

Vox-Cop

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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

SEPTEMBER 1949

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 conduct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."

Conn. Police Chief Elected President Of International Association Of Chiefs Of Police At Texas Convention

VOX-COP

September, 1949



John M. Gleason, Chief of Police at Greenwich, Conn., becomes the World's Number One Cop upon his election as President of the IACP in Dallas, September 15, 1949.

A tireless worker for the cause of law enforcement Chief Gleason was born May 10, 1907, at New York City. He came to Greenwich as a boy, attended local public schools and was graduated from Greenwich high school. He has several extension courses at Columbia University to his credit.

Chief Gleason married the former Margaret Nicholson of Greenwich. They have two children, Nancy and John, Jr.

High points in his police career are as follows: January 30, 1930, appointed town officer; April 8, 1937, promoted to lieutenant; January 1, 1940, appointed captain; and promoted to Chief on July 1, 1941 shortly after his 34th birthday.

Since becoming chief of police, John Gleason has advocated and obtained bet-

ter working conditions for the officers of his department. They now receive adequate time off and benefit from salary increases. He has been an outstanding proponent of education and has provided educational facilities for members of the department both in general police work and specialized studies. He was largely instrumental in sending members of his department to specialized training schools for law enforcement officers.

His own police education was not neglected. The IACP president attended the following police training courses: New England Traffic Officers Training School - Harvard University, 1936; Northwestern University Executive Officer's Training School, 1938 and 1941; Center for Safety Education, New York University, 1939; National Institute for Traffic Safety Training, University of Michigan, 1939; and National Police Academy - FBI, Washington, 1944.

Chief Gleason has held the following memberships and offices: President of Conn. Chiefs of Police Assn., 1945-1946; Chairman of Professional Standards Committee, IACP - 1944; Chairman of Legislative Committee, New England Chiefs of Police; Connecticut State Chairman, IACP; Consultant of Eno Foundation for Traffic Highway Control; Member at large of Police Committee, National Safety Council, 1945-1946; and Member of Executive Committee, Greenwich Safety Council. Also, Advisory Council - First Aid Group, American Red Cross; Director of Greenwich Boys' Club; Associate Council Member - Boy Scouts of America - 1948; Treasurer of National Academy Associates of Conn., 1948-1949; Member of President's Highway Safety Committee; Member of Examining Board - Connecticut State Personnel Bureau; State Crime Prevention Committee and Member of faculty - National Academy, F.B.I., Washington, D.C.

He was recently appointed as civilian expert (Police) to the Secretary of the Army to conduct a survey of Police Departments in Germany during August, 1949.

I. A. C. P. C O N V E N T I O N

HEAD OF NEW YORK'S 'FINEST'
CONKS WHERE CONKING'S DUE

O'Brien leaned back in his chair to talk to Sullivan in Dallas last week.

"It seems," said he, with a pleasant smile, "that it is I who will be entertainin' Sullivan for the World Series. He gave it up this mornin'."

O'Brien is Police Commissioner William P. O'Brien, who runs New York's "finest," the 18,800-man police force. Thomas Sullivan is police commissioner of Boston. All summer long the two men have been arguing about who will invite who to the World Series, depending on whether the New York Yankees or the Boston Red Sox win in the American League.

William P. O'Brien has run the world's biggest police job since March, 1949, succeeding Arthur Wallander. He is a genial, white-haired fellow with a soft brogue, who was born in Brooklyn, and pounded a beat at first just as his father had before him.

He was incensed because a Dallas CIO leader, W. Don Ellinger, president of the Texas State Industrial Union, had made a statement that policemen in general were less likely to conk a man wearing a silk hat than one wearing overalls.

"Speakin' for myself," O'Brien said, "I'll conk anyone who needs conking."

As an example, he used the continuing trial of Communists in New York, which has been consistently picketed over the long months that it has been in progress.

"As long as picketing a courthouse is legal, it will be thoroughly policed in New York. We won't have much trouble. We've got the manpower and the understanding of how to handle such things. The Peekskill riots about Paul Robeson concerts could not have happened in New York."

He's proud of the progress of the world's largest city toward being one of the world's most peace loving cities in his lifetime.

"We used to have the organized rackets and racketeers. A single man... such as Legs Diamond or Lucky Luciano... could order a murder, and be miles away when it was done. There is no man in

New York today like those two, with the power that they had.

"Crime ends when the citizens demand that it end. That can be done, you know. You can fire the men who won't do it for you until it gets done."

O'Brien has his favorite cases in thirty-four years on the force. He broke the football "fix" a few years back, when several members of the New York Giant football team were approached to throw a ball game. He was an assistant chief in those days. The police knew there was some kind of gambling going on about the big play-off game. They watched the gamblers, watched them set up a phony "novelties" company, tapped their wires, started to collect evidence.

They soon found that more than book-making was underfoot. They heard the voices of some football players.

Day before the game, O'Brien and his men broke the story. A gambler named Alvin Paris went to jail. A few football players never played football again.

And he told about a man he hated more than anyone else, a punk named Nick Montana.

"I was a lieutenant on the mid-town Manhattan squad. Montana ran the prostitution around us. We got some stuff on him through wire tapping and constant watching. Then a few of the girls confessed. He got twenty years and was sent to Italy to boot."

O'Brien talked to the delegates of the police chief convention on how police and the public can better get along together.

"It's not hard," he said. "Like a marriage, each party has to put up with a little, but it can work out."

Commissioner O'Brien should know, having been married twenty-five years and having four youngsters.

Chief John Gleason, Greenwich, is the third Conn. Chief to be elected President of the I.A.C.P. The late Chief Philip Smith, New Haven held the office in 1922-1923 and the late Charles Wheeler, Bridgeport 1933-1934.

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

VOX-COP

September, 1949

A large delegation of Connecticut Police Chiefs joined fellow chiefs from Mexico, Canada and the United States at Dallas, Texas in convention, September 10-15. A few motored from Connecticut, some flew, but the majority of "Nutmeggers" chartered a special car from Springfield, Mass., to Chicago where the New Englanders were added to the Texas bound Chief's Special.

Connecticut delegates of course were pleased with Chief John M. Gleason's election to the Presidency of the I.A.C.P. Vox-Cop pays tribute to Chief Gleason elsewhere in this issue. Texas' State Police Chief, Homer Garrison, Jr., John Gleason's immediate predecessor did an outstanding job as President, I.A.C.P. - 1948-49 - and left no "stone unturned" in giving the I.A.C.P. delegates a grand convention.

"Our Homer" as he is affectionately known in the State Police Section, first joined law enforcement as a gangling young deputy sheriff of 19 in the piney woods of East Texas. Today, at 47, Col. Garrison, supervises the oldest and most famous State Police in the world. (?) He joined the Texas Highway Patrol when it was organized in 1930. Advanced step by step through the ranks he became Director of the Texas Department Public Safety and Chief of the Texas Rangers.

The colleagues in law enforcement in 1948 elected him President of the I.A.-C.P. This spring he served as vice chairman of the Enforcement Committee of the President's Highway Safety Conference. As chairman, state and local Officials National Highway Safety Committee; Past Chairman, Police Section, National Safety Council; and Past President of the Texas Police Association, Homer has given freely of his time in promoting progressive police organizations.

Texas' Number One Police Officer stands an imposing 6'2" without the high-heeled cowboy boots which is his customary attire. He tips the beam at 210 pounds. "Every inch a man," he is quiet, friendly, and has a ready smile

which lends him an air of unassumed and dignified reticence which does much to put those in his presence at their ease. Immediately following the death of Col. H. H. Carmichael, then Director of the Texas Department, on September 24, 1938 Director Garrison was elevated from his position as Assistant Director to fill the vacancy created by the demise of his then chief.

The DPS Chaparral, house organ of the Department of Public Safety, Texas, paid a glowing tribute in its current issue not only to Director Garrison but to his splendid police organization. The Chaparral evaluates his ability as Director of this great Texas organization as follows: "That he does know how to go about policing in Texas is forcefully expressed in his formula for success in a police organization: 'Pick good men, train them properly, work as a team, and shoot square with everybody.'" (We concur fully---Vox-Cop.)

One division of the Department of Public Safety identified as the Texas Rangers also came to our attention as we read DPS Chaparral homeward bound.

"In 1823, the Texas Rangers drove off marauding bands of Indians who terrorized the young republic of Texas. Today, more than a century later, they are still riding herd over those individuals who prey upon the lives and properties of the citizens of Texas.

"The colorful history of the Texas Rangers began during the early part of the nineteenth century when Moses and Stephen F. Austin contributed their own funds to inaugurate a small band of Rangers for protection against the rough elements of the frontier. At a later date, in 1835, provisions for the veteran force of peacemakers were made by the delegates of the General Assembly, a group of men representing various sections of the territory.

"The Rangers have not changed much during the many years they have served the people of this state; they are still the same keen-eyed, self-reliant, coura-

geous group of manhunters who patrolled the plains of long ago. Their dress, as in the days of Indians and cowboy bandits is unique and outstanding. Typical of the present day Texas Ranger is the broad-brimmed Stetson and the high-heeled boots. Their guns, a main tool of trade, are both single-action and automatic. Time has gradually changed the Ranger's mode of transportation from horseback to the new, streamlined Police vehicles; and improvements in methods of communications see the Rangers of today using the modern radio systems.

"The Texas Rangers became a part of the Texas Department of Public Safety in 1935, when this Department was first created. Today there is a Ranger force of fifty-one men, with Companies strategically located in Austin, Houston, Dallas, Lubbock, Harlingen, and Junction, Texas. This small number investigates criminal activities throughout the entire State, an area of some 265,896 square miles.

"Courts today are thankful for the Ranger's ability to utilize potential evidence gathered at the scene of a crime. The Ranger, like most well-trained law enforcement officials, must be capable of recognizing material that can withstand close scrutiny in the courtroom.

"Probably no other group of peace officers has enjoyed such widespread attention and appreciation as have the Texas Rangers. They have waged war against every conceivable type of criminal activity, and more often than not, have brought the offender to justice.

"Today these men carry on the traditions of a service that is exemplified by the terse report of a Ranger who was ambushed in Trinity county in 1909. 'All shot to pieces, but nothing serious.' He wired headquarters.

"A full five score years had mellowed with age the dust laden records of their conquests and Valhalla had long since claimed for its own the mortal remains of the first 'Frontier Officers' of another era when the Texas Rangers, on August 1, 1935, became an integral part of the newly created Texas Department of Public Safety.

"Narratives that spanned their deeds

of a long century of pioneering and law enforcement have been multitudinous and copious in reflecting proper glory on the early Rangers but a cursory recital of the progress and development of the force during the fourteen years that it has been a division of the Department of Public Safety will accentuate the considerable advancement that has been attained in maintaining and furthering the reputation of the Texas Rangers as one of the World's outstanding groups of peace officers.

"During the more than one hundred years of its existence the strength of the Ranger force has fluctuated, from time to time, from 2000 men, or more, to a dwindling contingent of 15. With the Legislative action of 1935 which established the Department of Public Safety embodying the Rangers as a division of it, the manpower of the famed group consisted of thirty-four. Of these, six held the rank of captain, one was a sergeant, and the remaining number were rated as privates. Four of the latter were assigned as guards at the Governor's Mansion.

"The monthly pay scale at that time was \$150. for Captains; \$130. for Sergeants; and Privates, \$115. Allowances for meals and lodging was \$1.00 per day when away from the home station, and transportation was by train only.

"For many years prior to 1935, the Ranger Force had functioned under the command of the Texas Adjutant General's Department."

Again we read of another division, "The Texas Highway Patrol", under the command of Chief W. J. Elliott and the direction of Colonel Garrison.

"In the latter part of the '20's, automobile traffic on Texas highways had become a major problem. Due to the increased number of motor vehicles in use, the toll of those crippled or killed in collisions mounted steadily. To gain relief from this situation, the Legislature created the Texas Highway Patrol in 1930.

The ensuing five years were a period of tremendous development in the field of law enforcement. Rapid strides were made in police administration and police

science. Citizens were at last realizing that law enforcement was a highly specialized calling, needing progressive well-trained officials. Texas' first step toward the organization of a defense against the increasing criminal activities was the creation of the Department of Public Safety in 1935, of which the Texas Highway Patrol soon became a part.

"From the original strength of fifty men, the Patrol has grown to a present force of approximately five hundred. They are equipped with the most modern law enforcement tools, and are especially schooled in their duties.

"Because of their willingness to aid citizens with whom they come in contact, our Highway Patrolmen have gained the affectionate term of 'Shepherds of the Highways.' Their primary aim is to enforce the law against reckless, speeding intoxicated, or other dangerous drivers who are a menace to the lives and property of others using the highways. That they do an effective job is attested by the fact that they make an average of 70,000 arrests a year. However, they are much more interested in helping the people by other direct methods than arrest. Records indicate that the Texas Highway Patrolmen warn an average of more than 740,000 persons a year.

"In addition to their regular duties of enforcing the traffic laws, Patrolmen assist local officers in rescue work when storms, floods, and other disasters occur.

"It has been said that the Texas Highway Patrolmen walk hand in hand with Safety, for they render first aid, teach first aid classes, inspect school buses, and instruct children in the dangers of not following the safety laws.

"The Texas Highway Patrol truly offers courtesy, service, and protection to those who travel the Texas Highways."

Coming through Dixieland, we continued our reading:

THE CHAPARRAL'S NEST

"We take pleasure in introducing to the CHAPARRAL, a new column entitled 'THE CHAPARRAL'S NEST.'---The Editors

"You know I have been doing a little research work on this here Chaparral bird, alias, the Road Runner. I figured that if I was to do a column for the publication that bears its name that I should oughter know something about the critter. Well, sir, you can read the alamanak the same as me to see what it allows about the subject. First off, tho, I oughter tell you that this alamanak business has gone to pot. Maybe the mavericks what do the writin never heard of the back-to-the-earch movement. Leastways, they aint the same sort of information in this here book about the fases of the moon and when is the best time to plant pertaters and when the fish is bitin the best like they usta be in the alamanaks that Paw allus got every year down to the drug store. Maybe you remember them---they generally allus had a bunch of ads in their concerning some fowl tastin medercine and usually they was a pitcher of the old geezer with long whiskers. Well, anyway, what I started to tell you was that in doin my research on the Road Runner one of the things that I DIDN'T learn was how old they was when they commenced to lay aigs--the femail of the species, that is. Maybe them gents up to the Dallas Morning News what publishes the Alamanak didn't know or they wood have put it in. Just for their eddification I am passing this first-hand information along to you and if any of you want to make the Dallas News fellers think you're rite up on bird loar and all that stuff you can write and tell them road runners begin laying aigs when they are 14 munts old. This here magazine is just that old and this here column is livin proof that the old sage duck has just begun to lay aigs. Enfurtle aigs, it's true--but a aig just the same.

"Now, just so none of you good people will be disappointed I wont to make clear what already should be perfectly obvius that I dont lay no claim to being original because I dont innertane no idees about depriving any reglar writin fellers of the means of makin their livelyhood but mostly because I just aint no writer, period. Since anything I might have to say has probably already been sed by someone else and a hole lot

better, too, I want to serve notice right now that I am hereby repealing all laws pertaining to the subject of plagiarism (if that is spelled right you will know what I mean and if it ain't I ain't got time to give you folks no legal education.) Anyway, if I copy some stuff off somebody else they won't ever reckonize it in view of the fact that this typewriter I use must have been made by some of them companies that turn out them ballpoint pens that is supposed to write under water, except in this machine is intended to write under wood. Leasways, it sez 'underwood' on the front of the same. So, what with a plaster ceiling and tarpaper rufe you can realize why it ain't spelling and writing so good. To borrow a line from the radio and moving picture people, any resemblance to what I write and something that some other gink has already wrote is strictly coincidental and due to ignorance on the part of the other fellow for havin' wrote sich a mess, anyhow.

"From time to time I may poke a little fun at first one and then the other of you folks and maybe do a bit of ribbin' but I don't aim to make no body mad as it's all in fun as I said to begin with. Anyway, you might just as well no that I'm insolvent and you can't collect a dime off me if you sue and the DPS shore ain't responsible for anything I say, either, so you might just as well grin and bare it.

"It 'pears like I have gone and wasted all the space I got commin' with this here get acquainted business. So, T.E.W. (that means The-Editor-Willin') I'll be back next time with a regular conglomerashun of educational and interestin' features and stuff.

"See all you litterery minded folks here in the 'nest' next issue."

THE BATTLE OF ORLEANS

President John M. Gleason, IACP, and the Connecticut delegation, following the Dallas convention, were entertained in New Orleans over the week-end by Superintendent and Mrs. Joseph L. Scheuering of the New Orleans Police De-

partment. The party of twenty-two arrived in New Orleans in the mid-forenoon Friday and registered at the Roosevelt Hotel.

Following lunch in the Blue Room, a very interesting sight-seeing tour of the historic city was arranged, and escorted by the New Orleans Police staff, visits were made to many interesting places. Time and space do not permit a listing. It was really a hot afternoon and when we reached Pat O'Brien's on St. Peter's Street, all were refreshed with a squall and a hurricane. Lieutenant Pastore, CSP, who has attended the Mardi Gras in rare form and delighted in pointing out the many interesting spots in the French Quarters.

The staid New Englanders were deeply impressed with the Cathedral of St. Louis. Pat O'Brien brought us to the famous restaurant--Antoine's. Antoine's is to New Orleans what Delmonico's was to New York or the Cafe Anglais to Paris. Wish we could reprint the menu. This famous eating place was founded in 1840 and for three generations one family has continued the business. Not to have eaten at Antoine's is almost saying that you have never been in New Orleans.

Chief Scheuering next took us to the various night entertainment places including O'Dwyer's and Forest's gambling places in Jefferson County. Gambling is legalized in Jefferson Parish and 50 feet over the New Orleans Parish these famous gambling houses operate. What a revelation!! Young and old bent on getting each other's money and all coming away sooner or later broke.

Saturday evening, we were entertained at the home of Superintendent Scheuering and included among the guests were Mayor Morrison and his charming wife. A warm, beautiful evening in the patio of the Chief's home. Not a mosquito or a fly marred the evening. Yes, our women folk really enjoyed the fried chicken.

Sunday morning we went to church at the Jesuit's Church near the Roosevelt Hotel. It was so hot Sunday morning that most of the male congregation attended the services in shirt sleeves. Imagine doing anything like that in New England?

Yankee ^{By The} Clipper

VOX-COP

September, 1949

Highway Policemen Plead 'Not Guilty' To Autoist 'Just Ticket-Givers' Charge

By Thomas B. ROSS

THE CONNECTICUT SHORE reversed judicial procedure last Thursday night and stood in judgment on the Connecticut State Police.

Charged with the repeated cry of disgruntled summons-holders: "The police have nothing else to do but wait to give me tickets," the accused constabulary was fully investigated when a staff reporter was sent on tour of duty with Officer Edward Gayer, Westbrook Station, Connecticut State Police, to get the evidence on an action-filled "quiet evening".

The verdict: "Not guilty."

5 PM--Officer Gayer proceeds from Westbrook Station to Deep River and escorts a mail truck, carrying over \$50,000, to Lyme.

6--Arrives at the Baldwin Bridge toll house, phones the principals in a hearing scheduled for that evening and politely informs them that their case has been postponed.

6:30--Very thoughtfully and sympathetically relays a message to a vacationing police lieutenant in Cornfield Point that his father has just passed away. An unpleasant task tactfully performed.

6:45--Changing weather conditions jam his radio: speedily and effectively fixed.

7--Orders to patrol Deep River through Middletown area receive quick response. Rain causes slippery roads. Officer Gayer gives the proper example by correctly adjusting his lights and driving carefully.

7:30--Electricity fails from Chester to Middletown. Lights go out: "field

day for crooks." Gayer checks on safety of local merchants without alarming them by making visits under the guise of purchasing ice cream, etc.

7:45--Citizenry greets officer everywhere with warm smiles, are assured, composed by his presence.

8:00--Carburetor in car is "acting up again." Garageman gladly comes to the assistance of his good friend. Children toddle out of a nearby car, run to see Officer Gayer and are gathered into his arms. Shows them his badge, says "no" when they reach for his revolver and is a bit saddened when he has to continue his patrol.

8:30--Proceeds to East Haddam bridge to see if disrupted power lines have hindered traffic or endangered passing boats. Sees that generator has been brought in to light bridge and no one hurt.

9:00--Apologizes for "lack of excitement." Staff reporter, already wearied by the fast pace of events, returns home with all preconceived notions of the policeman's "easy job" completely dispelled.

Officer Edward Gayer, 5 feet 10 inches tall, black hair, well-built, Connecticut University graduate, married, one child, took the verdict with characteristic humility.

He said, "Credit should not go to myself but to the police system in this state. The people are on our side now. Good service has changed the citizen's idea of a cop from an ogre to a true public servant. The policeman tries his best to live up to that newly-earned honor." ---Connecticut Shore

CONNECTICUT'S NEW RECIPROCAL AID LAW,
- NON-SUPPORT - EFFECTIVE NEXT MONTH,
WILL AUGMENT ABANDONMENT LAW ---- ONE
CATCHES THE HUSBAND, OTHER MAKES HIM
PAY

BY JOHN DICORPO

The State of Connecticut, with characteristic Yankee ingenuity, has contrived a two edged weapon to be used against husbands with shifty feet.

The boys with the rabbit ears who listen attentively to Ole Debbil temptation and give in to the desire to take off for more interesting and attractive pastures don't know what they're letting themselves in for.

In contrast to other states which have met this problem with a noticeable lack of constructive action, in Connecticut a guy who just carelessly packs his bags and scoots across a state line under the delusion that he can't be brought back to face his responsibilities is in for a shock.

First, if he "wilfully abandons and deserts his wife," to quote Section 1435I of the Connecticut State Statutes, he is opening wide the gates of Wethersfield for a three year course in good manners for himself. It is a felony in the good old Nutmeg State to leave your ever-lovin' wife. And too, if you're particularly vulnerable in the bank account, you can get grabbed for a fine of \$1,000 if you're in the chips.

Now, as a result of the crusading of Jerome Beatty, the Roxbury magazine writer of note, who also doubles as a representative from that town and sits in a "chair upholstered with baseballs" up at the State Capitol, as he humorously puts it, the same runaway husbands find the water a little warmer than usual.

In addition to being a felon and facing a criminal charge, he finds himself in civil entanglements and can be -- and usually is -- slapped with a order to plank down a certain number of the deflated American dollars each and every week to buy the groceries and pay the rent for his family which has been deprived of his paternal love (?) and support.

Gov. Chester Bowles recently signed into law HB1527, Mr. Beatty's pet bill, which gives Connecticut's husband biting law a good lower plate full of sharp teeth. It goes into effect on Oct. 1.

Here's how it works. A deserted wife can start non-support proceedings in Connecticut, with a record of the evidence sent to the state where the lad in the seven league boots has hied himself. A civil court there will determine how much he can pay and order him to do so. If he fails to meet the requirements of the order, a warrant for his arrest can be issued. This, of course, he wants anything else but.

