Kozma

Vox-Cop

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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT

EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

DECEMBER 1949

Code of Honor
of the
Connecticut State Police

* * *

The traditions and splendid reputation of the Connecticut State Police are incorporated in the following code of honor, to which all members of the Department subscribe by word and deed:

"I am a Connecticut State Policeman—a soldier of the law. To me is entrusted the honor of the Department.

"I will serve the State of Connecticut honestly and faithfully and, if need be, lay down my life as others have done rather than swerve from the path of duty.

"I will be loyal to my superiors, obey the law and enforce the law without discrimination as to class, color, creed or condition, and without fear or favor.

"I will help those in danger or distress, and at all times conduct myself so as to uphold the honor of the Department."

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

from

THE NATION'S FINEST

From left to right, Comr. Edward J. Hickey, Connecticut State Police; Major Robert J. Barrett, Superintendent Metropolitan Police Department, Washington, D.C.; Comr. William P. O'Brien, New York City Police Department; Director Homer Garrison, Jr., Texas Department of Public Safety, immediate past President of the IACP; Col. Thomas F. Sullivan, Boston Police Department; Comr. John C. Prendergast, Chicago Police Department; Chief John M. Gleason, Greenwich Police Department, Greenwich, Connecticut, President of the IACP. (Photo taken at IACP convention, Dallas, Texas, Sept. 15, 1949).

Connecticut
State Police Department

May the hours of Christmas Day
Be full of joy and peace for you.
And may the days of the new year
Bring you much happiness.

Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner

By The Yankee Clipper

VOX-COP December, 1949

Hollywood Makes Movie of Nutmeg State's Crack, Colorful Constabulary Force

By Frank G. Jason

The Connecticut State police have gone Hollywood.

Perhaps, for the sake of accuracy it would be better to say that Hollywood came to Connecticut.

Anyway, the troopers of the Nutmeg State are now in the movies.

It was only a question of time before the long arm of movie producers would reach out and snag the nattily-dressed,rugged individuals of the Nutmeg State's constabulary force, for to thousands who have seen them patroling the highways they have long been known as the glamour boys of the East.

But it wasn't their physical features, nor their tight-fitting uniforms, their swagger campaign hats that attracted the attention of the motion picture moguls. It was their performance in the line of duty.

VERY SELECTIVE

The State's police department has long been noted for its efficiency and aggressiveness and on numerous occasions has attracted national recognition for ultra-modern methods of crime detection, crime prevention and particularly for safety work on the highways.

It was for these reasons and many more that these troopers were selected by RKO-Pathe to participate in one of the "This is America" series, so that the whole world can see how one of the nations outstanding State police organizations operates.

Starting with the rawest of recruits, the picture takes you through the rugged training period, a very important phase in the State's program. Thousands apply annually for the few openings that occur on the force and through an elaborate system of weeding and testing only the finest are chosen. After final selections are made only one out of a hundred fail to make the grade. The initial step in picking the right man for the right job is one of the secrets of the department's success.

MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT

Much of the early part of the film is devoted to the rigorous training program. Of course, it only touches the high spots but it depicts clearly the thoroughness and the sincerity of the State police department. Though department heads strive to make and keep their men physically fit, they lay equally as much stress in developing brain as well as brawn.

The business of saving lives is important work, in the code of Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, and the versatility it requires from the State trooper involves many functions the silent "Keystone Cop" could never have foreseen.

The film eventually swings into the actual duties of the troopers. It reveals the methods they use setting up road blocks to nab escaping criminals. The troopers re-enact robbery scenes. They take the parts of both culprits and capturers. Into these episodes they utilize the most modern equipment, much of which is standard in other police bureaus but some of which is absolutely

new and revolutionary in police work.

Even since Commissioner Hickey took over the reins of the department, 11 years ago, he has been a firm believer in giving his men the best equipment that money can buy. He has often related that methods used by modern criminals require the use of most modern machines and has left no stone unturned nor spared any expense in acquiring the latest devices to hit the market.

His door is always open to those with suggestions that will improve the performance of his officers and he is always a most interested listener to anyone who has invented a new scientific instrument that will be of assistance.

It was because of his receptive attitude toward scientific instruments and machines that his department became the first to use radar, helicopters, electronic burglar alarms and FM radio on their mobile equipment.

The latter two are developments in which his own engineers played an important part.

OWN INVENTION

The burglar alarm is entirely their own invention. Naturally the manner in which it works cannot be divulged. It is, however, a small instrument which, when placed in an establishment after working hours, will detect and transmit sounds which will reveal to the police that someone is abroad who shouldn't be there. It is so sensitive an instrument that even the sound of someone walking on tip-toe in soft shoes can be detected.

It eliminates entirely the necessity of wiring doors and windows, and can be installed as quickly as one plugs in a floor lamp.

The department has several of these machines on hand which are available to anyone throughout the State who suspects that his property might be illegally invaded. They are generally sent to hot areas where a number of breaks have been reported within a short space of time and have worked most effectively.

The use of FM radio on mobile equipment came into being through Professor Daniel Noble, aided by State police engineers.

Every radio expert in the country said frequency modulation could never be applied to moving vehicles. They called Professor Noble a crackpot. Commissioner Hickey, however, had faith in this man's scientific knowledge and bent over backward to see the thing through.

The result was that Professor Noble and the State police engineers did perfect FM for police radios. They were first in the world to achieve this seemingly impossible task which eventually proved to be one of the outstanding developments in radio history.

The army and the navy found it to b invaluable to them during the war, and the man whom everyone was calling a crackpot is now firmly installed as research engineer in one of the nation's largest radio manufacturing plants, at a salary that isn't hard to take at all.

With that kind of tenacity it is pretty difficult to surpass an outfit for top-ranking honors in the country.

Connecticut's State police department is, as they call it, the oldest of modern State police departments in the country. It was organized in 1903, one year ahead of Pennsylvania's State force. Between the two there is great rivalry, but it is young compared to organizations like the Texas Rangers.

It started as a force of five men and has grown to an authorized strength of 300 men and 12 women.

RIVAL FORCE

Organized originally to protect the farmer, any State police force is still essentially a rural force. Since only 40 of Connecticut's 169 towns have police departments, the troopers' mobility and versatility are counted upon to cover trouble wherever it may occur.

So completely are Connecticut's State officers equipped that they even have hay mow meters on hand to protect the farmer from the loss of hay by fire. The city slicker has probably never heard of a gadget like this, nor for that matter have many folks out in the country. It is an instrument which when inserted into the hay stack will reveal within a matter of seconds whether or

not the pile may be combustible.

These little things, as well as the important bigger things, are what attracted the attention of the movie makers and the more they looked into the record of the department the more they were convinced that it would be difficult to find a more outstanding outfit.

During the exploratory period they learned that Connecticut's State police are deadly serious in their drive for motor vehicle safety.

As many as 45,000 cars a day traverse the Merritt Parkway alone, traffic which has already exceeded prewar records.

To cope with a situation like this in a State that is the first connecting link from the great metropolis of New York into New England, two-thirds of the 300 State police in Connecticut are assigned to highway safety and enforcement regulations. Anyone who has run afoul of a Connecticut trooper knows full well the sincerity with which he is carrying out his job.

To date, this year, the accident toll has been reduced by more than 5000, and the month of September just finished was the lowest in fatalities in the past 25 years---24 persons were killed in September. At this writing the records reveal that Connecticut's highway death rate is 22 per cent lower than last year, another indication that the police of the State are on the ball in an all-out effort to reduce this needless type of killing.

ONE BIG MACHINE

The State police department doesn't take all the credit for the remarkable work that has been accomplished on the highways. The part it has played though it has been tremendous, is merely one of a coordinated effort on the part of a number of State agencies, including the State Highway Commission and the Department of Motor Vehicles.

"We work like one great machine," says Bill Greene of the Safety Commission. "With every department involved doing its share and working together to iron out problems we feel that our gears are meshing smoothly."

Another thing that convinced the Hollywood magnates they were selecting the right State police for their picture was the vast amount of mobile equipment used by the troopers.

During a recent celebration the State police were invited to display everything they had in the parade. One bystander, when he saw the long stream of vehicles, thought it was the army starting out on maneuvres. This list will give you an idea.

Three hundred patrol vehicles, one for every member on the force, and each is equipped with three-way radio. Three field offices, five emergency trucks, one field kitchen, four sound trucks, 11 boats and trailers, mobile generator, mobile radio transmitter, four wreckers, 10 ambulances, 25 motorcycles, one jeep, compressors, power units and mobile photographers' laboratory. Besides all this each barracks is equipped with walkie-talkies and inhalators. Three barracks now have iron lungs, and in the near future all will be likewise equipped. They are capable of being ready at a moment's notice for any emergency in the State.

The department is operated at a cost of about $2,000,000 per year.

The Connecticut State police may be bad actors to tangle with on the highway but come November, when the picture is released, you'll see for yourself what good actors they will be on the screen.

---Boston Sunday Post

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STATE POLICE SHOW METHODS
OF ENFORCING LAW IN FILM

The Connecticut State Police are in the movies, RKO Pathe has just completed a short in the "This is America" series. The film, entitled "State Trooper," typifies the work and methods used in this state where the police are noted throughout the country for top-notch performance in duty, for up-to-the-minute mobile equipment, and for record-proven traffic control.

RKO chose Connecticut as the scene for the filming of the picture, the lo-

cal troopers for actual on-the-spot recordings of training methods, and Connecticut's equipment to be shown as the most modern.

The film has already been shown to most of the troopers in this part of the state, and on November 12 there was a showing in New Haven for the policemen in that area.

Focusing on one trooper, Robert Hart, who is stationed at the Westbrook Barracks, the film shows how, first of all, the troopers are selected. Only those with top qualifications are allowed to enter the training school. A trooper must be at his peak, mentally, physically and morally.

The film then goes into the training period. It shows how the new recruit goes to school learning the latest methods in fingerprinting, sharpshooting, ballistics, radar, chemistry, and he also learns the fundamentals of scientific as well as traditional policemanship.

In the course of his work, a trooper might be called upon to do everything from rounding up a stray cow to solving a murder. And, with the vast amount of equipment that Connecticut supplies for its state police force on $2,000,000 a year, each new trooper must learn techniques that are known to few outside the police force.

The film, when it has taken a trooper through training school and all the intricacies that he must know in minute detail about his work, then goes through actual work done by the state police.

One scene shows a road block for the catching of escaping criminals. Another shows a reenactment of a bank robbery and the methods used by the state police.

The Connecticut force uses radar equipment, new electronic burglar alarms, and FM radio on its mobile equipment. It also uses a helicopter and is equipped with the fastest life-saving and rescue paraphenalia.

Locations used in shooting the film include the areas that are served by the Bethany, Hartford and Westport barracks.

But, perhaps the most important part in the film shows not the curative methods that are used by the police, but the safety and preventive work.

Today, a bigger problem than ever exists for the Connecticut State Police with the advent of the new highways and expressways that line the state.

---The Hartford Courant

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NOTHIN' BUT THE TRUTH

Deciding to end it all after a domestic quarrel, Hubert Barner of Atlanta, drove his car into a tree. The impact threw Barner clear of the car and when he revived, police promptly arrested him for leaving the scene of an accident.

In New York City, a would-be passenger was not hurt but his feelings were when a bus went right past him. He hailed a cab and caught up with the bus. But he pulled out a knife instead of his fare and stabbed the bus driver!

Two Michigan horses got the idea they were motorized and killed each other in a head-on collision.

Americans don't think of everything. It is the allegedly slow British who are experimenting with talking traffic signals. When the red light goes on, a synchronized voice will say, "Stop, you cannot cross now." Appropriate advice will accompany intermediate and "go" signals.

---Fleet Supervisor

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POLICE PLAYING SANTA
TO PARKING VIOLATORS

Clearfield, Pa.---Police in this western Pennsylvania town are carrying their little bags of nickels again--that means the Christmas shopping season is here. Every year, from Thanksgiving to Christmas, police put nickels in overtime parking meters instead of tagging violators. Merchants furnish the nickels.

BY THE YANKEE CLIPPER

EDWARD J. HICKEY
COMMISSIONER

STATE OF CONNECTICUT
DEPARTMENT OF STATE POLICE
100 WASHINGTON STREET
HARTFORD 1, CONN.

November 9, 1949

Mr. Barney Pitkin, Branch Manager
RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
134 Meadow Street
New Haven 10, Connecticut

Dear Mr. Pitkin:

Today, with several members of this Department, I had the pleasure of previewing RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. "This is America, Series 3" release entitled STATE TROOPER, and must confess that I felt a pardonable thrill of pride when I saw how well the picture portrayed some of the many activities and accomplishments of our men. Frankly, I thought that the picture was excellent in every detail and not in the least overdone.

The Connecticut State Police deeply appreciate the honor accorded us by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc. in selecting our department as the representative one in the entire nation for such a recording. Most important, however, is the indisputable fact that the State of Connecticut has a department that really earned this distinction.

I do hope that the theater interests within our borders will give every citizen of Connecticut an opportunity to view our officers in action on the screen as they demonstrate our intensive and continuous efforts to reduce traffic accidents, prevent crime, and promote public safety at all times and in all places.

Connecticut has long been first in law enforcement, and the members of our State Police are indeed grateful to be featured in this educational feature on crime and accident prevention.

Very truly yours,

Edward J. Hickey

Edward J. Hickey
COMMISSIONER OF STATE POLICE

EJH:CVC

OFFICER QUILP

By Effess

Peace On Earth
To All Men Of Good Will

POPE'S PERSONALITY CAPTIVATES
OLNEY, VA., METHODIST MINISTER

By J. Shenton Lodge in Newport News Times Herald

We have a letter from Rev. B. B. Bland, pastor of Olney Methodist Church, Olney, Va., telling us of his reception by Pope Pius XII a few weeks ago. It gives interesting sidelights on the personality of His Holiness. Mr. Bland calls the experience "A Golden Leaf From My Travelogue."

He writes in part: "I was the only Protestant in the party. We arrived at the main entrance and a charming young student for the priesthood from New Orleans greeted us most cordially and escorted us to the audience chamber on the second floor of the main building. This was a dais at the far end of the chamber on the center of which there was a large, high-backed chair upholstered in red to match the draperies and carpet. About a hundred persons were present for the audience, most of them American tourists.

"We were formed in a single line around the walls of the chamber.

"All eyes were turned toward the door at the right of the dais. At the stroke of nine, the door opened and His Holiness entered the room with an enthusiastic stride and friendly smile. He was wearing a light, cream flannel cossock and cap, bearing a number of small packages in his left hand. Everyone knelt as he entered but, with a lift of his right hand, he bade us rise to our feet.

"I was captivated by the humble dignity, the charm and warmth of his personality. The whole room seemed to be filled with his presence. A holy joy seemed to pass from person to person until the room was transformed as into a heavenly place.

"Pope Pius is of medium stature, lean and erect, with great energy of body and mind and spirit. He has large, sparkling brown eyes that seem to penetrate into one's very soul, deeply seated in a delicately chiselled face. His nose is large with thin nostrils, and his mouth is wide with lips that express a quiet wisdom. There was a modest smile at the corners of his mouth expressing a sparkling humor. His voice is well modulated, with a musical tone even when he speaks English, as he did on this occasion. His English was fluent with only a slight accent. One has only to see him to observe his grace of scholarship, statesmanship, churchmanship, friendship and piety. These graces are so evenly blended that his personality literally glows.

"He took the hand of each person in his, holding it firmly without haste, inquired in an earnest, friendly manner what each did and what his major interest was. After I had given him my name and address, he inquired if I were a teacher or a student. I replied that I was a Methodist minister, and that I was both student and teacher. He replied, 'Good for you--God bless you and your people, and grant you a useful and effective ministry." I thanked him, bowed and kissed his hand in reverence and gratitude as others before and after me did. Anyone with an open mind and charitable heart would have done the same in response to such graciousness. He then presented me with a little package containing a medallion bearing his image on one side and the Holy Family on the other. He also blessed a rosary which I had purchased for a friend.

"The experience was one of the highlights of my European tour. To my warm friend, Father Thomas J. Walsh, pastor of St. Bedes Catholic Church in Williamsburg, I am indebted for this rich and glorious experience. He armed me with the necessary credentials which I shared with other members of the party."

IMMIGRANT STORY

Not everybody who comes to New York from the West and from over the water winds up a millionaire--a lot of them hit the skids and wind up in the Bowery. And the man who tries to help them to bounce back on their feet is British-born Pastor George Bolton, shepherd of the Christian Herald Bowery Mission: "I understand lost men...you see I used to be a professional gambler, working out of Detroit."

Newspapers nowadays forget the bowery--except for tear-jerking pictures of turkey lines at Christmas and Thanksgiving. Occasionally, though, a human interest story will bubble up out of the Bowery--but most papers missed both ends of the best story since the war.

This much of the story they did print: A drunk who gave the name of Rube Marquard was hauled up before a judge who was a baseball fan. The judge had seen the great Rube Marquard pitch when he was a youngster. Deeply touched, the judge handed "Rube" $5, and told him to go out and sober up.

The papers picked up the story, gave it a big play--which quickly brought a hot denial from the real Rube Marquard, a prosperous business man.

A few days later, the bum went on a binge again, was picked up, and hauled back before the same judge. Blearily the bum gave the same name; furious, the judge exploded:

"Well, Rube, this time you struck out--thirty days!"

That story really started in the Bowery Mission, where the bum had stumbled in, given the name of Rube Marquard to Bolton, who was a lifelong Giant fan. Skeptical, Bolton took the bum into his office and quizzed him about his wife--the real Rube had married Blossom Seeley and later they were divorced. Said the bum: "Poor Blossom ...it wasn't her fault."

Still skeptical, Pastor Bolton handed him a baseball and asked him to "burn one" into the wastebasket--sure enough, the bum gave it the famous Rube southpaw windup and pitch. The pastor was convinced and the bum had the run of the mission--until he tangled with a bottle and that judge.

That's how the story begins; here's another chapter: Taking a ribbing for his mistake at a dinner this summer, Pastor Bolton was presented with a mounted baseball, on which was inscribed, "To George Bolton, with best wishes --Rube Marquard."

For sixty-nine years the Bowery has been a haven for men who want to forget their names. George Bolton hit bottom at the mission after he went broke, lost his money and his wife and children, and his will to live.

"I used to sleep in the basement of the mission, until the pastor pulled me up out of the pit," he said.

Fourteen years later, he got together again with his wife and daughter, and today, as pastor, he does for others what another pastor did for him."---Tex.

POSTSCRIPT:

All the mission employees are one-time bums; and some of them are "pin-ups".

"I remember a cook we had for a long time," says Pastor Bolton. "Nobody knew what his problem was. And then one day I stopped in the postoffice for some stamps, and I looked on the wall and there was my cook's picture--Wanted, Fugitive!

"I didn't know what to do--didn't want to turn him in, but I knew somebody would if they saw his picture.

"That night he came to my office and decided to tell me everything. That gave me a chance to tell him that he was already a very famous man, with his picture tacked up all over town like a candidate for Mayor...Yes, he gave himself up."

Hundreds of lost men file through the mission every day, "testifying" to their sins in the chapel.

"I always look at their faces, but not too closely--I know there are men among them being hunted by the police. But I have never recognized anybody or turned a man in against his will."

---New York Herald Tribune

State Police Highlights

A NEW STATE POLICE SET-UP

(The Chicago Daily News)

Governor Stevenson has appointed a strictly non-partisan board to administer the newly installed merit system of the state highway police force.

This action, following his removal of the state police from political domination is a refreshing and encouraging act. Insofar as politics and public administration in Illinois is concerned, it is virtually unprecedented. It is a repudiation of the time-honored cynicism that jobs on the public payroll are political spoils belonging to the election victor.

Under the new program the state police force can become outstanding and a source of pride to the entire state.

Governor Stevenson on taking office proclaimed his intention of divorcing the state police from political influence. He obtained passage of three bills to make this possible. The customary procedure of a new governor would be to fire as many state policemen of the opposing political faith as possible and fill the vacancies with stalwarts of the governor's own party.

The key bill in the governor's three-point program provided that half of the force should consist of men with Democratic sponsorship; half Republican. The second bill made it illegal for any one to solicit or accept political campaign contributions from a state police officer. The third provided for a non-partisan board to examine applicants for state police jobs and pass on their fitness.

The three men just appointed to this board are: David H. Cummings of Peoria, a Democrat; Henry A. Gardner, Chicago attorney, a Republican; and Dr. Chas. M. Kneier, acting director of the Government and Public Affairs Institute of the University of Illinois, a political independent.

It is a board that merits public confidence. It will operate under a system that gives it opportunity for high public service. The personnel of the state police, their security in their jobs, and their morale should be vastly improved. So should their performance.

Old-line Democratic politicians deplored the governor's action in eliminating politics from the force. They asserted that giving jobs to Republicans when they might be given to Democrats was unheard of and insane. If the Republicans ever got back in power, the first thing they would do would be to repeal the system and fire all the Democrats.

We don't think that will happen. It took real courage on Governor Stevenson's part to install the system. Once it has been established, we doubt that any governor would have the effrontery to brand himself as a political spoilsman by reverting to the old system.

The people of Illinois should applaud Governor Stevenson for a fine job, well done.

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MOBILE CRIME LABORATORY IS FOR SALE

The most complete mobile crime laboratory ever built and costing $55,000 is offered for sale by the Illinois State Police. It was in service for about seven years but there was little call for its services by local police departments. It is built like a battleship for riot service, has a good electric power plant, carries rescue equipment and everything needed for police laboratory work. But it is 1,700 over legal weight for use on the state's highways and this weight also prevents

LO, THE GENTLE POLICEMAN STROLLS HIS BEAT

Spreading Sweetness and Light Goal of Modern Law Enforcers

By Flip Uzanas

The Hartford Police Department is not going to take a back seat to its New York City brethren regarding the recent announcement that Manhattan's "finest" are taking courses on how to handle the public with "sympathy and understanding." Chief Michael J. Godfrey of the local department states a similar course is part of his police training school program, too.

Enthusiasts have said this training should enlighten and capture the imagination of policemen through the country, or the entire world for that matter--creating a greater tolerance among the peoples of the earth.

When the public gets word of this "new era" in police procedure, it will stimulate the imagination of the masses, also. It will not be difficult for interested individuals, expecting great things from the course, to foresee a brighter future in the public's dealings with law enforcement officers.

Such an individual will not think a policeman has gone "haywire," if he finds the beaming bluecoat cheerfully taking pennies from his own pocket to add life to an overtimed parking meter. And he'll expect the policeman to smile at the culprit and say, "Don't give it another thought. This could happen to me, too!" He would be merely applying his "understanding" part of the course to his daily routine.

Perhaps the hobo on the park bench will get a taste of the "sympathy" part of the new training. It might be that, instead of lustily banging the tramp's tattered feet with a club, the officer will awaken the sleeper gently and talk to him about the dangers of sleeping on a park bench in cold weather. Under this system, the old "gestapo" method is out. And the gratified hobo will have a thorough "understanding" of why society dislikes men making a rooming house out of the natural habitat of squirrels and pigeons.

And how about those "technical" individuals who work at night, fully convinced that anyone with a safe should share its contents with them? If caught red-handed, the safe-cracker might be approached by an officer brimming over with "sympathy and understanding." The astonished burglar might be given a mildly administered lesson on why it is wrong to steal from a man. After the policeman explained how hard the safe-owner worked for his money, perhaps the crestfallen robber would put back the folding money and go into the business of designing foolproof safes.

Under this new system, it wouldn't be too hard to imagine a street drama like this: A pretty girl steps across an intersection against a red light. The jovial police officer, a far cry from the grim-faced cop of old, hurries to her side. He waves back dazed autoists watching the scene, tips his hat, and escorts the pretty young thing to the other curb. Even his gently reminder that jay-walkers sometimes get killed is romantically tempered with a quotation from Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Perhaps the antiquated method of rudely hoisting an intoxicated person into the "black Maria" and careening around corners to a drab cell will vanish, too. Consider the possibility of a two-toned, softly-cushioned vehicle, driven as quietly as a hearse, stopping to pick up a man sleeping off the effects of too much alcohol. A pair of kid-gloved officers place a set of chimes under his ear so his awakening will be pleasant.

And while two other "sympathetic" policemen stand at helpful attention, the jolly alcoholic is carefully assisted to a cushioned seat. En route, the man will be given a mild cigar to smoke on his way to a "room with a view." The menu that day calls for chicken a la king and fresh strawberry shortcake.

But there is a warning note for the overenthusiastic "sympathy and understanding" devotee to consider. Traffic violators and drunken drivers can't expect much more "understanding" than they receive now. And many other types of

cases, such as wife-beating, unless in self defense, will not be treated too sympathetically.

Yes, it's a new deal all around. "Sympathy and understanding" are on trial--here in New York.

---Hartford Courant

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CONNECTICUT POLICEWOMEN

"Vox-Cop," the lively publication of the Connecticut State Police Department, has dedicated its latest issue to State Policewomen. It is an exceptionally interesting number, containing detailed information about a comparatively little known phase of police work.

Not until 1942 did Connecticut employ women on the same basis as men to undertake regular state police assignments. In that year, the first of the war, a sudden upsurge in crime and juvenile delinquency motivated the hiring of two young women, one a former nurse and the other a former social worker, both of whom are still with the department. They performed their duties so well that the Legislature two years later appointed ten more women.

There is a very special field for women in police work. In cases where women and children have been involved, their services have proved invaluable in many instances. But they have worked on all types of crime: murder, arson, homicide, forgery, theft, sex violations.

Connecticut policewomen ask no odds because of their sex. They frequently undergo dangers comparable with those to which the male state policeman is subjected. Occasionally, the policewoman carries a revolver and at all times she is equipped with handcuffs and blackjack.

Only two Connecticut policewomen possess uniforms, which are donned only for formal ceremonies. The other dress at all times is plain clothes, trim suits or tailored dresses, offering no clue to the nature of their work.

Connecticut has pioneered in recruiting and training women for the State Police, and its efforts have been copied by many other states. Results achieved, especially in combatting juvenile delinquency, have been noteworthy. The policewoman, interviewing teen-agers, can often turn them into paths of normal, wholesome endeavor in the opposite direction from crime.

"Vox-Cop" this month quotes many accomplishments scored by State Policewomen. It would seem that this department of the State Police should be expanded. It has done all and more than was expected of it.

---The Meriden Daily Journal

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A MAN AND A JOB

I often tell my people that I don't want any fellow who has a job working for me; what I want is a fellow whom a job has. I want the job to get the fellow and not the fellow to get the job. And I want that job to get hold of this young man so hard that no matter where he is the job has got him for keeps. I want that job to have him in its clutches when he goes to bed at night, and in the morning I want that same job to be sitting on the foot of his bed telling him it's time to get up and go to work. And when a job gets a fellow that way, he's sure to amount to something.

---Charles F. Kettering
---Coronet

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APT DESCRIPTION

In describing the moll who helped her gun-toting boy-friend in a holdup, a newscaster said that she wore a "tight-fitting sweater." That's enough to give us a clue. She wears jeans which are a little tight, too. Her hair is bobbed and tousled. Her hands are grimy and rough, and the nails on her stubby fingers are chewed to the quick. She does not wear socks in her sandals and her toes peep out with the nails painted a dark red. Her glance is furtive, her chin square. And, she gets tight all over. Go get her, Officer!

