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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

APRIL 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."

Yankee *By The* Clipper

VOX-COP

April, 1950

CLIP JOINTS

...IN THEM, THE SUCKER
NEVER GETS A BREAK

By Sid Ross

The two striking "college girls"-- they said they were on mid-term leave from Vassar--leaned against the bar and smiled discreetly at two male customers.

The customers--out-of-towners looking for excitement in the city--smiled roguishly back and invited the girls to their table.

Next morning the men awoke in a strange hotel, their heads swollen, their pockets empty. They had been "Mickey Finned" with knockout drops, "rolled" of their wallets and watches, and left there in a shabby little room to sleep off an adventure they would never boast about back home. The "college girls" of course, had returned to the "campus."

This incident is fictitious. But actual ones like it took place in many parts of the U.S. last week. In most of them, the victim was a family man away from home and out for a good time.

The scene of their downfall, nine times out of ten, was a big city clip joint, that outgrowth of the old-fashioned speakeasy which has made more proprietors rich and more customers poor than even the most fabulous of peep-hole sucker traps in the prohibition era.

For 20 years one of the most colorful of big-time clip joint operators was Hyman "Feet" Edson, an ex-speakeasy manager and one-time associate of Texas Guinan who has earned a million dollars by fleecing his customers. Edson says 70 percent of the suckers he has mulcted are average Americans who are out to paint the town red.

"You can always spot them when they walk into your joint because they got that sassy look," Feet says. "Most people who get clipped really ask for it."

Edson, whose operations in a series of joints during the 1930s won him so much fame that he appeared as a character in several of Damon Runyan's stories, is disarmingly frank about his past.

"I'm broke now," he admits candidly, "and strictly on the legitimate, but in my time I was expert enough to take three or four thousand dollars from the suckers, every night in the week without ever--well, hardly ever--resorting to the rough stuff. I would clip them on phony champagne at \$25 a bottle, on home-made whiskey at \$5 a shot, on doctored checks, once in a while on a gentle Mickey Finn."

Now a garrulous man of 58 who hangs around the lobby of a Broadway hotel, Feet began his career as a speakeasy operator during Prohibition. In 1934, repeal of the 18th Amendment threw him out of work but the following year he opened a "legitimate" night club in Harlem and moved into the clip joint business.

"I had no liquor license," he recalls. "But I sold liquor anyway. I made champagne out of ginger ale and Sauterne. I made Scotch, rye and gin in the bathtub by mixing liquor flavors with alcohol and diluting the whole mess with distilled water. I brewed my beer in the cellar and once sold four bottles to an under-the-weather customer for \$600."

As business improved, Feet gave commissions to taxi drivers who lured suckers into his club, and staffed his joint with girls who were not above feeding his customers an occasional knockout potion, although Feet insists that he usually frowned on such crudeness.

"But once," says Feet, "I couldn't resist. A customer came in and began to holler that he wanted to buy drinks for the house. One of my girls gave him a Mickey and while he was out I put empty champagne bottles on every table in the place. When he came to the joint was empty except for all those bottles and a check for \$2,800 at his elbow."

In the heyday of his prosperity it was Feet's custom to split the sucker's bill with the girl who had coaxed him in. But when Feet moved his club from Harlem to one of several addresses downtown, he began to play both ends against the middle.

"The girls often brought me customers who paid me hundreds of dollars by check," says Feet. "I'd make duplicates of these checks, stamp 'Account Closed' on them and show them to the girls. 'Dead beat,' I'd say. Then I'd deposit the good check in the bank."

This practice eventually led Feet into further experiments with his customers' checks. His procedure was to encourage a patron to alcoholic excess, then bill him for \$200 or \$300. If the customer paid his bill by check, Feet would take it to his office, copy it carefully on a blank check and then return to the customer's table.

"Sir," he would say, "this signature isn't clear. Better write the check over."

This done, Feet would tear up the fake check and deposit the two good ones.

"They rarely kicked," he recalls, "and when they did I would remind them that the girls who brought them into my joint would like to meet their wives. That always shuts them up."

Feet's downfall came in 1938 when he was arrested for selling liquor without a license. He served 30 days of a six-month sentence and then was acquitted on an appeal. Since then, he asserts,

he has been "on the level."

"I tried to come back," he says, "but my partner had just been sent away for making his own whiskey and somehow my heart wasn't in it any more. I had run through two or three fortunes betting on the ponies and I figured maybe if I went legitimate I could hold on to my money. So I became a used car salesman."

As an observer rather than a participant of present-day clip joints, Feet can survey the scene with the objective eye of an expert.

"It's still the same as it always was," he believes. "Clip joints are operating right now in New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Washington and Cleveland and they're still feeding nightly on the suckers, the family men with plenty of dollars in their pockets but not very much sense in their heads."

TIPS FROM 'FEET' EDSON:

How You can avoid getting

1. Don't go to a night club alone. Take along the family.
2. Patronize only a well-known and reputable spot that caters to a family trade.
3. Don't let a taxi driver steer you into a place you've never heard about.
4. When you get there, don't pick up any new companions.
5. If you drink, drink moderately and keep track of your drinks. You can do this by marking off the rounds on the tablecloth.
6. Add up your own check. And make sure your figure of drinks consumed tallies with that of the waiter.
7. Pay cash. Don't give the waiter a check. He may doctor it.
8. Better yet, says Edson, "stay home and read a good book."

PARADE

CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE
APACE WITH LIVING CHANGES
CUASED BY MORE MOTOR CARS

At the turn of the century America was a land of the livery stable, the hitching post and the mud road; of tight-packed cities and a dominantly rural population almost completely shut off from contact with any but immediate neighbors.

Today, at the century's halfway point, the land is laced by a network of all-weather highways. The cities sprawl out over the countryside. The farm is a short drive from town.

In the cities and along the highways are a half-million business places unheard of in the year 1900--gasoline stations, repair garages, trucking firms, automobile and accessories sales-rooms, taxi and bus companies, and many more.

And where 8,000 automobiles jolted and sputtered over dirt roads and cobblestone streets 50 years ago, today almost 44 million cars, trucks and buses roll along our roads and streets, covering a distance that now is approaching a half-trillion miles per year.

In the year 1900, the nation got a hint of what was coming. That year, 57 U. S. motor vehicle firms built a total of 4,192 vehicles--for the first time exceeding output of wagon and carriage makers. Since then, more than 1,500 firms have tried their hand at building motor vehicles.

Today 53 firms remain -- four less than at the turn of the century. But instead of 4,192 vehicles a year, output in 1949 was well above six million cars, trucks and buses.

At about this same time, in 1903 to be exact, the Connecticut State Police was organized by an act of our legislature and came into being with a force of five men. These five policemen were to act as plainclothes men investigating violations of the liquor, gambling, and vice laws.

With the increase in automobile traffic, a real rural crime and traffic problem began to develop. A few motorcycles were made available to State Police detectives for weekend patrols. This lim-

ited patrol met the needs of the day for a brief period. The criminal was given new mobility and some increase in rural policing was needed to better cope with the situation. On July 1, 1921, the Connecticut State Police Department was increased to 50 men. They were uniformed and equipped with Ford roadsters. This new patrol force was given many of the duties which today are part of the wide scope of their activities. The modern era of this department began on that date, but its growth in both men and material has been constant since that time.

Few people realize the many duties which are placed upon the State Police Department by law. Most of the public contacts are made upon the highway, and therefore, many persons believe highway patrol and accident investigation to be the only responsibility of the State Police. Of course, this is far from true. The traffic problem, however, is one of the most pressing issues of the day and is of great interest to every user of the highway. In all police effort, the people should look upon the police as their agents, doing the work which is given to them by the public, and doing it in behalf of that public which they serve. Those who violate the law, whether it is the motor vehicle or the criminal law, are a small minority of our people. The problems which this small minority cause should concern every good citizen and not just the police officer who has taken over the duty of the public to enforce the law. Cooperation with the police is a civic duty for every good citizen. He should be interested in the enforcement of the law as a basic function of good government. If you are not motivated by this democratic ideal, then your interest should be inspired by selfish motives.

Take for example the motor vehicle laws and regulations. It is of advantage to you if the other fellow obeys the laws as in so doing he makes your life and limb safer as his misdeeds threaten your very existence. In almost every accident involving two vehicles, one of the drivers may be innocent of any violation of the law but the innocent suffer with the guilty in the re-

sults. Many persons show no real interest in safety until they are involved in an accident and little or no interest in crime until they suffer directly from the actions of some criminal.

The State Police and all police departments do much to cause voluntary compliance with the law. The public press and the enforcement officials constantly warn the public and instruct our citizens as to how they can better protect themselves while still assisting the police.

We still believe that the great majority of our people are lawabiding and appreciate this effort. This is the reason the police take every opportunity to speak to the public through the medium of the press and the radio.

No real advancement can be expected in highway safety and crime prevention without the wholehearted cooperation of the public. For example, the police program on the "Lock Your Car, Prevent Crime" theme was one which was recognized by everyone as a most worthy cause. To leave your car with the key in the ignition while parked on the highways or city streets is not a crime but is certainly the indirect cause of much crime and the cause of much inconvenience and loss to the public. This is one example of public cooperation in which the citizen and the general public benefit directly from heeding the warning of the police.

On the highway, State Police cars are well marked so that the driving public will note the presence of the officer. Most persons whose minds may not have been on their driving at the moment on sighting an officer in a marked car are brought back to reality and immediately check their driving. This is preventive policing and is often sufficient to keep the average citizen driving properly. However, a small minority take advantage of the officer in the marked car and only drive properly when the officer is nearby. The actions of this small minority, who are usually those who have bad driving habits, make it necessary for the police to resort to unmarked cars to apprehend the habitual violator. When unmarked cars are used on patrol, many citizens fail to understand the

reason for such action. An understanding of the reason for such action on the part of the police would be another example of public cooperation in an effort to combat the common problem of the accident prone and violation prone driver. Highway safety demands public cooperation at all times--the police act only when individuals, pedestrians and motorists, fail to cooperate.

By Edward J. Hickey
(Commissioner of State Police)

---The Bristol Press

A ROOKIE

By Sgt. William F. Palmer
West Orange, N. J., Police Department

He's young, courageous and dressed in blue,
And chose his profession the same as you.
They'll call him a "Rookie" that is true
But he'll learn the hard way like most of us do.

Alert, Progressive and Most Sincere,
He'll do a good job to build his career.
Many a night he will patrol his beat,
In cold and rain or snow and sleet.

He may get discouraged as most of us did
And wish he were home with the wife and the kid.
Going to Police Schools and meeting new Friends.
He'll advance along and follow new trends.

Keep up his spirit and teach him the way,
For he's your friend and to him you can say:
"Figure it out for yourself, my lad,
You've all that the greatest of chief's have had.

"Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes
And a brain to use if you would be wise.
With these attributes we all began.
So aim for the top and say, 'I can.'"

---Flying Wheel

PATIENT SLEUTH SOLVES
DEATH IN THE AUTOMAT

By Billy Rose

As a burglaree, I've been doing a considerable amount of hanging around police stations lately, and I've made a highly edifying discovery--the average New York detective is plenty smart and, considering how few of them there are, gets plenty of results.

To give you an idea of what the ordinary cop can do once he gets going, let me tell you the classic story of Detective Patty MacVeigh and how he solved the case usually referred to as "Hugger-Mugger in the Automat".

One morning in August, 1933, two people died suddenly and within a few minutes of each other in the nickel-in-the slot restaurant at Broadway and 104th St. One, a dowdy old dame named Lillian Rosenfeld, keeled over in the restaurant's mezzanine, and the other a middle-aged garageman named Harry Jellinek, was found outside the little boys' room in the basement. The coroner certified that both deaths were caused by a powerful dose of cyanide of potassium.

Detective MacVeigh was handed this sizzling spud, and went about cooling it off not like a Sherlock Holmes but like an ordinary policeman. He started by questioning everyone in the neighborhoods where the victims had lived; inch-by-inched the tenement flats they had called their homes; jig-sawed together a lot of biographical bits and pieces, and came up with a solution so simple that no one connected with the case could imagine why it hadn't been thought of right away.

Jellinek's past was reconstructed easily enough. Starting as a helper in a garage, he had managed to save enough to buy his own business, and his garage had prospered until the depression hit it. When things got tough, he borrowed \$150 from a bank, and when he couldn't meet the note on July 1, he was threatened with foreclosure.

Figuring he had nothing to live for, he purchased \$3 worth of powdered cyanide and then, with his last nickel,

bought himself a poppyseed roll at the Automat. He dug a hole in it, poured the powder in, bit off as much as he could chew and headed for the men's room. At the foot of the stairs he collapsed and died.

So far, so clear. Next, MacVeigh went to work on Lillian Rosenfeld. She had been a harmless old bat who scavenged around junk heaps, and for 28 years had lived in a \$7-a-month basement room which was filled with everything from old piano rolls to a rusty weather vane.

From employes of the Automat, the detective learned that on several occasions the old dame had parked herself in the mezzanine where she could watch the tables on the main floor, and when someone left without finishing a meal, she would hurry down and eat the remains or scoop them into a paper bag.

That finished the case. Obviously the scavenger had seen Jellinek leave part of his roll and had popped the half-eaten bun into her mouth.

MacVeigh's investigation uncovered an additional irony. While sifting through the hodge-podge in Lillian's room, he found six bankbooks which showed she had \$45,000 stashed in various banks in Manhattan and New Jersey. The annual interest on her nest egg was \$1,200, or eight times the amount Jellinek needed to save his garage and life.

--Hartford Times

HOOVER SAYS - - -

The first half of the Twentieth Century is now history. The present half-way mark affords an opportunity for critical appraisal of the fifty years of law enforcement just passed.

The birth and development of gangdom, scourge of the new era which emerged from the stress and turmoil of World War I, marked a period of radical change in our profession. Until that time, law enforcement, in general, was a local affair, without cohesion and with little cooperation between branches. The full onslaught of gang activity and an aroused public made a change imperative.

The reputation of law enforcement,

unfortunately, was not without blemish. Protection could, at times, be bought. Tommy-gun rule was law in some cities--with the guns in the hands of the lawless. Nevertheless, in the ensuing conflict, the balance tipped in favor of the forces of decency and order. The reign of public enemies ended; a period which might be termed the Renaissance of law enforcement followed.

Law enforcement as a profession became the goal. Suspicion and jealousy gave way to mutual trust and interdependence. Officer training on a major scale became accepted practice. Each progressive advance produced invaluable by-products of cooperation and unity. Law enforcement emerged from the period of change magnificently equipped to meet the problems of the war years.

Crime, itself, did not lessen. On the contrary, it increased to a frightening degree, yet vital enforcement duties were discharged effectively.

Today, unified law enforcement faces the second half of a troubled century with confidence. Its officers, better-trained, resourceful and alert, are ready to meet the challenge of the future.

J. EDGAR HOOVER,
Director, Federal Bureau
of Identification

---Reprinted from Illinois Policeman and Police Journal

PERILOUS SMOKING IN BED

In Police Court recently a woman was fined \$25 on a charge of smoking in bed. Fire broke out in the room which she occupied in the downtown district, and she was taken to a hospital for treatment of burns. The woman's husband was also fined but his sentence was suspended.

Perhaps it is not generally known that it is a violation of law for persons to smoke in bed. Such smoking has started many fires, not a few of which have caused fatal injuries as well as destruction of property. It is so easy to fall asleep while smoking and the lighted cigarette or cigar to cause a blaze.

The Fire Department of Hartford, which has won for the city many awards for keeping down the fire loss, is persistently enforcing the ordinances and statutes which are designed to keep the incidence of fires at the lowest point. It deserves cooperation in preventing injury and death and for conserving property. It may seem a little severe to fine violators of the anti-smoking-in-bed law, but evidently it must be done if the fire losses are to be kept down and people are to be saved from harm.

---Hartford Times

CRIME DROPS DURING '49 IN CONNECTICUT

Connecticut had 11,308 police offenses in 1949 compared to 11,884 offenses in 1948, the Federal Bureau of Investigation reports.

The FBI report on statewide crimes is based on police statistics from 22 cities whose populations total 928,464.

Here are the offenses:

	1949	1948
Murder, non-negligent		
manslaughter	17	17
Manslaughter by negligence	20	42
Rape	43	49
Robbery	214	177
Aggravated assault	232	222
Burglary, breaking or entering	3,094	3,486
Larceny	6,738	6,852
Auto theft	950	1,039

During 1949 in Hartford there were three murders or non-negligent manslaughter cases; 86 robberies; 116 assaults; 911 burglaries; 1,725 thefts; and 254 auto thefts.

Other Connecticut cities: Middletown, robbery, 1, assault, 7, burglary, 29, larceny, 112, auto theft, 6; New Britain, murder, 2, robbery, 15, breaking and entering, 145, larceny, 353, auto theft, 37; Waterbury, robbery, 13, assault, 20, breaking and entering, 245, larceny, 474, auto theft, 126; West Hartford, robbery, 2, breaking and entering, 64, larceny, 74, auto theft, 3.

JOHN NORTON, GREAT OFFICER,
DEAD AT 87 YEARS

John Norton, a great police officer, died in Chicago on January 27 at the age of 87. He served 45 years in the Chicago Police Department, had been wounded five times in gun fights with criminals and had more than 100 citations for outstanding service and heroism. He had served as Chief of Detectives and had retired with rank of captain in 1936.

Capt. Norton regarded the solution of the Carl Wanderer case in 1920 as probably his best piece of work. Wanderer and his wife, soon to become a mother, were returning to the northside Chicago home of her parents, where they lived one evening. In the vestibule of the apartment building they met a ragged man and a gun fight between this man and Wanderer followed in which the man and Mrs. Wanderer were shot, dying before either could make any statement.

Wanderer said the man had tried to hold him up. He posed as quite a hero and continued to live with his wife's parents.

Wanderer turned his gun over to the police and tests showed the stranger had been killed by bullets from this weapon. Another and more valuable gun, which Wanderer said had belonged to the stranger, had fired the bullets which killed Mrs. Wanderer.

The stranger had eight cents in his pockets when he was killed. One knee was torn out of his trousers, but the gun which he was supposed to have used was worth about \$35.

The late Frank Carson, then city editor of the Chicago Herald & Examiner just couldn't believe that a ragged bum would have a \$35 gun. He interested Norton and the latter started to trace ownership of the gun. It was a long, tedious task with many discouragements, but he hung on. Finally he traced the gun to Wanderer's cousin. That was enough.

Early one evening, Norton, accompanied by Harry Romanoff, a Herald & Examiner reporter, now with the Chicago Herald & American went to the apartment where Wanderer lived. Norton took him

away for questioning. Romanoff stayed behind to search Wanderer's room. Under a paper used to cover the bottom of a bureau drawer he found a half completed letter to a northside girl which Wanderer had been writing. Her address was there.

Within two hours the girl had admitted that Wanderer had told her he did not want his wife to become a mother, that he wanted to get a divorce and marry this other girl. Wanderer's cousin admitted he had loaned Wanderer the gun supposedly used by the stranger.

Wanderer confessed in the presence of a dozen persons in the office of States Attorney Maclay Hoyne. He said he had hired the stranger on Skid Row to impersonate a hold-up man to impress his wife with his bravery. He shot the bum then grabbed the bum's gun and shot his wife. After a long fight he was hanged.

Norton's intelligence, courage and dogged determination made him a great police officer. He was born in Honesdale, Penn., and worked as a railroad detective for several years before joining the Chicago department.

---Illinois Policeman and Police Journal

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES

We were crossing a little New Hampshire Bridge when my wife insisted that I stop the car and let her paint the scene. She settled herself with her paints and canvas at the only spot she found "just right" - the center of a narrow bridge on the highway from Canada. As a safety measure, she hung a red sweater from the top of her easel. I left her to capture the splendor of the trees and went off, not without misgivings, to fish.

On my return I saw the ominous figure of a New Hampshire Highway officer. But this was no arrest. He was calmly directing traffic, halting one line of monster trucks 'til another another passed, guarding the lone figure at the easel so that she might finish her painting undisturbed.

---Reader's Digest 2-3-50

MICHIGAN USES UNMARKED CARS TO CURB OFFENDERS IN PILOT TEST FOR OTHER STATES

The use of unmarked police cars is being tested as a means to curb the increase in traffic violations and reduce the accident toll, with Michigan highways serving as proving grounds. Law enforcement agencies in many states, including New York, are scrutinizing results to determine the efficacy of such procedure.

State Police Commissioner Don Leonard of Michigan has reported that eight times as many traffic violators have been apprehended by policemen in plain vehicles than by those in the familiarly marked police cruisers.

"Our survey substantiated what has been known for a long time, that some drivers behave only when a marked patrol car is in sight or when they are aware that one is in the vicinity," he said.

Mr. Leonard's findings were supported here by T. N. Boate, manager of the public safety division of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies.

He cited statistics indicating that violators of road regulations were involved in about three out of five of the accidents. Records showed that many of these had escaped detection until they became principals in mishaps. Noting that Commissioner Leonard's plan is based primarily upon catching the reckless operators who disregard safety rules, he went on:

"Some of the illegal acts committed on the highways are deliberate and in direct defiance of the law. Use by the police of unmarked cars to detect and apprehend this type of driver should be productive of much good."

Mr. Boate emphasized the association's report of an increasing tendency to ignore posted speed limits, particularly in the absence of police patrols.

"Speeding is one of the leading accident causes and I believe that the psychological effect of not knowing just when a law enforcement agent will turn up would bring about a change for the better in the attitude of those who race along the highways without regard to the safety and rights of others," he said.

J. R. Crossley, vice president of the Automobile Club of New York, was opposed to unmarked police cars as unfair to motorists.

"Most certainly we need no Gestapo tactics on our highways when about 85 per cent of the motorists in this city never have been involved in reportable accidents or received summonses for motor violations," he said.

"There is much more gained by accident prevention than by apprehension of law violators after the damage is done. I believe that functioning of well marked, efficient police patrols on the roads can do more good than any disguise that can be adopted."

Another factor stressed by Mr. Crossley was the peril that might be incurred by activity of unidentified police units, particularly in the New York metropolitan area. He observed that if a motorist were told to draw to the side of the road at night by occupants of an unmarked car there would be good basis for belief that a hold-up was contemplated and tragic results might follow.

