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CONNECTICUT STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT



EDWARD J. HICKEY
Commissioner

MAY - JUNE, 1953

Code of Honor
of the
Connecticut State Police

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

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

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

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

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

Yankee ^{BY THE} Clipper

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE



NOT EVEN THE CENTURIES CAN TWIST FUNDAMENTAL AMERICAN CHARACTER OUT OF SHAPE. OUR EARLIEST SETTLERS, SENSING THE DIGNITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL, SOUGHT INDEPENDENCE — FREEDOM TO RAISE THEIR FAMILIES BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE, THE OPPORTUNITY FOR MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL ADVANCEMENT. THEY WERE HAPPY TO WORK WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS, BUT THEY WANTED TO STAND ON THEIR OWN FEET TOO.



TODAY, WE LIVE IN A MORE COMPLEX WORLD BUT, BASICALLY, THE OBJECTIVES WE SEEK FOR OURSELVES AND OUR FAMILIES ARE STILL THE SAME. THE HABITS OF HARD WORK AND THRIFT, THE QUALITY OF SELF-RELIANCE — THE DESIRE TO STAND ON OUR OWN FEET, *BEHOLDEN TO NO ONE* — ARE PRECIOUS GIFTS TO HAND DOWN TO OUR CHILDREN.

EVERY four and a half minutes today, tomorrow and every day in the predictable future, a criminal will commit murder, manslaughter, rape or assault to kill somewhere in the United States. Even more shocking than the mounting crime rate are the actual prison terms served by culprits convicted of these monstrous offenses. F.B.I. statistics reveal that murderers, including those given life sentences, are confined for a median term of less than nine years. The median prison term for manslaughter is three years and three months. Rapists are kept behind bars only three years and two months.

These men, and nearly two million other ex-convicts guilty of lesser crimes, are released from prison on parole before they have completed their minimum sentences. Few laymen know, perhaps, that practically all prisoners in state and Federal institutions are granted paroles, in addition to time off for good behavior, which cut substantially the sentences imposed on them. Save for the occasional incorrigible who is a chronic trouble-maker or a professional tough guy, the convict whose prison term is not reduced is as rare as the legendary crook with a heart of gold. The conscientious citizens who sit on state parole boards are keenly aware of their responsibilities to society and criminals. It is not their fault that the present parole system has failed dismally in preventing crime.

Another set of F.B.I. statistics points up the urgency of the problem. During the first half of 1952, more than one million major crimes were committed throughout the country. In that period the F.B.I. received 423,214 sets of fingerprints of people arrested by state and local police

—and 60.6 per cent already were on file in Washington for offenses of a serious nature. According to a statement made in 1948 by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the F.B.I., 78.1 per cent of the 14,000 most dangerous public enemies had been granted paroles during their criminal careers. In checking the dossiers, it was not uncommon to find men who had been given three to five paroles. Some had been paroled as much as ten times, yet they still were leading lives devoted to crime and violence.

I want to make it clear at the outset that although I am a policeman at heart. I recognize that the reformation of criminals cannot be achieved by punitive measures alone. Thirty-five years of experience as an investigator for the Pinkertons, the Department of Justice, a chief county detective and Commissioner of the Connecticut State Police have convinced me of the need for a constructive and continuing program that gives a man who has run afoul of the law a chance to rehabilitate himself. When properly supervised, parole is—or should be—the best method yet devised for helping a former criminal redeem himself in a community as a law-abiding citizen. Without parole, there would be a terrific in-

crease in prison riots and the incidence of crime would be much greater than it is today.

This is especially true in view of the fact that crime is essentially a youth problem. Few adults become criminals after they reach maturity. Again, figures are more eloquent than a thousand sermons. Fully 30 per cent of the people arrested last year for crimes against property were less than twenty-one years old and about 70 per cent were first offenders. Kids deserve every chance to demonstrate that one mistake was an accident or maybe a foolish impulse of the moment, and they get ample opportunity to prove it by being put on probation and parole.

Probation is a postponement of sentence, or a *pre-prison* effort at rehabilitation, used liberally in handling juvenile offenders. They usually are confined in institutions only after all other corrective measures have failed. Ninety per cent of the population in Connecticut's reformatory at Cheshire for inmates between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five have previous records before they are sent there for the first time. It is fairly frequent to receive a boy who has been placed on probation five times and, of

course, has been favored by a sympathetic judge each time.

Parole, or *post-prison* rehabilitation, is so widespread that it is virtually standard operating procedure in modern penology. Here, too, the good intentions of society are abused, consistently and flagrantly. Approximately 25 per cent of all state parolees violate the conditions of their releases from prison during the relatively brief periods they are serving their unfinished sentences "on the outside." Eventually, another 25 per cent are re-arrested for illegal activities after their paroles have expired. In other words, fully half the convicts granted paroles are listed as repeaters on police records.

Yet I contend that the principle of parole is sound and should be extended even farther than it is today, provided certain safeguards which I will outline presently are set up. I say this despite the fact that one of our state troopers was killed by a parole violator only last February thirteenth. The trooper stopped a speeding car on the Merritt Parkway to warn the driver and, as he approached the car, was shot down by a young parolee who had left Massachusetts without permission of the proper authorities.

OUR PAROLE PROBLEM

We're paying too high a price for a parole system that only partly works.

BY EDWARD J. HICKEY

Commissioner, Connecticut State Police

AS TOLD TO STANLEY FRANK

I still believe in parole although I have grieved with too many widows and children of fine law-enforcement officers who have been killed by criminals released prematurely from prison.

Right now, just across the border in Massachusetts, a criminal who has murdered two policemen in cold blood is enjoying legal liberty. This man was one of the notorious Ice-Box Bandits who terrorized New England in the 1920's by locking hold-up victims in refrigerators. They were fleeing from a hold-up when they were chased by a Connecticut state trooper on a motorcycle. They shot and killed the trooper. Seized later in Massachusetts, they were extradited to Connecticut and charged with murder. The man and his brother were sentenced to life imprisonment.

Three years later, he and two inmates guilty of major crimes escaped from prison and fled to Jacksonville, Florida. Two local detectives spotted the fugitives in a stolen car on a main street and attempted to apprehend them. The desperados opened fire, killing one detective and wounding the other so badly that he was permanently crippled. The lifer escaped again but was captured in Pensacola on a ship bound for Mexico. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in Florida, but the authorities there returned him to Connecticut because of his prior conviction in our jurisdiction.

Twenty years later the man who had murdered two policemen with dependent children was paroled by Connecticut and permitted to go to Massachusetts a free man. I am not criticizing the action of the parole board. I merely am wondering what society must do to protect itself against individuals of this type. And I am wondering, too, whether we have seen the last of a confirmed cop-killer.

Are too many criminals paroled? I don't believe so. Although I emphasize the high incidence of repeaters who are costing us an excessive price in loss of life and property, my chief purpose is to point up the vital need for parole regulations that really work. It is essential to remember that half the convicts granted parole betray the confidence of well-meaning people, but that's a negative approach to the question. Think of the other half who go straight after they are released. If they were confined with hardened jail-birds for an appreciable period, the chances are that a great many young prisoners would learn the tricks of the criminal trade from experts.

Penal institutions are so overcrowded, and funds for modern facilities are so limited, that it is impossible to segregate casual offenders from habitual criminals. As a consequence, there is seri-

ous danger that prisons may become vocational schools for crime when young inmates are kept in that environment too long. Nobody knows how many potentially useful citizens have been recruited into the ranks of organized crime and taught the techniques of the dirty business by old, experienced Fagins.

CURRENT weaknesses in our parole system do not stem from the laws which empower board members to release men from prison. The unsatisfactory results of the practise can be traced directly to the administration of the law, the failure to follow through with stricter observance of the conditions under which parolees are freed.

By definition and legal interpretation, parole means the serving of the unexpired part of a sentence outside prison *under supervision*. Those two words, under supervision, cannot be stressed too strongly. In theory, a convict given a conditional release is supposed to be bound by certain restrictions after he returns to civilian life. He is not scot free until the full term of his parole is finished. Parole officers are required to make periodic checks on the parolee's conduct and activities, and they can take a man into custody if he violates specific conditions. That is the theory—but there is a wide and dangerous gap between theory and practical application. I don't know of a single state that appropriates enough money for the manpower to supervise adequately the criminals it paroles. This sort of economy is the source of a considerable percentage of parole violations.

Let's trace briefly the machinery of parole or, rather, how it should operate. There are minor differences among various states, but Connecticut's parole law is a fairly typical example. Anyone given a minimum sentence of one year or more can apply for a parole once a year. Lifers are eligible after they have served twenty-five years, minus time off for good behavior. Since a convict can earn two months a year in prison, and four months a year if he is transferred to a state prison farm, a lifer can ask for—and get—a parole after he has served twenty years. The Federal law is even more liberal. Prisoners sentenced to more than 180 days are eligible after serving two months or one-third of their terms. Everyone given a sentence of more than forty-five years is eligible after fifteen years.

The pressures of economy, it is important to note, are bringing about a tendency toward shorter periods of confinement, another factor that underscores the need for tightening up on the surveillance of parolees. At our Wethersfield

State Prison, where the normal population ranges between 750 and 800 inmates, we annually parole 180 convicts on the average and take in 150 despite the steady rise in the crime rate.

In Connecticut, parole applications from five institutions are reviewed once a month by separate boards. Each board consists of the institution's warden and seven citizens who are appointed by the governor. These members serve without pay and cannot be commended too highly for the invaluable public duty they perform. Ministers, educators, civic leaders, business men and presidents of insurance companies whose home offices are in Hartford make generous contributions of their time and effort to cope with a pressing social problem.

A unique feature of my state's parole system is the Connecticut Prison Association which gets jobs for parolees and discharged convicts. It works in close cooperation with authorities in surrounding states to assist in the rehabilitation of their parolees who come under Connecticut's jurisdiction. The Association, usually presided over by the Chief Justice of the State, has a paid director and four assistants who try to give every possible break to a man with the blot of a prison term on his record.

Parole conditions are fairly standard throughout the country. A released convict is forbidden to use liquor or frequent places where it is sold, associate with known criminals, ride in private automobiles or change his job and residence without the approval of his parole officer until the unfinished term of his sentence is completed. In addition, he is required to file a written report every month stating what he has done, where he has worked and how much he has earned. A man usually is paroled within the limits of the state in which he was convicted, but he will be permitted to join his family in another state if circumstances suggest a quicker rehabilitation. In any event, he is prohibited from leaving a state without the approval of his parole officer.

If any of these rules is violated during the parole period, a man can be returned to prison at the forfeit of any or all time he previously earned for good behavior. I suppose there are vindictive parole officers, but I never heard of one throwing the book at a man the first time he caught him with a glass of beer in a bar. That technical infraction will bring a stiff warning—and a grim reminder that the only bars in prison are on the windows.

Those are the restrictions imposed on paroled criminals to protect law-abiding neighbors and employers in the communities which receive them in good faith. By

the same token, the state has an obligation to safeguard society from further depredations of its former enemies. That means constant supervision of parolees to insure observance of parole laws. It is at this precise point that the entire system breaks down. State and Federal budgets provide for so few parole officers that the whole thing is a grisly joke.

A parole officer presumably should visit his charges without notice several times a month. He should bump into a parolee on the street, in his home and at his job to keep close tabs on the man. He should talk to neighbors and bosses to get a general impression of the parolee's conduct, habits and the progress he is making in readjusting to the community. Getting even a sketchy picture of one parolee's daily routine involves a lot of time and hard, painstaking work.

A host of experts, beginning with J. Edgar Hoover, have testified that a parole officer cannot do a competent job if he has more than 75 cases a month to handle. The bald, blunt fact is that parole officers in most states have a staggering load of 100 to 200 cases, and there are instances where one officer is responsible for 600 parolees.

You don't have to know anything about police work to guess what happens under such conditions. Released criminals consistently violate their paroles because they know it is impossible for their supervisors to make anything but once-overlightly checkups on them. Sometimes parole officers have so much territory and work to cover that they cannot even go through the motions of doing that. They simply ask parolees to report by letter once a month. A crook can leave a half-dozen prepared letters with a pal, then take off and stick up banks all over the country and his parole officer never will be the wiser.

It is common practice among harassed parole officers to meet a group of six to ten charges at his office every month for fifteen-minute interviews. Such sessions are worse than nothing at all for they introduce ex-convicts to one another and, in effect, can be recruiting meetings for criminal gangs. Besides, what can be learned by asking a parolee a few, perfunctory questions? He can report he is going to church every day, and twice on Sundays, and be counterfeiting hundred-dollar bills in an opium den for all anyone knows.

It is small wonder that parole officers now are as ineffective in curbing crime as watchmen were in the Middle Ages. Those so-called guardians of life and property carried a bell or a rattle which they shook incessantly to warn evil-doers of their approach. A parole officer who

is so busy that he has to make an appointment with an ex-convict is stripped of the element of surprise which is the chief deterrent against crime. The parolee who doesn't know when a supervisor will drop in on him unexpectedly is far more likely to behave himself all the time than he will if the law is forced to call its shots in advance.

A lot of fancy scientific gimmicks have been developed in recent years that are a great help in crime prevention and detection, but the basis of police work still is old-fashioned pavement pounding. A parole officer must get out in the field and see for himself what is going on. If he is chained to a desk by a topheavy work load, he is nothing more than a file clerk. The crux of the parole problem is thorough and adequate supervision. The lack of it breeds more cunning criminals.

Clinching proof that parole can achieve the purpose behind it is provided by Dr. Charles H. Z. Meyer, associate editor of the Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science. In an article published in the April, 1952, issue of the Journal, Dr. Meyer showed that only 14.3 per cent of Federal prisoners violate their paroles compared to the minimum 25 per cent by state prisoners. The reason? A Federal parole officer has an average work load of 95 cases. His counterpart in a state is saddled with twice as many cases and accomplishes one-half as much in the way of constructive rehabilitation. It's the same old story. The public gets what it pays for.

There is another serious flaw in the parole system of Connecticut and several other states which I have been trying to correct with no success. This one does not stem from economy motives. It is strictly the product of a soft-headed, emotional attitude toward criminals that is a menace to law-abiding people. It may be hard to believe this, but only two officials in the state know when a convict is released on parole. One is the state attorney who prosecuted the case; the other is his parole officer. No other state or local law-enforcement officer is told when a potentially dangerous man is turned loose. In the case of out-of-state prisoners, only a parole officer and the Connecticut Prison Association are informed.

I have listened to interminable arguments by proponents of the non-notification system and I still am convinced the whole thing is a bad mistake. The idea of keeping parolees anonymous is defended on the grounds that the police will hound ex-convicts whenever they have no suspects for crimes. Interrogat-

ing a man and subjecting him to a police lineup of suspicious characters just because he once broke a law is, it is claimed, an infringement of his liberty and privacy. I readily concede there may be occasional abuses of constitutional rights. They should be exposed vigorously and the police guilty of indiscriminate strong-arm methods should be disciplined.

On the other hand, let's remember that it is better than an even-money bet that a previous offender has committed any given crime. If preliminary investigation does not turn up a suspect, the police should have ready sources of information on ex-convicts who have been known to commit such crimes. As things stand now, police lose a good deal of valuable time in picking up a trail when they run into a blind alley. They should know, at least, who *might* have committed the crime and question a suspect if there are reasonable grounds for such action. Further, local police can give a parole officer immeasurable assistance in checking up on ex-convicts. A cop knows more about the people on his beat than a nose gossip.

Consider this ridiculous situation: I am one of the top law-enforcement officers of a small, compact state, yet I don't know what the 500 former convicts walking our streets are doing or where they are unless I bump into one accidentally. There is one bloke whose whereabouts I'd like to know at all times. Years ago, this thug critically wounded a detective who attempted to arrest him for a major crime. After dropping the detective, the criminal stood over him and deliberately fired another shot at the helpless man. He later was arrested and sentenced to twelve to twenty years in the penitentiary for assault with intent to murder.

After serving the minimum sentence, he was paroled. Two months later he persuaded a naive kid with no previous police record to help him hold up a night club owner. A constable balked the attempt and nabbed the kid, but the jailbird escaped and subsequently wounded another detective in New York before he was taken into custody. Returned to Connecticut, he was given another twenty-year stretch which, with his previous conviction, should have kept him under lock and key for life.

You've probably guessed the sequel to the story. Four years ago the guy who takes pot shots at policemen for a hobby was paroled. If another one of our men is wounded or killed in the line of duty, this confirmed cop-hater would be the first suspect I'd want to question, but I don't know whether he is in Australia or a saloon around the corner.

HOW can we curb crime? There are so many complicated causes that there is no quick, easy answer. For many years it was widely held that feeble-mindedness was a major factor. I wish it were true. Dim-wits are easy to apprehend. Enough studies to stock a library have shown, however, that this is utterly untrue. The average intelligence of criminals differs little from the I.Q. of the general population.

A current popular theory holds that movies, radio, television and reading matter featuring violence are to blame for the soaring crime rate. Psychologists are satisfied that the individual who is prompted to break the law because of something he has seen, heard or read merely is completing the final link in a chain of circumstances with many other origins. The same movie, radio show or story has little effect on a normal person. It may even have a beneficial effect.

Sociologists long believed that poverty was a basic cause of crime. August Vollmer, in his authoritative book, "The Criminal," makes an interesting comparison between the economic index and the crime rate. Vollmer shows that after the recession in 1921-22 the economic index began to rise, but it was paralleled by an upward trend in the crime curve. Prosperity reached a peak in 1929—and a year later, when the pinch of the depression really was felt, the incidence of crime began to fall off until it reached a low in 1935. We have known unprecedented prosperity, in terms of money, for more than a decade now, yet the crime rate is threatening to go through the roof. Criminals spring from families on all levels of the economic scale. Heirs to fortunes go wrong as often, proportionately, as kids whose folks are on relief. Greed, not actual need, is the motivating factor.

It all boils down to this: Each crime is the result of a unique series of circumstances. But society cannot wait for psychologists, sociologists, economists and other experts to untangle the maze of crime causes. In the meantime, police must rely on one hard, established fact of crime prevention and detection: Criminals tend to follow patterns in the offenses they commit. A swindler rarely resorts to violence; a trigger-happy thug seldom is an embezzler.

