard at the Silver Spring Golf Course the other day made by Offs. Small and Jones, "We got the New Britain Shuffle." ---The big question now is, what is the New Britain Shuffle? - ask Lieut. Klocker.

Our industrious mechanic, Foreman George Gereg, dubbed "Doctor of Motors," is convalescing at his home after a two weeks illness. Hurry back, George, we surely miss you.

State Policewoman Theresa M. Petrini, assisted by Dispatcher William Pettit, covered the Clerical Job nicely and efficiently during Clerk Corbett's vacation.

We understand that the State Police Students enjoyed their stay at the Ridgefield Barracks, so much that they

would like to return at any time. They were a likeable group and are certainly welcome.

Officers Gorman and Dunn, after a hurried trip to New Jersey late last month, came back with information that cleaned up many Breaking, Entering and Thefts in the Town of Sherman, that had them baffled for weeks. Gorman wasn't smoking---Dunnie almost went crazy!

Off. Stefanek, who has had two quick calls for transporting women to the hospital in a race with Sir Stork has managed to get under the wire with minutes to spare in both instances. In the last case, Stefanek and the mother-to-be arrived at the Danbury Hospital just 8 minutes before the deadline.

Our boys thought they had a crime on their hands this past week when a New York motorist, Mrs. Chauncey Bolmer, called the barracks and in an excited voice, reported passing a parked car on Route 7 in Brookfield and what appeared to be definitely a man's body, lying in front of it.

Trooper Sam Wilson was dispatched to the scene posthaste. Arriving at the spot, Wilson saw the "body" lying just as Mrs. Bolmer had reported it--but on close inspection, found it to be a life-size dummy of a man with a string attached to it and two juveniles having the time of their lives hiding behind a clump of bushes jerking the string every time a car passed.

STATION "B", CANAAN

Officer Fuessenich's perseverance, despite the lack of tangible evidence in the investigation of a hit and run affair in the town of Canaan on the night of April 16th, paid off with a complete solution and swift prosecution.

With nothing more than a mutilated hubcap, Officer Fuessenich instigated a search during which several vehicles were eliminated and the guilty party arrested; all within twenty-four hours of

the original complaint.

Station B's bowling team, after long hours of arduous practice on the local alleys, is gradually gaining recognition as a formidable adversary for the best in Litchfield County.

With the passing of Editor Thompson of the Torrington Register, a star has been removed from the American newspaper scene. His desire for efficient, honest, and fearless reporting, was ever a burning ideal which implanted itself in the character of his own writings. Progressive, alert, and friendly, he lived a full life recording with brilliant style the everyday happenings which seemed to assume mellow and masterful meaning when presented by a man whose profession was his life.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

Out among the Tolland County Hills, spring has burst forth into full bloom and melody. Early these warm spring mornings one is awakened by the sweet trilling of our feathered friends from the tree tops and the bleating of the young woolly lambs from the pastures. Within a few days the mountain laurel will be in full bloom, on the hillsides. From now on, hardly a day will pass but someone will be using our roadside picnic areas with their fireplaces and tables. Try and find as nice places in some other states.

Since the opening of the fishing season there have been several good catches made by the Issac Waltons of this station, "Jack Horner", Ed, and Lud. The Game Wardens never seem to be able to stock any of the lakes or streams in this locality but what they are discovered by someone from this station. Could that be the reason for the success of our fishermen? We wonder.

The first of the month saw us bid farewell to Officer Arthur Andreoli, who left us to go to "D". Best of luck, Andy. From "D" we welcome Officer Lester McIntosh. We hope that he will be as

happy here as he was at "D".

Student Officers Samuel Holden and Wilfred Bellefleur spent a busy ten days at "C" with our officers patrolling the "Burma Road" (Rt. 15.), checking cottages, and assisting in the investigations of auto accidents, complaints of prowlers, breaking and entering and theft, and suspicious death. Student Officer Holden had the opportunity of attending an autopsy and very ably took the notes for Dr. Joseph Beauchemin. It was a pleasure having these two capable future officers with us and we hope that they may return to the station.

Not long ago, Officer "Ted" Sheiber was investigating a complaint that gas had been taken from some machinery which was being used in a privately owned gravel bank. As the officer drove into the bank he noticed a parked car, out of which jumped three teen-agers, who took off cross country. A check of the car revealed that it had been stolen from Meriden the night before. With the assistance of Officers Yaskulka, Schwarz, and Kolodziej, two of the boys were captured, one after he tried to escape by swimming across a river only to be met on the other side by Officer Schwarz the other before he had a chance to jump into the river, by Officer Yaskulka. The third, who was acquainted with the locality, was apprehended the next night by Officer Formeister, in the same vicinity. All in a day's work, a stolen car recovered, three escapees returned to the Meriden School for Boys, two theft of gasoline complaints closed.

