

Lieut.

Vox-Cop

Handwritten notes in green ink:
Lynch
Lynch

Vol. 7

ISSUED BY THE

No. 7

CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

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

St. Patrick's Day

GREETINGS

*Just a word of remembrance
on St. Patrick's Day
and a wish for good luck
and happiness always*

James J. Hickey

VOX-COP

EXTENDS

The Top O' The Mornin'



LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN

Commissioner M. J. Kinnane



LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN

Deputy Commissioner Garrett Brennan

AN GARDA SIOCHANA.



éire



VOX-COP
EXTENDS
GARDA SIOCHANA HEADQUARTERS,

KILMAINHAM.

DUBLIN.

14th February, 1950.

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey,
Department of State Police,
100 Washington Street,
Hartford 1. Conn.
U.S.A.

Dear Commissioner,

I have learnt of the proposal to issue a special Saint Patrick's Day number of "Vox Cop", and the fact is a source of deep interest to me since I recognise in the gesture a tribute not only to the part played by the Irish race in the building and advancement of your great country, but also, and in a special sense to the devoted and distinguished service which so many of that race have given to police forces everywhere throughout the Union.

As a contribution to the occasion I am, therefore, happy to convey warmest greetings from the officers of Ireland's National Police Force, the Garda Siochana, to their comrades of the Connecticut State Police and, indeed, to police officers in whatever State they may be serving. Since police forces, everywhere, possess a cementing link in the fact that they wage war against a common enemy it is fitting that each should display a sympathetic interest in the work and welfare of the others, but when the forces belong to countries bound together, as are Ireland and the United States, by many and close ties of blood and friendship, it is but natural that this interest should hold within it a depth of sentiment and good-will transcending anything based solely on conventional professional considerations. It is an interest of this kind which forms an accompaniment to the greetings that I am now privileged to convey to you.

With all added good wishes to you, personally,

Yours sincerely,

H. J. Keenan

COMMISSIONER.

ROINN AN TAOISIGH
DEPARTMENT OF THE TAOISEACH

Uirbhír Thagartha
Ref. No.

BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH
DUBLIN

4th March, 1950

Dear Mr. Dooling,

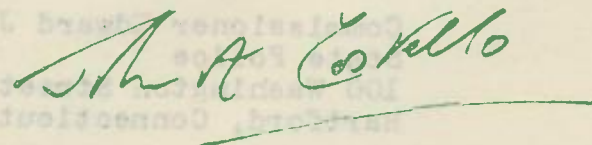
I wish, through your magazine, to send on this Saint Patrick's Day greetings to the Police of America who are of Irish heritage.

If it is true that on Saint Patrick's Day the thoughts of Irish people in America turn to their mother-country, it is no less true, I think, that on that day the thoughts of the people at home turn with special affection to the emigrants, and particularly to the Irish in America, and when we think of our people in America and of the part they are playing in American life, I think that one of the first images that comes to our mind is that of the American Policeman. It is a welcome and reassuring image, and that in itself is an interesting fact for the word "police" has unfortunately in many parts of the world today and recently an ugly and unfriendly ring; indeed, I am afraid that it has an ominous ring in the six occupied counties of our own country. That it has no such ring in American ears is a fact, I think, of which the Irish have reason to be proud. American conditions and the spirit of America called for a democratic Police Force and it is a pleasing fact that that democratic Force turned out to be so largely an Irish Force. Friendliness and good humour are not in all countries regarded as virtues of the Police. If they are so in America - and they are - we may be pardoned the vanity of describing them as traits of Irish character. But other traits also, of hard work and efficiency, are of basic importance in Police work, and we know that the Irish are not deficient in these traits either. If we doubted it, the fine example of Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, the son of emigrants from County Waterford - whom you are honouring today - is there to prove it.

Beannachta na Féile Pádraig ar Phóilíní na Stát nAonta.

Yours faithfully,

Edward J. Dooling, Esq.,
Associate Editor,
"Vox Cop"
Department of State Police,
100 Washington Street,
Hartford 1, Conn.,
U.S.A.





CHESTER BOWLES
GOVERNOR

STATE OF CONNECTICUT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HARTFORD

February 28, 1950

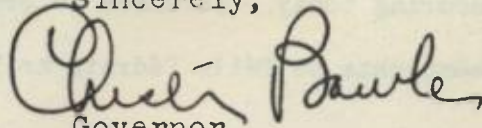
Dear Commissioner:

I would like very much to have you convey my warmest personal regards to all our state troopers of Irish extraction on the occasion of St. Patrick's Day.

They deserve a great share of the credit for helping to build up the reputation of the Connecticut State Police as the finest organization of its type in the United States.

For that reason, along with my St. Patrick's Day greetings, I want to express my gratitude to our many troopers of Irish descent for a big job well done.

Sincerely,


Governor

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey
State Police
100 Washington Street
Hartford, Connecticut

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIEFS OF POLICE

INCORPORATED
1424 K Street, N. W.
Washington 5, D. C.

PHONES METROPOLITAN 2015 6



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G. R. Carrel
Denver, Colo.

TRAFFIC DIVISION

Director
Franklin M. Kreml
1704 Judson Avenue
Evanston, Ill.

March 17, 1950
Greenwich, Connecticut.

Commissioner M. B. Kinnane,
An Garda Siochana,
Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Commissioner Kinnane:

From the green rolling hills of Connecticut
I send you the greetings of all our membership who
trace their ancestry back to the Emerald Isle.

Law Enforcement can well be proud of the
stalwart sons who wear the shamrock on this glori-
ous St. Paddy's Day.

Sincerely yours,

John M. Gleason
John M. Gleason
Chief of Police - Greenwich
PRESIDENT

JMG:jac



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

March 17, 1950

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

My dear Commissioner:

I am indeed happy to extend my greetings to you on St. Patrick's Day. I hope that you enjoy its celebration in the traditional manner.

We of the FBI are glad to convey to you and to all law enforcement officers who lay proud claim to Irish ancestry our sincere good wishes for success and happiness, on this significant day.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

John E. Glavin
Chief of Police - Connecticut
PRESIDENT

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CHIEFS OF POLICE

INCORPORATED
1424 K Street, N. W.
Washington 5, D. C.

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March 17, 1950

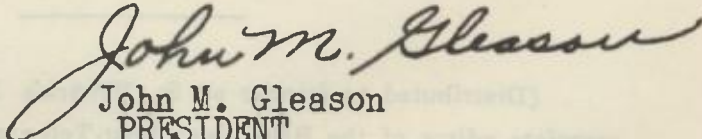
Commissioner Edward J. Hickey,
Department of State Police,
Hartford, Connecticut,

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

Top O' The Mornin' to you, Ed, and to
all the members of the Connecticut State Police
on this St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1950!

Further congratulations to VOX-COP,
its Editors, contributors and staff on this fine
issue dedicated to the Sons of the Emerald Isle.

Most sincerely,


John M. Gleason
PRESIDENT

JMG:jac

AN IRISH BLESSING

(English translation of an ancient Gaelic prayer)

"May the blessing of Light be on you, light without and light within. May the blessed sunlight shine on you and warm your heart till it glows like a great peat fire, so that the stranger may come and warm himself at it, and also a friend.

"And may the light shine out of the two eyes of you like a candle set in two windows of a house, bidding the wanderer to come in out of the storm.

"And may the blessing of the Rain be on you—the soft sweet rain. May it fall upon your spirit so that all the little flowers may spring up, and shed their sweetness on the air.

"And may the blessing of the Great Rains be on you, may they beat upon your spirit and wash it fair and clean, and leave there many a shining pool where the blue of heaven shines reflected, and sometimes a star.

"And may the blessing of the Earth be on you—the great and round earth; may you ever have a kindly greeting for them you pass as you're going along the roads. May the earth be soft under you when you lay upon it, tired at the end of the day, and may it rest easy over you, when, at the last, you lay out under it; may it rest so lightly over you, that your soul may be quickly thro it, and up, and off, and on its way to God."

(Distributed to friends on St. Patrick's Day by James L. McGovern,
associate editor of the Bridgeport Post-Telegram.)

James L. McGovern

University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

Department of Athletics

March 1, 1950

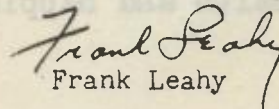
Mr. Edward J. Dooling
193 Meadow Street
Naugatuck, Connecticut

Dear Edward:

Please accept my sincere regrets at my inability to personally extend my St. Patrick's Day greetings to the Police of Irish heritage in Connecticut. It would be a distinct pleasure to join your fine group on this happy occasion, and especially to pay tribute to Commissioner Edward Hickey for the fine work he is doing. However, I have a little problem here in getting our own "Fighting Irish" off on the right foot in spring practice, which will begin on March 17th. I am certain that all you fine Irishmen would prefer that I remain on the campus in order that we might be able to field a representative team this coming fall.

Thanking you for your thoughtfulness, I am,

Sincerely,


Frank Leahy

FL:fs

SHANNON & WILDER
COUNSELORS AT LAW

FRANK L WILDER
JAMES C SHANNON

945 MAIN STREET
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
3

March 17, 1950

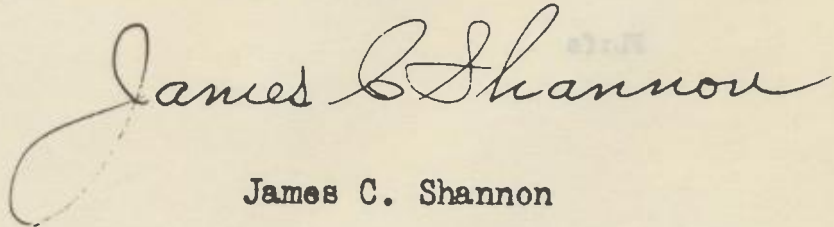
Hon. Edward J. Hickey
Commissioner of Police
100 Washington Street
Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Commissioner:

Greetings to you, and through you to all the State Police, but particularly to those whose ancestors came from Ireland, on this glorious St. Patrick's Day.

All the world loves a lover, and on St. Patrick's Day, everyone envies the Irish. And well they may, but they needn't because we welcome them all to share with us our joys and our sorrows, our victories and our disappointments to the end that we may all the better understand each other. That there may be peace in the world and friendship among us. May this and every day bring you nothing but health and happiness.

As ever,



James C. Shannon

JCS:RR

THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD COMPANY

OPERATING · MAINTENANCE · ENGINEERING

J. F. DOOLAN

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT

NEW HAVEN 6, CONN., Feb. 10, 1950

Honorable Edward J. Hickey
 Commissioner
 Department of State Police
 100 Washington Street
 Hartford 1, Conn.

My dear Commissioner:

During our conversation last night preceding the annual dinner of the Transportation Club of the Hartford Chamber of Commerce we exchanged viewpoints and experiences which covered many years of enjoyable and satisfactory business and personal relationships with you and many of the outstanding group of men in our Connecticut State Police Department, which you have the honor and responsibility to direct.

Wars, hurricanes and a wide variety of emergency situations involving the New Haven Railroad and others have convinced us that the members of your organization, individually and collectively, are intelligent, efficient, courteous and cooperative.

Your program for public education in highway safety, crime prevention and the effective solution of extremely difficult cases inspires public confidence and approval. Speakers from your department have favorably impressed representative groups of our citizens.

Your March issue usually features St. Patrick's Day. Not only those of us whose forebears came from Ireland to this greatest land on earth and to other lands throughout the world but people of good will of other races, creeds and colors will celebrate also at the festive board in song and story this day of universal appeal to the hearts of men. The religious significance of this day should also be remembered. In tragic contrast to the fears, distrust and uncertainty throughout the world, what would life be if, as the song runneth,

"When Irish hearts are happy
 All the world seems bright and gay
 But when Irish eyes are smiling
 They'll steal your heart away."

Sincerely,

J. F. Doolan



AMERICAN IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

991 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK 28, N. Y.

JAMES MCGURRIN
PRESIDENT-GENERAL

J. C. WALSH
SECRETARY-GENERAL

JOHN W. A. KELLEY
TREASURER-GENERAL

February
Twenty-first
1950

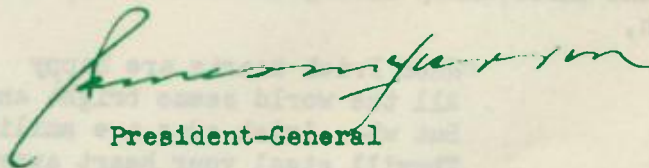
Hon. Edward J. Hickey,
Commissioner of State Police,
100 Washington Street,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Commissioner,

In the name of the Officers and
members of the American Irish Historical Society
I desire to convey to you, your fellow officers and
all the members of your force heartiest St. Patrick's
Day greetings. Your distinguished record as a public
official will always remain a bright page in the Irish
annals of the State of Connecticut. May your shadow
never grow less.

With every good wish for your health
and happiness, I am,

Sincerely yours,


President-General

Faint handwritten signature or stamp at the bottom of the page.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE IRISH IN THE UNITED STATES

BY James McGurrin, President-General,
American Irish Historical Society

The history of the Irish race in America is a fascinating story, the story of a brave people who carried with them to these shores a love of liberty which they treasured as they wandered over trackless prairies, under burning skies and in the teeth of icy blasts. And wherever they found refuge throughout this broad land, they toiled with willing hands and planted the seeds of that love of God and love of justice which are the strongest bulwarks of Democratic government. No perils daunted them, no difficulties repelled them, no distance dismayed them. As Theodore Roosevelt once said, "The Irish were among the bravest and boldest of the early pioneers. They proved to be a masterly race of rugged character, possessing all the elemental virtues and intensely devoted to the institutions and ideals of their adopted country. They worked hard to produce the nation's wealth in time of peace and they fought gallantly to defend the nation's flag in time of war."

The history of this Republic proves that whenever brute force mocked justice or invaded right, whenever freedom was menaced by tyranny and brave men contended for liberty in the face of dangers, that foreshadowed defeat, then Irish hearts were warm, then Irish prayers were fervent, then Irish valor shone with imperishable lustre. It shone amid the wintry blasts of Valley Forge, when Washington's cause seemed doomed to disaster. It surged on to victory with Sullivan and Clinton, with Montgomery and Wayne. It sentinelled the stone wall at Fredericksburg when Meagher's Brigade contributed a glorious chapter to the annals of bravery. It followed Sheridan down the valley and dispelled the encircling gloom at Gettysburg. In the last war it brightened our path to victory in the island jungles of the Pacific and on the burning sands of Africa; it rode the waves of every sea and flamed with a fierce defiance in far-away Eastern skies.

Today the spirit of St. Patrick finds expression in the unfaltering will of the Irish race throughout the world to battle unceasingly against the brutal forces of atheistic communism and to lead the way in the greatest crusade for the triumph of Christian ideals and the preservation of democratic institutions that was ever waged in the history of mankind.

JAMES T. PATTERSON
5TH DISTRICT, CONNECTICUT

HOME ADDRESS:
NAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT

COMMITTEE:
ARMED SERVICES

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY:
WILLIAM A. PAINTER

Congress of the United States

House of Representatives

Washington, D. C.

March 17, 1950

Greetings to the Sons of the Ould Sod:

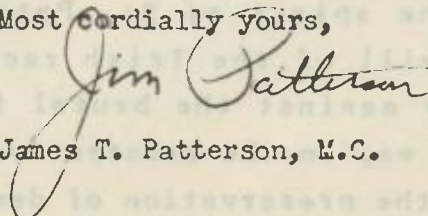
In this issue, dedicated to Ireland's patron saint, it seems particularly appropriate for a "Patterson" to extend greetings to a Commissioner named "Hickey" and to all Irish brethren who so capably enforce the laws of the State of Connecticut.

Saint Patrick, through his moral and religious leadership, not only drove the snakes from Ireland; but brought to that beloved isle a rebirth of religious fervor and belief. It is indeed fitting, therefore, that the proud Irish people should have maintained their heritage of religious liberty, and their hatred for all forms of tyranny. There is loose in the world today, a theory initiated by one powerful nation and fostered by many unthinking persons, which decries all human liberties. Notably absent among the adherents of this thinking are those of Irish extraction. The moral and religious roots of the Irish are too deeply imbedded to embrace any theory or system which preaches Godlessness, and which would deprive other human beings of a free existence.

We are proud of our Irish ancestry, and take this opportunity to make known to the world that we will defend, until death, a system of free government and a brotherhood of free peoples.

With all good wishes to each of you, I am

Most cordially yours,



James T. Patterson, M.C.