This new law had its conception in New York State, which was the first to pass it. To quote an article, entitled "Runaway Husbands" by Clarence Woodbury in the September issue of Woman's Home Companion, this "eminently sensible and humane law was originated by Mrs. Grace Clyde Seaman, Assistant District Attorney of Kings County, New York, the thickly populated county in which Brooklyn is situated. In charge of the Abandonment Bureau there for many years,

Mrs. Seamon has always been appalled by the parade of unhappy women and children who pass through her office -- women and children left destitute by their runaway husbands.

"Mrs. Seamon crusaded vainly for years for a federal law which would curtail abandonment. After a new district attorney took office in 1945, Miles F. McDonald, she took the problem up with him and at his suggestion and with his guidance started campaigning for a reciprocal aid state law. Their combined efforts succeeded in winning support for a model bill. Late last year it was passed by the New York legislature and signed by Gov. Dewey.

Since the first of this year it has also been made a law in Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Michigan, Illinois--and Connecticut will soon follow."

The article was written before Gov. Bowles had signed the bill into law, however, so Connecticut becomes the tenth state to pass this legislation. Of course, these actions will be restricted to the ten states heretofore mentioned, but inasmuch as it has been successfully enacted into law in that many states in less than one year, it is reasonable to assume that in a short time it will be active in most of the states in the country.

Connecticut first became cognizant of the feebleness of the existing law for keeping a husband close to his family fireside several years back. This resulted in the passage of the abandonment law, Section 1435I of the statutes, and it became operative October 1, 1947.

Before that time, a man could leave his dependents, cross any state line, and thumb his nose at the law. All he had to do was to make sure he was not guilty of non-support at the time he left his family.

This posed a delicate question as in most of the states there is no law to cover this matter. So, estimates Mr. Woodbury in his article, more than a hundred thousand husbands run away from their families every year. They leave a million abandoned dependents, seven hundred and fifty thousand of whom are children under sixteen. Their support

cost the taxpayers fifty million dollars annually and nobody knows how much juvenile crime, malnutrition, illness and other misery are also attributable to the law's failure to make runaway husbands pay.

Even though a man's abandonment is adjudged a criminal act, and the district attorney has the technical power to extradite him and bring him to trial, extradition has proved an almost worthless weapon in abandonment cases.

In the first place it costs a great deal of money. Extradition budgets are very small. In Kings County, New York, it is \$10,000 a year. Officials do not hesitate to say that if they attempted to extradite all men guilty of criminally abandoning their families it would cost them \$600,000 a year.

At the regular meetings of the states attorneys, this extradition problem of errant husbands is often given the Oscar for the number one headache connected with the office.

Briefly, the procedure involves the following steps. The deserted wife finding herself in stringent financial circumstances pays a visit to the probation officer of the city court. He investigates the case and finds that she has been left "holding the bag" so to speak and that her husband is in another state.

He then applies to the prosecuting attorney of the court who appeals to the state's attorney for the necessary papers to have the culprit extradited. The state's attorney prepares the papers for the governor to sign. They are then served on the governor of the state wherein resides the skip-away husband, who is returned if the governor of that state is convinced that he should be sent back for trial.

The trouble lies in getting the state's attorney to agree to the extradition papers because a real financial problem lies in this phase of the work. The state must bear the cost of sending two officers to a distant point, bringing them back, and also that of bringing back the husband. This, as you know when you're preparing your budget for your annual two weeks away from it all, and comparing it with your vacation club

check, can climb into quite a sum of dollars.

Hence, the extradition problem becomes one of economics. There must be a good chance that the man will be able to provide for his family if he comes back to justify the outlay of the public's money to get him back here. Otherwise it is merely a matter of revenge, even though there is always the cry of justice. The record shows that mighty few husbands are brought back, the question of support being solved in a more subtle manner. It is usually brought about by getting the husband to agree to weekly payments while he is residing in the state of his choice.

Former City Court Probation Officer Atty. Yale Matzkin, who held the post for six years until a month ago, admitted that this problem is one of intense irritation to all agencies connected with the law and its enforcement, his remarks being reiterated by officials of the prosecuting attorney and district attorney's offices.

Waterbury shows annually anywhere from 30 to 50 cases of abandonment, but rarely are more than five of the culprits extradited. Usually they are within a 500-mile radius, and their potential ability to support their families is probed before they are returned.

There is nothing accomplished by returning a fugitive husband who might, in all possibility, become a state charge himself. Some are capricious, too, and get stubborn and refuse to work or make an attempt at supporting their families.

Usually the victims of marginal economic existences, these men are willing and anxious to shirk responsibilities and the welfare organizations are usually called upon to aid these families even when their status does not come under the classification of broken families.

The high level of employment during the war years saw a downward trend in husband truancy, bearing out the effect of finances on family unity. The economic security of the family group has a great deal to do with keeping the family together, according to officials of the Juvenile Court of the State of Connecticut.

The type of husband who deserts his wife and children brings the same appraisal from those in close contact with this group. All are in agreement that the man is usually shiftless, addicted to alcohol and not emotionally stable in a great deal of the cases.

It is amazing how many wives know the whereabouts of their fickle, flown husbands. It is a rare case indeed where the police are asked to track down an errant spouse as the wife usually approaches the prosecuting attorney armed with his exact address.

They get this information by devious means. Sometimes the husband writes to a child, a close friend, a taunting letter to his wife (and you know what they say about a woman scorned). Other times a friend or relative will turn informer and give her the needed information.

With the new law, to be launched in about a month, the territory which a runaway husband may pick himself outside the law's heavy hand, will be considerably tightened. There are, as has been mentioned, 10 states which have passed the reciprocal-aid state law which makes a fugitive husband fair game.

The law is on the "must" list for many more states and the legislatures of these states will grind them out in a very short time as a result of the campaigning of various influential groups including the Council of State Governments and various state committees on interstate cooperation.

Connecticut's abandonment law, say legislators, is strict, uncompromising, a terrific weapon and a restraining influence. Three years in prison and a substantial fine are considered quite a deterring factor for those who have itchy extremities, say officials of the juvenile courts who hesitate not at all in using the abandonment law where it is needed.

With the effective date of the new reciprocal-aid state law set at Oct. 1, Connecticut will augment its abandonment law by one which will do much to solve the economic crises caused by the runaway husbands. One will catch the husband and the other will make him pay.

---Waterbury Republican

COP'S NIGHTSTICK ADDS LENGTH AND STRENGTH TO LONG ARM OF THE LAW

By Bill Lamale

Somewhere between the affection felt by a man for his favorite pipe and his hunting dog lies a cop's regard for his nightstick.

Twirled unceasingly at the end of a rawhide thong by the patrolman on his beat, the nightstick--a wooden shaft about two feet long--is the "business end" of his right arm.

Vibrant Defense Weapon

To the rookies it's an unwieldy club to carry at night but to the oldtimer, the "stick" is the heart of a locust tree, an eloquent, vibrant, defense weapon worn by the grip of the hand and scarred with years.

Generations of use have not outmoded it. Weighing little more than a pound, the nightstick, swung with the wielder's wrist lashed in the thong, can ward off a mad dog or win the respect of a mob.

One of the oldest sticks "on active duty" belongs to Sergt. Terrence J. Rogers, 95 Harriet Street, who has had it at his side for the last 20 of his 40 years of service.

The 22-inch stick was turned out on a lathe from a length of locust wood Sergt. Rogers purchased at a lumber yard. It was a straight-grained shaft of wood which in his own words "the sun had struck just right" in curing. He prizes the nightstick like his badge.

In Use 35 Years

Retiring Lieut. John Cody, 89 Coleman Street, takes with him the recollection of a nightstick he toted for 35 of his 46 years in the department. The shaft was worn under his grip, scarred and nicked, when he finally lost it.

Until recently the oldest stick on the street was swung by Patrolman Albert Grossarth, 111 Chalmers avenue. Given to him when he was sworn in 33 years ago, it had won more than its share of a veteran's sentiment. It was picked up, presumably by a souvenir hunter, about four months ago.

"That stick was a friend," Grossarth says simply.

In the "Baby Doll" affair, the stick held off attackers. Gripped in his hand as he walked in dark alleys, it quelled thugs, muggers and thieves.

Old Stick Was Lucky

Now, Grossarth is using a spare nightstick purchased several years ago. But it's new and unproven, and it has a strange "heft." He's almost superstitious about it. "My luck was wrapped up in the old stick," he says.

Such an attachment explains why a veteran cop will retrace his steps just to see if his nightstick is safely put away in his locker after duty, and why, upon retirement, he hangs it like a trophy.

Not long ago a nightstick was used in capturing a burglar spotted by a street sergeant investigating a break at a Golden Hill street restaurant. During pursuit, the sergeant rapped his stick sharply on the sidewalk, three times.

The vibrant ring of the stick in a longstanding "help needed" signal alerted three patrolmen from nearby beats who converged on the fleeing burglar.

A sergeant with 40 years of service recalls how his nightstick snapped in two when it crashed down on a man he caught slashing through a heavy rope supporting the center pole of a circus tent. His action was credited by others with averting disaster.

The 'Ring' Tells The Story

Most oldtimers judge a stick by its "ringing" ability.

There is said to be one instance when a straight-grained, kilndried locust stick, hit on a frozen pavement, was heard two miles away by members of the Third Precinct at Fairfield avenue and King street.

Another cop steeped in locust wood lore is Sergt. Charles Wakeman, 64 Benham avenue. He recalls ringing his stick one frosty, windless night in front of the Maplewood school, then included on his beat. In several moments the piercing rap echoed back from Brook-

lawn!

Locust Wood Best

Although a few sticks are turned from hickory, the best ringers are thought by oldtimers to be cut from heartwood of the black locust tree, properly cured and aged.

Back when beats were longer and posts further apart street sergeants located their men by the ringing nightstick oftener than they do now.

In Black Rock, the ringing of a roundsman's stick anywhere on the beat used to bring a friendly German police dog on the run. Relating the incident, Patrolman Grossarth points out that the dog's keen ear, tuned only to the sound made by the sergeant's stick, reacted to no other.

New sticks come from a New York supply house. Some, manufactured in Torrington, can be bought locally. Patrolman Edward Colgan's first stick was made by a friend, a cabinetmaker who turned it out on a lathe.

Despite car, radio, and more streamlined ways of communication, the street patrolman walking his beat is still in the picture. As for the unspectacular but not oldfashioned nightstick he swings, it adds length and strength to the long arm of the law. -Bridgeport Post

LISTEN WITH YOUR HEART

By Audrey Wurdemann
Pulitzer Prize Poet

"O Great Spirit, Maker of men, forbid that I judge any man until I have walked for two moons in his moccasins." ---Old Indian Prayer

Many years ago, among some of our Indian tribes, it was the custom to appoint judges who would travel from one Indian village to another trying cases, on the order of a circuit judge nowadays.

Each man thus chosen was required to go out into the forest by himself to beg the Great Spirit for guidance, and the words above were his prayer. In his way

he was asking for enlightenment. He was asking for a mind cleansed of littleness that might becloud judgment; a mind from which ail passion and prejudice had been washed away. He wanted to put himself in the other man's shoes, to understand what made a man do what he did, to listen with his heart before he judged him guilty or innocent.

In these times of hair-trigger tensions, when the very air we breathe is septic with fear and suspicion, we might well follow our Indian judge's example--before we judge the other fellow too harshly. If we did, we would not be so quick to condemn what we imperfectly understand--or do not understand at all. We must remember that hearsay is punitive and capricious. We must never forget that the light of every soul burns upward and make due allowance for atmospheric disturbances. ---This Week

N. Y. POLICE TAKE MAN
SOUGHT FOR 29 YEARS

New York--A force of police ready for a gun battle closed in recently on a house in Brooklyn to get a man sought for 29 years as a member of the old "Clutching Hand" Gang.

They found a mild-white-haired man, now 63, who surrendered without trouble and said he had "gone straight."

Police said he admitted he was Nicolo Failla, one of five men indicted in 1920 on a prohibition era hi-jacking of five drums of alcohol from a Brooklyn pier.

They said Failla jumped bail and disappeared.

The others received prison terms, including gang leader Guiseppe (Clutching Hand) Peraino.

Beaconsfield, Eng. -- Charles D. Hoffman was a two-time loser to the same thief recently.

Sighting a stranger riding his bicycle, Hoffman challenged him. The stranger responded with a knockout punch. Revived, Hoffman discovered his wallet containing \$40 was gone.

THREE POINTS WELL MADE

A week ago we published a large part of the talk given by Lt. Carroll E. Shaw, head of the Westbrook barracks, State Police, before the Saybrook Rotary Club. We hope every reader took note of Lt. Shaw's words, for we believe they are both well said and cover a tremendously important subject.

If there's anyone in the State in a position to size-up the traffic and highway accident situation in Connecticut it is Carroll Shaw--stationed as he is on one of America's busiest highways, the officer is no neophyte at attacking the problem of reducing the toll of accidents on our roads--he's been at the job for twenty years.

Lt. Shaw made three points that we feel deserve emphasis, and on the chance that this column can lend some measure of emphasis, we repeat them this week--not necessarily in the Lieutenant's own words, but slightly paraphrased.

His first point was that until the psychological approach to safe-driving is changed, there isn't much chance of reducing death and destruction on the highways. He illustrated this by saying that you never hear a man who has been convicted of rape or murder or arson boasting about it, but "every place you go you hear men bragging about getting knocked off in some town for doing 70 in a 30 mile zone, or in every social gathering you find yourself, you see reputable men boasting about how they drove the hundred miles to Yankee Stadium in an hour and 20 minutes."

Think that over--isn't it true? The attitude of the public toward traffic law breaking is wrong--all wrong. It's entirely too smart to be an offender on the highways--and yet the danger to life and limb is tragically great. There must be some way to change an attitude so patently and so alarmingly erroneous. We believe the constant reiteration by the press and radio can help--that's one reason why we are so eager to publish C.D. Batchelor's great cartoons, "Inviting The Undertaker," which he graciously lends to us for publication after their appearance in the New York News.

Perhaps educational work in the

schools can help to change this wrong attitude toward law-breaking with an automobile. Certainly every means of education should be explored.

Lt. Shaw's second point more or less ties in with the first one--and yet by itself it's well worth leveling a finger at. He said it is little wonder that the children--the new drivers, climbing behind the wheel for the first time every year--have little or no respect for the laws of the highway, when they behold their elders' actions. They realize that their fathers, their mothers, their older brothers--in fact every one of the older generation to whom they have looked for guidance and for example since infancy, have a total disregard for highway laws and traffic regulations.

And this disregard becomes almost inbred in the youngsters. A boy who notices that his father pays absolutely no attention to speed markers, for instance, isn't going to be very apt to pay attention to these same markers when his dad lets him use the car. This all stems back to attitude again, of course. But Lt. Shaw's argument is a good one--that in disobeying traffic laws one's self, one is not only committing a crime but influencing others to commit a crime, too--and, worst of all, in a great many cases this influence is upon growing young people whose bad habits may endanger lives and property for many years to come.

Last but not least, the Lieutenant made a unique suggestion, knowing what a real influence for good Alcoholics Anonymous has been among those who have trouble with drinking--the State Police officer proposed that those who have been in fatal accidents should form a "Drivers Anonymous" group and hold meetings at which the horror and the suffering caused by dangerous driving could be told by those who know it through unfortunate and unforgettable experience. We doubt if a Drivers Anonymous would attract to its meetings those who need it most--the fellows who have just been lucky so far. But perhaps it would--at any rate it's worth trying. (The New Era)

BIG NAMES NO LONGER DOMINATE CRIME NEWS

Crime is a never ending drama in the Northern States--but the cast of characters has changed.

Once such names as Capone, Dillinger and Legs Diamond dominated the major roles.

Under the new pattern, most headlines are the "unknowns" who burst into the limelight with a one-shot sortie into crime.

(The Southern States have their crimes, too. Most publicized of these recent lawless acts has been the upsurge of bands of men, masked and unmasked, who set themselves up as judges, prosecutors and executioners. There have been more than 100 such incidents in the South this year, the majority stemming from racial friction.)

Gang leaders, intent as ever on rolling up a big take, have adopted comparatively publicity-shy ways.

Gone are the days when they brazenly gave out interviews and poised for photographers in their flashy bullet-proof cars. The average citizen today wouldn't recognize a big time gangster if he got a face-to-face introduction.

The gangs still flex as much muscle as in the old days, but they don't use it as often. Violence, they have learned, brings publicity. And publicity brings the kind of official "heat" to bear that interrupts their operations temporarily and hurts profits.

Even the FBI's "public enemy" list is bereft of "name" criminals. The 14 men most wanted by the FBI today are virtually unknown to the public generally.

Mickey Cohen is the one crime syndicate figure of note to get into the headlines recently. Mickey (who never was in the public eye nationally before) came into dubious prominence when would-be assassins ambushed his party recently outside a Los Angeles night club. Mickey and several others were wounded. One of his lieutenants, Neddie Herbert, died from his wounds.

But murder itself, FBI figures show, is about as prevalent in the northern United States today as two decades ago when gangster violence was at its peak. Chicago, for example, had 326 murders in

1948, compared with 343 in 1931. The big difference is that in 1948 only two of them were mob jobs. Both victims were obscure. In the 1926-32 era, gang slayings averaged 55 a year.

Crimes of violence follow no set pattern in the North. There are crimes of passion, sex killings, robbery slayings and carefully planned murders for profit.

Racial disorders have been relatively infrequent in the Northern States the last few years, but they crop up occasionally. Virtually all stemmed from the issue of segregation.

Swift action by police this summer prevented any really serious incidents after the question of mixed bathing among Negroes and whites led to sporadic clashes at public swimming pools in St. Louis and Washington. Twelve persons were injured in the St. Louis clash, and segregation was reimposed.

During the last three years, Chicago has had two racial flareups in which police intervened. One occurred three years ago when several Negro families were assigned to the remaining space in a public housing project partially occupied by white families. The project was in a predominately white neighborhood. The other was this summer when a Negro family purchased a flat in a white area. In both cases property was damaged or such attempts were made.

(A few years earlier, more serious racial outbreaks occurred in Detroit, and a few other northern cities. Troops were called out to restore order in the 1943 Detroit race riot.)

Not all figures touched by recent crime developments have been obscure, however. Most prominent are Walter and Victor Reuther, Detroit labor leaders wounded by would-be assassins.

Two former members of the old Barker gang--Albert C. Gladson, 48, and Alton Crapo, 47--were shot and killed in a gun duel with officers near Howells, Neb., June 21, after a \$75,000 robbery of a jewel salesman.

The "unknowns" figuring most prominently this year are Dr. Robert Rutledge, Milton Babich, Raymond Fernandez

and Mrs. Martha Beck.

Dr. Rutledge, a St. Louis physician, was sentenced to 70 years in an Iowa penitentiary for slaying Byron C. Hattman. Hattman had had an illicit romance with Mrs. Rutledge.

Babich, 19-year-old Milwaukee youth, recently was sentenced to life imprisonment for slaying pretty 16-year-old Patricia Birmingham. Police said he killed the girl and dumped her trussed and weighted body into a river because he feared she would tell that he had a romance with her sister, Kathleen, then 17, who was pregnant. He married Kathleen three days before Patricia's body was found.

Fernandez and Mrs. Beck were sentenced to death in New York for the murder of Mrs. Janet Fay, a woman Fernandez met through a "Lonely Hearts" club. They had confessed killing Mrs. Delphine Downing, 28, and her daughter, Rainelle, 2, near Grand Rapids, Mich., in a scheme to bilk the widow of her money.

Howard Lang, 12, was the first of four Chicago area teen-agers accused as killers. All were charged with slaying younger playmates because of an urge to kill or for sex gratification.

Virgil Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, a civic agency, attributes the decline in gangster "razzle-dazzle" to better organization, rather than a slackening of operations. He said it has been estimated that illegal gambling alone is still a 10 to 15 billion dollar annual business of America.

"They're organized along business lines today," he said. "Gangland elements in the East, Midwest, Far West and Florida are all intermingled to some extent, sometimes serving as representatives for each other."

Peterson said gangs were deeply entrenched in politics at the ward level and had moved into some legitimate business, using the old familiar muscle to discourage competition.

Other recent crimes in the Northern and Border States include:

Roy G. Spore, 19, Colorado University student from Denver, was killed at the edge of the campus in Boulder, Colo.,

June 9 by a mysterious assailant. The youth was seated with a coed, Doris Ann Weaver, 18, of Twin Falls, when she was hit on the head several times. Spore, one leg in a cast as a result of a fracture, told her to flee and grappled with a male assailant. The youth's battered body was found the next day in Boulder Creek.

In Chicago, two Brinks Co. guards walked from a South Side bank toward their armored car June 25 carrying a bag containing \$377,000 in non-negotiable checks and \$920 in cash. Without warning, machine gunmen shot them dead and fled with the securities. Two men since have been arrested and two others are being sought.

George "Peanuts" Counter, 6, and Walter "Peewee" Eaton, 4, were victims of sex slayings in Michigan. The Counter boy was assaulted and beaten brutally in Detroit and the Eaton boy's throat was cut at Lansing. Police said Theodore Hillis, 19, confessed the Counter boy's slaying and Dudley Beatty, 29, unemployed father of four, admitted killing young Eaton.

---AP

COULD YOU IDENTIFY YOUR CAR IF RECOVERED BY THE POLICE

Do you know your own car when you see it?

Foolish question -- probably. Most motorists think it would be easy enough to point to their pride and joy and declare categorically "that's it", but the police think otherwise. Too many people these days have no way of proving that recovered cars are the ones that were stolen from them.

After a repainting and a change of accessories your car slips right out of your reach. Even with the license plate and serial numbers unchanged identification is difficult for most owners. The police must be sure. They want proof. And what have you to offer?

The problem isn't a new one. Way back when there were no Federal laws to cope with car thievery the question of identification was widely discussed. Many owners wisely devised effective

ways of making sure they would be able to know their own car again if they had a chance to try to identify it. Now that thefts are on the upgrade again the old subject is back in the limelight. Some of the old tricks are being revived; more new ones are needed.

Proof Does It

Simplest trick of all is to slip your business card down behind the rear seat cushion or in some part of the upholstery where it will not be disturbed and not be damaged. One owner slipped his card into one of the car doors, never realizing that rain would get down into the door and rot the paper over a period of time. More effective than the card trick are those permanent identification marks which you can put on the car's frame, such as file marks at certain points. These can be put on the frame when the car is on a grease lift, and you should record the details along with your bill of sale, duplicate registration figures and other records of the car.

Too many motorists assume that because they have ordered a special color and have dressed up the car with a lot of accessories it would be simple enough to recognize the car anywhere. But these accessories are the first things a thief takes off. He can sell the car without them, and the accessories are good for a few dollars on their own. The color is easily changed. Even if the color is left as it was originally the addition of some other accessories will change the picture, and altered identification numbers on motor and frame will be no help whatever. Plenty of people try to claim cars not their own. Anyone who has lost a car, and is then notified that a car partially answering to their description of it has been found, is going to be inclined to want anything that remotely looks like his property. Suddenly it becomes the only car in the world. But to the police it is just one of many cars that look as like as two peas in a pod.