"Jim" Dick was guest speaker at the annual Father-Son Banquet at the North Coventry Community House on April 26. He discussed highway safety with the group and showed the movies "Screw Drivers and Screw Jays" and "Wheel Sense". From all reports a most enjoyable evening was had by all. Leave it to "Jim", his sense of humor is most keen and with that smiling face he is master of any situation.

As we said before, "Spring is here", in full swing for some of the officers with repairs being made to homes, and gardens being prepared and planted. Of course we must not forget the feminine members and their semi-annual house-

cleaning. For some, the day is too short.

COPS STEP INTO ROLES OF PRODUCERS
WITH ROOM SERVICE, A COMEDY MAY 7

Officers and supernumeraries of the Stafford Springs Police Department have turned themselves into a flock of Jed Harrises and Joshua Logans to produce a play.

They presented a three act Comedy, Room Service, on Saturday evening, May 7, in the Auditorium, Warren Memorial with a cast composed of former Little Theatre players, members of Stafford Teachers Club and Rotary show actors.

The production was directed by Frederick Prucker, Sr.

Members of the cast:

Sasha Smirnoff, Victor Borovoy; Gordon Miller, Michael Julian; Joseph Gribble, Richard Y. Browne; Harry Binion, John W. Zeiz; Faker Englund, Edward Bastolla; Christine Marlowe, Mary Metcalf; Leo Davis, Joseph Young; Hilda Manney, Eileen Skelly; Gregory Wagner, William Labreche; Simon Jenkins, Nicholas Armentano; Timothy Hogarth, Daniel Sullivan; Dr. Glass, Dr. Wendelin Luckner; Bank Messenger, John Sargent; Senator Blake, Attilio Frassinelli.

The comedy produced in New York in 1937 was written by John Murray and Allan Boretz. It was produced under special permission of the Dramatist's Play Service, Inc. It ran successfully for nearly two seasons on Broadway and was later made into a motion picture featuring the Marx brothers.

The Committees

Members of the General Committee from the Police Department: Officers Joseph Young, Allan Roberts, William Hanley and William Symonds.

Program Committee, Commissioner Robert Shoemaker, Chairman.

Ticket Committee from the Police Department was headed by Chief William F. Silk, with Officer William Duval and Stanley Jacewicz.

The refreshment committee was headed by Officer Thomas Young as Chairman.

Mrs. John Sargent assisted the mem-

bers of the Department with scenery effects.

Henry Tetrault and his Orchestra played instrumental numbers before curtain time. Miss Betty Koss, daughter of County Detective and Mrs. Arthur Koss of Rockville, former Stafford residents, played selections on the marimba accompanied by Mrs. Evelyn Sullivan of Curtis Street.

---The Stafford Press

STATION "D", DANIELSON

Off. Lester McIntosh has left our station for Station C and will be missed by all of us. We lost a good man and gained a good one the same day as Officer Arthur Andreoli has come to stay with us.

Officer Joseph Hart is on military leave in New York.

Off. McIntosh had an interesting case recently when he went to Jewett City to search for a stolen hearse that was parked on Main Street by its owner. After a diligent search it was found in back of the local bank right in front of Off. Sekula's car, the local officer, where both cars were parked that day. This hearse had not been stolen but the owner had imbibed too freely in the spirits of Bacchus and forgotten where he parked it.

Capt. Frances Lee of the New Hampshire State Police, and Erle Stanley Gardiner, famous writer of the Perry Mason detective stories that you have been reading in the Saturday Evening Post, were guests at our barracks on May 5th and met all of the personnel. We were delighted with the easy charm these famous people possess.

Well arranged time is the surest mark of well arranged minds.

If you have a lot of push, the pull will take care of itself.

STATION "E", GROTON

ONE KILLED - EIGHT HURT - HIGH SEAS FORCED AN ARMY TRANSPORT BACK TO PORT - 184 PERSONS LEFT HOMELESS - RAVAGING FIRES - Relax, dear reader, this was the report of the Red Cross in their mock disaster in New London. Our ambulance was on the scene, just in case, with Off. Laframboise at the wheel.

Are crime comic books funny?--"No," chorused 5 eighth-grade school children from this area as they shared the spotlight in a dramatic appearance before the general assembly's judiciary committee at Hartford, to plead that the unfunny books which lead to juvenile delinquency be driven from Connecticut newsstands. One of the two bills before the committee to prohibit the sale and publication of comic books, primarily devoted to crime, bloodshed, lust or other unsavory subjects, was introduced by the Connecticut Lions clubs and spearheaded by Lt. W. E. Mackenzie. The Lieut., acting as president of the Lions club rather than as a state policeman, escorted the five youngsters to the hearing. These youngsters were well qualified to discuss the bill as they were recent winners in a prize essay contest sponsored by the State Police. "What we are battling," Lt. Mackenzie said, "is the filth and drivel served under the guise of comic books." The children, first to appear before a legislature committee hearing in many years took over and read their prize winning essays while the committee members listened attentively.

