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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J HICKEY
Commissioner

NOVEMBER 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 con-
duct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."

Greetings: *Connecticut Policewomen*

VOX-COP

November, 1949

"The strength of the Connecticut State Police Department lies in the character of its men and women."



Shown in the photo are Mrs. Kathryn Haggerty, left, and Mrs. Evelyn Briggs the first policewomen to be appointed to the Connecticut State Police Department. Their appointment took effect November 1, 1942.

GENERAL STATUTES OF CONNECTICUT Revision of 1949

Sec. 3642. "STATE POLICEMAN" DEFINED. The term "state policeman" or "state policemen," wherever used in the general statutes, shall, unless otherwise indicated by the context, include a state policewoman or state policewomen.

Sec. 3643. STATE POLICE FORCE. MOTOR PATROL. The commissioner of state police shall appoint three hundred men as state policemen and twelve women as state policewomen. The commissioner of state police shall appoint therefrom a major and such number of captains, lieutenants, detective sergeants, sergeants and detectives as he may deem necessary to officer efficiently the state police force.

Connecticut State Policewomen

Essentially, the Connecticut State Police Department is a cooperative enterprise. It operates under a solemn oath to support, protect and defend the Constitution and laws of both the United States and the State of Connecticut. It is pledged to uphold the rights and liberties of all citizens in accordance with established law, administered by proper and ethical procedure. It operates 24 hours of every day in the year.

You, Miss or Madam Policewoman, are a part of law enforcement in Connecticut. Created by statute, July 1, 1903 the Department of State Police has served the citizens of our beloved State with courage and fidelity. Our officers have always been ready, alert and well trained to meet the arduous duties of law enforcement. During World War I the need of policewomen service became desirable and appointments were made for the duration by delegating special police powers to several social workers.

With the coming of World War II and the increased problems pertaining to youth because of the war impact and the migration of war production workers, CSP again sought the services of competent policewomen to work with state policemen. The 1941 General Assembly authorized two policewomen to be members of the force. Accordingly, two, Mesdames Haggerty and Briggs, were appointed on November 1, 1942. Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, New York City Police Department, extended an invitation to the new appointees to attend the Policewoman's Academy, N.Y.P.D. for training.

Three months later our SPW returned to Connecticut for duty. Both joined with the men in the force in upholding the traditions and reputation of the department in the cause of law and order. No request for service was too difficult or too small for these pioneers in Connecticut State Police service. Winning the confidence of their fellow policemen by hard work, and fully appreciating the importance of working in harmony and on a partnership basis with our state policemen, our policewomen soon demonstrated their loyal support of the service.

In 1943 the General Assembly, authorized the War Council to employ ten special state policewomen. This group was trained at the Training School, Bethany and continued on the special war assignments until 1945 when they received permanent appointments to CSP. Today, our State Policewomen are recognized throughout the nation as well-trained police officers capable of serving in every phase of police work.

Investing them with state police powers the statutes made no distinction between the men and women in our police service. In the performance of police duties our policewomen ask for no exemptions. Today, back of the men and women of CSP are years of conscientious endeavor to give the people of the State increasingly better service, so that Connecticut may continue to provide the best things in life.

Yankee *By The* Clipper



VOX-COP

November, 1949

State's Policewomen Set Precedent For U. S.

Experiment in 1942 Manpower Shortage Led
Legislature to Name 11 Women To Special Services

In November, 1942, the first war year, when juvenile delinquency and crimes involving morals took a sudden upsurge, the Connecticut State Police--like so many other organizations during those days of the manpower shortage--engaged two young women to lend a hand in untangling their problems. The State Legislature authorized the appointment of Mrs. Kathryn Haggerty, one-time nurse for the New Haven Health Department, and Mrs. Evenly Briggs, a former social worker for Middlesex County. These two lively young women, whose husbands were both in service, did such a competent job in helping to squelch crime that two years later the Legislature appointed 10 more.

Today Connecticut's trim State Policewomen, endowed with all the powers and capable of performing most of the duties of the male members of the department, are an important part of the State's most important organization. Since 1942, other states, learning of the successful pioneering efforts of Connecticut in recruiting women in this respect, have followed suit.

Working side by side with the men in the department, these young women in plain clothes have accomplished about everything in police work. Although they specialize mostly in handling cases where women or children are involved, they have worked on all types of crime: Murder, arson, homicide, forgery, theft, sex violations.

They have participated in solving a murder in Old Lyme when a girl was slain by a sailor, the Grove murder in Berlin when a body was found in a shallow grave; the Hackley rape case and the Madden-Bradley case. For six months,

they persistently dug for facts until an abortion ring in Hartford and New Haven Counties was finally broken.

Assume Risks Too

These attractive women, with soft-modulated voices, have even undergone medical treatment to capture quacks operating in violation of the healing arts. They aid in getting mentally-ill people to State institutions, and on one occasion, report having their "hands full" when three members of the same family were taken to the hospital. They are also called out on all emergencies such as the catastrophic Hartford fire.

They report to Major Leo F. Carroll, head of the special services division of the State Police Department. The majority are assigned to definite barracks and shifted from one to another.

Major Carroll explained their duties as follows: The investigation of crimes involving women or minors; the investigation of complaints and reports of suspected illegal acts in which women or minors are concerned.

They are also required to investigate public places and recreational facilities for the purpose of protecting the morals of women and minors; to cooperate with the courts and other public and private agencies and interested groups to promote wholesome conditions in the community for girls and women; to investigate cases of juvenile delinquency; to supervise offenders on parole; to look for and take into custody delinquent or neglected children and maintain records and make reports.

Candidates must also have a knowledge of modern practices in investiga-



RARE picture of Connecticut's State Policewomen as a group since they are usually engaged daily in investigation work throughout the State. L. to R., front: Theresa Petrini, Ruth Wilcox, Susan G. Kenyon, Lois Miller, Mary Doyle (resigned), and Harriet Malone (resigned). Second row: Margaret Jacobson, Evelyn Briggs, Mary Daily (resigned), Harriet Kidney, Kathryn Haggerty, Dorothy Scoville, Virginia Butler, Martha Nelson (resigned), and Lucy Boland are not shown in photograph.

tion and prevention of crime and the apprehension and proper treatment of women offenders and minors; knowledge of the problems and attitudes of women; ability to win their confidence and ability to prepare comprehensive reports. They must have had not less than five years' employment in probation, parole, penal, social, group work or in law enforcement, or as a nurse, teacher or investigator or graduation from college and one year's experience as stated; or an equivalent combination of experience and training.

Because the job of policewoman is a demanding one there are also requirements governing age, weight and health. Candidates must have reached their 25th but not their 41st birthday. They must stand between five feet three inches and five feet ten in height, with weight in

proportion to height. They must have the strength and endurance necessary for performance of their duties, normal vision and be able to pass a color test.

A Cozy Evening

Their day may begin with a call to another part of the State to investigate a forgery case in which a woman is involved, or the investigation of a complaint of a worried mother who feels her daughter is in bad company. In the afternoon, they may rush to a country fair miles away to keep a watchful eye out for pickpockets, lost children, and ladies of the evening who venture forth at any time of day. Just as the sun is setting, and the ladies begin to think about a nice, cozy evening at home, a woman may become involved in a homicide.

Sometimes these young women work for

36 hours, or more, without a break. They may be called out into the inky night during the wee hours, sent on a big job around quitting time, or might be ordered by radio to return to the job while driving home.

Few have been tempted to forsake their former comfortable professions solely for the salary offered by the State. During their three-month training period, they receive about \$44 weekly. After appointment to the staff, their annual salary is set at \$2,520 with periodic raises until the maximum of \$3,480 is reached in seven years of service.

And although they are dealing with trouble all the time and constantly exposed to the sordid seaminess of life--and occasionally in danger--each and every one of these "copettes" will tell you she loves her job. As one policewoman tried with some hesitation to explain the attraction: "Every day brings something new. There's no monotony to our job. Every day we're talking to different people, or we may be in a different part of the State. And, of course, we also feel we're accomplishing some good especially in cases of juveniles."

Of the 11 now serving on the staff, five were former teachers, three were nurses, one was a social worker, one a school librarian and one a former stenographer. Besides Mrs. Haggerty and Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Dorothy T. Scoville also serves at headquarters. The eight others are assigned to the various police barracks throughout the State. Miss Ruth Wilcox works at Bethany barracks; Mrs. Harriet Kidney at Westbrook; Mrs. Susan J. Kenyon at Danielson; Miss Margaret E. Jacobson at Stafford Springs; Miss Theresa M. Petrini at Ridgefield; Miss Lucy Boland at Groton; Mrs. Lois F. Miller at Colchester; and Mrs. Virginia M. Butler at Litchfield.

All 11 spent three months training at the academy at Bethany, and took all courses required of the male members of the force except motor vehicle accident investigation and motorcycle riding. Mrs. Haggerty and Mrs. Briggs also attended the training school conducted by

the New York City Police Department, and also were the first women to study at the Harvard School of Legal Medicine. One evening a week during the winter months the women engage in revolver practice. They occasionally carry a revolver, are equipped with hand-cuffs and a blackjack at all times.

Only Mrs. Haggerty and Mrs. Briggs are the possessors of uniforms, trimly tailored of the same grey blue fabric as that of the male members of the staff. They don them only for formal ceremonies such as parades or state functions. At other times, Connecticut's policewomen dress in plain clothes, trim suits and coats, or tailored dresses, exactly as they would if going to a clerical job. And of course, the more closely they resemble a clerical worker, the smoother goes their work of investigation, for criminals have an uncanny way of spotting a "dick" -- even the feminine type -- even a mile away.

Mrs. Haggerty lives in North Guilford and Mrs. Briggs in Higganum. Though they spend 10 and a half hours on the job, they commute daily. These two veterans, through seven long years of tracking down criminals, and studying criminal motives, have arrived at several well-taken conclusions: Most criminals have not had proper guidance and supervision in their youth. Many were victims of broken homes and had no affiliation with a church. Almost every case of juvenile delinquency reveals that the child had not been adequately taught right from wrong. Quite a few juvenile delinquents also came from homes where family finances are sound, but where parents are careless or indifferent about proper training. Criminal traits have also been traced to inferiority complexes. The offender feels the only way he can get recognition is by being tough.

And though many a worried parent seeks the help of policewomen in aiding to put their children back on the straight and narrow path, a fretful minor occasionally appears before their desk, too, to report the malevolence and cruelty of parents.

State Policewomen At Work

Top photo: State Policewoman Ruth Wilcox, center, on duty at the Danbury Fair alert for pickpockets, missing persons and lost children.



Center photo: Left to right; State Policewomen Virginia Butler, standing; Susan Kenyon, typing reports; and Theresa Petrini interviewing two juveniles.

Bottom photo: At left, State Policewoman Lucy Bolland on barracks steps with youngster who had been involved in an accident. At extreme right, SPW Harriet Kidney assisting the boy's grandmother who was on the verge of collapse after she had anticipated finding her grandchild injured despite reassurances to the contrary.



POLICE WOMAN'S ROLE IN SOCIAL PROTECTION

By Eleanor L. Hutzel
 Chief of Woman's Division,
 Department of Police,
 Detroit, Michigan

Although the first policewoman was appointed in 1907, it was not until the period of the first World War that there was any general acceptance of the need for women with police powers to deal with youth. The lay women's organizations interested in providing this service, recognized from the beginning the need for skilled social workers in this field. Social workers in ways which seemed strange to police officers, with the result that the natural resistance to the appointment of women to work in a men's organization was strengthened by an ability to understand the methods and objectives of women who were appointed. The fact that public social work of any type during the early nineteen hundreds as less desirable than work in private agencies, made it difficult to recruit the most desirable workers, so that the urgency of the first World War was needed to give impetus to appointment of policewomen and make a patriotic appeal to interest qualified women. Most cities which appointed policewomen during this period retained them, but there were not a great many new appointments until World War II brought renewed emphasis on youth problems.

In different parts of the country one finds police departments which have employed policewomen so long that most of the men have no conception of a department without women officers; and policewomen's bureaus which have been so long accepted in the community program of youth service that their work is no more commented on than that of other established agencies. Police chiefs also have come to appreciate the need for officers with special skills to work with youth, as evidenced by their recent request that the Federal Childrens Bureau assist them in setting up national schools for the better training of officers doing this type of work.

During the past ten years, there has been a marked trend in police depart-

ments toward broader service, and policewomen's bureaus have become "youth protective bureaus" or "crime prevention bureaus", with both men and women police officers. The action of the International Association of Chiefs of Police in attempting to standardize service to youth in police departments is heartening, because of the recent increase in problems of juvenile delinquency. Heartening especially because whether other workers in the youth field recognize it or not, the fact remains that police officers are a part of service to youth and effort, therefore, should be directed to making it an efficient service.

The figures most frequently used in discussing juvenile delinquency are figures on Juvenile Court complaints. To give you some idea of the difference between Juvenile Court complaints and police contacts, I mention the following:

In 1943, in Detroit, Policewomen contacted 8,936 girls between 10 and 17 years of age. During the same period, 450 complaints were filed in Juvenile Court on girls in this age group. The Juvenile Court complaints were for the entire area of Wayne County, and the police contacts for the City of Detroit, which alone makes the difference even more marked.

These figures show the extent to which the police enter into work with youth problems. Their work is peculiarly significant and their contact important because so often the police officer is the first youth worker with whom the child makes contact, and in many cases, the only one, since a high percentage of contacts are adjusted by the police (fifty per cent in Detroit, and more elsewhere).

I accepted the subject assigned to me with the understanding that social protection should be interpreted in a broad enough sense to cover the conduct problems presented by all teen age girls and not be limited to any specific group, because the policewoman works with the larger group.

In discussing the work of policewomen, necessarily I must be influenced

by my own experience in organizing and directing a group of women officers over a period of twenty years, during which time the number has increased from 16 to 64. Of the 22 officers appointed since 1940, all but two are college graduates, most of whom majored in sociology. These two are nurses with experience in public health nursing. Ten of the 22 were trained for social work, nine for teaching, and one for secretarial work. Appointment is by competitive examination. The fact that our initial salary is high, \$2,829, has made it possible for us to interest women with some background of experience in their respective fields.

Policewomen work both with individuals and with community conditions which present hazards to youth. Once accepted by the men officers, the policewomen find themselves a part of an organization which is reaching into every part of the city, during every hour of the day, every day of the week. It requires but little effort to develop in the men of the department a feeling of obligation to concern themselves with youth in hazardous situations, and to be on the lookout for conditions which are harmful. The men officers will do this with greater enthusiasm if there is within the department a special bureau to which they can refer the problems coming to their attention, since they necessarily feel themselves inadequate to meet these problems.

The first duty of the policewoman is identification of the young person who is in a hazardous situation, and because her numbers in any police department are small, she must extend herself in any way that she can. Men officers are her first resource, but there are many others and a considerable part of her success depends on her ability to secure this help.

The inexperienced young girl, coming to a new community, generally does not go to an organized agency for advice or direction. The Information Center in a Public Library is rarely consulted. Some come with letters from their pastors and make church connections, many more do not. These young girls consult the bus driver, a fellow traveler or

the person who gave them a lift on the road. They go to centrally located cheap hotels or rooming houses. They attach themselves to seemingly more experienced girls whom they meet in eating places, in public parks, or who sit next to them in a movie theatre. These, therefore, are the people whom the policewoman must learn to know. Bus drivers, taxi drivers and truck drivers must be contacted in groups and, when the opportunity presents, individually; employees in terminal stations; attendants in public rest rooms; news stand operators; managers and waitresses at eating places; operators of rooming houses, hotels, theatres, dance halls, cabarets and bowling alleys, all serve as resources and the policewoman must enlist their help in protecting young girls from undesirable experiences, if she is to succeed in serving those she most needs to help.

Much of the educational work which brings about this cooperation, is carried on as a part of other activities. A good contact while making search for a missing girl; a word of appreciation when it has been earned; an extra few minutes to explain what the policewoman is trying to accomplish; a report back that a girl has been successfully planned for take little extra time, but bring good results. When policemen are picking up and are bringing runaways to the woman's bureau before they are reported as missing, when officers observe and report danger spots in the areas in which they work, when girls, obviously and unprotected, are reported to the woman's bureau by landlords, taxi drivers, employers, waitresses or older girls, then the director of a policewoman's bureau can feel that good resources are being built up, and that youth in the community is being given some measure of protection.

Along with the development of these resources, however, the policewoman must make her own observations. Because much of this observation must be made at night, and because it does not work out well to keep officers, a certain rotation in personnel is inevitable. Since, however, it is agreed that in this work of identification, officers should be

assigned in teams, it is possible to provide some continuity. Maps are developed on which questionable places and points where youth congregate are indicated; note books, in which helpful information of a permanent and also of a temporary character is kept, are prepared and kept up to date for each area. This work of going out to find girls who may be in dangerous situations is so intangible and its success depends so much on the individual, that a high type of worker is required as well as good leadership and close supervision. This type of work under no circumstances can be done satisfactorily unless the officer is so well trained that she feels security in her sure knowledge of how to handle any situation which may arise and has assurance of the full support of her superiors. The ability to make quick decisions, to meet efficiently any emergency, to deal understandingly with disturbed people under difficult circumstances is required for every policewoman.

Recently, in Detroit, we have been experimenting with teams made up of a policewoman and a policeman. These officers work during the late night hours coming on duty at 10:00 in the evening and working until 6:00 in the morning. They are assigned to the central part of the city, to public parks and areas especially frequented by young people. The experiment resulted from the fact some should be given help; wilful violators should be prosecuted objectively but with determination and intelligent use of every resource. In this field also the policewoman must constantly endeavor to extend her usefulness by educating managers to an understanding of the fact that it is to their advantage to operate within the law. An operator who conforms only when he thinks he may be observed has the opportunity to do much harm before he is finally eliminated, but a licensee who has learned that it is to his advantage to operate a decent place, will do so at all times and much will have been gained.

The third thing for policewomen to concern themselves with is prosecution of individuals who exploit women for

immoral purposes. The reports of FSA Division of Social Protection show encouraging progress in suppression of commercial prostitution. Nevertheless, policewomen know that they must be constantly alert to prevent individuals who have found commercial prostitution a profitable business from re-establishing themselves. The policewomen must learn to recognize procurers and panderers. This is accomplished by arranging for her to look at arrested persons in the police show-up, the purpose being to make it possible for the policewoman to watch these individuals if she sees them under suspicious circumstances. In cities where all young girls contacted by policemen are turned over to policewomen, information is frequently obtained which leads to prosecution of individuals who have committed crimes against them. The men who made the contact and the policewoman then find it desirable to collaborate in the preparation of the criminal case, because the policewoman will have won the confidence of the girl and her cooperation in prosecution will depend on maintaining this confidence. Gradually, policewomen become very skilful in the preparation of these difficult cases and their help is eagerly sought.

With the suppression of commercial prostitution, the problems growing out of pick-up contacts, where there is no money transaction, have come to the front. Records of the Woman's Detention Quarters, where all arrested women in Detroit are held, show that only about one half as many women were referred to the Department of Health for examination in 1943 as in 1942. This is due to fewer commercial prostitutes arrested. It is a known fact that many former prostitutes are now employed in industry. With the lesser number of cases, however, the incidence of infection has increased, indicating that the younger girl, the clandestine type prostitute, is less experienced in protecting herself.

Many different efforts are being made in different cities to control this problem. My own feeling is that fairly good results are obtained from the type of patrol service which I have describ-

ed. A part of this service, of course, must be constant prosecution of individuals who contribute to the delinquency of, or are immoral with a girl in the age group which is legally protected. When members of the military services are involved in these practices, efforts to control the situation must be cooperatively developed with the military authorities and their police divisions. A knowledge of military rules and regulations and the position of members of the armed forces who violate civilian laws, as well as provisions for handling these problems, is necessary for every police officer, man and woman.

---Montreal Police and Fire Bulletin

POLICEWOMEN IN A PROTECTION PROGRAM

In a course of training for Policewomen given in Syracuse University, emphasis was placed on the participation of Policewomen in a community protection program.

Among topics of special interest were the role of Policewomen in relation to problems of teen agers; the integration of police efforts with a social work program, and the use of Police in community planning.

It was also established that a Crime Prevention Bureau, working in cooperation with the various community agencies can help to make any community a safer and more wholesome place in which to live.

All this sounds very familiar when checked against the work being done by the Crime Prevention Division of the Philadelphia Bureau of Police, and the Policewomen's Unit, with its many and diverse services to young girls; its development of specialized patrol and supervision; its close association with the schools and social service agencies. That all of this is making a definite contribution to the health, welfare and moral uplift of the City, is indisputable.

At Syracuse it was emphasized--and in this we agree--that Policewomen need not, perhaps should not be, social workers. As was stated, police duties are

clearly defined by law, and the primary responsibility of Policewomen involves law enforcement. It was brought out that the Police Department is not always a proper setting for social service work.

However, the Policewoman needs to know the social service resources in her own community, so that she may refer cases to appropriate agencies for required help.

These are first principles in the program of the Philadelphia Policewomen.

For the most part, Policewomen have to cope with moral problems. They come in contact with the girl who is letting herself down; the girl who has been led too easily into associations that have played havoc with her moral standards; the girl who has become a victim of a venereal disease; the girl with a child; the girl unhappy in her home or misplaced in her school -- to all such, Policewomen must try to bring help and hope.

To do this she must have a knowledge and understanding of human nature and a love for her fellow beings. These things cannot always be achieved through mere so-called college educations. While school training is most desirable, a good Policewoman must have a great deal more than she can learn from books and lectures.

To be a good law enforcement officer, and at the same time to be able to win the confidence of those who become her clients, to be able to guide and aid, and give fresh assurance to the bewildered and unhappy; to straighten out the erring without their losing their self-respect - this is no mean task.

In Philadelphia 15 Policewomen working harmoniously with a Supervisor, cooperating with schools and any others who are intent on building up fine womanhood out of whatever material presents itself, are giving of their best to accomplish the task that has been given them. ---The Philadelphia Policewoman

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. ---Carlyle



Photo by COVIELLO

Good Police Work

Echoes of Rosalind Russell's public appearance in behalf of the Community Chest Campaign may still be heard in the far reaches of the Brass City. The 10,000 fans who gathered on the Green the night of Oct. 13, were made happy by the concentration of feminine Hollywood glamour they beheld. But again Rosalind demonstrated that she has much more than the attribute which is only skin deep. She was alert to her surroundings, and highly appreciative of the manner in which she was received. That she has an exceptionally high I.Q. we long since knew.

Miss Russell had particular praise for the Waterbury Police Department, and for the splendid manner in which the great crowd which turned out to greet her was handled. She said she never had seen a better job done by any police department in the country. That covers a lot of territory.

Waterburians, who are used to top-grade police work, may not have noticed what went on during Miss Russell's visit. Announcement that she was com-

ing to Waterbury had been made only a short time before her arrival. There wasn't much time to be lost in making arrangements. And not only was the rally on The Green to be taken care of, but all places on the long tour of the city which she made.

If those in the crowd about the grandstand had taken time, they would have seen that the policemen on the job there sacrificed their chance of feasting their eyes on the movie star, in behalf of their duty. They faced outboard--that is away from the stand--so that they could keep all eyes on the crowd. If a disturbance started, they would know just where to go at once.