As an example of police protection, Mr. Crossley cited the scope of influence on a thousand cars in transit. A well marked police vehicle patrolling such volume generally would be a definite factor against irregularities, he said, and added that while ten offenders might be captured through cruising with unmarked vehicles only a few of the others would know about the arrests.

---New York Times

'PIG MEAT' WINS HIS ACQUITTAL OF DRUNKENNESS

Charlotte, N. C., Willie "Pig Meat" Alexander faced his umteenth trial for drunkenness.

He asked for a jury trial; said he would be his own lawyer.

He had a little trouble getting started with the jury.

"Your honors," he began. Then he switched to "Mister Gentlemen of the Jury."

"How many times have you been in

court and tried for some offense?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't zackly know," responded Pig Meat. "You see I been on the chain gang and ever since I come back I been in and out of jail."

"How many times have you been convicted of larceny?" persisted the prosecutor.

Pig Meat studied the question carefully. Finally he answered:

"Every time they caught me."

Hitching up his hound's tooth check zoot suit, Willie began his oration to the jury:

"Mister Gentlemen of the Jury. I'm not a bad boy. I don't drink because everytime I drink, I steal. That's the reason I quit drinking 'cause I steal when I gets drunk.

"I wasn't drunk. When I'm guilty I pleads guilty."

He bowed.

The jury took 20 minutes to acquit him.

GOOD ADVICE

Capt. Edward J. Maher, Commander, The Cambridge Police Traffic Bureau, has some sound advice which might well be shared more widely than by just the twenty recruit police officers to whom it was given.

In urging a better understanding between the traffic officer, and the public, the Captain makes courtesy a prime requisite.

His abjuration concerning the handling of traffic violations is particularly pertinent. "Remember that the matter is not a personal one--the violation is against the State and the City and not against you," was his advice to the young officers. Modern traffic conditions make the violation of safety rules a crime and rightly so. Yes, even among the thousands of motorists on the road are criminals or those who deserve to be classified as such. But this courteous traffic officer in no way serves the cause of safety by fearing to recognize that fact.

---The Boston Post

THE TROOPER

He knows not where his duty calls,
Nor where his task may be;
From morn till night, from dawn till dusk,

He works most cheerfully.

It matters not what walk of life
That we may choose to tread
The Trooper is always there to see
That all is well ahead.

It never makes a difference
How hard the showers may fall
Nor how hot the sun, how cold the winds

He's ready for our call.

He'll give you information
And if the way you do not know
He'll very politely guide you,
Or the route he'll gladly show.

There are rules we should abide by--
He'll arrest us if he must;
He always strives for fairness
His decisions are true and just.

We shouldn't criticize him,
For he's doing all he can
To keep the roads and byways
Ever safe for child and man.

As he patrols the highways
Patiently as hours go by,
Ever mindful of his duty,
May his God patrol on High.

---Eva Conder Jarvis

Wife of Trooper Leonard Jarvis
Kentucky State Police
Frankfort, Kentucky

---On Guard

Fire costs to every man, woman, and child in the United States have more than doubled over the past 8 years. The fire bill for every American was \$5.08 in 1948, compared with \$2.32 in 1940, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

STAY ON THE ROAD

In talking with the heads of different State Patrols throughout the United States we find that we all have one common problem--how can we keep our Patrolmen on the road?

Why do you Patrolmen persist in parking in filling stations, eating places, garages or in some shady spot along your assigned highway when the traffic is at its peak? Why do you Patrolmen meet another Patrol car and insist upon "shooting the breeze" from ten to thirty minutes when both cars and men should be on their roads doing the job to which they have been assigned?

Take an inventory of yourself and think of your future. Don't let your Chief down. He has worked hard to get you a liveable wage, a good car radio equipped, your clothes furnished by the state, a day off each week, fifteen working days vacation, and a good retirement plan. Most of you Patrolmen work an eight hour shift. Why not take some pride in your job and give your state an honest day's work.

S/ James H. Cole
Deputy Chief

---Reprinted from Colorado State Patrol

New Recreational Organization

Beckons Westbrook Area Youth

A new youth organization known as Sport, an abbreviation of State Police Organization for Recreation and Training is being formed by Lt. Carroll E. Shaw of Westbrook Barracks and others of the shore area.

Designed to provide entertainment and athletic opportunities for youngsters, Sport has the backing of Commissioner Edward J. Hickey. In time it may grow into a state-wide program. Lieutenant Shaw has designed an official emblem in the shape of the state seal.

Assisting Lieutenant Shaw is Albert Santi, secretary and treasurer of the S-X Sportman's Association of Essex and Ivoryton, who said his organization would sponsor a Junior Anglers Derby this spring.

Through the cooperation of the State Board of Fisheries and Game, a pond will be stocked with a variety of fresh water fish, and prizes will be awarded to youngsters "having the best luck."

Plans call for outfitting the Westbrook little league baseball team with as many uniforms as funds will allow. Anthony Gasparini, exalted ruler of Westbrook Elks, said his group would back Sport. A benefit play for the new group will be put on by Mrs. Fulton

Rindge of Essex.

It is hoped that other clubs will join with the police in providing facilities for the youngsters.

Commissioner Hickey said, "The Connecticut State Police Department has been actively engaged in youth training in several sections of the state in the interest of crime prevention and this expansion. . . in the Westbrook area is outstanding."

---Hartford Times



EMBLEM of new youth organization being formed by State Police was designed by Lt. Carroll E. Shaw of Westbrook Barracks.



Two Boy Detectives receive congratulations from J. Edgar Hoover (center), head of the Federal Bureau of investigation, in Washington. The FBI chief stands with his arms around the shoulder of James Radeck (left), 13, and James Lewis, 14, St. Paul Minn., who led police to the cave hideout of William Nesbit, escaped convict sought for three years. Hoover met the boys in his office. Nesbit was captured in St. Paul a few weeks ago.

THEY CHART THEIR OWN CAREERS

Fifty years ago, the selection of a life's work was often a haphazard affair, circumscribed by financial opportunity, parental pressure (well-meaning, but often misguided), and the relatively narrow choice of fields that then existed.

Today, young men and women in America enjoy the limitless horizons of a highly specialized age. Literally thousands of careers are open to them. But the complexities of the modern world have created a new problem for career-minded youngsters. Inevitably the question arises: "There are thousands of jobs--but which one is the right job for me?"

To help solve this problem, nearly 1,000 persons register each month at the New York University Testing and Advisement Center in New York City. Here, as at other leading vocational-

guidance centers throughout the country, the new science of aptitude testing is providing them with concrete--and often astonishing--answers to the difficulties encountered in charting a successful future.

Little understood 25 years ago, aptitude testing has made enormous strides with the establishment of centers at many universities. The science is also being widely adopted by business concerns and industrial plants to aid in the proper placement of personnel.

Combining a scientific assessment of natural abilities with a study of personality and temperament, aptitude testing has taken the guesswork out of career planning and, for thousands of "graduates" throughout the country, has opened a wide, new world.

---Coronet

RIDGEFIELD'S PROGRAM

By Off. Leon M. Merritt

It is the aim of this program in Ridgefield to bring the knowledge of the safe use of firearms to a group of youths by forming a rifle team. The members will receive instructions two nights a week, Tuesdays and Fridays.

This group numbering at this time twenty-one, ranging in ages from twelve to twenty-one, will be handled in two classes. At present we have five girls and sixteen boys. The girls will be with the younger boys and all instructed by a gun-smith, Mr. Harry Haight, of New Fairfield, who has offered his assistance as a member of the National Rifle Association, both for instructions and repairs necessary to the firearms used. Mr. Clifford Saddler, manager of the Danbury Airport, who is the father of two of the boys in the group, has, also, offered his assistance.

These youths have been under my supervision for the past year. Prior to this time there were numerous complaints in this section in the form of destruction of property, petty thefts and playing in the road, causing a very bad traffic hazard especially at night. Since this youth movement started, these complaints have ceased completely and these youngsters have changed their attitude towards the State Police. The playing in the road has also been done away with.

We started last year with almost the same group and it proved a great success in eliminating delinquency activities in this district.

Along with the activities of the rifle team, we plan to have social activities.

In the use of arms, we are limited to one Marlin, Tube Feed, .22 Caliber Repeater Rifle, and occasionally have two privately owned rifles of the same type. This is a handicap as the rifles become too hot for continued use and slows down the procedure considerably. It is impossible for some of these children to own rifles as in the case of my own two boys, we find it too great an expense to furnish both boys rifles.

One must appreciate that this group started from zero, not having any previous knowledge of shooting and within a year have become able to qualify for National Rifle Association's Marksman Rating.

We're ambitious and interested in promoting our project. Watch us grow!

YOUTH TRAINING PROGRAM

By Lieutenant Elton T. Nolan
Canaan Barracks

Although the percentage of delinquency in this territory has maintained itself at a negligible level, I have long been of the opinion that the educational effort we expend has contributed to some degree in molding our local children in a way of constructive living.

With the coming of spring weather it is quite natural that the younger element is now living in anticipation of baseball days. Through the effort of Sergeant Menser, together with a group of local businessmen, we shall be represented in "The Little League", whose membership is restricted to boys whose ages range from seven to twelve years. Although not sponsored by the police organization, the active directive participation of one of our members makes the project of prime interest to ourselves.

I intend that our educational safety program, initiated for the local elementary schools and consisting of lectures by various assigned officers, will continue to receive the wholehearted support of those to whom it is directed. Numerous congratulatory letters attest to its special value in the community.

"The Junior Police" is another of the many youth organizations in whose progress and success we are happy to share.

In addition, we have affiliated ourselves as "silent partners" with Boy Scout troops, The Junior Grange, and The Civilian Air Patrol, placing our facilities at their disposal in search procedure and first aid fundamentals.

Although not directly sponsoring any particular group, we endeavor to exert the initiative necessary for their prop-

er guidance, support, and constant progress.

STAFFORD LOOKS TO FUTURE

At Station "C" we have no planned Youth Training Program at this time. However, we do look forward to our usual youth training activities, which we plan to carry on as in the past. Each year several Scout Troops visit our barracks and are given safety talks. We also have several school classes visit us.

At the present time one officer is assisting one Scout Troop with First Aid training. The services of a second officer have been requested by another Troop.

We look forward to the Water Safety program sponsored by the Stafford Rotary Club where our officers have assisted with the program. We expect to be called on, as in the past, to assist at the Y.W.C.A. Safety program which is conducted at Camp Aya-Po, Somers.

Some interest in already being shown by our young girls in soft ball. They made an excellent showing last year under the guidance of our policewoman. If their interest develops to the point where it was last year, we will be in a position to challenge any team that is ready to play soft ball.

Our season always ends with a harvest party at the station. This is looked forward to by all as everyone has a fine time. For the past two seasons a small admission has been charged. The amount received has gone into a fund for the Stafford High School Band. This fund has enabled the band to travel throughout New England to participate in competitive playing. The band has been and still is doing excellent work.

WESTBROOK TAKES LEAD IN S.P.O.R.T. PROGRAM

By Lieutenant Carroll Shaw

It is evident that there is a great

need for a serious crime prevention effort in every part of the country. In 1949, alone, there were one and three quarter million felonies, a serious crime every 18 seconds. In an average day, 293 persons are killed or assaulted, 162 robberies committed, 1,100 places burglarized and 440 automobiles stolen. Just in New England last year, something like 20,000 persons were robbed, 20,000 assaulted and 75 murdered.

I feel that in this area (Westbrook) Juvenile Delinquency is definitely on the decline, but those committing crimes are the delinquents of a few years back before anybody gave much thought to the problem and were too busy to care. I believe that a well balanced program now will keep us ahead of the delinquency problem and pay dividends in many ways.

To teach the boys of our SPORT program that crimes are not only offenses against society at large, but also specifically a crime against the police agency having jurisdiction, would, I believe, have a most beneficial effect in preventing crime by appealing to the boy's sense of loyalty. Like every other police department promoting programs of this kind, we are severely handicapped by a shortage of funds and personnel.

I would like to start the program off in this area on a modest scale. For the time being I plan to take the Westbrook group and organize them into an independent club in the 8-12 year old class. After June 15th when school is out, we will challenge the various beach association teams from Point of Woods to East Haven.

We will place the program before thousands of people from everywhere who are spending vacations in this area. With the boys so close to us, transportation, practice supervision and other problems will be kept to a minimum.

I urge consideration of a plan for a summer camp to start off this year on a small scale and on an experimental basis. How about this summer starting off with 10 or 12 boys, maybe one from each barracks area and provide a nice 2 weeks vacation in June or July at

Menunketesuck Island in Westbrook. It is high and dry, surrounded by water, safe, with good swimming areas, fishing and boating. There is a cottage on the island that has never been used, a well with pure water, and we could borrow a stove and refrigerator.

With the cooperation of the Ivoryton postmaster, Albert Santi, a children's fish derby is also planned. He is treasurer of the S-X Sportsmen's Association and the State Fish and Game Department has offered to stock with fish for the contest, any pond or lake that we want on any date we name. We are on our way in the interests of Crime Prevention.

THIS DAY AND AGE

An elderly gentleman changes his views concerning a situation he judged incongruous.

By Cpl. W. H. Morgan

"What's all this talk about Youth and the Police?" shouted Mr. John Citizen, as he swaggered into the detachment office. "I hear it on the radio; I read it in the papers; my family talks about it at the table; my daughter, Mary, says she's going to marry a Mountie, and my son, Harry, says he's going to be one. There's something cockeyed somewhere. Why, in my day--"

The corporal in charge of the detachment leaned back in his chair, tempted to smile at the outburst; but he didn't. He listened attentively until his visitor from Littleton finished, or at least until he paused for breath, then broke in gently: "Please sit down, sir. Maybe we can straighten things out. Would you mind telling me why you object to the police helping to organize good sport and recreation for young people, and being friends with them?"

"Well," replied the caller, seating himself, "when I was a youngster we got along all right without any policeman showing us what to do. Policemen were not welcome at our house because every time they came, there was someone in

trouble. I don't think it's right to give youngsters high and mighty ideas. I got along without having a policeman tell me how to live, and--" Mr. Citizen's big fist landed heavily on the desk--"by dander, my family can do the same."

"I think," said the corporal, "I see your point. But isn't it possible that when you were a youngster, if a policeman had dropped into your house more often as a friend and explained some of the laws of the country to you, you might have avoided--trouble, as you put it?"

"Well I--" the visitor hesitated, staring blankly.

"And," continued the corporal, ignoring the interruption, "don't you think if he had been more of a friend, a friend you felt you could trust, that you and your chums, who evidently got into trouble with the law, may have avoided it?"

"That's--that's not the--," sputtered the other, but the corporal continued.

"And don't you think it's better for your children, and the other children in the community to be friendly with the police, rather than get into trouble unknowingly? I'll bet when you were a youngster you were told that if you weren't good, the police would get you. Isn't that right? You were always afraid of them?"

"Yes," came the answer slowly, "but I don't see how showing pictures, playing games and such like are going to teach youngsters the laws of our country and what's right or wrong."

The corporal tapped the desk with his fingers. "Look at it this way. You'll admit, of course, that you don't trust anyone until he has proven himself to be your friend. That's what we want--the friendship of our young people, and we find that organizing sports and sponsoring recreation is the best way to get it. Later if a youngster has a problem, he's not afraid to discuss it with us, and it is then that the boy or girl learns about our laws and how to become a better citizen.

"Another thing, policemen, as servants of the people are duty bound to do whatever they can to help promote good

citizenship. There are times when we are also bound to enforce the laws, laws you indirectly help to make, by bringing a violator before the courts. This, of course, is a necessity and brought in many cases by the individual concerned. So, if by some example or word of advice, we keep a youngster from being brought before the courts now or later in life, don't you think we have gone a long way towards making better citizens?"

There was a short silence, then Mr. Citizen spoke slowly, "Corporal, I--I'm sorry about busting in the way I did. But in a way I'm glad. I guess I'm just not up to the newer ways of living. The next time those pictures are shown at our schoolhouse, I'll be there!"

"Good," and the smile that had strained at the corporal's face a few minutes before, now beamed forth.

As Mr. Citizen left, he muttered to himself: "Let's see, Harry will be seventeen this fall. Hmm--"

---Royal Canadian Mounted Police
Quarterly

YOUTH BUREAU STATISTICAL EXHIBIT

A cordial invitation has been extended by Chief Henry P. Clark and Capt. Fred S. Esposito of the New Haven Police Department to all members of the Connecticut State Police and their friends to visit their First Annual Statistical Exhibit at the Free Public Library, 133 Elm Street, New Haven from April 19 to 29, Sunday excepted.

BUILDS ITSELF A YOUTH CENTRE

By Ruth Mansfield

In Chester, Vt., a brand-new \$7,000 building, dedicated to the youth of this small village, has become a fact with a capital outlay of \$500 in cash and more than 2500 hours of free labor to date. Residents, and there are not more than 2000 of them even with the babies counted, point with pride to the semi-finish-

ed Youth Centre where 300 boys and girls are now gathering each week for recreation and instruction. The Turrell Foundation of New Jersey was so impressed with the Chester project that it has already voted enough money to pay the salary of a full-time director for two years.

The Youth Center, located in back of the Congregational Church, is 50 by 21 feet. It has one large room with a big fireplace, a room which has been used by 1500 young people in the past three months and the numbers are increasing daily. When it is finished, the room will be pine panelled and there will be a small but complete kitchen. The exterior is still awaiting clapboards and paint, all things which will require a great many more hours of free skilled and unskilled labor.

How did this small village have the courage or energy to start such an ambitious program for its children? That is the question very much in the thoughts of the surrounding Connecticut River Valley towns and cities as they prepare to send groups from their towns to study the project.

The motto for this community enterprise - "Juvenile excellency not delinquency" speaks for itself. A list of those who contributed labor or materials or both would contain the names of practically every businessman in the village, including the Public Service Corporation which did the wiring gratis.

"I think everyone felt we needed some place for the young people to gather and some program for them," the Rev. Maurice Mahler, pastor of the Congregational Church and father of five children, declared. Most people in the village designated him as the leading spirit. He denies this. "I hold no office or position in the center, although I am greatly interested. I guess I have been and still am the errand boy and every group needs a good errand boy. Father Edwin Buckley, pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, was responsible for the recent tag day which netted us around \$200 in cash and toward our current expenses of heat and light. In addition we had donations of three loads of wood and 300 gallons of fuel oil.

THE *Customers* ALWAYS write

VOX-COP

April, 1950



CHESTER BOWLES
GOVERNOR

STATE OF CONNECTICUT
EXECUTIVE CHAMBERS
HARTFORD

March 20, 1950

Dear Ed:

I just received a letter from a Mrs. Sylvia Gordon in New York expressing her appreciation for one of our state troopers who helped her and her family out of a trying situation down near Greenwich.

Apparently, the car broke down and they were stuck with their two young children many miles from home. A trooper came along, took them to the toll house so that they could get warm, and then arranged a free ride for them into New York.

I hear a great many stories of this kind from time to time, Ed, and it always gives me a very good feeling.

As I wrote this lady, it is nice to know in a democracy that the police are there to help rather than to cart you off to a concentration camp, as in the countries east of the Iron Curtain.

With my best regards.

Sincerely,

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

POLICE DEPARTMENT

TOWN OF WINCHESTER, CONN.

WILLIAM E. MULCAHY, SUPT.

HEADQUARTERS PHONE 400

HOUSE PHONE 374

WINSTED, CONN., March 10, 1950 19

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

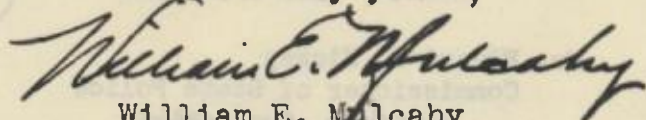
Dear Commissioner:

As Superintendent of the Winsted Police Department may I express my sincere appreciation to you and all Connecticut State Police officers who were instrumental in the apprehension of the three Plainville youths involved in the armed robbery of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bahr's milk bar at 900 Main Street, Winsted, last Tuesday evening, March 7, 1950.

The assistance of Resident State Policeman James Parrott of New Hartford, members of Station H barracks in Hartford, Station L barracks in Litchfield and Lieut. Elton Nolan and the officers at Station B barracks in Canaan aided greatly in the capture of the youths. Keen knowledge of police work and the untiring efforts on the part of your officers effected the capture of these criminals.

The Winsted Police Department will always be alert and ready to assist your department in any matters of police work.

Respectfully yours,



William E. Mulcahy
Supt. of Police
Winsted Police Department



Connecticut State Prison

Wethersfield

RALPH H. WALKER, WARDEN

March 21, 1950

Com'r Edward J. Hickey
Dept. of State Police
Hartford, Conn.

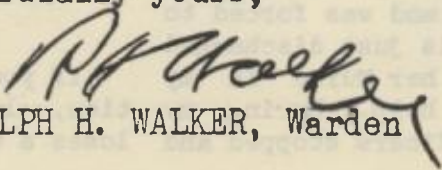
Dear Commissioner Hickey:

Last week, on March 17, we received a most complete and detailed report written by Arthur A. Hess, a member of your State Police organization, who was responsible for the apprehension of Henry G. Barnes, the inmate who escaped from the Osborn Prison Farm in a new Buick Automobile owned by one of the officers at that institution. Due to his alertness and efficiency, he saved Barnes' life by getting him out of the burning automobile, and took a chance of getting seriously injured or losing his own life.

Sergeant Edward P. Tierney who was on the teletype when this message was received, was most efficient in getting the information to Officer Hess. Because of this speed, accuracy, and cooperation, favorable results were obtained in a matter of minutes after the alarm was broadcast.

In behalf of this administration, I want to extend to you my sincere congratulations for having such a fine and efficient staff of State Policemen. Through you, may I extend to Officers Tierney and Hess my personal appreciation and congratulations for their splendid cooperation and service. Thanking you for this and all past favors, I am

Cordially yours,


RALPH H. WALKER, Warden

W/w

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

NEW BRITAIN HERALD
THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

March 13, 1950

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

This is a letter of appreciation for the courteous and efficient service State Policeman Ralph Waterman gave me and my two companions during a flat tire episode on Route 5 in Hartford last night.

One of the front tires on my automobile blew out on a desolate portion of the highway, about two miles south of the Charter Oak Bridge.