Commissioner Hickey was the principal speaker at the annual Communion Breakfast of Narragansett Council, No. 21, Knights of Columbus, at the Rainbow room of Morrone's restaurant in Westerly, R.I. His topic was, "Destroy The Home By Boring From Within And You Destroy Our Form Of Government." The Commissioner urged the assembled men to take an active interest in the youth of the community. "Law enforcement authorities can handle the burglar, the robber and the car thief," he declared, "but it is up to you to handle the youth problem."

GENERAL SERVICE DELUXE--An obviously high-type gentleman announced at the business window today that he was going to the Electric Boat Co., on a matter which would probably consume a couple of hours. Not wishing to abandon his Mrs. unchaperoned for such a long period he inquired if there were any place in the vicinity where she would be safe. He was immediately extended the courtesy of our comfortable lounge room where the lady made herself at home. Lunchtime arrived before her business-bent hubby did. She was our guest at the Headmasters table. Later, when friend spouse returned to claim his property, he found a happy and well satisfied mate. It was not until then that we learned he was Milton Fisher, Vice Pres. of the U. S. Ship Building Corp., Boston Mass.

Nelson F. Stamler of Elizabeth, N.J., first attorney general, who is in charge of the campaign to send the bookies of New Jersey elsewhere and considered the number 1 "crime buster" was a recent visitor in Norwich. He stated, "that recently his activities centered around Lakewood, N.J. and some of the elaborate gambling equipment seized bore the stamp mark of a Groton, Conn. Hotel."

About a year and a half ago, gambling equipment was found at this hotel and several New Jersey men were held in connection with the operations there.

Perry's ice pond on Rte. 1 has been stocked for young fishermen not over 16 years of age. The pond has been leased by the State Fish and Game Dept. No license is required and no one over 16 will be allowed the privilege of fishing in the pond.

Lieut. W. E. Mackenzie addressed the County Federation of Women's clubs at the Wauregan Hotel in Norwich. His topic was Crime Comics.

Increased use of the Groton-New London highway bridge established a new high income figure for a 12 months' period, despite a drop in commutation rates. 5,439,772 vehicles crossed the span in the 12-month period ending Feb. 28. This is the highest figure in the six-year history of the bridge.

Lieut. W. E. Mackenzie entered the Department, this month many years ago,

or was it centuries?

Off. O'Grady had a birthday anniversary this month.

Off. H. Myers investigated an accident in which the operator was catapulted from the car. Just a few scratches resulted from the "cat."

Mrs. Jane Cassidy was appointed the first policewoman in New London by City Manager Holt 25 years ago this month. She was given a special course in New Haven relative to this work.

R. Lutz, A. Hess and R. Hart, three of the new recruits, found one day of their week's training at Groton different from the ordinary day-by-day routine, which is typical of Groton. They were assigned to court in which a strip tease case was in progress.

County Det. Edward Shedroff, formerly of the State Police roster, announces he is a grandpaw. Congrats from us to you, Eddie, and we hope the new boy adopts your inimitable laugh.

Off. Kathe reports he knows of one auto driver who turns over in his sleep and did same while driving.

State's Atty., Robert P. Anderson has issued a warning that youthful burglars are going to be treated rough. "The recent wave of breaking and entering in this county has got to stop," he asserted. The State Attorney further stated, "The youthful crime wave marks the end of the 'lush days' and a search for the easy money that is getting harder to find honestly."

At an approach of the Groton-New London bridge, a motorist was stopped and the questions were flung at him concerning his alleged improper driving. The questioner declared he was a State Policeman off duty and in plain clothes. When the motorist that was stopped quizzed the attendant at the bridge gates, he received a negative answer that the man that stopped him was a policeman. Complaint was made on this and the would-be policeman gave himself up at the barracks. Officer Jasonis was on the trail, just in case.

"Working their way through college" netted Off. Kearney two arrests. Two men brought back from Boston, Mass., had made themselves some easy money in Conn. until their apprehension, with high

pressure but phony magazine subscription soliciting.

Off. J. Smith arrested a parolee of Cheshire reformatory for stealing \$100 worth of lead-covered copper cable.

Sgt. O. Avery described the functions of the State Police Dept., at a meeting of the Sacred Heart Men's club.

John Winslow Tantaquideon, of Mohegan Hill, of Montville, one of the last descendants of Uncas, famed chief of the Mohegans, died this month.

This month is Submarines 49th anniversary of the first underseas Torpedo boat. The local base was opened to visitors on the anniversary date.