There was nothing exceptional about the way the police performed Thursday night. It was just another demonstration of consistent good service. The same efficiency was shown at the championship boxing bout held at the Municipal Stadium not long ago. Waterbury has a good police department, under able leadership. We should be proud of it.

---Waterbury American

"MOTHER POLICEMEN"

Sidney Policewomen Help Reduce Road Toll

In their double role of traffic directors and road safety lecturers, Sydney's new corps of traffic policewomen are helping to cut down the road accident rate in Australia's busiest capital city.

The toll on New South Wales roads led to traffic policewomen lecturing at schools. Three schoolchildren are hurt almost every day and each fortnight a girl or boy dies because of road accidents in and around Sydney. The adult casualty rate is even higher.

Detailed figures for the year ended on June 30, 1948, show that 259 (26 schoolchildren) were killed and 5,667 injured (905 schoolchildren) in accidents in the Sydney metropolitan area. Nearly 1,000 vehicles were involved. Half of the 380,000 motor vehicles licensed in N.S.W. operate in the Sydney area.

"Lady coppers," "coppers" and "mother policemen" are some of the good-natured nick-names given these Sydney women traffic policewomen since their introduction a year ago.

The two women who were first given traffic work as an experiment proved so successful that 12 more were appointed recently.

As well as handling traffic at busy city intersections and lecturing school children on road safety, these policewomen control traffic outside schools.

The expression "mother policemen" was given to them by kindergarten children whom they taught road safety.

The authorities idea that the feminine touch could play a part on the roads and in the schools in helping to break down the road casualty figures has proved successful.

These smartly uniformed, attractive, capable women are so popular with Sydney's huge traveling public that not one officer has had to book a car to date.

Chuckles tall, lithe, 27-year-old Constable Gladys Johnson, with the engaging smile and iron handshake:--"When drivers see us they slow up automatically out of sheer astonishment...and that

is still a daily experience for those of us who have been on the job 12 months.

"A serious problem for us recently has been the many pedestrians who will cross the intersection against the traffic to shake our hand. An avalanche of seasonal greetings from drivers and pedestrians alike at Christmas and New Year also provided many a happy handshake."

Because of their alternative job of lecturing school children, a pleasing and an attractive voice plays an important part in the selection of candidates who are recruited from the ranks of the 47 policewomen in the New South Wales Police Force.

Many candidates have had more than eight years service, while all had worked on juvenile delinquency cases and are experienced in handling children. On top of this previous experience, recruits do a three months intensive training course before graduating for duty, during which they have special lectures in child psychology, and voice production and variation from a University professor and four other experts.

Training includes a thorough knowledge of traffic laws and instruction in the job of driving home to teachers, parents and children alike the needs for safety first.

A thorough mastery of the New South Wales Traffic Acts with ability to debate their finer points is fundamental, but to ensure that practice is linked with theory, each recruit in turn works single-handed every major traffic point in the city area. In this way all the women have overcome any nervousness they may have had at first.

For school work, they learn to speak to children in simple language, using blackboard drawings, pictures and films to illustrate their message.

Having proved their worth on point duty and in the classroom, Sydney's traffic policewomen have certainly earned their right to a permanent place in the New South Wales Police Force.

--The Should Strap

MASSACHUSETTS ADDS FIVE
STATE POLICEWOMEN

By Milton G. Lambert

Within a few days, the Massachusetts State Police force will be augmented by the work of five newly-enlisted women. From the calm, motherly type with graying hair, to the pert, smartly-dressed "slick chicks," they look as different from cops as could be--which is just the way that they should look.

"But make no mistake about it; these women are real, bona-fide State police officers, wearing a badge and carrying a gun," declared Lieutenant Arthur T. O'Leary, who has charge of training the newcomers. "They are vested with the same authority as a male officer."

Need Was Clear

Shortly after the war, he explained, juvenile delinquency and crimes involving morals took a sudden upsurge. This is a field of work that is particularly in need of a woman's touch. There were two policewomen in the division of State police, but one was looking forward to retirement, and the other was swamped with work.

That's when John F. Stokes, commissioner of public safety, went into a huddle with other responsible authorities and came up with the plan for increasing the distaff side of the force.

Out of 18 women who passed the written and oral examinations, the top five were selected to form the first class. There may be other classes later. The five women are:

Mrs. Florence McBride of Cambridge and the Misses Eleanor P. Coleman of West Roxbury, Kathryn G. Meade of Belmont, Mora Terry of Hull and Mary E. Sullivan of Fall River.

They will be supervised by Sergeant Mary E. Kirkpatrick, a policewoman who has been with the force for 11 years. She was recently promoted to her serjeancy by Commissioner Stokes for the purpose of taking charge of the new detail.

Lieutenant O'Leary closed the door on the excitedly chattering women, and led the way into his quiet office. "They

start a three-week course in general police work that will keep them busy from 9 in the morning to 5 at night," he said.

Long Grind

"However, they have many a long, hard row to hoe before they become real, first-class cops. Much of their knowledge will have to be gained through hard practical experience. They are going to see the rotten, dirty side of life; broken homes and rampant crime, filth, disease, utter lack of morals, even incest and murder. That's a policeman's lot and it isn't a happy one.

"I hope they won't be too disillusioned. I hope that they realize there is more to this job than riding around in a big police cruiser; that they may be called upon to work outdoors in terrible weather, perhaps all night without sleep; that some of their work may be downright dangerous as well as disgusting."

The women signed a two-year enlistment and will be paid \$2580 per year to start, during a six-month training and probationary period. In return for the \$49.60 per week that they receive, they must apply themselves vigorously to their work and to the course of instruction that includes:

- 1--State police rules;
- 2--Law instruction;
- 3--Small arms care and use;
- 4--Scientific aids in crime detection;
- 5--Photography aids to police;
- 6--Public relations;
- 7--Investigations and reports;
- 8--Juvenile delinquency;
- 9--Racial prejudice, and laws relative;
- 10--Court attendance;
- 11--Departmental procedure;
- 12--Examinations.

Every State police officer must be versed in the fundamentals of common law and criminal law; have a working knowledge of basic psychology, first aid and the functions of a scientific police laboratory. The new women will be taught these skills, and in addition will spend considerable time on the police firing-range, learning to become qualified marksmen with a revolver.

May Be Armed

"Policewomen carry their badges in their handbags," explained Lieutenant

O'Leary, "and also their guns. Obviously, the regulation, .38 calibre police revolver wouldn't fit in a purse, so they carry a special .32-calibre model."

He added that the women will not always be armed. Usually they will be traveling in company with a male officer who, of course, is fully armed. They are often armed and when so, their marksmanship will be as deadly as that of their brothers in uniform.

When ready for regular duty, each of the girls will be assigned to one of the four troops that cover the State. Eleanor Coleman will go to Troop "A" at Framingham; Mora Terry to "B" at Northampton; Kathryn Meade to "C" at Holden, and Mary Sullivan to "D" at Bridgewater. Mrs. McBride will be stationed at general headquarters in Boston.

Miss Meade is a graduate of Portia Law School, Mrs. McBride was a school-teacher, Miss Sullivan a secretary and Miss Terry was a clerk of the Springfield court and of the Palmer District Court. Each member of the new class is a licensed automobile driver.

Police Background

Their reasons for entering police work to become members of the first class for women in the history of the Massachusetts State Police, are widely varied. Mrs. McBride said that it "just looked like a good job. Perhaps my attitude is influenced by the fact that my father-in-law has held the post of Cambridge chief of police for many years.

"My grandfather was chief of the Cambridge fire department for 27 years, and my father held that job for 16 years," she smiled. "Perhaps public service is in my blood."

Miss Meade has a brother who is a State Police Detective and another brother on the Belmont police force. Her father is also a Belmont policeman. Miss Terry, through her work as clerk of district courts, is quite familiar with certain phases of the new work that she is taking up.

Policewomen are needed, as Lieutenant O'Leary pointed out, to handle special cases that respond more easily to a woman's methods. Wayward girls and small children, in particular, can be encour-

aged to talk more freely and to accept assistance from a woman.

"Among the underprivileged and in certain areas where delinquency is more pronounced," the lieutenant went on, "there are often many pathological liars; youngsters with a morbid fear of a policeman. When this condition is encountered, women officers can often effect results that would prove to be extremely difficult for one of us."

Adult women are more willing to talk about their troubles to another sympathetic female, he added. Domestic difficulties can often be soothed by a woman officer, where a man's greatest effort would be resented. And, of course, in investigating complaints in ladies rest rooms and other places barred to men, the policewoman is invaluable.

All five of the lady tyros are looking forward with happy anticipation to the day when they will be graduated and placed on regular, active duty. If their enthusiasm is any index of future efficiency, then the boys in two-tone blue have found themselves some invaluable allies. ---Boston Post

LITCHFIELD JAIL IS LIKE HOME TO MATRON

Mrs. Mary E. Todd, Bright And Alert At 80, Was In Charge Of Women Prisoners For 38 Years--Spent Her Early Childhood in Historic Building While Her Father Was Jailer

By John DiCorpo

Mrs. Mary E. Todd, as bright as a piece of Christmas ribbon candy, retired Oct. 1 after 38 years service as matron of the Litchfield County Jail. She'll be 80 years of age Oct. 9.

Strange as it seems, she is not happy about her retirement. Looking out on beautiful broad tree-bordered North Street, serene and peaceful, she musingly spoke of toddling her first steps on the wide sills of the first floor windows while her father, Stiles A. Wheeler went about his duties as jailer more than three quarters of a century ago.

So it's quite obvious that Mrs. Todd

has been in jail almost all her life, voluntarily and enjoying it so much that the thought of retiring leaves her sad.

The job, "the way I did it," was hard work, with the day starting at 5:45 in the morning and winding up about 10 o'clock at night. Very often, Mrs. Todd said, women would be brought in to the jail at all hours of the night.

Cooking for the staff, numbering six and sometimes seven, three meals a day with Sunday also on the list, made it a seven day week for the matron.

Besides that, she supervised the mending and patching of the men's clothes, chores which she had to divide among the women prisoners. The men are obliged to work around the premises, and their overalls and clothes get out of repair.

Mrs. Todd said that the number of women under her jurisdiction varied from time to time, with the maximum accommodation of seven at the jail very often taken. This is not surprising when it is considered that the jail handles female commitments from Torrington, Winsted, Terryville, Thomaston, Plymouth, New Milford, Bantam, Morris, Woodbury and the rest of the county.

The facilities at the jail for the women inmates include "a lavatory, a shower and electric lights." Mrs. Todd still is impressed with the modern miracle of electricity having struggled with the inadequate lesser forms of illumination. Like all people who lived their childhood before the turn of the century electricity still stands for progress in her mind.

Her opinion of women unfortunate enough to run afoul of the law is tempered with tolerance. The majority of them are well behaved, and are one time customers and don't ever come back.

"They are usually quiet and peaceful people, most of them can sew, patch, mend stockings, sew on buttons and are glad to do something to pass away the time," she said.

Of course, as one would expect, there are the obstreperous ones who must be handled firmly. In no event did Mrs. Todd, however, get too friendly with any of them, but maintained a rather firm, but fair, set of rules.

"Sometimes you have to humor one or two of them. One came in one night with a little too much in and she became affectionate as some people do in that condition. She tried to put her arms around me and succeeded in spiking my instep with her high heel. That has given me trouble ever since," she continued.

Mrs. Todd tried to make things a little easier for the women during their enforced stay. She informed them of the library, "most of them looking for love stories, none of them asking for cook books," she laughed. Magazines and cross-word puzzles were on hand and the women were handed each day The Waterbury Republican, The New York Herald Tribune and The Torrington Register which Mrs. Todd has subscribed to for years.

"I will say that the great number of women are appreciative of good treatment and will thank you for it, others don't have any feeling for anybody or anything and have no manners whatsoever," she concluded.

Too Much Flirting at Sunday Service

One little amusing incident she recounted with a chuckle. At one time there were services held in the jail each Sunday morning, but it seems that the men prisoners were more interested in the women inmates than in the salvation of their souls. So that practice had to be suspended, there was too much flirting going on, according to Mrs. Todd.

The job is very hard if one does all that she did in her many years of service. As has been noted, her rising hour was a quarter to six in the morning to get breakfast for the staff. She then had to call the women inmates, have them tidy up their quarters, watch them especially while they ate, and then find things for them to do.

For the new arrivals, it was "check the laundry in and then when they went out, check the laundry out." Watch all the mending, see that the right ones did it, try to get it organized so that it would go smoothly and cause no friction among the women themselves.

There were some weeks when there were

no women in the jail, but other times when this little spot of nothing much to do was completely forgotten in court routine and such.

A woman, granted a change of venue from the scene of a murder she was alleged to have committed in New Haven, was tried in the superior court in Litchfield. For two months, five days a week, Mrs. Todd had to sit with the accused and then take her back to jail and try to get the rest of her duties done.

"When the trial was finished, and she got acquitted, Judge Hinman smiled at me and said 'Mrs. Todd, I think the jury felt more sorry for you than they did for the defendant'."

Her Husband Served As Jailer Until Death

Born on Prospect Street, right in Litchfield, Mrs. Todd was first married when she was 16 years of age. After the death of her first husband, she married Marvin Todd who served as jailer for a number of years until his death in 1927.

In all, Mrs. Todd has served under the jurisdiction of five sheriffs of Litchfield county. First came Sheriff Chester Middlebrooks who appointed her husband as jailer taking him from a job as watchman of the Litchfield bank.

Then Sheriff Frank Turkington was in charge, followed by Sutherland Beckwith; Colonel Ernest Novey was elected to take over following Sheriff Beckwith and then came the present sheriff, Harry B. Morse.

Voted a pension on August 23, 1943, Mrs. Todd continued to act as matron until the last meeting of the Litchfield County Commissioners a short time ago when the sum of \$900 was voted for the coming fiscal year to be paid to her at the rate of \$75 per month for the rest of her lifetime. A high compliment on her "long and faithful service to the county" was paid by Sheriff Morse.

Mrs. Todd will reside with her son Harry F. Lynch who lives on Old South Road in Litchfield.

---Waterbury Sunday Republican

In Chattanooga, Tenn., recently, Eva Russell, thirty-six, decided to pay a

surprise visit to a friend. She found Eugenia Chitty under the bed staring in alarm at the headlights and grille of a car--Mrs. Russell's--which had just plowed through the brick wall.

Miss Chitty said she was sleeping on the floor because it was cooler there. The woman driver, a novice, said she just forgot to turn a corner.

SPEAR-CARRYING GUARDS ESCORT ACCUSED KILLERS TO COURT

Dover, Del.--Escorted by spear-carrying attendants, a plump widow and her 16-year-old son were taken to court recently to stand trial for the "lonely hearts" slaying of an elderly carpenter.

The court of Oyer and Terminer was jammed when the attendants marched the manacled 45-year-old widow, Mrs. Inez Brennan, and her tall, handsome son, Robert, into the prisoner's dock.

They are charged with murder in the shooting of Wade N. Wooldridge, 67, of Bedford, Va. Mrs. Brennan is accused of ordering her son to kill Wooldridge, whom she met through lonely-hearts letters, for his money.

Wooldridge's body, it is charged, was buried, later dug up, burned and tossed on the city dump of this capital city of Delaware.

Ten men and two women were chosen as jurors in less than two hours.

The trial, expected to last for two weeks, opened with the old English murder-trial ritual to which Delaware courts still adhere.

Mrs. Brennan and her son were marched into the court, handcuffed together, between two attendants who carried black 10-foot spears.

The spears have pointed heads, painted red on one side, white on the other.

During the trial the attendants hold the white sides of the spearheads towards the court, symbolizing the presumed innocence of the prisoners.

If a verdict of guilty is returned, the spears will be turned with the red side facing outwards.

---Police & Fire Bulletin

MOTHER-IN-LAW IN COURT

She's had as many battles at law as she's had at home. Read these cases before you decide whether to sue her or not...

WELCOME. When a mother invites her son over for breakfast, must she also set a place for his wife? No, said the Supreme Court of Michigan. A mother is not required to jump with joy at the sight of her son's bride.

WINDOW SHOPPING. Should Nellie's mother-in-law sit by the window and point out the prettier girls her son might have married? No, said the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, because such conduct might tend to make the boy leave his wife for a prettier girl.

NO INTERFERENCE. May a mother-in-law go to her son-in-law's office to bawl him out for not taking her daughter to the theater? No, ruled the Supreme Court of Nebraska. "A mother-in-law should not be a malicious, interfering, neighborhood busybody."

PAY UP! Was John a cad for prodding his mother-in-law for the \$5,000 wedding gift she promised? No, said the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, because he was doing it more for his wife and children than for himself.

IN THE FAMILY. If John marries the family maid must his mother treat her with respect? No, because she has a constitutional right to continue treating her as a maid, said the Illinois Circuit Court.

TOO MUCH. When Esther went home to mother, should her mother have advised her to take all her husband's furniture with her? No, said the Supreme Court of Nebraska, because while a mother has the right to advise her daughter, this was carrying advice too far.

NO MORE MONEY. May Sam stop Beatrice's mother from giving Beatrice the

money she needs to live apart from him? No, because no one can fight mother love, ruled the Maryland Court of Appeals.

THREE'S A CROWD. If Richard's mother can't get along with his wife, who must get out? The mother must go, because "a man's wife must be his first thought and consideration," ruled the Maryland Court of Appeals.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION. Was it wrong for Alex's mother to fly into a violent rage every time she happened to see the girl her son had married? No, ruled a New York court, because "parental solicitude for a child's welfare is not a reprehensible quality."

OUT YOU GO! Should Fred go to jail just because he threw his mother-in-law out of his house? No, said the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, because a man has a right to use force to protect his house against undesired intrusions.

TEMPTATION. May a mother leave \$100,000 to take care of her daughter whenever her husband leaves her? No, because that much money might encourage a girl to drive her husband away, ruled the New York Surrogate's Court.

NAME CALLER. Should Susie call her mother-in-law a pest? No, ruled the Supreme Court of Florida, which concluded that "nothing is more brutal than the abuse by one spouse of the honored and loved parents of the other."

---By Jose Schorr
This Week Magazine

HELP, HELP!!

In Brooklyn, the ear can be every bit as deceptive as the eye. Three police cars once rushed to a street corner in Brooklyn on a tip that a woman was being attacked and calling for help. On arrival they found a perspiring gentleman changing an auto tire--with his voluble wife trumpeting advice and commands from the side lines.

POLICEWOMAN'S LOT IS HAPPY ONE
FOR 7 YEARS

Mrs. Seaman Is 'Aunt Mae'
to Long Beach and Judge
of Halloween Costumes

By Judith Crist

Long Beach, L.I., -- A steady stream of clowns, gypsies and funny-faces went in search of the law here October 31, to the corner of West Beech Street and Maryland Avenue where Patrolwoman Mae Seaman was on traffic duty.

Halloween would not be Halloween for the 650 pupils of the West End School without approval of their costumes by "Aunt Mae," who has pounded a beat in the 1st Precinct for seven years with never an aching arch.

Granddaughter of a New York City police captain and daughter of a police lieutenant, Mrs. Seaman joined the Coast Guard police, with a chief specialist's rating, in 1939, when her three children were grown. Three years later she became the first woman appointed to the Long Beach force. Today she and her partner, Mrs. Rae Levy, are, they believe, the only policewomen on active traffic duty in Nassau County if not in the country.

"Kiss and a Hug"

Red-haired, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed and Irish, Mrs. Seaman is an orthodox traffic officer up to a point. Beyond that point, Long Beach youngsters take over.

"It's a kiss and a hug in the morning and after school too," Mrs. Seaman said cheerfully, draping one small boy over her shoulder and offering several others a guiding hand as they crossed the street.

"I cry when they grow up and graduate. But they come back to see 'Aunt Mae,' to show me their high school report cards. If they don't come to show them," she added, with the gleam of a man hunter in her eye, "I go looking for them. They've got to keep up the standards of the West End School you know."

Working an eight-hour six-day-a-week

shift, but on call twenty-four hours a day, Mrs. Seaman also has assignments with the license and detective bureaus, with particular duties when women prisoners and juvenile delinquents are involved.

During the summer, Mrs. Seaman said, she hands out several hundred traffic tickets, less than a dozen during the winter. "Women cops are no tougher than men," she said, "and the public is most co-operative. I've given only one woman driver a ticket. It was for parking next to a hydrant, but it was a year before she'd give me the time of day, I'm sorry to admit:

No Fruit Off Stands

Housewives, storekeepers and drivers interspersed the children's greetings as Mrs. Seaman patrolled her beat after school closed. She covers twenty-four blocks, from New York to Nevada Avenues and the two blocks between the ocean and the bay.

"I don't take fruit off the stands or let anybody give me so much as a glass of soda water in the heat of summer," the forty-eight-year-old traffic officer said. "I want to be able to hand out a summons with a clear conscience when necessary."

Her husband, a guard at the Grumman aircraft plant, did not take her seriously when she joined the force, Mrs. Seaman admitted. "He didn't think I could make it. But now he and my children and especially my grandchildren are very proud of me. In fact he's even resigned to my getting a call in the middle of the night and my taking an eight-week course from the F.B.I. evenings."

Neither she nor Mrs. Levy carry revolvers on day-time duty. "I'm very glad," Mrs. Seaman said, patting her neat wellfitted uniform. ".38 Colts are very weighty."

---N.Y. Herald Tribune

Attitudes and Impressions created by policewomen and patrolmen on duty at scenes of large gatherings do much to create good will.

Your Reflection - Their Impression

VOX-COP

November, 1949

EAST SIDE HILL TOP CIVIC ASSC., INC.
ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT

October 13, 1949

Dear Sir:

The East Side Hill Top Civic Association wish to express their thanks and appreciation to you and the men of the Bethany barracks for the help they gave during their annual fair.

Sincerely,

M. A. Tingley
Corresponding Secretary

Manchester, Conn.
October 9, 1949

Gentlemen:

I wish to compliment you on the excellent way you handle traffic on the section of route 15 from East Hartford to Massachusetts. I mention this section in particular because this is the portion of that highway I travel most frequently.

I've been impressed several times and particularly on Labor Day weekend.

I saw cars making safe passes at fairly high speeds without interference from the State Police. I saw one car make two passes, each of them reckless, although not as fast as the others, and he was stopped before he could make a third one.

I saw the most dangerous type of driver, a slow one who won't let anyone pass, taken out by one of your cars while a second police car took the lead and drew the line back up to speed.

Nice teamwork and very impressive -- it tends to do a good selling job for Connecticut, too. I've heard good reports about you from many out-of-state drivers.

I was also impressed by the signs you

had placed at approximately five mile intervals on Labor Day. They were nice polite reminders to all of us to take it easy.

In the event you are thinking that I write a lot of these letters to Police Departments, I want to say that this is the first time I've ever written to any Police Department to compliment them about their work.

Sincerely,

Merrill H. Adams

Meriden, Conn.
October 13, 1949

Dear Comm. Hickey:

May I extend my compliments to you for the efficient and courteous manner with which the personnel of your department conduct themselves in the performance of their duties.