---Leisure

ST. PAUL PROWLER

Paul Presbrey, a small, hard-eyed police reporter who covers St. Paul for the Cowles-owned Minneapolis Star and Tribune, is too nervous to sleep more than four or five hours a night; frequently he climbs out of bed at 3 or 4 a.m. to prowl St. Paul in search of news. With his luck, aggressiveness and insatiable curiosity, Presbrey regularly beats the ears off his rivals on fast-breaking stories.

Last week 39-year-old Reporter Presbrey was good for two breaks in a row. With his wife, he was having a midnight snack at a restaurant south of the Twin Cities when three gunmen walked in and robbed the cash register of $1,700. Reporter Presbrey ran for the phone as the last bandit went out the door. He had the city desk on the wire in time to catch the final edition.

Thirty-six hours later, Presbrey was passing Minneapolis' Sheridan Hotel when a 90-mile-an-hour gale knocked a 65-ft. chimney onto the hotel, injuring four people. Grabbing the Speed Graphic he always carries in his car ("Photographers are never around when you need them"), Reporter Presbrey was shooting pictures when the ambulances arrived.

Later, in a hospital, 20-year-old Gayle Keen angrily told another reporter: "I was lying there in the wreckage when I saw a man approaching, and I thought: 'Thank God, here is help at last.' Instead, he just leveled a camera at me, and bang! then he was gone." Presbrey's exclusive picture made the front page of the Star and went all over the country by wirephoto. Hard-boiled Reporter Presbrey sent the girl a print of the picture and a message: "I'm sorry, but deadlines are deadlines."

However other newsmen may question Paul Presbrey's news-at-any-price philosophy, they agree that he has been uniquely consistent in following it. In 1936, when Presbrey was a 26-year-old cub on the old St. Paul Daily News the country sheriff found the body of a murdered woman in a snowdrift out of the city. Presbrey recognized her as Elsie Lanage, a friend of his own father-in-law. Presbrey took his suspicions first to his city editor, then to the sheriff. The Daily News got the inside story, and Presbrey's father-in-law got a life term at Minnesota's Stillwater prison for murder.

Three times in the past five years, Presbrey has "just been riding by" in a streetcar when million-dollar fires broke out in the sprawling industrial area known as the Midway, between Minneapolis and St. Paul. In 1945, while watching a St. Paul movie one evening, Presbrey stirred nervously in his seat, decided that he had better go out in the street and have a look around. He walked right into a $500,000 department-store fire.

As a lone wolf who sometimes puts in 20 hours a day on his job, Presbrey has few friends among his more relaxed colleagues. Their grudging admiration is mixed with wonder at the chances he takes. In 1934 prowling in St. Paul, he stepped right into a gun fight between policemen and two robbers who were holding up a milk company. A policeman's bullet went through the shoulder padding of Presbrey's coat, wounded a robber.

A year later, Presbrey had to dodge gunfire again to get another beat. He was on his way for a quiet beer just as the cops flushed Dillinger Henchman Homer Van Meter, then Public Enemy No. 1, from an apartment hiding place. In trying to escape, Van Meter ran in front of Presbrey's car. Presbrey jammed on the brake and the cops poured 40 slugs into Van Meter. Now, after such narrow escapes, Paul Presbrey is getting little mystical about his luck. Says he: "Sometimes it scares me. But I couldn't stop going if I wanted to."

---Time

(Ed.'s note: We could use a "Presbrey" in Police Photography.)

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DRUNKEN DRIVING ILLEGAL ANYWHERE

An arrest for drunken driving may be

made regardless of whether the offense takes place on a public highway or on private property, it was ruled recently by Superior Court Judge J. Howard Roberts.

Involved was the case of Wilfred J. Piette, 26, of Rockville, who was arrested Aug. 11 at Babb's Park, Suffield, after he was found in an intoxicated condition in his car and told the officer that he was the driver.

In the local court Piette was given a 60-day sentence as a second offender for driving while under the influence of liquor and fined $25 for operating without a license and breach of the peace. He appealed.

In Superior Court, his lawyer, Francis P. Pallotti, Hartford, demurred to the charge on the grounds that a violation of the drunken driving statute can exist only when it takes place on a public highway and where a license is required.

"An examination of the history of the statute," said Judge Roberts in his memorandum, "clearly shows that the legislature intended the regulation to apply even though the violation occurred at a place other than upon a public highway.

"In the instant situation...it would appear that the operation was upon property which had at least a quasi public use.

"The Legislature might well have had in mind that the operation of a motor vehicle while under the influence of liquor is an act which is dangerous to the public wherever it may occur.

"...The intention of the Legislature is clear. It is a reasonable legitimate exercise of the police power.

"It does not appear that the Legislature has abused its discretion to determine not only what the interests of public health, security and morals require, but what measures are necessary for the protection of such interests."

Joseph V. Fay Jr., who represented the state in the case, was making his first appearance in court as assistant state's attorney recently when he successfully argued that the defense demurrer be overruled.

---Hartford Times

PERILS OF FINGERPRINTING

The 45-year-old detective sergeant of the Lancashire (England) Constabulary was admittedly a "nervous wreck." His hand trembled so that he could not hold a glass of water without spilling it. His speech was halting; his handwriting, irregular. Giving evidence in court was "becoming a nightmare," he complained.

The sergeant's trouble--and that of six other members of the constabulary--was mercury poisoning. It came from contact with mercury chalk powder, used by these experts in taking and developing fingerprints at the scenes of crimes. These cases, believed the first of this occupational hazard to be recognized, were reported by Dr. John N. Agate and Monamy Buckell of the London Hospital in a current issue of the medical journal Lancet.

Men who do fingerprinting as a part-time job are not in much danger of being poisoned, the scientists said. But those exposed to mercury powder for as long as 250 hours a year are in real danger.

All seven Lancashire victims had tremors of the hands; three also had tremors of the lips and tongue, and three of the eyelids. Two other well-known symptoms of mercury poisoning--loosening of the teeth and irritability--were noted. When the men's urine was examined, the amount of mercury excreted was found to be abnormally high. Fortunately the cases were mild, and all seven recovered.

The powder was believed to have been inhaled while the men were dusting fingerprints or from mercury dust which had accumulated in the laboratory, or it could have been absorbed through the skin.

Rubber gloves and masks were ruled out by the British scientists as reliable protective devices. The chief constable of Lancashire forbade the use of mercury powders throughout the area. Substitute powders, used in the past, include aluminum, willow charcoal, acacia black, lampblack, powdered graphite, and white lead.

---Time

LISTEN, WORLD! — By Elsie Robinson — A Salute to the Police

The fire started in the kitchen. You know how it is with some of those rickety old buildings--in ten minutes it was roaring through the roof. But the 35 people who lived in that house didn't hear the roar. They were fast asleep.

Eight families with 19 little children--a lot of them infants who couldn't toddle--and a fire raging not ten feet from most of them. Bad. Mighty bad.

But fortunately some one saw the column of flame slicing the sky and gave the alarm. Quicker than you can count, two cops were on the spot--James E. Brackett and Hadwick Thompson. They didn't talk about what to do. They didn't make heroic gestures or even think of the consequences to themselves. After all they were just cops--not firemen. It wasn't their job. They could have stayed out.

But they didn't stay out. They walked right into the middle of that shrieking hell and roused the adults. Then they herded the older children to safety and carried the babies in their arms--19 of them!

JUST COPS. You hear a lot about cops now and then. When one of them goes wrong or pulls a fast one, yes, you hear plenty. But you don't hear much when two of them save 35 lives single handed. Even the makeup boys gave them a scant paragraph at the end of the page. And nobody to date has presented them with medals or citations.

But I'm giving them a salute and the sky's the limit. And this salute isn't for Jim Brackett and Hadwick Thompson. It's for the hundreds of thousands of cops everywhere in this nation who do their job and go their way without a cheer or drum roll.

There isn't a day when one of them doesn't risk his live for us--yet we accept it all as our due.

I'm even including the traffic cops when they give me a ticket as they sometimes do darn 'em! They've the dirtiest, hottest, most ungrateful beat on earth and I never pass one without wanting to salute him.

So my hat's off to you boys, and my heart goes with it. The rest of the world may take you as a matter of course but here's one hard boiled newspaper gal who doesn't.

I think you're tops!

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WITH NUTMEG FLAVOR — WHY NOT A RAISE FOR WITNESSES?

By The Yankee Pedlar

Since they've raised the salaries of judges it now seems there ought to be justification for increasing the paltry allowance which is made to witnesses ordered to appear before those magistrates under a subpoena.

For 60 cents, an ancient fee that's as frozen as a haddock, a deputy sheriff can serve a person with a paper directing him to appear in court and hold himself in readiness until lawyers are ready to call him to the stand.

One wonders why they even bother to make any gratuity. Maybe if the law were changed in the next General Assembly to require that a person be entitled to that part of his day's salary or wages figured on an hourly basis, there would be a sudden drop in the number of witnesses required to try a case.

State Trooper Henry Kaliss dropped in the other day to renew acquaintances. He made a note of this corner's observation that the uncontrolled entry of traffic from Route 6, at Manchester, to the Wilbur Cross Pkwy. is a highly hazardous condition for right-lane traffic on the south bound artery.

---Waterbury Republican

STATE POLICEMAN HAS VIEW OF PANAMA REVOLT SHOOTING

A trip to Panama for the purpose of bringing back to Connecticut a man wanted on abandonment and non-support charges---just completed---landed Lieut. Adolph M. Pastore of the State Police in the midst of a revolution.

Lieutenant Pastore said he stepped off the S. S. Panama of the Panama Line at Cristolbal the morning of November 28, and took a train for Balboa Heights, across the isthmus on the Pacific Ocean side.

Under arrest in Balboa Heights was the man he was after, James W. Simpson of Plainville, a Government worker, who had been missing for about a year.

All was quiet, Lieutenant Pastore said, until his taxi drew up in front of the Hotel Tivoli. A short distance away was the boundary line between the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama, and less than a block away a huge crowd milled about the University of Panama.

Lieutenant Pastore said somebody was haranguing the crowd through a public address system and while he watched there was suddenly an outburst of shooting.

Men carrying Thompson submachine guns began shooting windows out of the university. The crowd scattered. Later reports had it that several persons were injured.

Lieutenant Pastore said that the trouble was confined to Panama City, and that Americans were not permitted to leave the Canal Zone for the time being.

The Hotel Tivoli, safe in the American zone, turned out to have a former Meriden man, Donald Hendricks, as manager, one of the permanent guests was "Jack" Johnson, formerly of Hartford.

Four ex-presidents of Panama, Enrique A. Jimenez, Ricardo Adolfo De La Guardia, Dr. Augusto S. Boyd and Dr. Daniel Chanis Jr., with their families, occupied suites on the same floor of the hotel where Lieutenant Pastore had his room.

It was difficult to figure out what all the trouble was about, Lieutenant Pastore said, but the four ex-presidents seemed to be united about one thing--they were all opposed to the current president, Arnulfo Arias.

"A president's life down there is not so good," Lieutenant Pastore said. "I'd rather be a state policeman."

---Hartford Times

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CONNECTICUT

I never knew before I came
The lure of Romance in a name;
I never knew that rolling hills
Could stir in me a sense of thrills
No other landscape ever gave.
This is the land of many a Brave
Before the white man ever came
To till the soil, and trap the game
And bravely tame the wilderness
For those who followed in his quest.
Like Pilgrims who had crossed the sea
Connecticut meant home--and does to me.

---George E. Crump
Newtown, Conn.

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HARD TO CONVINCE

Philadelphia---The small boy and the telephone operator had a slight misunderstanding.

She couldn't catch the number he wanted and asked him to repeat it several times. Finally, he exploded:

"You operators are so dumb."

The operator cut him off.

Fifteen minutes later, a woman's voice inquired if this was the operator who had cut her nine-year-old son off the line. The operator replied it was and the woman said, "Just a minute, please."

"My mother wants me to apologize to you for what I said," declared the small boy.

The operator accepted his apology and connected him with the number he had been trying to get.

Final scene a half hour later--the small boy and the operator on the phone again. The small boy speaks:

"My mother just went out of the house. I still think you're dumb."

DEBUNKING THE $200 BILL

Few folks nowadays scorn money, yet it is a fact that most of us don't like $2 bills and avoid them if possible. Of course, we will take them if there's nothing else, but we would much rather have two ones. Unlucky? No, it isn't that, but we're more likely to let a $2 go as a one than if the bill is of larger denomination. For instance, a $5 impresses us so definitely that we are not likely to make a mistake, but if someone gives us change for a $1 bill instead of a $2 we may not realize our loss at once.

But it wasn't $2 bills that caused consternation for a New York man; it was $200 bills; that is, it was finding out there is no such denomination. Tearfully he told police how he had been held up and robbed of his life savings of $32,000 in $200 bills. The police say he was dumbfounded when they informed him there is no such bill and, they say further, he made up the story for the benefit of his wife, having told her right along he was saving large amounts when, in fact, he was tucking away very little.

The case demonstrates something has been added to the old justice-with-mercy routine. What did the police do with this poor man who just couldn't bear to tell the little lady the truth. They turned him over to the wife for disposition of the case. Those of us who may be inclined to exclaim: "No, No, Not that!" must wait in full fairness until we learn what happened or happens.

One purpose has been served by the case. It has revealed to some of us who, like this man, didn't know that there is no such thing as a $200 bill. After all, how would we know?

---Norwalk Hour

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CAUTION IS NEEDED

Because the atomic bomb is so spectacularly lethal and its effects so immediate, we're accustomed to thinking of it as the most devastating device ever originated by man.

It may, therefore, surprise you to learn that, although we've spent more than $3,000,000,000 in developing the bomb and we wiped out 100,000 Japanese with the two bombs we dropped, the automobile, generally regarded as a boon to mankind, is even more deadly and more costly.

In the less than five years since the bombs were used we've killed more people with autos than the bombs destroyed in Japan, and our traffic accidents have destroyed more wealth than the bomb development cost.

It might be well to think that over the next time we slide behind the steering wheels of our cars.

---Boston Post

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LUCK

"Do I believe in luck? I should say I do. It's a wonderful force. I have watched the careers of too many lucky men to doubt its efficacy.

"You see some fellow reach out and grab an opportunity that the other fellow standing around had not realized was there. Having grabbed it, he hangs onto it with a grip that makes the jaws of a bulldog seem like a fairy touch. He calls into play his breadth of vision. He sees the possibility of the situation, has the ambition to desire it and the courage to tackle it.

"He intensifies his strong points, bolsters his weak ones, cultivates those personal qualities that cause other men to trust him and cooperate with him. He sows the seeds of sunshine, of good cheer, of optimism, of unstinted kindness. He gives freely of what he has, both spiritual and physical things.

"He thinks a little straighter, works a little harder and a little longer; travels on his nerve and enthusiasm; he gives such service as his best efforts permit. He keeps his head cool, his feet warm, his mind busy. He doesn't worry over trifles.

"He plans his work and sticks to it, rain or shine. He talks and acts like a winner, for he knows in time he will be one. And then--luck does all the rest."

War on Sex Fiends

FBI Chief Calls for Rooting Out Evil

Washington—(INS)—J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, called today for total war against the "sex-crazed fiends" responsible for the mounting wave of assaults on women and children.

Hoover, in an exclusive statement to International News Service, advanced a five-point program "of education and action" to cope with the sex criminal, who he said "has replaced the kidnaper as a threat to the peace of mind of the parents of America."

Declaring that the "steady rise" in vicious attacks on women and children must be stopped, Hoover said early identification of the potential sex criminal is of utmost importance. He said that the man with depraved tendencies must be acted against —either by medical and psychiatric treatment or by imprisonment—before he commits a violent crime.

He also urged newspapers and radio stations to turn a "pitiless" spotlight on sex offenders, while protecting the names of their victims.

The FBI chief asserted:

"Invariably, before a sex fiend commits a crime of violence, there is ample evidence of his tendencies. Too often, however, he has been released either through technicality, sentiment, inadequate laws or failure on the part of citizens to testify. That is one reason why criminal assaults have increased 50 per cent in the last 10 years.

"The right of a child on the street to be secure and the right of parents to be free of fear are greater than the convenience of potential sex-crazed fiends.

"Parole and probation were never intended to be the means whereby a criminal would be freed to violate again. Medical and psychiatric knowledge have reached the point where they can give the facts once they have the right to observe the offender."

Hoover called for this attack on the sex crime wave:

"Parents and school teachers should urge boys and girls to accept no favors, money or candy from strangers, and above all, never get into a car with a stranger or accompany him any place.

"If existing state statutes do not provide for medical and psychiatric treatment and incarceration for the hopelessly incurable, then it is time to pass such a law.

"Law enforcement agencies should be provided the facilities and manpower to adequately patrol and cover a community.

"Victims of such crimes and their families should report each offense. For every criminal assault reported there are many others that are concealed by victims and their loved ones to escape embarrassing publicity.

"Instead of playing down such offenses, I would like to see every newspaper and radio station in the land headline these crimes, pitilessly pointing the spotlight on the offenders and their background while withholding the names of victims even when the case is tried in court."

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Detroit Abductor Captured After 80-M. P. H. Race

DETROIT, (UP).—A thirty-five-year-old father of a two-month-old baby, William Mabrey, confessed today that he snatched seven-year-old Karen Kuechenmeister from the living room of her home and attempted indecent liberties "just to be mean."

"I was drinking," Mabrey, a rooming-house operator who has a prison record in Illinois, told police, "and when I get drunk I don't have any heart or conscience."

By the time Mabrey had dragged Karen 200 feet into his new car, the child's father, Karl, thirty-four, a hardware salesman, had almost reached the vehicle. He got the license number and relayed it to police.

Man, 66, Admits Slaying Girl, 6, In Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, (AP).—Fred Stroble, a sixty-six-year-old baker, confessed today the strangulation, ax and ice-pick slaying of six-year-old Linda Joyce Glucoft last Monday, District Attorney William Simpson announced.

The announcement followed fifty-five minutes of questioning after Stroble was picked up in a downtown bar.

Stroble said the killing took place in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Ruben Hausman, where he had been staying, Mr. Simpson declared. Linda had gone to the house to play with Stroble's granddaughter, Rochelle, also six. But Rochelle and her mother were away at a birthday party and only Stroble was at the house.

Youth Confesses Idaho Child Murder

Twin Falls, Idaho — (AP) — Neil Butterfield, 16-year-old high school athlete, has confessed to the thrill slaying of 7-year-old Glenda Joyce Brisbois.

The youth, who was arrested as he fled west in a stripped-down "hot rod," told officers he killed the child "just to see someone die."

Sheriff Saul Clark of Cassia County said the youth admitted orally that he slugged the little blonde first grader from Burley, Idaho, with a tire jack before throwing her body into a canal.

A BEER BOTTLE LEADS POLICE TO BABY'S ATTACKER

A twenty-year-old Staten Island man, 6 feet 3 inches tall, has been taken into custody for an attack on a fourteen-months-old Staten Island girl in her room early Thanksgiving Day morning and has made a statement on the crime, Chief of Detectives William T. Whalen said at police headquarters yesterday, November 26. He was traced through a code number on the back of the label of an empty beer bottle.

The man was identified as George Kane, of 1018 Huguenot Avenue, in the Huguenot section. His victim, also in the Huguenot section, is still in critical condition at Richmond Memorial Hospital with wounds and bruises on her body, Chief Whalen said.

Police said Kane entered the cellar of the home of Henry Ohlrotte at 5296 Amboy Road at 3:30 a.m. (Thanksgiving) drank a quart of beer he had with him and then pulled a master switch that shut of the electricity in the house. The absence of the hum of an electric clock beside his bed awakened Mr. Ohlrotte, who then found his electricity was off and went downstairs to see why.

Police related that Kane, who said he didn't know why he had gone into the cellar fled, leaving the empty bottle behind, and went to another house and entered through a rear door. He said he had no reason for doing this. Police said he walked through the bedroom of the baby's parents without waking them and went on into the infant's room.

Although the baby screamed, police said Kane told them, her parents didn't wake until he himself made a noise as he was leaving. They called police. Mr. Ohlrotte, meanwhile, had phoned the Richmond Light and Power Company about his electricity, and a mechanic found the switch pulled and the beer bottle on the floor. Police were told of this, and connected the incidents.

Through the code number on the beer label, the Krueger Brewing Company told police the bottle was part of a case delivered to Kane's father. Kane was arrested at 11 a.m. yesterday and made a statement after questioning. Fifty police officers, under Assistant Chief Inspector Kenny, had worked the straight fifty-five hours since the attack to catch up with Kane.

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2 BOYS, 16, GET 25 TO 55 YEARS FOR BRONX RAPE

Two Bronx youths last week were sentenced to prison terms ranging from twenty-five to fifty-five years for a rape, robbery and beating Aug. 21 in Bronx Park. Bronx County Judge Samuel Joseph denounced both defendants as "gangsters" and "hoodlums" in passing sentence.

There have been too many sex crimes of late and many victims fail to make complaint because of fear of publicity.

The defendants, who pleaded guilty last month were Clyde Tolbert, sixteen, sentenced to twenty-seven and one-half to fifty-five years for rape, robbery and assault, and Adkin Robinson, also sixteen, sentenced to twenty-five to fifty years for rape and robbery with a suspended sentence for assault.

The two were accused of setting upon Abraham Katz, seventeen, and his sixteen-year-old girl companion.

Judge Joseph shouted, "You are a potential murderer" at Tolbert, and told Robinson "You are an unmitigated liar." He said that the girl "is a mental wreck from the rape, shock and beating she suffered" and declared that her escort who fought vainly to protect her, suffered a heart attack and a nervous disorder.

"I serve notice that we must eliminate these gangsters who interfere with the usage of our parks, highways and homes," Judge Joseph said. "Shall we notify the people that your type will take over after dark? No. But we will remove each of you permanently from society to make it safe for our wives, children and sweethearts."

To a defense plea for leniency, the judge replied:

"Let those who clamor for leniency because of your youth put themselves in the places of this young girl, this young boy and their parents."

STYLES IN CRIME

FOOLS LIE DETECTOR BUT NOT DETECTIVE

Thief, 'Cleared' by Machine,
Flunks Police Quiz

Baltimore --- James Murray, thirty-seven, who had beaten a lie detector test, was held on a charge he stole $3,000 worth of luggage and jewelry from a parked car. Murray pleaded guilty to the charge after Captain of Detectives Henry J. Kriss succeeded where the lie detector failed.

A man was arrested last week trying to pawn a stolen ring. He said Murray gave him the ring. Murray was picked up. He denied the man's story.

While this was going on, a salesman for a lie detector company was trying to persuade Police Commissioner Beverly Ober that he should have the instrument, why not give it a try?

Murray and the other man agreed to take the test. The technician who operated the instrument found the other man showed no suspicious reactions when he retold his story. Murray also came through with a clean bill.

Captain Kriss then hauled Murray into his office. They were closeted for ten minutes. Murray was taken before a magistrate and pleaded guilty.

---Ed.'s Note: Congratulations, Captain Kriss!

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LOWDOWN CROOK TAKES SAFE
TRIO STOLE IN NEW HAVEN

When some lowdown crooks steal a safe from three would-be-safecrackers, brother, that's bad.

New Haven Detective Anthony Popolizio, booking three New Haven youths on charges of breaking and entering and theft, quoted the accused as telling this tale of frustration:

Vincent Gagliardi, 20, Richard Beedel, 17, and Thomas Rispoli, 17, all of New Haven, broke into a small manufacturing company on November 4 and made off with a safe. They took the safe to a shack in East Haven where they tried to open it.

Lacking safecracking tools, one of them bought a gasoline blowtorch. Before they could apply the torch to the safe, the torch exploded, blowing off some parts of the safe and setting the shack afire. After carrying the safe out of the shack, the youths returned and extinguished the fire.

Unable to open the safe, they decided to bury it nearby and return for it later. When they returned in about a week they found that some "crooks" had dug up the safe and made off with it.

The police said they went to East Haven and, just as the youths told them they would, they found the shack and remains of the fire. Inside the building also were several parts of the missing safe. Not far away was a hole in the ground at the spot where the youths said they had buried the safe.

Popolizio said that Gagliardi and Beedle appeared at headquarters voluntarily. Rispoli was picked up on a central street after Gagliardi and Beedle had told their story.

Popolizio said the three admitted participating in several other breaking and entering jobs about the city.--- AP

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THIEVES MISS $100,000

In Valleyfield, Quebec, police said two thugs attacked a seventy-seven-year-old farmer recluse and ransacked his home but missed $100,000 in cash hidden in two old wooden pails.

The youths at night forced their way into the farm home of J. Baptiste Doutre, who lives with an invalid sister near this city twenty-five miles from Montreal. They beat the man and searched every room looking for money reputed to be in the house.

"There are no lights and no electricity in the house and apparently this didn't help the thieves any," reported

Detective Sergeant Maurice Rheault. He said the robbers left with a pail containing valueless personal papers but missed the money in the two other pails near by.

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STATE POLICE CLEAR 20-YEAR MYSTERY OF 'DEAD MAN'

It took nearly 20 years but State Police finally cleared up the mystery of the "dead man" in the Norwich farmhouse. Sergt. James L. Dygert of the Groton Barracks was the officer with the elephant's memory, who solved the puzzle.

On February 7, 1930, Sergeant Dygert went to an untenanted farmhouse in Norwich after receiving a complaint from two alarmed neighbors.

Peering through a window, he saw what appeared to be the body of a man slumped over in a chair at a kitchen table beside an empty bottle and an empty glass.

Sergeant Dygert forced his way into the farmhouse and discovered that the "body" was a hay-filled dummy.

There the matter rested until a few days ago when Sergeant Dygert had another puzzle to untangle. He was called to a farmhouse in the same vicinity and found there a man who had a variety of stories to tell. The man had an injury in his left arm and stated that he had been shot.

The man told Sergeant Dygert:

1--That two men in a car stopped, asked for his money, were told he had none, and shot him.

2--That one man in a car had ditto.

3--That two men on foot had ditto.

4--That one man on foot had ditto.

The man was taken to a New London hospital and later investigation disclosed that he had not been shot but that his arm had been injured on a sharp stone in a fall.

He was fined $5 for intoxication and $5 for giving false information after his release.

While investigating the case Sergeant Dygert had occasion to go to the man's home and found he lived in the same house where the dummy had been discovered 1[illegible] years ago. He mentioned the incident and the man smiled.

The dummy was left there, the man said, "to have some fun" with friends who were going to look after his farm while he was away for a time.

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THIEF TAKES TIME IN LITCHFIELD COURT

A thief who knows a valuable antique when he sees one stole a Seth Thomas clock from the judges' chamber at the Common Pleas Court in Litchfield.

The clock was one of the few still in existence with a wooden movement.

State Policemen Neil Hurley and John Wilcox said the thief apparently had entered the courthouse at night while the main entrance still was unlocked because of a meeting there. A glass panel in the door to the judges' chamber had been broken, but the theft was not discovered until the next day.

Ownership of the clock was unknown. It had been in the courthouse for years, probably brought there by a former judge.

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ON TRIAL FOR EQUIPPING COWS WITH FALSE TEETH

Oxford, England --- Douglas Frederick Clay, a cattle dealer, was accused in Magistrate's Court of removing worn incisor teeth from nine middle-aged cows and replacing them with false teeth so the animals could be sold as heifers.

Clay was being tried on five charges alleging that he obtained a total of $1,352.19 from the Food Ministry on false pretenses.

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RAIL BROKEN, POLICEMAN STOPS TRAIN BY RADIO

In Philadelphia --- Patrolman Thomas Hennon used his radio to halt a Washington-to-New York train ten minutes away from a broken rail on the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line.

