

Vox Cop

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ISSUED BY THE

No. 12

CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

AUGUST 1950

Code of Honor
of the
Connecticut State Police

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

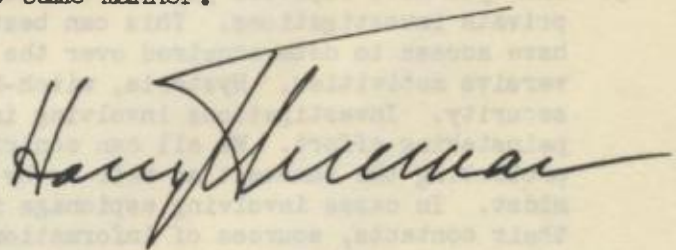
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 24, 1950

INFORMATION RELATING TO DOMESTIC ESPIONAGE,
SABOTAGE, SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES AND RELATED MATTERS

On September 6, 1939 and January 8, 1943 a Presidential Directive was issued providing that the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice should take charge of investigative work in matters relating to espionage, sabotage, subversive activities and related matters. It was pointed out that the investigations must be conducted in a comprehensive manner on a National basis and all information carefully sifted out and correlated in order to avoid confusion. I should like to again call the attention of all Enforcement Officers, both Federal and State, to the request that they report all information in the above enumerated fields promptly to the nearest Field Representative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which is charged with the responsibility of correlating this material and referring matters which are under the jurisdiction of any other Federal Agency with responsibilities in this field to the appropriate agency.

I suggest that all patriotic organizations and individuals likewise report all such information relating to espionage, sabotage and subversive activities to the Federal Bureau of Investigation in this same manner.





United States Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington 25, D. C.

July 26, 1950

IN REPLY, PLEASE REFER TO
FILE No. _____

STATEMENT OF J. EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR,
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

The internal security of the United States can be assured with the cooperation, aid and assistance of every law-abiding person in our Nation. The President of the United States in restating the responsibilities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation has called upon all law enforcement officers, patriotic organizations and individuals to report information pertaining to espionage, sabotage and subversive activities to the FBI. Plans have already been made and are in operation whereby the law enforcement agencies of the Nation are working in close cooperation with the FBI.

The following suggestions are being made to assist patriotic organizations and individuals in complying with the President's request:

1. The FBI is as near to you as your telephone. The first page of every telephone book in the country lists the nearest office of the FBI. You can communicate with the FBI by telephone, letter or call at our nearest office.
2. Feel free to furnish all facts in your possession. Many times a small bit of information might furnish the data we are seeking. If you have any information on sabotage, espionage, or subversive activities, contact the FBI.
3. The FBI is interested in receiving facts; we are not interested in what a person thinks but in what he does which undermines our internal security. Avoid reporting malicious gossip or idle rumors.
4. Do not circulate rumors about subversive activities, or draw conclusions from information you furnish the FBI. The data you possess might be incomplete or only partially accurate. By drawing conclusions based on insufficient evidence grave injustices might result to innocent persons.
5. Once you have reported your information to the FBI do not endeavor to make private investigations. This can best be done by trained investigators who have access to data acquired over the years on individuals engaged in subversive activities. Hysteria, witch-hunts and vigilantes weaken internal security. Investigations involving internal security require care and painstaking effort. We all can contribute to our internal security by protecting the innocent as well as by identifying the enemies within our midst. In cases involving espionage it is more important to identify spies, their contacts, sources of information, and methods of communications than to make immediate arrests.
6. Be alert. The greatest defenders against sabotage are the loyal American workmen who are producing the materials and weapons for our defense. They can be the "watch dogs" of defense in every walk of life.
7. The forces which are most anxious to weaken our internal security are not always easy to identify. Communists have been trained in deceit and secretly work toward the day when they hope to replace our American way of life with a Communist dictatorship. They utilize cleverly camouflaged movements, such as some peace groups and civil rights organizations, to achieve their sinister purposes. While they as individuals are difficult to identify, the Communist Party line is clear. Its first concern is the advancement of Soviet Russia and the godless Communist cause. It is important to learn to know the enemies of the American way of life.

Yankee *By The* Clipper

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

HERE'S ONE WAY TO STOP THE CAR THIEF!

By T. E. Murphy

Two 17-year-old Army recruits were walking down a quiet street in West Hartford, when one of them spied an ignition key in a parked automobile.

It was spring. They were young. One last fling before going overseas? They glanced cautiously up and down the street. A few seconds later they were speeding away.

On the next block, 27-year-old patrolman Stephen Fedus was busy shepherding school children across the street. He saw the careening car, now out of control, and dashed out to intercept it. A few feet from him it crashed into a hydrant and overturned, pinning the young patrolman beneath it.

A few hours later they amputated the policeman's leg. The two youths were given long prison sentences.

That is how tragedy strode into the lives of three young men in three minutes, as the direct result of leaving a key in a parked car. It was only one of thousands of mishaps that occur every year because motorists are too indifferent or too lazy to remove the keys from their cars.

More than 400 automobiles are stolen every day and reliable surveys show that nine out of 10 were left on the street all set to go, with a tank full of gasoline and the ignition key in the lock. That isn't the worst of it. Highway accidents, many of them fatal, are caused by these jittery kids in strange cars. Serious crimes grow out of these frenetic joyrides. The little ignition key opens the gates of the Big House for thousands of youths every year.

I talked with a youngster in prison not long ago. He had just turned 21 but had already been behind bars more than two years. He and two chums had succumbed to the temptation of the igni-

tion key.

"We just took it for a lark," he says soberly now. "But when we ran out of gas we decided to hold up a gas station. One of the boys slugged the station attendant."

Fortunately the man didn't die. But a radio alarm sent a half dozen squad cars in pursuit. Panic-stricken, the youthful driver ran his car against a building, pinning an innocent passerby to death.

When society's score was added, auto theft, robbery and manslaughter spelled out 15 years sentences for all concerned.

The youngster said wistfully, "It all started with that darned ignition key--. If only we hadn't seen it!"

Except for the cars lifted by professional thieves, now in minority, most stolen-car riders are youngsters. If anybody put a loaded revolver in their hands and told them to shoot at random, it couldn't be worse than the temptation put in their way by indifferent motorists. Of the 19,000 arrested last year for stealing cars, 9805, more than half, were under 21. Of this group 3500 were under 18. There were even 353 youngsters less than 15 years old.

More than one third of the inmates in the Wisconsin State reformatory are there for car theft. More than 18 per cent of those in its industrial school are there for the same reason.

They all say the same thing: "I wouldn't have thought of it if I hadn't seen the key in the car."

In Orange, Texas, in January, 1947, two officers picked up the trail of a speeding car at 1:30 a.m. At one intersection it narrowly missed two other cars. Driving in unfamiliar territory the thief drove off the end of the

street into the river, the car hitting the water 40 feet from shore.

As the pursuing officers got out of their car, a boy came to the surface and was brought ashore. He was 14 years old. His three companions, including his 11-year-old brother, a 13-year-old boy and the 16-year-old driver all perished.

The ignition key had been left in the car by a careless but solid citizen.

In a seven-year study in Plainfield, New Jersey, it was found that 92 per cent of the cars stolen had keys left in the switch. A four-month study at the Wisconsin State Reformatory showed that available ignition keys played a part in every case where youngsters had been convicted of car theft. Surveys made in Ohio were even more impressive. Studies in Cleveland, Cincinnati and Dayton showed that 98 per cent of the cars stolen had keys in the car.

With the facts written so brazenly, you may ask, why isn't something done about it? Why not pass a law?

A half dozen states and about 15 major cities, including New York, now have laws on the books banning ignition keys in unattended cars. But the laws are ignored. James W. Horan of the Milwaukee Crime Commission instituted a study of the situation a few years ago. He wrote to those states which he knew had laws on ignition keys, to inquire of the police as to their enforcement experience. Many police officials wrote back and said they had no such law but would heartily endorse its adoption.

Milwaukee has no ordinance, but the distribution of an educational booklet, "Here Kid, Take My Car," brought about an immediate reduction in auto thefts. Toronto has a local ordinance and enforces it without much effort to coddle motorists with education. In one year, 600 Toronto motorists were brought to book for leaving ignition keys in cars. And take a look at the results: In 1949, with a motor vehicle registration of 129,000, there were 1553 motor thefts in Toronto. In 1948, with double the number of cars, thefts had shrunk to 1143.

Cleveland, Ohio, is also making

progress under a new ordinance. There is an increasing tendency among juvenile court judges in Ohio to summon car owners into court when juvenile auto thieves confess that they took cars because they were unlocked.

Several judges have announced that car owners, who are thus negligent, can and should be charged with the contributing to delinquency law.

Perhaps the outstanding example of community cooperation is that of Decatur, Illinois. In 1945 139 motor cars had been stolen in that city and the trend was straight upward. Authorities became alarmed and decided to do two things: educate the public and enforce a law that had been lying dormant on the books.

State's Attorney Ivan J. Hutchens went on the air and told his fellow citizens: "Nobody would leave a thousand dollar bill in the street and expect to find it when he returned. Yet we have several hundred citizens who daily leave a valuable automobile parked in the streets ready to be driven away."

Police followed with strict enforcement of the law. Forty-one persons were arrested in the first two months and car thefts diminished. Then the unbelievable happened. Not a single car was stolen in Decatur in six months!

In June, 1946, Grand Rapids, Mich., passed an ordinance making it an offense to leave ignition keys in unattended cars. In 1945, 440 cars had been stolen, most of them by juveniles. A year later this had been cut to 207, a reduction of nearly .60 per cent. Even more important, though, only 19 juveniles were involved in car thefts during the whole year.

Some cities have been doing good work even without a law with teeth in it. Police Chief John A. Lyddy of Bridgeport, has been waging a quietly effective campaign. Motorists who leave their keys in cars find a warning sign on their windshield wiper when they return. It says: "Your ignition key is a deadly weapon. When you leave your keys in your car, you invite some kid to steal it. All too often a kid in a hot car is MURDER. Protect yourself and others by removing your ignition key

every time you leave your car."

In 1946, 296 cars were stolen in Bridgeport. In 1949, only 139 were driven away illegally.

All citizens who unwittingly contribute to delinquency and help foster highway fatalities by lax use of ignition keys would be appalled if they could see the results of their laziness. One day last winter as I was driving south toward Washington a car passed at breakneck speed. It was quickly followed by a police car with siren screaming. The first car disappeared around a bend in the road, and then suddenly came the sound of screeching tires, then the brutal smash of metal and splintering wood.

It was only part of a body that police pulled from that ruin. Part of the head had been sheared off the human being, but even so, it was plain the boy wasn't more than 16 years old.

Before the useless ambulance arrived, a plump man, breathless, accosted the officer. "It was my car," he complained. "I left it in front of the house for just a minute with the ignition key in it."

"Left the key in it?" the officer repeated. He glanced at the remnants of a human being, then back at the citizen and his voice was like a whiplash. "Take a look at that. You and your key!"

The Milwaukee Crime Commission cites a classic example of how the original theft of a car can be compounded into an extensive chain of damaging events. In September 1945 a doctor reported the theft of his car from in front of a hospital. The key was left in the ignition. Two youths, ages 17 and 16, were later apprehended. Here is the chronology:

They stole a safe from a tavern in Dubuque, Iowa, which was brought to Milwaukee where it was looted. They then burglarized a post office at Waterford, then a sporting goods store and several other stores in the same town. They stole another car in Clinton, Iowa, complete with ignition key, which they drove to San Francisco and then to Wyoming, where they burglarized a laundry, then abandoned that car.

They stole a third car with ignition key intact, and continued their program of burglaries, including tailor shops, grocery stores, etc. This 60-day crime spree, covering half the continent ran up more than \$100,000 of property loss and was encouraged if not inspired by the knowledge that there would always be a car somewhere with the little key in it to provide transportation for the getaway.

In no state has there yet been a frontal attack on this horrifying situation. In no state is there a combination of restrictive enactment, vigorous enforcement and public education. Police authorities are almost unanimous in believing that if these three elements are present, auto thefts can be virtually snuffed out. It is hard to think of an easier or more direct way of saving lives on the highways, preventing juvenile delinquency and protecting witless youth from condemning itself to years in prison.

This is a problem still waiting to be tackled on a state-wide basis by somebody with imagination and courage.

---The Hartford Courant Magazine

DO THEFT STORIES PROMOTE CRIME OR ACT AS PREVENTIVE?

By S. X.

Just recently the Merritt Parkway has been visited by a highway man. In just a short time the loot will be located, no doubt, and it may be anticipated that Commissioner Hickey's bright young sleuths will have regained the stolen purse, while the prisoners wait on trial.

The Wayside Press of Topsfield, Mass., (1926), brought out the biography of "Captain Lightfoot," the last of the New England highway men. However, robbery of the traveler on the highway is a trade as ancient as man and oddly enough has assumed a romantic guise that has gained sympathy of contemporaries and the interest of modern readers--to quote from the preface.

Captain Lightfoot's real name was Michael Martin, and he may have been, as the story reveals, the last person

in Massachusetts to be hanged for highway robbery. He was a companion of a notorious highway man known as Thunderbolt. The latter is supposed to have spent the last years of his life in Brattleboro, Vt., where he practiced as a physician. He also taught school in Brookline, Vt., where he planned and built a brick school house, circular in shape and still a curiosity there.

Frederick Waldo of Boston, a news writer on the Columbian Centinel, was the translator who put Lightfoot's story into easy reading type. There is fascination in crime stories in all times and Lightfoot's remarkable raids as told by Waldo, required three volumes to recite, and include the life and times of Lightfoot's depredations. This highway holdup man may have been light fingered as well as a foot pad.

The Lightfoot life story was first given to the world as the last words of a man about to be hanged, and was believed by the readers of the times to be the last report of a bold man, facing death, and determined to tell the truth. The pamphlet containing it, then widely circulated, now has antiquarian value.

The Captain's object in confession might be an example and warning to others. He was sensible that his life had been justly forfeited, and felt a keen desire to show the futility of robbery.

It was felt by many that Lightfoot's story was heard by men, women, and children, and it was feared that his perpetration of crime might be helpful to crooks planning highway raids. This view was expressed at the time. Replying to these views the printer of the pamphlet wrote, 1822: "Michael Martin suffered a just and disgraceful death for his crimes." ---Hartford Times

PATROL CONVINCES REPORTER

Nightmare Test Leaves Him Mumbling To Self

Never again will I refer to a state patrolman--or any other policeman--as a 'dumb flat-foot!'

Your state patrolman may have panicked pedal extremities--it's unimportant. But, take it from me, he's no dummy.

All by myself yesterday I took the hurdles right along with the remaining 67 of 186 rugged young men who started out about three weeks ago to try to land a job as a state patrolman--at \$230.00 a month.

Last year, the Civil Service Commission, the State Patrol and a group of 25 graduate students and professors from Colorado University under the direction of Dr. Kenneth Hammond, expert psychologist, began work on what they claim is "the most comprehensive civil service examination being given in the United States."

The aspiring patrolman takes a written exam, driving and physical test, group co-operation tests, clinical interviews, visual and auditory tests, recollection studies and, last but not worst, a "Stress Situation" test.

Patrol Capt. Duane W. Handrick conducts all but the written tests at Camp George West, 10 miles west of Denver. The State Department of Revenue supplies examiners for the driving phases and the people from Colorado University do the checking, scoring and what probably is the world's finest job of heckling.

The "Stress Situation" portion of the exam:

A CU examiner straps a holster and gun around my sagging middle and puts me behind the wheel of a patrol car. He climbs in beside me and says:

"You are a patrolman. Drive where I tell you and when you see anything out of line, stop the car and get it straightened out."

I drive maybe a half mile and nothing happens; then I turn a corner and see two cars jammed front to rear, blocking the path.

A young guy is out of the rear car, walking around, looking at the damage. In the front car I can see what looks like a pretty dame.

"What's the trouble here?" I ask.

"Seems like we had a little accident," the young guy answers.

After I find out the dame--and she is pretty--isn't hurt and just wants to sit in her car until her nerves stop doing push-ups, I listen to the young guy explain what happened.

I start thinking it's time I do something constructive. Maybe we ought to move the cars off the highway so traffic can get through--but how?

The young guy, nice up until now, starts whining at me:

"Look, officer, let's take some measurements right away. I ain't to blame for this and I don't want to get jammed up with my insurance company."

"Wait a minute," I snarl. "I'm handling this accident and I'll tell you when to take measurements. Lemme see your driver's license."

He starts fishing around in his pockets and looking in the car, still giving me a bad time. Just then, the dame gets out of her car and gets into the act.

"Officer, is it all right if I stay out here in the fresh air?" she asks. "I feel a little faint."

I say okay but a couple of minutes later she's tugging at my sleeves again.

"Could I have a cigaret, please?"

I give her a smoke and ask for her driver's license.

She opens a purse that would double for a carpetbag and starts handing me things while she looks for the license. Soon I'm holding a ball of yarn, dark glasses, chewing gum, a lipstick without a cap on it, a powder puff and several old love letters. But no license.

Then I hear a horn honking feverishly. Another guy has driven up and wants through. Before I can get to his car, he's out of it, jabbing me in the chest with a corn cob pipe and screaming:

"Officer, get this road cleared. I have got a vital appointment in Denver in 15 minutes."

The guy in the accident rushes up and tells him to mind his own business. Just as I get them straightened out and in their own cars, I look down the road and see the girl driving off in my patrol car. I chase her and catch her but I can't get her out of the car because she's--carelessly no doubt--locked herself in.

I start pleading with her to unlock

the door but she just sits there.

While I'm practically on my knees, the two guys up and start yelling at me to do something. The big jerk in the third car has a jack handle in his hand. Then--and this kills me even now to think of it--that dizzy dame turns on the car's siren.

Before I can lie down in the road and have a good cry, somebody blows a whistle and the test is over. Somebody leads me off. By now I'm mumbling to myself and giggling. Ten minutes later, I am introduced to my hecklers--all three are graduate psych students at CU. All are very nice people. When you get to know them.

By Jack Mohler
Rocky Mountain News Writer
(Colorado State Patrol)

WELL DESERVED REWARDS

The awards for bravery to State policemen who captured two desperadoes who robbed the Woodbury bank are well deserved. The announcement of State Police Commissioner Hickey that the men who braved the gunfire of the fleeing bandits would be honored, provides one more opportunity to pay tribute to the group whose duty brought them for several days in close range with a pair of hunted men, ready to kill.

A policeman, and particularly a State policeman, never knows what is in store for him when he begins his tour of duty. The policemen who chased and later captured the bandit pair may have expected a quiet, orderly day when they started out for work on June 9.

But from the moment they got the word of the holdup until June 15 when they shot it out with the gunmen and finally had them in handcuffs, they knew what was in store for themselves if they relaxed even for a moment. Death lurked in the Southbury woods, but that did not deter the men assigned to the dangerous task of bringing the bank robbers to justice, alive.

It is almost miraculous that there were no casualties from the shooting, as the fleeing bandits spattered police

car windshields with shots fired at close range.

According to the time-honored custom of honoring those who perform heroic deeds in the line of duty the board of awards has voted citations of bravery and valor to five policemen; honorable mention for four other policemen, a radio dispatcher and the lieutenant who directed the operations.

Every one of the awards is well deserved. They are given by the State in the name of the people of Connecticut, who are proud of the honored men and the force they represent. The deed they performed in the public interest should go a long way in convincing others reckless enough to turn to banditry that Connecticut is no place for criminals to operate.

We offer sincere congratulations to this group of men who have proved they are worthy of the trust and confidence placed in them by the police commissioner and the people of this state.

---The Bridgeport Post

PROMOTIONS FOR TROOPERS

Connecticut's General Assembly, at its next session, will be called to consider an important piece of legislation concerning promotion of state troopers. State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey has announced that a bill making possible on-the-spot advancement in rank for state policemen as a reward for meritorious services will be sponsored when the legislators convene for their next regular sessions of deliberations in Hartford.

This situation is of general concern. It is of particular interest here because two troopers involved are connected with the Westport Barracks. Announcing promotion of two troopers who were successful in competitive examinations, he said he would like to promote two others on a spot basis but couldn't because of the Civil Service or merit system restrictions. That means red tape, of course.

The troopers he couldn't promote are Leo H. Dymkoski and William Wallace.

Working out of Westport, they recently braved a hail of bullets in a chase and gun battle that resulted in capture of two men charged with robbing a bank in the Southbury area. Bullets whizzed past the troopers' heads. The windshield was shattered. They persisted in the chase, risking death every second, and got their men.

We don't know how much book "larin'" these troopers have; whether or not they could pass written tests. But we do know they're the kind of men to have around in an emergency. We say they deserve promotion. So we say some such legislation should pass.

Civil Service provisions basically are sound. They encourage special efforts for improvements. Nothing in them should prevent reward of such heroic and meritorious conduct as that displayed by the Westport troopers in what is being called the "Southbury incident." It came very nearly being a conclusive incident for them. The whiz of those bullets must have sounded like the rustle of angels' wings to the pursuing arms of the law who kept right on, oblivious of their own peril.

Here is a situation that calls for sensible disposition. Merit system provisions can be safeguarded for all general purposes, at the same time that we move to allow suitable and fitting recognition of valor and outstanding service in the interests of community safety.

In the course of Civil Service proceedings, many an old-timer has been left by the wayside simply for lack of familiarity with books. While advanced education is to be encouraged in every possible way, it should not be carried to extremes that prevent recognition and reward for others who by long, faithful, efficient and perhaps even spectacular service.