Sunday evening at about eight thirty P.M. returning from the Berlin Fair I was approaching the Middletown-Berlin Highway from West Street, after receiving the officers signal to enter the highway, I proceeded. Just after I entered the highway my engine stopped causing a tieup of the heavy traffic.

The Officer approached my car and with a smile courteously inquired as to the trouble. He then cleared traffic and assisted in backing my Buick car, Marker F.J.A.S., so that I had an incline to let the car roll and to try starting it in that manner. Another Officer stationed with what I believe was an emergency truck, came over and graciously offered his service to correct my trouble.

Their efficient and courteous conduct not only increased my admiration and respect for your splendid force, but was a wonderful education to my two youngsters ages twelve and thirteen, who I can assure you will ever have the deepest re-

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

spect for our State Police Officers.

Will you kindly express my appreciation to these Officers and assure them of my sincere gratitude for their assistance during my embarrassing predicament.

Respectfully,

Frank J. Sprafke

Bronxville, N.Y.
Oct. 15, 1949

Dear Sir:

I wish to bring to your attention an unusually courteous highway patrolman, Mr. Greenberg, No. 90.

My sister-in-law and I got into difficulty with our car on the parkway near Stafford Springs.

Mr. Greenberg helped me get a cut finger fixed up at a doctor's and also helped us get some new parts for the car. I don't know how we would have managed without his help.

I might also add that we found the manager of Smith's Garage in Tolland very cooperative and anxious to get us well taken care of and on our way.

I thought you might like to know that we are highly appreciative and consider the service received to be most unusual.

Sincerely yours,

Marion L. Wickenden
(Mrs. Wm. E.)

New Haven, Conn.
Oct. 15, 1949

Dear Sir:

On October 6th, I was driving Mrs. Wilkinson from Wilkes Barre, where she had been in a hospital for several days, suffering from Neurotic Edema, to New Haven and on the Parkway, near Westport (I think) we had a blowout which to me,

was serious business. Particularly with the traffic around us doing 55 miles per hour or more.

I had asked several motorists to ask the Gas Station people to help us - as my front axel was too low to make use of my jack - but nothing happened and it was growing late. Naturally, I could not leave Mrs. Wilkinson on the Parkway alone.

One policeman, who I understand was from Danbury and unfamiliar with the routine, was unable to help us, but as it grew dark, your Mr. Thomas Nichol showed up and knowing that we had been there over an hour, that my jack would not work and that Mrs. Wilkinson was ill - he did a job I will never forget. In no time at all he had his bumper jack out, and practically put us on the road without any "talk or worry" in less time than it takes to tell about it.

This man's helpfulness, courtesy, and resourcefulness was so entirely natural and free from "swank" I cannot help but try to express my gratitude - and admiration for a job not only well done but timely.

As I assume you are the man who picks these men to carry out the job, I want to congratulate you on your selection of men like Nichol - who I imagine will go far.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

J. D. Wilkinson

Lancaster, N. H.
Oct. 14, 1949

My dear Sir:

On Thursday night, October 6th, Mr. Wemyss and I had the misfortune to have a flat tire just as we were leaving the Merritt Parkway at Stamford. In changing the tire, the jack got jammed, and we really were in trouble, but not for long. One of your State Troopers, came along, and offered help.

I wish to congratulate you -- he tells me this is what you expect them to

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

do. He was extremely courteous and kind. The number of his car was VZ-147.

There is not much you can do to repay for such friendly service, but we do want to say "Thank you."

Sincerely,

Laura C. Wemyss

(The officer in question was Joseph R. Pirri.---Ed.)

Seymour, Conn.
October 19, 1949

Dear Sir:

About a week ago I was driving in the vicinity of Manchester, Connecticut, when I was stopped for exceeding the posted speed limit by Officer E. J. Sterniak, badge #253.

While I must be candid and admit that I did not appreciate receiving the summons, I fully realize that Officer Sterniak was justified in issuing one. Incidentally, this is the first summons that I have ever received in more than twenty years of driving, and you have my personal pledge that it will not happen again.

I am taking this opportunity of expressing my regard for Officer Sterniak who handled the matter in an efficient manner and with the utmost courtesy.

Sincerely,

Louis M. Andrews

Bridgeport 3, Conn.
October 29, 1949

Dear Sir:

The police are too frequently the object of criticism and not often enough of commendation.

I wish to compliment the state police and, particularly, Officer C. Carlson, for clever detective work in recovering my .32 calibre revolver which was stolen

at the Actor's Colony Inn at Seymour on September 25th.

The gun was not missed until October thus was not reported until then but a cold trail did not seem to matter which is further cause for credit to the efficiency of the state police.

I have been informed that I could have been arrested for not having a proper permit, but I assume that representations by Officer Carlson saved me from that embarrassment. I am grateful to him and to the police and whoever it was of the town officials for their consideration in the matter.

Incidentally, I am a retired professional magician of some small note. If ever I can be of service to the State Police in that capacity (a benefit show, etc.) do not fail to call on me. There will be no charge.

Sincerely,

W. C. Weber

New York 7, N. Y.
Oct. 27, 1949

Dear Mr. Hickey:

At about 8:15 P.M. on Friday, October 7th, my wife and I were driving on the Wilbur Cross Parkway, North Haven, when just north of Bishop Street we had the misfortune to strike a deer.

Some little time thereafter your officer, Walter W. Foley, arrived and made an investigation. Mr. Foley was very efficient and very courteous. He made us feel as if we were dealing with a friend. He was only interested in finding out what had happened and performing his duty accordingly.

It is pleasant to meet with such courtesy and also it strengthens our confidence in our system of law enforcement.

I am mayor of a small village - Pelham, New York - and have a small police force under my jurisdiction. I have some idea of the problems that police officers face and the value and necessity of courtesy.

YOUR REFLECTION - THEIR IMPRESSION

I wish to tell you that I deeply appreciate the courtesy I received and that I have great respect for your organization.

Sincerely,

Arthur M. Boal

New York 13, N.Y.
Nov. 4, 1949

Dear Sir:

On last Saturday night, October 29, a group of us had a mechanical breakdown on the Merritt Parkway while returning from New Haven. State Police Officer William Quaintance, badge #145, of the Westport State Police Barracks, went out of his way to be more than helpful to us.

I would like this letter to serve as a commendation of Officer Quaintance and be duly noted on his record.

It is most gratifying to have a police officer of any state act in such an interested and cordial manner.

Sincerely yours,

T. B. Hubbard

Westport, Conn.
November 7, 1949

Dear Sir:

On behalf of my wife, my son, my father and myself I wish to express my sincere appreciation to the Connecticut State Police for the assistance they gave us in the accident in which we were involved on Wednesday, October 26, 1949.

As a resident of only two weeks in the State of Connecticut, I had already heard of the efficiency and helpfulness of the State Police. I can only add in behalf of my entire family the fact that anything that has been said as to their helpfulness in time of an accident is entirely understated.

I especially wish to commend Officer James Costello for this help at the scene of the accident and for his courtesy in taking care of my father and my son after they were released from the hospital.

Officer Arthur Pfeifer and Officer William Wallace were most courteous in obtaining statements from us in regard to the accident. They were perfectly willing to wait until our injuries were treated and did everything within their power to be helpful as far as assisting us at the hospital was concerned.

It is indeed a pleasure to live in a state where you can count on the helping hand of the state police. If the above mentioned officers are an example of your organization, I wish to commend you highly on having a group of which you can be justly proud.

Very truly yours,

Elbert A. Hawkins, Jr.

Rockville, Conn.
Oct. 20, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

Recently while on my way home from work, I had the misfortune of running out of gas on the Wilbur Cross Highway and turned off my route to get to a station for gas; however I didn't make it and a motorist passing by stopped and offered to get gas for me but in the meantime, one of your troopers came to my assistance and surely showed me courteous and kind attention and helped me out of this difficulty. Not knowing who the trooper was I was unable to call him by name but I want you to know that he should be given credit for his services. I think he must be attached to the Stafford Springs Barracks.

Respectfully yours,

Bruno Scotta

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

November, 1949

Wife's Dentistry Traps Husband As Her Slayer

By Robert B. Peck

Louis Kramer, forty-three, prosperous and respected contracting carpenter, of Pearl River, N. Y., was locked up last month in New City, N. Y., accused of a murder which seemed likely to prove an insoluble mystery when the body, that of a woman, was found on October 12, beside a little used dirt road, close to the golf links of the Blue Hills Country Club at Pearl River.

Up to 10 o'clock on Oct. 13, no one had any clue to the identity of the woman, who had been dead about three weeks, it was estimated. Between 10 o'clock that night and 5 o'clock Friday morning, the body was identified as that of Mr. Kramer's attractive young red-haired wife, Mrs. Maude Jones Kramer. At 7 a.m. Oct. 15, when Mr. Kramer was hauled out of bed, he acknowledged, according to George V. Dorsey, District Attorney of Rockland County, that he had shot his wife twice with a .22-caliber rifle early in the morning of Sept. 26.

"We quarreled," District Attorney Dorsey quoted Mr. Kramer as saying. "She was going to leave me. She had a suitcase all packed. I took a .22-caliber rifle and I shot her. I put in another cartridge and I shot her again."

The discovery of the body by two high school boys on Columbus Day posed a difficult problem for the local authorities and the state police. Its condition was such that identification by features seemed improbable. No distinguishing blemishes or scars were discovered. In such cases identification sometimes is made by the teeth, but, in this case there were no teeth. Every tooth had been removed both from upper and lower jaws. Even the dentures were missing.

The bra, the slip and the bobby socks --the only clothing the young woman wore --were sent to the state police laboratory with a bedspread which was found partly covering the body. There seemed to be slight hope that they would be of

much assistance. No alarm had been received in Pearl River or adjacent communities for a missing young woman.

The farmer owning the land where the body was found had plowed and harrowed it to the very edge of the road on Oct. 3. The tire prints of the tractor were found under the body, so it was obvious that the victim had been killed elsewhere.

Chief Walter Liebert of the Clarkstown Town Police believed, however, that only someone thoroughly familiar with the countryside would have hit upon that spot in which to hide a body and he made exhaustive inquiries to find out whether any one in the vicinity had been absent for the last three weeks.

He discovered that neighbors had been wondering where Mrs. Kramer who was eighteen years younger than her ruddy, goodlooking husband, had gone. Mrs. Kramer, he learned also, had had all her teeth extracted about a year ago on the advice of her physician.

It was after 9 o'clock Thursday night that he got his information. He recalled that the young matron had red hair and decided to consult District Attorney Dorsey about these coincidences. Mr. Dorsey was at a dinner at Bear Mountain Inn which Governor Dewey was attending. Chief Liebert went to the inn and the District Attorney left in the middle of the speech-making and accompanied him to Pearl River.

They got Sheriff J. Henry Mock, who routed Dr. Eli Herzog, of Spring Valley out of bed at 4 a.m. Dr. Herzog is the dentist who extracted Mrs. Kramer's teeth. He examined the jaws of the woman found beside the secluded road and was positive in his identification.

"That is definitely Mrs. Kramer," he said.

"How do you know?" asked District Attorney Dorsey.

"By the chisel marks on the jawbone,"

said Dr. Herzog. "I had to do a chiseling job on her that I never did on any other patient. I know the marks of my chisel."

By this time it was almost 7 a.m. and they decided to call on Mr. Kramer. Mr. Kramer lives in a tidy house which he owns. In the well-kept yard is an outdoor fireplace for steak and wiener roasts. Mr. Kramer was still asleep, but they roused him and asked the sleep-dulled, tousel-headed man where Mrs. Kramer was.

"I shot her," was the plain answer the prosecutor says he got.

They gave Mr. Kramer time to dress and took him to New City, the county seat, where he talked willingly and at great length. Mr. Dorsey said that he told them that after killing Mrs. Kramer he laid the body on the bed in their bedroom and slept beside it until his usual time for getting up.

Then, said Mr. Dorsey, he went about his usual affairs and, on his return at night, took the body to the cellar. There were telltale stains on the outer clothing, Mr. Dorsey said and these garments Mr. Kramer burned in the outdoor fireplace.

The false teeth, said the District Attorney, Mr. Kramer removed and pounded to bits. It was not until Oct. 8, the prosecutor said, that Mr. Kramer loaded his wife's body, his rifle and the fragments of teeth in his automobile. He left the body, the District Attorney said, where it was found and he drove to Montvale, N. J., scattering the pulverized dentures along the highway as he drove.

At Montvale, said Mr. Dorsey, Kramer threw the barrel of the rifle into a stream and hid the stock in bushes on the bank. The prisoner accompanied Mr. Dorsey, Sheriff Mock and Chief Libert to Montvale and the barrel of a rifle was found in a stream there. The stock was hidden in bushes on the bank. A suitcase packed with Mrs. Kramer's clothing was found in the Kramer home.

Stephen Doig, justice of the peace, held Mr. Kramer without bail on a charge of murder when the party returned to New City, giving him ten days in which to consider his plea.

POLICEWOMAN DRIVES BACK ANGRY CROWD

Detroit--A cadet policewoman drew her service revolver and drove back an angry crowd while a patrolman shot two youths and overpowered a third in a struggle here.

The patrolman, Carl Byers confronted the youths when two girls complained they had been accosted.

The policewoman, Miss Marion Kay Wells, gave this report of the incident:

The girls, 13 and 16, ran into a drug store, begging protection. Patrolman Byers went outside to question the youths. He was in plain clothes but identified himself as a policeman.

All three youths jumped on him. One caught the officer by the throat and got him down on the sidewalk. Another said, "get the cop's gun."

"At this I ran out into the street," Miss Wells continued. "The third man was wrestling with Patrolman Byers. A threatening crowd of spectators gathered. I drew my own service revolver, identified myself as a policewoman, and waved the spectators away from Byers.

"Meanwhile, Byers wrenched loose, got to his feet and fired one shot, while I held off the mob. He wounded two of the men and captured another."

Robert Green, 18, was shot in the right leg. Robert Horner, 20, was wounded in the right ankle. They are held prisoners at Receiving hospital.

Walter Shephard, 24, who was captured, was taken to police headquarters. All three youths are charged with aggravated assault and resisting an officer.

Miss Wells, 26, expects to be confirmed as a full fledged policewoman in a few weeks.

"Patrolman Byers deserves all the credit," she said. "There were about 50 fellows crowding around him.

In Washington two would-be burglars picked the wrong house to rob. They were ransacking a bedroom when Traffic Patrolman John F. Corey walked in with drawn gun. It was Corey's house. Mr. Corey said he stopped in to get some mail.

WOMAN SLAYS DAUGHTER,
SAYS SHE FEARED ROBBERY

In Trenton, Tennessee last month, Mrs. Rose Bradley told the police officers that she feared her daughter and son-in-law were "trying" to rob her, so she chased off the husband and killed her daughter by shooting her and setting fire to her body. Police found the distraught 65-year-old widowed mother trying to destroy evidence at a neighboring home in a farm of the community. Police said Mrs. Bradley confessed to the slaying and asked "to be put away somewhere and never to get out."

The only remorse she has shown was at the funeral home when she saw "her daughter's body," Chief Reed said. "She shed a tear or two, and then made out a check for \$125 for funeral expenses."

Mrs. Bradley fired a shot gun twice at her son-in-law and "ran him off," the officer said. Then she admitted she shot her daughter, Dollie, 39, in the leg and shoulder, placed her body on a feather bed, doused her with kerosene and set her on fire with a match. She then dragged the body from the bed to the back yard where it was found by neighbors.

1936 PHOTOGRAPH TRAPS COUPLE IN FOUR
NEW YORK BAR ROBBERIES

A couple, accused of robbing New York midtown bars of more than \$4,000 in the early part of October were taken into custody by detectives of the West 47th Street Station. They were arrested when detectives recognized a 13 year old photograph which was sent to New York Police by Cleveland Police.

Cleveland Police, who read of the New York robberies believed they recognized a technique formerly used by a holdup man in that city, forwarded a 1936 prison photograph, the distinguishing feature of which was a slightly crossed left eye. The holdup suspect, it turned out, has a cataract which makes his left eye appear crossed.

The couple, identified themselves as

Stanley Rogizinski, 39, formerly of Cleveland and Mrs. Gean Vale, 19, formerly of Cleveland. Detectives had been visiting bars in the midtown area for more than a week trying to find the pair. When apprehended, Rogizinski admitted robbing four bars and the woman involved admitted two of the four hold-ups. The pair at first denied their identity when apprehended and represented themselves and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Parker, Los Angeles. Later, when confronted with the Cleveland picture, Rogizinski hesitated and then when shown an address book found in his clothes, he admitted his identity and the New York crimes.

The information supplied by the Cleveland Police was that Rogizinski was often accompanied on his holdups by a woman and his technique was to force his victims into lavatories, robbing them while the woman rifled the cash registers. This coincided with what had happened in New York and the detectives were convinced that Rogizinski was the man they were after. Spotting the pair in an uptown bar sitting with a sailor and two other women, the police accosted the group and singled out Rogizinski and the Vale woman. When apprehended, Rogizinski had \$63 in his possession. When asked what he had done with all the stolen money he said, "I blew it away."

KILLS TWO POLICEMEN AT STATION HOUSE

Frequently one hears some criticism about the time spent in police target shooting. Some complain too much time is given to this practice. Others say, it is wasted because an officer is not called upon to use a gun other than to give warning at times to effect arrest. Most of those who complain are reluctant to give any spare time to In-Service training. Numerous instances come to notice throughout the country, however, indicating the need of having police officers trained in the handling and shooting of firearms. Police officers should be alert at all times.

Last month in suburban Overland, near St. Louis, two policemen were disarmed and killed in police headquarters by a

former convict who boasted he was "a better shot than any cop." The killer, who had been brought to the station on a car theft charge, escaped, but was captured without resistance some seven-hours later in St. Louis. The accused, John Louis Johnson, 29, while under questioning after his apprehension in St. Louis told the police in the presence of newsmen, "I shot because I was just scared. I knew I was a better shot than any cop."

Victims of the shooting were Sergeant Pelham C. Scott, 46, a law enforcement officer for 20 years and special patrolman, Edward C. Juettemeyer, 30. Johnson grabbed Scott's service revolver from its holster while the Sergeant was making a telephone call, scuffled with Police Clerk Otto Albrecht and started outside the building. Patrolman Juettemeyer and another officer were coming toward the entrance, and Johnson fired point blank at Juettemeyer, who collapsed on the station lawn. Johnson then took a revolver from the wounded officer and emptied it at the unarmed Sergeant Scott who had come outside. The Sergeant sprawled dead on the lawn. Patrolman Juettemeyer died some two hours later.

'Cherchez La Femme'

FAST-MOVING FUGITIVE BETRAYED BY ROMANCE

The old "cherchez la femme" method plus a bit of anticipatory reasoning, enabled State Police to get the last laugh on Roger Rhyce, 25, of Harwinton.

The story behind his arrest as a fugitive in Texas was told by Maj. Carroll who has been directing the search for Rhyce ever since the latter disappeared a month and a half ago.

Rhyce had 22 days left to serve in the Litchfield County Jail of a six month sentence for issuing bad checks. On Aug. 1 he failed to return to jail from the home of the Rev. H. Waldo Manley, prison chaplain, where he was working as a trusty.

Soon postal cards telling what a good time he was having began to pour into

Litchfield County from Rhyce. They came from points in Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma.

"It's a well-known fact in police circles that bad check passers always have a lot of girl friends," Major Carroll said.

"We started to look around for some of Rhyce's girl friends. He kept writing to friends in Connecticut about where he had been. We went, through the cooperation of Texas authorities, to where we thought he was going.

"Sure enough he showed up, at the home of a female acquaintance in McKinney, Tex."

Acting Sergeant Loren Larson of the Litchfield Barracks left for Texas to bring Rhyce back to Connecticut.

RAFFLES' GIRL OFFERS ADVICE

Recently Gerard "Raffles" Dennis' girl friend left Los Angeles with some advice to other girls who come to the big city.

"Be worldly wise when you come to Los Angeles," said ex-Schoolteacher Betty Ritchie, "and if you meet someone you like, take him home to mama."

Miss Ritchie, who admittedly hadn't practiced what she preached, left by plane on a deportation journey to her home in Toronto, Canada.

The 24-year-old Schoolmarm was found in Dennis' Beverly Hills apartment when he was arrested in Cleveland. Some \$120,000 in loot from society burglaries was found in his apartment.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

In Lincoln, Nebraska recently, a landing Naval Reserve plane narrowly missed an automobile that mistakenly turned on to one of the runways of the Municipal Airport. Angry officials dashed to the car, but were silenced by an indignant lady driver. "Something is the matter with that plane," she told them, "it just landed in the middle of the highway."

CHURCH MICE

Early last month in Manchester, (Conn.), the alertness and efficiency of two members of the local police department resulted in the arrest of Lulu Leone and Guiseppe Leone on charges of having robbed poor boxes in Manchester, elsewhere in Connecticut and in New York. Both claimed to be man and wife but lived at different New York City addresses.

Lieutenant Raymond Griffin and Patrolman Edmund Dwyer arrested the pair and were commended by Chief of Police Herman Schendel for their vigilance in following up a broadcast on information as to a couple with a New York registered automobile plying their sneak-thievery in robbing church boxes. One of the churches in Manchester had an alms box broken into a week previous and when this broadcast came to the attention of the Manchester Police they set a trap in the same church for the crooks.

Approximately \$40 in money, smeared with a powder that would illuminate under a strong arc, was placed in the alms box. Police observed a man and woman park a New York registered car nearby and go into the church. Through a prearranged system the officers were notified after the couple left the church that the poor box had been emptied. The officers followed the New York car and apprehended them on Main Street, brought them into the station and questioned them. The couple attempted to bribe the police officers when the powder which had been smeared on the money placed in the poor box showed up on the man's hands. Marked bills were also found in the possession of this couple and in the seized automobile \$772 in coins was found as well as \$100 in bills on Leone's person.

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WOMAN ARRESTED IN THEFT
OF HANDBAG FROM A PEW

A woman who identified herself as Mrs. Agnes Green, twenty-six, with no

address, was arrested recently after she allegedly stole a woman's handbag containing \$16 from a pew in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City.

The arrest was made by a woman detective, Laurette McDonnell, who told Magistrate Charles F. Murphy in Mid-Manhattan Court at Mrs. Green's arrangement that there had been twenty-one similar thefts at the church during the previous week. Mrs. Green, who said she was the widow of a soldier killed during the war, was held in \$5,000 bail for trial.

In Mrs. Green's purse were found various articles stolen from parishioners, including a lighter belonging to Mrs. Edna Trexler Cummings. The latest issue of the Cathedral's bulletin contains an announcement on thefts. It reads:

"This may seem a strange warning to utter in the House of God. But we must look facts in the face. Our own people are absolutely, and in every respect trustworthy. But a church like the cathedral is likely at any time to be infested by thieves who hope for booty through the simple confidence of the people. We do everything in our power to prevent this, but we can eradicate it only with your intelligent and constant co-operation."

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PEACE INSPIRES BURGLAR

Moline, Ill.--Jimmy Carl Jones, thirty, seized by police on charges of burglarizing churches, offered this explanation: "They were the only places where I could find peace of mind."