Officer Hennon radioed City Hall

from his patrol car to "work quickly" because a rail "is broken off ten or twelve inches." Police at City Hall notified railroad officials, who halted the train, the Speaker, at Frankford Junction. The Speaker was switched to another track and went on to New York. Company officials guessed that the break was caused by a heavy freight and not by mischief.

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BOLOGNA?

Call The Cops!!

Washington, (AP)--A tall man entered the West End delicatessen and ordered some bologna. As the proprietor handed it to him he drew a gun and made off with $110--and the bologna.

Three hours later a tall man entered Moses Goldberg's grocery, ordered bologna, drew a gun, walked out with $2--and the bologna. Forty-five minutes later a tall man entered Mrs. Vasilike Garoufes' grocery, ordered bologna, drew a gun, walked out with $60--and the bologna.

The next night a tall man entered the Rainbow market ordered bologna, brandished an ice-pick, knocked down the clerk, hit the one-cent key on the cash register and fled with $30--and the bologna.

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BLARNEY?

Page The Lawyers

San Francisco,(UP) -- San Francisco's Irish are up in arms and every Gaelic cop in town is working overtime. Some one stole the blarney stone from under the noses of half a thousand persons in St. Mary's Cathedral.

The stone, a fifteen-pound chunk of the blarney stone from Ireland's Blarney Castle, was lifted from the hall of the cathedral at the height of St. Mary's pre-Thanksgiving festival. The owner of the stone, Jim Cummins, said it had been on display, for kissing purposes, throughout the evening under the custody of two armored car guards and a half dozen Irish plainclothes men.

"I dismissed the guards at 11:30 as I was about to take the stone home myself for the night," Mr. Cummins said. "I left Jim Flaherty in charge of it, and there's where I made my mistake. Flaherty turned his back for a second and when he turned around again it was gone."

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CHIEF OF POLICE GOES HUNTING
GETS GAY YOUNG BIRD

Newington--Police Chief William E. Halleran walked through the woods of Elm Hill Section one recent Saturday. He wore a plaid sportsmen's jacket and a hunting cap pulled over his eyes. But the shotgun he carried was empty.

On Friday Chief Halleran had received a complaint that a young man was trying to molest a 15-year-old girl when she went through this wooded area. When the girl, following the chief's instructions, walked through the woods again Saturday, Chief Halleran, disguised as a hunter, followed her. He caught the young man and turned him over to juvenile authorities.

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YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!

John Smith happened to witness a minor holdup. In due time, the police arrived, and one officer asked the witness his name.

"John Smith," said Smith.

"Cut the comedy," snapped the cop. "What's your real name?"

"All right," said Smith, "put me down as Winston Churchill."

"That's more like it," said the officer. "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

---Leisure

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Even the most reckless driver is not entirely useless--he can always serve as a horrible example.

the Spotlight

VOX-COP December, 1949

Sergeant Formeister - Expert Marksman

One of the department's best pistol shots does his daily duty at the Stafford Springs Station. Yes, we're speaking of Sergeant Edward Formeister.

SERGEANT FORMEISTER LOOKS 'EM OVER

The family records show that Sergeant Ed cut his first tooth on a toy pistol. He is single, but the shooting sergeant has no objection to hearing the tinkle of wedding bells when the right girl has been subjected to the final question a man is allowed as a bachelor.

At every departmental ceremony during which awards are presented for marksmanship, Sergeant Formeister might just as well bring a basket to take home the medals he is awarded. So we said, "Speaking of medals -- how many do you have?" Ed shrugged his shoulders and said, "More than a 100 -- probably about 150, but I really don't know how many have been given to me." The next question: "Do you have them hung up somewhere in the house?" "Heck, no!" They're scattered all around the house in bureau drawers, closets, old shoe boxes and even some of the kids in the neighborhood have checked some out to wear when they play soldier. The kids found out they make good trading material, too, so I don't know how many I can count now."

The Stafford Press not so long ago printed a condensed list of the medals and ribbons won by Sergeant Formeister, but we haven't got it and the shooting sergeant didn't bother to clip it, so we'll not include it in this story.

Entered Department in 1940

It is hard for us to decide whether to call Ed the "Shooting Sergeant" or the "Silent Sergeant" because he excels in both efforts, but we'll settle for the former and present some personal facts.

Edward Formeister was born in East Hartford on July 28, 1916 and makes his home in that town with his father at present. He attended the town public schools and after graduation from high school entered the employ of the Underwood Typewriter Company as an adjuster and assembler. At the time Ed left, five years later, he was final inspector on the floor.

Formeister's best friend and the sergeant both applied for the position of state police patrolman in 1940 and when

the results of the examinations were announced Ed was on his way to our training school at Ridgefield one August day in 1940, while the friend wished him luck.

After three months at the school in Ridgefield which was supervised at that time by the then Sergeants Mulcahy and Carroll Shaw and Officer Gerald O'Connell, Rookie Officer Formeister was assigned to the Stafford Springs Station. The success of the school may be measured by the fact that the other men mentioned in this paragraph have all advanced; they are now Captain Mulcahy, Lieutenant Shaw, NUTI Director of Training Gerald O'Connell and Sergeant Formeister.

Service in Coast Guard

An enlistment in the Coast Guard early in 1942 resulted in a Chief Boatswain's mate rating for the subject of this month's story. That rate was soon changed to Chief Gunner's Mate. Among his duties in that grade were to organize and maintain an armory staff which was in charge of ordinance, gunnery and chemical warfare instructors, and to outline a training program for recruits.

Chief Gunner's Mate Formeister directed small arms training films used by the Coast Guard and Navy in recruit training. After duty aboard two ships in the Pacific, duty on the Island of Maui as ordinance officer, security officer and explosive expert followed.

When Formeister was placed on inactive duty in 1946, he returned to duty with the C.S.P. and was reassigned to Station C, Stafford Springs.

No book sergeant, Ed has done all the various kinds of duty necessary to police a station area. Patrol, general service, traffic duty, accident investigation--they are all on his list of qualifications, including the last assignment, administration as a sergeant.

In 1947, Sergeant Formeister was selected as one of the representatives of this department at the State Police Seminar on Legal Medicine and Toxicology conducted at Harvard Medical School at Boston.

During November of the same year he represented the C.S.P. and the American Legion at an anti-subversive course sponsored by the American Legion at Washington, D.C. A member of the American Legion, Sergeant Formeister served as chairman of the Anti-Subversive Committee of that organization during 1947-1948.

Interested In Ballistics

Sergeant Formeister exhibits a keen interest in ballistics and makes his own ammunition for .38 and .45 cal. match ammunition. Then, too, he has a valuable and extensive collection of guns. There are about 65 or 70 guns included in the collection, which is valued at about $4,000.

Here are some of the items: A pair of flintlock pistols believed to have been made for the King of England about 200 years ago, (they were made by Wilkinson, gunmaker to His Majesty and are in new condition); a cased double rifle, with all accessories and barrels, also made by Wilkinson and brought to the U.S.A. by a former owner who intended to use it in buffalo hunting; and a percussion rifle that belonged to Osceola, the famous Indian Chief of Florida history.

A number of miles have been traveled in pursuing the target shooting hobby in which Sergeant Formeister indulges. He has been to the famous matches at Camp Perry, Ohio; Quantico, Virginia; and Sparrow's Point, Maryland, either on his own or while with the Coast Guard. During CSP service the shooting sergeant has been on the team which represented our department at Camp Curtis Guild, Wakefield, Massachusetts the past two years.

What does he do to keep his nerves steady? Well, we're not sure that they ever get unsteady, but when the trigger squeeze is a little bit off, you may find Sergeant Formeister in the basement of his brother's home at East Hartford, working on the lathes, milling machines or drill presses at that little shop.

Or you may find him hunting, fishing or even coaching the feminine revolver team consisting of nurses at the Johnson Memorial Hospital. In any event, you won't find him idle.

VOX-COP December, 1949

History Of Lotteries In Connecticut

By Lieutenant Leslie Williams
Training Instructor, Connecticut State Police

Lotteries are forbidden by statute in all forty-eight states and the transmission of lottery tickets through the mail is prohibited by Congress. The recent agitation in Connecticut about lotteries etc., prompts many persons to assume that lotteries have always been considered illegal in and of themselves.

Lieutenant Williams points out that this is far from true, and that in the early days of the Republic, Congress and the state legislatures frequently resorted to lotteries as a means of obtaining revenue. In this article, Lieutenant Williams describes some of the lotteries conducted in this country including some in Connecticut and cites some cases arising in the Courts.

Lieutenant Williams's article is not a brief for or against but merely gives information about a forgotten chapter of Connecticut's past in American lotteries.

Connecticut has a considerable history, and a most interesting one, on the lotteries of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century. During this period many churches, schools, colleges, roads, buildings, ferries and other public works received aid from time to time from this source of supply. It was an accepted procedure and had been used in England throughout the continent of Europe prior to the colonization of America. Few voices were raised in protest against such a means of financing even when private obligations were met by means of lotteries until about 1820. The reaction of the lotteries came on rapidly, and in quick succession Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut banned this form of fund raising, with our state taking such action in 1834.

In reviewing the material on this subject in the archives of the State Library and in the Lieutenant Harris Hulburt Collection at Station "C", Stafford Springs, many interesting facts were found on this general subject. We will attempt here to recount the high points. Generally the material will refer to Connecticut, but other lotteries had a wide sale in the state and will be mentioned briefly in the account.

Lotteries first came to America in 1612. With the consent of King James, a lottery was drawn in favor of the Colony of Jamestown and twenty-nine thousand pounds was realized. Since there were but a handful of persons in America at that time, the sale was largely in England. In 1621 this lottery was declared illegal by the House of Commons as it was deemed a revenue raising device not under the control of that body and therefore outside the law.

On February 23, 1720, the first lottery on record of American origin was held in Philadelphia when a brick house at the corner of Arch and Third Streets was exposed to the hazards of a drawing.

Soon after this time, in 1728, the General Court of the Colony of Connecticut enacted a law which made lotteries illegal unless they were conducted with

special permission of that governing body. From the very fact that such a law was enacted we may infer that there must have been lotteries in existance at the time for without them the law would have been meaningless. The penalty provided for illegal lotteries was not too severe as the offender would only forfeit the property or monies involved. This law was later adopted by the General Assembly of the new State of Connecticut without any substantial revision. In 1791 another section was added to the law making it illegal for lottery tickets from other states to be sold in Connecticut. The citizens must have felt the competition of their neighbors. We can well understand this when we see the extent of the lottery in the state at that time.

The extent to which lotteries had grown in a period of about one hundred years can be gathered from facts presented in New York in 1830 during the fight for the abolition of legal games of chance. In that year over nine million dollars in prizes were offered in various lotteries in New York state. Considering the value of the dollar at that time this is certainly a staggering amount. No such total figure on Connecticut lotteries could be found in the records searched.

The earliest record of a lottery in Connecticut appears in the petitions to the General Court in 1755 in which a resident of New London asked to be allowed to conduct such an enterprise to recoup his personal fortunes and to recover his wife. It seems that this sailor had been absent from home for a very extended period and during that time his wife had him declared legally dead. She had remarried and had disposed of the sailor's real estate and personal belongings. No record remains to tell of his success in this venture.

These same records of the General Court further indicate that the following lotteries were approved between 1760 and 1780: a bridge across the Housatonic River (1761), the light house in New London (1761), the Quinebaug River bridge (1763), the Yale College and the Saybrook Sand Bar removal project (1772), the Chelsea bridge (Norwich-1773), the Shetucket River bridge (Norwich-1780), the East River bridge (New Haven-1780), and the Carlton bridge (1780).

In the original data on this last lottery it was stated that the Carlton Bridge between Woodbury and Newtown was in need of repair and that the towns were unable and unwilling to undertake the work. Therefore a lottery to raise four hundred pounds was urgently needed for this bridge "across the Great River between Woodbury and Newtown, upon the Grand Road from Boston to Head-Quarters, Philadelphia".

In this same period the Grand Court was asked to underwrite an insolvent lottery in Kent (1769) and to permit another lottery in Colchester (1774) to cover losses resulting from the embezzlement of a dishonest town official. Also in this same period (1774), the New Haven Glass company received permission to conduct a lottery to reestablish that business on a better financial basis. Such private lotteries by business firms are found quite frequently in the records. In 1790-91, the Hartford Woolen Company received permission to raise money by this means and in the original statements of the lottery managers; Andrew Kingsbury, Elisha Colt, and Hezekiah Merrill, the purpose was given as the extension and improvement of the Woolen Manufactory and its "becoming more extensively useful to the community." The sale of chances was addressed to "Adventurers who put themselves in Fortune's way; as well as to those who are disposed to buy on patriotic motives."

During the seventeen eighties, many petitions appeared for the building of bridges and wharves which were destroyed by the severe "Ice Floods" particularly in 1783. Simsbury, Hartford, Middletown and towns on the Housatonic River seemed to have been hard hit by these floods.

In 1785 a church was being considered in Stonington and money was raised through a lottery. This money was in the form of Continental Congress currency and when the actual building of the structure was about to begin, the money was worthless, "Not worth a Continenal". In 1794 another lottery was

authorized to obtain money which was now backed by the United States government and the church was finally constructed.

Another private lottery was licensed in 1786 in Killingly in which woolen cloth was offered as the prize to the winner and the proceeds were to be used to establish the petitioner in the business of manufacturing woolen goods.

During the last years of the eighteenth century and up until the year 1834 when lotteries became illegal, many other petitions were granted. We shall list these in order and will comment later upon those which were of special interest. They are: The Hartford Wharves (1789), Greenwich Stage Road (1793), Harvard College (1794), Dartmouth College (1796), Rhode Island College (1797), Canaan Meeting House (1804), Ellsworth Church debt (1805), Mohegan Turnpike (1806), United Society of Danbury (1807), Lyme Congregational Church (1815), Washington Bridge (1819), Groton Monument (1830) and finally the Enfield Falls Bridge in 1834. Cheshire Academy and the State House in Hartford also appear in the listing but the exact dates are not given.

The Enfield Falls Lottery, the last legal lottery found in the records, was set up to raise money to rebuild that bridge and offered a top prize of $10,000 to the winner. Chances sold at $4.00 for a full chance and also spoke of half and quarter chances being sold. This division of chances was very common with some managers selling one-eighth shares. The statement also indicated that there would be 19,030 prizes and 15,190 blanks, in other words, more winners than losers. This lottery ran from 1831 to 1834 with weekly drawings in Hartford and publication of winners appeared in the local paper.

Such lotteries as were permitted, and there must have been many more than those which are listed here, were managed by substantial men of the community who were under bond to the state for the faithful and honest performance of their duty. No professional promoters appeared in the early lottery notices. At a later date men from Boston and New York came in to promote the sales and handle the details, and were listed as men experienced in the problems of promoting successful lotteries.

In some cases lotteries were not very successful. Many managers asked for an extension of time in which to dispose of unsold chances and others declared their venture a failure. The General Court, and later the General Assembly, was asked to take over some lotteries and to pay the claims against them. One lottery, an early one without date in the original records, made the stipulation that if the scheme "fell through, the money will be promptly returned." This lottery to purchase a canoe to be used in crossing the New Mill Pond at Quaker Farms, had a hand-written scheme and was probably of minor importance.

Some of our early Connecticut residents took an interest in many lotteries. The name of Shadrack Osborn of Woodbury appears in the records of several of the early schemes. He apparently undertook to sell chances on lotteries being held in all parts of the state.

Federal lotteries were also in the news during this early period and had a wide sale in the state even after the sale of out-of-state chances were forbidden by law. Fabulous prizes of twenty to thirty thousand dollars created great interest. The announcements were sent to Post Offices throughout the state and many of the original advertisements are still in the files at the State Library. Lotteries were used to raise money to equip and arm Revolutionary Armies and in 1784 such means was used to repay money borrowed from the Dutch. At that time the credit of the New Nation was not too good and excessive rates of interest were charged by the Dutch bankers. The lottery was hit upon as the means of quickly paying back this money and establishing our credit in the World Capitals.

Baltimore was the center of many large lotteries which had a wide sale in Connecticut. The University of Maryland, the Baltimore, and the Washington Monument lotteries were advertised in the papers of 1824. One lottery for the raising of funds for the Nation's Capi-

tal gave "one superb hotel with baths and outhouses as first prize." This was to be constructed at a cost of fifty thousand dollars for the winner.

In 1842 Federal lotteries were made illegal in the District of Columbia.

Incidently, both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson bought many lottery tickets in their day and each took part, directly or indirectly in the promotion of such lotteries. A personal lottery which Jefferson requested permission to hold never materialized. It was long delayed and was not complete at his death. It was then abandoned.

With all this activity in the field of lottery there is very little record of organized opposition to such schemes until after 1820. There are a few exceptions to this, however. One of those opposed to lottery was Joel Barlow of Boston who on February 25, 1794 went before the National Convention of France and raised his American voice against them. His words are very interesting as these same sentiments are found in much more recent days in the decisions of our own Supreme Court of Errors. In commenting on lottery, Barlow stated, "It has its origin in deception; and depends for its support on raising and disappointing the hopes of individuals--on perpetually agitating the mind with unreasonable desire for gain--on clouding the understanding with superstitious ideas of chance, destiny and fate--on diverting the attention from regular industry, and promoting a universal spirit of gambling which carries all sorts of vices into all classes of people."

In the case of State Vs. Dorau (124 Conn-165) our Supreme Court of Errors states, "The evil which arises out of such practices is that it fosters in men and women a desire to gain profit, not as a reward for skill or accomplishment, but solely by the lucky turn of chance, that it encourages in them the gambling instinct and that it makes its appeal to the baser elements in their nature.

"In the 1820s the moral reformers entered still another field by questioning for the first time the propriety of conducting lotteries". In 1809 and 1810 several requests to conduct lotteries had been turned down because of the financial condition of the state "but nothing was said of the moral issue." "About 1826, however, a different sentiment seems to have appeared". In that year a group of ministers of the New Haven County West Association discussed the question. "The editor of the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER on November 11, 1826, was loud in his condemnation, stating that "the practice of lottery gambling has assumed an alarming aspect in this state.....Lotteries, we shall maintain, are gambling institutions and like them promote immorality, poverty, idleness, discontent and misery"!

"The next year the legislature rejected almost unanimously the petition of the Military Academy of Middletown to raise $20,000 by a lottery, on the grounds that the practice was highly injurious to the morals and best interests of the community!" (The Second Great Awakening--p.160).

In 1828 penalties were increased for unauthorized lotteries and they were again revised in 1830 with more detailed restrictions. This changed state of mind of the legislature reflected the opposition of the religious leaders throughout the state at that time. "With the change of opinion, laws were enacted forbidding lotteries, and the churches passed votes of disapproval." (History of Conn. Vol. V-Osborn)

In commenting on lotteries, the Supreme Court of Errors has defined what a lottery is in its general sense. They outline that there is, (1) a prize; (2) a chance; and (3) a price, as the essentials of the usual lottery. However, in tracing the history of the Connecticut law, they point out that our statutes go further than that. "Our statutes then prohibit not merely lotteries in the strict sense of the term, but certainly covers enterprises of the general nature of lotteries wherein chance is the predominating element, even though those who participate directly risk no money or property of their own". (124 Conn-168)

Later, the legislature passed the Bingo Law and one form of lottery became legal in this state under the restrictions set up by that body. Other than this one change, the laws have remained

substantially the same. The laws on gaming in general have changed over the years. According to the Statutes of 1808, the mere possession of playing cards was considered a crime, and many other forms of games, now accepted, were outlawed. Our forefathers must have felt that the ends justified the means when they permitted lotteries while dealing so harshly with other forms of gaming.

In closing may we present a poem used in advertising a firm of lottery promoters in Boston from The Olden Time Series of Books:

"In the fish pond of fortune men angle always,
Some angle for titles, some angle for praise,
Some angle for favour, some angle for wives,
And some angle for naught all the days of their lives.
Ye who'd angle for wealth and would fortunes obtain
Get your books baited by Kidder, Gilber, and Dean".

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TUPPY WRIGHT RECALLS

Old Days In Police Department

Recently we read of the intended examination of 40 prospective policemen by the Board of Police Commissioners. The board is made up of five members, three Republicans and two Democrats. This is the same name the board had in the early 1890s. In 1895, the name was changed to the Board of Public Safety, with jurisdiction over the Fire Department as well as police. About 35 years later, the two departments were again separated and two distinct boards named.

For many years we were present when would-be policemen were examined. The examination was one of those things that looked good in print. The commissioners were just as "ordinary" as the charter described them, and still designates our police as "ordinary patrolmen." Most of the commissioners had little conception of the book of rules for Police Departments, but plenty of experience in ward politics. John S. Monagan, you know, was the man who decreed that every police candidate must be a high school graduate. We presume, that being so, the coming session will be one of the strictest ever held by any Police Board.

No board has the legal right to transact public business behind closed doors and so we presume the hearing will be open to the public, including newspapermen.

We haven't the least idea of the sort of questions that are to be propounded, but we can recall some of the questions in days long gone.

For instance, if we were examining the would-be copper, our first question would concern some of the legal titles now being carried by the various branches of the Police Department.

"How many officers of the department are now using the term, 'superintendent' as head of the various divisions of the force?"

"How many legal superintendents are actually called for under the terms of the city charter?"

"Have you ever read 'Beach on the Statutes,' and who was Beach?"

"Have you ever read 'Rigney on Evidence,' and who was Rigney?"

"Have you ever read 'Lynny on Law at a Glance,' and who was Lunny?"

"Who was 'Squeeky Boots Morway' and why did he wear 'squeeky boots?'"

"How many 'Hickeys' are identified with police work in Connecticut? Name them."

"Name the first fingerprint expert connected with the Waterbury Police Department. Is he dead or living?"

"Is Joe Bendler's definition of crime confined to the boundary lines of Waterbury, or is it accepted generally?"

"Name the first mounted police officer and tell why he was 'thrown from his job'."

"Who was Chester Allen?"

If the present nervous candidates were to look up the authorities mentioned and quoted here, it might be to their advantage in the coming examination.

But who really knows?

---Waterbury American

THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Back of every man is the boy that made him; back of every woman is the girl she was.

The boys and girls in their teens are the most important people in the world. It is they who settle all the great questions of life. These great matters are: What calling are you going to follow? What are you going to do with your ideals? What will be your philosophy of life, will you be material, egotistic or altruistic, and a lover of right and beauty? All of these subjects are disposed of by the children under twenty.

It is the boy that selects the trade or profession the man has to follow. It is the girl who chooses the husband the woman has to put up with all her life. It is the child that, as a rule, determines the religion the adult must adhere to until death or be called an infidel.

When we remember that the most weighty, important, and fateful issues are in the control of the children, we realize that the happiness of this world is in the hands of the boys and girls.

All of Caesar's conquests, Webster's eloquence, Gladstone's statecraft, and Thorwaldsen's art was but the outcropping of what they each had seen in the vision of youth.

A grown man never had a "great idea" that cannot be traced back to youth.

We look on the age between ten and twenty as a sort of interlude to life. Their babyhood was ours, their manhood is their own, their teenhood is nothing. There is need to remember that teenagers need more love, more companionship, more sympathy, and more attention than they ever needed before or will again. ---Mutual Moments

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POSTMORTEMS

Because he believed that the public did not "sufficiently realize the importance of postmortem examination," the late Lord Dawson gave specific instructions in his will as to how such an examination should be made on his own body.

Lord Dawson, who served twice as president of the British Medical Association, gave his views on the importance of a postmortem examination to medical science in these words:

"I do this because I think the public do not sufficiently realize the importance of postmortem examinations being made and the advantages to knowledge and therefore to future generations which will accrue. We do not hesitate to have operations performed on our bodies when we are alive and circumstances require it. Why then should we mind operations (which are done with the same care, the same gentleness, and, I may add, the same reverence) being done to our bodies when we are dead? Surely this is rightful service which the dead should give to the living. The benefit of such service to the living is very great."

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SHERIFF ARRESTS AND JAILS SELF FOR "MURDER"

This is the story of a sheriff who arrested and jailed himself for "murder".

A news dispatch related of Sheriff E. W. Miles of Bryan country, Pembroke, Ga. killing a bootlegger, and the bootlegger's son swearing out a warrant for the sheriff's arrest. We wrote to the sheriff for an explanation. His replying letter follows:

"James K. Strickland, a bootlegger, had repeatedly told me and other people, and had even been to my house when I was not there and told my wife and children that he was going to kill me if I didn't quit bothering with his business, which was illicit whiskey stills. On the day that I shot him I was parked in the middle of Pembroke, our home town. He drove up beside me and parked--very drunk--got out of his car, came over to my car where another man and I were talking, and started an argument, and said that one or the other of us was "going to Hell today". So I tried to arrest Strickland for driving drunk and disorderly conduct. He resisted arrest and tried to get hold of

my pistol and fought me severely. That is when I shot him, with my pistol barrel in his stomach.

"I immediately went to jail and called the State Patrol and Investigators to come and investigate. The next morning the dead man's son swore out a warrant charging me with murder, and the Coroner came to the jail and served the warrant on me. I called for a hearing before the judge of the Superior Court the day after Strickland's funeral. The judge cleared me of all charges, although the matter can and will be taken up before the Grand Jury at the November term of Superior Court.

"Strickland has a large family connection and a lot of bootlegger friends who are pushing me hard. Strickland lived about fifty yards from where I live. He has never been known to do anything much except make what we call "moonshine liquor".

"I am still Sheriff and will be so long as I wear the badge. I have destroyed two big moonshine stills this week, and will continue to enforce the laws to the best of my ability as long as I live. There are a lot of good people who believe in law enforcement. These are the people I represent.

"Thanks for writing, and best regards to the Sheriffs Association."

Yours truly,
E. W. Miles, Sheriff.

(Reprinted from Sheriffs News Letter)

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THE LITTLE ACORNS ON
CHARTER OAK BRIDGE

Last evening gave us opportunity to look over the departmental organ published by the employees of the Charter Oak Bridge. "The Khronic Komplainer" is a new publication in the state service. It is dedicated to the "Little Acorns" at Charter Oak Bridge. The Editor, Fall N. Acorn, informs his readers "the magazine without politics, favor or friends is independently edited and published by the personnel of the Charter Oak Bridge, and is no way connected with the Hartford Bridge Commission. LUCKY GUYS!!

We extend our congratulations, a little late, perhaps, but none the less sincere. Any group publishing a departmental magazine without funds, deserves rare commendation from "us taxpayers." Vox-Cop also congratulates the Bridge Commission's personnel for the courtesies and wholehearted cooperation given daily to C.S.P. Our troopers are constantly reporting instances of services rendered to motorists patronizing the Charter Oak Bridge.

"The Little Acorns" on the Charter Oak Bridge know how to work in harmony with the public and their associates in the public service. Cordial relations of this kind make it a better world for all of us. Have you noticed the friendly toll collectors are continually extending a welcome hand to all who pass through the "Golden Gates".

A smile, a cordial greeting and a pleasant thank you with each dime makes friends for everyone, including the troopers on patrol. A contented motorist forgets his haste en route to Boston or New York. "Keep 'Em Rolling" within reason and all's well. Good public relations help everyone.

The emergency services rendered by "The Little Acorns" on the Bridge save many a trooper being marooned over the Connecticut River, especially in the rain, sleet, snow and during wintery blasts.

Vox-Cop urges each trooper passing through the "Golden Gates" to salute the "Little Acorns" with a Merry, Merry Christmas, and a Happy, Happy New Year.