It is most imperative, therefore, that the police in every locality have a catalogue of former prisoners who have been known to commit crimes in any given category as soon as a case is reported. Such a list will promote much quicker and cheaper solutions of crimes, yet false sympathy for parolees is withholding that vital information from law-enforcement agencies. I can assure you

that ex-convicts do not entertain such tender sentiments for society.

I am thinking now of another set of brothers who pulled Connecticut's first bank robbery in a long time at Woodbury in June, 1950. They took \$11,000 at the point of guns and made a clean getaway, but a half-hour later they were spotted by a state trooper who stopped them at a bridge. The robbers fled into a nearby-forest and for one solid week an army of 200 policemen surrounded the area, but the brothers stole a car from a farmer and tried to crash a road blockade. They were captured after an exchange of gun-fire.

Consider the pedigrees of this prize pair. Both were members of the infamous Cowboy Gang and were sentenced to ten to twenty years for first degree robbery in New York in 1919. One escaped within a year, was captured, had his sentence commuted to five years in 1924, subsequently was paroled, committed another crime and finally was paroled again in 1949. The other brother escaped in 1925, was captured, given a parole and jumped it, fleeing to the West. A few months after his brother was released from Sing Sing, the hoodlum in the West got in touch with him and arranged for the bank holdup at Woodbury. They now are in our Wethersfield State Prison and recently applied for a commutation of sentence. If they get it, they will be eligible for parole in a few years.

The brothers are forty-nine and fifty-one years old. They have escaped from prison and violated paroles given them by indulgent boards. They have not learned their lessons and, after all these years, it is doubtful that they ever will.

It is not in my province to pass judgment on these men and decide whether they should be given still another chance to redeem themselves. As a law-enforcement officer, though, I cannot help but wonder how police forces can be expected to do their jobs when they are deprived of the information and personnel needed to keep these men, and thousands like them, in line. As a citizen and a taxpayer, I am alternately infuriated and depressed by the appalling waste in lives and money that can be traced to our inadequate parole system.

An F.B.I. survey of 376 cities representing a population of 46,000,000 showed that a total of \$150,136,172 worth of property was stolen last year. These figures, projected on a national scale, indicate that the annual crime bill for property alone is more than a half-billion dollars. And what evaluation can be placed on the lives that are lost and ruined by the depredations of criminals?

The most tragic aspect of the problem is that lives can be saved and property

secured by spending an insignificant sum for more and better parole forces. That has been proved conclusively by the low rate of parole violations of Federal prisoners compared with state prisoners. The money involved is so negligible that the situation would be ridiculous if it were not so alarming. A typical state can double, even triple, its staff of parole officers at an expenditure of less than \$50,000 a year. In 1949, J. Edgar Hoover estimated that the cost of maintaining a prisoner was \$1,138.80 a year and that figure now is higher. A parole officer will pay for his annual salary if he keeps only four criminals on the straight and narrow path. If he is able to devote more attention to each individual case, he can do much better than that at a substantial saving to the state.

Senseless scrimping of a few thousand dollars is costing us millions. The biggest cost of this bad bargain is the toll of injury and death, wasted lives, the suffering of victims and their families as well as the anguish endured by the families of criminals. This human waste and agony is by far the largest part of the price we pay for permitting crime to flourish.

WORTH TRYING

Some time when you're fed up
Or just feeling blue,
Lift your heavy head up
See if you can do
Something for some other
One who's feeling bad--
Chances are, dear brother,
You'll forget you're sad!

---Carl C. Helm

GOLDEN RULE

Man-made sorrows and suffering are always with us. As individuals, however, we mercifully have it within our power to minimize such occurrences materially. One excellent way to do this is by observing safe and considerate motoring habits. In so doing we can rest easy in the comforting knowledge that no one will physically suffer--that no family will go into mourning--as a result of our actions. Let us remember the Golden Rule in our driving as well as in the other phases of everyday life.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

A Chance for Ex-Convicts

Men on parole are often unemployed, lonely, and suspicious.

San Francisco Vincentians have found a real solution

BY ED CONY

Reprinted from *The Sign*

IT was a cold March night in San Francisco. The wind off the bay swept up Mission Street in gusts that buffeted pedestrians and drove them along at a faster pace.

But the man who turned off the street and came into the small office was not cold. He was warm. His face was covered with perspiration. Bill Frey looked up from his desk. The man thrust into his hands something wrapped in a handkerchief and without a word turned on his heel and disappeared into the night.

Bill unfolded the handkerchief, and there in his palm lay a .38 caliber automatic, fully loaded.

Bill Frey has a wide acquaintanceship among criminals. He is not a private eye. Neither is he a fence for stolen goods, nor a gambler, nor a racketeer of any description. He is a law-abiding citizen who happens to be Assistant Executive Secretary in the San Francisco central office of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, a Catholic charity organization.

At all times the society employs seven parolees in their warehouse and repair shop. These men are fresh from prison—nine-tenths of them from San Quentin. The society makes an interesting agreement with each man. "He makes just one promise to us," Edward L. Wren, Executive Secretary, says. "If he decides to go the other way, he'll let us know."

Each parolee has Bill Frey's phone number, and he agrees to call Bill at any time of day or night when he's tempted to commit a crime. In turn, Bill agrees to talk to the man, to help him over the rough spot, but not to interfere otherwise. He averages a phone call a week—usually at night when criminal temptations run highest.

How about the man with the gun? He had been paroled about six months before from San Quentin, where he had served a term for armed robbery. A few hours before he walked in on Bill, he had split up with his girl. He had gone so far as to steal a gun, and was actually on his way down Market Street to rob a store, when he remembered his promise.

He stopped in his tracks, turned, and made for the office where he knew Bill could be found on that particular spring evening. It was two days later before he came back to tell Bill how close he came to breaking his promise.

Today this ex-convict has a high-paying job, is married, and is the proud father of a young daughter.

Does the society have such success with all parolees? Well, no. Last year, however, they took ninety-five parolees from California prisons. Only three are back in prison—an amazingly low percentage.

Ed Wren is a realist about these men: "All parolees are not the same. Some are the skid row itinerants. Others are fellows like you and me who made a mistake."

The job in the society's warehouse at five dollars a day is a temporary one until a permanent job can be found.

Ed explains: "The low pay acts as a prod to get the men out on their own." He adds quickly, "But they are never to go without a meal. We make that plain. We will always give them money for food or for other emergencies." The society also gives each man fifty dollars worth of clothes when he arrives from prison.

Underlying the approach to these men, you sense a fundamental humbleness—an attitude that seems to say, "under different, less fortunate circumstances this man could have been I. The men are treated with a subtle mixture of kindness and firmness.

The society's workers report that all parolees are suspicious of everything done for them. They always question the motive behind the act. Theirs is the attitude of, "What's in it for you?" It takes time to break down this suspi-

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cion. Here's one way Bill Frey goes about it.

He never "just drops in" on a parolee at his hotel lodging. "I always make an appointment," he says. "You don't want them to think you are looking for a wine bottle on the floor. You try to allay the fear they have of parole officers."

On the other hand, the society tries to avoid being overprotective. Ed Wren says, "We make it plain it's a fifty-fifty deal, and they have to do their part." When it is known that a parolee is not telling the truth, the staff at the office are careful not to call the man a liar. However, they let him know they haven't completely accepted his story.

RECREATION is the biggest problem for parolees. "We have to go slow here," says Ed. "We learned quickly that you can't push them into joining clubs or organizations. We tell them to let us know when they are ready."

Ed continues: "The process of rehabilitation is a slow one. And no wonder, when you stop to realize that some of these men have spent just about their whole life in institutions. Some have gone from orphanages to juvenile farms and from there to penitentiaries."

Perhaps the outstanding thing the society does for the parolees—in addition to helping them over the first rocky days of adjustment to the outside world—is to find them permanent employment. Gradually the society has collected a group of employers in the San Francisco area who will hire these men.

A contractor in the region is always willing to hire parolees as laborers or as apprentices, if they show interest in learning a trade. During recent labor troubles, when the men were idle, this employer continued to pay parolees their wages, lest they be tempted to resort to criminal methods of getting money to live on.

A local publishing company started one parolee as a messenger boy, and today he is one of the better young writers in their promotion department. Another parolee is now successfully operating a radio-TV appliance store. Two are sales representatives for a well-known San Francisco firm.

A local candy firm, run by people of Spanish descent, takes on just about all the Spanish-speaking parolees the society has. Ed Wren voiced his suspicion that they hire the men whether or not they need them. He added with a smile: "But they don't know that I know they don't need every man we send over."

Many employers are afraid to hire ex-convicts. But if the society's experience means anything, they need not be. The men placed by the society have been

loyal to the companies that hired them and, according to the society staff, have "never harmed in any way a single employer."

The impression should not be created, however, that San Francisco's Saint Vincent de Paul Society is 100 per cent successful in its rehabilitation of ex-convicts. The society itself does not make that claim. Following is a case that Ed Wren describes as "an outstanding failure of ours."

Joe was a burglar and an alcoholic. When he was paroled he had not touched a drop of liquor for seven years. A society staff worker visited Joe within the last six months. Here is the scene the worker walked in on:

Two small, extremely dirty children were playing on the floor, which was strewn with empty beer and whisky bottles. They were surrounded but unnoticed by six arguing adults—all of them in various stages of intoxication. There was Joe, his wife, his mother, his two brothers, and his grandfather. According to the report, this was not an unusual situation in the household.

Ed Wren admits that Joe is now a complete alcoholic. He adds a wry understatement, "It is not a healthy family situation."

The society is ready to acknowledge its failures. Ed tells of a case in which all the training, all the experience, and all the desires of the society's staff added up to zero—complete failure. "Then," says Ed, "God went to work for us."

The case involved the son of a prominent Oakland family. He began to steal cars, apparently as an attention-

getting device. Soon he was in trouble, and despite family efforts and the best defense attorneys available, he was convicted and sent to San Quentin.

Eventually he came to the society as a parolee. He was able to get a job, and he returned to Oakland to live again with his family.

In a short time he was in trouble again—this time for cashing bad checks. The family managed to make good on the checks. The strain, however, was too much for his mother, and she died of a heart attack.

His mother's death apparently drove home to the youth the ruin he was bringing on his family. At any rate, his behavior changed for the better, and since his mother's death he has been a responsible and worthy citizen.

Ed Wren and his staff feel that God was responsible for the change. They say all their efforts were fruitless—until God stepped in and gave them a hand.

A deeply religious attitude characterizes the staff at the Mission Street headquarters. Perhaps it can best be described as an awareness of man's sacred responsibility to help his fellow man. Its outlook is indicated by the fact that the society does not confine itself to helping Catholic convicts and makes it a practice never to inquire about the religious beliefs of a parolee. Mr. Wren puts it this way: "No charity is foreign to our society. We try to see Christ in every man."

THE Saint Vincent de Paul society is dedicated to helping all in need, and the San Francisco office does not, of course, confine itself to helping convicts. Through its Parish Conferences and its Family Division, the society performs charitable works that are well known to Catholics all over the country through their contacts with local Saint Vincent de Paul activities.

The parolee plan, however, is the distinguishing mark of the San Francisco office. It is the pride and joy of the San Francisco Archdiocese, and indeed it is one of the outstanding contributions in the country toward the rehabilitation of those who have spent years behind bars and who are suddenly released to face life again as free men, with great potentiality for good or evil.

The warmth, the love, the enthusiasm that the Saint Vincent de Paul workers pour into the parolee program are revealed in the tribute they pay their boss, Ed Wren: "Why, he thinks nothing of keeping the mayor waiting forty-five minutes while he listens to some parolee unburden himself of his troubles."

With a spirit like this, it is difficult to set a limit on the good the program may accomplish in the years ahead.



A unique parolee program started by seeing Christ in others in need

Don't Call Me Cop!

BY OFFICER JOHN CARLSON

Connecticut State Police

(As told to Henry Lee)

A state trooper sounds off about the citizen who thinks his only job is to be a public nuisance

■ SOME PEOPLE just don't like policemen. The way they say it, "cop" is a fighting word. Actually, I'm not a cop—if you mean it *that* way. Rather, I look on myself as a public servant who happens to wear a military-type uniform. I'd like to tell you what I do to earn my keep as a state patrolman.

At times, I've waded through waist-high, rising water to help save marooned islanders. Sometimes I bounce across open country or drive in the wrong lane against traffic to the scene of a highway-blocking crash. I've doubled in brass as photographer and fingerprint man for our Westport Barracks. Again, the job may call for sleuthing, strike duty or raiding suspect premises.

Curiously, in 11 years on the force, I've never been shot at. However, I've been kicked and bitten subduing crazed persons. And more than once, because we were undermanned, I've had the touchy assignment of taking them alone by car to state institutions.

But criminals, by and large, don't resist too strenuously when we close in. Partly, I think, because of a healthy respect for our bright uniform and partly because our 320-man force is taught to outthink, rather than outshoot them.

Let me illustrate by a bad example. Recently an out-of-state policeman recognized a stolen car in our area. The four occupants, well-dressed boys who looked like high school juniors, seemed harmless

enough. He piled them into the back of his car and drove at top speed to our barracks.

When we quickly searched them—a precaution he hadn't bothered with—eight guns tumbled from their clothing! "Sure, we were going to let him have it," the ring-leader said. "But he was going so damned fast we were afraid." Such free-and-easy police work positively gets no commendations from Commissioner Edward J. Hickey up in Hartford or my own commanding officer, Sergeant Louis Marchese of Westport.

Surprisingly, criminal investigation is only about a third of our job. We spend just as much time in *preventive* work, one of the new concepts in police thinking, and on traffic control, hoping to save the lives of people who won't bother to save their own.

I'm a little bitter about traffic. We cover 38 miles of the Merritt Parkway beginning at the New York line. (Actually, the way we count, 76 miles, because we must patrol both the eastbound and westbound strips.) This scenic gateway to New England, costing \$1,000,000 per mile in some sections, was the dream highway before the war.

Today, over the long parkway weekends from late Friday afternoon through Monday morning, 150,000 cars roar through it. Two-fatality crashes are not uncommon. Collisions involving four or five cars and twice as many injuries occur often. In fact, there's a personal injury in one out of every three accidents.

You've probably read this; I've learned it first hand. Our highways are becoming obsolescent, and so are the *old-fashioned driving habits*.

No. 1 menace, in my arrest book, is the speeder. Next, the fellow who's been drinking—but not necessarily to the point of drunkenness.

Some time ago, I was called out in the middle of the night when a school teacher's car jumped the esplanade and crashed into a car coming the other way. Her auto was literally broken in two, the halves coming to rest *80 feet apart*. She was killed, her husband and the four occupants of the other car injured.

What had happened? It was a slippery night, and she'd had "just a drink or two." Just enough to get into a skid and feel too woozy to



get out of it.

Late one November day, a shiny new Lincoln sedan whooshed past me doing 80. Eight miles later, I caught the driver and bagged him for reckless driving. This elegant gentleman—and he was just that, being Randolph Churchill, son of the British Prime Minister—was horrified.

In court, he argued that the parkway was "one of the safest in the world" (!) and that in 18 years of driving "all over the world," he'd never been charged with reckless driving. Anyhow, he protested, excessive speed wasn't necessarily reckless. This well-thought-out, forceful defense, cost him \$50.

I mention him for one reason. Earlier that day, also on the parkway, a fellow officer from my barracks had warned him. Two months later, in Virginia, he was fined another \$50 for doing 75 to 80. Two years later, the head of the Delaware State Police personally arrested him when Churchill's car hit 90 and then "ran beyond the speedometer." To me, this frame of mind is saddening, especially in people you're supposed to respect for their intelligence.

On the parkway the speed limit is 55. If traffic is very light, you may escape with a warning at 60. If the roads are bad, there's no leeway. You may even get ticketed at the legal limit.

If you're caught, please take it like a man. I'm not on a fee basis, and an arrest is a nuisance to me, too. I have to make out the ticket in quadruplicate—for the victim, barracks, town prosecutor and myself—and maybe I'll wind up appearing in court to testify on my day off.

If you have an excuse, I'll listen. Chances are one in ten, I'd say, that I'll buy it. Of course, I know the ones about the broken speedometer, the sick uncle, the "big new car" that goes faster than you realize, the pretty, distracting girl beside you. But, brother, if you're doing 70, you know it. Even in a big new car, even with Miss America at your side.

And what I can say about women! Some cry, some get so nervous they can't talk. More often than men, they give you an argument. They positively weren't speeding, or you stopped them just because they are women. Then there are a

few who accuse you of flirting.

It's a funny thing to say, but the parkway has moods. Friday night, everybody's in a terrible hurry to get in or out of New York City. Then there's the Saturday-Sunday calm. Sunday night, you sense the new tempo. Again, people are in a hurry and tempers are at a high pitch.

One of the worst vexations really isn't the drivers' fault. It's the lack of uniform traffic laws. For example, in New York, you can pass on the right; in Connecticut, you can't. Thus, a New Yorker will hog our left or passing lane and not understand the horn blowing behind him. Finally, a Connecticut driver will take the law into his own hands, pass on the right and cut back into the left lane. Then he meets another New Yorker, passes again on the right, and so on. When I spot him, he's weaving in and out—which is reckless driving. I don't like it, but I have to arrest him.

Along the Boston Post Road, where interstate trucks rumble all night, I've often heard private drivers complain that the big fellows "bull-doze" them. These are usually bum raps, I think. Most truckmen are careful drivers who don't break the speed limit (though they don't drive under it, either). What I think is that all that fast, heavy tonnage just scares people—naturally enough.

In our criminal work, we double-check all sudden deaths, even heart attacks, and particularly suicides that just might be murders. With my 4.5 Speed Graphic, I photograph fatal and serious accidents, murders, breaks and robberies. (Photographic evidence, I'm glad to say, is accepted by the courts.)

All arrestees, except auto violators, are mugged, and we even photograph stolen property as the best way to describe the goods. We also dust and photograph fingerprints at the scenes of crimes. (The old "lifting" process is now passé.)

Sounds like police routine—an understatement, if you've ever had to learn and practice it—but now and then we get a Sherlock Holmes case. Not long ago, I remember, a wealthy couple was found shot to death in their Westport home. Between them lay a gun from which several shots had been fired.

Was it double suicide? Or had one committed murder and then

suicide? A considerable insurance payment hinged on determining whether the husband or wife had died first, and, for our own records, it was important to establish the facts. I decided to use the diphenylene test, which shows whether a subject has recently fired a gun.