Police said Jones, of Greenville, S. C., broke into three Moline churches. Jones slept in one church one night, police said. Jones was charged with burglary and held for a hearing.

WOMAN HELD IN STEALING
\$15,000 FROM MONEY PAIL

New Britain---Mrs. Mary Samek, fifty-five, accused of dipping into a pail

where an elderly neighbor kept \$22,700 in cash, was arraigned in Police Court on charges of breaking and entering and theft. Judge Joseph F. Morelli ordered her held in \$5,000 bail for trial in Superior Court.

Theodore Dudjak Sr., a retired real estate investor, said he discovered early this summer that \$5,000 was missing from a pail in the basement of his home where he had been keeping \$22,000.

Prosecutor Manuel B. Clark told the court the pail apparently had been raided several times and various sums taken before Dudjak made his discovery.

Mr. Dudjak, who employed Mrs. Samek as a housekeeper about ten years ago and who owns the house in which she now lives, testified he had been keeping money in the pail for five or six years. He had no bank account, he said, and had been unable to rent a safe deposit vault.

LADY "TIPSTER" CALLS
TOO LATE IN BOOKIE RAID

Plainville--It happened during a bookie raid here.

Dets. Michael J. Santy and Samuel S. Rome of the State Police had just descended on the three-room attic apartment of Albert Ruwell.

The telephone rang from time to time and Detective Rome, intent upon getting evidence, answered the calls and made a show of taking bets that were telephoned in.

The telephone rang again and this time it was a woman.

"The State Police are in town," she said. "You'd better be careful."

"Thank you very much," said Detective Rome. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

"Isn't this Al?"

"This is Detective Rome of the State Police."

She quickly hung up.

Ruwell was arrested by the detectives in co-operation with Police Chief Louis Datoli on a charge of pool selling.

The officers seized two radios and other evidence, and said that Ruwell was

burning still further evidence in a coffee tin when they arrived.

This arrest followed one in Southington, where Francis F. DeLuco, 34, owner of Frank's Package Store, was also arrested for pool selling.

The detectives, with Sgt. Walter Husak and Officer Nicholas Romano of the local police force, seized a radio and betting slips in the rear of the package store.

Evidence found in the store, Detective Rome said, indicated that DeLuco had been "laying off" bets with Ruwell.

HOME SWEET HOME

The burglar was still new to his business, and so, when he climbed the stairs to the second floor in search of loot, he did not move as quietly as he should have. He had just reached the first upstairs bedroom, when he heard someone moving in the bed, as if to get up. He paused fearfully. The sound of a woman's voice floated through the partly open door.

"Henry," the voice proclaimed with brutal clarity, "if you don't remove those muddy shoes this instant there's going to be trouble. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over carpets with your muddy shoes! Go downstairs and take them off this instant, you poker-playing, whisky-guzzling carbon copy of a man, or I'll get up and boot you out into the street!"

The burglar went downstairs, but he didn't remove his shoes. A tear glistened in his eye, as he joined his pal outside.

"I can't rob that house," he cried. "It reminds me too much of home!"

In Detroit, Mrs. Bertha Philips wanted only a first driving lesson. With her husband, James, seated next to her, Mrs. Philips rammed a police scout car. "I don't want to drive any more," Mrs. Philips, 28, told Traffic Referee Wise, "Here's my learner's permit. Keep it."



the Spotlight

VOX-COP

November, 1949

"LADY OF THE LAW"

(The following picture story is the work of Metro Group. The photos reproduced are part of a series taken by Allan Gould of Metro Group and posed by State Police personnel.)



Private police car speeds Policewoman Dorothy Scoville to the scene of a crime. Radio-telephone helps her keep in touch with office.

Human wolves in convertibles have learned to think twice before getting fresh with women motorists in Connecticut. Many have learned too late that the chic bit of wolf bait they pursued was one of the state's 12 woman cops.

But curbing the amour of eager girl chasers isn't the only task assigned these female gun-toting law preservers. Take, for instance, Policewoman Dorothy Scoville. A former school teacher, Dorothy is on call 24 hours a day and with her sister cops is drafted for duty whenever the principal of a criminal act is a woman.

Dorothy, happily married, has been with the state police since 1943 and has the same rank, salary and general duties as a uniformed male state cop. Often a trained female sleuth is more observant than her male counterparts and can come up with angles and clues male criminologists might overlook.

THE SPOTLIGHT



DOROTHY IS SUMMONED to the Charter Oak Bridge toll house to question a young girl suspected of running away from home. She looked suspicious to Sgt. Charles Svihovec of the toll bridge squad. (Young girl is posed by Stenographer Alice Davis)



A QUICK BRIEFING on a suspect is given State Policeman Marcel Simon by Policewoman Scoville.

THE SPOTLIGHT

DUE for a rude shock is the wolf trying to talk the girl into a date. As Policewoman Dorothy Scoville moves in on the scene, the young man may have some other talking to do. (The girl is posed by stenographer Lois Hansen and the wolf by Officer Henry Keliss.)



AS A RESULT of activities of state policewomen, adolescent crime rate and number of adolescent wayward girls have decreased in Connecticut. Here Officer Scoville has to remove a girl forcibly from truck in which she has obtained ride by giving gullible driver a story. (Girl is posed by stenographer Alba DeLiss.)

WHILE STATE POLICEMAN examines truck driver's papers, Scoville will try to find out if girl intended to lure driver into a tavern to "roll" him or keep him busy while confederates make off with truck and contents. Some hitchhikers are just that; others are lures for badger games and rackets. (Truck driver is mechanic Jack Breen and Policeman is Officer Charles Pritchard.)



THE LONG SEARCH

"I was sitting in the living room at home," said Anna Thompson, "when a statue of the Virgin Mary suddenly swayed and fell. Nothing but one arm was broken. I told my husband, "That's a sign. Something wonderful is going to happen about our boy"...I'm sure my prayers have been answered."

Arthur and Anna Thompson had never given up hoping that some day they would find Ronnie again. In the five years since he was kidnapped by his nursemaid the Thompsons have traveled to many places and looked at many babies who might have been their son. Always it was the same--the twinge of hope, the sharp pain of disappointment, the sad journey back to Dayton.

This time was different. Anna Thompson felt. She and her husband went to a white farmhouse near Hickory Corners, Mich. to examine a blond, blue-eyed boy of six. Nobody knew much about Tommy O'Neill, who was small and shy. About all the police did know was that he had been handed over to a Mexican couple in Toledo, Ohio about the time of Ronnie's disappearance. Michigan welfare authorities took him from the Mexicans after they moved to Lansing, boarded him at the Hickory Corners farm.

Tommy was playing on the lawn. "That's my Ronnie," cried Anna Thompson. She was positive, and prepared to prove it. "My Ronnie had webbed toes," she said. An attendant removed a shoe and sock; the toes of Tommy's right foot were webbed. She smiled triumphantly. "The other was the same!" she said, and, sure enough, the toes on Tommy's left foot also were webbed. Tommy had blue eyes, and his ears lay flat, like Ronnie's.

Police wanted to make one more test. Samples of Tommy's blood, of the Thompson's and of their two children back in Dayton were sent to the University of Michigan hospital, where a doctor ran them through 132 heredity tests. Through the night and until late the next day the Thompsons waited. Then a detective broke the news. "The blood tests show positively that Tommy O'Neill is not your son."

Anna Thompson screamed. Then she broke into tears. "I feel in my heart that God won't let me down," she sobbed. "I'm going to keep on searching."

---Time Magazine

CHANGE OF VENUE

"Children," said the prisoner in sneering condescension to the news photographers who had gathered to see her leave the Landsberg Prison gates, "you must be very poor to be making a living taking my picture." Fat, fortyish and seamy-faced, but pertly dressed in a smart green suit and loud beret, depraved Ilse Koch, wife of Buchenwald's commandant and renowned as a lampshade collector (human skins preferred), then proceeded to pose for the cameras while 40 black-uniformed guards watched.

Redheaded Ilse, also known as the Bitch of Buchenwald, whose life sentence for participating in the management of the concentration camp had been reduced to four years "for lack of evidence" by a U.S. Army board of review (Time, Oct. 4, 1948), had reached the end of her prison term at Landsberg. She had, it seemed, managed to keep busy during her stay in stir. She declined to discuss the bastard child to whom she gave birth two years ago in prison, but showing off her fairly fluent English, she told reporters that she had been writing her memoirs and would have "quite a bit to say about the Americans and the Germans." Reflecting on these lines, Ilse grew shrill during her interview and accused the press in general of "making money by telling a pack of lies" about her. "Go away," she finally snapped at her questioners.

Ilse Koch, though freed by the Americans, remained a free woman only for a few minutes. While she was still talking to newsmen, German police re-arrested her and shipped her off to Aichach Prison, 25 miles away, to await a new war crimes trial before a German court. By the time she got to Aichach, she had recovered her good humor, gladly posed for another battery of photographers.

---Time Magazine

"BLATANTLY EASY"

"We all know that sex is supposed to be one of God's greatest gifts to the human race," said the Venerable Donald B. Harris, archdeacon of Bedford, "but it has become misused by men."

The archdeacon, his fellow churchmen and a goodly number of British city fathers were outraged by the ease with which Britons could obtain contraceptives at any hour of the night by dropping 2 shillings in a slot machine handily placed before closed stores. This service was damned last week by the British Association of Municipal Corporations as "harmful and dangerous to the individual and the state, especially to young people." The association wanted the government to ban the slot machines.

Geoffrey Francis Fisher, archbishop of Canterbury and vice president of the Alliance, a society for the encouragement of sex education, backed the demand. "I am not saying," he insisted, "that the obtaining of contraceptives in the ordinary way by adults should be curtailed. It is the indiscriminate, uncontrolled provision of them that is entirely evil. Children growing up in a world in which it is hard for them to avoid knowing too much about sex...now find it blatantly easy to turn their knowledge into practice."

From the government's point of view, there was a hitch. It was impossible without special parliamentary legislation, said the Ministry of Supply, to ban one kind of slot machine without banning them all. A machine built to sell candy bars could just as easily sell contraceptives provided they were wrapped in the same package. Besides, said the ministry, slot machines of all types were an important item in Britain's export program.

Humphred Alderman S. F. Johnson of Southend-on-Sea, determined to carry the campaign to Parliament: "We are not satisfied to pervert the morals of our own children. We want to pervert the minds and morals of all the nations of the world."---Time Magazine

GOD SHOWS IN YOUR FACE

You don't have to tell how you live each day;

You don't have to say if you work or you play;

A tried, true barometer serves in the place,

However you live, it will show in your face.

The false, the deceit that you bear in your heart

Will not stay inside where it first got a start;

For sinew and blood are a thin veil of lace--

What you wear in your heart, you wear in your face.

If your life is unselfish, if for others you live,

For not what you get, but how much you can give;

If you live close to God in His infinite grace--

You don't have to tell it, it shows in your face. ---Author unknown

CONNECTICUT HAS RECORD
NUMBERS OF WOMEN LEGISLATORS

Connecticut, with the second largest legislature in the United States, is second only to New Hampshire in the number of women legislators, according to the Council of State Governments. New Hampshire leads with forty women members, thirty-seven in the House of Representatives and three in the Senate. Connecticut follows next with a total of thirty-eight women legislators, also thirty-seven in the House, and one in the Senate.

Size of the legislatures does not necessarily explain the high number of women in the legislatures in these two states. For example, New Hampshire has about one-seventeenth of the country's total of state legislators, but almost one-fifth of the women legislators. And Connecticut, with about one twenty-third of the legislators, has more than one sixth of the women legislators.

Mind if we tell about TRUE AMERICANS

THE JURY In the great Communist Conspiracy trial, the defense spent eight weeks trying to show that the jury-selecting system in New York doomed the defendants to an unfair trial by a hand-picked jury. Yet when the jury was finally sworn it included three Negroes (among them the foreman), two unemployed persons and only one of prominence and means. Its members were, 1) Mrs. Thelma Dial, foreman, wife of a band leader; 2) Russell Janney, theatrical producer and author (*Miracle of the Bells*), 3) Mrs. Ida F. Howell, beauty-shop operator and wife of a taxi driver; 4) Miss Kathryn E. Dunn, an unemployed securities clerk; 5) Mrs. Lillian Berliner, wife of a woolen salesman; 6) Mrs. Carrie L. Robinson, a widow and office worker; 7) Patrick S. Reynolds, a retired beer salesman; 8) George L. Smith, a fur and real-estate salesman, replaced by an alternate after he became ill; 9) Mrs. Gertrude Corwin, wife of a salesman; 10) Henry E. Allen, unemployed industrial engineer; 11) Mrs. Lillian Schlesinger, a widow and store employe; 12) Mrs. Jane Schultz, a housewife and the alternate who replaced Smith; 13) Mrs. Lillian Wolfe, an alternate; 14) James F. Smyth, telephone wireman; 15) Mrs. Diana Zagat, an alternate and 16) Mrs. Matilda Dunn, an alternate.

The job fell to a Negro housewife, when with a firm voice, she uttered the sentence which cut off the head of the Communist Party in the U.S.

Almost nine months of revelant and irrevelant wrangling, of sneering and shouting by defense attorneys, of contradictory testimony from Reds, ex-Reds, agents of the FBI, of high excitement and vast boredom came to an end then in an instant of dead hush. Pretty Mrs. Thelma Dial, wife of a musician, foreman of the jury looked straight in front of her and said: "We find each and every one of the defendants guilty."

WHERE FREE SPEECH ENDS

(from Judge Medina's charge to the jury)

"... These defendants had the right to advocate by peaceful and lawful means any and all changes in the laws and in the Constitution; they had the right to criticize the President of the United States and the Congress; they had the right to assert that World War II, prior to the invasion of Russia by Germany, was an unjust war, an imperialist war and that upon such invasion it became a just war worthy of all material and moral support; and they had the right publicly to express these views orally and in writing. They had the right thus to assert that the Government was at all times exploiting the poor and worthy workers for the benefit of the trusts and monopolies.

"They had a right thus to assert that what they call the democracy of Russia is superior in all respects to American democracy. They had a right thus to assert that the Marshall Plan was a mistake, that billions of dollars should be loaned to Russia and that legislation adversely affecting Communists should not be passed. Whether you or I or anyone else likes or dislikes such or similar and analogous views . . . is . . . not entitled to the slightest consideration in deciding this case. Unless a minority had a right to express and to advocate its views, the democratic process as we understand it here in America would cease to exist and those in power might remain there indefinitely and make impossible any substantial changes in our social and economic system . . .

"I charge you that if the defendants did no more than pursue peaceful studies and discussions or teaching and advocacy in the realm of ideas you must acquit them . . . Do not be led astray by talk about thought control, or putting books on trial. No such issues are before you here.

"But no one could suppose nor is it the law that any person has an absolute and unbridled right to say or to write and to publish whatever he chooses under any and all circumstances.

"Words may be the instruments by which crimes are committed, as in many familiar situations; and it has always been recognized that the protection of other interests of society may justify reasonable restrictions upon speech in furtherance of the general welfare . . .

"You must be satisfied from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the defendants had an intent to cause the overthrow or destruction of the Government of the United States by force and violence . . . as speedily as circumstances would permit it to be achieved.

"... I charge you that it is not the abstract doctrine of overthrowing or destroying organized government by unlawful means which is denounced by this law, but the teaching and advocacy of action for the accomplishment of that purpose, by language reasonably and ordinarily calculated to incite persons to such action . . .

"No such intent could be inferred from the open and above-board teaching of a course on the principles and implications of Communism in an American college or university, where everything is open to the scrutiny of parents and trustees and anyone who may be interested . . . That is why it is so important for you to weigh with scrupulous care the testimony concerning secret schools, false names, devious ways, general falsification and so on, all alleged to be in the setting of a huge and well-disciplined organization, spreading to practically every state of the union and all the principal cities and industries."

GLEASON HONORED BY MORE THAN
250 FRIENDS AT DINNER

Congratulations, applause, gifts, words of tribute by eminent personalities, and good wishes rained on Chief of Police John M. Gleason for four hours on the evening of October 25 at the testimonial dinner honoring his election to the presidency of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and when it came the Chief's turn to say a few words, he was--for one of the few times in his career--speechless.

Obviously affected by the warm and sincere accolade from the more than 450 persons present, Chief Gleason thanked them all "from the bottom of my heart." Then he regained his oratorical prowess.

He said he was thankful for all his friends: the people who knew him since his birth, those who attended school with him, the men with him when he started on the Greenwich police force, his school teachers, neighbors, and friends.

But most of all, he declared, he owed his thanks to his father, James S. Gleason, present at the banquet, who provided the inherited good qualities.

Chief Gleason declared that the banquet was symbolic of something needed very badly in the community--a getting together of all groups, creeds, and social levels.

REMARKS

By Hon. Hugh H. Cleggs

Assistant Director FBI
At President John M. Gleason's
IACP Testimonial Dinner
Greenwich, October 25, 1949

I am very glad to be here and to share in the stimulating joy of this happy occasion. I confess my hardihood at being listed among such a distinguished list of speakers who have preceded me, particularly since the names have been McMahon, Gleason, Hickey and O'Brien; and a fellow by the name of Clegg doesn't seem to have much of a chance. I hasten to enter my plea, however, for your indulgence upon the

basis of the fact that my mother's name was Conely.

It is a genuine pleasure to bring a message of congratulations to our distinguished guest of honor, and to our friends in Connecticut, an expression of fraternal greetings from the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Honorable John Edgar Hoover.

Connecticut has long been conspicuous in the field of law enforcement. Here are many fine, outstanding law enforcement officers, many very distinguished police executives, one of the finest state police organizations, and an unusually large number of great police departments. Your representatives have been called into national conferences to offer advice and guidance on problems of youth, of crime prevention, of traffic engineering and enforcement and other law enforcement problems. From your state have come many fine instructors and graduates of the FBI National Academy. Your state has furnished several capable members of the Executive Committee of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, and three Presidents of that great organization, including the late Chief Smith of New Haven and the late Chief Wheeler of Bridgeport. The proprieties of this occasion and also our natural and logical inclination focus attention quite properly on the newly elected President of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. It seems so very logical and proper that the President of a professional police chiefs' organization would be someone with a name like Gleason.

Jack Gleason is a great administrator. Police administration, like the changing times, is in a perpetual process of growth. To meet its demands, a great city, Greenwich, Connecticut, has a Chief of Police who is adaptable, progressive and open-minded. He is a graduate of the FBI National Academy and a distinguished member of the visiting faculty of the Academy.

Our guest of honor is an inspired leader in the prevention and control of juvenile delinquency. He recognizes that the police have an influence on both youth and adults. Through wise patrol, prompt and sure detection and

vigorous enforcement, the police touch gently or otherwise, the lives of all citizens. You will recall the days when German bombs were being propelled from the coast of Belgium, Holland and France, so that by remote control these pilotless bombs, with wings causing them to resemble airplanes, would fall on the great city of London and cause great destruction. The ingenious British soon learned that swift fighter planes could overtake these bombs, and with the wing of the fighter plane they would gently touch the wing of the bomb and cause it to fall harmlessly in an open field and thus redirect it from its path of destruction. And so, Chief Gleason has recognized that the police in their many types of activities are gently touching and influencing the lives of youths and adults alike, frequently redirecting them from a path of destruction into more constructive channels of activity.

Chief Gleason has a policeman's mind. Although extraordinarily brilliant, keen and eloquent, he is ready and willing to learn. He is especially free from jealousy, hate and prejudice. He is fair-minded and judicial. He maintains the majesty and the dignity of the law. He looks upon all without fear or favor, regardless of race or religion, wealth or poverty, color or national origin. His knowledge of the law relating to his specific duties must be superior to that of the prosecutor and the judge, for in an emergency the Chief of Police has no time to repair to his library for research. He must be prompt and he must be right.

He has a policeman's heart. Every day the assembly of the wicked and the corrupt seek to inclose a Chief of Police. Facing danger is his vocation. Jack Gleason as a Chief of Police not only possesses necessary physical courage, he also has the courage of his convictions and the courage to stand by and support matters of principle. He remains, as he must be, a man of honor. Integrity is an essential ingredient of his character. He sets an example in private living and public duty.

Chief Gleason is a leader. A Chief of Police must be a leader if he is

successful, and Jack Gleason is successful. A great need in the professionalization of law enforcement is to emulate the procedures in the professions of theology, law and medicine, and set up a system of purging the profession of undesirables. The profession should be purged of the unfit. Both racketeers and greedy parasites should be eliminated, as well as the unworthy and the occasional corrupt. President Gleason has the courage and the required leadership to do this needed job.

Jack Gleason is a man of God. Twice in the past several months one member of his family has been brought near to the great valley of the shadow. The Chief, himself, a few months ago was suddenly the victim of an attack which would have been too much for one weaker in body and in spirit. Through all this, Jack said "The Lord is My Shepherd." "Thy Rod and Thy Staff They Comfort Me." He knows that religion, his faith and your faith, is the most important thing in all the world, and all else we do and all else we are should fit into that concept. He knows too, that the best preventive of crime and foreign "isms" is religion. We of law enforcement are dedicated to fighting these two foes--we would be foolish in such a fight not to use our staunchest weapon.

Chief Gleason is a friend. That is why we are here. That is why you are here. That is why his well-wishers and friends throughout the nation wish they could be here with him. So we congratulate Chief of Police John M. Gleason on his leadership, his preparedness, his ability, his character, his courage, his spirit, his opportunity, his understanding heart and his friendship. We need such understanding and such friendship not only in law enforcement but all over America today. When foreign "isms" with their Godless ideology are on the move, it is the time for us to preach and to practice, to teach and to translate into action both the religion in which we have faith and the democracy which must have faith in us. Our distinguished guest of honor in his public and private life recognizes that this is our surest bulwark of defense.

Connecticut Policewomen

VOX-COP

November, 1949

Greenwich Policewoman's Duties

By Mrs. Grace Bamford

An area of fifty square miles, the size of Greenwich, embracing a population of some 40,000 persons, can bring a lot of trouble to the attention of the policewoman.



Policewoman Grace Bamford

In spite of its widely-flouted reputation as the "wealthiest per capita population in the world", I am confronted with the same problems which plague policewomen in large city slum areas. Although sometimes they come from our wealthy "back-country", most of the cases could fit into a police schedule on New York's lower east side.

I have been with the Greenwich Police Department for more than eleven years, being the first policewoman appointed to the Department. I did not receive the

official title of "Policewoman" until two and one half years ago, but the new title brought little change in my duties.

As a policewoman, I am under the supervision of the Captain of Detectives and have frequently been called upon by the Detective Division to question witnesses when it was their opinion that questioning by a woman officer would lead to fuller disclosures.

Greenwich was shocked recently when a father of three children was arrested for assaulting a nine-year-old girl while visiting at the home of her grandparents. Less than two weeks later, a 49-year-old gardener, employed on one of the wealthy estates which comprise much of Greenwich, was arrested for molesting three small girls, all under twelve years of age.

Incest, while not frequent, does occur in Greenwich. And we have our murders, too. Recently a 22-year-old house wife was held as an "accessory" in a case after she had allegedly helped to hide her brother, accused of killing a watchman at one of the town's swank clubs. Drunken women, assault, disorderly conduct, illegal co-habitation, all find their way into the police docket eventually.