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When Charles M. Schwab had not yet become a great man in his own right in the field of steel, he worked for Andrew Carnegie. The little Scotsman taught him one of the hard lessons of the commercial world. "All records broken yesterday," Schwab wired his chief. In reply, Carnegie telegraphed. "What have you done today?"

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Give a woman driver an inch and she'll take a fender. ---Howard Crimson

POLICE PAY FINAL TRIBUTE TO LT. PETTIT

Policemen of Connecticut cities and the State Police Department joined with Waterbury policemen November 24 in paying final honors to Lt. Joseph H. Pettit, director of the Bureau of Accident Investigation and Prevention, at Waterbury, after his death.

Lt. Pettit was appointed a supernumerary patrolman of the Waterbury Police Department Oct. 18, 1922. He was active in the Connecticut State Police Association and was vice-president and a member of the legislative committee of that assocation.

A resolution on the death of Lt. Pettit was passed unanimously by the House at the State Capitol. The resolution called attention to Lt. Pettit's 20 years' service in the Waterbury Police Department and to his assistance to all police in the state through his activities as legislative representative of the CSPA.

The following message was sent to all police departments in Connecticut by Police Supt. John A. Lyddy, of Bridgeport, secretary of the Connecticut State Police Association, of which Lt. Pettit was a vice-president.

"In the death of Lt. Joseph Pettit of Waterbury, the State Police Association of Connecticut has lost not only a valued member, a dear and trusted friend, but a consistent and tireless worker. He has acted as chairman of our legislative committee for a number of years and his services have been invaluable. We are all deeply sorrowed by his death. In recognition of his true devotion to the police profession and his untiring efforts in behalf of every police department in this state it would be fitting if every police department in Connecticut would send a representative to his funeral. May his soul rest in peace and may he be judged by his many good acts in this life."

Bearers and the color guard at the funeral consisted of brother officers of the Waterbury police department.

The list of honorary bearers was headed by Mayor Raymond Snyder and included public and police officials from throughout the state. CSP delegation included Lt. William Gruber and Officer Edward J. Dooling.

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The Washburn Family extends sincere thanks to members of the State Police for their sympathy and kindness.

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"BILL" ROBINSON

"Bill" Robinson, the tap dancer who died last week in New York City was well known in National police circles. His respect for policemen amounted almost to a mania. In every city he visited, his first stop was the police station and he had badges and courtesy cards from hundreds of departments. He was a special deputy sheriff of New York County and carried a gold badge in a diamond-studded [illegible].

[illegible] being threatened by kidnappers he received a gold-inlay-pearl handled pistol from patrolmen of the Highland District. We will miss his frequent visits to Connecticut police stations.

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The Schubert Family extend sincere thanks to the State Police for their sympathy and kindness.

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STATE POLICE BUILD OVERSIZED CHIMNEY TO MEET PARTY-NEEDS OF SANTA CLAUS

When Santa Claus pays his visit to the annual Christmas party at the Hartford Barracks of State Police he will descend in a specially made chimney.

The party, which will be given for the children of the personnel of State Police Headquarters and Hartford Barracks, will be held in the upper garage at the barracks December 22 at 4:30 p.m.

Lieutenant Henry M. Mayo, who will be host to some 50 children at the party, said recently that there is no chimney in the garage. At last year's party Santa arrived in a jeep.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

Laundry Marks And Crime

Charles Ways

Anyone who uses a dry-cleaning or commercial laundry service is likely to have a mark or number on file at police headquarters.

About 500,000 laundries' and cleaners' marks are now on file at headquarters of the Nassau County Police in Mineola, Long Island. This unique collection, the largest in the world, has been patiently acquired by Acting Captain Adam Yulch, international laundry-mark expert. Since he started this laundry-mark file, state and city police throughout the country have set up similar bureaus.

Within the last ten years, through the use of these marks, several hundred crimes have been solved, including murders, thefts, and suicides. Laundries' and cleaners' marks also are invaluable for identifying victims of drowning, automobile accidents, or amnesia. During the last two years, Captain Yulch alone worked on about 191 cases and at this date has solved 135 of them.

Cleaners' marks once enabled Brooklyn police to restore stolen property to its owner even before its loss was discovered. The property, which included considerable clothing, was recovered upon the arrest of two burglars. Captain Yulch was called in to identify the clothing and, through the cleaners' marks, was able to trace it to a city fifty miles distant. The local police of the city were then informed that a burglary had been committed. The owner, who was spending the winter in Florida, was as surprised as his hometown's police were.

Although laundry marks are known to have been used occasionally in police work since 1883, they have never been catalogued before 1937. Adam Yulch, then a detective on the Nassau County force, brought three bank robbers to justice through the use of a cleaner's mark. That gave him the idea for a central clearing bureau. By 1939, he had catalogued about twenty-five thousand marks and had used them to crack some of the toughest cases in the New York area.

Clothing and linen are marked in various ways, such as by machine, stencil, pen, indelible pencil, and a process which leaves a mark that can only be seen under ultraviolet light.

At first glance, many laundries' and cleaners' marks seem alike. Upon close examination, however, they prove to be as different as fingerprints. The six-pointed stars used by Chinese laundries, for instance, show endless variations when put under a magnifying glass. Other types of marks include letters, numerals, or symbols, alone or in combination.

Some cleaning and laundry plants, however, have never used marks for identification and, because of the effectiveness of marks in police work, there has recently been some talk of passing legislation that would require all plants to use marks and to register them with the proper authorities. A step in this direction was taken in California a short time ago, when a bill, requiring all cleaners to register their marks with the state department of justice, was introduced in the legislature. Police would be very happy if such laws were passed in all forty-eight states, for they would then have an almost perfect identification system for about ninety per cent of our population.

---Cosmopolitan

HOMOSEXUALS IN UNIFORM

(A recent case in Connecticut prompts this reprint. It answers inquiries about military discharges in such cases.)

Although Army regulations strictly forbade the drafting of homosexuals, scores of these inverts managed to slip through induction centers during the second world war. Between 3,000 and 4,000 were discharged for this abnormality; others were released as neuropsychiatric cases. In June 1947, with most of the records on homosexuals tabulated, Army medical officers, for the first time, summed up their strange story.

To screen out this undesirable soldier-material, psychiatrists in induction-station interviews tried to detect them (1) by their effeminate looks or behavior and (2) by repeating certain words from the homosexual vocabulary and watching for signs of recognition. In some instances, the urinary hormone-secretion test showed a higher degree of estrogens (female hormones) than androgens (male hormones), just the opposite of a normal man, but this test was too uncertain and too expensive to try on every inductee.

Frequently, a latent homosexual, who had no knowledge of his predilection, was inducted into the service, only to develop alarming symptoms in camp and on the battlefield. Many of these men refused to admit homosexuality even to themselves, and went to elaborate lengths to prove their masculinity. One of these ruses was regular and conspicuous absence without leave, always with female companions. Often the soldier's primary trouble was not discovered until he was haled before Army psychiatrists on an AWOL charge.

From case histories in Army files, these facts about homosexuals were gleaned:

They topped the average soldier in intelligence, education, and rating. At least 10 per cent were college graduates; more than 50 per cent had finished high school. Only a handful were illiterate.

Including all ages, there were more whites than Negroes in this group. They came mostly from the cities rather than the country.

Although the majority had no family history of nervous or mental disease, many were from homes broken by divorce or separation. In many instances the man had been brought up by his mother as a girl, or had been an only son in a large family of girls. About half assumed a "feminine" role, the other half "masculine." Most were either unmarried or had made a failure of marriage.

As a whole, these men were law-abiding and hard-working. In spite of nervous, unstable, and often hysterical temperaments, they performed admirably as office workers. Many tried to be good soldiers.

Once this abnormality was detected, the man was usually evacuated by the unit doctors to a general hospital where he received psychiatric treatment while a military board decided whether or not he was reclaimable. A good number begged to be cured, but doctors usually doubted their sincerity and recommended discharge. At least half of the confirmed homosexuals, one psychiatrist estimated, were well-adjusted to their condition and neither needed nor would respond to treatment. The majority, therefore, were released.

THE BLUE DISCHARGE: Early in the war, the homosexuals were sent up for court-martial, but in 1943-1944, the Army decided to separate most of them quietly with a "blue" discharge (neither honorable nor dishonorable) unless some other breach of military law had been committed. The Army announced a stiff new policy, effective July 1, 1947.

Instead of leaving service with the vague and protective "blue" discharge, the homosexuals who had not been guilty of a definite offense received an "undesirable" discharge. A few of this group with outstanding combat records might receive an honorable discharge. Those found guilty of homosexual violence or of impairing the morals of minors received a "yellow" or dishonorable discharge. ---Newsweek

STRANGE OATHS

(Canadian Police Gazette)

Scarcely a week passes in which magistrates are not called upon to deal with cases in which the defendants are nationals of foreign countries.

When such cases are down for hearing, clerks of courts must have ready the form of oath which exists in the defendant's country. Often the task of finding the appropriate oath, or the articles in connection therewith, is a difficult one. Seldom will a foreigner agree to take any but the oath known to him.

Recently, when a Buddhist appeared in the witness box, he took the following oath:

"I declare, as in the presence of Buddha, that I am unprejudiced, and if what I shall speak shall prove false, or if by colouring truth others shall be led astray, then may the three Holy Existences, Buddha, Dhanima, and Pro Sangha, in whose sight I now stand, together with the Devotees of the 22 Firmaments, punish me and my migrating soul."

When a Chinese witness or defendant takes the stand he is handed a saucer. Kneeling, he breaks it into pieces and than declares: "I tell the truth and the whole truth. If not, as that saucer is broken, may my soul be broken like it." There is one substitute for this oath which is acceptable to a Chinese witness or defendant. In such cases where saucers are not available, a candle is lit and placed before the witness who is then instructed to blow it out and repeat--"If I fail to speak the truth, may the light of my soul be extinguished like that of the candle."

Parsees accept two forms of oath. One--the most popular--requires a holy book, the Zendanesta. If this book is unobtainable--as is often the case--the alternative is adopted. Around the wrist of the witness is bound a piece of string--a "holy cord" and he is sworn as follows: "I swear that the evidence which I shall give shall be the truth, by God: God omnipresent, the God omnipotent, the God Almighty."

The Jewish witness takes the oath on the Old Testament with his head covered. Should the witness come to court bareheaded he will place his left hand, or even a piece of paper, on his head. The Arab, on the other hand, places his right hand upon his forehead and his left hand upon his back. Bending slowly he then kisses the Koran. This done, the following query is put to him: "By the ceremony that you have just performed, are you bound by your conscience to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

At the Nuremburg trials, two years ago, a special oath was prepared for the unique occasion, but the text of this has yet to be published.

---Reprinted from ON GUARD

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EVIDENCE IS EVIDENCE NO MATTER HOW OBTAINED

A man's home may be his castle but his stomach is another matter.

A Superior Court judge ruled that California police officers need not obtain a search warrant before pumping out a suspect's stomach for evidence.

Judge W. Turney Fox convicted Anthony Rochin, 22, truck driver, of possession of narcotics despite pleas by his attorneys that use of a stomach pump against a man's will is the same as forcing him to testify against himself.

Officers testified that after they broke into Rochin's room last July he swallowed two morphine capsules lying on a table. The capsules later were retrieved and used as evidence against him.

Judge Fox expressed sympathy but said the California Supreme Court had ruled that evidence is admissible no matter how it is obtained.

(Ed.'s Note: We have a similar ruling in Connecticut.)

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While playing in the street, 760 children were killed and 50,510 injured last year.

KNOW THE LAW

Q. Is it proper to hold, in our State Police Barracks, a suspect in a murder case pending a Coroner's inquest?

A. Yes. Reference: Section 485, chapter 20, General Statutes, Revision 1949.

"POWER OF CORONER IN SECURING EVIDENCE. For the purpose of securing evidence, the coroner may enter any and all places in his county; shall have power to issue a warrant for a jury inquest, to compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses by subpoena and capias issued by him or other proper authority and to punish for contempt to the same extent as justices of the peace may in criminal cases; he may order and cause witnesses to be kept separate so that they cannot communicate with one another until they shall have testified; he may order or cause any person or persons whom he has good reason to suspect of having criminally caused the death in regard to which he is holding an inquest to be arrested and committed to the county jail or other proper place; he shall have power to take bail in such cases or to commit without bail when in his opinion the person arrested is guilty of a capital offense and when the proof against such person is evident or the presumption great. When bail shall be taken, it shall be to the state and shall be conditioned for the appearance of the person so arrested before the superior court for such county at its next criminal session. Any person so arrested and admitted to bail may be rearrested and committed by the coroner without bail when, in the opinion of the coroner, the proof shall be evident or the presumption great that such person is guilty of a capital offense. In no case shall any person be kept under arrest by an order from a coroner for a longer time than twenty-four hours after the finding of a verdict by the jury or after the finding by the coroner in such inquest; and, at any time before such finding, whenever the grounds on which a person so arrested shall cease to exist in the opinion of the coroner he shall order the release of such arrested person."

The proper place is the one designated by the coroner. When a barracks is selected by the coroner as a proper place to hold such suspects, it is necessary that a mittimus be issued by the coroner and that it designate the barracks as the proper place for holding the prisoner. Upon receiving such a mittimus from the coroner, the lieutenant in charge of the station is required to note on his station blotter the hour and date the mittimus was received; the prisoner's name; the hour and date that the prisoner was locked in a cell and the name of the officer who committed the suspect to the cell. All persons, including relatives of the accused, attorneys for the state or the accused, shall also be listed in the blotter; also the hour and date that the prisoner was released from the barracks and on what authority.

If, brought to the jail or discharged by the coroner, such notation shall be made on the station blotter as to the hour and date of such action. In addition, each lieutenant is required to file a case report relating the same information recorded on the blotter.

Q. Is it legal to arrest, in Connecticut, without previous complaint or warrant?

A. Yes. Reference: Section 465, Chapter 20, General Statutes, Revision 1949.

"ARREST WITHOUT WARRANT. Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables, borough bailiffs, police officers, special protectors of fish and game and railroad and steamboat policemen, in their respective precincts, shall arrest, without previous complaint and warrant, any person for any offense in their jurisdiction, when such person shall be taken or apprehended in the act or on the speedy information of others, and members

of the state police department or of an organized local police department shall arrest, without previous complaint and warrant, any person who such officer has reasonable grounds to believe has committed or is committing a felony. Any person so arrested shall be presented with reasonable promptness before proper authority."

Again we point out that an officer is required to have reasonable grounds to believe a person has committed or is committing a felony. Note that this act does not include as believing one has committed a misdemeanor. The act, however, does provide for police officers to arrest without previous complaint and warrant any person for any offense in their jurisdiction, when such person shall be taken or apprehended in the act or on the speedy information of others. Note further that the person so arrested must be presented with reasonable promptness before proper authority. Proper authority may be a justice of the peace, a prosecuting attorney, any criminal court or a coroner.

Q. Can any married man and any woman who commit adultery be charged and prosecuted for such crime?

A. No. Reference: Section 8545, Chapter 422, General Statutes, Revision 1949.

"ADULTERY. Any man and any married woman who shall commit adultery with each other shall be imprisoned not more than five years."

The woman involved must be a married woman and it is necessary that the marriage in fact be proved. Not only is it necessary to produce the marriage certificate but a witness to the marriage of the woman, which, of course, could include her husband. Adultery involves moral turpitude and is an infamous crime. (Reference 112 Connecticut 274)

Photographs and fingerprints of both persons charged with adultery therefore are obtainable and required under our statute. (See Section 3653, Chapter 171, General Statutes, Revision 1949, relative to fingerprinting persons over 16 years of age charged with the commission of any crime involving moral turpitude.)

Q. Is it possible to arrest as of today any person for being intoxicated on any previous day because of the statements of witnesses that the person was seen intoxicated?

A. No. Reference: Section 8570, Chapter 432, General Statutes, Revision 1949.

"INTOXICATION. Any person found intoxicated shall be fined not more than twenty dollars or imprisoned in a jail or house of correction not more than thirty days."

To charge any person with intoxication it is necessary that that person be found intoxicated. The ommission of the word "found" in complaint bars a prosecution. (Reference: 25 Connecticut 9)

Q. Is an officer required to have a warrant to arrest a tramp or vagrant on sight or when such a person is found wilfully and maliciously causing injury to any person?

A. No. Reference: Section 8642, Chapter 424, General Statutes, Revision 1949.

"OFFICER MAY ARREST WITHOUT WARRANT. Any sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable, special constable, or policeman, upon view of any offense described in Section 8640 or 8641, or on speedy information thereof, may, without warrant, apprehend the offender and take him before any competent authority."

The reading of Sections 8640, 8641, 8642, 8644, 1949 Revision General Statutes is recommended to all police officers. Please note that in Section 8642 arrest without warrant may follow when an officer views any offense as described in Sections 8640, 8641, or on speedy information thereof. Tramps who wilfully and maliciously injure any person or found carrying any firearms or dangerous weapons shall be imprisoned in the State's Prison not more than three years. State prison sentence, therefore, is mandatory and cases of this kind cannot be disposed of on this charge in justice, town or city police court.

CRIME LABORATORY

By Francis W. Russell
Executive Secretary, The Joint Committee of State Mental Hospitals

The moralists have always preached that "crime does not pay." The Connecticut State Hospital laboratory at Middletown can prove it.

Why a state mental hospital laboratory which usually conducts clinical examinations of sputum, urine, blood, spinal fluid, tissues and many other varied biochemical, bacteriological and serological examinations should be mixed up in crime is an interesting story.

The State of Connecticut does not maintain a toxicological and forensic medicine laboratory as such. Perhaps it should and the way is pointed by such scientific and research men as Dr. Joseph A. Beauchemin and hospital superintendent, Dr. Edgar C. Yerbury. The latter sees the various departments of the state as being related one to the other. Just as one state institution maintains a large laundry and does the work for a nearby state institution so too does the pathological laboratory at Middletown handle many items of evidence from the victim, assailant, or the scene of an accident or crime in Connecticut which the State Police feel needs the attention of the laboratory before and during the actual tracking down of the criminal.

Take it from Dr. Beauchemin himself—"any odds in favor of the criminal or the wrongdoer as over against the laboratory instruments and deadly accuracy of the chemical, electrical and physical sciences do not make a safe bet." Case after case on file in the laboratory prove this to be true.

Of the many pieces of apparatus in the laboratory the newest and most valuable instrument is one which can make a very fine, accurate measure of the presence of metallic or inorganic elements in a given substance. It is probably one of four in the entire State. To the casual reader this may be relatively unimportant. This instrument by means of polarography can make an analysis of paints, poisons, metals, glass and thousands of other substances in one-half to one-tenth the usual time required by "old-fashioned" chemistry. In accuracy there is no comparison. The findings of the instrument stand up in court when properly used as evidence.

Some weeks ago a car was speeding along a Connecticut highway. It was a dark, rainy night. The windshield wiper on the 1938 coupe wasn't working too well. The headlights had lost their brightness. The old car had seen better days and had been painted by the owner. The driver, having been with the "boys" had "had a beer or two."

Stop watch in hand, Dr. Joseph A. Beauchemin checks the mercury-drop time and galvanometer readings on the control panel of the polarograph to ascertain evidences of lead poisoning. The substance being tested is in the nitrogen purification and constant temperature bath to his left. This glass tank is connected to the polarograph by overhead wires.

That old coupe struck and killed a night worker walking home and the driver never knew it and nobody saw the tragedy. It so happened that the old car was stopped by a State trooper about two miles away when the driver knocked over a direction sign at an intersection. One hour later the body was discovered by another highway patrolman from a different barracks. The newspapers the next day carried a brief story together with some words which are becoming very familiar in Connecticut—"the remains were sent to the State pathological laboratory at Middletown for examination by Dr. Joseph A. Beauchemin, State Pathologist."

Minute fragments of paint found on the victim's outer clothing plus samples taken from the old coupe and coupled with some smart deductions on the part of the State police proved by means of polarography that no other car, weapon or person could have killed the pedestrian except the coupe. Argue as much as one wishes that there were thousands of cans of the identical brand of paint on the shelves of paint dealers in Connecticut, the laboratory instrument cannot and will not lie.

Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Cornelius Mulvihill considers a drunken driving case a personal issue between the motorist and himself. For several years now a controversy has raged as to the rights of the citizen in submitting or not submitting to a blood or urinanlysis test when faced with a drunken driving charge.

The apparatus set up at the Middletown "lab" can prove conclusively the physical and mental condition of a driver at the time of an accident. This test is so accurate that to date no defense lawyer in the State of Connecticut has ever won an acquittal for his client when the evidence submitted by the State had been handled correctly.

The "tolerance factor" doesn't enter into the test. The so-called tolerance of one thirsty individual is supposed to vary from that of another disciple of Bacchus. Perhaps a big fellow can put away a good quart and a half and never show it while the skinny little guy falls on his face after two jiggers. The laboratory, when it receives either a blood or urine sample, isn't interested in the physical characteristics of the accused. The presence of 0.15 alcohol in the blood or 0.20 alcohol in the urine means that Commissioner of Motor Vehicles Mulvihill will have words with you—very, very strong words.

The chemical test is mandatory in some States but not in Connecticut. But it is good to know that it is available to protect the innocent and convict the guilty. It accomplished the former good deed once when a young Connecticut driver's car went wild on the highway and caused considerable damage. Arraigned on charges of driving under the influence of liquor, the young man was exonerated when the laboratory proved that no alcohol had been consumed by the unfortunate driver but he had passed out from the effects of sulfathiazole prescribed for him by an M.D.

The history of crime is liberally sprinkled with murder by poison. In a corner of the Middletown laboratory there is a large vapor hood under which a maze of retorts, glass pipes and condensers has been set up. This complicated apparatus is for the steam distillation, concentration, and reflex condensation methods used in the determination of poisons in body tissues and fluids.

Another crime weapon which figures prominently in establishing evidence and pointing the finger at a culprit is the stereoscopic microscope and the ultraviolet "black-light". This instrument can show and identify blood stains on a weapon, and even seminal stains on the clothing of a particular person. This is important in cases of rape. Here, too, body hairs of an assailant found on the clothing of his victim has resulted in conviction.

The work of the crime laboratory is not all drunken driving evidence and the detection of poisons. Far from it. Take the following cases as samples:

SAFE ROBBERY—the police nabbed a suspect, his alibi seemed unbreakable until the stereoscopic microscope matched some materials from the walls of the safe with the powdery contents of the suspect's trouser cuffs caught there when he chiseled through the safe walls. Right now he's only dreaming about safes, big ones with no walls at all.

ARMED ROBBERY—a bandit and his girl-friend stuck up a jewelry store. His girl made one mistake. She left behind a cigarette liberally smeared with lipstick. No, it wasn't just an ordinary lipstick. In fact, it was so unusual that the dye contained in it was the swan song for the partners. She hasn't used any lipstick for many months.

FORGERY—an ambitious man-about-town decided he needed a little extra money which wasn't in his checking account. He wrote several cheks, threw the ink bottle from which he filled his fountain pen into a vacant lot and blithely faced the world. He made several mistakes not the least of which was to spill some of his ink supply on his suit. The laboratory matched the signature on the checks, the ink bottle from the vacant lot and the spots on his pants. The judge and jury were quite convinced.

ARSON—A store owner feeling that business was too slow decided that his insurance company would ante up when his store was gutted by fire. Unfortunately (for him) he used bottles of alcohol from his own stock to start the conflagration, alcohol that was scented with rose water! The crime detectors made short work of certain pieces of evidence found at the fire. The storekeeper is now behind a counter serving a very restricted clientele. His shelves are stocked with shirts, pants and socks—all one color.

This story would be remiss if it did not point out several sorely-needed improvements in Connecticut's crime laboratory. It has no special budget appropriation with which to improve its facilities and engage probably three more technicians.

All of the police work done by the personnel in this department of the Connecticut State Mental Hospital is "extra-curricular". One could well say it is a labor of love. Much of the apparatus has been built with odd pieces of scientific equipment. The polarographic instrument, a picture of which is shown elsewhere in the article was made by Dr. Beauchemin for $350. It would cost the State $1800 if purchased.

It is the considered opinion of the State Pathologist that Connecticut now needs a toxicological and forensic medicine laboratory which could very easily be the present organization supported by adequate funds from the Legislature. Even though this article points out in a small way the magnificent work that is being done on a shoestring, only a fraction of many deserving police cases are being handled on the time available to the hospital staff and with the present laboratory.

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Vox-Cop reprints the editorial on "Make Your Influence Felt" from the Bridgeport Post which every member of CSP should read and study. State Police throughout the nation are constantly seeking aid to improve public relations. Some employ specialists, others promote publications, while many rely on press and radio releases to overcome the chronic problem of public relations. In Connecticut we have tried all procedures.

A good public relations program requires eternal vigilance. Every member of the force must be on the alert and made cognizant of aids that serve to establish and maintain good public relations. Good public relations begin on the highways. Our patrol forces are "First Aides" in public relations. Like the pebble thrown into the pool of water, the contacts made by motorists with patrol officers on the highway spread good or evil about a state police force. Good or bad public relations is "but the lengthened shadow of one man."

Better public relations exist when patrolmen work harmoniously and courteously with pedestrians and motorists. One patrolman's inattention to duty, discourtesy or indifference will defeat the efforts of 99 good men and destroy the good reputation of any agency. "Make Your Influence Felt" in your department, for the good of the state service. Be thoughtful, courteous and considerate when dealing in any manner with the public. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Think twice before you act. Keep calm, cool and collected. "Make Your Influence Felt."

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ON MAKING YOUR INFLUENCE FELT

Toss a pebble into a pool of water and you'll see the ever-widening wavelet move across the surface until every inch of shore is touched.

Think of that pebble as an idle word of gossip or rumor, as empty of motive as a stone tossed at random, and the same far-reaching effects can be imagined. Lives will be touched by suspicion, mistrust, and dislike by the careless word thoughtlessly dropped.

Fortunately, the same law of cause and effect works in more praiseworthy ways. Everwidening ripples of good influence can be set in motion as easily.

For example; an act of disinterested kindness will have an effect far beyond the good of the original deed, or the intent of the original doer. Like the wave started by the stone, the good news will be passed on and on, warming many a heart.

So it is with an idea dropped quietly in the center of a complacent company, turning them to organized action for the common welfare. "Every institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man." The far-reaching wave again!

Sometimes the pebble is but a passing word of praise or understanding or sympathy, soon forgotten by you. But others will cherish it over the years, and find nourishment in it for their drooping spirits.

So make your influence felt, never doubting its potential power. Toss in your pebble of generosity, of fair play, of righteous indignation, of faith in the ultimate decency of things. For like the pebble in the pool, the effect will someday register in places beyond your sight, beyond your life.

---Bridgeport Sunday Post

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SAFETY TIPS

Rude highway manners are disagreeable and dangerous. The consistent practice of road courtesy by everyone would reduce traffic accidents by at least one-half.

---Hfd. Automobiler

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"Lay off or you may be laid up" is the best advice that can be given to drinking drivers; even a small drink of an intoxicating beverage renders the average motorist many times less efficient in the operation of an automobile.

---Hfd. Automobiler

Pats and Slaps

Norwich, Conn.
November 9, 1949

Dear Sir:

The writer was involved in an accident on Route 15 just west of West Rock Tunnel on Saturday November 5, 1949 about 1:30 P.M.

The efficiency, the courtesy and kindness of the officers present at the scene was indeed something to remember. Especially is this true of your officer Joseph Pirri who contacted me.

Mr. Arthur W. Bushell, former Deputy Highway Commissioner, was with me and he too spoke of the gentlemanly and courteous manner in which the unfortunate situation was handled.

