SPRING 3100
SPRING 3100, friendliest of magazines and cheeriest of good will messengers, celebrates this month the Thirteenth Anniversary of its original appearance as the official magazine of "The Finest."

At the same time, and for the thirteenth year in a row, SPRING 3100 is glad to take this opportunity to thank all of its readers—and particularly our reporters, for the interest and support that have made possible the great success SPRING 3100 has so completely enjoyed in the past.

Frightfulness today grips the world—an engulfment so horrible of contemplation as to challenge reason; so complete in its planned destruction as to make the Dark Ages seem radiant by comparison.

But there is a silver lining—thank God!

The frontiers of savagery under the weight of America’s might have already started to crumble.

“We are fighting on God’s side” has in effect become more than just another slogan.

We of the Department are rigidly aware of the importance of our job in the war against tyranny—a war destined to end only when the Mad Dogs of Evil are consumed in the avenging flames of their own hypocrisy and greed.

May the victory for which we pray be not too long delayed.

In the meantime, SPRING 3100 hopes to continue to merit your good wishes.

“AT YOUR SERVICE”—the slogan adopted by SPRING 3100 thirteen years ago—remains unchanged.
State Department of Correction Reports Decrease of 29.9 percent in Crimes of All Descriptions During 1942, as Compared With the Year 1941.

CRIMES of all descriptions in New York State during 1942 showed a decrease of 29.9 percent as compared with 1941 and major crimes showed a decrease of 8.2 percent during the same periods. The number of major crimes dropped from 32,295 in 1941 to 29,646 in 1942. Excluded from the list of major crimes for these two periods are figures on the crimes of auto larceny, sale or possession of drugs, possession of dangerous weapons, frauds, prostitution and commercialized vice and other sex offenses. Each of these crimes is so reported by the contributing agencies that the totals contain in undifferentiated form the figures for felonies and misdemeanors. Since it is impossible to consider these figures as purely felony figures, the above offenses were not, in either period, added in as major offenses.

Throughout the State, on the basis of figures compiled from reports from the Police and Sheriffs, crimes of all classifications, including traffic infractions, totaled 916,812, a drop of 391,148 below 1941. Motor and traffic law violations, however, comprised 65.9 percent or 604,440 of the total crimes reported during 1942. For 847,476 of these crimes which represents the number cleared by arrest by the police, a total of 890,484 persons were apprehended—339,774 by arrest and 550,710 by summons. Crimes listed as not closed by arrest total 69,336.

To study the State’s crime picture more clearly, the Department bases its figures on the ratio per 100,000 general population. In this manner, it was determined that crimes of all descriptions in the entire State for 1941 totaled 9627.1 for every 100,000 of population as compared with 6702.0 for 1942.

The figures reflected a decrease in homicides (exclusive of auto fatalities) which totaled 384 in 1941 as against 373 in 1942. Crimes involving dangerous weapons increased from 865 in 1941 to 896 during 1942. Felonious assault decreased 8.1 percent, having dropped from 3,466 last year to 3,184 this year. There was a 6.7 percent decrease in criminal negligence cases growing out of auto fatalities or other negligent manslaughters. The 1941 total was 1040 while for 1942 it was 970. During this same period, intoxicated driving as a felony dropped 33.3 percent while this same offense as a misdemeanor decreased 30.7 percent.

Rape dropped from 1,296 last year to 1,237 this year or a decrease of 4.6 percent. Sex offenses (other than rape and prostitution or commercialized vice) numbered 1,965 during 1941. The figure for 1942 is 2,086 or an increase of 6.2 percent. Prostitution and commercialized vice decreased 18.1 percent, dropping from 3,844 in 1941 to 3,532 in 1942. Gambling increased from 17,352 in 1941 to 17,644 this year, or an increase of 1.7 percent.

The restricted use of the automobile, which explains this sharp drop in the total offenses reported, is beginning to reflect itself in police records. Parking violations dropped from 761,200 last year to 471,855 during 1942, or a decrease of 38.0 percent. Other violations of motor vehicle laws decreased 34.5 percent, falling from 202,543 in 1941 to 132,505 this year.

With the exception of unlawful entry, which increased 6.4 percent; possession of burglar tools, which increased 8.6 percent, and receiving stolen property, which increased 10.1 percent, crimes involving theft decreased. There was a 4.3 percent reduction in the number of robberies. Burglaries declined 11.4 percent. Auto thefts dropped 18.6 percent. Grand larceny fell 9.4 percent; petit larceny, 10.3 percent; pocket-picking, 15.2 percent; frauds, 28.2 percent; and forgery, 26.3 percent.

Public intoxication increased 5.7 percent while the possession or the distribution of narcotics decreased 29.0 percent during 1942. This phenomenal drop added to the 36.1 drop of a year ago and the 11.3 percent drop in 1940 is one “benefit” of the present war. Restrictions in foreign trade and effectual enforcement unquestionably explains the “crash” in illicit drug traffic.

Malicious mischief decreased 14.3 percent; trespassing on private property decreased 63.4 percent; disorderly conduct increased 3.3 percent, while vagrancy decreased 9.4 percent.

March 3, at the Capitol Hotel, Manhattan.

Mrs. Lee announces also that a drive for new members is now under way and that wives of deceased police officers of our Department, regardless of rank, are eligible to join.

Applications may be had by contacting Mrs. Lee at her home, 1934 New York Avenue, Brooklyn (Cl. 8-2444), or Mrs. Mary Harrington, recording secretary, 350 75th Street, Brooklyn (So. 8-6725).

Meetings of the Policemen’s Widows’ Benevolent Society are held every third Thursday of the month at the headquarters of the organization, U.O.T.S. Building, 150 West 85th Street, Manhattan.

Policemen’s Widows’ Benevolent Society Holds Card Party

Miss HELEN LEE, president of the Policemen’s Widows’ Benevolent Society, Inc., is most enthusiastic about the success of the card party held by the organization on the evening of Wednesday,
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1943

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Yes...SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

NORTH AFRICA
Provost Marshal Section
A.P.O. 600

13 February, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Please accept the thanks of two members of the Department overseas for your thoughtfulness in sending us SPRING 3100. We received it today after it had followed us here, to l'Afrique du Nord, from Merrie England. It was the November issue, and just reading the Precinct chatter was like going on furlough to "Blithy"—little old New York.

Now that we know SPRING 3100 has found us we are looking forward expectantly to future issues.

Again we say thanks, muchly, and keep the ball rolling.

Sgt. BRIAN T. FITZGERALD,
Patrolman, 79th Precinct.

Sgt. PAUL E. BROOKS,
Patrolman, 110A Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC

c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Cal.

February 9, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I'm very thankful SPRING 3100 is being sent to me during the time I'm serving Uncle Sam. I'm at present located on "Island X," in the South Pacific, and you may well imagine the thrill, out here in this neck of the woods, to have suddenly handed to you, practically out of nowhere, good old SPRING 3100.

Regards to the members of the Department.

HENRY AHLE, Water Tender, 1/c,
Patrolman, 41st Precinct.
N. Y. Police Force’s Gift To Priest Builds Church

Fr. Gleason of Holy Cross Mission House, North Easton, Mass.,
Former Policeman, Uses Money for Texas Parish

You are most cordially invited to attend the
Blessing and Dedication
of the
Church of the Holy Cross
Bertram, Texas
on Sunday morning, March 7th at 9 o'clock.

His Excellency, Most Reverend Christopher
F. Byrne, D. D., Bishop of Galveston,
will officiate

The Solemn High Mass will be sung by
Father Daniel M. Gleason, C. S. C.,
representing the New York City Policemen,
benefactors of the Mission

Rev. Frederick A. Schmidt, C. S. C.
Georgetown, Texas

MOVED by the poverty of the neglected whites
and abandoned Mexican people of the great
Southwest, Rev. Daniel M. Gleason, C. S. C.,
who sacrificed his career as a New York police officer
to become a mission priest, in the Congregation of
Holy Cross, has realized the fulfillment of a much
cherished ambition, to bring the Catholic faith closer
to those people in the far-off plains of Texas.

Today, in the little town of Bertram, Tex., there
is much rejoicing among these poor, but devout people,
who have striven to keep their faith for more than
100 years, despite the handicap of finding a place to
worship, for now in their midst is erected a beautiful
white stone church, made in the form of a cross and
given to them by New York’s beloved “Fr. Dan
Gleason.”

Fr. Gleason made possible his dream of building a
cross by the money given by comrades of the
New York Police Department on the day he sang his
first mass in St. Patrick’s Cathedral three years ago.
More than 5000 uniformed policemen attended the
mass and afterwards feted the new priest at a break-
fast in the Hotel Astor. Police Commissioner Louis J.
Valentine in behalf of the 5000 policemen presented

Fr. Gleason a beautiful gold chalice. With it was a
check for $3000.

Commissioner Valentine in making the presentation
said:

“In the name of every member of our great Depart-
ment I present to you, Father Gleason, this chalice—
this visible token of our affection, our esteem, our love
for you. And no matter where you go—be it to the
farthest ends of the earth—there also will go our good
wishes and the prayers of the members of the police
department of which you were once a member.”

“Fr. Dan” was deeply moved by the gift and ac-
cepted it on the one condition that he might use it to
build a church, in memory of his departed comrades
of the police force.

Natives Help

So great was the reaction of the natives in the little
town when they learned they were to have their own
place of worship that they immediately began to help
build the church from the beautiful Texas limestone,
 quarried from a near-by district and exquisitely hand-
carved by the people. The edifice seats about 500
people and is built along the old Spanish style and
forms a cross. One apse serves as a sacristy and the
other side of the cross is preserved for the children's
catechism room.

The church was solemnly dedicated on Sunday,
March 7, by His Excellency the Most Reverend Chris-
topher J. Byrne, Bishop of Galveston. Father Gleason
sang the dedication mass, assisted by the Rev. Joseph

A beautiful plaque made of the Texas limestone is placed directly inside the vestibule and at the top bears the seal of the Congregation of Holy Cross which is a cross and two anchors crossing, one over the other at the base of the cross, and the inscription "Crux Spes Unica," meaning "the cross, our only hope." Beneath this is inscribed—

"In memory of our deceased comrades and to commemorate the ordination of one of our members, Rev. Daniel M. Gleason, C.S.C., to the holy priesthood, this church has been erected by the men of the police department of New York City" and is signed, Louis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner, 1943.

This is the first Catholic mission church in that district, the nearest being in Austin, Tex., about 50 miles away. The Congregation of Holy Cross has been trying to care for the poor whites, abandoned Mexicans and negroes for many years and several of their priests have cared for these people without remuneration of any kind.

Farming and herding of cattle is the chief occupation of these people. The Catholic faith was established there more than 100 years ago and for many years the priests rode horseback from one to another community administering the sacraments and saying mass in dwelling houses. Once a month the inhabitants gathered at a home and awaited the arrival of the priest to baptize and administer to the sick.

The homes are 20 to 30 miles apart and each month mass was said at a different house. Small churches began to be built in the large cities and towns and many of the Holy Cross priests volunteered their services. Father Gleason's gift not only pleases the natives but brings happiness to the priests of the order who are trying to care for the religious needs of these people.

Fr. Gleason was left an orphan at a young age and although he enjoyed his work as a police officer, it was his heart's desire to become a priest. He studied nights at Fordham University and worked as a police officer days. Later he studied at Notre Dame and served his novitiate there. He spent four years studying at Washington and was ordained at Notre Dame in 1940.

Serving since that time as a mission priest, in the Congregation of the Holy Cross at North Easton, Mass., "Father Dan" boasts today a wide acquaintance of friends in the police departments of surrounding towns and cities. He has an affectionate regard for the blue uniforms and hardly a day passes but what he says a prayer for some member of an officer's family who may be ill.

In short, his New England friends, too, have taken him to their hearts.
"I HAVE repeatedly stated that I would sooner provide a grave at Potter's Field for a vicious criminal than pin a medal on a police officer's widow," Mayor LaGuardia told his listeners at the commencement exercises held on the afternoon of Wednesday, February 17, in the Line-up Gallery at Police Headquarters. The ceremonies included also the induction into the service of 284 probationary patrolmen and 10 policewomen and the promotion of 20 lieutenants, "the cream of the crop," as Commissioner Valentine aptly termed them, to the rank of captain, they being the men whose names topped the recently promulgated list for promotion to that rank.

"—and if at any time you are called and have to approach a criminal in the act of committing a crime and he's armed with a gun, you shoot first," the Mayor advised, "and be quick on the trigger.

"Whenever force is being used in the commission of a crime you must use a superior force to suppress it. That's the A B C of policing. It does not mean that violence can be used by the police on a peaceful citizen or where no crime of violence has been committed. Naturally, you must exercise judgment, but do not take a chance yourself."

Both the graduates and the new appointees were reminded by the Mayor that they were entering the police service of their own volition; that they would have to put up with a great deal in the matter of hardship and discomfort and that it should be thoroughly understood that the Police Department is constructed along military lines and that strict discipline is essential.

"I say that," the Mayor continued, "because in these days some youngsters want to be wise guys, and in the Police Department wise guys just do not fit."

Mentioning the training to which recruits at the time of their induction are subjected, the Mayor said that despite the rigidity of the course the students..."
should not get the idea upon being graduated and assigned to precinct duty that they then know all about policing and the various procedures involved.

"You may have acquired an excellent knowledge—a theoretical knowledge—of your duties," the speaker declared, "but in this city it takes years to make a police officer—and it costs the city money during that time."

Stressing the added tension of police work due to the war, the Mayor advised in his usual vigorous language against the use of liquor and against attempts on the part of members to live beyond their means.

"Keep off strong liquor," he advised, explaining that drinking never did anyone any good and that it does not mix with a nightstick, a billy or a revolver. A drinking policeman all too often becomes a pathetic case, he explained. He pointed out, too, that frequently men with families—and with years of service in the Department—are brought to trial for their misdeeds when it is too late—when nothing can be done to save them.

Turning to the subject of law enforcement, the Mayor called attention to the fact that war brings about certain conditions that are very difficult to control.

"I don't think it is right to say that more people engage in crime during the war, but I do say that there are more criminals who will take a chance during times of stress because they know the people are tense, and, too, that law enforcement officers have many additional duties to perform, all of which tends to produce in the mind of the criminal the idea that he can get away with it."

Addressing himself to the policewomen, both the graduates and the inductees, the Mayor explained a distinct and useful service can be rendered by them as members of a police organization of a city the size of New York. He praised the work of the Juvenile Aid Bureau of the Police Department and explained that many of the new policewomen will be assigned to duty with that branch of the service.

The Mayor after complimenting the twenty newly-promoted captains on their success in what he termed a "very exacting promotional examination," told them that the rank of captain doesn't mean any more that the incumbents sit all day at a desk.

"It means that you will be out in the field in command of your men," he told them, explaining further that in the old days when a policeman became a sergeant he wore out the seat of his pants more quickly than the soles of his shoes.

A commanding officer, he said, in modern tactics is to be found in the field with his men.

"I know that all you captains will afford to your Commissioner full and complete and loyal cooperation; and I know, too, that you men who have entered the service, and those of you who go on duty today, will live up to the fine traditions of this Department. You will make good in your chosen profession, I'm sure. As for men going into the Academy, play the game. Take the advice of the older men in the Department; make up your minds that you have chosen a profession—a life's work, and give to the city the best that is in you."

The Mayor in the statement which follows took public notice for the first time of repeated rumors of the resignation of Commissioner Valentine:

"I was asked not so long ago if it is true that Police Commissioner Valentine is going to resign. Yes, I answered. And it is also true that we are going to hold a benefit at Randall's Island when that occurs for bookmakers and gamblers, and that together on that occasion Gypsy Rose Lee and the Mayor are going to do a strip tease."

Commissioner Valentine brought out in the course of his address the fact that several of the men promoted to captain that day are only 36 years of age and have but 15 years of service in the Department; also that four of them had been raised from the rank of patrolman during his administration.

"I want to call to your particular attention," the Commissioner said, "that these men—the top of the list—the cream of the crop—some of whom got over 90% in their mental—didn't stop after they'd mounted the first rung of the ladder of success. They continued to climb and they are just as ambitious today as they were when they came into the Department."

The Commissioner spoke of the "terrific beating" taken because of the severe cold last month by the men who had just left the training school for precinct duty in the various commands. It is part of their job, he explained. It will make them rugged if they can stand it.

Whether it's heat or cold, rain, hail or sleet, our men "must take it," the Commissioner asserted.

"In this connection you must always remember that the more extreme weather conditions are, the more vigilant and alert must be the members of our Department when on patrol. In extreme cold a person may fall and in a few moments be frozen to death. Then, too, we must keep before our minds always the spectre in extremely cold weather of fire breaking out in an apartment house or other dwelling—particularly in the nighttime. Persons in order to keep warm will overheat oil or gas stoves or similar apparatus for heating, and the cry of 'fire' in the middle of the night—in zero weather—will paralyze anyone. It is for this reason men on patrol must be eternally vigilant in order to detect the first signs of fire and be able then to carry out their sworn duty to protect life and property."

Speaking of the difficulty experienced today in obtaining manpower, the Commissioner paid tribute to President Harry Marsh of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, who was one of the guests at the ceremony.

"I want to thank him for the fine type of men we are getting," the Commissioner said, mentioning in explanation of this statement the several lists recently promulgated by the Commission for various appointments and promotions within the Department.

"We welcome you all," the Commissioner said in closing, and directing his remarks to the graduates and the new class of inductees, he bade them to remember the picture witnessed by them that day of twenty young men being promoted to the rank of captain in the Department.

"You have the same opportunity," he asserted. "Your responsibility is exactly the same as was theirs. They did it—and you, too, can do it—by application, by industry, perseverance, intelligence, and by character."

Mayor LaGuardia in the course of the proceedings made the usual award of a regulation service revolver to the three probationary patrolmen and the probationary policewoman obtaining highest marks in their
training school course, and likewise to the probationer obtaining the highest marks in shooting. The recipients of the awards, all of whom were presented to the city's chief executive by Commissioner Valentine, were:

Hiram C. Bloomingdale trophy: Probationary Patrolman Robert H. Rapp, who had the highest average in all subjects.


Masbeck trophy: Probationary Patrolman Saul Fuchs, highest general average in shooting.

Chief Inspector's trophy: Probationary Policewoman Emma Aiden, who attained the highest general average in all subjects for probationary policewomen.

The list of promotions follows:

**CAPTAINS**

- Thomas McLaughlin, Tr. Pct. A;
- Francis X. Murphy, Tr. Pct. B;
- Michael F. Hartling, Tr. Pct. N;
- John Wyne, 50th Pct.;
- Joseph J. Hallinan, Tr. Pct. H;
- Morris Coon, Man. West. Hqts.;
- Richard J. Bregarson, 82nd Pct.;
- Walter E. Harkins, Bklyn. West & Rich. Hqts.;
- Walter C. Sullivan, 4th Pct.;
- Harry P. McCann, 106th Pct.;
- Michael J. Kelly, 81st Pct.;
- August W. Flath, 20th Pct.;
- Thomas V. Boylan, Man. East Hqts.;
- Abraham Goldman, 18th Div.;
- William A. Rice, 18th Div.;
- William F. Patton, 9th Pct.;
- Michael Whelan, 22nd Pct.;
- Joseph C. Workman, 74th Pct.;
- Thomas J. Henry, 92nd Pct.;
- Walter D. Livey, 112th Pct.


**GRADUATES**

**Probationary Patrolmen**

- Allmendinger, William F.
- Aites, Isaac M.
- Anderson, Thomas M.
- Ansalone, Louis J.
- Askinazi, David
- Baker, Herman
- Bamrick, Thomas J.
- Becker, Arthur E.
- Becker, William J.
- Bennett, Harold
- Biagri, Mario
- Blaufarb, Saul
- Bode, David L.
- Boora, Leonard W.
- Bogan, Carl
- Boland, Richard D.
- Bott, Otto F.
- Bouknight, Hashen F.
- Braunstein, William
- Breslin, James J.
- Brown, Sidney
- Brown, Steven H.
- Bruce, John D.
- Bruhl, Guido
- Buchanan, Walter E.
- Bunes, Joseph R. J.
- Burk, Frank M.
- Burke, Joseph A.
- Burke, Martin P.
- Byrne, Lawrence P.
- Cairns, William N.
- Capariccio, George
- Cargill, Claude B.
- Carroll, Leslie H.
- Caruso, Michael
- Chiapetta, Joseph T.
- Cline, Patrick B.
- Cohen, Joseph
- Collins, Bernard
- Condon, William J.
- Conklinc, Richard J.
- Conroy, Peter V.
- Drev, Peter A.
- D'Avanzo, Roberto V.
- Delaney, Joseph N.
- Delise, Paul F.
- DeSario, Michael
- Dossfey, Emery
- Dunn, Pasquale
- DiRoma, Richard
- Dixon, John W.
- Drastal, John S.
- Dreain, Walter D.
- Dubowski, John C. P.
- Duffy, Edward P.
- Duvinsky, A.
- Dwor, Edward J.
- Eagan, William J.
- Egan, John J.
- Egner, George
- Fallek, David
- Farhi, Rachael
- Farley, Robert A.
- Feder, Milton
- Feinstein, Irving M.
- Fischer, Frederick R.
- Flannagan, Daniel F.
- Flynn, Anthony T.
- Frank, Charles J.
- Frazier, William A.
- Fuchs, Saul
- Galanek, Alexander S.
- Gallagher, Edward J.
- Garvey, William F.
- Gassman, Isidor
- Gennerich, Henry W.
- Gibbs, Edmund J.
- Gilmartin, Robert A.
- Glover, Vincent A.
- Goldberg, Bernard
- Greenfader, Leonard
- Grubert, Arthur C.
- Gulizia, Angelo
- Gumbs, Vincent A.
- Haimowitz, Nathan
- Haluska, Justin
- Hammond, Walter S.
- Hanchek, Arthur R.
- Harrison, Otis A.
- Hayes, William C.
- Heerich, Howard H.
- Hefer, William L.
- Hocan, Philip M.
- Hooey, James C.
- Hughes, Charles
- Huguenin, Clarence
- Johnson, Bartholomew
- Johnson, Peter J.
- Karas, Samuel
- Karcher, Louis A.
- Keane, John J.
- Kelly, John H.
- Kelly, John W.
- Kennedy, Patrick J.
- Killor, George V.
- Kliner, Alexander S.
- Knapp, Arthur W.
- Kohl, Walter V.
- Kowalsky, Frederick P.
- Kubesh, Stephen P.
- Kuhner, Frederick G.
- Landfish, Marvin J.
- Lauro, Gerard F.
- Lazarowitz, George P.
- Leandro, Albert J.
- Ledeck, Robert I.
- Leftkowitz, Samuel A.
- Lehrer, Harold
- Lemmerman, Joseph H.
- Leonard, Charles W. B.
- Leslie, Robert I.
- Lisi, Joseph A.
- Lo Menzo, Joseph A.
- Long, Thomas F.
- Loughran, Victor A.
- Luck-R, Russell.
- Mariano, Raymond J.
- Marro, Philip J.
- Mayo, Charles
- Meehan, Harry F.
- Memoli, Guy M.
- Metzger, Max F.
- Michel, Henry C.
- Milhauser, Herbert B.
- Miller, Harold R.
- Miller, Martin G.
- Mirsky, Milton
- Molino, Guido P.
- Moring, Aubrey C.
- Morrison, Robert W.
- Moskovitz, Julius A.
- Mostek, John
- Mount, Richard A.
- Mayhahan, George L.
- Munk, Paul E.
- Murphy, Daniel R.
- Murphy, George J.
- Nagle, David F.
- Navrodt, Charles A.
- Nelson, Roy
- Nethersole, Leonard B.
- Nisette, Eugene A.
- Nye, Frank J.
- O'Callaghan, Vincent T.
- O'Connor, Edward
- O'Connor, Michael V.
- O'Brien, James

- Osewaki, Walter J.
- Owens, William J.
- Palamara, Byron J.
- Palanque, Sergio M.
- Pangalo, Rocco J.
- Pattison, Thomas C.
- Paul, Lester B.
- Pavin, Anthony C.
- Pavloff, James
- Pegram, Edward
- Peters, Otto G.
- Piero, Joseph C.
- Polichni, Joseph M.
- Power, Edward J.
- Raggi, Arthur L.
- Rapp, Robert H.
- Reilly, Oliver J.
- Reisenbach, Bertram
- Richman, Lawrence
- Riffle, Aurelio D.
- Roth, Richard C.
- Rudman, Daniel
- Ryan, William J.
- Scanlon, Thomas W.
- Schatz, Edward
- Schonbrun, Bernard E.
- Scard, Ernest A.
- Sealy, Lloyd
- Serin, Daniel M.
- Shannah, Matthew J.
- Shavelson, Joseph H.
- Sherrer, James F.
- Simonson, Oscar H.
- Sklar, Samuel
- Smith, John T.
- Snosky, Charles S.
- Specter, Robert
- Stack, Raymond E.
- Stohl, Milton A.
- Stuenn, William R.
- Susan, Philip
- Szambel, John
- Tabano, Vincent A.
- Tahan, Harold W.
- Taub, Michael J.
- Tavano, Michael
- Teller, Marvin
- Thompson, Dudley M.
- Tocci, Charles H.
- Tolonka, Benjamin
- Tormey, Frank J.
- Tresca, Alphonse
- Puffy, Robert E.
- Twomey, Thomas A.
- Tyson, Harold K.
Eisenberg

PROBATORY POLICEMEN

GRADUATING PROBATORY PATROLMEN, FEBRUARY, 1943

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS

Accountant 1
Advertising Manager 1
Ammunition Inspector 1
Attendant, Service Station 1
Baker 1
Bank Teller 1
Bar tender 1
Benchhand 1
Bindery worker 2
Bookkeeper 2
Bricklayer 1
Bus Operator 1
Butcher 1
Candle maker 1
Caulker 1
Chauffeur 1
Cleaner 1
Clerk, General 48
Clerk, Bank 2
Clerk, Shipping 8
Clerk, Stock 9
Comptometer 1
Conductor, Railroad 1
Cook 1
Core Driller 1
Credit Manager 1
Draftsman 1
Dyer 1
Electrician 4
Elevator Operator 7
Engineer, Civil 1
Engineer, Assistant 2
Federal Agent 2
Fireman, F.D.N.Y. 2
Freight 1
Furrier 1
Guard 7
Guard, Customs 6
Guard, Bank 5
Gardener 5
Glove Cutter 1
Hack Driver 1
Janitor 1
Jewelry Solderer 1

Leather Goods Foreman 1
Letter Carrier 4
Lathe Operator 1
Locksmith 1
Machinist 9
Manager, General 1
Meat Luggage 1
Mechanic, Automobile 1
Mechanic, Textile 1
Mill Bottler 1
Milliner 2
Paper Cutter 1
Pattern Maker 1
Photostat Operator 2
Plumber 3
Portrait 2
Pressman, Jr. 1
Printer 4
Riveter 1
Rigger 1
Salesman, General 8
Salesman, Insurance 1
Sheet Metal Worker 1
Ship Carpenter 1
Shipfitter 2
Signal Maintainer 1
Smelter Worker 1
Special Patrolman 1
Soap Maker 1
Stagebuilder 2
State Trooper 1
Stenographer & Typist 3
Storekeeper 1
Tailor 1
Teacher, Health Ed. 3
Telephone Operator 1
Timekeeper 1
Tobacconist 1
Track Walker 1
Truck Driver 9
Waiter 2
Welder 2

S P R I N G  3 1 0 0

Weisinger, Newton A.
Wicks, Walter
Williams, James V.
Wolfe, Clarence J.
Wolfe, Edwin J.

Woods, William G.
Wray, Wilbur F.
Wray, Winfield J. K.
Yiachos, Joseph
Young, Arthur E.
Zinkand, Martin J.

Theresa M. Seagmellii
Marian E. Shaugnessy
Felicia Shpritzer
Ruth R. Simon
Anne P. Slesy
Rose L. Weiller
Reva Zisselman

DEGREES

B.A. 2
B.S. 4
M.A. 1

COUNTRIES OF BIRTH

U. S. A. 239
British West Indies 2
Canada 2
Poland 1
Scotland 1
Yugoslavia 1

Average Age 26 years
Average Height 5 ft. 10 ins.
Average Weight 167 lbs.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Trans-
Speak Write
late

Finnish 1
French 6 7 9
German 5 3 9
Hebrew 1 1 1
Italian 12 3 4
Jewish 16 1 6
Latin 4 4 1
Polish 7 5 5
Russian 1 1 1
Ukrainian 4 1 3
Yugoslavian 2 2 2

GRADUATING PROBATORY POLICEMEN

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS

Clerk 2
Dental Assistant 3
Laboratory Technician 1
Playground Director 1
Registered Nurse 1
Secretary 1
Social Investigator 6
Special Patrolwoman 1
Stenographer & Typist 1
Teacher, English 1
Technician, Medical 1
Typist 1

Boroughs

Queens 4
Richmond 1

COUNTRY OF BIRTH

United States 21
Austria Hungary 1

EDUCATION

Attended College 22
Attended High School 25

DEGREES

B.A. 16
B.S. 1
M.A. 3
L.L.B. 1
R.N. 1
Police Athletic League Reports Another Fine Year

In the background, above, is the original painting, "Pals All" executed for the Police Athletic League, in 1937, by Howard Chandler Christy; and at left the two original models as they appear today—Joseph Meehan, now 18, and Jean O'Brien, 17. Opposite them stands Detective Al Grant, who posed for the painting and with him are Tommy Allen, 13, and Margaret Sullivan, 12, who were chosen because of their resemblance to the two original Pals to take their places in the 1943 version of the painting.

DEPUTY Inspector William M. Kent last month was appointed head of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, succeeding to that post Sixth Deputy Commissioner John H. Morris, who today is serving his country as a captain in the U. S. Army. Inspector Kent was designated also as president of the Police Athletic League, a subsidiary of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, at the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the P.A.L. earlier in the year.

A roster of the Board of the Police Athletic League as today constituted follows:

Deputy Inspector William M. Kent, president; Rt. Rev. Msgr. William T. Dillon, first vice-president; Mary A. Frasca, secretary; Walter S. Mack, Jr., treasurer; Sanford Bates, Daniel P. Higgins. Deputy Commissioner Francis J. Kear, Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine.

P.A.L. Activities, 1942

With the cooperation of the Recreation Division of the Work Projects Administration, the Police Athletic League during 1942 provided the youth of New York City with 25 indoor recreation centers and 29 outdoor play locations, these in turn making possible a total of 290,144 recreation periods in physical and social activities, with a participating attendance of 1,545,508.

City-wide tournaments conducted by the P.A.L. included:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Teams</th>
<th>Entries</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Baseball</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basketball</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Softball</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Not least of the P.A.L. summer attractions were the 22 amateur boxing shows, with a total of 328 competitors, performing before 88,000 highly appreciative spectators in regulation sized rings erected at specially selected street intersections in the several boroughs, and in connection with which exhibitions, air raid wardens, especially assigned, were able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of everyone concerned their aptitude for handling crowds.

During the summer of last year, 321 boys, all of the under-privileged class, enjoyed free vacation periods of 24 days each at the Fox Lair Camp of the Police Athletic League, situated high in the Adirondacks at Bakers Mills, N. Y.
P.A.L. FINANCIAL STATEMENT
(as of December 31, 1942)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Receipts</th>
<th>Disbursements</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Junior Membership</td>
<td>Athletic Equipment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Associate Membership</td>
<td>Building Maintenance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Donations</td>
<td>Printing and Postage</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neighborhood Councils</td>
<td>Benefit Expenses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benefit Show</td>
<td>Neighborhood Councils</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>Foxlair (PAL) Camp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Personnel Salaries</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surplus — January 1, 1942</td>
<td>Net Surplus — December 31, 1942</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Invitations to places of amusement such as the rodeo, circus, motion picture and radio shows and major league baseball games were made possible during the year, bringing added happiness to thousands. Inspector Kent on February 21 last was appointed one of the technical advisors of the Committee established by the Mayor to study the problem of juvenile delinquency. Inspector Kent is enthusiastic about the work of the Juvenile Aid Bureau and its popular adjunct the Police Athletic League. The job is an immense one and he looks forward confidently to the cooperation of all of the members of the Force in the solving of the many problems involved. Their understanding and appreciation of the work of the Juvenile Aid Bureau will help tremendously, he asserted, in the continuance of that unit as an effective crime prevention agency.

In addition to this, their financial support of the Police Athletic League will help perpetuate this recreational program for the youth of our city.

Now In Its Eighth Year

The Police Athletic League is now entering its eighth active year as a city-wide recreational organization.

It was during the hot summer of 1934, three years after the bureau had been established, that the Recreation Department of what later became the Works Progress Administration, first went to the Juvenile Aid Bureau unit in East Harlem to work out a play street plan, at the request of the neighboring people. The immediate acceptance of the plan brought about a like movement in the Bronx, and later in other boroughs.

Here was the germ of an idea. The late Acting Captain Edward W. Flynn, in charge of the Bronx unit, had organized a baseball league in 1932, known as the Junior Police Athletic League. Now, with the prospect of an enlarged staff, he began the development of what has rapidly become one of the largest organized recreation programs in the City of New York.

These first programs were started on play streets where there was little or no equipment. The activities began with showers obtained from the Fire Department, and an occasional ball game, then circle games. Finally, with the advent of some supplies, came paddle tennis, shuffleboard, higher organized games, and some craft work. Soon tournaments began and gradually children flocked to the streets, because organization and supervision offered them interesting and safe forms of play. From the small nucleus of the Junior Police Athletic League of the Borough of The Bronx, there came into being a city-wide Police Athletic League.

This was enough to prove the value of the experiment. The next step was to arouse the interest necessary to the proper development of a well-organized community movement. “The Cop as the Friend of Youth” became the unwritten slogan of the Police Athletic League. This was not always easy to accomplish. Not only did the children’s antagonism have to be overcome, but the confidence and cooperation of parents, older brothers and sisters had to be gained. The idea of the Police Athletic League was broadcast through patrolmen and workers, to families, citizens and business men in neighborhoods where activities were started. Adult programs were begun, Mothers’ Clubs formed, and regular Parent Nights established. Along the sidewalks of play streets, home-made tables for checkers and other games were placed so the fathers might engage in tournaments.

Through the development of interest in these groups, there grew the idea of Neighborhood Councils made up of representatives of the community taking active part in program problems. These councils have not only accepted part of the financial responsibility, but are entering into the active work of many of the centers and are greatly enriching the program by their knowledge and experience.

This enthusiastic response and the demands of the youth participating in the activities stimulated a more intensive effort to establish the work on sounder bases in more adequate surroundings. As a result, the present well-established program of the Police Athletic League is a story of continued development, adaptability to circumstances, and to neighborhood demand. The program also demonstrates the determination, on the part of the bureau, to spread to the limit of its ability the value of the recreation work at its disposal.

The Police Athletic League looks forward to a healthy future, with expanded membership and the hope that the newfound friendship between the police and youth of New York City will continue to develop mutual respect and confidence. The extension of its services to yet untouched sections of the city, the help it can bring to boys and girls in difficulty, and the spread of health, constructive character-building activities for all youth is its goal for the coming year.
Captain Gerald J. Crosson, Bluecoat—a Hero in Khaki
Submitted by Frederick A. Schroeder, a former newspaper man in New York City and approved for publication in SPRING 3100 by the F. H. Q. Military Censorship.

Somewhere in the South West Pacific Theatre of War

CAPTAIN GERALD J. CROSSON, a pilot on one of the U. S. Army Air Forces' bombers, has been busy fighting somewhere in the Southwest Pacific Theatre of War. And also setting records. He was the first army officer in the Police Department to be called to active duty; the only Army Air Force Pilot, a member of the N.Y.C. Police Department.

Crosson, called to active duty May 28, 1941, went through a refresher course and became one of the first pilots to fly the famous Glenn Martin Bomber. Twenty hours after Pearl Harbor was bombed he left for parts unknown at the time and eventually showed up again fighting in the Southwest Pacific Theatre. He was one of the first pilots in this Theatre. Missions accomplished by him in all kinds of weather; over vast jungle areas and under the worst conditions a man can fly. Taking off during bombing attacks, having his plane shot full of holes from cannon shells and machine gun bullets, he has come through with distinction. He was wounded in combat and shot down by the enemy. He has flown the most missions in his entire group. For all this the following medals have been awarded to him:

- The Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, Silver Star, Purple Heart, and now the Airman’s Medal. He will be the first to receive this new medal.

Captain Crosson is truly a hero to his country. His outstanding devotion, fearlessness, great spirit and perseverance have justly earned him that title.

Editor's Note: Captain Crosson, who is a son of retired Patrolman Charles S. Crosson, formerly of the 123rd Precinct, was appointed to the Department March 26, 1938, and assigned to the Aviation Bureau for duty as pilot. He is 31 years old, and was a member at the time of his appointment of the Army Air Corps Reserve. In May, 1941, he laid aside his uniform of blue for active service with the Air Corps, as a second lieutenant pilot, at Langley Field, Virginia.

Under the caption “Flying Cop,” an interesting recital of Crosson's earlier activities as an Army Air Force Pilot appeared, editorially, in the Staten Island Advance, Crosson's home borough, under date of May 20, 1942. The editorial follows:

FLYING COP

PATROLMAN GERALD J. CROSSON of Hugenot Park had one of the most glamorous jobs in the Police Department. He was a flying cop—one of the handful of pilots in the department's aviation unit. For a few months following his appointment to the force he pounded a beat, much like any other cop, but with his aeronautical ability it was only natural that he should be shifted from that prosaic routine to the more colorful assignment aloft.

The erstwhile Patrolman Crosson now has a job even more glamorous—and far more crucial—than the one he filled so capably as a member of New York’s finest.

Now he’s First Lieutenant Gerald J. Crosson, U. S. Army Air Corps.

Now he's flying, not on police traffic and rescue missions, but with MacArthur's band of aerial avengers.
He's piloting and co-piloting bombers from a United Nations base "somewhere in Australia." He's already had his baptism by fire—fire from Jap fighter planes and from anti-aircraft batteries on the islands of the South Seas.

Lieutenant Crosson recently was engaged in a raid on the Jap stronghold at Lae, New Guinea. His plane, according to dispatches, came unscathed through a curtain of AA shells after dumping its load of explosives. Then it went back on a return visit; this time it didn't quite get by without a scratch.

Captain John Ewbank, commander of the crew to which Lieutenant Crosson was attached, recounted the incident in these words: "We went in at the base of the clouds with anti-aircraft bursting in our faces... We went after our target, five grounded bombers. They were shattered and burned. We came down lower to strafe and bomb supply shacks.

"Anti-aircraft hit the vertical fin of my tail. I was lucky it didn't take off the control tab on my rudder. If shrapnel had hit the fore part instead of the rear part of the rudder, I probably wouldn't be talking to you now..."

Just as calmly as that. If the missile had struck a bit farther forward, "I probably wouldn't be talking to you now. I, and my crew with me, would be lying dead." We have no doubt that if Lieutenant Crosson, instead of his skipper, had been telling the tale, his recital would have been as matter-of-fact.

For to Lieutenant Crosson, this assignment "down under" is really part of the job for which he signed up with the Police Department back in 1938, a bigger, more climatic phase than that he worked on in New York, perhaps, but essentially a part of the same general chore. And the lieutenant doubtless regards his present task with the same sober and realistic view in which he contemplated his earlier one.

He enlisted as a cop in order to be a fighter against crime.

He took a leave of absence from his peacetime duties and transferred to active service with the Army Air Corps for the same reason, to put down crime in its international—rather than its purely metropolitan—aspect.

And in the skies over New Guinea he's doing a bang-up job on the criminals from Japan.

On the other side of the world he's adding new glory to the reputation of "The Finest" of whom he's such a superlative envoy.

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ALBANY APOSTOLATE
Haines Falls, N. Y.

HON. LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
The Police Commissioner,
City of New York.

March 8, 1943

Dear Commissioner:

Thank you for your help with our party last Friday. Our Committee worked very hard to make it the great success that it was. Am more than pleased with results. My good friends, the New York Police, again win high praise for doing things right.

Everyone had a grand time. The prizes were timely and all were well pleased with them. I should like to further state that the whole affair redounds credit on your men and their wives, our chairman, Mrs. Harnedy and her co-workers. It was high class and run in splendid style. A real reunion that not only makes for a very good spirit but helped our parish at a crucial time.

Be assured that our people up here appreciate all that you and the Center have done for us.

My one regret is that I find myself unable to thank again personally each and every one of those hundreds of fine people who by their presence and good will made possible the splendid success achieved.

Again, Commissioner, my thanks for your kindness. Kind regards also to Mrs. V. and best wishes and personal regards to you both.

Sincerely,

REV. THOMAS J. BARRETT.
Awards for Rescues from Drowning

THIRTEEN policemen received medal pins and cash awards on the morning of Monday, February 15, for heroism in the rescues of drowning persons during the last year in the twentieth annual presentation of awards by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.

Officializing in the ceremony, which took place in the Line-up Gallery at Police Headquarters, were Mr. Herbert L. Satterlee, for many years president of the association and now chairman of the Committee on Donations of Awards; Mr. William D. Winter, president; Mr. Percy G. Craig, treasurer; Mr. Robert F. Livingston, secretary, and other members of the association. Deputy Commissioner Louis F. Costuma presided.

The list of awards together with the Departmental award previously conferred in each of the instances cited, follows:

**Patrolmen**


JOHN F. BOND, 3rd Precinct, December 28, 1941, rescued Giuseppe Zucco from drowning at Pier 28, East River, N. Y.; award, silver medal pin and $75. Departmental award—Honorable Mention.

MAX MOLISHHEVER, 13th Precinct, April 18, 1941, rescued Lilly V. Gary from drowning at a point 200 feet west of Barge Office, Battery Park, N. Y. C.; award, silver medal pin and $25. Departmental award—Commendation.

GUSTAV GULBRANSEN, 66th Precinct, April 10, 1941, rescued Mary E. Murray from drowning at 31st Street Pier, Brooklyn, N. Y.; award, silver medal pin and $50. Departmental award—Commendation.

JAMES J. LATHER, Harbor Precinct, October 5, 1941, rescued Angelo Simonetti from drowning at a point 1000 feet east of Harts Island, N. Y. C.; award, silver medal pin and $50. Departmental award—Commendation.

QUERINO J. LENZA, 7th Precinct, July 19, 1941, rescued Donna Landon from drowning at North River, between Piers 90 and 92, New York City; award, silver medal pin and $25. Departmental award—Commendation.

WILLIAM G. P. MCCALLUM, 103rd Precinct, December 12, 1941, rescued James Stevenson from drowning at Hook Creek, south of Rockaway Boulevard; award, silver medal pin and $50. Departmental award—Honorable Mention.

EUGENE D. FORTRELL, 103rd Precinct, September 6, 1941, rescued Joseph Giarrusso from drowning at Baisley Lake, Baisley Park, L. I.; award, silver medal pin and $25. Departmental award—Commendation.

JOHN J. SHEEHAN, 18th Precinct, July 19, 1941, rescued Mrs. Donna Landon from drowning in the North River, between Piers 90 and 92, N. Y. City; award, $25. Departmental award—Commendation.
EDWARD ROONEY, 26th Precinct, March 24, 1942, rescued Jay Constantine and Marius Charlet from drowning in the Harlem River; award, silver medal pin and $50. Departmental award—Commendation.

ADOLF H. STILLOH, Traffic Precinct D, July 21, 1941, rescued Allene Negron and Nicholas Roberto from drowning in the North River, between 44th and 45th Streets, N. Y. City; award, silver metal pin and $25. Departmental award—Commendation.

SAM HOUSTON STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
Huntsville, Texas
February 21, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
It was a pleasure to receive the Christmas number of SPRING 3100. Thanks for your thoughtfulness.
I got a great kick out of the commencement exercises picture. I just missed it by a week.
Best regards.
FINN C. WESTGARD, P.F.C.,
Patrolman, 67th Precinct.

DIVISION SERVICE COMPANY
10th Armed Division
Ft. Benning, Georgia
March 11, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Since I've been in the Army, SPRING 3100 has come to me faithfully each month to the various posts at which I've been stationed. I can't even begin to describe how much pleasure I get out of reading about the great Department to which I belong and in which I take great pride as a member. Thank you very much for your thoughtful consideration.
MATTI J. MATILAINEN,
2nd Lieutenant, Military Police,
Patrolman, 106th Precinct.

BOILER LABORATORY SCHOOL
U. S. Navy Receiving Station
January 30, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Received SPRING 3100 and was sure glad to get it. Thanks a million.
Best regards to the members of the 46th Precinct and all the other members of the Department.
HARRY R. DARDE, W.T. 2/c,
Patrolman, 46th Precinct.

SHIPS SERVICE, U. S. S. PEARY
Williamsburg, Virginia
February 19, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Thanks for sending a reminder of good old New York to the U. S. S. Peary. SPRING 3100 is well enjoyed by all my shipmates whose comments should really be editorialized. Kop Komics now adorns many a bunk and there is quite a waiting list for the short story.
Again, many thanks and kindest regards to The Finest.
JOHN P. ASHIE,
Seaman, 2nd Class,
Telephone Operator, 2nd Precinct.

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD
Manhattan Beach Training Station
Brooklyn, N. Y.
February 10, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Thanks for sending SPRING 3100. I and three other N. Y. C. cops in this unit look forward each month to receiving it, and get lots of pleasure reading about our respective precincts and what's happening in the department.
GEORGE FEUER
Patrohan, 62nd Precinct.

NORTH AFRICA
Navy 214, Fleet Postoffice, N. Y.
March 4, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
SPRING 3100 has reached me each month since entering the Naval Service. Through our magazine I'm able to keep up on the happenings in the Department.
Each one of my shipmates, too, has the pleasure of reading it, and it's a cinch SPRING 3100 will be popular all over these parts before we leave.
My sincerest thanks and best wishes to all hands in the Department.
WILLIAM POWELL, Torpedoman, 1/c,
Patrolman, 90th Precinct.
Policemen Present Mass Kit to Missionary
Reprinted From The Tablet, Saturday, Feb. 27, 1943.


ON FEBRUARY 23, at the New York Police Anchor Club, before 250 members, Father Thomas F. Wynne, a newly-ordained “Maryknoll Missionary” was guest of honor. The Club presented him with a complete Mass Kit in memory of his late father, Deputy Inspector Thomas F. Wynne, who was one of the co-founders of the Anchor Club. The presentation was made by Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine who spoke of his long years of friendship with the Wynne family and how pleased he was to have the honor of making the presentation.

Father Wynne will leave for Ecuador, South America, in about two weeks, where he will take up his duties. President Boyle expressed fond wishes and prayers of the Club for Father Wynne’s continued good health and success.

Father Bernard A. Cullen, Club Chaplain, was the toastmaster. Other speakers were: Very Rev. Msgr. Thomas A. Nummey, Rt. Rev. Thomas J. McConnell, Rev. Matthew Tobin and Rev. Thomas Bodie. Other members of the clergy and honored guests were: Rev. Vincent Leidinger, Rev. John Croopy, Rev. Joseph Teasler, Brother Thomas, Director of St. Ann’s Academy; Brother Anthony, S.M., St. John’s Home; Hon. Hugh Doyle, State Deputy, K. of C.; Hon. Thomas Malone, N.B.C.

Many ranking members of the Police Department were present including Deputy Chief Inspector John Gallagher, Inspectors William O’Brien and John O’Leary; Deputy Inspector William Smith; Captains Edmond Moore and John Driscoll; Lieutenants Thomas Maher and Thomas Nelson; Sergeants John Hopkins and George Noell.

Vocal selections were rendered by Jackie Reardon and Jonny Callahan, old friends of the Anchor Club.

Inspector Peter McGuirk and Lt. John Graham did an excellent job on the arrangements.

Father Wynne and his family are parishioners of St. Therese of Lisieux Church, of which Msgr. Nummey is pastor.
Police Square Club Installs Officers

CONGRATULATIONS AND GOOD LUCK!
President Edward C. Hoffman accepts good wishes tendered by retiring President Rudolph W. Lehman, as License Commissioner Paul Moss, who officiated at installation, smiles his approval.

Sergeant Edward C. Hoffman, 25th Precinct, last month was installed as president of the Police Square Club. The occasion marked the 23rd regular meeting of the organization and the Capitol Hotel was the scene of the installation exercises.

Sergeant Rudolph W. Lehman, the retiring president, in a short address thanked the membership for the splendid support received by him during his term of office and asked that the same cooperation be tendered his successor.

License Commissioner Paul Moss, who served as the installing officer, also spoke briefly. Other officers seated were:
Theodore A. Gertisser, 1st vice president; Albert W. Walter, 2nd vice president; Gustave A. Beauffre, recording and corresponding secretary; Joseph W. Heaney, financial secretary; Charles B. Korbacher, treasurer; Barton T. Wilson, outside tiler.

Among the more than 300 members and guests present was a delegation from President Hoffman's home Lodge (Advance) and as part of the ceremonies, Bro. Al Michenfelder, on behalf of the Lodge, presented to the newly-installed president a fountain pen—"beautifully monogrammed and ready for instant service."

POLICE DEPARTMENT
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE
Sydney, New South Wales
20th January, 1942.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, ESQ.,
Police Commissioner,
City of New York,
U. S. A.

Dear Mr. Valentine:

Thank you very much for your letter of the 24th September last, in which you mention that you had a visit from my friend, Bill Albert. I received a letter from him a few days ago and he told me of the very friendly way in which he had been received by you, Mr. O'Connell and Inspector Donovan. Thank you very much for your kindly interest.

In this part of the world we still keep the flag flying and we have a lot of your boys in this City. They have been the subject of very favourable comment everywhere for their efficiency and clean living and clean uniforms. I have had the opportunity of meeting some of their Officers, men and nurses, and on every occasion I have had the utmost courtesy and attention from them. Some of the Aussies are losing their girls to the Americans but they are not worrying very much, possibly because there is always sufficient to go around. We are doing the best we can to make the Americans feel at home but really I do not think it is necessary because they just fit so easily into the way of things out here. We are all very proud of General MacArthur whom your country picked to look after this part of the globe. He is one of the best, but, of course, being a bit Scotch adds a lot to it as well.

Some of our boys have returned from over the other side and they have spoken in the highest terms of the way in which they were treated when passing through America and Canada, and this war will certainly serve to bring the two Nations very much closer together.

Please do not forget, Mr. Valentine, that if any friends of yours are coming this way in the Forces, let me know and I shall endeavour to contact them and extend the hand of friendship to them.

All the best,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM J. MACKAY.
THE International Association of Chiefs of Police bulletin No. 3, dated October, 1942, "Selective Service and Other Wartime Personnel Problems," contains a complete transcript of the discussion of this subject at the recent IACP War Conference for Police Executives. It answers many of the questions you have had in mind about selective service, enlistments, and commissions as they affect your police personnel. It contains several recommendations made by Colonel George H. Baker of the Selective Service System which may aid in the solution of your problems. At the national level, the IACP will continue to make representations to the Selective Service officials, the War Manpower Commission and such other agencies of the Federal Government as may be created in the future to handle the manpower question.

"LIE DETECTION AND CRIMINAL INTERRO- GATION" by Fred A. Inbau, former director of the Chicago Police Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, presents information that is of intensely practical value to policemen and all law enforcement officers. It also contains much of interest to psychologists, teachers, and members of the legal profession.

The author discusses the operation, accuracy, and utility of the so-called lie-detector. From a discussion of the detection of deception—illustrated with reproductions of many actual case records—he proceeds to the problem of obtaining criminal confessions. His tactics and techniques of criminal interrogation are useful not only to the lie-detector examiner but also to the interrogator who does not have the assistance of such an instrument. They may be used, therefore, by any law enforcement officer for the purpose of obtaining confessions or other helpful information.

Both parts of the book—"The Lie Detector and Criminal Interrogation"—are fully supplemented with discussions of the law pertaining to each one.

THE POLICEMAN is closely affiliated with the work of the traffic courts. He will do well to read George Warren's "Traffic Courts" recently published by Little, Brown and Co. for the National Conference of Judicial Councils.

This book is the first to present a complete picture of the prevailing conditions in the traffic courts. While it does list 87 worthwhile recommendations for a better system, it is not one of the usual "reform" books, nor is it the personal theorizing of one individual. It is the result of a nationwide survey of the traffic courts and their personnel, made both by personal contact of the author and by mailed questionnaires to more than 13,000 persons, including attorneys-general, judges, justices of the peace and others.

Consequently, this book offers you a complete, authentic story of the traffic court situation, including such important topics as the aim and purpose of traffic courts, traffic laws, physical conditions of court rooms, manner of operation of courts and treatment of traffic cases, violations bureaus, function of a prosecutor, the "fix", personnel of the courts, the fee system and many others.

THE VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN in 1942 was most successful, and more than ten million books were donated for the men in our Armed Services. But the demand for books continues as the Army increases in numbers. Therefore the Victory Book Campaign is renewed in 1943.

Will each policeman help in this effort? Please contribute at least one book. Give that precious one you received as a Christmas gift which you have read with joy and want to pass along for someone else to read with equal interest. Please bring your books to the Municipal Reference Library, or if more convenient, to any of the hundred collection points. You may leave books on your doorstep with the milk bottles and they will be collected for the Victory Book Campaign. We expect you all to be as generous as you were last year.

In exchange, let the Municipal Reference Library, Room 2230 Municipal Building, Manhattan, make you a gift of a pamphlet entitled, War Almanac. Into fifty pages are crowded hundreds of interesting facts about our Army, Navy, and Marines, war agencies, production for war, the Atlantic Charter, maps of battlefields and fascinating photographs. We will give a quantity to the Chief Clerk and he may distribute widely among the members of the Police Force.

Another pamphlet is a Life Story of General Douglas MacArthur, well illustrated and popularly written. Do you wish a copy for yourself? Come to the Library, Room 2230, Municipal Building and help yourself.
PROBABLY never before in its history have the walls of the fabulous structure known as the Waldorf Astoria Hotel housed so enthusiastic a gathering as the 6,000 members and friends of the Police Department Shomrim Society who made merry in the grand ballroom and adjacent side rooms of that spacious hostelry on the evening of Sunday, March 7, the date on which was held the 19th Annual Entertainment and Dance of the organization, another one of those memorable occasions on which stars of the stage, screen and radio—top names all—and including such luminaries as Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante, Susan Hayward, Romo Vincent, Jerry Cooper, to name a few, joined with an equally splendid array of vaudeville greats in a program of entertainment that for direction and novelty of presentation could hardly be matched.

Also presented to the audience was Sergeant Hugh E. Moffett of the 46th Precinct, who in February obtained leave from the Department to join the Merchant Marine and who, a short three weeks later, won acclaim for his heroic actions when a torpedo fired in the dead of night from an enemy submarine sent a cargo passenger ship to which he was assigned to its grave in the North Atlantic, with a loss of 678 lives—the United States' greatest sea disaster since the war began, survivors reported. Moffett helped launch a jammed life boat at the height of the confusion and then endangered his own life to get others aboard, the Associated Press reported. A naval veteran of the first World War, Moffett has a son serving in the Solomons.

Sergeant Benjamin Miller, president of the Shomrim Society, in a brief address of welcome said:

“Once again we beg leave to remind you of the aims of our Society; to instill within each other the American Creed of Brotherly Love and Unity, and our un-dying belief in the “Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.” Consistent with that belief, and in keeping with the tradition of the Shomrim Society, we take pride in the fact that a substantial number of our members are serving with the armed forces of our beloved country.