Reason should prevail in the final analysis.

---The Norwalk Hour

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one; take honor from me and my life is done.--Shakespeare.

DEFENDANTS INSTRUCTED
ON THEIR RIGHTS

THE WINCHESTER JUDGES
GIVE OUT LEAFLETS ON
COURT PROCEDURE

By Siegbert Kaufmann

Two Winchester judges do not want the citizens of their community to carry their ignorance of the law into proceedings before the bar. So they have prepared a leaflet entitled "Your Rights," which is given to each person appearing at the Town Court of Winchester and the City of Winsted. It tells him about his rights and duties during the court session.

The document was written by Presiding Judge Harold P. Sullivan and Theodore Vaill, deputy judge, last December after the judges, in office just a few months, found many of the defendants before them "perplexed" regarding judicial procedure.

Interestingly enough, the two judges were also laymen in the field of law when they assumed office. Automobile dealer Sullivan, until his appointment, has studied law as a hobby, and Vaill was a newspaperman.

"This leaflet is to enlighten the people," declared Judge Sullivan, and it seems to do so."

In simple language it tells them: "This is possibly your first visit to this court, and we desire that you be fully advised as to your rights and duties." It asks the person to be punctual when his case is to be heard, to answer "present" when called, and to come forward and face the judge when he reads the charge.

"If you do not fully understand the complaint, you may ask to have it explained or read to you in full," the paper goes on. "This is not the time to tell your side of the case" as you will be given an opportunity to do that later.

The defendant is told that a plea of "not guilty" is the same as saying: "I did not violate the law as charged in the complaint." If in doubt, the person is advised to enter a plea of

"not guilty".

Judge Sullivan told of one case in which a man, charged with non-support, had immediately pleaded "guilty." However, the judge noticed that his hand was 100 per cent disabled and reserved decision. Further investigation brought out additional circumstances, and the final verdict was "not guilty."

This was just one of many cases in which the defendant is not acquainted with his rights and privileges," the judge commented, and such incidents prompted the publication of "Your Rights."

An immediate hearing follows a "guilty" plea. The complaining witness states his case and "you will have an opportunity to state any facts of extenuating circumstances you want the court to know."

A "not guilty" plea entitles the defendant to a formal trial, usually also held immediately. "The burden of proof will be on the prosecution," the person is advised. Witnesses, first for the prosecution and then the defense, are heard under oath and may be crossexamined.

"After all the evidence has been heard, you or your attorney have the right to present your brief argument to the court, if you wish," the leaflet states. "The Judge will then decide, from the evidence properly heard in court, whether you are guilty or not." The earlier plea has no influence on the penalty.

If not satisfied with the decision, the defendant may appeal to the next highest court.

"We here strive to make a reality of the slogan 'Equal Justice Under the Law.' You are reminded that the Judge and deputy judge and other court officials represent the State of Connecticut. They are not the representatives of the Town of Winchester, the Board of Selectmen here or of any political group."

Former Chief Justice William M. Maltbie of the Supreme Court of Errors and William S. Gordon, president of Assembly of Court Judges in Connecticut, were consulted in the preparation of "Your Rights."

About 200 copies of the leaflet have so far been distributed among defendants entering the Winchester Court. However, during the same six-month period another 2800 have been mailed to interested citizens throughout the United States who have heard of the publication. More than 1000 copies of "Your Rights" have been sent to parties outside the state, some going as far as Los Angeles, Calif., and Washington state. In addition, a story about "Your Rights" appeared in the June issue of the national magazine, "American City."

"We are quite gratified with this response, Judge Sullivan noted. "However, our job is the equitable administration of justice here, and this is made easier, we feel, through an informed citizenry." ---Hartford Courant

THE "SCORCHER SQUAD"

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BICYCLE RIDING PATROLMEN---The fastest thing on wheels, back at the turn of the century was the bicycle rider. Today we would say that they "burned up the road." Back in the 1890's, the speedy bicycle riders "scorched" the countryside and the public named them the "Scorchers."

Police Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt introduced the New York Bicycle Squad in December 1895 when four policemen on bicycles were attached to the Traffic Squad to control traffic on Eighth Avenue and on the waterfront. The sprawling, busy city was beginning to feel its growing pains, and the invention of the "steam-carriage" gave the City its first traffic headache. Faced with a situation that had sprung up almost over-night, the City delegated the Problem of traffic control to the Police Department, despite some cries for a separate Traffic Commission. The task was made even more difficult because the city had neglected to give the police the power to issue summonses for traffic violations. In fact, outside of speeding, no one had decided what constituted a traffic violation. Driv-

ers who exceeded the speed limit of 8 miles an hour had to be summarily arrested and hauled off to court on the spot.

Despite this handicap, Police Commissioner Thomas Andrew proudly reported a year later that the Squadsmen had made 1,366 arrests of "civilian wheel men who persisted in risking the limbs and lives of others by "scorching" along the Park drives...and large numbers of those despicable creatures known as mashers." The patrolmen on bicycles, darting in and out of traffic, proved themselves able to keep up with the new speed that the horseless carriage had introduced.

Meanwhile, boilers on "steam-carriages" blew up, drivers persisted in exceeding the speed limit and horses and householders for miles around were scared out of their wits. The police controlled the boiler situation by requiring every "steam-carriage" to have a license issued by the Boiler Squad which was then a division of the Police Department. Now, when a "steam-carriage" was ordered to "pull over," the Squadsmen asked to see his license from the Boiler Squad. If he didn't have it, the offending driver would find his journey interrupted by an immediate visit to the judge.

Finally, in 1910, the State Legislature passed the Inferior Courts Act which gave the Police Department the power to issue summonses for traffic violations. In addition, the automobiles were required to have license plates issued by the Motor Vehicle Bureau. Control was now easier and the Bicycle Squad began to ride high, wide and handsome.

As the speed of automobiles increased, the Bicycle Squad devised new methods of catching speeders. Booths, equipped with telephones and manned by the squadsmen, were set up at strategic intervals on the highways. As the speeder whizzed past the booth, a patrolman designated as a Recorder, would clock his speed and then telephone the information ahead to the next traffic booth. Here the speeder would be overtaken by the Bicycle Squad and given his just desserts.

In 1917, the 750 bike riders paid little attention to the "put-put" of the 150 motorcycles which were quietly introduced while they were out catching speeders. A real blow fell in 1921, when with the introduction of the "bath-tub" motorcycle, some of the cyclists were taken off their beloved bikes and put in the side-cars. Now, the bike riders became roving patrolmen, instead of traffic men. They were assigned to outlying districts and to the parks where their mobility allowed them to cover great distances.

In Staten Island, the Bicycle Squad constituted sub-police stations of their own. Booths were erected and were manned by two bicycle men on a tour. They were connected by phone to the precinct and to the general public. When a call came in, one of the men scooted out on his bike to handle the situation. The other waited for additional calls or visits. In some cases, the distances covered by a post averaged 37 miles and was never less than 12 miles. The bicycle team acted as a two-man emergency squad, traffic squad, patrol squad and performed any of the miscellaneous chores for which the public called on them. Although the "tin lizzie" and the high powered motorcycle rapidly replaced the bicycle in New York City proper, the Bicycle Squad held on in Staten Island until 1934.

The model T. Ford sealed the doom of the Bicycle Squad. In 1947, the majority of bicycles were condemned and sold at public auction. The kids of New York attended the sale in droves bringing their piggy banks with them. No commercial bids were accepted and the auctioneer knocked down the bicycles for as low as ten cents a piece. In 1935 after 40 years of faithful service the vigilant pedal pushers made way for the age of gas, oil and water.

(Police & Fire Bulletin Reprint)

PLENTY OF THEM NOW

The first law regulating automobile traffic was passed by Connecticut in 1901.

OF MANY THINGS

By Thomas E. Murphy

A POLICEMAN WRITES ABOUT SYMPHONIC MUSIC

There's a chap over in Liverpool, England, who reads the Courant regularly and who engages in a sprightly and educational correspondence with me. Like most Britishers he is a bit reticent about himself. We know his name is Alexander Ramsay Campbell, that he lives at 40 Nook Rise, Liverpool, and that he is connected in some capacity with the British police force. We also know that he looks at the world with keen, fresh eyes and is extremely prolific in passing his opinions and ideas across the Atlantic. But that's all we know about him.

By this time, after more than a year, Hartford is probably pretty well-known to him. He follows us in our local doings and he is familiar with most of the local personalities and local problems. Apparently the drive to raise funds for a local symphony engaged his particular interest. What Mr. Campbell from across the Atlantic thinks about symphonic music is as follows: Mr. Campbell has recently visited York, and he draws his analogy from the Minister at York:

"Were I to visit Hartford it would not be to see that kind of monument, none being there, but one of sound. A monument of sound that only ear detects and appraises. The Minister is to York what the Symphony Orchestra can be to Hartford. Your working brain, your business brain, your commercial brain, your scholastic brain yearn for the relaxation that refortifies the tired cells. Refreshed by immersion in rivers of sound, electrified by the nimble imagery of fugal repartee, inspired by the happy marriage of note with note, stimulated by the skilful interplay of cause with consequences, the mind thrusts away the throng of worldly worries that clamours daily at its doors."

That, you will admit, is pretty fancy writing about a pretty fancy subject. And it is written by a man who is

neither a writer nor a musician, but a policeman. Obviously he is no ordinary beat pounder. ---Hartford Courant

BY THE WAY

Having been consigned to bed until my arteries stop getting up steam, I find myself at leisure for some really constructive work, so I think it a good chance to set down here a brief autobiographical sketch of Irvin Ford--something which, so far as I know, has not been hitherto attempted.

In the late nineties or early nineteen hundreds, a man called Irvin Ford murdered a girl in Washington, D. C., and a reward was offered for the apprehension of the criminal, who had fled from the city in which the deed had been committed. Ford was finally caught, convicted and executed, and the reward money duly divided among those whose information or other activities had contributed to this result.

One of the sharers in the reward was Thomas Burleigh, at the time, I think, Major of Harpers Ferry. The exact part played by Mr. Burleigh in Ford's capture I do not know; but I remember hearing that he (one of the most genial and kindly men in the world) was extremely reluctant to profit by what he looked on as the price of a life. Mr. Burleigh (dead now for years, God rest him) at last settled the problem by buying a monkey with his portion of the reward, and naming the animal Irvin Ford; and it is of this "memorial" monkey that I now purpose writing.

Irvin Ford (the monkey) and I were never on intimate terms. In fact, our only meeting was informal and not of a nature to foster friendship. Irvin theoretically was confined to his master's backyard, but in practice his liberty knew few restrictions. So one evening, as I, a small boy, was abroad on my lawful occasions, Irvin, pouncing out from nowhere, seized one of my bare legs with his hairy hands and scared me into an attack of croup. He neither bit nor scratched me--his sudden presence was enough. But if I saw little of

Irvin Ford, I heard much, and it is on these remembered traditions I draw.

Irvin soon took to frequenting a liquor saloon adjoining his residence. Whisky then was fairly cheap, and drinkers often failed to drain their glasses. Irvin, quickly learning to repair this omission, became a steady tippler. He also turned thief and mischiefmaker; and by hiding in his cheek-pouches change put out on the bar before the customers, succeeded in starting several promising fights. After a while, perhaps feeling his alcoholized liver's need of exercise, Irvin set up as a dogback rider. Perching himself on a porch or in a small tree that overhung the street, he would wait until a good-sized dog passed beneath him. Then, dropping astride his mount, he would seize one of the dog's ears in his left hand, while belaboring his steed's flank with his legs tightly around the astonished animal's middle. The dog would depart at top speed, and Irvin Ford would enjoy one of those gallops in the fresh air which physicians so highly recommend to those inclined to do themselves too well in the matter of potatoes. When the dog seemed inclined to slow down and investigate things, Irvin would spring into a convenient tree, and either return home by devious ways on foot, or ambush another dog bound in the desired direction.

Irvin once cut off a piece of his own tail with a bit of glass, but whether out of vanity, asceticism, or a drunken freak, no one could determine.

He died of pneumonia contracted from sleeping off his liquor in a chilly room. I have always thought a candid account of his career would make a good total abstinence tract.--W.T.W. (Catholic Virginian)

90 BAGS OF DIAPERS STOLEN

In Montreal, Samuel Nadler told police one of his trucks, loaded with ninety bags of diapers headed for his Montreal diaper laundry, was stolen.

The truck was found later. The diapers were missing.

THE SCARECROW FUNCTION OF THE POLICE

Ed. Note--The following article was written by Inspector J. L. Thomas Bradford of the City of Bradford Police of Britain and published in the Police Journal. It gives some interesting viewpoints on the question of Patrol policemen.

It is a significant fact that when the Metropolitan Police came into being in 1829, every member was issued a book of instructions in which was stated: "It should be understood at the outset that the object to be attained is the prevention of crime...the absence of crime will be considered the best proof of the complete efficiency of the police." We know that this has continued to be the primary function of the police--the dictum quoted still appears in the Instruction Book issued to members of the Metropolitan Police today--and that the principal method of accomplishing it has been the overt patrolling of the streets by policemen wearing uniforms.

But while this practice has for so long been considered fundamental to successful police work, in recent years several persons have questioned the efficacy of the Uniform Patrol Branch--as operating at present--in the prevention of crime. And all the critics have not all been theorists. On the contrary, they comprise men who have had intimate practical knowledge of the subject. It was a Chief Constable who recently wrote: "The present method of day police patrol is out of date and may be said to have reached the stage where it is merely the symbol of safety, whilst at the same time it does little or nothing to prevent or detect crime."

The views of this school of thought were crystallised some time ago by no less a person than the then Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, who posed the question: "Is street duty the best and most effective way of carrying out the primary police functions of preserving order and detecting crime?" and mentioned "the possibility of the foot patrol being supplemented, if not replaced by the more mobile patrol direct-

ed by wireless to answer a particular need."

In endeavouring to ascertain whether or not ostensible patrolling of the streets by uniformed policemen is approaching a stage when it is becoming obsolete, we would do well to make a brief historical retrospect, in order that the practice may be viewed in its proper perspective.

The origin of what has been very aptly called the scarecrow function of the Police, fulfilled by patrolling the streets, is probably to be found in the Middle Ages, when the watchmen operated in this capacity, and they continued to do so well into the nineteenth century. They were usually on duty only at night-time, and although they wore no distinctive uniform, the watchmen gave ample warning of their presence. They carried a bell or a rattle--which they used freely, a stave--which they struck against the pavement, and a lantern; and periodically they called out in a loud voice the time and the weather. It is not surprising that the watchmen were notoriously ineffective as preventers of crime. Not only was their patrolling robbed of any element of surprise so far as wrongdoers were concerned, but the quality of the personnel was extremely poor, old and infirm men almost always being selected for the work.

By the latter half of the eighteenth century, crime in London had become so rampant that a new body of men, of a much superior calibre--the Bow Street Patrol--was inaugurated. It was divided up into parties, and a contemporary document stated: "Eight of these parties are employed in patrolling the different roads leading to the Metropolis to prevent robberies and detect offenders, and the other five parties are employed in the same way in the different streets of the town."

The members of this Patrol did not wear uniforms, and they patrolled during the evening only, invariably finishing duty by midnight, so that it cannot be claimed that they exercised a deterrent influence on wrongdoers by their conspicuous presence in the street, es-

pecially when the lack of street lighting is remembered. Although they have been described as "the first organized body of preventive Police," their work would appear to have approximated more to that of our modern detectives--more so than does that of the present-day urban constable--for, according to an appendix to the Report of the Select Committee of Police of 1828 they were instructed to "make themselves well acquainted with all the squares, streets and alleys in their district, and discover and report on all public houses, coffee shops and other places where rogues vagabonds and other idle and disorderly persons frequent, or are harbored or entertained; and also the residences of receivers of stolen goods, and other suspected persons living in or frequenting the district."

The roads leading into London were infested with highwaymen and the Bow Street Horse Patrol was founded to combat this menace. They were the first "policemen" to wear uniforms, and they were instructed to make themselves known by calling out in a loud voice "Bow Street Patrol!" when approaching travellers.

They were extremely successful in driving the highwaymen off the main roads, but unfortunately were gradually allowed to fall into disuse. Consequently, the highway robbers again flourished in their former haunts. When the Patrol was revived later, they once more made the roads safe for travellers, and in 1822 a London magistrate, George B. Mainwaring, was able to write of highway robbery: "The Horse Patrol has almost annihilated the offense."

Mainwaring showed his appreciation of one of the fundamentals of police patrol by going on to say: Is it that three or four of them can cover every furlong of ground between London and Uxbridge? Clearly not, but upon any furlong of it a pursuer may spring up; and thence the salutary influence upon the mind of the robber."

Within their limited sphere, the Bow Street Patrols were very effective and additions were continually being made to their strength. But crime in London was so widespread that publicists pressed

for a comprehensive reform of the Police system. In this connection, the splendid work of Patrick Calquhoun, "the architect who designed our modern Police" is generally singled out for special mention, but there was also a host of would-be reformers. Among them was George B. Mainwaring, mentioned above, who, in 1822 wrote an article entitled: "Observations on the Present State of the Metropolitan Police which is notable for its advocacy of allowing the thief no rest by extending the practice of overt patrol.

Mainwaring wrote: "We cannot eradicate crime, or extirpate criminals but we may, by a pervading, vigilant, discreet, and well regulated system of Police, make the pursuit of crime so irksome and harassing, so full of apprehension, and so unprofitable, that any other life, when contrasted with it, would be one of comparative enjoyment. "And again": To revert to the distribution of our Police; it will not be enough that officers be directed to pervade with their divisions, the districts committed to their protection, but they must pervade, and be known to pervade them.. Officers, I know, cannot be everywhere, but they may be expected anywhere".

The agitation for preventative Police, as opposed to detective, bore fruit, for in 1822 Robert Peel established a patrol, the members of which not only wore a uniform, but perambulated the streets of the Metropolis during the day. Little seems to be known regarding the work of this day patrol but the experiment must have been successful, since it culminated in the founding, seven years later, of the Metropolitan Police Force.

The "New-Police", as they were called, operated as a preventive force, and systematic patrols on a much more elaborate scale than hitherto were instituted. The success of such a policy was proved by a number of facts. Men gradually ceased to carry arms as a means of protection; tradesmen openly displayed their wares; people went about more at night; the rates of insurance in respect to property decreased considerably. But perhaps the best

tempts are being made to tackle the problem more scientifically by ascertaining the causes of criminal conduct, principally by means of psychoanalysis, and endeavouring to eradicate them, in which process psychiatry plays a big part. It is possible that one efficiently staffed Child Guidance Clinic by correcting maladjustments during a child's formative years, will relieve many patrol constables of the task of guarding against the ultimate product of such maladjustments. The tenets of modern psychology, too, are being gradually absorbed into Probation work, particularly in so far as they relate to environmental conditions.

The various youth organizations that have come into being, by fostering in the adolescent a sense of moral responsibility and civic pride, can do much to steer him clear of any conflict with the law and this training should be supplemented when the extended educational facilities come into operation.

Another factor which should result in a diminution in crime is that, having regard to the present population trend, the average age of our population is increasing rapidly, and it is an established fact that the greater part of crime is committed by young persons.

Those who are sceptical about the idea of replacing the Uniform Patrol Branch should remember that in many rural areas the inhabitants see very little of the Police, and that even in urban districts many miles of streets are never patrolled. Referring to the Metropolitan Police District, George Dilnot wrote: "It is a reasonable assumption that there are times when the patrol of between 70,000 and 80,000 miles of streets is left to the comparative handful of 2,000 men." Yet we know that whole areas which cannot be patrolled remain free from crime.

Nevertheless, the withdrawal of the foot patrol would create several gaps that would be hard to fill. Apart from preventing crime, patrol constables of course protect life and property in a variety of ways, especially during the night-time.

One of the officials replaced by the

"Peeler" was the streetkeeper, whose duty it was to see that pedestrians and carriage-users were not subjected to annoyances and nuisances. Nowadays, street constables are forever encountering annoyances and potential sources of danger. While some of these are dealt with as breaches of the law, others are removed as a result of the Police acting as reporting agents to the various municipal departments. Matters which it is everybody's business to report inevitably become nobody's, and the absence of policemen would be keenly felt here.

But perhaps uniformed constables would be most missed as friends and advisers to the public, the greatly increased complexity of modern life having enhanced their value here. Sir Basil Thomson, who was in harness during the Police Strike that followed the 1914-18 Great War, has put it on record that "The absence of the Police from their usual stations seemed to make little difference to the public safety.

...They were most missed as guides and advisers to the public for the special constables could not fill that gap."

It is sometimes claimed that uniformed policemen act as "the eyes and ears of the Force" so far as crime information is concerned, but their services in this direction are probably not very great nowadays.

It may, of course, be fairly argued that the present writer is crossing bridges before they are reached, for the retention of patrol constables is imperative on one score alone. A phenomenon that succeeds every war, and which is not to be wondered at, is an increase of lawlessness. There are grounds for believing that this will be even more pronounced after the present war. Thousands of our young men have undergone intensive training in physical violence, and have been subjected to toughening and roughening processes, such as Commando training and unarmed combat instruction. It would be indeed strange if they all completely discarded their newly acquired accomplishments the moment they receive their discharge certificate.

proof was that in proportion the wrongdoers in London, became smaller than that in provincial towns, although previously it had been greater. This was also due in part to the fact that the thieves who had formerly flourished in London found their activities so curtailed by the "New Police" that they transferred their field of operation to the provinces, where they had only the antiquated "Watch" to circumvent. When the streets of the provincial towns began to be properly policed, the thieves fled to the rural areas, where they met with but little opposition until these parts, too, were adequately policed.