United States Senate

WILLIAM BENTON
CONNECTICUT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 14, 1950

Officer Edward J. Dooling
Number 31
Department of State Police
Bethany, Connecticut

Dear Officer Dooling:

I cannot speak with authority concerning policemen everywhere, but I have been quickly impressed since my appointment by the devotion to duty and overall courtesy of our Connecticut State policemen.

Although Saint Patrick's Day rightfully belongs to the Irish, I would like to extend my unqualified congratulations to all members of your department on this celebrated occasion. The Irish are noted for their generosity, and perhaps will be willing to consider their colleagues as honorary Irishmen for the purposes of receiving my best wishes and congratulations on Saint Patrick's Day.

Very sincerely yours,

Wm Benton
William Benton
U. S. Senate

amb

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Congress of the United States

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(CREATED PURSUANT TO PUBLIC LAW 865, 79TH CONGRESS)

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Statement of Senator Brien McMahon (D) of Connecticut --

I am happy to extend St. Patrick's Day greetings to Commissioner Hickey and the fine men of the Connecticut State Police Department, who have made the Department such an outstanding law enforcement agency. The people of Connecticut are proud of their State Police Department. It is a pleasure to commend Commissioner Hickey and his fellow officers for their useful service to the citizens of the State.

Brien McMahon

United States Senator



WINIFRED McDONALD
SECRETARY OF THE STATE

March 17, 1950

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

Dear Commissioner:

Top of the morning to you Commissioner and to all officers and members of the State Police!

The little people must have whispered a hint to someone, that I would consider it a privilege to pay tribute in this issue to such a fine organization and its outstanding leader.

Any organization is what its leaders make it. There will be no argument when I say we have the most efficient, most courteous and best looking force in the U. S. A. The fact that they were chosen as the model in the film "Our State Police" proves this.

Saint Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland and Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, F. B. I. (Free Blooded Irishman) drove the crooks out of Connecticut. The big operators of crime steer clear of our state because they know that this mild mannered man with the penetrating eyes and a bloodhound nose along with the tenacity of a bulldog will ferret them out and woe is theirs once in his clutches.

This great leader in crime prevention, an omnivorous reader, a good raconteur became head of this organization after a wealth of human experience in the field of crime.

He showed good judgment when he decided to add to his staff members of the female sex. It has occurred to me, that he must have been in Atlantic City sometime during Pageant Week because they are a beautiful lot, as well as efficient. The ladies applaud you commissioner!

Our State Police have made Connecticut a pleasant and safe place in which to dwell as well as the envy of visitors.

Continued success to the State Police Department.

Sincerely yours,

Winifred McDonald
Secretary of the State



DÁIL ÉIREANN
BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH
(Dublin)

March 1950

I am happy through your paper to be able to send St. Patrick's day greetings and good wishes to the police force of Connecticut to their distinguished Commissioner and to the American police in general.

In many cities and on very many occasions I have been honoured with an escort of the force and experienced at first hand the consideration and courtesy of the men and of their officers of whom so many are of Irish descent.

I am glad of the opportunity you have afforded me of expressing my appreciation and thanks.

Samuel D. Valera

POLICE ANCHOR CLUB, NEW HAVEN AREA MEMORIAL CEREMONIES
SAINT AEDAN'S CHURCH NEW HAVEN, FEBRUARY 26, 1950

Address by

Commissioner, Edward J. Hickey, Connecticut State Police

"It is not to die, we fear -

'Tis to fall forgotten in a multitude!"

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

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

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

We know that they were men who loved good fellowship. They were kind and genial and sought the companionship of

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

These policemen whose memory we honor today were not only our friends and associates. They were our fellow citizens as well. They loved this community as we love it, and they labored zealously and untiringly for its good. They realized that some of God's wandering humanity from every land had taken shelter among us. They knew that Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant - each of whose forbears wrought mightily in the founding of our great Republic - lived here together in peace and accord. With pride they pointed to the early settlers and founding fathers of our beloved country.

They knew long ago sturdy men sailed from lands of tyranny to seek the permanent satisfaction of civil and religious liberty in this land of promise.

They knew that these hewers of wood and drawers of water erected a commonwealth of freedom and transmitted its rich and fruitful inheritance on for each generation to enjoy and faithfully pass on to others. The good these policemen, these protectors of law and order wrought; the place they made in the hearts of their fellow men; the way they faced the strife; the friends they won - all these things commend them to us as worthy citizens of our great state

and as faithful guardians of the peace.

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

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

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

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

Today of all days we need men of character in all ranks of our police service. Good character bespeaks loyalty.

LOYALTY is faithfulness in any relation to trust or confidence. It is fidelity to a government, an organization, a superior, an individual or a principle. Loyalty is required of all who hold positions of trust in any organization. It is likewise required of

all those who hold membership in an organization. Disloyal members of any group are like barnacles on a ship - they make it difficult for the true members to move forward. As Christians, you and I know that there is one supreme, central loyalty that will keep all of life in adjustment. That is loyalty to Christ, which embraces all lesser loyalties. Traitors are not reared in true Christian homes. The sincere followers of Christ have always been men and women upon whom their country could rely.

Loyalty keeps us to our duties as the tracks keep the train on its right path, and as the rudder guides the boat. Loyalty is not dimmed by criticism, chilled by adversity, nor broken by treachery. Loyalty is the mainspring of courage, the first essential of successful police service.

Lately, with the rapid movement of events and the sweeping changes that have come over institutions that seemed fixed and impregnable, we have been compelled to re-define to ourselves what our real loyalties were and are. Most of us are keenly aware of the lowering of standards of public morals. Respect for law and order is a prerequisite for good citizenship. You need no idle word from me to apprise you of the growing disrespect for law. In our democracy of laws not enforced, the first aim of a large number of our citizens is to "get by" without being caught. Accepting the spirit of the law as it applies to most persons, they break the law for their own particular benefit. The motorist passes a red light and drives at break-neck speed when it appears that he will be unobserved; hundreds of serious law violations are impudently committed with the thought that the violator can "fix" the case; while violations of the income tax law have become almost as common as infractions of the Sixth Commandment.

Some will think it trite to say that one owes loyalty to one's community. To all such I would point out that we have daily evidence that too many so-called Americans have also forgotten what loyalty to country means. Oh, I do not mean we sing THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER unfeelingly or that we fail to remove

our hats when the flag goes by. But I do mean that we receive from our communities and country in far greater proportion than we give; that for the most part we are so deeply and so selfishly concerned with securing the almighty dollar that we pay scant attention to our obligations to our communities and to our country. In other words, too many are putting loyalty to their pocketbooks above loyalty to anything else.

Let us not forget as protectors of society, we must be constant in our aim to restore respect for law and to remove the impact of lowered standards of public morality. We must develop in us new strength of character. From the doorstep of the true American home must come the ultimate solution of this problem. Good behaviour or bad behaviour starts in the home. Only in the home can be instilled those ideals of conduct, primarily imparted by example, that will make our future citizens law-abiding, law-respecting, law-venerating - a credit to themselves, an honor to their families, and a glory to their country.

As we survey our fidelity to God and State, to Law and Religion, let us pray together that no strange voices or strange things may lure us from our sacred trust. Let us beseech our Heavenly Father to infuse His Holy Spirit into legislation that there be wise laws; that family life be made sacred and stable; that rulers seek the betterment of the people and not mere power; that we receive more equitable compensation for our labors and be secure against the future. Help us to keep our faith and our country as it was given to us - good to live in and worthy to die for; a noble heritage for our children.

May all of us when we stand naked, alone, and undefended on Judgment Day gain admission through the Golden Gate with the words of St. Paul:

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

Next to the auld sod there's nothing like a bit of green.

CONNECTICUT FBI HEAD TRANSFERS TO HOUSTON, TEXAS

John J. Gleason, Special Agent in Charge of the Connecticut Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the past three years transfers to Houston, Texas as the Special Agent in Charge of the F.B.I. office there, effective March 31.

Galen Willis, Special Agent in Charge of the Houston office will succeed Gleason in Connecticut.

"Jay Jay" is widely known among law enforcement officers in Connecticut as Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association and for his ability to organize and strengthen police services in this State. His work in setting up police training schools in a number of cities has been outstanding and productive of good results. A native of Brookline, Massachusetts, Gleason attended public school there, then Boston College and received his law degree from the National University Law School, Washington, D. C. He has been a member of the F.B.I. for nearly 14 years, first serving in St. Louis, then Indianapolis and then as Agent in Charge in Norfolk, Virginia and moving from there to Mobile, Alabama and then on to Connecticut in 1947.

Connecticut law enforcement has lost a staunch friend and one of the best coordinators in enforcement activity. Houston is fortunate. We know John will be missed by his many friends in Connecticut.

There's a lot of difference between men of vision and visionary men.

The big wind occurred in Ireland on the night of January 6, 1839. In Limerick, Galway, and Athlone, hundreds of houses were blown down and hundreds more were burned by the spreading fires from those blown down. It was called the big wind because it was the worst of its kind known to the people of Ireland.

Yankee *By The* Clipper

VOX-COP

March, 1950

BOAST OF CRIMES THEY NEVER COMMITTED



To be thought important would-be "big shots" have claimed to have committed murder and other crimes of which they are innocent.



Vanity is one of the outstanding factors contributing to juvenile delinquency among boys and girls from fifteen to middle twenties.

The show of vanity is usually stimulated by a desire to win a reputation as a "big shot" to overcome an inferiority complex and to do this it is not uncommon for young offenders to confess to crimes they have never committed. There have been cases when criminals even whilst in jail, claimed to have committed murder.

Commissioner John Shirras of the B.C. Provincial Police during his long experience in police work has noted that while poverty is partly responsible for juvenile delinquency many young men and women classed as delinquents are extremely vain. "I do not mean these youths and girls are proud. They are not," he says, "but they are childishly vain."

All of them, or certainly most of them, suffer from an inferiority complex. Their only defence seems to be an outward display of cheap bravado. Their desire is obviously one which indicates they wish persons to know how tough they are and they just don't care.

Foul-mouthed youths whose every few words included oaths and curses are included in this class by the Commissioner. "This," he says, "is not an offence limited to youths as young girls are also guilty, not in such large numbers but as regards to the filthy language, that of some young women can be as vile as that of many youths."

The reason for the vile language, tough attitude and confessing crimes

they did not commit is to be thought important--a "Big Shot".

Their attitude, says the Commissioner, is extremely peculiar but I believe understandable. It is that they suffer an inferiority complex.

---The Shoulder Strap

HIT-RUN PAIR CAUGHT

(Feb. 5th) The alertness of the Personnel at the Charter Oak Bridge has paid off again with the apprehension of two negroes wanted by the Connecticut State Police Department, on a hit-run charge.

It should go on file that some sort of a record had been broken with the capture of the two persons, for not over five minutes had elapsed from the time the call was received at the Sergeant's desk until the pair had been stopped in Lane Two.

Officer Ray Johnson who was on duty in Lane Two at the time, should get the final pat on the back. It was thru his continual observation during the Sunday afternoon rush that enabled him to spot the car in question and pull it over to the curb.

Sergeant _____ secured the keys and identification papers of the driver and then notified the Hartford Barracks that we had apprehended the pair. Officer Russ Olson was dispatched to bring the two back to Headquarters.

Chalk up one more deed for the "Little Acorns" at the Charter Oak Bridge.

---The Khronic Komplainer

Why Did You Become a Policeman?

YES, WHY? It's a hard question for most of you to answer, isn't it? Come on, you oldtimers, tell us about it.

Was it the money?

Hardly.

In the old days, you were paid the handsome salary of \$75 per month when you could have earned two or three times that much by physical labor. Perhaps the scoffers will say the typical policeman is too lazy to do manual work. But let them get out on the trail, searching for a lost prospector through a blizzard. Or perhaps hunting a dangerous criminal through dense bush, up dry creek beds and across precipitous mountains. How would they like to spend hours and perhaps days at the oars dragging for the body of a drowned person? Maybe they would enjoy patrolling the streets of some small town throughout the night in 30 or 40 degrees below zero. No, friends, policemen are not afraid of physical exertion.

Well, how about promotion? Yes, I suppose everyone looks for advancement in some form or another, but what are the chances? Senior positions are few and there are many to fill them. Even if you do get ahead and become an executive officer, what's the reward? A little increase in salary, and a great increase in responsibility. You now have both the peace and security of the community in your hands, as well as the direction and guidance of the men in your command.

You'll never grow rich, that's certain. The possibilities of the business world are closed to you. Many people think that you "make money on the side." Let them think what they will. Those who have no respect for justice and right thinking judge others by their own muddy standards. Even if you intended making "easy money", how long would it last? You'd get found out pretty soon. No policeman ever made a successful crook. Career gone, shunned as a rene-

gaded by brother officers, with probably a prison term facing you. No, of course not. You're an honest policeman, because you want to be, and you know it's the only sensible way.

So why did you become a policeman? Through your probationer days you saw it was no bed of roses. You knew the long hours you would have to put in when emergency arose. You knew the solitude of walking a beat in the dead of night so that others might sleep soundly. You knew that every time you went on duty, you were taking your life in your hands. You also knew that the public would not hail you as hero and protector. And of course, you knew that in the interests of justice you might be called upon to arrest your best friend.

Very early in your career, you learned the standards expected of a policeman. They are high, and rightly so. YOU must set an example. Of YOU, people expect all the manly qualities. YOU must be fearless and courageous. You should be above the average in physical strength. You are expected to have stamina and endurance to meet any emergency. You should be intelligent and quick to learn. Qualities of leadership are necessary to cope with any situation. Honesty goes without saying, for people trust you to guard their most valued possessions because of your uniform and your office. Yet, though requiring all the virile qualities in your make-up, the public will not tolerate any of the failings which so often go with aggressive manhood.

Of course you do not gamble, nor are you addicted to strong drink. You are not dictatorial, but always endeavor to be polite and courteous to all regardless of position or station. Your morals, like Caesar's wife, "must be even above suspicion." You do not live beyond your income, and you pay your just debts. You are sympathetic and kindly to the weak, and firm with the strong

and wilful. All in all, you're a bit of a superman, aren't you? The courage of a soldier, the tact of a diplomat, the morals of a minister.

Carrying all that load, why, oh why did you ever become a policeman?

May we answer for you?

Could it be that you wanted a career in which you could help your fellow man as a friend and protector? Could it be that you wanted to serve the victim of oppression and injustice, protect the innocent from the guilty, and fear no man? You probably hate crooks and what they stand for. Greed and selfishness. Fear and hatred. Despoilers of womanhood and debauchers of youth. Parasites living upon the industry of the honest citizen and a blight on our civilization. You wanted to be a good policeman, to hold your head high, and look everyone in the eye. You did not seek the approval of the community by wealth or position, but you wanted to earn the respect of your fellow man by "doing the right thing," and by helping others to do the same. You wanted the respect of the young boys and girls of the neighborhood, and you wanted them all to enjoy that feeling of safety which your presence insured. You wanted security and an even tenor of life ending with honorable retirement after a career of public service. Perhaps, when you were a young fellow, the colorful uniform and the air of authority attracted you, but as the years go by, you know it's something in your blood which holds you to your job.

You are a member of that very small army, outnumbered a hundred to one, waging an endless war against crime, day and night, in city or wilderness, without respite or truce, for the ranks of the enemy are kept well filled with new recruits seduced by the "oldtimers" of the underworld.

Though you may be a little caustic at times, Mr. Policeman, you're not a bad fellow, and whether you wear the red, khaki, or the blue, we salute you for a good job well done.

That's why you became a policeman.

---The Shoulder Strap

FAIR ENOUGH

You may not like his uniform . . . His manner or his talk . . . And when he stops your motor you . . . May be inclined to squawk . . . But he is there to help you and . . . He really is your friend . . . And warm and willing is the hand . . . That he is glad to lend . . . Your friendly officer in khaki . . . Is at your beck and call . . . To guard your home and family . . . However large or small . . . To give first aid and watch your child . . . En route to school or play . . . Recover stolen property . . . And guide you on your way . . . He is the genial member of . . . The governmental ranks . . . Who gives his all, while all he wants . . . Is just to get your thanks.

---Constabulary Gazette

GOD BLESS THE IRISH

By James J. Metcalfe

God bless the Irish everywhere . . . On this St. Patrick's Day . . . For all their sunny smiles and for . . . Their friendly, cheerful way . . . They are among the bravest and . . . The finest folks on earth . . . Whose progress and tradition are . . . Of everlasting worth . . . The shamrock and shillalah and . . . The wearin' o' the green . . . The pipe of clay, the blarney and . . . The beautiful colleen . . . The songs of ancient Ireland and . . . The dances old and new . . . The fairy and the banshee and . . . The buckle on a shoe . . . God bless the Irish for their faith . . . Their hope and charity . . . And may the world rejoice and grow . . . In their philosophy.