“We know that you look forward each year to this event, and we have spared no effort in making your presence here tonight a delightful and memorable one. At this time it is fitting that we thank the members of the Entertainment Committee and its chairman, who have so tirelessly given of their time and efforts to make this a most enjoyable evening.

“To our beloved Police Commissioner, Lewis J. Valentine, we extend our sincere thanks for his interest in our welfare, and for having granted us permission to hold this entertainment and dance. We here-with renew our pledge of loyalty, and assure him that his trust and confidence in us is well founded.”

Officers of the Shomrim Society for the year 1943 include:

Benjamin Miller, president; Samuel Goldhuber, first vice-president; Saul C. Metz, second vice-president; Samuel Pierson, financial secretary; Harry Schriber, treasurer; Jacob Levit, corresponding secretary; Joseph Cohen, assistant sergeant-at-arms; Jacob Isaacson, marshals; David Burd, custodian; Reuben Reyer, historian.

Trustees: Albert Pollack, Frank Diamant, Morris Kaplan, Isador Cantor, David Winthrop, and all past presidents.

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GOLF took the sports spotlight in truly authentic fashion last month at the annual Victory Dinner and Presentation of Prizes of the New York Police Golf Association, held on the evening of Monday, March 8, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Martinique, where in their best bibs and tuckers some 300 of our turbulent turbulators together with their wives, sweethearts and friends made merry — and were still going strong when “Home Sweet Home” in the wee hours brought the festivities all too suddenly to a close.

And not in some time has there been such acclaim as was showered on the 1942 champion, Patrolman John B. McDonald, 103rd Precinct, winner of the beautiful SPRING 3100 trophy, which Johnny accepted with the savoir-faire and ease of one who all season long doubted not for a moment that his would be the dome on which the crown eventually would land.

And just in case the facts may have escaped you, we’re telling the world now that the title, following a year of real nip and tuck competition, was not handed to John on the proverbial silver platter. Not so you’d notice it! It was as close and dramatic a finish as any these yearly tournaments have known. So close, in fact, that it was not until the final meet of the year, Monday, November 16, at the Bayside Golf Club, that the issue was decided. Here was the set-up:

Going into the home stretch, McDonald, in fourth position behind Patrolmen Frank Seper of Traffic O, Harold Woods of the 84th Precinct, and John J. Buckley of E. S. S. 16, (now a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy), who were tied at 202 for the lead, came through with a sizzling round of 73 strokes and which, coupled with his handicap of 6, gave John a net score...
of 67, two stroke less than the scores turned in by the trio mentioned above.

Second honors went to Seper in a playoff in which Frank and his opponent, Patrolman Arthur Morris, 84th Precinct, turned in identical scores of 92 strokes. Seper's handicap of 24 as against 22 for Morris decided the issue in his favor. Buckley was unable to enter the playoffs due to the urgency of his duties in the armed forces. The trophies emblematic of second and third positions in the race likewise were donated by SPRING 3100.

The awards were judged on the handicap system of individual performance and based, as we've explained here before, on the contestants' three best showings of the year.

In addition to the SPRING 3100 awards, a fourth trophy, put up for our Class A golfers exclusively and decided on a match-play basis for the season of 1942, was taken by Patrolman Ed McFadden, 112th Precinct, who came through with a total on the credit side of 8 triumphs. Patrolman John Werdermann, 111th Precinct, 7 time winner, finished second in this event, with Patrolman Buddy Southwick, Traffic O, with 6 victories placing third.

Tribute in the form of a beautifully engraved signet ring was paid also to the Association's 1942 hole-in-one champion, Patrolman Ray Hendley, 68th Precinct, whose neatly-propelled winning shot came to a halt in this most exciting of precision-shooting tests exactly 12 inches from the pin. This in the special hole-in-one contest staged Monday, August 3, at the Sands Point Golf Club and in which each of the contestants was allowed two pokes at the title. The distance was approximately 110 yards and Ray in negotiating the wallop that brought him the crown used a niblick. Second prize in this event went to Detective Murray Firetag, 15th D. D., whose shot missed the pin by 4 ft. 10 in. Patrolman Frank Lantay, 23rd Precinct, with 6 feet 10 inches, placed third.

The last of the awards went to Patrolman John Werdermann, 111th Precinct, who brought glamour to the mid-October tournament, held at the Glen Oaks Golf Club, by slamming a hole-in-one—the dream of all hit and walk artists since the inception of the sport seven or so centuries ago. John, using his niblick, unloosed his history-making shot on the 5th hole, a par-three stretch of 112 yards.

Acting Captain James A. DeMilt, managing editor of SPRING 3100, served as toastmaster and introduced the speakers, among them Lieutenant Jack Osnato, chairman, Tournaments Committee; Lieutenant Joe Grady, treasurer; Patrolman Ed McFadden, secretary; Detective Jimmy Oleska, chairman, Greens Committee; Sergeant Jim Donohue of the Glen Cove, L. I. Police, and last but surely not least—Sergeant Bob Poggi, 94th Precinct, president of the organization, who took over when Sergeant Cy Ambraz, former head of the P. G. A., was in 1941 called to the colors. And again let it be told that to Bob's efforts and unfailing enthusiasm may be attributed in no small measure the splendid accomplishments of this organization of mashie-mashing enthusiasts during the season just closed.

Incidentally, an ovation befitting a conqueror was tendered Bob when it was disclosed by the toastmaster that the hustling young president of the P. G. A. had within a period of eighteen months been (1) elected president of the organization, (2) took to his heart the Girl of His Dreams, (3) promoted to sergeant—he having emerged No. 88 on the list recently promulgated, and (4) two weeks ago became the Proud Daddy of a Bouncing Baby Boy! Again, Bob, congratulations.

A word of commendation also to the members of the Dinner Committee, headed by Sergeant Stanley Povey, 73rd Precinct, on a neat job expertly handled. Chairman Povey, incidentally, is the gent who explained the "chief reason" for having the ladies present was that it would afford an "excellent opportunity" for those of the golfers who on the "home front" rate as "second-in-command" to get in solid with the Little Woman—before the start of another season places them once again in the unhappy state of hors du combat.

Yes, dear reader, should anyone suddenly hop off an emergency truck and ask you what you know about the victory dinner of the P. G. A., held March 8 last at the Martinique, you tell 'em for us it was one helluva swell party!
The Day Tour Blues

By PTL. HENRY J. MULHEARN, 5th Precinct
Prize Short Story

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"—Shakespeare.

* * *

It HAPPENED after a day tour; and Timothy McBride, patrolman first grade and dreamer par excellence, was tired. Sentimentally swayed by such unreliable Springtime harbingers as bocock beer signs, box scores and income tax returns, his was the unsuspecting breast upon which a biting March wind had for hours on end beat a tattoo—unrelentingly—disgustingly. A tough crossing—tart boss—argumentative motorists—payrolls and notifications—and the inevitable 1:45 meal period—had all combined to make this policeman's lot a none too happy one.

Hungry and out of sorts, McBride had hastened home following his eight hours of tortuous plodding to devour the blue-plate special—Beef Stew a la Dublin—prepared under the watchful and epicurean eye of his ever-loving spouse—Katie. With a satisfied feeling that comes only to manual laborers after an arduous day's toil, the replenished guardian of law and order nestled in his favorite easy chair, which rain or shine adorned the parlor midway between Whistler's Mother and Macy's conception of "Waking Dawn." It was peacefully quiet. The older boy with his trombone had gone to practice with the local parish band. Katie and Tim, Jr. left to enjoy a double feature or two at the neighborhood movie palace. McBride was all alone.

A light rain had started to fall, its somnolent patter against the window pane providing a soothing tonic for nerves frayed and on edge. The "day-tour blues," dear reader, had our hero firmly in its grasp.

For a short time Tim scanned the items in the evening newspaper, then wearily doused the light of the reading lamp. The mellowing comfort of the room seemed to envelope his tired body. Slowly the parade of world events passed reflectively in his mind—the struggle of free men to halt the spread of barbaric aggression—the misery and suffering, sacrifices and bloodshed—and on all sides the clarion cry of man's inhumanity to man. Even in his own daily tasks the glaring imperfections of man were apparent. For fifteen long years McBride had too often felt the pitiless barbs of unkindness, and now he was tired—very tired. Tomorrow the alarm clock would sound the start of another eight-hour trip on the whirligig which rolled wearily on—and on and on...

Closing drowsy eyes, McBride, falling into restful sleep, of a sudden realized as consciousness left him that he was walking softly and with measured steps along some ethereal highway. He sensed he had passed away—heard his judgment pronounced—and was now headed for his Eternal Destination in the Hereafter.

The amorphous surroundings as he continued on his march became more clear, and he was startled to find himself approaching the station-house where all these years he had toiled. Overhead the sun beamed with an unreal brilliance. And the heretofore dilapidated houses with which the section abounded now stood in neat rows, all glistening proudly in tidy array.
A cheery welcome by Pete, the attendant, who was briskly sweeping the station-house steps, caused him to wonder. Slightly dazed, like one returning from a long vacation, McBride ascended the steps cautiously, entered softly—and all but fainted under the barrage of warm greetings thrown at him from the direction of the desk. The back room as he entered was alive with friendly banter. More hearty greetings...more violent shakings of the hand. Up the steps then and to his locker near the door went the bewildered refugee from day-tour delirium.

McBride took his place on the floor for roll-call. He had spent a few minutes studying the beautifully-typed sheet carrying the unwritten legend "Ruler of Cops and Their Destinies" hanging ornately on the wall. It had left him puzzled, for here he was, just back from vacation and surely due for a "fixer," assigned instead to his own post—and with an 11:15 meal period! Every one, in fact, seemed delighted with his assignment—no squawks about specials—jobs out of the precinct—"have meal and report to" and similar such irritants that ordinarily identified the back room as a seething cauldron of fretting, fuming, fighting-mad preservers of the peace.

His first lap over the job proved strangely revealing. People were leisurely going to work—seemingly contented and happy—and without the hustle and bustle characteristic of the teeming tenement section. It seemed so unreal to McBride. Could this really be the East Side—Manhattan's lower East Side?—with its one-time struggling masses living now in heretofore congested dwellings like fairy creatures in a new-found utopia?

A beaming smile and a smart salute from the sergeant as he drove by gave him additional cause for wonder. After the "boss" had gone, Tim figured it would be a good time to have his coffee. He slid along-side of a grinning traffic man out at an intersection.

"Do you know if there are any shoos—I mean patrol supervisors working?" he asked, with a caution born of fifteen years of hits, runs and near-errors.

The whistle-blower looked him over, coldly.

"Haven't you heard of the honor system?" glared he, the contempt in his tone indicating plainly his disapproval of the question asked.

Mortified, the chastened McBride turned on his heel and continued his patrol. A great change had indeed taken place. Smiles—laughter—joyous greetings—contentment—was the order of the day. Eldridge Street had become—a primrose path.

Five days Tim worked—five gloriously peaceful tours—following which on Saturday and Sunday he rested. This was a perfect set-up, thought he. All day work and no "bouncing." Assiduously he hunted for the quirk that would break this grand illusion and send him toppling back to reality. But none was forthcoming. Each day proved more serene than the one before.

Came then the test of all tests—a visit to the place described by many of the boys as the "Nuisance Room Supreme!" Yes, the goings-on there certainly would make it seem like old times again. He sought this spot out one day when sent to Headquarters on an errand. Breathlessly he approached the third floor south—wiped from his brow the cold perspiration—and listened intently at the partly opened door. He could hear the sound of many voices, but none of the familiar awe-provoking phrases like—"when we was coming from!"..."Absent from post, no entry, no permission."..."Did fail to, etc."

He entered cautiously. The room hummed with excitement—but not of the sort ordinarily to be expected. Policemen everywhere, yes, but all of them apparently engrossed in study. In small groups they were engaged busily at their tasks; a ballistic machine in one corner; a fingerprint files in another; spot maps on the wall; and in a far corner a select group thumbing feverishly through such more prosaic items as the book of rules—the manual—laws—ordinances—and yet more rules!

Anxiously McBride queried the sergeant in charge:

"Whatever became of the old trial room?"

"Discipline," answered the sergeant crisply, "is achieved by appealing to man's honor and understanding, not by intimidation and fear.

He started to leave. "Why not sit down and rest awhile," the sergeant invited. "In ten minutes ice cream and cookies will be served."

This was the clincher. Unquestionably all the things of which he had dreamed were realities. Quickly McBride adjusted himself to the melodious tempo of his new life. With very little work to do—plenty of time off—and an existence free from bickering, bouncing and bellyaching—he settled himself to his newly-found paradise. After all these years, peace and contentment had at last come to Officer Timothy McBride.

Each waking dawn signalled the hour for McBride to travel to his new-found haven, and the setting sun with equal precision returned him to another delightful evening at home. A new social life was his. More entertaining radio programs than he thought existed — friendly visits with neighbors — movies enticing pinhole sessions—all lent spice to his erstwhile early-to-bed early-to-rise day-tour merry-go-round.

But those nights—those sacred shades of shadow and substance (as the poets call them)—stirred him into fond reminiscence. There was something about those late ones Tim missed. Probably the mystic cloak of darkness that binds prowlers in its irresistible spell; or the fiery glow of waking dawn in the East; or maybe...well...whatever it was, he missed it. And this business of every one being as happy as truant school boys on a rampage...and cops, of all people, grinning like Cheshire cats...and with never a
squawk about who was nicked to do that tour in Harlem, was to Tim becoming more and more impossible to understand.

It wasn’t natural for people not to enjoy swallowing a bitter pill occasionally. Remorse born of failure does something for your soul; peps you up for the next scrap. Yes, the never-ending panoramic parade of smiles, with nary a snifflce to break the monotony, was getting Tim down. He hankeried for that tough mob, the ne’er-do-wells that used to hang out at the corner of Broome Street—so that he could toss them around. But today the boys, all of them, were strictly legit. And you can’t frisk a guy who works hard, gives all his money to his mother, and tips his hat when he says “Good morning, Officer!” If only one of the bosses would “pick on him!” Just a “small one” would liven things nicely—but there was no hope in that direction.

More and more, despite his eight hours of sunshine bliss each day—free from worry and with never a semblance of discomfort in its performance, McBride was becoming bored. Gladly he’d settle now for any barb that would placate his normally militant spirit. But such, alas, was not his destiny. Smiling sergeants—contented cops—happy civilians—pursued him relentlessly, and like devilish Gremlins torturing the hapless McBride with a punishing fury. Like one possessed he raced up and down his post, searching feverishly for something to do—something to fight about—something to squawk about—anything to comfort him in his misery—only to be met at each turn by grinning idiots whose smiles of contentment strapped into fury his now thoroughly frenzied mind. A feeling of desperation choked him. He seemed doomed to eternal...

The front door opened suddenly and in walked Katie and Junior, the former bee-lining immediately to the kitchen to set up the customary pot of tea. Tim Jr. flung his cap disgustedly on the floor.

"Those pictures tonight made me sick!"

It developed later his favorite cowboy serial at the last minute had been cancelled.

Patrolman McBride struggled out of his deep slumber, laboriously made his way to the kitchen. He felt better now... "I Pictures made me sick!... ah! there was something earthy about that crack.

"What’s the matter, Officer,” good-naturedly queried Katie. "You look as if you’d seen a banshee!"

"No, Katie, just a dream, a bad dream. Seems like I’d passed away, was judged, and there I was, Katie, as large as life back in the precinct doing patrol."

“And tell me, Tim,” interrupted Katie piquantly, "how did you find conditions in the precinct—er, in Heaven—I mean?"

"HEAVEN!” roared Tim McBride, patrolman first class and dreamer par excellence. “HEAVEN, you say Katie! Faith and after what I’ve just been through I’m convinced that for a man of action the other place—the one with Schickelgruber’s only rival, His Satanic Majesty, in charge—might not be so bad a hangout after all!”

Bobby: “Aren’t you driving kinda fast, Daddy?”

Father: “You don’t want to be late to school, do you?”

Bobby (thoughtfully): “No; but I’d rather be late than absent.”

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**ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL**

of the

**NEW YORK CITY POLICE POST**

No. 460—The American Legion

Friday Evening, April 2, 1943

Waldorf Astoria Hotel

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**UNITED HOSPITAL FUND OF NEW YORK**

370 Lexington Avenue

Caledonia 5-7150

March 6th, 1943.

**COMMISSIONER LOUIS J. VALENTINE,**

Police Department of N. Y.,

240 Centre Street,

New York, N. Y.

Dear Commissioner Valentine—

The United Hospital Fund, in cooperation with the Greater New York Hospital Association, and The New York Academy of Medicine, has arranged a two-day symposium to discuss the problem of our civilian hospitals in wartime and thereby keep before the public the importance of hospitals, their needs and services. It is our hope that out of these discussions may come not only interpretation and constructive suggestions with regard to the situation confronting our hospitals today but also the development of significant postwar planning.

We have been fortunate in obtaining as speakers, leaders in the hospital and health field and we hope that all of our member institutions, boards of trustees, professional and administrative staffs, auxiliaries and social service committees, will do all in their power to make the meeting a success. We are asking support of the press and the radio because we believe our program is of vital interest to the whole public.

The grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria has been selected for the symposium in order to provide the opportunity for a large audience to attend the sessions. The dates are March 29th and 30th. The program is enclosed herewith.

We have sent invitations to a large list but we know we must have overlooked many who will be interested in the program and its purpose. Because of the importance of this meeting we hope that we may have your enthusiastic cooperation in stimulating the attendance of an audience worthy of our distinguished speakers.

If you can announce the symposium at meetings, talk of it with your friends and associates, publish or broadcast the news of it to the public I feel that you will be serving the community and our hospitals.

Sincerely yours,

ROY E. LARSEN,
President.

Editor’s Note: Tickets to the symposium mentioned above may be had upon written request to "The United Hospital Fund, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York City."
NEAR-CAPACITY attendance, including distinguished guests from both Police Department and American Legion circles, as well as from the military, civic, business and social world, featured the tenth annual Entertainment and Dance of Queens Police Post, American Legion, Clinton B. Sheridan, commander, held Saturday evening, February 18, at Lost Battalion Hall, Elmhurst, Queens.

Outstanding was the picturesque Massing of the Colors, participated in by representatives of various Legion posts and other military organizations such as the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Catholic and Jewish World War Veterans, and veteran organizations of British, Canadian, Free French, and other nationalities. A thoroughly satisfactory program of entertainment preceded the dancing, and Edward G. Schultz, who served as general chairman, is still accepting plaudits for a difficult task well performed. Other committee chairmen included:

Herman Cook, tickets; Christian Kautz, boosters; Max Sprauer, journal; William A. Newburg, massing of colors; Chester B. Fream, entertainment; Arthur Hall, treasurer.

DETECTIVE Henry Herz, 70th Squad, in the N. Y. State A. A. U. four-wall handball championships, contested last month on the courts of the Central Y. M. C. A., in Brooklyn finished third in the singles, and in the doubles, teamed with Leo Monka, a city plumbing inspector, placed second.

In the same tournament, Detective Robert Ford, 7th Detective District, in the doubles placed third.

Ford is holder of the current Police Department four-wall singles crown, he having won the honors from Herz, former holder of the title, in the Police Department championships contested also on the courts of the Brooklyn Central Y, in December, 1941.

Herz still retains the Department one-wall singles crown, which was won by him in 1936.

SCENE at the dedication of the service flag honoring the 85 members of the St. George Association currently serving in the Armed Forces. The flag was presented to the organization by the Congregation of St. Luke’s Methodist Church, 241st Street and Katona Avenue, Bronx, of which the Rev. A. Hamilton Nesbitt, Department chaplain and founder of the St. George Association, is the pastor.

The ceremony took place at the regular monthly meeting of the organization on March 4, past, with about 200 members in attendance. In the picture, left to right, are shown Patrolman Algott Damstrom, president of the St. George Association; Magistrate Abner Surpless, who officiated at the dedication ceremonies and whose son, Patrolman Abner Surpless, Jr., is a member of the St. George Association and serving currently with the Armed Forces overseas; Rev. Nesbitt.

CONSIDERATE

Wifey: “Don’t drive so fast, Henry.”

Henry: “Why not?”

Wifey: “That policeman on a motorcycle behind us can’t get by!”
QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1

What police action will be taken by a desk officer upon receiving a complaint relative to a crime or offense in another command?

QUESTION NO. 2

Outline the various ways in which Section 986 of the Penal Law (pool-selling and book-making) may be violated.

QUESTION NO. 3

What authority exists for the enactment of local legislation admitting unaccompanied children to motion picture theatres?

QUESTION NO. 4

Explain the procedure that has been established to advise the District Attorney concerned of the draft status of persons arrested by members of this Department.

QUESTION NO. 5

Briefly answer the following:

a. In what cases may a private person arrest another person?

b. What police action shall be taken against persons observed roller-skating on the roadway of any street?

c. Is it possible to determine the race of a person by his fingerprints?

d. What personal cards are forbidden to members of the Department?

e. Define the term “alcoholic beverage” as used in the Alcoholic Beverage Control Law.

f. How may the character of an alleged disorderly house be proved?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

Complaints received relating to crimes or offenses in another command will not be given a serial number and will be entered on U. F. 61 only.

The condition complained of will be telephoned to the command affected, where it will be treated as though reported direct to that command.

The U. F. 61 will be filed under “Complaints Affecting Other Commands,” and will show after “Referred to” the command affected, and under “Receipt Acknowledged” the name of the officer receiving the same.

If the complaint is a written one, anonymous or otherwise, in addition to the above action, the original communication will be forwarded to the command concerned.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

Any person who:

1. Engages in pool-selling, or bookmaking with or without writing.

2. Keeps or occupies any room or place for the purpose of recording or registering bets or wagers.
local law adopted pursuant to the provisions of this section, where such theatre complies with the terms of this section and of the license, shall not be deemed a violation of the provisions of section four hundred eighty-four of the Penal Law.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4
In order that the District Attorney concerned may be advised of the draft status of male persons eighteen years of age or over who are arrested for a felony, a misdemeanor (except gambling), or an offense involving public morals, the following procedure is hereby established:
Whenever a male person eighteen years or over is arrested for a felony, a misdemeanor (except gambling), or an offense involving public morals, the desk officer of the precinct in which the arrest is made shall prepare a report on form U. F. 49, addressed to the assistant district attorney assigned to the court in which the prisoner is to be arraigned, setting forth the following information concerning each such prisoner:
1. Name and address of prisoner.
2. Date and precinct of arrest.
3. Selective Service Local Board number.
4. County, City and State in which Local Board is located.
5. Selective Service order number.
6. Classification, if any.
This report shall be given to the arresting officer with instructions to deliver it to the court clerk on the day of arraignment with the request it be attached to the court papers for the information of the assistant district attorney assigned to the case.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5
a. 1. For a crime, committed or attempted in his presence.
2. When the person arrested has committed a felony, although not in his presence.
b. None, if observed crossing a street on a crosswalk or on a street set aside as a play street. If observed on any other street such persons shall not be summoned or arrested but warned.
c. Determination of race by fingerprints is not possible, although numerous efforts have been made to establish such relationship.
d. Personal cards of any description describing their police business or giving a police address or telephone number.
e. "Alcoholic beverage" means and includes alcohol, spirits, liquor, wine, beer, cider and every liquid or solid, patented or not, containing alcohol, spirits, wine or beer and capable of being consumed by a human being.
f. The character of an alleged disorderly house may be proved by:
1. The testimony of witnesses concerning occurrences, in the presence of the defendant, at the house in controversy;
2. The general reputation of the house;
3. The reputation of the inmates or frequenters of the house.

32nd Precinct Dedicates Service Flag

Solemnity marked the flag-raising ceremony at the 32nd Precinct station house on the afternoon of Sunday, February 7, honoring the 18 members of the command currently serving with the armed forces.

Brief addresses were made by Deputy Chief Inspector Edward M. Butler, 6th Division, and Captain Gerard W. Littlefield, 32nd Precinct, with invocations by Msgr. William McCann, pastor of the R.C. Church of St. Charles Borromeo, West 141st Street, Man., and the Rev. John Johnson, Protestant police chaplain. Patrolman Glendon Bryant, 32nd Precinct, led the audience in singing the National Anthem.

In the photo, left to right: Patrolman William Johnson (in army uniform) with his lady friend; Mrs. Charles (Patrolman) Jessen (now overseas); father of Patrolman Jessen; Mrs. John (Auto Engineman) Minall; Mrs. and Mr. James Brady, mother and father of Patrolman James Brady; Captain Littlefield.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

General Orders No. 3, January 21, 1943.
Calls attention to provisions of the United States Income Tax Law and New York State Income Tax Law, which require reports to be submitted by the head of each command, bureau or office in which payrolls are prepared.

Pamphlet containing regulations and orders affecting prohibited and restricted zones within New York City, issued by His Honor, The Mayor, under the New York State War Emergency Act, forwarded to each command.

Supply of manualls titled “Police and Wardens duties in Wartime” forwarded to each command.

Fines prescribed to be paid by first offenders for passing a red light (failure to obey a signal light) and for a first speeding offense, during hours that dimout regulations are effective. Headings on summonses to be corrected, etc.

Due to war conservation the Queens Midtown Tunnel will be closed from Midnight to 6:00 A.M. beginning February 1, 1943. Provisions made for police vehicles to pass through in cases of emergency or urgent police duty.

T. T. Order No. 1, February 3, 1943.
Subdivision D of Rule 197 of the Rules and Regulations amended to provide that each member of the Force, except probationary patrolmen and probationary policewomen, irrespective of assignment, shall pay the sum of $1.00 a month for bedmakers’ wages.

T. T. Message, February 9, 1943.
Posters forwarded for display titled “Public Proclamation No. 4” issued by Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, Commanding Eastern Defense Command and First Army.

T. T. Order No. 2, February 11, 1943.
Cases of families displaced by emergencies and requiring rehousing to be referred to the Department of Public Welfare instead of the New York City Housing Authority, as at present.


Amendment to Article 5 of the Traffic Regulations, published in the City Record on February 6, 1943, in re Motor Vehicle and Motor Cycle Dimout Regulations.

T. T. Message, February 15, 1913.
Supply of “Air Raid Instructions” sheets forwarded to all commands.

T. T. Message, February 15, 1913.
Supply of booklets entitled “Air Raid Protection Regulations, No. 1” issued by Headquarters Second Service Command, Governors Island, New York, forwarded to all commands.

New chart titled “Air Raid Signals” forwarded to each precinct within Divisions 1 to 17 inclusive and to Harbor Precinct.

Circular No. 2, February 15, 1943.
New Air Raid Protection Regulations under which a new uniform method of air raid signaling, designed to permit earlier blackout and mobilization of civilian defense, is provided.

General Orders No. 4, February 15, 1943.
Air raid warning and siren signals. All previous orders relative to sounding of sirens in connection with actual air raids or air raid drills revoked.

T. T. Message, February 16, 1943.
Supply of posters titled “City of New York—Air Raid Instructions” forwarded to each patrol division office for distribution to each precinct within division.

T. T. Message, February 17, 1943.
New cards containing instructions for operation of the five button sets controlling the air raid warning system forwarded to precincts wherein such sets have been installed.

T. T. Order No. 3, February 17, 1943.
Women’s Court in addition to the jurisdiction it now has, shall have effective February 17, 1943, jurisdiction of female defendants charged with violation of Subdivision 3 of Section 857 of the Code of Criminal Procedure. Paragraph 33 of Article 9 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Courts” amended accordingly.

General Orders No. 5, February 17, 1943.
Air Raid Mobilization of the Force. All previous orders relative to the mobilization of the Force in response to an air raid alarm which has been sounded on the sirens, are revoked.

T. T. Message, February 18, 1943.
Copies of “Air Raid Protection Regulations and Orders Governing Blackout,” etc. issued by His Honor, The Mayor, forwarded to all commands.

T. T. Message, February 18, 1943.
Paragraph 1 of General Orders No. 15, S. 1942, titled “Testing Of Air Raid Warning Signals,” as amended by teletype order of 4:17 P.M. August 1, 1942, is further amended to read:

1. At 3:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M. daily, a test of the air raid warning signals will be ordered by teletypewriter. The teletype order will read,” etc.

So much of paragraph 2 as reads “four signals” amended to read “five signals.”

T. T. Message, February 20, 1943.
Second paragraph of teletype order of 4:43 P.M., December 31, 1942, relative to regular Saturday test of sirens, amended to read:

“At 12 Noon each Saturday, the Acting Superintendent of Telegraph will cause to be transmitted over the teleypewriter the following message:

“Air Raid Warning Red and Air Raid Warning Blue Signal Siren Test — Sound sirens for 2 minutes.”
"Before we can admit him, Officer, who does he say he is?"

"Listen, Officer, when you pick your teeth, please stand in front of my store?"
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION

1st Pet., Ptl. Francis B. Donovan
3rd Pet., Ptl. Henry W. A. Elder
4th Pet., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
5th Pet., Ptl. William Foster

6th Precinct:

U. S. MARINE CORPS

Parris Island

February 7, 1943

DEAR ED:

Thanks for sending me SPRING 3100. It was swell to be able to read again news of what is going on in the Police Department. I guess things are just about the same in Charles Street. That snowstorm you had last week was really something. I saw pictures of it in some of the newspapers, and it looked as if N. Y. was tied up a bit. We had a touch of cold weather down here, too, and I suppose we can blame it on you "Yankees." Everything is going along right on schedule and I've been quite fortunate so far.

These regular hours certainly restore one's pep and, believe you me, you need all of it for the day's work. Don't know what I'll do when I return to civilian life, but it will be hard to keep from tumbling out of the hay every morning at 6.

Give my regards to all the boys and tell them a line or two when they have a few moments to spare will be appreciated.

Very sincerely,

FRANK MOHLMANN,
Private, U.S.M.C.

8th Precinct: The "House of Mercer" in welcoming Sergeants Larry Dente and John Wiman says: "We hope you both enjoy a long stay with us." Sergeant Ray Reid is showing signs of weakening, especially after tours like that straight one recently in the Times Square area. Has an idea he was tricked into that one . . . Sergeant Peter Kelly expects it'll be a case soon of spending six months on Staten Island and the other six on Long Island. If you get that steady assignment at the piers, Peter, you'd better not "wrap it up" for a while . . . Those who attended the sergeants' ball last year had a swell time. Here's hoping to see the same bunch on hand again this year . . . And don't take it to heart, John. Some day you, too, may be sitting on the throne—and with your tight pants on.

If Detective Tyrell doesn't soon hurry up and get that brown suit some one will be going home in his working pants . . . Have you noticed that chapeau featured these days by John Imperial? Cute, wot? . . . It's wonderful to have dispositions like those with which Stankevitch and Potter are blessed, the lads who keep the boys in the back-room in stitches with their jokes. Always jovial—and with never a serious moment to mar the routine . . . Paddy Hughes claims he remembers way back when the Day Squad really was a good job . . . If you only need one half hour for your meal consider yourself fortunate, especially in these times of scarcity and high prices. Just think of the predicament in which one of our more unfortunate members, who needs an hour or more just to have a "small bite," today finds himself!

Odds and Ends: Albert the Barber trailing behind Man Mountain Dean . . . Manager Steve Whelan singing his famous Spring song "That Old Gang of Nine" . . . Ed Sullivan, our new school-master . . . Tom Reilly singing "When I Was 21" . . . Bill Foster hoping that "over-worked" bell wears out before his shoes do . . . Brennan, the "seek and sock" typist.


Congratulations on his promotion to Captain August Flath, a former member of this command.

2D DIVISION

3rd Pet., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
4th Pet., Ptl. Thomas G. Tobin
5th Pet., Ptl. John F. Krytson
6th Pet., Ptl. Alas W. Franks

5th Precinct: Aside to Private John Foley, U.S.A.: Received your letter, John, and was delighted to hear from you. The "scrap" should be over much soon now since Harry "Smiley" Mischle is in there punching for Uncle Sam's Navy. Incidentally, Mischle's going-away party was enjoyed by all. Tom Julia and Sal Minissale handled the master of ceremonies job like professionals, with Tom working in a few commercials, of course, for the Columbia Society. The entertainment included some fancy warbling by a trio of famous vocal experts—John Slavin, "Sugar" Kane, and another fine lyric tenor whose name escapes us at the moment, though I do believe that he had "red" hair. A million thanks to those who assisted in arranging the night's program.

We all miss the genial personality of Sergeant Frank Gehring. A lot of water has passed under the bridge since his advent down Elizabeth Street way, and he leaves a countless number of well-wishers, be assured, as does also our ace clericalman, Patrolman Henry A. Dawson, who after thirty-six years of faithful service has retired to the green pastures of Long Island, and to whom in bidding adieu we say: "We may find your equal, Henry, but your better, never!"

Others to whom we said farewell include Patrolman Roger Meehan, the great "Rajah and Master Sleuth," Patrolman Tom "Counselor" Donohoe, who owing to his long association and experience in the State Dept. of Law can now with justifiable pride hang out his "shingle" and himself engage in that profession, and Patrolman Archibald Gamble, whose genial personality was felt by all with whom he came in contact . . . To all of them our best wishes for continued good health and happiness for many years to come.

Congratulations to Patrolmen Minissale, Maloney, Mohrman, Kelly, Cannon, Mulherne and Lutkenhouse upon their respective showings on the present sergeants' list; and similarly to Detective Tarnawsky and Patrolman Lancaster, former members of this command.

Aside to Sergeant George Musgrave: If your mail is no longer cluttered with false crock advertisements, it's probably because Sergeant Jim Leary, now assigned to the Detective Bureau, is busily engaged at the moment writing a literary gem titled by him "The Famous Chinatown Fire."
Congratulations to Lieutenants Boylan and Mallon, also Lieutenants Ferretti, McQuade, Sullivan and Goodliff, former associates, on their splendid showings on the recently promulgated list for captain.

Best wishes to Detectives Bill Heenan, Tom Hackett and Nick Tarnawsky and many all their "collars" be worthy of the best traditions of the Fifth Precinct.

Best wishes also to Sergeants Finley, Donohue and Greiter in their new precincts, and in turn we greet Sergeants Smith, Callan, Morano, Hagenlocher and Gick. May their respective stays be long and pleasant.

Our deepest sympathy to Lieutenant Ferretti and Patrolman Dillman in the loss of their respective mothers; also to Patrolman Johnson in the death of his beloved sister. May God in His wisdom and understanding ease their sorrow and to their departed ones grant eternal rest.

A late flash announces the proposed candidacy of your good friend and mine, John Peter Paul Lovett, for the position of "Doorman." Will you give him your support?

Sergeant Frank Murphy, as handsome and personable a young bachelor as any the Department could boast, on January 30 last took to his heart the lovely and gracious Miss Mildred Walsh, in a beautiful ceremony before a capacity attendance in Holy Cross Church, Brooklyn. A reception at the Bossert Hotel followed and at its conclusion the Bride and Groom departed on a honeymoon trip to New Orleans. Congratulations, Sergeant, and best of good luck to you both.

11th Precinct:

CAMP GORDON

Georgia

February 13, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I'm getting tired of receiving my copy of SPRING 3100, turning to the gossip section and finding no news whatever of the 11th Precinct—well, the boys back home have nothing to say. I'll try to uphold the honor of the command by sending in a picture of one of its wandering members (myself) for publication. (Editor's Note: See page 44). Am attached at present to the Division Military Police of the famous 4th Motorized Division and perform almost the same type of work I did when patrolling the streets of New York's East Side.

The picture, left to right, shows myself, Pfc. McManus and Private Della Rocco. Immediately behind us is a jeep which is used in the Camp Gordon version of radio motor patrol. "Dell" and "Mac" are wearing field jackets instead of blouses because they are on motor patrol duty, and the former is the uniform for that detail. Some of the boys who kick about R.M.P. in heated coups back home should try a day or two of patrol in an open jeep—with the cold wind whistling in their ears—for about 12 hours daily! All three of us, you will notice, are wearing M.P. armbands and carrying Army 45s.

Pfc. McManus, who used to push around a United Parcel Service truck back home in New York and was the cause, indirectly, of many a traffic cop pulling out his hair, is himself having a lot of fun now making others "get on the ball," as the Army slang expression has it.

Well, I guess that's enough shop talk for a while so I'll close by saying "How about it, you guys back home, why not drop a line once in a while to your buddies in the Armed Forces? They sure will appreciate it."

So long for now—or at least until I put on the old good blue and brass again.

PRIVATE MICHAEL LUCHUF

A.S.N. 32948110

Military Police 4th Div.

Camp Gordon, Ga.

4TH DIVISION

11th Pct., Pfc. Edward J. Fasano

17th Pct., Pfc. Louis Bell

22nd Pct., Pfc. Thomas A. Cominsky

19th Precinct: In the mail a summons from Traffic Court was received for service upon a resident of Park Avenue, so promptly Barbara Bair entered the defendant's name in the diary as going to court.

How is it when Sergeant Salome enters a store occupied by gypsies they all snap to attention and start singing the gypsy national anthem?

After reading in a civil service paper the answers to the recent lieutenants' test, Sergeant Powers, who thought he wrote a 100% examination, became very depressed. Figures now he did only about ninety-five per cent perfect.

Fashion Note: The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Mulvey, Acting First Broom, when asked while shoveling snow from in front of the station house why he did not wear his raincoat, replied, "I don't need any; I have long drawers on!" (Charlie Roth please note.)

I was standing in front of the station house," Frank Ryan was heard to remark, "when an empty cab pulled up and out stepped Paul Miner!" Paul, it was later learned, was returning from his favorite restaurant where he had just polished off a light repast consisting of sea food canape, bisque of oysters, croutons, baked mousse of lemon sole with tea, lobster a la Newburg, lettuce a la blit, a demi tasse or two and a small floor show.

Who is the 95 Man to whom Mike Tauber is indebted for all those "flies?"

Wishful Thinker Abe Schlucker says he would like being chauffeur for an Inspector. Yeh, a lot of us would like to be first grade detectives, too.

Lieutenant Ed Walsh visiting Sergeant Burke's house for dinner the other evening was asked if he had any "old lieutenant bars" lying around, "cause I'll be needing them soon!" Good luck to you, Sarge.

Thanks to Patrolman Svoboda for the swell time he gave us all the other evening. It sure was the tops.

Fireman" McGuinness wants to make a mutual with Patrolman Nestor; says he'd rather ride with Kilduff than with Dreamy Eynes—and not that he isn't himself romantic; but, he says "ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!" A swell chance, incidentally, for Nestor to learn a little about love... We understand our Back Room Lawyer, Patrolman Scheller, is giving lessons now on "How To Become a Sergeant"—gratis... That dapper crew of R.M.P. 377, Patrolmen Ronan and Spits, even refuse to eat now—say they'll study and stay steamedlined for the duration... To our 95 man Gus Albrecht, who for some time has been sick at home, the boys wish good luck and a speedy recovery... Best of luck also to the sergeants who took the lieutenants' examination.

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

(The 19th Precinct Wants to Know)

Sons of Members of the 19th Precinct Serving With the Armed Forces:

William Beschel

Ronald Bronnenkant

Cornelius Brosnan

Arthur Brosnan

Maurice Dick

John E. Kearins

James Linden, Jr.

Joseph Molloy

Cornelius McGinness

Edward W. McGinness

David Schlucker

Frank Schlucker

William Shannan

Cecil Southern

Daniel J. Sullivan

Cecil Southern

Cecil Southern

Daniel J. Sullivan

James J. Twome

John E. Twome

Anthony Vespoli

Edward F. Walsh

Michael F. Wolski, Jr.

Charles A. Woods

Patrick O. Woods

Peter F. Woods

Army

Army

Army

Army

Army

Air Corps

Army

Merchant Marine

Marines

Air Corps

Air Corps

Air Corps

Coast Guard

Army

Army

Air Corps

Air Corps

Air Corps
22nd Precinct: Now that gas masks have been issued there'll be less gas in the back room—we hope. (Patrolman Benevanto please note) . . . What patrolman (2nd Squad) took his helmet back for one "more suitable"? Would Pedro Peterson know? . . . Gossip has it that Patrolman Cox is in line for an announcer's job at Loew's 86th Street . . . "Little Marty" when on T.S. duty gives out no information. "Military secrets," sez he . . . Patrolman Bohmman better keep his eye out for Lynch and O'Mea . . . Patrolman Benevanto, who lost six ounces in the past two weeks, says if given time he'll be able to get down to the 158 pound class. . . Who was the patrolman (2nd Squad) seen at the carousel busly engaged trying to pick a winner? . . . Patrolman Mooney on Post 12 no sooner starts hollering about a brush fire on his job than along come the life savers, Coyne and DeCandia, who promptly with shovel and broome bring conditions back to normal . . . Mrs. Joscovich last was the representative of her husband with a 0 lb. boy! Congratulations! Mother and Baby doing nicely . . . Poppa, too.

Our deepest sympathies to the family of the late Harry Ferrier, of the Park Department, who was liked by all. May he rest in peace.

Late News: "Uncle Joe" Kolb, who retired last month, has joined up with the Marines and is stationed now at Parris Island, South Carolina.

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pct., Ptl. Fred Klink
23th Pct., Ptl. Francis X. McDermott
22nd Pct., Ptl. John D. Promota
22nd Pct., Ptl. Horan Boyle

23rd Precinct: Some brief observations while gilding along on patrol.

First, a delayed welcome to our new members, Sergeants Issadore (Chick) Siegelman, David (Jones) Ross, Joseph M. C. Courtney, and last but not least John Brostek, treasurer of the Honor Legion. Also Probationary Patrolmen Collins, Owens, Drostel, Greenfader and Blaufarb.

Wille (stove-pipe pants) Glinisman is in mourning since the disappearance from his Throggs Neck dairy farm of his prize Plymouth capon . . . The 9th Squad is sure proud of its demon ski expert, Patrolman Edward Rochio and who, dressed in a skiing creation so beautiful as to dazzle the eye, was observed leaving the N. Y. Central station on his return from dizzy mountain trails all of which he was able to negotiate without even once wetting the seat of his pants.

How did you enjoy the Tu Five Club revival meeting? The cream of the crop attended, including also El Capitan who came over to deliver an inspiring address and wish the membership well . . . Patrolman Henry Zangenberg also spoke, his subject being the rousing success of the Air Warden Service.

Invited to this meeting were retired Sergeants Archibald Burns and Frederick Redehart and promoted Sergeants Andrew Connelly and Arthur Talbot; also retired Patrolmen John McCann and Harry Girsch . . . Professor James Clavin (he of the Harvard accent) made quite an impression as in approved Jimmy Walker lingo he introduced the several guests and after eulogizing them as members of this select organization proceeded then to disclose some of the highlights of their careers. You missed your vacation, Jim, you should have been a radio announcer.

Bokays and Brickbats: When "clay pigeon" Wagner chirped "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage" all of the boids in the place went cuckoo . . . Jake Sapsin and Mortician Louis Furecht diving into that ham and cabbage — Oh, Yo! . . . Those stories by Sergeant Ed Hoffman that had the boys in stitches. His radio impersonations too were of a professional standard . . . And it was good to see again some of the charter members of the club, namely, Sergeant Bill (Sauerkraut) Baubacher, Tommy Callan, and that famous Harlem detective, John (Hooples) Moroney . . . The big vote of thanks due John (Jimmy Durante) Taubert for his untiring efforts in making the affair a success . . . The usual fine job turned in by Lew Middlethorpe, chairman of the floor committee, a task in which he was ably assisted by John Dyan . . . Lou (Caruso) Marchese, who felt ill at ease because he wasn’t able to walk, making up for it by eating double.

S'long, fellers, and don’t forget to send a word to our boys in the service—including congratulations to Patrolman Vincent Jedlicka, recently promoted to Major and engaged just now chasing Rommel all over Africa.

32nd Precinct: Wonder if the suggestion that a barber pole be installed in front of the station house has anything to do with the requisition Sergeant Richards made out for hot and cold running water to be installed at the switchboard? Next! These boys were terribly disappointed at not being invited to Patrolman Nespor’s sea shore dinner. Patrolman Doran please note.


The Day Squad has been enriched by the acquisition of Patrolman Chuck the Millionaire Connors, who claims kinship to the lovely Alice Fag. "Hey, Lieutenant, want me to pick you up?"

And did you know Patrolman Nappy McCard last month had his overcoat sandblasted? Banjo Eyes Austin wants to know where Jug Head Smitty bought his ski suit. Would like to borrow it to wear when performing his indoor aviation exercises.

7TH DIVISION

20th Pct., Ptl. Harry Harwood
42nd Pct., Ptl. William F. O'Brien
41st Pct. Ptl. Edward Singer
44th Pct., Ptl. John Johnson

40th Precinct: This month the SPRING 3100 receptacle in the back-room brought to light two bent paper clips, one thumb tack, and a note (censored), so you can see the box is really starting to pick up now . . . But, seriously men, make it your business to drop in a note or two so that all squads can be represented in the box.

If an iron bar in the upstairs lavatory begins to sag in the middle, blame it on Fondiller, who after every tour may be found using it—but conscientiously—for his daily chinning stunt. (Why not some ankle-strengthening exercises, too, A1?)

Bowling: Sergeant O'Brien currently upholding the honors for the gold shields. . . Monfrini leading the high scorers . . . Adrian and Caronia also showing good form . . . Civello—who gets good only when the chips are down . . . Martragano's team took into camp the Bickford crew. (Seema Bickfords are always taking a beating from Joe) . . . Neatest trick of the season: Ray Early swinging his ball and then letting it go backwards, causing no end of confusion among the spectators.

Coldest Place In the Precinct: Brook Avenue—where they have winter every day in the year . . . Doesn't Koskyfio in his new jaunty-yellow sweater look ducky? . . . Aside to Mrs. DeVoll: That material on Charlie will be welcomed—send it along. "Woo Woo" Steilwagon—subject of a cartoon last month—and by none other than DeVoll . . . Is it true "Red" Fink took off his hat one day—and promptly three autos stepped and waited for the light to change? . . . Mike Cooper, now attending an Officer Candidate School, was married recently in Virginia . . . Barney Kaufman, too, is introducing a Pretty Little Lies—as Mrs. Kaufman. And not to be outdone, "Cal" Caronia also started stepping into double harness! Best wishes and congratulations to 'em all!

New Nickname For Thomas: "Sheik of Cypress Avenue" (Does Meadows object—or differ?) . . . Who hung that wooden whatsis on Plate's locker? . . . Curry says that if "No Carrots" Misheloff doesn't stop feeding with him he'll be forced to retire soon (in 10 years) . . . Bluver letting it be known he will "rent out" to the boys aereone for victory gardens (in a sharecropping basis?) . . . Precinct's Most Popular Song These Days: "The Income Tax Blues"—or "Brother Can You Spare a Dime?" . . . Did you know that Banker J. B. Connolly, well-known "doorway decorator" (with registration numbers) is known in that locality as "Clancy"? (From Delancey?)

44th Precinct: Congratulations and best of good wishes to Tom McNamara upon his advancement to the rank of Sergeant!
Good luck and best of health to Sergeant John Fournier, who last month left us via retirement.

A welcome to our command to Sergeants Theodore Weaver and Andrew Connelly, and may their respective stays with us be both pleasurable.

Congratulations to Lieutenants Michael Whelan, John Wynne and Maurice Savage, formerly of this command, on making the captains' list.

Is it true Patrolman Pompeo Salerno, to show the contempt in which he holds them, barks back at the dogs down in Sector 17?

What patrolman assigned to the 1st Squad (Sector 2), upon arriving home at 5:00 a.m. (following a 4 to 12 one day last month) told his wife when she awoke that the time was exactly 12:45—and would have gotten away with it if his observing lady, who'd seen him sneak in, hadn't later in the day spill the beans?

If for any reason you come in contact with Head Man Tom Tully and he sort of answers you in an unintelligent way, please, I beg of you, be sympathetic. The poor boy was just tapped for a pint of blood . . . Now that the midnight lunch period is a thing of the past, poor Phil Rappaport is in a quarantine. The identity claims, is both against his principles and unconstitutional.


Whenever why everyone enviously Nick Hardy—around March 15 of each year?

Aside to Evelyn Bruno: You don't know how near you came to having guests at 5 A.M. recently, when Your Frankie in order to get a ride home, following one of our bowling sessions, told the boys they could have breakfast at his house—assuring them you wouldn't mind. Upon arriving home he suggested the gang wait outside, which they did—until they got tired. So in a body they advanced upon the door, which they found securely bolted and drop-locked—on the inside! The boys would have gone in regardless—but figured it would take too long to take the hinges off—and there wasn't a stick of dynamite within miles.

You've all heard of the man who built a boat indoors and then couldn't get it out because of its size . . . but who was the patrolman who secured an open door from the inside—and then discovered he, the securer, couldn't get out? . . . If you see a hot dog and change the credit . . . Did you know that three of our sergeants (Bucky, Chuck and Ducky) are Bloomingdale Trophy men?

Phil Rappaport: "I don't mind sugar rationing—gas rationing—shoe rationing—even point rationing—but when they close the Automat, that's sabotage!"—whereupon he went out and bought himself another bond.

45th Precinct: Congratulations to the boys who hit the sergeants' list, viz.: Chick Siegelman (who has been promoted and assigned now to the 25th), Boyle, Fischer, Duffy, Heffernan, Rose and Hofstein. Also Lieutenant Kranz who made the captains' list. And to those who failed, better luck next time.

Our service flag now has 36 stars (including allied commands and sons of members) and by the time this issue goes to press Artie Grossman and Howie Dunn also will have joined up, and to them we wish all the good luck in the world. How about dropping a line to the boys in the service so they will know we haven't forgotten them?

Acting Lieutenant Schulze missed his vocation—he should have been an orator—judging from the way he continually lectures the boys on Air Raid Protection . . . John Mergner wants to know if he will ever be able to play out in the field . . . Why is it Joe Troiano always gives the messengers a big hello? Is it because he looks for them to carry on occasion boxes of helmets and such? . . . Is it true one of our Civil Defense gals told Henry Shure to hide his head—because the woodpeckers were ringing?

If you'd like a cheap mailer, advise Bill Sudick, get in touch with Lewie Kaplan. . . . Some women like to discuss recipes, but Bill Murphy likes to talk about records—with one of our lovely Civil Defenders. Donegan's Shangri-La is really located in Florida (more details on request) . . . Sixty-four Dollar Question: Which of our eligible bachelors is interested in which one of the cashiers in which of our local movie houses? . . . Wonder what Parmenter is going to do now that Jim Sabellati retired? Good luck, Jim . . . Nice work, Alfonso, your capture of those taxicab robbers . . . Wonder if the skaters on Indian Lake miss Maxie Kramer, who was assigned there to watch—and do a little bit of fancy skating himself?

Why is it Captain O'Brien always asks Rubberspul if he has a piece of cord—when he is whistling a tune? . . . Fischer and Saul have been having a little trouble since the change of squads. (Is that why they are walking around with helmets on?) . . . Who is the fellow with the two right feet who is always asking for Sid Padnos? . . . Why do our P.B.A. delegates invariably start the speeches in the back room with "We Got a Bill Up In Albany!?" . . . More power to the boys who are giving blood to the Red Cross. All of us should give till it hurts; who knows we might with what that one pint that we won't miss save the life of our best friend?

I know some of you gents are angry with me because I've missed several issues, but my assignment to Civil Defense doesn't give me much time to get around. So whenever you hear or see something worthwhile let me know—and I'll do the rest.

I promise, too, not to snitch!

8TH DIVISION

12th Ptl., Ptl. Downe Patrol
36th Ptl., Ptl. Herman W. J. Lampen
44th Ptl., Ptl. Orndert B. Mccorvey
35th Ptl., Ptl. James J. Wanne
46th Ptl., Ptl. William S. Crosby
52nd Ptl., Ptl. Eugene Morgan

47th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathies to Lieutenant Kessler in the loss of his beloved brother.

Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Joel Cohen—and good luck to the New Arrival! Mother and baby doing fine . . . Pop, too, holding his own.

And now, Gentlemen, we take up the "D's":

Detective Ditmar: better known as the brush and powder specialist. Can spot an elephant in a telephone booth four times our size—according to "Flower" Pfennig.

Patrolman Dannenfels-was got up fairly slightly about that story last month—anent the motorman's pants.

Mickey Boyle: better known as the Irish Thrush, who would wish to know what Guerin and Donnelly did with that spotted tiger.

Joe D'Elia: better known as daily double Joe, who sure can get Robertazzi's nanny when it comes to those 2nd Avenue movies, remember? Sie—sies—sies!

Francis Diefenback: better known as the ex-aviator, whom you should have seen with Harry Monoghan attired in top hats at a swank affair recently.

James Donnelly: former mountie and now holding down Post 16, and who in his spare time likes to fly birds with Bo-Bo Casson.

Driscoll: a former "screw"—meaning in slang terms, prison keeper—and a capable one, too, we're told.

Duffy: now holding down Orchard Beach, and who claims he likes the mosquitoes better.

Congratulations and best of luck now to a few of the lieutenants who made the captains' list and who at one time or another worked with us: Michael Whalen, William Patton, Frank Lent, Terrance Donelon, Martin Donelon, James Dermo, and certainly Lieutenant Christian Sabedier of the Bronx Homicide Squad and Lieutenant Joseph Volk, U. S. Army, formerly of the 42nd Precinct.

Could that have been Alex Joe observed in front of Fordham Hospital recently assisting into his car a young lady with a new-born baby in her arms? Would Schultz know?

Next month the "E's."
50th Precinct:  

FIVE-OH JIVE-OH  

Markoff is a sergeant now; after all these years he should know how. McConville's senses are bereft; when we march right, poor Tom goes to bury. A silent man is Johnny Kin; his partner speaks up for the twain. Danny Witch is never merry; unless there's someone new to bury. Kenny Bloom is on a diet; 'twas he'd go for the birds. Harold Ward is fond of beef stew; and willing ears to voice his beefs to. We often wonder whether buns should head the list of "radio runs." Bob Kellett's quiet and sedate the morning after he's been out late. The rookie went down on his knees; "Hey, Sarge, you gave me seven seas!" The hard-boiled sergeant chirped with glee; "Okay, guy, this one's on me! We guard the beach; the town, the zoo; the water works; the parkways new. We leave you now—we're got to hurry. If we've bored you much why—we should worry!"  

—Greenebaum.

10th DIVISION  

60th Pct., Ptl. Steve Gorman  

61st Pct., Ptl. Joseph Farber  

61st Pct., Ptl. Edward Ferrante  

61st Pct., Ptl. Raymond Domeno  

61st Pct., Ptl. Mortimer M. Block  

60th Precinct: We mourn the loss of our pal, Jacob P. Berendt, who died Jan. 19, 1943. May his soul rest in peace.

Berris, Mandie, Cohen and Iannelli went bowling one night last month and didn't get home until about 2:30. The question now is, which of these gentlemen in order to satisfy whose wife that her hubby had been with the boys bowling, hired a taxi to bring who home in?

That's right, our nomination for the best-fed-man in the 60th Precinct is none other than Timothy Downing, otherwise known as Tiny Tim . . . It is rumoured wedding bells will ring soon for lovely Sophie Rabinowitz, one of our volunteer workers in the Civilian Defense unit . . . Sidney Wasserman, junior member of our Air Warden Service, is being flooded with letters of commendation from the various sector commanders for his lectures on war gases. Keep up the good work, Sid . . . Metzer, since his car's been put out of service, has been visiting a local chiroprist—but frequently.