Thus it will be seen that in the past the patrolling of streets by policemen, especially those wearing uniform, had undoubtedly been effective in preventing crime. But the important question to us is: "To what extent is this method of crime prevention effective today?"

Unfortunately, owing to the absence of a satisfactory measuring-rod no one can answer the question with any degree of certainty--a fact that is used in support of their respective arguments, both by those who uphold the present system and those who cast doubts on the efficacy of the Uniform Patrol Branch in this direction.

In attempting to assess the preventive power of uniformed Police we ought not to be unduly influenced by their success in the past. It must be born in mind that formerly crime was mainly of a violent character and, to quote Albert Lieck: "It seems that, as men grow more civilized, there is a general trend away from crimes of violence towards crimes of fraud." It could be claimed for the uniformed constable that just as in the past he succeeded in driving wrongdoers from the metropolis to the provincial towns and subsequently from there to the rural areas, so he has driven them from the field of violence to a sphere of activity calling for a greater degree of subtlety. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he can do little or nothing to prevent crimes involving fraud by means of patrolling the streets, and that in this instance his uniform is a handicap rather than an asset. As long ago as 1822, Main-

waring wrote: "The vigilance of the watchmen contributes little to the diminution of the higher class of offenders." Is this not even truer of the uniformed constable of today? Is he not being gradually superseded by the plain-clothes policeman and the detective?

It was said of the old "Watch" that their services were principally called to "broils and affrays and the sallies of intemperance," and much the same can be said of the early Police. The general improvement in the standard of behaviour, due largely to a higher level of education and an increased sobriety, has resulted in a big decline in the policeman's work in this direction. The English people have gradually evolved for themselves a standard of public orderliness that is the envy of the world, so that it is open to question whether they still require the visual reminder of law and order in the shape of a uniformed policeman. In the not-so-distant future he may become an anachronism.

The policeman of today is rapidly losing the reputation of being a "bogymen," because teachers and enlightened parents are instilling into the minds of children the conception of him as a friend. Whilst this policy will doubtless yield beneficial results in the long run, it must be recognized that by assuming this new role the policeman sacrifices much of his preventive power. In the case of many youngsters who have been emancipated from their fear of the Police, the vanished fear has been replaced by familiarity--sometimes with the proverbial sequel.

Even to adults, the policeman is not now the formidable personage he was to their fathers. This is largely due to the improved standard of education and the accessibility of publications dealing with law at a level suitable for the layman, which reveal the police constable as possessing but little more power than the ordinary citizen. The usual portrayal of him on the stage, screen and radio, too, cannot be said to have done anything to enhance his prestige in the eyes of the public.

Nowadays, as well as preventing crime by having policemen on patrol, at-

Whilst most of them no doubt revert to their former peacetime civilian mode of life, a minority will from time to time be anxious to display their mastery of the art of violence, especially when alcohol has temporarily weakened their will power and blunted their finer feelings. The abnormal conditions occasioned by modern warfare also tend to undermine morality generally. For some years after the war at least, it will be necessary to have plenty of uniformed policemen patrolling the streets in order to bring home to the people the rule of law and order.

It must be remembered too, that the

more modern methods of combatting crime, mentioned above have still to prove their worth, and that no positive proof has been adduced that the uniformed constable, by his mere presence, does not prevent the commission of the crime. If, therefore, he still has a "Scarecrow" value today, every effort should be made, especially by fully exploiting the services rendered by up-to-date transport and wireless telegraphy, to ensure that he is an ever present "Scarecrow".

---Reprinted from Police and Fire Bulletin.

Night Patrol

State Police Blanket Connecticut
To Protect Citizens and Property

By Robert D. Lane



Officer Erescia lists stolen cars for Marlborough constables Oliver and Lord.

---Hartford Courant photo

Jesse James, if he were alive today, would probably keep out of Connecticut.

The famous Western bandit would know better than to ride into a state where he would find a counterpart of the old-time stagecoach "shotgun rider." Their accurate shooting raised havoc with many an outlaw.

Connecticut's modern day "shotgun rider" is the night patrol officer of

the Connecticut State Police Department. From sunset to sunrise, these men maintain a constant vigil over sleeping Nutmeg Staters, and standard equipment in all State Police cruisers on the night patrol is the very persuasive shotgun.

Since darkness usually breeds trouble, at least in the eyes of our State Police, the officers assigned to night patrol can usually expect eventful tour of duty. The shotgun is part of their preparation for it.

Whether he starts his patrol at 5 p.m. or midnight, the officer can expect that, besides keeping an eye on traffic and checking motor vehicle violators, his beat may be the scene of a variety of crimes, both of a serious and minor nature. The officer will know before he starts that the burglar, stick-up artist, drunk, prowler, molester, or wife beater, may select his patrol area in which to go into action. Darkness, the officer knows, is the cover under which most criminals hide.

Typical of the men who protect sleeping Connecticut is Officer Vincent B. Brescia of the Colchester Barracks of the State Police. On duty or off, he

and 300 other officers from 12 strategically located barracks under the jurisdiction of State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, are always prepared for an emergency in the state.

Officer Brescia, a veteran of eight years with the department, spends four weeks out of every six on the evening shift, which starts at 5 o'clock and ends at 1 a.m. or on the midnight shift, which starts at midnight and ends at 8 a.m.

His patrol area on either of these shifts is what is known as the western sector of the Colchester Barracks. His territory includes the towns of East Hampton, Marlborough, East Haddam, Portland, Colchester and parts of Salem.

On a typical evening shift patrol recently, Officer Brescia issued four warnings to motorists who were operating vehicles with defective equipment. He summoned to court two persons for speeding and one driver for passing a stop sign. Besides this, he investigated a hit-and-run accident, checked stores, garages, banks and post offices, settled an argument between a husband and wife, shot a dog that had been critically hurt by a motorcycle, arrested three drunks and checked a dozen or more parked cars in isolated sections.

He may also be called on to render service to an individual. Recently, a woman called the Colchester Barracks to request that her truck-driver husband be located and told to return home. He had forgotten, the lady explained, his checkbook. She knew only that the truck her husband was driving was "big and red."

The message was relayed to Officer Brescia via radio. Fifteen minutes later, the truck driver was contacted. The woman later called the barracks, delighted with the fast service.

Other duties of the night patrol officer are not so routine. Recently, a woman living alone in a wooded section called the barracks to report that a prowler was outside her home. Four minutes later, an officer was at her home. The prowler was quickly caught and taken to the barracks for questioning. The woman forgot her fright long enough to marvel over the efficiency of

the State Police.

A husband and wife, after spending the afternoon at a drinking party, came home one night and promptly started to argue and fight. The husband called the barracks, complaining that his wife was drunk and was creating a disturbance.

Officer Brescia answered the call. He found both the husband and wife suffering from the effects of drink, although not actually drunk. The couple's three small children, awakened by their parents' fighting, were crying in their beds.

After assuring the children that all would be well, Officer Brescia proceeded to get as best he could both sides of the argument. He then pointed out where each was wrong and got the couple to agree to patch up their differences on a more friendly basis, the next day.

Domestic situations such as this are frequent during the night season. The officer who is called to investigate knows that action against the couple involved will affect the children in the family more than the parents. He knows, too, that the arrival of daylight will usually bring a more congenial mood to the household.

Later in the same evening, the officer was called to an all-night restaurant where a man, apparently the worse for liquor, was determined to start a fight. The situation called for more tact than force, for Officer Brescia was the lone respondent to the proprietor's call for aid.

The presence of a State Police officer, however, is frequently enough to turn a lion into a mouse. The man at the restaurant, for instance, was subdued without force. Peace and quiet were restored and Officer Brescia took his man to the Barracks to "sleep it off."

As daylight edges over the horizon, restoring reality to the darkened countryside, the night patrol nears its end. Officer Brescia, with other State Policemen throughout the state, prepares to head for his barracks. His job of "riding shotgun" for sleeping Connecticut is ended.

---The Hartford Courant Magazine

POLICEWOMEN

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

WOMEN GOOD AS POLICE

By Adelaide Kerr

Any time a certain Brooklyn dope seller feels like bragging, it won't be about the time he met Detective Kathryn Barry.

Detective Barry and three male colleagues closed in on him one night when he stepped from a car to deliver a little white package to a man waiting on the curb. While the man tangled with the detectives on the sidewalk, the driver stepped on the gas and was off.

Out of the shadows shot Detective Barry--five feet two in dangling earrings and spike heels. She clung to the running board as the car careened down the street and the driver beat her knuckles, punched her face and did his best to brush her off. Detective Barry held on grimly until she finally succeeded in drawing her pistol and made him stop the car. Then she arrested him.

Kathryn Barry is one of New York's famous corps of policewomen, the largest force of lady cops in the United States. Their minimum quota is 190. The men who work with them say women make fine peace officers, partly because they are naturally curious. Among them are blondes, brunettes and red-heads from the early 20s to 65.

Any preconceived pictures you may have of a woman cop as a hard-boiled battle-ax can be thrown away after a look at New York's feminine finest. Among them you can see reminders of a Broadway showgirl, a bobby soxer, your grandmother, the most studious girl in your class, your favorite nurse and the girl you left behind you with the wistful heartshaped face.

This comes in handy when they wish to pose as, say, a showgirl, drug addict, or a night club hat-check girl who wants to search certain suspected pockets.

All the New York women cops begin in

the bureau of policewomen, directed by Mrs. Irene Peters, a good looking woman, whose makeup is as smooth as any model's. Her manner is easy and friendly, her laugh quick and warm. Only her eyes are blue as a sunlit sea. But they can turn storm-gray faster than she can whip her .32 calibre revolver from her bag, where it rides beside a neat little arrangement holding her powder and lipstick. (She can get that out fast, too.)

The women take a stiff six-months' preparation course, some of which is given at the police academy. Included are first aid, swimming and shooting. Each must be a crack shot and prove it every three months as long as they stay in the department. If they pass all examinations in the course, they move on to the jobs women cops do especially well.

They work on shop lifters, pick-pockets, mashers, degenerates, abortionists, runaways and lost children. They patrol beaches and zoos and do matron duty in station houses. Some move on to the detective division to cover murder, fraud, theft, smuggling and peddling dope.

A hundred of the women officers are now in the bureau of policewomen. The rest are divided between the detective division, juvenile aid bureau and the legal aid bureau. (Several are lawyers.)

On parade and some assignments, the lady law enforcers wear smart blue serge uniforms and shoulder bags, holding pistol and lipstick--an outfit the Duke of Windsor called "very natty."

But half the time they are at work, you would never dream who they are.

POLICEWOMEN

The slender young woman in a calico work dress, with her hair done up in curlers, may be a detective on a hot dope-peddling trail that leads to the corner store.

The pretty girl sunning her dog in the park may be out to catch a masher. The gray-haired matron dressed like a suburban shopper wandering through the department store might be Policewoman Mary Shanley, scouting for shop-lifters. She has a lot of scalps to her credit.

One of the greatest values of the women cops is their ability to go where men can't--into the hairdresser's salon, the smart dress shop, the powder room. In their work, looks and brainwork are more important than muscle, but they sometimes need that, too.

Once, when Policewoman Kathryn Kalish, a motherly looking woman, was ar-

resting two abortionists, one threw a chair at her and the other made a break for the door. Mrs. Kalish collared one and pinned the other to the wall and though she broke a thumb in the process, she held on till detectives came.

No New York policewoman is sent on a dangerous assignment alone. At least one plain-clothes man goes with her--and a signal will bring him on the double. No New York lady cop has ever been killed on assignment and none has ever taken a life.

More than half the New York policewomen are married. Many wed fellow officers. In spite of their grueling work, they find time to crochet and put up their own preserves. And for fun they read detective tales.

---Reprinted from Boston Sunday Post

THE PHILADELPHIA POLICEWOMAN

Norma B. Carson, Editor

EDITORIAL

LET'S FIX A FEW RESPONSIBILITIES

For sometime the blame for much of our youth delinquency has been placed squarely on the shoulders of parents. Protests against this procedure have been numerous. It has even been charged that many young and conscientious parents have developed an almost morbid sensitiveness as a result of those overall indictments of inadequacy, incompetency, lack of understanding and worse. This is said to have driven many young mothers to study all sorts of articles and books on child psychology and to throw aside common sense in an effort to meet the requirements of parenthood set down by so-called experts.

That mothers and fathers are very much responsible for many of the errors of youth no one will deny. That the home in which there is a background of religious faith, a home in which Christianity is lived, is a home where the

chances for delinquency are much less than in the home where there are conflicts, moral laxity and purely materialistic standards, is very true. If our nation today could present a solid front of cooperation between God and the family, it is almost certain that youth delinquency would resolve itself into a problem much more easily coped with.

But if we are to fix responsibility for youth delinquency, if we are to understand better the problems of youth crime, we must bring into focus many more people and many other influences than the parents alone.

How much is education contributing these days to the prevention of youth delinquency? Are parents being held responsible by the schools for some of the weaknesses and non-conformities that are interfering with the natural growth of character among their children? How much effort is being made to

P O L I C E W O M E N

teach parents better habits of thought in connection with the development of their children?

Or is there compromise with parents in the matter of training children in early self-discipline? And is this compromise carried into the schoolroom so that children are not trained to the knowledge that first: parents must be obeyed; that second: school authorities must be obeyed?

A young girl remains away from school. Why? She doesn't like school. She doesn't like a teacher. She thinks there's another school which she would like much better. Her cry is, who has the right to say that she shouldn't immediately be transferred to a school she really likes. That is her argument, and right or wrong, she gets a hearing. Yet, it is the conviction that she will not adjust any better in another school. Through the weakness of both parent and school authorities the girl is not made to "prove" herself before she can get her own way.

There may be exceptions to this, but on the whole the pattern is usually the same.

It is an easy transition from a spoiled child to a delinquent child. Just as easy as the transition from a so-called rejected child to a delinquent child. But there is much more talk about the rejected child than about the spoiled child. There is a vast difference between the parents who love their children wisely and the parents who regard their children as prideful symbols of their own adequacy and importance.

What of the child who is permitted to remain up late at night to play or to look at television? There are two sets of people involved in this. The parents who either do not care or are too ignorant to realize the bad effects of such practices, and the school people who, finding that a child is irritable or sleepy, inattentive and sluggish, fail to take up the matter with the child's mother or father.

There is a possibility that the coordinated efforts of home and school fail to materialize because we are trying to teach children too much. They are being presented with knowledge and

vistas of experience at home through radio, television, newspapers and the example and precepts of parents. In school they are having their mental processes often spread too thin for any knowledge to take root and build foundations.

Studies of some of our schools in Pennsylvania show undoubtedly that progressive education when rightly used can make schools happier and much more interesting. The smaller class, the more concentrated efforts of teachers, less diversions and more attention to the individual child, seem to produce a better foundation for knowledge. A child can be taught to spell, to write, to do simple arithmetic in a way that is pleasant but practical.

If parents fail to establish work habits in their children the schools should establish them. Play is not the ultimate where the development of child character is concerned. Children like to work, but they need someone to work with them; someone to inspire in them the ambition to try for a goal.

We need new goals. And of all the goals work seems to be the one most often forgotten.

Only a short time ago a great Philadelphian died. He was a man whose wealth was turned into channels that would help to make a finer city, better citizens, and higher ideals by which men and women and children could live.

What stands out in the life of Samuel S. Fels? Work was his watchword. He didn't spend his time playing around; he gave himself to his job. At 90 he went to his office every day--not as a figurehead but as a man whose actions were always contributory to the success of his business ideals.

We live in an age when too often work is but a means to an end--a very material end. And that is giving to our children values that are false and fragile, rather than true and sturdy. We are trying to make better bodies--which is a fine thing--but are we trying to make boys and girls aware of the fact that they have souls?

A lot of youngsters look at you in puzzlement when you mention the goal. And many people prefer to substitute

P O L I C E W O M E N

mentality for a term the implication of which they either do not understand or are afraid to contemplate.

As citizens what are we doing to control and prevent delinquency? We have proprietors of luncheonettes who serve youngsters until all hours of the night and morning, prating of how their establishments "keep the kids off the streets;" or how they offer a place for the youngsters to congregate and have a good time. We have mothers and fathers who take their daughters to taprooms and demand to know of an inquiring Policewoman, "What business is it of yours? Isn't she better with me than on the streets where I don't know what she's doing?"

Sometimes we wonder how many know that in the State of Pennsylvania cigarettes cannot legally be sold to anyone under 16? "Everybody does it"--that is the answer. "Her mother sends her for cigarettes"--and the mother when approached is indignant that she can't--or shouldn't--send her young daughter or son to purchase cigarettes for her. "I give her smokes--why not? I smoke--she'll do it anyway."

In a city where there are so many splendid organizations designed to make it more beautiful, and its people happier and more effective as citizens, there is every hope that homes and schools can be made to work more successfully together, and that individual communities can be brought up to standards of conduct that will make youth delinquency a minor rather than a major problem.

The proprietor of the luncheonette could do a very fine thing for the children in whom he professes to be so interested by just making parents understand that if they want to disobey the law, he won't be a party to it. He'd probably do a more profitable business and establish himself as a worthier citizen in the community.

I asked a young girl why she didn't make her friends among the boys and girls in the church which she had attended up to her fifteenth year. She was travelling around with girls and boys outside her neighborhood and had her parents deeply worried. She answer-

ed, "You think those boys and girls are better than my friends. Well, they're not--they're worse."

The accusation may have been unjust, but certainly no great effort had been made to hold that youngster.

People--a good many of them--do not like to be told the truth if it makes their consciences squirm. Clergymen sometimes have a great deal of trouble trying to present the truth. School people have much the same trouble--and in our small way, Policewomen have even a harder time.

But it all makes us doubt if we are as earnest and as right in standing up for our principles as we might be. Parents with high moral principles have to fight down the effects of parents whose standards are much lower; teachers, principals and counselors in our schools have to meet with diplomacy and great tact those problems among school children that stem directly from homes where parents are not adequate; ministers have to be dedicated to a guarded procedure lest they lose their influence on those who perhaps need them most; organizations desirous of helping youth often have to restrain their zeal in view of the fact that their methods may not be in line with certain formulas generally accepted.

All of these, however, have a definite share in the responsibility of developing fine young citizens. And only by pooling their resources, by evaluating their individual strengths and weaknesses, can they hope to escape that practice usually referred to as "passing the buck." Frank discussions of problems that need to be solved, a charitable attitude toward those who may not always be in agreement; an acceptance of whatever is offered by way of help--this co-ordination of effort on the part of all responsible in their various ways, is likely to come nearest to providing the means and the inspiration to prevent youth mistakes.

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.--Goethe.

THE *Customers* ALWAYS write

Vox-Cop

August, 1950



KENNETH M. CRANE
State Director

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
U. S. SAVINGS BONDS DIVISION

135 High Street, Hartford 1, Conn.

July 21, 1950



Telephone 7-3281

E. J. Hickey, Commissioner
State Police Department
100 Washington Street
Hartford 1, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

This is to thank you for assisting us with the tour of the replica of the Liberty Bell throughout the State during the Independence Drive to further the sale of Series E - U. S. Savings Bonds.

From May 15th through July 4th was an extended time to be charged with the responsibility of providing escorts for the Bell to and from 48 cities and towns, however, my associates have informed me, that our schedules were adhered to in every instance. When we had to make sudden changes as to time and place to meet local conditions, we found the members of your State Police, assigned to the Liberty Bell, imbued with a spirit of helpfulness and gracious understanding of our problems.

It might interest you to know, that many people commented upon the fact that the military bearing and dignified conduct of your men, added considerably to the presentation of the Liberty Bell as the outstanding symbol of American independence.

Please accept this as an official recognition by the Treasury Department of your usual efficient service and as an expression of my personal thanks for your whole-hearted cooperation.

Cordially yours,

Kenneth M. Crane

Kenneth M. Crane
State Director

Grand Chef de Gare

CARL I. ERICKSON
18 WHITAKER AVENUE
NORWICH, CONN.



Grand Correspondent

HOWARD WHEAR
9 WOOD COURT
TERRYVILLE, CONN.

DEPARTMENT DU CONNECTICUT

Whereas, Colonel Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of State Police, has generously cooperated in the program for Iron Lung assignments throughout the State of Connecticut and,

Whereas, The Grand Voiture of the Department of Connecticut at its 27th Annual Grande Promenade in Waterbury on June 16-17-18, 1950 expressed a desire to commend and thank Colonel Hickey,

Be it therefore Resolved that we the delegates assembled do hereby commend and thank Colonel Hickey for his friendly and courteous cooperation since the inception of the Iron Lung program.

Done this 18th day of June 1950.

Howard Whear
Grand Correspondant.