First, I applied paraffin molds to the hands of the dead couple, then an acid. I watched closely. The wife's hands remained a lifeless white. But on the husband's right hand, tell-tale little blue spots appeared, where the gunpowder had been driven into the skin. Science branded him both a killer and a suicide.

The finest part of our job, I think, is our preventive work which heads off trouble before it can happen and, more times than we will ever know, stops youngsters from that first downward step.

One of our measures, I'm sure, would shock the old-time policeman. Fairfield County, Connecticut, is heavily favored by wealthy artists, actors and business executives who stock their isolated summer homes with costly treasures—and, come winter, blithely go back to New York, just locking the door behind them. Of course, as our executive officer, Major Leo Carroll, points out, "Your house is only as strong as a pane of glass."

So Commissioner Hickey and Major Carroll have devised a daring system. We affix big yellow posters on the door, plainly telling potential burglars that the house is empty and under the protection of the state police "Vacant House Patrol." Sounds like advertising for trouble, doesn't it? But our low burglary rate has proved that it pays to advertise.

Day and night, in a dozen cities and towns of the county, we patrol these unguarded homes, never approaching from the same direction, never arriving at the same hour. It makes burglars nervous.

Only recently, when we picked up a couple of youngsters for breaking in, one turned bitterly on the other. "I told you we shouldn't fool around with that house that had the state police sign on it," he said.

Of course, we're not organized on a superman basis. Police work, human needs, the weather, just never let things work out that way.

I remember one bad winter night

when everything was stalled every which way on the Post Road. I was just thinking, Oh what a beautiful night to be inside, and then a call came in. A man scarcely half a mile down the road had suffered a heart attack, and no ambulance could get to him.

I took out our own ambulance and, with the heavy chains, made it to the house. A neighbor helped me get the unconscious, 220-pound victim into the ambulance. And then the trouble really began.

The direct approach to Norwalk Hospital via the Post Road was completely blocked by snow and stalled cars. I turned inland three or four miles to the Merritt Parkway. A police car guiding me bogged down himself, and I went on alone, driving with one hand, clearing snow off the windshield with the other.

Somehow, I made it to the long steep hill leading up to the hospital. I even slithered to the top of the hill—and then a chain broke. We rolled down backwards. All I could do was walk up the hill and summon a doctor. He looked at the man, and shook his head. "Died

about half an hour ago," he said. Together, we carried the body to the hospital morgue.

And that, without the Cinderella ending, is police work. After a five-hour call, I got back to my barracks at 2 A.M., without the ambulance, without the lift of knowing that a life had been saved. You do the best you can under the conditions as you find them.

The thing that keeps you going is morale. Partly that is pride in being hand-picked for a job with really tough physical, mental, moral requirements. I'd been a high school and college athlete, and had worked in another capacity before I applied for the force. But the personnel people investigated me all the way back to my grammar school teachers.

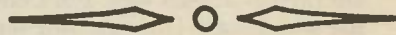
Partly our morale is pride in the force itself which enjoys nationwide prestige in police circles. Pardon my bragging, but among other "firsts," we were the first state police to use policewomen, the first to "send the men to college," from Harvard to Northwestern, wherever a new course in police techniques has been established.

Actually, I haven't half-told you our story. Commissioner Hickey also is state fire marshal and deputy civilian defense administrator. So we have a special division which licenses and supervises such disaster potentials as carnivals and convalescent homes. We also have, in every barracks, a civilian defense force of auxiliary state police and, at Westport alone, are training 250 of these volunteers.

Yes, police work is constantly expanding, constantly being challenged with new problems. More and more is constantly demanded from each man, both in specialized, scientific knowledge and all-round, rugged savvy. In essence, be it a minor auto wrap-up or a potential A-bomb attack, my state leans on me for protection and direction—and that's the biggest, most precious part of all in our morale.

I really mean it, you see, when I term myself a public servant—and when I say, "Don't call me cop in that tone of voice!" ■■

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OVERTIME

By Edgar A. Guest

Had I ever told my dad: "I do more than I get paid for,"
He'd have smiled and said to me: "That's what growing boys are made for.
That is how they prove their worth; how they show they have ambition;
That's the surest way I know to the better paid position."

Had I ever told my dad: "Overtime I'm often staying,
And for overtime the boss never seems to think of paying,"
He'd have smiled and said to me: "Just forget what now he pays you.
You'll be paid for overtime when the day has come to raise you."

Boys are wanted still today who'll forget the quitting minute;
Who can see the post ahead and will do their best to win it;
Boys who'll do the extra bit when they know that it is needed.
They'll be paid for overtime when they're men who have succeeded."

WHY IS A POLICEMAN?

We have a favorite question which we like to ask when visiting with law enforcement officers. "Oh...by the way... What in the world ever made you want to be a policeman?"...The officer generally looks at us to see if we are serious and we hasten to explain that we have noted the new "crop" of rookies. They are clean cut...intelligent...college educated in some instances...others have at least a high school diploma and an additional armed services education.. We wonder why these boys work for less than \$3000 a year in most cases, when they could be making much more money in private industry...at today's labor prices.

Strangely enough the majority of men do not have a glib answer ready for us.. "Never gave it a thought" is the usual reply...We remember one who with a twinkle in his eye said..."Well...don't quote me and I'll tell you...It's a lazy man's job...It's steady...Depressionless..Home for dinner or lunch.. Pension...Security..." We had a suspicion he was pulling our leg so we just nodded wisely and continued asking questions. We found he had been with the department for fourteen years...was never home on time for dinner...put in many extra hours...and as for security...he had a nick in his arm as a souvenir of a gun battle with a hold-up man. He works just as hard today as when he was a patrolman.

Another answered our question with his own question "Why are men volunteer firemen?"...The siren goes off at 2 A.M. on a cold winter morning...He hops out of a nice warm bed, jumps into his clothes and five minutes later you can find him hanging off the side of a fire truck. Why?...It's a cinch he doesn't get anything out of it. Well, maybe he does if you count the feeling a man gets when he's been of service to his fellow man. Maybe a man has the same feeling when he selects police work for his occupation.

Some people work for more than a pay check...so we guess it isn't the money. As a matter of fact it is a wonder that the policeman isn't the highest paid man in the community. Why? Just think

of the services he is called upon to perform in the line of duty, and beyond it. He sometimes performs services that specialists charge a great deal of money to render...Policemen are called in every emergency...They frequently get a call to rescue some cat or animal from the treetop...or on a telephone pole... or ice jams...The policeman must be a psychologist and be well aware of the peculiarities of human conduct and behavior because of his dealings with neurotic people..Many times he is called upon to risk his neck on a twenty story building ledge trying to convince some would-be suicide that somebody loves him. The policeman must be a one man information bureau...He is expected to know every street in town...and in many cases every house on the street and every person in the house...He must also be enough of a lawyer to know a man's rights, so that no false arrest will embarrass him or his superiors.

But above all, he must be a diplomat of diplomats. He must never take sides when a legal decision is necessary, and never agree or disagree with a complainant. He must be a sphinx when the town's "Big wheel" is able to pull strings to get his son's hot rod reckless driving ticket knocked down to an overtime parking ticket.

He must be a leader, one who brings order out of chaos and confusion. Groups of people look to him to take command as soon as he appears on the scene! It is not enough for him to arrest the criminal, he must have the qualities of a mind reader and know where and when a crime is to happen, and prevent it. Nor should he get annoyed if the man arrested goes free because his lawyer placed a reasonable doubt in the mind of the jury and say the rock that was found in the man's hand and the billy in his pocket were not weapons. The rock was to be placed under his sagging porch and the billy was just to hammer a few nails. (An actual case.)

He is expected to keep in good physical shape so he can jump over fences and run as fast as the criminal. He must be a good marksman for his own protection and to fulfill the law.

The policeman must be a one man wel-

coming committee for the out of towners who ask directions of him. To them, he represents the whole city as he is probably the one point of contact they have with the town. He is "Mr. Public Relations" in person.

He must be well versed in the deportment and ways of youth; be involved in youth activities. By being a counsellor he is better able to control delinquency.

The policeman is expected to have a touch of the engineer in him. He must keep traffic moving...see that the lights are timed rightly.

Don't forget it helps if he knows a little about autos. If his patrol car should stop he should be able to tell the cause, if not be able to fix it.

Police work is 2/3 night work and a family man can't spend much time at home...

All these things add up to asking the question..."Why do you want to be a policeman?"...That is a pretty good question.

---Law And Order Magazine

WHAT HAPPENS TO ALCOHOLICS

Frederick Lemere, M.D., University of Washington School of Medicine and the Shadel Sanitarium, Seattle, Wash.; AM. J. PSYCIAT. (1601 Edison Highway, Baltimore 13, Md.) 109: 674-676, March, 1953.

In an attempt to determine what happens to alcoholics, the author has collected and analyzed, during the past 6 years, the life histories of 500 deceased alcoholic individuals. The histories were obtained from patients who were queried as to the incidence and details of alcoholism in their antecedents. Since the investigation covers two preceding generations, the effectiveness of modern medical, including psychiatric and aversion, treatment cannot be ascertained. This is essentially a control study of what happens to untreated alcoholics, since treatment was limited and seldom sought.

Approximately 28% of all alcoholics will drink themselves to death, 7% will

gain partial control over their drinking, 3% will be able to drink moderately again, and 29% will continue to have the problem throughout their lifetime. Twenty-two per cent will stop drinking during a terminal illness, and 11% will quit drinking exclusive of a terminal illness. In this series the group who quit exclusive of terminal illness numbered 53, 36 of whom did so without outside help. Thirteen quit because of religious influences, and 3 through the AA program, which must have been extremely new at the time. Four cases stopped through the help of medical treatment, which consisted of psychotherapy in 2 cases and aversion therapy in 2 cases.

Various complications to the alcoholism in these 500 cases included suicide in 11%. It is the author's belief that many alcoholics drink themselves to death as a suicidal equivalent also. Six per cent died psychotic, most of them in institutions, 19% were divorced one or more times, and 5% became derelicts, dependent upon others for their subsistence.

Certain interesting incidental observations were noted. The average longevity of these 500 alcoholics was 52 years. A surprisingly large number, 16%, lived to 75 years or over; 12% died early, at 40 or before. Eight per cent had histories of having stopped drinking for 3 years or longer only to relapse at some later date. These relapses, after long periods of abstinence, point out how meaningless are evaluations of treatment based on follow-up studies of only a few months or a year or two.

Most alcoholics who quit drinking will probably do so on their own without outside help (7% of this series). The most effective outside help appears to be spiritual reconversion, which brought 3% of this series to abstinence.

---Digest of Neurology & Psychiatry

WHAT PRICE MODESTY

Reason given by an applicant for wanting to join the Force:

"Because I look good in uniform and would be a joy to behold."

UNARMED POLICE SAFER.
LONDON CHIEF ARGUES

By Jack Tait

Col. Arthur E. Young, Commissioner of the City of London Police and former number two man at New Scotland Yard, expressed the firm belief recently that "progress" will make itself felt in New York City and the United States and that policemen in New York and other cities some day will put down their guns and go about unarmed.

Col. Young, who is completing a three-week visit to the United States, told a press conference that policemen in Britain are safer because they don't carry guns. He said that in England, Scotland and Wales in the last five years only ten policemen have been killed by thugs.

"I think there's something like that number of policemen shot in a month or a year in Chicago," Col. Young said. He made no reference to New York, where in the last five years thirteen policemen have been killed in line of duty.

HOW NOT TO GET SHOT?

Col. Young made it clear he believed that the institution of gun-packing policemen was somewhat barbaric. But he was tolerant of this aspect of the young American civilization.

'MATTER OF PROGRESS'

"Looking back on the Middle Ages," he said, "England was a pretty rough place, you know." Then, with a smile, he said: "It's just a matter of progress. I don't have to tell you, of course, that America is a progressive country."

Asked directly if he thought New York police would eventually discard their guns, Col. Young said: "I hope so, and I believe so . . . but I wouldn't presume to give you any advice."

The public in Britain, Col. Young said, is completely sold on the tradition that British policemen go about their duties unarmed. He said the tradition is so accepted and so implanted that even "the criminal classes" often approach Scotland Yard and inform on colleagues who have decided to defy civ-

ilized standards and carry a gun.

Col. Young was in New York last month between important assignments. He was scheduled by plane to London to take part in general arrangements for the Coronation on June 2.

The forty-eight-year-old chief has been in Malaya for the last year reorganizing that country's 75,000-man police force. He told reporters in the office of the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, that the Communists in Malaya are "on the run" and now are no more than "a national nuisance."

Col. Young is a brawny, healthy looking man, apparently full of confidence. He said with assurance that Communists in Malaya are "very superficial" Reds. He said 1,300 Communists recently were exposed to a rehabilitation course in Malaya, and that on leaving the school only eight went back to Communism.

Col. Young warned, however, against complacency in Malaya. He said: "I don't want you to think the thing is over. The real battle is not a military battle, it is one for the hearts and minds of the people."

But 1,000 senior members of the Communist party surrendered to his police last year, Col. Young said, and 100 in the first three months of this year.

CORONATION PLANS

Col. Young's authority in London extends throughout the ancient square mile of the City--the financial and business heart of the British Empire. He and his 1,300 policemen will work with the 20,000 other police of Great London during the turbulent days of the Coronation celebration.

In addition, Col. Young said, about 4,000 policemen will be brought to London from the provinces to help out on Coronation Day. He estimated that about 10,000 members of the armed services also will be present to assist in handling the crowds.

Col. Young said the International Police Commission will keep London informed about the movements of criminals abroad who might desire to invade London for the Coronation.

---Herald Tribune

What Happens To Crooked Cops?

By A. E. HOTCHNER

Does your blood boil when you read that a policeman under fire for taking bribes is merely dismissed from the force? Do you think he's getting off scot free? Here's the price Mike Black and his family had to pay.

I am sitting in the kitchen of a small, four-room apartment, three stories up, in a poor section of Brooklyn. There is a baby in a high chair and a little girl playing with a ragged doll on the cracked linoleum floor. The woman at the stove looks 40, but she's only 34. Her hair hasn't been combed, just pulled back tightly with hairpins, and her legs are bare.

It is difficult to talk with her. She hasn't smiled for the past two hours, not even at the cheerful baby. She is the wife of a crooked cop. And these are his children.

I am in Brooklyn, but I could be in Chicago, Miami Beach, New Orleans, or Cleveland, and the story would be the same. In the wake of Kefauver and Harry Gross, the papers have told us that some of our police took bribes -- and as they print their names our anger boils. Sometimes the cop hasn't been punished, sometimes he has, but rarely does the punishment fit the crime. Or does it?

Since last November I have visited many of these families; they were all unwilling to see me, and some would not talk to me at all. But several did, and the Brooklyn family, whom I shall call Mike Black's family, speaks for all of them.

Mike Black married Jane, his high-school love, the week before he went into the Army. He tried to get a furlough when their baby was born in 1944, but he couldn't. The first time he saw his son, Jimmy, was when he came home in 1945. He has a good combat record and application for the police force went right through.

Living quarters were very scarce, but luckily they found the small apartment they still occupy, at a rent of \$78.50. Their friends and relatives helped them furnish it.

They both remember the wonderfully festive Christmas day in 1948 when baby Barbara was born.

Two days later Mike received his first citation, for grabbing and subduing an armed grocery-store robber. The incident got a column story in "The Brooklyn Eagle" that night, and the Blacks were very proud.

The pay for the first two years was \$262.50 a month, but by the time Barbara was born, Mike was getting \$42 a month more. He was a patrolman second grade now, and he drove a squad car..

The hot sun glistened off the white top of the police car which was parked across the street from a restaurant called the Dugout... From a side street the shouts of a group of boys playing stick ball filled the air. The cops in the car sat leisurely, with their hats far back on their heads. A little man in a sports jacket came out of the restaurant and walked over to the car. He knew one of the cops and they joked about the Dodgers. Mike, who was the driver, did not pay much attention. Then the little man was gone and there was a plain white envelope on the seat of the squad car. There were four tens in it, not new. The cop took one ten and put it on Mike's knee. Mike started to ask questions, but the older cop said, "Take it easy. You're only three days on this. Just keep your eyes open. You'll get all the answers you need."

In the summer of 1949, Mike took the family to Long Beach for a week's vacation. Jane had protested that they couldn't possibly afford it, but Mike said not to worry, that he had been secretly saving up for the vacation and that he could swing it. Mike was now a first-grade patrolman, earning \$345.

In 1950, the vacation was for two weeks; It was a happy summer...

In a back room at the station house, the Captain is talking... "Now listen, Black," he says, "get this straight. At the far end of the room there's a round counter. There'll be a tall, skinny guy standing in back of it; he'll have a handkerchief tied round his neck. That's the only one we want to book.

Mike follows his orders carefully. At just three o'clock he and another cop enter the flower shop, and the florist smiles and nods. They go through the green curtain and up three steps and Mike knocks on the wooden door, five knocks and then two. The door opens. There are maybe 30 men in the room, most of them standing in front of the big, well-lighted blackboard. Next to the board is a cashier's desk, and at the far end of the room, just as the Captain had described it, there is a round counter, covered with phones. When Mike steps into the room the noise suddenly cuts and the cop with him says, "All right boys, it's a pinch."

Mike and the other cop leave the door open and walk slowly across the room toward the round counter.

When they get there the skinny guy with the handkerchief around his neck is waiting for them. He's drinking a coke. He puts two dimes in the machine and pulls out two bottles, opens them and slides them over to the cops.

They drink deliberately, and then the skinny guy says okay and they walk together toward the door, leaving the coke bottles on the counter.

The room is deserted. Even the lights over the tote board have been turned off.

At the station, the Captain is telling the Inspector, "We're pulling an accommodation arrest at number six. The evening editions will give the 'raid' a good play. That ought to hold 'em for awhile. By the way, that young fellow Black has a lot on the ball. Keep your eye on him."

The television set came for Christmas and Jane checked with a department store and found out it cost \$249. That night she asked Mike how he got it. "Don't you

worry, honey," he said lightly. "There's got to be some benefits to this job. You should see the sets the Captain and the Inspector got!"

Mike got his second citation for shooting it out with three hoodlums. His friends at the precinct thought he might make detective; he was excited and hopeful. He bought a car.