My predicament was both precarious and embarrassing -- I had neither a flashlight nor a lug wrench.

After a few minutes of exasperation on my part, Officer Waterman drove up. When the situation was explained, he promptly lighted some flares, handed us his flashlight and let us use the lug wrench in his cruiser. It proved to be too big so he drove one of the members in my party to a gasoline station several miles away where we borrowed a wrench.

Upon returning, he directed traffic with a flare while the tire was changed in the glare of his flashlight.

It certainly makes one feel grateful to the State Police upon encountering as considerate and cooperative an officer as Waterman.

Thanks for having such an obliging chap on your staff.

Appreciatively yours,

Richard D. Covini

Kennebunk, Maine

Dear Sir:

Last night I had a flat tire on the Parkway North of Town and was forced to leave my wife, who is just discharged from the hospital, and her Nurse in my car while I went for help. During my absence one of your officers stopped and

offered his assistance, even looking for me.

The officer was round faced, light to red haired patrolman. My reason for writing is to thank you for a very courteous approach when I needed it badly.

I do the majority of police accident work in my area and am consequently interested in your work.

Please let me commend you and one of the most willing officers I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Very sincerely,

Dr. John Schatzman

P.S. For his reference - I have a '49 Cadillac Conv.

Brooklyn 15, N. Y.
March 9th, 1950

Dear Sir:

May I express my great appreciation of the service extended to me, and the courtesy shown, on March 2nd while I was using the Wilbur Cross Highway near North Haven.

My motor stalled and I was marooned far from what I thought was help. However, your Officer Kovac came along and got me out of my difficulty very quickly. He was not only helpful but extremely courteous and pleasant. He got me help of the AAA and I was on my way in half an hour.

I particularly appreciated the help because it was very cold and windy and getting dark rapidly.

It affords me pleasure and satisfaction to express this appreciation.

Very respectfully yours,

Walter H. Schmitt, M. D.

If you do not believe in cooperation, look what happens to a wagon that loses a wheel.

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY!

Conrad Flake, Boston, Mass., writes CSP a complimentary letter expressing his appreciation for a minor service rendered to him while enroute along the Merritt Parkway to New York City. His car had a motor failure and hardly had he stopped and stepped out to look under the hood when a state policeman arrived. A hasty examination disclosed a major breakdown.

State Policeman "Steve" Howell proceeded with his radio to communicate with the station and the nearest garage. The disabled car was quickly removed to a garage and there a mechanic undertook to render excellent service. Events happened so quickly and unexpectedly that Mr. Flake failed to express his thanks to "First Aiders".

When he reached home, the man, 12 hours after his arrival, took occasion to write a letter relating his experience. "Frankly," he states, "I thought I was in trouble when the policeman arrived, but I soon found out my troubles were over."

- - - -

Joseph T. Marino, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes CSP:

"This is a rather unusual thing for anyone to do--write a letter of protest after having been given a summons for a violation to which there is no denial."

The Brooklynite, on Washington's Birthday, drove up the Merritt Parkway as far as Norwalk to Route #7 and not observing anyone around, he passed through a stop sign and continued on his way. Several miles up the road he was surprised when stopped by a state policeman and informed about his violation. Next, he was taken to the local police station and posted a bond of \$15.00. A day or two later he forfeited the bond and then filed his written protest.

HEAR YE: "Motorists all over the country are taxed enough. We certainly have our faults but they should be overlooked when it comes to passing stop

signs. There ought to be a set fine for this particular violation and the penalties not left to the whims of a particular judge. Anyone knows it is a quick way to get money away from out-of-towners. How about it, can't an exception be made that in violations such as mine wherein the arresting officer charges my passing a stop sign at 20 miles an hour, he should let me go or have me pay a fine then and there--2 bucks ought to do."

THE NORWICH YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
Norwich, Conn.

March 24, 1950

Dear Lt. MacKenzie:

Please accept our sincere appreciation for your splendid presentation to our Driver Education Course Students. I have had many favorable comments from those present and I am always well pleased when members of the class say "Well, I certainly learned something to-night."

We of the committee do feel that such an interesting and instructive lecture as you gave surely should contribute to the safety and enjoyment of our community and state.

Cordially yours,

Jack Sinnett,
Adult Program Director

Westerly, Rhode Island
March 16, 1950

Dear Sir:

Tuesday night about mid-night I was stopped on Route 84 in the town of Groton while driving a 1947 Mercury Station Wagon, R. I., registration F2552, by Officer Edward O'Connor #260 who I am sure was operating out of the Groton Barracks of the Connecticut State

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

Police.

I would like to take this opportunity to commend Officer O'Connor in the extremely polite and gentlemanly way in which he acted in talking with me. His attitude and bearing was certainly a credit to the Connecticut State Police.

I have met a lot of officers from time to time but never have met one that impressed me quite as much as Officer O'Connor.

Enclosed is the warning ticket he gave me. I found I had a loose wire on my tail light and had our mechanic correct the difficulty yesterday morning.

Very truly yours,

John F. Sullivan

Leicester, Mass.
March 14, 1950

Dear Sir:

I'm sending, as requested, my notice of defective equipment which I've repaired.

I wish to congratulate you on your selection of men for state police. The particular officer I'm referring to is Officer L. McIntosh. He was kind, courteous, friendly and pleasant when he stopped me. I felt as if I really was being given a warning instead of a call down. I only hope that you can ascertain my deep respect for Connecticut and will always look with favor on your fair state.

I thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Peveril F. Peake

BEFRIENDED BY STATE POLICE

To the Editor of The Times:

Returning from Massachusetts on a recent night about 6 p. m., I had the misfortune of having a blow-out halfway up a long incline on Route 15. At the

spot where I had to change this tire, I parked as far to the right as possible (still a very hazardous place to change a tire).

Before I had an opportunity to get my car jacked up, along came one of our Connecticut State Police from the Stafford Springs barracks.

He did everything possible to help me change this tire, even to the extent of going down the road to borrow a jack for me as it was almost impossible to jack my car up in the position it was in with one jack.

He even saw to it that the rest of my family was kept warm in his car with engine running during the changing of the tire.

I have always felt that the Connecticut State Policemen are among the best in the world and I am hoping that AL Capp will take note of this.

A. E. St. Pierre
East Hartford.

Waterbury, Conn.
March 27, 1950

Dear Sir:

I am writing you in regard to Trooper Calkins who was kind enough to bring my attention to a defective tail light on my car.

It is my opinion that Trooper Calkins is a courteous gentlemen and not only a credit to himself but to the Connecticut State Police.

Sincerely,

Francis J. Brice, Jr.

Asked to enter a plea in Waterville, Maine Municipal Court recently to a charge of passing an automobile on a hill, William L. King of Oakland said simply:

"If I weren't guilty I wouldn't be here."

Judge Arthur Cratty fined King \$10 and costs, the minimum under the law.



the Spotlight

VOX-COP

April, 1950

HOLDUP AT 9 A.M., CAPTURE AT 9:26



Off. William D. Conlon

A youth wanted for armed robbery of a Higganum service station was apprehended March 14 just 26 minutes after the victim telephoned the information to the Westbrook barracks.

John Stefanitis, who operates a service station on Route 81, Higganum, called the barracks at 9 p.m. to report that a youth drove into his place of business and requested a dollar's worth of gas. While Mr. Stefanitis was putting in the gas, the youth went into the rest room, came out and then entered the station office. Stefanitis followed him and the bandit shoved a gun into his ribs, demanded his wallet, which contained \$15 and drove away.

Stefanitis called the barracks immediately. He said the young man displayed a large calibre gun, was of light complexion and drove an old brown coupe. Radio alarms were sent out by the barracks following receipt of this informa-

tion and road blocks were established on the bridges at East Haddam, Old Saybrook, Middletown and on all main roads in the area.

Supervisor Arthur VanderLaehn was alerted by the barracks and passed the word on to attendants on duty. A few minutes after receiving the holdup information, a call was received from Old Saybrook that a 1932 Buick coupe, green with brown top was stolen from that town. The registration was listed as Connecticut 4-I-153.

The additional information regarding the stolen car was relayed to all agencies on the lookout for the holdup suspect, and shortly, Guard Tom Marcella, on the Baldwin Bridge saw a car answering the broadcast description approaching the bridge from the Route 80 ramp. He stepped into his own car and started to turn around to check the registration plate at the same time Officer William Conlon, assigned to the Westbrook barracks, going East on Route 1 recognized the plate number as the wanted car.

Officer Conlon turned quickly and pursued the car West on Route 1, finally overtaking it and apprehending the operator near the Saybrook laundry. A thorough search of the suspect revealed a P38 automatic pistol in the left boot of the man who gave the name of Freddie Lee Kenner, 19, of Fresno, California.

Kenner, who although discharged from the U.S. Navy still wore the uniform of that service under his trench coat, admitted the holdup at Higganum and theft of the car at Old Saybrook after breaking into a garage there. The money taken from Stefanitis was recovered.

Kenner is charged with armed robbery, breaking and entering, and theft of a motor vehicle and is awaiting trial.

WOMAN STATE COP LIKES HER WORK

Miss Theresa Petrini of Westport Barracks
Accepted as One of The Boys

"My father nearly threw me out of the house when I told him I was going to be a cop."

Theresa Petrini, the distaff side of Connecticut's largest State Police barracks in Westport, smiled as she recounted how a girl trained as a school teacher became one of the first police-women in the Nutmeg State's elite law enforcement body.

Dressed in a tailored grey suit, white blouse, pearl necklace, and pearl earrings, the brown-eyed policewoman gives the impression of belonging more to the world of smartly costumed career women than to crime investigation.

A Bridgeport girl by birth, Miss Petrini became interested in police work while teaching school in the Yellow Mill district of the Park City. "I can't tell you definitely how I became a police officer," she said, "teaching didn't give me the satisfaction I sought, and in the Yellow Mill area, there was so much juvenile delinquency that I found myself being more of a truant officer than a teacher."

The dark-haired Miss Petrini began her crime-chasing career with the Bridgeport police, but she found a woman's status there was less than a man's so in the mid-40's when the state offered examinations for policewomen, she applied and got the highest marks in the class.

Silvio Petrini, her father, who waved a baton before the Marine Band in Bridgeport for many years, tried to wave his daughter's interests away from police work. But to no avail.

Most of her girl friends -- and boy friends -- look on Officer Petrini with something akin to awe. Whenever she's introduced to a friend they always say: "This is Miss Petrini--she's a cop." After the initial shock and some clearing of throats, her new friends soon are asking her opinions on crimes ranging from Communist infiltration to the mores

of Post Road Annie.

Most of the young police officers's work concerns women who step outside the law. Alcoholics are her toughest problem. They are generally tougher to handle than the male counterpart. Checking on women, various strays and waifs are all commonplace work for Miss Petrini.

To cope with the criminal Officer Petrini took the regular State Police course which includes judo, handling small arms, study of statutory law and a thorough training in the myriad administrative and paper work duties which are today so much a part of a policeman's job.

Being non-uniformed, the feminine traits are not strait-jacketed as they are with men. Aside from her gun and handcuffs, her bag contains the usual female accouterments such as lipstick, powder puff, cigarettes, and the usual potpourri of gadgets that women for some mysterious reason laden themselves with.

To the booted and uniformed stalwarts of the Westport Barracks, Miss Petrini is "just one of the boys." And they are happy she's around, for one thing a state trooper hates to do is get mixed up with women. So its Theresa this and Theresa that, and Theresa you're on call, and whenever a woman enters the picture Petrini carries the ball.

This is no job for any girl who wants regular hours. Officer Petrini reaches the barracks at 9 A. M. six days a week, and she goes home when her duties are completed. And once at home she can be called out at any hour on a case. Once on a case she stays with it until it is closed. One night she had tickets to attend a play in Bridgeport; arriving at the box office a message greeted her that she was wanted at Ridgefield Barracks, which is part of her beat. She drove out to Ridgefield, got the facts, fulfilled her duty, and drove back to her Bridgeport play in time for the

CALLING ALL CARS



State Police Officer Theresa Petrini in police car gets some last minute instructions over the police two-way phone system before going out on a case from the Westport State Police Barracks where she is stationed.
---Norwalk Hour Photo, Bart Fay

third act. A policewoman's lot may not be a happy one, but it is never dull.

Of the 10 policewomen on the State Police force, only three are unmarried. And the ones in double-harness are not married to State Policemen either.

Requisites for police work are definite only to a degree. A girl has to be at least 25 years of age, five-feet, five inches in height, with weight in proportion, and have an educational background of teaching, nursing, social service or work in a similar vian. These are the state requisites, more important Miss Petrini believes, are the intangible qualities of understanding, sympathy and an ability to discern the truth from the false and coolheadedness under strain. Each crime, each person involved in a crime has personality quirks which can be understood only in the specific and not in general, she said.

Miss Petrini believes that for the most part the criminal is a sick person, and she admits that a lot of the cases reach her heart, and can bring forth most unpolicewomanly tears.



Officer Theresa Petrini, policewoman at the Westport State Police Barracks, has some of her administrative work checked by Lt. William Gruber, assistant in command at the Barracks.

---Norwalk Hour Photo, Bart Fay

BANDITS WHO TERRORIZED COUNTY

FINALLY CAUGHT IN POLICE NET

Two 18-year-old youths were arraigned in Hartford Police Court recently as the masked holdup pair who terrorized Hartford County merchants for more than two weeks.

They are Harold R. Monroe and Neil W. McGinnis, both of Hartford, who are held responsible for the wave of armed robberies reported from various sections of the county as well as eight car thefts in Hartford. The termination of their activities also meant the end of the extra hours of work on the case by many State Police and Hartford investigators, with State Policemen James McCormick and Henry Marikle bearing the brunt of the extra effort by our boys and Det. Sgt. Matthew J. Durkin and Det. Michael Tosca spearheading the efforts of Hartford Police.

A third youth, also 18, who joined Monroe and McGinnis in the holdup of an East Granby soda shop and an unsuccessful attempt at a Tariffville package store, was also arraigned. He is John P. Fisk of 172 Wethersfield Avenue.

The cases of all three await trial at the next term of Superior Court.

The trail of crime came to an unexpected end, as far as the three youths were concerned, when the three were arrested early the morning of March 5 as they sat drinking coffee in an all-night restaurant. Officer McCormick and Det. Durkin made the arrest.

Taken to Hartford police headquarters for questioning, they first denied and then later admitted their participation in the holdups. A search of Monroe's room disclosed a .38 calibre P38 automatic, two toy pistols, three handkerchiefs, a large amount of currency in bills and a considerable quantity of silver. Other articles of stolen property including a wrist watch were also found there.

Monroe and McGinnis followed almost a set pattern in their forays. They began by stealing a car, completed the holdup, abandoned the car, then returned to Monroe's room to divide the loot and

leave the gun, handkerchiefs and gloves. Then the pair would go to the restaurant for coffee and to read about their exploits in the morning paper.

Although both Monroe and McGinnis had been under the supervision of juvenile authorities in the past, their latest escapades began Feb. 14.

It was on this date that the pair ransacked a car on Main and Talcott Streets in Hartford, taking a pistol which belonged to Leo Schindler of New Britain. Schindler claimed that 50 rounds of ammunition were also stolen but Monroe and McGinnis deny this, claiming that all the holdups were committed with an empty gun.

The activities of the pair, including one holdup in which John P. Fisk is accused of being involved, are as follows:

Feb. 15--Stole a 1936 business coupe in Hartford. Drove to Glastonbury where they held up a package store taking \$67. Abandoned the car in Manchester and returned to Hartford by bus.

Feb. 17--Stole a 1949 sport coupe in Hartford. Entered a restaurant and took \$80 in cash and a \$110 check from one of the patrons. Abandoned the car on Sigourney St. and walked back to Monroe's room.

Feb. 19--Took a 1947 coupe in Hartford. Drove to Plainville and on the return trip held up the Coffee Pot in Farmington, taking \$20 from the cash register and \$5 from one of the customers. Abandoned the car in West Hartford and took a bus back to Hartford.

Feb. 20--Stole a 1949 sedan in Hartford. Drove to Cromwell and held up a restaurant, taking \$55. Abandoned the car in Hartford.

Feb. 23--Stole a 1941 sedan in Hartford. Held up a restaurant in Agawam, Mass., taking \$182 from seven patrons. Abandoned the car in Hartford.

Feb. 25--McGinnis, operating alone, stole a car in Hartford. He drove to a restaurant in Manchester, held up the place, taking \$189 and later left the car in East Hartford.

Feb. 26--Monroe and McGinnis together stole a 1940 sedan in Hartford. Drove to Unionville and held up the Snack Bar on Plainville Ave., taking \$61. Left the car on Chatham St. and took a bus to Hartford.

Mar. 4--Monroe and McGinnis, together with Fisk, stole a car in Hartford and drove to a package store in Tariffville. The trio was scared off when the proprietor yelled for help.

Proceeded to a soda shop in East Granby where they took \$70 from the women proprietor. They abandoned the car in Windsor and hitch-hiked to Hartford where they hailed a passing taxi cab and rode back to Monroe's room.

The arrest of the trio, known as the handkerchief bandits, fortunately cleared another man charged with one of their crimes.

He is Frank Congelosi, 21, Hartford, who was connected with the Stanley Restaurant robbery by three witnesses who picked him out of an 11-man Hartford po-

lice lineup. It was a case of mistaken identity discovered when Monroe and McGinnis were arrested.

When Congelosi was presented in Hartford police court for a crime in which he had no part, Monroe and McGinnis, ironically, were also there awaiting trial on a breach of the peace charge because of a minor disturbance they were accused of creating the night before at the railroad station.

The case ended happily for all concerned except the three now held. The finger of suspicion was lifted from Congelosi and the strain was lifted from State and Hartford police during the period they participated in the all out hunt for the bandits.

Merchants in the Hartford county area are breathing freely again as they go about their business these nights.

Congratulations to all the policemen local and state too numerous to list who worked tirelessly to bring about a successful conclusion to this case.

M. V. INVESTIGATION BY OFFICER RILEY COMMENDABLE

A commendable investigation in motor vehicle work deserves mention in our Spotlight section this month. The work was well done and the reports clear and explicit. Vox-Cop takes this opportunity to quote from the reports of Officer Joseph Riley, Hartford Barracks, who does most of his talking on paper.

"12:15 AM to 3:30 AM March 12, 1950

"At this time I was assigned to investigate the complaint of Samuel Lavery of 62 Jessamine Street, West Hartford, who complained that his daughter, Frances, was involved in an accident in Farmington in which the other car failed to stop.

"At the Lavery home I talked to the operator of Car #1 who stated that she had been traveling east on Batterson Park Road, and as she was crossing a small bridge her car was struck by an oncoming car. She states this car, which she definitely identifies as a black Kaiser, continued on after striking her.

"The damages on Car #1 were not ser-

ious. I found black paint on this car, which is a red Chevrolet, and also found a piece of chrome molding was missing from the left front fender.

"I then went to the scene of the accident which is on a little used road. There was a layer of snow about an inch deep in the road. I found a very distinct set of tire marks leading up to the bridge and in crossing it could be seen where a car had struck the wooden bridge railing. These tracks were evidently made by Car #2. At just about the center of the bridge I found the piece of molding which was missing from Car #1 and a chrome button such as covers the head of a bumper bolt. The chrome button could possibly be from Car #2. I made a sketch of the tire marks at the scene so I could later learn the brand of the tire."

The next day, March 13, Officer Riley was scheduled for a regular day leave. He took the day off and spent his time hob-bobbing with service station operators and tire shop owners in New



Off. Joseph R. Riley

Britain talking about snow tread tires and illustrating his talk with a pencil sketch. His report for March 14, follows:

"9:15 AM to 9:30 PM, March 14"

"Continuing investigation of this case I called at various tire shops and gas stations to find out the brand of tire that left the tracks believed to belong to Car #2, the hit and run vehicle. I finally found the tire I wanted in a Socony Gas Station in New Britain. The tire has a snow tread and is made for the Socony Company, being known as a Mobile tire."

"I concentrated my search in New Britain because I believed the car I was looking for came from this town as it was headed in that direction at the time of the accident and the road is apt to be used only by someone who knows the area."

"I went to the New Britain PD and obtained the aid of Det. McGarity to assist in checking body repair shops and if that did not work to check Socony gas stations to see if any of them had sold a pair of Mobile snow tread tires to a black Kaiser owner."

"We started checking the body repair shops and finally found a black Kaiser sedan bearing Conn. Reg. PS-613. Examining the car we found the left side had been scraped and red paint was vis-

ible there. The right side was scraped and dented and white paint adhered where it had evidently struck the guard rail on the bridge which has a wooden rail painted white. The left end of the rear bumper was pulled out and the decorative button covering the head of the bumper bolt was missing. The button I had found at the scene matched and fitted this bolt. The car was fitted with two Mobile snow tread tires on the rear wheels."

"The proprietor of the body shop stated the car had been brought in the previous night to be repaired and at this time was waiting for the car to be inspected by an insurance adjuster before starting work."

"A check with the M.V.D. showed the car belonged to one Louis Ciccotti of 144 Daly Avenue, New Britain. Upon learning he was employed at the Stanley Works in New Britain, we called at the factory and talked with Mr. Ciccotti. We questioned him about the damages to his car and he stated he had been struck by another car in Avon and that the other car failed to stop and that this had occurred March 12 in the evening. When I questioned his presence on Batterson Park Road the evening of 3-11-50 he denied he had been there saying he had been at a card game at a club in New Britain and did not at any time travel over that road. I advised this man to go back to work and told him I would see him later."

"We took custody of Mr. Ciccotti's car and with the assistance of Det. McGarity took it to the Hartford barracks to be held as evidence."

"I then went to Farmington court officials and obtained a warrant charging Evading Responsibility."

A plea of nolo contendere to a violation of rules of the road charge was accepted by the court.

Officer A. H. Pethick assisted Officer Riley at the Hartford station in taking photographs of the two cars involved in the case and in taking paint scrapings from each to be analyzed spectroscopically. When analyzed it was found the red paint smudged on the Kaiser was the same as that on Car #1 and the white paint was the same as that found on the bridge railing."