Speaking of "Championship Foot," Saul Pollack, coming to work one day wearing brown shoes, asked Foosy Cohen to loan him a pair of his, and which to the amazement of all proved too small! So now it's Pollack who wears the crown. (Size 12 double E) . . . Abe Ehrlich, our philatelist, currently is collecting envelopes postmarked from various training camps throughout the U. S. . . . With rationing of tobacco imminent and imports at a standstill, Eugene (Elmer) O'Neil has let it be known he will smoke "any given" number of cigars—hemp-filled, rope-garnished, cabbage-leaved, or what have you . . . Favorite lullaby of David Bailey, loyal son of Erin: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" . . . Vincent O'Callaghan has left us for the duration to do his bit with the U. S. Navy. Good luck, Vince, and a speedy return!

61st Precinct: To get you in the proper frame of mind we leave off this month with an actual conversation overheard in the sitting room:

Unidentified Patrolman: "Joe, do you go much for gin rummy?" Patrolman Marvin: "No, I never went in for any alcoholic drinks!"

Patrolman Eddie (What'll I do now?) Goldbach, preparing to give a blood transfusion, was asked by the attendant whether he was there on overtime. Anyhow, that's the way I heard it . . . Maybe I'm wrong!

Congratulations to Sergeant and Mrs. Tom Pendergast upon the arrival of a Charming Young Miss! Also to Patrolman and Mrs. "Molise" Reiter upon discovering finally the recipe for Cute Little Gifts, and to Patrolman and Mrs. Desfosses who now own a Son and a Stir!

Information has been received that one of Lieutenant Jim Corby's staff, Patrolman J. "Tyron" Rohay, will be accept-

ing bids soon for his civilian clothing—for the duration. Seems he had a conversation with his draft board.

Spring being close at hand one begins to think of softball. How about it, boys? We should have the makings of a pretty good team. Also, if we are able to beat all opposition with any team we put on the field, let's do it right this year.

Best wishes to our new arrivals—Probationary Patrolmen Goldberg, Kluger and Karasyk.

Has anyone noticed the rush of students to that certain Insitute (name omitted)? Remarkable how so many of the boys have at last "got ambition!" Just see that you keep it up, lads, because those chevrons sure are worth shooting for.

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Salazaecius in the loss of his Mother, and to Patrolman Pulzone in the passing of his Father.

Didja hear about the feller who went to a hat store and asked for a ten-gallon hat and the clerk refused to sell him one on the grounds his "A" coupon entitled him to three gallons only? Well, it's clean, anyway, and besides, they're the only kind our magazine will give space to.

Now that gasoline has been rationed and pleasure driving is taking a back seat, getting autumn—particularly of those of our fat boys. Censor will not permit of naming names, so use your own imagination.

Your reporter has never had the pleasure of meeting retired Patrolman John Picone, but has heard what a swell he was—and still is. Therefore, may we call to the attention of his many friends the fact that John would like to see some of his former buddies and talk over old times. His address is 1331 East 40th Street, Brooklyn. Stop over soon and give John a "see."

A real thrill for lovers of handball is in store for those who can get to see the singles match featuring Patrolmen Arnold (Steveo) Kaplowitz and I. (Cupcake) Levine. Incidentally, any similarity between their antics on the court and the real thing will be purely accidental—and should not be held against the operators of the sport.

62nd Precinct: Captain Hagan set so good an example showing the younger men how to shovel snow from in front of the station-house that even the neighborhood storekeepers started early getting their sidewalks cleaned up.

Sir "Buttercup" Drayton, who forgot last month where he'd left his locker, was heard explaining to Professor Gorman how well he liked those long posts. Just loves to walk, vows he.

Bad Messina, the Duke of Mulberry Street, without even being asked started telling how much he prefers the breezes from Gravesend Bay to the odors from Fulton Fish Market.

"Speed" Doeble, Joe Wenz's 1st assistant, wore out two pairs of shoes last month—simply from going up and downstairs.

Jimmy Monteleone is in training again. Has matches on with wrestling champs Bums Larsen, Spider Olander and Whistling Spinelli.

When Al Smith has the floor he has the floor—and no foolin'! Hey, Ma? Right, Ma?

Anyone lose a fancy cornet pipe with an amber mouthpiece? Who is the new Charlie McCarthy, Charlie Katz wants to know, employed now by Moe Driscoll?

6th Precinct: The 64th Precinct having distinguished itself in many fields, finds still another opportunity to bring prestige to the command, this time in the person of Patrolman Jim Ward, who has tossed aside the blue raincoat of Father Knick for the khaki of Uncle Sam—and to whom we all say now—Godspeed, Jim, and the best of luck to you!

Well, it happened again! Patrolman Fred (Doc) Mast after 3 months of working with Patrolman and said "I quit!" Your reporter wouldn't see so badly if Mast had just stepped out as recorder, but he also had himself transferred out of the precinct! From now on, and as a means of self-protection, we're going to see to it that each new recorder be accepted with a contract—to stick a full year!

Our sincere apologies to Patrolman Charlie De Leo, whose name in the January issue inadvertently was left off the list of patrolmen who successfully passed the exam for sergeant.
Charlie is No. 419 and, sez he, "As long as the Civil Service Commission doesn't forget me, that's all that counts!"—a conclusion, Charlie, in which all of us concur, be assured.

Congrats to Lieutenant Fred Egan who was placed in making the speeded up list—and in connection with which exploit Patrolman Coffey says, quote: "How could he miss—when he had the assurance of so capable a man on the station house post to assist him in his studies?" (WONDER WHOM HE MEANT!?)

Miracles are supposed to be something rare and out of this world, yes, on Feb. 14th a date never to be forgotten, a miracle has been—right before our very eyes—to wit: PATROLMAN DAVE POWERS REPORTED FOR WORK AT 7:35 A.M! (If you don't think that's something you don't know Davey Powers!)

For Suspicion Department: Patrolman Louis Cohen seen leaning on the 2nd floor of the Municipal Building recently! Does that mean anything, Lou? We know you weren't there to pay a tax bill.

Patrolman Jim (Sparkes) Rossel still trying to get your reporter to lay off him in the column. His latest offer to (sirmonize reporter's radio car and make it shine just like the sergeants' car), like the others has been refused. YOU CAN'T BRIBE THIS REPORTER!

Patrolman "Dox" Plenzo has been passing out cigars (that's what he calls them) since receiving word from his son, Private Edward Plenzo, stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado. Junior, it will be recalled, was formerly pianist for Blue Baren's orchestra and is currently displaying his talents with the 49th Engineers' Band, and to him his Dad's friends here in the 64th Precinct send regards.

Relieving Patrolman Goldstein on a special post recently, Patrolman Cameron was asked to bring back a sandwich. "What kind?" asked Cameron. "Ham and Max," was the answer. So Cameron returned with a ham sandwich, at the sight of which Goldstein screamed: "Did you have to bring HAM—and if you did, did you have to put BUTTER on it?"

Patrolman "Beegees" Petraske suggesting to Patrolman "Bloodshy" Nicholson the advantages of a course in "electrocution," at C.C.N.Y., explained: "You'd be surprised how much they can loan you!" Answers Nicholson: "Stop! It took professors 400 years to build up the English language—and you'd tear it apart in one sentence!" To which Patrolman Petraske coldly responds: "You have the acidity to talk to ME like that?"

Softball Notice: Due to the illness of Patrolman John J. Murphy, "the grudge" matches between "Murphy's Polecats" and "Lazzaro's Neversewists" will have to be postponed. However, preparations for inter-precinct matches are in progress and practice sessions will soon be in order—as will also the collections! So don't be backward, boys, about coming forward for the bat and ball fund. Patrolman Healy of White will gladly accept your donations, so let's get together and make this a banner season for the 64th Precinct.

Our sincere sympathies to Sergeant Alfred Dillhoff and Patrolman Simon Smith in the loss of their loved ones.

Also, best wishes for a speedy recovery to the following, recovering at this writing from their several illnesses: Patrolmen Al Levine, Luke Fallon, Al Barbuto, Chris Ohlman, John J. Murphy, Bill Brown, and anyone else we may have overlooked.

68th Precinct: So This Is War!—was emphasized for every member of the precinct when we wished "Godspeed and safe return" last month to two of our stalwarts—Terry Gaffney, U. S. Navy, and Oakley Gentry, U. S. Army, both of whom follow in the footsteps of likeable Walter O'Shaughnessy and "Smiling Kid" Drumm. The club is hitting on all six now and needs only the sustained efforts of each of us to make good our announced plans—to do what we've set out to accomplish for those who have left our homey haven. It's nice to know, too, that this SPRING 3100 will follow them on the perilous journeys that are before them.

Shamrock (Vegetables) Mulvihill, he of the Clan-a-Gaels, A.O.H., et al, while discussing with Frank (Slapsee) Regan the 1943 income tax, turned red in the face suddenly—as red, in fact, as the beets he once used to underweigh (remember Owie Fox's vegetables?)—belligerently looked Slapsee in the eye and thundered: "YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FLOUNDER!"

Now, that took real courage, because every one knows of Frank's connections with the Higher Ups of Officialdom. But Shamus, typical of the courage that made him an outstanding road salesman in days gone by, reiterated his stand for all to hear.

Lent a little story to the magazine last month which featured, among other things, a brief digest of a conversation between Luigi (Front-door-bust) Cardile and one of his contemporaries. Whether the good and kindly Jimmy DeMilt thought we were running a "blazer" I don't know. But whatever the reason it was not printed. Perhaps the fact the dialogue was in Italian had something to do with it. Anyway, I was advanced in the translation department were disappointed. (Don't answer, Mr. Editor, unless counsel is present!)

Editor's Note: Space limitations, Ray, make it impossible to print in their entirety all of the endlessly-drawn-out and page-long items submitted . . . Briefly, don't forget, is the soul of wit—a far cry, in this particular instance, from a certain judicial (and happily gifted) reporter's conception of "a brief (?) digest" . . . No?

Sometimes a reporter is prone to forget those who happen to secure details to other commands. It dawns on me that these fellows are still our charges, and so a few blasts are in order: First to tell Charlie Stearns that we are sorry we omitted mentioning him as a member of the fraternity who not only struck the sergeants' list but made a deep dent. Therefore, Charles (and so you won't say we have neglected you), to the Constables of the Children's Court our heartiest congratulations and good wishes!

Next is the Teuton Schlager, one George Seiler, who since the Division office claimed him has been little heard of. We pause to ask why? We know he hasn't gone High-Hat—because he doesn't wear that kind of a hat. Seriously, though, step around once in a while, Georgie boy and let us in on your troubles. In the meanwhile tell both Mamma and Baby Seiler that Ye Reporter was after asking for them. Yes?

Too late for last month's pages but nevertheless sincere are the good wishes extended by every one here to One Punch McMahon, our operator, who went and made himself a beneficent! Yes, the Flyweight King has gotten himself a wife whose beauty—and charm—challenges any description my unworthy pen could in mere words convey. To the Bride and Groom we voice congratulations—and the hope no cloud will mar the sunshine of their wedded bliss.

And now that our page draws to a close may we remind you and you that Spring is in the air. Throw out your chest (no, don't throw it away!) and breathe deep of the essence of old Mother Nature who is minding our donations this time of year . . . when from lumberland little buds and grassy roots peck their tiny heads . . . to blossom and enjoy with you God's green earth.

11TH DIVISION

72nd Pet., Ptl. John J. Fox
74th Pet., Ptl. Hugh Berrill
76th Pet., Ptl. John J. Murphy
84th Pet., Ptl. Walter Haboub

72nd Precinct: We welcome to the fold and wish good luck in their new commands to Sergeants Timothy W. Mitchell and John F. Malone; also Patrolmen Paul Impellitteri and Cornelius Collin.

Is it true Lieutenant Patrick J. Nally and Sergeant Thomas A. Coughlin long ago discovered the Fountain of Youth? And if so, the answer is in the affirmative isn't it also true that two nicer young fellers couldn't have been so fortunate?

Who is it gives his wife some job upon awakening in the mornings—by assembling such articles as (1) plovers, (2) wrench, (3) screw driver, (4) bolts and screws, (5) scissors, (6) adhesive tape, cotton, etc., etc., and then putting her to work, slapping him together? (Hint: He still has 17 years to go.)

Why are they calling Patrolman Ed Groff "Concentration Camp Groff"?

Can you imagine Sergeant Antonio Duffy wanting Patrolman Vince DeChico to "question" an Eye-talian bulldog regarding the animal's reason for biting a pedestrian?
Patrolman John T. (hold the bag) Russo while working the T.S. one night was asked over the wire for a police escort. "Is it to make a night deponent?" John asked the party on the line. "No," came the reply. "I'm leaving a butcher shop just now with some prime sirloin steaks and I don't want to be ambushed!"

Who was it got his head caught in the doors of a 14th Street crosstown bus the other day? (Hint: The guy who knows him best has the answer.)

A speedy recovery to the members of our command on sick report as this is written: Patrolmen Harry Perlmuter, Daniel Carlson, Thaddeus Weber, Edward G. Runne, John F. Esposito and Civilian Operator Thomas A. Maguire.

Last Minute Flash! Patrolman Albert (Straight Back) Drake ten minutes ago was blessed by the Missus with a Beautiful Baby Girl! Congratulations!

74th Precinct: Greetings and congratulations to our new skipper, Captain Joseph Workman, and may his stay at the Old Ranch be a pleasant one ... He replaces Acting Captain William MacConachie, who went to the 16th Division, and whom we miss in spite of all the "razzing" he gave us!

Congratulations and best o' luck to our old pal Clarence Burger (who just paid us a visit all the way from Texas) upon his promotion to lieutenant, senior grade—and who certainly shows up grand in that officer's uniform!

Walter Smith has finally reached closer to his heart's desire—signed now to the Aviation Bureau at LaGuardia Airport.

Best-o-luck, O.D.C.R.A.!!!

Hey, Doc! How do you feel today? Got your cough drops? (Yep, fellow, a genuine "pill specialist!"—and he studied for it, too!)

Among other nice gentlemen we know: "Curleytop" Tommy Conner ... tough his nails, though he's known never to have uttered an uncouth word ... even in these times gets up and gives a lady his seat in the trolley.

And doesn't Tom L. Reid look "extra special" in his new white air raid helmet? ... And isn't it possible those gas masks will be an improvement over the silly smiles many another fellow hercubots features?

[Editor's Note: We deeply regret, Al, to hear of the loss of your brother, 1st Lieutenant Richard Farrant of the Army Air Corps, who was killed in action in the South Pacific area. May God rest his soul.]

78th Precinct: Best of good luck to Sergeant Conlon, transferred recently to the 4th Deputy Commissioner's Office; to Patrolman Mosteatt, transferred to the 18th Division, and to Patrolman John Miller, who left us last month via retirement.

Congratulations and best of everything to the Heightsmen upon the arrival of a Grand New Baby Boy!

Famous Sayings (for you to recognize): "Keep punching, brother!" ... "How is the radio car? Everything all right?" ... "How is your siren? Try it—but not too loud" ... "If you get a chance wipe the car, will ya?" ... "You're doing fine, men; take care of the cars—and yourselves!"

Who, when on switchboard duty (with the soothing voice) finds it necessary every once in a while to come up for air?

Who brought that load of candy to the stationhouse with the intention of dividing it up among his buddies—and then changed his mind?

Our deepest sympathy to P. W. Operator Capelli in the death of his brother.

82nd Precinct: Best of luck to Deputy Inspector David Condon on his promotion!

A nice time was had at the welcome-home party staged by Acting Lieutenant Gene Young (our genial Civil Defense commander) last month for his two sons, home on furlough from duty with the armed forces—and in connection with which incident Charlie Pannell might still be missing—lost in the snow—had Ed Connors not rescued him.

We welcome and wish every success to our new commander, Captain Breton, and similarly Sergeant Ben Miller, recently assigned to this command.

"Lefty" Shea claims he'd give practically anything if John Flanagan would only give him the secret of his school-girl complexion.

Our sincere sympathies to the families of the late Sergeant Michael Falvey and the late Patrolman John Malone ... And to others who have lost someone near and dear to them our condolences similarly are extended.

In the photo you will recognize one of our former commanders, retired Captain John L. Falconer, shown with his eldest son, Paul, a lieutenant-commander, U. S. Navy, to whom he is bidding goodbye at the railroad station in Tampa, Florida, prior to Paul leaving for his post at Camp Allen, Norfolk, Va. Captain Falconer in a letter received from him last month stated both he and Mrs. Falconer are enjoying good health and asked to be remembered to all of the boys here he used to know.

Come on, fellows, give your reporter some dope on precinct doings—so the rest of the Department will know we're still alive here.

12TH DIVISION


67th Precinct: A prodigal son has returned to the fold—none other than your news reporter, who, after serving in the vegetable squad in Canarsie, knows all the prices now—and "can get it for you wholesale."

Walter Gannon, on patrol on Flatbush Avenue during the last snow storm, was seen atop a step-ladder clearing the snow off a traffic control light—so that if he had write out a summons for passing, etc., he could do so with a clear conscience.

During the first lecture on Civilian Defense, Moe Rubrum became so interested that he forgot himself and sat down.

Congratulations to Stan Pevey on his recent promotion to sergeant! And here's hoping our two other eligibles, George Burger and Al Kane, will not have long to wait.

"Do you know Benny Pepperman, who works on Utica Avenue?" a gentleman asked of your reporter on Church Avenue the other day, and upon replying in the affirmative the gent continued: "Tell him that Eddie Greenberg, the dress man, who plays handball with him at Coney Island, was asking for him."

O. K., Benny?

Meet the Damon and Pythias combination of the 67th Precinct—those two bosom pals Amby and Phil! The latter expects to retire next month and it is rumored the pair then will enter the used-car business.

Can you name the well-known sardine packer who at luncheon time always says, "All right, Phil, I'll take a little potato salad?" ... What member of the 67th Precinct would make a good man for the Reuters News Agency? Are you listening, F. M. Moe? ... What member of the Air Warden Service has been
offered a job with a local undertaker—because of that mournful puss he features? . . . What member of the Air Warden Service of necessity has to comb his hair with a towel?

"Families Staying: and as not finished in the coffee yet!"...

"Which is the upstairs cake?" . . . "Everybody botch!"

Now that shoe rationing is in effect, will Tiny Maher have to use a coupon for each shoe? . . . What does Phil Gold mean when he insists Monohan is still wearing his gas mask?

Lots of good luck to Eddie Wolfe, who has left us for service in the Navy.

71st Precinct: Thoughts at Random: Could those wishful expressions on the faces of Jim Marcin and Charlie Lyons be ascribed to the fact Joe Pain beat them into the Navy? Or could it be Big John's anxious desire due to his not being assigned as operator of car 685 that made when volunteers were called for—and James let it be known he was available? . . . Wonder where Sam Smith goes those oversized galoshes and undersized earmuffs? . . . Operator Faust already has worn out Recorder McNicholas, and although F. Sullivan is a husky lad, we expect to see him, too, throw in the towel about this time next year . . . Moller upon his arrival had all those Red Cross Nurses' Aides in a dither—one look at handsome Georgie was all those prettily needed.

We welcome warmly to our command Sergeant Wilson and Patrolman Cole, and to our fledgling cops, Prob. Patrolmen Valentino, Sarno, and Tyson, we say, may your respective stays with us be long and happy ones . . . Clifford observes that he's starting to like this job. (Another five years, Mike, and you'll be WILD about it!) . . . Welcome back, Patrolman Studley, and try to stay well; we all missed you . . . Cook and Newman turned green with envy when they saw Kozlin's new spats. . . . Important stuff, "Snowy" explained, from the alfalfa belt of Scotland . . . Booth two isn't the same without Horowitz. But we're glad to know "Slim" is happy in his new detail . . . Nice work Galen did at that fire last month; and our sincere wishes now for a speedy recovery from those foot burns he suffered.

Famous Last Questions: Patrolman Rowe (to D.O.A.): "Shall I get you an ambulance?"

Lost and Found Department: Anyone finding a hatpin used for cigar-smoking purposes, please contact Patrolman Seebach forthwith.

Sports Department: Tickets now on sale for the heavyweight bout between Sarro and Sanjour. For choice reservations contact Promoter Buckley.

Books Department (Mystery of the Month Selection): The Case of the Stalled Expression. Why did Miss Lizzie, the Beautiful Countergirl at that Certain Restaurant, Stand Frozen in her Tracks Whenever Grubman Orders Bagels and Cream Cheese?


75th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathies to Lieutenant Hennessy in the loss of his Mother.

Best Wishes and to Patrolmen James Marsh and Adam MacKenzie in their retirement . . . Also much success to Jimmie in his reported new role of "Director of Delicatessen"—store included.

Emergency Service Squad 14 since promulgation of the guards' list finds itself threatened with extermination—because of the lack of patrolmen. They put it over almost 100%.

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gratulations and best of luck to Patrolman Peter Kenny, who came up on top also with a Bouncing Baby Daughter!

Your reporter, the great "G. L." of the 75th Precinct, has a personal note for the column this month, quoting: "Our boys Anthony, and my son, Mary, have enlisted in the Armed Forces, this world fuss unquestionably will be over much sooner than otherwise!"

How is it our spaghetti-eating members are happy when Patrolman Bellucci is assigned to patrolwagon duty?

Have you noticed how our ace Air Warden Service clerk, Giglio, manages to gobble up five or six buns (at reduced prices) each meal period—to the anguish of Cleric Torma—who burns while Giglio eats?

13TH DIVISION

77th Pet., Ptl. John W. Wood

86th Pet., Nathan Brief

87th Pet., Sgt. John T. McCarthy

88th Pet., Ptl. William Issacs

77th Precinct: Heartiest congratulations to Lieutenants Bill Flanigan and Tony O'Connell on their respective showings on the captains' list! . . . Pete Priolo finally hit the jackpot—when his wife presented him with a daughter—after three sons! Lots of it, incidentally, our boys for Songs in the N.C.O.'s Fighting Forces, and the son of Detective Bill Flinn, who likewise was a member of the Sheridan Post Drum Corps. Lots of luck, lads!

Jim Lombardi reports receipt of a letter from still another swell youngster, Joey Lennon, a son of Marty Lennon who works outside Brooklyn East Headquarters, and who among other things wrote: "Remember me? I was a member of the Sheridan Post Drum Corps for nine years. Now I'm in another grand outfit, the Marine Corps." We'll be thinking of you, too, Joey. When you closed your letter to Jimmy with the legend "Semper Fidelis" we know that no person ever wrote those words and meant them more sincerely than you.

Harry Gates gets Free Coffee in the Basement Concession. This line should open your eyes—because—no one ever gets free coffee there and lives to tell it! But, Gates turned the trick. Here's how: Cecil B. DeMille Duncan parks his ample figure in a chair; the chair collapses; C. B. DeM. leans heavily on Joe Daily's shoulder; Joe, who is holding a cup of steaming coffee (for which he paid cash) in his hand, spills its contents all over Gates! Thus, my friends, Gates was the recipient of One Cup of Coffee—FREE!

Willie McManus, falling in a demonstration of his agility as an athlete to negotiate a leap from the floor to the top of a table explained: "My feet slipped." Also for Store Eyes. Abo Hirschowitz on the business end of an oversized "banjo" clearing the snow from the street in front of Kirschenbaum's.

Johnnie Tamburino, according to a fairly authentic source, in addition to buying War Bonds and Stamps is giving further evidence of his patriotism by eating Yankee Doodles at practically every meal now.

Did you know that Tony Santangelo, star third-sacker of the
LOOKING 'EM OVER

79th Precinct BB team, at one time was a bit of a shiek down Court Street way—where for a time he served as Head Soda Jerker in Bermann's.

Joe Daily, visiting just about the largest hostelry in this town, got the urge to go swimming, but had difficulty getting a bathing suit to fit—and winding up as a result with one that would have been loose on Eddie Duncan. So what? Six showers (at least) Joe was compelled to take before he left the place! Every time he turned around, he reports, some overzealous attendant would grab him by the scruff of the neck and tell him: "You gotta take a shower!"

Jimmy Ward came to grief because, in trying to harden up a bit (via some 8 lb. dumb-bells—following the well-meaning advice of a well-known doctor-columnist) he knocked one shoulder out of kilter. It couldn't actually have been the lugging of those 122 cases of tank pumps up into the garage, could it, Jim?

That feller Sam Terranova is still a bit of a divil. Not content with annoying folks in the 60th, he still on occasion enjoys taking a belt at the 79th. Imagine Sam calling Charlie Herbert and telling him that he received 100% on that "fancy automobile exam" all the sergeants had to take! In any event, even though it's a little less noisy around here, Sam, those of us who knew Comrade Herb, know Little Sal?

Run into Babe Engle the other day—the feller who held down the 1st base job during the time Lieutenant Charles Stuckel was the Kennesaw Mountain Lands of inter-precinct baseball in Brooklyn. He asked to be remembered to all his old friends in the 79th. O.K., Babe?

Sergeant Brian Fitzgerald, ex 79er, who is far, far away right now with the Army Intelligence, in a letter likewise asked to be remembered to the gang, mentioning specifically Sergeant Herbert, Bill Rea, Chappy Creighton, Teddy Hart, and The Silver Fox Arthur Barlow.

Harry Herne, who Joe Heneey have left us via retirement. Harry, no doubt, will take up chicken farming somewhere up-State and Joe probably will bask in the sun and dream rosey dreams of four-wall handball, a sport in which Joe, in days gone by, was quite some pumpkins—few were better. To both Harry and Joe, whom we're sorry to lose, we wish all the good luck in the world.

80th Precinct: Our heartiest best wishes and congratulations to Sergeant Charles Smith who, on January 30 last took unto himself just the Prettiest Little Wife you ever saw! Congratulations also to Sergeant Arthur Scherbaum on his recent awards of Commendation and Excellent Police Duty!

And to our likeable aviator, Lieutenant Bill Flanagan, too we extend best wishes on attaining so high a place on the recent captains' list. Here's hoping for an early promotion, Lute!

We take this means of saying farewell to our beloved short story artist, Percy Sommerville, who has finally entered that exalted realm known as retirement. Best of luck to you, Percy, and may you be spared many years to enjoy your well-earned rest.

Now that Gus (Chef a la Mode) Herr has been promoted to 3rd Broom, the Indoor Boys may expect plenty of competition in the Culinary Department between Gus and Lil' Rocco De Guida. And while it is true our meals has been getting bigger and better, what will happen now that rationing is here? It was too good to last—enough so?

It'll be bugle calls soon for our own Sidney Raphael! Yes, by the time this issue is released Sid will be sporting Uncle Sam's khaki—then beware, you Japanizis, of this super-man!—cause Sid sure can dish it out!

A cordial welcome to Probationary Patrolman Morrison, recently assigned from the Police Academy, and may his stay with us be a happy and successful one.

Latest return from our steadily advancing War Bond Caravan: With the announcement of our newest list of Axis Rappers, the total of our bond purchases to date mounts to $1,325. Recent recipients include: Sergeant Tom Conroy (2nd bond), Patrolman Nathan Brief, Louis Cannavale, Tom O'Shea, John Glasheen, Gus Herr (3rd bond), Ed Kaye, Harry Hawken, John Loucks, Edward Tobin, Sol Japenwald, Bill Wood, Edward Watts, John McGuire, Richard Duffy. Additional winners in our next issue!

Keep 'em flying!

81st Precinct: We welcome Captain Kelly to our domain. May your stay with us, Sir, be a long and happy one... To Captain Young our best wishes in his new assignment.

A nice time was had at the get-together February 25 honoring retiring Patrolmen Ropple and Parks and two former members of the command, Captain McKenna and Sergeant Samuel; and to Sergeant Quinn and Patrolman Shannon, our chairmen of arrangements, we doff our hats now for a grand job. Acting Lieutenant Curry as master of ceremonies also rates a bow, as does, too, his able assistant, that dashing Romeo, Jim Long... Grades and Hopkins showed up sporting new sets of choppers—which sounded like castanets as they crunched into the roast chicken... Two of our old retired friends, Lieutenant O'Donnell and Patrolman Schultz, honored us with their presence, both looking in the well-known pink.

Year Ye! Year Ye! A tiny infant has been born in our midst, and given at the christening the name of The Ateone Club. The cooperation of all is asked so that it may grow to be a healthy and happy brain child instead of a scrawny neglected one destined to pass on soon because of malnutrition. See your squad delegate for further details.

Manager Hildebrand promises to give us a much better ball club this coming season, with many new faces in key positions. Among the leading candidates: Whitlow Davidson and Kirby Kirwin, pitchers; Mickey Lynch, catcher; Dolph Buthmann, 1st base; Bill Radtke, 2nd base; Pee Wee Crane, shortstop; Arky Cring, 3rd base; Ducky Foy, left field; Pete Kranz, center field; Dixie Reynolds, right field; Gussie Odfiner and Ga Ga Shaw, coaches; Bennie Bolland, maseet.

82nd Precinct: Not long ago, a member of the species Equus Caballus (Funk & Wagnalls), finding life a little droll what with oats for breakfast, dinner and supper—decided to go A. W. O. L., and take a stroll for itself. Leaving the stable, the animal pranced up Myrtle Avenue and was observed window shopping at Uberrally's Five & Dime by one of our alert young officers. Taking the beast in tow, the officer arrived at the station house where he informed a certain Desk Officer (anonymous for sake of peace) of his find.

As for a description of the animal, the rookie confessed that he was not familiar with the terms used to describe such a beast, whereupon the D.O. insisted that since he (the said D.O.) was an old horseman and thoroughly familiar with the breed, he would attend to that detail himself. Attendant Von P., maintaining membership in the horsey set, volunteered his assistance. The beast was taken to the rear yard of the station house and the D.O., accompanied by Von P. proceeded to scrutinize the quadruped. The animal attended but at a respectful distance.

Lute: "He is a sorred horse."
Von: "He sure is, Lute."
Lute: "He weighs about 60 stone."
Von: "He sure does, Lute."
Lute: "He stands about 12 hands high."
Von: "That he does, Lute."
Rook: "But Lieutenant, I think ——"
Lute: "Quiet, son, you don't know horses."
Von: "He's got a star on his forehead right under the fet-lock."
Lute: "Well, Von, that describes him perfectly."
Von: "As good as a license plate hanging on his rear end."
Rook: "But I think ——"
Lute: "Quiet, son!"
Von: "Yes, quiet, son!"
With that the two experts returned to the Desk to report their findings to the T.B. The rookie trailed dejectedly. Before the notification could be made, however, the animal's owner rushed into the house, inquiring excitedly: "YOU GOT MY MARE IN HERE?"

"That's what I was trying to tell you Lieutenant," said the rookie.

"Take your post, officer," said the D.O. "I thought I'd seen you around and clean up the yard," said Mr. Von P. . THE END.

Nino D'Angelo continues to amaze the boys with his astute observations. Upon the occasion of the last heavy snowfall, when members of the 2nd platoon had come in from their various posts only after much trudging and ploughing through the
LO O K I N G ' E M O V E R

snow, Nono greeted them in the back-room with the following observational gem: "YOU OUGHTA SEE CLIFTON PLACE, FELLAH, IT'S COVERED WITH SNOW!"

That same night, the Desk Officer was obliged to sit on a hot radiator at intervals throughout the late tour. Seems he slipped and fell into the snow while on his way to work, severely dampening his ardour, or at least his apparatus.

14TH DIVISION

3rd Pet., Ptl. Joseph Scymour
9th Pet., Ptl. John J. Keating
8th Pet., Ptl. Edward Schmih
9th Pet., Ptl. William Smith

3rd Precinct: The Spring season for advanced training in Civil Defense has started under the guidance of Dean White, executive head of the faculty. All questions handled confidently by his staff of experts.

If you're worried, Income Tax Experts Johnson and Feldscher, "experts" in deducting, will solve your problems. For a speedy trip to Atlanta let our experts handle your work.

E. F. (Bombs, Gas and Incident) Cavanagh is quite a man with the ladies. "Bunnie Boy", the female members of Civilian Defense will get him in the shape of a gentleman.

Friends Egan (the premlin of the dim-on) last month not only palmed off some "horseburger" on P. F. (Colonel Midnight) Hill, who, incidentally, is cornering the market on tripes, but in addition charged him for top round, stating, "This even up that I've on-the-ball, that must happen to me!"

Full particulars see Lieutenant McCarthy.

R. B. Carlsen when fingerprinting the lovely females not only daintily washes their tiny bitsy white hands, but sprays them with perfume. Whoops Ma Deah! (Whatcha doin' next week, kid?)

Challenge: Am I gonna be drafted or not? Feldscher looks a little thinner since he started getting into shape for service with the Commandos.

Building Control Coordinator Johnson: "It will be 8 years before I complete my files on buildings, but then watch me go!" (Pleasant journey, Bud!)

Sluggo Jasper of Cruncher Ozelski recently demonstrated that innuends will not be tolerated by the Club 83. For future engagements, therefore, make your reservations early.

Congratulations to Patrolman Horsting, now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Air Corps. Phil, who used to say he'd like a post where the soapbippers couldn't get him and peddlers stayed cleaned, has got his wish.

Speaking of speed, did you ever see Pete Notaro and L. Estreich race up those stairs? Our conception of four cement crushers running on rations.

Anent Recent Labor Disputes: Rags: "I do all the work!" — Klub: "I do all the work!" — Pieninger: "I do all the work? ... Results: Nothing done!"

The Green Buzzard (Brockstadt) and the Green Beetle (Stek) are still waging war. Confidentially, they both look a bit green behind the gills after those late tours.

Lieutenant McCarthy carried the colors for the 3rd in the captains' exam and came through flying. Congratulations! Questioned on the secret of his success, he stated a certain attendant is responsible. So take note, you students, and for vocabulary study consult the man who made the "incinerator bomb" famous.

Flash! Sullivan sprains ankle lifting heavy bottle of tripe! ... Montella, Manzo, Gaetano, Bisgno, Acquiviva and Campise suffer acute indigestion after eating broiled skate at Big Dinner Party!

Challenge: 5th Squad challenges all comers to a bowling tournament. For dates contact Patrolman Manzo (alias Big Bull strikem) or Patrolman Magnuzsen, the 5th Squad mep.

90th Precinct: Welcome, Patrolmen Pierson, Gach and Galaneck, and may your respective stays with us be pleasant ones.

Most of you have already heard with sorrow of the passing of Sam Pasquenna, who was well liked when served with us here in the 90th. To his family our condolences are extended. Acting Lieutenant Gray visited the other day and stated he will be back in harness soon—which was indeed good news. Looked in the pink, too, incidentally.

Sol Bellinof also back from sick leave, due to injuries sus-
tained by Sol in effecting two arrests for assault and grand larceny.

Glad to have back also from sick report Patrolman John McEvoy, who recently underwent an operation.

Congratulations to Mrs. William and Mrs. John Boyle on their newborn—Another Girl—walking in all two Bundles of Pink now in the Boyle household!

Joe Foley proved his claim to ruggedness by turning out in the rain one morning recently wearing only one rubber.

Patrolman Shear explaining to Patrolman Callichio the procedure for making an arrest: "It's simple. All you do is detain the questioner and then take him into custody." "Take who into custody?" asked Phil, to which Mike replied: "Why, the perco-
lator, of course!"

Congratulations to Lieutenant McFar哥哥 who not only made the captains' list—but up in the money!

The Battle of the Bean Brummels, featuring Patrolmen Flanagan and Geary, fared up anew last month when a purchase by Al Holmes indicated according to interested observers that Geary's bargain basement is passe.

The Anchor Club Ball was a great success, our only squawk being that we didn't have a better representation. Among those present were Sargent and Mrs. Gallagher, Patrolman and Mrs. Flanagan, and Mike and Mrs. Dougherty—all of whom showed up—but not until after the children were sent to bed. Your reporter and his wife reported early, as did also John Burns, who had to rush away, unfortunately, to "a very important meeting!" That was his excuse, at any rate, though we've learned that he confronted men who were armed with dan-
gerous weapons. You very well might have been confronted with such thugs who would be armed with such weapons; and the situation might have presented itself where you would have to defend your life and the life of the victim. You are to be commended by the Court as a very brave police officer of the City of New York; and your very splendid and courageous work should be called to the attention of your superior officer.

"The Court will direct that the stenographer of the Court strike off a copy of the remarks of the Court to be forwarded to Police Commissioner Valentine.

"You deserve the thanks of the people of Brooklyn for the service that you have rendered in apprehending an ex-convict and dangerous thug. If you had not arrived on the scene this thug might well have killed this poor man."

And so until next month.

15TH DIVISION

109th Pet., Ptl. John C. Hecht
108th Pet., Ptl. Harold T. Klassen
109th Pet., Ptl. Walter Dearoopp
110th Pet., Ptl. Edward N. Schults
110th Pet., Ptl. Cyril Shortle
109th Pet., Ptl. Cyril Shortle
108th Pet., Ptl. Edward N. Schults
110th Pet., Ptl. Cyril Shortle
109th Pet., Ptl. John C. Hecht
Welcome to our midst, Patrolmen Kelly and Chapey, and may your respective stays with us be delightful ones.

Newest member to join the Police Anchor Club was Big Boy (Superman) James Mature, along with four of your K. O. C. members. See me, your delegate, if interested.

Speaking of the Anchor Club, the 102nd was well represented at the Annual Ball given by the organization at the Astor on February 5. Boy, what a crowd! Amongst our own members could be seen (together with their families, neighbors, relatives and friends) Patrolmen Towne, Diuliets, and Zimmerman; Detective Pat Bronson; Lieutenant Howard Smith; Henry Stamm and Walter Finucane, the radio car twins, and Captain McGovern, to name just a handful. Your reporter was there both as delegate, on the Floor Committee, and as Color Bearer for the Queens Police Post.

At last Phil Koler, (as I'm told) has his Re-Lax papers in. It seems a delegation of Re-Laxers visited him while he was sick (and not well enough to protest) and got permission from his wife to let him put them in the Magic Papers. More of this anon.

The last time I visited the Queens Police Post Ball many faces from the precinct were missing, due to war time regulations. Among those present were Patrolman Anthony Pranatis, Patrolman Harry Keehn—upon whom I pinned a carnation and then put to work collecting tickets at the door, and Sergeants Thomas Keleher and Daniel McGuinness, who also helped out. Thanks, boys, you did a swell job. Among the distinguished guests was My Missus, currently serving as president of the Auxiliary Unit of Queens Police Post. Then, too, there was my daughter and her soldier husband, who is stationed at Fort Tilden. A wonderful time, be assured, was had by all.

The latest story about Georgie Roscher concerns an experience he had a few years ago with a game warden—while on a hunting trip. Don't fail to get him to tell you about it.

Why did the detectives have to make out a 61 on a lost pair of glasses and why did Ace Photoman Clark have to take a photo of them when all along he knew to whom they belonged?

Some of you might be a bit hazy as to how, when or why the new board of officers was elected to administer the 102nd House Fund, and in this regard all I can tell you is that I was selected to be one of the precinct's representatives to the State of treasurer, in place of Teddy Gertisner who held it for years and who is assigned now to the Homicide Squad and consequently out of the precinct jurisdiction. The other two men elected were Patrolmen Zimmerman, president, and Giles, secretary. For further details I suggest you see your ex-president, John Spangenberg; he may be better equipped to explain it to you.

Among the more important activities of the month was the showing of our Bowling Club, which tied up the series with the D.A.'s team in two blistering and hard fought matches that from start to finish fairly stizzled with action.

With no idea did I know out of you (the I'd like to be able to mail more of you) and if I did let me know. I can take it. And that's from a Sir Knight who took his Fourth Degree February 21, 1943, together with Bishop McCarty and Inspector Peter McGuirk.


What sergeant is not permitted to use the front door of his house? The one to the vice—within the hardest job of all that of treasurer, in place of Teddy Gertisner who held it for years and who is assigned now to the Homicide Squad and consequently out of the precinct jurisdiction. The other two men elected were Patrolmen Zimmerman, president, and Giles, secretary. For further details I suggest you see your ex-president, John Spangenberg; he may be better equipped to explain it to you.

Meet Patrolman Gipp, the only checker-player we know who can work up a sweat playing a seemingly unsolvable game. His explanation: "That's the competitive spirit exerted while in competition." Conversely, when Patrolman Cook plays and sweats it's because of his winterized red flannels.

Patrolman Smith, calling in at 4 a.m. one morning last month, was told by Sergeant Mugler to bring in some ice. The temperature was below zero and Smitty after consulting with his partner, Patrolman Genet, decided that "orders is orders." Later, upon carrying the ice into the station house and obligingly laying it on the desk, they felt rewarded when a victim rolled over in his bed exclaiming "Darned dogs" as he hurriedly applied a piece of the ice to her blackened optic.

Lieutenant Dinselbacher's boat, the "Idle Hour," will be idle no more; he's turning it over to the Navy for the duration. Has already received his questionnaire and expects to serve as Rear Admiral on the Idle Hour whose name will be changed, and very appropriately, to "Our Idol.

Sergeant Robinson, the gent with the dark glasses (a la Hollywood), is the champion wrestler of this precinct at his weight. And in view of the fact we have no one his weight here, he will continue as the undisputed champ until some one his size comes along.

Patrolman Puller is recuperating at home after an operation. Looks well with your razor and zingers, Lady Esther.

Detective Jacob and his elders are inseparable. The day they ration cigars he'll have to borrow a line from Detective Scherrer and plead, "What will I do now?"

Probationary Patrolman Leandro should be hanging out his shingle almost any day now. Yes, the manner in which he and his deputies were given the best of wishes by his friends has earned for him not only the gratitude of our Ridgewood neighbors but also the title "The Expectant Mother's Friend."

At the time this column went to press Patrolman Kleeley was still sick at home. We hope the release of this edition finds him completely recovered.

Congratulations and best wishes to Woltakz and Muller, both of whom were made from the top of the new sergeants' list.

The Sixty-Four Dollar Question: What gigantic gent in the 4th Squad is better known as "Atlas Maiden Swarm?" Post your answers on the bulletin board.

We welcome to the 104th Precinct (1) Sergeant Stumpf (likes to feed horses sugar but can't get a ration book for that purpose) . . . (2) Sergeant Strangio (pistol expert and former manager of the 74th Precinct Baseball team) . . . (3) Sergeant McGow (weight lifter and wrestler; brand new here and a good bet for the next lieutenants' list) . . . (4) Prob. Patrolmen Loughran, Leandro (alias Midwife) and Dolaney.

Sergeant Strangio would like to thank the members of the 74th Precinct Baseball team for the gallant manner—fraternal spirit included—in which they sent him off when word came of his transfer to the 104th Precinct. The songs of Sergeant Keenan and Patrolman Sykes still ring rhythmically in our ears, while Patrolman Dinselbacher's speech and Patrolman Shay's wrestling wrestling likewise rank as "the tops." The 74's loss, we might mention, is our gain.

The smoke is still in the air from the 1st shooting cycle but the reward for Pistol Expert is yet to come. The keen-eyed members of our command who shot two days off will be listed in next month's issue.

Please deposit items intended for this column in the box marked "SPRING 3100." They must be submitted before the 15th of the month in order to be properly edited for appearance in the following month's issue.

106th Precinct: Heartiest congratulations to our new skipper, Captain McCann, to whom we wish the best of luck and a long stay in Ozone Park . . . Best of luck also to Patrolman Heubach, recently inducted into the Armed Forces . . . Ask Otto Carmine about the big hunting dog that jumped into the sergeant's car down Howard Beach way. Note: Said sergeant's car has been equipped since with a bear trap and boxing gloves . . . Wonder who the great Spencerian artist is?

Note: when ordering a balcony sandwich these days make sure you have your ration book on hand—and don't ask for mustard or butter.

Is it true Conradi, since rationing went into effect, has gone in for trapping rabbits?

Our congenial attendant, Joe Hartman (of the small family—10), sort of misses "Big Joe" Cullen. Seems Joe can't win an argument from any of the boys who formerly worked in Mercer Street.

Everyone had a nice time at the send-off tendered March 4 to retired Sergeant Joe Kever and retired Patrolman John Kunitz. Sergeant Kever brought a few live eels along and the tricks he put them through were truly amazing.

16th Division


10th Precinct: Apologies now from your reporter for neglect.
ing you for so long in this column. He was so busy—alas—with his chicken farm.

Good luck to Rookie Russell Cain, a member now of the Army Aviation Corps, stationed currently at Atlantic City. Why did Georgie Sauer put the hot coffee pot in the frigidaire and the cold bottle of milk on the table?... Patrolman Charlie "LaGuerra Gallina" and in a recent fishing trip a large sized flounder, and said it reminded him of his partner, Al Hall... Congratulations and lots of good luck to the Wenzes and the Mentons on their respective New Arrivals!... The team of Cellers and Walker is going strong and we can look for some big doings from them soon... Patrolman Bill Boerner forgot to knock wood when he startled his prize sick in 16 years. Incidentally, Bill is now raising prize chickens in competition with yours truly.

Best of wishes to our retired members—Patrolmen Flynn, Hurst and Neinstad. We'll remember you fellows as good cops always... "Grumpy" O'Neill assures us he is satisfied now on patrol and doesn't have to take it on the chin any more... Congratulations and good luck to Sergeants Groff and Barkus, newly promoted and assigned to the 109th... All you fishermen who would like some real sport should contact George Stoffers—retired and living now in Pinellas Park, Florida—and doin' well.

The P. B. A. ball was a huge success—thanks to the efforts of our good delegates, Johnny Powers, Mike Demrick and Vincent Stien... Willie Schultz's farm is closed for the duration... Ernie Hayfield is now a member of the "O.P.A." board of College Point... Patrolman Frankel with that semblance of shrunken-undercut is a step ahead of the baseball season. Claims there are nine on each side... McLean, who now says he never wanted to be a boss, is accused by Sullivan and Galigan of being second-in-command even at home.

We are all rooting for the speedy recovery of Patrolman Gautheir. Keep smiling, Ferr... Martin Varley came back—but not the knock wood when he startled his prize sick in 16 years... Congratulations and good luck to Sergeants Groff and Barkus, newly promoted and assigned to the 109th... All you fishermen who would like some real sport should contact George Stoffers—retired and living now in Pinellas Park, Florida—and doin' well.

11th Precinct: Our condolences to Patrolman Frank Sasik in the death of his Mother.

Famous Saying: "Did I get you? No? O.K., got a quarter?"

Two more of our members have been called to the Armed Forces, Patrolmen Dick Lynch and McCarthy, E. In the Pacific theater of war the 11th Precinct is represented by the presence of Patrolmen Rooney and Kutnick, out there to bag a few Japs. When Detective Walter Eason reported back to the 11th Squad room "bulkily dressed," after being on a plant (inside), Detective Frank Overlander, curious, discovered he was wearing two pairs of pants and similarly other extra pieces of warm clothing. Hence the nom de plume Two Pants Eason.

Who was it put the salt in Sergeant McDonald's coffee?... Patrolman Bill Bonner is again a proud father—this time A Daughter! Congratulations... Jo Jo Mohr now wears those extra thick rubbers—to save his shoes against rationing, he explains... Is it true Magrath is getting all lined up to take over his friend, "Birdnest" Warnefeld, again?... That was quite a shindig Patrolman and Mrs. Joe Lee threw on the night of January 17 in honor of the christening of their young hopeful, Joe Jr. After whom did they name that new light rescue wagon assigned to the Civilian Defense Office—when they called it "Rabbit?"

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Joseph H. Werns

Our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our comrades now on sick leave.

Best of luck and every good wish for a well-earned rest to Patrolman Alstone Dolane, recently retired.


Best of luck to the sons of Sergeant Halligan and Patrolman John O'Neill, now in the service of Uncle Sam.

Curley Thorpe, Traffic C's five-by-five man, said he disapproves of the RumI Plan, whenupon Bagels Wachstein said he thought RumI had been kicked out of North Africa long ago... Treason and sabotage are discernible in the words of Barney gym, and Devine, who publicly has stated the gals he sees up in Traffic D are more glorious than those down in Traffic C. Evidently never worked post 82, eh, Hutch?... Congratulations to the Dinny Gallaghers on the arrival of a Bouncing Baby Girl... Have you noticed that rubber outfit R. B. Higgins has been wearing of late? Says his strict adherence to the war effort is made at me that he doesn't court action on my hands Snowsuit McCusker says if I mention another word about him wearing a snowsuit (oops, I forgot!) his wife, Marge, is going to make him sue me for misrepresentation. Just a plain set of long underwear that itches, says she... Three new recruits have qualified as deep sea divers at pier 85 by taking the lung test, viz: Vinnie Galigan, of Canlon Ave., is 1st; and the 2nd and 3rd; Mike Pendergast, who finished 2nd; and none other than our soon-to-be Sergeant Abe Zung, who broke all precedents by blowing himself right into 1st place... Good luck to Patrolman Norman Totten who succeeded finally in getting transferred to his home town—good old Staten Island... Wonder if Tom Daly could tell us who it was bought 85 worth of Christmas ornaments and then couldn't find a tree to hang them on?

EARFULS: Corny Joel: "You should see how I took Ellingsworth over. It was easy!... Lox Enter Meyer: "Why is it the summonses men don't do 5 to 1 tours?... Professor Hunt talking about Bobrow's loud shirts (But take a look at his—WOW!)... Raw Meat Buckley asking curb-stumbler Keeshan if he wants him to fix it up for him to go to the Officers' Training School... Fette Bamberger talking to himself before a mirror on 6th Avenue... Pat Stuff Gonko: "I wonder if Joe and Larry would come up and sign the paper?... "Delegate Dytle: "Join the Army and Navy Union if you want a commission"... Dogcatcher Gilezau: "I told her to take the dog to the A.S.P.C.A. to have it destroyed, so what's wrong with that?... Timoshenko Dudley: "Did you get your summons book stamped yet? Better get it done now while I'm in the mood."... Gotta Match Schena: "Can they should give me a ration book for my lighter"... Minute Man Bongiorni: "They won't sell me an alarm clock without a priority"... Whistling Al Rhode: "I ordered brains a la automat the other day. I figure a little brain won't hurt me." (YOU'RE TELLING US!)

Our sincere sympathy to Patrolman Francis Morrissey in the death of his father.

TRAFFIC K

Ptl. Harry Shortel

Traffic K lost two good men in Bob Lats and Sammy Kohn. Goodbye and good luck, boys... Max Altman overheard discussing acres of farm land with Rudy Schmitz... Harry
Shortel will start spring training any day now... Did you notice Gerhard Hoenigshausen sporting golf hose during the recent cold wave?... A hasty recovery is our wish for Jake Knoebl and Cherokee Johnny Rom... Yes, that was "Sergeant" Maxwell who called the roll in the back room of the night of the last blackout.

WELCOME, CAPTAIN!
The members of old Traffic Precinct "K" Extend their very best wishes today To you, Captain Joseph J. Hallinan; They're all right behind you, to a man Congratulations, and good luck to you, We wish you the best, in all that you do.

—Peter Leis.

TRAFFIC N
Ptl. Terrance McSweeney
Our heartfelt sympathies to Sergeant J. McGann and Patrolman J. Brown in the loss of their respective Mothers. May their souls rest in peace.

Did you know that Patrolman T. (Boom Boom) Severance spent his vacation on a Dude ranch in Bronxville?... and that Patrolman R. Matthews would like to invest about $12 weekly in a nice "rib joint'?... also that Patrolman W. Griffin loves to hear the voice of "Coo Coo"... And in conclusion that Patrolman R. Gavigan is expected to retire soon to his pig farm on Long Island?

Success to Patrolman W. L. Nixon in his new job.

What patrolman complains that orange juice gives him acid? Would Patrolman W. K. Happele know?

Glad to welcome back from sick leave and to see smiling again Patrolman R. Ahles.

MOUNTED DIVISION
Ptl. Joe Masterson
The night of Feb. 7 will long live in the memories of retired Sergeant "Ducky" Holmes and newly-promoted Sergeant H. Feuchter, assigned now to the 9th Precinct, the occasion being the gathering together of their mounted associates to pay them honor. Act. Dep. Inspector James P. Meehan served as toastmaster and introduced the several speakers, the highlights of whose responses follow:

Lieutenant (now Captain) Halinan: "I have nothing but praise for the Mounted Division—and I hope to be back with the boys soon."

Lieutenant Kelly: "There will never be another 'Ducky'!"

Lieutenant Reynolds: "We have to look out for the ones going—as well as those coming!"

Lieutenant McTiernan: "Where did Sergeant Holmes get the name 'Ducky'?"

Lieutenant Connors: "Two nicer chaps no branch of the service could boast."

Lieutenant Hurley: Wished Sergeant Holmes happy landings on his trip to Florida and the further hope Sergeant Feuchter will some day take his place.

Sergeant Butler: "I took plenty from Holmes and I, too, hope Feuchter takes his place—because I'm top man now!"


Major R. B. Reilly, U. S. Army: Told how as a rookie cop in '21, it was Sergeant Holmes who steered him on the right path.

Lieutenant Fahl, U. S. Army: Praised the New York cop and wished lots of luck to Holmes and Feuchter.

Lieutenant H. A. Devine: Told of the fine cooperation between Police and the Army; spoke also of his horsemanship. Sergeant Holmes in responding spoke of his rookie days—but refused absolutely to tell how he got the name "Ducky."

Sergeant Feuchter after likewise thanking the boys related a story about a Russian and his piccolo—with gestures—dialect and all.

A word of praise now to Sergeant Lamb, who was Charge d'Affaires and to his able committee, including Bill Bochne, Bill Gould and Paul Daber, all of whom in their several capacities turned in nice jobs.

Others present included retired Sergeant Leahy, Patrolman Harry O'Brien and retired Deputy Inspector Thomas L. Byrnes, who was the final speaker of the evening. A grand time was had by all.

MOTORCYCLE DISTRICT
Ptl. Barney Blowoff
Heartiest congratulations and sincerest best wishes to Captain John T. Keudell on his recent promotion to captain. May he continue to enjoy every success.

Will wonders ever cease? John (S. A.) Karg has blossomed forth with a new talent! He sings like a lark, we've discovered, and while so doing off makes the cutest facial expressions.

Best of all, gladly he'll oblige with a song whenever asked. You will be charmed no end.

And speaking of talent, let's not overlook Roy (Hot Potatoes) Painter. If you must know, Roy cooks with gas—and how! Specializes in sizzling steaks and hot potatoes and is a marvelous help to the Better Half. Such commendable work is deserving of the highest praise. Let's all congratulate Roy!

Anent comments appearing in the last issue concerning John (Wagon Wheels) Grom: John, let it be known, pleads not guilty—BUT DEFINITELY! So wot say we give him the benefit of the doubt?

MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2
Ptl. Jolt Ing Along
George Weiss, chairman of the Anchor Club Booster Committee, certainly is a tireless worker (are ya listenin' Mr. President and Board of Directors?), one who performs his stint before and after tours in the fashion of the faithful mail carrier—in hail, rain, sleet, or what have you. So you guys want to know why this affair is an annual success? It's because guys like George Weiss are the directing geniuses behind the

Hey, wanna get a rise out of Sergeant "Big John" Newman? Just walk by in an unconcerned manner and toss off a careless remark like "Gee! that second part of the lieutenants' exam looked like a pushover!" and then push through the door as quickly as possible. Phil Blush says he never fails to click.

Dan Dillon says we'll have a generous representation on the lieutenants' list, attributable, according to Harry Casatta, to what is known as "the law of averages."