Not knowing to which barracks Officer Pirri is attached, the writer would appreciate it if you would convey the above remarks to him.

The writer knows personally several of your men stationed in this section, and they too are of the same fine caliber and type of men as Officer Pirri.

Respectfully yours,

Edward W. Jewett

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Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia
13th November 1949

Dear Sir:

Just about a month ago I had occasion to be travelling in my car between Worcester and Hartford, and while approaching Hartford was stopped by one of your patrolmen and warned in connection with my exceeding the posted speed limit.

I am taking the liberty of writing to you to express my appreciation for the manner in which my interview with the patrolman was conducted on his part, and for the courtesy and civility which he showed me.

He listened to what I had to say with both patience and careful attention and then explained to me the nature of my fault with care and courtesy and in a most friendly but respectful fashion. His statements about my driving were indisputably correct, as I was bound to admit, and I felt the warning ticket which he issued to me was most justly awarded.

If your training of the police is accurately reflected in the gentlemanly bearing of this officer, you have much to be proud of. His tact and good nature made this interruption to my journey more of a pleasant interlude than an irritating delay, and it would be the source of the greatest satisfaction to me if a word of praise to him could be entered in his record on my behalf.

For your convenience in identifying this officer, I enclose the warning with which I was issued. It is always a pleasure to drive through your state, which I do frequently, and to feel that I shall be equally pleasantly dealt with under similar circumstances in the future, which I shall nevertheless seek to avoid!

Very truly yours,

Richard H. L. Sexton

(The officer was Edward J. Sterniak---Ed.)

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November 5, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

I am an out-of-stater, namely from California, and I would like to register a protest against your Highway Patrol in its treatment of out-of-staters in re to speeding.

Last Monday I was completing the last leg of my eastward trip from California to relatives in New Hampshire. I was

travelling on your new Wilbur Cross Highway of which you are no doubt very proud and have a right to be as it is one of the finest stretches of highway in the country.

It is true that the postings of speed limits vary between 50 and 55 miles per hour. By contrast, the postings in Wisconsin are 65 m.p.h. and on some of the roads it would take expert drivers to maneuver some of their roads at that speed. In other states, speed limits are merely posted as guides where even the highway patrols cruise 10 m.p.h. in excess of the posted rates.

In view of the foregoing, one soon finds that on certain highways such as the Wilbur Cross, that it is very easy to cruise along at 65 m.p.h. with no strain on car,driver or to endanger other fellow travellers. Also, in view of other state's attitudes toward posted speed limits, one travelling across country is apt to use them as guides only.

In my case, Monday afternoon presented beautiful clear weather, dry pavement and light traffic. Several cars had passed me doing approximately 70 m.p.h. My speed was approximately 65-68 m.p.h. For a long time I was trailed by a Conn. car at this speed. Finally he passed me. Miles later he slowed down and I passed him and he then followed directly behind me. As he was a Conn. car and also the fact that others had passed me, I reasoned I was within the requirements of the law. However, a little south of Union, Conn., both the car following me and myself were flagged-down by a highway patrolman. After he had talked to the Conn. car he let him go on the excuse that the speed was due to either death or a funeral in the family. Why excess speed is needed after a death or for a funeral, I don't know. However, the officer said that he could have had a special permit had he requested it. But the fact still remains that he didn't and so was not within the bounds of the law. Furthermore, the officer did not take his name or check on the validity of the excuse.

In my case, the officer took me to the State Police barracks in Stafford, Conn. where I had to post bail. He said he'd write up the speeding ticket for 65 m.p.h. This required a bail of $24!! I also had a temporary driver's license which I had issued to me while my regular one was being reissued from the Calif. Motor Vehicle Dept. My regular license was sent to me at my California address but I had left the state before it arrived so unbeknown to me my temporary license expired 10-12-49 after a 60 day life. This cost me another $24 (!) on the charge of driving without a driver's license when I am a bonifide licensed operator but only due to a set of uncontrollable circumstances was I without a license.

These two charges, therefore, resulted in a $48 bail (same as a fine) against me. This is the most outrageous fine I ever heard of. One might believe that I was driving down the highway drunk, with no license plates, and carrying a car full of unregistered firing arms. I told the officer that $48 was a mighty stiff fine and he said it would teach me a lesson.

I have driven across this country eight times and have never had an accident or even caused anyone to be pushed over due to risky passing. Never have I been hailed down on the open highway by a highway patrol. So this extreme treatment has certainly aroused my anger to its nth degree.

In re to the lesson the officer thought he was teaching me, it would have been much more effective by merely telling me to take it easy from here on out and that the posted speed limits meant what they said. As it is, I feel extremely bitter toward the state of Conn. and especially its highway patrol. Also by letting the fellow go who was following me on the pretext of a flimsy excuse that wasn't even validated proves to me that out-of-staters are extremely vulnerable targets.

If all states started treating out-of-staters as I was treated, the animosity created would create civil war. If a stranger came to my home and did something of which I didn't approve, I wouldn't knock his head off on his first offense of one of my house rules; I would merely point out his violation and

ask him not to repeat it. Next time he came he'd probably respect my request and even have a warm feeling for me.

My only purpose for writing this letter to you was to let you know how out-of-staters were being treated in your state. By realizing this, I hope in some way you can exert your influence to put a stop to such treatment and by so doing spread good feeling among states instead of breeding hatred with which the world is already too choked.

Very truly yours,

H. Samson

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Dear Commissioner:

Thanks a lot for the prompt and thorough service you and the Department afforded me last Wednesday and Thursday. I knew when I called and asked to talk with you that it would not be long before the person about whom I called would be investigated. Believe me when I tell you that we were very much relieved when Officer S. Rome came to our home. We knew that from then on we could rest assured that this person would give us no further trouble or annoyance. I hesitated to make such complaint. However I felt there was no other way by which this person would be convinced that the method by which we live does not approve of actions such as his on the date of November 16th.

And by the way let me compliment Officer S. Rome. He certainly was a perfect gentleman during all the time we were in contact with him. Those of us who have had occasion to contact our State Police Department can readily understand the reason for it's efficiency. Gentlemen like you and Officer Rome make it what it is. When you see him say "hello" and "thank you" for Mrs. M. and myself.

Hoping I will find no further reason to enter any other complaint and wishing you a very pleasant holiday season and all the happiness you so richly deserve I am

A. B. Moran

Dear Commissioner:

I want to express to you my sincere admiration of the conduct of Officer Benjamin Davis during his investigation immediately following the accident in which my car was involved on the Merritt Parkway, November 8, 1949.

Not only did Officer Davis take over the handling of heavy traffic on the Parkway in such an efficient manner that no one else became involved - but his concern for the safety and comfort of Mrs. Delaney and the writer demonstrated that he had very human qualities as well.

It is impossible for one to have had such a pleasant encounter with one of your boys without wanting to tell you about it. I have always had very high respect for our State Policemen, and I think that Officer Davis did his job just the way you would have wanted him to.

Carl Delaney
Wethersfield, Conn.

******

Bridgeport 31, Connecticut
November 9, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

I would like to call your attention to the courtesy and helpfulness of one of your officers. During Monday morning of this week I was experiencing some difficulty in repairing a flat tire on the Merritt Parkway near Westport. One of your officers, whose badge number I obtained and which is No. 88, stopped and rendered a great deal of assistance so that I might continue on my way.

This officer's courtesy and helpfulness certainly earned the gratitude of myself and my family who were with me. I would certainly like to take this opportunity to highly commend him to you.

Very truly yours,

Arthur A. March

(The Officer was Frank DeFilippo--Ed.)

Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.
ELdorado 5-5800
383 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York
Advertising

November 14, 1949

The State Police Headquarters
Ridgefield
Connecticut

Gentlemen:

Yesterday afternoon my 17 year old son met with an accident due entirely to his own carelessness -- taking his eyes from the road for a minute, he side-swiped a telegraph pole as your records will show.

My only reason for this letter is to express my appreciation to the officer on the scene whose name and number my son has, but unfortunately I did not get. He handled my son in a serious, constructive and understanding manner, and left with him an impression which it is the father's hope will last for many years to come.

After completing his report with Bill, I overheard a conversation that went something like this, "Bill, I now have the choice of whether to arrest you or not. I am not going to arrest you, for I really believe you have learned a lesson. This accident was due to carelessness and not recklessness. I am now making out a warning slip for you which I want you to read carefully and then destroy. Get back in the car as soon as you can and drive, and don't let this accident unnerve you." Then he turned to me and said, "Bill is a good boy."

In the morning light of the day after--what might have been a tragic event, did have its virtues. On the one hand we have a damaged car, on the other we have the satisfaction of no one hurt, no other car damaged, and three young people who are much wiser for the experience they've gone through -- for which the policeman is mainly responsible.

Will you convey to him my sincere thanks for his understanding of the situation and his handling of my boy.

Sincerely yours,

John Johns

JJ:md

(The Officer was Joseph Pirri of Station "A".--Ed.)

Bad, Cheap Stuff, Al Capp

Al Capp, cartoonist creator of Li'l Abner, which daily amuses Times readers who enjoy such things, was engaged to enliven a session of the New England Council last week at Boston. He tried to be funny and the laughter which greeted some of his wisecracks indicated that he succeeded to a degree.

However, there was nothing funny about what he said about the Connecticut State Police and it left a bad taste in the mouth of everyone who knows anything about Colonel Hickey's fine organization.

Capp tried to pick something in every State for a gibe at its Governor. Apparently he couldn't think of anything special about Connecticut so he fell back on the old chestnut of police discourtesy and roughness with motorists and sought to pin it on our State Police.

Outsiders may not know it, and have gotten the wrong impression from what he said, but courtesy and helpfulness are among the first tenets of the State Police code. Al Capp or someone he knows may have stumbled upon a rare exception, but we doubt even that.

His crack was untrue and unjustified and did a serious injustice to a fine body of men. This newspaper resents it and regrets that the remark should have been made by anyone who has even an indirect connection with the paper. ---*The Hartford Times*

NOT SKINKING

By Victor Gilbert

Some people cause deserved resentment by making foolish statements. One such had been invited to speak along with the six New England Governors before the New England Conference last week at the John Hancock Hall in Boston. After listening to a splendid, united, forward looking up program advanced by the governors, this character was introduced. It seems he writes some kind of a comic strip (which a certain audience reads in sundry newspapers) and has given forth with an animal characterization called a "shmoo". This entitles a little Abner to sit at the same head table with those whom we elected to be executives of our state governments. even as it entitles him to cast disparaging remarks about our bureaus and our executive functions. 'Lil Abner would have much better manners than his creator, who, it appears was not a little disgruntled when a state officer called him to task for violating the motor vehicle code on the Merritt Parkway. He admits that he broke the law, but he condemns the Connecticut constabulary for bringing the infraction to his attention! Before a meeting of one thousand people, this author brands discourteous the Connecticut State Police and condemns the whole department. Now really!

Speaking first for myself, I have never known one act of discourtesy on the part of Ed Hickey's men. Rather have I found them bend backward to be accommodating, to help and aid the passing motorist, be he from Connecticut, New York or any state. John Kelly would not have stood for discourtesy, Major Carroll does not contenance it and the run of officers in the state police is not the breed of men who would indulge in it. Frank Murphy, of the Hartford Times, called this insult a challenge. He expressed the wish that Capp had remained after the meeting to give him a chance to confront him with the truth and a few representatives of the police. He said we were proud of our men and that we mean to encourage them. Well, this writer agrees. We think they are the finest in our land.

Capp was invited to be a clown at the annual two-day meeting of the New England Council, an organization dedicated to the development and expansion of commerce and industry in our New England States.

But,the comic-stripper felt criticism of our state police was his important contribution. He added Rhode Island for an additional beef and Massachusetts as good measure. Relenting, he spared Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, feeling no doubt, that he had climbed too far out on a limb.

Even his presenting to each of the Governors his newest source of income, a "Kigme", failed to soften the effect of the small boy outburst--his indignation at a state policeman for doing his duty. ---The Ridgefield Press

HERE'S HOW ABOUT IT, AL

Some days ago The Times discussed unfavorably a section of a speech made at a meeting in Boston by Al Capp, creator of the comic strip, "Li'l Abner," in which he charged the Connecticut State Police with discourtesy towards motorists on the Merritt Parkway.

Elsewhere today is published a letter of reply, in which the creator of the cartoon feature which ppears daily in The Times, seems to imply that he was unfairly treated, since one paragraph pulled out of his speech was all that was noticed. That one paragraph was all he had to say about Connecticut. Since he devoted the whole of his remarks about the State to State Police discourtesy, that appeared to be the only thing he had found worth talking about. His remark was so sweeping as to indicate he regarded what he complained about as typical State Police procedure, instead of being confined to the few "un-housebroken cops" to whom he alludes in his letter.

The Times has no apologies to make for coming to the defense of the State Police, as an organization. No one would pretend that here and there and on occasion some officer might not succumb to provocation or otherwise fail to be courteous. However, by and large, we believe most citizens would agree that our State Police are not only an efficient lot but also that they are courteous and, in numerous instances go far out of their way to help motorists who find themselves in difficulties.

That's how about it, Al.

---The Hartford Times

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IN WHICH WE GIVE AL CAPP HIS SAY

To the Editor of The Times:

Last week my favorite Connecticut newspaper ran an editorial captioned "Bad, Cheap Stuff, Al Capp." It began with this, "Al Capp, cartoonist creator of 'Li'l Abner', which daily amuses Times readers who enjoy such things..." (newspaper readership surveys indicate that sixty per cent more Americans enjoy comics than they do editorials) and then went on to say that I had been "engaged" to speak at last week's session of the New England Governor's Round Table.

Here, The Times correspondent was guilty of sloppy reporting. "Engaged" infers that I had been hired to speak. There isn't enough money in all the New England States to hire me to listen to six other fellas making speeches. I was "asked" to speak, just as I am by the Red Cross, Vets organizations, Amputee Conferences, the Community Fund and, presently, a cross country tour for the March of Dimes. My "terms" for it were exactly my terms for all the rest --that I be permitted to say exactly what I pleased, with no editing, no "don'ts"--that I be permitted to speak honestly and, if necessary brutally. This is what I said, in full: And I'd like it very much if you'd run it in full--(What Mr. Capp said about Connecticut, the only matter discussed, is quoted in full.--Editor)--and let your readers judge whether they, as you do, regret that "such remarks" should have been made by anyone who has even an indirect connection with the paper.

"One of the most beautiful highways in America is the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut. The cops there wear the most beautiful uniforms. But, on this beautiful highway and by the officers in those beautiful uniforms--drivers are subjected to the ugliest sort of tongue-lashings--when they make the typical American error of going 60 miles an hour when the law says 50. A police officer is doing his duty and earning his pay when he stops a car for speeding. But, having done this--neither his uniform nor his job gives him the right to bellow at, and insult, and jeer at American drivers. New England could learn something from Old England. The English bobby treats the English citizen as though he were a human being. That would, I admit, be a startling idea to some American police officers--but a summons sticks just as fast, and the law is carried out just as efficiently, when the police officer treats the cul-

prit with courtesy instead of curses. Governor Bowles--this Kigmy is yours--to use the next time your official car is stopped and you're insulted by a Connecticut cop--something that is always happening to Governors in their own states!!"

I think that my speech indicates that, as a native New Englander, I am deeply proud of my New England, and that, in its entirety, it was a heartfelt and honest tribute to one section of America that has, in these nervous times, steadfastly adhered to the democratic principles that made America great. I think that it was "Bad, cheap stuff" to pull one paragraph out of my speech and give my friends in Hartford a cockeyed and unfair idea of the whole of it.

Now, in conclusion, let's get this matter of the State Police straight. I am delighted that "Courtesy and helpfulness are among the first tenets of the State Police Code." They darn well should be, as should courtesy and helpfulness be among the first tenets of the code of any employees of any great organization. Connecticut (where I was born) is a great organization, and its employees (the State Police) should give their employers, the citizens of the State, who pay their salaries, the courtesy and helpfulness that any employee owes to his employer.

I am sure that Colonel Hickey has done a fine job, and those of my family who still live in and around Connecticut tell me that he has. But, in any far-flung setup, like the State Police, there are those who flaunt its "tenets of courtesy and helpfulness," who continue to insult and terrorize the ordinary motorist. And the ordinary motorist is helpless. He doesn't go to Colonel Hickey, he doesn't get a chance to speak right out in meeting at the Council of Governors, he just takes his verbal tongue-lashing and crawls away, humiliated, resentful and utterly helpless. Well--it's those citizens I spoke for, the ordinary motorist--who you never hear of, and who Colonel Hickey never hears from--and the guys I spoke agin were those few unhousebroken State Cops, whose behavior hurts all the rest of a State Police that is outstanding for its efficiency and good manners. How about it, Hartford?

AL CAPP

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Waterbury, Conn.
December 3, 1949

Dear Mr. Hickey:

As a private citizen and as an alderman from the City of Waterbury, I wish to render my heartfelt thanks to you for the wonderful cooperation received from your department in escorting His Excellency Senator Joseph Bey Karam, from the Massachusetts State Line through Canaan to Waterbury, on Dec. 1st, 1949. We, in the State of Connecticut, are mighty proud of having you as the head of our State Police, and you, Mr. Hickey, can also be proud of the personnel connected with your department. Allow me to commend in particular Lieutenant Elton T. Nolan who received His Excellency and the delegation in such a manner that made all present admire the dicipline in your department. Officer John T. Small of the Ridgefield Barracks should also be commended for his gentlemanly conduct.

Officer Kielty, who escorted us from Canaan to Litchfield and Officer Duren, who took over from Litchfield to Waterbury, both have won our highest admiration for the way they led the colorful delegation. They were not only dignified with us but also they showed their dignity with all other motorists who happened to be on the highway.

Having been in charge of the arrangements, I consider the cooperation extended to us as a great honor and hope that I can be of service to you at some future time.

Respectfully and Gratefully Yours,

Naim A. Rizk

OFFICE OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SAFETY
CITY HALL
YONKERS 2, N. Y.

PATRICK F. O'HARA
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC SAFETY

November 30, 1949

Hon. Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner - State Police
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Commissioner:

Within the past month, members of your Department have apprehended on two different occasions fugitives who have fled after committing crimes in Yonkers.

The first was a shooting of a prominent local attorney by a Connecticut resident, and he and his wife were picked up by Officers Dimitro Pawchyk and George Turrell working out of your Westport Headquarters. The second occurred last night when Officer Arthur Lassen of Station I, Bethany, Conn. on very meagre information, picked up four occupants of a car who had committed an armed robbery in Yonkers.

I feel I would be remiss in not writing you direct to commend these men, as I think you will agree most of us are prone to criticize the lack of cooperation but neglect commending assistance such as was rendered our Department on both these occasions. The observation, detection and apprehension of the men involved in the above-mentioned cases makes us feel that, while they may escape our local jurisdiction, we are effectively protected on the outside periphery by organizations such as the Connecticut State Police.

Very truly yours,

Patrick F. O'Hara

PATRICK F. O'HARA
Commissioner of Public Safety

O'H:H

P.S. Officer Vincent Searles was also one of the officers assisting in this case.

New York 17, N.Y.
November 14, 1949

Dear Sir:

In driving to my home in Westport on the Merritt Parkway last Sunday, my car ran out of gas and we were forced to pull up to the side of the road. Running out of gasoline on the Merritt Parkway is a serious matter and such carelessness as we were guilty of will not recur, I hope.

The reason for writing you this note is to compliment you upon the efficiency of your State Police. Soon after we were stalled by the side of the driveway, Officer Pawchyk drove up, pushed our car off the highway onto the grass, radioed for gasoline, and kindly drove ahead a mile and a half to pick me up (for I had gotten out of the car to walk down to the nearest gas station), returned me to my wife who had been driving and saw to it that our car was refueled and put on the road again in running order.

Although Officer Pawchyk had some pointed remarks to make about running out of gasoline on the Merritt Parkway, all of which were true and justified, I cannot help but think of his overall courtesy and efficiency in this situation and as a grateful citizen, I think it only right that I send along this note of appreciation of the work that your splendid corps is doing.

Sincerely yours,

Arnold Bernhard

******

New Canaan, Conn.
November 15, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

I enclose a defective equipment ticket which I picked up on the Parkway from one of your officers on October 25th. It was defective wiring, which I had fixed the next day in Harrisburg. I neglected to send in the ticket because I completely forgot it.

However, I would be delinquent as a motorist in Connecticut if I did not commend you and the officer, whose name I cannot read, for the splendid, gentlemanly manner in which he conducted this case. He was most polite; it was raining; I was headed for Old Lyme, and he was quite solicitous of my trip through the inclement weather.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on how one looks at it, I have never been stopped by an officer anywhere and as a consequence have never had the opportunity of being interviewed.

I of course have heard a great deal about the splendid manner in which Connecticut State Police conduct themselves and I simply want to call it to your attention and completely endorse your Public Relations Program.

With sincere personal regards, I am,

Most cordially,

W. Burke Smith

(The officer was Emil T. Struzik, of Westport--Ed.)

******

Hartford, Conn.
November 22, 1949

Dear Sir:

I wish to commend Officer John T. Martin, No. 184 in the manner in which he handled a minor traffic violation. He was courteous and took corrective action which was very effective.

He is a credit to the Department of State Police and he reflected the excellent training and leadership of his superiors.

The manner in which this warning was given was far more effective than any other means. His explanation and discussion fully achieved corrective action on my part with a feeling that the State Police are truly a safety division.

Very truly yours,

J. L. Fearer

"SANDY SAYS"

Like everything else, after the horse gets stolen, everyone wants to lock the barn door. Last Saturday night two very nice young boys were killed when their car skidded on the sleet, which I know covered the road at the time, for I had but passed over it half and hour before the accident. And over near Strait's Rock above Boardman, young Jimmy McCarroll had an arm injured when the car he was riding in went off the road, turned over a couple of times and was only saved from going into the Housatonic due to the fact that a little two inch tree prevented the latter. Everyone is now calling for safety measures. We don't need safety measures, most youngsters know the rules. What we do need is repealing the law permitting young people to drive cars, even if we have to put on a curfew law. Another car that I know of was headed for Bridgewater one night recently, and it wasn't driven by a teen-ager either. It went off the road, turned over a couple of times and was considerably damaged. It was removed to a garage, no report made of the accident and everybody's happy. May be we should add about six cops to our local police force and see to it that a twenty-four hour patrol is kept.

And speaking of cops--who was? Al Warner was going fishing early one day last week, say about four-thirty. He set the alarm clock the night before. It went off all right, and Al tumbled out on to the floor. He grabbed his pants, got dressed -- still half asleep. He staggered to a corner in the kitchen, grabbed on to a fish pole and a basket. Then he went out the door to his car parked out in front of his house. Still half asleep he slid into the front seat, on the wrong side of course, still being partly in the land of nod! He heard a radio playing and was surprised when he suddenly realized that the radio in his car was not working. Suddenly coming out of the fog he took another look. And there in the driver's position was a State Trooper, fast asleep! Al opened the door and hastily got out. And the trooper never even woke up. Now whether this is a true story or not, Al could have dreamt it, it sure had Al worried for a minute or two until he found his own car parked right in front of the trooper's. And what's more, Al swears the trooper never even woke up when he boarded the parked vehicle.

---New Milford Times

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New Milford, Conn.

Dear Commissioner:

Not being certain that you read our Metropolitan paper of lower Litchfield County--New Milford Times--enclosed is clipping from "Sandy Says" column. Our columnist "Sandy" sees all - hears all - and is one of the few commentators who tells all. Yes, he's tops in these parts and with receipt of each issue we eagerly turn to his column for first-hand information.

This time, however, you have the chance to chuckle--poor Al Warner got his car and bait twisted--it wasn't a real trooper who was asleep at the switch. The regular troopers don't get up to New Milford these nights for some reason or other. They only cruise in here during the daylight, and then only on paydays to get pay checks cashed. We got a good wide awake night police force and he is always got an eye on early morning doings. Bet he could tell you the low down on Al's latest fish story!

You know, Chief, there are so many imitations of your state police uniform that Al got all mixed up in his dream--great stuff this "liquid bait"! We'll see "Sandy" soon and let him in on Al's confusion. Meanwhile, don't get upset about any State Trooper being caught asleep anywhere in New Milford--who knows better than you how difficult it is for a state cop to get in and around our town without being spotted?

Merry Christmas,

R. U. Ready

Bronx, New York

Dear Commissioner:

Last Sunday I drove up the Merritt Parkway with my wife and our pet dog - Fluffy. It was a gorgeous day and ride. An ideal trip for relaxation from city life with one exception.

I do want to tell about that exception. As we drove along we saw two state police cars parked on the grass, one officer out of the car leaning on the door of the other car. They were chinning and not concerned with traffic. I wanted to give Fluffy a chance to relax on the grass and also opportunity to "curb" as we do along the curbs in New York City. When I asked one of the troopers to watch my car and wife while I walked with "Fluffy" the officer refused to do so and told me to get back in my car and "curb" the dog at the next gas station. When I protested he threatened me with arrest. My wife wanted to walk down to the gas station and she was quickly informed no pedestrians were allowed on the Parkway. Isn't this a free country? We paid ten cents toll to get on the Merritt Parkway and it would seem only fair to let Fluffy use the grass area for relief. We want an apology and refund of the toll charges. Unless both are forth coming I will write to the Daily News about your discourteous Troopers. Fluffy didn't wait to get to the gas station.

Aaron Fishman

******

Belmont, Massachusetts
November 17, 1949.

Dear Sir:

May I congratulate you on the efficient work of State Trooper, William Stevenson, at the accident which occurred in Union, Connecticut on the evening of the thirteenth of November around 8:15 p.m.

His sympathetic attitude, thoughtfulness and interest in our welfare was most reassuring to us at a time when it appeared quite necessary.

Please accept this letter as a token of our appreciation toward Mr. Stevenson and a hearty "thanks" to him for the manner in which he carried out his job.

Sincerely yours,

John J. Flynn

******

Woodbridge, Conn.
November 20, 1949

My Dear Commissioner:

On Saturday, Nov. 12, about 2 P.M. while on my way to Meriden on the new Parkway, it was my misfortune to have my auto catch fire; and it is a total loss.

I want to thank you for the help and courtesy shown my family and myself by the officers from the Bethany Barracks. There is no question that the State Police are a credit to our State; and I again say I appreciate the kindness of your officers in our trouble.

Respectfully,

William R. Smith

******

Paterson, New Jersey
November 28, 1949

Dear Sir:

This letter is to commend Officer Joseph Palin for his courteous and efficient conduct on Friday night last.

My son, Roger, with some other young sailors, had a roadway mishap; all were on their way home for a hurry-up visit, when a tire on the car burst. Officer Palin called a garage, aided and advised them for which all of us are very grateful.

Cordially yours,

Henry Durkin

November 28, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

My how your stock has gone up with me! It was very very fine of you to devote a whole edition to the distaff side of your organization. Usually, we have to be content with a few compliments about our personal appearance, our fine dispositions etc. but few give credit where credit is due because of our mental capacities.

It was a very fine edition and I read every word of it. My contacts have been slight with the ladies in your department but I have inquired of some of the officers how they rate with them. The answer has always been "Tops."

Good luck to your bevy of Powers Models and my highest commendation to you for bringing them to the forefront.

Sincerely,

Winifred McDonald
Secretary of State

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Woodhaven 21, N.Y.
14 November 1949.

Dear Sir:

May I take this opportunity of calling to your attention the admirable conduct of two of your very capable State Policemen.