Of course, all my work isn't spent with sordid sex cases, but the all-around picture of the work done would probably compare favorably on a smaller scale, of course, with that done by the policewoman of any metropolitan force.

Cases involving female juveniles, under 16 years of age, minors, and women are handled by me, often with the assistance of a male detective. Many

CONNECTICUT POLICEWOMEN

times cases which come to my attention do not require any arrest or further police action. For instance, if a wife reports her husband is abusing her and isn't supporting her, or the children are subject to his mis-treatment, a word of advice from the police will go a long way toward making him behave himself.

Most of our work is done in connection with lower income families, but many times some of the gilt-edged commuters who comprise a large portion of our population will call for help. One wealthy woman called me when she disapproved of her daughter's associates. The daughter had been married and divorced and resented her mother's interference. The police were called in after the daughter, in a vicious rage, had threatened to kill her mother.

Brought to headquarters, the daughter was examined by a psychiatrist whose diagnosis showed she was "greatly in need of a rest". As a result, she obtained a leave of absence from her position, took a rest, later returned to her job, and everything has been going smoothly since. This is only one case where the police helped straighten out a case which might have resulted in far more serious consequences.

The parks of Greenwich, as in any town, pose a difficult problem inasmuch as they are ideal settings and an invitation for sexual crimes and acts of perversion, such as indecent exposure and molesting youngsters.

After a wave of indecent exposure cases in a park in the eastern section of town, I played the part of decoy, wandering through the park and waiting for the man to show up again. After walking the park for days, the subject was finally apprehended. The parks are usually safe, but one sex case a year can throw mothers into a justifiable dither and it is up to the police to apprehend the person responsible.

Many of the cases we handle have to do with transients who seem to regard Greenwich as the most hospitable stopping-off place between New York and Boston. There was the case of a woman "hitching" rides with truck drivers up and down the Post Road, a regular "Post Road Annie". Her activities were limit-

ed to truck drivers and she readily admitted having been under treatment for a venereal disease. She was sent to jail by the Town of Greenwich Police Court and another problem was solved.

The policewoman's work, because of its nature, dealing primarily with female minors or women, receives very little publicity. Our work is done without the fanfare which so often surrounds police work.

One night a woman had been assaulted while walking home from the Cos Cob station after arriving on an evening train. Every night after that for several weeks I took the same train from Greenwich and would follow the route taken by the woman. It was worth it! One night the man tried to attack me, but the detectives lurking nearby nabbed him and another case was ended.

The work of my office is one of close cooperation and co-ordination with the Department of Public Welfare, the Greenwich Center, Red Cross, Juvenile Court and Greenwich Town Court as well as all other agencies interested in social problems. These departments notify me when they note anything which may develop into a police case. Oft-times, by talking to families, we can avoid what might very well have developed into a sordid police case.

There are times when I am called upon to assist the State Parole Officers when they have business in Greenwich. Often a brief visit by me can save the Parole Officer a tedious trip.

Domestic problems are numerous in Greenwich, many of them arising when the housing shortage causes married couples to "double-up" with relatives or in-laws. If a nagging wife or a drinking husband is brought to court, the matter most always is settled privately. The Prosecutor always gives me an opportunity to try to straighten things out. Very often the erring husband or wife is so frightened by the idea of contact with the Police, that future bliss, or at least domestic quiet is assured.

"Wild children" pose a problem to many parents, especially those of foreign born parents, who have been "liberated" by American ideas. These are

problems to be settled by a session with parents and children. Parents may be too strict and not allow the privileges most children take for granted. I try to point out their error. Children sometimes expect too much in the way of freedom. A good heart to heart talk with them points out the fact that their parents do know a little more than they.

Lastly, but far from least, is the problem of women alcoholics, and Greenwich does have its share. An intoxicated woman at best is a difficult case because in most instances she quickly loses all inhibitions of moral decency

and respect. In most cases, she must be taken forcibly while resisting intensely with no holds barred, fighting, biting and scratching.

Dealing with alcoholics, perverts and depraved humans of all sorts can be rather depressing, but the help we do manage to bring to some families and individuals is more than enough reward. If we only solve one domestic problem, or keep one child on the straight and narrow path, for every ten battles with a drunken hell-cat, we consider our job a worthwhile accomplishment from a moral viewpoint.

Women Police Officers Of Connecticut

By Mrs. Loretto R. Noonan

In the beginning, when Police Departments were organized, it was for the



Policewoman Loretto R. Noonan

prevention of crime the protection of life and property and the apprehension of the criminal after the crime was committed.

Women and girls, at this time, were not Police problems, but, as the years passed, more and more women and girls came to the attention of the Police and the first policewomen were then appointed. The movement at first was slow, as it was a new field which had only been open to men.

It was not until World War I, when the increase of Juvenile Delinquency and sex offenses by and against women and girls increased, that the need of Policewomen was felt. In 1922 the International Police Chiefs resolved that Policewomen were essential to a modern police department. Then more Policewomen were appointed, especially in the larger police departments. Policewomen can never take the place of the men officers--it is a specialized bureau, the same as the Investigation and the Juvenile Division in the modern Police Department.

The work of the policewoman is entirely with women or girls and with children. She should be present at all times when women or girls are being questioned by the police; make or assist at all arrests which involve women or girls. The policewoman should try to

CONNECTICUT POLICEWOMEN

prevent juvenile delinquency and should investigate all cases involving uncared for or neglected children which come to the attention of the police.

When a woman is transported to any institution by the police, the woman officer should accompany her. In the home if a daughter has a problem she will always go to her mother to solve it. The policewoman acts as a mother when a girl becomes involved with the police. She understands women and is a friend to the woman or girl in need.

The work of the policewoman is a profession. It should attract women of high character. The policewoman should have a good educational background and be in perfect health, as the work is strenuous at times and calls for long hours, etc. She must be able to analyze people, she must be fearless, able to think quickly, and to cope with anything that might arise during her tour of duty. To be successful, she must like people, be kind, and still be firm when there is need for firmness.

A policewoman is not a social worker. She is at all times a member of a law enforcement agency and as such she has powers which other professions do not have. She should be familiar with all existing social laws, and she should know the program of the different agencies in her community so that she can refer cases which come to her attention when they are not police problems.

When I was appointed a policewoman in the New London Police Dept. there were only two other policewomen in Conn. One was Mrs. Mary Nevins in New Haven and Miss Margaret Sanford, in Hartford. Both of these women have since retired. Much credit is due them for their untiring and efficient work.

The second World War found policewomen alerted at all times to the problems which arose because of very young girls leaving their homes and going to places where Army and Navy personnel were stationed. Many of these girls were saved from a life of crime by Policewomen who took an active interest in them. Countless numbers were returned to their homes and families without a police record. Actually a majority of them were foolish youngsters who did

not realize the difficulties they were headed toward. Most of these girls called themselves "Victory Girls." Several of them wrote grateful letters when they realized the help they had received. Many are now happily married and have children of their own.

Connecticut policewomen have also done much toward keeping the V.D. record in Connecticut at a low mark. As soon as medical reports were received, girls were apprehended, and when they needed help and treatment they were given it, so that they could again return to the community.

Places where liquor was sold were visited by the policewomen and in this way, minors were checked. Where violations occurred, arrests were made. Juvenile girls were investigated and when found delinquent were referred to the Juvenile Court.

The policewoman has all the powers of arrest--she carries a badge but does not wear a uniform, principally because she can work more effectively in plain clothes. In this manner she can go in and out of homes without attracting attention. She can visit schools and homes and also attend Juvenile Court sessions.

During the second World War, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, ever alert to improving his very efficient department requested the appointment of policewomen, and in Nov., 1942 the first two women were appointed to the Connecticut State Police. Their work was so satisfactory that ten more women were appointed and they are carrying on the fine work which was started by the first two State Policewomen.

State Policewomen are trained at the police barracks at Bethany, Conn. The local departments of police are also invited to send their women there for training. Policewomen are sworn in as officers with all the powers of arrest, etc., the same as the male officers.

Currently there are 10 policewomen in the State Police Dept. and 11 in the Municipal Police organizations.

The men officers have contributed to the success of the women police officers by their ever willingness to accept and cooperate with them.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

It's Murder, She Says!

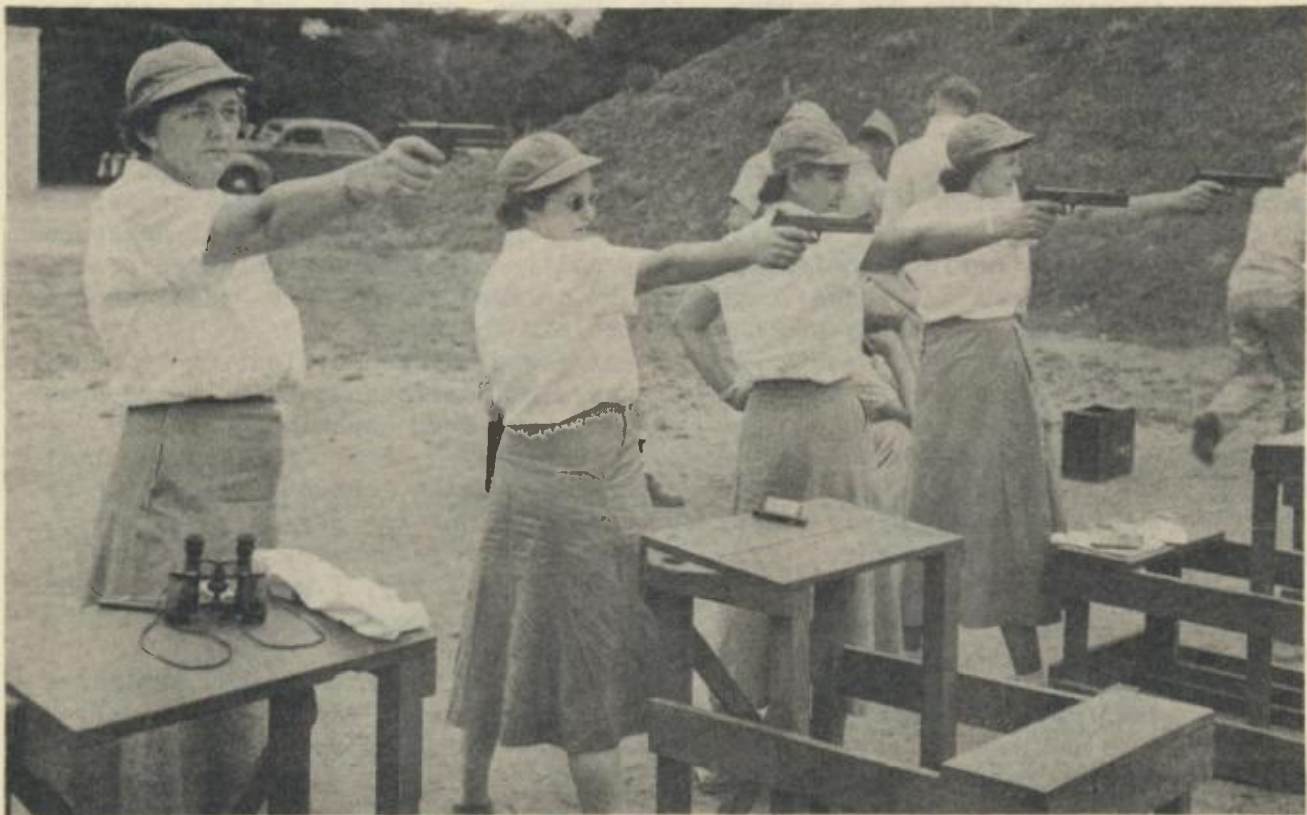
MRS. FRANCES GLESSNER LEE, of Littleton, N.H., is 70, a grandmother, heiress to an International Harvester Company fortune, captain in the New Hampshire State Police, dairy farmer, expert model maker of scenes of unexplained death, and founder of the Department of Legal Medicine at Harvard Medical School. Legal Medicine, her chief interest, concerns the study of the human body after death to determine from its position, marks, discolorations whether death was natural or not.

At least once each year, 24 state troopers from various parts of the country, selected by Mrs. Lee, come to Harvard for a week of intensive training on all phases of unexplained death, relating to medicine. High light of the course is a room containing 17 models (one of which is shown here), which depict in amazing detail—one inch to the foot—the scenes of a variety of violent deaths by gunfire, poisons, knives, flames, explosions, blunt instruments, and gas. Each scene contains several clues, and from these the officers try

to determine how the person met death, the type of person, and conditions existing before death. Mrs. Lee, assisted by Ralph Mosher, has designed and built every model at her own expense and donated all of them to Harvard. No time, effort, or expense has been spared to make them accurate, miniature replicas. A midget pencil in the hands of a model has real lead in it and can write. Mrs. Lee wore a blue suit a year after it was unfit to wear so that the material would be thinned down to a point where it could be made into a pair of pants for a model.

A soft-spoken, gentle lady, educated by tutors in her native Chicago, Mrs. Lee is the last person one would expect to be interested in crime. Her interest started years ago through Dr. G. B. Magrath, then Medical Examiner of Suffolk County (Boston), who regaled her with stories of crimes. When an uncle left her \$250,000, she asked Dr. Magrath how best his type of work might be aided. He suggested the department at Harvard. She endowed it.

PRIZE WINNERS AT WAKEFIELD, MASS.



The Connecticut State Policewoman Revolver Team won the Berg Trophy Match for women at the Target Match, sponsored by United Services of New England, Camp Curtis Guild, Wakefield, Mass. L. to r., Policewomen Margaret Jacobson, Lois Miller, Evelyn Briggs and Kathryn Haggerty.

-- Kennett Photo

WOMEN SLEUTHS HELP CUSTOMS

By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

Americans returning from abroad may not know--as they wait by the hundreds to have their baggage inspected by the Customs on the pier--that several well dressed women, whom they might take to be fellow-passengers or visitors, are moving around among them, listening to all they say, watching everything they do. These women are employees of the Customs.

"Once I noticed," Mrs. Bella Walsh said on Pier 61 as the S.S. America docked, "a passenger switch a ring to a visitor. Another time, I saw a man pass a bottle of liquor over the barrier."

Miss Ruth Mulgrave reported she had heard from time to time such bits of conversation as "I hope the inspector doesn't look in this bag," or "See this beautiful ring which I haven't declared."

The women inspectors may notice a woman who is carrying two fur scarves, or a man whose pockets bulge, or a woman whose clothing appears very bulky.

John Kessler, Deputy Collector of Customs, explained that as a precautionary measure the Customs has used women inspectors for some years. "We believe most passengers are honest," he said, "or have not made any serious omissions from their declarations." These days he added, the large majority are not bringing in more than \$400 worth of foreign merchandise, the amount they are entitled to under the law which took effect May 19, 1948. Under this law a returning resident may import \$100 worth of merchandise every thirty days, plus \$300 worth every six months. Formerly the ceiling was \$100 worth.

"If a man," Inspector Israel Bader said, "gets top-lofty and sputters, 'This is the first time a Customs man has ever asked me to open one of my bags,' I know he's bluffing. Or if a woman is evasive in answering my questions, or tries to draw my attention from one particular valise, that's a tip-off."

The inspectors routinely ask. "Are you carrying anything for another par-

ty? Have you any gold or coins? Is there anything you have forgotten to declare? Have you anything on your person or in your handbag in which we would be interested?" At this point it is not too late for a passenger to amend the declaration made out on shipboard.

The inspectors examining the luggage of passengers from the America appeared to be a friendly, courteous lot. As a rule they examined quite thoroughly the valise containing such typical gifts as jewelry and watches, and felt around in the rest of the passenger's luggage.

"We come to have a seventh sense that guides us," Mr. Bader said.

He recalled a woman who declared sixty bottles of perfume and insisted that it was for her own use. Inspector Bader found seventy-two bottles and took her to the deputy collector on the pier. Then she told another story, under oath, saying she had brought the perfume to her husband so he might give it to his customers. Business use made the perfume dutiable and her case was referred to the legal division.

The law provides, it was learned from Daniel Callahan, solicitor in charge of the law division in the Customs House on Bowling Green, that merchandise not declared shall be seized and that the passenger may be assessed a penalty equal to the purchase price, and be obliged to pay the same amount to reclaim the goods.

But there may be mitigating circumstances, Mr. Callahan said. The passenger may have been asked by a friend to carry something home, not knowing that such merchandise cannot legally be brought in under the person's own exemption. Or the passenger, when caught, may say, "I'm sorry, I was in a fog that last day on shipboard and I realize I've done wrong."

Such a person, Mr. Callahan explained may be let off with paying two or three times the duty on the undeclared merchandise, and nothing to reclaim it. "All such compromises if they are over \$100," the solicitor said, "have to be approved by the commissioner's bureau in Washington."

---Herald Tribune

A WORD TO THE WISE!

As many of the barracks are now equipped with fluorescent lights the question is often asked, "What is the best way to dispose of fluorescent light bulbs after they have worn out?" In many places the used light bulbs may be put out with trash in the ordinary way if they are first placed unbroken in a carton. Some communities have regulations concerning the disposal of these bulbs, requiring that they be handed directly to the refuse collector. It may well be that the Hartford Barracks would be required to take this precaution. Otherwise we should destroy the tubes by placing them in a container and breaking them out-of-doors, preferably in a waste disposal area.

Another method is to wrap a cloth around one end of the tube, and while holding it at this end, plunge the rest of the tube into a bucket of water and smash it. The important thing is to avoid touching broken fragments and not to breathe the dust or vapor. If a tube is broken accidentally, sweep up the pieces into a piece of heavy paper. Do not handle the fragments with your hands. Dispose of them, safely wrapped, with trash or bury them in the ground where children or animals cannot reach them. Never put used tubes or fragments of tubes in the incinerator.

HARVARD TO LET WOMEN ENTER SCHOOL OF LAW

Last month Dean E. N. Griswold, Harvard Law School, announced that for the first time in its 132 year history Harvard Law School is to admit women. The only woman ever to put in an "official" appearance at the Law School is Soia Mentschikoff, who is also Mrs. Karl N. Llewellyn, wife of the Professor of Jurisprudence, Columbia Law School. She was visiting professor of law at Harvard during the past two academic years but has given up the job to be with her husband in New York.

Police officers, however, may feel at ease when on the witness stand until the Fall of 1952 when the new Harvard female

lawyers will then be ready to take us on for cross-examination.

WHAT A FIRST-AIDER SHOULD DO

- Be calm.
- Take command and give orders.
- Locate the injury.
- Know what you want to do and do it.
- Keep onlookers away from the patient.
- Use a knife or scissors to remove clothing.

Look for bleeding and check it by pressure of the fingers or thumb on the skin over the blood vessel at the location of the pressure point, by a tourniquet, or by a bandage compress and bandage compress and bandage applied with pressure over the wound.

Look for shock; if present, lower head of patient, apply blankets and wrapped hotwater bottles, hot bricks, etc., and give aromatic spirits of ammonia in water, if patient is conscious.

Keep patient lying down.

Cover all wounds completely with a sterile bandage compress and a triangular or cravat bandage, except wound of the nose, chin, fingers, or toes, where a bandage compress is used.

The fingers or instruments should not touch a wound.

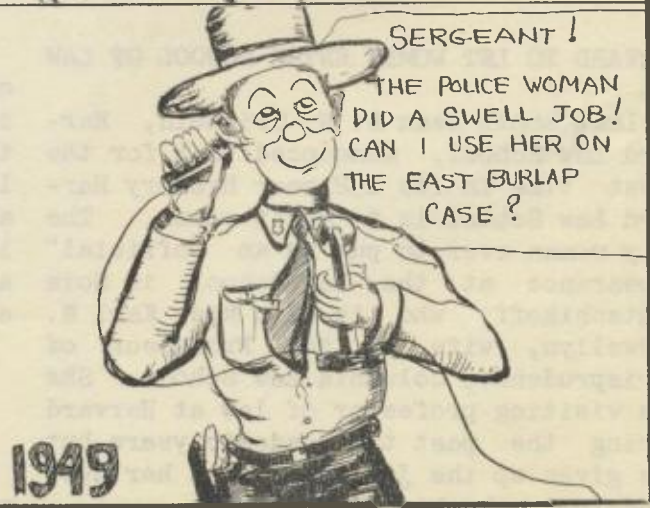
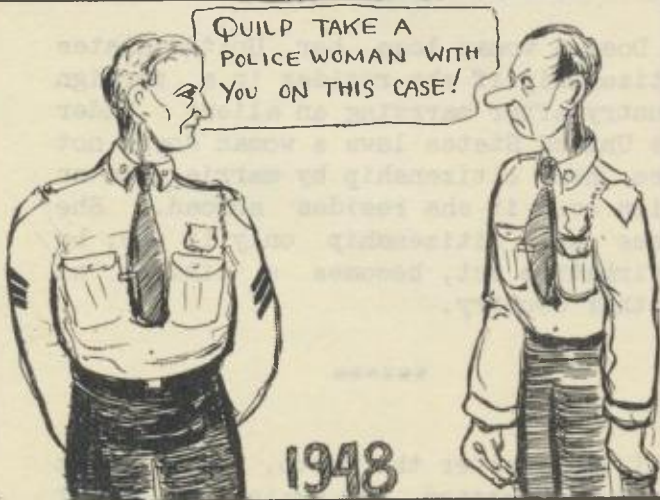
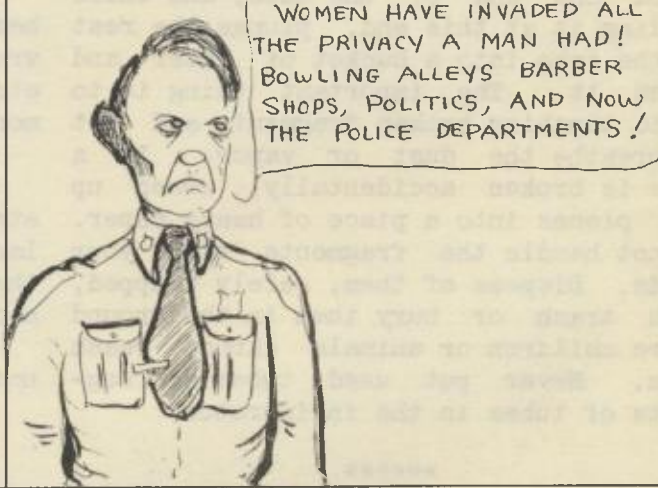
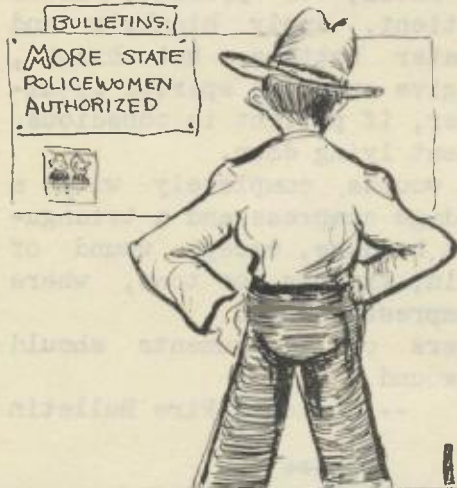
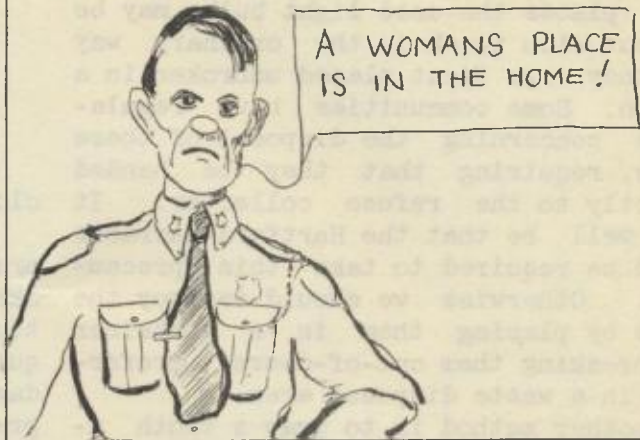
---Police & Fire Bulletin

Does a woman lose her United States citizenship if she resides in a foreign country after marrying an alien? Under the United States laws a woman does not lose her citizenship by marriage to an alien even if she resides abroad. She loses her citizenship only if she, by affirmative act, becomes a citizen of another country.