---Richmond News-Leader

It's not our position, but rather our disposition, which determines whether we'll be happy or unhappy.

St. Patrick's Day Greetings.

THE DPS CHAPARRAL

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DEEP FROM THE HEART OF TEXAS



the Spotlight

VOX-COP

December, 1949

In a recent issue of Vox-Cop, a magazine published by the Connecticut State Police Department, we noticed an eye-catching headline that read, "Hollywood Makes Movie of Nutmeg State's Crack, Colorful Constabulary Force." This aroused our interest, so we decided to pursue the subject a little further.

In due time, we discovered that the RKO-Pathé Movie Studios of Hollywood had selected this fine organization to participate in one of the "This Is America" series of movies that will soon be internationally shown.

The Connecticut State Police Department has become well-known among the ranks of law-enforcement organizations for its efficiency and aggressiveness. Their safety work on the highways has many times attracted national recognition, as they have their ultra-modern methods of crime detection, and crime prevention.

We take our ten-gallon hats off to our far-away friends, and wish them great success in their new role of actor-officer.

Published by the Employees
**TEXAS DEPARTMENT
OF PUBLIC SAFETY**



WHY SHOULD SUCH CASES BE NOLLED?

In altogether too many instances Connecticut's minor courts fail in their responsibilities to find defendants either guilty or innocent. Too often the courts take refuge in the practice of accepting payments to the state for refusal to prosecute. A case in point is the disposition of charges stemming from a recent gambling raid in Oakville.

State Police had been tipped off that if they raided premises on Clairmont St., Oakville, in the early morning hours on Feb. 18, they would find a dice game in operation, a dice game that had been drawing bets of as much as \$7,000 a night.

Eleven state policemen, in three cars, raided the premises and found what looked like the evidence. This enterprise apparently was no mere back-yard craps game either.

There was a gaming room, protected by a system of lookouts and buzzers and by doors equipped with chain locks. There was a very expensive dice table. Maj. Leo F. Carroll, the State Police Officer who led the raid, said it was one of the finest pieces of gambling equipment he had ever seen. It must have cost between \$500 and \$700.

On the premises there were about a dozen men when the State Police arrived. One of these had \$1,700 in his possession. When the raid was in progress, more people kept arriving as if to participate in a dice game they expected to find in progress. All in all, the State Police had to explain to about 50 persons that the place had been raided and that visitors weren't welcome.

The State Police invaded these premises because their duty is to enforce the law. They went to quite a lot of trouble to gather enough evidence to secure the conviction of the men who were arrested and charged either with operating a gambling establishment or frequenting one.

But a few weeks later, when the case was called up for trial, the court decided not to prosecute. The court allowed each defendant a nolle. A nolle is given when the prosecution lacks the evidence necessary to convict or for some other reason does not believe the

ends of justice require the accused convicted.

The court, to be sure, did not issue these nolles until the defendants had made certain payments to the state. Two men, accused of operating of the gambling establishment the State Police thought they found, each paid \$75 before they got their nolles. Ten others, who had been charged with being frequenters, didn't get their nolles until they paid \$25 each.

It is not known why the court took this money from people who were not found guilty of any crime, but that is not a question we or anyone else may ask. We can't question the conduct of this trial because, technically, there was no trial. The State simply took certain sums from each defendant, closed his case, and sent him on his way, assured that there was nothing of a criminal nature to be held against him.

If the same men should ever happen to be arrested again in another state, there will be nothing on the books that will show them to have been criminally involved as a result of a gambling raid in Oakville, Conn.

Should the men be arrested again in this state and charged again with the same offenses, they will have the advantage of not being liable under the Connecticut statute which calls for more drastic penalties for second offenders. As long as earlier cases have been nolle, each new offense is always the first.

The court should either have found these men guilty and punished them or found them innocent and let them go without making any payments. It just doesn't make any sense to take money away from them but refuse to prosecute them. Justice can't straddle a fence.

---Waterbury Republican

THE IRISH
A CHARACTER STUDY

By Sean O'Faolain

Sean O'Faolain, the eminent Irish novelist, has written a terse, luminous inquiry into Ireland and her people. THE IRISH presents and explains the historic influences which have molded the character of the Irish people down through the centuries. Apparently in agreement with Toynbee's view of history as a series of challenges and responses, O'Faolain ranges the fields of political and religious history, economic and artistic development, mythology, literature and social structure.

In his usual brilliant style O'Faolain concludes the contemporary Irish traits and values are largely the result of a series of invasions dating from pre-historic times. He shows that each of these invasions in turn made its distinct contributions. Thus the Celts brought their mythology, the Romans Christianity, the Danes built the towns, the Normans erected the abbeys and the castles, and the English, along with conflict, brought their language, their law and their big houses.

Irish characteristics are epitomized in her rebels, her writers and her clergy, all of whom come in for a penetrating analysis.

As a preliminary to the study of Irish literature or to research in Irish history, or simply as an introduction to the people "whose wars are always merry and whose songs are always sad," this book by one of Ireland's leading writers will be found informative and highly interesting.

THE IRISH (\$2.75) The Devin-Adair Company, Publishers, 23 East 26 St., New York 10.

TOURIST STARTS FUND

One motorist from Massachusetts found himself without funds one of the week-ends past, told his plight to the Collector at the booth, who was waiting with outstretched hand, and wondered

what would happen next.

Much to the Bay Stater's surprise, the Collector reached into his own pocket to pay for the embarrassed person's passage, saying that it must be returned.

Last Friday, true to his word, a letter was received from this motorist. In the envelope was inclosed 50 cents with a note suggesting that the remaining 40 cents be used to start a fund to help other motorists in a similar predicament.

(The 40 cents is being held at the Sergeant's Desk for similar loans when circumstances justify its use.)

---The Khronic Komplainer

NEW YORK SUBWAYS ADD
298 PATROLMEN, POLICE-TRAINED

To combat crime on the city's vast transit system, it was learned, 298 new transit policemen have received special training during the last six weeks and began patrolling the subways last week.

The intensive training -- including judo, criminology, police techniques and public relations--was conducted at the New York Police Department's recruit-training school.

This is the first class of transit policemen to be trained by the Police Department. A thousand are to receive similar training and will be added to the subway patrol later this year. At present transit police force will number 585, including thirteen women.

The transit police are paid \$3,000 a year to start and in five years can attain a salary of \$4,000.

The new class of transit police was trained under the direction of our old friends, Assistant Chief Inspector William A. Turk and Captain John J. McLaughlin.

In Memphis a gunman was courteous as he backed out of a liquor store with \$250 loot. "I sure hope you have this insured," he told a store employee. The loss was covered.

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

March, 1950

Robberies Take A Dizzy Climb

Three thefts, in two weeks, net a cool two million.

To the seasoned student of crime and criminals signs of our times point to a return of a lusty postwar normalcy. The gentle art of depriving stolid burghers of currency and costly baubles at gun point appears to be enjoying a frenzied prosperity.

Even our neighbors across the Atlantic seem to be in on the show. When four tommy gunners intercepted the Aga Khan on the Riviera last August and stuffed their pockets with \$300,000 worth of the potentate's gems, one French observer detected overtones of a superior technology.

"It has all the aspects of an American performance," he remarked wryly.

Here at home, illicit heists have taken a dizzy climb, too. The gunmen who paid the infamous call on Brink's Boston garage threw the example of Horatio Alger out of the window. It took them only 18 minutes to net \$1,500,000.

Showman Was "Tapped"

Ten days later, uninvited callers walked out of showman Billy Rose's New York apartment with \$100,000 worth of jewelry, furs and cash.

The Rose theft occurred on a Thursday. On the following Sunday, New York police were called to the apartment of hosiery manufacturer Stanton D. Sanson by the revelation of an even more fabulous robbery. Discriminating thieves had quietly made off with another \$428,500 worth of gems.

When shocked law enforcement officers recovered their composure, they could only hope they were not confronted with a new trend. More than two million dollars in loot, in three crimes, in less than two weeks: as records go, American criminals had probably chalked up a new one.

---Parade

YOUTH BLAMES CRIME MOVIES FOR FANTASTIC CRIMINAL WEB

Vancouver, B.C.--A fantastic criminal web involving kidnapping and counterfeiting was inspired by "blood and thunder" crime movies, a 21-year-old testified.

The youth, Paul Pankowe, was sentenced to two years in penitentiary for the kidnapping of Ernest Conduit, 67-year-old engraver who went through a week-long ordeal in chains last January.

"Not only was this youth able to have his mind filled with crime thrills at the movies," Magistrate Mackenzie Matheson said, "but was able to go to the public library and find a book in which to study the perfecting of his technique."

Pankowe's statement, part of which was read by Prosecutor Stewart McMorran, said he abducted the engraver after seeing a crime movie and reading stories on making counterfeit notes. The engraver was kept chained to a bed for a week while his abductors tried to get him to make a plate for counterfeiting \$20 bills.

Pankowe was arrested Aug. 11 when spotted in a downtown cafe.

Still sought on a charge of kidnapping in the bizarre case is Pankowe's brother, William. Pankowe said the two of them were the only ones involved in the plot.

Conduit was taken prisoner when he went to the rented house Jan. 5 in answer to a newspaper advertisement seeking an engraver. He was held until Jan. 12 when neighbors called police after becoming suspicious of the occupants.

The man looking for trouble doesn't have to take out a search warrant.

HOT DOG! THIEVES TAKE
OFF HINGES TO GET \$90

Thieves had a hard time jimmying the door of Frankie's Hot Dog Stand, 2050 South Main St., Waterbury, early Sunday, so they took the hinges off the door to enter the stand and stole \$90 in cash which was hidden in a secret compartment of a cigaret machine, police reported.

Ralph Blasio, the manager, said he had been hiding the restaurant's money in the cigaret machine for some time and thought it was a safe place to keep it. Cigaret machine money was not touched.

SHADES OF FAGIN

Waterbury detectives recently located another "Fagin" in one Ernest J. Shappy, 43, when he was arrested and held for trial in the Superior Court. Four boys related to the police that Shappy taught them how to burglarize.

Shappy, an ex-convict and father of eight children, six of whom are in foster homes, is charged with:

1. Wilfully causing children to be placed in a situation endangering their morals.
2. Larceny of goods of the value of more than \$50.
3. Breaking and entering railroad freight cars.
4. Breaking and entering a building where goods were stored.

Broke Into Freight Cars

Detectives disclosed that Shappy and the boys under his tutelage stole merchandise, including toasters, from four or five freight cars. Two toasters have been recovered. They also entered other freight cars which contained no merchandise, said the police.

The detectives learned also that Shappy and his "boys" were responsible for the break into the Quality Brands, Inc., office, 167 West Liberty St., where a supply of liquor was taken.

The four boys questioned by police range in age from 13 to 15. Since they were picked up last week, they have confessed that Shappy received the stolen

goods from them, sold them, and returned "a very small share of money from the sale of the articles," said detectives.

ROUNDUP. In London, when things began to get out of hand at the regular showings of wild west movies, Manager Ross Hancock of the Rialto Theater sternly ruled that henceforth all children must check their cap pistols and knives at the box office.

LOCKED OUT

The legend is told that in the days of ancient Rome an officer, called away to the wars, locked his beautiful young wife in armor and gave the key to his best friend with the admonition, "If I don't return in six months, use this key. To you, dear friend, I entrust it." The husband then galloped off to the wars. Ten miles down the road he saw a cloud of dust approaching from the rear and he stopped to wait. His friend, on horseback, galloped up saying, "You gave me the wrong key."

---DPS Chaparral

IN BOSTON

A 21-year-old Roxbury youth went berserk at City Hospital while being treated for a badly cut arm and injured two policemen slightly before being subdued.

The youth was hurt when he pushed his arm through the window of a dress shop. He was brought to the hospital by a pal.

Nurse Mae Gannon was treating the youth in the accident ward when he suddenly became violent. In the ensuing struggle, Patrolman Merrill White suffered an injured left hand and Patrolman John McLaughlin sustained cuts and bruises.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy.



the Spotlight

VOX-COP

March, 1950

EAST HARTFORD AND STATE POLICE QUICKLY CRACK ROBBERY CASE



OFF. GEORGE W. JACOBS



OFF. WALTER PERKINS



DET. THOMAS BEAKEY

Peter G. Hansen, 64, operates a gasoline station located on the west side of the highway on Route 5 in the Town of South Windsor. With his wife he lives in a Quonset hut near by. No other homes or business places are within two miles.

During the evening of February 7, Peter Hansen was operating his business quietly. Well, quietly up until the time he was robbed.

At 10:20 that night a phone call was received at our Hartford Barracks from Mrs. Hansen, who informed us her husband had just been robbed by two men who had hit him over the head with a hammer and taken \$60 from the cash register. She could give no information at that time as to descriptions of the men involved.

Officer Walter Perkins, who was on patrol in that area, was assigned by ra-

dio to go to the scene. He did so promptly and began an immediate investigation.

He found Mr. Hansen badly injured but conscious and able to report that two men had come to the service station and claimed their car had run out of gas. They wanted two gallons of gasoline in a can which they supplied. Hansen filled the can and then he returned inside the station building when he was asked for a book of matches by one of the men. As he stooped to get some under the counter, he was struck on the base of the skull with a hammer held in the hand of the taller man. Then the pair emptied the cash register and left hurriedly.

Officer Perkins phoned information to his barracks concerning the crime and the descriptions of the men as given by the injured proprietor. Number one man

was tall and slim, wore a brown jacket, no hat, had a dark complexion and wore a small, dark mustache. The other man was short and slightly stocky, a bit lighter in complexion and was also without a hat. After asking for the services of a doctor, Officer Perkins resumed his investigation while others arranged for the victim's transfer to the hospital, following the doctor's examination.

A broadcast was sent out to all state and local police stations as to the crime and descriptions. Then Det. Sgt. Anton Nelson arrived on the scene of the robbery, followed almost immediately by Officers C. Taylor Hart and Ernest Morse. Sergeant Nelson assigned Officer Hart to a roadhouse check in the area and when Sgt. Harry Taylor arrived, he requested similar duty by Officer Joseph Pilkin.

While a search was being made of the area, Desk Sergeant John Clancy of the East Hartford Police Department relayed a call to our barracks from Officer George W. Jacobs. Officer Jacobs indicated he had two suspects in mind.

At 7 o'clock that evening, Officer Jacobs, during routine duty had occasion to check a snack bar on Burnside Avenue in East Hartford. Without entering the restaurant, he looked over the customers. He noticed three young fellows who were apparently just "hanging around".

One of the men he remembered in particular had on a sport jacket and wore a small, black mustache. Jacobs remembered him as a local character whom he had heard referred to as "Spec". After his casual check, Officer Jacobs drove off.

After he received the information about the robbery broadcast, Officer Jacobs noted a similarity of descriptions between the men he had seen in the snack bar earlier in the evening and two of those involved in the crime.

He checked back at the snack bar but none of the trio was present. A later check and he noticed a change. "Spec" was there with one of his friends, but instead of wearing a jacket as he had earlier, a topcoat kept him warm. Another change, too -- the mustache was gone.

When Officer Jacobs relayed his hunch to our Officer Vincent O'Brien at the

Hartford Barracks, he was asked to keep an eye on the duo until assistance was sent to him.

It wasn't long before Officer Jacobs arrived at the East Hartford Police Station accompanied by his associate, Det. Thomas Beakey (E.H.P.D.) and with Don Spector of Manchester, and Fred Micoletti of East Hartford, in tow. While enroute to the station, the East Hartford officers learned the name of the third man involved in the crime, William Major of East Hartford.

East Hartford's Detective Bill Callahan joined local and state police already working on the case during the interrogation in the local police station.

The group moved the scene of operations to the State Police barracks at Hartford while William Major was being picked up at his home.

When confronted with Mr. Hansen at the hospital, Spector was identified without a doubt. The gas station owner then, able to leave the hospital, identified others of the trio at the barracks and followed thru with a statement to our Officer James McCormick.

When the investigation was complete, all accused had confessed their respective parts in the crime, all officers who had participated in the investigation had various assignments on a case that turned up some good police work, and all money stolen was recovered.

Team work produced a quick solution of this crime. All officers deserved and received compliments from superiors, the press, and the public.

MARCH 17, 1776
 WAS AMERICA'S FIRST
 ST. PATRICK'S DAY

When General Washington's Irish soldiers headed the troops that marched into Boston victorious on March 17th, 1776 --this country observed its first St. Patrick's Day!