My husband had an accident on the Merritt Parkway near Stamford on our way to New York on Sunday evening and in a very short period of time, two of your policemen were "on the spot" to cover it.

It is with a feeling of great satisfaction that I say I have never encountered two finer officers of the law in my entire career. Both were very courteous, sympathetic and most efficient in the performance of their duties. They "carried on" without any confusion and when one takes into consideration the congested traffic on Merritt Parkway on a Sunday evening, I'm sure you will agree with me that they deserve all the credit possible for their expert manifestation of ability.

It is my firm opinion that both of these "Connecticut's Finest" are worthy of the highest written commendation, a copy of which should be placed in their personnel jackets, so that others will know we people from outside of your state have a great deal to be thankful for in having contact with men of their superlative character.

In the excitement, neither my husband nor I secured their names, but I'm quite sure you can trace them by their report submitted relative to the accident.

When you do locate them please say, "Thanks again" from two very grateful and admiring New Yorkers.

Please accept our sincere appreciation for your interest.

Very truly,

Mrs. Carl Anderson

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November 29, 1949

Dear Commissioner:

Why do State Policemen park their cars in the spaces provided for taxicabs in Danbury. Thanksgiving Eve with my daughters, Eliza and Topsy, I went shopping in Danbury. Wanting to go home we went to the taxicab stand. There was a car there with a driver in the front seat. With my daughters, we climbed into the back seat and told the driver to take us home. Imagine our surprise when we found the driver and the car belonged to the State Police! And he didn't take us home.

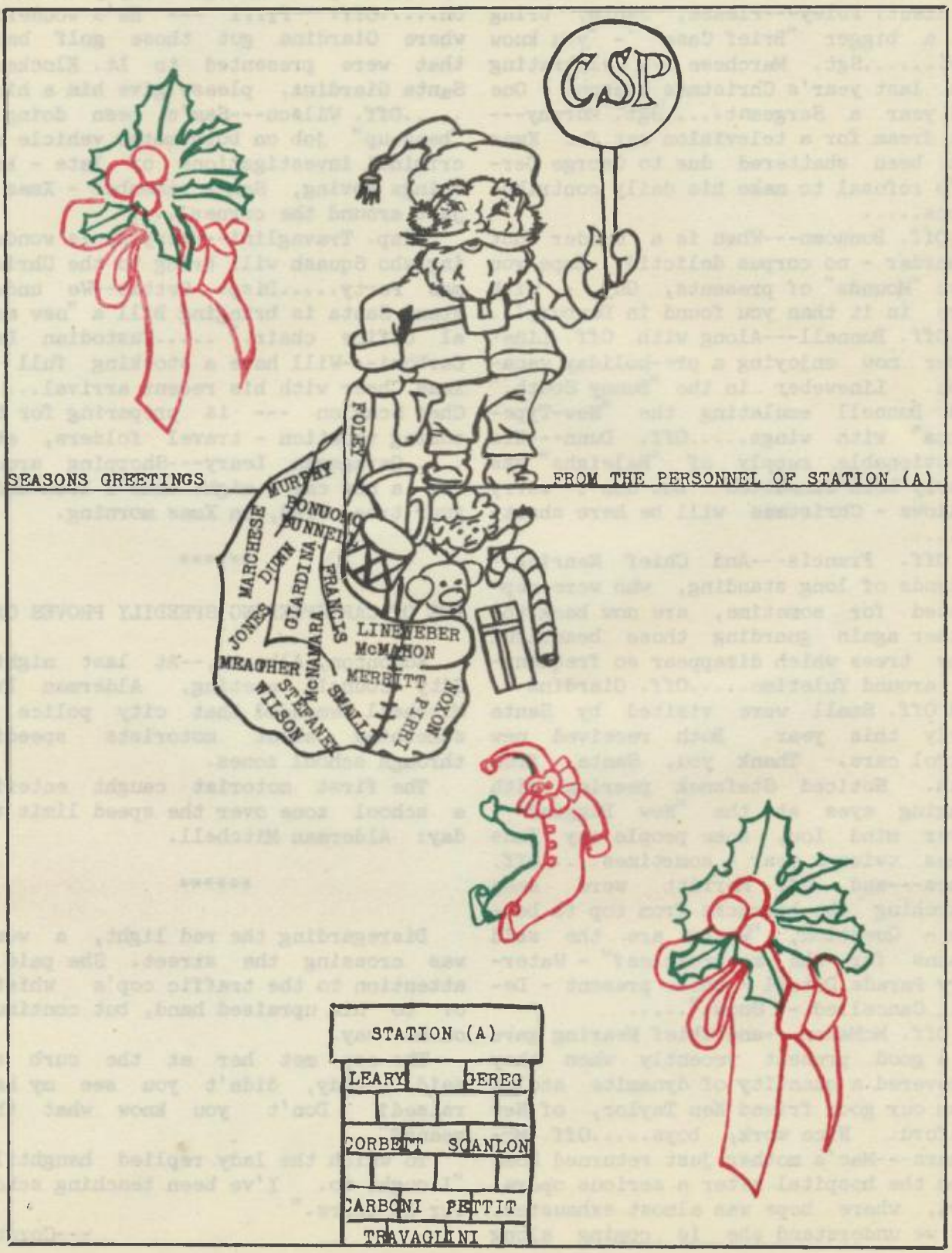
We were told to get out, not roughly but firmly. Now we made a mistake but being taxpayers and citizens why weren't we driven home? The car license my daughter says is MP-199. Do tell the policemen with this car to park somewhere else or to drive us home when we get into his car again.

Always yours,

Mrs. Alicia Jones

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP December, 1949



STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

CHRISTMAS CHANTS

Lieut. Foley---Please, Santa, bring me a bigger "Brief Case" - you know why!.....Sgt. Marchese --- Celebrating his last year's Christmas Present - One (1) year a Sergeant.....Sgt. Murphy---His dream for a television set for Xmas has been shattered due to George Gereg's refusal to make his daily contributions.....

Off. Bonuomo---When is a murder not a murder - no corpus delicti? Hope you have "Mounds" of presents, Guy - with more in it than you found in Danbury!.. ...Off. Bunnell---Along with Off. Lineweber now enjoying a pre-holiday vacation. Lineweber in the "Sunny South," and Bunnell emulating the "New-Type-Santa" with wings.....Off. Dunn---His questionable supply of "Raleighs" has nearly been exhausted - but don't worry fellows - Christmas will be here shortly.....

Off. Francis---And Chief Nearing - friends of long standing, who were separated for sometime, are now back together again guarding those beautiful pine trees which disappear so frequently around Yuletime.....Off. Giardina---and Off. Small were visited by Santa early this year. Both received new patrol cars. Thank you, Santa, from both. Noticed Stefanek peering with longing eyes at the "New Buggies" - never mind Lou, some people say Xmas comes twice a year - sometimes.....Off. Jones---and Off. Merritt were seen searching the barracks from top to bottom - Question, "Where are the skid chains for the motorcycles?" - Waterbury Parade Detail - their present - Detail Cancelled - "Snow.".....

Off. McMahon---and Chief Nearing gave us a good present recently when they recovered a quantity of dynamite stolen from our good friend Ken Taylor, of New Milford. Nice work, boys.....Off. McNamara---Mac's mother just returned home from the hospital after a serious operation, where hope was almost exhausted, but we understand she is coming along nicely - Your best Christmas present, Mac.....Off. Meagher---Junior pleading with Santa for a "Boxer Puppy" to give his little girl for Xmas.....

Off. Noxon---George's "Piggy Bank" is swelling. Ask Sgt. Murphy the reason.....Off. Pirri --- He's wondering where Giardina got those golf balls that were presented to Lt. Klocker - Santa Giardina, please give him a hint. .....Off. Wilson---Sam's been doing a "bang-up" job on both motor vehicle and criminal investigations of late - keep things moving, Sam - remember - Xmas is just around the corner.....

Disp. Travaglini--Everyone is wondering who Squash will bring to the Christmas Party.....Disp. Pettit--We understand Santa is bringing Bill a "new metal office chair." .....Custodian Deno Carboni---Will have a stocking full of Xmas Cheer with his recent arrival..... Chef Scanlon --- is preparing for his coming vacation - travel folders, etc. .....Garageman Leary---Shopping around for a new car - might take a look under your tree, Fred, on Xmas morning.

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FOE OF CAR SPEEDING SPEEDILY PROVES CASE

Edmonton, Alberta,--At last night's City Council meeting, Alderman Fred Mitchell demanded that city police do something about motorists speeding through school zones.

The first motorist caught entering a school zone over the speed limit today: Alderman Mitchell.

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Disregarding the red light, a woman was crossing the street. She paid no attention to the traffic cop's whistle or to his upraised hand, but continued on her way.

The cop met her at the curb and said, "Lady, didn't you see my hand raised? Don't you know what that means?"

To which the lady replied haughtily, "I ought to. I've been teaching school for 25 years."

---Coronet

STATION "B", CANAAN

Just as the seasons have succeeded each other without variation in order throughout the years, so too, the swirling snow, low whistling winds, and tiny lights blinking a greeting of warmth, once again herald the coming of Christmas, that season which offers happiness to the generous and seems to tug ever so gently at the heartstrings of all as it beckons them back over the miles to the comfort of home with its treasure of memories.

To the youngster, Christmas is the culmination of all desires bringing with it the story of Santa Claus, thrilling tales told by the glow of flickering logs, and stately green trees tinseled in sparkling finery.

However, to those of us who gaze fondly in retrospect over the dimming horizon of childhood, now tenderly tucked away in the softness of age, it is a time for reflection and meditation. Reflection at this time of year may prove the golden key opening a door to other Christmas eves when, as a member of "The Carolers," we pressed our steps firmly on the crunching snow, doubled frost nipped hands within our mittens, and sang in rhythm with dancing snow flakes which glided gracefully earthward.

Again we note the village church spire which scoffs at old age as it stands guard above the silent individuals who for the moment have forgotten their tribulations as they kneel in the shadows of candlelight offering homage to the christ-child born on another Christmas many years ago in an environment of poverty, simplicity, and devotion.

So, with full realization of our own limitations, a feeling of complete humiliation in the presence of a generous authority whose kindness threads bits of happiness into the pattern of life, and perhaps a more sincere respect for the fundamental qualities of goodness hidden beneath the smile of a stranger, we approach another Christmas, thankful for our share of the good things in life so vividly portrayed by the full-throated chimes as they echo "Adeste Fidelis," our freedom of speech, and the comradeship of those who stand together through adversity.

A Merry Christmas, All.

SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION

J IS FOR JOHN HARTNETT, JIM CONLON, JOHN ZEKAS AND JOHN DOYLE,
U IS FOR UBIQUITY, A TRAIT OUR MEN SEEM TO POSSESS IN THEIR TOIL.
S IS FOR STARKS, ANOTHER IMPORTANT MEMBER OF OUR TEAM
T IS FOR TEAMWORK, WHICH IN SS REIGNS SUPREME.

A IS FOR AMITY, A FEELING THAT IS PREVALENT
AMONG OUR MEMBERS SO VERY COMPETENT.

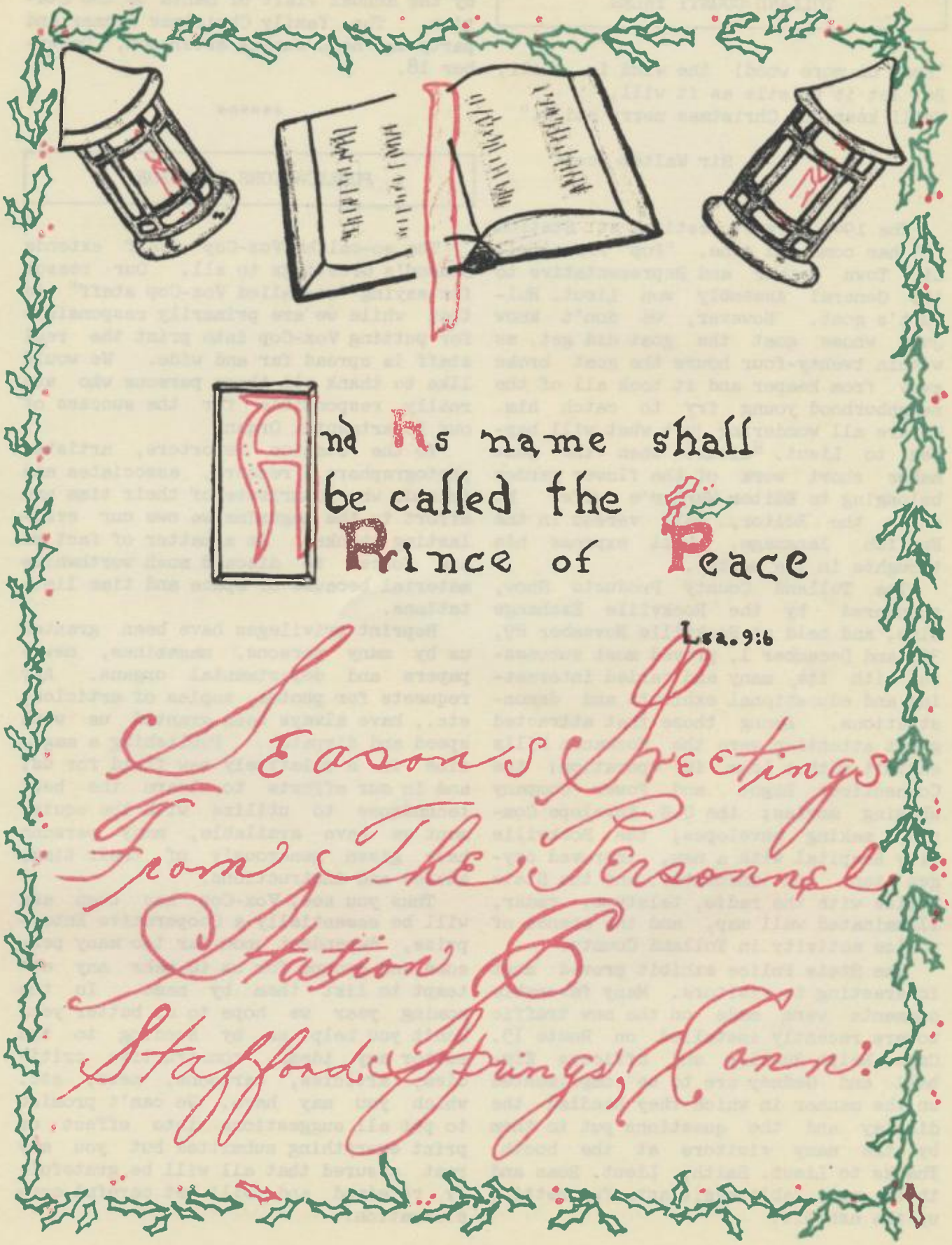
M IS FOR CAPTAIN MULCAHY, HEAD OF THE SQUAD,
E IS FOR EVELYN, HER PERSONALITY WE APPLAUD.
R IS FOR ROME AND RALPH DERIENZ, TWO OF THE BEST,
R IS FOR ROBERT MELI, ALWAYS SO FULL OF ZEAL AND ZEST
Y IS FOR YULETIDE, A SEASON WHEN IN ALL GOD WILL INSTILL
PEACE ON EARTH AND TO MAN GOOD WILL.

C IS FOR MAJOR CARROLL, A SPECIAL PART OF SS HE WILL ALWAYS BE,
H IS FOR HADFIELD, AN SS MAN ATTACHED TO THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.
R IS FOR ROSE, JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS OF WHICH THERE ARE THREE,
I IS FOR IDENTIFICATION, WHOSE EXCELLENT WORK EACH DAY WE SEE.
S IS FOR SCOVILLE, A LOYAL TEAMMATE OF OLD,
T IS FOR TOMMIE O'BRIEN, ON WHOM WE ARE SOLD.
M IS FOR MATUS, WHO WORKS ACROSS THE STREET,
A IS FOR ALFREDA, ON BOUND-OVERS SHE CAN'T BE BEAT.
S IS FOR SANTY, ON FORGERY CASES HE SURE IS TOPS,
AND TAKES HIS PLACE IN OUR ASSEMBLY LINE OF EXCELLENT "COPS".

T IS FOR THE TELETYPE DIVISION, AND ITS HARD-WORKING CREW,
O IS FOR OLIWA AND SERGEANT O'BRIEN, BOTH OFFICERS TRIED AND TRUE.

A IS FOR ALBIN BACKIEL, WELCOME BACK TO THE SQUAD,
L IS FOR LOIS HANSEN, WHOSE ABILITY WE MUST LAUD.
L IS FOR LOYALTY, TOO,
A MUST AND WITHOUT IT WE COULDN'T DO.

TOGETHER, EACH ONE OF US JOINS IN HOLIDAY CHEER
TO SAY – MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GLORIOUS NEW YEAR!


And his name shall
be called the
Prince of Peace
Isa. 9:6
Season's Greetings
From The Personnel
Station B
Stafford Springs, Conn.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will.
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

Sir Walter Scott

The 1949 Harvest Festival at Station "C" has come and gone. "Pop" Frassinelli, Town Father and Representative to the General Assembly won Lieut. Hulburt's goat. However, we don't know just whose goat the goat did get, as within twenty-four hours the goat broke away from keeper and it took all of the neighborhood young fry to catch him. We are all wondering just what will happen to Lieut. Hulburt when the goat makes short work of the flower garden belonging to Editor Warner's wife. No doubt the Editor, well versed in the English language, will express his thoughts in the matter.

The Tolland County Products Show, sponsored by the Rockville Exchange Club, and held at Rockville November 29, 30, and December 1, proved most successful with its many and varied interesting and educational exhibits and demonstrations. Among those that attracted great attention were the Hockanum Mills exhibit with a loom in operation; the Connecticut Light and Power Company showing movies; the U.S. Envelope Company making envelopes; the Rockville City Hospital with a new, improved oxygen tent and incubator; and the State Police with the radio, teletype, radar, illuminated wall map, and the scenes of police activity in Tolland County.

The State Police exhibit proved most interesting to visitors. Many favorable comments were made on the new traffic towers recently installed on Route 15. Capt. Ralph Buckley and Officers Kimball and Gedney are to be complimented on the manner in which they handled the display and the questions put to them by the many visitors at the booth. Thanks to Lieut. Smith, Lieut. Boas and their most able assistants for setting up the exhibit.

The younger generation was cheered by the annual visit of Santa to the Station. The family Christmas dinner and party was held Sunday afternoon, December 18.

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PUBLICATIONS DIVISION

The so-called Vox-Cop staff extends Season's Greetings to all. Our reason for saying "so-called Vox-Cop staff" is that while we are primarily responsible for putting Vox-Cop into print the real staff is spread far and wide. We would like to thank all those persons who are really responsible for the success of our Departmental Organ.

To the station reporters, artists, photographers, readers, associates and friends who contribute of their time and effort to the magazine we owe our everlasting thanks. As a matter of fact we are forced to discard much worthwhile material because of space and time limitations.

Reprint privileges have been granted us by many persons, magazines, newspapers and departmental organs. Any requests for photos, copies of articles, etc., have always been granted us with speed and dispatch. Publishing a magazine is a relatively new field for us, and in our efforts to learn the best techniques to utilize with the equipment we have available, many persons have given generously of their time, advice and instructions.

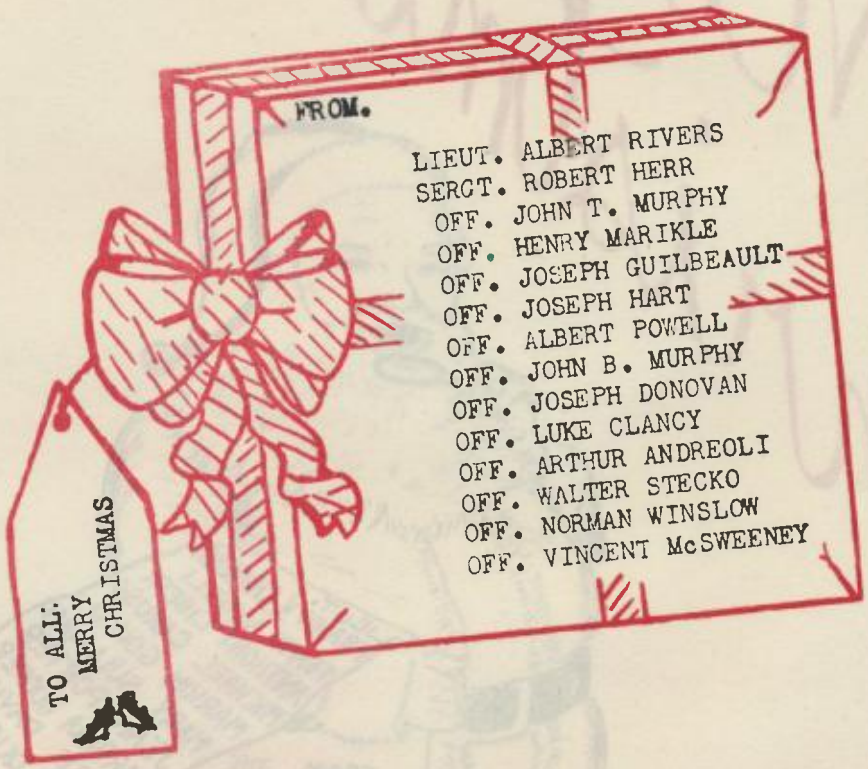
Thus you see, Vox-Cop has been and will be essentially a Cooperative Enterprise, dependent upon far too many persons and groups for us to make any attempt to list them by name. In the coming year we hope to do better yet. Won't you help us by sending to the editor any ideas, constructive criticism, articles, cartoons, news, etc. which you may have. We can't promise to put all suggestions into effect or print everything submitted but you may rest assured that all will be gratefully received and will get careful consideration.

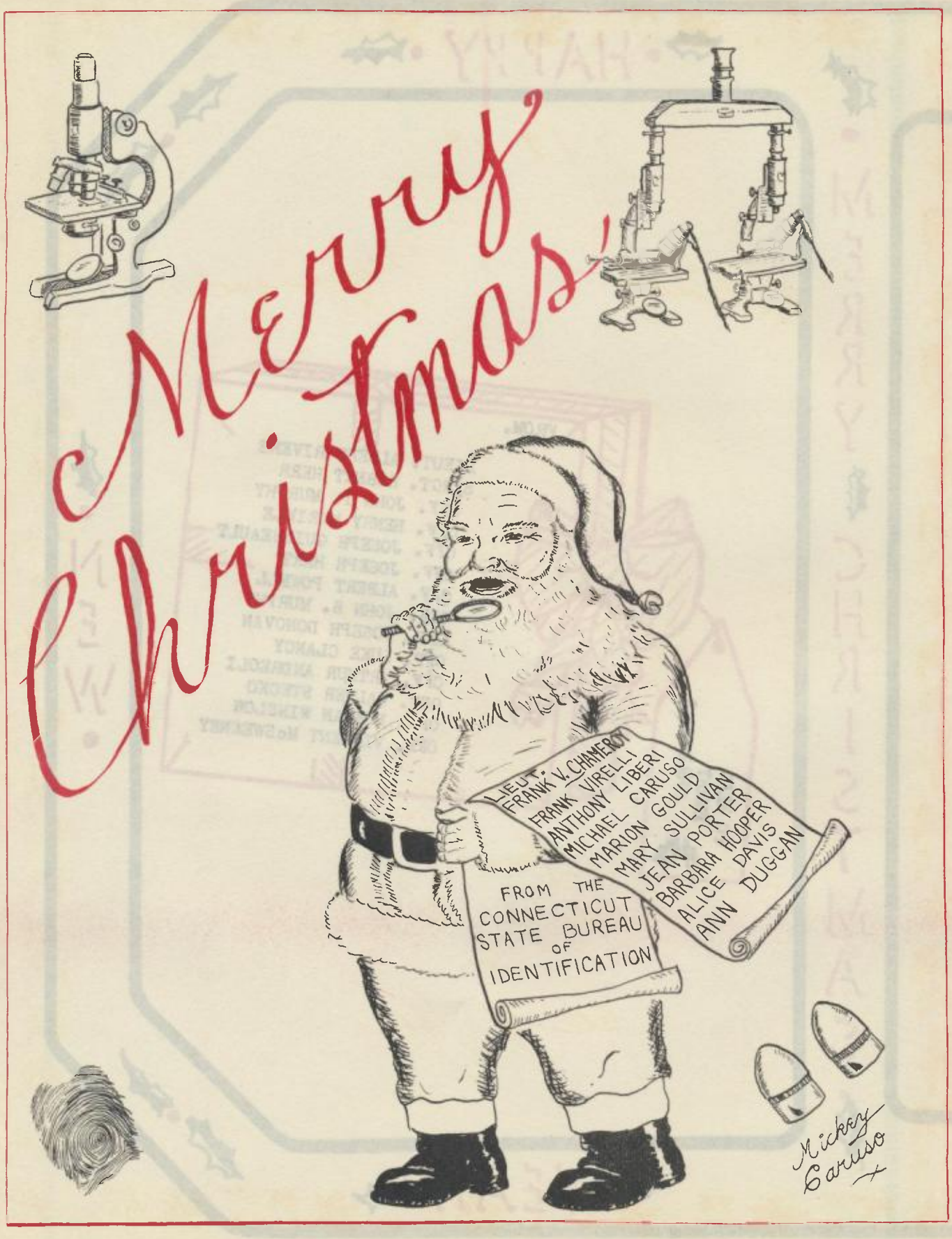
HAPPY

MERRY CHRISTMAS

NEW

YEAR




Merry Christmas!
LIEUT. FRANK V. CHAMEROY
FRANK VIRELLI
ANTHONY LIBERI
MICHAEL CARUSO
MARION GOULD
MARY SULLIVAN
JEAN PORTER
BARBARA HOOPER
ALICE DAVIS
ANN DUGGAN
FROM THE CONNECTICUT STATE BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION
Mickey Caruso

1949

Holiday Happiness

From
all of us
To
all of you

STATION "E", GROTON

Lieut. W. E. Mackenzie was host to Capt. Robert Bush of the Indiana State Police and Sgt. Hugh Cavanaugh of the Maryland State Police.

Birthday anniversaries go to Officers Fitzgerald, LaFramboise and G. Smith. Departmental anniversaries go to Det. Sgt. Mangan, Sgt. Farrow, and Off. O'Connor.

Did you know?---Governor John Winthrop of New London performed a marriage in 1646 at Bride Brook, dividing line between the plantations of New London and Lyme. To be within his lawful rights, Gov. Winthrop had to stand on his side of the stream and the bridal couple on theirs. This is the first marriage recorded in New London history.

The first arrest of its kind recorded in many years at our barracks was made by Off. Fitzgerald. Failure to report the sale of a cow to the Connecticut Department of Farms and Markets induced the arrest.

A large rat had been terrorizing a lady at a Norwich residence by chewing on furniture, draperies, rugs, paper, etc., creating general deviltry. Off. G. Smith was dispatched with a .22 calibre 6 shooter. Upon his arrival at the scene he learned the rat had "ratted" and could not be found. The aged "Pied Piper" believed in "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" so leave your gun by your side, Off. Gail, and "Whistle while you work."

Off. O'Grady attended the Eighth Seminar of Homicide Investigation at Harvard Medical School the week of Nov. 13 with Lt. Victor Clark of Westport. Off. O'Grady is still our efficient orator and recently spoke at a Parent Teacher meeting.

Lt. W. E. Mackenzie district deputy governor and past president of the Groton Lions Club, served as toastmaster at the newly-formed Mystic-Stonington Lions Club.