The larger half of the Barrett-Deacon team gave us the story of the Cute Little Thing who was stepping along doing a swell forty on the Manhattan upper the other morning when Solemn Bob chugs alongside and chirps the usual "What's the hurry, Lady—where's the fire?" and Miss Pleasant comes back with "What are you worrying about, you're not a fireman?"

Congratulations to Andy Mulhall on the Happy Arrival of Andrew, Jr.!

Have y'heard the new chorus that begins, "Captain, I'd like to work with Jim Ollie!" and ends with "And who wouldn't!?"

We bade fond goodbye to George Gentile, Buck Ward, Harry Cornell and that perennial rookie (class of 1908) Eddie Steers, famous cellar-board dancer of the gay '90s.

And it was Eddie Schoenaker who stated he is going to start off this year's "Unnecessary Noise Campaign" with a "BANG!"

In respect to the memory of the beloved late Inspector Matt McGrath, a delegation from Motorcycle Precinct 2 lead by Captain Neary and Lieutenant Henry and consisting of Sergeants John Newman, Tom McDonough, Ed O'Neill, Charles Joseph and seventeen men, attended last month the annual requiem mass celebrated at Holy Cross Church, Manhattan, by Father Joe McCaffrey, our chaplain. A nice gesture, men, for one of the grandest gentlemen who ever wore the uniform.

Bill Archibald suffered a bad spill the other day and is confined at the moment to Kings County Hospital. Pay Bill a visit.

Greetings received from Captain Tom Abbey, U. S. Army Air Force; Lieutenant Bill Robertson, Army Transport; Lieutenant Tom Black, Signal Corps; Lieutenants Eskey Canlon and Babe Barkley, Military Police; and Chief Torpedoman Harold Taylor, all former motorcycle patrolmen of our squad. Hey! Gang! How about answering some of this mail? Seems we're falling down on one of our New Year's resolutions—to keep them mail sacks filled.

AH! HEAR THE SILVERY BELLS: Johnny Capper reads aloud a letter from his son, Lieutenant Robert T. Capper, U. S.
LOOKING 'EM OVER

Fighter Command, so we bend an ear: "— and just think, Pop, during the three months' course in the advanced base, I ate 50 lbs. of bread, 72 lbs. of meat, 90 qts. of milk, 125 lbs. of spuds, 100 lbs. of fresh vegetables, 125 lbs. of canned goods, 21 dozen eggs, 62 qts. of fruit juices, 7 lbs. of coffee, 25 lbs. of butter, 18 lbs. of pastry, 20 lbs. of fish and 22 lbs. of sauces, jams and jellies—" and then John breathes deep and murmurs: "And just think, the kid only weighs 168 lbs. himself!"

HARK! THE BELLS PEAL FORTH: Our tireless P.B.A. Delegate Jim Olliffe, sends us a picture of the recent Legislative dinner in Albany, which he attended with brother Lew, Assemblyman from the 1st District. Still looking out for his buddies' interests—and that much-desired raise for all the little Swannos, Dooley's, Mulhalls, et al.

THESE GENTLE, GENTLE BELLS: Captain George Neary is a real super-salesman for Uncle Sam. You should have heard him at roll-call telling the boys they had gone over the $10,000 bond purchase mark—and to start work now on the second 10 grand objective. Anything for you, Skipper, anything!

HELLS BELLS! ALWAYS THEY RING: Bill Whittier asks Frank McNally who it was invented "THOSE BELLS!" Frank doesn't know, but screams aloud WHOMEVER THE awls!xux! WAS HE SHOULD BE DROPPED INTO THE GOWANUS WEEKS AGO!!!

Drop the contributions in an aspirin—in the question box. Hey, Mr. Ghost! would you like to buy (cheap) A NICE SET OF BEAUTIFUL BELLS?

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT

The Ghost

Hearty congratulations to Acting Captain John Keudell on his promotion March 2 to a full capitancy! New Hampshire's favorite son, in plainer words, once again put it over—BUT BIG!

Congratulations also to Lieutenant Kuntmann on his fine effort. A little more seniority and—swish . . .

Yes, dear reader, the handsome gent posed majestically here is none other than our own Pete Krafl, shown as he appeared exactly 22 years ago while on a wild pilgrimage to Coney Island, with Peter Krafl, Jr., who today is 34 years old, married, and a member now of the U.S. Army, attached to the Mobile Base, Atlanta, Georgia. Closely observe, please, the horse collar (or was it a tire from his bicycle) which in the picture lends so much magnificence to the set-up of our Pete. Another thing, who could ever imagine our said Peter on a wild Coney Island vacation rampage and looking so sombre!

Peter, by the way, lost his choppers in a liverwurst sandwich the other day and strange as it may seem didn't immediately miss them—until he went back for another bite—then WHAM—the teeth bit him!

Have Frank Radtke show you the new gadget he bought, with which he thinks he'll be able to make enough money to pay at least his income taxes.

John Mason can build a corking checker-board—but can't win a game on one. Says he will keep playing the darned game regardless.

George "Happy" Klinger's advice is being sought by the various government economic agencies since George discovered how to stretch a pound of coffee into 150 cups—Believe It or Not!

Jimmy Holland, back from sick leave, is proudly demonstrating to all and sundry Dot's recipe for making real coffee. Jim put his papers in recently and ever since his dreams are of fishing—down Gulfport way, in Florida.

Speaking of fishing, it is rumored Joseph Papp keeps in trim for spring fishing by angling for guppies in his living room, running his outboard motor in the meanwhile—for local color.

George Kallieata couldn't start his motorcycle and after "kicking" until he was blue in the face, pushed the plunger to the limit and our genial mechanic, Ed Bloom, told George to "try kicking some more." Pretty soon George looked as if he might be coming down with a stroke—or something, so Eddie mercifully suggested then: "Try opening the gas cocks, George," and what do you know—the darn thing went right off! Russell Archer may be a super salesman because whenever he hears Hark! mentioned he turns ghostly pale.

Tom the "trouble maker" Dunphy, still up to his old tricks, said he is going to help Tim Carney around because "Tim's eyes are failing him." Something must be amiss, Tom says, when a fellow can't see a woman with an umbrella over her head.

Ed Bloom, our mechanic, suffered some severe splinters in his hand while looking over some sidecars the other day and scratching his head at the same time.

Who said John Glaser is becoming known as the ration board kid?

John Orloski has sworn off of diets. Says he is plumper now than he ever was.

Lester Keulig strutting around as if he had just been appointed Assistant Captain or something—and all because his dog won second prize last month in a Jamaican dog show.

Did you know: that Your Ghost has become very religious? . . . that Eddie Shields keeps crossing out the days on his calendar and seems to be in a fog most of the time? (Depression of East Chatham, Ed?) . . . that Fantom always cries when separated from Shepherd? . . . and that John Rupp is known as "Worry Walt?"

So long for now, fellows; I'll be seeing you and you'll be seeing me—but you won't know it.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Ptl. De Mollition

The outcome of the recent captains' examination may have been a "blitz" to many, but the Air Warden Service personnel certainly had the situation well in hand. Here are some of the results:

Acting Captains: Michael F. Harting, No. 6; Thomas J. MeVeigh, 52; William C. Beneke, Jr., 33; James A. Haughie, 92; Nicholas J. Gaffney, 65; Maurice F. Savage, 80; John M. Bie- man, 89; Ralph V. Trotta, 90; Otto A. Kafkas, Jr., 118; John J. Jones, 119; John D. Goodliff, Jr., 127; John A. Guinan, 146.

Incidentally, Captain Hartzell at . . . held the highest mental rating, 90.80. How's that for a real "incendiary bomb!"

Just by way of mention, Acting Captains Patrick Petersen and Ralph Trotta have recently joined the Armed Forces, Petersen with the U.S. Army at Fort Custer, Michigan, and Trotta with the Marines, at Quantico, Virginia. Both rank as first lieutenants. Good luck to both of you. . . . Another achievement—Ptl. John Donovan last month became the proud daddy of a Nine Pound Boy.

Dorothy Thompson, Acting Commandant of the Air Warden Service, is a bear for work. On your toes, boys, you may expect him any hour of the day or night—even in the middle of the night. Incidentally, when does Deputy Inspector Nolan go home?

Notes from the stalwart defenders of Civilian Defense in the 48th Precinct (as reported by Ptl. Thomson): Ll. Schulze has become "The Star" orator of the precinct with his course of lectures on Air Warden Service to the patrolmen . . . Should you observe John Thomson sign his name as "John Thomson, B. C.", do not think it means that he belongs to the Boston College Alumni. It simply means Building Control Unit . . . Joshua Holder, our Man A.W.S. 34 man, has not only become an expert on physical figures but also numerical figures . . . "Ziefeld" Troiano passing on the Staff Chorus, in the Telephone revival number . . . Eagle Eye Rutzinger, the night inspector of Zone and Sector Headquarters, has the Wardens on their toes waiting for him to come and go . . . Curley Suhr has a new way to keep his hair. See he, "put a cigar in it!"

By the way, have you listened in to the Air Warden Service weekly radio program over WNYC? It takes the air, and a lot of other things, every Wednesday at 6:30 P.M. For 15 minutes, wardens, representing various divisions, are quizzes by a genial master of ceremonies and judged by Acting Captain Thomas J. McCorrnanck of the City Wide Control Center. Maybe you have some questions to stump these experts!
The Vision of Loveliness presented herewith is Miss Mildred Anne Pavlecka, who last month enlisted with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAACs) to you and is in training currently at Daytona Beach, Florida, with excellent prospect of receiving a commission in that organization soon.

Of course, Mildred is just a "chip off the old block," her Dad, Patrolman Charles Pavlecka, famous telegraph expert assigned to the Manhattan Telegraph Bureau, having himself served with distinction as a member of the 11th Regiment Marines, in World War 1.

Mildred, who is a member of the N. Y. City Police Post Auxiliary, American Legion, has also been active with the CVDO, of the 11th Precinct, and to her in this most patriotic of ventures our best wishes are extended.

Here we have the second among our policewomen to hark to the call of Uncle Sam — the gracious and charming Eugenia Reuter, who two months ago also enrolled with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps and on February 12 last left for basic training at Ft. Des Moines, Iowa. Policewoman Reuter has been a member of the Police Department since 1931 and had been assigned to duty in the Juvenile Aid Bureau. Good luck to you, too, Eugenia.

Above is the photo of Private Michael Luchuf (with two of his gang) which rightly belongs in the 11th Precinct column, on page 31, but which was inadvertently omitted in the make-up of the precinct news section and didn't come to life until it was too late to do anything about it — except plant it here. Michael will forgive us now that the circumstances are made known to him, we're sure.

FAIR ENUF

Judge — So you were playing poker?

Gambler — Yes, sir, but not for money.

Judge — What were you playing for?

Gambler — For chips.

Judge — But chips are the same as money. Ten dollars fine. So the gambler paid in chips.
$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives' Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE Canal 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

WANTED FOR MURDER

WILLIAM GALLAGHER

DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 188 pounds; blue eyes; brown hair; stocky build; fair complexion; dark blue suit, gray felt hat. Residence, 800 West 50th Street, New York City.

JOSEPH FREZZA,

Aliases JOSEPH GIGLIO, JOSEPH PARADISI, JOSEPH JIANAZZI and DICKEROO.

DESCRIPTION—Age 37 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 150 pounds; Italian-American; brown eyes; dark brown hair; dark complexion; walks slightly stooped.

JUAN SUAREZ,Aliases JUANITO MELENDEZ and JUANITO GARATA.

DESCRIPTION—Age 37 years; height 5 feet, 8½ inches; weight 152 pounds; a Cuban; brown eyes, black hair, olive complexion.

PAUL PACIA,

Aliases PAUL RUSSO and PAUL MARCONI

DESCRIPTION—Age 32 years; height 5 feet, 7 inches; weight 170 pounds; brown eyes, black hair; an Italian. Residence, 57 Palmetto Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Chain Store Robberies.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Ptl. Edward A. Connolly ........................................ 81 Pct. ........................................ Feb. 15, 1943
Ptl. Edward J. Wright ........................................... 68 Pct. ........................................ Feb. 15, 1943
Ptl. William Plenninger ......................................... 88 Pct. ........................................ Feb. 21, 1943
Ptl. William Plleninger .......................................... 5 Pct. ........................................ Mar. 8, 1943

Ret. Lt. John Early ................................................ Old 164 Pct. ..................................... Mar. 11, 1943
Ret. Sgt. Frank Anderson ....................................... Old 35 Pct. ..................................... Feb. 21, 1943
JUDGMENT DAY
I WANT to congratulate you, first, on this splendid, inspiring outpouring of men of the St. George Association, a turnout that is a credit to the Department,” Commissioner Valentine told 2,100 members and guests of the St. George Association of the Police Department at the sixth annual Communion and Breakfast of the organization held Sunday, March 21, at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

The members previously had attended an 8 A.M. communion service at St. Thomas Episcopal Church, 5th Avenue and 53rd Street, Manhattan, at which the Rev. Roelf H. Brooks, the rector, officiated.

“I am happy that so far we are still able to hold the annual communion breakfasts,” the Commissioner went on, “although at times it was thought we might have to curtail these inspiring ceremonies because of the man and food shortages which today confront the nation.”

He called attention to the conference had by him with the heads of the various department organizations, in October of last year, “so that we might arrive at an understanding of our increasing responsibilities, a problem made more difficult by the rapidly decreasing force available.”

“In that connection I acted in the same manner as a chairman of the board—or president—of any great industrial organization who goes before his partners and business associates—and you men are my partners and associates—to iron out difficulties encountered. It is you who carry out the functions of the Department. I, as the executive, issue the orders, and it is you men who put them into effect.”

Mentioning the subject of juvenile delinquency, which had been touched upon by Councilmanic President Newbold Morris in his address a short time before, he declared it is unfortunate that because of a few spectacular crimes committed in recent weeks the press in its accounts of these outbursts has given the impression that a crime wave today grips the city, “when, as a matter of fact, except in the category below the age of 16 years—our juveniles, and those between 16 and 19—whom we refer to as adolescents, there has been a decided decrease in the crime situation as it affects our city.”

Referring briefly to some of the problems confronting the Department today, the Commissioner called attention to the difficulty encountered in the recruiting of new members, pointing out that out of a recent list of 1,400 candidates less than 450 were found available for induction, of whom none, of course, was classified as 1-A. He pointed out, too, the number of appeal letters he is forced to write both to Local Boards and Appeal Boards because of their reclassification of some of these men, following their appointment as probationary patrolmen, as 1-A.

“At all costs we have to maintain the home front,” the Commissioner asserted. “We must protect life and property, prevent and detect crime. We have the largest city in the country and, I think, in the world. We have three quarters of a million people coming here every day from nearby communities—Westchester and Rockland Counties, from New Jersey, Connecticut, and from Nassau and Suffolk Counties on Long Island. In addition, we have from 200,000 to

2,100 Attend St. George Breakfast
300,000 visitors and transients. We must also see to the welfare of the thousands of members of the armed services to be found in our midst. New York City is the largest staging area—point of embarkation if you'd prefer calling it that—in the United States, and we have got to protect those thousands of our boys on their way through—and during their stay—in our city.

Reverting again to the subject of shortage of personnel, attributed mainly, the Commissioner explained, to the present shortage of 1,136 in the quota allotted the uniformed force, he expressed concern over the fact that in addition to the 539 members on military leave, as of that date, 783 others were on sick report; also that currently we have more than 800 names on the list of those who have submitted application for retirement, a situation tending to create, when acted upon, additional vacancies that it will be almost impossible to fill.

"Now, it all sums up to this—we have all got to work harder and work longer," the Commissioner declared. He spoke of the orders issued during the week before augmenting temporarily in certain sections of the city the customary tours of patrol. Additional work, the Commissioner explained. "But you don't hear our men grumbling. Loyalty with them is the watchword. We have a job to do and we are doing it. We are going to continue to do it."

Among other subjects touched upon by the speaker was the necessity of alertness on the part of the men on their way to and from their homes and commands. It is amazing, he pointed out, the number of important arrests being made by men while off duty and in civilian clothes.

"That is why I say to you, be alert—heads up! Arrests such as these mean more to me than if made by the arresting officers while on patrol in uniform. And don't forget that when these men go before the Honor Board they will receive additional recognition because of the circumstances under which the arrests were made."

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Patrolman Algot B. Damstrom, president of the St. George Association, introduced as toastmaster for the occasion Department Chaplain A. Hamilton Nesbitt, founder and spiritual director of the organization.

"Owing to many conditions brought about by the war, it is both our duty and our privilege, as policemen, to assume wide responsibilities on the home front, largely through helping to maintain a high standard of spiritual morale," President Damstrom said.

"As St. George Association members we sincerely dedicate ourselves to that end, through the objectives of our organization, which are, (1) to attend divine service every Sunday, (2) receive Holy Communion every month, (3) refrain from all indecent language, (4) refrain from using the name of God in vain, (5) be polite, courteous and gentlemanly in our dealings with others."

Other speakers, in addition to Commissioner Valentine and Councilmanic President Morris, were the Rev. William L. Stidger, Professor of Homiletics and Theology at Boston University, and Rev. Francis McC[K].Connell, Resident Bishop of the Methodist Church in the New York area.


The committee on arrangements was headed by Inspector William A. Turk, with Deputy Chief Inspector Edward M. Butler, Act. Lieutenant Julius Brilla and Act. Sergeant Lawrence Hoefling, assisting.

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Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant

RETIRE FROM THE DEPARTMENT

Capt. Albert Douglas OfCh. Insl. Mar. 31, 1943
Ptl. Edwin C. Blackwood Tr. C Mar. 31, 1943
Ptl. John Brady Mtd. Sd. 1 Mar. 31, 1943
Ptl. Peter A. Clinton 8 D.D. Mar. 31, 1943

Ptl. John W. Gage, Jr. 73 Pet. Mar. 31, 1943
Ptl. William Magnusen Tr. B Mar. 31, 1943
Ptl. Thomas Lorigan Tr. D Mar. 31, 1943
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1943

Cover Design—Ptl. CHARLES HAROLD, Staff Artist

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POLICE RECREATION CENTER OPENS DOORS JUNE 19

Once again SPRING 3100 is happy to announce the opening of another delightful season at the Police Recreation Center, cheeriest and friendliest of mountain resorts, more popularly referred to as the Garden Spot of the Catskills. Saturday, June 19, is the date upon which for the members of the Department and their families will be inaugurated another season of gayety and relaxation, surrounded by every convenience and enjoying every comfort.

The staff at the Center will be headed again this year by Mr. William G. (Genial Bill) Dolan, a tried and true friend of the vacationer—whose reputation as a hotel executive is second to none.

RATES UNCHANGED

The rates, $20 per week in hotel and $15 per week for cottages and bungalows are reasonable and within the reach of all. The usual half rate for children between 3 and 10 again will prevail. For children under 3 there is no charge whatever.

A delightful visit and stay awaits you. Enjoy the mild, sunny days; the cool, sleep-filled nights; the unspoiled and uncrowded beauty of this nature-planned mountain paradise.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!
"How far that little candle throws his beam. So shines a good deed."

ANY a good deed has been credited to members of the Police Department called to officiate in emergency labor cases. They have never failed to measure up to expectations in the management of these cases and it is certain that the War Years will find them as kindly efficient as ever, despite many demands.

A review of the process of normal birth and the accidents that may render it complicated, in prospect of possible heavy calls for public assistance, is advisable. It is also advisable to tabulate various procedures that may enable the officer to carry the incident to safe conclusion. The goal remains, as always, a live mother and child.

Emergency obstetric cases may be divided into two groups, as seen by the police officer, both of which call for special action.

One group, probably the one more frequently encountered, is comprised of cases in which the onset of labor is very sudden—the prospective mother is caught in a public place by her illness, is surprised and confused, and the baby is thrust upon an astonished public. In these cases the mother often experiences very little pain; the baby is likely premature—the labor is an abnormal precipitate delivery.

The second group is composed of cases that go into normal labor while away from home, become too ill to travel and call for assistance, or commencing labor at home become panicly and send for the officer on post. These cases regularly proceed with a labor that lasts several hours and there is usually time to arrange for attendance of the doctor or to transfer to hospital or home.

Precipitate labors are subject to some dangerous complications that endanger mother and infant—dangers that may be considerably minimized if the persons called into attendance have had some instruction in the management of such emergencies.

Physiology of Labor

At the time of labor the baby is expelled from the mother's womb by contractions of the abdominal and uterine muscles, which are largely involuntary and are accompanied by characteristic pain.

In the early stages of labor the pains recur at intervals of ten or more minutes and last for fifteen seconds or so; in the later stage the pains recur at intervals of five minutes or less, become increasingly frequent and eventually, just before the arrival of the baby, severe and continuous. The pains cease when the baby is born.

If the labor is accompanied by marked bleeding in the early stage (when the pains are widely spaced) the prospective mother is probably in great danger and should be quickly and gently transported to a hospital.

Sometime between the onset of the pains and the hard pains of the terminal stage there often occurs a profuse discharge of fluid derived from the ruptured membranes that hold the fluid which surrounds the infant in the womb. This sudden flow of water should be noted by the attendant and the time of its occurrence reported to the doctor when he arrives.

When the baby is born it will be found to have a thick, cord-like structure attached to the navel; this is the umbilical cord which carries blood vessels vital to the infant's existence, connecting the child's circulatory system with the placenta (the after-birth). This cord may be very short, or it may be quite long, sufficiently long to be wound around the baby's neck and chest. It is very important when handling the newborn baby to see that no traction is placed upon this cord.

In most cases the baby will start breathing and crying as soon as born; in some it will be necessary to stimulate respiration by suspending the infant head downward from firmly grasped feet (be careful! newborn babies are terribly slippery). Allow any fluid present to drain out of the air-passages, place the free hand under the head and back to steady the body while the thighs are slowly alternately flexed and pressed upon the abdomen and extended—performing a species of artificial respiration. After a few cycles of this manipulation the recalcitrant babe will almost always start breathing and lusty crying.

When respiration is satisfactorily established the baby should be placed on its right side between the mother's thighs.

Some fifteen or thirty minutes after the child has started breathing the cord may be tied off, but this should be done by the doctor, or nurse, or midwife except in very rare instances. A few minutes wait will not be of any consequence; non-sanitary handling is sure to be.

The ligatures used for tying the cord should consist of foot-lengths of \( \frac{1}{2} \) inch tape, four pieces, sterilized. Sterilization may be accomplished by boiling the tape, with the scissors, in water for five minutes or more—allowing it to remain in the vessel, covered, until needed.

If the cord must be tied and cut by a lay attendant, because the doctor, or nurse, has not arrived, the attendant should wash hands with soap and water, clean finger nails scrupulously, and wash over again before touching the cord or attempting ligation. After proper hand washing the tapes are tied around the cord 8 and 10 inches respectively from the navel, firmly, and using square knots. The cord is cut between the tied points, guarding the scissors carefully. If the baby's cord stump bleeds put another piece of tape around the cord, one inch back of the first, and tie again firmly.

The cord segment attached to the baby is left long so that it may be retied and dressed by the doctor later.

It is necessary for the attendant to wash hands scrupulously each time before handling the baby or the cord.
Babies are usually born head first. In the fairly rare cases where the infant arrives feet first difficulties that arise are beyond the ability of anyone but a doctor to solve efficiently. If you are presented with this type of labor emergency you will have to redouble your efforts to get a doctor on the case.

Many of these “feet first” cases—breech cases, as they are called professionally—deliver themselves with perfect results, and the technic of care of the baby is the same as for the usual type of birth.

After the baby is born the womb contracts into a hard mass that may easily be felt through the abdominal wall. An assistant should be assigned to maintain this contraction by firm, moderate manual pressure through the abdominal wall.

Twenty to thirty minutes after the baby is born the pains recur and the after-birth (the placenta and membranes) will be expelled.

In some cases of precipitate labor the after-birth will be found to have been expelled immediately after the baby—in such an event no change in procedure is indicated except that the cord may be ligated without waiting the usual time.

Although the expulsion of the after-birth terminates the delivery, it is necessary to keep the patient under careful watch to detect a tendency to hemorrhage. For at least one hour after labor the mother must remain under supervision and bleeding controlled by massage of the womb to stimulate contraction if indicated.

Chief Dangers

The chief dangers to the mother in emergency labors are:

1. Excessive hemorrhage.
2. Shock.
3. Infection.

The dangers to the infant are:

1. Asphyxia by failure to start respiration or by suffocation from presence of fluid in air-passages.
2. Hemorrhage from loosely tied cord.
3. Infection of the cord.

Procedure

Procedure for officer called to attend emergency labor cases:

1. Send immediately for skilled assistance—doctor, nurse. Put in ambulance call if in your judgment transportation to hospital is indicated. If in public place improvise shelter; clear premises of persons whose presence is not required. Enlist the assistance of women neighbors, or bystanders, to help patient get rid of soiled clothing and put on night-gown or other suitable garment if available; to assist in determining whether there is much bleeding or not; to prepare delivery bed or couch. Question patient to establish identity, residence, etc., and learn whereabouts of husband or family.

2. A couch or bed should be prepared for the delivery if possible; accumulate supplies such as freshly-laundered sheets, towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, blankets, clean newspapers, oil-cloth table cover.

Place a large pot of water on stove to boil if such equipment is available.

Tapes for tying the cord and scissors should be sterilized by boiling for at least five minutes and allowed to remain in the covered pan until needed. Obstetric tape is stocked in sterile packages by practically all drug stores—this may be a useful item of knowledge.

3. If the woman is having pains at long intervals allow her to walk, sit or lie down as she feels inclined. When the pains have become frequent and birth possibly imminent, have her lie down in any position she finds most tolerable. Cover with blankets when lying down—see always that she is not chilled.

If weakness is complained of give hot tea, coffee, soup, milk, water, aromatic spirits of ammonia (1 teaspoonful in half glass of water). If bleeding occurs and the patient seems weak, send for a priest if she is a Catholic.

As the pains become more violent and frequent the patient is inclined to hold her breath and strain—this should be countered by instructing the woman to open her mouth and try to breathe quietly.

When Baby Is Born

4. When the baby is born inspect to see if cord is looped around the neck. If such is the case wash hands thoroughly and gently slip the loops over the baby’s head freeing the neck—avoid traction on the cord when doing so.

Wipe blood and fluid from baby’s mouth; suspend by firmly grasped feet; extend the head and allow any fluid that may be present in the air passages to drain away. Encourage establishment of respiration if the baby has not already begun to breath. If respiration does not start, the baby of a Catholic mother should be baptized at once.

When respiration is established allow the baby to rest on its right side between the mother’s thighs—keep face clear of blood, clots, etc.

The cord should be tied by the doctor or nurse at a suitable interval after birth. If the doctor, or nurse, is not available, the lay attendant should tie the cord, 20 to 30 minutes after respiration has been established.

To tie the cord wash the hands thoroughly, cleaning the nails well; use a length of the sterile tape and tie the cord about 10 inches from the navel; with another piece of tape tie a point two inches to the navel side of the first ligature. Tie firmly and fasten with several square knots. Cut cord with sterile scissors between the tied points.

Inspect the baby’s cord stump for bleeding after severing, and if hemorrhage is noticed tie a second tape about one inch to navel side of first, again firmly, and fastening with several square knots.

The long segment of cord attached to the baby’s navel is necessary to permit retying and dressing by the doctor later.

Roll the baby in a blanket and set aside in a safe place. Inspect from time to time to check behavior of respiration and take regular means to stimulate same if depressed.

The After-birth

5. While waiting for the expulsion of the afterbirth the patient should be carefully watched for hemorrhage. An attendant should exert con-
tinuous manual pressure on the womb through the abdominal wall to keep it well contracted after the birth of the baby. In case of hemorrhage after the placenta is expelled, massage of the womb to cause its contraction, by manual means through the abdominal wall, will usually control effectively.

When the after-birth is expelled carefully remove, wrap in paper and keep for inspection of the doctor.

6. Keep mother at rest after the termination of the delivery, and until relieved by the doctor, watch the patient closely for possible hemorrhage; also check the baby now and again for respiratory failure and hemorrhage from the cord.

If necessary arrange for the removal of the mother and baby to the hospital by ambulance.

If the baby has been born when you arrive note the condition of the cord; stimulate respiration of baby if necessary; cover patient with sufficientblanketing and give hot drinks to combat shock and chilling if present; send for doctor and ambulance, and attend case as indicated in previous paragraphs.

Remember that soap and water and attention to finger nails will go a long way in preventing infection by attendant.

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**Yes ... SPRING 3100 Does Get Around**

**SOMETIME IN AFRICA**

A.P.O. 608, c/o Postmaster

Miami, Florida

March 11, 1943.

**EDITOR, SPRING 3100:**

Today I received the December issue of SPRING 3100. During the past three months I have been constantly on the move, which accounts for its delay in reaching me. I cannot find words to express my appreciation in being able to read about the activities of New York's "Finest" after so long a period of time. The last copies I received before leaving the States were the September and October issues. No matter where my duty has led me, I carried these copies with me and oftentimes have I read and reread the news and information within their pages. This excellent magazine serves as a bond between our buddies in the Department and we members serving in the armed forces of our country. It brings back many pleasant memories of our men in blue who are performing their duty at home just as we in khaki are doing abroad. May God bestow His blessing on us all so that we may soon be together again, serving the greatest city in the world.

May I take this opportunity, through your pages, to extend my sincere thanks to the St. George Association, Holy Name Society, and N. Y. Police Post No. 1999, V.F.W., for their thoughtfulness.

My wholehearted thanks to you, too, for your kindness in sending me my favorite magazine. Please keep them coming. My best wishes to all the members of the Department.

**LT. STANLEY W. KOUTNIK,**

Patrolman, 114th Precinct.

**SOMETIME IN BRITAIN**

896 M.P. Co. Avn.

VIII Bomber Command

APO 634, N. Y., N. Y.

March 13, 1943.

**EDITOR, SPRING 3100:**

Thanks for sending along SPRING 3100. It sure is swell being able to keep in touch with what is going on in the Department. One item that interested me particularly, in the January issue, concerned the dimouts in N. Y. as contrasted with those held in Australia. You can say it again for me, being here in England, that the people back home do not know what a real blackout is—that over here the blackouts are so intense that in one block you pardon yourself a dozen times for bumping into people. I have seen the damage wrought by Hitler in his effort to blast out London, and it is good to be able to report that our Combined Air Forces today are giving him plenty in retaliation.

Mr. Schickelgruber's gang must have taken special delight in hitting places of worship. Whenever you go you not only see churches in ruins, but also surrounding houses and buildings—many of them wiped out completely.

You might say again to our people back home that every precaution should be taken in blacking out, and that they pray to God to spare them the agony and suffering visited on the people of Britain.

Hoping to receive SPRING 3100 regularly and in anticipation of being back on the job and catching up with my family soon—my son being in the Air Corps also and my wife similarly doing her bit as a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, I am sincerely yours.

**LOUIS A. CORNIBERT,** 1st Lt.,

Sergeant, 114th Precinct.
BEHIND THE DOCTOR

HELP US FIGHT CANCER

160,000 Americans die of cancer annually. Authorities say many of these deaths could be avoided.

Help us spread the knowledge that cancer can, in many cases, be cured. Enlist today in your local unit of the Women's Field Army.

In the Metropolitan Area, address the New York City Cancer Committee, 130 East 66th Street.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER
330 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

I n any Democracy the forces that stand behind the doctor are quite as important as the training and ability of the doctor himself. Among the public health movements in the United States no group has recognized this basic principle more promptly or more completely than the American Society for the Control of Cancer in conducting its nation-wide educational campaign against that disease.

In 1936 the Society organized as a practical work-
THE Police Commissioner in recent orders announced 163 awards to members of the Department for valor in the performance of duty. The list included posthumous awards to Detective Joseph A. Miccio and Patrolmen Christopher Hughes and Pasquale J. Venturelli, killed in line of duty.

The names of those cited follow:

HONORABLE MENTION

(Names to be placed on Tablet at Police Headquarters)

Detective Joseph A. Miccio, Shield No. 681, 78th Squad, 18th Division. At about 1:45 p.m., December 7, 1942, while on duty in the vicinity of Nevins and Bergen Streets, Brooklyn, encountered two men acting in a suspicious manner. During an ensuing struggle, the detective was shot in the chest. The gunmen fled in a stolen automobile but were apprehended by other officers. One thug was disarmed of a loaded revolver. Detective Miccio was removed to a hospital, where he died the following day. The two prisoners have been indicted for Murder 1st degree. The other members of the Force who participated in the capture are being awarded Departmental recognition in these orders.

Detective Christopher Hughes, Shield No. 5968, 17th Precinct. At about 11:07 p.m., January 21, 1943, while on radio motor patrol, was informed that a man, armed with a revolver, had threatened to kill another in a garage at 237 East 47th Street, Manhattan. The patrolman encountered the man in the garage, and when ordered to surrender, the gunman opened fire, wounding the patrolman twice in the left leg and once in the left side of the body. Patrolman Hughes returned the fire, wounding his assailant who was later apprehended by a detective. The patrolman was removed to a hospital and died the following day.

Patrolman Pasquale J. Venturelli, Shield No. 4001, 45th Precinct. At about 9:45 p.m., January 23, 1943, while on radio motor patrol in the vicinity of Orchard Street and City Island Avenue, Bronx, pursued a stolen automobile, occupied by three men, speeding east on Carroll Street. During the chase the operator swerved the radio car to avoid a head-on collision, forcing the fleeing car to mount the sidewalk and slow down, at which point Patrolman Venturelli jumped on the running board.

The stolen automobile again picked up speed and crashed into an electric pole on Carroll Street near William Avenue, killing Patrolman Venturelli. The three men were apprehended and are now awaiting trial on a charge of Homicide.

HONORABLE MENTION

Detectives Bradley Hammond, Shield No. 1135, and Walter S. Curtayne, Shield No. 735, 18th Squad, 18th Division. At about 11:10 a.m., December 24, 1942, were informed that a man was attempting to pawn a stolen camera in a store at 1149 Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. While confronted by the detectives, the suspect shot and seriously wounded Detective Hammond. As the gunman fled from the store, he turned and fired a shot at Detective Curtayne, who was in pursuit. During the chase, the gunman again fired at Detective Curtayne, who shot and wounded his assailant, causing him to fall to the street where he was disarmed and placed under arrest. As a result of this arrest, five other persons were subsequently arrested and a discarded revolver recovered as well as part of the proceeds of a series of burglaries and robberies in the Borough of Queens in which the prisoners had participated. Detective Hammond was removed to a hospital and is still on sick report.

Patrolman Louis J. Cannavale, Jr., Shield No. 4760, 80th Precinct. At about 1:40 p.m., September 28, 1942, while on patrol, was informed that a man was trapped in a burning projection booth in a theatre at 1521-23 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn. Patrolman Cannavale seized a fire extinguisher, entered the projection booth and attempted to extinguish the flames. Dropping to the floor of the booth, the patrolman located the unconscious man. He dragged him to the trap door of the booth and, with the
aid of firemen who had arrived, removed the unconscious man to safety. Patrolman Cannavale received first aid treatment and was removed to a hospital, suffering from smoke poisoning. He is still on sick report. One of the injured firemen was also removed to a hospital, where he died from the effects of smoke poisoning.

Patrolman Vincent C. Wood, Shield No. 3289, 22d Precinct. At about 2:50 p.m., December 7, 1942, while on special assignment and riding in Park Department automobile with a Park Department employee along West Drive, Central Park, Manhattan, heard shouts of “help” coming from the direction of the 100th Street Pool, between the West Drive and Central Park West. Proceeding to the scene, Patrolman Wood observed two small children, who had fallen through the ice, partly submerged in the water, about 25 feet from shore. Discarding his overcoat, cap and revolver, the patrolman ran out on the ice until it broke beneath his weight. He then swam to the boy and girl and kept them afloat. He had placed them on the ice and had started back to shore with them, when he was informed that there was another child under the water. Leaving the children on the ice, Patrolman Wood swam back and, diving under the water, located a small girl, who was unconscious. He swam with her to the other two children and slid the three children along the ice before him as he swam towards shore, breaking the ice as he went. Reaching a point where he could stand, Patrolman Wood, with the assistance of the Park Department employee and a civilian, carried the three children ashore and applied artificial respiration to the unconscious girl. The three children and the patrolman were removed to a hospital, suffering from exposure and submersion. Patrolman Wood remained on sick report for 19 days.

Patrolmen Peter E. Droner, Shield No. 896, 82nd Precinct, Charles G. Kaiser, Shield No. 8023, 78th Precinct, and Shephard Kole, Shield No. 18982, Traffic Precinct I, at about 2 p.m., December 7, 1942, Patrolman Droner, while on duty at the scene of an accident at Bergen and Nevins Streets, Brooklyn, observed Detective Joseph A. Miccio, Shield No. 681, 78th Squad, 18th Division, accosting two men, one of whom was armed. As the patrolman approached, the gunman shot and mortally wounded the detective. During an exchange of shots, Patrolman Droner was wounded in the right hand and the gunman fled in a stolen car. Patrolman Kole, on duty in the vicinity, joined Patrolman Kaiser, on radio motor patrol, in pursuit of the gunman. Shots were exchanged in the ensuing chase of about one and one-half miles and the gunman’s car collided with an approaching automobile near Navy Street and Myrtle Avenue. The gunman abandoned the car and fled in different directions. One thug attempted to shoot Patrolman Kaiser who was pursuing him, but he was subdued and captured. Patrolman Kole pursued the accomplice to premises, 167 Navy Street, where he was apprehended by detectives. A .45 caliber automatic pistol was confiscated. The gunman, who were on parole from Dannemora Prison at the time of occurrence, have been indicted for Murder, first degree.

Patrolmen Thomas P. Hernan, Shield No. 10623, and Richard F. Sinnott, Shield No. 15653, 18th Precinct. At 2:45 a.m., December 28, 1942, while on radio motor patrol, in response to a radio signal, proceeded to a tavern at 615 Ninth Avenue, Manhattan, where a man had committed a robbery and fired a shot at a patron who had followed him from the premises. In the ensuing pursuit, the officers fatally wounded the bandit when he attempted to shoot at them. Subsequent investigation revealed that the deceased had a criminal record and was also wanted by other authorities.

COMMENDATION
LIEUTENANTS

ACTING LIEUTENANT

DETECTIVES

PATROLMEN
EXEMPLARY POLICE DUTY

ACTING CAPTAINS
Thomas J. Hammill, Jr., 1st D.D.; Thomas J. Lenihan, 6th D.D.

LIEUTENANTS
Harry P. McCann, 81st Sqd.; James C. McNally, 62nd Sqd.;
Harry C. Blims, 79th Sqd.; Walter O’Hare, 6th D.D.

ACTING LIEUTENANTS
Walter E. Devine, 85th Sqd.

DETECTIVES
John F. Bolton, 4th Sqd.; Joseph W. Prendergill, 14th Sqd.;
James F. Hayden, Hom. Sqd., Man.; Charles A. Barts, Vincent X. Murphy, 22nd Sqd.;
Edward J. Shields, David Kanter, Hom. Sqd., Man.; Eugene S. Caneverl, Main Off. Queens,
William J. Wanding, 9th Sqd.; James F. Kane, Joseph B. McCarthy, 77th Sqd.;
Elmer Barry, 81st Sqd.; Edwin B. Matthews, 77th Sqd.;
Edward F. Carey, 79th Sqd.; George A. Ackley, 16th D.D.;
James A. Bell, Jr., 64th Sqd.; George Low, 60th Sqd.;
Charles Celano, Hom. Sqd., Bklyn.; John T. McNally, 70th Sqd.;
Walter J. Laurie, Francis X. Griffith, 61st Sqd.;
George J. McGowan, 62nd Sqd.; Walter E. Shea, 66th Sqd.;
John J. Tobin, William T. Flinn, 79th Sqd.; John J. McKeon,
Peter E. Sweeney, Homicide Sqd., Man.; James J. Ker-
math, Edmund B. Cosgrove, 30th Sqd.; John F. Croak,
Edward E. Devine, 88th Sqd.; Charles E. Byrnes, 81st Sqd.;
William L. Devine, Thomas J. Devine, Grand Jury
Sqd., Man.; Louis H. Wirtz, Robert A. Hughes, 69th Sqd.;
Charles P. Celano, Hom. Sqd., Bklyn.; William T. Flinn,
John J. Tobin, 79th Sqd.; Henry J. Connor, John P. Gunn,
41st Sqd.; Vincent X. Murphy, Frank J. Shallow, 32nd
Sqd.; James B. Hockett, Harold V. Kelly, 1st D.D.;
James S. Connolly, George A. Lawton, 44th Sqd.;
John F. Brigaitis, Raymond A. Adams, Grand Jury Sqd., Man.;
Arthur M. Harnisch, Robert T. Lazor, James J. Harrigan,
47th Sqd.

WE, THE PEOPLE!

What a pity we must hate them—folks we do not
even know;
We, a free, God-loving people, forced to fight a
bitter foe.
No way to even reach the ones who glorify the
fuehrer
(The scoundrel who’d have all believe no cause
than his is purer!)
Little children, busy drilling what he orders they
must do,
Being taught the art of killing both the Christian
and the Jew.
Not a word of truth is spoken, but the day is soon
to come
When the Nazi might is broken—freedom, then,
for everyone!
Then a brand-new song and sermon, free to run
and free to walk;
Something new that isn’t German; we, the people,
free to talk,
Tides will rise to cleanse pollution, wash away all
Aryan blood . . .
What will be their absolution—they who smeared
the world in mud?
Hitler, Goebbels, Rommel, Hermann: guilty all,
without a trial!
(They who preached that God is German, they
who cry the Hitler Heil!)
Soon will come the day to teach them, even now
our bitter foe;
What a pity we must hate them—folks we do not
even know.
—Detective George L. O’Connor,
Missing Persons Bureau

CAMP HOOD, TEXAS
Tank Destroyer Center

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
21 March, 1943.

The February issue arrived a few days ago, and I
was indeed glad to receive it. I have been away for
over 3 months now and it was good to read about
the boys and their activities once again.

We are kept very busy out here and are really
being toughened up. I am in a Tank Destroyer Bat-
talion. Our motto and insignia is at the top of
the page—a panther crushing a tank in its mouth; the
motto: “Seek—Strike—Destroy.”

Thanks again for sending me SPRING 3100.
Best regards to all.

EDWARD R. WOLTA,
Corporal, H.Q. Co. 812th T.D. B’n.,
Patrolman, 16th Precinct.

ENGINEER AMPHIBIAN COMMAND
Camp Edwards, Mass.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
February 15, 1943.

Receiving SPRING 3100 monthly seems like be-
ing a member of the police department in the
array, and I enjoy reading accounts of happenings.
Especially I wish to extend my regrets in learning
of the death of Detective Joseph A. Miccio, in whose
passing the department lost a great detective.

DAVID X. OAKLEY, 2nd Lieutenant,
Detective, 4th Squad.
POMP and splendor, twin attributes always closely associated with the social activities of this friendliest of organizations, featured again last month the annual Entertainment and Reception of the New York City Police Post of the American Legion, held on the evening of Friday, April 2, at the Waldorf Astoria. As in former years, leaders prominent in civic, business, police and Legion circles were included in this annual "gathering of the clan." The occasion served to mark, in addition, the 21st anniversary of the founding of the Mountain Camp of the American Legion, Department of New York, and where, since its inception in 1922, more than one hundred thousand days of rest and convalescence have been provided by the Legion for its sick and less fortunate members.

Commander Albert J. Nelson, as genial and radiant a host as any you might have the good fortune to happen upon, in the course of his address of welcome said:

"Let us turn our thoughts to our buddies who are again serving their country in the Armed Forces on the various battlefields tonight and offer a short prayer for their safe return. We wish them to know that we frequently think of them. To all who are serving our beloved nation, we are deeply indebted and hope that through their efforts we shall again gather to celebrate not only another annual entertainment and reception, but a victorious peace with God's blessings and endowment."

The entertainment portion of the program, comprising headline and feature acts exclusively, preceded the dancing which lasted, as is customary in Post 460 circles, until the wee sma' hours. A special prize for the "handsomest and most stately couple" appearing in the grand march went to Deputy Chief Inspector and Mrs. Arthur W. Wallander. Among the runners-up were Assistant to the Chief Surgeon and Mrs. Jerry Shea, Sgt. and Mrs. William Kearns, and Commander (Sheridan Post) and Mrs. "Jimmy" Lombardi.

And congratulations again on their respective birthdays to Major Frank Quigley and Captain Dan Lake, engaged just now in helping to put over as members of Uncle Sam's fighting forces the most gigantic job of rat extermination in world history.

A word of felicitation also on the splendid job turned in by the committee in charge under the able chairmanship of Past Commander John J. Lawlor and Vice Chairmen John Beek, William Cowan, Frank Hansen and Phil Parker.

It was another of those affairs which linger on in memory for days on end.
“Where is the body?”

THOMAS MARTIN ALEXANDER saw a dream walking. Being very resolute, like his father before him—and for whom I worked before I joined the force, Thomas Martin Alexander caught up with the dream—and married her shortly after. That’s the beginning of an honest-to-goodness true story of how I almost caught my first murderer.

It was late one mid-winter afternoon, and I was sitting in Mr. Alexander’s swank office when the phone rang, the tinkling followed a moment later by the velvety voice of Mr. Alexander’s ritzy secretary, Miss Rush, crooning in response, “Yes, Mrs. Alexander, your husband is terribly busy at the moment checking over the accounts.”

The small, but invincible, Mrs. Alexander was not to be put off, however.

“Tell my husband I must speak to him!”

That she was in the midst of a delightful temper was evidenced by the rush of her voice coming over the wire in a steady stream. With a resigned look on his face Mr. Alexander took the phone.

“Yes, dear!” he said, and sat back to listen.

It was all so very awful, she then went on to explain. And Mr. Alexander would simply have to do something. She had read about such depredations in the papers, but this, she averred, was different. It must be due to the war.

“Ann, what do you want?” Mr. Alexander was impatient. There was no mistaking the tone in his voice.

“It’s terrible!” she shrieked back in answer. She wanted to build up her story, and he was not allowing her time.

“What’s terrible?” Mr. Alexander was looking longingly at the pile of accounts.

“Why, my friend Martha! It’s happened! Just as I knew it would! Just as right along I predicted it would! It’s terrible, I tell you, just terrible!”

“Oh!” Mr. Alexander hung there limply. “Ann, for God’s sake what’s happened?” he yelled.

Immediately then I could tell that Mrs. Alexander was happy. She was getting the reaction she wished for. I supposed that she was ready right now to spring her calamity.

“Well,” she began, “Martha’s not home.”

“What did you say?” Mr. Alexander was shrieking.

“She’s not home? So . . . ?”

“Thomas, don’t you speak to me like that.”

I had never seen Mr. Alexander so angry.

“How do you expect me to speak to you after that
great story? Who do you think I am? Mr. District Attorney? What do you want me to do, go gathering clues and then call you back and tell you why she isn't home?” He was yelling now.

“Yes, dear. And if you had any love for your poor wife, you'd come right home now!”

“I'd do what?” If Mrs. Alexander had been any nearer, he probably would have thrown the phone at her.

“Poor Martha is dead! I just know she is,” Mrs. Alexander wailed.

Mr. Alexander was exasperated. But he knew that if he hung up, she'd simply call him again—and again.

“Tell me, dear, tell me what it's all about.”

“Well,” the words came out in a rush, “You know she's always home at this time.” She didn't wait for an answer. “The other day she had a fight with her boarder and he threatened to have her hung by the longest rope in the country.”

“Oh, so you think it's sabotage?”

“No, Thomas, I think it's murder!”

“Well, I'm not a G-man.”

“Thomas, stop joking. Don't you realize what this is? It's murder—and to a good friend of mine.” Mr. Alexander looked at me hopelessly. It was all so ridiculous.

“Yes, dear,” he said.

“Thomas, you don't understand. She had a fight with the fellow yesterday!”

Mrs. Alexander was very upset. Whatever control she had over her emotions had by now vanished.

“Thomas, will you please come for me, and drive me up there? If you don't I'll call the police!”

Poor Mr. Alexander. He looked at me again. He could only do one thing.

“Come along,” he groaned. “Maybe you can help.”

“You're a damn fool,” Mr. Alexander said to his wife when we arrived at their home. “The only reason I'm driving you up there is because I don't want you whining on my shoulder all night. Why—this is ridiculous! Absurd! Preposterous!”

We were almost there when in the car I spoke to Mrs. Alexander for the first time. “Now, tell me,” I said—as she stopped for a moment to get her breath, “why you think Martha was murdered?”

That opened the reservoir anew.

“Well, Martha had this man boarding with her for the last 15 years, and ever since her husband died, six months ago, I'm positive she's been trying to get rid of him. You know the way people talk if they find a man in the same house alone with a widow.” She stopped.

“Go on,” I said, still not impressed.

“Well, it's my guess this man didn't want to go and they had a big fight and he threatened to have her strung up!” She stopped momentarily, then blurted: “And now she isn't home when she should be.” There was silence. “Don't you see?”

Right then I could see Mrs. Alexander's mind working. She was probably hoping, even so slightly, of course, that it might prove to be some kind of sex murder—and she in the role of the heroine who discovered the body. In all the papers there would be a big story—headlines—pictures!

So I nodded my head and thought about “poor dear Martha.”

Mr. Alexander stopped the car in front of a red-brick two-story house on the upper West Side, one of several in that section which had managed somehow to withstand the onslaught of Park Commissioner Moses' construction spree. Mrs. Alexander broke the silence.

“Remember, I want you to be very careful not to touch anything! Don't leave fingerprints!”

“Yes, Sherlock,” her husband muttered.

The front door was locked, but that didn't stop Mrs. Alexander.

“Through a window,” she commanded determinedly, and looked at me for approval. I just stood there.

“No noise!” she warned. “We'll never be able to save her if we make noise.”

Mr. Alexander was waiting for that.

“If she's dead, how are we going to save her?”

“But how can she be dead?”

“You've been telling me right along that she's dead.”

In reply, Mrs. Alexander gave her husband an exasperated look. She walked to the window, demanded that we lift her through. We did.

Five minutes passed, and she didn't appear to open the door for us. Finally Mr. Alexander yelled:

“Ann, why don't you let us in?”

She came running to the door and reprimanded him.

“Thomas, how do you expect me to catch the murderer if you make so much noise?”

She led us inside to the living room, pointed to a small statuette. The bottom had been chipped off and it was standing precariously on the mantel piece.

“That,” she said, “convinces me that there was a struggle—and dear Martha was murdered.”

Probably hoping to find the body, she led us upstairs. We followed submissively. Finally, Mr. Alexander really revolted.

“Ann, we're going to be arrested for house breaking!”

“What do you mean? We have a legitimate reason.”

“Legitimate or not, we'll have a hard time proving it.”

Suddenly, on the second floor she stopped and said excitedly, in a half-whisper:

“That's his room! I'm going in there and make him confess!”

“Whose room?”

“The boarder's! The one who killed Martha!”

“Oh!”

She barged across the hall and tried to walk right in. She couldn't. The door was locked. So she stood outside and pounded on it like any brave, determined woman would. Also she demanded the brute come out and give himself up, because she knew he was in there. The poor boarder, tired and disarranged, came to the door then and threw it open.

“Oh,” she said, as she all but fell in through the open door. “Oh!”

“Well, and what can I do for such a charming lady at this hour?” the fellow politely asked—and I thought I saw him wince at her. He didn't seem to notice us as we stood in the background against the stairs. His eyes and whole attention were fixed on the charming Mrs. Alexander.

“How did you get in?” he queried. “I'm sure I locked the front door.”

“I came in through the—never mind how I came in.” He looked surprised. “Won't you come in and have a seat?”

“I certainly will not.”
The boarder apologized profusely. "I must have misunderstood your errand."

"You certainly have." Then, realizing that her method was wrong, Mrs. Alexander decided that she would have to act more boldly.

"Where is it?" she demanded to know. "Where is the body?"

The lodger backed up a step.

"I—er—don't know what you mean!"

That was just the answer she expected.

"You know precisely what I mean. I demand to know where you hid Martha's body!"

"Martha's body? What are you raving about?"

"You killed my friend Martha Blackwell and I want to know where you hid the body!"

"But Mrs. Blackwell is quite alive, I'm sure. I saw her only this morning."

"Yes, and you were the last one to see her."

The boarder was thoroughly awake now. He spoke with an unhappy voice.

"Did you say Mrs. Blackwell is dead?"

"That's what I've been saying."

"Heaven help my soul!" he groaned. And he slammed the door.

Mrs. Alexander rushed to us. Hurriedly she whisked us down the flight of stairs. She was starting to cry.

"Thomas, that man is going to murder me, too. I could see it in his face!"

"I wouldn't worry about it," Mr. Alexander said calmly. He was gazing out the window.

"Thomas, you're a beast. You don't even seem to care if your wife is murdered. What kind of a man are you?"

Mr. Alexander did not move.

"Look out the window and see who's coming."

Tearfully she asked, "Who is it?"—then Mrs. Alexander looked.

"Oh, Thomas, let's go." Tears were raining down her face.

Martha Blackwell was approaching the door.

"Don't you think you should say hello to the corpse?" He grunted in derision.

On the way through the door Mrs. Alexander bumped into Mrs. Blackwell.

"Hello!" she murmured weakly.

Everything must have worked out all right, because the next day Mrs. Blackwell called Mr. Thomas Martin Alexander and wanted to know if he could please possibly explain—or would he have any idea—why her boarder, who had been with her for 15 years—and such a nice man, too—left so suddenly.

She was seriously troubled, she said—and she just wondered.

"Nick Sussillo Night"

IMPRESSIVE indeed was the tribute paid by the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association on the evening of Wednesday, March 24, at the headquarters of the organization in the Governor Clinton Hotel, to the man who for eleven years, from 1932 to 1943, had served the organization as its president—Lieutenant Nicholas P. Sussillo, the ceremony culminating in the presentation to "Nick" of a framed copy of engrossed resolutions, formal appreciation on the part of the members of "his Leadership, his Fearlessness of Decision, Sincerity of Purpose and Unswerving Loyalty to the organization, attributes which have attained for him a place in our hearts. . . ."

Officially designated as "Nick Sussillo Night," no general invitations had been extended. Invited guests—persons who had been closely associated with the past president for a number of years, included Assistant Chief Inspector John J. DeMartino, Deputy Chief Inspector Michael J. Murphy, Inspectors William A. Turk and Henry Malley, former Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas Cummings, Captain Matthew A. Sken, president, Captains' Endowment Association; Sergeant Ross P. Monroe, president, Sergeants' Benevolent Association; Detective Denis Mahoney, president, Detectives' Endowment Association; Magistrate Thomas J. Aurelio, and last but certainly not least the lovely and charming Mrs. Nicholas P. Sussillo. Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy, P.B.A. president, was unable because of absence from the city on official business to attend.

The several speeches delivered in honor of the guest of the evening were not in the form of oratorical outbursts; rather they could be classified within the category of sincere, direct-from-the-heart expressions of appreciation and respect for one who over a period of years had served his organization faithfully and well.
"Jimmy" Goud

Jimmy Goud, who once a year used to visit with us here at the office of SPRING 3100, has made his last call.

Jimmy, on March 16 past, was summoned to his heavenly reward.