Then one night he came home full of the fear that was never to leave him. He seemed dazed. He told Jane, "The precinct's in a mess. I don't quite know what'll come of it. But I don't think it will be serious. However, there's something you're never to tell anyone--as my wife you don't have to. You remember that night ball game we went to last summer? When we sat in the box? You remember the fellow who took us, the little fat guy? You've got to forget you ever saw him."

It was a squad of rookies fresh out of the Academy, assigned to the D.A. before the entrenched cops could get to them... Their job was to investigate the cops who had been in with the syndicate, and pile up evidence against them. The D. A. knew the money boys would be after the rookies, and so would the regular cops from the highest brass on down, but he was a smart D. A. and he kept the young cops honest. The regular cops, Mike among them, began to get desperate --which means tough. They called the rookies stool pigeons and scrawled the work "Rat" across their pay envelopes and threatened them on the telephone. But the D. A. kept them honest.

Mike gave the television set to his brother who lived in Hoboken, and he sold the car. He lost his enthusiastic way with the kids. For the first time since he was married, he would sometimes go out in the evening alone.

Back at the station house the Sergeant was speaking: "It's a fund we've all got to kick into, as much as we can." he said. "The D. A.'s squad has plenty of dope on everybody. We'll need lots of help when they let loose. The best lawyers. The best everything. We may have to buy our way out."

Jane was in the hospital with their

third child, Tom, the summer of 1952 when Mike's name was dragged into the foul mess. He was the one who brought the newspaper to her. She read the item slowly, and when she came to the name itself, Mike Black, she stopped. It was as if she had read his name in the obituaries. Mike sat on the bed beside her but she did not look at him, and she asked him not to touch her.

Mike Black was allowed to resign from the force and he has escaped criminal prosecution. Perhaps because the D. A. did not have a provable case against him. But has he escaped punishment? Listen to what he told me as we sat in his living room:

"First you feel sorry for yourself, because the way it started you had no choice, like it was a department order. But then you begin to understand and you go from panic to humiliation to despair. Something goes out of you. It's like I'm dead.

"I can't even talk about it. My wife hasn't looked me in the eye since last summer. We never sit alone but what she cries.

"Bad Risk"

"How can I tell you what it's like to be married to someone who maybe still loves you but hasn't got an ounce of respect for you? Three months now I've been trying to get up enough nerve to go looking for jobs. I'm up to my eyes in debt, and still I haven't got the nerve.

"I did apply for a night watchman job, but when the guy asked me where I had been working I got a knot in my stomach. But I forced myself to tell him. He was nice about it. 'Hope you understand,' he said, 'but you'd be a bad risk for us.'"

Jane did not want to talk to me at all, but I said, "Listen, there are young cops like Mike all over the country. They can make these same mistakes and wreck their families unless wives like you speak up."

She considered that. "A television set. A couple of weeks at the beach. A car," she said and shook her head and sat down heavily on the kitchen chair. "Measure them against this." She gestured vaguely around the room. "My kids

don't go out to play any more. They say they like playing up here by themselves.

"The oldest boy, Jimmy, came home in tears one day -- the other boys had been teasing him. They kept yelling, 'Let's play crooked cops and honest robbers, Jimmy!' Kids are mean like that. Jimmy quit the Cub Scouts. None of the Scouts said anything, but it's how Jimmy feels that matters. That's what's so awful.

"I myself tried going to the church club a couple of times afterward.....it was awful. Nobody said a word, mind you; they all acted like nothing had happened. But I knew what they were thinking. There was a certain look in their eyes. It's only natural. After all, a woman is judged by her husband."

For dinner tonight the Blacks have a loaf of white bread, a box of macaroni and one bottle of milk. They are three months behind with their rent. Tomorrow Jane will go to her mother in Astoria and try to borrow \$10. Her parents have a very small income, and it is painful and degrading for Jane to do this. But it is the only alternative to starving. They have applied for relief and their case is still pending.

It was twilight when I left their apartment and walked down the three flights of dingy stairs. On the stoop, in front of the entrance, a small boy sat with his back against the iron railing, tossing a rubber ball from one hand to the other. He was looking straight ahead, not at anything in particular. He did not look up as I passed.

This was Jimmy Black. Down at the corner was a playground full of kids his age, but here he sat, all alone, removed from the boys who had hurt him. Only recently he had pridefully strutted down these same stairs, his father a hero, as all fathers should be, but he preferred, now, to keep to himself.

The Price

When I was halfway down the block I turned and looked again at his little form, slumped against the stoop rail.

I thought if only in the cop's or the bank clerk's or the Internal Revenuer's moment of temptation, he could see this forlorn little boy, he'd know the price he might have to pay.

For Jimmy hates his father, and that is Mike Black's eternal punishment.

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CRIME DOESN'T PAY--HERE

Certainly the bank robbers who held up the Berlin Branch of the New Britain National Bank in January and again last week, as well as the men who did the job at the People's Savings Bank in December, 1950, must agree that it didn't pay them to resort to crime. Two men are now in custody, perhaps three, and the authorities know the other culprits and it's just a matter of time before they too join their fellow conspirators in durance vile.

The three crimes demonstrate the manner in which such acts of violence are handled by law enforcement agencies. Close cooperation between agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Connecticut State Police and the police departments in New Britain and Berlin resulted in the solution of the cases. There is plenty of glory for all the police concerned and the criminals would probably be the first to admit it.

Probably the most important fact from the public's viewpoint is the reassurance that the peace officers are on the job and that crime does not go undetected. The round up should convince would-be bank robbers that, in this section at least, it does not pay to stage holdups. Our officers, state, local and national are on the job and the results give ample testimony of their determination and ability.

One of the robbers gave himself up voluntarily. He had no previous record and apparently the crime preyed upon his conscience to a grave extent. We do not pretend to judge this man though it appears he is no hardened criminal. He had little chance of escaping detection but the fact that remorse for his deed caused him to surrender is in his favor. It is a sad situation in which he finds himself but he still has a chance to lead a long, productive life once his debt to society is paid.

J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, Edward J. Hickey, commissioner of the Connecticut State Police, Daniel J. Cosgrove, chief of the New Britain Police Department, and George J. Kanupka, Sr., chief of the Berlin constabulary, have every reason to feel proud of the men they direct and the agencies they head. All four groups have done an outstanding job of police detection and all are entitled to take bows.

---New Britain Herald

Your Friend

THE STATE PATROLMAN

Do you think the State Patrolman
Is your special enemy,
Who is lurking on the highway
Just to pounce relentlessly,

If you make one little error--
Push too heavy on the gas--
Or should fail to make a signal
When you hurry up to pass.

There are plenty of offenders
Driving carelessly, you shout,
And so why should that Patrolman
Take the time to 'bawl you out'!

If we all would just remember
When we take a chance today,
That the stakes are high and costly
In this safety game we play;

And one simple little warning
Made to keep you more alert
Might be all it takes to save you
From unnecessary hurt.

There can be no highway safety
Till we all work towards this end;--
Why not treat your State Patrolman
As a counselor and friend?

---Frances Ellsworth Asher
Colorado State Patrol Magazine

When you think you're good, you've
quit thinking. ---Hal Stebbins

COMPLIMENTS

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

EASTERN AREA

615 NORTH ST. ASAPH STREET
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Dear Commissioner:

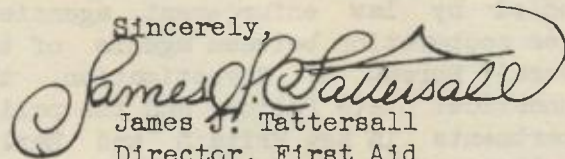
We have recently reviewed the highway station inspection reports submitted by our representative, Manuel Rezendes, at the completion of his tour of the Connecticut State Police barracks.

At all stations it was found that supplies and equipment were well maintained and that the first aid training of the men was up to date.

The excellent condition of the stations and the commendable attitude of the men and commanding officers in your department is a tribute to your leadership.

I should like to take this opportunity to congratulate you and your organization for the development and continuity of this very important lifesaving program.

Sincerely,



James J. Tattersall
Director, First Aid
and Water Safety

American Financial and Development Corporation for Israel

STATE OF ISRAEL BONDS

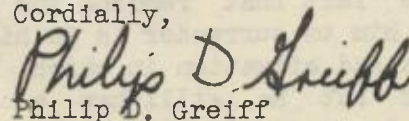
Dear Commissioner Hickey:

In behalf of the Meriden Committee, Bonds of the Israel Government and the Jewish community of Meriden, I wish to thank you warmly for your aid and cooperation in making the Celebration in Honor of Israel's Fifth Anniversary successful.

Your cooperation in getting Mr. Reuven Dafni, Chief of the Press Section of the Israel Foreign Affairs Ministry from Bradley Field to his destination in Meriden on time during the height of the rush-hour traffic enabled Meriden's Celebration to be performed on schedule. This, in turn, was conducive to the sale of Israel Bonds and the payment of tribute rightly due the world's youngest democracy.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Cordially,



Philip D. Greiff
Area Manager

PDG:BJG

STYLES IN CRIME

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

Five-Murder Drive

Fred Eugene McManus, a handsome 17-year-old with brown wavy hair, was in the upper half of his class at the Valley Stream, N.Y., high school when he was graduated last June. Without doing much homework, he had a 90 average in his favorite subject--general science.

Outside of school he had three wholesome interests: guns, animals, and exploration. A good hunter, he owned a double-barreled, 12-gauge shotgun, a .22-caliber semi-automatic rifle, and a high-powered Remington .22 hunting rifle. In his parents' comfortable six-room suburban home he had raised hamsters, guppies, and a white mouse named Kiddo which, to the delight of his two younger sisters, would come when called.

Neighbors spoke of Fred McManus as a quiet, polite boy who would do well in college. Fred felt otherwise, but he kept his thoughts to himself. Privately his aim was to "get off the family dole" as soon as possible. It seemed that he and his father, Mose McManus, a Brooklyn brewery executive, were always rubbing each other the wrong way. There were frequent quarrels.

Looking back, he doesn't recall that his family ever took his side. "They would believe anybody before they'd believe me," he said. "Other parents would stick up for their kids. Mine always said: 'We're sorry for what he did'."

SHARPSHOOTER: On the day after he finished school, without waiting to pick up his diploma, Fred enlisted in the Marines. He wanted to go to Korea--"and I didn't care if I came back"--but the corps, noting his General Classification Test score of 123 (well above the mental requirement for officer training) assigned him to a desk at Camp Lejeune, N. C.

Fred qualified as a Marine sharpshooter. In the camp PX he also bought two shiny new guns for his collection: a .410 shotgun and a .45 Colt commando

automatic pistol. Off duty, he practiced shooting at chicken hawks and cottonmouths in the boondocks nearby. He mastered the trick of dropping a wood chip with his left hand, drawing his pistol with his right, and blasting the chip before it hit the ground. He also found time to write fiery love letters to Diane Weggeland, his 16-year-old sweetheart in Rochester, N. Y.

When he left camp March 20 for a ten-day furlough he tucked his .45 fully loaded, under his freshly pressed green uniform. Now 18 years old, standing 6 feet 1, filled out to 185 pounds, he was a formidable private first class. But he was hitchhiking, so he took the gun along "just in case anything happened."

FOSTER CHILD: McManus reached New York eventually, then Valley Stream, where he tried to borrow the family car. Rebuffed, he hitchhiked on to Rochester, took a room at the YMCA, then looked up his girl friend. Diane, a plain girl with close-cropped blond hair and horn-rimmed spectacles, was staying at a foster home. Her parents were divorced when she was two. McManus, sitting on a jail cot at Dubuque, Iowa, last week, wrinkled his brow, trying to recall exactly what happened.

"We decided to get married, but we couldn't do it in New York State because of her age. We went to the public library and found an almanac that said a girl could get married at 16 in Minnesota. We went by a dime store and got a crucifix, which we put around Diane's neck. Then I went out to get a car."

The first driver to stop at McManus's thumb signal was a filling-station operator. "He had a little baby at home and it would have caused him a lot of trouble if I took his car. I figured I could find someone who needed their car less."

Next prospect was a 19-year-old Hobart College student, William Braverman, son of a Rochester store executive,

driving a bright red Plymouth with flashy wire wheels. "After riding a-while I put my gun in my lap and told him to pull over. I didn't like him at all--he was kind of a snob. He got out of the car, but then he tried to get back in. He never made it. I shot from the hip and aimed for his heart. Evidently it was a good shot because I never heard a sound out of him."

HEADED WEST: Taking Braverman's \$12 and dumping his body in a deep gravel pit, McManus drove back to Rochester, picked up Diane, and headed for Minnesota. Next night, west of Chicago, to get money for gasoline, McManus stopped at George Bloomberg's general store in Keeneyville, Ill. "He was sitting in the back, watching television. I told him I needed some money. He started walking toward me. He was a big man--must have weighed 240--so when he got close there was nothing I could do but shoot him. Then his wife came screaming. I stopped and snapped a shot in her direction. I guess I've been practicing too much. That one shot stopped her cold."

Early Monday, near Spring Valley, Minn., he went into an all-night restaurant, demanded money but ran into resistance of two kinds.

"The waitress came running around the counter, screaming. I can't stand screaming, so I shot her. Then, when I got to the cash register, a woman came up behind me with a butcher knife and yelled, 'Stick 'em up!' I just snapped a shot over my shoulder and hit her right in the chest."

\$12 EACH: McManus took \$40 from the till, bringing his total loot to \$60--an average of \$12 for each person he had killed. But what disturbed him most, on arriving in Minneapolis, was to discover that the almanac was wrong; they could not marry without the consent of Diane's parents. They were backtracking through Iowa when Jack Moore, a state policeman, spotted the red car and ended a seven-state man hunt by aiming a shotgun at McManus's head.

The teen-age killer reluctantly permitted his father to visit him in jail but refused aid, legal or otherwise. Neither of Diane's estranged parents

found it convenient to journey to Iowa. Lonely in women's prison at Dubuque, she wrote notes to McManus and authorities passed some of them along. At least one was signed, "your devoted wife, Mrs. F. E. McManus." "I want to go to Illinois or New York, where they have the death penalty," McManus said. "I think I should get the electric chair, as an example for other teen-agers who get fouled up." But New York authorities, to whom he was returned, said that McManus would be sent to a hospital for sanity tests. ---Newsweek

THOUGHTFUL PICKPOCKETS

Two hundred wallets, harvested by pickpockets throughout Manhattan and the Bronx, find their way in an average week to the inquiry section of the General Post Office in New York city.

The post office puts a man, and sometimes two, behind a desk all day just to process the collected wallets. Pickpockets, after fleecing a victim--"making a poke"--shuck the money from the wallet and, so the evidence won't be around to incriminate them, usually discard the wallet, often in a mailbox.

If there is complete identification, the wallet is mailed, postage due, to the owner. He is charged a minimum rate of 10 cents, and a maximum of 50 cents, at five cents an ounce within this scale. "Some wallets have secret compartments, some real cuckoos," according to the post office, and if the pickpocket has missed them, wallets containing nominal sums are returned to their owners by registered mail. If the sum exceeds \$100, they are asked to pick them up in person at Room 4508 at the post office.

One wallet contained three \$100 bills. "We sent for the fellow," the post office said, "and when he came in, he said, 'I know what you got--\$300. I threw it in a mailbox myself, for protection. I won it in a crap game, and thought I was being followed, and anyway, if I had brought it home, my missus would have found it. I knew I could pick it up here.'"

If the identification is questionable, "we send the fellow a notice that we believe we have some property belonging to him," the post office said. "We don't tell him what it is." About 7 per cent of the wallets are never claimed. Police don't have time to check the wallets, but some officers drop in and report their own pockets picked. "We had eight cops in here within ten days a couple of years ago, looking for their wallets," the post office said.

A well-identified wallet is returned to its owner within forty-eight hours after it appears in a mailbox. On the checker's busiest day, 112 wallets came to his desk. "They come rushing in when there's a convention in town." On July 10, 1951, the clerk got eighty-nine wallets. "Fourth of July, lots of visitors in town," the post office explained.

The 1953 General Assembly enacted legislation in Connecticut changing the penalty for 'Theft from Person' from "shall be imprisoned not more than five years," to "shall be imprisoned not more than five years or fined not more than one thousand dollars or be both fined and imprisoned." Why?

SLIDE RULE HELPS WIN ACQUITTAL ON SPEEDING CHARGE

In Chicopee, Mass. recently a slide rule and a mathematics formula helped win a speeding charge acquittal in District Court for M/Sgt. Henry J. Vance, an Air Force flight engineer.

The Westover Air Force base airman was accused of speeding 60 miles an hour by a policeman who overtook him in a cruiser.

Vance took out a slide rule and told Judge Daniel Keyes that by his calculations the police cruiser would have had to go 109 miles an hour to catch up to him in the distance specified by the arresting officer.

Vance said: "Allowing 15 seconds for the officer to make a decision and accelerate his machine, he'd have had to do 109 miles an hour and I don't think that his police cruiser will go that fast."

MAKES MISTAKE OF ROBBING POLICEMAN

A young man trying to finance a trip to Reno for a divorce made the mistake recently of holding up an off-duty policeman in Gary, Ind., and didn't get to keep his loot long enough to count it.

It was only \$11.

Gary police identified him as Roy White, 20, of Hobart, and placed a preliminary charge of robbery against him.

James Dowling, 28-year-old Hammond policeman working in an East Chicago filling station, said White took the \$11 from him at gunpoint. White escaped in an automobile, but Dowling got his license number and passed it on to police.

Gary police said they found him parked in the car counting some money.

NOW IT'S "HUGGING"

In Windsor, Maine recently police were looking for two young women who invaded the home of 82-year-old Fred Merrill and "hugged" him out of \$220.

"They kept hugging me and I kept pushing them away," Merrill said. When the girls left he discovered his billfold was missing from a coat pocket.

Rev. Albert Smith, 85, a cemetery caretaker, lost his wallet and \$20 when the same pair showered him with their embraces.

DETECTIVE SPOTS MAN AS CHECK FORGER

In New York Det. Thomas Weber went to an apartment house to question a tenant concerning a minor complaint. When he couldn't gain admittance he called the superintendent.

Weber then arrested the "superintendent" as a fugitive from justice when he recognized him by a mole on his forehead as a check forger wanted in three states. It was the superintendent's first day on the job.