ESCAPED CONVICT CAPTURED BY ALERT TROOPER

EVEN ON DAYS OFF THEY GET THEIR MAN



Off. Arthur A. Hess

Patrolmen were alerted, roadblocks were thrown around this area and inter-communication systems buzzed with directional reports Monday night, March 6, as State Police spread a dragnet for an escaped convict from Georgia driving a stolen car on Route 44 in Pomfret.

About 10:30 p.m. a radio call came into Station D from State Officer Arthur Hess, a Stafford Springs trooper on a day off. He reported having spotted a stolen car in Pomfret with its occupant known to be Henry G. Barnes, 55, of Augusta, Georgia, an escaped convict of less than two hours from the Osborne prison farm in Enfield where he was serving a 15--20 year burglary sentence for breaking, entering and theft of a car from the late Grace Moore's Fairfield County estate in 1945. The car he was driving was a 1950 Buick sedan belonging to a prison guard.

As soon as the report was received along with the information that Officer Hess had signaled the convict to stop only to have him speed up, Sgt. Robert M. Herr and Dispatcher Millicent Maloney assigned Officer Marcus Johnson to block Route 101 in Dayville and directed

Officer Joseph Hart to block off Route 101 at the Route 93 intersection on the Brooklyn-Pomfret road. Putnam city police formed a road block at the entrance to Putnam off Route 44 and Rhode Island state police at Scituate were advised to prepare for a secondary blockade.

Officer Hess notified the station at 10:38 that the convict was traveling at an excessive rate of speed, stating "the way he's driving, he's going to upset."

Two minutes later, the officer reported that the car had overturned on Route 44 near the Wolf Den road and burst into flame. Barnes, unconscious from the accident, was caught in the twisted windshield frame, but Officer Hess, fighting the flames, rescued him. The prisoner was treated by Dr. B. R. Valentine of Abington at the scene and later examined by Dr. Franklin Jones at the barracks. The victim received lacerations of the face and possible head injuries and was scheduled to be taken to the prison hospital.



This is NOT a new model Rocket car, but the remains of a 1950 Buick Sedan after it was wrecked by an escaped convict who had stolen it from a prison guard and tried to get away from State Police officer Arthur Hess. How the driver escaped alive is a mystery.

Officer Hess reported that the car apparently hit the shoulder of the high-

way before it rolled over at least twice and burst into flames before it came to a stop in the middle of the road.

Barnes told officers that he had planned to make Boston.

The local barracks received a telephone call shortly before midnight from Commissioner Edward J. Hickey, congratulating and complimenting Officer Hess for "using common sense, good judgment and immediately contacting the station advising progress of travel and calling for assistance."

Commissioner Hickey stated that the accident was regrettable but that Officer Hess was following departmental in-

struction not to take any chances in pursuing high speed vehicles, for safety's sake. He also pointed out that Officer Hess risked his own life in saving that of the driver. "He displayed courage and deserves commendation."

George A. Cummings and James J. Mc-Ilduff, parole agents for the Connecticut State Prison took Barnes into custody at 1 a.m. Tuesday to take him to the prison hospital in Wethersfield.

Officer Arthur Hess is a resident of Eastford, Connecticut and was appointed to the force from the last class graduated from the state police school.

INTRODUCING



Dispatcher Millicent Maloney

Everybody loves a State Trooper (except when caught traveling too fast or breaking the law in some other way).

Everybody knows what a wonderful bunch of fellows they are (especially the Connecticut boys).

Few people realize that we also have some State Policewomen (some very cute ones) and they are a great addition to the force.

Hardly anyone knows that at the various stations there are so-called "Dispatchers" who handle telephones and teletypes and form an essential link be-

tween the officers out on duty and their stations, through the medium of a two-way communication system.

There are both male and female of the latter species and to prove that we are living in an age when women need no longer take a back seat, we are proud to introduce to the reading public a little girl from Putnam, who is one of the dispatchers at Station D in Danielson.

She is the one, who in the accompanying article acted like a "Field Marshal" upon receipt of a radio telephone communication from Officer Hess and sent out instructions to all other officers on patrol to form road blocks at essential points so that the car thief could not possibly escape.

Her name is Millicent Maloney, but she is better known as "Millie" and is good looking to boot (the picture does not do her justice). At the special request of Lieutenant Albert Rivers we cannot disclose the hours that "Millie" is on duty because the influx of eligible bachelors might interfere with her police duties, but the chances are that if at any time you have occasion to call the barracks and you hear a sweet voice answer -- it will be "Millie".

Orchids to our cute little State Police Dispatcher who uses her head for other purposes than just to grow that gorgeous red hair.

---Windham County Transcript

"MILLIE"

"The pen became a clarion"
 Longfellow
 A wise and understanding heart has
 he,
 Police Commissioner Edward J.
 Hickey
 No sooner did his eyes behold
 The story that last week was told
 In Windham County's oldest press
 The Transcript, regarding Officer
 Hess
 And the Barnes Case, then he quick-
 ly noted
 That in addition, a girl was quoted
 Being justly proud of his manly
 crew
 From top ranking chiefs to rookies,
 new,
 He swiftly came to the realization
 There are females in the organiza-
 tion,
 Who form a very essential link
 In landing miscreants in "the clink".
 And one, apparently, was no
 "phoney",
 A dispatcher by the name Maloney.
 Reading the tribute paid her in last
 week's edition,
 He decided she deserved special

recognition.
 For "Prompt and Efficient perform-
 ance of duty"
 He set one extra day leave for this
 little "cutie".
 Last Friday, via teletype, the news
 was released,
 And Dispatcher Maloney was very
 much pleased.
 Said the Commissioner in his wired
 citation,
 "Though belated, I want to add my
 compliments and appreciation"
 The text of the teletype message
 reads:
 To State Police Danielson, attention
 Lieut. Rivers; To State Police, Col-
 chester, copy Captain Lavin; To State
 Police Hartford, copy Major Carroll:
 "I note the compliment paid Miss
 Maloney in the Windham County trans-
 cript March 9 in assisting Officer Hess
 in the Barnes case. Though belated I
 want to add my compliments and appre-
 ciation of Miss Maloney's services.
 She too deserves special recognition for
 prompt and efficient performance of du-
 ties. Suggest extra day leave with
 choice of date."
 Edward J. Hickey,
 Commissioner State Police
 ---Windham County Transcript

TWO OFFICERS AND DISPATCHER
 CITED BY BOARD OF AWARDS

Officer Arthur Hess was awarded the Departmental Citation for Bravery during a meeting of the Board of Awards at Headquarters during the latter part of March. Officer William Conlon and Dispatcher Millicent Maloney, were given Honorable Mention.

Descriptions of the commendable service on the part of the officers and the feminine civilian dispatcher which led to the citations by the Board, appear in this issue.

M Mr. Arthur Hess ✓ Name H. S. Barnes No. 15407
 No. State Police Barracks Street Address Box 145
 Town Stafford Springs Wetherfield 9, Conn.
 County State Conn. INSORED
 WRITE ONLY ON RULED LINES
 CONFINE YOURSELF TO FAMILY & BUSINESS MATTERS
 NO LETTERS MAILED TO GENERAL DELIVERY IN LARGE CITIES
April 3, 1950

My dear Mr. Hess:

A few lines to thank you again for your kind assistance in rescuing me from that flaming car, and to assure you that I bear no malice whatsoever toward you, although I do wish you hadn't been there in the first place.

I am recovering very rapidly from the injuries I received, which were all minor excepting my right hand, which was rather badly burned.

If, at any time you are in this vicinity and can spare the time I would be more than glad to have you drop in.

Thanking you again and wishing you all the good things in life, I am,

Sincerely yours,
 H. S. Barnes

STYLES IN CRIME

VOX-COP

April, 1950

FOUR ALL PACKED FOR MIAMI SEIZED AFTER MAYBROOK, NEW YORK HOLDUP ATTEMPT FAILS

Four Brooklyn hoodlums, foiled by tear gas from robbing the Maybrook (N.Y.) National Bank on Thursday, March 2, are now in jail, their plans to head for Miami temporarily laid aside.

Two were picked up twenty minutes after the attempted 10:30 A.M. robbery when they went sprawling off a motorcycle while trying to get around a state police auto blockade on Route #208, Monroe, 15 miles south of Maybrook. The other two found cocked revolvers in the hands of Detectives leveled at them at 11:55 Thursday night when they returned to the apartment of a girl in Brooklyn.

It was there that the plot was hatched. In the East New York flat along with Miss Sheila Katz, 22, were six suitcases bulging with wearing apparel suitable for Florida temperatures. Miss Katz, later released at the direction of the District Attorney proved to be a key in the solution of this crime. The bandits had met and conspired in her apartment.

As they were proceeding to Maybrook, they passed through Washingtonville, five miles south of the bank. There, Russell Halleck, the village's one-man police force, spotted the outfit. As they looked suspicious, he stopped them, took the driver's name and made a note of the auto registration which showed Miss Katz's address.

He notified the New York State Police after he heard of the attempted robbery and they immediately called Brooklyn detectives. The Brooklyn detectives were on the way to Miss Katz's home when the news of the crime flashed across the countryside.

In the apartment with Miss Katz two of the plotters were found, one who identified himself as Thomas Stokes, age 20, Brooklyn an unemployed burglar-alarm installer. The other, William Teller, age 21, a former Maybrook pants presser

proved to be the "finger man" in the job.

Their two partners, Frank Malfatone, 21, Brooklyn and Paul Defiore, 20, Brooklyn fell off a motorcycle when they tried to get around a roadblock set up by the state police. They skidded on the ice and went flying off their machine landing unhurt not far from a revolver and two foreign automatics which popped out of the cycle saddle bag.

Teller, the former Maybrook resident, suggested the bank would be a soft touch and the job was scheduled for February 23, but icy roads caused a delay as a motorcycle was to be used. (Where did they get that idea - using a motorcycle? Your guess is as good as mine!) On February 23, the four journeyed to Newburgh where they parked the motorcycle in a motorcycle shop fourteen miles east of Maybrook.

Thursday morning, the quartet drove a Chevrolet from Brooklyn to Newburgh where they stole a Chrysler and picked up the cycle. They parked their own car and cycle near the New Haven Railroad freight marshaling yard, about a mile from the bank, driving to it in the Chrysler. The primary object was a thirty thousand dollar payroll for marshaling yard employees who were to be paid that day.

The four walked into the bank armed, dressed in overalls and with masks on the lower part of their faces. (Throughout East all holdup men are now wearing masks-ala Brink.) Two of the robbers approached Charles A. Crist, 58, cashier, who was behind a bullet proof glass partition.

Instead of handing over the money, Mr. Crist shouted, "Go to Hell," and pressed a button sending off tear gas. The startled thugs fired two shots before fleeing. They drove back to the

marshaling yard where they dumped their overalls and masks. Malfatone and Defiore, with the former driver hopped aboard the motorcycle. The other two got in the Chevrolet.

Ten minutes later the cycle was seen speeding south on Route #208 by Lieutenant H. J. Anderson, New York State Police. Anderson, driving north in a patrol car, radioed the state police in Monroe who blocked the road. Nice Team Work Boys.

TWO THEFTS TRUE TO FORM

Valley Stream, Long Island Police Department last month received a complaint that someone had broken into a show window of the Jean Man Corset Shop, reached in and stole a female form wearing a size 26 flesh-colored girdle. Lucky Gals!

WHO SAID "BEWARE OF GIFTS"

Terry Smith, a Manhattan taxicab driver picked up three fares recently in midtown Manhattan who asked to be taken to the Bronx. On the way up the trio entertained Terry with Irish songs and stories and while the cabby was laughing at one of their jokes, one of the lads struck him over the head with a broken beer bottle to make him pay for the entertainment with twenty dollars and a ring valued at thirty dollars.

Patrol officers called to the scene quickly captured the two as they fled and the third was later found. They were identified as John Boyle, age 20; Raymond Murphy, age 16; and William Hemer, age 19. "They had such sweet tenor voices," said victim, Smith.

Now that Rita and Ingrid have had their babies, with terrific publicity, what else can we do to further juvenile delinquency.

---Mary in William H. Stuart's "Heard & Seen."

IT HAPPENS EVERYWHERE

MOTORISTS LOSE CASH AND CARS TO HITCHHIKERS

Officer Kenneth Atheridge of the Springfield station of the Illinois State Police received a call about 7:30 a.m. on January 7 stating that two men had rolled their car over in a road in Pana, had crawled out and walked away, leaving the motor running. The caller said he had shut off the motor, but he believed something should be done.

Officer Atheridge went to Pana and found the car and the man who had telephoned him. The latter gave him a good description of the two who had crawled out of the wreck. A check-up showed that the car had been stolen in Rapatee.

Within an hour the officer picked up the two fugitives on a Pana street. They described themselves as George Spiker, 22, and Richard Malott, brothers-in-law of Bushnell. They admitted that while hitchhiking on January 3 near Macomb they had, at gun point, taken a car away from a man who gave them a lift. They also took his money.

Three days later they got a pick-up from a woman motorist near Bushnell. They held her up for her money and car and started for Florida. They wrecked the car in Pana. Spiker admitted having served time for car thefts in Oklahoma.

---Illinois Policeman Police Journal

Tired of parking violators, a New Brunswick, N. J., man posted this sign on his garage doors fronting on the street.

PARK HERE

Pay \$7.50 at Police Station.

Policeman (to man at 4 a.m. wearing a barrel): What's the idea? You a poker player?

Man: No, but I spent the night with some guys who are.

---Carolina Cooperator

RESOLED SHOES LEAD TO ARREST OF POSTMAN AS TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR THIEF

A Brooklyn letter carrier has been arrested for mail thefts involving at least ten thousand dollars, most of which he spent on gifts for an impressive number of young women living in various parts of the country. Post Office Inspectors report that he was captured because he twice had a pair of shoes resoled at a shoe repair department of a Brooklyn Department Store and because he once complained to the store about its method of handling personal checks.

Ralph J. Cafiero, 34, Brooklyn, a mail carrier lived with his mother and father and two elderly aunts - he's unmarried - and was greatly disturbed because his arrest prevented his being at home by eleven o'clock every night. Ralph said his parents were very strict and always insisted on knowing his whereabouts. Despite this restraint, he was busily engaged in robbing the mails.

His method of operation was to get to the post office early, while the mail was being sorted, and spot letters containing Social Security checks, Christmas Club payments, G. I. benefit checks and insurance payments and Government pay checks. He also kept an eye out for envelopes in which department stores mailed their charge customers small round metal tags that identify the customers when making charge purchases. Cafiero always delivered such envelopes that were on his own route, but he would pick up those destined for other mail carriers and slide them into his mail.

Out on his route he would rifle the envelopes, extract the contents and destroy the covers. His principal victim was a large department store where he had a legitimate charge account under his own name. The thefts had been going on for two years and complaints to the store and to the post office because of the missing government checks were amounting into the hundreds.

His arrest came about when Cafiero wrote a letter to the store complaining that the store had made a mistake in handling one of his personal checks by

which he had made payment for merchandise on his own account. The store official noticed that the signature was not like the signature on purchases for other merchandise on other accounts about which the store had received complaints. Going back over Cafiero's account it was discovered that although he had been making substantial purchases of women's gowns, lingerie and other nylons, he twice had had the same old pair of shoes repaired.

That prompted a question, "Why would a man who could buy all this expensive women's wear be having old shoes resoled?" (Many of us have that answer as we know a lot of poor saps wearing resoled shoes.)

Store detectives and postal inspectors devoted their attention to Cafiero's activities. A decoy letter was addressed so as to invite Cafiero's attention. It was so tempting that Cafiero didn't resist.

He took the letter and inspectors watched him tear open the envelope later on his route. When in his home inspectors found \$2,000 worth of checks he had not cashed because the sums were too large - one check was for a Christmas Club payment for \$700 and another for \$480. On a key chain, he had eight Brooklyn department store charge tags and in his home he had 22 similar tags from Manhattan stores.

Among other items recovered and which were purchased on the proceeds of checks stolen from the mails, were a toilet seat, 60 gallons of paint, imported cheese and innumerable household articles which he was saving for the time that he planned to set himself up in the house repair business. The investigation further disclosed that the accused had been helping to support at least six young women in the immediate area, plying them with presents and that to another young woman of whom he was fond he had given \$500 to pass the winter months in Miami, Florida. To others he sent presents by mail. None of the girls came to Cafiero's rescue when he was held in default of \$3,000 bail for a Federal Grand Jury.

THE CASE OF THE COLD. CRUEL EYES

An Accurate Memory Convicts Thief

On a foggy night last July, Mary Bigler, 29, a seaman's wife, and her sister entered a little cafe in San Pedro, Calif. just as two masked men were holding up the place. The thieves shut the women in the rest room, beat up the owner and fled with \$938. One of the gunmen, Gordon D'Arcy, was captured that night and got a life sentence. The other escaped, but Mary Bigler was sure she could identify him if he were ever caught. Even though he had worn a mask, she said, she would never forget his eyes--"those cold, cruel, deep-set eyes."

In Nebraska four months after the robbery the FBI arrested a suspect, Henry J. Thwaits, a gambler, bookie and all-round no-good. At Long Beach, Mrs. Bigler picked him out of a police lineup by his eyes ("Night after night I saw them in my sleep"). But at the trial Thwaits was sure that she could not make the identification stick. He persuaded his reluctant attorneys to fix up a photographic exhibit of 11 pairs of eyes, including his own. Said Thwaits, "I'll give you 500 to one that dame can't pick my picture out."

On Feb. 22, in a Long Beach courtroom, Mrs. Bigler scanned the exhibit, pointed to Thwaits's eyes, said, "That's him" and fainted. When she came to she repeated the identification, and fainted again. Gambler Thwaits knew he had been caught trying to draw to an inside straight. He said, "It sure looks rough." It was. Verdict: guilty. Sentence, with no parole possible: life imprisonment. ---Life 3-50

MANHOLE COVER THIEF SENTENCED

In Little Rock, Ark., a man, B. J. Balton, was sentenced to the penitentiary for theft of 67 manhole covers.

Police said Balton related he hauled the heavy covers by truck and sold them as junk for \$360. The covers had a replacement value of more than \$4,000.

YOUNG GIRLS ROB TAXI DRIVER

In New York, Taxidriver Abraham Feldman felt a knife against his back.

"This is a stickup....give us your money."

Feldman handed over \$16 to his two fares.

One of them jumped out, reached through the front window and jerked out the ignition key. Then both dashed down a dark alley, Feldman pursuing.

They distanced him, and Feldman reported the holdup to a Bronx police station.

He said the two were girls, five-feet or under, and both about 14 years old.

MAN MAKES HOLDUP TRY WITH TEASPOON

In Columbus, Ohio, a man who tried to rob a drive-in restaurant with a teaspoon turned his "weapon" over to the police and remarked:

Silly, ain't it?"

Police agreed with Charles Trusley, 27, Ottawa, W. Va.

They said Trusley tried to rob Daniel Manes, proprietor of the Cottage Drive-In, holding the spoon in his pocket as if it were a pistol.

Manes said he tricked the man into thinking police were nearby and the spoon bandit fled. Police caught him after a chase.

Police quoted Trusley as saying he served six years in Mansfield, Ohio, reformatory for a \$5.26 robbery. in which he hit his victim over the head with a beer bottle.

In Seattle, recently, police held a fifteen-year-old boy who said he was equipped as the ideal burglar. He carried a map of the United States, tax tokens, white canvas gloves, field glasses, midget flashlight and a brace and bit. Detectives said that despite all his equipment, the only thing he managed to make away with before being caught was a live rabbit.

Between



Ourselves



NEW STATION FOR ORANGE POLICE

Attendant to the ceremonies which marked the opening of the new station for the Orange Police Department recently, Chief Carl Petersen is being congratulated in the photo at left by Lieut. George Remer, commanding officer of our Bethany Barracks. The sign marking the entrance to the station is clearly visible at the side of Route 1.

The front of the station, with Chief Petersen and Lt. Remer standing in the entrance, is shown in the photo which appears below.



FRIENDS OF SERGEANT JIM DYGERT
RALLY TO HIS AID AFTER ACCIDENT

When the likeable veteran Sergeant Jim Dygert, of our Groton station, lost an eye during an off-duty accident March 13, Jim suffered a few dark hours of disbelief, uncertainty and suffering. However, almost as quick as you can wink an eye, a substitute was in place, and friends, in person, and through messages that poured from our state police teletype, were at his side.

It wasn't long before Jim had left the hospital for the fireside at home, and we are happy to report that his progress is good in physical and mental adjustment.

We will always remember Jim's courage in the face of his hospitalization and that of his wife, Inez. The many expressions of friendship and faith which were sincerely expressed by his working associates will be of lasting memory.

Commissioner Hickey was one of the first to extend a helping word. His message read: "There are sad days and glad days, Jim, but the best of all are those when real friends join in wishing you and yours Good Luck!" Dozens more followed.

Here are a few lines selected from some of the messages of courage sent to our Sergeant: "Now in what seems your darkest hour, remember that the sun will shine again for you. You can still count your numerous blessings and be thankful that you have the support and loyalty of a legion of friends....The same old perseverance, confidence and ability shown by you throughout the years to adjust yourself to any and all kinds of situations, will certainly carry you through your present crisis... best wishes for a speedy recovery...."

"....We are all confident that your stalwart heart and indomitable spirit will stand you in good stead in overcoming your present tribulation....We are sure that you won't lose heart... Keep your chin up....Keep plugging, Jim...."

From many local police officers in Eastern Connecticut poured similar messages. Major John T. Sheehan, Rhode Island State Police in the absence of

Colonel Ralph Bonat from the State, sent greetings and good wishes of the Rhode Island "Reds". "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

CRIME BUDS IN SPRING

Studies of crime indicate that it is seasonal. Supt. of Police William J. Roach notes that spring is the time of year when sex crimes reach an all-year high. He urges that parents take note of this fact and warn their children to keep away from strangers, avoid lonely spots, and keep out of cars driven by people unknown to them. He also stresses the value of bystanders being alert to note the marker numbers of cars connected with what may be no more than suspicious happenings.

Finally, the police superintendent gives warning that in the spring of the year there is likely to be an increase in house-breaks. Windows that were securely locked all winter are now thrown open, as welcome invitations to prowlers. Those who sleep on ground floors should take precautions.