Veteran readers of SPRING 3100 will recall Jimmy Goud as the handsome, well set-up lad who, back in February, 1936, dropped in on us for the purpose of having his name entered on our subscription file. He at that time was 89 years young and his visit, as we recall it now, was as refreshing as the proverbial summer breeze. His appearance, as he strode through the door, belied his age startlingly—a man still to be reckoned with, we said to ourselves as we surveyed a bit enviously those sturdy shoulders, that smoothly flowing moustache, and those snappy blue eyes which won you over the moment he flashed them on you.

Jimmy was born in 1847, appointed to the old Metropolitan Police in 1868, and was retired in 1901, at which time he was attached to the old 49th Precinct in Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, which was manned in those days by a force of 27 men and covered the territory from Flatbush and Franklin Avenues all the way to the old Brooklyn city line, wherever that was.

They had good posts, too, Jimmy had told us, explaining that it required only about four hours of steady hiking in those days for a fellow to reach his relieving point promptly.

"Of course," Jimmy chuckled, "that wasn't so hot for the roundsman, and particularly if he was out to fatten his batting average, if you know what I mean."

Which proves conclusively that even in those times the boys played hide and seek occasionally when on patrol.

Crime conditions were not so bad in those early days, according to Jimmy, and the occasional report of a horse and wagon going astray—or maybe a cow or two—helped wonderfully to break up the monotony of things.

Crimes such as "hold-ups," were rare, he recalled—"because there were no automobiles in my time in which to make a quick get-away."

For years, Jimmy had lived in his own home in Merrick, L. I., happily, until a little less than 12 years ago, when his devoted wife, his loyal side-partner for 62 years, was taken from his side.

He never drank or smoked in his life, and it is to this abstinence, more than anything else, that Jim-

SEPTEMBER, 1939

The late Patrolman James Goud, then 92, shown with Commissioner Valentine in the latter's office at Headquarters

my attributed the longevity that was his. In age, he ranked second among our pensioners to retired Patrolman Philip Rogers, formerly of the old Brooklyn 2nd Precinct, and who today is still alive and holding his own at 96.

His advice to the members of the Department, given on the occasion of his introductory visit with us, we quote gladly:

"Be loyal to the job—go through it cleanly—never talk back to the sergeant—save your money—and by all means, invest it wisely."

Yes, indeed, dear reader, Jimmy Goud, during the several years it was our privilege to know him, exemplified gloriously the bluecoat of yesteryear. A veteran crime fighter, he in his day had brought distinction to the blue cloth and gold of the "Finest"—the uniform to which until the day that he died he bowed with reverence and pride.
FRoM the files of the United Press under date of
March 26, 1943, comes the following article:

"Patriotic Americans who have been
bending and stretching vocal cords to
reach the high notes of 'The Star-
Spangled Banner' should bend an ear
to Captain Eugene LaBarre who today
announced a simple plan to bring these
notes within the reach of the common
people.

"LaBarre, bandmaster of the New
York Police Band, and formerly musical
director of the 1940 New York
World's Fair, said his plan for a ceil-
ing on high notes will 'end confusion,
halt derogatory attacks and scrap-it
propaganda, and stop the anthem from
being a national shame.'

"Americans are getting collective
laryngitis and a frustration complex
from trying to sing the current 'Serv-
ice Version,' he said. Lily Pons, Lucy
Monroe (or other famous singers) and
the band are all that make the grade
and continue to the finish of the song
—the rest of 'em just stand there with
looks of defeat and humiliation on their faces.

"He hopes for an act of congress to return to us, and
fix so that it cannot be tampered with, a version pub-
lished in 1843 which he said is a 'sing-
able easy-on-the-throat' version ap-
ppearing in old hymnals and school
books until 1918 when a 'Committee of
12' composed of educators and music
publishers, tampered with it for the
sake of history and not practicability.

"When congress made 'The Star-
Spangled Banner' our national anthem
in 1931, LaBarre said, it did not spe-
cify which music. Probably congress-
men did not know that there were
many conflicting versions on the mar-
ket.

"LaBarre is plugging for a version
which he says has 'the offending high
notes eliminated, and was used for 70
years by our ancestors without criti-
cism.'

"He says, 'no greater stimulus of
patriotism can be conceived than that
of the glorious feeling in a person
when he can lustily sing every note
of the greatest of all national songs—
"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"—from begin-
ning to end without faltering.'

GOLF

THE Police Golf Association will hold its opening
handicap tournament of the 1943 season on Fri-
day, April 16, at the Garden City Country Club,
Stewart Avenue and Nassau Boulevard, Garden City,
L. I. Entrance fee, as in previous years, will be $2.
This will include golf, luncheon, refreshments, music,
prices and the use of the clubhouse and grounds.

With the opening tee-off on this date, the P.G.A.
enters into its ninth season of play and the campaign
this year promises to equal—if not eclipse—anything
offered by this wide-awake group of mashie mashers
in the past. Organized in 1935 with the idea of giving
members of our Department an opportunity to per-
petrate their golf at least one day in each month and

on a different as well as exclusive golf course—and,most important of all at a tax that ordinarily would
not pay the greens fee—membership in this interesting
organization increases with the years.

An admirable feature of these P.G.A. tournaments
is the regulation which prohibits, as we've pointed
out in this column before, any member from annexing
more than one prize during a season. The thought
behind the rule is to allow as many members as pos-
sible a crack at the various monthly prizes.

In addition to this, SPRING 3100 will award three
prizes at the close of the season to the three golfers
turning in the best general performances of the year,
judged on a handicap basis, of course, and based on
the contestants' three best scores of the season. And
let us remind you again—you don't have to be a glori-
fied hit-and-walk artist to compete. Your handicap
will assure you an even break no matter how adolescent
your game or how lean your experience.

Notification via postcard will be sent to members
of the P.G.A. before each tournament, and golf-minded
members of the Department who have not previously
attended these events and who might like to join up
with the boys are requested to register either with
President Robert Poggi, 94th Precinct or with Secret-
ary Edward MacFadden, 112th Precinct.
Fore!'
By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

WRITTEN BY a retired government official of England, Ernest T. Williams, Lasting Peace and a Better World sketches in bold outline how to achieve those objectives in a post-war world. What may particularly interest the policeman is his proposal for an International Air Force which will not only handle all flying traffic between nations but also act as a police force.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER of the Illinois State Police Radio System gives you a well-illustrated and diagrammed explanation of a Mobile Crime Laboratory in Radio News of March, 1943. A huge truck especially designed for the purpose contains the finest radio equipment and accessories and may be utilized in any emergency.

POLICE CHIEF of Honolulu, Hawaii explains in Municipal Signal Engineer of January-February 1943 the value of a police radio system in an emergency.

IN THE QUARTERLY ISSUE of Federal Probation, March, 1943, are a number of interesting articles that you can not afford to miss, “Is punishment a deterrent” by Dr. A. A. Brill, and several on the problem and treatment of juvenile delinquency.

DO YOU REFER to the semi-annual bulletins of the Uniform Crime Reports? They are filled with pertinent statistics.

THE Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology has many articles pertaining to police problems. A recent issue contains one by V. A. Leonard on police training.

THE EAGLE LIBRARY, Brooklyn, has just published a new handy volume, Administrative Code, Police Chapters with all amendments up-to-date. Keep a copy where you can refer to it often or come in and use one in the Municipal Reference Library, Room 2230, Municipal Building, Manhattan.

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY Traffic Institute with the co-operation of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Safety Division, has just issued two new publications which are of interest to the members of the police force. One is “The Evidence Handbook for Police” and the other is “Accident Investigation Manual.” Both of these titles are available at the Municipal Reference Library.

ONE PROBLEM of every police department is whether it wins the respect of the general public; when this is lacking, it is impossible to get proper cooperation in law-enforcement. As part of the research on the Kansas City (Missouri) police department, the Civic Research Institute in mid-January asked this question of a representative cross-section of local people:

“Do you think the police are doing a good job or a poor job in Kansas City?”

Almost two-thirds of the 1,014 questioned said “A good job”; only six per cent said “Poor.” The opinions expressed were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Opinion</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Doing good job</td>
<td>64%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>22%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor</td>
<td>6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No opinion</td>
<td>8%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reasons Back of Attitudes

Preliminary testing of the survey showed that to the layman efficient law enforcement was not the sole standard of a “good” police force. Consequently, every person was asked the reasons on which he based his impression.

Reasons given by those rating the police “Good”:

Not specific (“Good job considering conditions, etc.”) 66%
Less crime and gambling 10%
Less politics involved in the police force 7%
Better traffic control; low accident rate 5%
Police quick to answer calls 5%
(Reservation): Good, but too few; or underpaid 5%
Courteous: not over-officious 5%
Younger men: better-trained; more intelligent 2%
Good police chief: improvement in leadership 1%
Impartial: people can’t fix traffic tickets 1%
Well-dressed: neat; good department 1%
# POLICE ACADEMY

**OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL**

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE APRIL, 1943, ISSUE OF “SPRING 3100”**

By Lieutenant PETER F. MATTHEWS

## QUESTIONS

**QUESTION NO. 1**

Who may suspend or revoke licenses and certificates of registration under the Vehicle and Traffic Law?

**QUESTION NO. 2**

What persons may serve criminal process within the City of New York?

**QUESTION NO. 3**

Under what circumstances may a crime be compromised. Explain in detail.

**QUESTION NO. 4**

What qualifications must be possessed by an applicant for a public hack driver's license?

**QUESTION NO. 5**

Briefly answer the following:

a. Is it possible to determine the make of an unknown firearm by a bullet?

b. Is a confession made through an interpreter inadmissible as hearsay?

c. What information will members of the Force furnish to the District Attorney?

d. Who may designate learners' streets in the City of New York?

e. All books, accounts and papers in the office of any city department shall be open to the inspection of any taxpayer. What departments are excepted?

f. Who are exempt from the Administrative Code provisions relative to unnecessary noises?

## ANSWERS

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1**

Any magistrate or judge, in a city, or in a village of the first class; any supreme court justice; county judge; judge of a court of general sessions; the superintendent of state police; the commissioner of motor vehicles; or any person deputized by the commissioner of motor vehicles, shall have power to revoke or suspend the license to drive a motor vehicle or motor cycle of any person, or in the case of an owner, the certificate of registration.

A learner's permit shall be deemed a license within the meaning of this section.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2**

Criminal process may be served within the City of New York only by the following persons:

a. A member of the police force of any city of the State of New York.

b. A constable of the State of New York.

c. A sheriff or one of the usual deputies of any sheriff of the State of New York.

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**POLICE ACADEMY**

**OFFICERS’ TRAINING SCHOOL**

72 POPLAR ST., BROOKLYN

**PROMOTION COURSES**

1. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on Monday - - - - - 7:30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - 10:30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - 11:30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on Monday - - - - - 7:30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - 10:30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - 11:30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.

3. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on Monday - - - - - 7:30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - 10:30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - 11:30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - 5:30 P.M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

5. SEE CIRCULAR 12, 1937.

d. A police constable or an assistant police constable of the State of New York.

e. A peace officer of the State of New York.

f. A United States marshal.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3**

When a defendant is brought before a magistrate, or is held to answer, on a charge of a misdemeanor, for which the person injured by the act constituting the crime has a remedy by a civil action, the crime may be compromised, except when it was committed:

1. By or upon an officer of justice, while in the execution of the duties of his office; or

2. Riotously; or

3. With an intent to commit a felony.

If a party injured appears before the magistrate, or before the court to which the deposition and statements are required, to be returned at any time before trial or commitment by the magistrate, or trial on indictment for the crime, and acknowledges in writing that he has received satisfaction for the injury, the magistrate or court may, in his or its discretion, on payment of the costs and expenses incurred, if such magistrate or court shall see fit so to direct, order all proceedings to be stayed upon the prosecution and the defendant be discharged therefrom. But in that case, the reason for the order must be set forth therein and entered upon the minutes.

The order authorized by the last section is a bar to another prosecution for the same offense.
No crime can be compromised, nor can any proceeding for the prosecution or punishment thereof upon a compromise, be stayed, except as so provided.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

1. Must be a citizen of the United States, or have regularly declared his intention of becoming a citizen.
2. A resident of the City of New York.
3. Be twenty-one years of age or over; if under twenty-five years of age, shall produce a birth certificate or other satisfactory proof.
4. Be of good moral character.
5. Of sound physique, with good eyesight and not subject to epilepsy, vertigo, heart trouble, or any other infirmity of body or mind which might render him unfit for safe operation of public hacks.
6. Must be able to read and write the English language.
7. Be clean of dress and person.
8. Not addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors or narcotics.
9. Must be licensed as a chauffeur by the Motor Vehicle Bureau of the State of New York.
10. Must have had a driving license for a motor vehicle for a period of at least three years.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. Yes. In order to determine the make of an unknown firearm from which a bullet has been fired a classification of bullet marks must be at hand. In many police departments there now exist comprehensive classifications of revolvers, pistols, etc.
b. The fact that a confession is made through an interpreter does not render it inadmissible as hearsay, provided the interpreter is called as a witness.
c. All facts obtained in connection with the case, including the names and addresses of witnesses.
d. Learners' streets may be designated by the Police Commissioner.
e. The Police and Law Departments.
f. Shall not apply to the operation or use of any organ, radio, bell, chimes or other instrument, apparatus or device by any church, synagogue or school.

DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

General Orders No. 6, February 21, 1943.
Special election Tuesday, March 2, 1943, to elect an Assemblyman in the 2nd Assembly District, Queens.

General Orders No. 7, February 27, 1943.
Amends Paragraph 21 of Article 19 of the Manual of Procedure, titled "Medical and Surgical Bureau," in relation to the boundaries of Medical Districts and Assignments of Surgeons.

Circular No. 4, March 2, 1943.
Amends Section 97, Article 8 of the Traffic Regulations—Commercial Vehicle Truck Routes.
Special regulations for vehicular traffic, to govern speed limits on East River Drive, from Montgomery Street to 125th Street, Manhattan.
No vehicular traffic permitted on certain streets in Borough of Queens.
Approves a certain location as a designated premises for discharge of small firearms in Borough of Queens.

Circular No. 5, March 6, 1943.
Resolution adopted by the Board of Estimate relative to Veterans' Conventions and Campments.

T. T. Message, March 8, 1943.
Enforcement activities in connection with pleasure driving discontinued by O.P.A.

T. T. Message, March 10, 1943.
Acting Superintendent of Telegraph shall cause to be transmitted to all commands at 11:00 P.M., daily, the time of sunrise for the following day, together with the time the dimout period terminates. Commanding officers and desk officers shall transmit this information to members of the Force performing duty between 12.01 A.M. and 8 A.M. each day. Attention directed to provisions of Section 14 of the Traffic Regulations published in Circular No. 22, 1942, which limits the speed of vehicles during the hours the dimout is in effect to 20 miles per hour.

T. T. Message, March 12, 1943.
Directs commanding officers and supervisory heads to cause a checkup to be made of all gas masks issued to members of the Force under their supervision, to ascertain those which are damaged and unusable.

T. T. Message, March 12, 1943.
Re custody of ballot boxes for the last Primary Election, August 11, 1942.

T. T. Order No. 4, March 13, 1943.
Article 2 of the Manual of Procedure, titled "Arrests and Summonses", amended as follows:
Paragaph No. 63: When a member of the Force observes a violation of the Traffic Regulations by an operator of a United States Mail vehicle, he will without delay report it to his commanding officer giving the date, time, place of occurrence, name of driver, number of the mail vehicle, and the circumstances of the case. The commanding officer will forward report in duplicate on U.F. 49 to the Police Commissioner for transmission to the Postmaster having jurisdiction. Paragraph No. 66 revoked.

T. T. Order No. 5, March 13, 1943.
Effective Tuesday, March 16, 1943, the Women's Court will be located in the Criminal Courts Building, 100 Centre Street, Manhattan.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank &amp; Command</th>
<th>Assigned</th>
<th>Service Rank</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Clarence M.</td>
<td>Tr. P.</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
<td>A.S.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armbrat, Simon P.</td>
<td>10 D. D.</td>
<td>Camp Upton, L. I.</td>
<td>Major</td>
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<td>Anderson, Carl A.</td>
<td>Lt. 6 Pet.</td>
<td>N. Y. C.</td>
<td>Major</td>
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<td>Barkley, Clarence E.</td>
<td>Mey. 2</td>
<td>N.Y.P.E. Bidyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>2nd Lt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baron, Paul</td>
<td>Pvt. 196</td>
<td>Ft. Benning, Ga.</td>
<td>Candidate</td>
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<tr>
<td>Berkowitz, Harry</td>
<td>Pvt. 23</td>
<td>U. S. Army</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<td>Bershatsky, Sidney</td>
<td>Pvt. 73</td>
<td>Amarillo Field, Texas</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Blau, Seymour</td>
<td>Pvt. 23</td>
<td>APO 77, Los Angeles</td>
<td>Sgt.</td>
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<td>Bostick, Robert A.</td>
<td>Pvt. 4</td>
<td>Maxwell Field, Ala.</td>
<td>Avia. C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brady, Thomas J.</td>
<td>Pvt. 79</td>
<td>Chicago, Ill.</td>
<td>Midshipman</td>
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<td>Bramson, Bernard</td>
<td>Pvt. 84</td>
<td>Syracuse Univ., N. Y.</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brauner, Solomon</td>
<td>Pvt. 105</td>
<td>Big Springs, Texas</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<td>Brooks, Paul E.</td>
<td>Pvt. 110 A.</td>
<td>APO 600, N. Y.</td>
<td>Tech. Sgt.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Emmett L.</td>
<td>Pvt. 7</td>
<td>Camp Peary, Va.</td>
<td>Warrant Corp.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Browne, Thomas P.</td>
<td>Pvt. 41</td>
<td>Boise, Idaho</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<td>Brust, Albert A.</td>
<td>Pvt. 7</td>
<td>Ft. Riley, Kansas</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
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<td>Burnley, Charles A.</td>
<td>Pvt. 102</td>
<td>Trinidad, B.W.</td>
<td>Ch. F. B. M.</td>
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<td>Buckley, John T.</td>
<td>Pvt. 105 A.</td>
<td>Brooklyn, N. Y.</td>
<td>Yeoman</td>
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<td>Bungard, Herbert H.</td>
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<td>Ensign</td>
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<td>U. S. Army</td>
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<td>Burrell, William J.</td>
<td>Pvt. 23</td>
<td>Governors Island, N. Y. Corp.</td>
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</table>

**Name**

| Cooper, Sydney C. | Pvt. 73 |
| Corinon, Louis A. | Pvt. 31 |
| Costello, John J. | Pvt. 18 |
| Cotter, William M. | Pvt. 11 |
| Cox, John J. | Pvt. 12 |
| Cox, Thomas A. | Pvt. 42 |
| Crehan, John L. | Pvt. 77 |
| Crosson, Gerald L. | Pvt. 52 |
| Curry, John R. Jr. | Pvt. 16 |
| Currie, Andrew J. | Pvt. 78 |
| Curry, William H. Jr. | Pvt. 17 |
| Cusack, Charles J. | Pvt. 34 |

**Name**

<p>| Dale, John O. | Pvt. 15 |
| Daley, George A. | Pvt. 11 |
| Darde, Harry R. | Pvt. 46 |
| Davenport, Kenneth | Pvt. 79 |
| Deady, Thomas E. | Pvt. 84 |
| Delahanty, John W. | Pvt. 10 |
| Delaney, John C. | Pvt. 11 |
| Denton, George A. | Pvt. 30 |
| DeSarlo, Michael | Pvt. 30 |
| Devaney, Edmund J. | Pvt. 30 |
| Devine, Harold A. | Pvt. 79 |
| Dillon, Charles A. | Pvt. 10 |
| Dingle, Daniel L. | Pvt. 113 |
| Dobler, Edward H. | Pvt. 80 |
| Doherty, James B. | Pvt. 12 |
| Dolan, Bernard A. | Pvt. 16 |
| Dooley, William J. | Pvt. 12 |
| Doonan, Charles | Pvt. 84 |
| Doscher, Charles E. | Pvt. 28 |
| Downey, John T. | Pvt. 12 |
| Doyle, Thomas J. | Pvt. 60 |
| Drach, John H. | Pvt. 40 |
| Drum, Edward J. | Pvt. 68 |
| Dugan, Thomas J. | Pvt. 70 |
| Dunne, James E. | Pvt. 79 |
| Durnik, Michael | Pvt. 90 |
| Duval, Joseph E. | Pvt. 84 |
| Dwyer, Cornelius F. | Pvt. 20 |
| Ehrlich, Wilbur L. | Pvt. 78 |
| Elsber, Carl L. | Pvt. 25 |
| Engelhardt, Wilbur J. | Pvt. 12 |
| Erhardt, John E. | Pvt. 73 |
| Fabia, Michael J. | Pvt. 11 |
| Faby, John J. | Pvt. 73 |
| Feldman, Samuel | Pvt. 30 |
| Feller, Harold M. | Pvt. 32 |
| Fent, Richard E. | Pvt. 11 |
| Fentz, William F. | Pvt. 42 |
| Feuer, George P. | Pvt. 28 |
| Feuerstein, Eugen | Pvt. 65 |
| Fidgeon, Arthur J. | Pvt. 28 |
| Fillhard, George V. | Pvt. 71 |</p>
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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank &amp; Command</th>
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<th>Service Rank</th>
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<tr>
<td>Posner, Harvey S.</td>
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<td>U. S. Army</td>
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<td>Powell, William</td>
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<td>90</td>
<td>Fleet P.O. N. Y.</td>
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<td>Quigley, Francis J.</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>94</td>
<td>Camp Upton, N. Y.</td>
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</table>
| Quinn, James J.       | Pvt.           | 104      | Pier 92, N. Y. | Spec. 2 Cl.
| Raphael, Sidney       | Pvt.           | 80       |              |         |
| Redden, Mathew J.     | Pvt.           | 23       | USCG, Bronx, N. Y. | B'n. M. |
| Regan, Cyril R.       | Pvt.           | 78       | Denver, Colo.  | Pvt.    |
| Revit, George B.      | Pvt.           | 8 D. D.  |              | Spec. 2 Cl. |
| Reid, Thomas P.       | Pvt.           | 63       | Ft. Ontario, N. Y. | Pvt.    |
| Reilly, John A.       | Pvt.           | 47       | Pass-a-Grille Beach, Fla. | 1st Lt |
| Renton, Alonzo A.     | Pvt.           | 46       | Newport, R. I. | Ch. Sp. (S) |
| Robertson, William J. | Pvt.           | 59       | Army Base, Bklyn, N. Y. | 1st Lt |
| Robinson, Donald L.   | Pvt.           | 105      | Ft. Myers, Fla. | Corp.   |
| Rock, Joseph L.       | Pvt.           | 70       | St. Augustine, Fla. | Lt.    |
| Rocker, Sidney        | Pvt.           | 19       | Camp Upton, L. I. | 2d Lt. |
| Roland, Stephen V.    | Pvt.           | 104      | U. S. Navy | B'n. M. |
| Ronan, William C.     | Pvt.           | 48       | Camp Funston, Kansas | Spec. 2Lt. |
| Ross, Martin E.       | Pvt.           | 114      | Camp Upton, L. I. | Pvt.    |
| Rossi, Dino           | Pvt.           | 62       | Miami Beach, Fla. | Pvt.    |
| Rubenstein, I.        | Pvt.           | 56       | Governors Island, N. Y. | Pvt. |
| Ryan, Albert K.       | Pvt.           | 46       |              |         |
| Samowitz, Martin      | Pvt.           | 75       | Camp Breckinridge, Ky. | Pvt.  |
| Sargent, Edgar F.     | Pvt.           | 36       | Ft. Ch. Spec. (G) |
| Savitt, Arthur H.     | Pvt.           | 41       | Camp Funston, Kansas | Pvt.  |
| Seallon, Hubert J.    | Pvt.           | 112      | APO 923, P. M, San Fran, Capt. |
| Schacht, Joseph, Jr.  | Pvt.           | 45       | Ellis Island, N. Y. | B'n. M. |
| Schmidt, Joseph P.    | Pvt.           | 23       | Ft. Myers, Fla. | Corp.   |
| Schluman, Charles     | Pvt.           | 30       | Laredo, Texas | Pvt.    |
| Schurr, Robert G.     | Pvt.           | 112      | Camp Upton, N. Y. | Pvt.    |
| seedman, Albert A.    | Pvt.           | 48       | Camp Phillips, Kansas | Pvt.  |
| Seibert, George W.    | Pvt.           | 105      | Ft. Aev. Mate |
| Shanan, Joseph F.     | Pvt.           | 10       | APO 261, Camp Polk, La. | 2d Lt. |
| Shanes, Louis G.      | Pvt.           | 23       | San Diego, Cal. | 2d Lt.  |
| Shank, John F.        | Pvt.           | 72       | U. S. Army | Corp.   |
| Stambler, John F.     | Pvt.           | 100      | Capt. | C. M. |
| Sharnack, Jacob H.    | Pvt.           | 73       | Robins Field, Ga. | Pfc. |
| Shea, Dennis V.       | Pvt.           | 106      | Santa Ana, Calif. | Avia. C. |
| Shaw, Edward J.       | Pvt.           | 76       | Bklyn, Barracks, Bklyn | Seaman |
| Sheehan, Joseph F.    | Pvt.           | 32       | Pier 92, N. Y. C. | Spec.  |
| Shied, Edward H.      | Pvt.           | 34       | Newport, R. L. | Pvt.    |
| Shortell, Thomas, Jr. | Pvt.           | 92       | Harbor, N. Y. C. | Ch. Yeoman |
| Sigurdson, Bjorn       | Pvt.           | 76       | Camp Swift, Texas | 2d Lt. |
| Silverman, Philip      | Pvt.           | 76       | Ft. Benning, Ga. | Candidate |
| Singer, Sidney        | Pvt.           | 40       | Hyde Park, N. Y. | Pvt.    |
| Skidmore, Frederick   | Pvt.           | 57       | Ops. Miles Standish, Mass. | 1st Lt. |
| Slater, Francis G.    | Pvt.           | 46       | Camp Coon, Guard | A S. |
| Slattery, Thomas J.   | Pvt.           | 17       | APO 511, c/o P.M., N. Y. | Sg.t. |
| Sievin, James E.      | Pvt.           | 44       | U. S. Army | Corp.   |
| Smith, Geo. W.        | Pvt.           | 14       | Capt. | C. M. |
| Smith, Richard E.     | Pvt.           | 19       | U. S. Navy | B'n. M. |
| Smute, Claude M., Jr. | Pvt.           | 7        | Camp Pendleton, Calif. | Seaman |
| Snow, Custer, G.      | Pvt.           | 23       | Camp Custer, Calif. | Avia. C. |
| Sporn, Milton         | Pvt.           | 42       | Atlantic City, N. J. | Pvt.    |
| Stalker, Benjamin     | Pvt.           | 46       | APO 464, N. Y. | Pvt.    |
| Steier, Gunner, C.    | Pvt.           | 3        | Camp Coon, Guard | A S. |
| Stines, Francis J.    | Pvt.           | 110      | Atlantic City, N. J. | 2d Lt.  |
| Streeter, Albert W.   | Pvt.           | 108      | Camp Barry, Ill. | Elec. M. |
23rd COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT
University of Buffalo
Buffalo, N. Y.

EDITORS: SPRING 3100:

In acknowledgment of my receipt of SPRING 3100, please accept my sincere thanks. I have been traveling about the country at such a rapid pace I was afraid the magazine would not catch up with me, which would have been a disappointment, because always it provides most enjoyable reading.

PVT. RUSSELL CAIN,
Patrolman, 109th Precinct.

SELMA FIELD
Monroe, Louisiana

February 25, 1943.

EDITORS, SPRING 3100:

I always look forward to mail from three sources, viz: my wife, my parents—and SPRING 3100. Word from any of the above mentioned brings to me very vividly memories of the things I once enjoyed, and, with God's grace, the things I shall once again enjoy.

LEONARD CASSAT,
Aviation Cadet,
Patrolman, 88th Precinct.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank &amp; Command</th>
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<th>Service Rank</th>
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<tr>
<td>Kaplan, Arthur</td>
<td>Clerk, B.H.S.Q.</td>
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<td>Lococo, Daniel L.</td>
<td>Porter, 87 Pct.</td>
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<td>McDonough, Joc. T.</td>
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<td>McWeeney, Patrick J</td>
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<td>Murray, Edgar P.</td>
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<td>Clerk, Man W. Hq. Newport, Arkansas</td>
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<td>Pandolfi, Francesc</td>
<td>Mech. MTMD</td>
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<td>Avin. M.</td>
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<td>Rosenfeld, Edwin</td>
<td>Clerk, Tr. G.</td>
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<td>APO 428, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Venerdi, Peter</td>
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<td>MOMM.</td>
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<td>Clerk, Bur. of Inf.</td>
<td>Sampson, N. Y.</td>
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NEW YORK FUND ANNOUNCES ITS ANNUAL DRIVE

THE SIXTH annual Greater New York Fund campaign will be opened formally on behalf of 400 voluntary welfare and health agencies and hospitals on May 3, the organization announced earlier this month. The goal will be roughly $5,000,000, although the exact amount has not yet been determined.

This year's campaign is being held later than usual in recognition of the importance of the Red Cross appeal. Under the leadership of W. Randolf Burgess, vice chairman of the board of the National City Bank, as campaign chairman, committees of volunteers are being enrolled for the fund drive.

The statement pointed out that 2,000,000 New Yorkers are benefited by co-operating organizations every year, or two of every seven in our population, through services providing for care of the sick, family guidance, safe play facilities for children, country vacations for convalescents and shelter for the aged.

behind? Up-to-the-minute information concerning service serial number, unit assignments, changes in rank, transfers, etc., can be had by phoning the Military Service Bureau, CAnal 6-2801.
ON THE MEAT FRONT

A. D. 1963 (IF RATIONING CONTINUES)
"Yes, children, I can remember way back in 1943 when we had race horses, cars—and even traffic cops!"

Ptl. PENNYBUG
(Hello Sarge, Broken pavement! Safe guarded and protected!)

A VICTORIOUS HIGHWAY CONDITION!

"Oh, blackout!—where art thou?!?!?!!"
Looking 'em Over
WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th.
Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION
1st Pct., Ptl. Francis D. Donovan
2nd Pct., Ptl. I. Know Stoll
4th Pct., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
5th Pct., Ptl. William Foster

8th Precinct: Willie Anderson, president of the Outdoor Hunter Club of Staten Island, reports that due to rationing all members will have to devote extra time to their respective specialties, as for example: Willie, himself, and Tom Ryan, saltwater fishermen; Red Flynn and Benny Largo, muskrat hunters; Bill Buckly Bayne and Bill Keane, hare trappers.

Congratulations to Vince O'Gorman on his assignment to the Detective Bureau as a ballistics expert. Willie has had considerable experience in the art, including polishing up his own bullets and repairing revolvers.

Fred Cambria's wife, who wants to know why Fred is never mentioned in SPING 3100, will be amazed to learn here that her little boy Freddie, although born on Staten Island, is lost every time he goes to Semelars Park.

Have you noticed the new hair-do featured currently by Red Flynn? The idea is to hide those bald spots on either side . . . Tom O'Grady believes in sharing his taxicab with others and now rides home, on the floor, at the slightest cost to him of only $2 . . . Whitey Waldman is a strong competitor of Tom Barry in the art of "catching the boat." Will they be happy when—and if—a tunnel is built—or will they?

We all hope Eddie Costello's return from sick leave will not be too long delayed.

2D DIVISION
3rd Pct., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pct., Ptl. Thomas G. Tobin
7th Pct., Ptl. Maurice Grisberg
9th Pct., Ptl. John F. Nystrom
11th Pct., Ptl. Alex W. Franz

7th Precinct: Who devoured the contents of Lieutenant Miller's sandwich—leaving the bread as a clue? . . . Which of our sergeants just ordered a new uniform—with 7 stripes—and still feels like a rookie? . . . What patrolman is going to retire soon and become an undertaker? . . . What patrolman is contemplating upon retirement going into the catering business? . . . What sergeant intends getting a lock and key—to protect his sandwiches? . . . Who will win out in the contest to be held here to decide who is the champion hero sandwich devourer? . . . What patrolman is going in for song writing (always humming "Sweet Annie Moore"), known as the pride of Delancy Street Boulevard?

Good luck and clear sailing to ex-cop Emmet Brown, the Pride of Harlem, who has re-enlisted in the Navy and is stationed just now at Norfolk, Virginia, his home town.

Did you hear about the fellow who: took the yard-stick to bed with him—to see how long he slept? . . . cut a hole in the rug so he could see the floor show? . . . went to the movie and kept buying one ticket after another and when asked by the cashier how come—said that some jerk inside kept tearing them up? . . . cut off his fingers so he could learn to write shorthand? . . . took a quart of milk with him to the movie because he heard there was a "serial" inside? . . . took a bale of hay to bed with him so he could feed his night-mare? . . . took his nose apart to see what made it run? . . . moved to the city because he heard the country was at war? . . . wanted to commit suicide—but couldn't—because he was in the living room? . . . lay in the street with his head on the curb—to get his mind out of the gutter? . . . upon hearing his wife was going to have a baby moved to the country—because he heard there they had Rural Free Delivery? ? ?

11th Precinct: AN OPEN LETTER TO PVT. MIKE LUCHOF, down JAWGIA WAY:
Evel since receipt of last month's mag, I've had to wear my steel fedora! You certainly put our blouses on the warpath. It's news you want; it's news they want; so, sparing my cuticle, here goes . . . but, before I dish it out, Mike, will you please give these guys here another dig—for a little co-operation? After all, even Winchell can't be every place; and after stooping over a wash-tub all day, simonizing the kid's diapers and other chores of that kind I can't very well do a good job on the key-holes. Nevertheless, all of us up here will try to keep our boys in the services up to snuff on what's what here at home . . . Yours, with bleeding finger-tips—A. F.

STRAFINGS, BOMB-BURSTS AND STUFF: Above all, a silent prayer now for Luchof, Mallon and Friedman of our precinct, and all the millions of others now grouped under Old Glory for their safety and quick return to these shores and a higher standing in the entire mess—but soon.

Congratulations to Patrolmen Ahlers and Pierro on the recent arrivals, a girl and boy respectively! . . . And I hear there is a tax exemption due also at the home of Tom and Mary Gorham! . . . And when are we going to hear from Teddy?

Rudy Linhart and Harold H.T.H. Greismer in a conspiracy with Lt. Malbec. Both observed recently gazing at some foot-suits specially adapted for plainclothes wear. Wet's up?

VICTORY TOUR: One of our better bowlers complained to me that the victory tour conflicted with one of the coming tournaments of his team. So what? So he did the tour—his team rolled and you're right, they won!

Consult Willie Downs about membership in the 'Chin' Club. Recent new member is Herbie.

Overheard at the switch-board: Moishe Rosner calling the T.B.: "Willya send the emergency truck? We got a pneumonia leak!"

What cop (6 stripper) sits at home nights training his teeth to bite?

Now is the time for some enterprising merchant to devise a haversack to hold all the stuff we now carry—or will carry soon: helmet, gas-mask, U.F.O's, Incident & Express reports, armbands, keys, flashlight, instruction books, forms, etc., etc., etc.

What ever became of Mallon's bicycle?

East Side boy's description of a cow's udder: bowling ball with the holes turned inside out.

If strict attention were paid to previous editions of this magazine it will be remembered that there is another snake-killer in our midst, none other than Sgt. Hart . . . Speaking of golf, your reporter would never go dry on a desert; unfallingly he thrives on—by merely teeing up and letting go with a prodigious swing, direction no object.

I wonder why I keep getting later than never . . . A word of praise to Sgt. Rocco Searfond, a former member who climaxd a colorful career in this precinct by achieving that to which all of us look forward—the rank of sergeant. Good luck to you, Sarge!

In closing, how about a little cooperation in making a success of the precinct monthly contribution to this grand magazine? Slip your dime in the mail box in the back room. Let’s get organized, write stories, draw pictures, etc. Let’s, in other words, put the precinct on the map!

15th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathy to the old one of the late Patrolman Harold Smith.

Memo to Pat Harney: How about that basin on the top floor?

The get-together of the 15 Club was a complete success, thanks to the committee, who turned in a grand job. A vote of thanks also to Eddie Miller who as M.C. likewise did fine, as did also our honor guest, our former buddy, Joe MacIsaac, now of the 92nd Precinct, (and a former carpetbagger, in case some of you didn’t know) who wishes to thank all of the members for the honor bestowed on him.

The mail rack has been a bit crowded this past month and judging by the envelopes it would seem that something is in the air. Who, for example, is the gent that’s writing to Doris Blake? . . . Who is it that’s getting baby food? . . . Who’s getting material from dental laboratories with which to take his own impressions? . . . Who is getting those cosmetic samples? . . . Who is it that has a lady fitter come in to fit him for a corset?

Who is getting post cards written in Greek—and having Alex translate them?

Did you notice Chatter Maher at the affair handshaking with all the clerks? . . . And Van Gossig doing all right with the widow? . . . How ya doin’, Van?

Happy Sam Kirwin thinks he would like a change in jobs now that the extra patrol is going into effect. Incidentally, Sam has a new dog, a cocker spaniel, whose ears remind one of Who? . . . Lots of luck to Bill Hannigan who, by the time this appears in print probably will be on the retired list . . . Mike Leonard, too . . . Bill Sullivan had another birthday—that he forgot to record . . . Have you heard that Wholesale Harry is in 1A? . . . Al Brown will soon be opening his bungalow—to which the boys all have a suitable invitation, that is, they bring their ration cards with them. . . . What lieutenant was introduced to Miss Brown—and was his face red? . . . Wonder who that charmer is that keeps calling a certain sergeant? . . . Danny Dwyer has just returned from up North (Central Park) with a nice tan?

17th Precinct: Famous Sayings: Lieutenant Decker: “Everybody round here is as wacky as a bedbug!” . . . Patrolman W. Mitchell: “He pulled a Pearl Harbor on me!”

Lieutenant Decker, incidentally, would consider the turning over of a few ration books as payment for the “mansion” in Woodside.


19th Precinct: For several months now your reporter has been taking Patrolman Bill Siewert on a ride—via the supposed wedding bells route, all of which was strictly in fun and sent in with the idea, pure and simple, of getting a rise out of Bill. The real facts are not only not qualified as among the eligible bachelors of our Department—but also among the “handsome.” In fact, to see a swell chap like Bill running around footloose—instead of buckled down to the job of making some nice gal happy. And what a lucky gal she’ll be—the one that grabs him!

22nd Precinct: Congratulations to Patrolman Ben Zurrell on becoming the new P.B.A. Delegate of the precinct . . . Retired Patrolman Kolb (1st Squad), now at Parris Island, in the Marines, in a letter to your reporter says he is sorry he ever kicked about a water gate, and that from the work he is now doing he will take a water gate any old time—and no complaints! Patrolman Desorvoir is raising canaries and suggests that others in the Department interested in this hobby get in touch with him . . . The boys here are going in a big way for the buying of war stamps. One man from each squad has been selected to take care of the needs of the members on each pay day . . . Radio ear 714, newly-assigned to the precinct, after lengthy discussion as to which branch of the automotive service would land the prize, wound up, as was predicted, in the lap of the sergeants.

Our sympathies to Patrolman E. O’Brien in the loss of his Mother, and to Patrolman F. DiDomenico in the passing of his Mother-in-law.

5TH DIVISION


Bob O’Donnell, now Lieutenant O’Donnell of the M.P.’s, looking trim and neat in his new officer’s uniform, dropped in to say hello.

Tom O’Connor, too, has changed from one blue uniform to another—being now Seaman O’Connor of the U.S. Navy. Anchors aweigh!

Patrolman “Brillo-head” Hershkovitz’s latest avocation is the taking apart of clocks and watches. His job on “Pedagogue” Shoebammon’s ticker was a classic. Hank now has his original watch together with a new small one—made from the left over parts!

Our back-room trio improved considerably when it was augmented by Lieutenant von der Schmidt’s basso-profundo. The selection: “I Love You Like I Never Loved Before.”


DiCono: “Do you get me”

Dimieri: “No, I don’t.”

Di Cono: “But the motor in 642 is missing!”

Dimieri: “Well, don’t stand there like a ninny—start looking for it!”

6TH DIVISION

22nd Precinct, Ptl. Henry Nealon

3rd Precinct: Our old standby, Admiral Looey Eisner, tan
and all dropped in on the boys the day following his return from Florida—filled with enthusiasm and boasting at the seams to tell us fish stories—real ones—WHOPPERS, in fact (the size of the fish, I mean, not the stories). So help me, you should have heard him—particularly that part having to do with the reception accorded him upon his arrival. Looey is an old Coast Guardman, you see, and on this, his first visit to Florida, his coming was heralded with a 21 gun salute fired in Looey’s honor by his brother Coast Guardsmen. Because of precautionary measures adopted by the Navy, no boats for pleasure fishing are obtainable, but Looey didn’t join the Volunteer Coast Guard Patrol for nothing; and in no time at all the wires started humming—with the result a Coast Guard cutter was placed at his disposal, with the compliments of Secretary Knox. Some drag, eh? Shows ya what comes of associating with right people. That was only one angle of his trip. Have you ever heard real estate salesmen trying to sell property? No? Then you should have heard the Admiral! Seems he contracted that extremely contagious disease known as Floridaitus, the medical term for being bitten by the Florida Bug. And his plea today is, quote: “Oh! If only the INDIANS owned Florida!” He was thinking, no doubt, of the purchase of Manhattan by the Dutch a few years ago for $24 worth of beads. Yes, looks like Looey is thinking of becoming a citizen of Florida in the not too distant future.

That our genial Lieutenant Burns is explicit in his lectures on Civil Defense is known to all, and particularly as regards instructions having to do with the sending of Incident Reports. “In promulgating your exotic cognitions,” he concluded one of his lectures the other day, “be wary of platitudinous pendency if you are reporting by telephone to the Air Raid Warden Center. Let your reports possess clarified conclusions, compacted comprehensibilities, coalescent consistencies and concen- trated cogency.”

What he meant, of course, is that reports should be as brief as possible, containing only necessary information relative to the incident being reported.

The 23rd Precinct has unfurled its service flag and by the time this goes to press we expect to have our Honor Roll on display in a conspicuous location. We are proud of our boys who have gone into the Armed Services. Let us not forget them.

28th Precinct: Presenting to you as the feature of this month’s column “Buttling John,” a hero of World War I, shown instructing one of our best-shaped boys in Commando tactics, or, how to stop a left (with your stomach). Next lesson: “How to dodge a sugar bowl.”

Blame the Parkchester ice for causing the downfall of Sid Walsh, laid up with a broken hip, and Ed Hannon, with a broken arm. Moral: Stay away from Parkchester—but how about paying both these boys a visit, and spreading a little cheer? . . . Johnny Ericson, too, could stand a little sunshine during his siege with old man pneumonia . . . Newest induce- tee from the 28th, David B. Gordon, advises all to join the MP’s and live the life of Riley . . . J. P. O’Neill will certainly not forget his war gobbler swallowing a good mouthful of those training-odor fluids. Poor J. P. didn’t have a friend in the world for days afterwards . . . Larry Campbell’s secret ambition finally has been discovered, by a spy of St. Patrick, who informs us that Larry can swing a mean “Stack-o-barley.”

SETTING THE STYLES: Jim Bree claims tan shoes look much better with the uniform . . . Tarzan Holder firmly believes that a tuxedo is the ideal outfit for a surprise blackout—he looked so solid on St. Nicholas Ave. in tux and air wardens helmet . . . “Shorty” Tormey has moved right into the “409” class with a horse and buggy as a means of transportation.

PRIZE QUOTE OF THE YEAR: “I am no ordinary cop!” And the funny part is, everybody agrees with him.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE
Fort Winfield Scott, California

EDITORS, SPRING 3100:
Enclosed is a picture of yours truly (right), my father, Inspector Michael Desmond of the San Francisco Police Department (left), and one of New York’s finest, the former N. Y. cop and now my boss in the Military Intelligence Office, 1st Lt. Artie Fidgeon. My father is an old time friend of Pat McDonald and the late Matt McGrath. I last saw Matt in 1938 when I visited him at the Police Department on my way to the Louis-Schmeling fight. Art has SPRING 3100 sent to him here at Fort Scott and I pass it on to the San Francisco Police. We all enjoy reading it and would appreciate it if you will use this picture in your next edition.

My father was quite an athlete in his day. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, and came to San Francisco to get on the Police Force. He is vice-president of the Dolphin Swimming and Rowing Club here in San Francisco, where he set many a record in swimming the Golden Gate and around Alcatraz Island. He was quite a handball player and champion Pacific Coast tug-of-war single pull.

Yours truly is a former St. Mary’s Galloping Gaul, during the time the ever-reliable Slip Madigan reigned.

Chief of Police Charles W. Dulles, who is quite a handball player, told me to say “Hello” to his friend Chief Inspector John J. O’Connell.

How is the 28th Precinct getting along without Harlem-Gang-buster Artie Fidgeon? Our Colonel calls him a one-man Commando Unit out here.

Sgt. MIKE DESMOND,
Military Intelligence

32d Precinct: Is it true Patrolman Herbert Thobae, having failed while searching the roof at the scene of a homicide to find fingerprints in the snow, was advised by Patrolman Blackmore his able assistant, to use a magnifying glass? . . . We’ve heard of Bannjo-eyes, B-B-eyes, and Slant-eyes, but who is Moon Eyes? . . . Was it Patrolman Francis Doran who was observed in a certain tailor shop having an asbestos patch sewed on the seat of his pants? . . . Congratulations to Lieutenant William O’Brien upon the arrival of “Willie” Junior! . . . What relationship, if any, is there between Patrolmen Lawrence Diggs and Arthur Weeks? . . . During a lecture on “War Gases” by our Dean, Act. Lieutenant Jordon, Patrolman James Turner, assigned to spray the different types into the air, in order that the members might familiarize themselves with the different odors, was asked by Patrolman Matthews to spray a little on his head—just as if he didn’t know you can’t grow hair on a saddle.

7TH DIVISION

40th P.C., Ptl. Harry Harrwood
41st P.C., Ptl. George Conroy
42nd P.C., Ptl. William P. O’Brien
43rd P.C., Ptl. Edward Singer
44th P.C., Ptl. John Thompson
LOOKING 'EM OVER

40th Precinct: Instead of "Johnny" etc., the song has been changed to "Keren get your gun!" . Patrolman Christensen (remember him?) is offering a free taxi ride to what cop on account of said cop being all at pinochle? Bluer is going to buy a cow for his Shrub Oak estate, the faucets to which animal he intends to rent out—cheap . Why should Allotta start a garden now that he works the market post? And is it true Frei- mann visited him at his home and Ali wouldn't feed him until he, the "free man," gave up the required number of leaves on this month the 40th played put and take—we put John Dra- hovzal into the U. S. Army and from the Khaki took in ex- change John W. Collins. Good luck to John D. and a hearty welcome to John C . . . The once carefree Patrolman Fandel became just another married man last month . "Kid" Snof- sky as we write this is an expectant father . . . Gaffney, grown father (he really doesn't look old enough to have one) became a bride last month. So, congratulations to the bride— and to Hal and his new son-in-law! (What! no song or poem for the event?) . . . Newcomer Williams has already earned for himself the nickname of "Blue Streak" . . . Another word that Webster forgot is "technicalories," coined at meal time recently by George Brown. Looks like one from "Mushky" Jackson's book.

St. Patrick's Day Details: Official weather prophet O'Malley was asked to give some word concerning the possibility of rain. So, while everyone stood quietly, he leaned out the window, took a deep sniff and told us all to take our raincoats. And, sure enough, they were needed! But the punch line is—O'Malley didn't have a song line and as Hutch noted, "What happened to Greenfield and your reporter at 60th and 5th Avenue makes us glad that cows don't fly. (At that we were luckier than Freimann, who picked up a baby and afterwards had to rush heller skelter to the nearest fountain)! . . . Kelly V. wants to know if Bill McCullough found any gold balls in the shrubbery adorning the Park Plaza.

In a moment of extreme generosity, Stellwagen gave Gib- bons a piece of candy. So what happened? So Gibbons lost half a tooth on the first bite . . . That was a nice job turned in by Gootnick and Meadows in the arrest of those two muggers last month . . . "Hello!" Brady at the T. S. tried to explain when a citizen called last month and told him to send the A.S.P.C.A. to his apartment, to pick up a dead dog, that the society only answered calls for live animals, and that if he would put the deceased in the gutter the Sanitation Department would be notified and would function accordingly. To which the irate citizen replied: "Me put my dead dog in the street! NOT ON YOUR LIFE! Why, I think more of that dead dog THAN I THINK OF YOU!" Our hero couldn't think of a suitable reply which under departmental regulations might at the moment be "telephonic." .

41st Precinct: Dear Editor: Kindly insert the following in the next issue of SPRING 3100:

We need a new reporter here in the 41st Precinct, as you probably, by reason of absence of news from here in past months, have already noticed.

Seems our "Genial George" has fallen by the wayside.

(What's the matter, "Georgeous," the social whirl getting you?) In any event, who here in the 41st will volunteer to take over the job?

8TH DIVISION

43rd Pet., Ptl. Jerrin Patel
44th Pet., Ptl. Herman H. Lampe
45th Pet., Ptl. Orchard B. Mcgovers
46th Pet., Ptl. James J. Wyane
47th Pet., Ptl. William S. Crosby
52nd Pet., Ptl. Eugene Horpan

47th Precinct: Good luck and good health to Patrolman George Pagliaro in his retirement . . . Also glad to report Patrolman John Salstrom back in the fold and looking in the piper.

On March 20 we lost to the armed forces two of our men, Clv. Opr. Martin Kurke and Rookie Patrolman Vonsburgh, and to both we wish lots of luck and a speedy return to us.

On March 18 we had the honor of a visit from one who has been away from us for almost three years, our own (then rookie cop) John Reilly, bedecked now in a captain's uniform of the U. S. Army; and to John, too, we wish good luck and the added hope when next we see him he will be wearing the oak leaf of a major.

At the Cotter's it's a boy—and at the Cohen's—a girl!

CONGRATULATIONS!

If anyone wants to know why it is our ace sleuth, Dittmar, is walking around with his chest out a mile, it's because of the swell job his son, Francis, is doing as a radio gunner and navigator with the Army Air Force, somewhere in Shangri La. According to a recent press report his crew, after sinking four日本 ships, made port with 115 bullets in the plane. Must have inherited that spirit from his Dad, who has been combating crime in our city for 25 years.

Our deepest sympathies to Detective Michael Cleary, 47th Squad, in the passing of his Mother.

And now the E's: Patrolman Eckstein: better known as "Shifty," the keeper of Post 18. After returning from Florida recently asked "Is this the 47th Precinct?" We suggest he ask Patrolmen Cohen or Salstrom, they have the answer.

Next month the F's, and until then, good luck to you all!

52nd Precinct: Letter to Sgt. Bernard Weissner, U.S.M.C., Unit 1265, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif., more familiarly known to the members of this command as Patrolman Bernard Weissner.

Dear Ben: The boys send their regards and hope you (and the others serving Uncle Sam in far-away places) will be back again before long, your mission successfully accomplished and the situation well in hand. By the way, Ben, how does it feel to be wearing the chevrons? I hope you're not too hard on the boys . . . No too drastic changes have taken place since you left. There have been some minor ones as you might expect, as for example: "Clerical" Al Retz, "Hacky" Mike Farulo, Jake "The Cake" Zerrenner, together with other "shut-ins" will tell you that the old "back room" which was taken over by the Air Warden Service "ain't what it used to be!" For while it had a charm all its own, but now the cheery smile, pleasant disposition, and naive mannerisms that were "Connie's" adorn other surroundings.

Lieutenant McNell is back from sick report and the station house to some life again. Noise again emanates from the muster room and bells can be heard ringing . . . ringing . . . ringing! Ask Gishishan. Of course, Sam "Red Flannel" Boyd still smokes "those cigaar" . . . "Smiling Jack" Murtha continues to go about doing his chores with that same contagious smile, and John "Summons Book" Suiker still likes to reminisce while "making out the forms." Same fun, eh, kid? "Insomnia Dave" Beckhard complains that after a late tour he can't sleep . . . and Mike "The Maze" Mazel as usual was in demand around March 15 . . . Sector 3's "Macaroni Express" (Patrolmen Scuddellari and La Monica to you) say the sparrings around the Fire Department's Telegraph Bureau have been intriguing about you and have wondered where you have been these past Sundays.

Let me remind you again, Ben, that all the boys send their regards and say "best of luck to you!"

10TH DIVISION

66th Pet., Ptl. Steve Gorman
67th Pet., Ptl. Al Johnson
68th Pet., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante
69th Pet., Ptl. Raymond Donovan
70th Pet., Ptl. Martin M. Black

68th Precinct: Congratulations and a hearty welcome to Sergeant Leo Schepm, and may your stay with us be a long and happy one.

Meet the efficient and thoroughly capable staff of the Air Warden Service of this command: Acting Lieutenant George Bremer, former bricklayer who has not forgotten his trade—except that he cements friendship and good will now in the warden service . . . Patrolman James (Hairless) Rabbitt, former drug clerk, who prescribes medicine calculated to cure all
ills...Patrolman Chris (Schmozzola) Schultz, former bank teller, in charge of the building defense corps, who can discern the good and bad instantly—and without batting an eye.

And last but not least, Patrolman Sidney (Rabbii) Wasserman, who does not like to be called Rabbii, is habitually eventu-
ally to get you—even if Rabbitt's prescriptions don't.

Next, our female volunteer workers, who also do grand work: Helen Guelfi, chief of staff, who must have a set of supercharged batteries attached to her person somewhere which provide her with all that speed and energy she possesses... 11. Un-
ger, who is cute, is a champion of talking of something to eat... Sophie Rabinowitz, the girl with the eyes—those nice, soft brown eyes... Lillian (Petunia) Engelstein, our own little piazza flower.

Since the mention in the press recently of the possibility of Sergeant Sam Terranova going to Africa, he has been busy buying all sorts of suntan oils, lotions, etc., for sunburn. Even tried to learn from Mark Ciovello how to cultivate that gorgeous dark color that he sports.

Did you know Patrolman Julius (Fritz) Fuchsman has Tim Downing write notes to Minnie (Mrs. Fritz) whenever he, Fritz, wants to get out at night?... And that David (Sarah) Moran is still busy mixing up whenever he has an electrical job to do—to make sure everything works in reverse?... And have you met our two champion "G" men, Patrolmen Corn and Ehrlich?

61st Precinct: Best of luck to Patrolman Joe Lobelsohn, who was inducted into the Army March 10.

Is it true a certain gent (assigned to the A.W.S.) is just a wee bit worried because he will be allowed only one girdele a year—due to the rubber shortage—and maybe lose as a result his newly-acquired streamlined figure?... Also that the per-
tuned hair dressing favored by Patrolman Hugo (Perfect 30) Pulzone while sold to him as "Surrender," actually would pass for "Eau de la Billy Goat!"

Harbinger of Spring: Patrolman J. Leon Levine ("I am not related to Cap Cake") has shed his sheepskin jacket and seven sweaters, and, come July 1, he proudly announces, he will doff the remainder six.

Softball again pops up—but this time with a vengeance. We have been challenged to a contest by our old pal, Sergeant Johnny Horn, now of the 66th, who has actually dared us to put a team on the field against his outfit. Said also that to make it tougher for his team he would use Acting Lieutenant John Moran in the 11th and still beat us. Them's fightin' words, men, how about it?