Time To Cooperate

Better cooperation with the police is a "must" in the recovery of stolen cars,

as well as in the prevention of this menace. Delay often begins with the inability of the car owner to give the car numbers. His State law may rule that he must carry the license in the car at all times, so unless he carries a copy of the numbers with him he is usually completely at sea if the car disappears. Some owners do not even keep a record of their license tags. In addition, it is important to have a record of the model of car and any other details that will serve to classify it clearly. It is not just enough to say "my car is a four door sedan with a luggage compartment" or "it's a convertible".

It helps to have a record of the tires, even though this is not infallible. Thieves often change tires, although they regard this as something of a bother. Most of them figure the owner couldn't even tell the police what make of tire the car carries. Here's where you can fool them. Perhaps you can devise some simple identification mark to put on the spare. One odd tool in the tool pouch is sometimes an advantage. There is no end to the smart tricks you can do to make sure you will know your own car when you see it. Typical is wrapping a bit of colored string around one of the car's wires. You could scratch your wife's initials on the inside of a brake drum.

Prevention Still Best

While identification is important to recovery, prevention of theft is paramount. Many cars are stolen from parking lots just because the owner does not make an arrangement with the attendant to put the keys in some secret spot. Just leaving them on the inside visor or in the glove compartment is no protection. When parking for any period in an unguarded spot better take out the distributor rotor or have installed a secret switch to cut out all electrical parts. Anything that delays the starting process will cause the smart thief to go on to some easier prey. Also the more distinctive your car the less likely he is to tamper with it. He always figures that the less conspicuous the car the better his chance of escape.

---The Hartford Automobiler

Your Reflection - Their Impression

VOX-COP

September, 1949



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

EASTERN AREA
615 NORTH ST. ASAPH STREET
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

August 18, 1949

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

Dear Commissioner:

On behalf of the American National Red Cross and myself, I want to thank the State Police and you for the services of Lt. Leslie Williams at our Aquatic School in June.

Our first school was most successful and plans are now in the formulating stage for a school next year. We had an attendance of 105 students that represented all of the Chapters in the entire state.

The caliber of work performed by Lt. Williams played a great part in making our school successful. His knowledge, experience and skill in the safety field blended with his teaching technique made him one of our best and most admired instructors.

I am sure that because of his presence a lot of good State Police relationship and safety work was accomplished. I hope it may be possible to have Lt. Williams as a staff member again next year in June.

Sincerely yours,

Manuel Rezendes, Director
National Aquatic School
Camp Hazen

MR:mdj

September 1949

Lockport, New York
August 19, 1949

The boys were returning from Easton Center. My boy let Donald Menard drive the jeep home. On this afternoon it was raining and the road was a little slippery and for some unknown reason before they reached the top of Sport Hill he applied his brakes and the jeep skidded across the road, hit the bank and turned over on both of the boys. Just about this time Officer Bishop came along. He picked up the two boys, took them to St. Vincent's Hospital and after they were checked over he returned them to the scene of the accident, placed them in the jeep and sent them home, which I thought was wonderful, and I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the wonderful personnel that you have working for you.

Dear Sir:

On Tuesday, August 16th, enroute from Boston to New York near the town of Vernon on Route 15, at 6:45 P.M., was stopped by Officer J. L. Fitzgibbons (#231), and given a warning for exceeding the State 50-mile-per-hour speed limit. Erroneously on my part pre-supposed that the owner of a Lincoln car, Connecticut license DMLM, preceding me and stopped at the same time by the same Officer, was conversant with variations recognized under certain conditions, which of course does not absolve me in any way.

I intended to write this letter sooner than today, which I should have, because I am glad that I live in the State where your children are taken care of just the same as if you were on the spot this happened.

Have been most particular during the almost 44 years of car driving to see that the steering gear and brakes are in top condition, and my license is clean. Specifically, however, am writing to tell you of the very courteous manner in which Officer Fitzgibbons conducted himself, and if he is a representative officer am sincere in congratulating you upon being the head of an organization of this type.

I would also like you to convey my feelings to Officer Bishop, and I hope that I may meet him some time and thank him personally.

Very truly yours,

Yours very truly,

L. P. Saunders

N. H. Butt

Bridgeport 9, Conn.
August 22, 1949

THE SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE CO.
New Haven 6, Conn.

August 23, 1949

Dear Mr. Hickey:

My dear Commissioner:

I would not feel right if I did not let you know just how I feel personally about the State Police Department. I always have admired the men that I have come in contact with, but since I have personally been involved more or less in an unavoidable automobile accident, I thought I would take this opportunity to express to you my appreciation of Officer Bishop for the courtesy that he rendered to my boy and Donald Menard on Saturday afternoon around 2 P.M. August 13th on Route #59, which is known as Sport Hill, Easton, Connecticut.

May I take this opportunity to congratulate your department and in particular Trooper Guy M. Bonuomo of the Ridgefield Barracks, for his alertness in investigating and apprehending one Harry Schlonsky, who had cut up and was about to cart away a full reel of telephone cable on Wednesday night, August 17 on Route 25, in the Town of Monroe.

Had it not been for his alertness and interest in the performance of his duty, it is more than likely the theft would not have been discovered so

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

promptly. Not only did he act quickly in the prosecution, but he released the cable to us within two days.

Many thanks to you and your very efficient department.

Very truly yours,

R. S. Brust
General Plant Manager

August 26, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

I would like to have you know how much I appreciate the work your men here in East Hampton are doing, especially about the difficulties which have arisen this past summer.

Two officers in particular, Officer Ackerman of the Colchester Barracks and the officer sent from Hartford on Sunday, August 14, 1949 performed their duties not only in a capable and courteous manner, but they were very tactful in handling a trying situation.

Mr. Carroll, who came down on the evening of August 22, also did a good job. I might add that I have more pride in the Connecticut State Police than anything else in the State.

A. M. S.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY
DEPARTMENT OF LAW AND PUBLIC SAFETY
DIVISION OF STATE POLICE

26 August 1949

Dear Ed:

I have before me a communication from our Lieut. Clinton J. Campbell commenting on the splendid cooperation and assistance he received from your Lieutenant H. Mayo, Trooper George Panciera and Detective Anton Nelson during the recent investigation he made in West Hartford and Hartford, Connecticut.

Will you please convey to the above-

named men our deep appreciation for their courtesy and careful attention to the needs of the Lieutenant?

This is indicative of the splendid cooperation we have always received from you personally and we would be remiss if we did not bring the matter to your attention.

Looking forward with considerable pleasure to seeing you in Dallas, I am, with kind personal regards and every well wish,

Sincerely yours,

Chas. H. Schoeffel
Superintendent

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-THIRD INFANTRY DIV.
Camp Edwards, Massachusetts

27 August 1949

SUBJECT: Appreciation for assistance rendered

TO: Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner of State Police
Hartford, Connecticut

Major General Kenneth F. Cramer wishes to express his thanks to you and to the members of your force for the generous and invaluable help you had given us in connection with the movement of the Division to and from Camp Edwards, Mass.

The performance of the police escort was well co-ordinated, efficient, and of great assistance in facilitating the movement of our convoys.

I desire also to express my thanks for your efforts to contact members of this Division who failed to join their units prior to their departure, and insure their reporting to camp.

Sincerely,

BERNARD A. KOSICKI
Lt. Col, GSC, CTNG
Acting Chief of Staff

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

Oh Connecticut, Oh Connecticut,
Oh Connecticut, You are Grand
Of other places they boast-
But I'll make my Toast
To Connecticut the best in all the land.
Your mountains and your valleys,
Your rivers, lakes and shore
Where you visit for a fortnight
And stay here ever more.
Where the State Police Will Help You
They Seem to Understand
Oh Connecticut, Oh Connecticut
Oh Connecticut, You Are Grand.
8-30-49 ---"Sea Kay Ess"

Sunday evening in his Mercury
My son came up to visit me
But on his way he got a flat
But there's nothing startling about that
A State Cop came and gave him light
Much of course to my son's delight
Gave him light to change the tire
Something that we must admire.
I know my son was pleased quite thru
And of course will write to you
I pray that God your lives will bless
And I am sincerely
---"Sea Kay Ess"

August 30, 1949

Dear Sir:

I would like to extend my appreciation for the thoughtfulness of your officer James Kingston #131 who aided me during the burning of my car on the Wilbur Cross Parkway.

He summoned the Fire Dept. and later gave me and my girl friend a ride to the New Haven R. R. Station as we were stranded on the Parkway at 3:00 A.M. without any friends or means of transportation.

This was my second meeting with Officer Kingston, #131. He stopped me on the Fourth of July weekend and told me to move my car off the cement part of the highway onto the shoulder whenever I have trouble.

I was putting oil in my engine at the time.

I think Officer Kingston is a great

credit to your Department, as he is a very courteous, efficient and friendly officer.

Yours truly,

Manuel Shifres

Easton, Penna.
August 30, 1949

Dear Sir:

Yesterday I was involved in an automobile accident at Brooklyn, Conn., report of which has been made to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles.

My object in writing to you is to express my extreme gratitude and to thank the State Police of Connecticut for the courtesy shown me. Southerners have long been spoken of as the most hospitable people in this country of ours; but it did my heart good, as a resident north of the Mason-Dixon line, to see some real Yankee hospitality. It can't be beaten!

More particularly, I want to commend Lt. Rivers, Officer Clancy, and Policewoman Kenyon of Barracks "D" for the kind and courteous way they treated my wife, daughter, and myself. Will you please tell them again how grateful we are. I hope Pennsylvania can reciprocate.

Very truly yours,

Thomas C. Zulick, Jr., M.D.

THE HARTFORD TIMES
Hartford, Connecticut

August 23, 1949

Dear Ed:

I want to report to you the very efficient manner in which State Police Officer, Joseph Suchanek (I believe that was his name -- his number is 221 and he must be out of the Westbrook Barracks)

handled a very bad accident I had on the valley road about a mile south of Deep River on August 4th.

He was very thorough throughout his investigation and stayed right with me after the accident to make sure I was able to obtain transportation to my home in Wethersfield.

I would appreciate it if you would pass this letter along to Mr. Suchanek's Commanding Officer in Westbrook.

With kindest personal regards, I remain

Sincerely,

Norm Johnson
CIRCULATION MANAGER

Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am writing this note in appreciation for the courtesy extended to me by Officer Robert Campbell on Saturday, August 6, 1949 after having met with a mishap occurring on the Merritt Parkway in which I became involved.

This having been my first accident and first experience with the law, Officer Robert Campbell was most kind, and I feel obligated in bringing it to your attention.

Yours very truly,

Betty Sutherland

Lawrence, Mass.

Dear Commissioner:

On the 15th of August, 1949, four members of my family and myself were travelling on route 15 coming from Lawrence, Massachusetts, on our way to Dallas, Pennsylvania. Near Stafford Springs, a tire blew out causing an accident. We were indeed fortunate to come out of it with only minor injuries.

Nevertheless, it is with deepest ap-

preciation that I inform you of the splendid treatment and courtesy my family and I received from the State Police at the Stafford Springs Barracks.

Unfortunately, I failed to get the names of those officers who assisted us in our dilemma. The courtesy and cooperation extended to us by these men did much to offset the distressing inconveniences that follow such accidents. They left nothing undone in making our short stay at Stafford Springs most pleasant. You can be sure that they received our infinite gratitude.

It must be indeed an honor and a privilege to have such thoroughly efficient and competent men under your command.

Again, for all of us, I wish to extend our sincerest thanks for a job well done.

Respectfully yours,

Amedeo San Antonio

New York 17, N.Y.
Sept. 13, 1949

Dear Sir:

I wish to commend the excellent police work of the men of the Colchester barracks of the Connecticut State Police. This should have been written sooner, but I have been away until this week.

On Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1949, while a passenger on a Greyhound bus en route from New York City, I lost or was relieved of my wallet containing \$250 in currency. I did not discover the loss until after I had alighted at East Hampton, Conn. I then contacted the Colchester barracks and informed Sgt. Frank Leighton of the misadventure. As I later learned, Sgt. Joseph McAuliffe and Policewoman Lois Miller were dispatched to intercept the bus on which I had been a passenger when it reached Willimantic. There they recovered the wallet from a couple who had secreted it, with contents intact.

It was only a matter of an hour or

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

two before Sgt. Leighton called me to announce the recovery.

I am grateful for the expeditious and highly efficient manner in which the above named members of the Connecticut State Police performed their duties in my behalf. It certainly seems no easy task to have tracked down the wallet on an interstate bus simply on the basis of the telephoned circumstantial information which I was able to supply. As a footnote I might add that my endeavor to express gratitude to the personnel involved was politely but firmly rejected.

Very truly yours,

Herbert Feiler

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
175 Berkeley Street
Boston 17, Mass.

September 7, 1949

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

Our Mr. Colpitts of our New Haven Office has told me of the vigorous support you rendered him on our Labor Day week end Traffic Safety Campaign.

We want to express to you our warmest thanks and appreciation of your cooperation in our endeavor to cut down the loss of life and injuries caused by automobile accidents.

We have an earnest desire to do what we can to reduce the toll of deaths and injuries resulting from the use of automobiles, consequently support from public spirited officials like yourself gives us a great deal of encouragement.

We also want to convey our thanks and appreciation of the splendid way Captain Ralph J. Buckley assisted us. He, too, put in a lot of effort and gave us grand support.

Again extending our warmest appreciation of your cooperation.

Very truly yours,

John W. Phillips
Vice-President

Bronx 66, N.Y.
Sept. 6, 1949

Dear Sir:

I would like to voice my appreciation on the excellent cooperation I received from two officers of your station. These two men, Sergeant Murphy and Officer Davis, I believe their names were, were most courteous and efficient in carrying out an emergency call to Lake Candlewood on the night of September 3rd.

At approximately 10:10 that evening, I put through an emergency call to locate the family of a polio victim. The family, Mr. & Mrs. Carl Galles, and Miss Margaret Koeniger were notified in a calm and unhysterical manner by Officer Davis on the orders of Sgt. Murphy, just about ten minutes after I placed the call.

The entire family and I wish to once again express our appreciation and heartfelt thanks to the men under your command. It is our only regret that we cannot thank the men in person.

Sincerely,

Robert J. Murphy

Morris Plains, N.J.
September 8, 1949

Dear Sir:

I am writing to extend to you and to Officer Skelly my appreciation for the manner in which my wife was helped out of her difficulties at the New London Toll Bridge about a week ago. Officer Skelly was exceedingly helpful and most kind when our car developed a blowout with no one of the passengers capable of changing a tire. The State of Connecticut, and particularly Groton Barracks, are to be congratulated for having personnel such as Officer Skelly.

Please extend to him my best thanks.

Very truly yours,

Wm. C. Gretsck, Jr.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

September, 1949

Bandit Gangs Net Millions

HOLDUPS ARE CAREFULLY PLANNED BY CLEVER WORKERS FOR WEEKS--MOST ALL FINALLY TRAPPED

By William E. Brennan

Crime waves such as the one currently sweeping the Greater Boston area must cause consternation to a great portion of our residents and possibly a suspicion that our law enforcement agencies are bogging down on the job with bandits making off with more than \$100,000 in loot within the past two months.

To the average citizen who reads brief accounts of these daring swoops of gun-brandishing robber gangs, the quick snatch of a payroll running into thousands of dollars, the swift theft of an armored truck, and the speedy dash in a stolen car for freedom must indeed think these bandits extremely lucky or police distinctly not on the job.

In the past two years upwards of \$500,000 from the coffers of banks, merchants and manufacturers have gone down the drain into the underworld. Of this fortune police say that in their opinion little if any remains in the hands of the robbers. They are free spenders as will be explained later.

What the public loses sight of in these desperate raids by the armed gangs is that, contrary to the lurid crime novel or movies, the crooks staging these robberies are not a lot of fools filled with dope. They did not carry out these holdups on the spur of the moment or by extraordinary luck.

On the contrary, very few of these men use dope of any sort. Most of them are highly intelligent men, who, if they had chosen to follow the path of honest business, would have gained for themselves by their very intelligence much more than the average success in the business world. In a word, they are

clever men.

What these "bigtime" robbers get as their share of these daring holdups in every one of which they court quick death or capture, their share is not what a sensation-loving public imagines. According to Lieutenant John L. Willard of the detective bureau here, who has sent many desperate robber gangs to prison cells, it is a case of a much smaller share than is supposed and of what they do get, it is a case of "easy come, easy go."

The fast life of the underworld which revels in wine, women and song, the horse races and the gaming tables, swiftly eat up the illgotten gains, so that in most cases the desperadoes are soon empty.

Even in cases where the "take" in a robbery runs into many thousands of dollars, it is only a surprisingly short time before the criminals, their wallets empty of funds, are out again with pistols on the holdup trail seeking new money to keep up the high speed of living that underworld big shots revel in. This constant need of new money is one of the greatest reasons for the downfall of these armed gangsters.

Each time they make a new foray, no matter how carefully it is planned, they risk identification and arrest or the freak of fate that one of their victims might have a gun readily accessible or that they might run into police in the getaway.

There was a time when these holdup men walked boldly into the place they intended to rob without benefit of mask or anything to hide their features.

This is not so with the modern "big time" robber. In hardly a case of any consequence in the past two years has there been a robbery where the robbers have not only masked their features in some way but also wore smoked glasses to hide their eyes and defeat efforts of their victims to identify them.

Despite all these precautions, however, fate has stepped in on a number of occasions to defeat the careful plans of the robbers. One of the greatest instances of this was in the sensational Sturtevant Mill robbery in Hyde Park nearly two years ago where a daring gang in one of the most carefully planned and cleverly executed robberies, made what is believed to be New England's greatest holdup haul in history--\$115,000.

In this robbery the bandits were masked. They moved about the place calmly and with a precision that almost smacked of military tactics and they made their getaway. Only one of the five men in the robbery was ever captured and that was because of one of those little slips that are the bane of criminals. While handling a heavy money bag his mask slipped for a second or two from his face. He whipped it back into place but it was off long enough for the paymaster to get a swift look at his features. That man is now serving a long term in State prison but his four companions are still at large.

While it may seem peculiar to the general public how these robbers strike suddenly, pull off a daring coup virtually under the noses of police and make a clean get-away despite the fact that a score of police cars are rushed into the district as soon as the alarm is sounded, it is no mystery to such men as Lieutenant Willard and his fellow detectives.

These men know the workings of the criminal mind as well and even better than do some of the crooks themselves. They know, too, that when police capture bandits in commission of a robbery that it is generally a matter of good luck, being in the right spot, a serious mistake by one of the robbers, or occasionally a tip-off from underworld informants of the coming robbery.

Of course, there are hundreds of

small robberies every year in which the decision to rob some small store is spontaneous on the part of one man or a couple, usually youths just out of their teens. This type of robbery is scorned by the underworld big shots as "heel touches," first, because the profits are very small usually and second, they have a pride of their own in doing a masterly job in a holdup no matter what the public may think.

The "Big-time" robber, the kind that works in gangs and strike so successfully at banks, factories, business houses, etc., are horses of a different color. As we have said, most of them are highly intelligent and take the greatest pride in their work, and in fact boast of it when what they are saying is not likely to reach the ears of the police. They have that queer streak that takes them, like all great crooks of history, from the path of the law abiding citizen to the dark lanes of the underworld.

Actually the usual successful "big-time" robbery is a piece of clever work that would be admirable if it was used for some lawful purpose. It is a long cry from the mind picture of the general public of the spectacular and sudden dash into a peaceful bank or factory with drawn guns, the payroll snatch and the swift escape. Actually those few moments are but the climax of weeks of brain cudgeling.

To give the public an idea of how one of these big robberies is planned and the work that must be put into it by these crooks detectives explain it this way.

Of course the bandit gangs don't just pick these places to rob out of the blue sky and then just walk in and stage the holdup. Usually in these cases the information comes to the crooks through a "fingerman" as they call the man who tips them to the possibilities of the robbery. Sometimes it comes from careless talk of employees in the plant as to how the money is handled.

Once the gang decides to try the robbery they get to work. Some members of the gang are constantly on the job, sometimes for as long as six weeks outside the plant. They check on the man-

ner the pay roll is received, how it is brought from the bank and how it is handled after it reaches the plant before being distributed.

If an employee of the place goes to a bank they trail him every time he goes for several weeks. They note the time he goes and the day, the route he follows. It may seem strange to some but most humans follow a pattern in about everything they do.

Finally when plans are complete, the layout of the offices in the plant, the various exits and entrances and where they lead to are all studied by the robbers. They know where each employee will probably be when they enter the place. They even check on the route policeman for days in order to stage the robbery when he is at the other end of his route.

One more step must be taken. That is to provide a getaway car. The smart gangs usually wait until less than an hour before they plan to stage the robbery and then steal an automobile. Already they have stolen plates from another car to slip over the original plates on the machine.

The robbery is carried through. In very few cases are guns used, the very threat of them being enough to cow their victims. The robbers have their getaway car parked conveniently close to the plant. They get the money and off they go. Less than a minute after leaving the plant and while the victims are excitedly reporting the robbery to police headquarters by telephone, the crooks are in some side street abandoning the stolen car and climbing into another automobile being operated by a confederate. Thus when police start their search within minutes, the bandits could ride by them in traffic without danger unless they should be recognized.

One of the big hazards that the crooks face is the gun moll, the girl friends of the underworld on whom they lavish the ill-gotten gains from the robberies. It is more often than not that police get their information that has broken up many gangs by a tip from one of these "molls," through jealousy or fear of being sent to the reformatory when things get hot.--Boston Post

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Veteran police detectives, Secret Service agents, Postal Inspectors and Agents of the old Department of Justice were somewhat surprised to learn early this month of the death of an "old friend" Robert V. Miller, better known as Count Victor Lustig. Announcement of his death came with the arrest of his brother Emil "Lustig" in Camden, N.J. on a charge of counterfeiting.

Emil disclosed that Victor, an old international swindler and one of this country's most notorious confidence men died March 11, 1947 of a brain tumor in a Federal Hospital in Springfield, Missouri. Miller was sentenced to twenty years in Alcatraz in 1935, along with his engraver, William Watts. Federal authorities confirmed his death around September 1, this year though no public notice was given at the time of his passing.

His criminal career dated more than forty years during which time he was "chased" by no less personages in law enforcement than William J. Moran, Frank Wilson and "Tommy" Callaghan, U. S. Secret Service, and Postal Inspectors "Herb" Graham and "Jay Jay" Doran.

Bills Still Turn Up

United States Treasury Secret Service Agents in New York when informed of his death, said that an occasional "floater" a counterfeit \$20, \$50, or \$100 bill, known as "Count Lustig money," turns up occasionally, even today. When Miller was booked in 1935 a United States Assistant District Attorney, N.Y. City, said that from July, 1930, to May, 1935, \$2,340,000 in bogus bills made by Watts and Miller had been found, and "how many may still be in circulation we have no means of knowing."

In forty years the "Count" had been arrested forty-two times, but never convicted, boasting that he had been able to "buy" his way out every time. His accomplishments included a spectacular break from the Federal House of Detention, (N.Y.) in broad daylight on Sept. 1, 1935, when he descended a rope made of bed sheets.

Recaptured, he was sentenced to twenty

years in December, and his engraver, Watts, who testified against him, was sentenced to ten years. It was the end of a spectacular career for Miller, who with Chesterfieldian manners, faultless dress, limousine and chauffeur, made dupes of bankers, politicians and various women to whom he was irresistible.