Certainly all good citizens should realize that there are many criminals abroad. They should be alert and suspicious of strangers in a country that reports a major crime every 18 seconds.

---Waterbury American

JOE DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR BIG GAME

The following conversation is reported to have occurred during the State Police raid in Naugatuck early Saturday morning which netted 20 men on gambling charges.

The phone in the R. & M. Bowling Alleys rang and a State Trooper answered it:

Voice: "Hello, this is Joe from West Haven. How's the game?"

Trooper: "Oh, it's a pretty big one."

Voice: "OK, some of the boys and I will be right up."

But they never did, police reported.

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

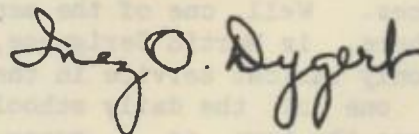
Dear Commissioner Hickey:

May I take this opportunity to thank you and the Connecticut State Police Department for all the acts of kindness, courtesy, consideration and service which have been, and still are being, extended to my husband and to me, since the day of Jim's accident on March 13th., when he lost his left eye.

The St. Patrick's Day visit of Captain Lavin and Lieutenant Mackenzie, bringing your gay green carnations and the special "lift", were decidedly influential in brightening the day for him. All of the personnel of Station "E" have been more than kind in their efforts in Jim's behalf. The cheering messages and cards, the long teletype message from all of the stations and departments, have all helped immeasurably, as each one reminded him of all the good friends who are interested in his welfare. These things will always be gratefully remembered and appreciated.

I know you will hear from Jim when he feels a little more up to it. Again, my sincere thanks.

Very sincerely yours,



Mrs. James L. Dygert,
575 New London Turnpike,
Norwich, Connecticut.

AH! A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS A HAPPY ONE!

Policeman Alvin E. Rogers, Anaheim, California, recently hustled his wife off to the hospital in a race with the stork.

He also took his four-year-old son, Jimmy, along in the patrol car in the early morning hours.

"Stop crying, Jimmy," the Officer chided his son as they sped toward the hospital. "Your mother is all right."

Came the reply from Mrs. Rogers:

"That's not Jimmy crying. That's your new son."

MAYBE THE COP WAS COLOR BLIND

The Massachusetts state trooper thought he had something.

He stopped a Waterbury school teacher on the way back from a brief holiday in Maine, checked his registration and found it OK but declared the man's marker tabs were wrong.

The driver took a fast look. Sure enough, they were green and perfectly proper.

The trooper scratched his head.

"By gosh," he said, "they didn't look like they said '50' when I flagged you down."

Bloomfield, (Conn.) residents proudly assert that the town and its people are going places. Well, one of the men taking them there, is Martin Serignese, who runs the only taxicab service in the town, pilots one of the daily school buses and serves the town as a supernumerary policeman.

In Milford, N. H. the grandson of millionaire financier Frederic C. Dumaine has given up the night policeman's job for which he spurned his family fortune.

Frederic D. Dumaine III resigned from the Milford police force recently and went back to driving the truck he left four months ago.

In Providence, R. I., police said the outbreak of purse-snatching and assaults on women which started just before the Christmas holidays is continuing with many new thefts reported.

Although special detectives have been assigned to the South Providence and Elmwood Districts, only two thieves have been apprehended.

A slightly comic note was interjected into the crime wave when Police Chief Charles A. Higgins complained that two women had made false reports of being held up and robbed. The chief wants the legislature to pass a law which will make a false report of a crime a crime itself.

The Connecticut law regarding False Complaint to Police follows:

Section 8505, Chapter 420, General Statute Revision 1949. FALSE COMPLAINT TO POLICE. USE OF POLICE RADIO INFORMATION. Any person who knowingly makes to any police officer, deputy sheriff, sheriff or prosecuting attorney a false report or a false complaint alleging that a crime or crimes have been committed, or who makes use of any information that has been broadcast on local or state police radio frequencies for the purpose of furthering crime or aiding and abetting the flight of criminals, or who knowingly interferes with the detention of criminals or the apprehension of criminals, shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars or imprisoned not more than thirty days or both.

What a salesman! A Los Angeles traffic officer gave an Insurance Agent a ticket for driving through a pedestrian crosswalk.

As the cop dealt out the ticket, the agent commented: "Your job must be very hazardous." The cop agreed.

A few more minutes of sales talk and the agent had sold the officer an insurance policy.

The best way to rest tired feet is to take them to bed with you.

---Dublin Opinion

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

SOME HONEST PEOPLE IN LANCASTER, PA ??

The head of the Fulton Detective Association, this area's version of the old west, thinks people are getting more honest all the time.

The group, organized 55 years ago to track down horse thieves, now confines its activities to recovering stolen farm property, such as pigs and chickens.

Elected to his 10th term as president, Edgar Kirk said: "There haven't been any thefts reported for more than a year."

CALIFORNIA vs. FLORIDA

Alameda, Calif.--A thief who stole H. Bernard Irby's automobile from a service garage left this thoughtful note:

"Sir: Your car is receiving first-rate care and will be returned to you or you will be notified of its whereabouts. It is going south for a spell, but will not be driven fast or mishandled in any way. I certainly do not like to inconvenience you, but my wife is sick and needs to get out of this climate for two months."

FIRE GONGS TO BE REPLACED BY RADIO

In Pittsburgh the resounding clang of the fire gong in district stations of the Pittsburgh fire department will be a thing of the past soon.

A new system to be installed at a cost of \$40,000 will depend entirely on radio. Receivers are to be placed in each station. Firemen will be alerted by a siren. Then they'll listen to the radio to get their calls.

PILOT ORDERED TO STOP HONKING

It's against the law to toot an automobile horn in Memphis, Tenn.

And, says Chief of Police Claude Armour, that applies to horns on air-

planes, too.

Armour ordered the pilot of a cub plane flying over the city to stop blaring a klaxon or "be arrested as soon as your wheels touch ground."

The pilot, advertising a flying service by towing a banner behind his plane, was tooting the horn to attract attention.

NO CRIMINALS IN BELLINGHAM

In Bellingham, Mass., Police Chief Euclide Fleurette's police school, which has his daughter, Marcelle, 14, and nine policemen, including six special officers and three constables in the class, is progressing satisfactorily. The class meets one Sunday a month and is instructed in basic police science and proper police procedure. The crime problem is not great, as the chief says there is no "criminal element" here. The chief is on duty seven days a week. His only vacation is two weeks for deer hunting in the north woods.

'SENTENCE ME TO HELL: THROW KEYS AWAY'

In Newington, Conn., when presented in Town Court on a charge of stealing an accordion, Charles Juchniewicz told Judge Joseph T. Condon:

"You can sentence me to hell and throw the keys away."

Judge Condon, more restrained in his judgment, imposed a suspended 15-day jail sentence.

JUDGE LIKES EXCUSE, FINE IS SUSPENDED

In Los Angeles, Clarence E. Williams, 51, pleaded guilty to failing to signal for a lefthand turn but gave the judge this alibi:

"The reason my window was not down and I didn't signal was that I had canaries in my car," said Williams. "They'd have flown out or caught pneumonia."

"Best excuse I've heard in two years," commented Judge Roger A. Pfaff when he heard the case yesterday. "Five dollar fine--suspended."

TAKE THAT CHIP OFF YOUR SHOULDER

If you are one of the few to whom policing is no longer a pleasure, here is a hint that may be helpful. Next time you start out on the job, take that chip off your shoulder! And take your sense of humor along. Promise yourself that you won't let little things disturb you, and see what happens. If someone attempts to question your authority, don't yell at him, but smile. Be firm. Be indulgent, as you would be with the small boy who reaches for the largest piece of cake on the plate. A new friend, and a surprisingly pleasant one, will be your reward.

(Thanks to Colorado State Patrol for suggestions--Ed.)

WHY BARNS ARE RED

As one roams the countryside he observes many barns painted red. Suddenly one is asked why? Last week in responding to a court session in one of our towns and with the permission of the Lieutenant, your contributing Vox-Cop reporter brought along the "Missus and Sonny-Boy". After Sonny-Boy spotted a couple of red barns, he asked, "Why are barns painted red?"

Not getting a prompt answer he persisted so much, that inquiry and research followed on our arrival home. One of the oldest inhabitants in Litchfield County informed us, it is a well established tradition. Nearly 75 years ago his grandfather told him that shortly after the log cabin days, clapboards were used to cover the outside walls of buildings, rough sawn boards 10, 12 and sometimes 14 inches wide. These clapboards were never painted, and because of their great width, they could easily be replaced when necessary.

There was also a very narrow clapboard, only six inches wide, that was used by those folks who could afford a more elaborate house; these were applied only to the front of the house. In order to preserve these narrow and dainty clapboards, they were given a coat of paint which was precious because paint

materials were scarce.

Some farmer in the old days raised a crop of flax and in the autumn the flaxseed or linseed was ground in a stone mill and the oil pressed out by a press. The finest part of red clay was dug from the clay bank and mixed with the oil, which resulted in a pure red paint of lasting quality.

Farmers' barns in those days were more important than their homes, so they were painted on all sides and what paint was left over was donated and applied to the little school house on the corner. There was never enough paint to finish the job which was the reason why the school house always looked half painted; at any rate, it gave us the little red school house and the red barns.

BARRED FROM JURY

In Pittsburgh a 30-year-old woman secretary who had been identified by an FBI undercover agent as a Communist was barred from serving on a grand jury.

Judge Michael A. Musmanno announced he was removing Mrs. Alice Roth from the jury panel because "the patriotism of the grand juror must be above reproach."

Judge Musmanno--a World War II naval captain and presiding jurist at the German war crimes trial--described his action as the first of its kind in the United States to his knowledge.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

In Elizabeth, N. J., a troubled resident asked police to investigate the strange actions of a man up the street from his apartment house.

The man was pacing back and forth in the middle of the narrow street--10 paces this way, then 10 paces back. The apartment-dweller wanted to know what he was up to.

The officers approached the pacer and asked him.

"I'm breaking in a new pair of shoes," was the answer.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

VOX-COP

April, 1950

NEW ENGLAND POLICE REVOLVER LEAGUE FINAL SCORES SECOND SERIES POSTAL MATCHES 1949 - 1950

FIRST AND SECOND TEAM WINNERS IN EACH CLASS

FIRST AND SECOND HIGH INDIVIDUALS IN EACH CLASS

Class 1		Class 1	
Conn. State Police	4596	E. Formeister, Conn. State Police	1185
Springfield Aux. Police	4591	R. Boyington, Conn. State Police	1183
Class 2		Class 2	
Fitchburg Police	4462	C. Ewell, Springfield Armory	1169
Greenwich, Conn. Police	4445	F. Johanson, Greenwich P. D.	1164
Class 3		Class 3	
Springfield Aux. Police	4389	L. Dymkoski, Conn. State Police	1139
Conn. State Police	4341	I. Bemis, Natick Aux.	1134
Class 4		Class 4	
Springfield Aux. Police	4311	D. Quattromini, Bourne P. D.	1168
State Prison Colony	4288	T. Hartwell, Needham P. D.	1134
Class 5		Class 5	
Conn. State Police	4248	T. McCusker, Brookline P. D.	1129
(Outranked Brookline in rapid		C. Mansfield, Conn. State Police	1108
1430 to 1370			
Brookline Police	4248	Class 6	
Class 6		R. O'Connor, Lawrence P. D.	1109
Athol Legion Police	4188	G. Misbach, West Haven P. D.	1094
West Haven, Conn. Police	4180	Class 7	
Class 7		W. Henschke, Longmeadow Aux.	1082
No. Attleboro Police	4071	(Outranked MacDonald in rapid	
Springfield Armory Guards	4070	353 to 338)	
		Carl MacDonald, No. Attleboro P.D.	1082
Class 8		Class 8	
Burlington, Vt. Police	4023	J. McKeever, Rockland P. D.	1146
Springfield Police	3994	S. Kellender, Savings Bank of N. L.	1122
Class 9		Class 9	
Springfield Aux. Police	3900	J. Picard, Lewiston, Me.	1059
Mass. Capitol Police	3850	A. Robittaile, Longmeadow P. D.	1057
Class 10		Class 10	
Savings Bank of New London	3755	W. Miller, Springfield, P. D.	1069
Springfield Police	3731	E. Crouch, Savings Bank of N. L.	1049

KNOW THE LAW

Reference: ARTHUR G. JONES vs. DENTAL COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT
 ---April 1929---

"The conduct of a detective who, knowing the appellant was alone in the office, went there to get him to do some work on her teeth with a view to affording means for proceedings against him held not to be so repugnant to good morals and sound policy as to require the dismissal of the proceedings based upon."

"On January 27, 1926, a private detective went to the office of a registered dentist where the appellant was located to get him to do some work for her. He did drill a tooth and sprayed it and directed her to return the next day for further treatment. This she did and then paid him \$3 for his services. At the time he worked upon her tooth, no registered or licensed dentist was present and he acted without supervision by any dentist.....

The appellant contends that the method of procuring evidence upon the basis of which his registration was cancelled constituted an entrapment such that the proceedings ought to be dismissed. In order to present this claim more effectively he seeks some changes in the finding but none of these could be of any consequence, except that it does appear from the testimony of the detective herself that when she went to the office to secure the appellant to work upon her teeth, she knew that the dentist in whose office he practiced was not there.

The strongest case the appellant can make out is that knowing the appellant was alone in the office the detective went there to get him to do some work on her teeth and submitted herself to his ministrations, with a view of affording means for proceedings against him. Such conduct is not so repugnant to good morals and sound policy as to require the dismissal of the proceedings based upon it; indeed, if it were not for similar conduct on the part of investigators employed by public authorities the conviction of persons notoriously guilty of offenses against the law would oftentime be most difficult

or impossible.....

References: Grimm v. United States, 156 U. S. 604, 610, 15 Sup. Ct. 470; State v. Littcoy, 52 Wash. 87, 92, 100 Pac. 170; People v. Liphardt, 105 Mich., 80, 84, 62 N.W. 1022; Dalton v. State, 113 Ga. 1037, 39 S. E. 468; Chicago v. Brendecke, 170 Ill. App. 25, 27, 30; note, 18 A.L.R. 162.

Section 2418, Chapter 110, General Statutes Revision 1949.

CERTAIN MOTOR VEHICLES TO STOP AT RAILROAD CROSSING. The operator of each public service motor vehicle or of each motor vehicle used for the transportation of school children and the operator of each commercial motor vehicle carrying explosive substances or poisonous or compressed inflammable gases as a cargo or part of a cargo or used for the transportation of inflammable or corrosive liquids in bulk, whether loaded or empty, before crossing at grade any track or tracks of a steam railroad, shall stop such vehicle not less than ten feet nor more than fifty feet from the nearest rail of such track, and, while so stopped, shall listen and look in each direction along such track or tracks for approaching locomotives or trains before crossing such track or tracks; and such operator shall not, in any event, cross such track or tracks when warned by automatic signal, crossing gates, flagman or otherwise of the approach of a railroad locomotive or train. Any person who violates any provision of this section shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars or imprisoned not more than thirty days or both.

SEX DEGENERATES

By Capt. C. E. McCarthy
Renton, Wash., Police Department

The world is contaminated with a species of beast that looks like a man, walks like a man and even calls himself a man, but the fact is these creatures are neither man nor beast but a combination of both. They resemble a man, are accepted by society as men but hidden deep inside they have the instincts of a vicious beast.

I am referring to the male sex degenerate. These werewolves prey on small children, little tots who are too small to defend themselves, too trusting to believe that any harm will come to them and much too eager to accept that proffered bauble or candy stick from the hands of a strange man. The police have long been aware of this menace to the safety of the children of our community and are ever on the alert to apprehend and prosecute these abnormal persons.

But we must have the cooperation of the parents. Many fathers and mothers turn their small children out to play without a word of warning about accepting candy or toys from a stranger, nor are they warned against going for a ride in a strange car.

Many a heart-broken parent would have been spared the anguish, grief and self-reproach and their small one safe at home if they had taken the time and trouble to impress on the child a few safety precautions regarding associations with strangers. These rules need not be elaborate or complicated, but the child should be drilled in at least two. They are, first, do not under any circumstances accompany a strange man anywhere, especially do not enter an automobile driven by a strange man. Second, do not accept candy or toys from a strange man.

These two rules should be explained to the children in their language, make sure they understand the meaning of the rule and why it must be obeyed. Any violation should be dealt with by parental discipline. An occasional dinner table discussion of these two safety precautions is good child insurance.

Refresh their memory and you may save their lives.

These two simple rules are the result of the study of a series of child-molesting cases handled by the police. The pattern in almost all instances was identical. The degenerate would park his car near a small group of children playing well away from the houses. He would appear friendly and by offering candy would engage them in conversation. Then he would select one girl and offer to drive her to some place nearby to see something. He usually mentions a new batch of kittens or a baby squirrel or something that he knows will interest and attract small children. If the girl accepts and enters his car, he will drive to a secluded spot and sexually violate the child, after which he will drive back close to where he picked her up and usually let her go without further harm. He hesitates to kill the child because he believes she is too small to identify either him or the car.

But he will commit murder to protect his identity if there is any reason to believe that the child might identify him. When such a crime has been committed, the irate parents immediately demand that the police catch the perpetrator and hang him before sundown. We agree, but we have almost nothing to go on. The child's story has disclosed the amazing fact that the car was black and the man was tall and that is about all the information that could be gleaned from her incoherent story.

Further questioning may bring out additional information, such as a meager description of the man or some peculiarity of the inside of the car. The child may remember that the gearshift knob was glass and had a girl's picture in it or that the glove compartment door was missing. Now the police will begin hours of weary, monotonous legwork. Armed with these two meager clues the officers will comb all parking lots, garages and check street parking. They will investigate many hundreds of automobiles on the lookout for the two things that will identify the car. Sometimes the police are successful and the car is located along with its owner.

Of course he will not admit anything

and the small victim is never a reliable witness. Another crime goes unpunished and the perpetrator is free to strike again. If parents would fortify their children with the knowledge of these beast-men and how they operate the work of the police would be lessened and parents would prevent their children from physical harm and a scar on their soul.

---The Sheriff and Police Reporter

LOCKING YOUR CAR

Officials concerned with law enforcement in many of the larger cities are greatly disturbed about growing carelessness of motorists in the matter of locking their cars. They worry not only because of the fact that they will have more cars to seek, on the stolen car list, but also because this practice throws temptation in the way of adolescents in many a town. If everyone locked his car securely, when leaving it on the streets--or in the driveway of his home, for that matter--the police would have far fewer cases of juvenile delinquency, involving theft of cars, to deal with. The wild youngsters who steal a car because it is ridiculously easy to do so, then decide that they will use it in a hold-up or some other illegal enterprise, might not get into trouble at all if all cars were locked against them.

It presents a situation that should impress many a motorist. The police officials say it starts with petty pilfering. A motorist fails to lock the door of his car, although the ignition is locked. A roaming youngster or a band of youngsters, at a loose end and looking for excitement, decide to rifle the car of its contents. Perhaps they take only a flashlight from the glove compartment, or two or three pairs of sunglasses. Perhaps, on the other hand, they find reasonably valuable articles in packages in the car, and steal them. The loot in some instances may be considerable. It is only a step from that kind of stealing to stealing the car and embarking upon

a youthful career of crime--for the "thrill" of it, of course, according to the pleas of the attorneys in court when the youngsters are caught.

Actually, of course, the reason for a good many of these thefts is downright carelessness on the part of car owners. They can't be bothered to lock the car doors because most of the time there is nothing of any value in the car. So, as a matter of habit, they forget to lock the doors when there happen to be things of value in the car. Some drivers are so absent-minded about things anyway that they seldom remember to take the key out of the ignition of the car; a few of them gave up trying to lock the car years ago because they found they were continually locking themselves out of it, in their efforts. By leaving their keys dangling in the lock they invite thefts and thereby increase the risks of serious crimes in the vicinity.

---New London Day

MOVIES ACCEPTED AS COURT EVIDENCE

Motion pictures were admitted as evidence in court here Tuesday for what is believed to be the first time in Canada.

Chief Justice Farris in Supreme Court Chambers admitted the films as evidence on the same basis that "still" photos are used in court, to "explain the evidence given by witnesses".

"To admit them as evidence in themselves of an act, is not the correct thing to do because they can distort," he ruled.

---(From the Vancouver Daily Sun, Feb. 15, 1950.)

FOREST FIRES

Each year 175,000 forest fires, or 575 per day, burn over 25,000,000 acres or an area the size of the state of Virginia. Fighting these fires requires a million man days of labor, or the equivalent of 100 crews of 100 men each working for 100 days.

CONNECTICUT POLICE CHIEFS, FRIENDS HONOR FBI AGENT

VOX-COP

April, 1950



Shown at head table, left to right: Adrian Maher, U. S. Attorney; John Kelly, Liquor Commissioner; Supt. Roach, Waterbury; Mayor Snyder, Waterbury; Judge Shanley, New Haven; Commissioner Hickey, Toastmaster; John J. Gleason, F.B.I.; Mrs. Gleason, Hamden; Chief Clarke New Haven; Judge Devlin, New Haven; and Father Lyddy, New Haven.

Close ties between Connecticut's local, state and federal law-enforcement agencies in safeguarding life and property and public appreciation of this cooperative spirit were expressed in a farewell tribute to FBI Agent John J. Gleason at Waverly Inn, Cheshire on the evening of March 28.

Mr. Gleason, former agent-in-charge of the New Haven office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, transferred April 1, to take up his duties as a special agent at the Newark, N. J., office.

More than 400 friends and police officials paid their respects to the federal agent in appreciation of his two and a half years service in this state. The affair, arranged by the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association was the first of its kind sponsored by the association and it was a huge success.

State Police Comsr. Edward J. Hickey was toastmaster and among those who greeted Mr. Gleason and expressed their good wishes were Mayors Raymond Snyder, Waterbury, William Celentano, New Haven, and Dr. George E. Cogan, Hartford. Policemen and police executives from throughout the state joined in the testimonial which also honored Mrs. Gleason.

Other speakers were Galen N. Willis, who succeeds Mr. Gleason as Connecticut FBI agent-in-charge; Major Leo F. Carroll of the State Police; John C. Kelly, State Liquor Control commissioner; U. S. Atty. Adrian W. Maher; Judge Raymond J. Devlin, New Haven, Court of Common Pleas; Judge James A. Shanley, New Haven Probate Court; Chief Henry P. Clark, New Haven; Supt. William J. Roach, Waterbury; Supt. John A. Lyddy, Bridgeport and Chief M. J. Godfrey, Hartford.