Loads of good wishes are due a grand guy, Patrolman Bill Assip of E.S.S. 11, next door, who with Mrs. Assip has contributed to Uncle Sam their three sons; Harry, PFC, Marine Corps, now in the South Pacific; Gerard, Corp., U. S. Army, somewhere in Africa; and John, still present in training at the Great Lakes Naval Station. A record to be truly proud of.

Newest mystery story concerns certain members of this command and a missing bottle of milk—the culprit still unknown. Sergeant Burke, however, is determined to bring him to justice. We'll keep you informed of all information received.

Latest address of Sergeant Kevin O'Leary (now somewhere in Africa): "A.S.N. 32936853, 1052 M.P. Co., APO 528, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y." How about dropping him a line, so he won't think we've forgotten him?

Greetings also to youse guys and gals from Frank Wright and Benny Gang, who are still in the good old U.S.A. Their addresses: "Sgt. Frank Wright, #32931451, Co. "D" 204th Inf., APO 77, c/o Postmaster, Leesville, Louisiana." "Aviation Cadet Benjamin Gang, A.A.F.C.C., Sqdn. 102, Flight D, San Antonio Aviation Center, San Antonio, Texas."

Tip to whomever undertakes to manage our ball team this summer: Here are the names of a few sprightly youngsters who have been practicing for months, shagging flies and run-
ning bases, in anticipation of action on the diamond: Patrol-
men Harry (who can always do a straight eight on Post 88) Hermane, Joe Ryan, Joe Shepherd, and, naturally, Nick Isoldi.

Wonder how it is that a certain patrolman is always assigned to the scrap heap? Is it possible he enjoys the atmosphere—or is he contemplating a crack at the junk business upon retirement? I don't really know; I'm only asking.

62nd Precinct: The keen eye of former Detective Harry Buckley of the 62nd Squad, now Chief Boatswain's Mate, U. S. Navy, was responsible for the saving of the lives of five men who were being drowned in the water of the Sagamore Bridge. According to the machine gun fires and general noise, I was instantly turned to be a raft upon which the men had been floating for seventeen days. Nice work!

Lulu (Strongman) Penner, the weightlifting champion, can hit a broom in the air with two fingers and lift a chair off the floor with one hand. Big-chested Jacoby will practice harder after reading this item. Maybe a little more wheatena would help... Is it true Joe Arato moves so often that he forgets which trolley to go home on?... To Dan Driscoll our best wishes for a speedy return from sick leave. (Hello, Moe)...

I must be the apples fed him by Lieutenant Chris Mitchell that gives Dave Perkin, the producer of the show "The Report Center In Action," all that energy. Everyone is working hard to make the production a success... Smokey Joe Wenz last month got a break—no jumping down his throat because of posts or de-
tails. Reason: Smokey Joe was on vacation!... The shortage of music-rolls keeps the men wondering what to use in the emergency. Jake Long's suggestion (?) now under consideration... Mique O'Connor is looking for new prospects for the Whoopie Club. Whoopology is a deep subject. Newcomers must know about planets, particularly the moon. To be a whoopee, see O'Connor.

This picture "Ye Patrolwagon of Yesteryear" in the February issue of SPORTS 100, the good-looking gent facing the camera is retired Patrolman Thomas J. Larkin, who still is going strong and who is George Robert's father-in-law.

66th Precinct: Continuing the onslaught directed at the Air Raid Warden Service, under the command of the affable Acting Lieutenant Alex McConeghey, we blast this time those of his personnel who have heretofore felt they were immune to the seething flame of the printed word, i.e., and to wit:

Williams Hambrecht, orator extraordinary, ace runner and puckiere—yes, he be puchiere—known to all the good citizens of his old neighborhood as "Lulu"—is no longer an ace runner. News of his ambling in some town in time. Yes, Williams can toss his pugs in any direc-
tion you might mention—and still find time to lay them on the line, one following the other, when called upon in any eventu-
ality—or otherwise.

Next, that cherubic, plump youth Wee Wee Cummings, whose soulful eyes of azure blue have caused the heart of more than one fair damsel to flutter fantastically. Yes, his smile and cheer (6 ft. on the hoof) can stand alongside of the Gables, the Grants, Matures, and wet hast thou—when it comes to breathing abysmal sighs in the faces of swooning maidens. Mark you well, this lad, because your reporter verily believes that "Slim" will one day be leading the band in front of the feet of those fair creatures—another fatal victim of Cupid's winging dart!

Back now to my first love—the disciples of good old Dan O'Leary, with "Smiling" Walter Scherder, better known to you and me as the man to whom the "filthy lucre" means not a thing—and who tosses bucks about with an abandon that should be cause for great concern to his lovely spouse. Believe me, I know, because as his delegate all I have to do is to compute his monthly dues is ask for them—and promptly start reciting then the constitution and by-laws of the association plus a recount of all the bills introduced by the P.B.A. since it started to func-
tion some forty-six years ago. Lest you be misled by this di-
strate, let me inform you, in honesty, that the Smiler does pay his obligations, and on time, even if he is careful to have all receipts notarized by a Commissioner of Deeds and witnessed by three outgoing platoons. (Note to Walter: You asked for it, feller!)

This month's short short story concerns none other than the famous Harry Olsen, better known as The Clutch, a learned gent and teamed as of this date with a partner who also has his book about—and who has a gravel farm somewhere up in the wilds of the Borecht circuit. That is, every one associated with Willie (Recorder) Merrill thinks he has a ranch, but such is not the case. From a wily career in Socks and Bond-age, The Clutch has learned not to pull all his eggs in one basket. So he decided the alfalfa field over to his bard and with the latter a front sallies forth each summer to inspect his holdings—
Timing himself, no doubt, against the day when Father Knick to him will say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" after which he will proclaim to the world (Thiad Avenue to you) that he is the immensely wealthy holder of vast acreages upstate. His object, in case you're curious, is to open a home later on for indigent members of the Union Binyon. George (Polska Nolska) Wegman, Charlie (Wood Butcher) Seigfried, Frank (Me Brother's a Sergeant) Rigan, Mike (Napolitan) D'Augustino, and Willie (I Wuz Mounted) Ruoff have already made application—effective as you and when. Meanwhile, The Clutch has Willie doing the work while he recounts for his stories of those happy days spent in Beach Street; and as a sideline—and at a reasonable fee—teaching Rookies like Adler J. and Frank Donnelly how best to do their jobs of guarding our city's welfare.

A salute now to the men who formerly worked here with us and to that other side of the world of what stuff geniuses are made: to Dick Breiten, Nick Gaffney, Ed Conroy, Jimmie Haughey, and Friendly Flanagan go our sincere congratulations—and best wishes for even greater successes to come.

11TH DIVISION

27th Pct., 1st, John J. Fox
34th Pct., 1st, Hugh Bell
34th Pct., 1st, John Murray
4th Pct., 1st, Walter Halyard

72nd Precinct: Who killed the Red Robin? Not Patrolman Thomas F. (Pied Piper) Walsh! He did, though, kill a dragon—on February 11 last, and just as the fresh thing was in the act of dispossessing some tenants in a flat. A most praise-worthy deed.

Patrolman Edward P. (Prosecutor) Groff tried to get a confession from a 9 year old boy who had committed juvenile delinquency, with the following result: "All right, I'll talk—when my mouthpiece gets here!" It was then that one Yolvo J. (Crusher) Taikina reproached the boy, to wit: "Ay hear a lot of juveniles bone joining the P.A.L. Club and becoming yensuses; ay was tankin' you end too!"

Then there was the cop who wasn't feeling so well and who, upon recovering a stolen car and discovering that it belonged to a doctor, went into the back room and stripped to the waist—knowing that the medico would be calling for the car soon.

They tell me that Patrolman Fred J. (Eat' em alive) Santaniello takes 1 hour and 15 minutes to eat one of those bone crushers (eye-talian heroes)—without, that is, taking a rest period.

When two patrolmen are appointed the same day who picks first on the vacation chart? Well, Patrolman John D. (I'll stuff, I'll finish it) Quin did start something when he interfered with the selection of vacations between Patrolmen John F. (I was born in this country) Moore, and Oscar Risch; had them, in fact, bowing thru the R. & R., the Manual, Penal Law, Code of Criminal Procedure, etc. in an effort to provide a solution. At last reports they still were at it.

A word of sympathy to Robert Walsh, a brother of Patrolman Thomas F. Walsh, who is still very sick at the Long Island College Hospital, since being injured 9 months ago at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Our sympathies to Patrolman Frederick W. Worst in the loss of his sister.

A speedy recovery to those members of the command who as we write this are still sick on report: Sergeant John F. Malone, Patrolmen Charles B. Higgins, Leo Strauss, and Paul Impelliteri, who has yet to join us since being transferred here January 19 last.

Congratulations and best of luck to Patrolman Thomas H. Bowyer on his designation as 3rd grade detective.

Owing to lack of space we cannot mention individually those members of our command who have dear ones serving in the armed forces. To all of them we wish Godspeed!

78th Precinct: Best of luck to Lieutenant Byrne who has left us for assignment to the 76th Precinct . . . Our best also to Patrolman Joseph Spinna who said goodbye to us via retirement . . . Patrolman Mosteck tells us his local board gave him until April 7 for Army induction . . . Patrolman Munday, after a long absence on sick report, is now back to work and anxious to start the 78th softball team arollin . . . Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Patrolmen Evers and Tracy, convalescing now at Veterans Hospital . . . A ten-pound baby boy was born March 22 to Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Boyle. Said Jerry: "I'm going to make a baseball player out of him; and if he should not like that—then a cop, like his father."

The 78th softball team is anxious to get under way. A few insights: Wolfe: "Let's get started—say with a victory over the 74th Precinct crew!" . . . Schwartz: "Lissen, Moroiguel, I want to be the pitcher; you know I'm a better figner than you." Jefferson: "Let's start a hardball team—like realmen!" . . . Mason: "I want to play this year on the infill!" . . . Leichtman: "Let's tackle the Sanitation team—they're softer than the 74th mob!" . . . Byrnes: "I don't care what team we play as long as we play them after 6 P.M.!! . . . Nelson, Glennie, Mosteck, McCabe: "The sooner we start playing the better!"

All of us are surely going to miss Patrolman Curry, who last month joined the Navy. Best of luck to him.

Patrolman Culley is the proud father of a second daughter. Congratulations!

12TH DIVISION

63rd Pct., 1st, Henry Hough
67th Pct., 1st, George P. Conroy
69th Pct., 1st, Henry A. Reifin
72nd Pct., 1st, Edward J. Stabile

56th Precinct: We welcome to the fold Sergeant James Lynch, one of Williamsburg's crack detectives. May his stay with us be a long and pleasant one.

Best of luck and safe return to Patrolmen Wolfe, Boghich, McGann and Tom Reilly, serving now with the armed forces.

Our compliments to Patrolman Harold Delp, who has devoted so much of his time and talent to making the 67th Precinct one of the most advanced in the department—by his comprehensive and carefully illustrated maps and sketches in connection with our Civilian Defense effort.

Is it because Leo uses a lot of eggs that Patrolman Gaffens is sore? . . . Patrolman Rubrum at long last has found some interest in life—has become now a pigeon fancier . . . Congratulations to Lieutenant Gloss on his morning witticisms—which are always a lift . . . How is it Patrolmen Askland and Bertani do not smile any more? . . . Patrolman George Burger's scholarly advice is missed by the 9th Squad. We hope he drops in to see us often . . . Wonder how Patrolman Baecele is getting along, now that soft foods are being rationed? Meat rationing, we know, will not affect him.

13TH DIVISION

27th Pct., 1st, John W. Wood
27th Pct., 1st, Daniel T. Langum

57th Precinct: Our deepest sympathy to the family of Patrolman Al Lang, whose passing was a great shock to all of us. May he find the reward he so richly deserves . . . Our condolences also to Civilian Attendant Weir in the loss of his Father.

"Toughy" Geraghty went into a store to buy drums and came out with a fifteen-cent harmonica. Much cheaper and less noisy, eh, "Toughy"? Also quite a discussion around here as to how old "Toughy" is. What's your guess?

Here we were wondering what happened to Morrie Schneider, not having anything to pin him lately, when up pops Secret Operative 13 with a choice morsel concerning the flock of customers looking for him last month to make out their Income Tax forms—and at the same reasonable rate charged by him last year.

Carl Napoli, our new roll-call man, gets into print with this one—just a slight clerical error, to wit: Note on roll-call: "Barking Boys." (Nuf sed.)

Rookie John is quite perturbed because we didn't give him a writewrap when he became a Benedict. Well, here it is—and good luck to young Detective Michael Doherty.

The 71st was well represented at the St. George Communion Breakfast, including Sergeant "Hotlips" Giordano, who was outstanding in the orchestra with his sax . . . The march from the church to the hotel sharpened the appetites of all—which gives you an idea as to why food is being rationed . . . Matthews couldn't go without his son. The boy, he explained, wanted to see the manner in which our spiritual needs were attended to.
That's his story . . . Fred Wheeler must be lacking as to boarding house reach—had everyone annoyed passing him the rolls, etc. . . . This was a must in cutting the chicken, an art at which he is an old hand . . . Sergeant Henry Huners and Acting Lieutenant Lee got lost in the shuffle and had to sit at other tables . . . Harrison and Martin had trouble drinking the coffee—due to interference furnished by the hasiruan adornments on their upper lips . . . Munk did a good job of carrying the guiding of the 13th Division, keeping it all in view . . . Nelson and Woodard must have had an "in"—considering the tables they received (how much cost extra, ch?) . . . All in all a most successful party indeed, with all hands fully satisfied at its close, both spiritually and physically, and looking forward to the next observance a year hence.

Serious! Too serious! We are like wheelbarrows—useful only when pushed, and very easily upset.

To say we were "shocked" would be putting it mildly—as word came last month of the transfer of Lieutenant Bill "Dear Captain" Flanagan to the 88th Precinct, and to him in his new command all of us here wish the best—and then some.

79th Precinct: Francis J. Gorman, Jr., past commander of the Sheridan Post of the American Legion, now proudly displays four stars on the family's service flag, to wit: Harry, Coast Guard; Francis Jr. and Edward, Navy; George, Army. Not a bad record for Papa Gorman who is Ranger of World War I, and just the recipients of $25.00 War Bonds in our Precinct Bond Club, namely: Sergeants Tom Conroy, Bill Scott and Michael Cunningham; Patrolmen Abe Levy, Andy McNels, Bob Reige, Eddie Muller, Jim Cook. These sales bring our purchase total up to $1,500. Yes, boys, those little dollar bills surely can add up into great amounts—and for the greatest cause in the world.

Already there is a clamor to start other war bond clubs. So, patience, Brother, there is lots of room for everyone! See Patrolmen Brief or Farrell for membership.

13th DIVISION

84th Pet., Ptl. Joe Mahoney
85th Pet., Ptl. Edward Schuel
86th Pet., Ptl. William Smith
87th Pet., Ptl. John J. Keating
88th Pet., Ptl. William Dwyer
89th Pet., Ptl. Cyril Shortall

8th Precinct: "Master Driver" Mahon, in charge of the operators of the sergeants' car (874), is thinking of making a few changes—"and I don't mean changing flat tires, which I always have to do myself after some of these alleged drivers!"

Joe Matragrano says he doesn't care what they ration as long as he can get all the "gooses" he wants.

Steve Mosca, the "Friday Night Romeo," on a recent visit to his local draft board brought along an additional dependent—and 2 packages of radish seeds to show he is taking up farming. Lieutenant Jock McDade is as happy as a lord lately; says he doesn't care if he never finds his hat (the one he came in with). Reason: he just received a new shipment of bunion plasters that should last him 5 years—at least.

Jack Redding while picking carrots out of his ears after a crash dive on a bowl of beef stew at the open kitchen, when asked by the counterman what he intended doing for Lent, replied: "What did Lent ever do for me? In fact, I don't even know him!"

Congratulations to Fred and Mrs. Maggione on the birth of a 12 lb. son!

For Sale: One shanty, slightly used, on Bushwick Place near Montrose Avenue, including 3 windows, one open fire-place, southern exposure and one-half ton of coal. For further info see reporter.

Patrolman Rath was the cynosure of all eyes when he marched into the sitting-room bedecked in his new brown fire hat (ear laps and all) and new nifty brown overcoat. When asked were they his old man's he replied: "No, my brother-in-law was drafted into the army."

Mike Greftak, the boy Webster of the 85th Precinct, sez he is wishing all the air raid stuff he's got to carry around with him, and that if his pockets keep on swelling he'll begin to look like Otto Schorsch, "who's got more curves than the Belt Parkway!"

90th Precinct: Two more names added to our precinct Roll of Honor: George Denton, our amiable first bomm, who has
LOOKING 'EM OVER

joined the Navy (yes, George was in the Navy in the last war and was on pins and needles to get going again), and Wilbur Wessner, also now of the Navy. Best of luck to them both.

Best regards also to others of our men now in service: Jim Morahan, Bill Powell, Eddie Blasie, Hal Blaney and Mike Durniak.

Lieutenant Mars, we hear, is making a great comeback following his recent illness and we all hope he’ll be back with us real soon . . . Ditto Benny Sobecki, Pat Daly and Al Belinky.

We miss the Adonis of Lee Avenue, who recently left us for plain clothes work in the 14th Division. Good luck to you, John Flanagan, and don’t forget to drop around once in a while.

We finally got John Burns through with the 10th (What about your dues?) to talk, and we had quite a conversation—in which he let down his hair (no cracks, please), and for the first time we learned that he is the father of five boys, two of whom are pictured herewith. John, the eldest, is studying for the priesthood, at the Huntington Seminary; the other William, followed in his father’s footsteps and joined the Navy. Two handsome boys—our best wishes to ‘em both.

Don’t plant your Victory garden until after you’ve consulted with either Sergeant Craig or Sergeant McGuire, between whom there is a rivalry on the subject so deep that either will expound his theory to anyone willing to listen.

For those who like a good mystery we suggest getting hold of Jimmie Kunz, Eddie Reilly, or Sergeant Supthin and have them tell you about the one they, as a trio, solved, entitled, "Charlie Garry and the Loose Shoe lace."

A word of praise now for Jimmie Dugan, who, while on post the other day observed a new and expensive sedan being backed out of a garage, and, having an observing eye, he noticed that the driver didn’t operate the car as tho he owned it. So Jimmie stopped and questioned him—and he turned out to be a car thief, one who had been previously arrested and convicted for the same crime and for which offense he was on parole. Nice work, Jimmie!

New faces in the detective squad: Acting Lieutenant Devine and Detective Coyne; we hope their stay will be a pleasant one.

Pinhead Biographies (5th Squad): Bill Jacobs, who talks with a decidedly southern accent (at times); this we suppose is from working Flushling Avenue; now acting attendant; was a shoe salesman before taking up our profession and still can show two large samples—which he always has with him—as if you already hadn’t noticed; a big, good-natured fellow and has an ardent admirer in Frankie, who states he is the tops.

Sal Agresti: Who, by the time this reaches you, will probably be a sergeant—being just three to go at this stage; a meter tester before he donned the blue; at present assigned to the Air Warden Service and considered one of the mainstays of that department; a very personable chap—one who is expected to go far in the job.

Bob Vecchio: A helper before joining the Department, though just what kind of a helper we failed to find out; was at one time in a radio car along with the great Foley—who actually didn’t need any help; recently has not been his old self due to illness, a handicap which has not, however, taken away his easy-going disposition; at present works Lee Avenue and says he misses Joe’s witty remarks.

Louie Schwartz: Rated by many as one of our most aggressive members; chauffeur prior to becoming a policeman; works Marcy Avenue, on which post he has made some good arrests; received highly favorable publicity recently when he assisted in bringing a baby into the world.

Last in the squad for this month is Sol Zimm, one of our more dapper members; a laborer previously, tho to look at him now one might take him for an enterprising young business executive; works Harrison Avenue and is another one of the quiet type, of which we have plenty; a good cop; respected by the men of the precinct, who look upon him as an excellent side-partner and a willing worker.

That’s all till next month.

92nd Precinct: We welcome Captain Thomas Henry and Sergeants Kochman and McSaafe to our command. May your respective stays with us be long, happy and pleasant ones . . . The WAAC has been enhanced by the recent enlistment of Miss Dorothy E. Foley, daughter of Patrolman Edward Foley, and who now is in training with the 23rd Regiment, at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia . . . We welcome also our latest rookies, Patrolmen Burko, Askinski, Losquardo, Lisi and Tavano . . . Patrolman Kleinfield left us recently to join Uncle Sam’s fighting men—stationed now at Atlantic City . . . Patrolman Daniel O’Connell is with the Military Police at Fort Jay, Governor’s Island . . . If you haven’t seen it already, let Zwergel show you his own production of Act I, Scene 1, of “Brady, the Huntsman” . . . Act I, Scene II, isn’t so bad, either . . . Incidentally, Mr. Zwergel, the stockholders want to know what has happened to the dividends.

Why is it Vaughan only wears his new hat during a blackout? . . . "Knobby" and "Curley," our shiniest clerical boys, have changed their tune since "I'll Never Smile Again," to "Keep On Smiling" . . . Mitchell and Spataro, the Lost Time Twins, are still looking for the fifteen minutes they lost recently . . . We understand that Walter, the Wood Butcher, has put away his tools for the duration due to priorities on lumber . . . Aside to Bickel: Kelly wants to know where you purchased that pair of "zoot" pants you are now wearing . . . We finally discovered why Donnelly carries that brief case. See reporter if interested . . . Attention, all Fruit Lovers: Max Devinsky, our champ fruit demolisher, is back with us again . . . Despite the fact Acting Lieutenant Hofmann has given up all forms of calisthenics, he can be seen almost any morning demonstrating for the boys in the A.W.S. office those stirrup pumps . . . It is strongly rumored that a certain sergeant (Habitat Queen Village) is studying again . . . Sergeant Melichar was seen pleading (almost at tears’ point) with his colleague not to exhibit the "Victrola Cop," as it would definitely replace the Police Band.

What attendant is experiencing difficulty collecting coffee money? (I'm operating at a loss!) . . . Aside to Attendant Royael: Have you found that order yet, relieving the attendants of washing windows during the winter months? . . . The boys on the sergeants’ list go into "huddles" frequently to formulate plans to create new vacancies. (Superior officers take heed!) . . . Wonder how many of the boys know that March 30 is "Purdue Day" in Alaska? (Consult R. K. O. Theatres’ yearly calendar) . . . If you have finished the column to continue, please leave your items with "Knobby" or "Curley." We will edit them and send them in for you. Thanx.

15TH DIVISION

103rd Pct., Ptl. John G. Hecht
103rd Pct., Ptl. Albert Consedell
103rd Pct., Ptl. Harold T. Keenan
103rd Pct., Ptl. Walter Devecooe
106th Pct., Ptl. Alex Conrad

104th Precinct: The 104 Club has gone through a period of re-organization and from all indications it has gotten off to a good start. The newly-elected officers, whose names will appear in next month’s issue, are desirous of obtaining the cooperation of all—in anticipation of 100% membership. Those who have not already signed up, see your squad delegate—now!

There are three factors of paramount importance in pistol shooting. First, a quick “draw”; second, the accuracy of fire; and third, the ability to hit a moving object. The opportunity of becoming proficient in the above is available to all through practice. The following in the first shooting cycle have put their hours of practice to mead and good dividends—two days off: Sergeant Anthony Strangio, Patrolman Ed. Dier, John T. Weis, Philip Depen, Ernest Rubow, John Malloy, Albert LeAndre.

Patrolman John Erickson must be getting ready to pop the question—judging from the way he’s been window-shopping on
Myrtle Avenue, showing keen interest in furniture and lingerie and such. With the present man shortage it would be no less a strain to the chief to maintain status quo for the duration—and so the young girls of Ridge-wood can smile again? (Or are you thinking of a deduction in your income tax?)

Skinney Reuckert must be off his "feed"—down to a mere 260 pounds now. It is suggested he see Phil Meegan and get some of his malted milk tablets, a sort of "pick me up" tonic...

Why is smiling Jack Dunne, our Assistant Chief Attendant, known as "C. N.?"... Lots of luck to Patrolman Ed Loderhose's son, Edward, who is serving in the U. S. Army at Fort McC- Mcllan, Alabama. And say, soldier, the boys here would like to know if it was at your cuntueen your dad got that G. 1. haircut he's sporting. It is rumored Sergeant Rudy Knutson, the old leatherneck, would like to "reup" or take on (recruit) in the Marines again. Careful, Sarge, you know women have invaded the corps now!... Jim Reiley, our smiling sleuth, can be seen at the teletype these days watching and waiting; and it won't be long, either, eh, Sarge?

Thank those blind new superiors for that broad smile featured by Patrolman William Neuweiler these days... Our profound sympathy to Sergeant Mugler in the loss of his father... Patrolman Sittig demonstrates his approval of the conservation program by smoking "Between the Acts." He can now be de- aribed as a tall gent hiding behind a small cigar... Patrolman Fitzmaurice conducted a meeting of the 104 Club a while back, and when approached as to why he did not give a speech, he replied, "Whenever anyone exceeds moderation, the most delightful things may become the most distasteful—so I cut 'em short."

Thought of the Month: You cannot run away from a weak- ness; you must sometime fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now—and where you stand?

In any event, here's to a long life—and a merry one; a quick death—and a painless one; a pretty girl—and a loving one; a cold bottle—and another one.

On Sunday, March 21, the St. George Association held its sixth annual Communion and Breakfast. The turnout was the largest in years and the 104th helped bring about this result by contributing substantially to the attendance. Incidentally, your delegates would like to take this opportunity to thank the members for their fine cooperation.

106th Precinct: Handsome Truda (the congenial rookie) who is trying to get away from his graveyard post, was seen asking Cheroo Cummins if he would like to make a mutual... Biedinger, our Jr. attendant, has been given the assignment of taking care of all coffee and sugar rationing... Marty Coogan has put in his paper—after serving the public for nigh on to twenty years, with a spotless record... Ask Dick Meier about his role at Anchor: Be. What a honey! And—there is still single and in 1A... Summons Shatstak still considers himself the best cop in Ozone Park—win, lose or draw... The Droopy Club, with Egan as president, is out for a larger membership. The qualifications: walking post on your 32 and taking piano lessons from Eddie Miller, with Andy Orhelein as conductor. See Hoopla Egan for membership blanks...

Our bowling club recently toppled the crack 102nd team and with such ease that a handicap will be allowed them the next time we meet. Games still open to other precincts... Cousin Pete Booth, our congenial 95 man (and what a chef!) can do more with frankfurters and circular steaks than Schoelch may with a fishing rod.

That's all. See you next month.

10TH DIVISION

106th Pct. Ptl. John Gerken
106th Pct. Ptl. George Ferguson
106th Pct.
110th Pct. Ptl. Edward J. Bidanset

108th Precinct: Attendant John Sullivan reaches the line in his draft questionnaire where it says "State here your nearest relative," and John writes: "About 3 and a 1/2 miles from here..." Get Joe Hamilton to tell you about the midget who wanted to register for the draft... He was not on the draft board put him in one-half of 1A... Henry Holmes with nary a smile walks up the street and we think what a swell ad he'd be for a whiskey sour... Charlie Habekast leaves a certain diner with a tear in his eye after being informed by the caretaker that hereafter he could get his coffee only on a doctor's prescription...

Joe Clark (the Parson), worried about a certain torch- bearer he six months no see, confides (when I suggest it must be love) that she's working as a welder now—"and on that post of mine anything can happen!... A certain doll walks up to me, takes a good look and walks away, humming, "I can't say we do much else." A certain Cupid is setting smoking for five days started in again. "It makes my head too clear," he confesses, "and I remember things I don't care to remember—all that studying I did for the sergeants' examination, frizample... Fred Schmidt (The Baron) wearing spats confides they're handler than socks—"You never have to darn them," he explains. "And these "pimples" are two for one..." The 28 years in the Irish Navy. What capacity? inquire we. "About 2 and a half quarts," responds he... The non-de-plume "King Fish" fits our Tom O'Donnell to a T. Whenever you meet him he's either on his way to the Lodge or to meet one or another of the Brothers... Patrolman McKenna, who for many years guarded the bank at 50th and Jackson Avenue, succeeds in retrieving a slip of paper that had blown from his hand, then tells me, with pride, "I can't afford to lose that, it's my draft card!..." Henry Grabner, retired 18 months now, sends his regards to all and thanks this reporter for keeping him posted via this column on how things are going in the good old 108th. Asks, too, that we tell Sam Hul, to be sure to keep up on his turns at the clarinet, explaining that although it took him a long time, "I made a pretty good musician out of him at that!"

The day after shoe rationing went into effect I receive a letter from my good friend, Major Frank Quigley, in which he wiser-cracks, "Please return the old shoes I threw at you on your wedding day!..." Fredie Schwartz and Fred Smith inform us it's the same for business for them when they retire. Yes, for that business they have what it takes, and if you don't believe us, ask John Pebble... Mae Foley, when I ask if that girdle of hers is all rubber, wiser-cracks, "Of corset is!..." Tip to Henry Holm: Donate that dead pan of yours to the scrap drive... This report- er, too, would love to donate something—the ball and chain, and for good measure someone else's battle axe, I'll bet, that contribute?... Patrolman Dolan counts those 5 ribbons and then to a young rookie confides: "Son, I have been on patrol so long that even my socks have bunions!..." To Acting Lieuten- ant Henry White and his staff a big white orchid and congratula- tions for the way they and their wardens handled the first 5 street raids. It was 100% perfect and many nice remarks were heard from residents and merchants here. So, boys, take a bow!

112th Precinct: Long time no write but here is the latest news and stuff that I could dig up. There'd be a lot more if you fellows would only give your reporter a little help on occasion. The only one that puts anything in the box is Patrolman Morris and you can't get up a column merely on what he gives you.

Info Wanted: Seems there was a rumor of a ghost walking in and around the Forest Hills Stadium recently, and which upon investigation turned out to be what athletic-minded patrolman engaged in looking around in the dark for discarded tennis balls?... Patrolman (High Pockets) Freund has applied for retirement, and to him the boys all wish a long and happy vacation free from departmental worries and cares... Patrol- man (Joe Adonis) Fallon has been going at such a pace that late of late that he has trouble keeping his glasses from steaming. (Is in the market for any kind of windshield cleaner that might help?)

Meet Patrolman (Golden Voice) Neuman, the man famous for setting the fashion in hats around these parts... Since Patrolman (Tiny) Dunne has been sporting a set of asbestos-lined underwear. (What, no chin chuckers?)... Patrolman Bill Love says that Patrol- man (Tiny) Innis is right on the ball when it comes to relieving. Claims when no car is available he comes on roller skates... Patrolman Enrico has waited for an assignment to a radio car, but "as long as it's at the 106th"... So what happens? You're right—no more cars available. Patrolman (Marc DesJardins) Peitter states that he is the boss in his home—and proves to this wife meet...
him on pay days at the station house . . . Patrolman (Father Time) Barth upon retirement expects to open up a bicycle repair business . . . Patrolman Izzy Nolan is first in line for the attendant's job. Says he's getting on in years and can't take it any more . . . Since Patrolman Herby Unger hit the sergeant's list and has been assigned to T.S. duty he has been getting established—and not in the shoulders. And have you noticed also the faint odor of perfume when the future sarge is around? What's the name of it, Herb? "An evening in Paris"—or could it be "Seven nights in Harlem"? . . . Patrolman (I know better) Berman states he is off Patrolman (Shuffleboard) Sebald for life. Chims he is in the dog house since Joe taught him "the game" . . . Patrolman, I know he asked, "What do you think I am?"—and no one answered him. Must have been women and children present.

This last item should make a lot of you fellows happy, concerning as it does a wise guy who was always ready and happy to kid others about their store teeth (crowbrow, Sears-Rootchek Specials, etc.) So what happened? You're right again! He, too, had had them taken out—all of 'em! It doesn't make much difference now anyway, what with the meat shortage he manages just about as well as the next fellow. So in the future, me lads, you may call your reporter "Gummy"!

114th Precinct: Our command was well represented at the farewell dinner tendered on March 16, at the Hotel Woodstock, to Father Owen Lynch, of the Bishop Molloy Retreat House in Jamaica, the occasion signaling his entry into the U. S. Army as a chaplain. What was it missed his car following a recent blackout, necessitating calling upon our sleuths to locate it, after which the wandering car just as suddenly turned up—around the corner from where he had left it? (Undt von Villie glatt?)

Guess Who: Looks like an Eyetalian but is Polish? (Known as "Blackie the Bird Man") . . . Is known as the Master of Broad Channel? (Deducts one row boat from his income tax) . . . Recently established the "Kneb Polish" business and also inquired if he could deduct the cost of a new wig? . . . Assigned to the airport, carries a "Magic Chef" around on his back, and is called the "weight lifter"? . . . Brags of being the best shuffleboard player in the 7th Squad? (Known also as The Baron) . . . In the 7th Squad invited some mounted men to his home, had a drink, proceeded they brought their horses along and turned them loose in his proposed garden—in the interím? . . . Takes the nuts home (a lieutenant) to practice shuffleboard with—and what attendant is his bodyguard? Is responsible for those glasses Sergeant McDonald can't see through? (He gets moon-struck looking over the top of them) . . . Is known as Crying Jim?

"Congratulations to Patrolmen William Beal and James Lye, our newest junior commandos (they deliver at dawn) . . . Wonder how Breezy Forbes enjoys walking again? . . . also where Krueger learned to run a Ford tractor? . . . and how it is Patrolman Strong always gets Defense Post No. 4 on late tours? . . . and what the attraction is for Dow Drop Lens and Hosneysuck Markey at 144th Street and Northern Boulevard? Anticaglia (to Thomas): "Harry, will you try to get me as your partner when Egglinger is on the switchboard?" Thomas: "O.K., Looie, I'll try my best. I know you need protection." Aside to Mario De La Caridad Maximo Justo Juan Du Bouchet: Thanks for the card.

Our loss was the Army's gain when Patrolman Thomas Murphy on March 19 was inducted, bringing to nine the number of men from the 114th serving now with the armed forces. Condollences to Patrolman John O'Leary in the death of his sister.

TRAFFIC C "Pt. Joseph H. Werns"

Our sincere sympathies to Patrolman Bader in the death of his father . . . And sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our comrades now on sick report, and also to the brother of Patrolman O'Neill, who, we understand, has had quite a siege of illness.


And did you know that Raw Meat Buckley in the back room was frothing at the mouth last pay day and mumbling: "So he won't cash my check, eh? O. K., I'll get even with him!" Wonder whom he meant?

Arthur Gontko has been designated by the Honor Legion as its delegate for Traffic C, so see Artie, those of you who are behind in your dues, and pay up. See him also those of you who have received departmental recognition and he will sign you up as a member of this wonderful organization.

Roosebash Hrubis has finally succumbed and is sending out S.G.S. signals for someone capable of helping him stretch—the coffee used for back room consumption. (Try squeezing out the groundba, Dan!)

Did you know that Flight Commander Lent has his charming wife, Gertrude, keep him company while he waits to report back to the precinct for air raid drill? (Afraid of the dark, Jim?)

Tired that underneath that bandaged finger of Bonjorni's last month was a splinter that he picked up while playing shuffleboard. (Wonder where he was?) Wonder, too, why "Shadow" Gelb always brings whenever he is surprised looking into store windows featuring baby clothes!

FLASH!!! Remember a couple of months ago when your reporter mentioned the fact that Eskowitz was seen parading down the avenue with a Gorgeous Eyeful, and that some of the bachelors of Traffic C wanted to know who she was (and Abe said he wouldn't talk)? Well, this time he did talk! He popped the question—and she said "Yes!" So today we offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. Eskowitz and wish them all the health and happiness in the world.

And would you believe it that "Take a Shower With Your Shoes On" Gallagher has turned out to be a model husband? And that he takes Junior out for a stroll now—and does the shopping also?

Who was it stopped a cab last month only to find out it was Al Rode's messenger bringing him his lunch, on a 5 to 1 tour?

Bagels Wachstein challenges members of Emergency 4 to a game of handball, 1-2-4-wall, he cares not which. We hope as this issue goes to press that Bill Sullivan's wife, Edna, is well again after her recent sojourn in the Fifth Avenue Hospital.

In the photo we present to you now one whom we all know as "Fat Stuff" Artie (the kibitzer) and who in real life is nothing more or less than just another dotie husband and doting father, shown here at his recently acquired home in Queens with his cute little daughter, Ilene. (Hard to believe, isn't it?) Artie says the reason he prefers the low chair is that it doesn't show his bay window—and he ain't kidding! Paddy Whacks and Bright Sayings: Did You Know That: After "Snowsuit" McCusker answers a question he grumbled: "What do they think I am, an encyclopedia?" . . . Dyrlie is broadcasting that someone swiped his typewriter fluid and now he wants to get a ration card? (Wonder if "Roosebash" Hrubis would know anything about it?) . . . "Stretch" Beekman claims the reason he uses a cigarette holder is that he wants to keep away from cigarettes? (Corny, if you ask me) . . . When Malinski saw Priori playing dominos he said "If that guy can play so can I!" . . . Flight Commander Lent is bragging that the boys in the 8th and 12th Squads love him so much that they
sent him a valentine? (And how?) ... Breen is not satisfied with the merchandise he has and wants a new pair? (Lou Plate is trying to sell him his old ones, at a 10% discount) ... Bamberg claims he bought that cap he was seen wearing and that it did not blow off a truck on 12th Avenue, as accused? ... Kelly wants to know who is going to help him with his homework when Blackwood retires? ... Bagels wants to know how he is going to sell his chateau that soon? ... Pop Sinatra says he likes to go to Traffic D because there he always gets a side street? ... "Bartender" Dirlam says he is not going to re-grow that thing he calls a mustache—for the duration? ... Planagan says he doesn't mind going to the Emergency Squad but "what about the personalies"? ... Technow says he doesn't mind working on the bridges but he still doesn't like it—now they're not trying to find out where I got that picture of him eating that hero sandwich? ... Bobrow was bragging that it took him two hours for him to find out that he was ringing from the wrong signal box on a recent tour? ... Don't forget, men, that there is a "Suggestion Box" on the wall in which you may deposit items for this column? No?

**TRAFFIC I**

Ptl. Summ O'naan

The send-off at which we had as guests of honor retired Sergeants Kee and Dillon and Patrolman Farrell, was a huge success. A good time had by all, including even Stones McPadden. Our thanks to all who helped, especially Pointer. Our M.C., tooting his own horn, made quite a memory.

News received that Mr. Dillon and Johnnie Rom are together in Florida, enjoying both the sunshine and 7-Up. What happened to the Sheriff's job you were getting, Johnnie, on the Indian Reservation? ... Aside to John Kee, who stopped in to say hello: Glad to hear you are feeling better. John ... New Arrival at the Pius P. Kozlauka's homestead! The Mrs. and the baby both O.K.; Pete, too, tho' he might have selected another time to pass out the cigars, in the District office, than on Harrington's day off ... George Ahrens had a tough time getting a helmet to fit him during the last blackout ... "Whistling Jim" McDonald (who has been silenced) gave George his ... Sergeant McNevin, who never wears a hat, had a difficult time also ... Uncle Walt (Gasoline Alley) Kueck sure has some will power ... "For Fresh Eggs See Berwind & Cunningham." (adv. in L. I. paper) ... Stanley Cumansano and Paul Conglari in hot debate as to who was a former ieeman.

Birthday Greetings to Lieutenant Wilson (the cake tasted swell)! ... Humor: Koffy and Harrington have made up! ... Congratulations also to Larry Doyle on his place on the sergeants' list ... Acting Lieutenant John McCarthy paid us a visit recently (remember the good ole Keyhole reporter?) ... John Parente, our champion Bond Buyer; good work! Keep it up ... Buddy (not baldly) Foyth has given up hope of receiving a commendation (10%) from L. I. coppers who noticed you dropping Bucharides' shoes? ... Point and Dillon Jr. at odds over who gets Reg. 37 ... "Good Luck" Coleman wants to know what vitamins Becker takes—just a pal ... John Byrne and "Boro Hall" Smith still have 7e each ... Tom Straub glad to be back with the boys at the L. I. depot ... 734 operators Pritchard and Farrell getting quite heavy ... Olaf Salveston walking much better of late ... Some say Shop Kole plays a violin—which might be the reason for those long curs.

Our sympathies to all who have lost loved ones in past months and best wishes for a speedy recovery to those who are absent on sick report.

**TRAFFIC K**

Ptl. Harry Shortel

Tony Ciborski on March 5 became the proud Daddy of a Baby Boy! Congratulations! ... "Scotty" Maxwell at this writing still is sporting his winter tan ... And "Smiling" Ed Cahill is still displaying that dignified haircut ... "Gill" Altten's dinners were noted for their quality—but you don't want to get talked about! A nice demonstration Nat Friedman, the camera man, gave of his art recently ... Among other things that take: Johnny McCarthy's infectious laugh? ... Moe Markowitz and Johnny Macenonez already have started Spring training ... Johnny Stelmach has left us, after many years, for Traffic J. K's loss is J's gain. Glad Jack. Jim (Still doesn't) Rom, Marty Brosnan and Marty Volkommer the boys send best wishes.

**TRAFFIC O**

Frank & Earnest

Congratulations to Dave (The Bagel) Ross on his recent elevation to sergeant; also to the following who made the list: George (Coca Cola) Model, Howie (Don Juan) Kullman, Arthur Hug, John (Buzz) hoeing, Enoch, and those others whose names at the moment slip our mind—or so-called mind, as Tom Dugan would say.

Phil (Porky) O'Brien is quite a dashing figure in his new white helmet, as is Artie Cruller Toes Matthews, our forgotten baritone.

John (Skinny) Pfeuffer has given up at last—to a Beautiful Young Lady, the knot having been tied on Saturday last. The boys all are invited to the house-warming. John Logan, too.

Emergency Squad 9 claims Al Danchuk has the loveliest tenor voice he's ever heard. It's true, he's decided on no regard.

Sorry to hear about our Clerical Force putting on so much weight—after eating all that Barrience candy.

As we write this, Judge McGonigle, Gal and Wassell are on sick report. Hurry up and get better, fellers.

Wally (Big Noids) Celand is looking well these days. Hasn't dropped a syntax or forgotten a verb. In fact, he's even picked up a few new adjectives, we're told.

Had a letter from Jerry (Long Legs) O'Neill, who expects to be made an ensign soon.

Walter (Weary) Waneke was working down at the poultry market recently when along comes a feller with a horse-drawn wagon of grapes 8ims over Weary's head, and when asked what the idea was he said: "You had your hat off, Officer, and I thought it was a kettleing post!"

John Logan, the old pants presser, was recently seen giving George Imrie advice on how to make his gas ration book last.

"Use the subway," advised John.

Rogers McDonald, who has been assigned to Pire 88 steady, now walks and talks with a deep-sea sailor.

Teddy Bennies, the Main Street Romeo, had quite a time convincing Walsh, Griffin and Columbus Kaufman that Enoch was his legal dependent and not theirs.

Our two P.B.A. delegates are a couple of hustlers, as those who attended the recent Ball will testify.

Eddie "the guy with the high haircut" Silberlout is looking in the pink lately. Late tours must agree with him.

Haven't heard much from Buddy Southwick of late. What's the matter, Bud, have you started to study already?

Bert (Cutie) Forster is a greatly improved performer since he's been under the wing of Bumpy Kehoe and Lieutenant Hanley, who is now the clerical lute, having taken the place of Johnny Leonard, now in the Queens Traffic Court.

Is it true Tim Leary has put in his paper, along with Dick Dalton of McNamara's Band? Reconsider, won't you, pals? We don't want to lose a couple of swell guys.

Our traffic men visiting Manhattan are compiling a good record, as witness Sergeant Burgess's two good collars in a week. And Tom Lynch's burglary arrest. Tom, y'know, is an old skleuth.

Frank (Psycho) Seper has become quite a golfer, as witness his taking of 2nd prize in the Police Golf Association tournament of last season. Congratulations! Lieutenant McManus hurt his hand recently and at this writing it's well on the mend. We're all rooting for you, Lute. Some of our gang have sons in the service, namely, Marty Walsh, Willie Robinson, George Ottinger, Captain Oppenheimer, and Lieutenant Armstrong whose son is Lieutenant Colonel Tommy Armstrong, the West Point footballer. If we've missed some others we're sorry and we'll try and get them next issue. George (Pineapple Salesman) Bornheimer seems to be one of the pillars of the Queensboro Bridge, along with Roy (Ball Breaker) Schaffner.

Yes, Frank Masterson will look much improved once he gets his mouth fixed up some.

Easter Greetings to you all and let's hope the big traffic jam is over soon and Adolph, Benito and Tojo are detoxed permanently.

**TRAFFIC P**

Ptl. Edwin A. Bunde

Yes—it looks like we're back in circulation again! In other words, we're beginning a new day—which is a reminder to the members of Traffic P of the welcome extended now to our new
skipper, Captain Day—and may his stay with us be a long and happy one.

Congratulations to Patrolman Allen who is now in the service of Uncle Sam—the first member of this command to enter the military service. A certain lieutenant here is in the market for literature pertaining to fishing (he's been a dyed-in-the-wool fisherman ever since last summer). All items in this connection may be turned over to your reporter for delivery. Our heartfelt sympathies to those members of Traffic P who have lost dear ones. Glad to see Sergeant Salamin fully recovered and back in circulation. Our best wishes, too, for the speedy recovery of Sergeant Clarkin and Patrolman Bedell and Young, each of whom has had a long siege of illness.

Victory Gardens are springing up all over Queens these days and the boys figure on doing quite a bit of harvesting this fall. A fisherman, they say, is a born liar; well, just wait until you start hearing of the big tomato, etc. . . .

Favorite tune of Patrolman Melody, our song and dance man: "Any Dues today?"—and without postcards! Any of you guys see the tie adorning Joe Griffen's chest on St. Patrick's day? Oh, me!

MOUNTED DIVISION

Ptl. Joe Masterson

Pat Mulligan claims he broke Abbott Morgan into the job 19 years ago, and that Morgan always was a decent, respectable young man—as he is even today, 19 years later . . . Fagan is not in the junk business, but if there is anything you might need along those lines I am sure you can find it in Fagan's locker . . . Dobby Gleason did such a splendid job weighing horses that he won himself a horse and a post . . . For a while it was feared Marcella would get another 103 fever—after struggling so hard getting the hot water system working . . . Whom do you suppose will be in the armed forces first, Admiral Swartout or Major Decker? . . . Dave Foster at 52 hopes to get into the Marines, and if he is successful you can expect to see John Reilly enlisting in the Navy. . . . Why is it Ed Murphy doesn't care to ride Horse Turnstall any longer? . . . Muldoon and Arnaize are two very helpful young men—they not only help the air raid wardens turn out the lights, but also teach coast guardsmen how to ride a horse . . . Three cheers for Graner of Troop E for his stunning recovery last month of a baby carriage.

The photo of Major Edgar J. Perry, taken on the West Coast shortly after his return from the So. Pacific, was sent to me by Sergeant Paul Boss, of the Ambulance Corps, Pacific Fleet, shown with him in the picture and who in an accompanying letter wrote: "We have been friends for many years. I have been under his command in the Marine Corps Reserve, and there never was a finer Marine—no police officer—to my knowledge."

The mounted escort led by Acting Deputy Inspector McKeen and added a bit of sunshine to the St. Patrick's Day Parade as it led the boys from the old sod up 5th Avenue. All of the members of the escort were born in Ireland, and from the way they rode that day I'd say all of them were proud of it. Their names, in addition to Inspector McKeen, follow: Patrolmen Dan Meskit, Troop A; Percy Duffy; B; Frank Geoghan; B; Michael Keane; B; James Corridan; C; John Walsh; C; Phil Fitzpatrick; D; Tom McElliott; D; Tim O'Connell. I'm hoping Inspector McKeen next year will have two platoons in line instead of one, to include such men as Pat Twomey, Pat Mulligan, Cecil Dunwoody, John Reilly, John J. Ryan, to name a few.

MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2

Ptl. Jolli Ing Along

The five little Swanno children were gathered around the radio listening to a popular swing band, when Joan asked Daddy what was the origin of swing, and sure enough he had the answer, viz: "Well, it all started with the famous short swing; then we began to swing it in a different way; you'd take a 32 and then come in for a late one; then you had to hop over for a jungle 4-12, wait around for 2 more before sliding into the 8 to 4. That, in anyone's language, dear children, is fancy swinging. You went by a chart," Daddy further explained, "so many this way and so many that way. Of course, there was a plan for all of you would wind up—you might get dizzy in the meantime; but you would eventually catch on to the swing, whether it be 'short' or 'long'!

Gas being a difficult item to procure, more and more of the boys are pooling their cars, as for example the trio of Philly Blush, Charlie Hood and Andy Mulhall. It goes alright the week the Phil uses his car, and the week Charlie uses his, but the week that Andy Mulhall gets out his car he had the two riders ready for a week's stay at Kings Park. Andy calls up and leaves a message for the boys to start walking, as he lost his car keys—made an arrest—couldn't get his motorcycle started—or any one of a hundred other excuses. Then if they do bring him in, he ducks out the back way. No wonder the strain is beginning to show.

Petitions are pouring in on the skipper to reunite back in the same squad those grand entertainers, Tom McGuiede and Pat O'Rourke. How we miss the lilts of those sweet choruses of old ballads that these boys used to give out with in the back room.

Bill Archibald is home from the hospital and would appreciate a visit from any of the gang passing by.

Old Buck Ward sent us a picture of himself taken the day after he landed in Florida. Also a picture taken a month later, and all the magic that the sun can do for one's health is proven beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We wish good luck to our "genial" mechanic, Fred Macer, and Geo. Munro on their retirement. Also our former captain, Bert Douglas.

Sgt. Joseph was turned down by the Red Cross when he went up for his last blood donation. Even the Charlie has slipped over the 60 mark, he still has the spirit that says "We can't lose; we gotta win!"

That growling you heard the other lunchtime was not a fight—only Sgt. Paul Evers and Henny Moller translating some tough English into Yoiman. "Yah! dis is mein Garten Haus."

Lt. Fleischimer reminded Bob Hemphill early the other morning, as Bob was sweeping the sidewalk, that it was the early bird that catches the worm, and Bob answered: "Brother, that's what you call rationing; we had nothing like that during the last War."

"John Feeney, Irish tenor." So the ad in the paper said, but don't get him confused with our Jack Feeney, whose forte, even tho he, too, is an Irishman and a tenor, is soft-shoe dancing.

John Conklin says to Bill Whittier, "Brakes won't hold until we bleed the lines," which remark was overheard by Harry Casaza, who rushed in with his first-aid kit wanting to know "who was bleeding and where?"

Our two "end-men," Joe Welply and Harold Connolly, again did their stuff at Air Protection Lecture No. 5—by asking Capt. Guinan all the questions.

John Miller and Dan Hayes celebrated Paddy's Day by building a bon. Yet a few more left if anyone cares to help drive a nail in Hitler's coffin.

Our sympathy to George Weiss in the death of his brother.

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PCT.

The Ghost

Now that The Ghost has swung into action again, everyone it seems is on his best behavior—with the result there is very little to write about; so please, men, let yourselves go—drop a word or two amongst yourselves in ordinary conversation—so that, The Ghost, can have something to write about.

Let's start out in this issue wishing continued good luck to the members of the command who have joined the fighting forces, namely, David Clyde, Eugene Feurstein and George McDonald. We hope they will be able after this is over to tell us how happy they are to be with us again.

Also, to those who have retired we wish the best of health—
and the hope they may enjoy to the utmost their new-found leisure.

Bill Prelogiske, our first broom, is one of those war husbands. Edna does her bit in a defense plant while "Skid" does all the family canning and preserving. He also cooks Edna’s supper . . . Poor Edna!

Charlie Zeeck has turned to egg farming in a big way and now does police work in his spare time only. Get your orders in early if you want to be on Charlie’s preferred list.

Sign of Spring: When John Orlowski starts to polish his shoes that’s an indication of something or other. Could it be the cat finally caught up with John?

Harry Hansen made a startling discovery the other day while looking at a calendar: “Gee, Easter comes on a Sunday this year!”

A short time ago Pete Kraft was not a well man, but since he started buying “mahoganized” milk he feels much better, sez he.

Lester Keating had a narrow escape recently. Seems his dog won second prize at a dog show and upon finding out later that Les had entered him in the ordinary must class the dog became peeved. Only his leggings saved Les.

Looks as if Tony Budney is trying hard to take the title of “Happy” away from both Klinger and Wolters. What’s the matter, Tony? Is it your stomach that’s bothering you—or are you eating pickles?

John Fisher on patrol in Forest Park the other day found himself a patch of ice, promptly went into a tail-spin and landed a moment later on his soft spot—namely, his head; all of which makes him eligible now for membership in the Liberty Bells Club of G.C.P. Pct. . . . “Tilly” Drexl please note.

Among other war husbands here are Sergeant Churchill, Eddie Bloom, Jim Holland, George Vot, Willie Bodenbury and Terry Borelli, and we bet their wives still meet them at the front door on The Day and they still if it’s short become just a number on a U.P. 6.

Too bad about “Skid” injuring his foot while trying to get the station house yard a better place to ride in. Get well soon, Bill.

Now that Motorcycle Pursuit Patrol has been inaugurated would it be out of line to call the men who work on that assignment pilots?

That’s all for now and don’t forget—The Ghost always is around, so keep talking.

DIVISIONS OF LICENSES

Rose Lupo

Congratulations are in order—but definitely—to Captain Tom McLoughlin, (No. 3 on the captains’ list) Acting Captain Ben King (Captain, U. S. Army), Acting Captain O’Brien, Lieutenant Corley, and Mayor Bert Hansen, also now with the U. S. Army.

We welcome Acting Lieutenant Tom Colton and wish him luck in his new job.

Income Tax Exemptions: Patrolman Johnny Lynch’s 7th child (he’ll have that ball team yet) . . . Patrolman Johnny Egan’s 3rd . . . and Patrolman Joe Fitzpatrick’s 1st! (Joe is still recuperating?)

Clerk Elliot Racer is serving with the Armed Forces in sunny (?) California . . . and former Clerk Redmond is now a full-fledged lady cop. Congrats, Bernie!

Best wishes and success to Frank Flora in his retirement, April 1, 1943, after 34 years of faithful service. He was presented upon leaving with a beautiful memento—and with it from the members of this Bureau went congratulations and praise. Deputy Commissioner O’Leary and Inspector Berkeley made the presentation. Again, Frank, the best of luck—and don’t forget that Victory Garden!

Our most heartfelt sympathy to Clerk Andy Longo in the loss of his Mother.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Ptl. De Molitton

Good luck to Captains Michael F. Hartling and William C. Beneko, Jr. on their recent promotions. The Air Warden Service will miss them.

Our apologies now to Act. Captain Thomas P. Connelly, whose name inadvertently escaped us when extending congratulations last month to the acting captains assigned to the Air Warden Service who did all right for themselves in the recent examination for promotion to captain. Act. Captain Connelly emerged 47 on the list and to him, too, our heartiest congratulations are extended.

Ptl. John Donovan was congratulated last month on the New Arrival. We hope soon to be able to congratulate him also on his ability to again get a night’s rest.