I would alter the motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try again," to "If at first you don't succeed, try another method."

---Sir William Lever

OFFICER QUILP By Effess



Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

November, 1949

Says Women Drivers Try Hardest

By Eleanor Roberts

That campaign Registrar of (Mass.) Motor Vehicles Rudolph F. King started on one-handed drivers has chalked up another victory for the ladies.

Out of the hundreds of motorists who have been stopped on Massachusetts highways since the campaign started on Aug. 3, only a handful have been women!

The "one-arm" boys have used their other driving hand to (1) munch ice cream cones, (2) hold up the roof of the car, (3) pull down the roof, (4) hang onto the wind deflector, (5) make love.

The ladies, Registrar King reports, grab the steering wheel with both hands and hang on!

Hug at Home

Only one pretty girl was stopped by Inspector Frederick J. Boyle for driving with her arm around the man seated beside her. When the inspector informed her in his best Sir Walter Raleigh manner that such doin's were not strictly 100 per cent, the lassie blushed and apologetically explained, "But he's just come off a destroyer and I haven't seen him in months!"

Now, Inspector Boyle is a gent of great breadth and brawn and when a guy is whipping up 60 miles per hour on his speedometer the inspector delivers it straight, jaw jutting out, face red.

But when a gal gets that look in her eyes and that expression of sheer rapture on her face because she hasn't seen her husband for many a month, that's when Boyle's heart turns to snow whip.

Always a man whose duty stands foremost in his mind, however, the inspector after smiling beatifically at the couple, said, "Sure, I understand, lady, but it's not only your own life you're

endangering but that of your husband and other drivers.

"You'll be careful, now, and wait till you get home to do your huggin'," the inspector said, as a parting shot.

Habit and the lovebug are the chief reasons for one-handed driving, the registrar believes. In his usually efficient manner the registrar had assembled an imposing staff of his crack trouble-shooters, circled around his desk in his Nashua St. office. Phones rang, buzzers clicked, clerks tip-toed in and out and blue cards were whiffled through by King's private secretary in an effort to boil down the results of the campaign.

Just Habit

Two-thirds of the motorists who were stopped by registry men or co-operating police of various towns were pretty sheepish about their one-hand driving, had no excuse to offer other than "just habit."

"About 90 per cent of them were hanging onto the roof," the registrar pointed out, "and most of them when asked the reason for it answered that they just didn't realize it."

One well-dressed man in a Cadillac when stopped by the chief of police, in a Cape town for driving with his hand on the ventilator window through heavy traffic, and asked why he did it, answered with disconcerting frankness, "Because I'm plain stupid!"

The only guess the registrar can hazard as to why the majority of offenders have been men is that the male of the species are much more casual about driving a car.

"Women seem to feel their responsibility more when they're behind the

wheel," he explained. "Then, too, they do less driving than men and by nature are not as familiar with mechanical objects. Driving, to them, is something to concentrate on. They give the road and the car every bit of their attention and they have two hands available for doing it.

"It is pretty obvious that when something happens quickly, when a driver has to swerve to avoid an obstacle or when an emergency arises he needs both hands to control his car. One-handed drivers are a menace."

The registrar first started his "go-gettem" campaign when increased complaints from all over the State came in to him about motorists piloting their buggies with one arm dangling outside the door or supporting the roof.

Vital to Safety

He didn't want to make motorists mad, but when he wanted to retain that shiny, new safety record. The word went around to inspectors and town police departments to be on the watch for the one-armed gents, to stop them, counsel them and report the cases to the registry.

Then the registrar sent out a nice, explanatory letter to the offender asking for his co-operation and warning him of the danger of driving with one arm draped out in the lane of traffic.

"If you had operated in this manner when you were examined for your first license, the license would have been refused because of improper operation," King pointed out succinctly.

"With more than a million and a half licensed operators in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts driving well over a million motor vehicles more miles than ever before in the history of our Commonwealth, which has the greatest density of population per square mile of any State in the Union with the exception of Rhode Island; and with thousands of visiting motorists from other States traveling our highways daily, it is of vital importance to your own safety and the safety of others that you give full-time application to driving.

This requires the use of both hands, except when giving such hand signals as are required by law, unless the operator

is specially licensed because of an infirmity."

"And speaking of infirmities," King continued, "while most of the offenders have been co-operative, one man turned around to the chief of police and complained that plenty of one-armed, handicapped drivers were allowed to drive about the State, so why couldn't he, if he chose."

"I wrote him a letter explaining that amputees who are licensed to operate vehicles are expressly trained to drive despite their handicap and that they have special equipment.

"Our record with this handicapped group has been outstanding. They know their limitations and recognize them, and they are extremely careful drivers, alert and vigilant. We take particular pride in our program for this group and apparently other States consider it so effective that they have sent their representatives to the registry to study the plan.

"If all two-arm drivers had the same record we could be proud!"--Boston Post

CLUTTERED WINDSHIELDS

A Milwaukee judge ruled the other day that an automobile windshield is definitely not the place to be called home for six artificial birds and a toy monkey. The driver who had this zoo dangling from the top of his windshield was fined \$5 for dangerously obstructing his view. The judge noted that the sale of such items is entirely legal, but that they should roost and perch somewhere besides the front glass in a car. We have noted a few incipient Noah's Ark collections in Connecticut on interstate and out of state registered cars, and the operators ought to put them somewhere else while they are still able to do it without either accident or other penalty. How about some enforcement action?

SAFE THINKING MAKES SAFE ACTION
SAFE ACTION BUILDS SAFE HABITS

OUR STATE POLICEWOMEN

Ask Your Cooperation

REAR ENDS ARE DANGEROUS

Do you know the most dangerous thing on the road? Do you know the thing that is most likely to push you through the windshield? To smash up your car? To land you in court? Guess again. It's the rear end of the car in front of you.

SLOW DOWN AFTER DARK

The fall and winter months will give the nation's drivers longer hours of darkness. Accident statistics show that three out of five of all fatal traffic accidents occur at night. On a mileage basis--three times as many fatal accidents occur between dusk and dawn. The pedestrian fatality rate is at its highest during the early hours of darkness, about half of all pedestrian fatalities occur between 6 p.m. and midnight. Causes for these night accidents according to the National Safety Council, are: reduced visibility; more drinking drivers, and pedestrians on the streets; fatigue; speed too fast for conditions and pedestrians not realizing they cannot be seen until it is too late. The Council urges motorists to make a special safety light check (head, tail and stop lights), and to "Look out when it's dark out" -- "Slow down at sundown!" -- Be the first to dim your lights!"

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO PARK ON HILL

When parking on a hill, a simple matter of setting brakes and turning front wheels against the curb is the best assurance that your car won't "run away."

When parking with the car headed uphill, the front wheels should be "heeled" or turned out so that a tire is resting against the curb.

If there is no curb, it is advisable

to use a block under the wheels.

In all instances, the emergency brake should always be firmly set.

As an added precaution, it is recommended that the car be placed in low gear or reverse, depending upon the direction in which it is headed.

PREPARE YOUR CAR FOR WINTER DRIVING

1. Change to lightweight engine oil and gear grease.

2. Drain and flush the cooling system; check all hose connections and tighten clamps; check fan belt and thermostat before adding standard-brand antifreeze solution.

3. Test battery for full charge; clean, repair or replace terminals and deteriorated cables.

4. Check and adjust fuel and ignition systems thoroughly including distributor points, timing, spark plugs, carburetor and fuel pump. Removal of the engine pan is advisable to permit cleaning along fuel pump screws and air cleaners.

5. Check brakes, steering wheel, wheel alignment and tires.

6. Replace blown-out gaskets, loose manifold and exhaust connection, mufflers and exhaust pipes. Defective exhaust systems can be fatal sources of deadly carbon monoxide gas fumes.

7. Be certain windshield wipers operate efficiently to carry heavy loads of snow and sleet.

We recommend each police car carry a shovel and a bag of sand, cinders or ashes as an aid for starting on icy streets, or when cars are stuck at curbs.

Courtesy is a science of the highest importance. It is like grace and beauty in the body, which charm at first sight, and lead on to further intimacy and friendship.

---Montaigne

SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT!

Running people down is bad business whether you are a motorist or a gossip.

Handle every gun as if it were loaded and cocked--which it may be.

Let the gun barrel point only at what you want to kill.

Be sure of the condition of the gun before shooting it--this includes looking through the bore to see that all is clear.

SAFEST PERSON

Chicago--Who is the safest person in the United States?

It's still the little girl in Connecticut, who almost every year bobs up as the National Safety Council's nominee for the mythical safety title.

The Council figures it this way: Connecticut has the lowest accident fatality rate of any state. The safest age group in the country is the 5-14 bracket. And for some reason, little girls seem to be safer than little boys. So-o-o---there you have the little girl in Connecticut again.

Little girls in Connecticut, the Council suggests, should wear their safety laurels warily, lest they lose their crowns. And little girls and all other people in other states may well try to be a little safer.

---National Safety Council

SAFETY IN MANNERS

Emily Post has written "the blue-booklet of traffic etiquette." It is called "Motor Manners" and has been published by National Highway Users Conference, Inc., as a public service.

You might think the fact that Mrs. Post long has been recognized as the most eminent authority on social niceties does not necessarily make her such an authority on traffic etiquette. But the fundamentals of good manners are

the same, whether at the table, in the drawing room or on the streets and highways. And whether women and men are to be considered ladies and gentlemen depends upon how they act.

There is nothing new or unusual in the "code of courtesy" for motorists and pedestrians in Mrs. Post's "Motor Manners." Her ideas of traffic behavior for "all who would be well-mannered drivers and pedestrians" can be summed up in four words--courteous consideration for others. The person who remembers and heeds Mrs. Post's advice that "courtesy in an automobile is always one's best assurance of safety" will conscientiously abide by traffic regulations and will not be "an accident going somewhere to happen."--Denver Post

WHY POLICE WAGONS ARE "BLACK MARIAS"

Why are police wagons called "Black Marias?"

It is just a subtle police compliment to a lady who was very useful to them in the past. The wagon is named after a negress called Maria Lee, who kept a lodging-house for seamen in Boston. She was a giantess, and immensely strong, and often the police called on her to help them drag difficult and boisterous prisoners to the lockup.

When the authorities hit upon the scheme of using a vehicle for the conveyance of prisoners, they very fittingly named it "Black Maria."

---Michigan Police Journal

South Dakota is the only state which does not have a driver's license. It is not likely to lose that dubious distinction in the near future, as the legislature recently killed for the second time a bill to license drivers, sponsored by the governor of the state.

Intelligence consists of having just enough wit to talk well or enough judgment to be silent.

DON'T DRIVE AFTER DRINKING

DANGER--KIDS IN THE CAR!

By--Katherine Clifford

"Boy Playing in Automobile Causes Crash," reads the headline in a Hartford, Conn., paper. "Child Fractures Skull in Fall From Car," says the one in Newark, N. J.

You're shocked but glad it wasn't your child. How could it be? You're a careful driver. You don't speed, you obey traffic laws, you'd never drive recklessly with children in the car. Yet even so, you may be endangering your child's safety--perhaps his life--by failing to realize that extra precautions are necessary when your children ride with you.

Did you hear about the little Johnson girl? She was sitting in the back seat of her father's car when she managed to open the back door and fall out--with the car going 40 miles an hour. She'll recover, the doctors say, after a long siege in the hospital, but Mr. Johnson wishes now that he'd known about safety locks, which prevent rear doors from being opened from the inside. One auto company includes as standard equipment a device which can be set to turn the rear-door lock into a safety lock. You can also buy safety locks and install them yourself. They belong in every family with children and a four-door car.

The Blakes wouldn't have a four-door car; too dangerous. They didn't know that the front seat, next to the driver is rated by the National Safety Council as the most dangerous place in the car. Their baby was riding in front on his mother's lap when his father stopped suddenly to avoid hitting the car in front. The baby was thrown against the dashboard, sustained a concussion, and lost several teeth. Now the Blakes have a safe-guard which will prevent future accidents in the "danger seat." It's a sponge-rubber strip which fits across the dashboard, effectively breaks the force of the fall when anyone is thrown against it.

I didn't realize that allowing children to stand up in the back not only increased their chances of being in-

jured but also blocked the rear-vision mirror. That is, until I needed to look in it one day, and found my vision obscured at just the wrong moment. When the car locked fenders with another, the children weren't hurt badly--just minor bruises and bumps--but now all five Clifford children sit down when they ride in cars. The Center for Safety Education, at New York University, says standing up in cars is one of the chief causes of injuries to children.

Look Behind You

Most tragic figure of all is Mrs. Green. She volunteered to drive some children home from a school picnic, and when one little fellow got out at his house, she assumed he was safely out of the way. She didn't look to make sure. When she backed up to turn around, she heard the most sickening sound in the world: the dull thump of a car hitting a child. The little boy was killed instantly, and Mrs. Green says she'll never touch a wheel again.

Freak accidents? Isolated cases? Not at all. They're just a sample of the national total. The Travelers Insurance Company reports that last year over 3,500 children were killed in traffic accidents, and 236,500 injured. This doesn't take into account children hurt in non-reportable accidents.

The Center for Safety Education, where many investigations into accident causes have been conducted, agrees that slamming car doors on children's hands and legs is one of the most frequent causes of minor injuries. Most of these injuries never appear in insurance statistics, but they're painful and sometimes disabling.

Falling out of cars, falling inside cars from sudden stops and loss of driver control through interference by children are the most common causes of serious injuries.

Reaching over to turn on the radio, switching on a sudden blare of noise which startles the driver, playing with devices on the dashboard, wrestling and falling against the steering wheel, jarring the driver's arm, obscuring his vision--all these the Center lists as common nuisances which are more serious

than many parents realize.

Allowing children to play on the floor of the car can have serious consequences, too, as a Connecticut grandfather learned recently. Leaning over to keep his small grandson from interfering with his feet, he lost control and smashed into another car. His wife was injured, and he was arrested on a charge of reckless driving.

Children's quarrels can be dangerous too, especially when the driver takes his attention from the road to act as a referee. Quarreling is usually the result of boredom and restlessness on long trips. Safety authorities suggest that parents be ready to introduce a quiet game at the first sign of trouble.

Guessing games like Twenty Questions and What Do I See Ahead?, competitive games like Wayside Cribbage and License-Plate Poker help keep children sitting down.

One of the troubles with children is that even when they're behaving perfectly, their enthusiasm may lead to trouble. They're just as unpredictable in a car as anywhere else, and they expect us to combine the roles of attentive parent and driver.

Fatal Distraction

Take, for example, the father who was driving up New York's Henry Hudson Parkway when his small daughter shrilled excitedly, "Daddy, look at that big boat in the river!" He turned his head to look just for an instant, just long enough to let the car swerve into a stanchion, killing his wife and daughter instantly.

Why didn't he tell his daughter, "I can't take my eyes off the road while I'm driving"? Because, like so many of us he just wasn't thinking of the tremendous responsibility we assume when we drive with our children. If we were to be entrusted with the delivery of a million dollars' worth of fragile art objects we'd be conscious every minute of our need to drive carefully. How many of us are equally careful of our children, the most precious cargo we'll ever carry?

Anyone who drives with children in the car ought to take the few simple

precautions that may mean the difference between safety and possible injury or death.

How To Be Safe

The National Safety Council stresses these rules which parents should know and practice:

1. Never leave children unsupervised in a car even though it's "just for a minute." Never leave the motor running while parked. Take your keys with you.

2. Never start a car until you know--not just think, but know--that no children are in the way front or back.

3. Don't allow children to stand up while riding. Teach them to sit down.

4. Don't allow babies to be carried on someone's lap in the front seat. Carry babies in the rear seat, or in a baby carrier.

5. Make sure your car doors are locked so children can't open them accidentally. Teach children to leave door handles alone.

6. If children start fighting, pull off the road and stop before trying to settle things.

7. Don't permit children to stick heads or arms from car windows.

8. Teach children not to touch steering wheel, gear-shift lever, rear-view mirror, or otherwise distract the driver while car is in motion.

9. Remember that the front passenger seat is by far the most dangerous in the car. Don't overload it.

These rules may not be easy to enforce--rules never are--but they're well worth the effort it takes to make them stick. Remember that it's better, if you must, to battle with your children today than to mourn for them tomorrow.

---This Week

There was the usual argument after the automobile crash. And the woman, as usual, was talking:

"I turned the way I signaled," she averred.

To which the man retorted: "Yes, I know it. That's what fooled me."

---Coronet

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

November, 1949

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

Lieut. Carlton L. Klocker, in command of this station for the past $1\frac{1}{2}$ years, has left our fold to resume his duties in the State Fire Marshal's Office. We shall all miss him immensely, but realize that due to his knowledge and experience in the wide field covered by the State Fire Marshal's Office, his future success is bound to materialize.

Prior to Lieut. Klocker's departure, the residents of New Milford gathered together and held a dinner party for him, and anyone who attended certainly realized how popular he was in this area. Incidentally, all during Lieut. Klocker's stay at Ridgefield, he made many promises to provide us with a "Klocker-Caught-Lobster-Dinner," and so when he sat down at the table, as guest of honor, he was presented with the biggest broiled lobster this columnist has ever seen. This was a reminder that he had not fulfilled his promise. "How about that?"

The personnel of Station A also gathered together at the barracks prior to Lieut. Klocker's leaving, at which time a farewell dinner was served, and he was recipient of a gift from all in recognition for his guidance and good fellowship.

On September 19, 1949, the gang of Station A welcomed Lieut. Jesse F. Foley as their new commanding officer. He is an old friend to many of us, and I am sure that those not acquainted with him, prior to his coming to this station will find him to be a good friend and counselor.

At the time of this writing, we also lose another good friend, Sgt. Henry Palau, who, as you all know, is one of the real "old-timers" in the Department. Sgt. Palau was transferred to Station G, and I know that the personnel there will find him to be real fatherly in solving any of their problems. Good Luck, Sgt.

and don't forget to pay us a visit.

Also transferred to Station G from Station A are Officers Charles Gorman and Benjamin Davis, who are being replaced by Officers William Francis and Joseph Pirri. Best wishes and good luck to all of you on your new assignments.

Replacing Sgt. Palau is the Assistant Commander of the All-American Police Squad of Italo-Americans, whom we all know, as Sgt. Louis D. Marchese alias "Lougee" and "Balbo". Welcome to your old stamping grounds, Lou, and may your new post bring you happiness and contentment.

Officer Davis is still talking about that wonderful week-end in New York, he received as a winner of one of the awards for outstanding police work. Keep up the good work, Ben.

The Great Danbury Fair is all over, and the boys at Station A have once again settled down to their regular duties. We might say at this time that the Fair was bigger than ever, and there were no serious traffic tie-ups encountered. Incidentally, the Special Service Squad did a good job inside the grounds having kept criminal activity at its ebb. Reports show that Miss Theresa Petrini, our State Policewoman, was kept pretty busy checking the various "Girlie Shows."

Hunting Season truly came in with a "Bang" - telephone kept ringing for two days steady--reporting the usual complaints associated with this sport.

Just observed Off. Small sewing a button on his sport coat--they say you learn everything in the Coast Guard.

We occasionally read in the various newspapers where an officer witnesses a crime being enacted, but it is seldom we hear of an officer actually witnessing a One-Car-Fatal-Accident. Officer Guy Bonuomo had this experience recently when he was standing along the highway talking to a stopped motorist. All of a sudden, a car coming down a slight grade, swerved off to the left of the

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

highway and struck a tree. Two persons were killed in this accident.

AROUND AND ABOUT

Sgt. Murphy spending an "Indian-Summer-Vacation," but we're sorry to learn that it has been marred by his little girl breaking her ankle.

Off. Bonuomo, Wilson and Stefanek (The M.V. Boys) are all settled in their new houses...Off. Bunnell still flying on his time off...Off. Dunn now smoking Raleighs "the pack with the coupon on the back"...Off. Giardina recently presented Lt. Klocker with a box of "Golf Balls"...Off. Jones now known as the "Fix-it-man"--Jack of all trades.... Off. Lineweber leaving for vacation soon --heading for the "Sunny South"...Off. McMahon just returned from vacationing in Canada--understand he received an honorary degree "B-U-R-P" from the Canadian Club...Off. McNamara getting ready for a Boat-Ride?...Off. Meagher being instructed by his "Father", Off. Merritt, on proper procedures of patrolling the north country--better listen, Junior, experience is the best teacher....Off. Noxon still endeavoring to teach Sgt. Murphy the rudiments of pinochle.

Special Officer Walter Conrad, of our Lake Patrol, dry-docked his boat for the season--is awaiting the wintry blast so that he can launch his ice boat--better see Bruce Nearing on this Walter, he is an expert on the ice.

Custodian Carboni walked around in a daze for about a week until the arrival of his 8 lb. 13 oz. daughter--your worries were all for naught, Deno--never lost a father yet.

Noticed a glare in Garageman Leary's eye of late--keep your fingers crossed, Fred...Our thanks to Chef Scanlon for the swell job of feeding the boys at the Fairgrounds...Smiling George Gereg was his usual amiable self--assisting Chef Scanlon at the Fair.

Dispatcher Travaglini arrived back from vacation and immediately went to work questioning all the officers on contemplated questions pertaining to the recent exam for State Police Patrolman--may have been helpful, Squash, if

E.J.H. paid us a visit previous to the exam instead of afterwards...Many thanks to Dispatcher Pettit for posting the various directional signs to and from the Fairgrounds.

STATION "B", CANAAN

In preparing the monthly resume of station activity we are prone to mention actions considered outstanding and exemplary. In view of the fact that our department consists largely of male associates, the policewoman usually receives no more than passing mention, yet she, too, is an integral part of an efficient machine. Demands upon her resourcefulness, humor, imagination, and tact, are frequent and complete. She accepts responsibilities which often require the sacrifice of every woman's rightful prerogative, a social evening at home.

Requirements for professional status have elevated the female corps to the realm of select individuals whose talents are legion and whose friendly cooperation, understanding attitude, and intuitive ability to understand the erring youngster, make them a prime asset.