Now--174 years later--we pay tribute to Washington and the spirit of the Irish, on this St. Patrick's Day, 1950.

OFFICER FERSCH GETS HIS MAN IN STYLE OF R. C. M. POLICE



Officer John Fersch

Officer John Fersch, of the Colchester Barracks, was patrolling the eastern sector of K territory on Feb. 14 when he made a check at the Meadowbrook Restaurant in Andover at about 2:15 a.m. The two doors, front and rear, as well as the windows were secure and the night light illuminated the interior quite brilliantly and could be seen for a considerable distance. Finding everything in order, Officer Fersch continued his patrol. It was snowing at this time.

Later, on his return trip past the Meadowbrook Restaurant, John noticed that the night light was out. He switched off his lights, shut off the engine of the car, and glided to a stop in front of the door of the restaurant. The door was ajar. Officer Fersch entered and immediately could see no one was inside. High flashlight beam, however, came to rest on a rear door that was flung open and two sets of footprints in the snow leading from the restaurant.

A hasty check showed that ingress had been gained through a small window in the rear of the diner. The cigarette machine and a pinball machine had been

broken open and the contents were strewn upon the floor. The cash box from the pinball machine was still intact on the floor indicating the burglars had been surprised in their work.

After notifying the Colchester Barracks of the situation, Officer Fersch back-tracked the footprints to determine if a car had been used. He found a car concealed more than 100 yards from the diner. John found the engine of the car was still warm, so after rendering it incapable of starting, he took to the woods in an attempt to locate his quarry.

Officer Fersch found it simple to follow the movements of the pair by observing their footprints in the newly fallen snow. In a few minutes he found that the duo had returned to their car and after failing to start it, had fled again into the woods.

After informing his station of developments, Officer Fersch followed the tracks again as they led away from the car. After following them for a considerable distance, he apprehended one of the men involved as he huddled behind a large tree. He was identified as Ernest Haddad, 24, of West Willington. Officer William Hickey conducted an unsuccessful search for his accomplice at this time.

It was now 4 a.m. and Fersch took Haddad to the Colchester Barracks for questioning.

Lt. Robert Rundle, assisted the investigation with Sgt. Joseph McAuliffe, Det. Ralph C. Boyington, and Officers Ernest Angell, Ludwig Kolodziej, Frank LaForge and James Finnegan.

Haddad's companion in the escapade, Joseph M. Sullivan, of Willimantic, was picked up at that town the next day.

Several breaks were solved as the result of questioning the pair. In addition, one Frank Hartigan, of Willimantic named by Haddad as an accomplice in several crimes, was picked up and charged accordingly.

BURGLAR IS CAUGHT IN THE ACT
BY STATE POLICE NIGHT PATROL

At 12:40 a.m. the morning of February 9, a telephone call was received at the Hartford barracks from the proprietor of Burrill's Wayside Market, Wapping, indicating suspicion of a burglar being in the store at that time. The Post Office occupies part of the building.

Several officers on night patrol were immediately assigned to converge on the store. The Stafford Springs station also made assignments on the case.

Officer C. Taylor Hart, of our Hartford station, first to reach the scene, observed a man near the cash register located just inside the front window of the store. As Officer Hart shouted to the prowler to come out, the man instead, turned and ran to the rear of the store, taking partial cover behind a counter display. While crouching, the intruder was seen to reach over his left hip and pull out something that glistened and appeared to be a gun.

Officer Hart repeated his demand to the night prowler to surrender and punctuated his remarks with two warning shots from his revolver. When Officer Walter Smiegel, of our Stafford Springs station, arrived at this point, the man behind the display case came forward from the rear of the store with his hands raised in token of surrender.

He was immediately covered by Officer Smiegel while Hart searched him and found a pocket knife with a seven-inch blade on his person. A chisel, screw driver and a long-bladed hunting knife were found behind the counter which afforded temporary refuge to the burglar. A flashlight was lying nearby.

Although only a short time had elapsed since the original alarm was received at our Hartford Station, Officers by then at the scene, in addition to Hart and Smiegel, included Joseph Palin, Joseph Pilkin, Ernest Morse, James Duane and Charles Pritchard of Hartford, and John J. Yaskulka, of our Stafford Springs unit.

A check of the premises resulted in locating a large mail sack in the rear of the store. It was crammed with

cartons of cigarettes and boxes of cigars.

From papers found in the wallet of the captured suspect, his identity revealed him to be William Tumienki, a resident of Manchester. This identification held up despite the fact he carried an operator's license made out to a fictitious name.

On his way to the detention cell at Station H, Tumienki kept up a continual line of talk which indicated he might be mentally unbalanced.

The next day, Det. Sgt. Anton Nelson and Officer Hart, accompanied by Lieutenant Griffin of the Manchester P. D. proceeded to Tumienki's home in Manchester where they found other stolen property which had been taken in previous cases of breaking and entering in the area.

The car used by Tumienki was also recovered where it had been hidden some distance from Burrill's place of business.

This case illustrates the speedy action which our patrols are capable of executing under emergency conditions. Note that an officer from the next station area was second on the scene -- that's station cooperation.

NEW HAVEN MAN CONCEIVED IDEA OF
NATIONAL CRIME PREVENTION WEEK

The man who laboriously wrote hundreds of letters in long hand to put across his idea got a "big thrill" out of this year's observance of National Crime Prevention Week.

While the nation's top crime busters joined with those in even the smallest hamlet in spotlighting the purpose of National Crime Prevention Week, graying, amiable Felix J. Lynch, went quietly about his work as a captain of the plant protection force of a New Haven arms factory.

He is satisfied that his unique, one-man campaign "has helped focus the attention of so many people on the need for squarely meeting such an important problem, which affects not only the moral but the economic aspects of our

lives."

"Crime prevention and its attendant problem, the control of juvenile delinquency," says the 56-year-old Lynch, a former guard at the New Haven county jail, "is not a one-man job, but the job of every responsible individual in every community."

State Police Participate

The State Police Department went "all out" to mark Crime Prevention Week during the latter part of February. Sixteen departmental speakers were heard over the radio waves of the state February 21, all speaking over different stations on the same subject, "Crime Prevention."

In the Western Division, Lt. Jesse Foley spoke over the facilities of WLAD, Danbury; Lt. Victor Clarke was heard through the courtesy of WICC, Bridgeport, and WNLK, Norwalk, while Det. Sgt. Jerome Smith went on the air with WBRY, Waterbury, and WELI, New Haven. Lt. Elton Nolan was heard over WLCR and Lt. William Casey was scheduled on WTOR, both of Torrington.

Hartford Area speakers were the following: Major Leo Carroll, WTHT, Hartford; Capt. Ralph J. Buckley, WTIC and WDRG, both of Hartford; Officer Henry Kaliss, WCCC, Hartford; Sgt. Harry Ritchie, WHAY, New Britain; Sgt. Edward Tierney, WCCC, Hartford, and Officer Vincent O'Brien, WBIS, Bristol.

Eastern Division speakers were: Lt. William Mackenzie, WNLC, New London and WICH, Norwich, and Lt. Carroll Shaw, WCNX, Middletown.

The CSP was happy to cooperate in this national effort.

POLICE CAPTURE COUPLE,
THANKS TO TELEVISION

Mineola, N. Y.---Television and two cops put the brakes on a pair of professional auto racers accused of abandoning their two children.

The race drivers, Ruth Irene Gebo, 23, and her husband, Joseph Jerry Gebo, 30, were recently arrested in Mineola,

N. Y. on charges of child abandonment.

Detectives Stephen Byrnes and Elwood Ehlers, assigned to hunt for the Gebos, were watching a television show--an automobile race at the Kingsbridge Armory in the Bronx.

The winner of the race was introduced. Her name was Ruth Irene Gebo. The detectives rushed to the armory, but everyone had gone home by the time they arrived.

A night later, Byrnes and Ehlers were watching another television show, "We the People."

Mrs. Gebo again appeared on the screen.

"Come up to Kingsbridge Armory tomorrow night and see me win," she said. The detectives accepted her invitation. Video joins the ranks for law enforcement.

A MOTHER'S LOVE'S A BLESSING

As an Irish boy was leaving
Leaving his native home
Crossing the broad Atlantic
Once more he wished to roam:
And as he was leaving his mother
While standing on the quay,
He threw his arms around her neck
And these were the words he said.

Chorus

A mother's love is a blessing
No matter where you roam,
Keep her while she's living,
You'll miss her when she's gone
Love her as in childhood
Tho' feeble, old and gray,
For you'll never miss a mother's love
'Til she is buried beneath the clay.

II

And as the years go onward,
I'll settle down in life,
And meet a nice young Irish girl
And ask her to be my wife.
And as the kids grow older
And climb around my knee
I'll teach them the very same lesson
As my mother--she taught to me.

THE *Customers* ALWAYS write

VOX-COP

March, 1950

Hartford 5, Conn.
February 26, 1950

Dear Sir:

I would like to express my appreciation for the service which Officer James M. Duane, Shield No. 69, performed in my behalf on Sunday, February 19, 1950.

In bitter cold and darkness he assisted me with a flat tire in a most courteous and efficient manner. His aid, freely given, was certainly beyond the requirements of duty and I am thankful for it.

Officer Duane should be commended for his actions as they accurately reflect the high standards which make our State Police the nation's finest.

Sincerely,

Robert E. Heath

Worcester, Mass.
February 19, 1950

Dear Sir:

On Sunday February 5, 1950 I was on my way to New York City over the Merritt Parkway, the first time I have been to New York by car in 23 years.

About 1 P.M. between the Toll Gate and the Gulf Station at Bridgeport, I had a flat tire on the rear left wheel of my car. While I was changing the tire on the highway, unaware of the danger I was in, a car came up behind me. It was one of your State Police Cars.

The reason for this letter to you is just to inform the State Police about the Officer in the car. He was very anxious for me to get off the highway over to the grass plot. After getting a safe place he told me of the danger I was in, changing a tire on the highway. He also got me help.

After getting to the Gulf Gas Station I tried to explain to the Gulf employee

who the Officer was. He told me that his name was Donald Warner. I hope I have the right name but he was between the Toll Gate and the Gulf Station at Bridgeport.

The reason for my sending this letter is I know that people are happy when they complain against a Police Officer. I know that you have men like the Officer I met who was polite and also carried out his duty, which pleased my wife and myself. We talked about how nice the Officer was to us and that is why I am sending this letter. The Officer only knows me by my number plate, Mass. 996-996.

Respectfully yours,

Walter F. Kane

POMFRET COMMUNITY SCHOOL
POMFRET CENTER, CONN.

Dear Mr. Hickey:

We had occasion recently to make use of the State Police from under the jurisdiction of Danielson Barracks. In his capacity as an investigator Officer John T. Murphy worked at our school with some of our children for several days.

I have always felt that the Connecticut State Police were of excellent caliber and a credit to the state; Officer Murphy handled this case perfectly in my estimation. He handled the situation as any educator would, he used a great deal of care and kindness and reason with both children and their parents. I feel that he is to be complimented highly for his handling of this case and want you to know how much I appreciate it. It is a pleasure for me to write you this letter telling you what a wonderful job I think you and your force are doing, in Connecticut.

Sincerely yours,

John E. Ready

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

February 21, 1950

Dear Lieut. Rivers:

I wish to express my appreciation for the assistance given to me by Officer Andreoli, last evening, when I found it necessary to change a flat tire in the bitter cold without a flashlight.

His helpfulness could not have been more timely. As a citizen of the area covered by your men, I wish to express my hearty approval of your general policy of aiding motorists in times of need.

Sincerely,

Ralph W. Osborne
Supt. of Schools
Central Village

TOWN OF OLD LYME
JUSTICE COURT

February 27, 1950

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

It is so unusual for an officer of the law to be complimented by the man arrested that I thought this letter I am enclosing would be of interest to you, and amusing.

We are fortunate here in Old Lyme to have the services of so efficient a man as Officer E. P. Gayer; and I can honestly add this applies to all the other officers that I come in contact with at the Court.

Very truly yours,

W. S. Clime, Prosecutor.

February 15, 1950

Dear Sir:

Sorry in the delay in the mailing of my Bond, but trying to borrow \$15 a day or two before Pay Day is pretty near impossible. Seems everyone is in the same boat. I'm sorry I didn't slow down

for the caution light, but I was trying to get back in time for Morning Muster.

Officer E. P. Gayer was a regular guy. When he stopped me, I expected him to start sounding off like the New York police, but he didn't. After he spoke to me I was truly sorry in more ways than one, but not burnt up like the New York cops leave you after giving a ticket.

I better end now and let you return to your work.

Sincerely yours,

Albert J. Stokes A/N
United States Navy.

February 21, 1950

Dear Lieutenant Clarke:

About a week ago during the snow storm, my sister's car broke down as she was leaving the Merritt Parkway at Route 33.

Fortunately, one of your officers came along and went to considerable trouble in arranging for a garage repairman to take care of the situation. One of the other officers coming off of the Parkway at the same time was also kind enough to radio in so that my other sister was informed of the reason for the delay.

From my own experience with the State Police, I am aware that this courtesy and kindness extended to my sister is a common occurrence with them, and I am also aware that all too often the matters of complaint are registered with you, while the matters deserving commendation, small or large, are often taken for granted or completely overlooked. For that reason I wish to express to the officers through you, my deep appreciation of their thoughtful courtesy.

Sincerely yours,

John H. Mountain

(The officers mentioned are Donald Hurst and Benjamin Davis.---ED.)

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

THE AVON VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT
INCORPORATED
AVON, CONNECTICUT

February 18th, 1950

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

We would like to take this opportunity to thank you and your Department for your efforts in making available to us your facilities for a demonstration of our recently acquired Resuscitator.

We would like especially to commend the excellent job of Officer Roy Paige in his demonstration and instruction.

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Kilgore
Secretary

Westport, Connecticut
February 9, 1950

Dear Sir:

Just a word of thanks for the fine work done by Officer George J. Turrell in assisting me in taking Mrs. Wilson to Stamford Hall on February 8th.

Officer Turrell proved to be a very competent and understanding gentleman and I think that you have every reason to be very proud to be in command of men of this type.

As a citizen of Connecticut I am indeed proud that our State police is such a fine and efficient organization.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR W. WILSON

Danbury, Connecticut
February 28, 1950

Dear Mr. Hickey:

Driving from Newtown to Danbury in my station wagon Sunday afternoon, I came to the scene of an accident. Two

of your men stopped me and asked if they could use my car for an ambulance for a boy who was seriously injured. I was very glad to be of assistance and asked one of the officers if he would drive it.

This officer, and I am sorry I did not get his name, was one of the most considerate gentlemen I have met. He used every precaution and consideration in getting this child to the hospital. He was most gracious in his appreciation to me.

I feel that this officer should be commended both for his consideration for the child and his courtesy to me.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Kathleen J. Dolan

Norwich, Conn.
February 20, 1950

Dear Sir:

We would like you to accept this note of appreciation for one of your officers, namely Alfred Bickford.

Sunday we were involved in an accident and Trooper Bickford was sent to investigate. He was very courteous and most willing to help in any possible way.

In our opinion a man like Mr. Bickford is certainly an asset to the Connecticut Police Department.

Very truly yours,

Wilbur and Lucille
Henneforth

Nobody knows better than an Irishman how hard life can be, but also nobody knows better what love and laughter can do.

The best way to cheer yourself is to try to cheer somebody else up.--Mark Twain.

Between



Ourselves

VOX-COP

March, 1950

“Everybody’s A McSomething!”

BY JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS

When St. Patrick crossed over from the Isle of Man in 433, and chased the snakes out of Ireland, he never guessed that in his name, 1,500 years later, a Detroit mother would swaddle her two-weeks-old son in green diapers and a Boston butcher would dye his hair the color of a Dublin courthouse lawn.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day is not by any means confined to natives of Ireland or their descendants. By observance, this has become so notable a U. S. national holiday that, as Theodore Roosevelt once remarked, "On March 17, everyone wants to be a McSomething."

As far back as 1776, the day has been one to reckon with in this country.

In that year, while encamped at Cambridge, Mass., General George Washington issued an order dated March 16 making "St. Patrick" the revolutionary army's password and appointing General John Sullivan as the Officer of the Day.

Ever since then, persons partial to the occasion have been straining themselves to think up novel ways to proclaim their Irish origin or partisanship. In the annual St. Patrick's Day Parade in New York City, thousands, rain or shine, march up Fifth Avenue to St. Patrick's Cathedral, carrying harps, shamrocks, silk opera hats and paper snakes. In their buttonholes are carnations turned startlingly verdant as a result of having stood overnight in bottles of green dye.