Getting caught "green handed" even on April Fool's day is no joke, admits a student of the Fort Trumbull branch of the University of Connecticut. The fire alarm boxes are coated with an almost invisible green chemical which leaves a stain practically impossible to remove. After pulling the false alarm he tried lighter fluid, glass wax, after-shave lotion and plenty of rubbing but the incriminating evidence remained.

Matthew J. Delaney age 72, retired Lieutenant of the Norwich Police Dept., passed away this month following an extended illness. He had capably served the Dept., for about 44 years, having started as a supernumary in 1904. Lieut. Delaney served the Conn. State Police association for seven years in the capacity of Vice-President. Bearers were members of the Norwich PD and a delegation from our barracks composed of Capt. Mulcahy, Lt. Mackenzie and Officers A. Kathe, J. Laframboise, J. Fitzgerald and J. Skelly.

The Groton-New London bridge portrays a majestic panoramic view but is no place to park and admire same. Off. T. Smith arrested an operator for just that.

What a terrific din there'd be if we made as much noise when things go right as we do when they go wrong.

The mistakes of others always appear more serious than our own.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

With Winter and Inspection behind us, everything is looking brighter, especially as seen from under the brim of our new Sou'wester rain hats. Middlesex valley's fertile territory put on a special show for the benefit of our four visiting student officers - Greenberg, Kozma, Bickford, and Fitzgibbons - so that everyone was busy and no one neglected. For instance there was the day when there were three attempted suicides within the space of so many hours - and in consequence the ambulance was on a steady shuttle to and from Middlesex Hospital.---And then there was the nice hot day when the body of an accidental drowning victim (some three weeks previous) was recovered from the Connecticut River. The boat ride was enjoyed by all.

Officer George Baldwin earns Honorable Mention for the month, having been most successful in solving a series of cottage breaks in Guilford and vicinity - clearing up some thirty odd complaints. In addition, the stolen property was recovered and returned to rightful owners.

Dennis James Moran, second son of Officer Fred Moran (and Frieda) was officially christened with due ceremony two Sundays past.

Photographers, amateur and otherwise, from this station have been having a field day with filters, tripods, rangefinders, etc., attempting to reproduce a reasonable facimile of the Old Saybrook bridge being demolished. To date we have seen "State Police Photos by Brink, By Richards" and "of Menard."

The Emergency Division hums with activity as new signs are painted, old signs rejuvenated, towers repaired and preparations made for the Photography Show in West Hartford. We are pleased to note Tom Egans presence among us again, also the welcome addition of Off. Phil Massicotte to the Emergency Division - but where's Emmerthal?---And what's this we hear about Lt. M. D. Smith loosing two teeth - at the Dentist.

Jack Dunphy's pup "Pepper" was award-

ed first place in the Sanction Match in Cheshire on May 1, after winning third in Providence and second in New Haven.

And speaking of pups -- Off. Cludinski, that versatile young man, in the role of veterinarian recently saved the life of a young setter hit by a car, and, received a letter commending his meritorious work from the owner, Governor Chester A. Bowles.

Al Peichert seen cherishing his brand-new, maroon, four-door de luxe custom-built Ford. Also seen -- Al and Off. Joe Suchanek in the wee hours of the morning catching their legal limit of trout. Several members of the department have enjoyed pan-fried brook trout for their breakfast recently.

It seems we have new vehicles all over the place. To whom does the new blue truck belong? -- Why, to Dispatcher Johnny Overstreet!

STATION "H", HARTFORD

CAR WITH ONE PLATE LEADS TO EIGHT ARRESTS; LATER INVESTIGATION COVERS A DOZEN TOWNS

A green 1948 Buick sedan was parked in the yard of a Rocky Hill restaurant late in the evening of April 21.

That fact in itself was nothing with which to start a story, but this particular car answered the description of one stolen the same evening in Wethersfield.

The alarm had nothing unusual about it; Sergeant Burns of the Wethersfield Police Department, had phoned it to the State Police barracks at Hartford about 9:30 PM. The station broadcast it over the police radio. State Policeman Vincent O'Brien, (H) on patrol in that area, had been alerted to watch for the car.

It was merely routine so far.

But then the routine ceased and a bit of clever police work came into play --the vehicle had only one marker on it. The remaining marker, with the number listed on the stolen car bulletin, was on the side of the car away from the

road. The plate torn from the front end of the car was thrown into the back seat.

Accordingly, Officer O'Brien notified his station by radio that the stolen car had been located. He further expressed the opinion that the persons responsible for the theft were in the restaurant or the vicinity.

Maybe you'll think he stuck his neck out--well, he did! But it paid.

O'Brien was instructed to remove identification from his patrol car and watch the area. Sergeant Taylor, at the barracks, phoned the information to the Wethersfield Police and they sent officers in plain clothes and a private car to assist the lone trooper.

When Wethersfield's Chief Sullivan and Officers Flansbury and Hughes arrived, the restaurant and area were checked for suspects, but none were available for netting. So they melted into the scenery and waited for customers.