Sold 'Money Machines'

Miller, among other things, made and sold money-making machines. They were small black boxes into which blank strips of paper were fed. Turn a crank and \$20 bills were supposed to come out --and did when Miller loaded the device with bills beforehand.

A Los Angeles banker bought one for \$100,000, and was quoted as saying: "I don't know how I could have done it. When Lustig talked, I was unable to resist."

Miller's masterpiece of guile and salesmanship occurred at Corpus Christie Tex., when he persuaded Joseph Rosenblum an onion grower to part with \$50,000 for a package supposedly containing \$100,000 in Liberty Bonds. The package contained scrap paper, and Rosenblum succeeded in having the "Count" put in jail. But the sheriff, Q. R. Miller, who was also county tax collector, was a genial soul, and Miller, while awaiting prosecution, turned on the charm.

He induced the sheriff to part with \$25,000 in county funds for a baggage check to a suitcase, supposed to contain one of the famed money-making machines. Miller "escaped" and the sheriff found the suitcase contained only a worthless box.

The scene shifted to Chicago where the sheriff soon had Miller cornered in a hotel room, demanding his \$25,000 or else. "Go back to Texas," the "Count" said, "and get me \$65,000. We're opening a counterfeit plant. It'll make millions."

The sheriff, thinking of the county funds he had already embezzled, did just that, while Miller, through the Capone gang, located William Watts, an engraver. The sheriff got the first \$100,000 turned off by Watts, but was discovered and jailed when he deposited the money in his home bank.

Miller and Watts continued in business, turning out thousands of \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills. But Miller made a fatal slip in falling in love with Watts's young wife. Watts was heartbroken, and when Federal agents closed on him he helped them, in revenge, to locate his partner. Miller was arrested May 13, 1935, at Broadway and Fifty-fourth Street. In his wallet was a key to a Times Square B.M.T. subway locker that contained \$51,000 in counterfeit bills.

Ed. Note: We can all remove the wanted circulars on the Count. It's the end of the trail for one of the Lustig brothers.

IDENTIFICATION DIFFICULTIES BOON
TO CAR RADIO THIEVES

The stealing of car radios has become a major racket in Montreal largely because of the inability of most car owners to identify their own property.

This was indicated in Criminal Court recently after two men were acquitted on charges of stealing several car radios valued at \$1,000 on the grounds that the machines found in their possession could not be identified as having been stolen.

One Crown witness, J. A. Gauthier, who had a radio worth some \$200 stolen from his car, examined an exhibit in the witness stand and said: "It's just like mine, but I couldn't say it was because I didn't take the serial number before it was stolen. If I had known it I would have taken the number."

Det. Sgts. Edward Lambton and Theodore Vallee, who investigated the case, told The Star that of 500 to 600 car radios reported stolen last year, although a large percentage of them were recovered, no theft could be proven because "90 per cent of car owners don't know their radio's serial number.

They said that they have on hand at headquarters some 60 radios belonging to Americans who had them stolen while visiting here, but they could not be returned, nor could theft be proven, because their owners could not identify them.

---Police & Fire Bulletin

Between



Ourselves

VOX-COP

September, 1949

Your Rights vs. Your Responsibilities

By Capt. S. W. Neilson,
Colorado State Patrol

Right: That to which one has a just claim; any power or privilege vested in a person by the law, custom. That which may be claimed on just and moral or customary grounds.

Responsibility: That for which one is answerable; a duty or trust.

When a child is born he inherits certain rights; the care of the mother and father who have provided the home, the protection of that home by city, state and federal government which has been inherently guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. The boy has a right to expect good schooling by this same birthright, but as his education advances he soon learns that closely associated with his rights are certain responsibilities. His parents are not content to indulge this youth in every whim which he might desire, but they also make him realize there are rules of direction and how to use them. It is a boy's right to own a gun, but he must accept the responsibility of how to use it properly for the protection of others. When this boy reaches manhood he has had many lessons in this relationship of his rights and responsibilities. After a man leaves formal schooling and takes his first job he immediately is conscious of his rights as a member in that organization. By trial and error certain privileges have been established by the employers and employees who make up this organization. Some people judge an organization solely by the privileges it extends to its employees -- these people are very transient.

There is a very important relationship in every organization between the privileges the organization extends to the employees and the responsibilities the employees accept in behalf of the organization.

When an organization is unimportant to a community, to the state or to the nation it need not worry about responsibilities -- that type has none toward itself or country or employees. I cannot think of one single organization that would come under this category. As organizations advance in importance in the life of a community or state their privileges grow -- people are content to extend privileges to any organization that is promoting that community. But the responsibilities of such an organization are four times as great to that community. Look at the privileges of the businessmen of this community and then think of their responsibilities to this community -- the number of people that depend on these businesses for a livelihood. These businessmen cannot quit when things turn against them -- they must continue to build.

A police organization is no different than any other successful business in a community or state. A poor de-

B E T W E E N O U R S E L V E S

partment enjoys few privileges, a good department enjoys many. The record of performance of a police organization as a whole is in direct proportion to the quality and efficiency of its individual officers.

When we joined this organization we did so because we were interested in police work. The organization had a good record and as we have progressed through the years our reputation as an organization has grown until now we enjoy a unique position in this state despite the record of its predecessors. But our responsibilities have not fallen off as you well know. They are, I believe, directly proportionate or four times as great as our privileges, and as our organization grows and becomes highly trained our responsibilities to the state will certainly continue to grow.

Through the years we have risen from a small organization where privileges were few and pay was low to a place where we are being compared very favorably with any other state police organization in the country; but we must remember these privileges we are enjoying were not gifts; someone worked very hard for them. There were long hours put in each day, no days off, short vacations, no pensions until the people of this state were sold on this organization by the individual contacts made by the Patrolman on the road. But that was not enough. The Chief had to sell the legislature with the idea that because this organization was accepting their responsibilities in a very creditable manner, we were entitled to certain privileges which would go to build a better organization; better pay, a day off each week, vacation time, better equipment, retirement, etc. The Chief, Deputy Chief and every commissioned and non-commissioned officer in this organization has many responsibilities that they are duty bound to discharge toward you, the patrol board, the Governor and the people of this state. These officers have certain privileges beyond what you men have, but let me assure you that these few privileges are dearly paid for. Many hours are spent long after you have gone home to your families planning on how to promote this organi-

zation so it will enjoy a better reputation. Many dollars are spent that cannot go on an expense account so that our organization can be advertised a little more. I do not mention these things to extol the virtues of the officers in this organization but rather to point out to you that we all must accept many responsibilities to enjoy the privileges.

We in this organization at this time find ourselves in a very opportune position -- we are building an organization. And by our attitude toward accepting this responsibility of building a good organization we will, in later years, either be very proud of the part we played in building it or we will be very reluctant to acknowledge membership in it. You can only get out of anything what you put into it. A club, a lodge, a business is only what its members make it.

If we are to cut equipment operation costs every man must be responsible for equipment while he is using it. See that it is operated safely, that it is operated wisely and economically. Get full value of every dollar of maintenance cost that goes into that vehicle. One foolish driving act, one careless moment and an accident can happen that will cost the whole division its reputation. How can we lay claim to the best when we do foolish things? We must accept responsibility to follow orders and we can criticize only when we are in possession of all of the facts known concerning what we are criticizing. We must be just and before we are entitled to offer opinions concerning policies we must be in a position to see the overall picture -- all of the ramifications of the policy or policies involved and then we should criticize only constructively. You and each of you have a great responsibility to every other member of this organization, to this division and to the future of this organization. To discharge this responsibility each of you must think and act as the leaders that we know you are.

Accept your privileges graciously, but remember that future Patrolmen expect you to replace each privilege with many responsibilities.

VETERAN POLICEMAN SHOT IN COURT ROOM

Police officers throughout the state and adjoining areas were shocked on the morning of August 26 when news flashes related the shooting in New Haven City Court of Patrolman and Court Officer John S. Hannigan, 65, by a mentally ill prisoner, Reid Denby.

Denby, arrested the day previous on a breach of peace charge after police had been informed about his acting "queerly" in the vicinity of his house, was in the prisoners pen awaiting a mental examination by two court physicians.

The shooting took place just after 21 prisoners awaiting hearings had been locked in the pen.

Denby, who had shown some evidence of disturbance since his arrest, began to kick and pound on the metal door of the lock-up.

Patrolman Hannigan stepped over to quiet him. When the patrolman entered the pen, other prisoners said, Denby said something to him, suddenly grabbed at Hannigan's side holster, and then shot the policeman in the abdomen with Hannigan's revolver.

As other prisoners leaped to his aid, Hannigan wrestled with Denby for a moment, Lucas LaBlanc, 43, a prisoner, of this city, threw his arms about the struggling Denby and Patrolman Fred Halloran, rushing in from the courtroom, subdued the man with a blackjack.

A second prisoner, Ted Prusinski, 31, of New Haven, ran through the courtroom to the city attorney's office where he told of the shooting. Police headquarters was called and squad cars and an ambulance sped to the City Hall annex, where City Court is located.

Prisoners also carried Patrolman Hannigan into the courtroom where Dr. Abraham Gelperin and Miss Louise Delise of the New Haven Health Department administered first aid.

Denby was removed to detective headquarters where a physician treated him for a scalp wound.

One of the best-known policemen on the New Haven force, Patrolman Hannigan was born in this city on Feb. 17, 1884. He was appointed a supernumerary on

Mar. 2, 1909, and became a Grade A patrolman on Oct. 19, 1917. He has been City Court officer for a number of years and is also secretary of the Police Mutual Aid Fund. After court hours he is usually on duty at the bus stops at Church and Chapel Sts.

John's many friends in police circles including the State Police Association of which he is the New Haven Departments' Vice President have been anxious about his progress. Our best wishes for his speedy recovery.

RESPONSIBLE PRISONERS

There was one bright side to the tragic shooting of Patrolman John S. Hannigan in City Court on Aug. 26. To a man the prisoners in the courtroom detention cage sprang to the officer's assistance when he was wounded. At least one of the men grappled with his assailant until police reinforcements arrived. Another sized-up the situation swiftly and ran to the City Attorney's office to call medical aid. Others carried the seriously injured policeman to a bench in the courtroom and attempted to make him comfortable. For the first few minutes of the emergency in the deserted courtroom the prisoners were thrust into positions of responsibility and they shouldered them spontaneously.

This was a demonstration of the sort of instinctive humanity which gives us all faith in our fellow men. Except for the unfortunate assailant of the policeman, none of the men being held for court could be considered essentially vicious or dangerous. Yet all of them had been arrested for breaking the law, for fighting, drunkenness, and similar infractions. Seconds before the attack most of them probably harbored a minor grudge, at least, against the "blue-coats" who were instruments of their imprisonment. In the moment of the attack however, law and order and the safety of the wounded patrolman became their prime concern.

When the gravely injured victim had been taken away and the excitement was over the men returned to the courtroom

pen to await disposition of their own cases, each one again an individual charged with some infraction of society's rules. They had proved, however, that in a genuine crisis there is little to distinguish ordinary men from each other--whether they are classed momentarily as lawabiders or lawbreakers. Justice in the City Court is generally mild and understanding. These prisoners by their swift and effective action, would seem to merit a special measure of sympathy and consideration.

---New Haven Register

SEIZES GUN, FLEES BROOKLYN POLICE STATION, SHOT WITH FOUR OTHERS IN CHASE

A prisoner under questioning for a \$1 robbery shot his way out of the Casson Avenue police station in Brooklyn Tuesday night, August 22 after grabbing a patrolman's revolver, and was brought down wounded by police bullets a block and a half away in a running gun battle.

Three policemen and a bystander were wounded slightly in the fusillade, which drew such a crowd to the station house that reserve police had to be called out to hold them back.

The prisoner, in critical condition with three gunshot wounds, at Cumberland Street Hospital, was Frank H. Davis, twenty-two. He was arrested by Patrolmen John Slevin and Peter O'Toole after Joseph Gelenter, eighty, was beaten and robbed of \$1 in his picture-frame shop, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

Taken to the Precinct station, Davis was questioned in the detective squad room. After four hours of this, Detective Dennis Kelleher was typing a statement, and Patrolman Slevin was guarding the prisoner, when the man suddenly made his break for freedom.

Patrolman Slevin tackled Davis, and in the ensuing scuffle, the prisoner got the officer's gun. He fled from the squad room, firing two shots as he went in the direction of the station desk, where Sergeant Frederick D. Krantz was on duty. Sergeant Krantz fired five shots through the open window as the fleeing Davis burst into the street, but

none of them took effect.

Three of the shots hit Sergeant Krantz's car, which was parked across the street.

With Patrolmen Slevin and O'Toole and Detectives Kelleher and Irving Kravitz in close pursuit, the fugitive ran toward Lafayette Avenue, and turned in an easterly direction. His pursuers fired as they ran, and Davis returned the fire until his ammunition gave out. Finally, 200 feet from the corner of Lafayette and Classon, Davis was brought down.

Police counted twenty-eight shots fired in the brief flurry. Detective Kravitz was hit once in the hip; Detective Kelleher was struck in the knee and chin; Patrolman Slevin's head was grazed by a bullet and Franklin Scott, a pedestrian just emerging from the Subway was wounded in the upper thigh.

(It can happen Anywhere, Anytime, Anyplace--Enough Said!--Ed.)

N. Y. POLICE CONVENTION PRESSES FOR 40-HR. WEEK

The 400 delegates to the New York State Police Conference Meeting in Troy last month pressed their campaign for a forty-hour week, twenty-five-year retirement plan and a \$3,000 minimum annual salary.

The twenty-fourth annual convention adopted resolutions favoring these benefits. Another resolution opposed the inclusion of public employees in social security if they were enrolled in a retirement plan.

The delegates also praised the administration of Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York as "humane, efficient and beneficial." The resolution described Mr. O'Dwyer, once a patrolman, as "a man who always stood by a cop."

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

"Fools!" she exclaimed to her companion, "they must think I never drove a car before."

"THE OLD DAYS WERE TOUGH!"--Fred Brandt

Lt. Frederick Brandt retired from active duty with the State Police Department September 1. Well, after allowing him to get "away from it all" for a few weeks, we called on him at his home on Granite Avenue in Canaan and made inquiry concerning his plans for retirement.

"Plans--I have no plans," Fred told us, "I'm just taking things easy and as they come. My program now includes being a spectator at sporting events and just a little bit of politics on the schedule, too."



Lt. Fred Brandt, who retired September 1, thinks about earlier State Police days as he prepares to tune in on his favorite television program.

Since political activity was banned for the Lieutenant during his duty days he is making up for lost time...the Republican party of Canaan unanimously nominated him in caucus recently to run for First Selectman on their ticket during the local elections in October.

We were tempted to say, "Pretty Soft" but then we started to think and talk about the "old days" of the State Police Department. You see, Frederick Brandt reported for police duty November, 1922, during the reorganization days during which Robert Hurley was superintendent.

"I wasn't exactly a green hand at police work," Fred remarked, "because I

had put in nearly 10 years of time with the Hartford Police before joining the state organization.

First Assignment at HQ

Lieutenant Brandt's first assignment was to Headquarters and his first two years of service were spent in that station as an investigator. His work at that time was mainly in the field of arson cases and his success earned him the temporary nickname of the "Arson Parson".

During the month of March, 1924, the then Officer Brandt was assigned to the old original station at Canaan, which, with the stations at Hartford, Stafford, Danielson, Ridgefield and Centerbrook, served the state. He was assigned to command the station with a detail of two officers, Ted Woodin and Hugh Meade, who is now Chief of police, of the Torrington Police Department.

"Those were tough days," Lt. Brandt, recalled, "We were lucky to be able to go home to see our families about twice a month and many times we had to ask for a day off so that we could go home to take a bath. We had poor facilities then. In those days, too, we patrolled in Model T roadsters over some of the roughest roads in the state".

Promoted To Sergeant

Promotion to sergeancy followed in 1925 while at the same station. In 1927 the station was moved to a new location on Main Street, near the fire house. This move afforded larger quarters -- 10 rooms with a barn for the automotive equipment.

Police work at that time consisted mostly of investigations, as motor traffic in that area was virtually nill. In those days the popular mode of transportation was via horse and buggy.

"We had motorcycles, too," Fred added, "and we rode them in all kinds of weather including ice and snow."

After 1927 the station personnel started to grow. Steve Stanton was the next man added to the roster and of

Steve, Lt. Brandt remarked, "he was one of the best crook-catchers the department had at the time."

"On one case Steve and I had, "the lieutenant recalled, "we decided the only way we could get a gang of bootleggers into the hands of the law was to start them fighting among themselves. That gang was so tough they even blew up the court prosecutor's house with dynamite. Well, we worked on them and finally caught them with the goods. They all went to state's prison for 12 years. Frank Virelli gave us a hand on that case, too."

We asked the Lieutenant to tell us of other high spots during his service...We learned the station grew numerically in men until at one time during 1930 thirteen men were answering roll call.

How did Canaan get the old designation as the "Siberia of the State Police?" we inquired. "Well, "Fred replied, "it seems that during those days of the early 1930's, the Canaan station was used as a sort of "in-service training station" for policemen who were rated low in "police work and deportment."

Public Relations Program At "B"

"We had a good public relations program operating at that station," the Lieutenant continued, "we had the idea then of selling ourselves and our work to the citizens of that area and perhaps we did a good job of it."

That the state policemen did a good job in that station at the time was evidenced by the fact that when Commissioner Hickey assumed office in 1939 and advocated a new station for Canaan--the department was authorized a new building.

Men and equipment were moved to the present station November 1, 1940 with eleven men assigned to the roster. "Most of them I can still recall, Lt. Brandt, said, "We had Sgt. Charles Hill (died in line of duty), Det. Sgt. William Casey, Det. Sgt. William Menser, Off. John Gunning, Sgt. Theodore Strand, Lt. Albert Rivers, Off. Robert Ray (now on Army duty), Off. Claude Morris, Off. Emil Struzik, Lt. George Remer, and Off. Albert Pethick.

Big cases? Sure there were a number of them in the Canaan area over the years. There were two that came back to mind. One was the case at Kent about 1938 when the Kent Constable "Buffy" Barton was shot and wounded during a robbery at the Post Office.

Another case the Lieutenant recalled was a murder which occurred in Litchfield about 1926 in which a man named DiAmbrosio who operated a road house on the Torrington-Litchfield road, shot a man who operated as a bootlegger & racketeer in that era. DiAmbrosio tried to make a get-away toward Torrington in his car when he ran off the road and was killed. "We had one of the biggest traffic jams we ever had that day, "Fred remarked, "thousands of people drove out there to see what they could see and only Steve Stanton and myself to handle the case."

There were unfortunate accidents at Canaan, too. The department lost two good men when Officer Leonard Watson was killed on duty while riding a motorcycle in 1926 and Sergeant Charles Hill met death on the highway in 1941.

Personal Facts

Lt. Brandt was waiting for his favorite television program to come over the air so we quickly learned that he was born in Rockville, July 10, 1888 and spent his childhood in the Frog Hollow section of Hartford. He was married September 27, 1907 and will observe the 42nd anniversary of his marriage this month. Children? Yes -- Mrs. Rose Manser of Canaan, and Mrs. Dorothy Boyles of Sharon. He has four grandchildren, Eleanor, Joseph and Judy Manser and Freddie Boyles.

A final question...we asked if he had any advice for young cops. "Well the only thing I can say is to keep plugging," the Lieutenant replied. "We had tough policemen in the old days because they had to be tough, then, and we had poor equipment. All the changes that have taken place are for the better."

The old timer reached over and turned the television set switch "on" then, so we gave him a last salute and left with a "Good luck in October."

JUDICIAL JESTING

Most people take their tour of jury duty in stride, but there are always some who try to get excused for one thing or another.

At St. Clairsville, O., a woman asked to be excused by claiming that she was six weeks behind in her housework.

A judge in Memphis, Tenn., told a potential juror who wished to be excused because of a new set of teeth: "You don't have to talk--you just listen!"

When a young salesgirl was subpoenaed for jury duty by a Hackensack, N.J. court, she replied to the request very politely: "In answer to your letter, I am not interested in your offer. I have a good job now."

In another court, a man was excused from serving on a jury when he offered a very valid reason--he happened to be the defendant in the case.

When a 368-pound man was called to serve by a court at Key West, Fla., he was let go, because nobody could find a chair big enough for him.---Paul Steiner

In a New York City courtroom, a tall, badly bruised man and his wisp of a wife stood before the Judge's bench.

The august man of the law focused his shrewd eyes on the woman, but before he could utter his routine questions she said quickly, "Please, your Honor, don't ask a lot of questions. Just try to understand. We live in a one-room apartment and have different tastes in radio programs!"---Swing Magazine

In Tarboro, North Carolina, Attorney I. D. Thorpe was questioning Joe Bullock a witness in a traffic accident case who was positive that it was a halfminute after the bus passed before he heard the crash. "Let me time you," the lawyer suggested slyly. "I'm going to hold my watch and I want you to tell me when a half minute elapses." After exactly thirty seconds, the witness said, "Now". They tried it again, with the same re-

sult. Mr. Thorpe gave up, feeling rather sheepish. Some time later, he glanced toward the rear of the courtroom. Facing the witness stand was a large clock with a sweep second hand.

In Chester, Pa., John McCafferty, forty-six, arrested as a vagrant, insisted that the police were wrong; he said he had a home and gave its address --714 McIlvaine Street. Next day McCafferty came before Magistrate R. Robinson Lowry. "Where did you get that address?" the magistrate asked. "It's just an address," the defendant replied. "I'll say it is," agreed the magistrate. "That's where I live. Ninety days."

Warren H. Colby, Arroyo Grande, Cal., veteran clamfisher and Democrat, is thinking of giving up both. Accused of illegally taking undersized clams from the surf at Pismo Beach, he came before Justice Webb Moore, Republican, who has a record of thirty-day sentences for fishermen who deal in tiny clams. Mr. Colby asked for a trial before a Democratic judge, so the case was transferred to San Luis Obispo. "Ninety days," said Justice Paul Jackson, Democrat.

Being found in possession of a screwdriver and a piece of lead pipe at midnight does not necessarily justify the charge of having burglar's tools on one's person, Judge Oscar Gagnon of Montreal ruled in dismissing such a charge taken against Fernand Choquette, a 26-year-old auto mechanic.

Police claimed that the screwdriver, coupled with the lead pipe, assumed the character of a burglar's tool. In addition, they said, Choquette was arrested opposite a pool room.

The accused explained that he had been using the screwdriver in the course of his work earlier on the night of his arrest. The pipe, he said, had been given to him a few days previously and he had intended to melt it down but hadn't done it yet.

---Police & Fire Bulletin

OFFICER QUILP By Effess

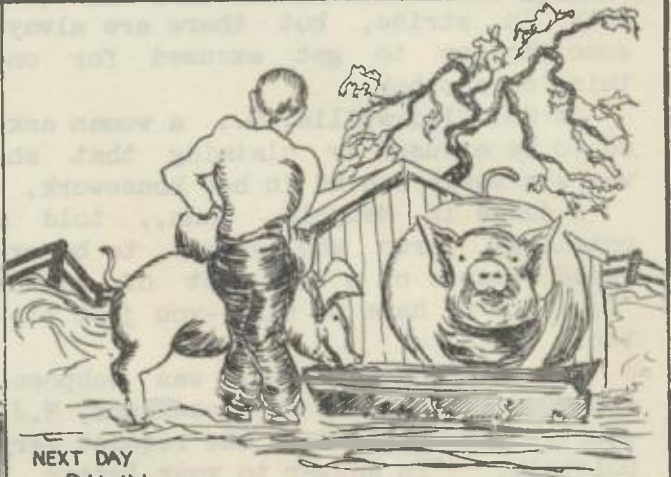
SARGE I'M ALL IN. WHAT A DAY! WOW!