Last year an elderly gentleman who hailed from County Cork was convalescing after a long illness when he heard the parade passing. Wearing only a night-shirt, he leaped from his wheelchair, raced downstairs, wrenched a luxuriant potted palm in the lobby up by the

roots, hoisted it to his shoulder and joined the throng.

Not all the parade marchers are persons whose mothers came from Ireland. In Boston, a contingent of persons of non-Gaelic origin pin enamel shamrocks over their hearts, sing a solemn chorus of "The Wearin' o' the Green," and become, for the day, Honorary Irishmen. This annual gesture of solidarity and good will was the solution found in 1920 by a jovial Irish priest for national and religious conflicts arising in his parish.

Science, of course, insists that the Irish are no luckier on March 17 than anyone else, but many a loyal Gael will dispute it. He will point, for proof, to St. Patrick's Day two years ago when a Chicago family named O'Shaughnessy certainly experienced the "luck of the Irish." In one day, Michael, Jr., won an automobile in a raffle, daughter Maureen took first prize in a beauty contest, the mother inherited \$5,000 and O'Shaughnessy himself was miraculously missed by a falling sign.

An Irishman is willing to go a long way to celebrate the day. One traveling salesman found himself jolting over a lonely Wisconsin highway on March 17, in a country full of people named Pfeiffer Schmidt. He stepped on the gas, soon was rewarded by the wail of a pursuing siren.

"What's the big idea?" asked the state trooper, thrusting an Irish face through the car window. "It's St. Patrick's Day," explained the salesman. "If I can't get a fellow countryman to celebrate with me, I can at least find one who'll arrest me!"

---This Week

POLITE POLICE

By Harold Helfer

Nowadays, when prospective brides and grooms step up to the St. Louis City Hall window to get their marriage licenses, they also are handed a document from the Police Department. Handsomely done up with a wedding-bell motif around the borders, the scroll contains congratulations--and also a warning against making too much fuss when starting out on matrimonial paths.

"First, may we extend to you both our best wishes for many years of happiness in married life," says the document. "Now, many newly married couples, on their wedding day, get into ribbon-bedecked automobiles with their wedding party and drive over the streets of St. Louis.

"Some of these parties indulge in the thoughtless and nerve-racking practice of loudly honking car horns unnecessarily, much to the discomfort and annoyance of other citizens. We would like to call your attention to the fact that this careless practice is definitely a violation of a City Ordinance which prohibits the loud and unnecessary blowing of an automobile horn.

"Now, we do not want to mar your wedding day by having to give you a traffic summons for this violation, so we ask your cooperation. Again wishing you the best of luck, success and happiness for the future, we are

"The St. Louis Police Department."
---Coronet

IRISHMEN OBLIGE CRIPPLED BRITISH GIRL

New York--Karen Goodman, 10 year old British crippled girl, watched Irish-Americans make fun of Britain for two hours in the St. Patrick's Day parade.

When she was wheeled into a restaurant after the parade last year, she found a score of marchers shouting "Down with England" and singing anti-British songs.

"What would you like to hear us sing, Colleen," one of the Sons of Erin asked

her. She answered him in her clipped British accent:

"I would like very much to hear 'God Save the King!'"

After an embarrassed pause, the Irishmen obliged.

SHAMROCK SALESMEN ARRESTED

Bet this would never have happened with New York's police force--four men were arrested last St. Patrick's Day in Los Angeles for selling shamrocks.

The arresting officers were not Clancy or Murphy but R. R. Fusiler and J. L. La Monica. The men were charged with violation of a city ordinance in selling on a sidewalk without a license.

Atty. Patrick Joseph Cooney, candidate for state attorney general, immediately called it an "outrage" and said he would defend them for free.

"The sacredness and observance of St. Patrick's Day and the dignity of the Irish must be upheld at all costs. Imagine arresting men for selling shamrocks."

None of the men arrested (T.G.) had an Irish name.

IRISHMAN HONORS ST. PAT'S
MEMORY BY PAYING BILL

Officials of a local rug-cleaning concern had become increasingly concerned over a customer who let a bill ride. Month after month notices marked "overdue" were sent to the customer, but still there was no payment.

Finally, after five months, the firm's bookkeeper appended a note to the request. It happened to go out on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, and the customer was an Irishman, so she wrote:

"I thought all good Irishmen paid their bills."

A few days later a check arrived in the mail. Written on a bright green check in a bold hand, it was payment in full. It was dated March 17--St. Patrick's Day.

QUICKIES

In a paternity suit in Newark, N. J., the judge asked the defendant if he had ever considered marrying the mother of his child. Said he: "I would have married her if she had asked me." After brief prodding, the shy father finally stammered his proposal, was accepted, and his case dismissed.

Twins Edward and Leo Radar raised havoc in an Amarillo, Tex., court last week. Edward faced trial for armed robbery; charges against Leo for the same robbery had been dismissed; but, when the judge asked which twin was which, they refused to tell. Even their lawyer, Billy Culwell, looked thoroughly baffled.

"Don't jump!" shouted a policeman to room keeper Jacinto de Leon clinging to a window of his burning wooden hotel in Oakland, Cal. Luckily for him, de Leon heeded the warning. A few minutes after he was able to work his way slowly along the edge of the roof to safety.

Homing pigeons made a fool out of a San Bernadino, Calif., thief who stole them from their lofts. Once released, they all returned home...In Brooklyn, a parrot betrayed its abductors by calling out, "Pop! Oh, Pop!" when it spied its rightful owner.

"A 1949-model car driving down Hollywood Boulevard last fall evidently belonged to a disgruntled owner. For boldly painted on its side was the warning: "Watch out for flying parts."

---Helen R. Stockemer

A blonde and the California Crime Commission both flayed Los Angeles law enforcement officers. The blonde was film actress Jean Wallace; convicted in

L. A. of drunken driving, she hit back. Police had testified that she rammed another car on Christmas Eve while wearing only a fur coat and black panties. Now she charged that the arresting officers had wanted her to be "nice" to them, booked her when she refused.

Olcott, New York, was without telephone service recently when a farm boy slid out of his father's haymow.

A match in the boy's hip pocket flamed up and set fire to the hay. The barn burned down and a nearby telephone cable was badly damaged. The boy was unhurt.

---Telephone News

AT&T's overseas radio station at Ocean Gate, N. J., was the scene of another unusual fire.

Large fish hawks persisted in building king-sized nests in radiotelephone antennas, even though linemen repeatedly tore them down.

One home-making hawk set up house-keeping near high voltage lines: the nest went up in smoke and the grass below caught fire.

The weary linemen quickly put out the blaze.

---Telephone News

Said the law professor, "If you have the facts on your side, hammer them into the jury, and if you have the law on your side, hammer it into the judge."

"But if you have neither the facts nor the law?" asked a student.

"Then hammer on the table," answered the professor.

---W Somerset Maugham

A hitch-hiker on New York's Henry Hudson Parkway used a new technique. On his chest was a huge placard: "She Lives in Boston!"

---Walter Winchell

Headline in Los Angeles Mirror: "COPS PINCH NUDES AT VET STAG PARTY "

POLICE CHIEFS NEWS

Pierre, S. Dak. -- "Winter boarders" at the city jail in Pierre are finding their "landlord" to be a hard taskmaster, according to report received from Chief L. E. Oldaker. "Instead of furnishing them with a place to lounge, particularly during the cold winter months," he explains, "we put them to work on city projects, such as street cleaning, garbage disposal, etc. The police magistrate advises them at the time of sentence that if they work at assigned tasks they will be allowed two days credit for each day actually worked. With very few exceptions, the proposition is accepted by the prisoner."

The city jail operates its own kitchen, completely equipped with modern appliances, to feed city prisoners much more economically than by having the food supplied from other sources. It also reduces guard manpower required for escorting prisoners to and from an outside restaurant for meals. Estimating the cost of common labor at \$1.00 per hour, Chief Oldaker figures the city nets 90¢ an hour after deducting cost of food.

"It has been found that this method materially reduces the tendency of habitual 'boarders' to continue their violations in our community at least, and we earnestly recommend it to any city having the facilities for placing it into operation. It is particularly effective in cases of vagrancy," concludes Chief Oldaker.

Detroit, Mich.--Mayor-elect Albert E. Cobo last month asked Commissioner Don Leonard, Michigan State Police, to become the next police commissioner of the city of Detroit, according to the Detroit Free Press. Commissioner Leonard regretfully declined the invitation explaining that a sense of loyalty to the state police made it impossible for him to leave that organization. Mayor Cobo's campaign pledge was to select the best possible man to head the Detroit Police Department and that the selection would be made without political considerations.

ISRAEL STUDIES U. S. COPS

Yeheskel Sahar, Israel police inspector general, says he hopes to incorporate into the Jewish state's police force some of the best features of American criminal investigation and traffic control methods.

Toward this end, he will solicit the cooperation of leading police and federal authorities of the United States. The main purpose is to give Israel a modern, expert force of perhaps 4,000 policemen and policewomen.

Sahar said there is a big job for his country's police force in combating a "moderately high" ratio of crime, in patrolling the borders of the Arab states and in untangling traffic congestion in the narrow streets of several Israeli municipalities.

One of Sahar's plans is to send selected Israeli policemen to United States training academies.

Another plan is to keep Amos Ben Gurion, Israel's chief police training officer, who is here with Sahar, in the United States long enough to learn how America's law enforcement officers are taught.

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY"

You may sing of "By Killarney,"
Its beauteous lakes so grand
"How sweet is Tipperary"
In the springtime of the land.
Of the druids and the leprechaun,
The Saints and scholars, too,
In the fragrance of the history
Ireland's years unfold to you.
May the breastplate of St. Patrick
Be your shield, a blessing stay,
As we fold in loving memory
The glory of this day.

"Tell your wife not to worry about her deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years."

"Would you mind telling her yourself doctor?"
---The Garda Review

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

March, 1950

1949 TRAFFIC TOLL - 31,500

Motor Vehicle Deaths and Death Rates

Month	Motor Vehicle Deaths			% Changes		Mileage Death Rates*		
	1949	1948	1947†	1948-49	1947-49	1949	1948	1947
January	2,340	2,190	2,475	+ 7%	- 5%	8.1	7.8	9.3
February	2,010	2,120	2,173	- 5%	- 8%	7.2	8.0	8.8
March	2,120	2,210	2,313	- 4%	- 8%	6.3	7.0	8.2
April	2,320	2,210	2,357	+ 5%	- 2%	6.5	6.6	7.8
May	2,470	2,770	2,646	- 11%	- 7%	6.7	8.2	8.0
June	2,400	2,530	2,512	- 5%	- 4%	6.5	7.2	7.6
July	2,780	2,810	2,796	- 1%	- 1%	7.4	7.6	8.1
August	2,800	3,010	3,118	- 7%	- 10%	7.0	8.3	9.3
September	3,020	3,080	3,007	- 2%	0	8.1	8.8	9.3
October	3,110	3,270	3,060	- 5%	+ 2%	8.5	9.5	9.1
November	2,980	2,980	3,092	0	- 4%	8.1	8.9	10.5
December	3,150	3,080	3,148	+ 2%	0	8.8	9.2	9.9
TOTAL	31,500	32,259†	32,697	- 2%	- 4%	7.4	8.1	8.8

† National Office of Vital Statistics

* Mileage death rate equals motor vehicle deaths per 100,000,000 vehicle-miles

The 29 states reporting fewer deaths in 1949 than in 1948 were:

Vermont	-22%
Connecticut	-21%
New Hampshire	-21%
Utah	-21%
Idaho	-17%
Nevada	-15%
Oregon	-14%
Washington	-14%
Maine	-12%
Wisconsin	-9%
Alabama	-9%
Arizona	-9%
Illinois	-8%
Colorado	-8%
Mississippi	-8%
South Dakota	-6%

Wyoming	-6%
Texas	-5%
Florida	-5%
Nebraska	-5%
Pennsylvania	-4%
Michigan	-4%
Georgia	-4%
Arkansas	-4%
Minnesota	-3%
Missouri	-2%
Iowa	-2%
Tennessee	-2%
New Jersey	-1%

Effective enforcement includes painstaking investigation of accidents, corrective treatment using all means available, plus courteous treatment of persons contacted.

(Public Safety)

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S WARNING

The recent statement by Police Superintendent John A. Lyddy, to the effect that traffic laws are now being far more rigidly enforced, deserves the attention of all motorists. A vigorous drive is on to reduce accidents, and it has been decided that in addition to vigorous enforcement, some penalties for violations will be increased.

The fact is that safety authorities and police officials throughout the state have become considerably alarmed over the lists of dead and dying, accumulated so far this year. The first month started out with a terrible record, the rate of deaths being close to one a day, to say nothing about the numbers of persons seriously injured, and the property losses.

This situation resulted in a state-wide drive against persons who are not only careless about protecting their own lives, but careless also about how they endanger the lives of others. It should thus be understood by both motorists and pedestrians, that the safety measures which are being strengthened in this city, are also being strengthened in other communities throughout the state.

When a small community, a city or a state continue over a long period with a minimum of serious traffic mishaps, there is nothing accidental about it. In fact a reduction in the number of crashes cannot be obtained unless it is planned that way. It calls for strict enforcement of the traffic laws by the proper authorities, and in addition, there must be continued and wholehearted cooperation on the part of the public.

The police cannot be everywhere at once. They cannot always be present when a motorist violates one of the traffic regulations. They cannot always be at hand when pedestrians wander aimlessly into and across streets and highways, in the face of fast, oncoming traffic. Somewhere, people are getting killed and grievously injured, possibly maimed for life, because they either disobey the rules of safety, or are victimized by someone else who does.

It has been pointed out, many times,

that the numbers of traffic violators who cause serious accidents, are comparatively small. Most users of the highway are sensible enough to keep within the law and within the rules of common sense. It is the occasional violator who causes most of our troubles.

Supt. Lyddy has now warned him that if he does not mend his ways, he faces prompt arrest and sterner enforcement of the law. ---Bridgeport Sunday Post

RADAR SPEED METER, FIRST USED
AND MADE IN CONNECTICUT, ENDS
ALL ARGUMENTS IN COURT NOW

You can argue with a cop about how fast you were driving, and maybe get away with it. His speedometer -- or yours--may have been off. Traffic engineers say speedometers can err as much as 15 per cent if you are traveling at a 50-mile an hour clip or better.

But you can't tell off the radar speed meter, which has been in use about two years. Engineers say it stays on the beam; that its margin of error is a slim one or two per cent. In many places the courts are taking the radar meter's word. Try to argue the point and the judge comes back at you with frequencies, wave lengths and logarithms.

The 45-pound radar meter works simply. It sends out a constant microwave signal which picks up targets within a 150-foot range. The reflected wave length is proportional to the speed of the moving car. It shows up on the machine in miles per hour. The speed is written down by a regular recording device on a revolving sheet of paper that looks like a businessman's sales graph.

Speed law enforcement by radar is a two-car job. The speed meter is mounted on a control car. Here the speeder is clocked and his license number radioed ahead to a second car, which picks him up.

The Connecticut State Police Department was the first to use radar against speeders, but only after a two-year preliminary tryout. Lt. Leslie W. Williams of the Connecticut's traffic

division said the department wanted above all else to avoid having its radar labeled a newfangled speed trap. Radar patrolled roads were staked out: "state police radar speed control zone."

Since the system went into use, there have been only five arrests--and five convictions. The effect has been psychological.

The Virginia State Police followed Connecticut's example in setting up radar speed controls.

Now, says Paul L. Green of the Automatic Signal Corp., of Norwalk, Conn., which makes the device, it is used extensively by state, and local police departments in many sections of the country. Radar has gone to work on highways in Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Rhode Island and Tennessee.

The Village of Garden City, N. Y., employed it in a dual capacity--for traffic study and speed law enforcement. Here, again, to avoid the "speed trap" tag, Village authorities marked highways: "speed checked by radar."

Connecticut's Highway Department has several portable radar sets measuring highway speed and safety conditions. It provides the answer to such questions as to how fast can you take a curve safely, how many cars pass control points at a given time.

Robert J. Allen, Chief traffic engineer for the Association of Casualty and Insurance Companies, says: "The future application is unlimited. It should be a tremendous help to engineers in working out the basic problems of traffic."

Theodore M. Matson, director of Yale's Bureau of Highway Traffic, says he thinks radar will be used "increasingly not only by police and other enforcement authorities but by others to whom the flow and control of traffic is essential."

New York City's new traffic bureau is using radar to figure the timing of traffic signals. But, says Charles Michalski, the bureau's director of traffic planning, the nation's biggest city isn't sold yet on radar for speed

law enforcement.