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF CONGRESS



Marine Corps League – Department of Connecticut

A RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, Our State Police Force, founded in 1903, has continued since, and in particular during the last decade, to the enviable position in national leadership, and is highly established in the protection of life and property, and

WHEREAS, Its accomplishments and leadership not only in the line of duty, but, in community betterment have been an inspiration and model for other enforcement agencies through its national recognition, and

WHEREAS, Its personnel and programs consistantly reflect a training and pride with an 'Esprit de Corps' comparable to our own Marine Corps with individual bravery in the line of duty, and

WHEREAS, The people of Connecticut, and we, in particular, as a veteran group can justly be proud of the adequate protection with the cheerful service afforded the citizenry without hope for gain or reward, and

WHEREAS, We, as a veteran organization, in conjunction with our rehabilitation program, deem it fitting and proper to recognize and cite these outstanding accomplishments and progress,

Now, therefore, Be it unanimously resolved that official recognition be given to the Connecticut State Police at this Department Convention of the Marine Corps League held at New Britain, Connecticut during June 16, 17 and 18, 1950 by forwarding this resolution to the Honorable Chester Bowles, Governor of Connecticut, and a copy to the Honorable Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police Department in a fitting tribute to him and to his men who are trained to be courteous and tactful with a maximum of service and a minimum of interference, the troopers, versatile enough to cheerfully assist a motorist in changing a tire or to courageously dash into a burning house to save a life as the case may be.

William Derderian

William Derderian,
Department Commandant,
Marine Corps League.

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

July 24, 1950

Dear Ed:

Last Saturday you were kind enough to assign Officer Wendell H. Tatro to do escort and general duty in connection with the visit to the State of Connecticut of Chef de Chemin de Fer Clarence H. Smith of the 40 & 8.

I would feel remiss if I did not write to tell you that Officer Tatro did an excellent job for us. For me personally he rendered a great service because my wife was taken ill at Plainville where we had a dinner for Mr. Smith and he got her home for me safely but fast. My hands were tied because Chef Smith was my guest and it was good to know Officer Tatro took the responsibility of getting my wife home.

Officer Tatro's efficiency was commented on by several of the members of the Connecticut Department of the 40 & 8. In the name of the organization as well as for myself, I want to thank you for the splendid job done by Officer Tatro.

Cordially yours,

Francis P. Pallotti

Gildersleeve, Conn.
July 31, 1950

Dear Major Carroll,

Appreciation is too small a word to express my feelings for your kindness in granting Officer Roy Paige's request for the use of the Police Ambulance to take me home (Portland, Conn.) from the Hartford Hospital on July 7, 1950.

To have such a cheery friend escort me home in such comfort and without the anxiety of traffic was a godsend and added much toward the speedy recovery I have been making.

Ever grateful to you and your Department.

Priscilla G. Holt
(Mrs. Clarence D.)

WINDSOR LOCKS FIRE DEPARTMENT
Windsor Locks, Connecticut

July 22, 1950

Dear Commissioner:

Officers of your department assigned to Windsor Locks for traffic duty during the Sixtieth Anniversary Celebration parade on the afternoon of Saturday, July 15th performed a fine job, and many favorable compliments regarding their work have been heard from responsible sources in our community.

Windsor Locks Fire Department also offers congratulations for a job well done, and many thanks for your cooperation.

Gratefully yours,

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY COMMITTEE
Geo. F. Wallace, Chairman

New York, New York
July 17, 1950

Dear Commissioner:

At about 5:00 AM on the morning of July 15, I had a blow-out while traveling north on the parkway just around New Haven.

Shortly after Officer Lenihan of the State Police approached and changed the tire for me.

Since he refused remuneration, and even if he had not done so, I feel I must express to you my sincere thanks for this very unusual service.

I have done considerable traveling in various states and while no other police contact was ever actually unpleasant, none was ever so commendable.

Again thank you,

James H. Grimes

There is as much greatness of mind in acknowledging a good turn, as in doing it. ---Seneca

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE



THE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION of CONNECTICUT INC.
Hartford

EXECUTIVE OFFICE
436 CAPITOL AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS "MANFASCONN"
ALL CODES USED

August 1, 1950

Captain Leo J. Mulcahy
Special Services Division
Connecticut State Police
Washington Street
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Captain Mulcahy:

Congratulations and my sincere compliments to you and your Division for the splendid work in apprehending and terminating the activities of Mr. William Stapleton in connection with the "Shippers Guide and Directory". There are so many worthy projects and avenues for contribution by our members that the elimination of frauds has two beneficial effects. First, it makes more money available for legitimate projects, and second, it makes contributors more confident that the money given will be used for help and assistance to those who are deserving.

Somehow, we have come to expect this type of efficiency from the Connecticut State Police and your Division particularly, but I did want you to know we are glad you and your Division are around.

Sincerely,

Fred Waterhouse

Counsel

Fredrick H. Waterhouse/R

135th ANNUAL MEETING
YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1950



LEGATION OF ICELAND
WASHINGTON 6. D. C.

25th July, 1950.

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey,
Department of State Police,
HARTFORD, Conn.

My dear Commissioner:

I have been requested by the Chief of Police in Reykjavik to write to you and express his deep appreciation for the extraordinary hospitality and valuable assistance you afforded to Deputy Fridjon Thordarson when he took a course at the Connecticut State Police Academy this year. Mr. Thordarson benefited greatly from his stay there.

Yours sincerely,

Thor Thors,
Minister.

EXCHANGES

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

TARGET BECOMES ALIVE

On Sunday afternoon March 26, near Sweetwater, former Trooper E. V. Johnson, stopped his patrol car to do some target practice with a new 30-06 rifle which he had recently purchased. His target was an old junked car, which had been the target for many hunters. His first shot, not alone hit the mark on the car at which he was aiming. But also hit a tramp who had taken cover in the car from the dust storm and was sleeping at the time. Fortunately the tramp suffered only a flesh wound across the back. The tramp was taken to the hospital at Kearney for medical treatment. The moral of this incident is not to do your target practicing from the highway and to make sure that no one is near your target.

Trooper Johnson violated rules of the Patrol by shooting from the highway and carrying equipment (firearms) not authorized. His dismissal from the Patrol was not alone due to violating these rules, but the fact that he did not report the incident to the Sheriff and later denying the shooting.

It must be remembered that the Patrol suffered from this incident as well as Trooper Johnson. The attitude of the public toward the Patrol is frequently determined and always influenced by the public relations program of the department. The individual officer is the department in the eyes of the public, and the department is judged by his actions. The public relations program thus becomes to a large extent a very personal affair. The individual officer's behavior must be exemplary.

---Pro Bono Publico

THE RIGHT APPROACH

Ever since the first cave man parked his crude cart spang in the middle of Neanderthal Square, police officers have been at a loss for words when deal-

ing with double parkers. Of course, we're thinking of the kind of words that will get the offender moving without argument or ill feeling.

Down in Madisonville, Kentucky, Harold Ledbetter, assistant chief of police, may have come up with the right answer to this problem. At least, it works for him. Instead of delivering a gruff order to 'move on;' or waving the offender ahead from a non-conversational distance, Chief Ledbetter merely rides right up along the double-parker's car, smiles from his three-wheeler, and asks: "Good morning, were you waiting for me?"

It works, too, on friend and stranger alike, except when the parked car is driverless. In such cases, the ingenious Chief just pins a non-conversational summons to the windshield.

---The North Carolina Motor Vehicle

IT HAPPENED IN THE FORCE

Some peculiar correspondence is received at Headquarters from time to time, and a letter from a citizen of a small Quebec village was no exception. His letter concerned the sale of a firearms and his last paragraph said:

"If I could decipher the signature of the Officer who registered my arm I would write it but I do not understand anything, and no one here in the neighborhood neither can decipher it and we are all unanimous in saying that it was signed by a damn fool."

---R.C.M.P. Quarterly

Counsel to police witness: "But if a man is in the middle of the road on his hands and knees, that doesn't necessarily prove that he is intoxicated."

Policeman: "No sir, it doesn't, but this man was trying to roll up the white stripe."

---The North Carolina Motor Vehicle

TO ALL OFFICERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

Vacation time is here. Thousands of out-of-state cars will be traveling the highways of our great state. Make it as pleasant for our tourists as possible. Lend a helping hand wherever the occasion arises.

Be exact when giving out information and above all remember the foundation upon which this organization was built--COURTESY. Your every action as a patrolman will either reflect admiration and respect upon you and the department, or hatred and disgust in the minds of those motorists with whom you come in contact.

James H. Cole
Deputy Chief

---Colorado State Patrol

CONNECTICUT HITS THE JACKPOT

The state of Connecticut hit what might be called a quadruple jackpot by winning top honors in four traffic safety contests for the calendar year of 1949.

Here are the honors which recently have been heaped upon the Nutmeg State for pre-eminence in traffic safety:

Grand award for states in the 1949 National Traffic Safety Contest.

Grand award for states in the National Pedestrian Protection Contest.

Tie with Delaware for first place in Group I of the IACP Traffic Law Enforcement Award competition.

Tie with Massachusetts for first place in Group I of the Institute of Traffic Engineers' Traffic Engineering Awards. ---IAC Police Chiefs Newsletter

LET US REMEMBER

Criticism is something you can avoid by saying nothing, doing nothing and being nothing.

Opportunities are not to be neglected, they rarely visit us twice.

To avoid trouble and insure safety, breathe through your nose. It keeps your mouth shut.

A smile cannot be bought, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that has no value until it is given away.

Courtesy is a good investment which rarely fails to pay big dividends.

Some people are so progressive that they don't wait until April 1st to make fools of themselves.

Jay-walking is one of the everyday traffic discourtesies which are claiming a life every 10 hours in North Carolina. If motorists and pedestrians would practice the same good manners on the streets and highways they do in their homes, the accident rate would drop at least 80 per cent.

---The North Carolina Motor Vehicle

TAKES THE WIND OUT OF SPEEDERS' SAILS

We are indebted to the magazine Automotive Digest for this fascinating yarn:

"Policemen in Yugoslavia have an effective way of curbing speeding. When they overhaul a motorist who has exceeded the speed limit they order him to the shoulder of the road or into a side road where his car will be out of the way of other motorists; then, without any argument, they simply let the air out of all four tires, tip their hats politely and leave.

SLIGHTLY ILLEGAL

Prospective State Police troopers often stumble over the question on application forms which asks, "Have you ever been arrested?" A 1950 applicant answered the query with, "Yes, just for joy-riding." Routine investigation proved he had five charges of automobile theft against his record.

---The Shield
Indiana State Police

New England Flashlights

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

QUALTERS NEW CHIEF IN KEENE

Thomas J. Qualters, 45, former personal aide and bodyguard to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, is the new Keene, N. H. chief of police at \$4,200 a year.

Qualters, who served with the late President from 1936 to 1942 is now an administrative assistant the Kaiser-Frazer plant at Willow Run, Mich.

Qualters became the President's aide and head of the White House police after resigning from the Massachusetts State police. During World War II he served in Italy as a lieutenant colonel in counter intelligence and won decorations from the U. S. and Italy.

A native of Boston, he was for a time athletic coach at Revere and Woburn High schools and St. John's Preparatory School in Massachusetts. After the war he served in the Boston office of the U. S. Secret Service and later with the U. S. Bureau of Immigration before joining Kaiser-Frazer.

LONG, BLACK VEHICLE CHOSEN FOR NAP

A Rockville (Conn.) man looking for a place to sleep last night crawled into a long, black vehicle parked in front of the Molloy Funeral Home (Hartford).

He was sleeping peacefully when Sergeant John Kerrigan and Policeman Thomas Kerrigan pulled him out of the hearse and into another long, black vehicle, owned by the Police Department.

The man, Albert Dessereau, was finally allowed to rest in peace (?) at Police Headquarters. He was booked on a charge of drunkenness.

ODDS-ON FAVORITE

Burlington, Vt.--Fellow state troop-

ers were kidding Ronald L. Veysey last week about a suspect who tried to flee from him on foot.

"Boy, there's a laugh for you," they said.

Veysey was about to take Donald Dusablon, 19, of Winooski, into custody on an automobile theft charge when the youth broke away.

Apparently Dusablon didn't know that Veysey was a track star in high school and at Colby College, where his record of 4:28 for the freshman mile still stands.

'DRUNK' COMES ALIVE ON CITY HALL PLAZA

Philip (Dutch) Faber, City Hall electrician, in Waterbury, Conn., was lying prostrate on the City Hall patio yesterday, his form curled around the circular fountain while he was endeavoring to "snake" new wiring beneath the basin.

A woman passed, took one look and hurried to Police Headquarters.

A minute later two policemen rushed out of City Hall. They accosted Faber and demanded:

"Where's the drunk?"

ROBBER OF BLIND SOUGHT BY POLICE

Hartford---An estimated \$500 in dimes, nickels and pennies belonging to two blind "hillbilly" singers was still missing despite efforts by police to locate the person who took the money from the trunk of their parked car.

The victims, Albert Hodges of Spray, N. C., and Thomas Price of Greensboro, N. C., told police that money earned by them singing in barrooms and clubs on the eastern seaboard had been placed in a tin box and locked in the trunk.

Edward Heim, driver for the two blind performers, discovered the loss.

METROPOLITAN NEWS

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

ASSAILS INQUIRY AS 'WITCH HUNT, WAR OF NERVES'

Last week Mayor William O'Dwyer, apparently referring to the investigation into Brooklyn gambling said he was opposed to "witch hunts and the war of nerves made popular by Hitler."

The Mayor's assertion was made to reporters at a district police station where detectives are investigating the fatal shooting of Patrolman Alfredo Loreto, 48, after he tried to save a neighbor from being kidnapped, beaten and robbed by two men.

The Mayor appeared at the district police station--an extraordinary act for the city's chief executive--in a police radio car with Police Commissioner William P. O'Brien.

The visit followed by less than twenty-four hours the Mayor's leading more than 6,000 members of the Police Department in a funeral parade after a solemn requiem mass in Rego Park, Queens, for Captain John G. Flynn, who killed himself with his service revolver.

Questioned only once and not scheduled to appear at the inquiry again, Captain Flynn's nerves were shattered. His reputation for integrity had been high. His funeral, with full police escort was staged to what police called a "silent protest" to the methods employed in the Brooklyn probe.

As the Mayor left the police station he was asked by reporters why he was there. Angrily he replied that "some newspapers are too willing to destroy the morale of the Police Department for a headline."

"See what happened here tonight," he said. "A policeman was willing to gamble his life for the safety of the public. This they sometimes do for \$31.50 a week take-home pay."

"The Police Department is good and sick of children in schoolrooms being ruined by headlines," the mayor said. "The children are pointed out as children of grafters," he added referring

to the three children left by Captain Flynn.

"Nobody had the guts to say that he was a clean man, but 6,000 policemen walked by his children to tell them so."

"I am not opposed to the gambling investigation in Brooklyn. I have aided it when asked," he said. "But I am opposed to witch hunts and the war of nerves made popular by Hitler."

The mayor then praised the police for quickly apprehending the two men alleged to have slain Patrolman Loreto.

Patrolman Loreto, who was on vacation was at home when he saw two men crowd into the automobile of Ralph Squeglia, 45. Mr. Squeglia, had just driven up to his driveway and was carrying between \$1,000 and \$1,500 representing the day's receipts.

The two men in the car started to beat Squeglia over the head, then one drove off with the car. Loreto gave chase in his house slippers and as the car turned a nearby corner, Squeglia jerked the wheel and the car crashed into a pole. Then Loreto running up to the scene was shot twice through the chest by one of the bandits. He fell dead on the street. Other officers responding succeeded in capturing John Corbo, 32, and Rudolph Santobelle, 21, both of the Bronx and charged both with the crime.

THE TRAGEDY OF CAPTAIN FLYNN

The Police Department leaves no doubt how it feels about the Brooklyn investigation. The presence of 6,000 policemen and policewomen at Captain Flynn's funeral was an extraordinary demonstration of emotional unity in paying tribute to one of their own, and also a highly effective expression of protest. Not a word was said in Friday's solemnity at Rego Park, but one-third of the entire police force, headed by Mayor O'Dwyer and every high departmental official, made their thoughts plain beyond

formal speech or writing.

Whatever may have led Captain Flynn to take his own life, the fact is that the police are drawn together in the belief that the Brooklyn investigation drove him to his death. There is not the slightest ground for thinking that the dead man was under suspicion, but the police, in their passionate solidarity, have taken this tragic occurrence for a mark of martyrdom. They feel that the entire department is under indictment by implication, and they rise in self-defense.

District Attorney MacDonald has tried for many months to unearth the facts about gambling and corruption in Brooklyn. The Grand Jury inquiry has inevitably brought a number of police officials into the picture. A police lieutenant is currently on trial, charged with perjury in explaining his finances. The search for truth has been difficult, and, in the welter of headlines, an unavoidable aura of suspicion has developed. Resentment among the great body of police is understandable, for they are a strongly bound group, eager for praise and sensitive to criticism. But it is somewhat unreasonable to take a legitimate investigation as a slur on the full force of 19,200. Nevertheless the police take the matter personally; what goes for one goes for all. It is regrettable that the large issue should thus focus in one man's tragedy. For the sake of the whole force, no less than that of the city itself, it is only fair that there should be a full and accurate investigation. This much is due in compassion and justice.

--N. Y. Herald Tribune

5,000 POLICE AT LORENTO FUNERAL

Mayor William O'Dwyer joined 5,000 policemen of all ranks and 460 firemen in attending the funeral in the Bronx of Patrolman Alfred Loreto, who was shot to death when he attempted to rescue a neighbor who was being robbed and kidnapped by two gunmen.

This was the largest funeral for a patrolman killed in performance of duty

in the history of the Police Department. Police Commissioner William P. O'Brien said it was the second largest police funeral in the city's history, and was surpassed only by the funeral for Captain John G. Flynn, who killed himself with a service revolver.

As the funeral procession moved towards the Church of St. Claire, 5,000 neighbors of Patrolman Loreto were on the sidewalks to pay him a silent tribute. One of them was Mr. Squeglia, who stood on the corner, wearing two small patches on his head where he had been hit by the gunmen. There were tears in his eyes.

In the line of march besides the Mayor and Commissioner O'Brien were Vincent R. Impellitteri, president of the City Council; Chief Inspector August W. Flath, Chief of Detectives William T. Whalen, Frank D. Doyle, secretary of the department, and six of the seven deputy commissioners.

The six chaplains of the Police Department, representing the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths, were also present.

Representatives of the Fire Department were not reticent in giving their reasons for attending the funeral. Deputy Chief George David said the firemen present formed the largest contingent ever to attend a funeral for a patrolman.

John Crane, president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association said, "We have a common bond with the policemen. They're taking a beating now and we want to show the public that we're behind them. Both the firemen and policemen are doing a good job. We don't like having the morale of either department broken by anyone unless he has the facts."

COURT CLEARS REILLY OF PERJURY

Acting Police Lieutenant James F. Reilly was acquitted of perjury charges by a jury in Kings County Court last week at the direction of Judge Nathan R. Sobel.

At the same time, it was announced

by William P. O'Brien, Police Commissioner, that Lieutenant Reilly, who has been suspended by the department, will have to stand departmental trial on the charges which grew out of the Brooklyn grand jury inquiring into gambling and alleged police corruption before he can return to duty.

**FALSE TEETH SNARE
OWNER IN KNIFING**

A set of false teeth which he apparently gave to a friend for safekeeping during a fight led to the arrest of William McMillen, thirty-five, in New York City last week on a charge of felonious assault.

McMillen was accused of stabbing Sam Stone, fifty-three, with a knife, cutting his face, head and right knee so that fifty-six stitches were required at Roosevelt Hospital.

The teeth were a vital clew for Detective Samuel Bress in his three-hour hunt for the man who stabbed Mr. Stone during a fight outside George's Restaurant on West Forty-seventh Street at 3 a.m. During his investigation, Detective Bress was told by a bystander at the fight that the man who had done the stabbing was seen talking with a woman using crutches. The bystander said the man lisped.

Mr. Bress finally found the disabled woman, who denied any knowledge of the argument, but the detective found the upper and lower dentures in her handbag. The woman herself had real teeth and refused to say who owned the false ones.

Detective Bress interviewed every man in the neighborhood who answered a vague description of the stabber with a sharp eye on their teeth. Finally he found McMillen, who not only lisped but was toothless. At the West Forty-seventh Street station, the false teeth fitted McMillen perfectly, Detective Bress said. He added that McMillen admitted the fight but denied the stabbing.

In court, Magistrate Ringel asked Detective Bress, "Can the defendant

talk?"

"Yes," the detective replied. "I gave him his teeth."

MASS. STATE POLICE PROMOTIONS

Boston---Recent retirements in the Mass. State Police prompted more than 25 promotions in the uniformed branch of the State Police. Commissioner John F. Stokes retired to accept the post of Civilian Defense, State Director at a salary of \$15,000. Lieutenant Daniel J. Murphy was named Commissioner of Public Safety by Governor Paul Devers. Of interest to C.S.P. is the announcement of retirement of many well known Mass. State Police, having reached the compulsory retirement age of 50, and included in the numbers is Lieutenant Francis J. O'Connell long stationed at Northampton Barracks. Lieutenant Arthur T. Leary, former instructor of training and public relations officers for M.S.P. succeeds Lieut. O'Connell.

---Ed.'s Note---Next time you have occasion to travel on official matters in Mass., suggest you inquire how the "boys" like the 50-years-of-age compulsory requirement! We like the 20-year bill better and we're out to put it over in 1951.

FLYING BOTTLES BRING \$50 FINE

In Washington when 34-year-old Nathan Evans was called into court because a wine bottle dropped out of a window in his home and hit a passer-by on the head, his lawyer had a ready explanation for the incident.

"Bottles are liable to fly out of these windows at any time," he told Judge Thomas Quinn.

"We're going to try and stop that practice right now," Quinn replied. "\$50 or 30 days!"