O.K. QUILP. TAKE TOMORROW OFF. GO OVER TO YOUR FATHER'S FARM AND TAKE A REST.



SENATE QUILP



NEXT DAY DAWN



NOON



DUSK



EVENING

YOU HAD A GOOD REST YESTERDAY WHEN YOU FINISH THESE JOBS CALL IN. I'LL HAVE MORE READY.



ASSIGNMENTS FOR QUILP

NEXT MORNING



Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

September, 1949

State Police At National Guard Safety Pageant



Something new in the National Guard summer training program was presented during the recent encampment at Camp Edwards, Mass., by troops of the 192d Field Artillery Battalion, Stamford men, commanded by Lt. Col. Edward W. Berry--a Safety Pageant.

More than 8,000 men of the 43d Division witnessed the safety demonstration in which State Police representatives from three New England States participated.

Lt. Col. Bernard A. Kosicki, Acting Chief of Staff, in commenting on the State Police participation, remarked: "When the cruisers of the three State Police Departments which guard these men at home rolled onto the field, it brought home to them immediately a sense of the importance of the safety message and a reminder that the Army and the State Police are cooperating enforcement agencies.

The participating officers were, in the usual order, Corporals Ralph Gallagher and Thomas J. McHugh, Rhode Island; Trooper 1st Class Roger W. Bumps of Hq. and Corporal Paul H. Snow of Rutland, Vermont; Officers Norman E. Winslow and Walter P. Stecko of our Danielson, Connecticut, station.

Here's something to consider in motor accident causes on our Parkways.
 ---Editor Vox-Cop

MONOTONOUS ROADS MAY THROW YOU INTO A TRANCE WHICH CAN LEAD
 TO ACCIDENTS, SAYS A PSYCHOLOGIST WHO STUDIES MOTORING

Highway Hypnosis: our newest hazard

By Griffith W. Williams, Ph. D.

Associate Professor of Psychology
 Rutgers University

You've read about it in the past, and you'll read about it tomorrow morning. The facts always go something like this:

"On or about 9 a.m. on a bright, clear morning, driver John Jones of Any, town suddenly wheeled his dark-green Holiday '8' off the straightaway of Superhighway 10 and struck the abutment of an overpass. Police could not explain the accident, since traffic was light, and the day clear."

Nor could John Jones tell us what happened. He's dead. So are his two or three or four passengers. We know that he wasn't drunk. And we know that he wasn't sleepy. He'd been driving for only an hour and after a good night's sleep at that. Technicians examined the wreckage and ruled out mechanical failure.

"Well," you rightfully ask, "what did happen?"

Some psychologists--and this writer is one--will offer the suggestion that John Jones was the victim of hypnosis. Yes, that's right, h-y-p-n-o-s-i-s.

Does the word conjure up a side show? Or do you immediately think of a suave, soft-speaking hypnotist, putting his victim into a trance through the use of "superior will power," a "Magnetic eye" or "dominant personality?"

Popular belief to the contrary, most hypnosis is actually self-induced. Whatever the claims of the hypnotist, the most he can do is provide the best conditions for the person to be hypnotized--monotony, repetition and freedom from distraction.

If he can relax and wipe all thought

from his mind, any normal person can go into a hypnotic trance.

And he doesn't need a hypnotist. He can do the job himself--as he often unconsciously does--in his own living room before the backdrop of soft music, in a dimly-lighted church and, yes, even on a modern superhighway.

Cold statistic John Jones is a graphic example.

Our new highways are designed for speed. Old dangers have been removed. But have we created new ones? Let's look at some facts.

Most superhighways are straight and flat. The concrete is bright and endless. Intersections and stop lights have been eliminated. So have billboards. Directly ahead of the driver is the everpresent "wet spot" of glare which, like the end of the rainbow, forever keeps its constant distance.

Even the car adds to the monotony, since the owner and mechanic will be satisfied only when it "Purrs." Engineering of the roadbed and mechanical excellence of the car itself reduce steering to a minimum. A bright hood ornament often remains fixed in the driver's line of sight.

No curves, no grades, little traffic--mile after mile of endless repetition and monotony. Put the car and the road together and you have a trance-inducing environment more favorable than can be found in many psychological laboratories. Only it's on a larger scale. Much larger. And it's infinitely more dangerous.

Our old roadways with the constant threat of the stop light, the dangerous

curve, the narrow bridge and even billboards--distractions enough to sustain a watchful alertness in most drivers--are fast being replaced. The superhighway has erased these bugaboos--and created a new one of its own.

Unless you're watching for it, chances are that you'll never know that you've been highway hypnotized--hypnotized as thoroughly as any subject in a college laboratory demonstration.

How many times have you heard drivers declare that they "dozed off," or "fell asleep," or "just weren't thinking?"

The rub is that you're not sleepy in mid-morning or tired after an hour's drive on a cool afternoon. Some of the genuine difficulties of driving, of course, stem from drowsiness or fatigue. But the trance is not sleep.

Let's look at the difference.

The writer knows a professional woman whose work requires her to drive long distances over good roads where traffic is heavy only in summer. She discovered that she habitually could not recall driving between towns 15-20 miles apart. This worried her and she was about to seek psychiatric advice when she heard of "road hypnosis." This gave her a key to the nature of her problem.

A manufacturer from Rochester, N.Y., wrote regarding a motor trip home from New York City: "Traveling north on the parkway, I very definitely felt mentally numbed by the steady speed of the car, by the long stretches of smooth-moving traffic and by the absence of stop lights. But once off the parkway, I seemed to 'snap out of it...'"

A New Orleans newscaster, like many other drivers, is more easily affected at night. "When the lights of a town approached," he recalls, "I realized that I had been in an almost asleep condition for about 25 miles. I did not remember the stretch of road at all!"

In recalling a series of similar incidents, a Pittsburgh motorist admitted that "these experiences have always baffled and frightened me."

"I had driven," he wrote of one incident, "for about an hour and had just passed through Chehalis, Wash. There was little traffic, and I was feeling sleepy. I blinked my eyes to break the

dazed feeling and I discovered that I was just leaving Tenino. Twenty miles had vanished in that blink."

All experiences of road hypnosis do not fit into the same rigid pattern. Maybe you have had an experience similar to that of a Maryland driver who has no trouble during the day as she is "kept alert by the constant panorama to be seen on both sides of the road." But at night, "traveling these same roads, I sometimes have difficulty in taking my eyes from the pavement long enough to even look at the gas gauge or speedometer. There was one night...I had to stop several times, get out and walk around the car to break this trance."

This last observation brings us back sharply to our point of departure--the new hazards that arise when new cars are driven along new superhighways.

"Our new car," writes one driver, "practically drives itself." That's the trouble.

You have probably experienced the most common manifestation of road hypnosis yourself.

Remember the afternoon you were sailing along, paying attention to nothing in particular--least of all your driving? Suddenly the front wheel shot off the pavement onto the shoulder. The rough jolt cut the spell.

Not all the dangers stem merely from cars and concrete, however. As you approach most large cities at night, the rhythmic pattern of the lights, regularly spaced, adds to your difficulty. The endless contrast--light and dark, light and dark--contributes to the monotony. It reminds the psychologist immediately of Luy's Mirror, an old instrument once used to induce a trance. Two small mirrors are mounted on a rod rotated by a motor. As the mirrors move, they flash a pattern of light and dark, light and dark.

Unfortunately, many of our superhighways are apparently equipped to do an even better job!

Well, what do we do about it? Automotive and highway engineers can work marvels, but the subsequent ride is no better than the driver. The human factor cannot be ignored--not if we want to prevent needless tragedies, yes, like

John Jones!

The psychologist is familiar with highway hypnosis, and he has a pretty good idea of what causes it. He can suggest ways to combat it.

Basically, we've got to divorce the monotony from our new superhighways.

We've got to study their landscaping and break the repetitious pattern. We've got to mix up our brushes and shrubs and trees and lawn areas until they fit no pattern. We've got to keep the drivers' panorama forever changing.

We've got to learn more about the effect of colors and paint our underpasses overpasses and bridges so that they interest the driver instead of treacherously lulling him.

We've got to improve the pattern of our highway lighting, so that the nighttime motorist doesn't travel from lighted to dark areas with a regularity that can be ticked off on a watch.

Essentially, we've got to offer the driver the mild distractions which spell the difference between an awareness born of a mild curiosity and dangerous mental numbness.

Above all we've got to admit that the problem of highway hypnosis is with us. And with the opening of each new mile of superhighway, it's growing fast. We're rapidly eliminating the physical hazards from our roadways. Let's do the same for the mental hazards. For our own sake, let's do our best to take the trance out of driving---Parade

HOW TO AVOID HIGHWAY HYPNOSIS

Conversation, providing it doesn't take attention from road, will keep you alert.

The car radio can help, but it can hinder, too. Steer clear of soothing music.

Munching on a candy bar or cookies helps.

Roll down car windows to get breeze.

A pedestrian is a man in danger of his life; a walker is a man in possession of his soul.

MEDITATIONS OF A STOP SIGN

A Safety Verse

I stand here alone by the side of the highway
And watch all the cars passing by,
And wonder if I could make drivers look my way
If I had a voice and could cry.

I always feel lonesome, neglected and blue
For, although I plead "Stop!" I declare,
My warning means nothing to all but the few
Who are driving with safety and care.

I smile at the kind of replies and excuses
They have for an officer, when
He will try to explain how their traffic abuses
Are fatal mistakes, now and then.

"I slowed down and then shifted gears,"
they reply--
Or, "I looked and saw nothing was coming"--
I wonder why everyone, hurrying by,
Thinks that I'm just a dare for their running?

I wish I could make them trade places with me,
And for just a few days let them worry,
As they stand by the side of the road,
where they'll see
All the tragedies caused by their hurry.

Small bodies, all mangled, lie still and forlorn;--
Women screaming in pain and in fright;--
Huddled forms, groping aimlessly,--too shocked to mourn;--
These are scenes I must view in the night.

If they could but know what plain carelessness meant,
And could see the results, as do I,
They would sit by the side of the road,
quite content
Just to wait for the cars to go by!

---Frances Ellsworth Asher
Colorado State Patrol

THANKS TO THE PUBLIC, PRESS, AND RADIO

Yes, thanks John Q. Public for being cautious during the recent long Labor Day week-end, and thanks, too, to the Connecticut Press and Radio for helping us remind John to be cautious.

Connecticut's Labor Day death toll this year was only three. As far as figures go, the record was good, but we don't like to say only three--we would like to say there were no fatal accidents.

State and local agencies concerned with safety combined their forces with those of this department to keep the figure down to three. It was a commendable effort.

We have no way of assessing the value of our safety programs except by looking at the statistics, so we cannot say that any one fact or factor influenced the accelerator foot of our motorists to tread lightly on the pedal. Our own campaign just before the holiday featured the slogan "Take A State Policeman Along On That Holiday Jaunt -- AND BE ALIVE ON THE SIXTH."

The program was planned with the assistance of representatives of the Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Company and required the cooperation of newspaper editors throughout the state to attain success.

The Connecticut press cooperated admirably -- and we recognize this contribution to the cause of safety.

Here's a representative editorial that followed our safety appeal -- this one is from the Bridgeport Post:

HINTS FOR A SAFE WEEK END

The Connecticut State Police Department has coined a slogan for all travelers by highway, over the holiday week-end. It's: "Take a State Policeman In Your Car."

They don't mean it literally--though if you break the law you may have a state policeman in your car, in spite of yourself. They mean, let's pretend. Let every driver imagine that he has a state policeman sitting next to him as a passenger, and observing his driving habits with a critical eye.

It would make a difference. There isn't a driver who hasn't seen proof of this in actual practice. Take a busy highway where the motorists are cutting loose, where most everybody is exceeding the speed limit, cutting in and out of traffic and generally whiz-banging around. Along comes one of those state police patrol cars and instantly the whole situation changes. Every motorist becomes a good little Sunday School scholar, obeying the law like mad. Then the patrol car moves out of sight and the situation becomes normal (that is, bad) once more.

So if motorists generally take the advice of Commissioner Hickey, lives will be saved over Labor Day. And to all of this we would add a little advice of our own, based upon observation of Connecticut driving habits:

If you are out for a little saunter, and day-dreaming at the wheel, don't pick a main traveled highway for it. Go off on an obscure side road, somewhere. The road-mope who travels along at 20 miles an hour on a heavily traveled highway where the prevailing speed is 45, is the worst nuisance--and worst menace--of all. He creates a perpetual one-car traffic jam. Keep your eye on the rear view mirror and see whether or not you are holding up other people.

Don't take any pride in showing off your car. There isn't a car made today that cannot go much faster than is safe at any time.

Take Emily Post, the etiquette lady, along with that state policeman. There isn't a traffic authority today who is not convinced that the primary rule of safety on the highway is to be courteous that is, considerate of the welfare and comfort of others.

The driver who yields the right of way occasionally merely out of consideration for others, may reach his destination a few minutes or a few seconds later than someone else, but he is at least far better off than the driver who never reaches his destination at all.

The complete message that appeared in many newspapers is reproduced on the following page.

Our thanks to all!

(Editorial)

Windham County Observer

Take A State Policeman Along On That Holiday Jaunt—And BE ALIVE ON THE SIXTH



In a few hours, the holiday week-end traffic will be underway, and before midnight Monday it may be expected that most of the automobiles—good, bad and indifferent—in the nation will have been on the highways.

Trouble may be—and is—anticipated.

It is anticipated because down through the years, holiday traffic has taken a great toll of lives.

In an effort to cut down the Labor Day holiday casualties, the State Police Department has adopted a slogan:

BE ALIVE ON THE SIXTH.

That is easier said than done—in too many instances. So the question is:

HOW CAN I BE ALIVE ON THE SIXTH?

We have an idea that we would like to see tried out. It is simply this:

Let every holiday driver assume that a state policeman is riding beside him as he travels over the highways.

Would he drive over 45 miles per hour on the open highway?

Would he drive over 35 miles per hour (or 25 miles per hour, as the case may be) in restricted zones on the highways or on the streets of cities?

Would he try to beat a red light?

Would he drive across a white line?

In short,

Would he do the one hundred and one things that too often lead to disaster?

We do not think so.

So we urge one and all to “take a state policeman along” on that holiday jaunt, and

BE ALIVE ON THE SIXTH!

(The photo used in illustrating the above editorial was posed by Mr. and Mrs. Larry B. Kelly and son Robert of 62 Fort Hill Road Poquonock Bridge, Groton, Conn. The State Policeman in the photo is Officer Norman Winslow of the Danielson Barracks.)

PLAY IT SAFE

"Keep in line--save a fine" will be the admonition of State Police over the holiday week end to all those who use Connecticut's heavily traveled highways. They have two objectives, i.e.: (1) To save lives and prevent broken bodies, and (2) preserve the state's record-breaking safety experience record achieved during the first eight months of the current year.

The holiday season comes to an unofficial end on September 1st, or rather on Labor Day, and millions of vacationers will be trekking homeward in all varieties of vehicles. They will add their weight to the heavy traffic as the folks at home go out for a "spin". The result could be dangerous and chaotic, and may be unless every driver uses a maximum of judgment and skill in the operation of his vehicle.

There are three great road hazards: (1) The speeder, (2) the slower-than-traffic operator, better known as the "Sunday driver", and (3) the driver who gets out of line to improve his speed. The last two go together, and most often the third comes about because of the second. There isn't much to choose between any of them.

But if drivers would keep in line, they would add much to the safety and comfort of the road for themselves and others.

The State Police will do their best to influence drivers to have a care for themselves and others, thereby doing their part toward making it possible for everyone on the road to get home in one, healthy piece.---The Middletown Press

ROUTE 15 NEARLY COMPLETE

Commissioner Hill, State Highway Department announced early this month that the 1,200 foot twin-bore tunnel through West Rock, last connecting link on Route 15, Wilbur Cross Parkway, will be completed about November 1 and opened to traffic. The \$2,000,000 tunnel, the first highway tunnel in the state will give motorists an uninter-

rupted stretch of four-lane divided highway (Merritt plus Wilbur Cross Highways) in Connecticut from the Greenwich-Portchester (N.Y.) state line almost to the Union-Sturbridge (Mass.) border. The dual lanes terminate north bound at Vernon Circle, Talcottville.

We urge Commissioner Hill and his associates to hurry the extension of the dual lanes on Route 15 to the Mass. border line. From Vernon to the state line is without doubt the most hazardous stretch of highway in Connecticut. Southbound tourists "hit the deck" upon reaching the new concrete in Union, and northbound campers and ski jumpers are running down the ramp for a take off to the Maine woods or the New Hampshire trails as they leave Union and Lt. Hurlburt's trusty steeds behind.

We will be patient, Commissioner Hill and continue to pick the pieces but don't make us wait as long as it took to get the tribe off the Boston Post Road. A few old timers (not too many with us now) recall the doings on Route 1--on motorcycles too--then the slow development and extensions of the Merritt Parkway. What "tie ups"? And the "head-ons"! Now, all we hear, is, "Don't stop 'em on the Parkways," the "rear-ends" will increase" Over in Tolland County on the two-way speedway the "rear-ends" are negligible. Not so with "head-ons" or the "pancake landings." Come up and see us, sometime--"G" and "I". You can't have too much to do these days, football season included.

ROOKIE POLICEMEN SAVE 40 IN FIRE

Last week, two Worcester, Mass., rookie policemen on early morning patrol roused 15 families in the Somerset Hotel and started them to safety as a \$25,000 fire gutted the first floor restaurant.

Patrolmen John A. Sharry, Jr., and Eugene Cronin, Jr., both sons of policemen, discovered the fire, turned in the alarm, then raced through the five-story brick building blowing their whistles and knocking on doors to wake the sleeping occupants.

RADAR DETECTION OF SPEEDING

An Address by the Hon. Ralph L. Custer, Mayor of the Village of Garden City, Nassau County, New York at the Mayor's Conference in Syracuse, June 14, 1949.

Some time ago the Village of Garden City started on a program of mechanization in the Public Works Department in order to reduce labor costs and increase efficiency. It also occurred to us that the motorcycle method of controlling speeding was very inefficient and we began to consider other methods of achieving better results. We learned of a radar instrument called the Electromatic Speed Meter manufactured by the Automatic Signal Division of East Norwalk, Connecticut and arranged for a demonstration, which was witnessed by our Police Chief, Village Attorney and Police Justice. As a result we have purchased one of the instruments and have been using it ever since.

This device sends out from one antenna a radar wave of known frequency which bounces back from any moving object at a different frequency, depending on the speed of the object. The wave which comes back is received by the machine on a second antenna and the difference in frequency is measured and indicated on a meter calibrated in miles per hour. The speed is also recorded by pen and ink on a recorder graph. A close analogy to the operation of the machine is the change in tone of a locomotive whistle as it passes an observer. The amount of change in tone can be used to determine the speed of the locomotive, using sound waves instead of radar waves.

In our use of the machine to determine the speed of a motor car, the instrument is mounted on the floor of the baggage compartment of one of the police cars, and pointed directly to the rear. The police car is parked at the curb of any highway and the baggage compartment cover is raised about 18 inches so that the cover will not interfere with the passage of the radar waves. The meter and recorder are mounted on the seat of the car at the right of the operator. As a car approaches from the

rear, the meter and recorder will register the speed of the approaching car when it is approximately 100 feet away. If the speed is in excess of the speed limit, the observer takes down the car license number and immediately sends a radio message to another police car a block or so down the street. This officer intercepts the car and issues a summons using the data sent to him by radio. We have also operated by using a motorcycle man parked alongside the car containing the speed meter.

For several months after receiving the machine, we used it only to collect data as to the number and speed of cars traveling on the various streets of our village at various hours of the day, in order to determine the hours and locations when speeding was most prevalent. From the recorder graph the total number of cars passing can be counted with reasonable accuracy, so that, if desired, the machine can be left at a fixed point, unattended, and a record of up to 12 hours duration obtained.

After examining the results of this survey we started to issue summonses for speeding, moving from time to time to a new location, usually remaining at one spot for about two hours. During the month of February 1949 we operated for two hours each during the morning and late afternoon when we have greatest traffic. The total number of cars passing in these two hour periods varied from 400 to 1600. Of this total as high as 93 were traveling at speeds in excess of 35 miles per hour, as compared with the speed limit of 30 miles per hour in our village. For the entire month during the hours checked there were approximately 1100 cars recorded at between 35 and 40 miles per hour and 175 over 40 miles per hour. Out of the 1100, 155 were stopped and given warnings and of the 175, 56 were issued summonses. It is, of course, impossible to stop 100 percent of those in violation because of the fact that several may pass at excessive speed while the officer is issuing a summons to one previously stopped. However, by assigning two or even more officers for this duty, the percentage could be substantially increased.

It has been our aim from the begin-

ning in using the machine, not to hand out as many summonses as possible, but rather to make the public feel that their speed might be checked anywhere at any time in Garden City and that the best policy would be to slow down. To this end we have encouraged as much publicity as possible, including newspaper, radio and television. We are also adding to all the signs at the various entrances to the village the words "Speed Checked by Radar". To indicate the effectiveness of the method in achieving the desired result, we used the machine for eight different two hour periods at the same point during a seven day interval. The first check showed 54 cars between 35 and 40 and 11 over 40 miles per hour. The last check at the same point showed only 13 between 35 and 40 and 2 over 40, or about one-fifth the first figure. It must be noted in this connection that most of the cars passing the point in question probably travel the same route each day, in other words they consist largely of commuters going to trains or people going to and coming from work. Thus far we feel that the radar is very definitely doing a splendid job in getting the desired result.

Anyone considering the use of this machine is always interested in two points on which we have obtained at least partial answers.

First: Is the instrument accurate? The manufacturer guarantees an accuracy within two miles per hour throughout a range of 0 to 100 miles per hour. So far as we can ascertain, we have never had an inaccurate reading. After some months of operation, we returned the machine to the factory and the report was that it was just as accurate as when it was put into operation. In the use of the machine we always check the accuracy at the start and end of the use at a given location by having a second police car go past at a predetermined speed. In all of these checks the machine has agreed with the car speedometer. Capt. Ralph J. Buckley, Traffic Div., Connecticut State Police, is of the opinion that the speedometer is just as reliable as a car speedometer which has been calibrated and adjusted for accuracy. The recorder eliminates any

possible error in the taking of speedometer readings by car or motorcycle since it makes a permanent record. The manufacturer advised that any mechanical or electrical defect which may develop will probably affect the operation to such an extent that the reading obtained will be obviously incorrect. Our only experience in this regard was a loose connection which resulted in no reading at all on the meter or recorder.