Dog Warden S. R. Brown, of Stonington has impounded a police dog alleged to have killed numerous sheep in that area. Two, of a posse of twelve hunting the animal, have identified the killer. Two others of the posse claim it wasn't the same dog. State Inspector H. R. Brown has issued a plea against promiscuous shooting of dogs unless positively identified.

Will the impounded dog be released on Habeas-Barkus?

Will the Police dog take an appeal?

This is Groton where anything can happen---and does.

******

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A SINCERE "THANKS!"

Pittsburgh, Penn.

Gentlemen:

On November 9 I received a warning notice from Detective S. Rome for exceeding the speed limit on Connecticut Route 5.

I would like Detective Rome's superiors to know that his patience and courtesy reflect great credit to your state.

Very truly yours,

Henry Posner, Jr.

******

Stratford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I want to express my appreciation to the officers patrolling the parkway on the night of Nov. 8 between Norwalk and Easton.

There were five of us ladies on our way back from Lake Success visiting the U.N. and had car trouble on the highway. We were so happy to have the officers help us, for they were so kind.

Sincerely yours,

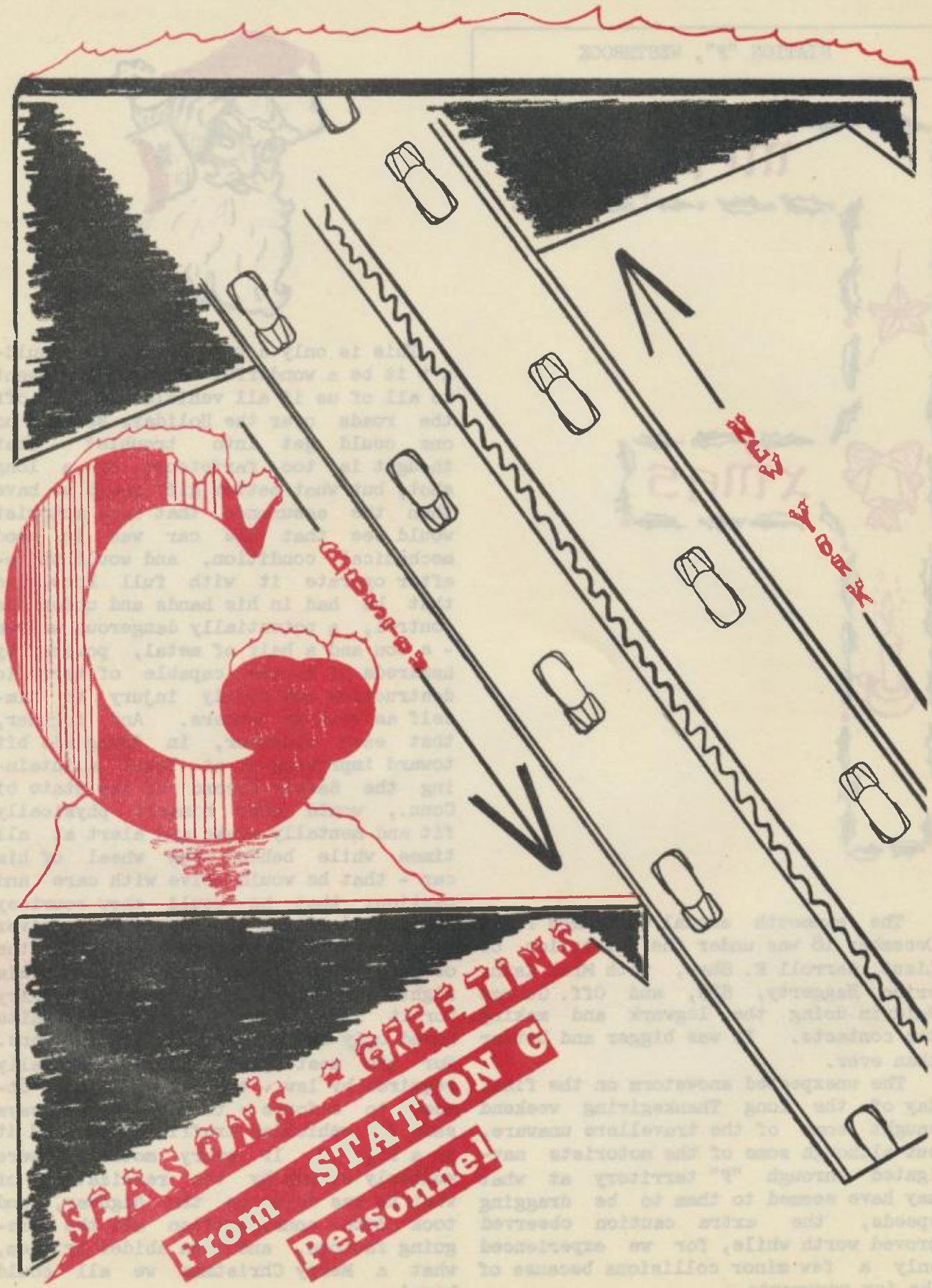
Mrs. C. A. Dundore

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

The mammouth annual Christmas Party December 18 was under the direction of Lieut. Carroll E. Shaw, with Mrs. Katherine Haggerty, SPW, and Off. George Baldwin doing the legwork and making the contacts. It was bigger and better than ever.

The unexpected snowstorm on the final day of the long Thanksgiving weekend caught some of the travellers unaware, but although some of the motorists navigated through "F" territory at what may have seemed to them to be dragging speeds, the extra caution observed proved worth while, for we experienced only a few minor collisions because of the icy pavements.

This is only a pipe dream, but wouldn't it be a wonderful Christmas present to all of us if all vehicles stayed off the roads over the Holidays so that no one could get into trouble? That thought is too farfetched by a long shot, but what better gift could we have than the assurance that each motorist would see that his car was in good mechanical condition, and would thereafter operate it with full knowledge that he had in his hands and under his control, a potentially dangerous weapon - a ton and a half of metal, powered by hundreds of horses, capable of terrific destruction and bodily injury to himself as well as others. And further, that each operator, in doing his bit toward improving or at least maintaining the Safety Record of the State of Conn., would keep himself physically fit and mentally awake and alert at all times while behind the wheel of his car - that he would drive with care and caution; that he would show courtesy and consideration for the other driver and be willing to give ground when the occasion arises rather than claim "his rights" or take a chance and be sorry for it later. These are not traits found only in so-called good drivers. For the most part, they are actually required by law - the law we do our utmost to enforce - to make our highways safe for vehicular traffic. IF, and it is a big IF, IF every motorist were suddenly struck by the realization of what he was doing on the highway, and took into consideration all the foregoing factors, and then abided by them, what a Merry Christmas we all could have!


SEASON'S GREETINGS
From STATION G
Personnel

STATION "G", WESTPORT

Introducing!!! Ray Rogers, a new addition to the Culinary Dept. at Station (G) - "Ray" hails from Bridgeport, Conn. Oh Yes, you guessed it, he was promptly dubbed "Roy Rogers" and can be seen riding the Gas Range any day now here at (G). Howdy Roy, "Good Luck".

PARKWAY FLARES

Well, its here at last, the snow I mean. We had a fourteen-car accident down near the Greenwich Toll Station the other day. Officers Bishop, Pfeifer and Murphy doing the honors.

Commissioner E.J.H. stopped in to pay us a short visit while enroute to Hartford. Jovial as usual, but looked a little concerned about the road condition.

Folks traveling up Wilbur Cross way yesterday will have something to talk about for some time. I make reference to the plane that came down on the Parkway. Although no joking matter to Lieut. Remer and his staff at Station (I) Bethany, can you imagine what some of the motorists had for an explanation when they arrived home later than expected. "Dear, I just couldn't get by the airplane that was ahead of me."

While on our way to (G) one day last year traffic was held up by a tractor-trailer which was moving one of those large Steel-Craft's - It seems the boat on the trailer was too high to get under the bridge on Rte. #33. When we rived at the station a little late Officer Abel of (G) was a little skeptical about our story, wonder what he would have said if we had told him that we had been held up by an airplane.

******

"H" AS IN HYPO

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle All the Way, Oh What Fun It Is TO RIDE THE PARKWAYS EVERY DAY!

Since the last edition, our regular Vox-Cop Reporter, Mickey Caruso, has been transferred "upstairs" to the Identification Bureau. He now is the proud father of a baby girl, Carol Ann. We suppose that next year Mickey will be expecting Santa Claus to leave a strapping center field prospect to develop for the Yanks when "Joe D" [illegible] it quits.

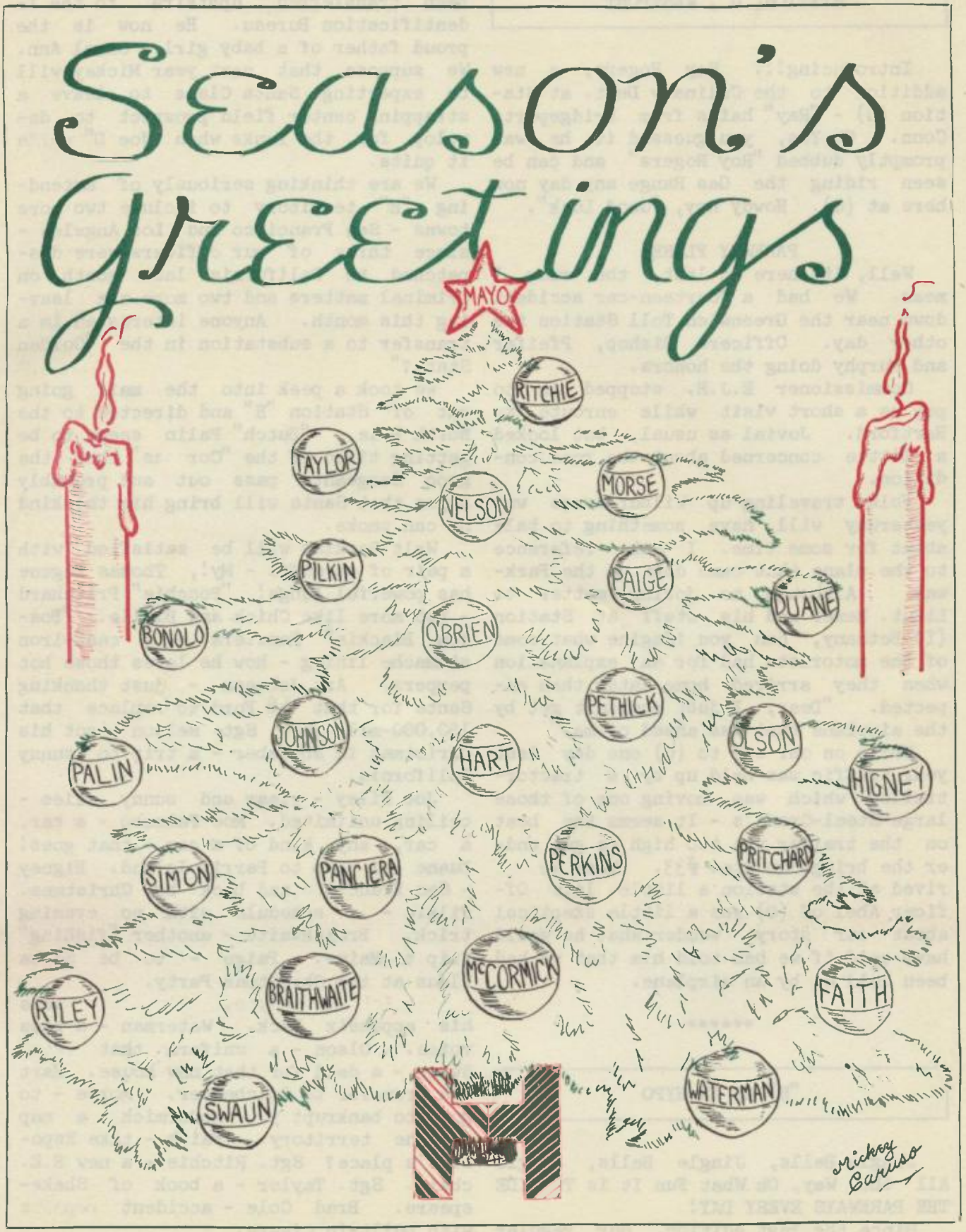
We are thinking seriously of extending "H" territory to include two more towns - San Francisco and Los Angeles - since three of our officers were dispatched to California last month on criminal matters and two more are leaving this month. Anyone interested in a transfer to a substation in the "Golden State?"

We took a peek into the mail going out of Station "H" and directed to the North Pole. "Butch" Palin seems to be getting tired of the "Cor[illegible]s" that the good Sergeants pass out and probably hopes that Santa will bring him the kind he can smoke.

Walt Perkins will be satisfied with a pair of earmuffs - My!, Thomas Eugene has powerful lungs! "Poochie" Pritchard - two more like Chick and Billie. "Boston Blackie" Panciera - a cast-iron stomache lining - how he loves those hot peppers! Art Johnson - just thanking Santa for that '48 Ford to replace that 150,000-mile-one. Sgt. Nelson - got his Christmas in November - a trip to sunny California.

Joe Riley - clear and sunny skies - ceiling unlimited. Moe Palumbo - a car, a car, any kind of a car - that goes! Duane - a trip to Parris Island. Higney - San Francis[illegible] and back by Christmas. Pilkin - a schedule with no evening trick. Braithwaite - another "fishing" trip to Maine. Paige - to be S[illegible]ta Claus at the Christmas Party.

[illegible]nts his appendix back. Waterman - a bass voice. Olson - a uniform that [illegible]. Swaun - a deed for that new house. Hart - a transfer to Colchester. Morse - to go into bankrupt[illegible]y. McCormick - a map of the territory. Faith - take Esposito's place? Sgt. Ritchie - a new E.Z. chair. Sgt. Taylor - a book of Shakespeare. Brad Cole - accident [illegible] with built-in cigars.


Season's Greetings
MAYO
RITCHIE
TAYLOR
MORSE
NELSON
PILKIN
PAIGE
DUANE
BONOLO
O'BRIEN
PETHICK
JOHNSON
OLSON
HART
PALIN
HIGNEY
PERKINS
PRITCHARD
SIMON
PANCIERA
McCORMICK
FAITH
RILEY
BRAITHWAITE
WATERMAN
SWAUN
Mickey Caruso

A Merry Christmas And A Happy New Year To All

NODLAIG SONA DUIT
GOD JUL
JOYEUX NOEL
CHRYSPOS RAZHDAYEPSYA
LINKSMU KALEDU
FROHLICHE WEINACHTEN
BUON NATALE
WESOLEGO NARODZENIA
GUTE YONTIV

Seasons Greetings

From

Station "I", Bethany
Lieut. George H. Remer, Commanding

STATION "I" BETHANY

Lieut. George H. Remer and the personnel of Station "I: at Bethany wish to take this opportunity to express to our associates in law enforcement and their families, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Safe New Year. May we also through this medium, Vox-Cop, express the same Best Wishes to the Public that we are so pleased and proud to serve.

Officer Art Lassen pulled another one out of the bag last month. While patrolling the Wilbur Cross Parkway, he apprehended two stick-up men and their female accomplices. They were wanted in Yonkers, New York for Armed Robbery. A general alarm was sent out and shortly after, Art picked them up. At the time of their apprehension they were in the possession of a fully loaded .32. Nice work, Art.

A hunter was driving over the Wilbur Cross Parkway starting out on a hunting trip. He was going out for squirrels. He went home with a deer and a dented front end. The deer apparently felt sorry for the squirrels and stepped in front of the hunter's car.

Officer Ferguson is at St. Raphael's Hospital at present. We hope he will soon be back with us. We can't tell you what's wrong with him but the seats of those cars are awfully cold these mornings.

Notre Dame has its 8-yard Sitko but we have our 8-Warning Piascik. He's good for that daily and every one of them is a good one. Good work, Ray.

Naugatuck, (the City with the Culture) has had 900 days without a fatal traffic accident. Nice record for any community. Wish there were more towns in that category.

To Santa Claus
North Pole

Dear Santa:

Please send the following presents to the following men assigned to this station:

Lieut. Remer, Book of Cross Word Puzzles--will help out on HQ Orders!... ..Sergt. Strand, a present he won't part with. We suggest a comb.... Sgt. Smith, a trip to the Safety Congress in Chicago, despite the 500 mile restriction.....

Officer Bartholomew, another comb... ..Officer Baylis, a book on swapping and getting the best of it.....Officer Bozentka, keep Dooling out of his hair. .....

Officer Carlson, he's about ready for a comb, too.....Officer Ciecierski, a brief case for the Anchor Club Speeches .....Officer Thomas, permission to spend Xmas Day on Xmas Island again....

Officer Paige, a box of odorless cigars.....Officer Esposito, a trailer (for the BUNDLES).....Officer Lassen, a tricycle.....Officer Dowling, A RENT?????.....

Officer Croce, a Duplex Apartment with Officer Bishop .....Officer Dooling a crystal ball with Technicolor..... Officer Duma, an Oxford Accent to go with the Yale Diploma.....

Officer Engstrom, book of instructions on plumbing? Cesspool Construction?.....Officer Ferguson, a pillow. ....Officer Harris, a toupee.....Officer Jasonis, a Goatskin Coat for the Wolf... ..Officer Kingston, I want to be the Judge, too.....

Officer Kostok, Correspondence course in Muscle Building.....Officer Kovach, a home on the range in Litchfield County .....Officer Kozma, more Parkway..... Officer Lenihan, less telephone calls and fewer complaints.....

Officer Leonard, box of cigars with Coronas removed.....Officer Menard, more motorists with cigars.....Officer Piascik, a new State Issue Car, (Attention, Major Carroll).....

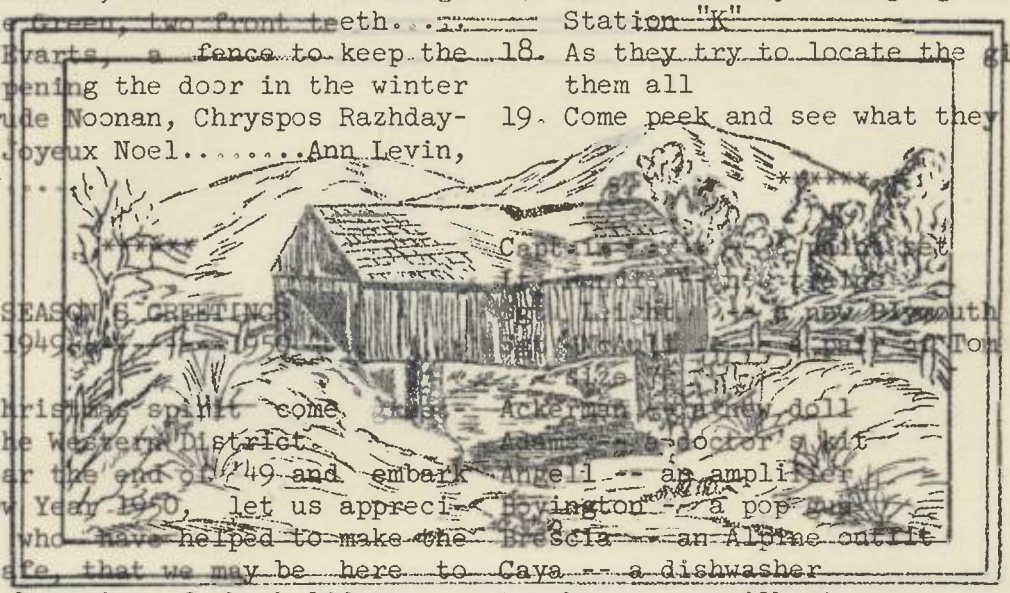
Officer Puester, a set of golf balls with skid chains.....Officer Reardon, a new smeller for the dogs.....Officer Smith, more rubber footwear customers. ....Officer Steele, a new brief case for the CP Court.....

Officer Sweeney, a book on Arson.... ..Officer Tripp, Radar-Equipped goggles for the dogs.....SPW Wilcox, a shorter road between Ansonia and the barracks... ....Dispatcher Johnson, a higher speed

stork.....

Dispatcher Dayhoff, Boston vs. Boston in the 1950 World Series.....Chef Berniski, a recipe for Potatoes, baked and AuGratin.....Mechanic Fournier, a blue print for the boat. Also an assistant .....

Joe Marks, a cork. For U NO What?.. ....John Palmeiri, House Detective Badge .....Connie Green, two front teeth... ...Walter Evarts, a fence to keep the boys from opening the door in the winter .....Gertrude Noonan, Chryspos Razhdayepsya and Joyeux Noel.....Ann Levin, Gute Yontiv....



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SEASON'S GREETINGS
1949 - 1950

In the Christmas spirit come these greetings from the Western District.

As we near the end of 49 and embark upon the New Year 1950, let us appreciate those who have helped to make the past year safe, that we may be here to enjoy the bounties of the holiday season.

To members of the department, their families, and our very many friends, warmest and sincerest wishes for a HAPPY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPIER and SAFER NEW YEAR.

Captain William Schatzman

******

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

CHRISTMAS OPERATING SIGNALS

1. Stand by for runaway deer
2. See Santa Claus
3. Testing the sleigh bells
4. Information on Dancer and Prancer
5. Check on Donner and Blitzen
6. Rein them together
7. Touching every rooftop
8. Filled with the joy of Christmas
9. All caution to the winds
10. On the rooftops arose such a clatter
11. As the elves rushed to help
12. So nothing would break the still of the night
13. All stockings were hung on the mantle at "K"
14. He zips in and zips out
15. As the next call he must make
16. To see all his children in such a short time
17. Just narrowly escaping the boys at Station "K"
18. As they try to locate the gifts left them all
19. Come peek and see what they find.

******

Captain Levin -- a pair of mittens
Lieut. Hunter -- a new Dartmouth
Lt. Light -- a new Dartmouth
Sgt. Wakelin -- a pair of Tom McCann's
Sgt. Ackerman -- a new doll
Adams -- a doctor's kit
Angell -- an amplifier
Boyington -- a pop gun
Brescia -- an Alpine outfit
Caya -- a dishwasher
Donohue -- a sailboat
Fersch -- a yacht
Finnegan -- a new stapler
Hickey -- white socks and high waters
LaForge -- tickets to the Rockville games
Leach -- a hairbrush
Matteson -- a left handed monkey wrench
McDonald -- a ranch house
McKee -- a one-handed waxer
McKenzie -- tea set
Miller -- that diamond necklace
Richards -- a walkie talkie
Sikorski -- more bundles
Tasker -- a studio
Webster -- a lucky charm

******

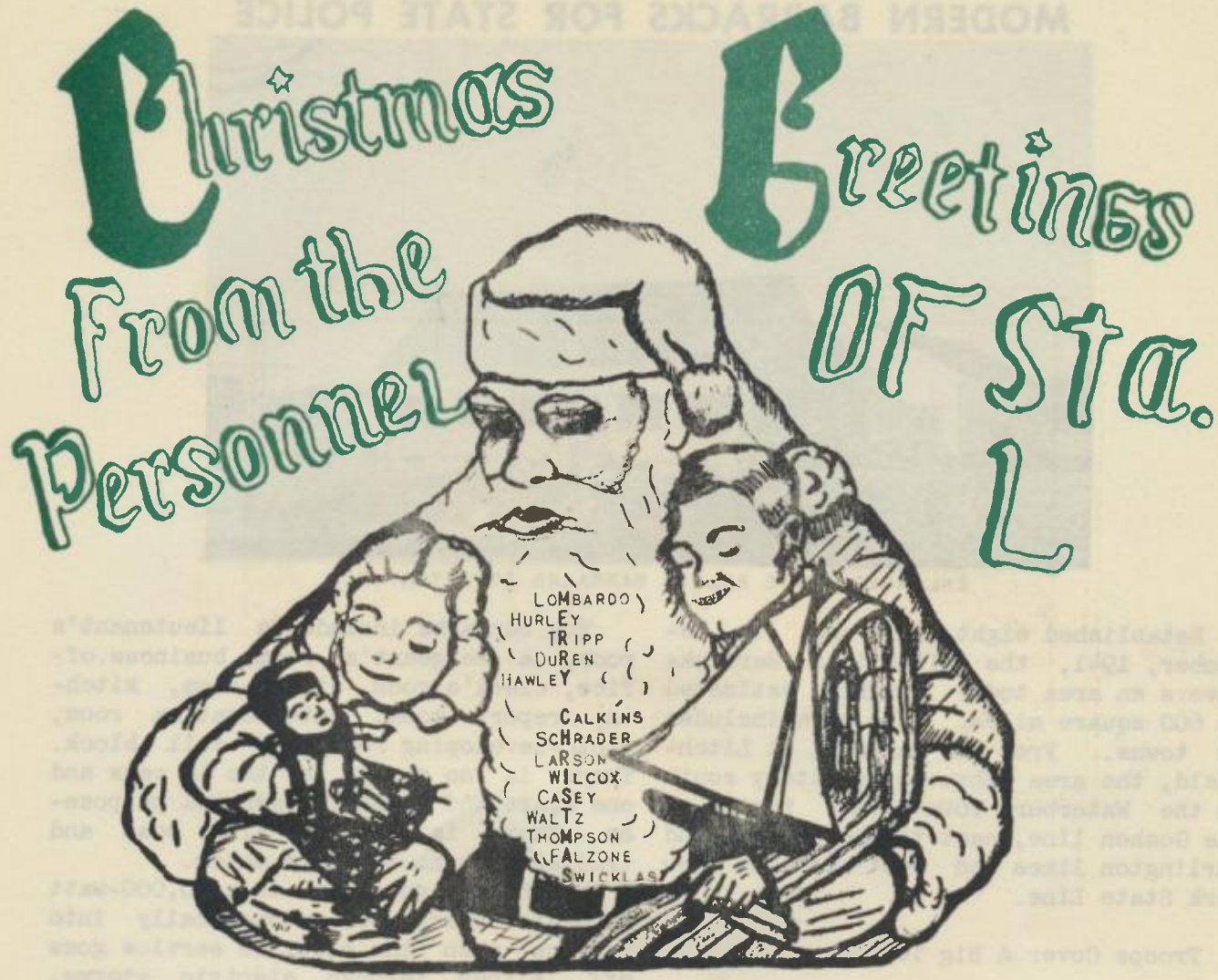
TRAFFIC DIVISION

	W		-	Capt. Ralph J. Buckley
X	I	F	-	Lieut. Leslie Williams
M	S	R	-	Off. Vernon Gedney
A	H	O	-	Off. Albert Kimball
S	E	M	-	Miss Ann Hagarty
	S		-	Mrs. Barbara Gemmell

To All

Merry Christmas from Personnel of "Z" Station

1949



Dispatcher
Mary Sherlock

Clerk
Clara Toce

It sounds very fine to say, "When we were little-"
And tell how you waited and wondered of yore;
But the skies are so still and the stars are so brittle
It's all you can do not to dash to the door,

Knowing well you would hear (though the tale's old and idle)
Afar in the darkness a delicate thrumming
And cry: "Its the reindeer with bells on their bridles!
The reindeer are coming!

Houseboy
Earl Elliott

Chef
Harold Cross

Dispatcher
Sal Savoia

MODERN BARRACKS FOR STATE POLICE

ENLARGED STATE POLICE BARRACKS AT LITCHFIELD

Established eight years ago, in December, 1941, the Litchfield Barracks covers an area today roughly estimated at 600 square miles. The area includes 10 towns. From the Barracks at Litchfield, the area embraces territory south to the Waterbury Town line, north of the Goshen line, east to the Bristol and Burlington lines and west to the New York State Line.