The truth may stretch but will not break. ---Cervantes

Between



Ourselves



DON'T DIE ON THIRD

Someone has pictured the world as a baseball diamond, and the people in it as the players. Most of them reach first through their own effort. They are sacrificed to second by their parents and friends. Then by someone else's effort they manage to reach third. Maybe it was a long fly or a hit by a team mate. Maybe it was an error on the part of the opposition.

But when a man gets on third the going is tougher. The opposing infield draws in for a possible play at the plate. All attention is centered on the player who threatens to score.

At this point the analogy ends. In baseball, the man on third depends on the man at the plate to hit the ball. To be sure, he has to run, maybe slide, but the principal responsibility is the batter's. In life, the man on third must score entirely by his own effort - - -

DON'T DIE ON THIRD!



**PLEASE MR. POLICE OFFICER--
ALWAYS CARRY YOUR GUN!!**

Your duty and privilege to carry the side arm as part of your regular equipment, is an obligation as strong as that of wearing the badge of your office.

These two symbols of the power vested in you by law in a large measure, serve to represent the difference between you as a police officer, and the lay civilian--be he honest man or criminal.

Of course in your daily tasks while on duty, your gun is always with you. There are however, the numerous times when you are off duty, traveling to and from your work, or not actively engaged on assigned tours. It is these times with which this message is concerned.

In talking with many fellow peace officers throughout the United States, it has increasingly come to our attention that many extremely "lucky" breaks have occurred to officers in attempting to make arrests during incidents that have occurred during these off-day periods. "Luck" because in spite of not having their weapon with them, they, in some cases, succeeded in their objectives. The daily papers tell us of the unlucky ones. Why take this chance? If the service arm which you normally carry is too bulky or heavy, there are available excellent models of smaller frame and lighter weight, yet equally powerful weapons. These smaller guns are easily concealed and amply powerful for all normal shooting distances. They serve, as does your shield of office, to keep you ever prepared against the unknown. They may save you, your fellow officer's or some citizen's life.

---Remington-Peters Law Enforcement

IDENTITY EXPERTS ELECT CHAMEROY

The first New Englander to serve as president of the International Association for Identification in its 35 years history is an officer of the Connecticut State Police.

Lieut. Frank V. Chameroy, head of the Bureau of Identification at State Police

Headquarters, Hartford, was elected to the office at the annual convention of the organization at Ottawa, Canada, July 22, 1950.

**CHIEF JAMES KRANYIK, FAIRFIELD
POLICE HEARD ON "VOICE" PROGRAM**

The voice of Chief of Police James Kranyik has been recorded for broadcast to Hungary in the State Department program to expound the American way of life.

Chief Kranyik, whose parents were born in Hungary, spoke both in English and Hungarian in the interview which lasted about 15 minutes. During the question and answer recording, Chief Kranyik related his biography which included his attendance at Washington school, Fairfield; worked as an auto mechanic before joining the police force and later advancement to the rank of Chief of one of Connecticut's growing police departments. The Hungarian unit of the Voice of America broadcast is designed for the purpose of acquainting the people in Hungary with the life of a free society and with the accomplishments of men and women of Hungarian origin in the United States.

Chief Kranyik joined the police department in Fairfield in 1933 as a department mechanic. In 1942 he was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and in 1944, elevated to the position of Chief of Police. Quiet, unassuming, he is a popular chief and well known throughout the state for his leadership and cooperation with all enforcement agencies.

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE

Here's a tip from a professional window washer which may be of help to the amateur who must do the windows at home.

If you'll use vertical strokes on the outside of the window and horizontal ones on the inside, it's a simple matter to tell which side needs wiping again, if any streaks are visible.

STYLES IN CRIME

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

A RESPONSIBILITY FOR BUSINESS MEN

CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY -- THEFTS AND HIJACKINGS -- STEM FROM LOCALIZED FAILURES

By John M. Gleason*
President, International Association
of Chiefs of Police

*John M. Gleason is Chief of Police of the Town of Greenwich, Conn., and president of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. In this connection he has special opportunity to view crime trends across the country--and his comment is of special interest to business men.

Crimes against property constitute one of the major concerns of local law enforcement officials today. They are on the upsurge; have been ever since the end of the war. Not as sensational as crimes against persons, these thefts, larcenies, hijackings and other property attacks do not get too much local attention--in many cases they are not even reported. There have been many cases where crooks, once captured, have confessed to many thefts which were never on the records.

Having become an important factor in consumer goods cost through the sheer proportions to which they have grown, it is time that everyone interested in consumer goods assumed a direct interest in the problem. And because these crimes against property are the breeding ground for juvenile delinquency and an easy step into crimes against persons, they become a matter for universal study and attention as a part of every individual's good citizenship.

Law enforcement officials, however, must necessarily turn to the members of their communities, especially the business men in their communities, for a lion's share in meeting the problem of crime against property. The reason for this is, I believe, obvious. We

can operate a general preventative patrol; we can direct intensive efforts towards apprehending crooks once a crime is perpetrated; but we cannot do as much as the private citizen and the business man in actual crime prevention work. Prevention is too closely associated with the property which is at risk to be applied in general terms. It is something specific and requires application by the individual.

By way of illustration, let's take an example from the field of truck transportation. Let's take truck cargo hijackings. There are many of these today, many more than before the war. Their toll is large in dollars, in community disturbance and in moral disintegration. But just what can be done to prevent these cargo thefts?

Police study of case after case brings out this one fundamental fact--in practically every theft, there was some degree of invitation to the theft. That is, almost every case history shows some lack of adequate precaution on the part of either the shipper or the trucker or both. In fact, the insurance underwriter might even be brought into this general picture, for the failure of the shipper or trucker to make use of maximum known protection stems indirectly, if not directly, from lack of underwriting pressure.

By this, of course, I do not mean to intimate that any shipper or trucker or underwriter knowingly is party to a crime. On the contrary, the "slip" which led in devious ways to the actual crime was undoubtedly a detail not even recognized as outside the pale of good business management. But let's see

what kind of "slip" is encountered. Well, here's exhibit "A"--trucker who did not make adequate check of his personnel and the hijacking turned out to be a case of collusion between outside crook and the driver with a bad record. Exhibit "B" is a case where inadequate check of goods at the loading platform permitted a fake driver with a substitute truck, arriving just before the scheduled truck was due, to get away openly and without effort with an entire load, right under the shipper's nose.

Exhibit "C" is a case of a motor carrier with a rather high theft rate over several years, hauling high-risk goods, liquor, without benefit of alarm protection which is usually found on such vehicles--with a resultant big load theft. Those are sufficient to show what is meant. Yes, the crooks are the crooks, but these truckers, shippers and underwriters are the ones who have command of the situation basically. They and they alone can prevent these crimes. And the same is pretty generally true of all forms of property. The accepted, widely known safeguards against crime, if applied, will usually prevent the crime. But there is a wide lack of application of these safeguards. It is time today, if we are to reduce crime and save this economic loss, for every citizen in the community, every business man having to do with property, to undertake his responsibilities in this area seriously and do his bit against the growing toll of property crimes.

This is a matter, too, which ought to be accepted as applying to every community, from the most remote Main Street to New York's Broadway. We, who are engaged in law enforcement, know full well today that there is no "immune" area. The most placid residential community far removed from the big city may be where the next hijacking will take place--in fact, per population, that remote small community actually has a higher rate of crime against property right now than has New York City. Our crooks are clever today. They are not usually casual newcomers. They are experienced crooks, operating with all the skill and precision of a

big business. The efficiency of their work is demonstrated by their ability to dump big loads overnight through their private channels. And the sad truth is that, as rapidly as we catch one of these crooks, new gangs spring up--either their hirelings take over as master crooks, each on his own, or others may seek to avenge their capture. It's a big-time operation and one that America needs to bring under control quickly. But to do this will require the united efforts and cooperation of every business man and every citizen.

-- BABACO News

YOUTH WHO JEERED POLICE WORK ON CASE HELD AS HAMMER KILLER

Raymond White, eighteen, of Brooklyn, who had been jeering the police for not solving the claw-hammer slaying of a Brooklyn bar and grill owner on July 3, was arrested as the slayer recently.

The victim was Nicholas Lento, 48, who was slain early July 3, on the third floor of a building in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. On the ground floor, Mr. Lento had operated a tavern, the Foxhead Inn, and on the second floor, he ran a dance hall.

Ironically, Mr. Lento had surrounded himself with an elaborate burglar system. Every door on the main floor was wired. He had devised a second barrier of defense, too; the alarm was set to go off if one of the inside doors was disturbed.

Mr. Lento was found dead at 9:30 a. m. July 3 by a caretaker for the building. He was lying on the floor near his bed, his head crushed by a carpenter's claw hammer which was lying on the floor close by.

A few days after Mr. Lento's death, the tavern was reopened under new management. White came back often. He talked at length about the murder and sneered at the police's inability to break the case.

Deputy Chief Inspector Edward Mullins, in charge of Brooklyn detectives, decided it wouldn't be a bad idea to

investigate White.. He was trailed by police for three days. Then he was picked up and taken to Clymer Avenue Station, where he was questioned.

Police quoted White as saying he went to the Foxhead Inn shortly after it closed at 3 a. m. on July 3 and entered by forcing a ground floor window. He said he went to Mr. Lento's rooms and they fought fiercely. White said Mr. Lento was winning when White ran into the kitchen and found the hammer.

Later, he searched the apartment but found only a wrist watch and piggy bank. He said he took \$2.62 from the bank and threw the watch in a vacant lot. Three cigar boxes containing more than \$1,000 in cash and checks remained untouched under the mattress of the bed.

MULE, TIES UP TRAFFIC ON PALASKI SKYWAY

A fortnight ago on a busy weekend, thousands of motorists were snarled in a traffic jam for nearly a half hour on the Palaski Skyway over Jersey City. Devil's Brother, a small cantankerous mule from Galesburg, Illinois and his hayseedy master jammed the traffic and aroused the ire not only of motorists but Hudson County Police. Nobody told Devil's Brother's master, Clarence Hornbeck, who was 58 and old enough to know better that the Palaski Skyway was not for mules. Of course, nobody can tell a mule anything. A member of the Hudson County Police asked, "What is tougher to deal with than a pair of mules?"

Two Hudson County Police Officers first became aware of the traffic tieup when a motorist stopped and told them, "You better get back down the line. A man and a mule have got traffic backed up for miles."

Maybe the "cops" thought the motorists had been indulging in a little "Moscow Mule". But when a second motorist stopped and confirmed it, both officers took off and proceeded to investigate. In the center of the Skyway, a tall, cadaverous man, wearing a tall silk hat and a caricature outfit

was holding the mule by a halter. The mule was going around and around while the man tried futilely to restore a 50 pound pack that the beast had shaken off. A small black and white terrier was tethered beside the Skyway. The patrolmen succeeded in replacing the pack on the mule, containing clothing and camping equipment. Then the officers escorted man, mule and dog down the ramp to the Lincoln Highway on the ground level.

"Now, please," said one of the officers, "what's this all about?"

Hornbeck, the owner of the mule and dog explained that he had come east last month on a bet that he could walk a mule to New York City, bum a cigarette from a radio comedian, and return to Galesburg. He spent two weeks in New York but never got near enough to a comedian to ask for a cigarette. Whoever heard of any comedian giving away a cigarette?

As the policeman pointed west, he handed the mule owner a cigarette and said, "Go west, my friend, give up the mule and go in the hen business."

VICTIMS SHED PANTS AS WOMAN LOOKS AWAY

In New York last week four nattily-dressed bandits made off with some \$4,800 from a plush steak house after forcing a score of male employees and one patron to shed their pants in an adjoining alley.

The gunmen staged the bold robbery shortly after midnight when Stampler's Filet Mignon, swank Manhattan restaurant, was almost empty of patrons.

At gunpoint, they ordered employees and one late-dining couple into an alley. They apologized politely to the woman while making the men take off their pants. They fled after emptying cash registers and wallets.

FOR SHAME

Booked in Vancouver, B. C., on a charge of shoplifting: John Law.

**THIEF CARRIES AWAY 205
WATCHES--WITHOUT PARTS**

Indianapolis, The guy who stole 250 gold watches from a room in a downtown Indianapolis hotel will have to depend on his own watch if he wants to know the time.

Irving Miller, 55, Clayton, Mo., a jewelry salesman, told police the watches were for display purposes only and contained no clock work.

Miller said the watches were stolen from his hotel room when he went to the lobby for a few minutes. He estimated their value at \$3,000.

ICE BOX LOOTED OF COLD CASH

New Haven -- Burglars got \$48.60 in "cold cash" at the Cottage Diner, 154 Meadow St., during the night.

John Mirakian, proprietor of the restaurant, told Detective Harold Graves the money was taken from a hiding place in an ice box.

HALT SCHEME OF GAMBLERS

By William E. Brennan
(Boston Post)

More than \$100,000 will rest in the pockets of Massachusetts race track bettors when the racing season ends here as a result of the work by State police during the past few weeks smashing machinations of nationwide gambling syndicates who have been virtually taking dollars from pockets of the \$2 bettor by knocking down prices on winners just before the barrier is sprung in races.

As a result of the thorough investigation by Detective Inspectors George F. Harnois and Gerald F. McCarthy, assigned by Captain Joseph Crescio of the State Police Detective Bureau to work with the State Racing Commission, the workings of two big rings rigging prices on races have been smashed.

Two of the main cogs, the local re-

presentatives of the gambling syndicates in Cincinnati, Ohio, and in St. Louis, Mo., and East St. Louis, Ill., have been barred from Suffolk Downs track and similar action has been taken against several others.

STOLEN CAR FOUND WITH 'GIFT'

New Haven--The Rev. U. C. Neal of Hartford came out of the Church of God in Christ at 132 Foote St. at 12:15 a.m. last Friday and saw a cream-colored convertible driving by. He called police. It was his car.

The car was found in the rear of 101 Foote St. Inside were two table model television sets. Mr. Neal, who lives at 10 Williams St., Hartford, told police they hadn't been there when he parked the car near the church at 10:15 p.m.

WOMAN, 70, STEALS BURGLAR ALARM

A 70-year-old woman pleaded guilty before Judge T. A. Fontaine in Criminal Court, Montreal, to a charge of stealing--and startled the court by admitting that she had chosen a burglar alarm for the start of her shop-lifting career.

The woman, Irene Mona, of no given address, admitted freely that she had taken the burglar alarm and a set of andirons valued at \$16, from an uptown department store. But Judge Fontaine sentenced her only to court costs because of her age and because never in her 70 years had she previously appeared in court.

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS

When Police Chief C. T. Ripley of Rice Lake, Wis., was told by city officials to get on the ball, he did so by issuing 80 parking tickets in one day. He was then suspended for conduct unbecoming an officer.

YOUTH

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

S. P. O. R. T.

By Carroll E. Shaw

Commanding Officer Station F.
Connecticut State Police
Westbrook, Conn.

Colonel Edward J. Hickey, Commissioner of Connecticut State Police, and we his colleagues who are affiliated with him in the administration of the affairs of S. P. O. R. T. (State Police Organized Recreational Training) are firmly convinced, that to encourage the active participation of youth in well organized and directed character-building activities, is an effective method of combatting juvenile crime. I purposely refrain from using the expression "Juvenile Delinquency", because, in my opinion it is a phrase that is, in most instances, wrongly applied and very misleading. To categorize under the one general heading of "Juvenile Delinquent" without differentiation, both the boy who participates in a heinous offense, and the boy who, in the exuberance of youth merely engages in a "boyish prank", without one iota of criminal intent in his whole make-up, is to say the least, decidedly unfair practice.

We must all recognize the fact that in every normal, healthy boy and girl there is an abundance of energy and innocent deviltry that will find expression in one way or another, and that it is the responsibility of more mature minds to channelize properly that inherent power for good. I honestly believe, that those victims of "mischief without malice" who insist upon bringing criminal prosecutions against adolescents involved in such cases, make a serious mistake. Actually, very little good is accomplished and sometimes irreparable damage is done to the reputation of the boy or girl. Very often it changes so drastically the personality of a fundamentally good child, that he or she builds up a resentment against society

at large, that provides "justification", in their own immature minds at least, for turning to a life of crime. I often think how fortunate most of us grown-ups are, including myself, that every trivial episode of our "helrazin" days is not now a matter of public record in the yellowed dockets of the criminal courts of our home towns. Today's average kid is not one bit worse than we were at his age, and I object to his being labeled a "Juvenile Delinquent" for every insignificant digression.

This is no attempt to minimize the seriousness of juvenile crime, or to say that it doesn't exist. It most certainly does, and the picture is not a pretty one. The point I wish to bring out, however, is that the great majority of boys and girls will develop into first rate citizens, God-fearing and law abiding if only we give them a hand. You should support those organizations in your towns, civic or fraternal, whether from school or church, under auspices of town government or independent groups of public spirited citizens working always to combat anti-social tendencies among youth by promoting well balanced programs of supervised recreation and training. There is no one organization, however enthusiastic or well intentioned, that can do the job alone. Limitations of budget, personnel and facilities, and restrictions of one kind and another for any number of reasons, makes this a job for all of us, and every citizen should consider it a privilege to contribute to the project in any way he finds it possible.

The State Police Department is not a social agency, and neither is it a welfare agency. We say honestly and frank-

MAKING PROGRESS

ly, that our SPORT program is designed solely as a crime prevention measure, with our ultimate objective, a crime-free community. We know it is worthwhile. And we also know, from many many years of experience, that if any action on our part works to prevent a boy going into a life of crime, then to that same extent do we prevent untold misery, sorrow, grief, heartaches, shame and remorse to his beloved parents, brothers, and sisters. Yes, our objective is a most worthy one, and you can be sure that we will spare no efforts in order to reach it.

That there is also a somber and discouraging side of the picture, can not be denied. There is serious crime on the part of a small percentage of the youth of the country. Black headlines in our daily press tell of boys and girls 14, 15, 16, and 17, being arrested for Robbery, Burglary, Rape, Arson, and every crime in the book. Youthful offenders sentenced by the courts every year number about 100,000, not counting the thousands whose cases are adjudicated without court appearance--and of course those who never get caught. Future citizens, but potential criminals, and liabilities to their towns, their states, their families and themselves, these juvenile offenders do over \$350,000,000 worth of property damage alone, every year, and these depredations cost the various jurisdictions millions upon millions to prosecute, penalize and incarcerate. There is, however, one encouraging aspect of this report, and that is, that only a very small percentage of boys and girls who get into trouble have ever been affiliated with any character-building church or club, have any contact at all with any organized community groups, or have adequate recreational facilities. We of SPORT, can, in many cases supply the missing elements and we are looking forward with the greatest anticipation to this opportunity for further service to the people of the State of Connecticut.

Character is destiny.--Heraclitus

The Neidlinger brothers, Olie and Augie, have given us the use of a large lot on Kingfisher Lane in Westbrook. Irving LeMay, Old Saybrook contractor, loaned us a grader and a roller and Colonel Ives of the Highway Department, with six other employees who were off duty one Saturday, operated the equipment. The John Holbrook Company, Westbrook, paid a man to operate a small bulldozer, skinning off the diamond and filling up some large holes. Volunteers from the Local American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and off-duty policemen are putting up a backstop and the finishing touches.

We now have two teams in the 8-12 year old class, and two in the 13-16 class. Our blue and gold uniforms are starting to arrive, as well as some of our equipment. Practice is going along well. Our town third selectman conducts morning sessions, Billie Nesto of Essex, and one time player, is assisting in coaching duties and Officers Connolly, John O'Brien and I are passing out the tips we are qualified to give. The roster has boys from Westbrook, Clinton, Saybrook and Essex. The boys arrange their own transportation to practice and two from the Centerbrook section of Essex walk the 4½ miles to the field when they can't get a ride.

We have made some uniform assignments and played the younger group in their first practice game. Although beaten 5-2, they gave a good account of themselves. After the game the participants enjoyed some outdoor refreshments on the Elk's lawn.

Our next big event will be the official opening of our baseball diamond. The date will be set soon.

---Lieut. Carroll Shaw

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,

But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;

Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields

Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.--O. W. Holmes

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

A Rare Library

About a mile and a half south of CSP Headquarters, Hartford, we have access to a rare library on psychiatry at the Institute of Living. A cordial invitation has been extended to CSP students in criminology to consult the librarian for information on related subjects.

On a recent visit there by this contributor, we spent more than two hours reading. We learned the criminal who murdered his father or his mother, according to English law in 1700, was first whipped, then after the blood was drawn, thrown into a sack with a hungry dog, a cock, a viper and an ape, and cast into the water. For the same crime, a man would receive no punishment if it could be proved he was insane, since madmen were exempt from punishment for their acts. There was, however, one notable exception.

Any man, mad or sane who killed or attempted to kill the King, would be punished to the full. These significant facts are discussed in the book "Non Compos Mentis" a rare volume published 250 years ago in England and written by a lawyer named John Brydall.

A collection of approximately 350 rare volumes and pamphlets on psychiatry and medicine, gives a vivid picture of the whole 18th and early 19th Century. It was amassed by the late Dr. Hubert Norman, English psychiatrist and bibliophile who was superintendent of Camberwell House in London and a vice president of the Royal Society of Medicine.

A frequent expert witness whose testimony was valued by the courts, Dr. Norman was keenly interested in the legal aspects of mental illness. Among the volumes, all of them collectors' items in this field are "Medico-Legal Reflections", "On the Amendment of the Law of Lunacy", "On the Distinction Between Crime and Insanity", "Medical Jurisprudence as It Relates to Insanity".