"Cities have all kinds of electrical and magnetic interference," he said. "We want to determine under what conditions we can operate radar controls."

---Connecticut Motorist

BERLIN SHOWS HOW

If arrested in Berlin, a speed-happy driver can be sure of one thing: When his case comes up for trial in Berlin Town Court he will be charged with speeding and, if convicted, he will pay a full fine. Last night in Berlin 20 offenders forked out a total of \$262 in fines on charges of speeding. Even more to the point, they'll be deprived of the right to drive for six months.

City police and court authorities, New Britain's not excluded, have been too lenient in dealing with drivers who endanger the lives of other highway users.

---New Britain Herald

TRAFFIC TRIUMPHS

In Cleveland, an uninhibited lady driver stopped abruptly at a busy intersection and, oblivious of the long line of cars honking their horns behind her, proceeded to slip on a new pair of nylons.

When an annoyed traffic cop ordered her to drive on, she explained it this way: "I noticed a run in my stocking and my boy friend is waiting for me around the corner and you wouldn't want me to meet him half-dressed, would you?"

---Cleveland Plain Dealer

- - -

A young woman learning to drive in Chicago was proceeding along a little-used side street at a nominal speed. As an impatient motorist passed her, he shouted nastily, "Why don't you learn to drive?"

Unabashed, she smiled sweetly and shouted back, "I am."

---Chicago Tribune

(Reprinted from Coronet)

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

March, 1950

— OBSERVATION —



*Mr. Policeman, Don't Overlook Your Wife's
Hunch. It May Help You.*



It was a beautiful day in the spring. The park at Kelowna was beginning to assume its role of enchantress to the good citizens of the town, luring them away from their prosaic work-a-day world to the beauty of flower enriched scenery. A lady, sauntering through the park, enjoying the lovely weather, noted that there were more people than usual in the park, but she recalled that it was Wednesday afternoon and most of the stores in the city were closed for the half holiday.

As the lady walked along, she saw an automobile drawn off to one side of the main road through the park. Idly gazing at it, she saw three men busily conversing, and writing. One of the men seemed vaguely familiar, but she could not quite recall when and where she had previously met him, so dismissing the matter from her mind she continued to walk. A little later, returning the same way, she remarked that the car was still in the same position, both men still writing. She had an uneasy feeling that somewhere, sometime, she had seen the larger of the two men under different circumstances. Where? Where had she seen the man, and why was she disturbed now? Of course, being a policeman's wife perhaps she was a little too suspicious, but then her intuition usually served her well. Casually glancing at the license plate of the car, she observed that it was not a local number.

Well, there was only one thing to do, call her husband.

Seated at his desk, Constable W. F. Butler (now Detective Sergeant, Criminal Investigation Branch, Headquarters) was

busily engaged on some outstanding clerical work which had to be cleaned up before the end of the month. The 'phone rang, and Mrs. Butler told her husband about the two men in the automobile, and asked him to come out and check them. Constable Butler told his wife that he was working on monthly returns and he could ill afford the time, but promised to come over when he had a few minutes.

Mrs. Butler decided to keep the men under observation, but as time went on and her husband did not appear, she felt that the three men would complete their mysterious business of writing and depart. So another 'phone call to the office. Again Butler promised to come as soon as he could, but somewhat testily. After all official returns were more important than a woman's intuition. Minutes passed and the only noise in the office was the click of the typewriter. Stepping out of the office for a moment, Butler occupied himself in another part of the building with routine matters. The telephone rang a third time. Mrs. Butler again. This time, however, Constable Wyman answered the 'phone. Listening to Mrs. Butler's little story, he promised that they both would come out right away. Calling Butler from his work, Wyman suggested that they both go out and check the men, if only to satisfy Mrs. Butler.

By this time Butler was quite annoyed at being disturbed so often at his work, but to keep peace all round, he agreed. The two officers got into the patrol car and drove out to the park. Mrs. Butler met them and pointed out the three suspects. By this time they were

out of the front seat and were working in the back of the car. The officers knew that the men were not local residents. Quietly observing them for some time, they decided that it would be as well to ask them a few questions, although members of the force are generally reluctant to accost and interrogate people without some good ground.

But as the two officers approached, the men looked up. Their next actions spoke for themselves. Making frantic grabs at papers in the back seat, they tried to tear them up, but by now the two officers were beside the car, and saw what had been going on.

There, on the seat were rows of nicely prepared cheques. A cheque perforator was near at hand and also a small rubber printing outfit and pad. The cheques were all made out on well known local concerns employing labor, and quite apparently were being prepared for presentation to merchants the following day. The men blustered but caught red-handed with forged cheques in their possession, they could offer no adequate defense, and were ultimately convicted.

The trio, finding that the stores were all closed, had sought the relative seclusion of the park to prepare for a killing on the following day. Had it not been for the observance and insistence of a police officer's wife, the good merchants of Kelowna would have been victimized to the tune of hundreds of dollars.

Later, Mrs. Butler recalled that she had seen one of the men in the lock-up of another town some years before, and had vaguely remembered him as a crook.

Mr. Policeman, don't overlook your wife's hunch, it may help you.

---The Shoulder Strap

THE LAW AND THE MOTORIST

Timely Comment on Court Decisions
and Legal Developments Affective
Car Ownership

Traffic regulations prohibiting the passing of another vehicle going in the same direction at an intersection are in

effect in nearly all parts of our country.

Many accidents have happened on account of the violation of such regulations by motorists and the Courts, in the great majority of cases involving such a violation, have found against the motorist passing another vehicle at or in an intersection.

In a recent leading case in the state of Missouri, the violation of such a regulation was involved and the Court also defined when the passing of one vehicle by another begins and ends.

Facts In The Case

Purdy was operating his truck behind Moore's truck, and as they approached a road intersection Purdy signaled his intention to overtake and pass the Moore truck and as he started to pass said truck it began making a left hand turn without giving a signal and ran into the right side of Purdy's truck.

The lower Court found in favor of Purdy, and Moore appealed.

Ruling Of The Court

The reviewing Court held that the verdict in favor of Purdy should be set aside because he was guilty of contributory negligence as a matter of law in passing Moore's vehicle at the intersection.

Purdy's counsel had contended, during the argument in the reviewing court, that the accident had not been caused by the passing at the intersection because the impact occurred 20 feet beyond the intersection. The Court found no merit in this contention because the evidence indicated the passing had begun before or while the vehicles were in the intersection and had not ended at the time of the collision. The Court then proceeded to define the word pass as follows:

"The word 'pass' means to include from the time the vehicle desiring to pass turns to the left into the left traffic lane and then travels up to and beyond the vehicle to be passed, and continues on until the passing vehicle can return back to the right traffic lane."

The case discussed is: Purdy vs. Moore et al, St. Louis Court of Appeals. Mo., No. 27,743, Nov. 15, 1949.

---Connecticut Motorist

YOU BE THE DETECTIVE

Inspector Sharpe was about to leave for the day when the phone rang.

"Yes. You found the body and you think it is Frankie Carlisle, the gambler? . . . How do you know, Blanding? . . . After you cleaned the blood from his face, he was recognized . . . I'll be right over."

At the mortuary, Detective Blanding told the Inspector how the body was found. "It had been washed ashore after having been in the water for about four days. Now, we know that Carlisle has been missing over four days, so we brought in one of his pals who identified the body."

"I am not so sure about that kind of identification," Inspector Sharpe told him. "But, I am even more positive that whoever the corpse may be, it could not have been in the water for four days as you claim. The coroner's report may show he was killed four days ago, but the body was put in the water later."

Detective Blanding scratched his head and stared nonplussedly at the Inspector. He repeated his testimony and once more Inspector Sharpe challenged his accuracy. Can you explain why?

(Answer on last page)

NO WONDER IT'S COSTLY

A modern passenger car is composed of some 15,000 parts. Raw materials come from nearly every state in the Union and from about 60 foreign countries.

COURTING IN CARS

The automobile has replaced the living room and the park as the favored locale for marriage proposals.

So reports the American Institute of Marriage Relations, after a nation-wide tabulation of reports from young married couples.

Most couples explained that the automobile was the only place where they could find the privacy that sets the

stage for the man to "pop the question".

SHOOTING AT PLANES IS NOT LEGAL

Out in the Wild West people took to shooting at airplanes. A Denver man paid a \$500 fine for firing a shotgun blast at a light plane that flew low over a duck pond, scaring away the ducks the Denver man was trying to bag.

In Faulkton, S. D., a fox-hunter faced trial on a similar charge. He had trailed a fox for five miles through deep snow and wounded it. Along came two men in a plane. They shot the fox, landed the plane, flew away with the fox as the hunter was plodding toward it. "So I shot at their plane as it flew over," he admitted.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Miss Matilda Straightlace, a spinster of undetermined years, devoted considerable of her time and energy toward looking after the morals of the other citizens in her small community. She took particular pride in bringing transgressions of individuals to light in such manner that would prove to be embarrassing to them. On one occasion her target was Patrick MacGillicuddy, a bricklayer, hodcarrier, and ditchdigger, and true son of the auld sod. She accosted him and bitterly assailed him before his friends for his drinking ways. "Why," she ranted, "your wheelbarrow was parked for hours last evening in front of Casey's Tavern."

Pat doffed his hat and stood in benign silence, his face reflecting no emotion. But, that evening he pushed his wheelbarrow to the front door of Miss Straightlace's house and left it parked there all night. ---DPS Chaparral

Approximately 800,000 Connecticut residents are licensed motor vehicle operators, a substantial section of the state's population.

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

March, 1950

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

Erin Go Bragh



ERIN, OH ERIN

Like the bright lamp, that shone in
holy fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of dark-
ness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd
in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading
and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the
tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit
appears.
The nations have fallen, and thou art
young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others
are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morn-

ing hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam
round thee yet.
Erin, of Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine out when the proud-
est shall fade.
Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by
the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's
cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters
unbind.
And daylight and liberty bless the
young flower.
Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived thro' it shall
Blossom at last.

---Thomas Moore

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

Det. Harry Cronce, of the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Police Department, who came to this station to return a prisoner to his jurisdiction, related to us a very interesting story. He stated that in Milwaukee he is a member of a Fraternal Organization called the Knights of Saint Jude, which is comprised of fifteen hundred members--including Policemen, Firemen and Businessmen. The proceeds they receive from different benefits are used to send two underprivileged boys to study for the Priesthood each year. This society has been in existence for the past fifteen years, and much to Det. Cronce's delight, he was elected president this year for the first time.

The personnel of the Ridgefield Barracks sincerely wish a speedy recovery for Chief George J. Schoen, of the Danbury Police Department, who has been on the sick list for quite some time.

During the past month, Sergeant Louis D. Marchese addressed both the Rotary Club of Ridgefield and the Exchange Club of Danbury, using as his topics "Crime Prevention" in connection with National Crime Prevention Week, and also, Juvenile Delinquency. From all reports, we understand the talks were very interesting and were enjoyed immensely by all.

The other day a State Policewoman was needed to straighten out a matter that was under investigation by officers at this station. Due to the fact that our Policewoman was off duty, Sergeant Louis D. Marchese contacted Major Leo F. Carroll at his home for assignment of a Policewoman from Headquarters. Major Carroll came to the barracks accompanied by one of his daughters to handle the matter without recourse to a policewoman, who would have to travel to Ridgefield from the Hartford area. At the barracks, the Major's daughter, who has aspirations of some day becoming a State Policewoman, took over, and under the capable direction of Major Carroll, performed her duties in an enthusiastic manner. Many thanks and best wishes for the success of the career which you have selected, Jean.

Off. Louis Stefanek spent a considerable period of his vacation at O'Brien's Restaurant in New Orleans - the Mecca of all tourists who attend the Mardi Gras. Incidentally, he went to the Honduras on a banana boat owned by the United Fruit Lines, Inc. His take home present to Officer Merritt was a "Tarantula".

Officers Small and Lineweber, the "Buick Convertible Boys" are anticipating turning in their cars for "51" models.

Officer Noxon is in the market for a good Television Booster, so that he can get Channel "13" (The Cowboy Channel) like Sgt. Murphy does. Did you know that Sgt. Murphy is a "Lone Ranger" fan?

Officer Giardina slated to go on nights the 15th, and the boys are wondering what case he is going to dig up this time to take him out of state. It is a race between he and Off. Dunn as to who investigates most strategically or the night trick.

Officer Meagher has recently been appointed desk officer. The boys are getting together to chip in and buy him a wooden name plate with gold letters - from now on the positions are reversed, i. e. the boys bring their problems to Meagher instead of vice versa.

The New Milford Woodsman, Off. Francis, arrested two men for Jacking Deer recently and to preserve the evidence, he was compelled to carry the two deer one-quarter mile thru the woods on his shoulders and we understand he is being scouted for by the Longshoremen's Association.

Officers Jones and McNamara have done an excellent job in modernization of our Photography Room with a slick paint job and the addition of new equipment - makes working much more pleasant.

Officer McMahon is very angry with our Barracks Tailor - heard him reprimand him the other day claiming that he (the tailor) is shrinking his clothes because everything fits very S N U G!

Officers Wilson, Bunnell, Bonuomo, and Pirri, the W. B. B. P. Boys are merrily riding highways and doing an extra special job on the new traffic enforcement program. If there is any violation, you can rest assured one of the quartet will be waiting with open

arms.

Dispatcher Travaglini eagerly watching that mail box - gosh! Squash, can there be any more Bonuses?

Dispatcher Pettit wishes to inform all gardeners it is time to prune your flowering shrubs. (Bill is our horticulture specialist.)

STATION "B", CANAAN

There are many compelling and obvious reasons for our pride in the name American, but one among others outstanding is the freedom to speak with reverence and pride in our ancestry. To one whose favorite verse includes the Boree Log, Norah O'Neill and The Parting Rosary this is the opportune moment, for here on this March 17th, in a world prematurely grayed by the sorrows of war, ominous rumblings of unrest throughout foreign lands, and filled with a feeling of bitter loneliness which begs only the occasional word of understanding or stroke of a friendly hand, we may still find cause to smile in fond memory of the echoing voice of a mother, now silent, which often soothed our childish heartbreak with sweet songs of Old Erin and whose admonitions in later years concerning our hours and choice of companions were more than likely interspersed with quotations from the works of Daniel O'Connell or suggestions from the stern parish priest who was wont, I suspect, to recommend the use of "forceful impression" as a marvelous corrective measure.

Yes, were all future happiness contingent upon pleasant experiences of the distant past, we might well be the most contented of human beings recalling as though it were yesterday, the sweat and frustration expended in practicing monotonous violin scales while all about us apple blossoms bloomed in fresh abundance and the warm sunlight seemed to draw us, violin and all, through the partially raised window and into the fields. However, an attentive ear was ever mindful of our temptations and

mother's eyes had the faculty of piercing a young virtuoso's mind. suddenly shooing away distraction until nothing remained but squeaking notes and exhausted arms.

Then finally we mastered "The Irish Washerwoman", not completely, mind you, but well enough so that the living room rug was rolled back on Saturday night and the Moriartys, Sullivans, and McCarthys came in and swung each other about in reckless abandon while we set a firm jaw, sawed out an occasional sour note, and sighed with relief as the evening progressed with apparent success, and we finally put down the infernal instrument, accepted the plaudits of all present, and sneaked into the kitchen to listen while cousin Ed Doran regaled his listeners (for the hundredth time) with the story of The Wiree, who nightly sang sweet songs outside his window and disappeared into the blackness leaving a room filled with beautiful melodies.

And there are memories, too, of mother's "night out" when John McCormick made his yearly appearance at Parsons Theater, and father was alternately cajoled and threatened into donning his celluloid collar, dotted tie, and "once a year" suit so that he might prove a fitting escort for the little lady, whose love of songs of the Auld Sod was surpassed in intensity only by her devotion to "himself".