Second: Will a conviction based on evidence of the radar machine stand up in court? Our police justice attended the original demonstration of the radar machine and was satisfied as to its accuracy. He was especially glad to have a permanent graph record as evidence. Only one of the cases we have so far brought into court resulted in a plea of Not Guilty. In the resulting trial the defendant was found guilty and no appeal was taken. Since we realize that the legal aspects of the use of this instrument are extremely important Judge James D. Ouchterloney, our Police Justice who has handled all the cases in court, has prepared a memorandum giving his views. They are as follows:

"When I first learned that the Village of Garden City was about to purchase an Electro-matic Speed Meter and contemplated using it in connection with the enforcement of our local ordinances limiting the speed of motor vehicles, I anticipated many difficulties, both legal and practical. Upon investigation, I learned that the Connecticut State Police had been using the meter for almost a year but only in a very limited field and had not at that time made a single arrest for speeding based upon evidence presented by this device.

I believe that the Connecticut State Police hesitated to use the meter as a law enforcement instrument, because they felt that people would not react favorably to the use of such a speed-detecting method. The officer in charge of the Connecticut Police Department summed it up in a letter to me, in which he said:

"The words 'speed trap' have an unfortunate connotation in Connecticut enforcement history.

S A F E T Y M I N D E D N E S S

Many persons object to this type of evidence on the ground that it is not 'sporting'. We can use scientific evidence to trap burglars and receive popular applause, but if we use the same type of evidence in a motor vehicle case, it just isn't proper to these distorted minds."

It appeared as if selling the merit of the machine and the fairness of its use to the general public would be a major problem, but, by patiently explaining in detail the operation of the meter its low percentage of error, the care used in setting up the apparatus and the checking of its speed indicator with the speedometer of the police officers operating the device, most defendants were favorably impressed, and the fears of the Connecticut State Police did not materialize.

When the apparatus was purchased, a pertinent Garden City ordinance prohibited the operation of a motor vehicle at a rate of speed in excess of 30 miles per hour for a distance of more than one-eighth of a mile. Since a motor vehicle whose speed was being clocked would only be traveling a relatively few feet during the recording of its speed, it was obvious that the ordinance would have to be changed. Accordingly, a new ordinance was adopted eliminating any specified distance over which the speed must be maintained.

The general public had become accustomed to the use by police officers of speedometers as a means of determining the rate at which a speeding vehicle was traveling. However, there was nothing in the laws of our State that specified any method for determining speed.

Nevertheless, the public had to be educated to this change. With few exceptions, offenders were convinced of the reliability of the device when shown that the electrospeed meter automatically recorded the speed of the passing vehicles on a chart and that it was not necessary to rely on the accuracy of an officer reading a speedometer or other speed indicator. When confronted with the chart indicating the speed at which his car was traveling a defendant gen-

erally accepts the record as an easily proved fact and does not interpose any defense.

Another legal problem presented was the method of presenting evidence of a violation of the speed law when the electrospeed meter was used. Ordinarily, the officer issuing the summons was the officer who checked and recorded the speed at which the offender was traveling. With the use of this new meter, however, the officer reading the speed indicator would not be in a position to pursue an offender and would have to relay by radio, or some other means, the registration numbers of any violators whom he observed to a second officer. Accordingly, it was necessary to have the testimony of both officers: one to testify as to the time and place of the offense, the number of miles per hour the defendant's car was travelling, and the registration number of the car; the other officer to testify as to the identification of the car, its registration number and the identity of the driver. Because it would be the second officer who actually would deliver the summons to a defendant, it was felt that he should be the complainant and sign the information charging the defendant with a violation of the Village ordinance.

Since the accuracy of the meter might be attacked on the trial, I felt that it was essential to have the officers prepared to testify that after the apparatus had been put in position on a highway, the second officer had driven his patrol car, or motorcycle past the meter at various speeds, so that his speedometer reading and the reading on the speed indicator and chart could be checked, and that the officer should also be prepared to testify that a similar test had been made after the tour of duty had been completed to indicate whether any variance was brought about during the time the machine was in operation. Testimony should also be introduced to show that the speedometer on the patrol car, or motorcycle, is inspected and tested by a qualified concern at regular intervals to show that the speedometer used in connection with the test of the electro-meter was accurate.

POLICE VETERAN OUTLINES METHOD OF
REDUCING DEATHS BY DROWNING

Life saving, artificial respiration and first-aid generally are specialties of Capt. G. Diseur, who for the past 13 years has been head of the training school for the Montreal Police Department.

And with a recent Dominion holiday toll at 50 drownings, the captain feels that as many people as possible should be acquainted with methods of rescuing the drowning.

According to Capt. Diseur, methods are "relatively simple."

In the first place, when undertaking a rescue a person should act quickly and calmly, wasting neither time nor energy both of which are necessary in the rescue itself, he says.

Boots and heavy clothing should be discarded if possible before diving into the rescue, and when the depth of the water is uncertain and a leap has to be effected from a height, it should be made feet first. Also: it is best to swim in the direction of the current.

Capt. Diseur warns that the belief that a drowning person must rise three times before finally sinking is a fallacy.

To avoid exciting the person in trouble or being clutched by him, the captain suggests that the rescuer approach him from the rear. The Hollywood inspired formula of knocking out the drowning person with a jab on the chin should be discarded as impractical in deep water.

Capt. Diseur further suggests that if the rescuer is clutched around the neck by the drowning person, he should take a deep breath, lean well over the person, place one hand in the small of his back and with the other pinch his nostrils and press the palm on the chin pushing his head away. When tackled around the body and arms, the rescuer should lean over the drowning person, take a deep breath as before and push the person away in the same manner. If the person persists in holding on, a knee pressed against the lower part of his chest should shake him loose.

When a person is not struggling but

seems likely to if approached, the rescuer should turn him on his back. Capt. Diseur continues. Then placing a hand on both sides of the person's face the rescuer should swim with the back stroke. If the person struggles, he should be turned on his back and a firm hold taken on his arms just above his elbows. The arms should be drawn at right angles to his body and the rescuer should use the back stroke.

"When the drowning person is difficult to handle," he said, "the rescuer should place his hands under the armpits and on the person's chest or around his arms. The elbows of the person should be kept well out on either side while he is being carried through the water since this position helps expand the person's chest, inflating his lungs and adding to his buoyancy.

"When the insensible person is brought ashore, artificial respiration should immediately be applied without taking time off to undress him. The person should be stretched face downwards on the ground and the rescuer should place himself astride, facing the person's head, and kneeling on both knees. The hands should be placed flat over the lower part of the back on the lowest ribs on each side. The rescuer will produce the needed pressure by throwing his weight gradually forward on his arms which he must keep straight at all times and slackening the pressure--also gradually. The pressure must be put on and slackened gradually and not violently. This movement should be produced every four or five seconds until natural respiration is resumed."

---Police & Fire Bulletin

An amber light is something the other fellow is supposed to wait for while you drive through.

'Tis said that the second after the traffic light changes to green (when there are other cars behind you) is the longest of the year. Another extended period is the lifetime stretch in a doctor's office when you're next to go in and see him.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

September, 1949

The Criminal Confesses More Readily In Private

Police who seek a criminal's confession in a room with bars, a generally unfriendly atmosphere, and crowded with grim-looking fellow policemen and sundry semi-official lookers-on, won't get very far. It is privacy and lack of gaol-like surroundings which are most likely to wring the truth from a culprit.

So writes Fred E. Inbau, professor of law at Northwestern University, in the revived edition, just published, of his book, "Lie Detection and Criminal Interrogation," brought out under the imprint of the Williams and Williams Company, Baltimore, Md.

"The principal psychological factor contributing to a successful interrogation is privacy," he declares. "This we all seem to realize in our own private affairs, and yet in police interrogations its importance is generally overlooked. Police seem to lose sight of the fact that a suspect or witness is more apt to divulge his secret in the privacy of a room occupied by only two persons than in the presence of five, ten, or twenty."

Commenting on this question, a writer in the British "Police Chronicle and Constabulary Review," says:

"Not only are the atmosphere of the interrogation room, and the garb and manner of the questioner, important in obtaining statements of truth from a suspect, but the choice of rhetoric is also vital," the author continues.

"Such realistic expressions as 'kill,' 'steal,' 'confess your crime,' etc., should not be used by the interrogator. It is much more desirable, from a psychological standpoint, to employ milder terminology, such as 'shoot,' 'take,' 'tell the truth'."

Professor Inbau goes on to give further suggestions to the policeman seeking a confession: the interrogator should avoid creating the impression that he is an investigator seeking a confession or conviction, because it is

far better for him to appear in the role of one who is merely seeking the truth; the interrogator should sit fairly close to the subject, since distance or the presence of an obstruction of any sort, such as a desk or table, seems to afford the subject a certain degree of confidence not otherwise obtainable; and the interrogator should avoid pacing the floor, for to give undivided attention to the person being questioned makes it much more difficult for him to evade detection of deception or to conceal his guilt.

Still other techniques of interrogation include these: the interrogator should avoid or, at least, minimize smoking, and he should also refrain from fumbling with pencil, pen, or other item: the interrogator should adapt his language to that used and understood by the subject himself (for example, using simple words and sentences, in dealing with an uneducated and ignorant subject) and since the interrogator should always occupy a fearless position with regard to his subject, and to the conditions and circumstances attending the interview, no handcuffs or shackles should be used in the interrogation room.

---The Shoulder Strap

DOES THE VICTIM INVITE THE CRIME?

The enterprising business man who finds himself duped by a smooth-talking oil-stock salesman has unwittingly set the stage for the crime, suggests Dr. Hans von Hentig of Yale, whose specialty is criminology.

"Often victims seem to be born," he says. "Often they are society made. Sometimes the most valuable qualities render us easy victims; in a sense, the victims shape and mould the criminal."

After studying in detail the trend of the year, week and hour of the day in

which most crimes are committed; the age, sex, occupation and physical characteristics of the criminal, and certain traits and tendencies of the victim that foster aggression, von Hentig reaches these conclusions:

Forty-five percent of all homicides occur between 6 p.m. and midnight.

Most burglars are arrested between 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning; the next greatest number of arrests occurs in the following two-hour period.

Crimes of violence and the serious sex crimes culminate on Saturday, Sunday and "blue" Monday.

Most women commit suicide on Sunday, most men on Monday.

Burglary tends to increase from Friday night on, and Saturday night criminality "is obviously caused largely by alcoholic and other excesses.

Sunday is the day of family catastrophes.

The three great property offences--larceny, burglary and robbery--reach a peak around the end of the year.

Winter in a moderate climate is a nature-produced depression. Living becomes more expensive then because so many more things are needed. Weather not only acts as a physical stimulus or sedative, but produces social situations that facilitate or thwart the execution of a criminal act.

First-born children have a higher rate of criminal tendencies than their younger brothers and sisters.

Criminal conduct and intelligence are only loosely related. Many criminals have an I.Q. above 110, and the intelligence of a legion of honest and decent people ranges between 70 and 90.

The social environment is often the decisive factor in determining whether a crime is to be committed. For example, there is no lynching in Canada, England, France or Germany. Today's lynching must be regarded as symptoms of a disruptive social development. An ineradicable practice of lynching must be regarded as a serious symptom of untamed primitiveness in a highly developed technical civilization.

Normally, cities, slums and race differences breed crime.

Youth is the most dangerous period of

life, because the young under natural conditions are ideal prey.

Of all males murdered, 66.6 per cent are alcoholics.

The greedy can be "hooked" by all sorts of bait. The excessive desire for gain eclipses intelligence, business experience and inner impediments.

In suggesting that increased attention be paid to the crime-provoking function of the victim, Dr. von Hentig says that he has certain practical consequences in mind. In most crimes the perpetrator is hidden, the victim--dead or alive--available. With a thorough knowledge of the interrelations of these two, new approaches to the detection of crime will be opened, he thinks.

Von Hentig develops his findings in his new book, "The Criminal and His Victim," just published by the Yale University Press. ---The Shoulder Strap

OF MANY THINGS

By Thomas E. Murphy

Arson Is The Strangest Crime Of All

I was reading a news item the other day about a chap who tried unsuccessfully to set fire to a building loaded with dynamite. It brought to mind a lot of interesting material I gathered a few years ago while checking up on a potential story. After a few weeks of digging around I came to the conclusion that arson, the deliberate setting of fires for profit, revenge or fun, is just about the weirdest crime of all. Convicted arsonists follow no typical pattern, as do house-breakers or pick-pockets. Some are respectable citizens; some have been policemen and even clergymen.

Authorities can predict with certainty when there is going to be an increase in set fires. They follow the economic trends. In boom times, when goods are scarce and prices high, there are relatively few commercial fires. But when goods start to gather dust on the shelves, for some reason or other people get careless.

There were several Connecticut arson cases in recent years that were interesting. One involved the owner of a tavern down on the shore. War-time gas and tire shortages had put a crimp in his business, so one fine morning he had a fire.

When state police arrived at the scene they found the proprietor standing there, trying to act doleful. He had two suitcases with him that he fervently said he saved from the fire by dint of great effort. When police opened the suitcases they found them carefully packed. They included, among other things, a carefully framed first-dollar that the tavern had taken in, the license and other bric-a-brac. The fellow was just too good a planner. It didn't take the police long to realize that a man doesn't go around snatching first dollars off a burning wall.

Another interesting case occurred in a clothing store down in Fairfield County. When an adjuster for the insurance company arrived at the scene of the fire he took one look and called for further investigation. It was a strange kind of fire. It seemed to be concentrated in the vault, where the company's books were kept and in the desk of a credit manager. In both cases valuable papers were destroyed.

The investigator prowled and pried, and asked questions, but he got nowhere. Meanwhile the credit manager was just about as helpful as he could be. He dogged the investigator and volunteered all kinds of useless information.

Finally the investigator tried a bold tack. He started thumbing through some account cards. Then suddenly he wheeled on the credit manager and barked at him: "Are you short more or less than \$20,000?"

Without thinking the abashed credit manager said quietly, "I think it's less than \$20,000."

The money had gone on the ponies. Subsequent investigation showed that the horse-playing manager had not only depleted the joint bank account he had with his wife, but had also pawned his wife's rings.

Arson for profit is relatively easy to detect, because there is a recogniz-

able human motive. But when people set fires because of some psychopathic trait, it's a tough job.

The late Mayor La Guardia of New York was a fire-fan. He was like a Supreme Court Justice I once knew who was crazy about fires. He wouldn't miss one within an area of fifty miles if he knew about it. But people like this, while they show traces of man's atavistic fire worshipping, keep their drives under control or sublimate them by becoming fire buffs.

There is a surprisingly large group, a strange, perverted gentry, though, who love fires. They love them so much that they set them just for the thrill of watching the flames. Some of them are just feeble-minded; others have warped and twisted minds.

Sometimes investigators, if they are on the spot fast enough, can pick up these firebugs by noticing who in the group seems to be getting an inordinately large amount of fun from it. I remember reading about one firebug who rushed in and worked like a Trojan helping firemen put out the fire. He was overcome by smoke finally, and afterward confessed that he had set the fire just for the fun of it. Besides, he wanted to be a hero.

A few years back there were two strange creatures who set out from Oregon every spring to set fires. They burned a fiery trail all through the West, and caused losses of millions of dollars. After one fire an investigator found footmarks in the mud indicating that one of the characters was a cripple and wore an unusual shoe.

A few days later another fire was reported bearing the earmarks of all the others. Investigators flew to the small town where it happened. They started an immediate check of all people stopping at hotels and other lodging places and soon came up with the strange pair, one a cripple. The boys said their annual spring junket was all they lived for. It was their vacation spree.

Don't get the idea that all firebugs are zanies. You'd be surprised how many fires are set by night watchmen, policemen, volunteer firemen, and others in positions of trust. One retired fire

chief in the Middle West was convicted a few years back. He was bored by retirement and got a thrill from fires. In some cases the volunteers have new uniforms or new equipment, and itch to show them off.

One of the more amazing reports of this kind of arson came out of Long Island a few years ago. A convention of volunteer firemen had been held there and as it was breaking up the boys set fire to their beds in the hotel. On the way home they started a nice one in a lumber yard.

Fortunately I've never met that kind. My own personal experience has been otherwise. On the one occasion I needed them, volunteers came quickly and did a whale of a job. ---Hartford Courant

POLICE PHOTO CONTEST

Policemen who do part of their shooting with cameras instead of with guns will have a chance again this year to try for prizes and nationwide recognition by entering the 1949 Police Photography Contest, conducted by the Traffic Review, quarterly publication of the Traffic Institute of Northwestern University. The contest ends November 1, 1949.

The contest is open to all police officers in the United States and Canada and offers first prizes of \$50 savings bonds and second prizes of \$25 savings bonds in three classifications--traffic policing, general policing, and dramatic or human interest. An extra \$10 in savings stamps will go to the best picture in the contest.

Pictures of traffic accidents, policemen at work, crime detection, strikes, floods, and just about any other interesting pictures taken in the line of duty are eligible.

This is the seventh police photography contest sponsored by the Institute for the purposes of bringing to light the best pictures taken by policemen, encouraging the use of photography by police, and, through publication of the entries, promoting safety education and public understanding of police work.

Contest entry blanks may be obtained by writing the police photography contest editor, Traffic Review, 1704 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Winning photographs from previous contests have been used widely in leading magazines, newspapers, and in the production of safety films.

Photographs may be submitted by any member of a city, township, county, special district, state, or provincial police department, as well as by members of the military police and shore patrol.

As many entries as desired may be submitted by the photographer, or by any person for him, with the approval of his commanding officer. Entry blanks should accompany each picture. Pictures should be 8 x 10 on glossy paper, preferably mounted.

Applicants should indicate in which classification they wish their entries to be judged. Judging of photographs will be based on these considerations: (a) photographic excellence, (b) value to police in their work, (c) value for use in safety education, and (d) value for use in police public relations.

Committee of judges will include the photo editor or staff photographer of a metropolitan newspaper or national magazine, a commercial photographer, a police executive, a traffic safety expert outside the police field and not connected with the Traffic Institute, and a member of the Institute staff who has had no advance contact with the entries.

INFERNAL EXPLOSION KILLS PATIENT

Birmingham, England--The coroner decided recently that John P. Gibbons, 63, was killed by an explosion inside his body during an operation.

Coroner W. H. Davison said anaesthetic gas in the cavity left by removal of one lung was touched off by an electric needle in the hands of the surgeon. The blast which followed resulted in the death of the patient.

He returned a verdict of "death by misadventure."

---Police And Fire Bulletin

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

September, 1949

County 40 and 8 Provides "Iron Lung" For Area Use



In the photograph, left to right, are: Harry Lane, Norwalk 40 and 8; Archie Merriam, Norwalk 40 and 8; Lt. William Gruber, acting commanding officer of the Westport barracks during the vacation of Lt. Victor Clarke, who presided; Capt. Ralph Buckley of the State Police, who accepted the equipment and Kenneth C. Buckingham, of Bridgeport, chef de guerre of the county 40 and 8, who made the presentation.

Ex-Service Men they are called....but their service to their State and Nation has never ceased. We refer to the American Legion, the Forty and Eight particularly, the Fairfield County Forty and Eight specifically.

On Aug. 13th, Chef De Gare, Kenneth Buckingham and other State ranking representatives of the Forty and Eight,

presented to the State Police Dept., a portable Iron Lung which will be available to any Fairfield County resident free of charge. The unit will be based at Station (G) Westport.

Capt. Ralph Buckley, representing Commissioner Edw. J. Hickey, delivered the acceptance address.

STATION "B", CANAAN

The month of September, resplendent in its cloak of brightly colored leaves and standing at the threshold of winter, will remain a time of fond memories for a great portion of our people whose everyday lives offer little relaxation from the routine of competitive existence. Reflection, however, recognizes no barriers; it favors both rich and poor, healthy and ill alike.

We might venture the assertion that there are few whose fondest memories are not awakened by the first clang of the school bell: thought of the years long since past, of barefoot days, crudely fashioned fish poles, the first brown cornsilk rolled into that "secret cigarette," and the pleasure of sneaking a forbidden swim in the rural creek.

Perhaps the school bell tolled an ominous dirge in those days now securely tucked away in time. It meant tethering a mongrel pup to the old rail fence and bidding those favorite haunts, "good-bye," rubbing the wash cloth a bit more carefully over a freckled face, and walking with some hesitation toward another more somber adventure. Yet even then the leaves were bright, a hunter's moon stood guard above those fields of cornstalks, and soft night winds whistled under the kitchen door while we pondered over problems in "simple division."

Those days seem much more pleasant now.

Those who accept the State Police Organization as an efficient service whose employees seem omni-present would most certainly appreciate it more could they but glimpse into the numerous small but integral groups of individuals whose particular duties provide its functioning impetus, smooth operation, and coordinated approach to complex and varied problems.

Although most of us are prone to accept efficient radio operation as, "matter of fact," we do, on occasion, observe the numerous obstacles its technicians surmount in maintaining this vital arm of service.

During the latter part of August, while conducting an extensive search throughout the county for a missing aircraft, we were mighty appreciative of the contact between our station and its enlisted aviation assistants which had been possible through perfect radio communication. While we transmitted directional information, garnered from searching patrol cars, it appeared increasingly apparent that this type service could only be maintained at its high level through the constant effort of a small group of men with genuine pride in their profession.

In a little country church securely nestled under the towering Berkshires and completely surrounded by bright fall flowers which seemed to mingle with autumnal scenery, Charlie Sedar became a member of the legion of married men.

An adequate review of the event, itself, offers a challenge to the pen of one not versed in descriptions of such an intangible as happiness. Suffice it to say that September saved all its sunshine and radiant beauty for Officer Sedar's "big day," and it seemed that many among those present were radiating a happiness born of personal reflection on days when they, too, walked down the aisle toward a companionship which made this old world a better place in which to live.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

SEPTEMBER SONG

"The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,"
And are envious green
The other stations round.

The rhyme is partly stolen.
But we've got to tell 'em.
Stafford, the jack-pot hit,
See how the laurels fit.

No fatal accident blight,
Six other ones, all slight.

Good enforcement always pays
For Labor-Day week-end maze.

On warnings and summonses we excell,
And roadside courtesy as well.
For figures, to wit; bold and true
We refer you, kindly, to One Aitch Cue.

Bringing you up to date on the doings at Station "C", we take you back to the first part of August. At that time three desperadoes from New London County decided that Tolland County was easy for their particular talents. They lasted for about one hour here when stopped short by two rounds of shotgun shot. David Rose, Edward Slouck and Phillip Burdick broke into one gas station in Willington and had started on another down the line in Mansfield, when discovered by the owner, Lloyd McDaniels. This quiet Tolland County type just picked up his trusty shotgun and the rest is history. Frank Shay and Lester McIntosh took over from there and cleaned up breaks and other crimes in five counties and in Massachusetts. One of the gang had given up a good job to embark upon a career of crime.

Jailer "Pete" Peterson, of the well known Tolland Hotel, says it's the boys and girls that come to visit us who stay at his place. Not one of the bound overs is local Tolland County. Margaret Jacobson and Jim Dick registered two teen-agers from Maine, there, last week. Others are from Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and Texas.