Another legal gem is a book entitled

"Factors of Unsound Mind" by Dr. W. A. Guy. The author sums up the popular attitude toward the criminally insane in the words, "The gallows must expiate alike the crime of the murderer and the misfortune of the maniac". According to Dr. Guy, "the whole proceedings in our criminal courts for ascertaining the existence or non-existence of insanity are awkward, unscientific and uncertain."

The inhuman conditions under which mental patients were confined is reported in many of the volumes. A report on Bethlehem Hospital, one of the leading English asylums, in 1776 declares, "The prisons should be fumigated twice a week with tar or vinegar and the straw be changed as often as needful. No prisoner may be indulged with in bed, except by order of the Prison Commission."

"A Report on the Wild Boy of Aveyron", published in French in 1894, tells the dramatic story of the savage boy, age 10, who was found by French huntsmen in the woods, scratching, biting, kicking like an animal, unable to speak or imitate. He was taken to the famous Doctor Jean Itard, who for five years worked with him in an endeavor to make him into a social being.

SEX OFFENDERS

REPORT ON STUDY OF 102 SEX OFFENDERS AT SING SING PRISON AS SUBMITTED TO GOVERNOR THOMAS E. DEWEY. March, 1950. (Research carried out at the N. Y. State Psychiatric Institute under the direction of David Abrahamsen, M.D., and the auspices of the State Commissioners of Correction and of Mental Hygiene.)

This report summarizes results of a 20 months' study of sex offenders at Sing Sing Prison. During 1949 there

were 24,760 arrests of offenders for major crimes in New York State. Of these, 1338 were charged with rape and 708 with other sex offenses. Many of these will not be convicted and many of those convicted will be found guilty of offenses not ostensibly involving sex. In the present investigation, 102 cases of special interest, cases already in prison, were studied intensively by psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychiatric social workers.

Of the 102 men studied, every one suffered from some type of mental or emotional disorder, though not usually so pronounced as to meet the legal definition of mental illness. Almost all had histories of unusually unfavorable childhoods with severe emotional deprivation. They showed a great deal of irrational motivation and were unable to explain why they committed their offense. In all these offenders there was an overwhelming amount of hostility which appeared to be directly related to the hostility or neglect experienced in childhood. Most of them displayed, to a potentially or actually dangerous degree, a hatred and resentment against authority and individuals representing authority. Early emotional deprivation and consequent hostility has been found in all offenders so that such emotional maladjustments are not characteristic of sex offenders alone. Alcoholism was an associated and often precipitating factor in over half of the 102 cases. The intelligence of the group was for the most part equal to that of the average general population.

The 102 cases may be classified into 4 groups. Group A includes 18 offenders who are predisposed to crimes of violence, are likely to commit new attacks if released, and are not treatable by present known methods. Group B is made up of offenders who because of personality make-up (withdrawn, solitary), age or alcoholism, are not suitable for treatment at present and are likely after release to continue as a danger to public morals and to women and children. Group C includes 44 offenders who are considered treatable in a treatment center with a good prospect of improvement after release. Group D has 8 of-

fenders who because of their treatability could be released on parole and treated on an outpatient basis. Type of therapy depends on the individual. Some respond well to group therapy.

It is clear that sex offenses belong to a broad mental hygiene problem. Recommendations are made in this report for further research in the field, for the development of prison psychiatry, increased training of technical personnel, and new legislation to deal with sex offenders, the basic purpose being rehabilitation.

FINGER PRINTS BRING JOSEPH BEYRLE BACK TO LIFE

By Captain Arthur J. Siplon
Superintendent, Bureau of Identification
Police Department, Muskegon, Michigan

It isn't often a man returns to life after he is officially declared dead, and to prove his identity can pose a vexing problem. Such was the case of Staff Sergeant Joseph R. Beyrle of the U. S. Army, and he found that it is a mighty handy thing to have your finger prints on file. His is a true story but fantastic to the point of almost being beyond belief.

At the northerly approach to the City of Muskegon, Michigan, is the "Causeway", often described as Michigan's most beautiful mile. Here in solemn dignity stands a memorial to the country's honored dead, where Beyrle's name was placed to remain forever in honored memory. It was on September 8, 1944, his father received a telegram from the Adjutant General of the Army that his son had been killed in action. This was followed by letter of condolence from the President of the United States, Secretary of War and other notables. Special masses were held for him in St. Joseph's Church of which he was a communicant, and his demise was further certified by the fact that he was officially buried in a grave in France. This would seem to bring the young life of Joseph Beyrle to an untimely end, but this is just the beginning of his story

rather than the finish.

He was born in Muskegon, Michigan, on August 25, 1923, spent his boyhood here and graduated from St. Joseph's High School at the age of eighteen years. With the war in progress, he immediately enlisted in the U. S. Army and volunteered for the Paratroops.

He went through the usual procedure of a new recruit joining the military service, which included having his finger prints taken. He was assigned to the 506th Parachute Infantry and was put through a course of rugged training, one so tough and exhausting that only men of exceptional physical ability could endure it; but he survived and qualified in every respect for he was six feet two inches, weighing one hundred ninety pounds and a splendid type of young American manhood.

One feat of endurance in which he participated was a forced march of 136 miles with full pack in 76 hours. After making many jumps, some as low as

three hundred feet, he was sent to Panama. Here to further his training, he was dropped from a plane into the jungles with instructions to make his way back to civilization the best way he could as a test of his self reliance.

One year after entering the service and with 75 parachute jumps to his credit, he was in England and ready for action.

The night before D-Day his call to action came. He was loaded into a plane with others and was briefed to cause as much destruction and confusion as possible back of the German lines in France.

In the dark of night he stepped from his plane and was hurtled earthward into the maelstrom of war; into Hitler's highly fortified coast of France. One man with his demolition equipment against whole divisions. He soon contacted the enemy and was wounded and taken prisoner. He made his first escape shortly after being taken but was



With defiance written deeply into every facial feature, Staff Sgt. Joseph Beyrle glowers at the German photographer who took this "mug" in a German prisoner of war camp.



Happy for the Army's finger print records which literally brought him back to life, Joseph Beyrle smiles for the civilian photographer after his miraculous return to Muskegon.

recaptured when he dropped into a German machine gun nest. He was taken before German officers and was questioned by one who formerly lived in Chicago. After his initial questioning, he traveled through a whole series of German prison camps and experienced all their horror. The Germans at one time marched him through Paris with a lot of other prisoners who were dirty and ragged as a propaganda trick. While in one German camp, he was starved for a period of time and then brought in for questioning with a big meal setting in front of him as a reward if he would "talk". He became so angered that he called the German officer in charge a S. O. B. and was beaten up and struck on the head with a rifle butt. He is carrying on his head today the scars of this experience in repayment for the satisfaction of cursing out the officer.

One night when the British came over and bombed the camp, during the confusion and excitement, he and another soldier escaped and got into Berlin by a mix-up in the trains instead of Poland, where they expected to land. For four days they roamed about Berlin without being picked up. This was possible because of the constant bombing Berlin was suffering at the time. They finally went to a German home and tried to get some food, and when the people saw they were from a strange army, they turned them in. When asked what his name was he told them Joe Hambone and that he was a gangster from Chicago. The Germans played this up in the Berlin papers by stating that the city was being attacked by gangsters from Chicago.

He Escapes Again

After he was returned to a prison camp, he was soon in trouble again for he was shot while stealing some potatoes to augment his slim rations.

When he recovered he was transferred to a camp in Silesia, and here he again escaped when the Russians were advancing in their direction. He hiked thirty miles and made contact with the Russians but was about to be shot before he convinced them he was a United States soldier. When he made known his identity he was permitted to "join" a tank

outfit and fought with the Russians for a month before again being wounded. He was sent back to a Russian hospital. Here he had an opportunity to observe the crudeness of the Russian equipment and their poorly trained doctors. He had no desire to stay in this place and left as soon as he could get away.

He had a series of experiences until he finally landed in Moscow. When he applied for help at the United States Ambassador's office, it was found out that he was officially listed in Washington as "dead". He was placed under arrest at the Metropole hotel until he could prove he was the person he claimed to be. He was interrogated by several officers of the U. S. Intelligence who seemed highly skeptical of his story. The thought finally occurred to him that his finger prints were on file somewhere in the U. S. A., and he made a request that he be finger printed. His request was granted, and he was finger printed at the U. S. Embassy in Moscow and then permitted to return to the hotel. Several days later he was again called in and was informed that his identity had been proven by his prints. With his true identity established he was treated with every respect and was started home by the way of Turkey and Egypt, later to Naples where he was placed aboard ship for the long trip homeward. He is of the opinion that when he was captured, his identity was taken over by a German spy in an American uniform who was killed wearing his dog tags. This man do doubt filled the grave in France which was supposed to contain his body.

His home coming was a happy one when he was restored safely in the arms of his parents. His name was removed from the Memorial Plaque, and he has assumed his rightful place in his community. Needless to say, he is deeply grateful that finger printing is part of the routine procedure of the U. S. Army.

(Reprinted from Finger Print and Identification Magazine.)

The liberty loving are hard pressed by the liberty taking.

STATE POLICE SGT. MARCHESE
WINS TRAFFIC SCHOLARSHIP



Shown in photo left to right: Mr. Carl K. Lane, Comm. Edward J. Hickey and Sgt. Louis D. Marchese.

State Police Sgt. Louis D. Marchese, of Ridgefield barracks, was awarded a \$650 scholarship to a four-months training course at the Northwestern Traffic Institute, it was revealed at ceremonies held last week in Hartford.

During the ceremonies, Sgt. Marchese was presented with the check for \$650 which will cover the costs of his tuition during the training period which he will start in September.

The presentation was made to Sgt. Marchese by Carl K. Lane of the Automotive Safety Association of Connecticut. Also present for the ceremonies were James R. Johnson, of the Automotive Safety Foundation, cosponsor of the scholarship competition, State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey and Capt. Ralph J. Buckley head of the traffic division of the state police department.

Sgt. Marchese earned this new honor in a competitive departmental examination given last spring. He was the top man in the class.

The training course which Sgt. Marchese will undertake will consist of police administration, traffic safety, traffic regulations enforcement, public

speaking and general police duties in reference to automotive safety.

Sgt. Marchese, a native of Bridgeport joined the state police department in 1941 and was assigned to the Ridgefield barracks.

In 1943 he was transferred to the Westport barracks where he remained until 1945 when he was transferred to the Groton barracks.

In 1947 he was reassigned to Ridgefield barracks and a year later was promoted to the rank of sergeant and assigned to Bethany barracks where he remained until last year when he again returned to Ridgefield barracks.

On May 8, 1943, Sgt. Marchese received a departmental citation for his part in the rescue of three persons who were overcome by smoke and trapped in their blazing home in Georgetown.

During the past year, Sgt. Marchese has spoken to many civic groups in the Danbury area regarding activities of the state police department.

Sgt. Marchese makes his home at 80 Clark Street, Bridgeport, where he resides with his parents.

---The Danbury News-Times

NORTHEASTERN REGIONAL PISTOL CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES

On July 14, 1950, Detective Ralph Boyington, Station "K" participated in the Northeastern Regional Pistol Championship matches on the New York Central Range at Albany, New York. Detective Boyington represented the Connecticut State Police Department and other participants included the FBI, the U. S. Border Patrol, U. S. Armed Services, several state and local police departments and numerous civilians from the New England States and elsewhere.

In the .38 timed fires, Boyington splashed a 92 on the second target. In match number one--Regional Aggregate--2516. high expert, third open, his showing was so good that he won an award--a free trip to San Francisco, California, to take part in the National Meet.

Two weeks after winning the California Excursion trip The National Rifle Association cancelled the 1950 national rifle and pistol championships and its annual convention, "due to the present crisis in world affairs." Major General M. A. Edson, president of the association, said its executive committee "felt that due to present world conditions it would not be wise to plan a large gathering of thousands of target shooters on the Pacific Coast at this time." Tough Luck, we say, Ralph, especially when you also took four first places, three second places, and two third places, also third high in master class for the grand aggregate.

STATE POLICE TEAM SHOOTS HIGH SCORE AT WAKEFIELD

Memo to any bandit entertaining notions of shooting it out with Connecticut State Policemen:

Don't do it!

Here's why. The State Police Department's pistol team, comprised of policemen and policewomen returned last week from the New England Police Revolver League annual match at Wakefield, Mass., where they spent four days shooting the bulleyes out of tar-

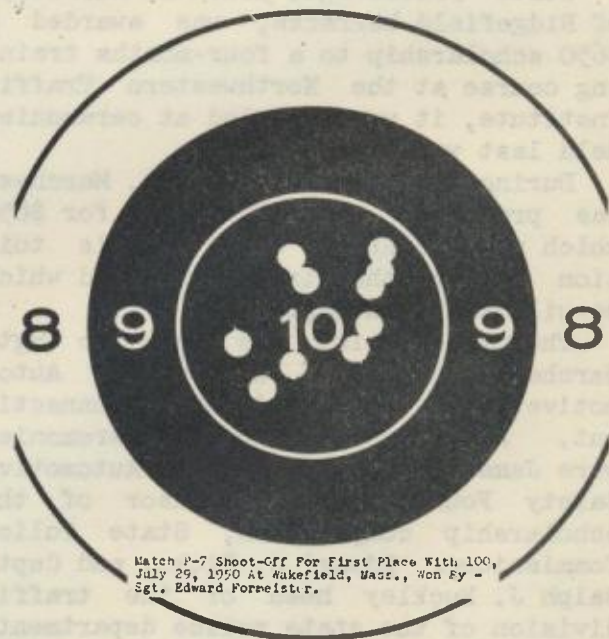
gets.

When the firing died down and the smoke cleared State Police Detective Ralph C. Boyington of Colchester Barracks emerged as New England Police Revolver individual champion for 1950 with a score of 849 out of a possible 900. The team as a whole racked up an outstanding record in 19 of the 21 matches.

In addition to Boyington's New England Championship the CSP Boys and Girls won 33 medals, 14 trophies and a total of 8 prizes.

Massachusetts State Policeman Julian Zuk was second, individually, with a score of 845 and Connecticut State Police Sergeant Edward Formeister of Stafford Springs Barracks placed third with a score of 844.

In a special match at Wakefield with State Policemen from other New England states, Detective Boyington and Sergeant Formeister tied for first place, both shooting 197 out of a possible 200. The two men shot out the tie and Sergeant Formeister won.



Four state policewomen won expert medals at the matches and Policewoman Evelyn Briggs of Hartford Barracks won first place in her match.

The other State Policemen participating in the matches are: Policeman John J. Yaskulka of Stafford Springs Barracks, Policeman Theodore Sheiber

of Stafford Springs Barracks, Sergeant Robert M. Herr and Policeman Albert A. Powell of Danielson Barracks, Policeman Leo Dymkoski of Westport Barracks, Sergeant Jerome Smith of Bethany Barracks, Policeman Walter A. Perkins of Hartford Barracks and Policeman Charles Mansfield of Groton Barracks.

The policewomen include Miss Margaret Jacobson of Stafford Springs Barracks, Mrs. Susan Kenyon of Danielson Barracks, Mrs. Lois Miller of Colchester Barracks, Mrs. Katheryn Haggerty of Westbrook Barracks and Mrs. Briggs.

KNOW THE LAW

Sec. 664. 1949 Revision of the General Statutes. **EMPLOYMENT OF PRIVATE DETECTIVES.** No municipal corporation shall employ private detectives in the investigation or detection of crime at an expense of more than five hundred dollars unless a specific appropriation therefor shall have been made, nor unless the authorities thereof shall have first applied to the state police for assistance in such investigation and waited a reasonable time for said state police to act. Any municipal official who violates any provision of this section shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars and shall be liable to such municipality in a civil action for the amount expended in excess of such sum as shall have been appropriated for such investigation.

Sec. 3737. 1949 Revision of the General Statutes. **PRIVATE DETECTIVES AND DETECTIVE AGENCIES; LICENSE REQUIRED.** No person shall represent himself to be, hold himself out as, list himself or advertise as a private detective or investigator or as furnishing detective or investigating services without first obtaining a license as a private detective from the commissioner of state police upon payment of a licensing fee of ten dollars per annum, and no corporation, partnership or association shall represent itself to be,

hold itself out as, list itself or advertise as a private detective or investigation agency or bureau or as furnishing detective or investigating services without first obtaining a license as a private detective agency from the commissioner of state police upon payment of a licensing fee of two hundred dollars per annum.

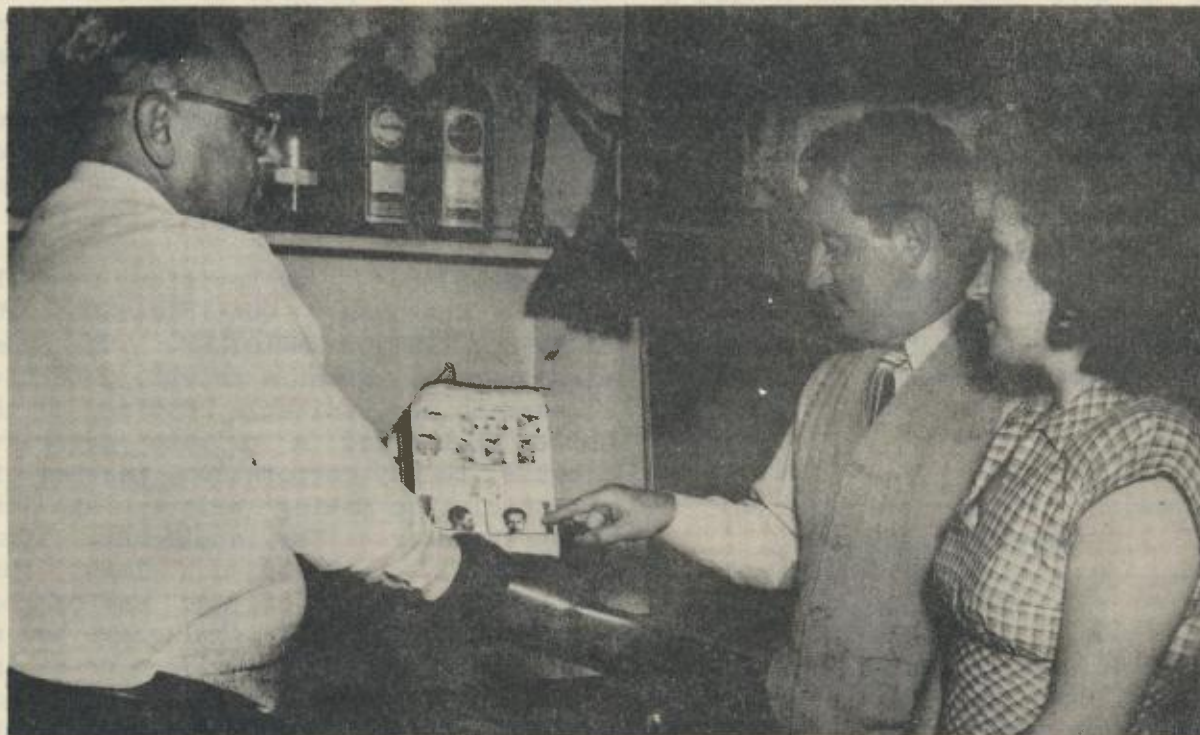
Sec. 3738. 1949 Revision of the General Statutes. **QUALIFICATIONS FOR LICENSE. LIST OF EMPLOYEES.** The commissioner may grant a private detective license to any suitable citizen of the United States and a private detective license to any corporation, partnership or association making written application therefor. The applicant, if an individual, shall be not less than twenty-five years of age and of good moral character, and shall have had at least one year's experience as an investigator. Any licensee may employ as many agents, operatives and assistants as he deems necessary for the conduct of his business, provided such licensee shall furnish to the commissioner, at such times as he requires, a certified list of the names, ages and addresses of the persons so employed.

PROFESSIONAL BONDSMEN

Section 3728, 1949 Revision of the General Statutes. **DEFINITION.** Any person who makes a business of furnishing bail in criminal cases or who furnishes bail in five or more criminal cases in any one year, whether for compensation or otherwise, shall be deemed a professional bondsman and shall be subject to the provisions of Chapter 175, 1949 Revision of the General Statutes. Any resident elector of the State of Connecticut who is of good moral character and of sound financial responsibility may, upon obtaining a license therefor in accordance with the provisions of this chapter, engage in the business of professional bondsman within this State.

Work days can't be made short enough for drones.

USE OF WIRED PHOTO BY CSP IDENTIFIES HOLDUP SUSPECT



Left-right: Lt. Frank V. Chameroy of State Police, Mr. and Mrs. Ermond G. Pola, as they identified photograph of Ronald Bleuler as man who took part in holdup of their brickyard in South Windsor.

The long arm of the law reached out for the first time in police history over a wired photo system to enable the Connecticut State Police to bring about the arrest of the second suspect sought in connection with the recent holdup at the Pola Brick Company, South Windsor.

Fingerprints and accompanying photographs of Ronald Bleuler of the Bronx, New York, were sent by New York City police from headquarters in Manhattan to the photo recorder at the Hartford State Police Barracks. Bleuler, who was arrested on a grand larceny charge in connection with the theft of an automobile in New York City, was identified as the second man sought for the crime. Ermond G. Pola, secretary of the Brick Company, and his wife, Anna S. Pola, assistant bookkeeper, who were held up at gunpoint by the two bandits on June 30, took one glance at the photo of Bleuler as it came out of the hypo bath in the photographic laboratory and said, "It's him!"