Just goes to prove what a small world this is.



Vox-Cop

SALUTES



Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

OFFICERS ROBERT HART and FREDERICK BURKHARDT for some fast thinking and rapid talking which undoubtedly saved Off. Robert Hart from receiving injuries in Old Lyme recently. Officers Robert Hart and Fred Burkhardt were notified while patrolling the Boston Post Road in the early morning hours to head for the home of one William Hull after a neighbor had complained that Hull was smashing up his home and threatening his family. Off. Hart arrived first to find the house in darkness. With searchlights placed around the house, he spotted Hull hiding in the back of an automobile in the garage. As he approached Hull the man pointed a .32 caliber special high-powered rifle at him and shouted: "Don't move! Don't come closer!"

Off. Burkhardt arrived meantime and quickly took a position behind a tree from where he engaged Hull in a rapid-fire conversation. Talking fast, Off. Burkhardt, in a matter of minutes--which seemed like hours--reached the point where Hull and he began discussing hobbies. The trooper finally talked Hull into showing him something in the man's workshop. As soon as Hull lowered his rifle, both policemen jumped him. He wrestled momentarily but was subdued and taken to the Westbrook station where he was booked on charges of breach of peace, resisting arrest and intoxication.

One false move on the part of either officer would have meant injury, if not death, to Officer Hart. Both these officers kept cool and were able to take this man into custody without any guns having been fired.

We salute both officers for their quick thinking, tact and excellent judgment.

Ye reporter from Station "F" had a little difficulty in ascertaining just what compliment Officers Hart and Burkhardt received from headquarters as a result of their work in the Hull case.

They were happy indeed upon receipt of the letter of congratulations and while we were allowed to see it, were given to understand that both officers felt its release ought to come from other quarters. Having obtained that permission we reprint it with pleasure.

April 29, 1953

Officer Robert Hart and
Officer Frederick Burkhardt

Lieutenant Hulburt has brought to my attention your work in case No. F-942-H. Captain Shaw has also mentioned the matter to me and I hasten to congratulate you both for handling this case in such an outstanding manner as to attract public attention and gain public confidence, as well as on the tact, judgment and initiative that was displayed by both of you when confronted with the serious problem of arresting William Hull.

It is this kind of work that makes all of us interested in the police service and brings home to not only members of the department but to the public at large what it really means to be a state policeman. The risks and hazards involved in daily matters are usually minimized but when an occasion arises such as the Hull case, it takes men of judgment, of courage and of ingenuity to outwit a man who is mentally ill and undoubtedly charged up with liquor. We are thankful that both of you escaped without bodily harm.

My compliments and every good wish for you both.

Edward J. Hickey
COMMISSIONER

State Police News

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

PENNSYLVANIA

FROM COL. C. M. WILHELM, STATE POLICE COMMISSIONER

It is indeed a pleasure to have the opportunity of addressing my many friends through the medium of this publication.

We hope to have items of interest to Pennsylvania Police Chiefs in each issue. It is possible that news of personnel changes will be of interest to you as many of the men concerned have worked with municipal police in different parts of the State.

This close contact with local authorities is of great value to us in our work. It would be difficult to function efficiently without the aid of many local officers who know their towns so well.

We attempt to reciprocate in a small way by making available our facilities for the use of other law enforcement agencies. At the risk of repeating information which most of you probably have, we shall review in these columns from time to time, various services which we are in a position to offer in the interest of close cooperation.

Gambling Raids

Governor John S. Fine in January broadened the power of the State Police to permit them to make gambling raids without first consulting local police authorities.

"As long as anti-gambling laws are on our statute books and as long as I remain governor I intend to make a conscientious effort to enforce those laws," Governor Fine said.

His ruling ended a long standing custom of state police refusing to make gambling raids in boroughs and cities, which have local police protection, unless requested to do so by the local officials.

State police have, however, served as a complete police force for rural areas.

The governor said the policy was adopted after conferring with Attorney General Woodside, Colonel Wilhelm, state police commissioner, and members of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board.

District Attorney Markin R. Knight, of Lycoming County, first made public the new policy. Both he and District Attorney Harold Bonno, of Northumberland County, were notified of the action by Woodside.

Knight said Woodside's office told him that "the scope of operations of the Pennsylvania State Police" has been enlarged "to include areas already having police protection and that in the future the Pennsylvania State Police may enter these areas to make arrests for gambling violations."

The new policy also calls for the filing of gambling charges by the district attorney's office for court action instead of taking the case to a local magistrate or justice of the peace.

Governor Fine said, "all of our state law enforcing agencies--including the state police and liquor control board enforcement officers--are being mobilized in a joint effort to reduce to an absolute minimum breaches of our present laws."

The governor continued:

"This action is not a reflection upon our district attorneys or other local enforcement officers from whom we have had cooperation.

"It is simply a broadening of State Police powers designed to bring about better anti-gambling law enforcement upon the call of governmental agencies other than local enforcement officials with whom we anticipate even closer cooperation than presently."

Slot Machines Smashed

State police of the Harrisburg barracks recently destroyed an estimated 470 slot machines seized during 1952 in Mifflin, Juniata, and Union counties. Court orders directed the smashing of the confiscated gambling devices. The machines are stored at the state police

STATE POLICE NEWS

barracks after seizure until a wreckage order is issued.

Bingo

Colonel Wilhelm, state police commissioner, said in February that it is up to local police authorities to determine if bingo is actually gambling under the law.

"A whole lot depends on the type of bingo activity that is going on. It's up to the district attorney and the courts to decide the merits of each case."

Most bingo affairs sponsored by local fairs and by churches are seldom prosecuted as gambling, he added.

New Barracks

A new state police barracks is being constructed in North Belle Vernon, in Westmoreland County. The modern veneer barracks will contain sleeping quarters for personnel, office quarters, supply room and integral garage.

Troopers now occupy a residence only a short distance from their new building site but property they now occupy was recently taken over for expansion of church facilities.

Former State Policeman Wins Money

The coal region expression, "I only have a loaf of bread under me arm," received nationwide publicity in January on the Groucho Marx television show.

Author of the saying was John P. Monaghan, St. Clair native, who won the \$1,306 jackpot prize.

Monaghan, former member of the Pennsylvania State Police, served in England during World War II as an infantry major and is a personal friend of James Mason, English movie star, who has made a hit in American movies.

Monaghan used the familiar expression, which means a person has no money, when Marx asked him how much he wanted to win on the quiz show. The county native brought down the house when he answered the \$1,000 question naming Machiavelli as the 16th century statesman and writer noted for his sharp wit saying, "I subscribe to Machiavellian principles."

In addition to playing minor parts

in James Mason movies, writing travel shorts and acting as Mason's secretary he teaches dancing in Los Angeles.

---Pennsylvania Chiefs of Police Association Bulletin

KENTUCKY

BRIBERY vs. JUSTICE

By

Rev. David H. Zaumeyer
Chaplain Kentucky State Police

There are many occasions in which a peace officer is liable to violate justice, if he is not most conscientious in the performance of his duties. We have already come to understand that when a trooper fails in his duty, he offends against justice. But when we consider justice, there also comes into the question the problem of accepting gifts.

May a trooper accept gifts from the residents or shopkeepers of the district he patrols? As far as the law of God is concerned, and abstracting from any civil or state ordinances, he may do so if these donations are merely gifts in the true sense of the term. It is not unusual for merchants to give a courteous and vigilant policeman a substantial gift from time to time, particularly at Christmas. But such gifts must not take on the nature of payment for service in such wise that those who do not contribute will not receive the service which the officer is bound to render by reason of his office. If that is the tacit or express understanding between the trooper and the citizen, there would be an obligation of restoring the so-called gifts, which in such a case would simply be the fruits of unjust extortion.

Since he is bound to safeguard the law impartially, the peace officer fails in his duty if he tolerates transgressions by certain individuals for personal reasons. If he allows his friends to keep their "places" open beyond closing hours while he enforces the local or state laws strictly in the case of others, he is doing wrong. The common good

of society must supersede personal feelings.

It is even more reprehensible to abstain from making an arrest or from enforcing the law in return for a bribe. The opportunities for this form of "graft"---at times, on an incredibly large scale---constitute one of the gravest moral dangers to the members of any police department of the present day. Of course, all forms of bribery must be condemned, without qualification, according to Christian moral principles. Even when the case centers about a transgression which is not of criminal nature, such as a traffic violation, the officer who accepts money and in return abstains from making an arrest or issuing a citation is committing a sin against legal justice and is violating his contract and oath.

If, as the result of an officer's dishonesty, a third party has suffered the loss of property (for example, if a bribe enabled a thief to escape with stolen goods), there is a certain obligation incumbent on the officer to make restitution to the injured party. The peace officer who neglects his duty on such occasions in return for a bribe, must give up the money. If this cannot be done for one reason or another, the money is to be given to the government or to charity. This is so because what a policeman sells (with bribery) is something which can be lawful only by public authority, namely freedom from arrest, indictment, and from possible punishment.

One form of bribe-taking for the granting of immunity from the grasp of the law is particularly abominable---that which concerns houses of prostitution or abortion clinics. There are, indeed, cities in which prostitution is tolerated as the lesser of two evils, on the grounds that unless there is a restricted district, vice will be more rampant and widespread. Those who have made a study of the matter with thoroughness are convinced that this is an erroneous notion. In any case, it goes without saying that every officer is forbidden by the law of God from directing anyone to one of those "haunts." Moreover, in those places where the civ-

il law endeavors to stamp out prostitution, the acceptance of a bribe to "let the place alone" or to "keep one's mouth shut" would constitute not only a violation of an obligation to society but a violation of the policeman's oath of office. Furthermore, it would be safe to say that such a renegade to duty must be considered as a co-operator toward the sins of impurity that are committed in the houses which he allows to remain open.

On the Sermon on the Mount, our Lord gave us the eight beatitudes. One of them was, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for justice, for they shall be satisfied." May God so bless you and love you.

---On Guard

CALIFORNIA

CALDWELL NEW HEAD OF CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL

Bernard R. Caldwell, recently named Commissioner of the California Highway Patrol, is the newest member of the Association's Executive Committee. President J. A. Bennett has named Caldwell to the Committee to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Clifford E. Peterson, whom he also succeeds as CHP Commissioner.

Caldwell was in his twenty-eighth year with the Los Angeles Police Department and had served since 1941 as deputy chief in charge of the centralized traffic bureau when named to the State position in February by Governor Earl Warren.

During Caldwell's regime as commander of the Los Angeles traffic bureau that city received a number of safety awards. In 1949, 1950 and 1951 it was acclaimed by the National Safety Council as the safest city of a million or more population. During the same three years the International Association of Chiefs of Police found Los Angeles to have the best traffic law enforcement of any city in its class.

Commissioner Caldwell, a graduate of the Northwestern University Traffic In-

stitute, has served as chairman of the motor vehicle legislation committees of both the State Peace Officers' Association and the Los Angeles County Peace Officers' Association. He was a director of the Greater Los Angeles chapter of the National Safety Council, a member of the health and safety board of the Atomic Energy Commission, and a member of the enforcement committee of the President's Highway Safety Conference.

MARYLAND

MARYLAND UPS STATE POLICE PAY

All Maryland State Police personnel receive a \$200 a year salary increase under a bill recently signed into law by Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin.

NEW YORK

STRENGTHENING OF STATE POLICE BY 300 MEN VOTED IN NEW YORK

An increase in the strength of the New York State Police from 900 to 1,200 men has been authorized by the legislature and approved by Governor Dewey. The Governor had declared in his annual message to the lawmakers that the State Police at present strength could not adequately patrol the highways and deal with a small and dangerous minority who never respect the traffic laws except under threat of vigorous enforcement.

Meanwhile, in New York City Thomas N. Boate, manager of the accident prevention department of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, said most conservative estimates show 5,000 to 7,500 more highway patrolmen are needed in the nation as a whole to properly protect the public against accidents caused by traffic violators. Mr. Boate formerly directed the traffic division of the Pennsylvania State Police.

Lost time is never found

TRAFFIC PHOTO CONTEST FOR POLICE

Once again police photographers will have an opportunity to gain Nation-wide fame---and a small measure of fortune---through the medium of a Traffic Photo Contest for Police.

Open to members of police agencies, including the Armed Forces police, of the United States and Canada, the contest will be sponsored by the Traffic Digest & Review, monthly magazine of the Traffic Institute.

Entries in the contest must tell the story of police work in traffic, with special emphasis on specific techniques.

Prizes will be awarded for entries showing techniques of traffic law enforcement, directing traffic, and accident investigation. A \$50 savings bond and a \$25 savings bond will be presented to first-and-second-place winners in each of these three categories. An extra prize of \$25 in cash will be awarded to the entry judged best in the contest. This will go to one of the three first-place winners.

Deadline for submitting entries is December 1, 1953. Complete information and entry forms may be obtained by writing to: Photo Contest Editor, Traffic Digest & Review, Traffic Institute, Northwestern University, 1704 Judson Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Although this is the eighth police photography contest sponsored by the Traffic Institute, it is the first devoted exclusively to traffic work of the police. Pictures received in the contest will be used in police training work, in manuals and textbooks, in safety exhibits, and to illustrate magazine and newspaper articles.

Hundreds of pictures were submitted by police in the seven previous photo contests and have been used many times by the Traffic Institute and other organizations to promote traffic safety.

---Pennsylvania Chiefs of Police Association Bulletin

A prudent person profits from personal experience, a wise one from the experience of others.-Dr. Joseph Collins

Safety minds

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

Bad Driving Is Immoral

By GEORGE E. MATHIEU

Chairman of the Seattle
Police Advisory Commission

Essay On Moral And Ethical Side Of Our Traffic Problem

One phase of our traffic problem has not to my knowledge ever been given the consideration it deserves. That is the moral basis of traffic regulation and the need of stressing the moral implications of violations. The following observations are offered primarily to enlist the services of all our citizens in a constant crusade and winning war against the evils of automobile traffic.

As a citizen, as well as a lawyer, and former prosecutor, I look upon our criminal laws as being based principally on morality. The violations of our criminal code almost uniformly involve our American code of morality. It is the morality of our people that keeps them from becoming criminals, and it is immorality of those men who are criminals that makes them such. Our laws against burglary, theft, and assault, for example, are based upon our ethical and moral standards, and without our general approval as moral standards, laws would not be obeyed.

Of course, there are prohibitory laws which do not involve questions in the moral field. Violation is bad only because it is prohibited. Thus, a parking rule would not ordinarily involve a moral question. However, parking in a place, especially at night, that might cause a collision would certainly involve a moral issue. Practically all the rules designed to promote safety in a traffic code, do involve moral questions if we look beneath the surface.

So the whole traffic problem is also fundamentally and primarily a problem of morality, righteousness, and ethics. It may for the purpose of this discussion be divided into four phases:

1. The morality of the traffic law itself.
2. The morality of its administration by police.
3. The morality of the courts.
4. The morality of the drivers.

If the traffic law or ordinance is not fair or just, or it gives one group privileges over another, then the legislative body that passed such law is guilty of immorality, and the members of the legislative body have committed a private sin. Immoral laws are difficult, if not impossible, to enforce in America because our freedoms are so great and our citizens so constituted that most of them will resist an unrighteous law.

As for enforcement, if our police, sheriffs, or state patrolmen play favorites, they too are committing a public as well as a private sin. As a result they would bring the whole traffic enforcement into disrepute. This also develops a high degree of resentment against law officers, as well as an uncooperative spirit on the part of the drivers who regard themselves as scapegoats, and also the whole public.

Then, there is the question of the part played by the courts. If the courts are either too severe or too lenient, or if the law is not enforced evenhandedly, with all who jeopardize the life and

limb as well as the property of our citizens, then the judges are also guilty of private as well as public sins, and they are immoral and bring the traffic rules and the courts of justice into ill repute and ineffectiveness. And how can courts or police function properly if the jurors--who are really the final arbiters in law enforcement--lack moral understanding?

But the worst, and the least understood, phase of the immorality of the traffic problem is the fourth category--the immorality of the driver. The driver who steals your right of way is as immoral and sinful as any person who steals other of your rights and property, but this is an ethical truth which seems too subtle for the callous-minded to comprehend.

Too many drivers look upon themselves as entitled to special privileges. Age, sex, employment, the character of the vehicle they drive--all these factors, and others, have been made excuses for false claims of privilege. The jaywalker is too frequently a self-appointed member of a privileged class.

Many a fine Christian lady or gentleman, who under no circumstances would steal a penny from his neighbor, does not hesitate to steal a right of way, to take two lanes of traffic, to unduly and improperly delay traffic, to carelessly and negligently divert their attention necessary for proper driving, or to violate other natural and statutory rules for safe driving. They thus commit public as well as private sins against their neighbors, and so are guilty of immorality.

It may seem that the importance of this moral approach is exaggerated here. But we should bear in mind that the net effect of the improper operation of our automobile traffic, with or without evil intent, causes more deaths and injuries over the same period of time than most wars. When we stop to realize that we are slaughtering our neighbors and maiming and causing untold suffering and disaster on our highways, that the number of automobiles is increasing daily, and that the extent of outrageous impositions by drivers on other persons is comparable to all other crimes, then we

can hardly deny that it is time to strip the mask from the evil-doer and to show the character of those involved in their true light.

I should like to see parents, as well as civic leaders and our religious guides, discuss and analyze from the moral standpoint the traffic violations which have caused so much disaster over the country. To stop this horrifying condition, there must be a moral awakening. And the alarm can best be sounded by those whose judgment on morals is respected by all of us.

Records in most police traffic divisions show that automobile collisions which are falsely called "accidents" are due to four principal causes: Speeding, failure to yield the right-of-way, improper turning from lanes, and following too closely.

Because all such causes are completely within the control of one or both drivers, there is no escaping the conclusion that if any one of these four violations has caused, as its least damaging effect, a loss of someone's time or property, or its worst effect, the maiming, disability, or death of someone, then the conduct of the driver was sinful and immoral, regardless of his intent.

The failure to yield the right-of-way is a mechanized version of the kind of immorality that would earn you a poke in the nose if you were on your feet instead of ensconced in a coward's haven. Many state highway patrols say that stealing the right-of-way on the highway is the most common of all traffic violations outside cities. This violation kills people--so perhaps hanging might be more in order than a poke in the nose.