Traffic Division boys have done a wonderful job up here. While enroute to Tolland Court one night, Alfred Bickford stopped a young man who was driving too slowly. A check of registration and plates resulted in the arrest of Charles Richer, Boston, Mass., for possession of a stolen motor vehicle and plates, both of which had not been reported via teletype. Richer further admitted to committing other crimes of breaking and entering and auto thefts in Massachusetts before he left there for our fair state.

Coventry was recently honored with a new resident, namely, Stephen McNicol, who, during his first ten days of residence, became involved in three separate cases of obtaining money under false

pretenses. His latest address is Tolland County Jail.

Walter and Sophie Smiegel visited the land of the cranberry and cod last month during his vacation. The long haired artists up around the Cape have our curly headed "hot-car" expert in a dudgeon. What happened to his hair, anyway?

Tina and Ted Sheiber had a short sojourn at the Cape, also. That place is certainly popular with the boys and girls here.

Maggie Jacobson went in the other direction, however, and spent her vacation in the north. I wonder what happened around midnight, one night at Lake George? She won't tell but it seems to please her no end.

The starry eyed romanticist, Mabel Ward, still won't divulge the name of that vacation heart beat. You remember, last month, we told you how she came back with a dreamy look. Well! It hasn't left yet.

Walt Bateman, incidentally, is asking questions about how much money a man twenty-two should have before he considers the fatal leap. Can two really live as cheaply as one??? The question of the month. We don't feel that our Lothario has narrowed down his choice to one or even ten, but he has something on his mind. What happened, Snorkey?

We are sorry to report that Jim McCormick was on the sick list for a while. We know how the Yanks feel when the DiMag, Yogi, and Mize check out. But never fear cuz Mac is here.

Speaking of baseball, the two tickets to that ball game in October look pretty good and we are all plugging. EXPENSES, too, it sez here.

Gregory Peck and Joe Cotton (just in case you are not hep..two Hollywood glamour boys) had better look to their laurels as our handsome bachelor Eddie Formeister recently spent the day posing for a cover picture that will soon be released by the Colt Manufacturing Co. Modest Eddie Claims that he was picked because of his shooting ability rather than his looks. Wait till the teen-agers see him. He has trouble enough now keeping them away.

Station "C" rolling stock will be

kept in top condition by Donald Tracy of Manchester. Welcome to the family, Don.

Pappy Furness, Chefs Fontaine and Putzy Fitzpatrick, and Walt Bateman accompanied by two fair ladies from "C" went to Rocky Neck on that well known outing. Some did not sleep too well that night cuz they now know how a lobster feels as it is served on the platter. Sympathetic, no doubt. All had a good time. The ladies insist they won the ballgame.

This column will eventually have to include an animal corner, as first it's snakes, bats, cats, and now dogs.

A boxer dog, Duke, gallivanting on the Burma Road in Vernon, was struck by a motorist from New York and injured. This man could not locate the owner and feeling that the dog needed medical attention drove on until he came to the first veterinarian, Dr. Francis Fitzgerald, Fitchburg, Mass. The Doc patched up the dog and reported the incident to the State Police. The youngster, Laura Jean Granville, who owns the dog, was happy to receive the good news that her Duke had been located. Laura Jean and Duke make the first page of the Courant when he was returned home.

Ted Sheiber also found a valuable Irish setter wandering about on Route 15 the other morning in the heavy fog, and immediately took him into custody. The following day, after a sleepless night for the dog and some Staffordites, it was discovered that he had been stolen in Waterbury.

Orchids to the Hartford Times for the stills from recent movies showing the new trend toward bloodshed and violence. No picture today is complete unless mayhem or murder is committed on someone. It was bad enough for the youngsters to see strictly male assaults but now the women are being slapped and punched. What price realism?

The Stafford Press featured the following in a recent issue:

"You think officers at Station C, State Police, live a quiet existence, polishing their puttees, indulging in target practice, and enjoying delicious food prepared by the Barracks Chef?

Well, readers, tain't exactly so. Listen to the two following stories of interrupting accidents:

Cream baths more lavish for beauty, even better than the famous milk bath, (it would seem) could possibly be enjoyed by the "fairer sex" if they had permission from Game Warden Jerry Knight to use the pool on his property in West Willington where several hundred gallons of heavy cream now rest in the empty excavation.

The cream pool is the result of an accident that happened Monday morning around 4, when according to Lieutenant Harris J. Hulburt, a truck loaded with several hundred gallons of heavy cream, enroute from Vermont to Norwich driven by John C. Navasinsky, Jr., 17, of Farley, Massachusetts went out of control on a down grade, near the home of Mr. Knight, and ran into a hickory tree completely demolishing the truck and spilling its contents into the dry pool basin.

Word has been sent around to farmers in the area, who own pigs, to come and take the cream, before it spoils, to use for feeding purposes, but no invitations have been sent to the ladies of the area to enjoy the cream baths. No lapping of cream by pigs is reported.

A State Police cruiser, a Plymouth truck and a Chrysler car were considerably damaged early Wednesday morning in a freak accident on the Wilbur Cross Highway near the Ashford-Union Line.

According to Lieutenant Harris J. Hulburt, Officer Joseph Fitzgibbons of Station C was patrolling on the highway when he saw the big truck, traveling south, coming toward him. In some unexplainable manner the tire and wheel bolts became unfastened, causing the truck to careen toward the State Police cruiser. The officer seeing the big tire headed his way tried to avoid it, but it struck the cruiser--bang--plenty damage. The tire glanced off and back into its own lane and hit an approaching Chrysler, driven by Mrs. Bartlett Regan of Arlington, Massachusetts traveling south. The Chrysler was somewhat damaged, the Lieutenant said, but none of the occupants in any of the vehicles were injured."

STATION "D", DANIELSON

Sgt. R. Herr, took his wife and children to Block Island, R.I. recently. The trip to the island and sight seeing of the island was very impressive.

But what impressed the Sgt. most, was that this island with approximately 600 population, mostly fishermen is policed by one R.I. state trooper.

During July, a television set was raffled off and a small girl who is a victim of Polio, had her heart and soul set on winning the television set, because she will never be able to walk again. This little girl did not win the set. The lone trooper on the island hearing of this little polio victim not winning the set took it upon himself to see the residents of the island and within three hours he was assured that she would get her television set, so that she could have many comforting hours.

"Foot Note" - (This lone trooper, reports one felony and one traffic accident for the season of 1949 on the Island.)

Nick Woyk, our houseman is still talking about the commissioner's picnic at Rocky Neck State Park, and is looking forward to next years outing. These are the things that impressed him the most. The commissioner playing football with all the ladies, and the nice dinner; the commissioner wading in the water, and why he did not bring his bathing suit.

John B. Murphy, was asked one evening if he wanted a sample of hair tonic to be applied to his balding head. This tonic, was supposed to make hair grow and great results were to occur overnight. When John arose the following A.M. lo' and behold his head was shining like the morning Star. Mrs. Murphy, upon examining same and rubbing this magic tonic off, found out that it was just plain Glass Wax. And so now John is being called the 'Glass Wax Kid'.

Our chef is driving a brand new Dodge 1949, and likes it very much.

Our October Vox-Cop deadline is Oct. 7

STATION "E", GROTON

Departmental anniversaries go to Officers Dowling, Fitzgerald, Paul Hickey and O'Grady this month. Congratulations Boys - Don't spend the increases foolishly.

A State Police detachment in charge of Capt. Mulcahy and Lt. Mackenzie including Sgt. Dygert, Det. Sgt. Mangan, Sgt. Avery and Officers Skelly, Myers, Kearney and O'Connor rushed to the scene of a slugging robbery. The culprit eluded the searching party. We are proud to report his capture two days later. Thank you, Lieut. Rivers and Off. Stecko of Danielson barracks for your big assist.

Lieut. W. E. Mackenzie and Sgt. W. Farrow spent their vacation on Cape Cod. Det. Sgt. F. Mangan did the honors as Commander-in-charge during the absence of our Lieutenant.

The lack of a dime to get through the Groton-New London bridge netted Off. T. Smith an arrest for Hit and Run. The bridge alerted, notified the barracks as the penniless driver attempted to go through.

Expecting company to drop in? Off. Kathe arrested a driver for failure to grant the right of way. The operator attempted to pass cars only to be greeted by oncoming cars in the opposite direction. Swerving off the road, knocking down posts and railings he came to a stop on a front porch. Not the place he had intended to visit, of course.

Off. Dowling made a trip to Norfolk, Va. Yes he brought back a prisoner. Too bad Frank, you didn't wait until after Xmas.

Man beats wife, placed in jail house he confessed to two counts of breaking and entering. Questioning by Sgt. Dygert and Officers Hafersat and O'Connor brought about the solution.

Dial New London 2-5315. If a man answers, don't hang up. You dialed the new phone number of the Groton State Police barracks. If no answer call Hartford 5-0181 and listen to the "noise".

Pirates of the Coastal sea
Lobsters and loot in jeopardy
Boats and tools and glory be
Not old but modern history.

Yes, dear reader, modern buccaneers were on the rampage again. Shades of Capt. Kidd and we're not kidding. Breaks at Block Island and Fishers Island, New York. Galilee, Rhode Island, Stonington, Groton and New London, Conn. and other diverse places netted these thieves plenty of bounty. They looted boats of their catches, over a ton of crustaceans, tools, marine equipment and numerous things. The cooperation of the police departments along the shore and State Police resulted in obtaining and furnishing the vital tips that lead to their arrest by Trooper H. Broadbent of New York State Police at Long Island.

YOUR BRIDGE AND OUR BREAD AND BUTTER

Anybody could see that the two kids in it had built it themselves - it was a "hot-rod". And as it came to a jerky and explosive halt, both occupants looked pretty glum. A nattily uniformed young lady held out her hand. "How much?" asked the lad behind the wheel. Smiling, the young lady replied, "Ten cents". The youngster explored each of his pockets but without the desired result. Pleadingly he looked at his partner, who had by this time completed a pocket search of his own and was feeling along the edge of the lining of his coat. But his hunt proved fruitless too. Quietly, the young lady said, "Pull it over there and park it", as she turned and said a few words into an inter-com inside the booth.

The lads "pulled it over" and waited. Shortly, another uniform came walking toward them. This one had a man in it, and it also had a badge on it. A tremor of panic in the boys' hearts was in-

stantly dispelled when the man in the uniform said, "Hi, Fellas". His voice was warm and friendly and his pleasant countenance was wreathed in a big grin. "Having trouble, boys?" he asked, noting the car, its license plate from a far distant state, and the fact that both youngsters looked good, and clean. "Yeah", said the driver, "Drove all the way across to visit my Aunt Kate in Providence, Rhode Island". "Used up all your cash, eh?" said Mr. Uniform. "Guess so", replied the boy, "Thought we saved the dime, but can't find it now. You see, we knew about this Bridge and kinda figured on it, but it looks like I lost the dime, just found this hole in my pocket". And he turned one of his trouser's pockets inside out and displayed the hole.

Mr. Uniform had already made up his mind. All the time they were talking he had looked, and liked what he had seen.

"Okay, boys", he said, "take this and send me the dime when you get to your Aunt Kate's". He handed them a little brown envelope on which was neatly printed "William Casey, Toll Superintendent, Groton-New London Toll Bridge, Groton, Conn.". The boys stared at it, and then turned to look at "Bill" Casey. "Don't you want security of any kind?" said the driver. Just to see what would happen, Bill said, "For instance?". The lad started to pull at one of his fingers. "What are you trying to do?" asked Bill. "Going to give you my class ring", said the youngster. "Or you can take my wrist watch", said the other boy. Laughing, Bill told them to keep their valuables, just send him the dime. Two days later he got the dime and a very nice "Thank you" with it.

We've already given away the secret as to the location of this little drama, so you know it's the Great Span across the Thames River which connects the Towns of Groton and New London, and is one of the most important links on Route #1 between New York and Boston.

Completed and officially opened on February 27, 1943, this great structure eliminated a tremendous traffic bottleneck caused by the old fashioned draw-bridge it replaced.

Six million dollars and more than two years of labor were well spent, for since the grand opening, thirty one million cars and one hundred million people have traveled its six thousand, two hundred and ninety-three feet. Most of these people glory in the beautiful panorama revealed to them as they reach its peak, one hundred and eighty feet up in the air. For the view to the north takes the eye to and through and far beyond the United States Submarine Base, while the mouth of the Thames and Long Island Sound stretches endlessly away to the south. But there are some "customers" who can't take that three per cent grade to the top and down again on the other side. And here again, the "system" goes into action. Toll Supervisor Paul Gledhill, or Clinton Oliver come to the rescue, take over the wheel and safely escort the good citizen over the structure. No, of course there's no charge for that service. "In fact", say both "Paul" and "Clint", "we love it - we meet so many interesting people that way".

Besides these and many other acts of courtesy, the Toll Supervisors have added to their laurels as enforcement officers. Deputized as "Special State Policemen" by State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, they have proved invaluable in their apprehension of many a stolen car or suspicious person. When Supervisor J. (Tiny) Belgrad hauls his six-foot, four inches, and two hundred seventy five pounds of muscle alongside of the driver of a car that he has been informed is stolen, even the toughest of them decide to obey orders. And if it isn't "Tiny", it's Supervisor Sidney Goozey, whose eagle-eye has spotted some contraband in the car going through the gate.

Yes, they're a great crew, these Groton-New London Bridge guys, and the person that's responsible for it all is a bubbling, freckle faced Irishman named W. D. E. Colgan. We never did find out what "D. E." was for; we know him as "Bill", just like everybody else does ten seconds after they meet him. A native of Bridgeport, Connecticut, registered professional engineer, with twenty-seven years of service with the

State of Connecticut, Bill was designated Bridge Manager when the opening Tape was cut. And what a job he has done. Bill doesn't talk, he effervesces. But Bill knows what he's talking about - all the time. His ready smile, quick wit, eagerness to serve and throughout it all, modest mein, have won more friends for the State of Connecticut than there are ants in your lawn in summer. And all his co-workers love him, too. Bill says proudly, "One hundred million people have gone through our toll gates since we opened, but not one single complaint has ever gone into the Commission Office. How about that - pretty good gang we have up here, don't you think?".

The dime? Oh yes; that happens so often they don't even keep track of it. No, there isn't any fund to repay the boys if it doesn't come back. It's out of their own pockets. But this seldom happens. The Administration Building Files are just crammed with letters which had dimes in them. "What's a dime?" they say - "After all - IT'S YOUR BRIDGE AND OUR BREAD AND BUTTER".

"H" AS IN HYPO

Lieut. Henry Mayo, who is now attending Yale University in the capacity of a 'Traffic School Student', will be happy to hear the news that Station 'H' activity over the Labor Day weekend exceeded that of the other stations. Our motor vehicle enforcement totaled 390 motor vehicle warnings and 52 motor vehicle arrests. We also had a comparatively low score on accidents; a total of 5. With the aid of the Traffic, Fire Marshal and Special Service Divisions, the crew from 'H' clamped down on the reckless motorist and provided a safe holiday weekend in this area.

That \$5,000 safe job over at the Coca Cola plant in East Hartford also broke over the Labor Day weekend. Through the fine cooperation of five police units, the case was solved. The Federal Bureau

of Investigation, New York City Police, Hartford Police, East Hartford Police, and State Police combined their resources in the apprehension of 5 men who were connected with the break. After the discovery of the crime, Det. Anton Nelson of this barracks was assigned to assist the East Hartford Police.

Fingerprints were located at the scene on a window ledge. Lt. Chameroy and the FBI confirmed identification of the prints found. Several factors with the prints led to the arrest of Howard Maynard. Maynard was released and kept under observation. Next the Hartford Police arrested Frank Matarese on a charge of receiving stolen goods. Then Maynard re-arrested, came through, and another suspect, Raymond Welch, was picked up. These arrests disclosed, Walter Oliver and William Smith, both of New York, as accomplices and both were apprehended by the New York City Police.

During the preliminary investigation of this case, the joint police agencies helped to bring about the successful conclusion of a series of burglaries throughout this area. Wesley Lawrence of Bristol admitted, that he and one Joseph R. Spencer of Portland committed various house burglaries. Bristol, New Britain, and Middletown Police working together with Station "H" officers and East Hartford solved several baffling cases.

Officers Edward Higney, Ralph Waterman, and C. Taylor Hart also were successful in their recent police work.

H-179-E--Officer Higney was assigned to investigate a complaint made by a soldier who stated that he had been beaten and robbed by four men in a car in Rocky Hill. The victim had been acquainted with these men and they offered him a ride to the railroad station in Meriden. Upon getting the ride, the men pounced upon the soldier, beat him severely, took his money, and tossed him out of the car. After obtaining the description of the men, Higney located the vehicle involved and apprehended the accused who were identified by the victim.

H-230-E--Enfield Police Department called this station and stated that a young man and girl riding in a green

sedan, make and registration unknown heading south on Route 5, had tried to cash a check in Thompsonville that was stolen. Officer Waterman, while on patrol, was assigned to check. A short time later, he observed a Massachusetts registered sedan with a girl in it, parked in front of a gas station on Route 5. Through his rear view mirror, Waterman sighted a man leaving the gas station and getting into the car. He then radioed the barracks and requested that a check be made with the gas station to find out if the man had tried to cash a check there. Waterman then pursued the car and received an answer by radio to the effect that the accused had attempted to cash a check at the gas station. He then overtook the car and upon doing so, learned that the young girl was the wife of the accused. The accused was issued a motor vehicle warning for exceeding the speed limits, and was then turned over to the Enfield authorities.

H-241-E--Officer Hart was assigned to assist the Simsbury PD in the investigation of a theft. Upon reearch he learned that two suitcases were ransacked on the premises. These suitcases contained womens clothing. Hart found out that one William Gerard Bennett, employed at the Simsbury House as a kitchen helper, had looted the travelling bags and had stolen the clothing. Further investigation revealed that Bennett had in his possession a number of obscene books. Bennett had purchased the books at Sol's Book Store in Hartford. He then offered to purchase additional books under observation of the Hartford Police. He did so, and the owner of the gook store was arrested for possession of and selling obscene literature. Bennett was arrested on charges of theft and possession of obscene literature, and was bound over to Superior Court. The stolen goods were returned to their rightful owners.

What with the coming clashes between the Yankees and Red Sox at the Stadium on October 1st and 2nd, the boys are really working for those reserved seats offered by Vox-Cop. Even though he had the grippe, Officer Vince O'Brien (a

rabid Yankee rooter) has been on the job. Why, we even heard that Officers Palin and Braithwaite were given crying towels after the Sox lost the other night to the Yankees!

**EXPLAINS EQUIPMENT
TO TEST HAYMOW TEMPERATURES**



---Courant Photo

Haymow temperature testing equipment is explained by Belden Morgan of The Courant Staff. Shown, left to right, are: Courant farm writer William T. Souney, Hartford County Farm Agent William L. Harris, State Police Lieutenant Henry M. Mayo and Mr. Morgan. The Courant is placing these sets in six counties as a public service.

STATION "I", BETHANY

While the rest of the State sweltered from the heat we in Bethany enjoyed the usual even temperature and humidity that even California and Florida would love to be fortunate enough to have.

Sergt. Marchese and Off. Dooling enjoyed their annual vacations. They stayed home where they had everything that millions of Americans travel millions of miles annually to get, "Connecticut Atmosphere".

The Civilian employees enjoyed their annual outing at Rocky Neck immensely and wish to thank those who through

their efforts made it a success.

Officer Steele relieves Officer Walter Foley at the Common Pleas Court in Waterbury and Officer John O'Brien relieves Officer Dymkoski at the New Haven Court of Common Pleas. Both Foley and Dymkoski did a swell job on their former assignments.

We hear the Stork is hovering about the residence of Dispatcher Paul Johnson in North Haven?????

For the benefit of our readers who always visit Station I in the Fall for football patrol, we are printing a copy of the Yale schedule.

- Sept. 24 - Connecticut U at New Haven
- Sept. 1 - Fordham at New Haven
- Oct. 8 - Columbia at New York
- Oct. 15 - Cornell at New Haven
- Oct. 22 - Holy Cross at New Haven
- Oct. 29 - Dartmouth at New Haven
- Nov. 5 - Brown at New Haven
- Nov. 12 - Princeton at Princeton
- Nov. 19 - Harvard at New Haven

Dress Uniform, BLUE TIES, for Dear old Eli.

WILBUR CROSS PARKWAY TUNNEL NEARS COMPLETION....The Cross Highway is fast nearing completion with four lanes of concrete almost finished. The approaches are now under construction which is progressing rapidly. The East Bound Lane is already completed but the West Bound Lane will be complete before this issue is distributed. Contrary to many opinions, there is to be NO TOLL HOUSE at the Tunnell. It is erroneously reported that toll will be charged at the Tunnell, however this is untrue. The tunnell is being given the finishing touches at this time.

The completion of the parkway means that we will have about four men on Parkway Patrol to cover the Parkway from Milford to Meriden. This will be on each shift making a daily total on the Parkway of 12 men.

The parkway will not be ready in time for the opening Yale game.

Next month, the Sons and Daughters of ITALIA will be honored through this column. Historians will be put to shame, genealogists will be enlightened as the consumers of Corned Beef and Cabbage choose a diet of Spaghetti and Meat Balls, Apizza and Spumoni Gelati.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES
AND FOURTEEN TOWNS

Colchester---Walt Adams, our efficient doctor, knocking himself out boning for exams and eating between meals to gain sufficient weight to hold up the gunbelt. Our clerk and dispatcher spending all of their spare time on the new house. Sergeant Leighton still clearing his throat on the way to YOUR station as he proceeds to OUR station. Sergeant McAuliffe all smiles since his return from Florida. Could it be the sunshine or the oranges? Wonder if McKee and the mechanics ever found the missing hammer. Better call a detective, boys.. Chef Leo Caya has finally taken the bull by the horns and is in double harness with Rita.

East Hampton---Ackerman and Brescia shedding tears in Lake Pocotopaug because the visitors have all gone home. We didn't know the drought was that bad, fellows.

Andover--Dan McKenzie reading Dale Carnegie on "How to Make Friends."

Bolton--LaForge bolting in Bolton and doing a grand job.

Columbia--Bill Hickey still admiring the muscles on Route 6.

East Haddam--Joe Sikorski still collecting string to tie those bundles.

Portland--Rumors that Ackerman has added another key to his ring which we find handy in getting to court before the officials. McDonald casting covetous glances at Boyington's badge after his sleuthing in Portland and Middletown.

Windham--Ralph (mass of muscles) Boyington isn't huffing and puffing from overwork, but is just practicing his breathing for the next shooting match.

Marlborough--John, the champ, Fersch wasn't shaking from the rough roads in Marlborough, that was the vibration hangover from his outboard motoring this summer.

The other day we met Jim Finnegan at the Haddam Neck Fair getting a reprieve from cottage patrol in Bozrah and Leban-

on. Jim is at it again since the summer residents have left.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

Now that the good old summer time has come and gone activity in these parts will settle down to the normal routine again. All the summer residents have gone back to the big cities and all is quiet again until the next summer rolls around once again.

The Labor Day Traffic was normal in these parts. Our hard working patrols kept things well in hand and we had no serious accidents in our territory.

At this writing the case of the missing mouse has been solved. The poor little mouse made a personal appearance once again and was caught in our nice little trap. We now have a new problem. A weasel had appeared in our barracks on the evening of Aug. 27th but our brave Off. John Wilcox took care of the matter and killed the beast. Now things are back to normal for a time anyway.