Major Carroll, State Police, paid an unusual tribute to Mr. Gleason and received an ovation for his contribution.

In responding to the tribute, Mr. Gleason said the liaison between all police agencies in Connecticut is the most remarkable he has seen anywhere in the nation. He also singled out the management and staffs of Connecticut's newspapers for their helpful and sympathetic understanding and treatment of problems relating to the coverage of news of FBI activities.

"I am deeply indebted to them for their kind indulgences toward me personally and for the cooperation extended to the organization which I represented in this state," he said.

JOHN J. GLEASON

WHEREAS, the administrators of police service in the State of Connecticut fully realize that the popular touchstone of successful municipal government is the management of its police department, and

WHEREAS, they are forever mindful that the ultimate success of their every endeavor is the manifestation of cooperation by the respective police agencies, and

WHEREAS, they are deeply indebted to the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington, D. C., for having assigned to the State of Connecticut, Special Agent in Charge

JOHN J. GLEASON

who through his engaging personality, high character and expertness in his field of labor, has extended to all law enforcement officers and agencies in the State of Connecticut all of these virtues and qualities for which they will be forever grateful.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED,

That we the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association do deeply appreciate the time, effort and service he has rendered in behalf of the program for police training, thus being a vital part in the realization that the State of Connecticut can be justly proud of its law enforcement officers, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED,

That it is with sincere and deep regret that

JOHN J. GLEASON

is being removed from our midst in these police circles, but our fervent wish is that God will bestow His blessings of good health upon

JOHN J. GLEASON

his good wife and his family, so that wherever he is assigned, he will render the same efficient service that he has always so willingly given to the policemen of the State of Connecticut.

This is the fervent and sincere wish of every policeman in the State of Connecticut.

Safety mindedness

VOX-COP

April, 1950

The State's Case Against Motor Mayhem

Mounting Death Toll on the Highways Finds State Police and Safety Officials Warring on Grim 1950 Record of Speeding, Reckless Driving and Other Road Violations.

By Donald W. Smith

On January 26, Governor Chester A. Bowles called a conference of top state police and highway safety officials in an effort to curb the appalling death rate on Connecticut highways and byways. At that time, the score was 27 fatalities since the first of the month, nearly 100 per cent greater than for the entire month of January, 1949, when 15 persons met similar fates. The state was alarmed, and something had to be done to cut down the grim specter of motor mayhem.

State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey promised a more rigid program of enforcement within 20 hours. His efficient force of approximately 200 State Policemen was augmented by 50 State Motor Vehicle Department inspectors. The order went out that there would be no more warnings given for moving traffic violations. A first violation meant arrest, and a second would result in forfeiture of a driving license. Only one warning would be issued to persons found operating automobiles with defective equipment. After that arrest would result.

By the time the third week of the campaign was completed better than 1550 arrests had been made throughout the state, ranging from minor traffic violations to the more serious charges of speeding, reckless driving and driving under the influence of liquor.

And then, last week, The Courant, in cooperation with local and state police, sponsored a "safe driving clinic" at the Old State House, in which drivers were made conscious of reaction time during

emergencies by tests on an ingenious "driverometer".

Despite the arrests, widespread publicity and defective equipment warnings, the number of persons killed on Connecticut highways as of February 20 was 40 persons, as compared with 22 fatalities during the first two months of 1949.

Talk over the situation with Captain Ralph J. Buckley, in charge of the Traffic Division of the Connecticut State Police Department, and he'll show you file cases of drivers who still speed blithely on despite the restrictions. And ride with Officers Roy B. Paige or Albert H. Kimball of the Hartford Barracks if you want driver reactions.

The experiences of these two officers will serve to show why some of the nearly 1600 persons were arrested on highways of the state in less than a month's time. They and their brother officers will tell you that by far the greater number of drivers using Connecticut roads abide by the rules. And most violators, when questioned, will admit they're entirely at fault.

A tour with the State Police any day along the Wilbur Cross or Merritt Parkways will give you driver reactions. Well, we'll say we are on Route 15. A short distance past the Charter Oak Bridge a car darts out of line in a 40-mile zone. The driver steps up his speed and the state policeman follows. For more than a mile the car ahead continues on at 15 then 20 miles over the posted limit.



STATE POLICEMAN Roy B. Paige arrests violators so that you or yours won't be a victim of "Motor Mayhem".
 ---Hartford Courant Photo

The speeder is stopped and found to be a student on his way to Princeton. The young man's Connecticut license is very new, and the record shows he comes from a mid-western state. He explains he thought he was on a portion of the Merritt Parkway where the limit is 55 miles an hour. All this despite the fact that he had passed large signs denoting the 40 miles an hour zone. He admits his fault and says he is "sorry and it wouldn't happen again."

Take the man from New York City arrested, recently, in Stratford for going 80-85 miles an hour in a 45-55 zone on the Merritt Parkway. During a 12-mile chase to the Milford Toll House, he passed 35 to 40 cars. At one intersection, the speeder whizzed by a car parked in the right lane, with a tow car picking it up. And, at still another point, this driver endangered the lives of six or eight men working at the side of the road, clearing snow from the drains. His reasons for going 80-85 miles an hour? He had to make a 4 p.m.

class at a nearby university!

Another New Yorker sped along the parkway, posted at 55, at 75 miles an hour. After passing everything on the road for one and one-quarter miles he was stopped. When the state police officer told him of his speed, the driver readily admitted it, and said. "It was too damn fast." He was hurrying to keep a late appointment.

There was the driver who passed a standing school bus in North Stonington, recently. The bus was discharging children at the time. Luckily, no one was killed. The bus operator had already displayed a "stop" signal, which consisted of an arm extending out from the left side of the school vehicle. And yet the driver passed it just the same.

One gets quite a different viewpoint of traffic when riding in a State Police car. You drive along and think the traffic must be very light on this particular occasion. The road ahead is very clear. You mention this to the officer and he tells you to look behind.

There, in back, is a long line of vehicles--all leery of being the first one to pass a police car despite the fact that everyone is traveling at least five miles under the posted limit!

And there are drivers who slow down when they see a police car and step on it once they think the coast is clear. They don't mean to increase the danger of motor mayhem, but they're deliberate contributors to death on the highways. Many speeders, too, will admit to having seen signs that post a 55 miles an hour limit, but never see the signs that bring that speed down to 40 a short distance along the line.

The police and traveling public find very little sympathy for the man who falls asleep at the wheel, endangering his own and other lives on the highway.

Not long ago a state police officer noticed a car going 60 miles an hour or better on the Berlin Turnpike. It was late afternoon and very foggy. The officer followed. Suddenly the car ahead came to an abrupt stop. An elderly woman crossed the intersection barely three feet ahead. It was a near miss. An investigation showed the car was overcrowded with nine girls in it--sitting on each other's laps and even on the floor!

The driver, an 18-years-old girl was white and shaky. She knew her visibility was poor and the windows of her vehicle so fogged that she could not see out of them. Yet, with an overcrowded car she took the chance of speeding in a fog that could have caused another death on the highway. She was booked for reckless driving and for operating an overcrowded car.

And there was the operator who was quite indignant because he was arrested for driving his car at 65-miles an hour in a moderate speed zone. He felt that arrests should be made for people driving "old jalopies" or for "crazy kids" on the highway. Yet, he too, was endangering the lives of other drivers as well as himself on the highway.

Not long ago two Massachusetts cars sped along the Merritt Parkway. They were expensive automobiles and it was easy to step them up to 80 miles an hour. The officer clocked the two

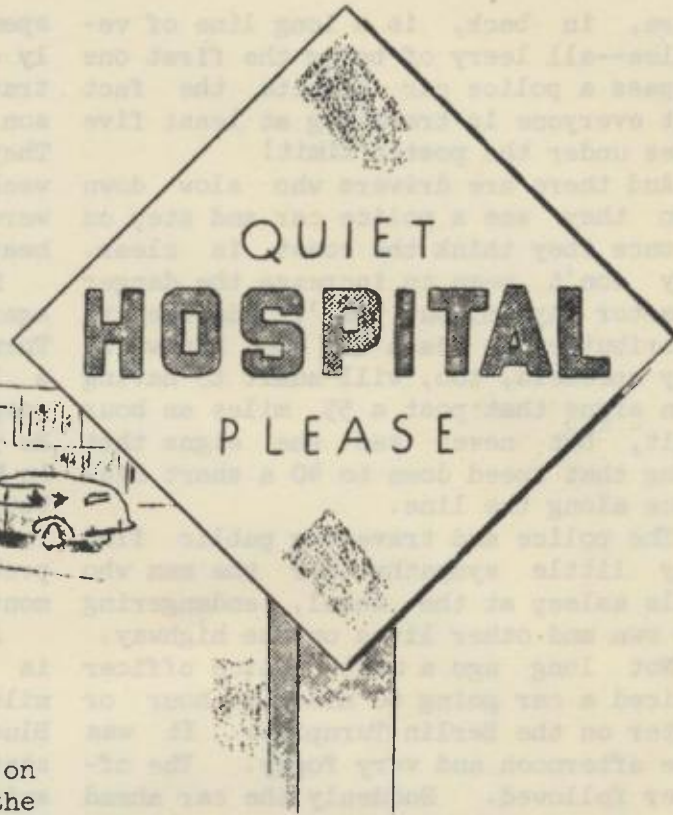
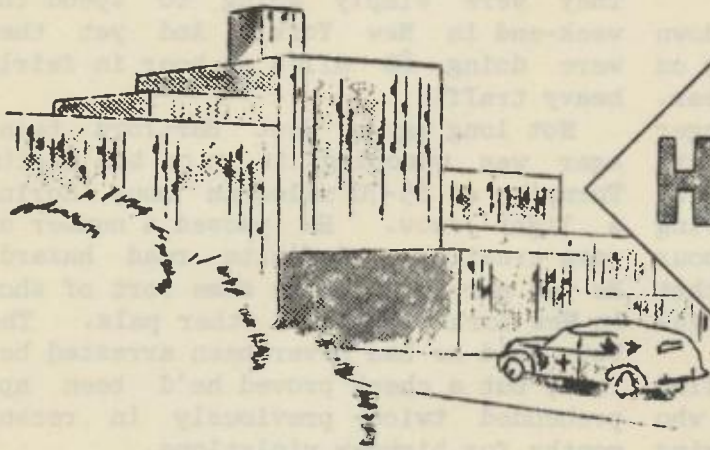
speeding cars for three miles and finally caught up with them. Both cars were traveling together, it proved. The reason for speed? Not a very good one. They were simply going to spend the week-end in New York! And yet they were doing 80 miles an hour in fairly heavy traffic.

Not long ago a West Hartford teenager was whooping it up on the Berlin Turnpike at 65-70 miles an hour during a light snow. He passed a number of cars creating a definite road hazard. He was merely going to some sort of show in New York with three other pals. The boy said he had never been arrested before, but a check proved he'd been apprehended twice previously in recent months for highway violations.

As this article goes to press, there is the case of a woman traveling 80-85 miles an hour in Old Saybrook on the Blue Star Highway. The driver, the state policeman reported, "sort of smiled at him as her car swerved by." The woman crashed her car into a traffic island at the Raymond Baldwin Bridge Toll House. She was, it was learned, "in a highly emotional state over domestic troubles." She died on the way to the hospital. Luckily, no one else died with her.

That same day a North Madison man was killed when a fire department tank truck toppled over on Route 80. The unfortunate accident occurred when firemen tried to flag him down to tell him a chimney fire he was traveling to was already out. The tank truck driver applied his brakes causing the 1000 gallons of water he carried to shift, which overturned the truck against another vehicle. It pushed the score of dead on Connecticut highways to 42 since January 1.

The state, city and town police can tell you that this grim record could be cut down if automobile operators would observe the laws of the highway. But as long as unthinking, careless operators, along with deliberate speeders and reckless drivers continue to take the law in their own hands the death rate will continue. It's not a pleasant picture.



By Anna May Armstrong

(Fiction)

From where my bed is placed here on the first floor I can look out over the hospital lawn, past a row of stately elms, each of them surrounded by patches of bright petunias. Further down I can see the rim of a lake shimmering through the trees.

I have only to turn my head the other way and I see long rows of white iron beds flanked on either side by chipped night stands and straight, hard chairs.

It is evening, just before visiting hours, and the last rays of a setting sun make long shadows across the drab and ugly ward. The men are quiet and grim. Only occasionally does anyone laugh, and then it is too high-pitched for a man . . . tinged with pain and bitter remembrance.

We, here behind the high stone walls of Lake Street General Hospital . . . we are the men in the "Accident Ward." Our injuries were not the fatal kind, quick and painless without us ever waking to know what had happened. No--we weren't that lucky. We, at least most of us, wakened to the awful truth that we are cripples; that we will spend weeks and months lying in these clean white beds, or, maybe, rolling a wheel chair aimlessly up and down the halls or playing checkers in the sun room to pass away the hours until someone comes

or the resident makes his rounds. Except for visiting hours the days are endless and weary, broken only by the routine duties of the doctors and nurses hurrying about their work.

Only this afternoon I got my verdict . . . after six weeks of examinations, a major surgical operation, and perhaps four quarts of someone else's blood battling around in my veins.

I saw them coming, three doctors and two nurses, and I knew they were coming toward my bed here in the corner. I closed my eyes to shut out the blur of white, but I could still hear the quiet footsteps, and I knew that it was my chart I heard click on the metal stand.

"Asleep, John?" It was Dr. Ferguson's voice.

"No!" I almost shouted, and opened my eyes. I could not unfasten them from the stethoscope that dangled from his pocket. A nurse straightened the spread that hadn't been moved since she straightened it last.

"All the reports are in, John," the doctor said at last. "It isn't pretty--"

"Give it to me!" I yelled, and the

yell didn't go above a whisper. Down the line my fellow patients raised to their elbows, their dark beards making an irregular blotch against the white walls. It was quiet . . . like the other day when young Beckwith died.

"You'll never walk again . . ." I heard, and bells started ringing in my head. "You're paralyzed from the waist down . . ." The row of beds across from me wobbled and collapsed. I raised my fist and my chart clattered to the floor.

"Liars! Liars!" I yelled, and this time they all heard me.

Liars! All of them! Me paralyzed? Me . . . who could hammer a baseball past the outfielders and make a home run while they were trying to figure out where the ball had gone? Me . . . who coached the football team for the small fry of the neighborhood, and looked forward to the day when I would teach my own kid to block and tackle and run like sixty for a touchdown?

Me paralyzed? Never walk again? Liars! Liars! They must be wrong!

They didn't tie me down under a straight-jacket like some of the fellows have been, but one of the nurses gave me a hypo and then my heart didn't pound so hard. But the bells kept ringing, and the row of beds across from me reared back up and collapsed again.

After they'd gone I cursed loud and long and viciously, and I said I'd get out of bed and prove they were wrong, that they had lied to me.

"Take it easy, pal," someone said, but I was trying to move my legs. I would throw them over the side of my bed and run after the doctor . . . show them that my legs were just as good as any other man's.

It had been like this . . . dusk . . . my legs hadn't moved. They were as motionless as they had been when that blur of white had walked down the aisle toward me.

They were right. They hadn't lied to me.

Presently, I turned my head and looked out the window. The day looked darkened, as if the sheltering elms had shaded all the hospital and the lawn surrounding it. The petunia beds were

obliterated by the salty tears that came unbidden to my eyes.

My nerves grew taut and I strained. I prayed to God in Heaven to give me strength. But my prayers were not enough. The neat spread across my bed was just as neat as before. It hadn't moved . . . because when I held out my hand to signal a left turn, I crashed broadside into the car coming toward me. I hadn't seen him without his headlights on . . . he simply loomed up in front of me and it was too late to stop. The world spun and groaned and settled itself on my shoulders . . .

My legs! They will not move . . . I'm paralyzed. They didn't lie.

This is a hospital zone. Quiet, please. ---Public Safety
(Reprinted from Colorado State Patrol)

MY DAY

DRIVE TO CURB BAD
DRIVING BY YOUNG PRAISED

By Eleanor Roosevelt

New York--Monday morning actor Robert Young came to show me the certificates the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee is getting out to encourage teenagers, who have the highest rate of accidents, to drive with more judgment and less speed.

This certificate is an agreement between parent and son or daughter. In it both take a certain amount of responsibility. The parents agree if the children do not live up to their part of the bargain to remove the right to use the family car and to make them earn that right all over again.

The young people on their part, agree not to drink or to drive with those who do drink, and to observe the usual rules of safety and stay within the law. The young people are given good conduct cards which are withdrawn if they do not keep to their part of the agreement.

It seems to me a very good effort in the direction of more safety for everybody concerned and I hope it will prove highly successful.

FBI CHIEF WARNS BANKS OF NATION
OF CRIME WAVE; SUGGESTS MEASURES

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover suggested specific steps "to help curb the current wave of bank robberies."

"Recent months have witnessed a number of bold and audacious robberies," Hoover said in a statement sent to banks throughout the country.

"Violations of the Federal bank robbery statute, including bank burglaries and larcenies, have more than doubled during the past five fiscal years.

A few preventive measures while small in themselves could pay tremendous dividends."

The letter asked banks to:

1. Regularly test all alarm and safety devices.
2. Keep a minimum of cash in tellers' cages.
3. Carefully observe strangers loitering on bank property.
4. Avoid routine practices on which potential bandits might capitalize.

When robberies occur, the FBI said, its work could be immensely aided by the quickest notice to the bureau and local police, and careful preservation of any physical evidence left behind by the robberies.

It also asked for notations--in writing if possible--of physical descriptions, license numbers, general operating plan for the robbery and any peculiar techniques which might prove valuable leads to identification.

CONVICTION IN ANOTHER STATE
COSTS JERSEY RESIDENT LICENSE

Conviction on a charge of drunken driving in another State is sufficient grounds for revocation of a New Jersey driver's license by the Motor Vehicle Director in New Jersey, according to a recent court ruling.

The ruling, handed down by the Superior Court of New Jersey, upheld the Motor Vehicle Division's action in revoking the license of a New Jersey resident convicted of drunken driving in Maryland.

The court was asked to hear the case after the New Jersey Division of Motor Vehicles had given written notice to the plaintiff of the proposed revocation and the grounds for it. The plaintiff asked for reversal of judgment, contending that the Director's action was invalid because he failed to grant a hearing before revocation, that the conviction in Maryland was "obtained by fraud" and "in a nullity," and that there were no "other reasonable grounds" authorizing the Director to revoke the license.

Finding no merit in these contentions, the court pointed out that the State statute provides the Director may hold a hearing "looking toward a revocation of a license or registration certificate issued by or under his authority" but does not compel him to do so.

The decision continued:

"By consent of counsel, we have examined the certificate of Maryland conviction which was the basis of the Director's revocation of the plaintiff's New Jersey license. We are satisfied that it evidences a valid conviction not only for operating a motor vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquor, but also for reckless driving.

"His deliberate failure to appear at a hearing scheduled the day following his arrest in Maryland, his failure to take an appeal from the judgment of conviction, and having instituted no proceedings to test the validity thereof, plaintiff cannot successfully assert its validity here . . ."

ASK THE MAN WHO'S PULLED SOME

Inmates of Connecticut State Prison lashed out at radio crime stories which tell how to pull off crimes. Charged one, in an article, 15,000 Murders a Month: "A barrage of how-to-do-it crime programs is pouring into the homes of the susceptible American public. Your kids are constantly being shown that if they aren't as stupid as the villains of the programs, they can easily get away with crime."

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

VOX-COP

April, 1950

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

Many Breaking, Entering and Thefts were cleared up this month in Newtown by that harmonious trio, Officers Robert Lineweber, Joseph Pirri and State Policewoman Ruth Wilcox, when they apprehended five juveniles, who were proven responsible, and recovered numerous items of stolen property.

Officers George Noxon and Joseph Pirri made a trip to New Jersey bringing back a prisoner wanted on charges of Breaking, Entering and Theft, also, Theft of Motor Vehicle.

Now that Lent has passed, the cigarettes have all gone into hiding again---Dunnie is the cause.

Officer Leon M. Merritt doing a fine job with his "Youth Organization Program" - Leon has had this group under his wing for well over a year and a half.

The personnel of this station offer their deepest sympathy to Officer William J. McNamara, whose father, Martin McNamara, passed away on April 1. Lieut. Jesse Foley, Sgt. Louis D. Marchese, Officers John T. Small, Louis R. Stefanek, Joseph Pirri, Robert Lineweber and Edward Meagher, all acted as honorary bearers. Also in attendance were the following: Major Leo F. Carroll, Sgt. Robert J. Murphy, Officers Edward Giardina, Edward McMahan, George Noxon, George Bunnell, State Policewoman Theresa Petrini, Dispatcher Louis Travaglini and Clerk Alexander J. Corbett.

Officer John Small, assisted by Det. Capt. Eugene Melvin and Off. George Baldauf of the Danbury Police Department and Detectives under the Command of Captain George Washburn of the Bridgeport Police Department, apprehended one Robert Morris, a floater, and cleaned up a few breaks in and around the Danbury Area.

All the officers at this station are on the alert for a man described as: Slim build, red hair, wearing glasses, no hat, brown suit and a light brown or tan topcoat, and operating a blue sedan. This man molested a seven year old girl in New Milford, and he may possibly be implicated in the same kind of case in Ridgefield.

Noticed Officer George "Bunny" Bunnell tacking up a little notice under the vacation schedule the other day which read as follows: "Please fellows - if it is at all possible, will you kindly leave the vacation period from Sept. 11 to Sept. 24 Inc., open for me, 'cause I'm going to let you in on a little secret - Mrs. Bunnell is going to present me with a 'Little Bunny' sometime during this period."

The "New Blues" certainly came at an appropriate time - everyone had theirs for the Easter Parade.

Under the able brush swinging of our Emergency Division Painters, "Snaz & Zimmer", old Station A is really shapping up, especially with that "Hickey Green."