Plusses from the 10th Division: Congratulations to Acting Lieutenant Mitchell, 62nd Precinct, for the successful meeting at the Jewish Community House, which was honored by the presence of Commandant Thompson . . . Ditto to Acting Lieutenant McNulty, 64th Precinct, for handling of that floating mine . . . Ptl. Burton, 65th Precinct, an eloquent speaker, can be found taking additional lessons at Knights of Columbus speakers’ classes . . . Condolences to Ptl. Rabbit, 60th Precinct, in the loss of his mother . . . The Air Warden Service of the 61st Precinct appreciates the splendid cooperation of Captain Cashman.

New Tank Pumps See Action in 9th Division: At about 4 P.M., March 4, Mrs. Gallo, of 67 Fox Beach Avenue, Oakland, Staten Island, looked out her kitchen window and saw the tall grass at the rear of her home burning fiercely. She screamed to her husband, who was nearby, and he grabbed one of the new tank pumps just placed in the block and with it quickly extinguished the fire, putting to use for the first time the tank pumps which were distributed in this precinct.

The Air Warden Service Quiz Program is now heard each Wednesday evening over WNYC from 8 to 8:30 P.M. Listen in on these experts on civilian defense. Maybe you have a question that can stump them.

John H. Morris, Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner and former commandant of the Air Warden Service, who is now a captain in the Transportation Corps of the United States Army, recently dropped in for a surprise visit, and strange enough, on the same day, Acting Captain Petersen, formerly of the Air Warden Service and now a first lieutenant in the United States Army likewise stopped by for a visit to his old stamping grounds. Lieutenant Petersen has completed his training course, and is now bound for parts unknown.

By Sgt. Randolph W. Lehman

PAST PRESIDENT

Sergeant John J. Boyle

Sgt. John Boyle, the Anchor Club’s chief, takes care of the orphans and brings them relief.

At Christmas all creeds bless this kind K. of C. In July they dispont themselves right merrily.

For Steeplechase makes the kids glad to be living Within Johnny’s sphere and the Anchor Club’s giving.

For eight years the Anchor Club’s had at the helm A man who though modest yet ranks in the realm Of kings; and the Knights of Columbus all know That every last word herein stated is so.

But words don’t do justice to men like John Boyle, Who seek no reward but the pleasure of toil.

Therefore in this verse let applause be unstinted For Sgt. John Boyle—of whose merit I’ve hinted.
MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. 1. Spillit

The Division was shocked beyond description when word came of the sudden death last month of Patrolman John Sasek, and particularly since at all times he appeared to be in the best of health. With the passing of John the Junior Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps of Police Post 1999, V.F.W., lost its closest friend and adviser. It was under John's chairmanship and fatherly guidance that the corps, in local, State and inter-State competition, won some of its brightest victories. The youngsters were to John as important as life itself, and they in turn felt so close to him that the title "Uncle" was to them more than a mere appellation. The members of this command, and particularly the office staff, keenly feel the void left by his passing. To his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy is extended.

Arthur Monahan, head of the Sanitation Squad at the Recruits' School, 72 Poplar Street, Brooklyn, informs us that as the "People's Independent Democratic and Republican Candidate" he will be in the running this year for a seat in the City Council, and that notices of the next meeting of the organization, to be held May 15, 1943, at the Pearl Mansion Rooms, 98 Forsythe St., N.Y. City, will be sent out shortly by his secretary, Miss Helen Saville; also that he is calling on his good friends, the Honorable Alfred E. Smith and Captain Johnny Yarrum, to come out for him. Good luck, Arthur, and more power to you.

Because of his resemblance to his brother, you should have little difficulty in recognizing the handsome soldier presented to your gaze herewith. Yes, you guessed right the first time—he's Colonel Alfred Lawrence Price of the U. S. Army, brother of Patrolman Charlie Price and serving now as Assistant Commandant at Fort Washington, Maryland. Colonel Price is a graduate of that most aristocratic of military institutions—West Point, which he entered in 1918 and from which he was graduated four years later with the rank of second lieutenant. His present rank of Colonel was conferred upon him in July of last year.

THE ABOVE splendid example of the photographic art, the original of which is approximately 13 inches square, was sent to the Police Commissioner from Keesler Field, Miss., by Private William W. Creighton, who in a note of explanation, wrote:

"The accompanying photograph was made while on furlough in New York. The subject and print seemed rather good so I made an extra print for the officer, who is unknown to me. "I wondered if you would present it to him with my compliments."

The subject of the photo is Lieutenant William Meyn, of Troop B, Mounted Squadron 1. Commissioner Valentine in his acknowledgment told Private Creighton that the photo would be published in SPRING 3100 and that a copy of the issue would be forwarded to him; also that the original print would be sent to the lieutenant concerned with his. Private Creighton's, compliments.
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

WILLIAM GALLAGHER
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 188 pounds; blue eyes; brown hair; stocky build; fair complexion; dark blue suit, gray felt hat. Residence, 500 West 50th Street, New York City.

WANTED FOR MURDER

JOSEPH FREZZA
Aliases JOSEPH GIGLIO, JOSEPH PARADISI, JOSEPH JIANAZZI and DICKEROO.
DESCRIPTION—Age 37 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 150 pounds; brown eyes; dark brown hair; dark complexion; walks slightly stooped.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION—Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

WANTED FOR MURDER

RALPH MACEROLL
Alias "THE APE."
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives’ Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World’s Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE Canal 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.
LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
# In Memoriam

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ptl. William J. Tobin</td>
<td>Tr. A</td>
<td>Mar. 21, 1943</td>
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<td>Ptl. Lawrence Foppiani</td>
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<td>Ret. Lt. Edward Campbell</td>
<td>Tr. F</td>
<td>Mar. 23, 1943</td>
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DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to present to you the American Red Cross citation awarded to you by the Red Cross for your great help in this drive.

May I take this opportunity of thanking you and your department for your real cooperation with this Committee in assigning officers to protect canvass offices that we established in this borough.

Thanks again, Commissioner, and with kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,
W. LAWRENCE McLANE, Chairman
Block Canvass Committee.
Yes . . . SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

FRENCH NORTH AFRICA
December 17, 1942.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Warmest greetings to the boys of the department from North Africa.

Been here over a month now and have taken a liking to the country. I met a detective by the name of Eddie Dobler, who was on the Bomb Squad with Lieutenant Pyke. He had enlisted in the navy and had been torpedoed in this vicinity. You may know him.

Also received the September issue of SPRING 3100. Sure felt good to associate myself with the Force again, even if only through the medium of the magazine.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!

Pfc. FRANCIS E. GILLIS,
Bat. G, 213th C.A. (A.A.),
Patrolman, 43rd Precinct.

PERSIAN GULF SERVICE COMMAND
HEADQUARTERS
Middle East, Persia
April 12, 1943
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

The January issue of SPRING 3100 reached me this date after traveling quite a distance. Still very interesting as always. Appreciate getting it every month if possible.

Regards to all my friends in the Department, especially the boys in the Harbor Precinct.

EDWARD P. WISEMAN
1st. Lt., C.M.P.
Patrolman, Harbor Precinct

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
A.P.O. 960
San Francisco, Cal.
April 20, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Many thanks for the March issue of SPRING 3100. The monthly copies reach me pretty regularly and are a pleasure to receive. Since I entered the Army on October 15, 1940, the magazine has been practically the only means I have had of keeping up with the times, as far as Department activities are concerned.

Several of the articles on Civilian Defense have been read with interest by the local O.C.D. branch here.

Aloha!

MAURICE J. FITZGERALD,
Lieutenant Colonel, H'qtrs. 27th Div.
Patrolman, Police Academy.

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC
F. P. O.
San Francisco, Cal.
April 17, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I have received SPRING 3100 for February and March and certainly enjoyed them very much. After finishing reading these copies I pass them on to some brother police officers of other states similarly serving now with Uncle Sam, who likewise get a kick out of reading them.

Regards to members of the Harbor Precinct.

HERMAN HORDES, G.M.,
62nd Bat. Co. A., 4th Pla.,
Patrolman, Harbor Precinct.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1943

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SERVING WITH UNCLE SAM

AS OF MAY 10, 1943

Uniformed Force ........................................... 543
Civilian Force ............................................... 86
Total ......................................................... 629
ACTIVE and energetic participation in the nation's thirteen billion dollar war loan was stressed by Commissioner Valentine in his talks at the two Police Holy Name breakfasts last month—that of the Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond branch held Sunday, April 11, at the Hotel Astor, followed on Sunday, April 18, by the Brooklyn-Queens branch, at the Hotel St. George.

"We say a billion and it rolls off us like water off a duck," the Commissioner said in pointing out the immensity of the sum involved. Declaring it is almost impossible for the human mind to comprehend what a billion is, he told of the international economist who said the only way the hugeness of this figure might even remotely be grasped would be to consider that if for every minute since the birth of Christ you dropped a dollar into a huge receptacle—you still wouldn't have a billion.

"Some of you mathematicians figure it out," the Commissioner suggested, "and then multiply it by thirteen."

He went on to explain how the Department had been advised that by raising the sum of $300,000, as our participation in the loan, the Department would be afforded the distinction of having dedicated in its name a heavy bomber—of the type which is making history today over far-flung distant battle fronts—while for $350,000 a Flying Fortress could be named.

"We want at least one Flying Fortress named for the Department," the Commissioner declared. "The Spirit of the Police Department, City of New York, 'SPRING 3100,' 'New York's Finest,' 'The Flying..."
Cop’—these are some of the suggestions that have already been submitted.

“I should like to see every member of the Department enrolled in this great cause, and in making this statement I am not unmindful of the financial condition in which, unfortunately, some of our men today find themselves. I know, probably better than any of you, just what the situation is—and particularly as regards the younger men. You cannot come through a period of probation on a salary of $1320 a year and support—as a good many of them do—a wife and children and expect nevertheless to be able, with the price of everything pyramiding—to say nothing of the pension contributions—the Victory Tax—expense of uniforms and equipment, to purchase any large amount of these war bonds.

“We will all have to make sacrifices, but what sacrifice can we make that is comparable to that being made today by the armed forces?”

The Commissioner went on to say that so confident is he of the results of the drive that the Department in his opinion is going to have, when the returns are counted, not only one Flying Fortress but a squadron of them. He was careful to point out, too, that he had directed at a conference had by him with the commanding officers on the day before, that under no circumstances—in the case of members who are unable because of financial setbacks to purchase bonds—shall “heat or pressure” be applied—nor criticism in any way directed.

“Our drive must be conducted on a strictly voluntary basis,” the Commissioner declared. “If the man can afford it, we know that his patriotism—his love of country—will impel him to join with us—proudly—in the purchase of these bonds.”

Referring with a touch of apprehension in his voice to the manpower shortage confronting the Department today, the Commissioner expressed alarm over the steadily increasing numbers being carried on sick report, a situation attributable, it may be assumed, to the new pension law under which full pay while on sick leave, the first three days excepted, is allowed. The average sick list, prior to enactment of the new pension law, never went above the 400 mark, the Commissioner pointed out; while today that number has more than doubled. He called attention to the present shortage of 1,243 in the quota allotted the uniformed force and expressed concern, too, over the fact that in addition to the 525 members on military leave, as of that date, there are 995 names on the list of those who have submitted application for retirement, a situation tending to create, when acted upon, additional vacancies that it will be almost impossible to fill. He mentioned as additional cause for alarm the beginning of the vacation period, during which approximately 10% of the force is absent with leave at the one time.

Still another situation of which the Commissioner expressed concern was the mounting number of disabilities in the Department because of unnecessary accidents—men suffering from concussion of the brain, fractured hands, crushed fingers—attributable, in most cases, to carelessness.

He spoke of the tremendous responsibilities involved in the job of policing a city of seven and one-half millions, to say nothing of its three-quarters of a million commuters and the 200,000 to 300,000 visitors and transients each day.

“All of this means that we will have to work harder,” the Commissioner asserted. “We will have

COMMISSIONER VALENTINE AT THE MICROPHONE
to be more sincere—more intent. We will all have to make sacrifices.”

The Commissioner dwelt at some length on the growing menace of dual occupations—members of the Department found engaged in outside employment in addition to their duties as police officers, a situation declared by the Commissioner to be “loaded with TNT.” He spoke of the circumstances surrounding the cases of two men who had suffered suspension as a result of this violation, one with 4½ years in the Department, the other with 19 years of service already behind him. The younger man, the Commissioner explained, through no fault of his own, and because of family ill health mostly, was deeply in debt. The second man also was financially embarrassed—but attributable in his case only to the fact he was foolish enough to join with another patrolman in affixing his signature as co-maker, at the behest of a so-called “pal,” for a loan in the sum of $1500. This in spite of the regulation designed and adopted to protect our members—give them an excuse, in fact, for refusing to risk their futures in such a manner.

Declaring that he himself had had experiences, as a commanding officer, with members of his command becoming similarly involved, the Commissioner disclosed that it was he who wrote, at the time he became Chief Inspector, the regulation prohibiting members of the Department from signing for a loan for another member.

“We made it a violation of the regulations of the Department—a disciplinary offense,” the Commissioner said, “and it was done solely to safeguard our members from men of that type. It was not to take you into the Trial Room—but to protect you from men who would destroy you.”

Reverting again to the subject of shortage of personnel, the Commissioner stressed the necessity of alertness on the part of the men on their way to and from their homes and commands, pointing out that in all cases of arrests by men while off duty and in civilian clothes—or in uniform, as the case may be—additional recognition is given by the Honor Board because of the circumstances under which the arrests were made.

The Commissioner at this juncture read the list of names of those designated by the Honor Committee as the medal winners for the year 1942. The list was promulgated in General Orders No. 12, under date of April 19 last. The names will appear in another issue, together with our report of the presentation ceremonies scheduled to be held some time in June in the presence of Mayor LaGuardia at City Hall.

“I want to express a word of appreciation for your splendid cooperation and support during the last year,” the Commissioner said in closing. “Nobody appreciates it more than I do. You men are my associates—my partners. I am charged with the responsibility of administering this Department. Without your wholehearted support and cooperation I could accomplish nothing. I want you to know that I am sincerely grateful for the splendid support and cooperation that I have received since I have been Police Commissioner.”

Other Speakers at Hotel Astor Breakfast

Another speaker was Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston, who declared that continued violation of “natural law” in the practice of birth control “will lead to disaster for America.” Declaring that we are being outstripped by other nations, particularly by Japan, in population, he said: “The United States will find itself engaged in another struggle within a generation and unless we prepare, disaster will follow.”

The Most Rev. William McCarty, Auxiliary Bishop to the Military Vicar, Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, was another speaker. Bishop McCarty paid tribute to the Catholic chaplains with the American armed forces. “Their work,” he said, “is the most important in the Catholic Church today.”

He said the men in the service were “in sheer spiritual need; they are hungry for God.”

Twenty-six hundred priests are working for the armed forces, and before the end of this year another thousand, or one-twelfth of all the priests in the country, will be working with the armed forces, he went on. “God is making use of this scourge of war,” he declared, “to bring the human race back to Him.”

Frank S. Hogan, District Attorney of New York County, another speaker, declared that persons who cheated the government in time of war were not only criminals but traitors as well.

The text of District Attorney Hogan’s address will be found elsewhere in these pages.

With the Most Rev. Stephen J. Donohue, Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of New York, as celebrant, the Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond members had previously attended mass and received communion at St. Patrick’s Cathedral. At the conclusion of the service the members, with the Police Department Band showing the way, as is customary marched in formation to the Hotel Astor for breakfast, where Department Chaplain Joseph A. McCaffrey, the spiritual director, following his introduction by Patrolman Albert J. Nelson, president of the organization, in his capacity as toastsmaster presented the speakers.

Other dais guests, in addition to the speakers, were Deputy Commissioners Louis F. Costum and Francis J. Kear; Chief Inspector John J. O’Connell, former Deputy Commissioner John A. Leach, former Police Commissioners Edward P. Mulrooney and James S. Bolan, former Chief Inspector John O’Brien, Department Chaplains A. Hamilton Nesbit and Isidore Frank, Comptroller Joseph McGoldrich, Bronx Borough President James J. Lyons, Bronx County Judge Lester J. Patterson.

Other Speakers at Hotel St. George Breakfast

America is awakening at last to the threat of foreign influences to her way of life and is again judging things by honest standards, declared Department Chaplain Lawrence H. Bracken, spiritual director of the Brooklyn-Queens branch, in the course of his address.

However, Msgr. Bracken concluded, “a happier day must be coming for all of us. America is aroused and is looking backwards toward the old wagon-trails, the covered wagons, the conquest of the West. It is not looking forward to the painted future presented as the prize of victory. That sort of future is unreal and is leaning on the shifting sands of the dreams of starry-eyed theorists.

“Americans are realists and judge men and things by honest standards, and that is the sort of America
for which we are fighting and for which thousands of our boys are suffering and dying. Let us be thankful that America is awake at last, and that it has pulled away the sheepskin covering from the wolf who speaks with an accent.

“Our forefathers built this country and discipline was their principal attribute—that and faith in God and not in any group of men, no matter how loudly they proclaimed their pure and altruistic motives. And with God’s help we and our returning soldiers shall take up once again the torch which the trial-blazers and pioneers laid down and which, for a while, had been smothered in a welter of nonsense. And with discipline and horse-sense we will come to happier days.”

“We hear a great deal these days,” Msgr. Richard B. McHugh, rector of Cathedral College, another speaker, said in his address, “about juvenile delinquency, increase of crime, injustice, and our more sensible countrymen are recognizing the fact that these things are not alone the cause of unrest but more significantly the effect of a more serious evil, the loss of a deep sincere moral sense among our people. At no other time in the history of our country have the words of our first president been more applicable than now. In his Farewell Address he warned his fellow citizens that the hope of the continuance of this democracy rested upon a fixed moral code based upon sincere and definite religious beliefs.

“It is appalling to realize that, in the last national census, over fifty percent of our citizens were listed as having no religious affiliation. This means that the pulpit has lost its audience. If we hope to solve the problems of injustice in this country and make a contribution to the permanent settlements of the world’s troubles we must bring to these problems a fixed moral standard based upon solid religious belief.”

Dr. William A. Clarke, principal of John Adams High School, declared that “the sacrifices of blood and treasure and blasted lives must not lead to another Versailles.” “It is up to us here at home to work and write and talk and vote to see that there is no breach of faith with our fighting men. We must not permit anyone to let them down. As individuals and through groups or organizations, civic, social, fraternal, political, religious, of which we are members, we must work unceasingly for the kind of just and lasting peace that alone will excuse the tremendous effort and sacrifice that our nation is making and must make even more.”

“Our task is not an easy one,” Dr. Clarke concluded. “We must be alert, informed, unified and determined in our efforts to see that faith is kept with our sons and brothers now in the armed forces. We cannot evade our plain duty. As Americans and as Catholics we must work for them unceasingly. We must not let them down.”

The Brooklyn-Queens mass was celebrated at St. Joseph’s R. C. Church, Pacific Street and Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, by the Most Rev. Thomas E. Molloy, Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn, with breakfast following in the Hotel St. George, at which Act. Lieutenant Thomas K. Colton, president of the organization, presided and introduced the speakers.

Daisy guests in addition to the speakers were Deputy Commissioners Louis F. Costuma, Francis J. Kear and Cornelius O’Leary; former Deputy Commissioner John A. Leach; Chief Inspector John J. O’Connell, Act. Kings District Attorney Thomas C. Hughes, former Brooklyn District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan, Parole Commissioner John C. Maher, Supreme Court Justice Peter F. Smith, City Court Judge Sylvester F. Sattabino, Special Sessions Justice Matthew J. Troy, Fire Commissioner Patrick Walsh, Edward V. Killeen, K.S.G.; Peter P. Prunty, K.S.G.; Dr. George J. Doyle, K.S.G.; Mr. D. Batsouroph.

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**WOMEN’S ARMY AUXILIARY CORPS**

*Des Moines, Iowa*

**EDITOR, SPRING 3100:**

I have thoroughly enjoyed the three issues of SPRING 3100 which I have received since I have been in the service and want to thank you for your thoughtfulness in having me in mind. I leave each copy in the day room upon finishing with it myself and in short order it starts looking as if it has been well gone over.

**EVELYN COHEN,**

Auxiliary,

Clerk, Juv. Aid Bur.

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**THE POLICE COMMISSIONER**

*City of New York*

**INSPECTOR JOHN W. SUTTER**

Commanding Officer
Division of National Defense.

My dear Inspector:

I have just learned that Oliver and Frank Clandorf were found guilty on charges of Conspiracy, Operating a Disorderly House and two counts of Maintaining a Public Nuisance in connection with the Hermitage Hotel; also, that Lyle Wilson and Frank Clandorf were found guilty on the same charges in connection with the 42nd Street Hotel. Your work in the investigation, arrest, trial and conviction of these men is indeed outstanding and of the highest intelligence, and as a result of the "iron-clad" case which you have enabled the District Attorney to present, it is apparent that the Hotel Strand case, which has been adjourned until May 28th, will also come to a successful conclusion.

Your efforts in this case are not only commendable from a police view, but you have without doubt been instrumental in preventing this vicious "ring" from sabotaging our Country’s war effort by infecting many members of our Armed Forces with venereal diseases.

It is encouraging and gratifying for the Police Commissioner to know that a member of the Force performed a duty that reflects credit on the entire Department, and it is a pleasure for me to extend to you my personal commendation.

Sincerely yours,

**LEWIS J. VALENTINE,**

Police Commissioner.
Law Enforcement ... Then and Now

An address delivered at the Communion Breakfast of the Police Department
Holy Name Society, Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond Branch,
Sunday, April 11, 1943, at the Hotel Astor.

By the Honorable FRANK S. HOGAN
District Attorney, New York County

"In our largest city you protect almost 15 per cent of the population of the United States from its enemies—from a large anti-social force that has no respect for our institutions. What work is there that compares in importance to yours?"

WHEN one thinks of the hundreds of thousands of police in this country, and the universal acceptance of the police idea, it is interesting to recall that it is a fairly modern invention. It was not until 1829 that a police force, as we know it today, was established in England. Night watches existed in New York but it was 1844 before a consolidated day and night police was formed. It may be helpful in evaluating the police function to briefly review conditions prevailing before that function existed. If we look at London, the largest city of the 18th century world, we see the picture in clearest outline.

As early as the year 1700 the ecclesiastical parish organization, with its local magistrate and single constable, had broken down with the growth of towns. In London, particularly, with a population of over a half million in 1700, the lack of effective police authority was keenly felt. For over 100 years thereafter citizens rejected the obvious police remedy. Arguments in favor of the establishment of a centralized police force were answered with assertions that this would mean nothing less than the military police system of continental Europe, with its accompanying espionage and tyranny.

Conditions at this time were unbelievably bad. Crime didn’t appear in waves in 18th-century England. It broke over the country in floods. One writer records that “thieves, burglars, and armed footpads swarmed in the unlighted streets, and for 20 miles into the country the main roads were infested with highwaymen.”

This period in English history is notorious for cruelty and brutality. The cheapness of gin, it is charged, was responsible for much of the crime. According to the well-known phrase, “one could get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for tuppence”—and evidently most of the people did get drunk at regular intervals. In 1750 out of 2,000 houses in the Parish of St. Giles 506 were gin shops. Not the least of the evils of this national addiction to gin drinking was the wholesale and unchecked murder of children.

Crime Uncontrollable

In the absence of civil authority crime was uncontrollable. Thousands depended on it entirely as their means of subsistence. Opportunities for mass crime were plentiful and riots of the most violent nature were frequent. A typical example was the Gordon riot in 1780.

Lord Gordon offered to lead a procession to Parliament to present a petition for the repeal of a bill designed to relieve Roman Catholics from certain unjust provisions of law. Sixty thousand persons, including large numbers of the underworld, joined Gordon in his march to Westminster. It is clear from all accounts that, if effective civil force had been available when they arrived, the crowd would have responded to tactful handling. The few constables present, however, were driven away.

Gordon presented his petition and the House of Commons refused to consider it. This action was reported to the crowd and they proceeded to take the law into their own hands.

During the next four days mobs systematically plundered and burned houses and chapels. Newgate jail and three other prisons were destroyed. Distilleries and gin shops were raided and men, women and children drank themselves insensible. The troops were called out but no magistrate could be found who would give orders to fire on the mob. So serious was the uprising that the fleet was hurriedly sent to sea in case France should be tempted to take advantage of
the trouble and attack. There was a total paralysis of authority. All London was at the mercy of the mob.

On the fourth day the King obtained an opinion from the Attorney General that, in view of the helplessness of the magistrates, the military might shoot on their own responsibility. That evening during an attack on the Bank of England the troops opened fire and several hundred persons were killed. This marked the end of the disturbance.

We do not fully appreciate what a sovereign remedy we have ready to hand when we almost automatically react to any display of lawlessness with the demand “Call the Police!” In contrast, if a London citizen of the 18th century was threatened by a group, his only safe course was to arm himself, fortify his house and prepare to defend his life. Even ministers of government seem to have regarded the periodic sacking of their homes as natural and inevitable.

**Corn Law Riots**

At the time of the Corn Law riots, for example, the first to suffer was Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor of England. A mob broke into his house and was destroying its contents while he and his family escaped, through the back premises, into the garden of the British Museum. There Eldon found a military guard. The soldiers reluctantly accompanied him back to his house. The mob, seeing the soldiers, fled—but the Lord Chancellor courageously gave chase and succeeded in capturing two of them himself.

The two men arrested were taken before a magistrate but the soldiers refused to be witnesses, contending that it was beneath their dignity. Evidently the magistrate did not believe Lord Eldon because the two rioters were discharged.

Some of you men who have appeared before magistrates can sympathize with the Lord Chancellor.

To combat crime and mob violence London had a few constables. To supplement their work provision was made about 1680 for a night watch. This was in the reign of Charles II and the watchmen appointed were nicknamed “Charles.” They were not held in high esteem. Indeed, a popular night sport of the period was knocking off “Charles.”

Henry Fielding in his novel, Amelia, describes them as follows:

“They were chosen out of those decrepit people who are from want of bodily strength incapable of getting a living. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty’s subjects from the assaults of young, bold and desperate villains. If the poor fellows should run away from such enemies, no one, I think, can wonder, unless he should wonder that they are able to make their escape.”

Henry Fielding, however, was a highly prejudiced observer. He indicated that clearly when he became a magistrate in 1748 and set up a court in Bow Street. Ignoring the constables and “Charles,” Fielding enlisted the services of six friends and proceeded to instruct them in the art of detecting crime. These six criminal investigators came to be known as “Bow Street runners.” Our detectives are their direct descendants. You may perceive a resemblance.

They were gaudy dressers, given to decorating their outer garments with lace, embroidery and cameos. They always wore scarlet waistcoats—and, as a result, also were known as “Robin Redbreasts.” Do you wonder that Assistant Chief Ryan and his men dress a bit on the flashy side?

Well, these detectives sat around with the magistrate all day on heavily upholstered chairs, waiting for word of serious crimes. They were careful never to take coffee at mid-day, because it kept them awake in the afternoon.

And you had to be a person of consequence to be arrested by one of them. John Townshend, one of the most famous of the “Robin Redbreasts,” was asked by a magistrate one day to serve a warrant upon a barber. His reply has been preserved.

“Why, Sir Richard Birnie,” he said, “I beg leave to tell you that I think it would lessen me a great deal if I were to execute a warrant upon a barber after so many years of service during which time I have had the honor of arresting Earls and Dukes. No, no, Sir Richard! Let the barber fight if he likes, but do not let me be degraded by executing that warrant.”

Try that excuse on the Commissioner some time.

Occasionally these detectives actually went out to investigate a burglary. Their technique was masterful. They would question the complainant at great length and take many notes before sagely concluding: “Undoubtedly, a few of the neighbors’ children did this.” Then they would ask the householder if he could follow instructions. After such assurance had been obtained, they would whisper that advice which has always marked the true detective: “If you hear anything, let me know. And if I hear anything, I’ll let you know.”

**Criminal Code No Help**

The only additional force arrayed against crime and internal disorder for over a century was the English Criminal Code. As conditions became worse, penalties increased in severity. Capital crimes multiplied until in 1820 there were 223 which called for the penalty of a death sentence. Stealing from the person to the value of one shilling was punishable by death. Other crimes which called for the extreme penalty were receiving stolen goods; damaging trees; sending threatening letters; being a gypsy and residing 12 months in England; and taking away a maid—or a widow—for the sake of her fortune.

The result of such severity was the reverse of what was intended. Crime increased and corruption flourished. A person with money could buy his way out of almost any scrape. In cases of petty crimes, where the defendants were without money, everybody conspired to defeat the purpose of the law and escape the unpleasantness of sending a fellow-citizen to death. The injured party refused to prosecute, witnesses committed perjury, juries returned Not Guilty verdicts without regard to evidence, and judges constantly exercised their ingenuity in order to avoid passing the death penalty.

What is astonishing in the record is the patience and blindness displayed both by citizens and lawmakers in England. For over 100 years, they persistently rejected the proposed and obvious police remedy for their increased fears and sufferings.

Finally, however, the bill creating a police force became law. The original force, consisting of 1,000 men, made its first appearance in the streets of London in September of 1829. They were dressed in blue coats...
with belts, and top hats. They were called "Blue Lob-
esters," later "Peelers," and ultimately "Bobbies"—the
last two nicknames in recognition of the part played in
their organization by Sir Robert Peel. Peel, who as
Prime Minister had long advocated a police establish-
ment, was denounced in the press as a tyrant and a
dictator.

Incidentally, an explanation for another nickname
is found in Herbert Asbury's book "Gangs of New
York." When the old Bowery Theatre burned in 1845,
our uniformed police were on hand to aid the firemen.
Gangs from the Five Points refused to stand aside. A
fight started, and the skulls of many gangsters were
cracked. This and other pitched battles with the
rugged outlaws of the period developed ill feeling, with
the result that the police uniforms were called in. For
several years thereafter, police appeared with no other
insignia that a star-shaped copper shield, whence came
the names "copper" and "cops."

Criticism Subsides

In London, criticism gradually subsided. After a
few years, citizens began to realize, almost uncon-
sciously, that they could put away their guns and that
they could visit their neighbors in the evening without
danger of being robbed or assaulted.

Some historians maintain that, thereafter, England
was time and again saved from disaster by the activi-
ties of the police. Graphic accounts of the Draft riots
in New York City during the Civil War and the cour-
ageous actions of our police force would seem to make
it a logical contention. Other writers argue effectively
that the police made possible most of the law en-
forcement, reform measures which followed their creation.

The objects of the police force remain the same as
when first created. They secure obedience to the law,
preserve order, detect, pursue and arrest offenders.
No attempt is made to check free speech nor to inter-
feare with the right of public assembly. Despite the
fears voiced by these who honestly believed that the
police would endanger our liberties, they have devel-
oped no traits of the Gestapo. Instead of an engine of
oppression, they have become the staunchest guardians
of our liberties. They perform a most difficult func-
tion in our daily life and have the good will and respect
of all.

But do we fully appreciate the leading role assigned
to police under our form of government? Let me try
to state it very simply. We live in a democracy. There
are certain rights guaranteed to us and certain obliga-
tions imposed upon us by law. The individual is pro-
ected by law. Property is protected by law. Without
law and order there would be no government and no
democracy. Nothing is more essential to the preserva-
tion of our type of government than the elimination
of lawlessness. Once we are aware of this we begin to
appreciate the true importance of enforcing the Law.
You are charged with that vital duty.

In our largest city you protect almost 15% of the
population of the United States from its enemies—
from a large anti-social force that has no respect for
our institutions. What work is there that compares
in importance with yours?

If that work is important in peace, how much more
so now with our country at war? During 1942 in New
York County alone there were over 3,000 persons
charged with felonies—practically the same number
as in 1941 before the War. War or no war, thousands
committed robberies, assaults, larcenies, burglaries
and other serious crimes. Shortage of man power in
essential industry, or no shortage, these thousands
used their time in the commission of lawless acts. The
racketeer held up a war job until he was given his
shakedown; the swindler cashed in on the shortage of
rubber tires; the thug assaulted and incapacitated a
soldier; the hi-jacker stole a truck carrying a load of
essential electrical parts destined for an airplane fac-
tory. The war has not stopped people from cheating
the government. It has not stopped them from de-
vising schemes to profit through black markets,
through abuses or priority rights.

In another state, by fake analyses and the falsifi-
cation of records, some have dared to send defective
steel to the United States Navy, unmindful that it was
to be used on our warships, and that serious defects
in ship plates might be the cause of killing sailors
and losing battles.

These persons are not only criminals; they are
traitors. They refer to themselves as Americans but
stab us in the back at a time when all of our energies
are needed to destroy the Axis powers. They are our
enemies—as destructive of victory as any German or
dap.

Our Work Never More Important Than Now

Your work was never more important than it is
now. How many members of our armed forces are in
New York City on any given day? They are stationed
at Forts Schuyler, Totten and Hamilton; they are at
Manhattan Beach, Harts Island, Governors Island,
Mitchel Field and Floyd Bennett Field; in the uniform
of the Coast Guard they patrol the waterfront. Add to
these the sailors from the naval and merchant ships
in port and the thousands who come on furlough from
every camp within 100 miles of this city. Without
speculating on the number, it is safe to say that there
are more service men in this city than you would find
in any military camp in the country. All of them are
in your care. If a soldier gets in trouble and must
appear in our courts as witness, complainant or de-
defendant, valuable days of training and of service are
forever lost with possibly fatal consequences to some-
one fighting in our cause. Countless tons of war mate-
rial pass through this city on its way to the fighting
fronts. It is in your care. If it is lost or delayed there
will be persons somewhere, fighting in our cause, who
will die as a direct result.

What work, I repeat, could possibly be more im-
portant?

A District Attorney's office does a job which, in a
sense, is similar to yours. We constitute a team and
rely on each other. In an office report for 1942, recent-
ly issued, I spoke of the assistance given us by the
Department. In substance, the truth expressed was
that the cooperation given to the District Attorney's
office by the Police Department has been at all times
wholehearted and effective.

Together we may claim to have done a good job.
But national crisis and all that we hold sacred have
combined to challenge us to do a better one.

I sincerely and confidently believe that we can meet
the challenge—to the great advantage of our com-

munity and of our country.
Vacation Days At Platte Clove
Where Mountain Breezes Temper Summer Sun

The Police Recreation Centre is founded on the spirit of good fellowship, and every visitor at the Centre knows every other visitor without an introduction.

The Police Recreation Centre officially throws open its doors on Saturday, June 19, inaugurating another season of gaiety and relaxation at this beautiful mountain playland, regarded not only as one of the showplaces of the Catskill Mountains—but one of the finest health resorts in the State, as well.

The Centre may be reached, among other ways, by train, via West Shore R.R. to Saugerties, thence via Crotty Bros. taxicab service, which meets all trains. Taxicab charges for either one, two or three persons, $2. Additional passengers $1 each.

By bus to Tannersville (either Greyhound or Dixie Line) leaving at frequent intervals daily from 50th Street and 8th Avenue and 42nd Street and 8th Avenue, respectively; thence via taxicab direct to Centre.

Taxicab charges from Tannersville: one passenger, $1.50; two passengers, $1.00 apiece; three or more passengers, 75¢ apiece.

RATES UNCHANGED

The rates, $20 per week in hotel and $15 per week for cottages and bungalows are reasonable and within the reach of all. The usual half rate for children between 3 and 10 again will prevail. For children under 3 there is no charge whatever.

The quiet, restful tranquility of a care-free sylvan setting typifies the whole atmosphere of the Centre. As for the manager, Mr. William G. Dolan, or "Bill" as he much prefers being called—you're going to continue to like him—a lot.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!

Awards for Rescuing Animals in Distress

Sixteen members of the Department received Certificates of Honor on the morning of Thursday, April 15, from the Humane Society of New York for outstanding rescues of animals in distress. The presentations were made in the presence of Commissioner Valentine, at Police Headquarters, by Brigadier General Louis W. Stotesbury, president of the Society. Mr. George Alber Legg and Major J. G. Phelps Stokes, also of the Society, assisted in the presentation.

The names of the recipients follow:

Sergeant
Frank J. Van Thunen, Emergency Service Squad 14.

Patrolmen

Thomas A. J. Kelly, Francis X. Connor, Harbor Precinct; Abraham DeKlade, 22nd Precinct; Adam G. Gundlach, 110A Precinct.

During the year 1942 there were a number of cases involving the rescue of animals, but only the sixteen rescues referred to were considered of such a nature as to warrant the awarding of Certificates.

Battery B
412th ARMORED FIELD ARTILLERY BATTALION
Camp Campbell, Kentucky

April 23, 1943.

Editor, Spring 3100:
Spring 3100 has arrived faithfully each month since I entered the army. It always provides many enjoyable moments of reading and reminiscences.

Many thanks for your thoughtfulness, and best regards to the 19th Precinct and all the other members of the Department.

George F. Behr, Jr., Pvt.
Patrolman, 19th Precinct.
A Policeman's Lot . . .

By

PATROLMAN
WILLIAM SANJOUR
71st Precinct

Prize Short Story

George's blood froze as he watched the animal bear down on the small tot . . .

Take now the case of George P. (for Patrick) Larrimore, the hero of our simple tale, a young cop who some twenty years before was neither the bane of his teacher's existence, nor yet the pride of P.S. 128. He was an average kid, with a penchant for getting caught almost every time he hitched a ride on a trolley, or copied (wrong answers usually) from Bobby Driscoll who had the seat in front of him. On one unforgettable occasion, he laughed boisterously when Officer Clancy fell off his bike and tore one of the heavily ribbed socks which "The Finest" sported in those days when bicycle locomotion was all the departmental rage; but the "gentle" remonstrance he received from the portly Clancy speedily wiped away any and all traces of happiness little George's soul may have harbored at the time.

Since all this is beside the point, we shall skip the intervening years of pimply adolescence and gangling youth and present instead that ne'er to be forgotten period featuring bone-cracking calisthenics—as practiced with enthusiasm and abandon at the Recruits' Training School—there to discover our "Larry" (as his cronies referred to him)—a handsome young graduate now—all one hundred and eighty pounds of him raring to go—and woe betide the evildoer so rash as to interrupt him in his job of making this wicked world of ours a safer and more law-abiding place in which to live!

As for the seventh time he studied himself carefully, from all angles, before the full length mirror, resplendent in the blue and gold of his new calling, George felt a warm glow of satisfaction at having achieved his new station in life. "Being a policeman is certainly lots more glamorous than packing dresses for 'Stein's on the Circle,'" thought he, and hastily giving his practically unnoticed but radiantly happy young wife a connubially inspired peck on the cheek, he boldly ventured forth to face the world—and then the reaction . . .

How the neighbors did stare, and the kids he'd known ever since they wore triangular trousers—did they have to stop in their tracks to gape at him walking down the street? Boldness by now was giving ground to bashfulness, and the warm glow as rapidly being transformed into a hot flush. The uniform, of which he was so proud, felt as comfortable as a pine board; and the nightstick, a simple instrument surely, for no apparent reason developed suddenly into the most unmanageable piece of timber in all Brooklyn. It dangled ridiculously, bounced uncontrollably at every step like a jeep on rough terrain.

"Larry" was glad to get on the trolley car and away from the curious neighbors—people who thru the years had been his friends, yet who seemed so unaccountably strange now when viewed from his new perspective as a rookie policeman.

By the time he alighted from the street car, a short block from the station house of the command in which
his new career would then and there start, mental and emotional equilibrium had returned and peace once again reigned—unopposed—as he strode resolutely forward—looking straight ahead and ignoring courageously the vulgar stares of the local citizenry. Suddenly his feet involuntarily stopped moving as his ears were assailed with the raucously authoritative command—“Officer, come here!”

Looking timidly to the right, his blood pressure climbing meanwhile a couple of dozen points, he gazed into the unsmiling face of a man bedecked in a uniform similar to that which graced his own frame, differing quite distinctly, however, in the color, shape, and size of the shield.

“I presume,” began the Unsmiling One in frightfully dulcet tones, “you are a police officer.”

“Y-s-s-sir!” faltered George feebly.

“Well, then,” barked the new conversational acquaintance, “the tendering of a salute whenever you encounter a superior officer henceforth would, I assure you, be highly appreciated!”

“But, Sergeant,” apologized George, “I didn’t see you.”

The other eyed him from head to foot appraisingly.

“I take it you must have had at least normal vision to have passed the surgeons, officer,” countered the Exalted One. “See to it that henceforth you are alert and observant.” Motioning to his operator, the inquisitor in gold left in his chariot to hunt fairer game.

Visibly humbled at this new but strangely unfriendly world into which he found himself catapulted, making mental observations the while on man’s inhumanity to man, George walked timidly through the doors of that most profound of civilian mysteries—the station house, and without looking toward the desk was making straight for the back room when he heard once again the spine-chilling command—“Officer, come here!”

With a heart of lead and feet of clay, our by now thoroughly miserable hero, damp perspiration breaking out all over him, approached his newest tormentor.

“You the new man assigned here?” asked the voice behind the desk.

“Y-s-s-sir! Promotionary, er—Promotionary, uh, uh—that is—I mean Promotionary Patrolman L-Larrimore rep-p-porting for duty, S-s-sir!”

“Listen, Larrimore,” began the Lieutenant, “didn’t they bother to teach you how to salute when you were at the Academy? I’m pretty sure they did.” Then, softening visibly: “Look, son, don’t forget your lessons here. Remember, we’re all with you. Just relax, and you’ll get along.”

It would be heart-rending to recount in their entirety all the individual incidents which for the next couple of months plagued George. Everything happened to him on post—from a trail of smashed stanchions to broken plate glass windows and bailed up ambulance reports. Apprehensiveness and dread of more catastrophic to come had George in such an unnerved mental state that religiously he would salute every two-toned coupe passing him on the street, knowing that by the exercise of this simple law of averages he would not slight the sergeant on patrol.

Standing at his school crossing one rainy day, minus rubbers and wearing a raincoat which for some reason or other refused to shield him as it should, he found himself humming as feet and spirits became more dampened by the minute a song he’d heard the night before on the radio, “A Policeman’s Lot Is Not a Happy One,” and promptly the thought flashed through his mind, “Of all the true things ever written, whoever wrote that thing sure knew his stuff!”

Of a sudden cries of warning rang out! Shrieks of horror followed! An ominous clop-clopping, and down the street came charging a wild-eyed horse dragging a careening junk wagon behind.

George’s blood froze as he watched the animal bear down on a small tot who stood gazing transfixed in the direction of the rapidly approaching runaway.

Without hesitation, the policeman sprinted toward the child. Instinct told him that he could never pull the babe out of harm’s way in time. Forgetting all danger to himself, he threw all of his 180 lbs. at the child, pushed it out of reach of the murderous hoofs . . . then fell into a sea of blackness as blows of sledger hammer proportion cruely took their toll.

Visions of sergeants—salutes—stanchions—lazily floated through George’s mind, but none of them he let worry him. The sergeants all beamed; the stanchions stood upright—even at night with the lamp lights snuffed out, and he saluted at just the proper times. It was all so easy that he had to smile to himself. He wondered why in the past he had found things so difficult. Then, as if through a mist, he thought he saw the figure of Sergeant Wright taking form before his eyes . . . Sergeant Wright—George’s own personal and private nemesis! But the man of chevrons seemed actually to be smiling as he said, “Well, young fellow, you certainly had us worried for a while; but the doctors say that it’s going to take more than a junk horse to make you say ‘Quits.’”

The mists cleared gradually and with consciousness returning George couldn’t but help think how wonderful it would be if things were really as simple as he in his delirium had found them.

Ah, well!—there would be a short time to spend in bed as an invalid, an uneventful convalescence, and then . . . that nerve-wracking, unhappy grind to face again. A voice broke in on George’s reverie:

“I say there, Son, you certainly did have us worrying a bit.”

Looking up at Sergeant Wright’s face, wreathed now in smiles, George tried to salute, but the effort was too much for him.

“Don’t try, ‘Larry,’” said the sergeant. “All I want you to know is that to me and to everyone else who knows you you’ve proved yourself a darned good cop. I can’t tell you, Son, how proud of you we all are.”

“He called me ‘Larry,’ and ‘Son,’” George to himself mumbled. “He might be human after all! Gosh!—maybe he even likes me!”

“Say, Sarge,” he beamed happily, “did you ever hear that song “A Policeman’s Lot Is Not a Happy One?””

“Yes,” replied the now Smiling One, “I believe I have, and . . .”

“Well, Sarge,” interrupted Our Hero happily, “don’t you believe one word of it!”
MINSTREL SHOW
Conceived, produced and staged by members of the Michael J. Kiley Center,
Thanksgiving Day, 1942

OVER 100,000 children each year have participated in many and varied recreational pursuits of the Police Athletic League. The P.A.L. is a non-profit incorporated organization devoted to the service of the youth of New York City in its recreational and avocational activities.

Supported by public donations, it operates indoor recreation centers and outdoor play areas throughout the five boroughs. During the past six years, this program has been operated with the assistance of personnel of the Work Projects Administration.

OBJECTIVE OF P.A.L.
To make today's children into responsible citizens for tomorrow's needs is our P.A.L. objective.

It is important that P.A.L. recreational activities continue for the following reasons:
1. Industrial and military requirements of a wartime society reduce home and parental guidance.
2. Statistics from England show clearly that an increase in juvenile delinquency results from discontinuance of normal recreational outlets. We do not want it to happen here.
3. Restlessness caused by the world picture requires a planned program offering these normal outlets.

To make our programs possible, it is necessary to increase the operating budget. Our youth of today—the future leaders of tomorrow—are depending on you—so act now and act quickly—by sending in your membership dues—NOW.

VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED
More than a thousand volunteers are needed to help the P.A.L. in manning its Centers. The problem is city-wide—affects every community equally. Anyone who has had experience in athletic games, arts and crafts, drama, dancing, music or social recreation work and can give one afternoon or evening a week is welcome.

Here is an opportunity to do a significant war job—to save for the future the children for whom the future is being saved!

Apply at your local C.D.V.O.

MUTUAL PLACEMENT LEAGUE
Boys or girls between the ages of 17 and 23 needing employment are invited to write to the M.P.L., 400 Broome Street, N. Y. C., for an appointment—stating age, education, experience and type of job desired. Employers are also asked to notify the M.P.L. of job openings by calling WOrth 9-9014.

During 1942, 3,951 new members were enrolled and 4,619 members were referred to jobs, with the resultant placement of 1,848 members.
GOLDEN GLOVERS
UPHOLD P.A.L.
PRESTIGE

In the photo Commissioner Valentine is shown presenting P.A.L. bathrobes and boxing trunks to three of the members who in the recent Golden Gloves tournament did themselves proud.

L. to R.: Deputy Inspector William M. Kent . . . Charles Harris, 16, representing the James J. Flanagan, P.A.L. Center; student at N. Y. Vocational School; was semi-finalist in the featherweight division, open class; Columbus Club, February 24, 1943 . . . Frank Rodiquez, coach . . . Gabriel Perrillo, 16, Cromwell Center; employed in pocketbook factory; was semi-finalist in bantamweight division, sub-novice class; Ridgewood Grove, March 2, 1943 . . . Edward Manning, coach, a former boxer, professionally known as Johnny Flynn . . . Jose Parriague, 16, James J. Flanagan Center; attends Cooper High School; winner of bantamweight championship, sub-novice class; Ridgewood Grove, March 3, 1943 . . . Acting Captain Edward J. Meagher . . . Commissioner Valentine.

These potential ring greats may be classed as among the more accomplished of the youngsters who during the year had competed in elimination tourneys at the various P.A.L. play centers, where cheering spectators fill the great number of portable chairs installed for their convenience about the ringside. Watching the eager faces and shifting emotions of the younger kids interspersed throughout these gatherings is in itself a treat.

PALS OF THE P.A.L.

Can any of you Pals sing, act or play an instrument? If so, contact your P.A.L. supervisor for an audition.

Listen in to PALS OF THE P.A.L.—WNYC—Saturdays, 4:30 to 5:00 p.m.
"We're In the Army Now!"

By Major FRANCIS J. QUIGLEY
Camp Upton, N. Y.
(Sergeant, 94th Precinct)

"It's practically the same...but, somehow, entirely different!" That's what almost every member of the New York Police Department will say when asked how he's making the adjustment to life in the armed forces of the United States. In some ways it's easier and in others it is harder than for the straight civilian, the consensus in addition would seem to indicate.

As policemen, we were members of a semi-military organization, accustomed to discipline and the following without question of orders given by superiors. Uniforms and nightsticks and guns were our stock in trade. Our cardinal principles of enforcement of law—the preservation of peace and protection of life and property—are basically those employed by the military.

Ours was an occupation wherein we were liable for duty twenty-four hours a day. Our lives were built around this schedule, and skipping meals or going without sleep for long periods became no novelty. The job we are now facing is bigger than any we have tackled before, and until it is successfully completed, home, family and friends must be set aside and our every thought and effort dedicated to the great crusade.

In the department, we often worked many hours beyond the regular eight, occasionally even spending our day off in court or on other assignment. Still, when we had finished, we could always go home. Home, you begin to realize now, was a haven of loved ones—and friendliness—a place where you could relax among all the familiar objects and evidences of self-expression. We could eat and sleep as we pleased; come and go as the mood struck us—so long as we were present for duty when required. Our clothes were hung where and how we wanted them; clean laundry could be had by reaching in a drawer. If we wanted to wear a blue tie—we wore it; a green one, the same. Black shoes, brown shoes, no shoes, just as it pleased us. Eight hours a day, six days a week, was the only time we did as someone else commanded, unless in some emergency.

In camp, we are told we must forget the past; the Army, it seems, has rules governing everything. There are hours to eat in, hours to sleep in, shaving time—washing time—all neatly worked out by someone we never heard of. You are to be given food to eat and clothes to wear—maybe not what you like, but the finest, nevertheless, given any army in the world. Do you want clean laundry?—wash it yourself. Room in which to keep your clothes and effects?—here are two barracks bags, use them. You will go to bed at 9.30, if you don't mind, get up at 5.30, eat at 6.30,
and go to work at 7.30. We think, “this is a strange and new life.” For a while we are confused, and angry.

“I can do a job if I am told what it is; I don’t need some little runt with stripes to lead me by the hand!”

This period of transition is a difficult one. We resent so many things because they are so strange. As time goes on, we begin to realize that maybe we haven’t tried to see the army’s side. “Certainly,” we begin to ask ourselves, “an army with as glorious a past as ours must have a reason for all this.” We ponder still more and conclude, “They can’t just give me a gun, point out the enemy and say ‘Go ahead!’ Heck, if they did that, there’d be an awful mess! I guess I’ll try to adjust myself and see what all this is going to lead up to.”

A policeman is responsible for all matters requiring proper police action which occur on his post or of which he has knowledge or has been informed. Generally, the patrolman on post is the first representative of lawful authority on the scene. Be it accident, family quarrel or serious crime or occurrence, he must take proper action or subject himself and the department to discredit; assistance or aid of specialists is secondary. Often, he is in a position to handle the entire issue; but in any case, his prompt and intelligent action is necessary. Through experience, he learns to perform as an individual and this becomes his natural reaction. In the army, the policeman is told that he must forget all this. The army builds all its maneuvers, formations and details around the Group—a sort of master-plan, we might term it, to which the individual is subordinate and of which he becomes a part. In actual combat, there may be times when the individual will be forced, as when performing police duty, to “act on his own”; but he must always make an effort to rejoin his group and proceed with all speed “according to plan.” This is just one instance of the difference in procedure encountered by the army recruit with a police background.

Along the same line, the policeman has been trained in the use of various weapons. His stance, sighting, grip and carrying of these articles of equipment have become as second nature to him. On the average, he can qualify as sharpshooter, or better. In the army, he handles similar weapons, but must adopt the regulation manner of usage. As a police officer he had trained certain muscles to do the work in the fashion he thought best suited him, and, in time, found these muscles following a set pattern naturally. Now, he must forget all this and start learning anew how to do the same job in a different way. In this, he finds himself unconsciously reverting to the old method and consequently has more difficulty at the start than does the man who never handled a gun.

Similarly, he wore his uniforms and showed his respect for those worn by his superiors in a manner prescribed by the department. Once again, the army’s ideas differ. The soldier-policeman makes many errors—by forgetting he is no longer a “cop” but a soldier. On the “job” we bought all our uniforms and equipment and, since “cops”—and particularly the newer men—seldom, if ever, can afford to become spend-thrifts—on the salary paid them, we had to resort to various and sundry subterfuges to lessen the wear and tear encountered. Among these were the rainy weather and late tour “savers.” In both cases the idea was to avoid buying a new uniform so long as the old one could hang on. For example, at the least indication of rain or heavy dew, the raincoat was worn over the questionable garment and a serious demeanor assumed—supposedly, let us say, to impress the sergeant with the idea that you intended doing a “straight eight”—regardless of the elements. Pursuant to this most commendable of resolves, the patrolman unobtrusively—and apparently naturally—steps to the rear rank at roll-call, preferably behind some tall, broad brother officer. Retaining the protection of this “shield” requires in most cases the employment of devious forms of “gymnastics,” but this has long since become, for the “old hand,” a matter of simple routine.

Uncle Sam, on the other hand, feels that since it is he that provides the clothing and equipment for his men, he can in addition dictate as to their appearance when worn—which is why he has delegated to officers and “noncoms” the power of “over-seer of the private.” These gentlemen in their capacity as “guardians of our good looks” are not so gentle and gullible as the superior officers in the department. Uniform inspection, for example, is not confined to any particular time. Day or night-rain or shine—hot or cold—the soldier is expected to have “ready and in good shape” all articles of clothing and equipment assigned him. Inspection is severe and thorough; excuses are rarely accepted. And if the soldier is foolish enough to think that he can sneak through by his wits, a fixed post—“K.P.”—or no passes for a while—are among the means employed to disillusion the bold adventurer and return him to consciousness.

Yes, men, we’re in the Army now!
GOLF

THE Congressional Medal of Honor, tops in its field, might well have been awarded the 67 hardy turf-tumblers who last month braved icy blasts and frost-topped tees—and noses—and feet—at the opening meet of the Police Golf Association, held Friday, April 16, at the Garden City Country Club. It was just about as goofy a day, gollingly speaking, as any the so-called spring season had so far produced, with the temperature hovering just this side of freezing and a cold wind indicative of the Grand Banks in January blowing well-seasoned shots off course and not-so-well seasoned golfers to the club house. And to add insult to injury, there were no caddies to be had at any price, meaning, the boys had to do their own totin'.

Yes, dear reader, the pomp and fanfare and glamor usually associated with our opening golf meets were on this particular date conspicuous—but definitely—by their absence. Not so, however, with the luncheon, including the refreshments, which as always was up to par, and for which a nod of appreciation now in the direction of Mr. August Raskob, president of the Garden City Club, who was untiring in his efforts to make things pleasant.

Only 34 of the members posted scores, with low gross for the day going to Patrolman Ray Hendley—80-5-75. Low net—82-10-72 went to Chief Frank McQue, of Glen Cove, a stick-sunker who for sheer enthusiasm rates with the best. So hard a swipe does he take at the ball that not infrequently you find him at the end of the swing lying flat on his face—but smiling, as always, nevertheless. Second net prize fell to Lieutenant Saul Metz, the 1941 champ—81-8-73.

Other low medal scores included Jimmy Oleska’s 83 and a pair of 87s coaxed in by both Patrolman Arthur Irwin and Sergeant Jim Donohue, the latter of Chief McQue’s staff in Glen Cove. Patrolman John McDonald, whose magnificent 73 in the last tournament of 1942 brought him the title, soared with the wind on this day to a high 90.

Chief Yeoman John T. Buckley (Patrolman, E.S.S. 16 and one of last season’s runners-up) on leave from the Navy took part in the day’s fun.