Roger Rhyce escapee from the Litchfield County Jail is still missing at this writing but we hope to have more favorable reports in the near future.

The mystery of the "Rock Throwing" in the town of Watertown has been solved much to the satisfaction of the boys at Station "L". For several weeks calls were received at the barracks from the Watertown Police to assist them in trying to apprehend a person or persons responsible for throwing stones at the home of Paul La Branche located on Highwood Ave. in the Oakville section of Watertown. Several windows were broken in this home due to the rock throwing. Off. Hurley was assigned to this case and he, along with the Watertown PD, spent several evenings in the vicinity of the La Branche residence trying to apprehend the culprits but were unable to uncover the mystery. In the meantime

several other officers from this station were assigned at various times to proceed to the La Branche residence while stone throwing was going on. On the night of Aug. 17th, 1949 Off. John Wilcox assisted by Off. Loren Larson apprehended the persons responsible. On Aug. 17th Albert J. La Branche and Edward Guilbeault both of Watertown were arrested by Off. Wilcox and Larson. Thus case was solved. A job well done.

Our chef William Pinto was recently married in Litchfield to a West Haven girl. The personnel of Station "L" wish to extend their congratulations and best wishes to both.

The civilian personnel of the station recently enjoyed an outing at Rocky Neck. A good time was had by all.

MERIT AWARD
Ten Dollars - Civilian Party

Vox-Cop, following the Civilian Personnel Outing on August 26, last, offered a merit award of \$10.00 to the civilian attending the party sending to Ye Editor the best special column about the "doings".

Our good friend Anna Baranausky, Communications Division, Headquarters is the "lucky gal" with the following contribution:

"The 25th of August was an eventful day for most of the civilian employees of the State Police Department who participated in the many and varied activities at the Rocky Neck outing.

The fun started when the traditional teams of nine were chosen. As umpire we had a persevering lieutenant, with an occasional scowl, in our handsome Adolph. An exciting baseball game got under way. No one yelled 'Kill the Umpire'. Some folks did say some things about his rulings which of course cannot be printed.

The left-field lovelies had plenty of action when l-HQ (DiMaggio) was up to

bat. Out-fielders Peck and O'Neil (otherwise telephone operators) almost made a good connection with the ball. When the policewoman from Higganum made a hit (she made several) it seemed the men at the bases were preoccupied. They fumbled the ball. Maybe it was that sleek black bathing suit. It could well be the lady from Danielson likewise contributed to the preoccupation of the fielders. 'Sunbonnet Sue' was in rare form in the pitcher's role. The baseball rules were changed each inning to offset the heavy hitters from the Publications Division - the females especially. Lois Hansen at second, fielded like Eddie Collins until Gertie Martin Duggan (Joe's sister) got going at third. Did little Gertie show up the boys from the press room. Our good friend Manuel from "H's" busy kitchen with Joe Heim's "quints" were on hand for the fun. We had some difficulty trying to identify the various personages. Names were familiar once individuals were pointed out by Adolph. Vacations, of course, interfered with some of the attendance. Missed Millie and Cora from "D", both were tops in last year's running matches. Litchfield County gals were out strong all three in new togs. Nice outfits too! Jerry, and Lucy from "E", kept John "Sleuth" Smith busy before and after lunch. Our state policewomen as usual were ever thoughtful of our transportation needs and entertainment. Too bad they had the problem of seeking the missing left handed baseball glove - Navy property you know!

Oh, Yes! Don Juan Mackenzie (the vocal lieutenant) offered some helpful advice about the rules of all the games. Always in favor of the women's team, you know. Ask Bob Blessing and Bob Sweet about some of the rulings??

Full-back Fagan began kicking the ball around, when the rolling kitchen appeared. Then there was a one-way dash for the chow line. Stafford's Mabel quit playing center field when Chef "Fitzy" from "C" put in an appearance. Margaret and Mabel, Stafford's twins, kept "Fitz" at arms length while dipping in the salty waves.

After a most refreshing repast, there

was a renewed interest in football. The crowd cheered with gusto when the ends were tackled. All were amused when the Chief made several very fascinating passes at the (pardon me) to the fair beauties surrounding him, namely police-women, dispatchers and teletype operators. The pig-skin really made the rounds.

Our very generous host, 7-HQ, injected this responsive group with a gay, and hail-fellow-well-met, spirit. As the merry-making gained momentum, everyone caught the mood.

Bob Glynn became the artist. He succeeded in capturing the diverse and amusing poses, and moods. He took advantage of a unique situation, so to speak. Have you seen Bob's work? Several snaps adorn our bulletin board. Have we had the boys from S.S. in our office with the fingerprint glasses!

At the beach, this beautiful day, each station was well represented by the rather handsome men, and, of course, the lovely women. All were good sports, and it was evident they were having an enjoyable day. Some bathing suits, unintentionally, got wet. Everything was running along smoothly, when all of a sudden, in unison, the ladies gave a low, mellow whistle. All heads turned right about face. "Elmer" Mackenzie made a tripping entrance. The women politely stared at his precisely proportionate bronze body. What brawn!

Yes, it turned out to be a good day for involuntary swimming. Wonder who encouraged the conspirators (Publications Department) to momentarily submerge the condescending "Scotchman" from Groton. It was, however, a splashing success.

A perfect day, an exciting picnic, and a terrific success!!

There were several contributions on the Rocky Neck party which we would like to reprint, but space does not permit more than a few excerpts. Mrs. MacDonald, Station "G" was a runner-up in the contest. Better luck next year Mrs. "Mac".

As indicated in these excerpts, some of our civilian employees display keen

observation, take heed police personnel:

"Some had arrived before us, and were already in bathing suits and slacks. Clara Toce and Mary Sherlock almost looked like twins in their shorts and striped shirts. Evelyn Briggs, Margaret Jacobsen, Mabel Ward, Molly Fagan, Susan Kenyon and Harriet Kidney were all set to take a dip in the salt water. Oh yes, some of the gentlemen were in swim suits and "Bright Shorts".

"Everyone from Station "G" attended. Mr. Speer, Harry Britto, Jim DeFlorio and Mr. Libby immediately began to explore the huge pavillion. Mrs. Speer and I could not be out done, so we climbed the hill to this immense cobblestone building. It is the largest pavillion I have ever seen.

"The Park is certainly appropriately named. I believe all the cobblestones that the building is constructed of were gathered at Rocky Neck. They must be able to accomodate thousands. On the first floor there are tables and benches made from logs. These logs were worked to a mirror like finish and the pillars were a honey colored, natural log, creating a beautiful but rustic appearance. Upstairs was another huge hall with tables and chairs and from there we could look down upon the picnic area, where at about this time the crowd was gathering. Reason - The State Police Dining Trailer had arrived. So we rushed down to get into the long line. Lt. Pastore was taking moving pictures. I think Brett Nash, Chef Manuel, Henry Johnson, Jerry Ballestrini, William Young, Don Fournier, Van Dayhoff, Paul Johnson, George Carey, Ray Benoit, John Larrick and family, Barton Matcheson, Leo Caya and his bride, were all in line and should be in this picture. Oh yes, there were more, Bill Brink, Pete Puzone, John Overstreet, Ruth Wilcox, Gertrude Noonan, Alberta O'Neil and Roberta Peck and all of a sudden I was next in line.

"I almost forgot to mention the highlights of the swim that followed. Theresa Petrini was so ably escorted into the water by Joe Fitzgerald and Mr. Forbes made a graceful three point landing, not to speak of Lieut. Pastore's first swim of the season."

TRAFFIC DIVISION

Completing the third month of the probationary period, the rookies of the '49 Spring Class have been quite busy. The first week was spent at Sta. "C" patrolling upper Rt. 15 (God's country??) Next they were assigned to patrol the Berlin Pike under the guidance of Sta. "H's" swell commander, Lt. Mayo. From there they moved to Sta. "F" where they patrolled Clam Shell Road, otherwise known to motorists as US Rt. 1.

The rookies acquainted themselves with many a local Justice while on these patrols, for during these hours Scale Houses in all sections were in operation. It is rumored that the town of Union has begun to make plans for the construction of an elementary school, to be known as Kimball's Memorial School. Could it be possible?

Off. J. Fitzgibbons, while on routine patrol of upper 15 was involved in a slight signal 10, when one of the flying freight trains flying that route threw a shoe which struck his vehicle. The car received little damage.

The much talked about one arm paper hanger has nothing on Officer (1942 Mercury) Pirri. While patrolling Rt. 15 W.C.P. he had just overtaken and was about to bring to justice an eighty-mile-per-hour violator, when two bright boys decided they were on the wrong lane and jumped the island in front of him. Now Pirri has two warnings and one arrest, but this isn't the end, along comes another vehicle which stops, making four in all. The occupant of this vehicle informs Pirri that he and his friend, who incidentally looked like undertaker material, are deathly sick from something they had eaten. Pirri handling the situation in true State Police style radioed Sta. "I" and requested that a doctor be on hand when he arrived at the North Haven Police Dept., with his speeder. There the speeder posted bond, the island jumpers were warned and the two sick gentlemen were rushed to a hospital. Well done, Off. Pirri.

Al (Beachcomber) Bickford in a rou-

tine check on a slow car on the Burma Road picked his self a stolen car and the operator one Charles Richer from Massachusetts. Richer also admitted that he had stolen cars in Massachusetts and that the police there would be interested in some breaks that he and a friend had committed in his home town.

Muldowney, a city boy...you understand can't understand why the lights are turned off so early on the Burma Road after it leaves Manchester...He did not know that up in Stafford they stopped ringing the nine-o'clock curfew nights because it was waking up the town.

Kozma Politan finds things a little slow since the Labor Day push..."Wha Hoppended to my activity."

Joe Pirri is sporting the Green Hornet down in "I" territory and how proud he is of that car...There is only one Green Hornet we say.

The personnel at Station "C" are up in arms and it seems to be all our Alfred (Bickford's) fault. He picked up a motorist after a long chase on Burma Road and now this trombonist is practicing the long hours away at the "C" Lockup waiting bond. But how blue can music be.

TS-12...John Martin...Info. on M.V. Reg. pls...Could it be a Sig. 4 you want Off. Martin???

The Hartford Times Movie Column last week had a good account of our STAR and we next expect one of the Hollywood gossip mags to run photos of the Hart Bedroom and swimming pool...We await impatiently the release of this great epic.

Tolland County Female hearts are beating just a little faster since Jimmie Kingston swept the Wilbur Cross...Eligible too.

Haying's done and with Fall here, Art Hess is installing a shooting range in his new home...We expect him to appear at Wakefield next year...we hope.

Though it may be a matter for argument the Traffic Division is making HISTORY...Ding Dong Lutz has plans...confidential..but we will let you in on the fundamentals...this invention is a midget mobile kitchen for each state police car assigned to Tolland County.

Imagine, only two restaurants on the Burma Road and both closed at midnight.

Lombardo...TS-14...and we don't mean that crooner who sounds like he is on ice...but our Moora is expected to audition soon for the radio. Seems one of the talent scouts from an unnamed radio network heard the Voice during the Labor Day Weekend at Vernon Circle.

However Sterniak, Ed to us, will miss the voice and the aurora of the farm in his assigned car...did we say "Farm?"

"Buzz" Greenberg (a 29 on T.S.-4 pls) misses his running mate Willie Bellefleur.

Though the T.D. is light in weight, it is heavy in overweight arrests as the truckies on Rt. 15 will bear out. In fact the Union Scales were out of commission for several days after some really heavy boys were put on and summoned to the state line town. A record 36,000 pounds overweight truck was stopped by Off. Fitzgibbons in Union and was held up until the driver transferred the load to another truck. The operator posted his bond cheerfully but felt a little bad cuz he was only about a quarter of a mile from the Mass.-Conn. line when arrested.

The truckies on Rtes. 1 and 5 will not soon forget the T.S. Squad's effective enforcement of overweights. On the whole the new members of the department are glad to be a part of the Conn. State Police and hope the department is glad to have them.---(And how we are!)

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

On August 8, 1949, prisoner Frank Redding escaped from the Federal Correctional Institution, Danbury, and through the co-operation of our local radio station and newspaper he was apprehended by four residents living in the vicinity of the Institution.

Our utmost gratitude is extended to the following who assisted us in the search for prisoner Redding: Lieut. Walter J. Boas and his staff; Officers Clayton Gaiser and Kenneth Tripp of

Station I; also, Special State Policeman Walter K. Conrad, who patrolled the waterfront of Lake Candlewood where subject Redding was seen.

Officer Guy Bonuomo, while patrolling on Route #25, in the Town of Monroe, on August 17, 1949, came upon a large truck covered with a tarpaulin, parked off the side of the highway. He became suspicious, stopped, and lifted the tarpaulin. Underneath he found one Harry Shlonsky, of Bridgeport, lying among cut-up pieces of telephone cable. It was found that Shlonsky had cut up this cable, put it on the truck, and was planning to transport it to Massachusetts where it would be sold. He was arrested on charge of Larceny in the amount of \$1034.00. (Bonuomo is known to us as "Slow-Motion" but boy is he alert!)

We received a complaint on September 1 to the effect that a Mr. Ruggles Decker of Danbury was shot in the back by a .22 Cal. bullet while he was at the City Dump, located in the Town of Danbury. Investigation by Officers Edward McMahon and John Jones revealed that Alexander Mikitich and Valerian Kodz, also of Danbury, had been target practicing in the area adjacent to the dump and that one of their shots had hit Decker.

They were arrested on charge of Breach of Peace, on warrants issued by the Danbury City Court, as there is no particular statute covering this accidental shooting outside the City Limits. They were presented in Danbury City Court - plead guilty - and were sentenced to 30 days in Danbury Jail - execution of same suspended and fined \$75.00 each. (Because of the serious results this offense could have caused, this columnist certainly agrees that the Danbury City Court has set a precedent in its decision.)

The day following the aforementioned episode, Officer William J. McNamara was dispatched to the Danbury Hospital where a woman was admitted for a gunshot wound. This woman, Mrs. Hallvis Hansen of Middle River Road, Danbury, who was sitting on her front lawn with her husband, felt a sting on her arm. She first thought that it was a "bee-sting" - but it started to bleed and a .22 Cal.

slug fell to the ground. After investigating this case, the officer determined that two fellows, who were supposedly shooting fish in a brook, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from Mrs. Hansen's home, with a .22 Cal. rifle, evidently were shooting at an angle, because the bullet ricocheted off the water and subsequently hit Mrs. Hansen's arm. Case is still in process of investigation.

Officer Bonuomo ran into quite an unusual case recently - he was patrolling on Route #111, in the Town of Monroe (again) when he observed a 1941 Mercury towing a Taylor Craft Airplane. The Craft was not displaying any registration plates and was without lights. When stopped, the operator was arrested on charges of towing an over-width vehicle without permit - towing an unregistered vehicle and towing a vehicle without lights. The operator, whose case is still pending in the Monroe Justice Court, claimed he didn't know that it was a violation!

Another unusual case occurred recently in the Town of Newtown, when Officer McMahon, while patrolling Route #6, observed a new car being operated without registration plates. He stopped the operator and it was learned that this operator had driven without plates, all the way from Cairo, Illinois where he bought the car. He claimed that the dealer in Cairo told him that he did not need plates to bring his car to Massachusetts. Incidentally, wonder who was on the South Patrol (Danbury and Vicinity) at the time?

The civilian personnel at Station "A" wish to thank everyone who made possible the enjoyable day at Rocky Neck on August 25. The only complaint heard was that we don't have enough of them.

We understand that a "Swinging Four-some" comprised of Lieut. Klocker, Officer Jones, Corporal Sweeney and Trooper Zimmer of the New York State Police met in a little competition recently and after the Connecticut representatives went 5 up in the first five holes all bets were OFF!

Welcome to Fred Leary our new garage-man, who started his work at Station "A" on August 16. Incidentally, while at the Outing on August 25, he stepped into

the batter's box - E.J.H. was pitching (the ball of course) - Fred caught a hold of a beautiful one, just above the knees - E.J.H. ran out, saying "It's covered," and boy! was it! You could tell E.J.H. was no beginner - he handled the situation just like a "Big Leaguer."

The officers at this station stomped off with another record for this station last month when they racked up 109 Motor Vehicle Arrests and 289 Motor Vehicle Warnings - wonder what the checkered boys are thinking about?

MOTOR VEHICLE QUIPS

A young couple were driving through the countryside at high speed. Suddenly, he turned to her and said: "Isn't it great--speeding like this for mile after mile? Doesn't it make you glad that you're alive?"

"Glad?" she gasped. "I'm amazed!"

--00--

She made a right hand turn from a left hand lane and promptly hit another auto. The driver got out and accosted her.

"Lady, why didn't you signal?"

"Because I always turn here, stupid."

---Sundial

--00--

Judge: "Well, what's your excuse for speeding 60 miles an hour?"

Victim: "I had just heard, your honor that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of trousers."

--00--

Lady drove her car up in front of a garage and waited. Soon a mechanic came out.

Lady: "Can you fix up that fender so my husband won't know it's been dented?"

Mechanic: "Nooo, but I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask him how he bent it." ---The X-change

Unfinished Business

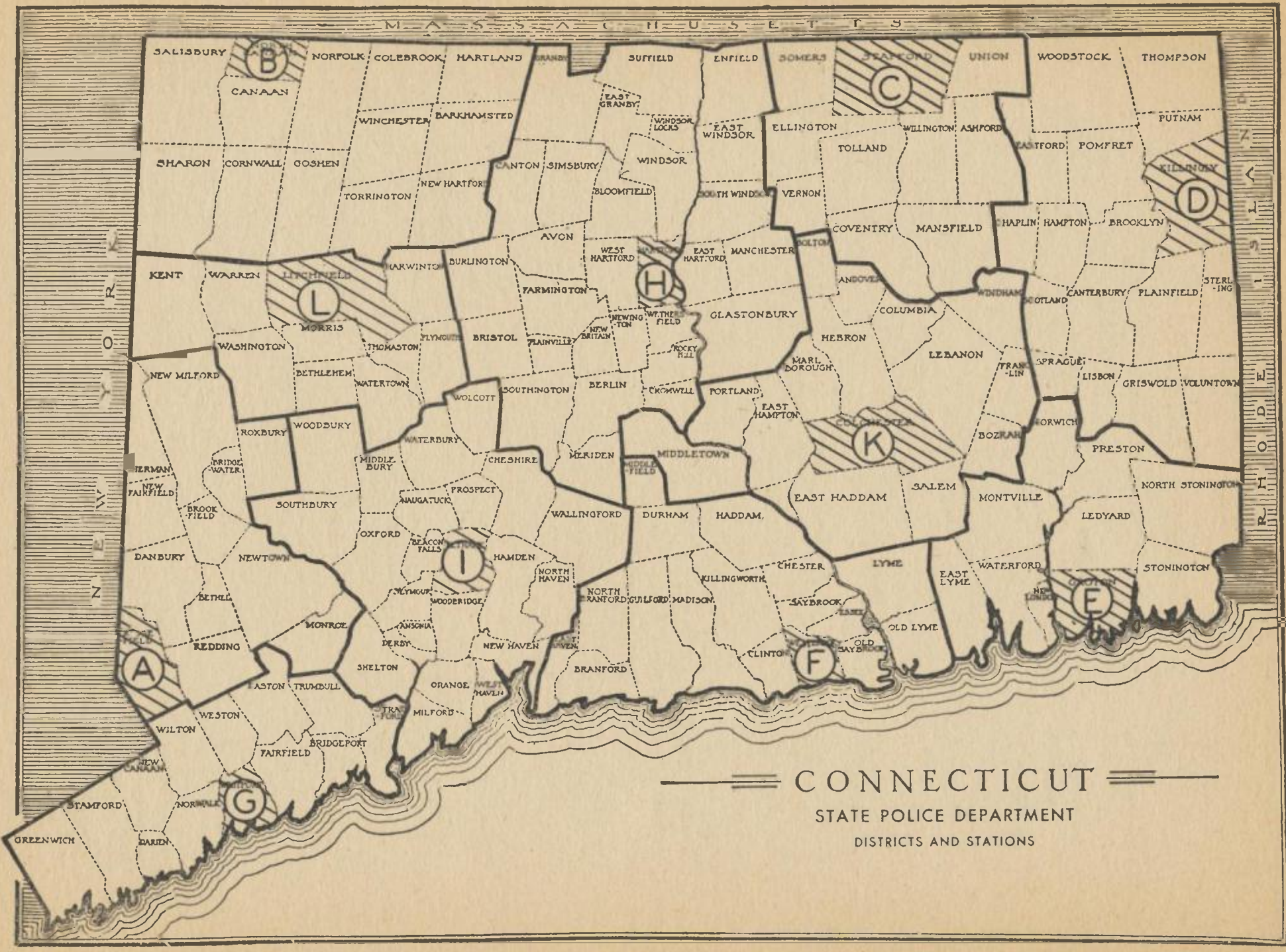
Connecticut State Police Canaan Station Case No. B-566-C
JOHN COREY, WANTED FOR MURDER Date of crime -- March 19, 1948
Location of crime -- North Canaan, Connecticut
Name of deceased -- Louise Corey, wife of fugitive
Grand Jury returned First Degree Indictment on May 17, 1943.

Connecticut State Police Stafford Springs Station Case No. C-157-D
HOMICIDE -- Date of crime - August 6, 1948 at about 8:55 P.M. DST
Location of crime -- Crystal Springs, State Picnic Area - Rt. 30 Tolland, Conn.
Name of deceased -- George Ernest Bannow, Age 57 -- Bannow passed away at Johnson Memorial Hospital, Stafford Springs on Aug. 8, 1948.
Date of Coroner's Hearing -- May 10, 1949
Date of Coroner's Finding -- May 18, 1949
Coroner's Finding -- As a result of inquiry, investigation, scientific research, autopsy and inquest, I am of the opinion that said gunshot wound was inflicted by some unknown person willfully while in the act of perpetrating a crime against the deceased and that the death of said George Ernest Bannow was willfully caused by said unknown person.

Dated at Rockville, this 18th day of May, 1949
Bernard J. Ackerman, Coroner

Conn. Bdcst. 18117 File 12 12-13-48 PD Hartford, Conn.
HOMICIDE -- ARMED ROBBERY -- by unknown person or persons:
Date of crime -- December 13, 1948 at 8:30 A.M. to 9:00 A.M.
Location of crime -- Tailor Shop, 237 Main Street, Hartford, Connecticut
Name of deceased -- Morris L. Melnich. Died of gunshot wounds thru the heart and a second shot penetrated his left knee. Two .32 cal. lead bullets taken from his body. Connecticut State Police Case No. S-147-D

Conn. Bdcst. 10764 File 8 8-10-49 PD Wallingford, Conn.
ARMED ROBBERY -- Date of crime - August 10, 1949 at 8:00 A.M.
Two unknown white men between 18 and 30 years of age. No. 1 -- about 150 lbs., black hair. No. 2 -- about 165 lbs., black hair. Escaped in 1938-40 Buick Sedan - registration unknown - armed, cal. unknown. Victim hit with butt of revolver. Pair fled with \$400.00



CONNECTICUT
 STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT
 DISTRICTS AND STATIONS