At 10:30 pm the waiting policemen noticed two young boys walk out onto Route 9 just south of the restaurant and attempt to hitch a ride. The boys were recognized as Wethersfield residents and questioned.

The boys, Walter Whitaker, Jr., and Richard Marshall, had a ready story -- they had been visiting their girl friends and were now on their way home.

The boys were separated and Chief Sullivan and our boy O'Brien questioned Whitaker. After hearing his story again the trooper asked the suspect to empty his pockets. On the first attempt to display his possessions, he skipped the chore of emptying his jacket pocket and was reminded of his omission by O'Brien. Small wonder he skipped that pocket -- the key ring found there had the keys to the stolen car and a miniature plate with the registration number on the bulletin.

Further questioning of these boys by Chief Sullivan and Officer O'Brien resulted in further admission of car thefts.

As a result of these two arrests, six other arrests of Wethersfield boys followed and a crime series that pyramided after a modest start culminated in

court.

The series of crimes by the teenagers began with the theft of a flashlight and battery from a car in Wethersfield on Sept. 9, 1948. Ten days later a spotlight was taken from a car parked in a lot in West Hartford.

At Newington, parts were taken from a car in a garage October 8 and in the same town on Oct. 29 a wheel and tire were taken from another car.

November crimes attributed to the group were theft of a car in Middletown burglary in a house in Wethersfield, and then another burglary in Wethersfield.

Six breaks were made into Wethersfield homes during December, a car was stolen in Newington, another in New Britain and a third in Cromwell.

And so it went, into January, February, March and April, more cases of breaking and entering and theft. Cases that took place in Wethersfield, East Hartford, Windsor, and Rocky Hill.

Any reader of the local Hartford papers knows too well the furore which followed these arrests when all offenders were referred to the Juvenile Court. That for the moment is not our concern. "Vinz" O'Brien's alertness and his keen perception provided the law's entry into these depredations.

STATION "I", BETHANY

We are pleased to report progress in the recovery of Officer John Sweeney who underwent a serious operation at the Waterbury Hospital recently. We are also grateful to those men who volunteered blood for John. We wish you a speedy recovery, John, and hope to see you back with us soon.

Dimitro "Smoky" Pawchyk and George Bartholomew did a nice piece of public service that cannot go unnoticed and for which both men deserve a great deal of credit. On April 28, 1949, at about 10:30 PM, both officers were having lunch at a restaurant on Main St., Ansonia, when they heard the fire trucks

pass the restaurant. They went outside and saw a fire of great proportions. Both men went to the scene and found that the Mackowski block on Main St. was blazing. This block is a three-story building occupied by twenty-two families and a number of stores. Bartholomew took over the traffic control at this point and Off. Pawchyk with Commissioner Webb of the local police and Officer Hunt and Turgeon went into the burning building and smashed in doors and gave alarm to the occupants. They crept on hands and knees in the dense smoke and finally left the building only on the orders of Commissioner Webb and the local Fire Chief. The damage was \$200,000. One man died of smoke and fumes. After leaving the building Pawchyk went up the aerial ladder to further assist. Good work, boys.

On May 4, at about 5:15 AM, Walter Pastet 18, of 31 Richards St., Seymour who was an inmate of the State Reformatory at Cheshire decided that the trout were running and that other pastures were greener. This youth took off on leave, French Style, and headed right for the beautiful Naugatuck Valley. The usual search was started. Ken Tripp awakened his hounds and all hands went to Cheshire. At 3:00 PM on the same day Pastet was captured in Colony Park in Ansonia while watching the Trout Fishermen in action. Yep, he ran head on into Dooling. The same day at 9:15 PM Pastet was bound over to the Superior Court from Cheshire on bonds of \$5,000 charged with escape from the State Reformatory.

It appears that after the great ship launching at East Haven Shipyards recently an unusual and unfortunate occurrence took place. The good ship Dolly was not proved seaworthy and while she slid down the ways Commander Alex Kostok went overboard. He is not sure whether he was pushed by Captain Duma or whether he received an attack of sea sickness...However, brother Kostok sold his uniform and traded his tackle for a clam rake and pail.

The neat appearing officer that you see on the Wilbur Cross parkway in the red Coupe LT-230 is 15-I Raymond Piascik a native son of the Elm City. Ray leads us in motor vehicle activity and is do-

ing a swell job making the parkway safe to travel over. A good job being done by a swell fellow.

Have you seen the article on Legal Medicine prepared by Lieut. Remer and issued to all station I personnel? It is a most valuable work and was prepared from his notes taken at the Legal Medical School for Police at Harvard University. It is a very interesting and educational article and a necessity in the library of the police officer. We recommend it as an In-Service Must.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

Our avid fisherman, Bill Ackerman, is enjoying his vacation in Maine. No doubt Bill will, on his return, narrate expansive tales of the "big" ones.