It is time that the immorality of the reckless driver be recognized and that decent people refuse to associate with those who are guilty of such conduct, just as they would shun those guilty of other criminal or immoral conduct. Only when such militant public sentiment develops may we be able to stop a carnage equal to that of war.

The Fifth Commandment is, "Thou shalt not kill." Those four words are the whole commandment, and there are no pro-

visos or exceptions that permit killings with automotive vehicles.

Many people do not recognize that morality is involved in traffic violations. However, it is a recognized principle of ethics and morality, as well as law, that persons must be held to intend the normal and natural consequences of their acts. Can it really be said that one who drives while he is drunk, or while he is inattentive to his driving obligations, is not morally reprehensible?

The innocent who are crippled or killed as the result of inadvertent or careless acts suffer as much as if the acts had been intentional.

Mere obedience to a prohibitive law is not a compelling force among the American people, but the violation of a rule of morality is such a compelling force. So it should be the duty of our teachers and our spiritual and community leaders to instruct our communities in the morality of traffic rules. The work of road engineering, of law enforcement and other established aids to safety, must everlastingly continue. But the men responsible for them must have the militant support of our citizens if their efforts are to succeed.

---Eagle

HARD AND TOUGH

Some of the hardest thinking being done by any group of Americans, businessmen or not, is being engaged in by top people in the automobile insurance business. Typical is a speech to fellow insurance men by the president of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies.

"The insurance companies," said Manning W. Heard, "do not want high rates. They would like to reduce their rates. The public must understand, however, that we cannot continue to lose money on automobile business alone at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year, or even \$10,000,000.

"Our rates are based on the cost of claims, and that cost is influenced by such things as accident frequency, acci-

dent severity, inflated repair, medical and hospital prices, and unreasonable court and jury awards. Surely the public is entitled to know these facts."

Mr. Heard then talked tough. The whole trouble, he said, "lies in a condition of public mind and attitude." He asked what would happen to a person who went through town brandishing a six-shooter and firing at the sky. The culprit would get a jail term of "30 to 90 days" by public demand. "However, we brandish a 100 or 200 horsepower motor vehicle over the highways at a reckless speed just for fun or to reach a destination quicker than our needs require. We may be arrested or we may not. And please remember, we have been talking about the motor vehicle--a deadly instrument which has killed more people than were killed in all the wars in which we have been engaged since the Revolution."

Then he got really hard-boiled with a prescription for a "50 per cent reduction of accidents." It is not altogether new. He would:

Put more policemen on the streets and highways.

Make 50 the maximum speed under the best conditions.

First violation penalties to be fixed in this order--speeding, \$50; reckless driving, \$50; drunken driving, \$100 and three-year suspension of license.

Permanent revocation after third offense.

Mandatory jail sentence for driving after revocation.

That's a hard and tough prescription. But if it would cut accidents and deaths by half, who will say it is too hard or too tough?

---Torrington Register

Judicious use of brakes and brains precludes a lot of aches and pains.

---Highways of Happiness

He always turned left
From the right hand lane
That's why he's where
He can feel no pain!

SAFETY COUNCIL'S AWARD

Won Because We Had Generous Help

While we are grateful for the safety award we have received, it belongs as much to the State Police, to C. D. Batchelor and to the Safety Commission as to us. It was their help which made us eligible for the citation.

Naturally, we are elated here at The New Era to have been chosen one among twenty-three newspapers, daily and weekly, in the entire nation to receive the award of the National Safety Council, in recognition of our efforts to bring about a realization that the alarming and ever climbing record of highway accidents is actually a national calamity.

We believe most sincerely that a continuing crusade against the menace of death on the highway is a definite responsibility of ours.. and we plan to continue to hit this menace as hard as we know how.

In winning the Safety Council's award, though, we want to make it crystal clear, that we well realize how important has been the help we've received in our efforts, and what a large part this help has played in whatever success has been achieved in our campaign for more safety on our highways.

We've had the wholehearted cooperation of our fine State Police--especially the officers, under Lt. Francis Mangan at Westbrook. His efforts, and those of his men to make the highways in this area less dangerous, through alert patrol, and prompt warning and arrest have resulted in a comparatively (and we say comparatively advisedly) good record in this district. We want to thank Lieutenant Mangan and his efficient Westbrook force of state officers, Captain Carroll E. Shaw and Commissioner Edward J. Hickey for their ready cooperation;

their helpful suggestions and their efficient handling of their jobs. Certainly, we could never have received the citation without their continuous backing.

We want, too, publicly, to thank C.D. Batcheler, the famous cartoonist of The (New York) News for allowing us to use his great cartoons "Inviting The Undertaker," after they appear in his own paper. This series of cartoons packs a terrific wallop, we believe, by graphically pointing a finger of scorn at the faults of the careless or the reckless motorist. Frankly, we are of the opinion that these dramatic cartoons alone should be enough to win the Safety Council's citation...we are hopeful to be able to continue to publish them, as long as both "Batch" and his paper, The News, will allow us to use them.

And last, but by no means least, we want to thank the Connecticut Safety Commission under the dynamic direction of Bill Greene. The constant, almost daily help of the Commission, has been a tremendous factor in our highway safety effort. Bill Greene, himself, has been an inspiration. His suggestions, his up-to-the-minute compilation of accident records, his whole hearted support has never been found wanting.

The Safety Commission has done a great job in this state...witness (again comparatively) what has been accomplished. Connecticut's record is the best over-all record in the nation, taken over a period of years...and for that record we can certainly thank the Commission very largely.

So...as we acknowledge the Safety Council's award with thanks and appreciation, we also want all and sundry to know how clearly we realize that it is not an award to this newspaper for any single-handed effort--but, rather, a citation as well to the State Police, to C. D. Batchelor, and to the Safety Commission.

---From The DEEP RIVER NEW ERA

Between



Ourselves

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

Hickey Urges Tolerance For Today's Youth

"The great majority of boys and girls will develop into first-rate citizens God-fearing and law abiding, if only we give them a hand," State Police Commissioner Edward J. Hickey said last week at the Naugatuck YMCA as he helped launch the annual YMCA campaign for \$9,000.

Speaking to a packed house of campaign workers, Commissioner Hickey pointed out that the local "Y" is 85 per cent self-sustaining, with the balance coming from contributions. "But," he asserted, "the cost of maintaining boys in reform schools is higher--and you pay those costs."

Displaying a comprehensive knowledge of the workings and finances of the local Y, Commissioner Hickey thanked Fritz Klambt, physical education director and the Y director for the "opportunity of sending our recruits here for training. We have a deep interest here; almost like residents of the community."

The commissioner stated:

"One of the many beliefs that a long career in police work has given me a firm conviction that to encourage the active participation of youth in well organized and directed character-building activities, is an effective method of combatting juvenile crime.

"I purposely refrain from using the expression Juvenile Delinquency, because, in my opinion it is a phrase that is, in most instances, wrongly applied and very misleading. To list under the one general heading of Juvenile Delinquent, both the boy who participates in a serious offense, and the boy who, in the exuberance of youth engages in a "boyish prank," without one iota of

criminal intent in his whole make-up, is to say the least, decidedly unfair practice.

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

"We often think how fortunate most of us grown-ups are that every trivial episode of our earlier days is not now a matter of public record in the yellowed dockets of the criminal courts of our home towns. Today's average kid is not one bit worse than we were at his age, and we object to his being labeled a "Juvenile Delinquent" for every insignificant digression.

"I am making no attempt to minimize the seriousness of juvenile crime, or to say that it doesn't exist. It most certainly does and the picture while not a pretty one is getting better. The point I wish to bring out, is that the great majority of boys and girls will develop

into first rate citizens, God-fearing and law abiding, if only we give them a hand.

He commended the YMCA for its youth work and said such groups as the Boy Scouts kept the enrollment in reform schools lower than it would otherwise be. If there were more wholesome attractions for youngsters, he said, there would be less need for policemen.

Concluding, he thanked local YMCA officers for the use of the Y for the training of new state police recruits and he urged the fund drive workers to extend all their efforts toward reaching the \$9,000 goal.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

A recent letter to Headquarters prompted this talk to Campaign Workers for Funds concerning the good work being promoted in Naugatuck by the local YMCA. We quote the letter in part, "Now, I want to give you a glow. The youngster you so kindly took an interest in--when I saw you a year or so ago--was married to a lovely girl last Saturday. He is a fine hard-working youngster and has proven his worth so our confidence in him was not misplaced. Put him down in your good book."

CANCER FUND CONTRIBUTION

The Connecticut State Police contribution to the Connecticut State Employee's Cancer Fund amounted to \$409.75. The plan to give official authorization for four drives within the State Police Department is working out satisfactorily and in each instance we have been able to contribute an average of more than \$400 toward these worthy causes: Mile of Dimes; Red Cross; Cancer; and Heart Fund.

Commissioner Kelley of the Motor Vehicle Department is inaugurating the same system and we wish him complete success.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it. ---Penn

FONE TIPS

ANSWER BY NAME OR NUMBER?

For various reasons, some agencies answer their telephones with their number instead of the departmental name. This practice has several disadvantages:

1. It usually wastes time. In many cities, numbers now have five digits, plus an exchange. Using numbers may confuse the caller.

2. Identification is less certain. If you hear only the tail end of a number spoken by a rushed operator, you don't know if you've reached the right party. Even if you hear the whole number, you may have forgotten it.

3. Use of your own name and rank on all telephone calls is good advertising, businesslike--and costs nothing. You lose that benefit if you answer by number.

Loudness Isn't Emphasis

Have you ever heard an accomplished public speaker build up to the climax of his talk, and then put it over in a low, dramatic tone--perhaps little more than a whisper?

That's a hint for all of us in using the telephone. You don't have to be loud to be forceful. Much more can be done with the EXPRESSION in your voice than with its volume.

Loud voices irritate. Low, expressive voices impress. If you want to make the person on the other end of the telephone good and angry, go ahead and shout. But don't do it if you are trying to drive home a point.

Drivers convicted of traffic offenses involving use of alcohol should lose their licenses permanently, the National Commission on Alcohol Hygiene recommended. It cited a 10 year study showing that alcohol helped cause over 50% of all automobile deaths. The committee's comment: The average citizen "abhors the thought of a drinking driver," but does not realize that when he's behind the wheel after a few nips, "he is the drinking driver." ---Quick

SPEAKING OF SAFETY

By State Police Commissioner
Edward J. Hickey

The month of May is annually designated as "Vehicle Maintenance Month" by agencies concerned with highway safety and the "Check Your Car -- Check Accidents" program is generally in full swing at this time.

These safety check programs are important, no matter whether they are done on the basis of a visit to an official state inspection station or on an informal basis by the car owner. These safety checks have prevented serious loss of life through the years and are an essential factor in safe driving.

Last year, when thousands of motorists had their cars inspected at inspection stations or during spot checks on the road, it was found that one out of every three vehicles checked had one or more parts in need of service attention for safe operation.

Of those who had their cars inspected last year, a large percentage did not know their cars needed maintenance. Most drivers just take the operation of their cars for granted at times. They are built so well to last so long and so seldom require attention for good operation that often they are looked upon as being all-perfect.

Well, a car is like a human being. Brakes, lights, exhaust systems, tires, windshield wipers, and other items on the car, need a little treatment; or carrying out our analogy a bit further, need a little attention. If this attention is given in time, more extensive repairs are avoided.

I am not saying anything to you that you don't already know when I say that bad brakes can contribute in a pedestrian or other traffic accident.

Good brakes, we all know, are essential to the safe operation of the motor vehicle. Are your brakes safe? How near the floor board of your car does your brake pedal go before it takes action and stops the car? One inch? Two inches? More? There's a safe limit and your brakes ought to be well within that limit! Are you sure that your brakes

take hold evenly? Can you see, steer, and stop safely?

If you can, you're an unusual person. And that's the reason it's important for you to have your car checked for safety, and to keep it in safe mechanical condition at all times.

Here is a basic 10-point car safety check list:

1. Brakes
2. Headlights
3. Rear and Stop Lights
4. Tires
5. Steering and Wheel Alignment
6. Exhaust System and Muffler
7. Windshield Wipers
8. Glass
9. Horn
10. Rear-View Mirror

In this discussion I have purposely avoided discussing our accident tolls. I have avoided enumerating all of those factors which cause accidents. I have not even referred to the fact that too many accidents are caused by careless driving.

The point we wish to stress today is the importance of having your car in safe mechanical condition at all times. Have your car checked for safety.

And while you are checking your car, check yourself. How are your driving habits? Are they good or bad? And what is your attitude toward driving, other drivers and toward those who are assigned to enforce the laws - policemen.

Remember that a good driver checks not only his car but himself, he applies the golden rule toward his fellow motorists and respects the difficult role of the policeman in law enforcement.

---Condensed from the Hartford Courant's "Around The Town" column of May 23, 1953

Starting Monday, May 25, New York's 19,243 policemen will get a course of instructions on how to get along with people.

Police Comsr. George Monaghan said the program is to impress on the public and the policemen that a cop is the friend, counselor and defender of the civil rights of every person.

IN-SERVICE STUDIES

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953

TRAFFIC INSTITUTE, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Stopping And Approaching Vehicles

Objective: To review for the officer the things he should consider before stopping and approaching vehicles

To identify the techniques the officer employs to protect himself and to carry out his enforcement action

- I. Before signalling a violator to stop his vehicle, officer must consider and do certain things (Teaching Aid: Lecture, blackboard illustration, and class demonstrations)
 - A. The officer must select a proper place to stop violator's vehicle
 1. Violator must be stopped quickly, efficiently and safely
 - a. Vehicles must be able to pull off the troubled roadway or out of moving lanes of traffic
 - 1) This will encourage violator to pull over and stop
 - 2) An experienced driver will resist being forced to stop on the highway pavement or in a dangerous spot
 - 3) An inexperienced driver may become confused or panicky and become involved in an accident
 - b. The off-the-street area should be adequate and suitable for stopping
 - 1) Soft shoulder, muddy ground, private lawns or grounds, etc. should be avoided (Teaching Aid: Discuss the danger of police vehicle being mired)
 - c. Motorists expect the traveled part of a roadway to be free of obstruction
 - 1) They resent any obstruction which causes their delay or stopping
 - 2) Their resentment is increased when such is directly caused by the police
 2. The location selected must be free from view obstructions
 - a. Avoid spots just over a hill or on a bend or curve (Teaching Aid: Point out danger of "dips" in road)
 - b. Do not require driver to stop at or too near an intersection
 - c. If at night make sure that stopped vehicles are properly illuminated and visible to drivers of other vehicles
 - 1) Stop vehicle in as lighted area as is possible or feasible
 - d. Avoid spots where distractions may keep other drivers from observing the stopped vehicle
 3. Officer safety should always be considered
 - a. On rural patrol, avoid stopping vehicles on lonely roads (Teaching Aid: Draw out case examples in point)
 - 1) Whenever possible, stop vehicle near store, farm, crossroads, or village
 - b. On city streets avoid stopping vehicle on high speed arteries or streets where traffic is heavy
 - B. Give proper signals to other motorists
 1. Alert other moving traffic to the slowing down and stopping of the violator and police vehicle

IN - SERVICE STUDIES

- I. B. 1. a. Give ample time to warn of stop - about 40 to 60 seconds
 - 1) Speed of traffic will have a bearing on this - high speeds require longer time and distance to stop
 - b. Flash police red light, stop light, or directional signals
 - c. Give necessary hand signals
 - d. Use siren if necessary
 - 1) Avoid prolonged use of siren
 2. Do not assume that other motorists have seen your warning or signals to stop
 - a. Look at other cars
 - 1) Use rear view mirrors
 - 2) Turn head to view other traffic
 - b. Repeat warning or signal to stop until you are certain that other traffic is alerted
 - c. Pull back behind violator, wait for following motorists to slow down or make way, and then signal violator to pull over and stop
- II. Signalling the violator to stop
- A. Check to see that it is safe and clear to pull to left and overtake the violator car (Teaching Aid: Illustrate on board)
 1. Consider possible approach of vehicles from both directions
 - B. Increase your speed, pull to left and abreast of violator car
 1. Allow sufficient clearance of all vehicles in cutting out (Teaching Aid: Comment on problems of parkway patrol where curbs hinder operators from pulling off road)
 2. Do not pull ahead of violator car
 - a. This exposes you to mercy of car occupants
 3. Do not get too close to violator car
 - a. A sudden swerve of either vehicle can cause an accident
 - C. Attract attention of violator
 1. If driver aware of you, give signal to pull over and stop
 - a. If not, first sound horn loud and long enough to attract his attention
 - b. Generally, sound siren only when other signal fails to attract driver attention
 - 1) Siren or red light startles most motorists
 - 2) May confuse or even panic driver to extent of pulling sharply into parked cars, moving vehicles or a ditch
 - 3) Judicious use of siren may have some desirable "halo" enforcement effect
 - c. At night it is often difficult for a motorist to recognize a police car - even when marked
 - 1) Use red light
 - a) Turn on before pulling abreast of violator car
 - 2) Never throw spot or flashlight on driver
 - 3) Allow sufficient time for driver to realize that you are the police and want him to stop
 2. Wave to side of road by using a clear, distinct motion of your arm and hand (Teaching Aid: Demonstrate motion of arm)
 - D. Swing in behind violator vehicle and follow to a stop
 1. Again, allow adequate distance between police and violator vehicle
 - a. In pulling back into line behind violator vehicle
 - b. In following vehicle until it pulls in and stops
 - 1) At high speeds there is danger of a sudden or sharp slow down by violator
 - a) An inexperienced or frightened driver
 - b) A deliberate maneuver by violator

I N - S E R V I C E S T U D I E S

- II. D. 2. If car speeds up and attempts to elude police vehicle
- a. Take up pursuit
 - 1) If driver drunk or ill stop as soon as possible
 - 2) If driver a criminal - or deliberately attempting to avoid apprehension, it is better practice not to attempt to stop vehicle until other help made available
 - a) Follow vehicle at a safe distance
 - b. Notify station of pursuit
 - 1) Give description of vehicle
 - a) Registration number
 - b) Make and type of car
 - c) Color of vehicle
 - d) Any distinguishing features
 - (1) Damage
 - (2) Markings
 - (3) Accessories
 - 2) Describe occupants of car
 - a) Number
 - b) Sex
 - c) Age
 - d) Distinguishing features
 - c. Keep in touch with headquarters (Teaching Aid: Headquarters should keep patrol officers up to date on stolen or wanted vehicles)
 - 1) Other area cars - if three-way communication system

III. Approaching the stopped vehicle (Teaching Aid: Class discussion of dangers involved - cases cited)

- A. Officer parks police vehicle to the rear of stopped vehicle
 - 1. Leave clearance distance so that police vehicle will not be "boxed in."
 - 2. If a two man squad, one officer stays at police car, observing occupants of stopped car and "covers" officer who approaches vehicle
- B. Officer approaches stopped vehicle
 - 1. Always from rear
 - 2. Quickly note and confirm license tag numbers
 - 3. Quickly note number of occupants and their position in car when at rear of vehicle
 - 4. Be alert to moving traffic
 - 5. Officer stops opposite and slightly to rear of the driver's seat
 - a. Generally on driver's side - but if traffic unusually heavy may approach on curb side
 - b. Driver has to turn slightly when officer at this position - puts him off balance
 - c. Stand in street as little as possible
 - 6. Officer must keep alert to any unusual movement of driver or others in car
 - a. For own protection
 - b. To detect attempt to conceal articles
 - 1) Whiskey bottle
 - 7. Officer always faces vehicle and occupants
 - 8. Do not stand in front of violator vehicle at any time when vehicle occupied
 - a. Exposes an officer to occupants of vehicle
 - b. In checking registration plate go to rear of vehicle

(Teaching Aid: Review)

AROUND THE CIRCUIT

Vox-Cop

May - June, 1953



The following members of this department are presently in the armed services of our country.