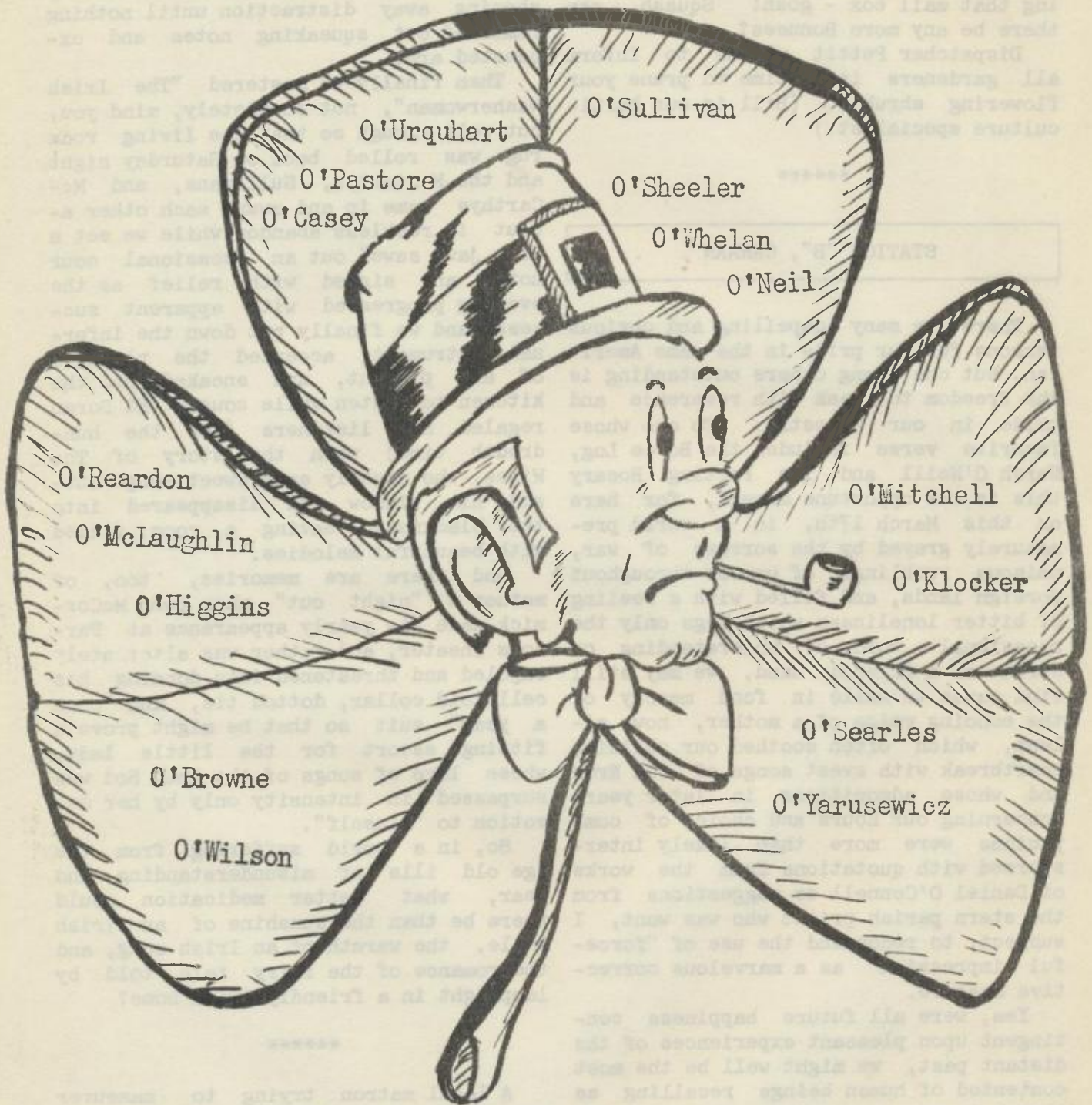
So, in a world suffering from the age old ills of misunderstanding and fear, what better medication could there be than the sunshine of an Irish smile, the warmth of an Irish song, and the romance of the fairy tale told by lamplight in a friendly Irish home?

A local matron trying to maneuver her sedan out of a parking space banged into the car ahead, then into the car behind and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passing delivery truck. A policeman approached her and demanded: "Let's see your license!"

"Don't be silly, officer," she said archly. "Who'd give me a license?"

---Montreal Star

FIRE MARSHAL'S DIVISION



AN IRISH "HOME SWEET HOME"

AN IRISH HOMESTEAD I RECALL
NO MATTER WHERE I ROAM
TO YOU IT'S JUST A COTTAGE SMALL
TO ME IT'S "HOME SWEET HOME".

---EVA BRENNAN

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

A few weeks ago, late in the afternoon, with the temperature hovering around zero, Mr. G. Jacobsen, of Gurleyville, feeling chilly, left the kitchen, where he had been sitting, and went down to the basement to stoke the furnace. While there he suddenly heard a terrific crash. Running back upstairs, what should meet his eyes but the rear axel of a truck with wheels attached right in his kitchen. Entrance had not been in the conventional manner, but had been made right through the wall of the house. Looking through the open wall, he discovered a truck, minus the rear wheels, right up against a tree a few yards up the road. Investigation by "Jackie Horner" revealed that the truck had been involved in an accident at the top of the hill, a quarter of a mile up the road and the operator had been unable to bring the truck to a stop until it crashed into the fence and against the tree at the sharp curve by the Jacobsen home. Everyone is thankful that no persons were injured as the truck came down the long steep curving hill out of control.

The other day a call was received from a woman requesting that an officer go to the family summer home and see what had happened to her husband, who had gone there but who was not answering the telephone. Jack Scribner found the man, who admitted that he had twice attempted to hang himself but had failed to have the courage to do so. The clothesline over the rafters and the chair beneath it proved his admission to be correct. Further investigation revealed that he was a mental patient. Proper papers were secured and he was taken to Norwich. The third one within as many days from the same town. One of the others was a former inmate and escapee.

Recently Bob Bohman purchased a puppy for the young Bohmans. He had had it at home only a few days when former owner's houseman called to ask him to bring the pup back and take another one as he had found out that he sold the wrong pup.

Not wanting to cause any trouble, Bob took the pup back and exchanged it for another. The next thing we know the owner has come up from New York to discover that the houseman has spent the money received from Bob for the pup, and he has also gone off with some other money he took from the owner. "Will Ketchum" Smiegel went right to work. Result---one houseman will have a chance to tell his story to a Superior Court judge. Who thought that one puppy could be the cause of so much trouble!

At last Jim Dick has succeeded in rounding up a rubber check passer, one Walter Flechsig, after much time spent investigating and corresponding with New Jersey authorities. Another complaint solved and another Bound Over.

The Highway Safety Commission has decided that 50 per is too fast for the Burma Road so now watch out, it is only 45, from the Circle to the State Line. They are also having blinker lights installed at several of the crossings. We all hope that this will help to cut the number of accidents in the future.

All are proud of our station revolver team, which won First Place in Class 1 for the second shoot in the New England Police Revolver League Shoot.

Congratulations go to Sgt. Edward Formeister and Detective Ralph Boyington, First High and Second High Individual, respectively, in Class 1.

Won't the boys be flashy in those new uniforms? Are there ties to match?

The enlarged and remodelled dark room is being enjoyed by the station photographers.

Bob Bohman is out on sick leave. Part of the time is being spent at the Johnson Memorial Hospital, Stafford Springs.

Dispatcher Tina Sheiber is on leave of absence. She and Ted have just moved into an apartment near the Station.

Speaking of new homes, Art Hess and family are busy moving into their newly constructed home.

Garageman Donald Tracy has decided that Dispatcher Walt Bateman is not getting ahead of him. Donald's engagement to Dorothy Schmedding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Schmedding of North Cov-

entry, has been announced. Who makes the trip to the altar first is now the question.

If you want to find Joe Fitzgibbons on a Thursday afternoon, go to the Mansfield Justice Court and you will find him with his usual number of Motor Vehicle cases. Good work, Joe.

excellent job and kept us in gales of laughter over the parody of a day at Station D, which ribbed us all good-naturedly. Then, of course, there was the usual refreshments and entertainment, which wound up the evening and left us with many happy memories of a wonderful evening.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

STATION "E", GROTON

In the February issue of Vox-Cop, we wrote that the town of Pomfret was being peppered by a new kind of burglar who broke into buildings and then was apparently too exhausted to carry out anything, even going as far as to leave \$50.00 that was within easy reach of one of the windows he used for entry. On February 9, Off. John T. Murphy received valuable information and through his diligent and patient work, solved several thefts and breaks in that community involving three juveniles who ransacked cars and mailboxes where checks were filched amounting to over \$900.00. Some were taken from the mailbox belonging to the Pomfret School for Boys. Nice work John!

Many of the personnel at Station D have been sick with the grippe this past month. At present, Off. Joseph Donovan is on the sick list at his home.

On February 14 Station D gave its Fifth Annual Party and Dinner at the Danielson Lodge of Elks. A wonderful spaghetti dinner was served in true Italian style and enjoyed by all. Commissioner E. J. Hickey was present and in true form. What a hepcat he is on the dance floor! Other honored guests were Rev. Joseph Markowicz of Danielson, Col. Ralph Bonat of the Rhode Island State Police, and his troopers and their wives and many representatives from Danielson too numerous to mention. Among the former State Police officers connected with this station was Frank Dascoli, famous umpire for the National League, who was toastmaster and did an

Mrs. Anna Lackey received the distinction of being sworn in as the first policewoman of the Groton borough. Success in your new duties, Mrs. Lackey.

The Groton correspondent for the Norwich Bulletin, who may be seen daily at the barracks, gleaning the latest police news, turned in a fire alarm for a car parked in front of a local package store. The smoke and fire subdued by the fire company, the Groton scribe was invited into the package store by the happy proprietor to have a drink "on the house", which she did--a good hot cup of coffee. This is Groton.

A daring daylight robbery of a Norwich store was solved in "jig" time by the local PD. The thief, using the pretense of a gun concealed under his coat, made the store clerk lie on the floor until his safe exit after rifling the cash register. Sgt. Burns and Officers Williamson, Patterson, D. McAvoy and Casey were dispatched to the scene. A man in a third story window opposite the store "tipped off" the police about a suspect seen hanging around the store at the time of the holdup. Sgt. Burns and Off. Williamson made an arrest and obtained a confession from a subject with a record of a previous kindred attempt.

Cruising his area unperturbed, Det. Sgt. Goodale was passing a pond and glanced not once but twice at something irregular. A man with head, shoulders and arms exposed above the ice was standing in the pond. Det. Sgt. Goodale knows of better places to loiter so radioed the barracks who immediately notified the local fire department and they rushed to the rescue. The man had been

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ice fishing and had fallen through. The survivor is happy to report "he caught nothing", not even a cold.

Off. Kearney and Constable Simoneau made a trip to Maryland, bringing back a prisoner wanted on a charge of Breaking and Entering.

A young boy in a critical condition with a depressed skull fracture mystified his family and associates. The boy could not recall how he had been injured. Off. LaFramboise, on the trail, learned from footprints in the crusted snow that the boy had been attempting to climb a 45 degree icy slope. On the last attempt the boy had slipped and struck his head on a stone at the foot of the embankment. Blood spots in the snow and on a small boulder revealed the cause of the accident.

Off. Bickford arrested a man for tossing an egg from his moving auto which hit a parked car. A common occurrence in the amateur vaudeville days, Off. Bickford just won't tolerate it on the highway.

"Cowboy" dreams were squelched by Off. Kathe for two young fellows as he brought them into the barracks for questioning. They were seen trudging along the highway laden with loaded revolver, rifle and shotgun barrel, duffle bag, knapsack, suitcase and various sundries. Investigation disclosed they were the same two that Lt. Mackenzie and Officers Fitzgerald, Skelly and Mansfield were seeking in the Lantern Hill section at the time. The would-be cowboys had left that area after ransacking a house and were on the first lap of their journey to the ranges of Wyoming.

Off. G. Smith is doing the honors at the Norwich Motor Vehicle Dept., during the final rush week for registrations, and Off. Hafersat is holding the fort at the New London branch office.

A local resident became belligerent because Sgt. Dygert was absent from the station. With a chip on his shoulder, he invited Off. Myers to step outside. Our obliging Off. Myers agreed and acted as pilot for the trip. Through the hall, garage and into the back room. In a flash, the two opponents were separated by a cell door, the visitor on the inside, locked up for intoxication.

Moral: A State Police barracks is no place to sojourn after drinking unless guests are "loaded" with extra time and money.

Inspector Reardon and Off. Whelan of "HQ" assisted naval authorities investigating a \$160,000 fire at the local Sub-Base.

Did you know--MAMOCOKE is the name of the location where the United States Sub-Base is located in Groton.

In the event you missed it--the local papers didn't--Lieut. Mackenzie in jibe with spring became the mad-hatter. The target of much kidding, the Lieut. did lose his hat at a Lion's dinner in Williamantic. The real story, as we get it; while acting as toastmaster, with Rear Admiral J. F. Fife, Jr., the main speaker, our I-E discovered his hat missing at the close of the evening. The latter's chapeau was purposely snuggled under the Admiral's cap. After all, who could use a hat with visor emblazoned with gold (scrambled eggs to you, sailor) in place of a new fedora. This is no suggestion that our Lieutenants have scrambled eggs on their hats, still, it's an idea. We all feel that the whole affair was a common error and the kidding knew no bounds. Let's drop the subject and still we faintly hear in the background--"I still don't care, someone stole my hat."

Birthday anniversaries belong to Officers Kathe and Bickford this month.

A dinner tendered to A. W. Lamphere upon his retirement from the Norwich PD after 32 years was attended by Lt. Mackenzie, who presided as toastmaster.

Foiled by a cabbie and sailors a marine was stopped from leaping off the Groton-New London bridge. Off. Bickford arrested the would-be suicide perpetrator for being intoxicated. This is the first official report, since the bridge opened in 1943, of any "Steve Brodies".

HATLESS MACKENZIE--FELT--BADLY
BUT NOW IS--BRIMMING--WITH JOY

The madhatter of Groton state police barracks--Lieut. William Elmer Mackenzie--is going to get a new fedora.

The Danbury Lions club voted unani-

mously to supply the lieutenant with a hat to replace the practically new lid which disappeared while he was attending a Lions meeting last week in Willimantic.

The story of Mackenzie's hat created quite a stir. The teletype machine at the barracks has been buzzing with messages of condolence.

Lieut. Robert Rundle of Colchester barracks messaged that inasmuch as the hat theft occurred in his territory, "Would you be interested in our taking a case number on same for an investigation?"

Ridgefield barracks also took up the cry with a request for Mackenzie's hat size and color preference.

Groton replied: "The size and color the same as before."

Ridgefield shot back: "We do not keep a file here of head sizes, colors, etc."

In a letter to Mackenzie, Colin McAllister, police reporter for the Danbury News-Times suggested "that in the future when you go traveling in mufti, you might take Paul Lavin with you to insure that you again are not placed in the category of becoming possible woodpecker bait." (Lavin is the commander of the Eastern division of state police.)

At a dinner at Norwich last night when Mackenzie served as toastmaster, he was presented a hat. It was a small plastic number, however, not the size 7 1/8 he's seeking.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

ST. PATRICK AND LENT

There's preaching and penance,
There's fasting and prayer,
And the saving of souls
Going on ev'rywhere.

What with the missions, contritions and churching galore
You'd think there'd be sinners and sinning no more;

Long faces, long sermons, long hours to repent,
Leave divil-a-much fun in the season o' Lent!-

The fasting and pious is that full o' grace

They can't look a fish or a hen in the face.

As a Roman I'll argue that fish can't be beat,

And yet I've heard tell they say grace before meat.

I tell you there's times when religion is weak

They say 'twas an apple brought Adam to grief,

Faith! All that saves us is the high price of beef!

So half way through Lent
One grand day is sent
to lighten our troubles
and make us content.

St. Patrick! Oh there was a saint with a heart.

As soft as fresh butter and big as a cart;

And 'twas he that remembered the long forty days,

The weakness of men and their women and ways,

The diet of fish and the riot of prayer
And the sinners that sinned from Mayo to Kildare;

And says he to himself, "The day that I'm born

I'll pick out in Lent on some windy March morn,

When the Irish can have one long day's vacation

From fasting and fish and prayer and salvation;

When the boys may break loose and go hell-bent for leather,

And make their own rules, regulations and weather."

And so in March gray
To drive care away
God sends to the Irish
The Saint and the Day.

So, tonight fill your cup, fill it up to the brim,
Jew, heathen or papist or puritan grim,

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For whatever you are, you are Irish tonight,
And it's better, by cripes, to be Irish than right!
Fill your glass and we'll drink to Sinn Fein and the Sod,
To the name of the Saint and the glory of God,
To the day of all days that is close to our heart,
To the dead that have died for the sake of Ould Dart.
Though the winter's winds blow, all around us is proof
That Ireland and sunshine are under this roof,
And this is the message the good saint has sent;
Eat, drink and be merry,--for tomorrow is Lent!

STATION "G" WESTPORT

GENERAL SERVICE, NORWALK--"At this time received a call from Mrs. M. Mathews, aged 86, of Silvermine Road, as she caught her right thumb in her carpet sweeper."