As Lt. Frank V. Chameroy, identification officer, and Capt. Leo Mulcahy, of the Special Service Division, stood by

at this end for the identification, Det. Sgt. Anton M. Nelson and Off. Samuel S. Rome were at New York Headquarters. Capt. Mulcahy immediately requested a "pick up" through the open telephone line to New York.

This was the second time Connecticut State Police made police communication history this month. A few days after the wired photo system was first established it took part in the first department-to-department use ever made of such a system.

A Dorchester, Mass., man who had drowned in the Farmington River was identified through pictures and fingerprints forwarded by Boston police. The wired photo system links the Connecticut State Police with Boston, New York City and FBI headquarters at Washington.

In commenting on the case, Commissioner Hickey said:

"This is the first time the wired photo system has been used in a major criminal matter. It has proved its worth in expediting a criminal investigation."

Safety mindedness

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

SAFETY HINTS

SNAKE BITE AIDS

If you're ever bitten by a copperhead or timber rattler--Connecticut's two species of poisonous snakes--forget the old wives' tales and reach for a hypodermic needle instead of a bottle of fire water.

Alcohol, says the State Department of Health in its weekly bulletin, won't do a bit of good and may do a lot of harm. The same goes for burning gunpowder on the wound, another superstition.

Bite victims should have a tourniquet tightened above the wound, which almost always is on the feet or hands. Cuts should be made where the fang marks are to bleed out as much of the venom as possible and either mechanical or mouth suction applied. And the victim should be kept as quiet as possible. Movement will force the blood to circulate faster, thus spreading the venom.

Anti-venom serum is available at all State Police Barracks and at most of the state's larger hospitals.

PROTECT YOURSELF IN THE "DANGER SEAT"....

By F. H. Richardson M.D.

1. See to it that no child rides in the lap of the person who occupies the righthand front seat, nor is permitted to stand on the floor by the dashboard.

2. If this seems unavoidable, be sure that some sort of restraining strap is employed that will halt him short of the windshield in case of a sudden stop.

3. Improvise a "crash pad" from a sheet of airfoam rubber, the porous, light, flexible, yielding substance used to pad car seats. It may be bought from

any accessories dealer. Hang this over the right half of the dash so that it can be pushed aside or up, to give access to any attachments it covers.

4. If in an emergency you suddenly realize there is going to be a crash, brace yourself as well as you can. Then, if you're sitting in the "danger seat," lean forward and cushion the top of your head and face by folding both arms against the dashboard.

Will observing all these measures make the danger seat a safe place to ride in? Not at all.

But a faithful carrying out of these simple rules will greatly reduce the hazzards that will probably always attend riding in this least favored spot in the car.

MOVIE WORTH SEEING

Many motorists now using Connecticut highways might benefit by seeing this motion picture--and so might their potential victims.

The picture, titled "Fatal Seconds," has been released by the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company to warn how a lifetime of careful driving can be undone by a single impulsive act. It is based on the tragic story of a normally cautious driver whose impatience led him to pass another car on a hill.

The company has also released "Before the Blast," another 16mm. sound film, which points up basic safety rules in the handling of high explosives. Both films are available without charge for showings.

A reckless driver is seldom wreckless long.

SIGNS FOR SAFETY

Connecticut's determined drive to cope with a suddenly rising accident and fatality rate on its parkways and highways is paying dividends. There should be no relaxation in the effort.

The Connecticut State Police deserve particular commendation for their clever use of new and somewhat novel warning signs along our parkways. Their recognition of the fact that familiarity breeds indifference and their sharp technique in the placing of these displays has been effective.

We have long been familiar in Connecticut and elsewhere, with the "Sunday driver". The "Sunday sign" is something new. It is proving its worth.

These week end and holiday signs warning parkway motorists to stay in line except when passing, prohibiting passing on the right lane, and warning against cruising in the left lane have done much to foster a free and safe flow of traffic. Even during the week, when the signs are hauled away, their effect is noted. Those who have seen them, remember the warning and adhere to its principles. ---New Haven Register

SHORT SENTENCES

By A. E. Watts

Jim drove just to be a good fellow,
That's really what stuck in his craw,
For while he was trying to help them,
They charged him with breaking the law.

His drunken pal stalled his jalopy
Kerplunk, blocking traffic four ways.
You never did see such a tie-up
In all of your traffic-jammed days.

Policemen came tweeting their whistles
And yanked him away from the wheel,
With sixty cars still at a standstill,
All blocked by one automobile.

But Jim, a mere guest up to this time,
Inspired by the wild honking blurb,
Slid over and moved the jalopy
Ten feet 'til he parked at the curb.

Then, feeling quite proud of his action,
He told a cop how he had helped.
The cop sniffed and said "You've been
drinking.
We'll have to pinch you, too!" he
yelped.

And then, for good measure, they charged
him
With having no license, to boot,
And that's why the guy who eased traffic
For coppers no more gives a hoot.

---Boston Herald

DANGEROUS STUFF

Dry ice is becoming so common that safety authorities feel a word of caution is advisable.

If handled with the fingers it can produce a bad burn, and it should never be placed in drinking water.

THOUGHTFUL OF HIM

Oklahoma City.--Safety Commissioner Paul Reed says Oklahoma would be a nice place to live if every driver was as thoughtful as Perry Edward Tidwell of Tulsa.

Tidwell, who has never had a traffic mishap, voluntarily surrendered his driver's license to Tulsa Police Capt. Clinton Riggs. Tidwell, 80, explained he is getting too old to drive safely.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN

Chicago.--Policeman James C. Ramey, 41, bundled his overcoat around him and stepped into his squad car parked at the edge of Navy Pier on Lake Michigan.

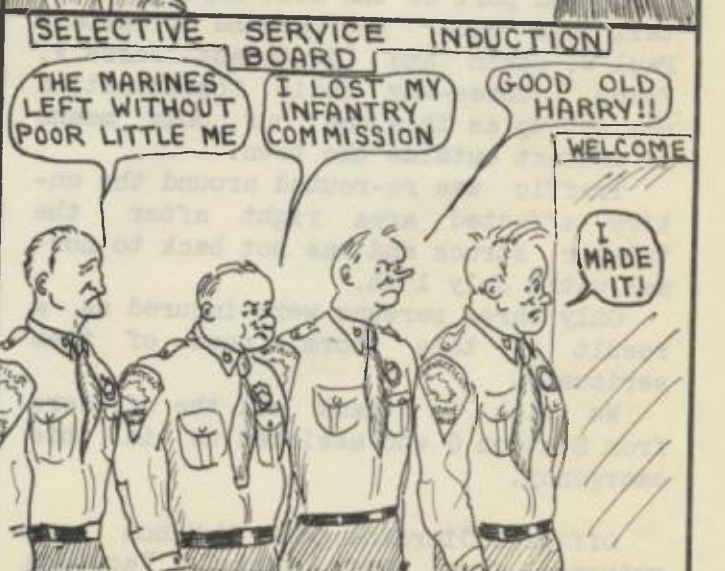
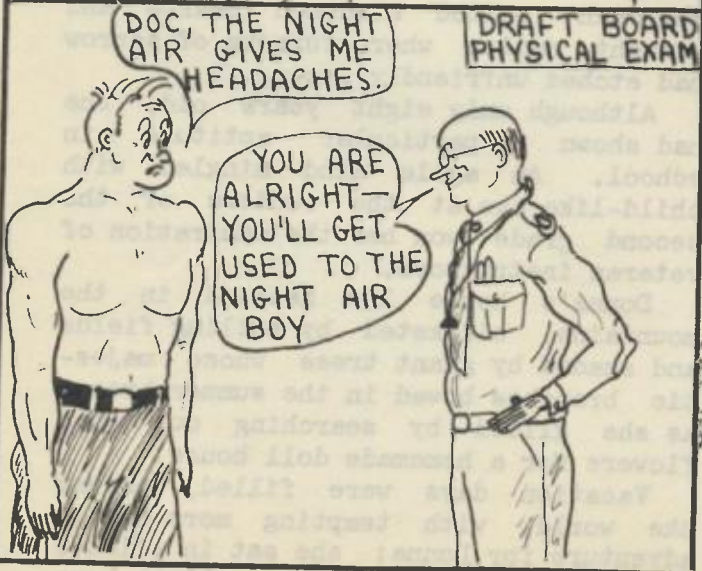
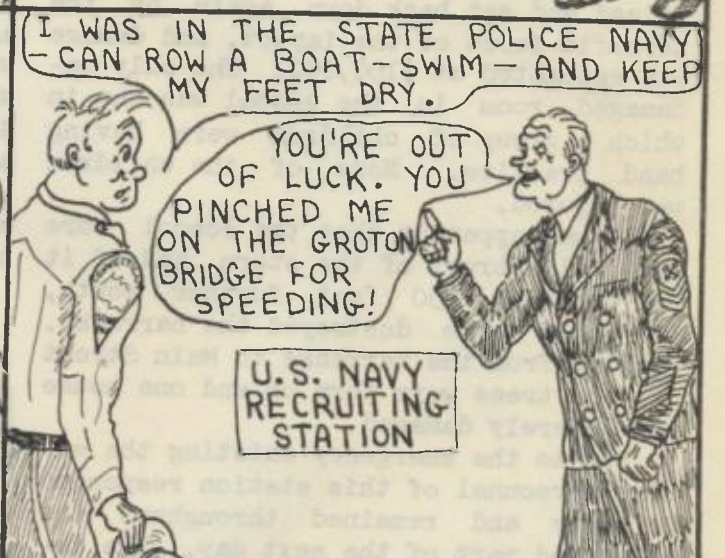
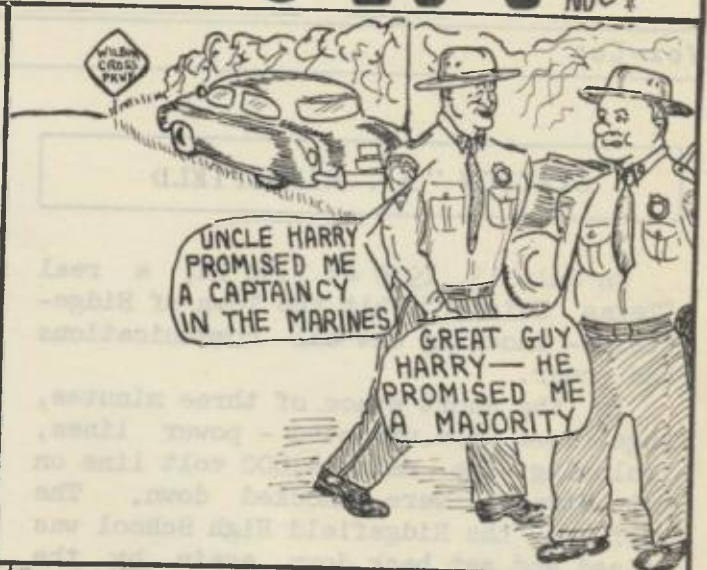
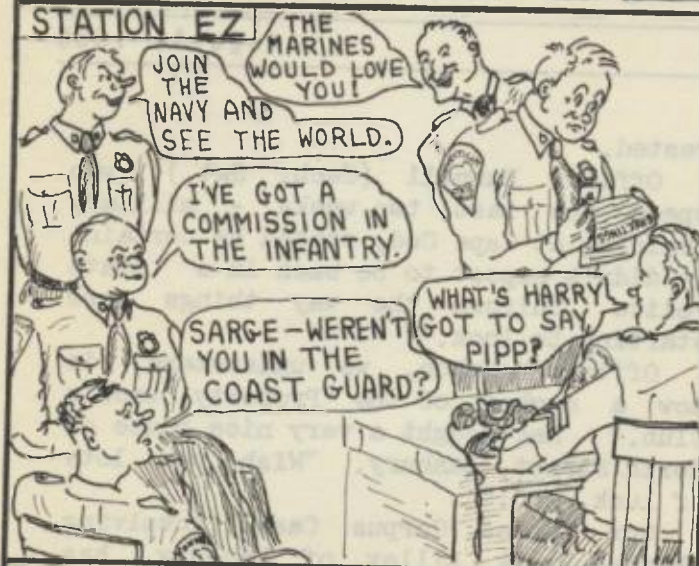
He touched the starter, gunned the engine, then let out the clutch.

The tires bit in and the squad car leaped backward off the pier into the icy lake waters.

Wrapped in a blanket and shivering, Ramey sheepishly explained, "It must have been in reverse."

OFFICER PIPP

by Mc Gee



AROUND THE CIRCUIT

Vox-Cop

August, 1950

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

On July 13, 1950 at 7:30 PM, a real "Texas Twister" hit the Town of Ridgefield - knocking out all communications and power.

In the short space of three minutes, huge trees were uprooted - power lines, including the main 4,800 volt line on Main Street, were knocked down. The roof on the Ridgefield High School was raised and set back down again by the terrific force of the impact, and damage was estimated at \$100,000. The only undamaged room in the school was one in which a group of children were having band practice. None of the children was injured.

It was apparent that the school bore the full brunt of the storm, and if it had occurred 150 feet further south, it would have destroyed the barracks. Leading from the Barracks to Main Street all the trees were torn up and one house was severely damaged.

Due to the emergency existing the entire personnel of this station responded to duty and remained throughout the night and part of the next day. The detail was under the Command of Captain Paul W. Lavin and Lieutenant Jesse F. Foley. Three-way Radio Communication was set up as this was our only means of contact outside the town.

Traffic was re-routed around the entire affected area right after the twister struck and was not back to normal until July 15th.

Only three persons were injured as a result of this storm - none of them seriously.

We wish to thank all the officers from Station G who assisted us in this emergency.

Officers Giardina and McMahon have returned from their Annual Vacation Leave - sunbaked and looking "well"

rested.

Officer Bunnell (Tech. Sgt.) who spent the last two weeks - military training at Cape Cod, stated he certainly didn't expect to be back in a State Police Uniform the way things were starting to look.

Officer McMahon, we understand, is now a member of the "Property Owner's Club." Mac bought a very nice house on North Street, Danbury. "Wish you lots of luck, Mac."

Our Habeas Corpus Case, involving Charles Frank Lilley of Danbury, has again been continued; therefore, we will have to hold up on the verdict until next Month's Issue of Vox-Cop. Some suspense, huh, just like a "Serial."

Our thanks to Dispatchers Travaglini and Pettit for doing a fine job while our Clerk was vacationing.

STATION "B", CANAAN

Donna May Allyn was a vivacious youngster whose quick wit and friendly approach melted hardened hearts and brought smiles where furrows of sorrow had etched unfriendly faces.

Although only eight years old, she had shown a particular aptitude in school. An agile mind mingled with child-like awe at the wonders of the second grade won her the admiration of veteran instructors.

Donna's house lay nestled in the mountains, blanketed by rolling fields and shaded by giant trees whose majestic branches bowed in the summer breeze as she glided by searching out wild flowers for a homemade doll house.

Vacation days were filled, as was the world, with tempting morsels of adventure for Donna; she sat in silence as dusk hovered about the Allyn home

and listened with inquisitive interest to the "hoot" of a lonely owl who nightly came, perched himself just out of reach, and blurted out his simple monotone. A shaggy pup, her shadow, pranced beside her through the fields stopping only to bark at his reflection in the quarry water and then hastening off again to chase low flying birds which he never caught but always sought.

Here at the quarry, a forbidden spot, Donna stopped on the night of July 29 while en route to the neighboring home of her grandmother.

Not comprehending the fact that danger might well lie beneath its glittering surface, she removed two tiny shoes and perched upon a rock whence she could lower her feet and feel the tingle of glistening bubbles.

It was here at the bottom of the forbidden quarry that Donna May was found after a night of exhaustive search.

We rather imagine that the giant trees will still bow at the echo of her tiny voice and the old owl will surely come again to sit just out of reach at the close of day and we are convinced that the sorrow which seared itself into the hearts of the officers concerned with this particular search will perpetuate the truism that "big men do have tender hearts."

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

Not a week goes by but someone is on vacation. Lieut. Hulburt has returned from two weeks spent puttering about his farm. Sgt. Lawrence served as commanding officer during his absence. This year Jackie Horner Yaskulka has had a piece-meal one, using the spare time he had between practices for the shoot at Wakefield and teaching First Aid to groups of Firemen. Bill Stephenson is enjoying the sea breezes at Nantucket. Jim Dick has a house that needs a few repairs and he expects to be busy right at home. When asked if he had some nice trips on his vacation, House-

man Furness replied, "I only went a mile from home." Sgt. Lawrence is just wondering how many more murders there are going to be in the territory as he is looking forward to getting a vacation sometime in the near future, pressure of business allowing.

Building a new home has been more of a problem than he anticipated, says Sgt. Ed. Dick Schwarz has decided to become a home owner and is now busy clearing his lot. He hopes to move in before snow flies.

Bob Lutz has joined the station rescue squad. Recently he saved a very frightened and upset woman from a five-foot black snake, the harmless kind, you know, that had become an unwelcome visitor in her dining room.

As usual, the summer months keep us busy chasing juveniles who like to enter and prowl about unoccupied cottages. The latest are five-and-a-half-year-old twin girls and a four-and-a-half-year-old brother. If the windows are not low enough, they scale the sides of the buildings until they reach the windows where they can enter. Being caught in the cottages by the owners means nothing to them or the mother.

Several of the younger officers worked on their first murder case on the morning of July 6, when sent to the Guzman Farm at Vernon, around five o'clock. One found an older woman lying on the ground in front of a two story chicken-coop in a dazed condition, another walked to the house and found a man lying on the ground at the back door, dying from gun wounds, and a blood-covered woman running about the house. Investigation revealed that Mrs. Mary Guzman had gone to the home of her son, entered the house, walked to the bedroom and shot her son, beat her daughter-in-law on the head with her revolvers, and when the daughter-in-law fought her, pushed the younger Mrs. Guzman into the bathtub and attempted to drown her. Not succeeding, the older Mrs. Guzman ran out of the house, went to the second story of the chicken-coop and walked or jumped from the offset to the ground. The son was pronounced dead upon arrival of the Medical Examiner and the two women were re-

moved to the hospital for treatment. Case still under investigation.

The officers are now working on another untimely death of a gas station attendant, who was found dead in his station with a bad head wound. It must be that the summer heat brings out the tendencies to commit murder and suicide.

The gang is back from a busy weekend at Wakefield. There was some keen competition between this department and the Mass. troopers. We can say our department brought back plenty of the bacon. The boys made a fine appearance on the shooting line with their grey shirts and trousers and their blue caps. The girls, too, made an attractive looking team. Thanks, Commissioner Hickey, for making it possible for us to attend the shoot, and thanks to Lieut. Smith for his coaching and guidance.

STATION "E", GROTON

Officer Kathe received a complimentary letter from J. D. Brennan, Rumson, N. J. complimenting him on the courtesy extended to the Jerseyites on their recent visit to New London.

A kind word and a courteous act by a state policeman reflects credit on the individual and the department. We want you to know "Art" that the New Jersey State Police are more than appreciative of kindnesses given to New Jersey motorists. Their problems in New Jersey are similar to ours. Helping motorists in difficulties, resident and non-resident for a few minutes pays dividends.--Ed.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

The atmosphere around Westbrook is undergoing a change that is gradual, but familiar to those who have been assigned to the Station for more than a few

years. One dispatcher has resigned to re-enter service as a Marine, and mere talk of re-organizing the State Police Auxiliary Force has become a fact. Enrollments opened with a bang the other night when almost one hundred and fifty men from surrounding towns responded to the "Call". It won't take long to reach our quota of two hundred at this rate, in spite of some necessary and judicious screening of a few who might turn out to be undesirables, or liabilities instead of assets. What with all the planning and preparations being made, it appears that the little State of Connecticut will be ready this time, for come what may, but we hope it doesn't come.

SPW Katie Haggerty has absented herself from this precinct for the weekend. She is attempting to emulate the fabulous Betty Hutton of "Annie Get Your Gun" at the Wakefield Matches. Hope she comes back with as many medals as Betty sported on her evening gown in the show.

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THINGS IN GENERAL
By H. E. Josten

ONE HUMAN LIFE ----
IN CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.

Is there anything one can do for the family of a man who has just lost his life in a horrible airplane crash? Perhaps not. But if there is one consolation today for the family of Robert C. Jones, Jr., whose tragic story has been on the front pages of every Connecticut newspaper during the past week, then it must surely be in the knowledge that no effort and money were spared in the search to find the flier who was missing for three days before his crumpled plane was found in the Westbrook woods.

It has been estimated by a reliable source that more than 300 men and women participated in the search at a cost in airplane fuels and other materials running into the thousands of dollars.

and Off. Don Warner have just bought new homes.

Officer George Turrell, Captain in the AA Battery based in Bridgeport, is only one of the "G" boys who are keeping an eye on the mail box for "greetings" these days.

With Commissioner Hickey's release of publicity on the reactivation of Auxiliary State Police units, it seemed that every able-bodied citizen with a yen for police duty called the station to volunteer. The phones started to ring as soon as the local papers "hit the street" and haven't stopped yet. Total enrollment to date is over 300 aspiring applicants.

Schools starts soon... see you there.

STATION "H", HARTFORD

History was made on two occasions, during the month of July, at Station "H". The newly installed wire photo service at Station "H" was given its initial test in establishing identity of a white male whose body was found floating in the Farmington River, Simsbury on July 1, 1950. The body was in such a badly decomposed state that visible identification was impossible. Lieut. Chameroy was able to classify the left fingerprint of the deceased, and this, together with papers found on the clothing of the deceased, brought a reply from Boston, Mass., police which positively established the identity as William E. Finnegan, a transient tobacco farm worker who had drowned while swimming in the Farmington River. Officer Edward Faith worked on this case, and immediately after its conclusion Ed left on sick leave to undergo an operation at New Britain Hospital. We are happy to report at this writing that Ed is coming along fine.