- Robert J. Avampato, Litchfield
- James Buckley, Hartford
- Capt. Ralph J. Buckley, Headquarters
- Earl Elliott, Litchfield
- Off. C. Taylor Hart, Hartford
- Off. Joseph M. Hart, Danielson
- Donald L. Tracy, Stafford

STATION "A", RIDGEFIELD

OFF. McMAHON CONVALESCING

Officer Edward F. McMahon has been discharged from the Danbury Hospital after spending 32 days there due to being shot in the performance of his duties by James W. Crick on March 27. We of Station "A", and we know the rest of the department joins us, wish Officer McMahon a speedy recovery from medical treatment which he has been undergoing so that he will regain the use of his left arm.

GLAD THAT'S OVER

Officer William Francis was confined to his home on Candlewood Mountain, New Milford for a period of two weeks suffering from a severe attack of CHICKEN POX.

COURTESY COULD REDUCE ACCIDENT RATE

In recent meetings of the Rotary, Lions, Exchange, and Kiwanis clubs in the surrounding towns we have been asked questions pertaining to traffic accidents and what are their main causes. After reviewing many accident reports we

have come to the conclusion that they are caused by speed and lack of courtesy on the part of most drivers. It goes without saying that an analysis of these reports show that a great percentage are due to excessive speeding on the part of the operators of these cars. A second factor is discourtesy. It has been noted that once we get behind the wheel of an automobile we seem to become maniacs and are very discourteous for no apparent reason. While on the other hand, when we step from behind the wheel and come back to the good earth we become a different type and are over courteous. For instance, if we are in a crowded space with other people we exercise extreme courtesy saying we are sorry and we allow them to step in front of us and they reciprocate. We become the "My dear Alfonso and Gaston type;" but behind the wheel we practice the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde personality." No one wants to give the right of way to another. We try to beat each other at intersections, overtake and pass each other, curse and swear and damn the other drivers for no apparent reason. Possibly if the press would co-operate along these lines and run a series of articles on courtesy, Motor Vehicle Inspectors stress it when

issuing operator's licenses, and the insurance companies impress on policy holders the fact that being courteous is best, we would have fewer accidents.

STATION "B", CANAAN

SHOOTING RANGE NEARLY FINISHED

The shooting range being constructed on Sugar Hollow Road for the use of youth organizations of Fairfield County is well under way. We have purchased 12 revolvers, 12 rifles, and 12 archery sets and engineers are laying plans this coming week for the completion of this project. Safe shooting is to be taught to youths of Fairfield County.

SAFE SHOOTING TO BE TAUGHT

Working in consort with the State Park and Forest Commission and civic groups, Lieut. Henry Mayo with the aid of Off. Leon Merritt laid the groundwork for a firearms training program aimed at developing citizenship responsibilities among young folks in the southwest section of the state. Boys and girls are enrolling in the rifle and pistol clubs and Lieutenant Mayo states "the troopers at my station regard the training of our young people as one answer to juvenile delinquency, although this is not the basic objective. We have had the encouragement of various civic agencies and private recreational organizations that gives great promise for the success of bringing our youngsters in the supervised pursuit of a good sport that's as old as the country."

Markmanship competition will assist youngsters in participating in state and national contests in the anticipation of winning valuable prizes. Progress is being made and we hope in the near future to announce a special opening day program to inaugurate this particular project and to welcome state and county officials to the location.

WORK KILLS WORRY

Worry wears worse than work. Worry destroys; work produces. Worry wastes energy; work utilizes it. Worry subtracts; work multiplies. Worry dwarfs, depresses, confuses, kills; work kills worry. Don't worry--cheer up and go to work!
 ---John Henry Kellogg

"SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME"

Although we've heard that marriage as an institution is usually strengthened by mutual trust, we can attest to the fact that dire events occur behind closed doors of even a "vine covered cottage" when that confidence is subject to question and our complainant, Mr. Ray D. is now firmly convinced that the foundation of his institution is crumbling fast; in fact, that's why he called to say that his wife had "smoked" him out of bed.

The story, as revealed to Officer Angelo Buffa, had all the elements of drama. Ray complained of a serious back injury and hastened off to bed but Mrs. Ray, suspecting that the first flowers of spring (most likely "Four Roses") had lessened his ambition for manual labor, threw a lighted match on the rug under his bed. Her suspicions were confirmed without delay for as the flame rose toward the bed, Ray rose without delay and headed for the hills via the front door softly humming to himself, "She didn't believe me."

CONGRATULATIONS

Pride in the good fortune of others gives each of us a feeling of personal gratification, and with this thought in mind, our congratulations are extended to Captain George Remer and Detective Sergeant Menser in their new assignments.

WINSTED POLICE MERIT COMMENDATION

Mutual cooperation among law enforcement agencies within the confines of our own particular territory has long been a valued asset. Worthy of special merit was the action of the Winsted police in the recent apprehension of a group of young men who had entered a local office intent upon "easy money." The arrests proved a valuable key to a number of other breaks which had occurred in months past.

Naturally we feel that this meritorious police job will ease the pressure insofar as unauthorized entry is con-

cerned in the immediate future.

We tip our collective hats to Officers Gablemann (father and son) of the Winsted force, who once again prove themselves worthy of their trust and willing to cooperate for the benefit of law and order.

SPW BUTLER KEPT BUSY

April proved an exacting month insofar as Policewoman Butler is concerned: what with a number of "assists" in investigations conducted by neighboring departments, plus her regular station assignments, the days seemed to roll toward spring in a hurry.

OFF. KEILTY ATTENDS SEMINAR

We're certain that Officer Keilty will take full advantage of his Harvard assignment and return to us richer in the knowledge of those things which add stature to the experienced investigator.

"Dear Commissioner:

It is with deep gratitude and heartfelt sincerity I wish to express my appreciation to you and the men of the department for the quiet, sincere manner in which they came to my aid at the time I needed it so badly, with the passing of my dear husband, Lieut. Fred Brandt.

"I am able to find consolation in knowing the wonderful friends that Fred had both in and out of police work. So many that made our burden a little lighter through their many acts of kindness. God bless them all. The future at the moment looks so black, but I know that with God's helping hand and my loyal family, time will heal the ache that I now have in my heart. Fred would have been so proud to have known that six of his former boys at Station "B", Canaan barracks, bore him to rest.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Fred Brandt"

IN THE MOUNTAINS of truth, you never climb in vain. Either you reach a higher point today, or you exercise your strength in order to be able to climb higher tomorrow.

---Friedrich W. Nietzsche

TOLLAND COUNTY TALES

STATION NEWS

The William Tomlins are the proud parents of a son, Jeffery Dana, born on April 27, 1953. He is the fourth child of this couple.

Vacation time is here. The Norman Taskers are enjoying a trip in the "sunny South" and have already been across the border into Mexico. Want a good juicy steak for \$1.50? Go "south of the border."

Joe Koss, we understand, is spending a week down on the farm. Time to get the garden started. Being close to Pickerel Lake, we wonder how much farm work will be accomplished.

Speaking of fishing we hear about all the fishing trips to different spots about the state but we have yet to hear about the fish that have bitten. A large number of fishermen are in our midst.

Lieut. Taylor has returned to duty after having been confined to his home with an infected throat. At first he thought he had the mumps. Everyone was glad to hear that he did not have them, as several here have never been inflicted with them.

We understand that Frankie Shay is moving into a new house that he recently purchased and which is near his former home.

Ted Sheiber and Dick Schwarz have joined the Oldsmobile fans.

Just received! Mabel Ward, our clerk, has just purchased a new Chevrolet. If it lasts as long as her present one, it will be in use for a number of years.

ACCIDENT AFTERMATH

During February, Joe-Joe Koss investigated a one-car accident. Upon returning to the station, he reported that he thought that the operator must be in the vicinity to see some girl. The later part of March a complaint was received to the effect that this man was married and the father of a small child and that he was keeping steady company with a fifteen-year-old high school girl. Investigation revealed that she had been the operator of the car at the time of

the accident. A warrant was secured for his arrest for allowing a minor to operate a car. Further investigation also brought about his arrest on the charge of rape. The girl and her family have known him by another name and were not aware that he was married until a few weeks ago. The girl is now in detention.

"ROB PETER TO PAY PAUL"

In one town, we have some juveniles who are very light-fingered. From the school, a boy took some art erasers. He was told that he would have to pay for them. A few days later he and his sister were late for school and came in with a bag of buns and twenty-five cents toward payment of the erasers. Because of other thefts, it was later learned that the money for the erasers and the buns had been taken from the mission box at the local church which they had visited before coming to school. Nothing like going to church to get the money for other debts.

CAMPUS HI-JINKS

While patrolling along Route 15 one evening of late, Dick Schwarz spotted a man in a straight-jacket on the highway. Away from what institution did he walk? The next morning a teletype was received from New London Police--"Have in custody for breach of peace and resisting arrest one pig in red paint or lipstick, the initials UC; found on doorstep of girls' dorm, Connecticut College. Please check with Aggie Dept. at U-Conn." As you must have guessed by this time, it had been initiation night.

WILLING TO OBLIGE

One night while on patrol about Bolton Lake near the scene of a break into a cottage, Officer Koss noticed a young man at the water's edge fishing. As he approached the fellow he noticed something dropped into the water. The young man had thrown away his pole. Investigation revealed that he had been AWOL from the Navy for about two months and had been waiting to be picked up. Officer Koss accommodated him by immediately getting in touch with the Naval authorities and within a few hours he was in their custody. Incidentally the break

was done by neighborhood juveniles.

BABY-SITTER SHORTAGE

We understand that baby-sitters are scarce in Hartford and West Hartford. Some people are coming out this way getting fifteen-year-olds to go to their homes and baby-sit. The wives don't seem concerned in the least about the husbands returning these girls to their homes during the late hours of evening or the early hours of the morning. The baby-sitters went with the permission of their parents.

STATION "D", DANIELSON

INDIANA VISITORS

Guests at Station D on May 2 were Detective John P. McCrory and William G. Spanuth, administrative assistant of the Indiana State Police. They were shown through the barracks and seemed very interested in the many benefits for which the Connecticut state policeman is eligible. They are planning to attend the Harvard Seminar on Legal Medicine at Harvard College.

LIEUT. RIVERS TURNS 44

May 13 was Lieut. Rivers' birthday. He is 44 years young. We dare anyone to ask him why he isn't going to retire.

BREAKS GROUND FOR HOME AND GARDEN

Fred Weigel, our mechanic, is breaking ground for a new ranch type home. He is planning to build on Corrine Street, Danielson. Fred also has an extensive garden under way.

NICK WOYK CONVALESCING

Our houseman, Nick Woyk, is on the sick list at the Hartford Hospital for a few days.

OLD-TIMER

You're an old-timer if you remember when it was the help, not the boss, who worked a 12-hour day.

STATION "E", GROTON

STATION BRIEFS

Officer Ken Hall has been transferred to "F". Good luck at your new station, Ken.

Officers W. Bishop, S. Elton, and J. Guilbeault have been transferred to our station. Welcome, fellows.

Officer Skelly did the honors at the Norwich Motor Vehicle rush for operators licenses, while Officer Elton and Greenberg alternated at the New London branch.

Officers Guilbeault and Kearney assisted at the Navy plane crash in Putnam.

Rain, rain, go away--Officer Skelly has got to get on the golf course--Fall will be here before he has a chance to get into the swing of things.

Officer Greenberg is active again with his radar.

Clerk Mrs. Starno is spending part of her vacation in Florida.

The unusual happens in this territory. An elderly gentleman, age 72, arrived by taxi at the New London PD and asked to be locked up. The visitor didn't have a leg to stand on when he was booked for intoxication.

Three-way radios are being installed in the Town of Stonington Police cruisers.

Ye reporter has a slight touch of Chronophobia as he gleans the print for news.

LESLIE WILLIAMS, SR. DIES

We at "E" and our associates throughout the department were saddened last month with the passing of one of our number, a civilian employee, Leslie W. Williams, Sr. Mr. Williams has been with us at Station "E" for a number of years. Father of Lieut. Leslie W. Williams, Jr., and like his son, he has many friends in the department. All of us are saddened by his passing.

Officers P. Hickey and H. Sternberg, were bearers at Leslie Williams, Sr.'s funeral.

Peace be to him and our heartfelt sympathy to his family.

STATION "F", WESTBROOK

COLUMN OMITTED FROM MARCH-APRIL ISSUE

The Westbrook column was submitted, as usual, before Vox-Cop's deadline but through an oversight it was omitted from the March-April issue. With due apologies we print it in full together with this issue's news. ---Ed.

SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS COMPLETED

We were glad to welcome back Officers O'Brien and Moran. Both have been on special assignments; John O'Brien filling in for County Detective George M. S. Dunn and Fred Moran on duty in the Colchester area. Off. O'Brien immediately solved a liquor store break and Off. Moran investigated a morals case with SPW Haggerty resulting in the arrest of nine persons.

STORK VISITS PERSONNEL

Off. Elton is happy over the recent birth of his baby girl, and if Off. Nichol's face is beaming brighter than usual, it's because of the birth of 8 lb. 4 oz. Thomas J. Nichol, Jr. Congratulations both!

FIRST LOVE

Clifford Langley of New Haven, a retired fireman, has taken a position here as a radio dispatcher. Cliff has ably handled our radio and teletype, but one can't help notice the zeal with which he operates the Westbrook and Old Saybrook Fire transmitters when a call is received reporting a fire.

NEW CARS

Cliff is showing off his brand new car, as is our assistant chef, Leon Phinney.

CONSTRUCTION NEWS

Off. George Fagan is still waiting to move into his new home in Madison. Off. John Maroney will soon break ground for his home in Durham.

WEIGHT - PRO AND CON

Off. Babcock is still diligently dieting, and at present hits the scales

some 23 lbs. lighter. "Bab" insists that his team mate in the business office, Disp. Charles Havens, does not know how much he is blessed. He was eating 5 or 6 golf-ball sized tablets with his meals in an effort to gain weight but gave it up as it produced no result.

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

Off. Robert Hart is beginning to think that it's more than coincidence. Twice he has decided to overhaul his oil burner on his day off, and each time after he has dismantled it, he has been called out to cover a blockade post as a result of a bank robbery.

TRANSFERS

On April 1, 1953 Off. Kenneth Hall left Station "E" for "F". Officer Stanley Elton went to "E" from "F". Both transfers were requested to bring the boys nearer home.

STATION NEWS

At a flower show at Durham, held on May 2, 1953 under the sponsorship of the Durham Garden Club, Sgt. Dorence Mielke had an entry in the exhibits for the men. The theme was "Let Yourself Go" and the sergeant did to the extent of copping second prize with his "Pipe Dreams" which was an elaborate display of simulated smoke coming from a pipe made of colored pipe cleaners.

Bob Hart has acquired a pair of parakeets for pets. His interest in them has reached such an extent that he has become a member of the Budgerigar (beautiful bird) Society.

Officer Babcock is beaming over the birth of a grand-daughter.

If you turn down Beach Avenue in Madison and come to a new red house with three happy little boys playing in the yard, you can rest assured that Off. George Fagan lives there.

Our best wishes to Sgt. Leighton on his new assignment. All at Westbrook wish him every success!

A good test of blood pressure is to watch a man being liberal with the money he owes you.

STATION "G", WESTPORT

"CHARLIE" MCCARTHY STATIONED IN COLORADO

Friends of Charlie McCarthy, former member of the Department and attached for many years to the Merritt Parkway Patrol will be pleased to learn that he continues in the Armed Forces and is now located at Camp Carson, Colorado. Charlie is serving as Administrative Assistant to the Headquarters Command at Camp Carson and writes that he will be pleased to hear from old friends. He is visiting many of the police officials in Colorado and receiving a welcome from all of our many friends in the Colorful State of Colorado.

May 14, 1953

Dear Sergeant Bennett:

This is to thank you for your kind assistance and cooperation in acting as judge in the recent Junior Chamber of Commerce Road-E-O.

We feel that people like yourself who make possible civic projects such as this, where there are no axes to grind and no profits to be made by any of the parties but only good to be done, should be thanked and should be more deeply appreciated by our citizens.

For our part we would like to say again, thanks.

Sincerely yours,
NORWALK JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

By Harry E. Peden, Jr.
Secretary

HEP:gs

WANTED BY POLICE

In Dayton, Ohio, police searched recently for Robert Edward Rickle, 26, wanted at Hamilton, Ohio, on charges of auto theft and forgery.

They found him at police headquarters being interviewed for a job on the force.

Rickle received the highest examination grade among applicants for the job.

STATION "H", HARTFORD

CHANGE OF COMMAND

Once again, after a period of only six months, we bade farewell to another commanding officer at Station "H" when Lt. Victor J. Clarke was promoted to the rank of captain and transferred to command of the Western District with base station at Bethany, effective at 12:10 a.m., May 4, 1953. Sgt. Frank Leighton was transferred from Station "F" at Westbrook to Hartford to take over command of Station "H" effective the same time and date. Personnel at the station extend to both men, best wishes in their new assignments.