Many signs of Spring have been noted in our territory. The latest and most widespread, is the advent of the butch haircut. A few of the less hirsute members of our station have not braved the fad. However, this made no difference to Constable Benny Lord, whose slogan seems to be "If the State Police do it, it is right". Benny graced our supper table on Saturday night resplendent in the new fashion.

Officer Finnegan recently passed the twenty-five year mark. Jim didn't even have a day off to celebrate. Congratulations, Jim!

Since acquiring the new house Joe Sikorski has been slimming the waistline. Incidentally, the same can be said of several of our members since Spring prompted all to get the Colchester campus in order. The poison-ivy lotion has also appeared since the landscaping of another house was started.

New equipment at Station "K" has been acquired in the form of a Sherman tank and three jeeps, belonging to the National Guard. Ackerman's first question -- "My new assigned vehicle?"

Fifty years ago Colchester, inhabited by Irish, was known as a boom town. It has again been living up to its name as twice recently, the furnace at "K" has

exploded. The last time, during the day when a prisoner had just been brought in almost resulted in a call for the Coroner.

Our emergency truck was called out on Route 2 in the Center of Colchester, when Rudne's steam roller went over the bank, tying up traffic. When the wreckers were unable to move it, the Emergency truck cleared up the situation very quickly.

HEADQUARTERS MIRROR

COOPERATION

Early this month (May) the peace and quiet of the midnight hours were disturbed in and about the serene Race Brook Country Club House in Orange. The breach of the peace startled the gendarmes of Orange, New Haven and Bethany into action. Because of instituted cooperation, two armed bandits were apprehended within 12 hours after fleeing from the scene and the "Land of Steady Habits." Strangely enough, blaring news headlines were missing in this case. Only a small item appeared in the local news columns under the caption "It Happened in Connecticut." Next came a letter from Chief Peterson of the Orange Police Department expressing his appreciation for the assistance and cooperation rendered by the personnel attached to Station "I". Emphasis was placed by our good friend Chief Peterson upon the "cooperation" extended in this case by C.S.P. and New York Police.

The Chief's letter and a review of the reports filed, quickly disclosed that "cooperation" really meant something. "Cooperation" figured in this crime from its inception. The bandits cooperated with each other fully in carrying out the conspiracy to assault and roba fellow man. The victim, however, had little chance to willingly cooperate with his assailants. He was beaten, tied up and robbed. He did, nevertheless, cooperate with the police when they answered his call for help. They, in turn, local and

state, including Orange, New Haven and New York City performed likewise. It occurred to us after reviewing the case that it might be well to inquire into the meaning of "cooperation". So, we consulted the Encyclopedia Britannica. Six and one-half pages are devoted to "cooperation". It has many usages. Its definition, however, impresses one. "COOPERATION, a term used particularly both for a theory of life, and for a system of business with the general sense of 'working together' (con, with, and opus, work)". "WORKING TOGETHER"--for evil or good permeates this particular crime. The conspiracy to break and enter, to assault and to rob the victim and flee the jurisdiction made a perfect combination. To the offenders, it was more, it was a "perfect" crime. Perfection, however, was not reached because the victim and the police, local and state, "working together" solved the crime, traced and apprehended the fugitives. Chief Peterson's letter was most complimentary. His assistant, local police Officer Cummings, deserves commendation for quickly sensing the problem and promptly asking for assistance. True, all the other officers concerned including those New Haven, New York Police and C.S.P. merit approbation for outstanding performance in line of duty. It is the POLICE TEAM, however, that COOPERATED in this case to bring due credit to Law Enforcement.

"The North Carolina Motor Vehicle" April issue brought us the sad news concerning the passing of Major "Charlie" Farmer, organizer and first commander of the N.C. State Highway Patrol. Major Farmer, 66, died April 1 of a cerebral hemorrhage at Rex Hospital in Raleigh. A former fire chief, he organized his native state's first highway patrol after it was authorized by the 1929 General Assembly and for eight years he served as Commanding Officer of the Patrol. The initial patrol force comprised of a captain, nine lieutenants and 27 patrolmen. The present complement consists of 423 officers and men.

In 1937, Arthur Fulk succeeded Major Farmer, then John Armstrong who was fol-

lowed by Col. H.J.Hatcher. Major Farmer however, continued with the patrol force and since 1944 has served as Communications Officer. Since 1938 when C.S.P. joined the State Section of I.A.C.P. we have had many personal and official contacts with Major Farmer. At regional and national conferences he always extended cordial and warm greeting to the "Connecticut Yankees." A wise counselor of the "Old School" his influence for good in our law enforcement organizations was known through the nation. We remember his fine comradeship and friendliness at the Atlanta Regional Meeting, 1944 and subsequent meetings throughout the country. Our belated sympathy to his associates, his family and many friends in the loss of a grand companion, a loyal friend, an upright citizen and a true representative of law and order. We shall miss him. May his memory be ever green.