"Removed thumb. No medical aid needed." (S) Off. Robert Northcott

HABITUAL FUGITIVE--William Andrews, native of Virginia, and known to the police of Pulaski County, Va. as "Billy", brought himself to official notice recently when in a fit of temper and a state of intoxicated exuberance, he began firing a double barreled shot-gun at the home of his brother-in-law in Wilton, Conn.

Following his arrest on charges of Intoxication and Breach of the Peace by Off. William Quaintance and conviction with a 30-day sentence suspended bestowed by the local court, Billy kept his secret and perhaps felt fortunate.

With the arrival of his fingerprints at FBI Headquarters in Washington, Billy's secret was out. Sheriff L. R. Summers of Pulaski was advised by the FBI that perhaps the man recently arrested by the State Police in Connecticut was

probably the same man sought by him as a fugitive from justice. This proved to be the case.

Billy Andrews was arrested by Off. Warren French and in due course was turned over to Deputy Sheriff Ratcliffe armed with proper extradition papers. It was learned at this time that Billy's fleetness of foot was and had for some time been his mainstay in eluding the police sent to apprehend him.

Enroute with Deputy Sheriff Ratcliffe to Pulaski to stand trial for Breaking and Entering and Theft, Billy again called upon his ability to "run like a deer" and escaped custody in Strasburg, Va.

Who knows but that the untimely booming of a shotgun in the middle of the night will once again herald the presence of Billy in our jurisdiction.

PERSONALS--That preoccupied look in the eyes of Off. Frank Muldowney has been accounted for....he is expectingto be a father soon.

Off. James Costello's ears get red when asked about the contents of a recent congratulatory note from HQ.

Under observation in U.S. Veteran's Hospital in Newington for some time, Off. Arthur Pfeiffer has returned to duty greatly relieved that a serious operation will not be necessary.

THE RECENT ACTION of Judge Albert Coles of the Bridgeport City Court in the cases of two youths--one 16 and the other 17--deserves commendation. The pair arrested January 7 in connection with a series of burglaries in East End business places were given suspended sentences to Cheshire Reformatory and ordered to make restitution of \$856.00 for merchandise taken and damage done.

Judge Coles warned the youths that they were escaping confinement by a "narrow margin" and would be watched closely by Clem Fulton, probation officer, during a probation period of one year.

Margaret Connors Driscoll, City prosecuting attorney, said the boys, in burglarizing the business establishments, had made off with large quantities of merchandise and had caused a

large amount of damage over a period of several months.

We should like to note similar action on the part of other judges in cases of this kind. In too many instances, first offenders get a false impression of suspended sentences--no penalty imposed--and soon forget the Court's admonitions. We would also recommend similar action in cases where parolees from Cheshire are found stealing property. We ought to try it and respectfully urge our Courts to follow Judge Cole's plan.

STATION "H", HARTFORD

The month of February has been a very active one for the Officers attached to Station "H". At the Staff meeting held at Headquarters on February 1 (at which time Governor Bowles was present) Commissioner Hickey requested all members of the Department to help reduce fatalities in the State of Connecticut. The officers at Station "H" responded to this request and the reduction of automobile accidents in this territory was about 50%. The majority of accidents that did occur were minor. We feel that this was accomplished by our enforcement program and are proud to state that we lead all other stations by a considerable margin.

The officers at Station "H" were also active in the criminal enforcement field. Working in cooperation with the local police departments, they cleaned up two safe jobs and three breaking-and-entering cases. This was accomplished through the efforts of Det. Sergt. Anton Nelson, while Off. George Panciera was successful in cleaning up a Breaking-and-Entering case and Theft of M. V. case. Off. Joseph Palin successfully cleaned up the theft of several suits of clothing from the barracks at Camp Bradley, Windsor Locks, and at the same time arrested a man wanted by the Immigration authorities for deportation to Jamaica.

The outstanding case of the month,

however, was investigated by Off. Joe Palin, who resorted to "Indian tactics" in the apprehension of a man wanted by Resident Officer James Parrott for breaking into the Canton School. Several officers worked on this case trying to apprehend the culprit. At about 6:00 P.M., Feb. 22, 1950, Off. Palin while on patrol, observed what he thought to be the car in question in a suspect's yard. He, therefore, parked his car up the road, took out his snow shoes, and planned a line of attack by attempting to "case" the house and car in question. After traveling by snow-shoe by way of Hartford and vicinity and traveling over rough terrain, he was able to get within a stone's throw of the house and car in an exhausted condition. While Off. Palin was taking off his snowshoes, the culprit came out of the house, got into the car, and drove away. Taking a more direct route back to his car, which he reached in about three minutes, Joe attempted to follow the car but was unable to see it due to the heavy snowfall.

Here his Indian training (which is characteristic of Station "H") served him well. He followed the car by the tracks left in the snow and at the same time called Station "H" informing us as to what progress he was making. His conversation was something like this: "21-H to H - the car that Off. Parrott is interested in is ahead of me. I can't see it, but I am able to follow the tracks in the snow." "H to 21-H - "Unable to receive you, change your location." "21-H to H - Unable to do so as I am hot on the trail." "H to 21-H - You are on three-way." "21-H to H - No I'm not - it must be you." "H to 21-H - Come in again - can't receive you." "21-H to H - Can you receive me now?" "H to 21-H - Yes, very clear." "21-H to H - OK, I had my fish pole down. I can still follow the tracks but I can't see the car as yet. Get me some assistance right away as some 'muckle-head' just pulled out of a side road and I don't know which tracks are which."

However, once again using his bloodhound instincts, coupled with his "Indian training" he was able to cut the culprit's sign by his tires and saw that he went in the direction of Burlington.

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The one outstanding feature of this chase was that the accused in this case doubled back and passed Off. Palin on the Collinsville bridge, at which time he tipped his hat to Off. Palin. Off. Palin's explanation of this to his brother officers is unprintable, as he felt that his ego was deflated. (If Joe keeps up the good work, we are thinking of changing his name to O'Palin in a special ceremony on St. Patrick's Day.)

The problem confronting the Officers at Station "H" at the present time is a series of stick-ups, apparently all done by the same two men, and we are confident that at the next printing of Vox-Cop we will be able to report that these men have been apprehended.

STATION "I", BETHANY

March Vox-Cop again is indebted to State Policeman Edward J. Dooling, Bethany Barracks, for the several feature contributions to St. Patrick's Day Greetings.

STATE POLICE TRAINING ACADEMY

On Feb. 16th the State Police Training School officially opened for 13 young men from various sections of Connecticut who have indicated their desire to become members of this Department. E.J.H. extended cordial welcome to the recruits, and congratulated them on having reached this far in their efforts to become State Policemen. He then stressed very emphatically, the high standards demanded from the members of our department regarding both character and conduct - on duty and off duty. Loyalty - Honesty - High Moral Character, and the ability to use "Good Common Sense at all times. These the Commissioner said, were qualities which all policemen must have in the highest degree to help

uphold the present reputation of the Conn. State Police Dept.

The Academy is being operated under the direction of Lt. Leslie Williams and his assistant, Officer Vernon C. Gedney. Both instructors are assigned to the Traffic Division at Headquarters and report directly to Capt. Ralph J. Buckley. Lt. Williams has had the advantage of a college education majoring in teaching methods--has been in active State Police work more than a dozen years--attended both the Traffic Institute at Northwestern University and the FBI Academy at Washington. This is the fifth class of recruits Lt. Williams has conducted for the State Police Dept. Officer Vernon C. Gedney also attended the Traffic Institute at Northwestern University - has been with the department over 11 years - has represented the State Police Department in many training schools held by local Departments throughout the State. He has participated in several of our training schools as a part-time instructor, and this is the second time he has been with the school for the entire course.

The fine reputation, both in efficiency in our work and in our contacts with the public which this department enjoys, is again recognized by the number of requests from members of local departments to attend the training school. It is regrettable that these men endeavoring to better themselves in police training - to the extent of paying their own way, and making other sacrifices of considerable magnitude - are deprived of this opportunity at present because of economic and other restrictions, legal and otherwise, both on their side and ours. We have had many requests for information concerning the set-up of our training program and at present have Deputy Chief Fridjon Thordarson of the Reykjavik PD (Iceland) making an extended visit in order to observe our methods of training policemen.

Chief Thordarson, on a previous visit, indicated in a discussion with Comm-Hickey, that he felt very keenly his inexperience in police matters, especially as he is Deputy Chief and is responsible for the training program of the men of his department - numbering ap-

proximately 127 at present. By law, in Iceland, the men in Administrative positions of the Police departments must be Attorneys and, as in Chief Thordarson's case, many times the heads of the departments do not or have not had practical police experience. He asked for an opportunity to observe our school in operation and when so notified flew over from Reykjavik for that purpose. He advised us on his arrival that he had been delayed because he could not leave his department until the Chief returned from Copenhagen where he attended a Conference of Police Officials. No wonder the use of chemical analysis in drunken driving cases - blood tests included - was, as he said, something they have been using for years.

"What type of person makes the best State Policeman?" "What previous employment or training best prepares a person for police service?" In the present class there are men of the following extractions: Irish (of course), Polish, Russian, Italian, French, and Yankee. Previous employment has included such jobs as Student (College BS Degree), Machinist, Postal clerk, Physical Instructor, Factory Foreman, Store Manager, Radio Announcer, Telephone Co. Splicer, Toolmaker, Salesman, etc. At present - with the school but two weeks along - there is no indication who will finish with the highest grades and that, of course, does not guarantee who will eventually develop into the best policeman. All thirteen, however, are burning up the typewriters - some with two fingers, some with more - recording the notes made in class for future reference - all intent on absorbing as much material in this new field as possible. As a preliminary introduction of the new officers (all ex-GIs) to the department, they are presented as follows:

RAYMOND J. DUMAS - Born in Manchester on April 20, 1925; living at 62 Mather St., Manchester; single; high school graduate; 3 years service in Navy, served as RM 3/C on Destroyer Escort in Southwest Pacific. Many of the personnel about Headquarters already know Ray as a dispatcher in Teletype Bureau; has a hobby of model ship building.

GEORGE J. FAGAN - Born Feb. 22, 1923 in New Haven; lives at 115 West Rock Ave., New Haven; wife, Margaret C. Fagan, and son, Francis (Bud); graduate of Hillhouse High School; US Air Force 3½ years, Aerial Navigator holding rank of 1st Lieut., served with 8th A.F.; claims to be only 6' 2½" and lists sports as a hobby. George's father, Christopher Fagan, is a retired officer of the New Haven PD.

JOHN J. FALVEY, JR. - Born in Waterbury on Nov. 7, 1919; lives at 115 Dorchester Ave., Waterbury; graduated from high school and spent 2 years at New Haven Junior College; a toolmaker by trade; wife's name is Lorraine W. Falvey. Served in the US Navy, Submarine Branch and held rank of MoMM 3/C. John J. Falvey, Sr. - retired from the Waterbury PD after 31 years service.

KENNETH G. HALL - Born in Madison on May 10, 1925; lives with wife, Barbara S. Hall and Kenneth, Jr. at 58 Commerce St., Clinton; graduated from high school and has had one year at New Britain Teacher's College; worked as a splicer for the SNET Co. prior to joining SPD; served 3 years in Air Force ETO and held rank of Cpl; lists hobbies as golf and baseball.

WILLIAM F. HENNESSEY - Born in Bridgeport on July 16, 1925; is single and resides at 122 Whitney Ave., Bridgeport; graduated from Fairfield College Preparatory School; served as an Aerial Engineer Gunner in the 15th Air Force on a B-24 ETO, held rank of S/Sgt. After serving in the Air Corp, Bill attended the Univ. of Vermont and in June 1949 received his BS Degree.

ARTHUR P. HORAN - Born in Hartford on Oct. 22, 1920; is single and lives at 16 Rodney St., Hartford; graduated from high school and has 2 years of college; worked in an insurance company office and also lists radio announcer under previous employment; held rank of Cpl. and Act'g. Sgt. in USA.

ALFRED KOSLOFFSKY - Born in Bridgeport on June 14, 1926 (Baby of the class, 23 years) 6' 2", 222 lbs.; is single and lives at 21 Alba St., Bridgeport; graduated from high school and attended Bridgeport Engineering Inst. for 2 years; worked as a heat treater in Si-

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korsky Aircraft (making helicopters); served in the US Marine Corps, Private First Class, Act'g Cpl. of Guard and Temp. Orderly and Bodyguard Adm. Nimitz on Guam. Lists football, handball, and swimming as hobbies.

PHILLIP F. LARIZZO - Born in New Britain on June 3, 1921; is married; wife, Nina S. Larizzo, and daughter, Sandra Ann (2 weeks); live at Gales Ferry (Ledyard); graduated from high school and has served in the US Navy, 8 years, held rank of EN1SS, saw duty in the Asiatic area, decorations indicate Submarine Service experience, lists hobby as photography.

JOHN J. MARONEY - Born in New Haven on April 22, 1925; married and lives at 284 Grand Ave., New Haven; wife, Jane E. Maroney, and daughter, Gayle Patricia, (20 months); graduate of commercial high school; served in the US Navy, in the Pacific Theater of Operations, and held rank of Seaman First Class. He was a foreman at Mullite Refractories Co., Shelton.

JOSEPH L. MINIERI - Born in New Haven on April 2, 1920; married and lives at 700 Legion Ave., New Haven; wife, Mrs. Jane Minieri, daughter, Dorothy (16 months), and son, born at Grace Hospital on Feb. 28, 1950 while Joseph was attending Doc Paige's First Aid class at

Bethany; graduated from high school; was a store manager prior to joining this Dept; served in the US Army as a Private in the Infantry in the ETO, holds Purple Heart Decoration; hobby is reading.

WILLIAM SHAFER - Born in Bridgeport on June 10, 1918; is single and lives at Oriole Lane, Nichols; graduated from high school and was Postal Clerk in Bpt. Post Office; served for 3½ years in the US Army, held rank of Tech. Sgt. in the CBI in Asiatic Pacific Theater; hobby is flying.

CHARLES L. WILKERSON - Born in Bridgeport on July 5, 1925; is single and lives at 556 Carroll Ave., Bridgeport; graduated from high school and worked as a machinist at Baird Machine Co. in Stratford; served in the US Marine Corps, held rank of Cpl., Fire Control Plotter, Anti-craft Gunner, in Pacific Theater of Operations; lists hobbies as softball, baseball, rifle, and pistol shooting.

GEORGE ZONAS - Born in Naugatuck on March 2, 1924; is single and lives at 25 Aetna St., Naugatuck; graduated from high school and worked as Chief Service Supervisor at US Rubber Co., also was Swimming Instructor at YMCA; served as a Private in the US Air Force in ETO; hobbies are swimming and YMCA club work.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED

By Thomas Davis

Full often, when our fathers saw the Red above the Green
They rose, in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and skian,
And over many a noble town and many a field of dead
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red

But in the end throughout the land the shameful sight was seen,
The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;
But well they died, in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red

And They who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest green;

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Yet often this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That in some day to come the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

Sure, 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene-
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled-
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

So when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was seen;
Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us said:
"Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the Red."

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean-
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood - the Green above the Red!

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd the Irish Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by Heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green and cotton to the Red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red!

Now that Station "L" has a new shooting range all the officers are practicing up to try to shoot those bulls eyes. Right now Lt. Casey and Off. Wilcox hold top honors but everyone is trying to give them some competition. It is rumored that some of the boys are even hitting the target these days.....

It is becoming difficult these days to try to figure out if Sgt. Tripp is working for the New York City Police or our Conn. State Police. His trips to New York are becoming a daily routine. As long as he keeps bringing back his man, we will have to admit that he still is a member of our department. Keep up the good work Sgt.

Mrs. John Swicklas has just had an operation and the personnel at Station "L" wish her a very rapid recovery.

Officer Wilbur Calkins has been very successful in his investigations resulting in the rounding up of wrong doers. Woe be tide the criminal on whose trail Off. Calkins camps.

Lt. Casey has added something else for his barn. He is now the proud owner

of a sleigh. He thinks the seat will have to be made wider before he and Mrs. Casey can enjoy a sleigh ride. PS: Lt. remember the song about the one horse sleigh ride.

Off. Hawley tells us his frequent trips to Hartford are due to the good television shows. Well---there's some good stuff on television, too.

Off. Lombardo is enjoying a change of routine in his special assignment as chauffeur for Lt. Governor William Carroll.

A bad habit is like a soft bed, easy to get into, hard to get out of.

If too many irons are in a fire some will cool.

INSPECTOR SHARPE'S ANSWER

After four days in the water, there would be no blood on the corpse. The water would wash it off.