STATION "CHIT CHAT"

It has been noticed about the Bar-racks recently that two amateur horticulturists frequently have their heads together trying to figure out a way to attach a riding sulky and a small tractor motor to their new, rubber-tired, extra large, de-lux model wheelbarrows. They'll be working on an automatic loader next, we suppose.

Our reporter from West Willington brings in frequent reports of a certain Acting Sgt. from out that-a-way riding around in his off-duty hours in a brand-new, shiny, Plymouth, 4-door sedan of 1953 vintage. Hardly had that old Chevy convertible broken in, according to his friends.

Det. Pethick, who had anticipated a pleasant Saturday evening out with his family, had his plans rudely disturbed recently when he was called back to Hartford to exercise his well-known talent of interrogation. One Steve Hogan, a 270-lb. transient tobacco worker, was picked up in the Town of Simsbury as a suspect in a manslaughter case, which had occurred earlier in the day. Al had spent most of the afternoon working on the case and had just started out on the town when he received the "clarion call" to 79!

Off. Olson has been working feverishly of late with the elements against him in order to prepare his new craft for its launching date. Rumors have it that

several fair-weather friends and acquaintances absent while the caulking and painting was going on will definitely be on hand when this much discussed "Shrimboat" slides down the ways.

Off. McGurk puzzled by the many complications presented in a recent check case which had ramifications in Burlington, Unionville, Hartford, and East Hartford.

Did Off. Waterman ever find his gray sombrero which someone stole recently?

Off. Arthur Johnson is doing his usual good job of investigating. We understand that several safe jobs in the western part of our territory are in the process of being cleared up as the result of the arrests of several young lads. Art, Jim Parrott, Det. Pethick, Sgt. Lawrence and Winsted Police all collaborated, working long hours.

It is reliably reported that Off. Duane is involved in some vague, complicated, and involved real estate deal. His banker states that he is so confused at this stage that he ordered Jimmy to go ahead with his plans anyway and is now walking around with fingers crossed and secretly praying that everything will come out O.K. in the end.

Officers Pilkin and Palin both reported working overtime since the fishing season started. Opening day found one in Chaplin and the other in Barkhamsted. Smug looks were the only response when they were questioned the following day regarding their luck.

Now that the sun has finally arrived, Officer Myers has become very busy tending his garden plot.

Off. Sterniak is finally back to work after a two weeks' siege of poison ivy.

Our Auxiliary Officer Buxton deserves plaudits. Recently while traveling through the eastern part of the state, he happened to be in the vicinity of a plane crash in Station "D's" territory in which four Navy men were instantly killed. Fred rendered assistance to "D" officers at the scene for several hours.

The entire personnel at Station "H" extend their deepest sympathy to Officer Robert Riemer and his family upon the recent loss of his mother after a long illness.

STATION "L", LITCHFIELD

AMBULANCE UNIT REELECTS DR. KILGUS

Dr. John F. Kilgus, Jr., president, and all other officers of the Berkshire Hills Ambulance Association were re-elected by the association's trustees at the recent annual meeting in Litchfield.

A report from the State Police Barracks at Litchfield listed 93 calls made by the ambulance the past year and a total of 2,512 miles driven.

The ambulance service to the area was inaugurated in April, 1949. Since that time 398 calls have been made and a total of 11,788 miles covered. The ambulance, it was pointed out in reports, has rendered a needed and appreciated service to the communities of Litchfield, Morris and Bethlehem and in emergencies to neighboring towns.

The police officers at the barracks were complimented for their splendid cooperation which has made this continuing service possible. Several persons who have not used the ambulance have praised the officers for the considerate manner in which the patients were transported.

The ambulance was purchased in 1949 by the Berkshire Hills Ambulance Association through contributions received from residents of the communities it serves, Litchfield, Bethlehem and Morris, and it is partially supported by annual allowances from these three towns. Litchfield contributes \$800 yearly and Morris and Bethlehem, \$150 each.

It is hoped to maintain and replace the ambulance in this manner so that the communities may always have the advantage of its ownership.

VACATIONS

Vacation season has once more arrived. Like all other stations, the personnel here too are looking forward to those periods of relaxation so well earned. At the time of this writing, Officers John Kenny and Cleve Fuessenich have completed a portion of theirs; while Officers Alden Thompson and Robert Waltz are in the process of enjoying theirs--if the weather adds anything to it. They have been seen in raincoats

and slickers.

Those awaiting their turn are Lieut. William Casey and Officer John Falvey--destinations and objectives unknown at present.

Word has it that Miss Toce, our station clerk, has been seen enjoying herself in Bermuda having arrived there by air.

ANSWERING UNCLE SAM'S CALL

Dispatcher Robert Avampato, who has been with us since Sept., 1952, has received his "Greetings" and will be taking his vacation at his "Uncle's" expense!

STATION BRIEFS

We report at this writing that Officer Calkins' mother is confined to the Torrington Hospital as a patient. Our wishes are extended to her for a speedy recovery. We also take this opportunity to extend congratulations and greetings to Officer Calkins' parents on the occasion of their 50th Wedding Anniversary.

The Swicklas family recently were put through an ordeal when their son John was suddenly stricken and rushed to the Bristol Hospital where he was operated on for an emergency appendectomy. He is now at home and getting along fine.

Officer Paul Falzone, along with several other officers at this station, has acquired himself an aquarium for off-duty relaxation. Much to his dismay he returned home one evening to find many of his little fishes attempting to swim on the living room floor--minus water. The story is that a visiting relative "small fry" bumped into the aquarium knocking it to the floor and causing it to break. The survivors are now swimming in a brand new aquarium surrounded by an iron grille.

Warren Duren, eldest son of Officer and Mrs. Frank Duren, now taking his basic training at Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa. is about to complete that training. His parents are planning to attend his graduation. Pvt. Duren is a reader of Vox-Cop and we understand he enjoys it very much. (Particularly the Litchfield items.)

Officer and Mrs. John Falvey recently took a night off to celebrate. The oc-

casation, the birthday of Mrs. Falvey-- Greetings!

AUXILIARY DOINGS AT "L"

In connection with ambulance service at this barracks, a group of auxiliary state police officers have been trained in advanced first aid procedures, also the proper operation of the station ambulance. These men are being readied to fill in in an emergency when officers are not available for ambulance calls. This group received instructions under the leadership of Dr. John F. Kilgus and Auxiliary Personnel Officer Frank Duren.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Since Litchfield has gone on the dial system, Station "L" now handles all the fire calls for Litchfield, Bantam and Morris. The three new phones on our wall add an important look to the Station "L" office.

CONGRATULATIONS

We at Station "L" extend our congratulations to Capt. George Remer on his promotion to headquarters captain, and to Capt. Victor Clarke, our new field captain, on his elevation to that position. We welcome him to our district. To Capt. Ross Urquhart we send best wishes on his well earned retirement and trust he will have many years in which to enjoy it.

TRAINING ACADEMY

RECRUITS IN TRAINING

On April 16, the following men started training as state police recruits:

Seymour Albert
Edward P. Beattie
Mario A. Bruno
George Cirishioli
Austin Ford, Jr.
Kenneth W. Hayden
Wendell J. Hayden
Edward T. Healey
Ronald H. Jacobsen
Palmer H. Jacques
Timothy G. Kelly

Robert L. Kyde
Edward P. Leonard, Jr.
Robert T. MacDonald
William B. Pelzer
George A. Raiselis
Lawrence I. Secor
Donald J. Sullivan

In civilian life they were employed as truck drivers, clerks, mechanics, auto men, guards, local policemen, milkmen, and photographers. Most of them came from higher paid jobs--several making over \$100 a week.

All of the state police recruits are ex-servicemen and one of them held a commission. They came from all branches of the service.

Robert Kyde, age 24, is our youngest recruit and is also our biggest. He is 6' 5" tall and tips the scales at 230 lbs. He is single and spent two years in the Pacific with the U. S. Marines.

Palmer Jacques, age 28, is our smallest recruit. He is 5'9" tall and weighs 171 lbs. Although he is smaller than the rest of us, he has the largest family--five children, one boy and four girls. He served for three years as a paratrooper.

Unlike the last class, we do not have any women recruits.

We are happy to have with us the following officers from local departments: Nicholas DeNoia, of 81 Bill Ave., Groton, who is a member of the Groton town police department. His father was a judge for two years in the Groton town court.

Also William R. C. Milne, Alfred W. Dunn, George J. Hannah, Jr., Anthony P. Bredice, and John J. Wargo from the Stratford police department.

All of the Stratford men were appointed probational regulars on April 1, 1953.

The Stratford men and Nicholas J. DeNoia of Groton are taking the complete state police course.

Alfred Dunn, 22, is the youngest man in the school. He is married and has one daughter. He served with the U.S. Navy for two and one-half years.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest. ---B. Franklin

NAVAL PERSONNEL ATTEND TRAINING SCHOOL

On May 6, 1953 the following naval personnel attached to the Submarine Base, New London attended the training school:

- J. Shafchuk, BMC, USN
- A. W. Wunderlurk, DC1, USN
- R. V. Schafer, BML, USN
- V. Palmieri, BMC, USN

The three-hour course included information which we felt would be required to assist these men in carrying out their duties as members of the Naval Highway Safety Patrol. Special attention was given to those motor vehicle laws which are most frequently violated by military and naval personnel. The men were also advised as to the safe and proper methods of apprehending speeders. Each man was given a copy of Connecticut Motor Vehicle Laws, list of "Violations of Rules of Road," skid chart, and a motor vehicle law book covering other states.

WESTBROOK

May 18th, 1953

Dear Commissioner:

I would like to bring to your attention the fine job performed by Officers of the State Police Force on an emergency call in Old Saybrook.

On February 16th, 1953, Det. Sgt. Jerome Smith, along with Officers Stanley Elton, Charles Mansfield, Robert Hart, and John Maroney responded to a call for assistance for treatment of exposure cases at Saybrook Point. Unfortunately, we had two Coast Guard fatalities.

I want to commend these Officers on their promptness and ability in helping in this serious emergency, and I was very pleased to find that they were all well trained in the latest method of artificial respiration.

Very sincerely yours,

G. Robert Saunders, M.D.

DEPARTMENTAL N.E.P.R.L. TEAM

Pistol Matches
Camp Curtis, Wakefield, Mass.
July 30 to August 2, 1953

The following have been designated to participate in the revolver matches as a result of the highest scores in the recent indoor matches for the 1952-1953 season.

- Sergt. Edward Formeister
- Sergt. Jerome Smith
- Sergt. Robert Herr
- Det. Ralph Boyington
- Off. John Yaskulka
- Off. Walter Perkins
- Off. Leland Cable
- Off. Philip Larizzo

Policewomen:

- Evelyn Briggs
- Kathryn Haggerty
- Margaret Jacobson
- Lois Miller
- Dorothy Scoville
- Susan Kenyon
- Nancy Williams

Lieut. Michael D. Smith will command the detail and the department team.

JUSTICE TEMPERED WITH MERCY

The hardened and oft-convicted prisoner was before the bar for sentencing. "I find you guilty on 26 counts," said the judge, "and I sentence you to five years on each count, making a total of 130 years."

The prisoner, already well along in years, burst into tears. The judge, taking this as a sign of remorse, said in a softened tone:

"I didn't mean to be harsh. I realize I have imposed an unusually severe sentence. You don't have to serve the 130 years."

With a benign smile the judge leaned toward the prisoner, whose face showed new-found hope: "Just do as much as you can."

FIRE MARSHAL DIVISION



MAYOR
WILLIAM J. CAHILL, JR.

MICHAEL B. CARROLL, CHIEF

Department of Police

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

11, May, 1953



COMMISSIONERS:

MACRAE H. CURTIS
RAYMOND J. MURRAY
HAROLD H. FLYNN
RAYMOND J. GLAZEWSKI

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

Dear Commissioner:

I would like to take this means to thank you for the services rendered by members of your Department, to wit, Lieutenant William Sullivan and Trooper Vincent Searles.

I would like to congratulate the above named officers for their splendid enthusiasm and cooperation in assisting the Meriden Police Department in solving several suspicious fires which have disturbed the citizens of our city, particularly those who live on the north end of the city.

This case was brought to a successful conclusion on Saturday afternoon, May 9, 1953, with the detaining of a juvenile eleven years old, who has admitted starting the fires in this location.

The loyalty and determination of these officers, along with their wide knowledge and exceptionally fine ability, assisted the Meriden Police Department to bring this case to a successful conclusion.

I offer them my personal congratulations. Would you see that they receive the enclosed personal commendation cards, if you think that it is practical.

Very truly yours,

Michael B. Carroll
Chief of Police

MBC:jlc



LEONARD A. PETRUCELLI
CHIEF ENGINEER

DEPARTMENT OF FIRE SERVICE

FIRE HEADQUARTERS

61 PRATT STREET - MERIDEN, CONN.

May 11, 1953

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

Dear Commissioner Hickey:

Again I am very grateful to you Commissioner, for your wonderful cooperation in allowing State Troopers Lieutenant William Sullivan and Vincent Searles, to spend so much time here in Meriden since the 19th of March in assisting the local Fire and Police Departments and the Fire Marshal's Office to apprehend the person who was responsible for setting eight different fires in the North End of the City of Meriden.

As a result of the eight set fires, the residents, especially in the North End of the City, had become extremely jittery and fearsome to the point that the residents in that area conducted a mass meeting.

As you now know the person who admitted starting the above fires turned out to be a boy of eleven years of age.

Now that the case has been solved there is bound to be an easing of minds.

I cannot praise too highly the work that was done by State Trooper Vincent Searles. Day after day he assisted in the questioning and checking and night after night he was on watch in the area involved.

On the night of the last set fire, Monday, May 4th at 11:01 p.m., Trooper Vincent Searles who was on watch in the area involved, upon seeing the flame reflection, started running toward the fire which involved an outside stairway between two houses. While running in the dark, he ran into a rather high strung barbed wire which struck him on the neck; this caused a long cut on his neck and sent him sprawling backwards to the ground. He immediately picked himself up and continued running towards the fire. For a few hours he lost his voice being able to talk only in a whisper. I had my driver take him to the Meriden Hospital for medication. After having been taken care of by a doctor, he resumed his watch. A man of less sterner stuff would have called it quits and be justified in his decision--but not Trooper Vincent Searles.

Thanks again, Commissioner, for permitting your men to be at our beck and call at all times.

Sincerely,

Leonard A. Petrucelli

Leonard A. Petrucelli,
Chief of Fire Department.

Arson Seminar Held At Purdue University



The ninth annual seminar and training course in the detection and investigation of arson was conducted April 27 to May 2 at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. The top photo shows the group attending the seminar. The lower photo shows the Connecticut delegation: Seated l. to r. Off. Philip Massicotte, Professor Joseph L. Lingo, Purdue University, and Fire Marshal Joseph A. McCarthy, Torrington; standing l. to r. Off. William McNamara, Off. Thomas V. Dunn, Off. Walter Foley, Fire Marshal George C. Carroll, Waterbury, and Asst. Fire Marshal Thomas Ritchie, Turn of River, Stamford.

**TWO STATE POLICE CAPTAINS
HONORED ON RETIREMENT**

Captains Ross V. Urquhart and Paul Lavin were given a farewell dinner by their friends in the department at the City Club May 25. Captain Urquhart is retiring after 30 years in the department and Captain Lavin after 31.

Commissioner Edward J. Hickey presented the men with badges and read complimentary telegrams from Governor Lodge.

Captain Urquhart for the past several years has been head of the fire marshal's division of the State Police in charge of all matters of public safety and licensing. He has been succeeded in that position by Capt. George Remer.

* * *

IN RETIREMENT he will spend part of his time as contest director for the Hartford County Mutual Fire Insurance Company's Volunteer Fire Department Awards Committee. For the past two years as part of his office routine the captain has been chairman of that committee which gives away \$5,000 in 18 prizes each year.

Captain Urquhart worked on the "Ice-box Bandits" case, in which State Trooper Irving Nelson was murdered and the silver robbery in Killingly. He was made a lieutenant in 1927 and was placed in charge of the Danielson Barracks where he remained until 1940 when he was transferred to headquarters. In 1946 he was made captain.

He is married to the former Miss Catherine Hutchinson of Plainfield and has one daughter and one son. The son, Ross, Jr., is a student at Bridgeport University and his daughter, Mrs. Heinz Cappell is a registered nurse and a state policewoman assigned to the barracks in Hartford.

* * *

CAPTAIN LAVIN, field captain for the Eastern Division will leave shortly on a vacation through Florida, Louisiana, Texas and California. On his return he will join the firm of Olds and Whipple Inc., 168 State St., as Connecticut and Western Massachusetts representative for

Myers and Brothers pumps.

Born in Willimantic, Captain Lavin commanded barracks at Hartford, Westbrook, Litchfield and Colchester. He is married to the former Blanche O. Lariviere and has three daughters. Evelyn Guilbeault, whose husband Joseph A. Guilbeault is a state policeman assigned to Station E, Groton, Mrs. Jack DeKowzan of Green Belt, Md., and Mrs. William DiLugos of Manchester.

* * *

In responding to the tributes paid them Captains Urquhart and Lavin attributed any measure of success they might have earned to their wives and associates in the department.

Throughout the years both men have always kept the interests of the department paramount in their minds. They have given freely of their time and experience in aiding and counseling the younger men of the department in the development of investigations. Both were instrumental in developing many of the methods and procedures used by the department today.

We realize that after 30 years with the department they are bound to have some regrets on leaving. There will be a short transition period before the full benefits of retirement can be fully realized. In the normal course of duty a State Policeman's life, and his family's, has many restrictions as he is on call 24-hours-a-day, and must always be ready for duty. For the first time in 30 years they will be able to make a "date" with their wives and be certain they can keep it.

Knowing them as we do we are certain they will enjoy complete success in their new ventures. May the years ahead be long and fruitful.

* * *

Friendship is one of the greatest things in life: acclaim is more to be desired than riches.

---John D. Rockefeller

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Use makes men ready.---Bacon



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CONNECTICUT
 STATE POLICE DEPARTMENT
 DISTRICTS AND STATIONS