Troops Cover A Big Territory Daily

The troopers average a 125-mile patrol daily.

When the barracks were first set up, Lt. George Remer, now attached to the Bethany Barracks was the first commanding officer with Sgt. Theodore Strand, also of Bethany, as the second in command.

When Lt. Remer took command eight years ago, the Barracks consisted of the lieutenant's office, a dining room, kitchen and a dormitory to sleep four men. Six troopers were attached to the barracks.

Today, Lt. William T. Casey, Bridgeport, is commanding officer. Officer Loren Larson, New Britain, is acting sergeant. There are 12 troopers attached to the barracks.

Recently, an addition to the barracks was completed putting it on a level with the most modern barracks in the state.

The barracks includes a lieutenant's room, a sergeant's room, business office, clerk's room, dining room, kitchen, report room, interrogation room, photo-developing room, and cell block. There is no garage for the 14 cars and one spare and truck for general purposes. There is also a life boat and trailer with an outboard motor.

Another innovation is a 10,000-watt generator which goes automatically into service when the electric service goes off, either through electric storms, transformer trouble or sleet or ice storms.

Two Dormitories And Officer's Quarters

The Barracks houses two dormitories, including a room set aside for the lieutenant's quarters. The dormitory sleeps seven men.

The troopers work in three shifts and every man is on call 24 hours a day. The Barracks is open also 24 hours a day.

Plans are being readied for a shooting range.

Lt. Casey said the Barracks handled 961 cases last year. That number does not include minor motor vehicle law violations.

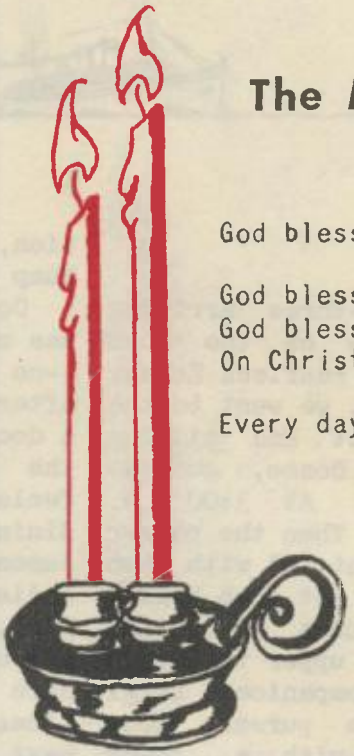
---(From a story by James T. Galvin, Waterbury Sunday Republican.)

L. to r., Lt. William Casey, commanding officer at the barracks and Capt. William Schaizman, Bethany, field captain for the Western Division, examining records.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From

The Major's Office



God bless your hearts -

God bless your homes
God bless you all
On Christmas Day and

Every day throughout the year.

Anna May
Thelma
Estelle
Susan
LEO

MAIN OFFICE of the State Police Barracks, Litchfield, is the hub of the manifold operations. At left is Miss Mary Sherlock, Torrington, Next to her is Trooper Neil Hurley, Waterbury, reading a teletype message. At the phone is Trooper Loren Larson, New Britain, acting sergeant. At right, is Miss Clara Toce, Torrington, stenographer and keeper of the statistical records.
(Photos courtesy of the Waterbury Sunday Republican)

THE PANAMA LINE

Dear Pasquale:

On Wed., Nov. twenty-three arriving in New York City in one of the Konn Kop's kar driven by the Fearless Zekas, the great Konn Detective, we went to the foot of West 24th Street and bidding farewell to Zeke, Luigi Bosco, got aboard the S.S. Panama. At 3:00 P.M. sailed towards Panama. Then the purser assigned me to kompartment "F" with two other men,strangers, but not dumb bells. They picked the bottom bunks before my arrival and left the upper to Luigi. Not liking the room or companions Luigi made so much noise the purser, soon found me another room with a lower berth. Next came a knock on my door and the porter brought a large basket of fruit. The basket and some of the fruit he put under the berth. My pisan, Signori Massaletti, a Wall Street merchant sent the fruit. The basket must be brought back, for another day.

Pasquale, tell Mama-Mia and Rosa not to worry when they read in the papers about a revolution in Panama. Upon my arrival it will be all over. The Kummishoner with the paper signed by the Governor, orders Luigi to the Kanal Zone to bring back a man who lacks the support of his wife. When he comes back with Luigi there will be no more revolution in Panama. How is Rosa?

Pasquale, Thanksgiving Eve will long be remember by Luigi. We were sailing down the coast near the south Jersey shore when the boat began to rock, roll, and pitch. From the lower berth, Luigi lost his supper. The fruit basket under the bed moved around and did it come in handy! Luigi seasick!! - and how!! No more bumpy, bumpy boats for Luigi. Next time Luigi goes to settle a revolution, Luigi will take an aeroplane. One bump in a plane and it is all over.

Comes Thanksgiving morning and Luigi has no desire for breakfast. Comes Noon --no spaghetti--but a little soup. Comes afternoon and Luigi walks the deck. Not a doctor in sight, good, Luigi is on the mend. Dinner at seven and Luigi feels better. The Captain visits the dining room greeting the women and next comes to Luigi's table. He said he is a distant relative of "Eagle-Eye" Sam Rome, Konn State Police. He gives me his card for our Sam. It reads: "Isadore W. Kirschner", Captain, Panama Lines. Dauntless Sam Rome can have the next trip to Panama. The "Brass" on the boat, have a nice racket, entertaining guests. Without a license they conduct an auction called "Elephant Auction." Each passenger wraps some kind of a gift and places it in the pool. Mixed in with the packages is a white elephant and the game is to bid for each package in the hope it will be the white elephant and the money prize award which is in the white elephant. Some folks paid $10 for a bottle of Coca-Cola, others $6.50 for a bottle of beer. No one won the white elephant. So the money received went to the "Brass." The Pirate's Den would be a better name for this tug.

We were served turkey for Thanksgiving Dinner. The turkey was raised in Bethel near Carroll's potato patch. Another tough old bird from Bethel. Ask Manuel? He knows!

On Friday, November 25, a fire drill. The deputy state fire marshal from Konn. was found with his life-preserver on backwards, all tangled up with the door knob of his cabin. Luigi had to untangle the deputy. Then the drill was call-

ed off. Luigi is safe.

Friday night, again a movie show. The picture--"The Midnight Kiss"--it was a "pip". As the clock in the scene approached midnight, Luigi went to bed. Why not, Pasquale!--no Rosa around!

Saturday morning Luigi wave to the coast of Cuba. It looked nice but not like the shores of Italy.

The weather's warm. Saturday night, a children's party aboard and Luigi learns that 118 of the passengers are government employees returning to the Kanal Zone after a four months vacation. The kids were numerous and noisy. Yes, Luigi took to bed again.

Sunday Evening Luigi sailed down Moonlight Bay. All alone. Poor Rosa she must be lonesome too. Monday, November 28 at ten o'clock in the morning Luigi reached Cristobal. Luigi wished it was Konnecticut. Pasquale, Luigi is tired and will write you more when home. Your friend - Merry Christmas.

Luigi Bosco

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SEVENTH ANNUAL MEMORIAL MASS AND COMMUNION

OF

STAMFORD, GREENWICH, NORWALK AND WESTPORT POLICE

Anchor Club Memorial Ceremonies
(Stamford - November 27, 1949)

ADDRESS BY

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey
Connecticut State Police Department

"It is not to die, we fear-
"Tis to lie forgotten in a multitude!"

From time immemorial it has been traditional for men to commemorate the Achievements of those who have gone before. In this commemoration they endeavor to pay a just tribute to those who have laid the foundation of any kind of an institution - educational, religious, civic or fraternal - designed to be for the general welfare of humanity.

And what is true of history in general is especially true of the history of the police service and your particular organization. For in the tradition of your order, police members have gathered year after year for a twofold purpose - to greet the friends and loved ones of those who have gone to their eternal reward, and to pay honor and tribute to the memory of departed comrades.

And so as we commune here this morning it is not simply to read or record the names of our departed associates. We come to pay our deep and affectionate respect to our many brother officers who have answered the last roll call. We come to join with our priests in Holy Mass, with sincerity in our prayers for those whom we mourn. We come to implore the divine blessing to give us the courage and the faith of our forefathers. We meet to honor our dead. True, these motives will not affect the dead - we devoutly pray, however, that they will inspire the living. There is something in the human heart that causes us to wish to be remembered by those we love. So it is fitting this morning to remember the lives and character of those we mourn - those whose example of faithfulness, courage, and loyalty will always remain a hallowed benediction.

We know that they were men who loved

good fellowship. They were kind and genial and sought the companionship of kindred spirits. They were men who loved to do tender and modest acts of charity. They were men who welcomed the opportunity to carry out missions of duty and perform errands of mercy. They were happiest when bringing joy and comfort to the widow and the fatherless. They were fathers and brothers and good sons - loyal and faithful to family ties and traditions. They were officers of the law - honest, fearless, and trustworthy. They were our friends - friends tried and true.

These policemen whose memory we honor today were not only our friends and associates. They were our fellow citizens as well. They loved this community as we love it, and they labored zealously and untiringly for its good. They realized that some of God's wandering humanity from every land had taken shelter among us. They knew that Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant - each of whose forbears wrought mightily in the founding of our great republic - lived here together in peace and accord. With pride they pointed to the early settlers and founding fathers of our beloved country. They knew that these hewers of wood and drawers of water erected a commonwealth of freedom and transmitted its rich and fruitful inheritance on for each generation to enjoy and faithfully pass on to others. The good these policemen, these protectors of law and order wrought; the place they made in the hearts of their fellow men; the way they faced the strife; the friends they won - all these things commend them to us as worthy citizens of our great country and as faithful guardians of the peace.

On an occasion of this kind, we should not only remember the virtues of the dead but should also consider the duties which the living owe the living, the performance of which makes life better and sweeter. As sworn guardians of law and order, each of us has called upon our God to witness our pledge to uphold the laws of our state and nation. We know that we can better serve our state and nation by putting our trust and faith in God. Let each and every one of us here this morning earnestly and sincerely ask for divine guidance. We humbly pray, "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil."

Let us be ever mindful that to be a good public servant one must not only be a good citizen but of good character. Confucius said:

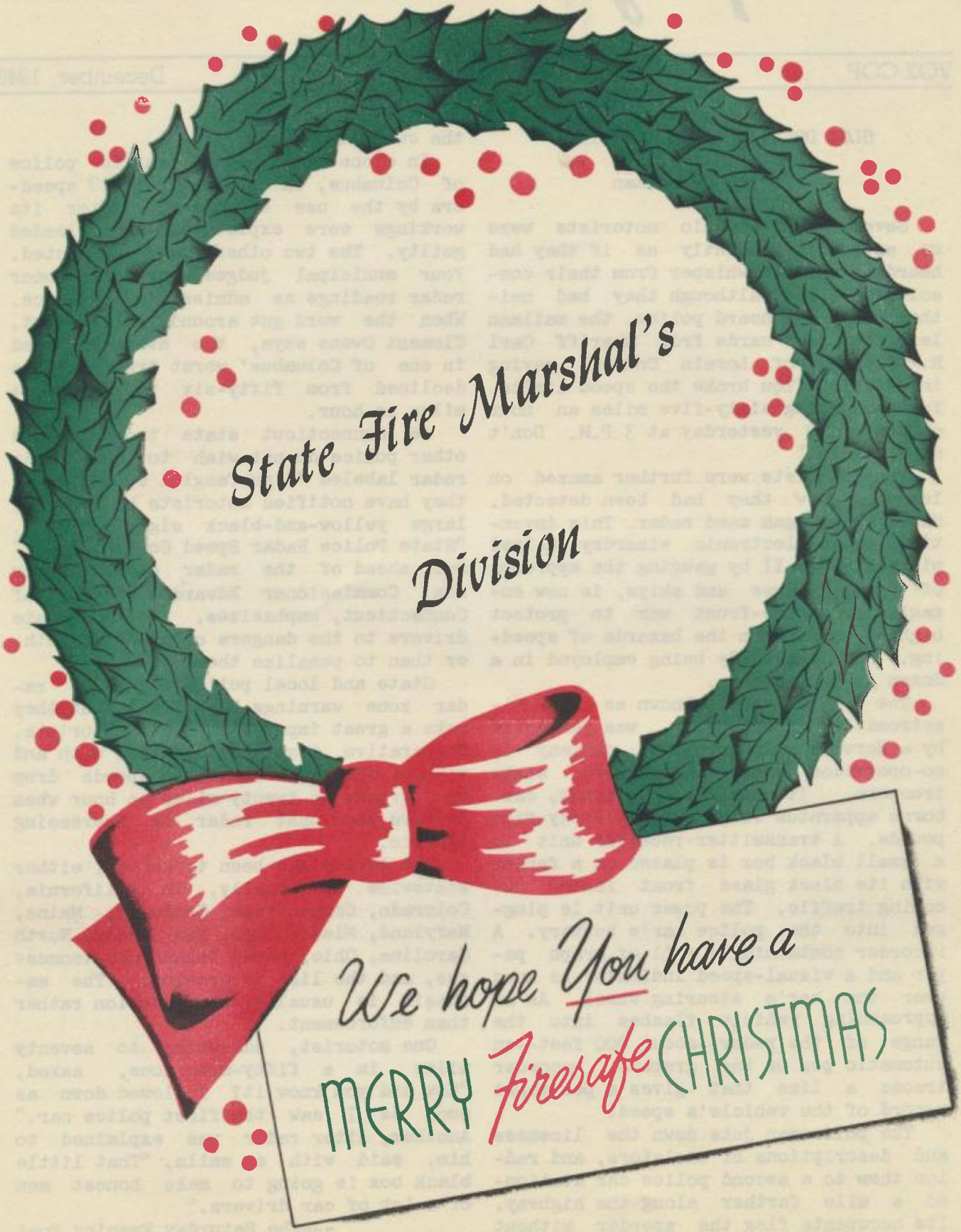
"I am not concerned that I have no place - I am concerned how I may fit for one; I am not concerned that I am not known - I seek to be worthy to be known!"

Character is acquired the hard way - there are no short cuts. Character is a combination of the qualities of fairness, honesty, self-sacrifice, courage, loyalty and dignity - all of which are developed in a man through years of conscientious performance of duty and right living. With these qualities predominating in the rank and file of a police organization, we need not fear the future. We know that the strongest part of a police department is not its fine equipment, its splended uniforms, its modern buildings. No, indeed - the strength of your police force is measured by the character of its members.

Here in Connecticut, we are proud of our heritage. We are proud of the men who enlist in the police service. We are proud of the associations assembled here this morning. As we survey our fidelity to God and State, to law and religion, let us pray together that no strange voices or strange things may lure us from our sacred trust. Let us beseech our heavenly father to infuse his holy spirit into legislation that there be wise laws; that family life be made sacred and stable; that rulers seek the betterment of the people and not mere power; that we receive more equitable compensation for our labors and be secure against the future. Help us to keep our faith and our country as it was given to us - good to live in and worthy to die for.

May all of us when we stand naked, alone, and undefended on judgment day gain admission through the golden gate with the words of St. Paul:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course,
I have kept the faith."


State Fire Marshal's
Division
We hope You have a
MERRY Firesafe CHRISTMAS

Safety mindedness

SLOW DOWN, RADAR'S WATCHING!

By Irving Leiberman

Several hundred Ohio motorists were as astounded recently as if they had heard an audible whisper from their consciences. For, although they had neither seen nor heard police, the mailman left them post cards from Sheriff Carl R. Finegan, of Lorain County, saying in effect: "You broke the speed limits. You were going sixty-five miles an hour on Route 20 yesterday at 3 P.M. Don't do it again."

The motorists were further amazed on learning how they had been detected. Sheriff Finegan used radar. This invention, whose electronic wizardry helped win World War II by gauging the approach of enemy planes and ships, is now engaging in a home-front war to protect highway users from the hazards of speeding. It is already being employed in a dozen or more states.

The traffic radar, known as the Electromatic Speed Meter, was perfected by a Norwalk, Connecticut, company in co-operation with Connecticut state troopers. It consists of a handy, car-borne apparatus weighing only forty-five pounds. A transmitter-receiver unit in a small black box is placed on a fender with its black glass front facing oncoming traffic. The power unit is plugged into the police car's battery. A recorder containing a roll of graph paper and a visual-speed indicator is hung near the car's steering wheel. As an approaching vehicle flashes into the range of the radar--about 200 feet--an automatic pen on the graphic recorder traces a line that gives a permanent record of the vehicle's speed.

The policeman jots down the licenses and descriptions of violators, and radios them to a second police car stationed a mile farther along the highway. Its occupants flag the speeder without the customary chase.

In a one-month period traffic police of Columbus, Ohio, picked up 128 speeders by the use of radar. After its workings were explained, 126 pleaded guilty. The two others were convicted. Four municipal judges agreed to honor radar readings as admissible evidence. When the word got around, Police Capt. Clement Owens says, the average speed in one of Columbus' worst traffic zones declined from fifty-six to forty-one miles an hour.

As Connecticut state troopers and other police do not wish to see their radar labeled "a newfangled speed trap," they have notified motorists by posting large yellow-and-black signs reading, "State Police Radar Speed Control Zone," well ahead of the radar cars. Their aim, Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, of Connecticut, emphasizes, is to educate drivers to the dangers of speeding rather than to penalize them.

State and local police using the radar zone warnings have found that they make a great impression upon motorists. Comparative tests on highways with and without the signs show that speeds drop by fifteen to twenty miles an hour when drivers know that radar is overseeing traffic.

The device has been tried out, either statewide or locally, in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Rhode Island,and Tennessee, and the list is growing. The emphasis is usually an education rather than enforcement.

One motorist, admitting to seventy miles in a fifty-mile zone, asked, "How did you know it? I slowed down as soon as I saw the first police car." Another, after radar was explained to him, said with a smile, "That little black box is going to make honest men of a lot of car drivers."

---The Saturday Evening Post

TOO MANY TRUCK MISHAPS

As has been the case with motorbuses, so it appears that something also is happening in the operation of trucks on the highways that is causing an increase in the number of costly accidents.

There have been fatalities, enough of them in Connecticut to arouse concern. The fact that many mishaps are reported from the northeastern corner of the State suggests that speed as well as congestion of traffic combine to create hazardous conditions, but hazards are not limited to that area.

Lately drivers of personal cars have observed many trucks halted alongside main highways, waiting for service trucks to come with tire replacements. Obviously highway transport vehicles that do not carry spare tires are not equipped as they should be. It is possible their owners have driven the trucks more miles than the tires could take. It is possible the vehicles have been put to too great stress, because of high speed, than they should have been. It is also possible that drivers have also been required to withstand unusual strain and accordingly fall sleepy at the wheel.

Whatever may be the chief causes of accidents to trucks, authorities report that there have been instances of injured drivers being unattended for long periods. They have been held in cabs by wedged doors, or because of other consequences of accidents have been unable to signal other drivers that they are in trouble. Here is a condition that calls for more attention from owners of trucks as well as from the State Police and other State departments that have safety of the public, as well as of motor vehicle operators, as principal objectives. ---Hartford Times

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DRINKING AND DRIVING

At the annual meeting of the American Automobile Association in Cleveland a few days ago, great concern was expressed because of the thousands of automobile accidents that are caused by drunken boys and girls.

"This practice of driving while intoxicated is increasing among youngsters," said President Lou E. Holland, "Many think it is a mark of distinction to carry booze bottles. When they get to drinking and driving, many are turned into potential killers."

More than half the states allow gasoline stations to sell whisky, thus mixing liquor and gasoline. There is also an increase in roadside places where boys and girls may buy liquor.

Unless this abuse is controlled, America is warned that accident records will rise to undreamed of totals. The record is far too black as it stands.

---Torrington Register

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TRAFFIC BOTTLENECK

It would be wonderful, everyone said, when the tunnels through West Rock were completed. Then Connecticut would have, in the Cross and Merritt Parkways, a through artery from one border to another. There would be no more losing time, and perhaps getting lost in the intricacies of New Haven traffic. Life would, in short, be beautiful, and the trip to New York a half hour shorter.

What happened? The tunnels were completed, right on schedule. The opening ceremonies were held with proper pomp, marred only by a little initial trouble. And traffic was free to flow through West Rock instead of through New Haven center. The prompt result was, on Sunday, as ornery a traffic snarl as the State Police have had to untangle in many long months.

There was one accident, a mile west of the tunnels. There were several minor mishaps both on the parkway and on some of its tributaries. And at various critical places cars were stretched out in evil-tempered, mile-long bottlenecks for more than half an hour at a time.

The fault lies not in the new tunnels nor in the parkway system. It lies in human nature, in the inquisitiveness of the average motorist, and in the accident of fine fall weather. For every

driver in Connecticut apparently headed for West Rock over the week end, to make a firsthand evaluation of the soundness of its construction. As one State Policeman remarked, it seemed as though some of those crawling through there on Sunday must have been counting the tiles.

Presumably the worst is now over. The average motorist has now accepted the tunnels as a worthy addition to Connecticut's highway system. Perhaps we can now gradually look for a little smoother operation. Let us hope, at least, that the new bottleneck-breaker won't itself be a permanent bottleneck.

---Hartford Courant

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DON'T GET EXCITED WHEN INSECT INVADES YOUR CAR

A bee can wreck your car.

Typically, because driver and occupants are thrown into a panic. Needlessly, too, because the noise and car vibration bewilders the bee so much that his only motive during his frenzied flight is escape.

Roll down the window a crack, and most likely he'll blow out without harming anyone. If you must stage a battle with the bee, pull safely off at the side of the road and stop--even stop your motor--and then do the job right.

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HOW TO AVOID REAR END COLLISIONS

Here's an outline of the driving methods necessary to prevent both types of rear end collisions: (a) colliding with the vehicle ahead, (b) being struck by the vehicle behind.

The ordinary driver is really concerned only with the vehicle ahead. The professional driver knows that by employing defensive driving measures, he will avoid colliding with the vehicle ahead, and can assist any driver behind him in keeping out of trouble.

There are six safe driving considerations that must be kept in mind to avoid striking any vehicle.

1. ATTENTION: At 25 miles per hour, your vehicle is traveling 37 feet each second. If you move your eyes from the traffic ahead for just three seconds, you have traveled 110 feet practically uncontrolled. In the opinion of many safety authorities, this ranks first as a cause of rear end collisions.

2. SPEED AND ROAD CONDITIONS: A rule of thumb: "Stay one vehicle length behind for each 10 miles per hour of speed." (A vehicle length is 20 feet.) These following distances should be increased when the road surface is slippery or visibility is poor.

3. REACTION TIME: After the driver ahead starts to brake, there is a reaction time averaging 3/4 of a second before you, the driver behind, can detect the stopping. Therefore, at 25 miles per hour, you can travel 27 feet before your foot reaches the brake pedal.

4. OVERTAKING TO PASS: Always pull out early when you plan to pass another vehicle on the open highway. Then if traffic is approaching, you won't have to get back into line so quickly that you hit the vehicle you're passing.

5. INTERSECTIONS: Many rear end collisions occur when the vehicle ahead stops suddenly for a changing light at an intersection. You should avoid rushing the light to prevent such an embarrassing event.

6. BRAKES: It's imperative that your vehicle's brakes be properly adjusted. There's no substitute for good brakes when you need them.

---Fleet Supervisor

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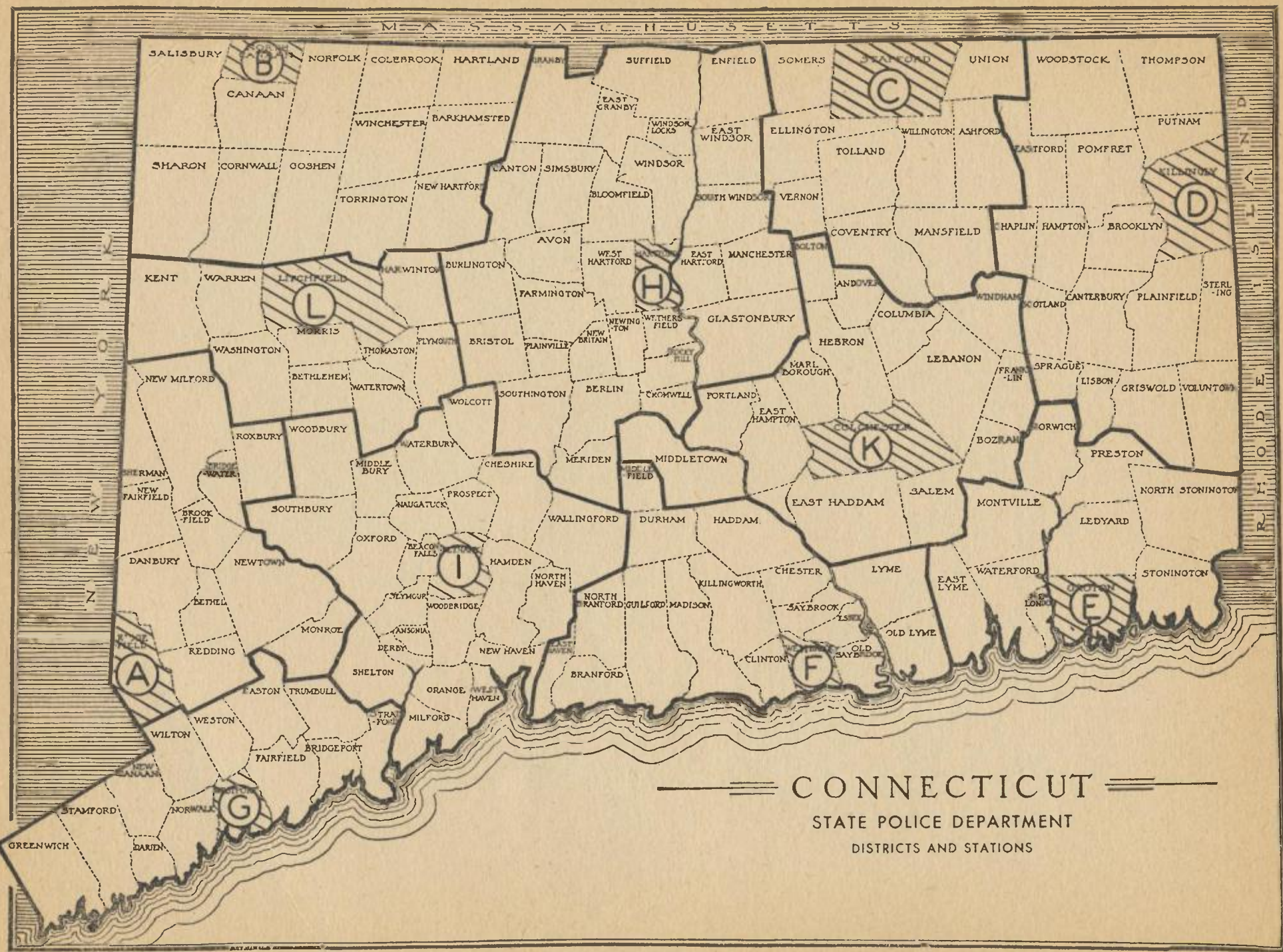
SLOW DOWN!

Speed killed or injured nearly 350,000 men, women and children last year. Driving too fast was a larger factor in 1948 traffic deaths and injuries than at any time in history. We cannot substantially improve the nation's shameful traffic record until drivers make up their minds to stay within speed limits. Careful engineering, tight traffic laws and firm police work are necessary. But the burden belongs to the driver.



CONNECTICUT

STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT

DISTRICTS AND STATIONS