OUR SPECIALISTS JOIN THE NAVY

"Our Navy" The Standard Magazine of the U.S. Navy recently published an interesting item about CSP's cooperation with the Sub Base officials in Groton area. Our Specialists, Lieutenant Mackenzie, Station "E", Groton and Officers James M. Reardon and Frank Whelan Fire Marshal Division received honorable mention. We quote:

"An 18 year old apprentice seaman from Brooklyn, New York, stationed at the Submarine Base, New London, has been found guilty by a general court martial at the Base on a charge of arson, and sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment, dishonorably discharged and reduced to the rating of seaman recruit.

The seaman, Robert Brenden Whitmoyer of Brooklyn, confessed starting two fires at the Base which resulted in total estimated damage of \$45,000. Whitmoyer first confessed to state police and repeated his confession to Capt. Frank W. Fenno, Base commanding officer, before the commanding officer's mast.

In view of the seaman's previous good record during his eight months and 27 days in the navy and because of his youth the period of confinement was re-

duced to ten years by Rear Adm. James Fife, Jr., commander of the Atlantic Fleet Submarine Force, and convening authority at the Base. Whitmoyer was transferred under guard to Portsmouth, N. H., where he will serve his sentence in the Naval Disciplinary Barracks at the naval base.

Specifically, the seaman was charged with, 1. "Setting fire to and destroying part of bachelor officers' quarters at the Base April 9 which resulted in an estimated \$25,000 damage", and 2. "Setting fire to and destroying part of bachelor officers' G at the Base June 5 which caused an estimated \$20,000 damage."

Whitmoyer first confessed to State Police Lieut. William E. Mackenzie, commanding officer of the Groton barracks, and State Policemen James M. Reardon & Francis J. Whelan, special investigators from Headquarters Fire Marshal office, Hartford. The state police were called in to assist in the investigation by Captain Fenno, who was suspicious of arson, in view of a third fire Feb. 11 which destroyed permanent headquarters of the fleet admiral, and caused an estimated \$250,000 damage.

However, it was pointed out that because Whitmoyer was not stationed at the Base then he was not under suspicion for that fire.

In his confessions, it was reported, Whitmoyer said he touched matches to discarded laundry in the first instance and in the other had set afire woodwork. Reasons for his actions, according to his confessions, were that he wanted "to be a hero and save people from a burning building."

Lieut. Comdr. Leonard R. Hardy, Base legal officer, said the seaman sounded both alarms and was voluntarily assisting in the office of the bachelor officers' quarters during both fires. Commander Hardy added that Whitmoyer assisted in fighting both fires.

The board of investigation appointed immediately after the fire by Captain Fenno comprised Comdr. J. H. Campbell, senior member; Lieut. D. R. Christner, recorder, and Comdr. J. D. Gerwick, member. The preliminary estimate of damage in the second fire was \$5,000, but Com-

mander Campbell said further investigation revealed that personal property losses for the 30 officers living in the wing would boost the total. He said damage to the building and furnishings would amount to about \$5,000.

Firemen and trucks from three companies in nearby New London, and men and two trucks from Groton were despatched to assist the Base crew in fighting both blazes, which at first threatened to be of serious proportions.

Whitmoyer, who had been stationed at the Base since March, enlisted in the navy last August. After his arrest he was confined to the Base brig pending action by Admiral Fife. State Police were complimented highly by their Commissioner for their "valuable service to the navy and the state police department."

Before appearing at the commanding officer's mast, Whitmoyer was summoned to a preliminary mast before Capt. Alan B. Banister, who was then Base Executive officer. It was pointed out by Captain Banister that he had authority to excuse a subject if he had reason to believe him innocent. If he believed him guilty, however, he referred him to the commanding officer's mast."

INDISPUTABLE

The hit-and-run driver was being tried in court. His attorney pleaded eloquently in his behalf.

"Gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff must have been walking carelessly. The evidence shows that my client is a careful driver. He has been driving a car for 15 years."

"Your Honor," interrupted the opposing lawyer, "on that basis I can prove that my client ought to win this case without further argument. He's been walking for 45 years!"

Political Speaker: "I'm pleased to see this dense crowd here tonight."