Our own Mrs. Butler, graduate nurse, has accustomed herself to the rural life which offers excitement at the most unreasonable hours and confronts one with problems requiring patience, persistence and a touch of understanding, all of which she possesses in abundance.

Bertha B. had an insatiable appetite for liquid refreshments. She could drink and drink yet never see even the tiniest pink elephant. Those grotesque creatures who plague the majority of the drinking fraternity, attacking with spears through solid walls and shrieking dire threats from cracks in the floor, were total strangers to her. In fact, it was rumored that she had been seen walking through the hills at night, guided only by the shallow hoot of the lonely owl, carrying a load of groceries

in one arm and a load-----; but here we proceed with our story.

Sunday had come as Sundays do at Station B in Canaan. Silence screened the busy office, an occasional footstep echoed through the quiet halls, and the frequent clicking emanating from the teletype seemed to relieve the emptiness which hung as a vacuum, absorbing all within its grasp.

A sudden jangle interrupted thoughts of pleasant nothing; the caller was Bertha. "Please send your men down right away. Three neighbors have just been killed by a villianous looking individual, tall with flowing black coat and wearing a wide-brimmed hat, with a mustache that flows toward the ground. I'm afraid I'll be the next victim unless you hurry."

Officers Buffa and Francis were immediately dispatched and departed with alacrity.

Bertha was found standing alone at the side of her home, her thin figure quaking with fear and, in a voice filled with emotions of anguish, she repeated her story.

A careful search revealed no villian in black, yet Bertha swore he had been there. Finally, after constant and sympathetic questioning she began to speak coherently; "perhaps it's just my imagination. You see, I had quite a few drinks last night."

Yes, Bertha B. had finally met the fate of those who drink well but not wisely -- She had seen her first pink elephant.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was in Falls Village October 23, attending a meeting at the Regional High School and the officers from this station served as escort to her party.

Mrs. Roosevelt extended her thanks to the officers and Principal Stoddard of the High School complimented the Department and Sergeant Menser and Officer Keilty for services rendered.

Commissioner Hickey has obtained a number of copies of the bulletin of the Women's Bureau No. 231-THE OUTLOOK FOR

WOMEN IN POLICE WORK - for distribution to the policewomen of Connecticut. Other copies are available through U.S. Government printing office, Washington 25, D.C. at 15 cents per copy.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

The much-talked about and long-awaited transfer list finally came out with surprises for all. Best wishes go to Sergt. J. Francis O'Brien and Off. Thomas M. O'Brien, assigned to Special Service, Off. James McCormick, assigned to Station "H", and Off. Ernest Angell, assigned to Station "K". We are sure they will miss the never-ceasing wonders of the Burma Road.

We are most happy to have Off. Joseph Fitzgibbons and Off. Arthur Hess assigned to this station from the Traffic Squad and are sorry to lose Officers Harold Greenberg, Robert Hart, Alfred Bickford, and Wilfred Bellefleur, who have been our TS men for the past several months. We know they will make good in their new assignments. Welcome to our station, Officer Tyron Smith, John Scribner, and Robert Lutz.

Come again, Lieut. Leslie Williams. We enjoyed your stay during Lieut. Hurlburt's vacation. No need to attend In-Service Training when we have you present.

No longer does the Lester McIntosh household consist of two. On October 9th, Deborah Ann came to make it three. Congratulations!

Want to buy the latest model and make in cars? One ingenious teen-age inventor has been operating his Re-NuzIt fueled home constructed car on highways of the Town of Somers until apprehended by Officers Schwarz. The young inventor was out for a quiet Sunday afternoon spin when stopped by the officer. "Bob" Bohman has his order in for one of these new cars.

In spite of the fine autumn weather and the dry roads, accidents have been keeping the officers busy. If this is any indication of what is to come with

the rain, sleet, snow and ice, they will be doing nothing but investigating accidents.

Officer Richard Schwarz has been assigned as caretaker and pilot of the emergency truck, which recently arrived at our station from Station "K".

Heard at Station "C" one Monday morning

"Checking out, Sarge, for Court in Rockville"

"The same here, Sarge."

"Me, too, Sarge."

"Sarge, leaving for Court in Rockville."

"I have a case there, too."

From the Sergeant, "Say, what is this, a frame-up? I haven't any men left on this day shift."

Up pipe two from the midnight crew, "I have a case there." "I'm checking out, too." "And I'm going, too," says the policewoman.

Sergeant, "Well! I'll at least know where to find you all. Hurry up and get out of that Court so you can go to work."

By the time this issue goes to print the Second Annual Band Boosters Harvest Festival will have been held at the station garage. The program is sponsored for the benefit of the Stafford High School Band. A program of square dancing is carried out with prizes of all sorts of farm produce, fruit, vegetables, birds, and animals.

OUR STATE POLICEWOMAN AT STATION "C"

What is that we hear? The Lieutenant calling to Miss Jacobson. "I have got to have photographs taken at that accident on Route 15 and they must be taken as soon as possible as the accident is a bad one. Be sure the photos show all angles of the accident and the weather and road conditions as they exist at this time." With a cheery reply, "O.K., Lieutenant", on goes the hat and overcoat and away she goes. A few hours later we hear her say, "I wish I had gotten better pictures." Then they are scrutinized by the Lieutenant, Sergeants, and others, and suggestions made as to what should have been done.

However, the case comes to Superior Court and the policewoman qualifies as an expert photographer. She does such a good job on the witness stand, back at the barracks we hear the Lieutenant say, "Wake up, fellows, take some notes, and see if you can do as well next time." We have to give her a high rating on the quiet, unruffled and frank way that she does her duty on the witness stand.

Speaking of testifying on the witness stand, we must tell you of two amusing incidents that took place. The only time that we have seen our policewoman in a quandary as to how to answer a question was in a Roaming Cattle case, where she had been qualified as a fence expert by the State's Attorney. Attorney Samuel Harvey for the defense took over. For those who do not know our friend Sam, I'll state that he is one of the old school and a very shrewd attorney. To have a State Policewoman on the stand was something new to Mr. Harvey, and one of his first questions was, "So you are a female State Policeman, is that right?" Miss Jacobson's answer, which registered well with the Court and the Jury, was, "You may call me that if you wish." How she thought up that answer so quickly was commented on by several persons later. Another time, Mr. Harvey was cross-examining her relative to photographs which she had taken of an intersection, the scene of a fatal accident. "Just what degree of elevation is there in the highway to the east?" Miss Jacobson quickly replied, "I'm not an engineer, I wouldn't know." To this Mr. Harvey pondered a few moments and then said, "No more questions," much to the amusement of the Court and fellow attorneys.

When requests for speakers have come to the station in the past, they were for the Lieutenant or one of the officers. Now, even the men's organizations are asking for the policewoman. Members at the station have noted and commented that when they have gone with Miss Jacobson and while they have been saying a few words to the audience there has been interest, but it has been evident that the audience is hoping that the officer will be short and the policewoman will take over. However, be-

ing polite, she always has the officer introduced and has him say a few words.

Being of a motherly nature, she looks after all of us. It is not uncommon to hear her call to the Lieutenant or some other officer, when they are leaving for an important assignment, "Come here, young man. Let me straighten that tie. Is your hair combed? Wait a minute--your hat isn't on straight. O.K. I guess you will pass."

Nurses from the Johnson Memorial Hospital, who have been interested in target shooting, practice at the station once a week. Miss Jacobson says that she is having some keen competition and some of them are better shots than she. We wonder. She helped to organize a softball team with some of the members of the revolver team and some of the local girls of the Town of Stafford.

Now we have set forth only a few of the excellent qualities of our State Policewoman at Station "C" and told very little of the actual work she does. We cannot pass without giving credit to all the State Policewomen who, over the period of years, have come to work at our station. All of them have excellently performed their duties and are a credit to the organization. From my observation of the State Policewomen in Superior Court, they make excellent witnesses and the Court and members of the bar have accepted them. At first the girls had the feeling that they were the accused and were on trial, but having stood up under some hard questioning and having come out with flying colors, they have paved the way for all who may have the good fortune to join our department as policewomen in the future.

One of our travelers--on an extradition case sends

GREETINGS FROM FLORIDA

A gorgeous Bird Is The Pelican,
Whose Beak Can Hold More Than His Belican,
He Can Put In His Beak, Food Enough For
A Week,
But I'll Be D__D If I can See How In
Helican.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Clancy became the proud parents of a baby boy on October 22, 1949, at the Lawrence Memorial Hospital, New London. Lawrence Michael is at home now with his mother and Luke has nicknamed him Columbo.

Disp. Gallichant and Off. John T. Murphy are vacationing. And speaking of vacations, Off. Powell, who recently returned from the North Woods, is still talking about the big black bear (or bull) he shot. Incidentally he came back speaking very good French. How does one acquire that in such a short time?

T-105 Comments:

1st Cop: Were you covered the other night?

2nd Cop: Yes, I was on the air. Where were you?

1st Cop: I was covered too - in my own little bed under the covers.

Lieut. Albert Rivers bobbed for apples along with all the children at the Goodyear Grammar School on October 27 at their Halloween Party. The children were jubilant when they found out that Lieut. Rivers was going to give them a police escort on Halloween night for their masquerade parade.

In the kitchen:

Chef: Nick will you help me clean the sink drain?

Nick: Sure me help. (Peering down the sink drain) But why you put all the spoons and knives down there?

Lieut. Albert E. Rivers was guest of honor at the services at the Israel Putnam School and St. Mary's Parochial School recently when the Safety Patrols of both schools were sworn in.

At the New England Policewoman's Convention recently held at the Parker House in Boston, Miss Mary Driscoll, Chairman of the Licensing Board for Boston, introduced the five new State Policewomen for Massachusetts. This raises the roster to seven policewomen.

Miss Driscoll stated that when she went to Governor Dever for this increase she had a picture of the Connecticut State Policewomen with her and said, "See what Connecticut has done!" She added that this picture sold the Governor on the new idea of added policewomen for Massachusetts.

Off. Marcus Johnson is vacationing at his farm in Woodstock.

Peter Berris is a surgical patient at the Day Kimball Hospital. All the officers who have been transferred from Station D will remember this popular reporter for the Norwich Bulletin and friend of Station D. Please send him a card when you can.

When my boss Lt. A. Rivers asked me to write about the life of a State Policewoman for this issue, I felt real "swell" and started thinking about the story of Pat O'Malley, who was marching along in the Labor Day Parade, with a Diamond Studded Hod over his shoulder, accepting "Hi there Pat" greetings from all of his friends on the sidelines. And as Pat marched along he said to himself, "Oh to be up in one of those windows and see myself pass by."

Seriously speaking, I have enjoyed working as a Policewoman at Station D for the past six years. It has been interesting, exciting, and a real education in the study of human beings that I came in contact with while investigating complaints ranging from Juvenile Delinquency, to Murder. I have found the men I have worked with co-operative and always willing to assist me. I have never met one that I disliked.

This is a new field of work for women, and an important one. I feel that in the near future all of our colleges will have courses in criminology for their students anxious to become State Policewomen.

STATION "E", GROTON

The Mounties have long enjoyed the reputation of "Always getting their

man" Sergeant "Jim" Dygert must be considering a transfer from C.S.P. to the R.C.M.P. having recently "got" his man after 19 years. Here's the story:

"Case No. 1053-EH"

"On February 7, 1930 at 3:00 PM received a call from Josephine Matake, Preston, and Stanley Klimaszewski, RFD 3, Norwich, reporting that they had found a dead man in an unoccupied house. Sergeant Dygert, with other officers, went immediately to the location and peering through a window saw a man seated in a chair with his head resting on the kitchen table and also on the table was seen an empty liquor bottle and an empty glass. The officers gained entrance into the house and found that some one had taken a pair of pants, coat and shoes and dressed a dummy to look like a person sitting at the table. The dummy was filled with hard packed straw. The owner of the house was located and could offer no explanation at the time.

"Case Open"

"On October 17, 1949 the owner of the premises was presented in the Preston court on a minor charge and following the court action, Sergeant Dygert had occasion to take the accused past the unoccupied house where the dummy had been found. During the passing, the accused started to laugh and upon being questioned as to the reason for his mirth disclosed that he was the one who had stuffed the dummy, knowing that Josephine and Stanley would eventually find it and undoubtedly call the police. Our genial "Jim" urged his charge to give all of the details and unwittingly the property owner gave the full and complete story as to how he had fooled his friends and the police, in 1930.

"Now Case 1053-EH is no longer open."

It was quickly closed. The False Information statute was not in effect in 1930, otherwise "Jim" might have taken a chance on the statute of limitations being ignored?

Statistics reveal the wolf is now considered a rare animal in the United States and deer is an important item in their diets. The first item may be questionable while the latter is a fact. Just ask State Policewoman Lucy Boland

who is usually found solving such problems.

Birthday anniversaries this month for State Policewoman Lucy Boland and Secretary G. Ballestrini! Congratulations Girls!

We are not positive what the real attraction is but Officers Jack Smith, Tyron Smith, Joe Jasonis and J. Fitzgerald have a "hankering" for a dude ranch in New York State and used up their vacation time at this location. Secretary Ballestrini was included in the Ranch's roster for a week also.

Mrs. Charles Mansfield presented Off. Mansfield with a new girl weighing seven pounds. All doing nicely, except the father was seen with fifty eight combinations of names for the new arrival.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

Leaves falling - fog one day, frost the next - right now, just plain pea soup. Traffic moving slowly and surprisingly safe. We all hope it continues.

Farewell and best wishes to Officers Menard and Ferguson, who are moving closer to home after several years at this barracks. Four men are coming to replace them---need more be said?

The sudden passing of civilian employee Everett Hunt was a shock to all. Everett, our assistant chef, was a graduate of Pratt Institute. Some 25 years ago he was a professional ball player, playing organized ball down South, and also was an outfielder for Hartford in the Eastern League.

On October 23, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Westbrook, memorial services were held for the late Donald L. Schubert, son of Lt. Irving T. Schubert. Station "F" was represented by Lt. Shaw, Officers Baldwin, Moran, and Cludinski.

Station "F" will soon lose its last feminine touch. Mrs. Harriet Kidney, at present finishing up her vacation, will soon devote full time to being a doctor's wife, at their new home in Clinton.

Harriet entered the State Police Department on February 17, 1945. During her state service her experiences were many and varied, one of the more important being the conducting of an investigation concerning Naturopaths at Nashville, Tennessee and Columbia, South Carolina in 1947.

On October 21, 1949 through excellent teamwork on the part of the officers involved, Station "F" rendered speedy and effective police service.

At 9:55 A.M. a car was reported stolen from Hartford, Conn. At 9:57 A.M. it was sighted by Officer Fred Moran as he patrolled north on Rte. #9 in the Town of Chester. Over the three-way police radio he informed Officer George Baldwin, on patrol on Rte. #9 in Haddam. When transmissions on the alarm were required, Desk Officer Connolly picked up the information and sent it out. At the same time, Officer Joseph Suchanek on his way home after working the midnight shift, who was also in Chester on Rte. #9, sighted the car and took off in pursuit. He overhauled it after a short chase and was joined almost at once by Officers Moran and Baldwin. They arrested the two occupants, one of whom carried a loaded .32 calibre Colt Automatic. Subsequent questioning of these subjects disclosed they had attempted a safe job in Hartford the previous evening.

It is a recognized fact that this barracks has its busiest season of the year during the summer months when the many summer resorts in the area are occupied with vacationers. However, with this season over, a new problem arises, that of checking the many cottages under our vacant property protection plan. At present we have nearly 1,600 of them listed. True, lots of work, but as the "boss" says, a wonderful medium for public relations.

Mr. Thomas B. Ross, Feature Editor, "Connecticut Shore" sent the following:

"In reference to Mr. Doran's comment on my article which appeared in Vox-Cop October, 1949 I wish to state that my remarks concerning the transport of money by the mail truck were derived

from hearsay in the vicinity of the Essex post office and not from either Officer Gayer or the driver in any official capacity.

"In view of this, any guilt at the publication of this remark belongs to me for not having completely verified my sources which is an essential function of the journalist. Officer Gayer, who rendered a service to both me and my readers in the highest traditions of his service, deserves no implication in this guilt.

"Thank you for forwarding Mr. Doran's letter and especially for publishing my article in your fine periodical."

NOVEMBER OVERTURE

Autumn arises in many the urge to explore the great outdoors. Nature, in colorful attire, beckons with an appealing finger, and in response, the hiker and the outdoorsman roam the forests or paddle down some woodland stream. On behalf of the police who patrol our forests, the "Quarterly" invokes the hiker, the hunter and the smoker to be more careful than ever this Fall. Treat the living room of our wilderness as you would the living room of your own home. It is to be clean and free from potential destruction.

A forest fire is a terrible thing. It ravages the land, reducing to desolate waste the proud trees which are our heritage and in many respects our livelihood. True, the most dangerous period has passed for this year, but there are still latent hazards and Autumn forest fires are not unknown. Our forest police carry out their duties with competence but being so few in number for so large an undertaking they need the assistance and cooperation of all who work or play in our timberlands. Their efforts will achieve only negligible results unless every precaution is taken against the smoldering match, cigarette butt or camp fire. Make sure they are extinguished before going on your way.

---Reprinted from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Quarterly Magazine.

STATION "G", WESTPORT

PARKWAY FLARES---Should some of the readers of this column recall an item some time ago in which this correspondent mentioned a particular day on the Parkway when the accidents seemed almost too numerous to mention correctly, as a matter of record, about twenty accidents occurred within a period of approximately two hours. At the time there didn't seem to be any plausible explanation as to why they had occurred. In glancing thru one of the local papers the other day I noticed an article which I thought quite humorous and could possibly have applied to that particular day. It read as follows: There were too many people, in too many autos, in too much of a hurry, going in too many directions, to nowhere, for nothing"---- Could be.

A WELCOME ADDITION---With the threat of adverse weather conditions in the offing, it was indeed good news to learn that additional officers were to be assigned to this Station as of November First.

Among the officers to be assigned, we wish to welcome back to the fold some of the officers that were formerly stationed here at "G". Foremost of these is Sergt. Henry Palau, who will be a valuable assistant in that he is fully acquainted with the problems of this Station. We also hail the return of Officers Leo Dymkoski (The potential Deer Slayer) and his partner in crime, Officer Walter Foley, Officer Ben Davis and Officer Stan Sobolewski.

In welcoming Officers Muldowney, Martin, and Raineault, we trust they have learned their lessons well during their tour of duty with the Traffic Division...Good Luck! Fellas, and carry plenty of flares.

Also, last but not least, we wish to welcome Officers Charlie Gorman and Dimitro Pawchyk, both mighty handy men when the going gets tough.

But all is not gain at Station "G", come November First, we bid fond farewell to Det. Sergt. Jerome Smith who

will be transferring to Station "I" Bethany. The "Best of Luck," Jerome.

We are also losing our Jack and Master of all trades Officer Leroy Emmerthal who will soon be working under the wing of Lieut. M. D. Smith's Emergency Division at Station "F", Westbrook. If we have any extra cigars we will let you know, Roy, "Good Luck" in your new assignment.

In mentioning the last of the Officers to be reassigned to another Station I come to Officer "Buck" Baylis who will presently be assigned to Station "I", Bethany. I can only say that if Buck can find an old-fashioned "Horse-Trader" somewhere in "I" territory he will be perfectly contented in his new assignment. "Good Luck," Buck.

POLICEWOMAN ACTIVITIES---Be it known, that "Our Tess", Policewoman Theresa Petrini, of this Station and Station "A", Ridgefield, now holds the office of Vice-President of the New England Policewomen's Association.

Miss Petrini was elected at the recent Convention which was held at the Parker House, Boston, Mass.

She reports that the Massachusetts State Police Department has added five new policewomen to their roster, with Policewoman Kirkpatrick being promoted to the rank of Sergeant, bringing their total to seven in all.

At the Convention, which was presided over by Sergt. Margaret McHugh of the Boston Police Dept., interesting talks were given by Monsignor Donovan of Boston and Dr. Ford of Harvard Medical School. Dr. Ford, who is a foremost authority on Legal Medical Investigation, gave a brief but very informative talk which was received with a great deal of enthusiasm by all who were present.

Miss Petrini also stressed the graciousness of Mrs. Ramsdell Harwood, Mrs. Driscoll, and Mrs. Hendrick, all of Boston, who took part in entertaining the visiting Policewoman at a reception tea party. I have also learned that Tess has been delegated as chairman of the Entertainment Committee for the Convention which will be held in Connecticut next year.

STATION "I", BETHANY

November brings with it, the annual Holiday of Thanksgiving which falls on the 24th this year. We who are privileged to live in the United States can be thankful for many things. We are and have been enjoying the Four Freedoms that we are attempting to convey to mankind throughout the world. Let us take inventory of the Inalienable Rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States and the State of Connecticut and the privileges extended to us by the Constitutions and the laws of the land. Then let us compare our conditions with those of other Nations - then we can more appreciate those things for which we are thankful.

At this time we bid "Farewell" to those of our complement who have recently been transferred to other stations and wish them "Good Luck." To the men who have been assigned to this station we bid a "Hearty Welcome."

Officer Thomas Duma has now taken possession of the Old Hickory Estate in Orange. It was turned over to him by the contractors upon its completion recently with proper ceremonies, open house, cocktail party and banquet.

Among the things we at Station "I" have to be thankful for is the services of an excellent policewoman in the person of Ruth Wilcox. Ruth came to the State Police Department in the capacity of a stenographer at Headquarters in May of 1937. She later became Stenographer in the Fire Marshall's Office and then in Special Service. In February of 1945, she became a State Policewoman. She has been assigned to both divisions. She has proved herself to be a very capable person and has worked on many cases. One of her most recent assignments was the Lowden-Smith case now being tried in Fairfield County. She also worked on the Imogene Stevens case in the same county. This girl has been a valuable asset at Station "I" and she is a person with whom we all enjoy working. She has a most pleasing personality and a wide knowledge of law and

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

procedure and is a person who is a sticker and hours mean nothing to her. We Police Officers, too, frequently overlook the fine qualities that make up our policewomen.

Officers Kenneth Tripp and Daniel Reardon are the new Dog Team at Station "I". They have full charge of the training of the Blood Hounds and the care of them. They have already been successful in locating two lost persons. Their batting average is at this time 1.000. On Friday, October 21, 1949, the Dog Team went to Lebanon on a missing person case, (Refer Case No. K-378-E) eight hours after the person, Carlton Starr, was reported missing, the dogs were put on the trail. The dogs located this man in about one and one-half hours in the woods. He had a gash in his left wrist which was self inflicted when he attempted suicide. The next was Case No. L-329-E on October 23, 1949. Anton Sieg of Watertown, was reported missing. He was missing thirty-two hours when the dogs went on the trail. They brought the team to a cabin on a pond in Watertown where the missing person was found. He had committed suicide. The dogs were on the trail two hours and came upon the cabin about five minutes after Officer Duren had reached the place on a routine check.