The wire photo service was again used at Station "H" for the first time in a criminal case, to establish identity of a New Yorker implicated in the hold-up at the Pola Brick Yard in South Windsor on June 30th. In the last issue of Vox-

Cop we expressed the hope that we would be able to report a successful conclusion to this case, and we can now report that the case has been broken with the apprehension of Julius Frank Klein and Ronald Bleuler of New York, and John Sposi of Wolcott, Conn. The case "broke" when the two victims of the hold-up identified a photo of Klein which was on file at Headquarters as being one of the men who committed this hold-up. Det. Sgt. Nelson and Off. McCormick went to New York to continue investigation of this angle, and Klein was picked up in New York and presented in a line-up, where he was identified again by the two victims. Klein of course denied any implication in the crime, but Sgt. Nelson and Off. Rome, continuing this investigation, learned that Klein was acquainted with Sposi, having spent time in Cheshire with him. They further learned that Klein had recently purchased a car at Sposi's place of employment in West Hartford, that he was at this place on the day of the hold-up, although Klein had attempted to establish an alibi for himself in New York City. Sposi was later picked up and admitted his part in the hold-up, stating that he had planned the job with Klein and Bleuler, that he accompanied them to South Windsor, that he allowed them to use his car, but did not take part in the actual hold-up because he was acquainted with the victims. Sposi was unable to name the third man, and it was not until a photo of Bleuler was obtained and forwarded to Headquarters via wire photo service, where it was positively identified by the two victims, that the case was cleaned up. At the present time Sposi is out on bond while awaiting trial, and rendition papers are being prepared for the return of Klein and Bleuler. Congratulations are in order for Sgt. Nelson, Officer Rome, and Officer McCormick for their fine work in this case.

H-76-F--On July 17th Officer Paige was assigned with the Station resuscitator to assist the Bloomfield Police and Fire Departments, at the scene of the drowning of 4-year-old Conrad Jimmy Bradfield. The local town fathers were so impressed with the operation of

Over 50 planes were in on the search, as well as two helicopters, a blimp, plus more than a score of boats, cars, jeeps, and trucks. For the first day or possibly two, the searchers hoped against hope that they might yet find Jones injured but still alive. When darkness fell on Saturday, this hope virtually faded, but the search went on, if for no other reason than to bring to the family the peace of mind that must come with knowing, even knowing the worst, and with a decent funeral and burial.

One of the truly remarkable things about the three-day search was that, with just a handful of exceptions (Bob Harrison, Dave Terhune, and one or two others) none of those who participated in the great effort knew Jones personally. And he was not a celebrity, a well known aviator, public servant, or movie star. The searchers knew only that a fellow human was in serious trouble and that the hearts of members of his family were heavy with anxiety and fear. That was enough for them.

The personnel of the Air Rescue Service, the State Police, the Civil Air Patrol, the State Department of Aeronautics, and the Coast Guard, as well as the many, many volunteers who stuck with the search from Thursday through Sunday afternoon deserve nothing but the very highest for a difficult assignment magnificently executed.

---The New Era

STATION "G". WESTPORT

The scramble to and from vacations, picnics and Grandma's via the Merritt Parkway recently set a new record "for the hour" of 4,800 cars. The road, which was engineered for 2,000 cars an hour, bulged a little but all came through safely.

Infiltration tactics combined with an encirclement and attack by stalwarts of Special Service and Station "G" netted 22 nature-loving followers of Lady Luck and the galloping dominoes. With syn-

chronized watches the attacking forces struck precisely at 4:00 PM. Major Leo Carroll at the head of his column deployed his forces with Lieut. Victor Clarke leading a column from the east and Lieut. John Hanusovsky and his group coming in from the west.

The "battlefield", a rolled and hardened surface 24 feet long by 12 feet wide located in a secluded glen in West Norwalk, was taken in a pincers movement without the loss of a man. One of the "enemy" took to the woods and after traversing a swamp, losing a shoe (he had forgotten his car) returned to find his car towed away and the accommodations of Station "G" awaiting him, as well as a tow bill.

No doubt the raiding party spoiled the gaming gentry's illusion of rural security but from the familiar faces in the group and the even more familiar names recognized from previous raids, it is indicated that security or no they still have the illusion of Lady Luck one day smiling at them.

We are all saddened when something happens to "one of our own." This was especially true when we learned of the unfortunate accident which cost seven-year-old Richard Gereg the loss of his left eye. "Dick" is the son of George Gereg, our garage foreman. Fireworks accidents always seem to happen to someone else but this one struck home and made us all think twice about the ever-present danger of fireworks when they are in children's hands.

Smiles are the order of the day at the DeFilippo household. With the advent of their new son, Duane, Officer Frank and the Mrs. now have a boy and a girl. Congratulations.

The building boom has reached the stage where most of the station conversations concern the prices of materials. Spouting technical terms and giving forth with evident knowledge and experience in the building trades Officers Murphy, Costello, Turrell; Jim DeFlorio, Nelson Speer and Harry Britto of the garage, kitchen and maintenance staff respectively, are looking toward a happy day when they are, each in their turn, going to have "Open House" to celebrate the occasion. Sergt. Ferris

the resuscitator that on the following day a representative of the town called at the barracks to check on the type of resuscitator that was used, with the idea in mind of purchasing a similiar type. Letters of appreciation and comments on the efficiency of the State Police at the scene were received by the Commissioner. Congratulations "Doc" on upholding the high standards of the Department.

On July 19th Officer Paige was assigned by the Commissioner's office with the ambulance to return little 8 year old Mary Agnes Casigni of Torrington to her home. This little girl had been a patient at the Children's Hospital in Boston, Mass., for four months. She is a victim of Leukemia, and although in continuous pain has a grand view of the future, looking forward to school in the fall and being out with her playmates. Since her stay in Boston she has become a rabid baseball fan and on leaving suggested we go by way of Fenway Park to see the Red Sox and Tigers play that afternoon. The appreciation of this little girl, in her present condition, showed the value of good public relations even to small children.

STATION " I ", BETHANY

Great air in Bethany..Swell place to live. Work hard and Play hard is the slogan of Station I. Officer and Mrs. Kostok added to the population of this community recently when a bouncing baby girl was born to them on July 18. "Al" is doing well, thank you. Congratulations to all concerned.

Speaking of Bethany and its fine qualities, it is also a Fountain of Youth. One day in July a tired looking lady, slightly bent from overwork, came into the station, stood at the desk for a few minutes and then identified herself as a State Policewoman from Westbrook. She stayed for a couple of days. When she left for Westbrook she looked like a Teen-Ager. Come often "Kay" you do all of us good!!

What's that we hear about Officer Kovach buying a 1950 Olds???? Better put snow treads on it. Litchfield County is known for its snow and blizzards.

Officer Raymond Piascik is becoming well known as an "After-Dinner Speaker" and is now in heavy demand at the Safety and Crime Conferences throughout the territory. He gave the Safety Awards to the Salvation Army Drivers at their Safety Dinner at New Haven. Keep it up Ray. Who knows you might hit the jack pot and a trip to Evanston.

Our Auxiliary Police are being organized and are a welcome asset to this station. The Radio Auxiliaries, well organized are doing a swell job. During World War II, we had an outstanding Auxiliary Police Unit. The men who volunteered were found to be willing and of great assistance in time of need. They showed a true spirit of Patriotism. Many were too old for active military service and did the next best joining the Home Defense Forces. Let's all get behind this worthy project and put it across.

Our "Jimmy" Lenihan has a great memory. On June 21 he wrote out the stolen car sheet and recorded the registration of a car stolen in Stratford. One month later he saw the stolen plate on a 1950 Olds Sedan while patrolling the Wilbur Cross Parkway near Milford. He stopped the car and was told by the operator that he had borrowed the car from a friend. Lenihan brought the car and operator into this station, solved a car theft, theft of registration plates and four breaks. Good work Seamus by boy.

Officer Ed Steele is kind of disgusted with Kingston's hunting prowess. Those Canadian Lynx are still at large and Steele wants some good brother officer to loan him a shot gun and some Double O Buck.

Officer Thomas was called by Uncle Sam for examination. He went to Westover Field to try out a few B-29s. Looks as if Tommy will take one over soon. Then it will be Capt. Thomas to you... Good luck, pal.

Looks as if "Smiler" Kingston is going to take off soon, also. We mean the Home Guard Service.

Our Good Sergeant Strand is vacationing at Ellsworth, Maine. When he gets back we will hear all about the big ones that he lost but we bet he won't bring any of the small ones back to the Barracks.

Off. Bartholomew is still awaiting the Call from Uncle Harry. Maybe then we will salute him as Lieut. Bartholomew before long.

We congratulate Carl Holmes for the article THINK FIRST reprinted in July issue of Vox-Cop. That should be an In-Service Must. Think First!!

Chef Rivers is our ambassador of Good Will and attends all of the ELKS Clam Bakes. In fact, he is seriously thinking of putting up a Station Clam Bake every Friday.

The good ship SASS was launched at the Waucoma Yacht Club in July. It was after the ship slid down the ways into the water that it was learned that Skipper Fournier could not swim. It was later learned that he never engineered a sloop before. Now Frank Dowling is known as the Commodore and he is assigned to command the ship.

Officer Esposito, our Italian Interpreter is really enjoying the State Parks these days on his off time. This young man always finds time to take the family on a day's outing. As usual Apizza and Clams are in order.

Ed Puester seems to have serious things on his mind these days also. Unlike Kovach and Kingston, his thoughts turn to the Golf Links.

Did you know that Jack Croce has built a Fishing Camp on the banks of the Shepaug River in Woodbury? Yes, he has quite a place from all we hear and do the trout run big up there!

Officer Leonard is substituting at the S.A. Office in Waterbury while Tom Laden vacations.

Joe Jasonis is now on a reducing diet. He is down to four meals a day now.

I had six honest serving men--They taught me all I knew: Their names were Where and What and When--and Why and How and Who --Rudyard Kipling.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

Station K's acting sergeant, Ralph Boyington, used a few of his vacation days at the shoot in Albany and won an invitation to San Francisco and with the Commissioner's congratulations is planning to make the trip in September.

Although their services at Station K were sorely missed, we are glad to have had K represented by Detective Boyington and PW Miller at the Wakefield shoot. Congratulations to the team as a whole for the fine showing.

John, "The Champ" Fersch, on vacation, is enjoying fishing, boating, etc. in Lake Champlain. Mary Webster, Norman Tasker and their families have just returned from an enjoyable trip which took them thru parts of Canada. Houseman McKee has also returned from vacation and again has taken over the job of shining up the barracks. Chef and Mrs. Caya are now motoring thru Canada and Chef Demo is taking a hand in the kitchen to see that we continue to be well nourished. Sergeant McAuliffe and his family are enjoying an outing in Maine. Result: --- Lieutenant Rundle mumbling to himself as he tries to take the place of all the vacationers --- "Next year it will be different".

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

"If I only had myself another Sergeant around here, I could probably get a few days off", those are the famed words of our Lieut. Bill Casey. During the Woodbury Bank Robbery detail, our Sgt. Tripp, was detailed there so therefore the Lieut. had no days off. On returning from that detail Sgt. Tripp, quietly slipped off on his vacation and again Lieut. Casey had no days off. We are beginning to believe that our good Lieut. was getting a little "Barracks Happy" when up pops our one and only Sgt., minus a few pounds, and allows the

Lieut. to take four days off.

We understand that Sgt. Bill Tripp had quite a time on his vacation. Our very alert and capable spy, Off. Paul Falzone, spotted the Sgt. running along the main stem in Savin Rock, trying to keep up with "Little Bill" and having a pretty tough job of same.

The belle of the Litchfield Hills now vacationing in parts unknown, is evidently being kept so busy that she can't even find time to drop a card. We are hoping to hear all about it on her return.

Now that Off. C. Hawley has parted with some of his hard earned money to buy himself a little hideaway out on Long Island, the boys here at Sta. "L" are wondering that takes place next??? Hawley is going to set himself up as the Clam King of L.I., with Off. Wilbur Calkins as his prize customer.

I believe that we should have sent a couple of dozen copies of Vox-Cop up to Maine, to make a certain Officer quite happy.

Our inseparables, Officers Swicklas and Thompson, more commonly known as the Fair Haired Boys of Sta. "L", were quite perturbed at the fact that they were unable to spend their vacation together.

What with everyone bellering for new cars, the men at Sta. "L" are not too hard to please. Sgt. Tripp and Off. Waltz have both settled for rebuilt motors. They honestly didn't expect anything else, but everyone makes mistakes.

The new Television Kid of the Litchfield Barracks, Off. Calkins, has just about tried them all. Maybe he'll settle down and buy one now.

The boys here at "L" were a bit worried about our Off. Wilcox, when he went up to Boston re Case L-888-E, for fear he might become lost on the main highways and in the big city. John got back safely and also brought company back with him.

There'll be many good days of riding ahead, we mean Plymouth days. The highway between Torrington and Litchfield is being travelled in style and comfort by our charming clerk, Miss Clara Toce, and our able and newly wedded young dispatcher, Sal Savoia, in their 1950 Plym-

ouths. How about it?

The personnel at Sta. "L" are both happy and pleased to hear that Mrs. Neil Hurley is convalescing at home after her recent operation. We understand that Off. Hurley has done a magnificent job as baby-sitter. Neil is now open to all offers.

"DACTYLOSCOPISTS REVUE"

Birthday wishes go to: Jean Porter come August 13th. Best of Luck Jean. Belated wedding anniversary: Good wishes also go to Mr. and Mrs. William Davis.

WHO'S WHO OF IDENTIFICATION

Lieut. Frank V. Chameroy: "A manner blithe and debonair."

Frank Virelli: "Diligence is the mother of good fortune."

Anthony Liberi: "He may look quiet, but look again."

Michael Caruso: "Men of few words are the best men."

"Billie" Gould: "Her charms are many, her faults few."

"Jeane" Porter: "Neatness is the crowning grace of womanhood."

Mary "Shay" Sullivan: "Here is one who is a friend to all. Ready to help at a moments call."

Alice Davis: "It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Barbara Hooper: "A smile with an intent to do mischief."

SPECIAL SERVICE DIVISION

News in the division is outstanding of late because of its scarcity. No particular so called "big" cases have come to light, although Sam Rome has been giving Det. Sgt. Nelson an assist, in place of vacationing Officer McCormick, in cleaning up the Pola Brick Co. hold-

up. Numerous trips to New York will probably result in the return of the much-wanted Mr. Klein to Connecticut jurisdiction and ultimate trial in Hartford County Superior Court. His confederate is already back at this writing.

Major Carroll took time out just before going on a two week's vacation to head a raiding party that batted 1,000 on a crap game in the Norwalk outskirts. Some of the players rounded up wanted to know "who was the big guy that blew that whistle so loud." He did blow it so loud that some of them stopped in their tracks and others got confused and ran into the arms of Sgt. Bowes, et al, who staged a pincer-flanking movement at just the right time. Twenty-two sports posted bonds with Lieut. Clarke for their appearance in Norwalk court. The game's operators stepped forward after some hesitance when the Major coyly hinted at conspiracy charges for all concerned.

Vacations and new cars are the main topics of late in the headquarters section of the Special Service. Zekas and Backiel have both--vacations and new cars that is. Conlon and Santy just returned from two weeks as did John Doyle. Alfreda Wilcox of the Captain's office has a new Plymouth.

Headquarters branch of the SS division has three of its members back in the fold, so to speak - "Monk" and "Gabby", the Gold Dust twins, are now on general assignment. Hartnett won himself a sizable violation of a conditional sales case in which a Massachusetts man bilked an East Windsor and Hartford used car outfit to the tune of \$25,000 worth of new Ford automobiles. DeRienz has a conditional sales violation re: automobiles and a pair of horses, just to be different. Lieut. Mayo is back from vacation and attached to SS. These three are available to all members of the department for expert advice. Believe us, it is expert advice.

Lieut. Frank Chameroy who has been seriously ill since being elected president of the I.A.I. is on the mend and progressing at the Hartford Hospital.

C.S.P. extends to "Ed" Soucy good wishes in his new post of duty as Special Agent in Charge at Pittsburg. Boston will not seem the same without Ed's cheery smiles and cordial greetings.

CURRENT TOPICS

We are getting quite a chuckle over all the huddles that are going on in several of the barracks including some headquarter divisions over the presiding war emergency. The wise boys are to hold out for commissions in the Coast Guard, Navy and Army branches of the services. Six months ago when things were not so "hot" several invitations came from the various military government units inviting several of our outfit to Germany, also the Pacific area. Not only were declinations offered but emphatic refusals came from some of these huddlers. Some now regret they turned the invitations down so quickly. Watch the scramble herein for Generals and Admirals.

"We'll see," says the old timer, "maybe the new Commander-in-Chief will take better care of the outfit and settle for any kind of a rating....."

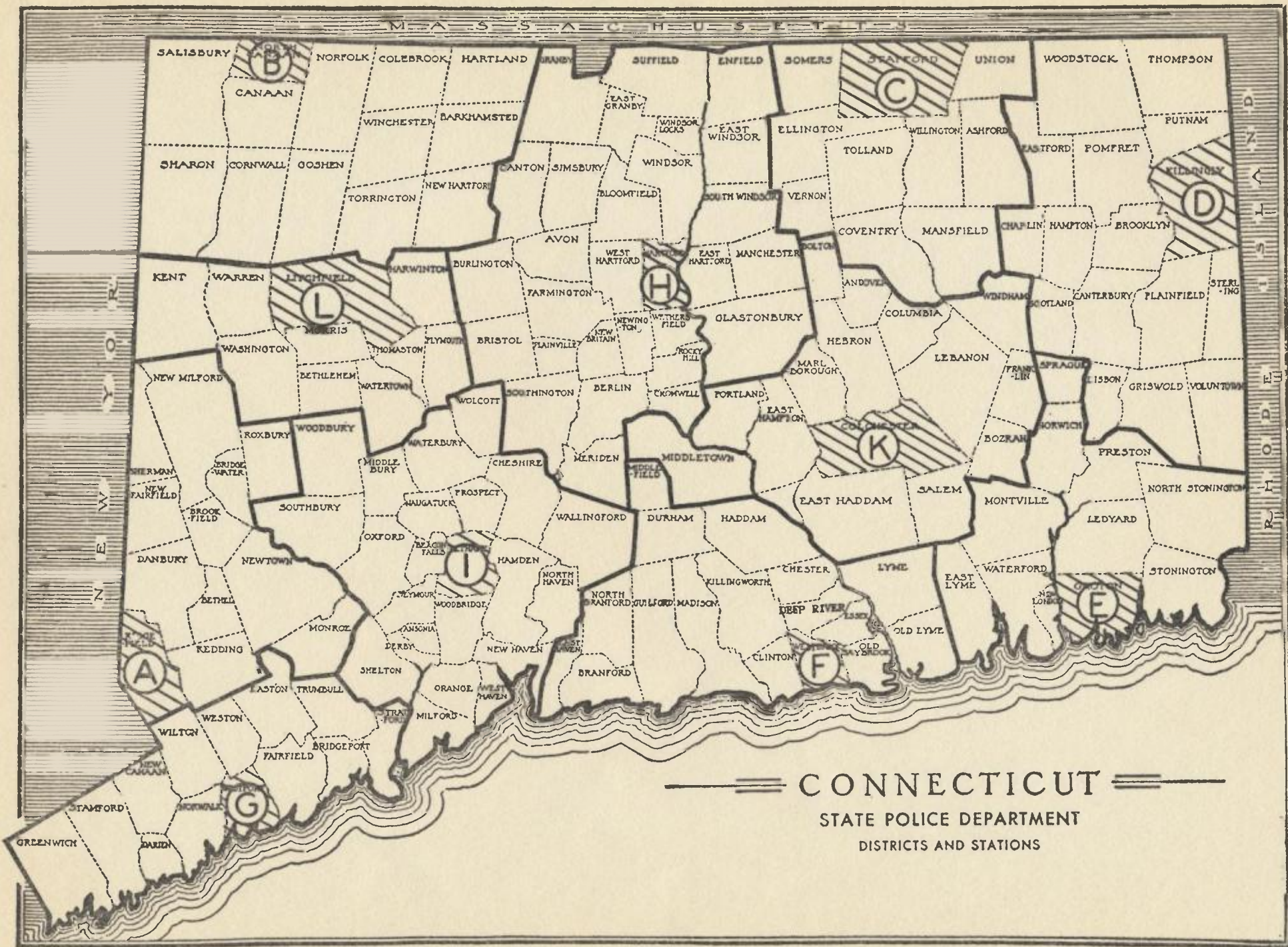
NO FAIRY DANCE

A state policeman investigated a bit of fracas the other day and then turned in a report in which he stated that "a Donnybrook took place."

"Could be," said Sgt. Anton M. Nelson, "but I guess I'd better check."

The explanation finally came through from the Law Library in the Hartford County Building, the Hartford Public Library, and Maj. Leo F. Carroll of headquarters.

The expression, Sgt. Nelson was informed, derived from the fact that an annual fair once held at Donnybrook, Ireland, was frequently marked by fighting. It now meant any "uproarious or riotous occasion."



CONNECTICUT
STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT
DISTRICTS AND STATIONS