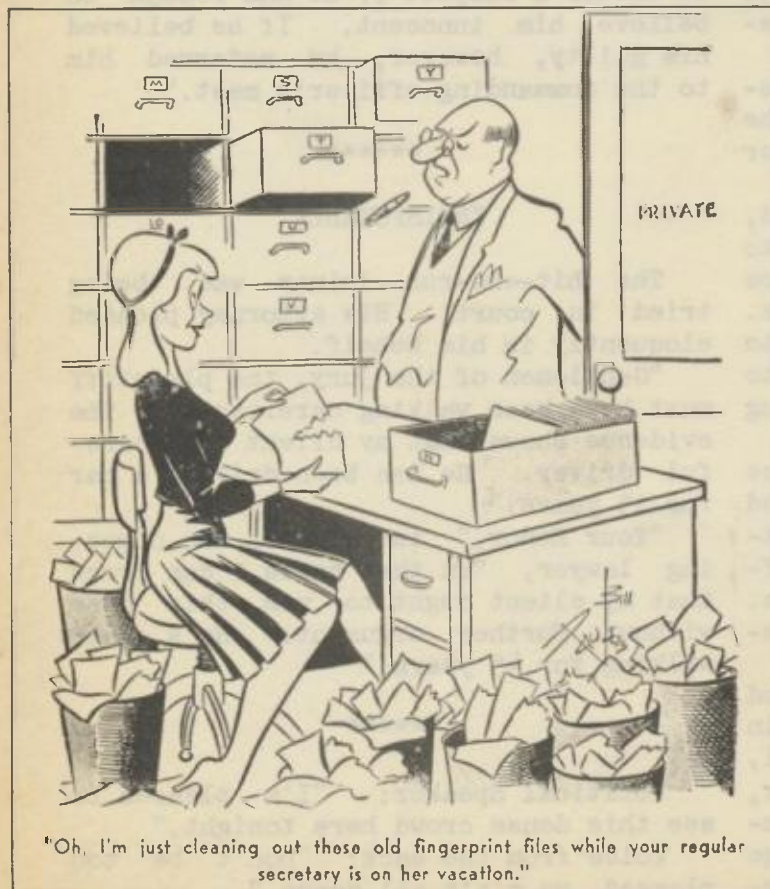
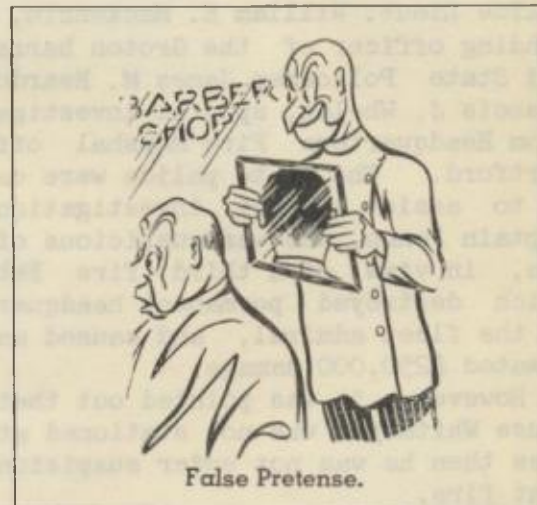
Voice from the back: "Don't be too pleased, we ain't all dense."



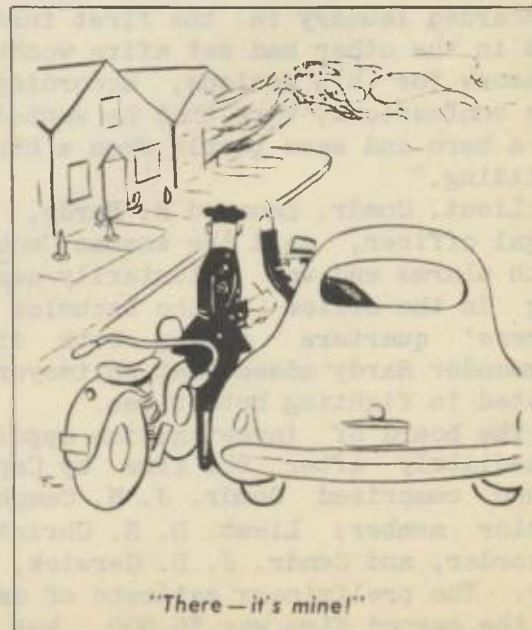
"Robberies, shootings, stabbings—you should have the children for a day!"



"Is this where people who park overtime give themselves up?"



"Oh, I'm just cleaning out those old fingerprint files while your regular secretary is on her vacation."



"There — it's mine!"

Code of Honor
of the
Connecticut State Police

* * *

The traditions and splendid reputation of the Connecticut State Police are incorporated in the following code of honor, to which all members of the Department subscribe by word and deed:

"I am a Connecticut State Policeman—a soldier of the law.
To me is entrusted the honor of the Department.

"I will serve the State of Connecticut honestly and faithfully
and, if need be, lay down my life as others have done rather
than swerve from the path of duty.

"I will be loyal to my superiors, obey the law and enforce
the law without discrimination as to class, color, creed or
condition, and without fear or favor.

"I will help those in danger or distress, and at all times con-
duct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."