Bethany is a quiet community snuggled in the hills of New Haven County, Connecticut. It has a small population of high calibre people and many of its citizens are known to be among the most peaceful in the state. They are law abiding modest citizens. However, recently the town became aware of the southwestern atmosphere that was gradually creeping in. Texas or Oklahoma would have fitted into this atmosphere or rather the atmosphere more befitting a "Texan" or an "Okie." "What happened?" you may inquire. Our two gun Sergeant, Theodore Strand joined Officers Kaliss and Meli and sported a pair of True Texas Boots. These boots are equipped with Adler-Elevator inserts which give him an imposing stature. Guess they have been to see that picture, "The Doolins of Oklahoma."

One evening recently there was a

party at an Inn on the Housatonic at Oxford. There was on the program, a "Mighty Magician" who could do anything according to his sponsors and the billing of the coming of this great man. After the show was over he went to his car and found that it had been rifled and there was missing a 32 cal. revolver. He tried all of his magic, waved wands, tossed handkerchiefs into the air, said magic words but despite these efforts the gun just would not come out of the hat. What did he do? He called the "Master Magicians," The Connecticut State Police. One of the performers on call at the Station was, "The Great Carl Carlson, Sees All, Hears All, Knows All." This Master Magician who had found many lost things and has played before the Crowned Heads of Sweden, put on his Turban and for about one hour studied the Crystal Ball. Then he went to Oxford and picked up a juvenile who had the gun and returned it to the embarrassed magician. Carlson and his Crystal Ball - At your service.

No news yet from the Johnsons domicile at North Haven - maybe the stork is a Wrong-Way Corrigan.

Seems as if the dogs and the men made a hit with the school children. To wit:

Community School
October 11, 1949

Dear Lieut. Remer:

Thank you for letting us visit the Barracks. We enjoyed it very much. We liked to see what the dogs did. We learned that our fingerprints never change. We thought it was fun to hear the radio in the patrol cars.

We also want to thank Sergeant Marchese, Officer Tripp, Officer Reardon and Officer Sobolewski. Our picture is hung up in our room. We are all proud of it.

Yours truly,

Grade 2

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

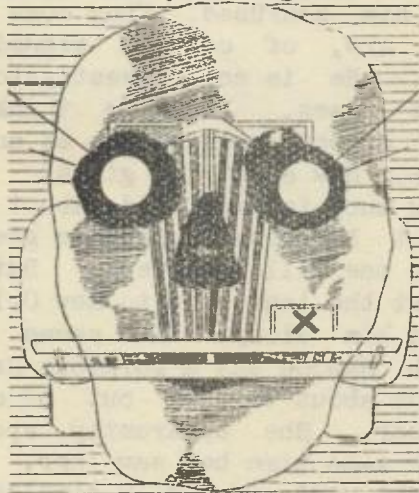
Officer Donohue is expected to return to work soon. We'll be glad to have you back, Bob.

Station "K" extends a welcome to Officer Angell. I hope no one has convinced you that this is "Lazy K".

We understand that even tho Captain Lavin is commanding the Great Eastern Division that when in the West, he is still taking orders from his Major, Mrs. Lavin.

The entire personnel of Station "K" offers their congratulations to Off. Daniel Reardon of Station "I" and State Police Bloodhound, Fancy, on the remarkably quick work in locating a State Highway employee who was missing from home for eight hours before the police were called. They located this man in the woods lying on the ground suffering from loss of blood and exhaustion after he attempted to take his own life. This quick work resulted in saving the life of a man who is the sole support of a family of four.

Lt. Rundle and most of the officers were impressed with the cartoon in the Colorado State Patrol magazine, (Page 30). NEXT? Dim your lights.



NEXT?

DIM YOUR LIGHTS!

Night patrols are giving back roads extra good coverage since the safe stolen in Hartford, Conn. was found smashed in the Town of Hebron. We are keeping our fingers crossed.

We hear that Adams has been inquiring about engagement rings, etc., lately. Could it be that the improvement in his disposition can be traced to the Middlesex Hospital?

Detective Boyington recently did a nice bit of detecting. A report of a signal seven ended in the arrest of the brother of the owner of the car, who, to cover his neglect to report the accident, had reported the car stolen from Hartford. He was in court in both Bolton and Hartford.

Sergeant Leighton has lost weight since his wife decided to have a terrace built and to have other odd jobs done around home.

Sergeant McAuliffe and Officer LaForge are both trying to work out a schedule that will give them the use of their private cars. Since their sons have started to drive, both are taking a back seat.

Policewoman Lois Miller has made some new friends for the Department in the Town of East Hampton by conducting a one-woman crusade against the men bothering little children en route from school to their homes. Parents are now at ease when they are aware that Lois is on the job.

Lt. Rundle has been very happy since the Officers in the Ambulance Association have allowed the purchase of the rubber baby doll with built-in lungs for demonstration of the resuscitator.

The personnel of Station "K" were deeply grieved and saddened when we learned of the untimely death of Det. Sgt. Harold Washburn. It was indeed a shock to all of us to learn that he was called away at such an early age. "Wash" as he was affectionately known to us, assisted the various officers attached to this station on many occasions while he was assigned to Special Service. His assistance was always given willingly and with the enthusiasm that only a good officer has when confronted with the problems of our work.

His many friends and associates at this station join in this expression of heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved family of "Wash."

What more can be said: He was a Good Officer and a Good Friend.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

The personnel at Station "L" are very happy with the promotion of our Sgt. Casey. We all wish him the best of luck and success in his new job.

Station "L" has lost two fine officers. Off. Johnson has been transferred to Station "H" and Off. Kovach has been transferred to Station "I". Good luck boys in your new assignments.

We welcome Sgt. William Tripp and Off. Lombardo to our station and hope they will be happy with their new assignments.

Off. Calkins has just returned from Maine with two youths involved in numerous breaks in Watertown and one or two other communities. During the course of these breaks the boys gathered various articles of clothing and camping equipment and took off to Maine where they obtained employment and expected to stay for awhile. It wasn't too long before our Det. Calkins was hot upon their trail and went to Maine and returned with the youths well in hand. A job well done.

PROWLER PICKS A PERILOUS TARGET

An unidentified housebreaker selected one of the most unlikely homes in town for his nocturnal prowl.

While Deputy Prosecutor Raymond Leonard was busy at Justice Court one recent Tuesday night, someone broke into and ransacked his home on Cutler Street. However, nothing was found to be missing.

One explanation offered is that the nosey visitor might have suddenly learned, while poking about, that he was in a deputy prosecutor's home which was flanked on one side by the home of State Trooper Neil Hurley and on the other by the home of Judge Henry Campbell.

Had the prowler been caught, it would have been a cinch to hold an on the spot night trial on Cutler St., with necessary court officials conveniently available.

---Watertown Town Times

SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION

Mrs. Briggs has returned from vacation full of pep, vim and vigor. She tells us they got their house painted. We can remember the days when the Briggses had naught to do but go away--come back to an orderly apartment and report back to work. Now, their vacations are spent papering, painting, and completing their new home.

This seems as good a time as any to say "so-long" to Mrs. Beatrice Boucher Conners, who left the State Police Department to become a full-time wife and housekeeper. We understand she is planning to make bigger and better chocolate cakes. "Bea" spent eleven years with the department, and it goes without saying that she will be very definitely missed. Keep us posted, "B".

Remember the tale of Charlie Barbagallo? Well, it still goes on. Sam Rome is still on the receiving end. The letter from Italy written in fine Italian had him puzzled, but not for long. The Jewish New Years cards, too, he solved (with a little help) but the poetry and sketches he receives at home on very special tissue paper really have him confused. They come each week and are, of course, signed by Charlie B. He is sole investigator on all these cases. What we think he needs is a good policewoman as an investigator. How about it, girls?

Nothing much is ever told about the trips that Lieutenant Pastore goes on because no one will ever tell. But we heard that the last trip to New Orleans really had him dizzy. It seems that our Adolph Menjou saw a gorgeous Creole Beauty just about to come out of a revolving door. She apparently spotted him at the same time he saw her. The result - she went around in circles and he simply followed. If it wasn't for E Jay, we are told, someone would still be going around in circles!

Kitty Haggerty's youngster--who is one of the cutest and brightest of little fellows--has his Mommie's future all planned for her. It used to be he want-

ed a sister, but not any more. He now tells everyone that what he wants are twin sisters, and just won't settle for one. All we can say is - it sounds like double trouble, Kitty.

Our State Policewomen have been having a busy time these days both at work and play.

On September 14, 1949, a meeting of the Connecticut Policewomen was held at the Milford Yacht Club in Milford. Everyone enjoyed a wonderful boat ride and delicious dinner. Many thanks to the committee and our Milford sisters, Fosdick and Moe.

Susan Kenyon and Theresa Petrini attended the New England Policewomen's Meeting in Boston on October 22, 1949. We hear Sue got lost in the Boston Commons. Is that right, Theresa?

Lois Miller and Margaret Jacobson are busy these days shooting at tin cans in the barracks yard preparing for the New England Police Revolver Shoot.

Now that the baseball season is over and Dottie's beloved Red Sox are in winter training, Mrs. Scoville can be found scanning the football schedules, so she can cheer for her favorite team.

Virginia Butler must have all the crime around Litchfield and Canaan on her shoulders at this writing. We never do see her, but perhaps when the natives hibernate for the winter she will pay us a visit.

Harriet Kidney, now on vacation, very busy planning to move to Clinton, where she has a dream house. We hear its a lovely one, Hat, our best wishes to you.

Our Lucy Boland is the terror of Station E, keeping her brother officers on the go from one investigation to another. That's how one keeps a girlish figure, boys. (Elmer please note)

The New Haven Detective Bureau is beginning to wonder if they have two new recruits, with Ruth Wilcox and Kathryn Haggerty paying them frequent visits. Confidentially, we think they are checking up on our friend Det. Sgt. Ed. Shields.

Oh yes! you've heard of the Briggs & Briggs Paint Company? I understand they will paint your house beautifully

in four days, with no extra charge for an Old English printed sign on your barn. Now that the hay's in, Evelyn can relax until it's time for the snow plow.

When one talks about the ladies, they invariably think of the Major, who keeps tabs on all his girls, both East and West (Policewomen of course.) He has a little competition these days, though, with another Leo, who's doing allright in his new job of managing the gals.

TRAFFIC DIVISION

Extra!!! -- Officers Gedney and Kimball will again be able to sleep nights. The new class, which has been the cause of their insomnia, is to be released to various barracks. Rather than keep two people awake nights, they will keep several awake. Seriously speaking, all members of the traffic division wish to thank Captain Buckley, Officers Kimball and Gedney and all the Lieutenants and Sergeants that we have worked under for the summer months. They have all been very patient with us and have really primed us for things that are to come before us in the future.

Enough for the glowing tribute and on to some news about the assignments. The traffic division has been broken up as follows:

Big Gus Kozma - Chief of Kigmies at Bethany.

I don't care if you do play the organ in church, I think you stole the car - Martin, has been sent to Westport.

A Signal 15 at a valve job on Rt. 15, Joe (GS) Pirri has been appointed to the staff at Ridgefield.

Never lend your car to a hot-rod - Muldowney will tear up the roads in Westport territory.

Holden is being placed in charge of the sled dogs at Canaan.

I promise not to be low man on the totem-pole Lutz has taken his bearskin parka out of storage for duty at Stafford.

The policeman's policeman, that dip-

lomat with the glib tongue, Kingston will be at Bethany.

TS-13 is having his uniform blouse let out 2 inches for a tour of duty at Westport.

NEWS FROM RT. 15. --- A request has been made by all TS men for the phone numbers of Gedney and Kimball.

Have you seen Joe Pirri's new body and fender repair kit.

Martin has established a new record for Signal 5's. Seven in one day.

Muldowney has been patrolling the area in and around Bethany Barracks garage.

Lutz has been dubbed the "Scourge of Rt. 15 of late.

For all Signal 10's please notify Officer Kozma.

Holden has been seen shopping in sporting goods stores for skis and snowshoes.

Now that Jim (Judge) Kingston is patrolling the valley, he will have an opportunity to find a lot on which to build his home. When is the lucky day, Jim???

Raineault is considering having a television set installed in his car for the programs he will miss while on the evening shift.

Enough for now----

Officer (3-way) Fitzgibbons, now that he is being permanently assigned to Station "C", will have plenty of opportunity to weigh those FEW trucks that he may have missed during the TS days.

We expect most any day to hear Officer Bickford calling on his radio from the hills of Maine where he is in fresh pursuit of a violator.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, "AL".

Officer Bellefleur, who has had some unusual M.V. cases, recently stopped a Georgia truck towing a two-axle four-wheel trailer.

Willie says that the operator told him he had a 78 ft. trailer in Georgia. Willie is still waiting for it.

Officer "Bob" Hart has informed us that he has moved into a new home. Is it closer to Station "F" Bob?

Speaking of new homes, we are all waiting impatiently for Officer Hess to

finish his new home so that we can all go to the house warming.

After all of the stories Lt. Hulburt has told Off. Greenberg (Mac) about the deep snow and the terrible winters in Station "C" territory Hank says that Station "E" and the sea breezes will be very welcome.

When last seen Officer Sterniak was saying how nice summers were in Station "B" territory. How about the winters Ed?

We all feel sure that Officer Lombardo is very happy to be going to Station "L". Good luck John.

THANKS POLICEWOMEN!

The Editorial Staff of Vox-Cop greatly appreciates your cooperation, your hard work, and your untiring efforts in producing our November Vox-Cop. Our policewomen--local and state---willingly and wholeheartedly gathered news items--special articles and contributed many hours of extra time for the success of this month's issue. We are proud of the interest displayed by our "Copperettes" and in maintaining Vox-Cop's position as "among the best" of police publications for police personnel. We are justly pleased to note also that many "outsiders" compliment us on our departmental organ. In order to continue our position, we ask that you send along news, more pictures illustrating the work of those in your particular station, more cartoons drawn by "local talent," and more feature articles written by members of your division. By working together, not individually, we, as the staff of Vox-Cop can better both ourselves, and our "work."

DIPLOMACY

The woman called to the stand was attractive, but no longer young. So the gallant and wise judge instructed: "Let the witness state her age, after which she may be sworn!"

---The Expositor

IN MEMORIAM

VOX-COP

November, 1949

Det. Sergt. Harold G. Washburn (Ret.) Connecticut State Police Department

"Leaves have their time to fall
"And flowers to wither at the northwind's breath
"And stars to set; - but all,

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

On Monday, October 31, we were greatly shocked and saddened by the news that the Grim Reaper had claimed Det. Sergt. Harold G. Washburn with little or no warning. We are still dazed and incredulous that such a thing could have happened to one who had grown dear to us through close association - to this 38-year-old man whose retirement we had devoutly hoped would be temporary in nature. But we must face the fact that he has answered the last roll call and that our "soldier of the law" is now in his last long sleep. May he rest in peace!

Harold George Washburn, of Bridgeport, son of Capt. George A. Washburn, of the Bridgeport Police Department, and Mrs. Washburn, was graduated from Tusculum College in Greenville, Tennessee. Following graduation he taught school for a time before making application to join the State Police Department. On March 7, 1938 he reported to the Training School, and upon completion of his training he was assigned to the Hartford Barracks on June 20, 1938. Then he went to Westport Barracks for a few months but came back to the Hartford Barracks on January 23, 1939.

On July 16, 1941, while escorting an army convoy, he was thrown from his motorcycle when a vehicle backed out of a driveway between two army trucks. He sustained a brain concussion and serious injuries to his upper arm, forearm, and

elbow, in addition to several less serious injuries. He never regained full use of his right arm but had apparently recovered from the brain concussion. After extended hospitalization he returned to duty on January 5, 1942, and was assigned to less strenuous duties in the Clerical Division at Headquarters.

On April 3, 1944 he was transferred to the Bureau of Identification. On March 2, 1946 he won promotion to the post of Detective Sergeant. In October, 1946 he attended a seminar in homicide investigation held at Harvard. On October 1, 1947 he served as assistant director of the Training School. He was transferred to Westbrook Barracks on January 2, 1948. Then on July 7, 1948 he was assigned to the Special Service Division at Headquarters.

Stoic that he was, for a long time Detective Sergeant Washburn did not disclose the fact that he actually had not recovered from the effects of the serious head injury sustained in 1941. He had very bad headaches practically all the time. Finally, he was forced to the realization that he could no longer perform his police duties. He had had the best medical care but it was impossible to learn just why the headaches continued. On December 1, 1948 he was retired on total disability for a period of five years. He still consulted various doctors and only a few weeks ago went to the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

I N M E M O R I A M

To his wife, the former Helen Gerrity and a dutiful son. He will be remembered to his parents, we extend our deepest sympathy. Precious, indeed, will be their memories of a loving husband and a dutiful son. He will be remembered by his State Police comrades as "one who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

*"He is not dead; this friend; not dead,
"But, in the path we mortals tread,
"Got some few, trifling steps ahead,
"And nearer to the end.
"So that you, too, once past the band,
"Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
"You fancy dead."*

Sergeant Donald Schubert

Thursday, October 27, was just another day for the average Washingtonian, but for a certain Connecticut delegation it was one of sorrow. For on this day, Sergeant Donald Schubert, son of Lieutenant and Mrs. Irving Schubert, was receiving final rites at Arlington National Cemetery.

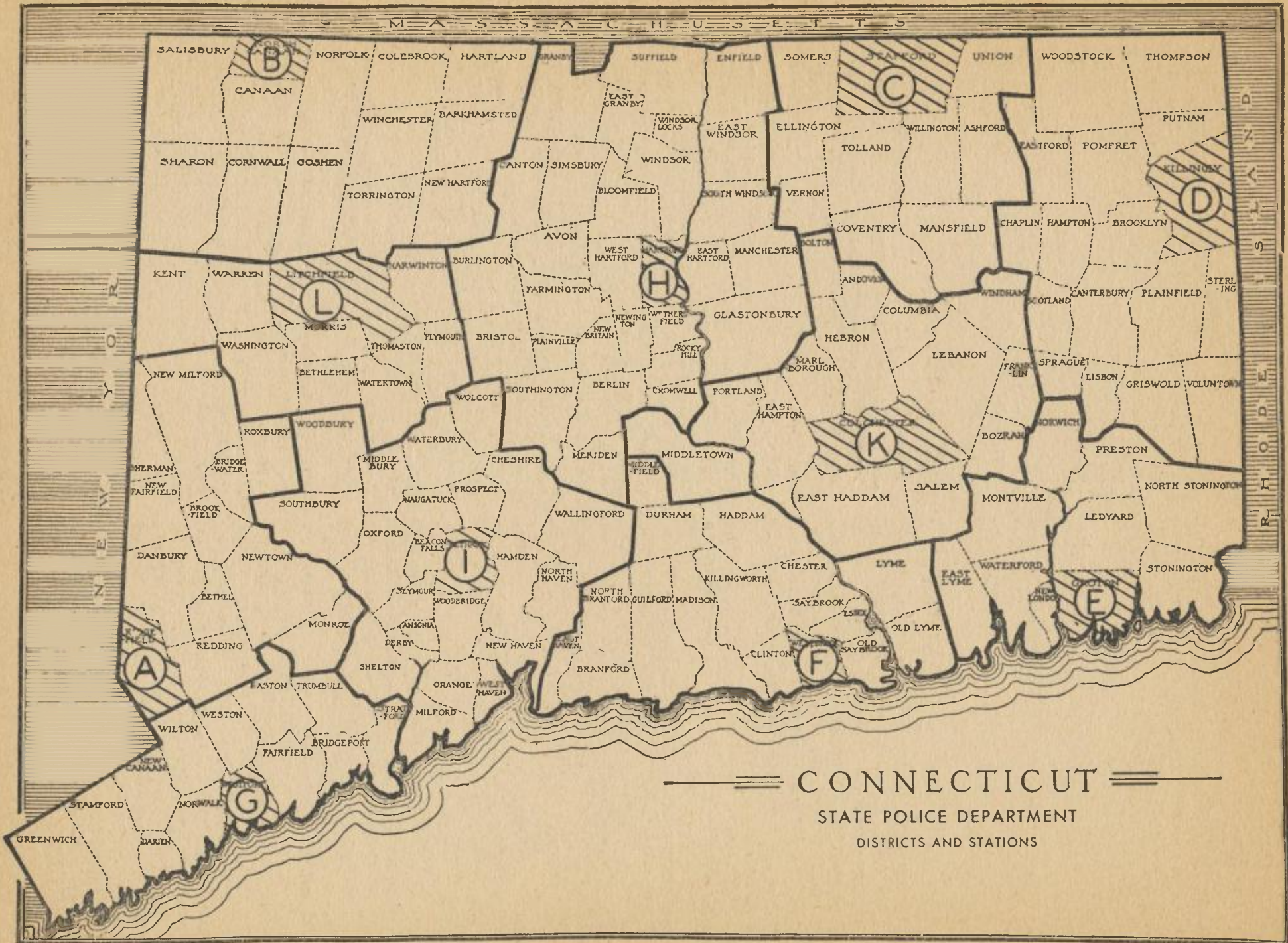
Sergeant Schubert was killed in the Japanese theater of war and when his body was received at San Francisco, it was learned that his father and mother would be unable to attend the Arlington services due to the fact their daughter Mrs. Thelma Schubert Bailey, had been stricken with polio and was confined in an iron lung. Commissioner Hickey offered the services of the department to the bereaved parents and it was decided that Captains Leo J. Mulcahy and Paul Lavin would officially represent the Commissioner at the burial services.

At the Administration Building in Arlington Cemetery, we met Colonel and Mrs. Raymond Fields, of Washington D.C., but formerly of Madison and Westbrook. The Colonel advised that former State Policeman and now Lieut. Col. Royden Konopaska had heard we were in Washington and had sent his private car and personal chauffeur for any transportation needed. We were joined by First Selectman and Mrs. John Heissler, of Westbrook, Mrs. Alberta Overstreet, of Westbrook, Mr. and Mrs. William Young of Westbrook, Thomas Kane, of Hartford, and Mrs. Schubert's brother, Attorney Fred Waterhouse, of Bristol.

Promptly at 1:30, ten immaculately dressed members of the United States Army appeared and lined up at the Administration Building. As the name of

the deceased was called, the nearest of kin stepped forward and one of the Army group approached and became the official escort. The rank of the escort was similar to that of the deceased. From the Administration Building we were guided to the place of burial and here we noticed ten coffins. Taking our place beside the Schubert grave, the Marine Band played a funeral march and as they did so, an honor guard of Marines in dress blues approached the graves and came to attention, one at each corner of the caskets. On a signal from the Commanding Officer, the American Flags draping the coffins were lifted and this position maintained during the entire burial services, which were conducted by a Minister, a Priest, and a Rabbi. At the conclusion of the oral burial program, the flags were folded and given to the mother, father, or nearest of kin, and with that, the Honor Guard marched away and joined the Marine Band.

It was hard to maintain one's composure during these services, particularly during the playing of Taps. They were conducted quietly and efficiently and although there was not too much outward show of emotion, by those in attendance, we all said a silent prayer for the deceased, Donald Schubert, whom we remembered as an athletic boy of seventeen, who left high school to enter the United States Army. We thought also of the distracted father and mother miles away in California with the added grief of a sick daughter, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Schubert had our heartfelt sympathy and deep respect for the sacrifice they have been called to make.



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