The Hat Town Crier Column in the Danbury News-Times written by Feature Writer Colin McAllister gave our Major another "plug" last week. We quote:

State Police Major Leo F. Carroll, the boy from Kellyville district of Bethel, gave quite a talk at the Tuesday night farewell dinner for Connecticut's FBI Chief John Gleason. The quotations of the major reveal that he has taken up the study of Shakespeare.

Three times as many pedestrians are killed in Connecticut during hours of darkness as during daylight, even though fewer cars are operating at night.

According to coroners' reports, two out of every five pedestrians killed in Connecticut had been drinking.

STATION "B", CANAAN

Vincent B. was just a country boy at heart which probably accounts for his journey into the hills of Canaan. Tall and thin, with a lock of black hair that defied decent training, and the awkward gait of a youngster whose first long trousers make him aware of his importance, Vinnie had spent a good portion of his fifteen years (between movies) dreaming of far off lands where bandits hid gold in caverns and cowboys roamed the golden horizon and rested at the close of each day beside a giant campfire whose flames licked strips of bacon to a turn and boiled large vats of coffee until its aroma gave mute invitation to wayfarers to stop awhile, swap stories, and gradually doze into dreams of a world filled with chocolate sodas, majestic stallions, and cowboy suits free for the asking.

Vinnie disliked city environment, the crowded streets, faint sunlight weakened by clouds of ever present factory smoke, the monotony of daily market errands, and the constant feeling of being a boy restricted to the confines of a tenement yard with little hope of ever having a dog or hearing the resounding "smash" of a base-hit on green turfed ball fields.

So, after a heated family discussion concerning an imagined slight, Vinnie put on his walking shoes, carefully removed his bankbook from its appointed hiding place, checked his compass, and headed for the "open spaces."

His sudden departure was quickly noted and shortly thereafter word was received at the barracks that a young stranger had taken a room at a local hotel.

Sergeant Beizer's sudden knock at Vinnie's room brought a faint "Who's there?" followed by a scraping noise sounding like pressure exerted on a window. Then for the first time Vincent learned that cowboys can be cornered, especially then they attempt to outsmart an individual who has consistently anticipated the actions of youngsters and defeated them with a pleasant under-

standing which invariably made them glad to be caught.

There, outside the window stood the Sergeant looking up at a kid who wanted to go west and ended up in Canaan, trapped by a man who seemed to know that cowboys always jump out windows and generally ride away into the shadows on mighty steeds.

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

We, of Station "C", are very proud of one of our younger officers, Arthur Hess, who so courageously upheld the high standards of the department when he risked his own life to save one Henry G. Barnes, an escaped State's Prison convict, from a wrecked stolen car as it burst into flames. A Citation for Bravery has been awarded to Officer Hess. A fine way to end an Off Duty day.

One never knows whom he will meet while out on patrol. Frank Shay stopped a woman operator for speeding on the Burma Road. He held up traffic on the highway while the operator turned her car around in preparation to follow him to the station where she was to post bond. Going back to his car, Frank found that one of the tires was flat. Meanwhile the lady had driven off in the direction of the station. He called for help and another officer was dispatched to assist him by escorting the motorist to the station. Not long after that a woman appeared at the station and wanted to know where the officer was. She stated that she had had quite a time locating the place. First time the motorist arrived before the officer.

Back to work and both improved in health are Bob Bohman and "Huff and Puff" Lutz.

A motorist came into the station one day and stated that he would like to have the speedometer of his car calibrated. That was one customer we had to refer to another department.

Two girls, ten and eleven, were picked up the other day for taking money

from coats hanging in coat rooms and locker rooms at some of the University buildings. They have been engaging in this pastime for the purpose of having plenty of money for movies, cokes, sundae, and playing the pinball machines. This was going on for the past three months and proved to be very profitable within the past three weeks, \$25 being obtained on two different days. No parental supervision.

Jack Scribner made the headlines in the Willimantic Chronicle last week. He appeared as an endman with the Obwebetuck Grange minstrels at the Lebanon elementary school two nights. If you are putting on a show and need a good actor, here is one, good at putting on a one-man show, too.

Invitations have been received to the wedding of Celia Carol Songailo and our dispatcher Walter Bateman, on Saturday, April 15, 1950, at St. Joseph's Church, Rockville, Conn. We extend to them the best of wishes for the years to come.

OFFICER LUDWIG KOLODZIEJ RESCUES CANINE

The alertness of State Policeman Ludwig Kolodziej of the local Barracks, saved the life of "Lassie" from drowning one recent Friday afternoon, in the pond at the center of Stafford Hollow, near the Riverside Woolen Mill.

Officer Kolodziej who lives in the Hollow, was preparing to report for duty at Station C when the persistent barking of a dog in the vicinity of his home caused him to go outside to look around.

He first saw a dog on the shore of the Pond. Looking further he saw the collie in distress in the ice-crusted pond.

Officer Kolodziej ran, down where the dog was in difficulty. He found the ice too thin to venture on it. He then went to the opposite shore whistled and coaxed the dog to come to him. It finally climbed to the frozen surface and somewhat exhausted managed to swim in the direction of the officer who reached down and pulled the dog to safety. The Officer did not know who it belonged to, but said after a little petting the dog sprinted off none the worse for its experience.

---Stafford Press

STATION "D", DANIELSON

Station D personnel are pleased to note the recent promotions in the Rhode Island S.P.

Most important is the promotion of Lt. Harold E. Shippee of Scituate barracks, district commander for the northern district, to a captaincy. He will go to the Lincoln barracks, where he will be headquarters officer and district commander of the Blackstone area. He was appointed to the department Aug. 8, 1931.

Other promotions are:

Sgt. Arthur T. Lee to be a lieutenant.

Corp. Albert G. Busby and Corp. Austin L. Duffy to be sergeants.

Troopers Clement R. Ashmore, Arthur W. Newton and Trendino J. Petrarca to be corporals.

Reserve Trooper Albert W. Fiske, 22, of 195 Ontario Street, Providence, a graduate of the 1949 state police training school, will be appointed a trooper and assigned to the Chepachet barracks. He is single, a graduate of Central High School and served in the Navy during the war.

Sergeant Lee was appointed a trooper Aug. 1, 1935; corporal Nov. 1, 1938, and sergeant July 1, 1946. He will go to the Portsmouth barracks to become district commander of the eastern district. He is now serving as patrol commander of the Blackstone patrol at Lincoln barracks.

Corporal Busby was appointed a trooper Nov. 12, 1932, and a corporal Jan. 8, 1946. He will remain at the Wickford barracks and serve as assistant patrol commander.

Corporal Duffy was appointed a trooper June 5, 1934, and promoted to corporal Jan. 16, 1948. He will be transferred from Hope Valley to Lincoln where he will serve as assistant patrol commander of the Blackstone patrol.

Trooper Ashmore joined the department Mar. 8, 1937. He will remain at Chepachet barracks.

Trooper Newton was appointed to the department Dec. 1, 1941. He will re-

main at Chepachet barracks.

Trooper Petrarca was appointed June 5, 1940. He will be transferred from the Scituate to the Lincoln barracks.

To all our very good wishes.

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The "Yankee Pedlar" Columnist in the Windham County Observer paid great tribute to State Policeman Joseph Donovan's father recently. We quote:

Tribute to Andrew P. Donovan

HE NEVER WALKED WITH
KINGS BUT RODE WITH ONE

By The Yankee Pedlar

During a visit to Putnam last week the Pedlar dropped in on an old friend, Andrew P. Donovan, a man, who wherever he went was always admired and envied by youngsters. When we were kids, Mr. Donovan was the most important man in the world. He was the boss of the New Haven Railroad's locomotives. As far as we knew or cared the railroad couldn't run without Mr. Donovan and there were many times when his vast knowledge of what it took besides coal to accomplish this was all that stood between a derailed engine and service along the line.

Mr. Donovan reciprocated the fascinated interest of shavers in his position of importance alongside that of President Calvin Coolidge, William S. (Two-Gun Bill) Hart, Gen. John J. Pershing, Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood, Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey. He laughingly recalled that his lunch was never a moment overdue in those happy years between 1917 and 1924 or so, because if his own boys, Frank and Joe, were not about, every other kid in the neighborhood was at the back door promptly at 4, waiting for Mrs. Donovan to hand out the carefully-packed basket for delivery to the railroad station where her engineer husband would shortly be stepping down from the cab of his magnificent "2400" job on the Hartford-Boston or New London-Worcester runs. The privilege of handing up the mid-day meal to Mr. Donovan always was rewarded by a lift into the engineer's seat and a chance to put

on the big gloves, look out the window and take hold of the throttle. Once there was the rare privilege of tooting the whistle.

Excitement beyond description came another day when Mr. Donovan's engine required water and five of his lunch carriers rode up in the yards while big "2400's" tender was loaded with coal.

Piloted Prince Of Wales

As time moved on and Mr. Donovan moved up the ladder of railroading success the treats became less frequent but no less exciting. There was the day in 1924 when, as road foreman of locomotives, he handled the job of piloting the luxury train of the Prince Of Wales from Boston to New York. With clear track over most of the route, the express rolled at top permissible speed through town after town, but as the flag-bedecked special carrying England's future monarch rolled into Putnam yards, the town's own distinguished citizen signalled his engineer to draw back on the throttle. The snorting locomotive slowed to a mule's gait. His Highness didn't appear, but the platform crowd wasn't disappointed. Andy Donovan had stood in the hatchway between locomotive and tender and gave a royal wave as only an Irishman could. His broad frame rolled with impish laughter last week as he reflected on his usurpation of the royal prerogative with this unauthorized standin for His Britannic majesty.

While he never walked with kings Mr. Donovan rode with one and with seven Presidents to boot in his 50 year career as a railroad man. He has happily never lost the common touch.

- - - -

CHEWING GUM HOLDS UP CAR OWNER'S CASE

In Bristol, England, George Law said it was the automobile that had been stolen from him three years ago, despite a different coat of paint and changed engine and chassis numbers.

He pointed out one thing that was the same--a piece of chewing gum he had used to patch an oil leak. Local magistrates agreed and ordered the car returned to him.

STATION "E", GROTON

Taking cognizance that six submarine base sailors have been killed in auto accidents since last July, Lieut. W. E. Mackenzie spoke on "Safe Driving", aided by motion pictures, at the local base. A command performance with approximately 1,500 navy and marine personnel attended.

In swing with the season when many dialects sound like, "Sprig ub here, kerchoo," spring cleaning has officially arrived at "E". Desks, teletype and radio now grace different locations in the main office.

Florists of the surrounding area have banded together and are assisting, so he may benefit by the Easter trade, a local florist who lost all at a recent fire. Off. Mansfield was assigned to the halo-caust.

The feminine gender is steadily looking forward to spring, anticipating the finer toggery that goes with the season. A certain "she" that is visible from our barracks daily, just must be different. That "she" has been promised a new coat, no less, even with warmer weather in view. The "she" referred to, is the Groton-New London bridge.

Opium reported in New London and no narcotic alarm! A vessel containing 11 tons, that's right, 11 tons, under guard aboard a vessel which docked in New London, destined for a chemical plant in New York.

Birthday anniversaries: Sgt. J. Dygert and Officers Kearney and J. Smith.

Shades of the big blizzard of 1888 reared its ugly head again. Patrolman Pine of the New London PD glanced at the recently installed speedometer in the patrol car. It registered 1888 and just two days before the Blizzard's anniversary.

Off. D. C. Browne of Fire Marshal's division investigated a fire and explosion in which two women were in a small cinder block office which was demolished by a gas explosion. Officers Bellefleur and P. Hickey were dispatched to the scene at the time of the accident.

Patrolman Kovalik of the New London PD arrested an operator in New London who was fined in court for failure to have an operator's license or registration in his possession. Ooops, almost forgot, there were 10 occupants in the sedan besides the operator. Are the Mack Sennett comedies staging a "come-back?"

An officer of the local sub-base, being relieved of duty, had forgotten the safe's combination in the office. The barracks was summoned to furnish this officer's 1948 car registration, for lo and behold these numbers were the clue to the safe's combination. Yep, this is Groton, so, play "safe" and always remember your own car reg.

Words are inadequate for the expression of the personnel at "E" regarding the recent hospitalization of Sgt. J. L. Dygert.

Did you know---that traffic control was in use decades ago and dates back to the "Old Testament" days and may be found in the "Good Book" of Ezekiel 46:9? "When the people of the land shall come before the Lord in the solemn feasts he that entereth in by the way of the North gate to worship shall go by the way of the South gate; and he that entereth by way of the South gate shall go forth by the way of the North gates he shall not return by way of the gate whereby he came in, but shall go forth against it."

Officer Bickford received a very complimentary letter from National Executive Committeeman Paul J. Robin, Jr., Jewish War Veterans of the United States for the courtesies extended to Paul while passing through Groton area.

On a busy Sunday afternoon while Paul and Mrs. Robin were touring metropolitan Groton, the old bus ran out of gas. "Bickie" not only got them fuel but sold himself to the popular JWV, Paul Robin.

AUTO KILLINGS PROMPT SAFETY SUGGESTIONS

Pointing out that six men from the Submarine Base have been killed in automobile accidents since July 5, 1949, the March 10 issue of the Sub Base Gazette, Base publication, lists seven sugges-

tions to eliminate the high fatality rate.

"Don't lend another person your car; he doesn't know its capabilities or characteristics and can get into trouble."

"Don't borrow a car; if you live you probably do not have the means to meet the financial obligations when you smash it up and kill a shipmate."

"Don't drive if you don't have a license. This is a criminal offense."

"Don't drive when you're sleepy, you can't meet emergencies."

"Don't drive when you have been drinking; this is an offense and accidents are the result of your slower reactions."

"Don't drive if the roads are icy."

"Obey speed limits and traffic signs; they are safety signs."

The Gazette also points out that three accidents in which these men were killed happened in borrowed cars.

SNOW, FIRE, GROUNDING, NEAR CRASH
FAIL TO STOP DOGGED POLICE OFFICER

A state policeman from Groton barracks took to the high seas recently in an attempt to apprehend a barge hand charged with nonsupport.

The voyage was eventful if not successful.

The tug ran aground on a mud flat, nearly struck a railroad bridge and had a fire in the smokestack. All occurred during the height of a snowstorm.

Undaunted, Officer John H. Smith was somewhere in the Thames river a day later--on a barge and with his prisoner.

It all started when Smith was assigned the task of serving a warrant on Lester Thompson of Preston. Learning he was on a barge, Smith boarded a tug at Montville and began his search.

Not long after the tug pulled away from the dock, snow began falling. Sailor Smith was getting wet on the bridge with the tug captain when they noticed more than the usual amount of smoke coming from the stack.

It developed that the stack was ablaze. Smith assisted crew members

in extinguishing the fire.

Soon after, the tug lurched and came to an unscheduled halt. Because of poor visibility, the tug had run aground on a mud flat.

As Smith got wetter, the tug was refloated.

The craft now was approaching the railroad bridge over the Thames River with visibility still almost zero because of the snow. The whistle was blown, signaling the bridge to open. But a train was coming and the bridge could not be raised.

The tug continued in the belief the bridge had opened. Suddenly, the captain realized the bridge was closed. The engines were backed down and the tug shuddered to a halt, just short of the span.

Apparently, that was enough for Seafarer Smith. He was put ashore at the Coast Guard academy with his car several miles up the river at Montville. A chilly call to the barracks and another car was dispatched to take Smith to his vehicle.

The same night, Smith took Thompson into custody -- ashore. But therein lies another tale.

Thompson's case was continued in Preston justice court and he was ordered held in \$1,000 bail which he did not furnish.

Smith was prepared to take him to the county jail when a Noank firm sent word it had a barge in the river which could only be piloted downstream by Thompson.

What else could a good state policeman do? Smith boarded the barge with Thompson and together they piloted the barge to the mouth of the harbor.

The Northwest Mounted Police--well they're good, too, commented Lieut. William E. Mackenzie, commanding officer of Groton barracks.

---New London Day

"I have to go to Reno," said a perplexed looking lady to a traffic officer.

"Are you asking directions, lady, or just telling me your troubles?"

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

CURRENT SIMPLE PROJECTS

A THOUGHTFUL FATHER-----A GOOD POLICE OFFICER

Go to church with the family
Admire daughter's Easter outfit
Put Sonny's sled away
Get out the lawn rake
Take Mama to the policemen's ball
Drive carefully
Try out your secret trout stream
Buy seeds
Help Sis with the homework
Think about vacation
Help with the Spring house cleaning
Buy an extra bond
Get the feel of those golf clubs
Visit Grandmother

Start for work five minutes earlier
Shoot a few extra targets
Get acquainted with the farmer
Take another crack at that old case
Oil those handcuffs
Relink and put the chains away
In the "New Blue" Look Sharp-Be sharp
Read the new MV Law Book
Get a new tie
Take the dents out of your hat
Write a little plainer
Check your fire extinguisher
Ask advice
Smile

With the disappearance of Ole Man Winter's coat of white, and the coming of warmer spring weather, it has become apparent that the yen for patrolling the highways in our territory has become remarkably great amongst the officers at Westbrook barracks. The answer to this sudden urge to patrol is quite simple, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to love". However, in this particular instance, it is the love of solitude along the shore line in a police car that has its windows rolled down and the officer taking deep breaths of the clean, fresh air that he has not smelled since a year ago last spring. Under such conditions it is feasible that the officer goes into periods of thought and meditation regarding one thing or another that might prove interesting if it were possible to probe into the inner recesses of his mind and bring to the surface the secrets that lie within. Pretending then, that we can read a person's mind, let's climb into a few cars with various officers and determine what each has on his mind.

Well Sir, first we are riding in Conn. Reg. 4G-639 heading toward Bethany. We can see three little words imprinted on this person's mind as he

drives casually along, "Rules Of Evidence." They are coming smarter now, so we should change that to Three Big Words. Next we are in LP-965. This officer is focusing his brain on the focusing lens of his camera. We wonder if there is an opening nearby. The next car we climb into is GC-900. This person is scooping in the scenery and looks a happier man than he did a few months ago. It is rumored that this lad has just returned from a vacation at the Lazy "K" Ranch in Colchester, where all a person can see is cattle. We jump into VZ-106 as it comes through the Toll House over the Baldwin Bridge. The operator of this car is enroute to his usual rendezvous with mother nature. Now he tells everybody that Copperhead snakes travel by night and their eyes light up like headlights on a car as they glide along nocturnally.

We now get into a car heading West on route #80. The operator of this car is smoking a big fat Christmas cigar and is humming "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town"; I guess he can't wait for Christmas to roll around again. Who can blame him? Oh yes, his plate number, GP-281. A car VZ-105 is being seen frequently in the vicinity of a newly erected garage in East Haven. If you

look close, you can catch the operator making a quick change from uniform to overalls while bargaining with a prospective merchant at the same time, and smoking somebody else's ciggs to boot. We now see VZ-131 go by and the operator has his head out the window shouting, "Get Two". Must be listening to a ball game.

Getting behind 4G-646 we see some crumpled paper tossed out the window. Picking up the fragments all that can be seen is "The operation of a Bulldozer in three easy lessons on one side and Radiant Heating, Pro and Con on the other. VZ-98 is seen at Old Saybrook Town Hall very often. In his car is a large volume on "How To Become A Tax Collector, if your retirement income is insufficient." As we get into GC-950 we hear an argument, Can I install my new television set in my car when I'm working nights? Answer: Nooooo. VZ-110 has been seen looking into the show windows of motorcycle shops. Spring cannot come soon enough for this lover of the two-wheelers. LT-102 drives around with a bumper sign "This is a 10 point Vet". Wonder why? PM-321 has a little box attached to the door with a sign "take one" and as we obligingly do take one, we find a photograph and an authentic autograph of the operator. Also written on card, "Choice of MGM."

In Old Lyme we come upon a car disabled with Conn. PK-358 Reg. Then we see two horses pulling the car and the driver muttering, "I knew these new fandangled things were not here to stay". 2A-841 was seen leaving a mental hospital. On the doorstep a woman asks "Which way to the moon." The Officer was last seen looking on the State map with the woman to find the shortest route. WV-919 is seen stopping all other officers as they are getting into their cars and saying, "If you are going to Hartford, Pick up the Checks."

In VZ-117 we see a driver and two youngsters, each convincing the other that the referees certainly hate Morgan. Don't they? As we are riding in LT-106 we hear a fishy story, "One Bass a thousand Roach can take", well anyway, "One Joe a thousand Bass can take." Oh well who cares how it goes as long as

I'm fed on Friday. GC-920 used to slow down at Lyman Gunsight factory in Middlefield. Nowadays he doesn't even look in that direction, wonder Wha Hoppen Baby..If I were you, I'd ask to to work nights permanently said one dispatcher to another as he wiped the drool from his lips...and it worked.

STATION "I", BETHANY

Here comes Peter Cottontail, coming down the Bunny Trail. Easter Greetings to all from Station I.

Spring is here...With spring comes the Flowers, Gypsies and Traffic. The heaviest motor vehicle travel in the history of the automobile is predicted for this year.

Officer Piascik was assigned a new Ford Sedan. He received it on March 17,1950. He tells us he prayed two years to St. Stanislaus for it and is now directing further prayers to St. Patrick. He has used 12 cans of Simo-nize since receiving the car.

That is Frank Baylis with the new make-up. He was reading that correspondence course, "How to be an undercover man in 12 easy lessons." On the fourth lesson a pair of spectacles was suggested and Frank swears that is the only reason that he is wearing them.

Officers Ferguson and Duma with John Palmieri have a lot in common these days...They talk for hours about their operations. If you haven't had an operation or if you haven't heard of the operations that these three had call New Haven 3-2551 and any one of these gents will be only too glad to explain the procedure in detail.

For the benefit of the girls who made inquiry, I will give out the secret. Both Dowling and Puester are single. May I add they are the two most eligible bachelors that I know of and may I say, most elusive. Now that you know the field is wide open, go ahead.

Well now, that the Trout season opens this month, I suppose we will

hear about the big ones a certain Sergeant lost but he never tells about the ones he caught until he has them eaten. Be a good guy Sarge and bring in a mess of trout for breakfast some fine morning. Maybe Don Fournier will bring in a Tuna or something when he finishes that ship that he is building.

We at Station "I" are privileged to have French Cuisine at this barracks. Mr. Raoul LaRiviere, student of Escoffiere is doing the Maitre De Hotel job here in fine fashion. It was only recently that we learned that he is a true son of the south, having been born in Willimantic in southern New England. This probably accounts for the many fine southern dishes that he concocts. Try some of his famous Chicken Noo Awlins, the dish with the Creole dialect.

We also have an excellent Canasta player who is always willing to teach the game. Mr. Walter Evarts of our garage crew is a constant player in the East Haven Canasta tournament. Walter is the man who played in that great Hollywood thriller, "This is America." He was the extortionist in the picture and I understand he plays the same part in a card game.

May we extend CONGRATULATIONS to the communities of Naugatuck and Shelton for their excellent traffic records. Both towns have gone over 1,000 days without a Traffic Fatality. May the records continue. We would like to see more communities in our territory with similar records.

The assembly of dignitaries and their friends at FBI - John J. Gleason dinner gave testimony in itself of the high esteem in which Jack Gleason is held by the police and law enforcement agencies of this state. His was a great police administration at New Haven. He did everything that could be expected of a man in his position and gave far more to law enforcement than was expected of any man. As Major Carroll stated, "All Police Officers in the State are better off by far, for having known John Gleason." How true those words are. John Gleason is Honest, Fair, Fearless, Courteous and Cordial. He is the type of man that we all want in law enforcement. His stay at New Haven has done

much to raise the standards of the profession. John Gleason; our Commanding Officer, Lieut. George Remer, and all of his command wish at this time to bid you farewell and in so doing ask God to speed you to future success and may we say when we look back over the years that we will always remember you as a real cop and a real man. Can a cop say more? Good luck, John.

New York City's District Attorney, Frank S. Hogan, is a native of Waterbury, Connecticut. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael F. Hogan of Waterbury recently received congratulatory letters and telegrams on their fiftieth anniversary from President Truman, Cardinal Francis Spellman, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, James A. Farley, former Postmaster General, and Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of Columbia University.

STATION "K", COLCHESTER

The Rotary Club, East Hampton in its issue "The Bell" gives Lieutenant Rundle a real boost: "Max Kay scored a bull's eye with a real two-fisted talker at last Wednesday's meeting, in the person of Lieutenant Rundle, Commander of Colchester State Police Barracks. Lieutenant 'Bob' is a bang up speaker, and the reason is not hard to find. He possesses a double portion of that vital ingredient, enthusiasm for his subject, which is the first essential for a good speech. Bob would probably brush this off and say he didn't make a speech at all. He just laid on the line for us a few examples what soft-headedness and soft-heartedness can do in letting young people run unchecked into serious trouble with the law. After he had added a few words on common-sense precautions which every car owner and householder should observe for the safety of himself and his property.

Lieutenant Bob emphasized a few important DON'TS for his listeners:
DON'T leave your keys in your car;
DON'T go out for an evening and leave

your back door unlocked, ground floor windows open, or the house in total darkness.

When you go away for a vacation, DON'T fail to notify the milkman and paper boy so that no tell-tale accumulation of milk and papers is at your door advertising the fact that the house is empty and the family away."

Nice going Bob!!

LARRY DAY IS IN THE NEWS AGAIN

A motorist drove into Larry's lane (Charter Oak Bridge) the other morning and handed him a dollar bill and jokingly said, "You'd better check the serial number on that bill, I think it's one of the bills from the Brink's robbery."

Larry thereupon reported the episode to Sgt. H. P.----who asked Collector Day if he had secured the registration number of the car in question.

The answer - "Nope, but I have the bill "!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(The Khronic Komplainer)

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

On March 29th at 3:30 PM our Officer Frank Duren, while on routine patrol on Rte. #63 in Watertown, observed a 1942 Chrysler Sedan travelling in anerratic manner. Upon stopping this vehicle he was informed by the young man behind the wheel that he had left his drivers license at home and that the car which he was operating belonged to a friend in Bridgeport. At this point "HQ" came on the air and announced "Stolen in Bridgeport, a 1942 Chrysler Sedan, Conn. Reg. F-71". On overhearing this broadcast, Off. Duren immediately took the operator, Philip Tanguay, into custody. After further conversation with the accused, Off. Duren learned that he had stolen the car in Bridgeport and was en route to North Adams, Mass. This subject also admitted that he had been in difficulty with the police in the

past due to Theft of a Motor Vehicle and was now operating under suspension. A good job Officer Duren--Congratulations.

The State Police Department and Station "L" lost a good friend on March 24th when William Sepples, the former Trial Justice of the Litchfield Justice Court passed away. Justice Sepples was for many years a Justice of the Peace and was Litchfield's first Trial Justice. He was an expert checker player and taught a few plays to some of us.

Ah Spring is here and Officer Wilcox has informed us that he has shot his first Woodchuck.

Sgt. Tripp has put away his beautiful green tie until next St. Patricks Day. The Sgt. wouldn't tell us where he obtained that beautiful new tie but we dare to say that there is not another one to be had quite like it.

Officer Paul Falzone is now the proud owner of a new television set and is a regular stay at home these evenings. Expect a request now for a daylight assignment!!

Off. Hawley is now anxiously looking forward to seeing those Boston Braves perform on a certain Television Set in Hartford. We understand the reception in very good over that-a-way.

Off. Lombardo is mighty proud of his new 1950 Ford and is taking great care of it.

Our Dispatcher Salvatore Savoia floating along on clouds these days. Must be love. He is about to take upon himself a little wife come May. Good luck Sal.....

Officer Calkins recently witnessed an unusual accident while patrolling about seven o'clock in the evening along Route #63 through Litchfield. Being dark, a few standard icy spots which had been sanded hindered traffic to some degree when suddenly our Wilbur observed another car approaching from the opposite direction and when it reached a point approximately 100 feet in front of him, the oncoming car suddenly pulled to the extreme right, stopped, and a woman jumped out and started running back down the road. The operator of the parked car began blowing his horn to at-

tract Wilbur's attention.

Lucky he did so. As he stopped, Wilbur saw the woman reach down on the highway and pick up a small bundle which was rolling on the center line of the road about 50 feet to the rear of the parked car. It appeared to be a small child which had apparently fallen out of the car. Picking up baby, the woman rushed back to Calkins and placed the baby on the fender.

The youngster was crying and appeared to be in pain. Putting the baby and parents in his car, Wilbur radioed his station to notify Doctor Warners' office as to the emergency and the Doctor was on hand and quickly discovered that the baby had not suffered any serious injuries.

It appears there were several occupants in the car with some small youngsters in the rear. The rear door of the car was not properly closed and when it opened, out tumbled the four-year-old baby. Lucky for Wilbur he was traveling slowly. His special report was rushed into headquarters and received a very quick acknowledgment.

"SANDY SAYS"

I followed an auto Sunday night from down the other side of Danbury. It was Connecticut No. 2 and I presume it was the official car of Lieutenant Governor William Carroll of Torrington. It was driven by a State Trooper, and right here and now I want to hand that trooper a bit of a compliment. He held that car right around forty-five miles an hour most of the way, that is, out in the open spaces, and going through Danbury traffic, never too good, he was extra careful. A good driver, he no doubt could have hit her up to sixty or seventy and not been bothered due to the fact that it was an official state car. In the back seat, evidently enjoying the leisurely ride was a youngish looking gent, and I have not the least doubt in me mind that it was the popular Torrington banker, Bill Carroll, on his way home from some banquet or other. And again I sez, that State trooper is a durned good one to have driving our next governor around.

---The New Milford Times

HEADQUARTERS MIRROR

The Connecticut Chiefs Testimonial Dinner to "Jack" Gleason (FBI) at the Waverly Inn March 28 proved to be the best without doubt in the police annals of Connecticut. C.S.P. was represented 100 strong with the Commissioner as Toastmaster and Major Carroll as the "highlight" of the evening.

We have heard many speakers at the Testimonials but none so sincere as Judges Shanley and Devlin along with the several police chiefs. President John M. Gleason, IACP, being unable to attend owing to an important Town Meeting in Greenwich had a recording made in Greenwich and it was transcribed at the Waverly. As usual, John M. did a grand job.

Our Leo F. Carroll, a surprise speaker for the occasion, really "Stole The Show". His quotations from Shakespeare brought down the house. His reply to "E Jay's" introduction was a wow! Then and there we knew he was "going to town". A great friend of "J.J." Gleason, Leo lost no time in letting the crowd know how he felt about the honored guest. Only a chap like "J.J." could win the confidence and admiration of the "Great Leo".

Parties like Gleason's are too few-- may they be less when given as a farewell to a regular guy. Good Luck "Jack".

NO G-MAN JOKES

In attempts to evaluate the success of John J. Gleason as an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Connecticut, speaker at a testimonial banquet assigned such factors as intelligence, ambition and enterprise. There were many other reasons mentioned and each undoubtedly carried a fair amount of weight. One that was overlooked entirely by all of the post prandial assessors of Mr. Gleason's character was his humility. Even a crook likes to be respected and the departing Nutmeg G-Man, in his relations with the public

never stepped out of his role of humble servant.

Perhaps it is because of this that a state policeman banqueteer, in search of gags to tell at Mr. Gleason's testimonial, was amazed to discover that "there are no jokes about the G-Men." They've earned and they hold the universal respect and admiration of the law-abiding people of the United States. Their service has put them out of reach of the butting of the nation's joke-smiths, the trooper agreed.

---The Yankee Pedlar

THE WISE MEN

The Special Service Division's first annual St. Patrick's dinner dance was held at the Black Horse Inn, in ORANGE - no less. The bailiwick was the Major's sole condescension to the meat eaters in attendance. Over forty persons including husbands, wives and friends gathered for as fine a time as any had ever enjoyed over any holiday. The blizzard on the way home produced no fender kinks.

Leo Francis attended with Mrs. LFC. He greeted all and sundry graciously as ever and bestowed the proper comments anent this gown and that lady's corsage. His gay and popular wife augmented her husband's well-placed amenities.

Like all veteran police officers, EJH has the requisite equipment to meet any and all circumstances. His trusty pocket flashlight furnished immediate and satisfactory illumination for the Major's waltz with the several ladies - despite the prearranged lowering of the house lights. If the Colonel only knew the anticipation re one DANCE! We've heard it for weeks, both the ANTICIPATION and the MEMORIES.

Our musical end of the entertainment favored with all the Irish tunes in the book. Some couples dance these and do passably well with the speedy tempo. E. Jay does them with that contagious abandon that bespeaks long familiarity. He was good and needed no special part-

ner for even the solo rendition. We hear he has written testimonials to his ability - unsolicited and submitted since the 17th.

Just one more thing we'd like to add. To all our Special Service Brothers and Sisters who were missing and couldn't make it. We missed you all and hope that next year the party will be complete with each and every member of Special Service present.

The Squad Room is looking forward eagerly to Sam Rome's symposium on "Laundry Marks", his assigned paper after the Harvard School of Legal Medicine Refresher at Cambridge. Tell us, Sam, is there more?

CHECK and DOUBLE CHECK (Blank verse)

NOW:

We check in with Alfreda
 We check out with Rose
 We check out with LJM
 SPB checks via phone
 SPH sixteens us
 G, B, I, D and F twenty-nines us
 And we straggle in with ringing ears
 To the Major's - WHERE'VE YOU BEEN
 ALL DAY!

THE LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT:

That paragon of all headquarters secretaries - that buffer twixt brass and the brashness of the squad room habitues - that veteran Rose Albright has a new coupe on order. It's a cozy, tu-door affair, we hear.

Backiel returned safe and sound with prisoner from Houston, Texas. He claims he did not stay at Mr. McCarthy's fabulous Shamrock Hotel, but did have refreshments there and even then had to check his \$8 per diem out of state allowance.

Even the Elizabeth Park's world-famous rosarians wear gloves pruning rose bushes. Captain Mulcahy's lacerated hands of a week ago indicate he forgot.

Tommy O'Brien - one of our most recent but welcome additions to the SS Squad got the usual indoctrination from Prof. "Red" Santy - Mr. Unemployment Compensation. "Tommy" won three of Mike's unsolved check forgeries, passed

on Hartford's Skid Row, and dusted off from Brother Santy's moldy please-don't-haunt-me file!

Paging Captain Buckley! Please do not be worried about 1-HQ and the Chemical Test Problem. We have authentic information on file at Headquarters showing that the Colonel himself is corresponding with the Hon. Leonard Goldberg, who is with the Karolinska Institute at Stockholm, Sweden. Do not be surprised to see him on the Chemical Test for Intoxication Band Wagon that you have been greasing and polishing for a long time. (Oh, Yeah!)

Officer Tommy O'Brien has been especially assigned by 1-HQ to assist Hartford and West Hartford in carrying the ball. He is the department's representative in unravelling the mystery surrounding the murder of Louis Wolfson. Good luck, to you, Tommy.

CONNECTICUT CALENDAR

APRIL 1950

- Apr. 1, 1918--Army Motor truck train of 149 machines passed through Connecticut enroute to shipping points.
- Apr. 2, 1856--Connecticut River still frozen; E. L. Brockway crossed from Saybrook to Lyme on the ice.
- Apr. 3, 1859--Henry Louis Reginald DeKoven, composer, noted for "Robin Hood" born at Middletown.
- Apr. 4, 1871--The three masted schooner FOREST OAK launched at New Haven.
- Apr. 5, 1883--Mary E. Smith of Southbury is granted a patent for a lamp-supporting bracket for sewing machines.
- Apr. 6, 1857--Ole Bull, renowned pianist, gave a concert at Brewster's Hall in New Haven.
- Apr. 7, 1894--Edward Norton of Farmington who established the first creamery in New England, died.
- Apr. 8, 1898--Bulkeley High School of New London is trounced by Hillhouse High of New Haven at baseball, 26-5.
- Apr. 9, 1879--Miss Julia Evelina Smith of Glastonbury, aged 86, champion of Woman Suffrage, married to Amos G. Parker, same age, 86.
- Apr. 10, 1851--One of Hazardville's powder mills at Enfield exploded; one killed, two injured.
- Apr. 11, 1878--The car house of the New London Northern road burned in New London; loss thirty five thousand dollars.
- Apr. 12, 1871--Corner stone of Yale Divinity School in New Haven, laid.
- Apr. 13, 1772--Eli Terry, pioneer clock maker, born at E. Windsor.
- Apr. 14, 1851--Hurricane; shore property, docks, marine basins, and ships wrecked and much damage done; many lives lost throughout Connecticut.
- Apr. 15, 1865--Tremendous mass meeting held at noon on the Green in New Haven on occasion of Abraham Lincoln's death.
- Apr. 16, 1851--William Clahasey murdered in Waterbury by Michael O'Neil.
- Apr. 17, 1902--Fire in Lilley Block, Torrington, loss ten thousand dollars.
- Apr. 18, 1731--William Williams, signer of Declaration of Independence, born at Lebanon.
- Apr. 19, 1874--Corner stone of St. Elizabeth Convent laid in New Haven.
- Apr. 20, 1893--Schooner JENNY LIND driven ashore at Branford Beach in a terrific storm.
- Apr. 21, 1855--Governor Gardner of Massachusetts and staff visited the Insane, Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Hartford.
- Apr. 22, 1860--Patent issued to Myron Foy of Stamford for improved method of insulating. Patent also issued to James Ives of Mount Carmel for improvement in harness pads.
- Apr. 23, 1898--Morgan High School of Clinton beaten at baseball by Hillhouse High of New Haven, twelve to eleven.
- Apr. 24, 1891--Cyclone at East Berlin blew down Bridge Company's new iron building; several injured.
- Apr. 25, 1877--Cos Cob bridge at Greenwich burned; railroad travel interrupted.
- Apr. 26, 1840--William H. H. Murray, "Adirondack Murray" born at Guilford.
- Apr. 27, 1877--The first three way telephone conversation in history took

place between New Haven, Middletown and Hartford.

Apr. 28, 1777--Two thousand British troops withdrew after burning nineteen dwellings, a meeting house and 21 stores and barns in Danbury.

Apr. 29, 1937--William Gillett, noted actor, died at his castle at Hadlyme.

Apr. 30, 1870--Fiscal year of State Prison at Wethersfield showed 222 prisoners within its walls.

---Connecticut Circle

STATE POLICE AWARDS

To the increasing number of fields in which women have made their mark, add the State Police. As a civilian employe of the department, Miss Millicent Maloney of this city, dispatcher at the Danielson station, received last week an award of honorable mention from the Connecticut State Police Board of Awards. She was cited for the outstanding service she rendered as radio dispatcher in handling a trying and difficult emergency while on duty at headquarters, notifying other state police cars in the area as to the flight and pursuit of an escaped convict:

State Officer Arthur A. Hess received an award of bravery for his work in connection with the recent capture of the escaped convict whom he also rescued from a burning auto.

The Observer extends its congratulations to Officer Hess and to the distaff State Police, Miss Maloney.

---Windham County Observer

GEORGE BROOKS ARMSTEAD

When the final summons came it was probably just as George Brooks Armstead would have arranged it if he had been consulted in advance. It found him in full stride, imparting information and intelligent comment surrounded by friends, and enjoying the hospitality of one of the numerous organized groups to which he belonged and of which he was such a valued member.

Death had beckoned to George several times. But he was always too busy to pay much heed. It was life, people, ideas, events, and the quest for truth that interested him. To him the quest was exhilarating and joyous. He followed it with unflagging zeal in college, in newspaper work, as a radio commentator, as an editor of the Digest of Connecticut Administrative Reports, and in his widespread and helpful personal activities.

As managing editor of the Courant, Mr. Armstead stoutly maintained the highest standards of journalistic service during a period when standards of all sorts were generally being lowered or discarded altogether. When health forced him to turn to something less strenuous he distinguished himself as a keen reviewer of books and a fearless commentator over the radio. At a time when a good deal of confused thinking threatened the integrity of American life, George Armstead spoke out with a courage, patriotism and sound judgment that had a wholesome effect on all who heard him.

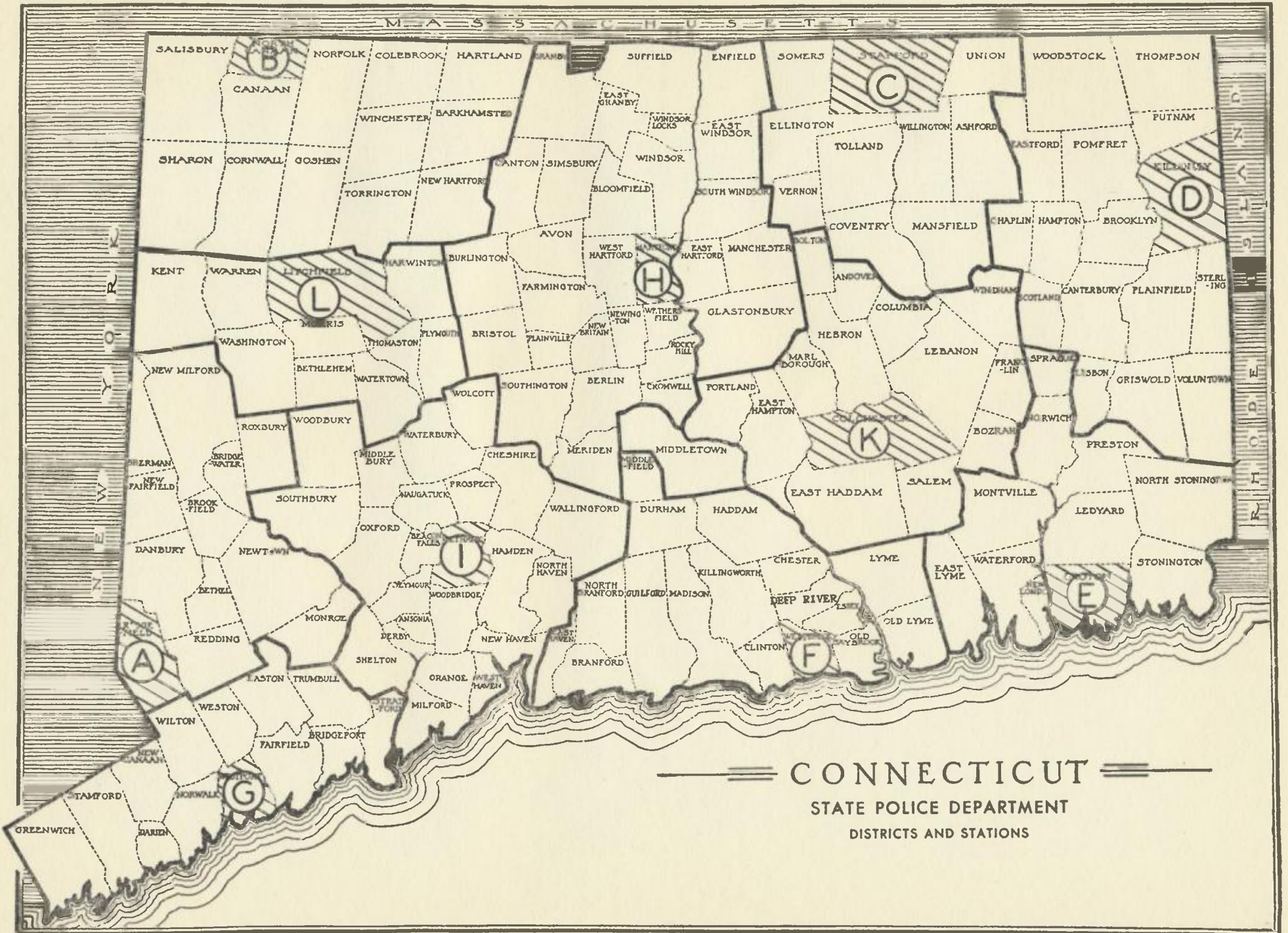
In one of the informative and often eloquent introductions to the Digest of Reports, Mr. Armstead wrote about the interdependence of the legislative and executive branches of the government and added a comment that is being proved true at the present moment. "There is some muddying of the thoughts of too many people", he said, "concerning this phase of the nature of government."

A clear thinker himself, Mr. Armstead spent a rich life doing his able best to clarify public thinking about great and difficult problems. To the very end he was a working patriot. We shall miss him as a community force, as a fellow craftsman, as a source of knowledge and judgment, and as a friend.

---Hartford Times

Police officers in greater Hartford have lost a great friend and loyal supporter in George Armstead's passing.

Success is still operated on the self-service plan.



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