The scores:

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Gross</th>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Net</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. McQue</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Metz</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>73</td>
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<td>R. Hendley</td>
<td>80</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Irwin</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>76</td>
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<td>B. Hurwood</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>70</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Donahue</td>
<td>87</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>77</td>
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<td>C. Boland</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>79</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. McDonald</td>
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<td>34</td>
<td>79</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. MacFadden</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>11</td>
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<td>J. Walker</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>80</td>
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<td>J. Kalbacker</td>
<td>106</td>
<td>26</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Grady</td>
<td>99</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>81</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Driscoll</td>
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<td>21</td>
<td>82</td>
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<td>V. Lo Prest</td>
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<td>23</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Schulmerich</td>
<td>95</td>
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<td>82</td>
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<td>J. Oleska</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Pierce</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>26</td>
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<td>E. Moore</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>19</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Brzozowski</td>
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<td>S. Povey</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. McDonald</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. McCloskey</td>
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<td>H. Clancy</td>
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<td>J. Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. Hayes</td>
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The next tournament of the Police Golf Association will be held Thursday, May 20, at the North Hills Country Golf Club, Douglaston, L. I.

BASEBALL

LAST year in the July issue we wrote: "There is not much we can tell you about this year’s Municipal Baseball League except that quite by accident we learned last month that the said League was again in operation..."

It is unfortunate that we are forced again this year to introduce our baseball column with exactly the same statement. In other words, information concerning Municipal League baseball seems to be even scarcer this year, so far as Manager Steve Whelan is concerned, than ever before.

Just why Steve is so reticent in these matters is beyond us. Could it be that because the team, once hailed in semi-pro circles as among the niftiest this
side of the big leagues, hasn't under Steve's management fared so well? Let's, as a well known brown-derbied gentleman would say, look at the record:

The Police Department Baseball team—and a whale of a team it was, too—added glory to the inauguration of the Municipal Baseball League in 1935 by clipping the championship. The boys repeated in 1936 and 1937.

Fire won out in 1938, and in 1939, the year Sergeant Whelan replaced as manager Detective Chester McAuliffe, Sanitation topped the cup.

In 1940, the Mayor's Committee on Athletics, realizing finally that the schedules worked out in previous years for play in the Municipal Baseball League had been lacking in balance—as for example, the brand of opposition offered in former seasons to the three stand-out teams of the League, namely, Police, Fire and Sanitation, by the other city department teams they'd been called upon to meet—decided to switch the set-up by dividing the various teams into three divisions, with Police, Fire and Sanitation constituting Division A. Each of these three teams played the other five times and the final standings showed Sanitation again winning out, viz:

1940

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>W.</th>
<th>L</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sanitation</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Police</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The same set-up featured the 1941 season of play and we found ourselves at the close confronted with a situation we'd have given half the tea in China to be able to duck, meaning, the presentation of our report showing the final standings, which read:

1941

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>W.</th>
<th>L</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sanitation</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fire</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Police</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In the September, 1941, issue we wrote:

"Frankly, we wouldn't even know how to begin to explain away this almost unbelievable—and truly catastrophic result. The fact remains nevertheless that our intrepid diamond stars this year piled up for themselves the unheard of record of losing out in the Municipal League with 12 straight defeats in as many games played."

In 1942 Welfare was added to the Division A roster, and the season's close found Sanitation again showing the way and with Police and Fire, with five wins and four losses each, tied for second place. Welfare, the added starter, finished with no wins and nine losses.

In the September, 1942, issue we wrote:

"Again we're afraid there is not much we can tell you about the Police Department Baseball team save that the Municipal League season has long since closed and our boys this year finished in a deadlock with Fire—a much happier showing, incidentally, than that made by the lads last year." And, being of a naturally kindly disposition and with the idea of handing some orchids to the team's pilot—a real nice gent, personally, we're told—we wrote:

"Manager Steve Whelan, as high-powered and high-minded a manager as any team can boast, has hopes that with a bit of bolstering here and there, the boys next season will really get going again. And until such time we say to them now—so long, fellers, and may bigger and better base hits next year prove the solution."

And there, dear reader, you have a brief resume of the activities of the Police Department Baseball team since the inception of the Municipal Baseball League in 1935. Just what this season has in store, or any information on which a prediction might be made—players selected, new faces, schedule, etc., etc.—only Manager Whelan as the gent in charge can know. And we give you our solemn word, dear reader, that if Steve should drop in before we go to press—as we asked him to on the night of the Sergeants' ball at the Manhattan Center last month—gladly we'll pass the information along.

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**POLICE — FIRE BASEBALL GAME**

**Polo Grounds, Sunday, June 20, 1943**

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**THE POLICE COMMISSIONER**

City of New York

May 8th, 1943.

PATROLMAN SYDNEY HUTCHINS

Shield No. 2208
Traffic Precinct C.

Dear Officer Hutchins:

I have been apprised of the splendid police work performed by you, in effecting the arrest of one Millan Kovarick, on a charge of Assault and Robbery—acting in concert with three others, not arrested, entered poolroom on second floor of premises 182 5th Avenue, at point of revolvers, stating "this is a stick-up", and when one of the patrons resisted, struck him on the head with a cue stick, and fled.

Official records disclose that while on duty and observing a commotion in the vicinity of the above address, you immediately pursued and succeeded in apprehending Kovarick.

I note, with a deep feeling of pride and admiration, that you have been in the service of the Police Department of the City of New York for over forty years, and despite such lengthy service you are still imbued with a deep sense of faithfulness to duty, which, together with your alert mind and good physical condition, enabled you to capture and subdue this dangerous criminal. The arrest of Kovarick and information obtained from him will, no doubt, result in the eventual apprehension of the other three criminals involved in the perpetration of this crime.

This, indeed, is excellent work and it is encouraging and gratifying for the Police Commissioner to know that a member of the Force performed a duty that reflects credit on the entire Department. I take this means of extending to you my personal commendation.

Very truly yours,

LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Police Commissioner.
ITEMS of news culled from magazines should interest the policemen who are privileged to borrow books and periodicals from the Municipal Reference Library, 2230 Municipal Building, New York City.

Women Traffic Police

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, has recently employed eight women as traffic officers. These female traffic cops are married and their average age is 36. They were trained by an experienced traffic officer for two weeks before taking up their duties—five hours each day. The women have full police powers and the police department plans to use them anywhere that a man might go except on call cars and night cruisers. The city furnishes flaming red capes, red overseas caps, raincoats and rain helmets. Other clothing is supplied by the women themselves and most have purchased olive-drab ski suits.

Radio School for Traffic Violators

DENVER TRAFFIC VIOLATORS now can “sit out” their penalties at home by the radio. Under the city’s traffic school system, now discontinued, offenders could elect to attend the school in lieu of a fine. Now they listen once a week to a half-hour radio program simulating a traffic court. To insure the proper listener response, offenders must write out answers to radio questions on traffic safety and return them to the police judge.

Police Cars Used as Ambulances

DETROIT’S POLICE DEPARTMENT is converting 20 of its accident prevention bureau cars into emergency ambulances on the theory that first aid treatment and direct-to-hospital facilities will save lives as well as rubber and gasoline. A car can be converted into an efficient ambulance in two minutes.

Duties of Auxiliary Police

THE USE OF AUXILIARY POLICE for the performance of regular police duties has been discontinued in Washington, D. C. and their duties limited to actual air raids, tests, or other emergencies. For several months auxiliary police have assisted in handling large gatherings, escorts, patrols, and so on, but the question of liability in event of injury to an auxiliary while performing such duties resulted in discontinuing the practice. The Office of Civilian Defense and the International Association of Chiefs of Police are on record disapproving the arming of auxiliary police and recommending that auxiliaries be under the supervision of the police chief.

Louisville Reorganizes Police Department to Meet Wartime Demands

LOUISVILLE IS REORGANIZING its police department, unchanged for 50 years, to overcome wartime problems involving loss during the last year of 25 per cent of its experienced personnel, increase of nearly 100,000 in civilian and military population, and considerable increase in juvenile delinquency.

Two recommendations, made by an expert on police problems, already have been carried out; one involved granting of salary increases, the other the establishment of a vice squad, according to the American Municipal Association. During its first month of operation—January—the vice squad arrested 171 women as compared with 28 arrested in the previous month. Examination of the women at the city health clinic showed 140 infected with venereal disease, and they were placed in quarantine.

Most important change under way is abandonment of the district type of organization, with five district stations, and creation of a single command at police headquarters in the city hall. One district station will serve as headquarters for the military police, another as headquarters for the civilian defense organization, a third will be converted into a modern police training school.

Under the new plan each patrolman will be charged with the enforcement of traffic laws as well as enforcement of other laws. Instead of having officers and men divided into three equal shifts, as in the past, police manpower will be distributed at the hours and in the places most needed.

Campaign Against Juvenile Delinquency

INDIANAPOLIS IS COMBINING resources of the police department’s juvenile aid division, the park department’s recreation division and the board of public safety in a campaign against juvenile delinquency. Working with recreation division employees in problem sections of the city will be police officers chosen especially for their ability to cope with youth problems rather than their ability to “get tough.” Juvenile offenders in minor cases will be tried at recreation centers by their companions under a program of “boys’ courts” to be fostered.

THE OFFICE OF DEFENSE TRANSPORTATION has just issued a 15-page pamphlet entitled, “Pitting Traffic Control to Wartime” which the Library has available for the police officials specializing in traffic problems. This pamphlet outlines the procedures for putting into effect highway traffic control policies of the Office of Defense Transportation.
RETIRD FROM THE DEPARTMENT

Capt. David Zimms 111 Pet. April 15, 1943
Lt. Edward F. Lunny 3 Pet. April 15, 1943
Sgt. Herman J. Hunners 102 Pet. April 15, 1943
Sgt. Louis A. Fick 9 Pet. April 15, 1943
Sgt. Charles A. McDonald 114 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Michael Francavilla 10 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. W. T. Ambrose La Fora 102 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Charles F. Faust Tr. I April 15, 1943
Ptl. Sidney E. Hoydell 1 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Louis J. Benack 17 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Linus G. Boll 17 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Daniel A. Greene 21 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Frank J. Braunreuther 75 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Louis W. Woessner 82 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Henry Sien 103 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Harry Blacheir 100 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. John R. Issacson 100 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. George P. Dittmeier 110 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. William P. Harrington 111 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Michael J. Mullaney Tr. B April 15, 1943
Ptl. George Michaels Tr. D April 15, 1943
Ptl. Edward A. Kreidler Tr. 1 April 15, 1943
Ptl. Michael J. Murcha Mtd. Sqd. 1 April 15, 1943
Ptl. William Boyden 6 D.D. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Henry J. Tustin E. S. Sqd. 18 April 15, 1943
Ptl. William Twomey 102 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Michael Keaveny Tr. H April 15, 1943
Ptl. Henry J. Addy 64 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Raymond L. Mulvey 66 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Benjamin Jacobs 100 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. William F. Block Tr. 1 April 15, 1943
Ptl. David H. Kennedy Tr. 1 April 15, 1943
Ptl. Thomas J. Ford 30 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Frederick W. Worst 72 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Philip Tully 76 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Lucas A. Manley 122 Pet. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Owen Smith Tr. C April 15, 1943
Ptl. Leonard S. Stevenson Mtd. Sqd. 1 April 15, 1943
Ptl. Thomas F. Kenny 16 D.D. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Alexander Johnson 18 Div. 6 D.D. April 15, 1943
Ptl. Frank P. Rudy 1 D.D. April 15, 1943

PtI. Abram F. Ackerman 9 D.D. April 15, 1943
PtI. Herbert L. Carli 109 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Eugene R. Casey 23 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. John J. Fetscher 77 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Bernard Streeter 110 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. James Collins Tr. A April 15, 1943
PtI. Peter T. McGuire Tr. E April 15, 1943
PtI. Irving A. Munster Mtd. Sqd. 1 April 15, 1943
PtI. George O. Lawrence Off. Ch. Insp. April 15, 1943
PtI. William J. Hannigan 15 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Alfred D. Base 23 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Philip Gold 67 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Zigmund E. Golembieski 68 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. George F. Gardner 78 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Matthew J. Kenny 80 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Fiorelanto Boccuzzi 110 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Thomas Reynolds 111 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. Jacob J. Knoebel Tr. K April 15, 1943
PtI. Leo Gal Tr. O April 15, 1943
PtI. Vincent W. Franzon 60 Pet. April 15, 1943
PtI. James Murphy 10 Pet. April 30, 1943
PtI. Edwin A. Waitword 70 Pet. April 30, 1943
PtI. Harry E. Evans 90 Pet. April 30, 1943

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER
City of New York
May 8th, 1943.

PATROLMAN JOHN W. MATTHEWS
Shield No. 5577
Traffic Precinct C.

Dear Officer Matthews:
I have been apprised of the splendid police work performed by you, in effecting the arrest of one Millan Kovarick, on a charge of Assault and Robbery—acting in concert with three others, not arrested, entered poolroom on second floor of premises 182 5th Avenue, at point of revolvers, stating “this is a stick-up”, and when one of the patrons resisted, struck him on the head with a cue stick, and fled.

Official records disclose that while on duty and observing a commotion in the vicinity of the above address, you immediately pursued and succeeded in apprehending Kovarick.

I note, with a deep feeling of pride and admiration, that you have been in the service of the Police Department of the City of New York for over forty years, and despite such lengthy service you are still imbued with a deep sense of faithfulness to duty, which, together with your alert mind and good physical condition, enabled you to capture and subdue this dangerous criminal. The arrest of Kovarick and information obtained from him will, no doubt, result in the eventual apprehension of the other three criminals involved in the perpetration of this crime.

This, indeed, is excellent work and it is encouraging and gratifying for the Police Commissioner to know that a member of the Force performed a duty that reflects credit on the entire Department. I take this means of extending to you my personal commendation.

Very truly yours,
LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Police Commissioner.
POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE MAY, 1943 ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"

By Lieutenant PETER F. MATHEWS

**QUESTIONS**

**QUESTION NO. 1**
What commands are required to maintain a Parolees and Released Prisoners File? Explain in detail.

**QUESTION NO. 2**
During the year 1942, what were the three principal causes of vehicular highway accidents in which children were killed or injured?

**QUESTION NO. 3**
What inspections are required by the Administrative Code of premises licensed as a Public Dance Hall or Cabaret?

**QUESTION NO. 4**
Outline the Air Raid Protection Regulations that are effective upon receipt of the Air Warning Signals.

**QUESTION NO. 5**

a. How may an investigating officer determine whether a bullet has entered a window-pane from within or without?

b. In what cases shall a desk officer notify the precinct detective officer of the finding of a dead human body?

c. How shall the driver of a vehicle other than a motor vehicle, report an accident?

d. Upon a plea of guilty to an indictment, is there nothing for the court to do but to pronounce sentence. Mention an exception to this statement.

e. What additional notifications shall be made by a desk officer in cases involving the seizure of meat or meat products?

f. What cases will be reported on Form U.F. 6?

**ANSWERS**

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1**
Central File. A complete record of parolees and released prisoners residing in this city will be maintained in a central file at the Criminal Identification Bureau.

Detective Squad File. A complete record of parolees and released prisoners residing within a precinct will be maintained in each Precinct Detective Squad office. Cards will be forwarded to detective squad commanders concerned by the Criminal Identification Bureau.

The cards will be filed alphabetically by name. A separate card will be prepared and filed under each alias which has been used by the parolee or released prisoner. These cards will have photographs of parolees and released prisoners affixed, if such photographs are available at the Criminal Identification Bureau.

The File will be kept locked when not in use. The contents of this File will not be shown to persons other than members of this Department, Parole officers or officials, and officials of the State or City Departments of Correction.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Killed</th>
<th>Injured</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Running into roadway</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>1,55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Crossing not at crossing</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Crossing against lights</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>528</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3**

A license shall be issued only after the Commissioner shall have caused an inspection to be made of the premises to be licensed and not until the Commissioner is satisfied that such place complies with all laws and the rules and regulations of the Department of Housing and Buildings, Fire Department, Police Department and Health Department so far as the same are applicable thereto.

The Commissioner shall also cause to be made such inspections as may be necessary to ascertain whether the places licensed are maintained in compliance with law.

For the purpose of facilitating the inspections prescribed by this section, the Commissioner is authorized to call upon the head of any city agency and such agency and its employees shall make such inspections as may be required.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4**

Yellow Signal. This is a confidential preliminary caution signal which will not be given by audible public alarm.

It indicates the possibility of an air raid, which information is to be treated as confidential and transmitted to
the Protection Services and other specially designated recipients only.

Mobilization and Blackout (Blue) Signal. This is an audible public warning signal indicating the probability of an air raid.

When this signal is heard:
(a) The civilian protection forces that have not already mobilized on the Yellow signal will report for duty.
(b) Lights in homes, business houses, industrial plants, and other structures will be blacked out, except that lights may remain on in railroad classification yards, military and naval installations, manufacturing plants and war facilities essential to the war effort, and transportation facilities, provided they comply with dimout requirements and can be blacked out within one minute after receipt of the Red signal.
(c) Unshielded traffic lights and certain street lights will be blacked out.
(d) Pedestrians may continue normal movement.
(e) Vehicles may continue normal movement. If at night, motor vehicles will use low beam headlights, normal tail and license plate lights.

Air Raid (Red) Signal. This is an audible public warning indicating the imminence of an air raid.

When this signal is heard:
(a) Vehicles will pull to the curb, stop, discharge passengers.
(b) All pedestrians will seek cover.
(c) Elevated and subway lines and all surface transportation will cease operation. Movement of other railroad trains and personnel shall be in accordance with provisions of Rules and Regulations for Railroads during Blackout or Air Raid Alarms within the Eastern Defense Command, approved by the War Department, September 3, 1942.
(d) At night a complete blackout will become effective immediately, except that traffic lights to which a shield has been affixed with a cross in the upper half will not be extinguished.

Air Raid (Blue) Signal (following a Red Signal). This signal returns the community to the conditions prescribed for the Mobilization and Blackout (Blue) Signal. This is not an All Clear. It will indicate that the raiders have left the immediate vicinity but may return or that another wave of raiders may be approaching.

Everyone remains in a state of alert. All Clear (White) Signal. This signal is a public signal indicating All Clear.

It will not be transmitted by the public sirens. It will be announced over all radio broadcasting stations, through Police and Fire Department communication channels, by teletype, public telephone and by long blasts on police and air wardens’ whistles.

When an All Clear (White) signal follows a Yellow signal without an intervening Blue or Red signal having been received, it shall be transmitted only in the manner provided for the Yellow signal.

There is no assurance that a Yellow and a Blue signal will precede a Red signal. However, a Blue signal will always be given after a Red signal. For this reason, it is of the utmost importance that everyone learn to distinguish the air raid alarms by sound rather than by sequence.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. On one side of the hole only, numerous small flakes of glass will be found to have been blown away, giving to the hole the appearance of a volcano crater. Such an appearance indicates that the bullet was fired from the opposite side of the hole from which the flakes are missing.

b. If the body is unidentified, or if the death occurred under suspicious circumstances, or in a case of alleged suicide in which there is no positive evidence that the case is a suicide, or in case of murder followed by the suicide of the perpetrator.

c. In an accident resulting in death or injury to a person or damage to property, he must stop and give his and his employer’s name and address to the party sustaining the injuries or damage, and in the case of death or injury, he must in addition to the above, without delay, report the accident to the nearest police station, unless he has supplied the information to a police officer on the scene.

d. By statute in New York State, no conviction shall be had upon a plea of guilty where the crime is, or may be, punishable by death.


f. All aided and street accident cases and cases in which the city might be involved.

Police Anchor Club Gives $1000 to Services

The Police Anchor Club, whose principal function would appear to be the bringing of cheer into the lives of orphans not only here in New York City but elsewhere within the Metropolitan area, contributed two checks of $500 each last month to the Army Emergency Relief Fund and the Navy Relief Society.

The presentation was made by Commissioner Valentine, on behalf of the Police Anchor Club, on Tuesday, April 13, at a brief ceremony in his office at Police Headquarters, in the presence of the Rev. Bernard A. Cullen, chaplain of the Police Anchor Club; Act. Sergeant John J. Boyle, president; Inspector Peter McGuirk, chairman of the Orphan Day outings; Lieu-
tenant Thomas Maher and Patrolman James Pettit, vice-president and trustee, respectively.

The checks were received by Captain W. E. Southard, for the Army and Lieutenant J. N. Trainer, Jr., assistant treasurer of the Naval group.

In making the presentation, Commissioner Valentine called attention to the philanthropic activities of the Anchor Club, which annually conducts a summer outing for 7,000 orphans to Steeplechase Park and a Christmas Party in the Hotel Astor, and whose Yuletide activities were highlighted last year by the distribution to inmates of 41 orphan homes—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish alike—of 6,250 dolls, toys and party games and 4,900 lbs. of candy.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

T. T. Message, March 26, 1943.
Telephone number of the Detective Bureau, Brooklyn—West, changed from Sterling 3-3292 to Sterling 3-7515; Main Desk, Brooklyn, changed from Sterling 3-7515 to Sterling 3-3292.

T. T. Message, March 26, 1943.
Amendment to Paragraph 4 of memorandum of January 26, 1943, relating to official incident drills.

T. T. Order No. 6, April 2, 1943.
Members of the Force required to attend the Women's Court, 190 Centre Street, Manhattan, to be present in court at 9 A.M.
Paragraph 31 of Article 9 of the Manual of Procedure, titled "Courts" is amended to read:
31. The Women's Court will be open from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M., Monday to Friday inclusive, and from 9 A.M. to 12 Noon on Saturdays and holidays.

T. T. Message, April 7, 1943.
Police Athletic League annual campaign for membership to support its activities during the current year.

T. T. Message, April 9, 1942.
Booklet published by the New York State War Council titled "Reactions Of People Under Stress" forwarded to each command.

T. T. Message, April 10, 1943.
Section 17, Sanitary Code, amended: "Dogs not permitted on any public place unless leashed."

T. T. Message, April 10, 1943.
Use of anti-freeze in radiators of department motor vehicles discontinued.

T. T. Message, April 16, 1943.
Administrative telephone number of Queens Telegraph Bureau changed from Republic 9-5000 to Jamaica 9-2100.

General Orders No. 10, April 15, 1943.
Re "April Drive" throughout the United States to raise $13,000,000,000 through United States War Bond sales.

T. T. Message, April 20, 1943.
New York City Criminal Courts Act amended so as to give Magistrates summary jurisdiction to try the several sections of the Sanitary Code as designated.

Although the law does not specifically state so, this in effect makes violations of the sections of the Sanitary Code referred to offenses instead of misdemeanors, and shall be recorded as such in Police Department records.

T. T. Order No. 7, April 21, 1943.
Female detention prisons in the 1st, 79th and 129th Precincts abolished. Schedule of precincts housing female prisoners revised.

Sergeants' Benevolent Association Entertainment and Dance

Batting averages were forgotten and disciplinary measures tabooed on the evening of Friday, April 30, the date marking the second annual Entertainment and Dance of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association, held again this year at Manhattan Center, one of those rare official occasions in the lives of our scholarly D.D.'s (Doctors of Department) upon which, as one patrolman put it, Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men was the order of the day—members of his own rank included, of course.

Explaining that the proceeds were for the Death Benefit Fund, Sergeant Ross P. Monroe, president of the organization, in his gracious address of welcome, said:

"On this occasion the members of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association extend a cordial welcome to the many friends who have honored us by their presence here tonight.

"We deeply appreciate the assistance rendered by the Police Commissioner, the Chief Inspector, and commanding officers throughout the Department, evidenced by the splendid manner in which they have cooperated in our efforts.

"We are grateful to our boosters and friends for their loyalty and generosity displayed in support of this worthy cause.

"To the members who have answered our country's call and are now serving in the armed forces throughout the world, we pray to Almighty God to protect them and to safely restore them to their families when the great conflict is won."

"Members of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association currently engaged with the armed services include Majors Simon P. Ambriz and Francis J. Quigley, First Lieutenants Louis A. Cornibert, Anthony J. Koggen, William J. Robertson; Lieutenant (J. Gr.) James J. Rock, and Chief Petty Officers John S. Kelly and Paul B. Weston.

Committee Chairmen
Ross P. Monroe, General Chairman; Henry C. May, Reception; John F. Murphy, Finance; Florence Sullivan, Door; Jacob Isaacs, Boxes; Joseph Schultz, Floor; Fred Meyer, Distinguished Guests; Charles W. Flood, Tickets; John J. Regan, Entertainment.

To sum up (Trial Room lingo not intended—please) it was a grand party—one of which the Order of the Chevron has every good reason to be proud.
...and if the Army takes many more men, you and I, Lieutenant, may find ourselves back on patrol!

"The skipper just found out that Mike's son is captain of the company his son is a buck private in."
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION
8th Ptl. Ptl. William Foster

8th Precinct: Most embarrassed was Tom OR'Grady, our bag piper, the last time he paraded in his Kilties . . . he forgot his "trews."

4TH DIVISION
22nd Ptl. Ptl. Thomas A. Omskey

13th Precinct: Your new reporter, feeling honored to have been chosen for this assignment, extends an invitation to the members of the command to contribute to this column. Just place your news items in the box, men, and we'll do the rest.
Belated congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. John Haffey in the arrival of two bouncing baby boys! Mother, twins and Jack all doing nicely.

Best of luck in their new found leisure to our recently retired members, Patrolmen Roehlic, Rilley, Murphy, Velten, and Sheehan.

We welcome Sergeant Giattini, and are sorry at the same time to lose Sergeant Nicoletti, whose place he has taken. We wish both of them good luck in their new assignments.

Also, a hearty welcome to our new T.S. Operator, Joseph Martello, who is also an air warden in this precinct.

Sergeant Frank Donovan, Sergeant Joseph Donovan, Private William Donovan, and Private John Donovan, all of the U. S. Army, are the sons of Detective Bill Donovan of the 13th Squad, who certainly rates a nod for this fine contribution to the war effort . . . While on the subject, the uniformed force of this command is also well represented, Patrolman Walter Curtis heading the list with three sons in the armed forces: Bernard, Corp., U. S. Marines; Robert, Pvt., U. S. Army; and Walter, Seaman, U. S. Navy.

Is it true that Sergeant "Big Al" Caccia, who has submitted his application for retirement, intends starting a goat farm on his large estate at Mastie, L. L., thus inuring an adequate meat supply for the duration? . . . And that Patrolman "Amby" Cronin, one of our attendants, who has also applied for retirement, will be offered the job of handyman?

Patrolman "Jocko" DiDomenico, ace "Bum" sleuth of this precinct, while arraigning some prisoners in Night Court one evening last month was mistaken for one of the clerks by the judge and given a ten-day sentence—which was promptly withdrawn, of course, when the court learned who he was. Since this unfortunate occurrence, “Jocko” has very wisely discarded that battered fedora.

We wonder if Detective Ruggieri of the 13th Squad expressed his gratitude as yet, and if so to what extent, to a certain air warden for his courageous and valuable assistance in overtaking that escaped prisoner on Irving Place recently?

The old 5th Squad doesn’t seem the same since the loss of a couple of its more famous members. (1) Ed Herz, long a familiar figure on the upper end of Third Avenue, is now in the 8th Squad and driving the sergeant’s car. (2) Barclay Darcy, the “Gray Eagle” of 23rd Street now is performing duty with the Warrant Squad, and (3) George Trapp, who drove the “Boss” for years is now assigned as chauffeur to our former Skipper, Deputy Inspector Nolan, of the Air Warden Service.

That’s all for now, except to say we expect to improve with age—we hope!

15th Precinct: Another memo to Pat Harney: we are still waiting for that basin (in case you don’t understand how mean sick). Papa Gross back from the sunny South, and Dolan anxiously wanting to get up to his summer place in Park Central, especially now since his new set of crockery is installed . . .
A word to Flurrie: you better watch him! King has all the little kings busy down on the Island with that victory garden and is taking orders now for vegetables . . . The Holy Name breakfast is over but this precinct could have made a better showing . . . Our old friend Bill McKenna, now of the Navy, is still head man around Tudor City, and, too, is very proud of the ring presented to him . . . By the time this reaches print Staib no doubt will be on the retired list, so lots of luck and good health, Walter, and take good care of yourself . . . And a little reminder now to the men: Please don’t forget the box in the back room. It doesn’t cost a nickel to contribute.

19th Precinct: Some lieutenants get a crick in the back while doing desk duty, from leaning forward in their chair, but few, if any, get flat feet—which is what is likely to happen to Sergeant Bill Burke if he makes the list—the only man in this Department who does desk duty standing up!

Jim Cronin: “I am standing at attention, Sergeant, it’s my uniform that makes me look this way!” . . . Bill Grant: “Do you think the Captain will give me an hour off for that last practice ‘dark-out’ we had?” . . . Jimmy Judge: “What this country needs is a cigarette a feller can smoke in the dark and a black-out lighter to go with it!” . . . Was it Jerry Murphy who handed out that summons for being a half inch too close to a fire hydrant and proved he was right by measuring the distance with the defendant’s ruler? . . . Mike Wolski, looking to dress the part, wears an iron derby now.

The first war casualty to affect the 19th Precinct was the report that Abe Schlucker’s son, David, was wounded in the North African Area. We hope sincerely it’s not serious. Abe has another son in Iceland and he himself is a veteran of the first World War . . . Here is Jerry Murphy’s explanation of how Patrick Nestor, because of his name, was made a detective: “Patrick is of Latin origin and means 'noble' and Nestor is from the Greek and means 'a man both of experience and who remembers.' In other words he was a ‘natural!’” . . . Detective Dillon, 19th Squad (when the St. Patrick’s Day Parade was over): “The Lord was with the Irish again—pouring holy water on them while they paraded!” . . . Our old friend Joe Woods (4th Div.) one time gay lothario thought we wouldn’t find out, but a gremlin told us. Poor boy, we knew him when such things as matrimony and domestic subjugation were farthest from his thoughts . . . Charlie “Long Drawers” Roth and Barney “Tin Ear” Bajart are at it again, listen: Charlie: “I don’t care for
spare ribs, always they remind me of Paul Miner!"—Barney: "Yeh, they do, especially on Saturday nights when he's under the shower!"

Retired Patrolman John McCarthy, who dropped in to say hello, informs us he's a special in a defense plant now—a swell job. Ben Tierney, incidentally, was greatly impressed... A kindly thought now in the direction of Sergeant John Kelly and Patrolman Robert McPherson and Sidney Rocker, our three members serving their country in the armed forces... Tom (Pop) Marry, too, is anxious to join up—we're told... That rip Maurice (Reg. 95) Hickey has in the back of his shirt grows bigger every day... And Lieutenant Ed Walsh's definition of a desk officer is "a guy they put behind a desk, and if the cracks and crevices can stand in front of it and tell him what they think of him."

Pet Peeve Department: The station house sightseer is my pet peeve, says Lieutenant Sullivan, especially those who bring their children along, hold them up in the air, point to you behind the desk and say, "That's a lieutenant, Sonny!" As if you were a monkey in a cage, or a bad example of how a person might end up in life... Those chain cigar and cigarette smokers who drop their ashes wherever they are, is Attendant Charlie Roth's pet peeve, "Long Drawers" says he hopes the guy who throws them behind the sink, in the 95 Room, hurts his arm the next time he does it... Barney Bajart, of Reg. 95 name, says the fellow who runs in with an hour's work when you have about 10 minutes to go, is enough to get anyone peed. As for instance, the detective who will hold property all day long and at the last minute expects you to make out all the Property Clerk vouchers before you go home.

Flash! Patrolman injured by tough Frankfurter! (Are ya listenin', Patrolman Edelmos of Traffic H?)

Flash! Ben Tierney seen leaving his chair (once) during his tour of duty as 95 Man! Reason unknown.

Flash! George Seltenreich has his papers in, the while Denrie Brown still carries his around in his pocket.

We all felt the shock of the sudden passing of Steve Hurley, and we join his family in mourning his loss. May he rest in peace.

6TH DIVISION
25th Pct., Ptl., Henry Nealon
26th Pct., Ptl., Francis X. Mc Dermott
27th Pct., Ptl., John D. Prunotto
32nd Pct., Ptl., Harold Kote

23rd Precinct: Educational indeed was the lesson administered by General Jim, the Scribe, better known to his colleagues as Jim the Pen Man, the other morning when a young rookie, who was doing a late one and who had in his charge in the back room a psycho awaiting removal to the hospital, came before the Desk at about 7:55 and nonchalantly observed: "Take care of that psycho for me, Lieutenant, I'm going home!"

We expect by the time this reaches print to have our Precinct Honor Roll unveiled, in respect to which we want to congratulate in the highest degree of a very prominent artist, one who recently did the President's portrait in oils. Our thanks also to Patrolman McGlinchy who handled the tedious job of lettering the name plates and fastening them to the Honor Roll.

Is it true that the redoubtable Michael Normolle, of the 23rd Brain Squad, from the back of the big white charger he was riding did a "Steve Brodie" while heading the St. Patrick's Day parade—right in front of the reviewing stand?... Also that Senator Miguel Sergio confidently expects to be assigned as aide to His Honor, the Mayor, if and when the Mayor assumes the Military Governorship of Miguel's native land?... And that the honor man at Carl Schurz Park in the event this comes to pass will be Ed Smith?

Marine Engineer First Class Frank Germano won't forget in a hurry the first fishing trip of the year, organized by F. Izak Walton Straub on March 29 and chaperoned by Admiral Lou Elmer, C.G.R. The expedition left from Merrick, L. I., and Frank's between working on a peaky motor and bailing ceaselessly after the boat sprang a leak had himself a very busy time. High hook for the day was Walter Baer, with biggest fish honors going to Stield. A total of 51 gigantic (?) lounders was the catch and each of the 10 comprising the crew wound up with five, the odd one swallowed whole by Germano in the interests of equitable distribution. It was Admiral Elmer's 20th year in the Department, incidentally, and also his 25th wedding anniversary. Again, Lou, congratulations!

The 23rd Precinct was well represented at the annual communion breakfast of the Holy Name Society on April 11 last, where Commissioner Valentine in his speech announced the names of the medal winners for the year. Among our own... Pat Kelly was commended by Surgeon Martin J. Sheridan Medal for his arrest of two armed thugs who, together with a third man, staked up a hotel on Park Avenue. Kelly, incidentally, twice before was commended for valor in the performance of duty, including his exploit on January 13 of last year when he twice dove into the freezing waters of the East River to save the life of a boy who was drowning. And it seems that the retired admiral has a special in the Laskin Medal for his arrest of a knife-wielding miner from the Adirondacks.

Another of our lads deserving of mention is Samuel Zeller, who received a Commendation for his arrest after a severe struggle of a man armed with a loaded revolver, and who had intrenched himself in a room after he'd shot a man a short time before.

And so till next month.

25th Precinct: That was a neat bit of police work turned in by R.M.P. John Tutt and his able assistant, recorder John Mayer, last month—the disarming and arrest of a mugg who made the mistake of pointing a fully-loaded gun at Tutt... Speaking of guns, Patrolman Mathias Erickson also apprehended a man last month who was out armed with a revolver. Again, congratulations!... And while passing out the bouquets, don't forget Patrolman John (Parson) Egan who was awarded Honorable Mention last month for the part played by him in the rescue of a drowning woman. (Going to study now to be a sergeant) ... Glad to report that Patrolman Anthony Barbaro is out of the oxygen tank and on the road to recovery. "Sonny" has been hit hard the past few years by illness but his indomitable courage always has stood him good in steady drop. Draw him a line... Is it true Sergeant Burt Harrison is forming a hill billy band to perform at his Adirondack ranch—and in respect to which he himself has been practicing faithfully on that tenor banjo of his?... For latest reports of this or that ask Chuckles Casey—and particularly as concerns a certain recent "incident"... Another of our boys has swapped uniforms—Irving Procter. Lots of luck, soldier!

The 23rd Precinct was well represented at the Holy Name breakfast and you can rest assured that Sergeant Patrick Kelly, in his role of shepherd, was indeed proud of his flock... Some of our checker players are getting so proficient in the art they don't even use their hands any more—just their ears. We understand that since Patrick Phinnes Woods moved to Parkchester all of the neighbors have been admiring his marvelous physique—the reason probably why he decided to move his gym matrix to the "wig wag" and perform under the big top at the downtown courts at Parkchester—so that the folks can get a real closeup of his Apollo-like form... Our A.W.S. functions very smoothly—until it comes time, that is, to chip in for the coffee and buns at luncheon; and then—but need I say more?

Slong till next month.

28th Precinct: Congratulations to the 23rd Precinct upon its acquisition of Lieutenant Quinlan—their gain is our loss, and in the same breath a welcome to Lieutenant O'Connor, who takes his place here at the 28th... Congratulations to all who had a hand in saving Cliff Callwood's life—especially blood donors Gene Reisman and Stanley Thomas... Best of luck and years of health to Harry Hagstrand in his retirement.

Inspired by prevalent food shortages and rationing, Mike Termi has taken to writing parodies to nursery rhymes—his Ode to the Three Little Pork Chops is a classic and if you haven't yet heard it Chesty Ferger will "render" it for you upon request—but he loves to be coaxed... Old timers tell us that Big Jim Monaghan was famous because he always got the last word in. And while it is true his place for a time has been taken over by Johnny Tormey, it seems that John is now giving way to Nails McSorley, the only man in the house who can tell Tormey when to stop talking... Incidentally, Mary Shanley explains the strange case of Tormey by the fact that she dropped poor John on his head while minding him as a baby some years ago—a bit of news George Roden will be glad to hear—since
he thought it was something personal. Maurice Rooney, our sensational crime squelcher, is now going in for the company of the nobility, that of an Empress included. Now that Ed Byrnes has had those two teeth pulled maybe the buns and coffee in the morning will go much further. Smiley Hart has been relieved of all secret police work here by his talk...

Bob Daly and J. P. O'Neill ran a close race to see who could eat more in the shortest time at the Holy Name breakfast but the waiters ruined the contest by clearing away the crumbs...

Several sensational ideas have already been suggested in connection with "The Spirit of the Police Department" and its job of presenting Mary, Jo and some nice club girls for his benefit. All such suggestions should be given to Otto Ulrich, the producer of all great ideas.

Quote of the Month: "I wish more of these sergeants would retire or something—so I'll be made!"

32nd Precinct: We sure miss Frankie the Bootblack, serving now in the armed forces, and it was none other than the good Lieutenant Patrick Costello who officiated at the swearing-in of his successor, Baltimore, who promised he would refrain in the performance of his duties from getting polish on the men's socks instead of on their shoes.

Congrats to Patrolman Herman Linde on the arrival of a bouncing boy! ("I do what my superiors order—raise children and buy more bonds!")

Bonne Jonne, "Red" Cudahy is still wondering how "Soup Greens" Heiden (or anyone else) is able to manipulate a bicycle with a bundle of soup greens under one arm and a leg of lamb under the other.

Take notice, please, of the beautiful head of skin on Patrolman Doyle the next time he is assigned to the switchboard. (Instead of "Moon over Miami" it is "Moon over Switchboard.")

The Bond Drive here went over with a bang, thanks to the splendid manner in which the personnel responded.

And as our poetic Sergeant Richard would say, "Who's Next?"

7TH DIVISION

40th Pet., Ptl. Harry Howwood
42nd Pet., Ptl. William O'Brien
418th Pet., Sgt. George Conway
417th Pet., Ptl. Edward Singer
416th Pet., Ptl. John Thomson

40th Precinct: This month the box was plentifully supplied—and by all the squads. So if your name is here, a little note told me...

Bigger and better stickball games broken up would suit Manager nicely—the poles he can use for his many tomato plants. Incidentally, he and Civeio are now in the chicken-raising business, and it's the axe for the feathered pet that doesn't lay its daily quota!... "Steve" Brown discloses that he had some chickens, too. We'll all be up for dinner some day, huh, boys?... And speaking of chickens, that was no chicken Cheebek found in his locker last month. Something you should not do when digging a victory garden, according to a certain sergeant here, is dig too deeply—and for obvious reasons—over a cesspool... They say it takes 8 ration points to properly take care of Kosefsky's head, while the great O'Malley gets his points' worth on coupon 17 (for shoes)... Just Another Nice Gesture: Fairclough always in a big hurry to get home these days to wash Minnie Ha Ha's diapers... Meet Kosefsky, Pawlowksi, Snofsky and Palsovitch, the Fighting Irish of the Four-Oh... Because he opened a jammed door for her, Weller received a glowing letter of tribute from a woman, telling him what a "wonderful man" he is and enclosing a hand-embroidered doily... Is it true that at the breakfast Muldoon almost got a broken arm while reaching for a third cup of coffee?

Did you know: That Rookie Williams is the Proud Poppa of four young un's?... That Snofsky's new daughter weighs 6 lbs. and that what Charlie Vecchio's son weighs is nobody's business?... And that Falco enjoyed immensely his Sunday dinner recently—aided and abetted by a certain plump pheasant sighted by him at E. 55th and E. 158th Street—and which young mouth watering he managed to capture after a hot pursuit... That it's nice to have Kuveke back in harness after one and a half years in and out of hospitals?... That we're wondering what cop assigned to Lincoln Hospital gets burned up when Corrao calls him "Red Pan" Civeio—and why?... That Platte says when he finds the guy who turns his locker to the wall, he, the said guy, will need that crust that was so securely fastened to it?... That in a note I'm asked why Barney Cumiffe is always the second man to report for work each day?

Only three days after the start of the second Bond Drive the 40th Precinct as usual did itself proud, with Captain Collins disclosing that we exceeded our quota by almost $1,000. The total for the precinct came to $5,050 which ain't hay! Mike Curry added another $1000 Bond to keep his other ten company, and Al Fondiller likewise came through in the grand manner by taking $300 worth. Well, we can’t all be millionaires, so most of us stuck nobly to the good old eighteen seventy-fives.

42nd Precinct: Is It True: Schlisler'll be taking the physical for the Army any minute now?... that Murphy is "setting up" for Ypie and Junior—because of that rendition of 6:00 o'clock in the morning recently?... that Air Raid Allen's been telling about the 32nd Infantry again?... that Tierney rushes home promptly since getting spilled? (She must be the boys)... that Minadeo on March 17 changed his name to O'Minadeo?... that the members of the Weepers Club (Pres., Frank G.; 1st Vice Pres., Edward O.; 2nd Vice, John N.; 3rd Vice, William D.) expect to be permitted soon to pick their own posts—because of the fact the 95 men are so unfair?

8TH DIVISION

43rd Pet., Ptl. Down Patrol
47th Pet., Ptl. Herman W., H. Lamp
43th Pet., Ptl. Orchard B., Metzger
47th Pet., Ptl. James W. Wynne
41st Pet., Ptl. Wadsworth...

47th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathies to Sergeant Coogan in the loss of his brother, Sergeant Harold Coogan, 34th Precinct.

This month on the biographical trail we bring you the F's, G's, and H's:

Patrolman Elwood Feuerbacker, known to us both as "Parker's Guss" and the young John.

Patrolman French, who continually keeps telling the rest of the Day Squad he just saw them going up White Plains Avenue in the middle of the car tracks. Wonder how he means that? (Would Banjo Eyes Lardino know?)

Patrolman Guarin, better known as Poppa Jack; also has his papers in and will be missed—especially by French and Donnelly, renowned pigeon fanciers.

Patrolman Fred (Beast) Hade, affectionately known both as "Gas Mask Fred" and "I Want to Join Up." (Wonder what's holding him back?)

Patrolman Hartmann, known also as "Muscles" and who has his hands full these days holding down Sector 3 with Man Mountain Scherringer, his recorder. (Get wise, "Tiny," and give the boy a hand!)

Patrolman Heapes, the No. 1 whip on the sergeants' car, known also as "Ducky-Wucky" and for his famous "Good evening, Gentlemen!" The boys really appreciate this salutation—and how!

Patrolman Jack Hearns, who is suffering from a heart ailment at this writing and for whom all of us wish a speedy and complete recovery.

Patrolman Richard Hughes (of 10th Squad fame), partner of "Snozzola" Bisert, and who is better known to the taxpayers of Woodlawn as "Smiling Dick."

Patrolman Sidney Hyman, our ace rookie, assigned now to civilian Defense and who keeps cotton candy just in case Hade gets wound up.

And so till next month.

9th Precinct: Lieutenant Philip Murphy, with one son fighting for "God and Country" as a lieutenant aboard a U. S. submarine somewhere in the Pacific, saw his other son enlist in the service also of "God and Country" when Philip Murphy, Jr., on May 1 in St. Patrick's Cathedral was ordained to the Holy Priesthood, and on the following day, in the Church of St. Philip Neri, Grand Concourse and 205th Street, Bronx, saw his younger son ordain to the holy ministry himself. Who's the name of the last in order, you ask? Oh as for women in the armed forces. Felicitations and good wishes later were extended to Father Murphy and to Lieutenant and Mrs. Murphy at a reception given in honor of the newly-ordained priest at the K. of C. Club, 206th Street and Grand Concourse, Bronx.
Our new skipper, Captain John J. Wynne (one of the “infant prodigies”), has inspired a new and active spirit in the 50th since his assumption of command. A “good boss” and cooperative to the Nth degree, his motto would seem to be, “Let’s all grab an oar and all pull together!”

We sincerely hope Patrolman Peter Fogarty, recovering at the Medical Center from a serious operation as we write this, will be completely recovered and back with his young family soon.

Sergeant Thomas Donegan has taken his leave of the Department and is now a Chief Petty Officer in the U. S. Navy where he has joined another member of the 50th, Chief Boatswain’s Mate John Cruise, in charge now of the Shore Patrol at the U.S.S. Hunter, 195th Street and Goulden Avenue, the training ship of the WAVES, SPARS, and the women’s branch of the U.S. Marines. The best of luck to you, Chief!

Even though the second victory bond drive has hit the top of the subscription meter at this command, we still continue with our own Victory Bond Campaign—a drive of our own that has been in operation since 1941—and was started, incidentally, by none other than the aforementioned Patrolman Peter Fogarty.

We hope Lieutenant Edward Gladstone Groot will return from sick leave soon—his absence occasioned when, while walking along Goulden Avenue recently, he was toppled over by a “Wave!” . . . Why is Henry Kilgannon called the “Desert Fox” of this command? . . . Who made out the U.F. 61 reporting the loss by John Reid of his wallet containing “miscellaneous household articles and the key of the frigidaire” . . . And would you say that depression has left this command now that we have two “Wynnes” each day? . . . Is it true that two days after Patrolman Kohler moved in as a tenant of Patrolman Heisel’s, someone one wrote “When the Lights Go On Again”?

Some day you, too, may be looking for a letter from an old comrade.

Ptl. Jacob “Orchard Beach” Zarchin, who has been suffering from a body rash and, informed by his doctor that he might be allergic to uniforms, figures this is an asset and hopes to accomplish two things, (1) to get a plain clothes detail, and (2) to convince his draft board doctor in re said allergy.

Ptl. Tom “Junior” McCaughan is under whose unholy influence while filling-in as Recorder in Sector 2? And speaking of allergies: Tom comments that since he is not allergic to “wind bust” he doesn’t mind the occasional mention of his being allergic to “Smiling Ed” Stapleton’s hearty laughs—he can laugh just as hearty with you as he can at you . . . It was observed at the Communion Breakfast that Mike Greenthal was not allergic to chicken. One of his companions vows he heard him “cackling” on the way home . . . Since Francis “Squeaky” Tynan had his motors extracted he is allergic to practically everything but milktoast.

Crack of the Month: Ptl. Samuel Boyd informing Lt. Allgeier over the boxes one noon period that some cop stole his school crossing.

And from informed circles we learn that Precinct Warden Cooney, ex-Ac. Lt. William P. Freehill is an accomplished Public Speaker—that he is more and more in demand each week because of his after-dinner orations.

10th DIVISION

69th Pct.: Ptl. Steve Gorman
61st Pct.: Ptl. Joseph Pobst
62nd Pct.: Ptl. Francis Ferrante
68th Pct.: Ptl. Raymond Donovan
70th Pct.: Ptl. Martin M. Blok

60th Precinct: Congratulations and good luck: to Patrolman William Miller upon his retirement from the Department . . . Did you know: Auto Enginner Anthony Calillo is an expert at knitting? Turning out sweaters right now for the Red Cross . . . Aside to our ace tag-suckmons man, Abe Ehrlich: Summonses for violation of the Sabbath Law are not returnable in Traffic Court . . . try the local magistrate’s court next time.

Fairy Tale Department: Patrolman John Paulkner’s yarn about the steak t-b-i-s t-b-i-s he served him in a certain eatery recently and which tasted so good he tipped the waiter a buck and a half . . . Is it true Fred (Foe Foo) Freda is building a chicken coop in his backyard with the idea of raising chickens, fresh eggs, etc., and has declared Lieutenant Winterhalder in as a partner? . . . Acting Lieutenant Bremer of the Air Warden Service is a busy man these days—turning out instructions, forms, etc., on the new mimeograph machine recently purchased by him . . . Mark Coveli looking fondly forward to the approaching summer evenings when on the sands he can loll and dream of romance—or somethin’. . . Have you noticed how Elmer and Minnie (our station house felines) are growing? They should afford real amusement for the lost children we’ll have visiting with us this summer.

With corned beef on the ration list your reporter is trying real hard to cultivate a taste for spaghetti, but ‘tis hard. However, if at first he don’t succeed he’ll try, try again . . . and may we remind our feminine readers that our Jerry Collins is still a bachelor—and a swell catch for the gal clever enough to grab him?

61st Precinct: With the kind permission of our readers (both of ‘em) may we present as a starter our Rumar Department, which no self-respecting column is without, as for example and to wit: that a certain rookie complements his regulation equipment with, of all things, a telescope! . . . that a certain B.A. upon being offered an apple while on a school crossing very rudely refused same—stating that oranges were more nourishing! . . . that one Robert Narieli is taking up options on all the ink and pens in the precinct—in the hope that with the war nearly over he’ll once again be riding the plains searching out those who violate the law—having a license to construct sidewalks, etc.! . . . that the contemplated diet upon which Patrolman (Wotta Man) Pulzone intends to embark will consist solely of bagels and lox and with a wee bit of cream cheese on the side—and positively no bananas!

So much for rumors. Now the Congratulations Department: Joe Ryan does it again! Twice within two weeks he brought
to task and saw convicted drivers who thought it was their privilege to abuse horses when using them, eliciting in so doing the praise of the A.S.P.C.A. authorities for his interest in our dumb friends. Nice work, Joe!

We see in our midst a song writer of note but who, unfortunately, keeps his talents hidden. Gentlemen, I give you Patrolman Howard M. Higgins, who has just completed a rousing march entitled "The Air Warden." Shouldn't surprise us at all if it were to be adopted as the official Air Warden Marching Song.

Who is known now as "Honey-Boy"? . . . "Bernie-Boy"? The last was given to a defenseless recruit by his bemoustached associate. Know them?

Want a college education without waiting? Then step up and meet Patrolman Bernard Murray (also answers to plain "Barney"), a lad whose forte is to get you into conversation and then explain in simple little problems like the Einstein Theory of Relativity . . . and this, mind you, not in Gaelic double talk, but in the King's own English.

And if you're interested in living to a ripe old age consult another of our intellectuals, Patrolman Joe Shepherd, whose theories on the subject are really something worth while listening to.

Here's an item that really belongs in the 864 category: Which handsome member of our patrol force prefers saying it "numerical" order? Yes, one guess should be enough.

62nd Precinct: The Army was in complete command on the occasion of Lieutenant John Kerrigan's recent visit—even Vince Ferrante with all of his Navy talk couldn't get far . . . Deep-sea Diver Persinger descended 150 feet last month testing his new diving suit, close by the black-fish fishing grounds. Intends chartering the Atlantic Ocean as a private fishing ground when he retires . . . Watching Snifly Sundquist as he glides along reminds us it isn't everyone can wear fancy white socks like he does . . . Instead of resorting to peddling apples, due to the high cost of vegetables, etc., Andy Lovito solved the problem by raising chickens. Studying a book now on how to raise chickens without feeding them.

Noticed on the morning of the alert: Mike O'Connor sporting a neatly-pressed zoot-suit ushering the beautiful telephoneists to their stations in the report-center. Are ya listenin', Herbie Veitch? . . . Who is the stockily-built cop known to the gang here as "The Fashion Plate"? Hint: detailed here in the building; wears a cute little brown fedora on the top peak of his head; kinda nice looking; does not talk very loud (?) . . . Glad to hear recently from some of the boys in the armed forces—including Seaman George Feuer, with the Coast Guard in Virginia, and Private Dino Rossi, now at Miami Beach, Florida . . . Sergeant Tabert has our softball champs at it again—they've already won three games and would like to hear from teams with a reputation . . . Detective George McGowen, proud father of nine children, has three sons in the armed forces—two in the Navy and one in the Army.

6th Precinct: Due to restrictions on traveling, Patrolman Fred Heinz expects some big doings on his Canaries Farm this summer. Reservations now available. Fred not only grows his own vegetables, but from the looks of his shoes on a rainy day he has exceptionally good grazing land for his wags and game. Patrolman Jim (don't write about me) Rossel observed recently in the cellar watching "Doc" Plenzo tend the furnace. (Watch out, Doc, you know what happened when Jim had his eye on the sergeants' ear?)

Ever see a dream walking? No? Then you've never noticed the technique Patrolman Barry brings to the art.

Is it true the feud between Hatfield and McCoy was a May party compared to the one Patrolmen Rogers and Barrett are staging—and which grew more intensive when Rogers' tenant had to call the Board of Health to get sufficient heat—and which was caused, according to Rogers, by Barrett's laziness in tending the furnace—and resulting in his having to fire Barrett as caretaker?

Did you notice Patrolman Hennesey in his new Easter outfit—zoot suit, bow tie and broad brim hat? Boy—he looked like he just got back from Gates and Throop Avenues.

And did you know Patrolman Jim Hendrickson is the proud possessor of three tooth brushes—one for each tooth?

Patrolman Bill Brown, recently assigned to the Central Precinct, never ever had a chance to display his talents over there. But don't worry, Bill, Leo Whelan will see that they need you there again real soon.

Peace, quiet and contentment once again will prevail here at the 64th Precinct! No longer will the walls shudder from the vibrant bellowing so familiar these past five years! To sum up, Patrolman Lazzaro, by the time this reaches print, will have retired. And so, to the members your reporter herewith bids a fond farewell. It is with sincere regret, following a most pleasant association extending over a period of five years, that I turn in my shield. I do hope, however, it is only my official contact that I sever, as I want to be remembered by all as a pal who will never forget.

And so, in my last official report via SPRING 8100, let me remind you again that all of my contributions were presented in the spirit of fun—and with no offense, or hard feelings, intended ever. And if some of you may in any way have felt otherwise, I take this opportunity now publicly to apologize—and say that I'm sorry.

Good-by—and the very best of good luck to you all!

6th Precinct: You recognize the handsome youngster, of course. Yes, "Dapper Dan" was his name and he lived when this picture was taken in lower Manhattan, happily, until suddenly—and out of a clear sky—in polite society from New York he demand ed of his adoring parents one day that they purchase for him—of all things—a bicycle! Quickly sensing something amiss, the good mater rushed towards the pot boiling on the stove, fished from it some 500 yards or so of good wholesome spaghetti and, smothered in delectable meat sauce and favored, oh so lightly, with a dab of garlic, in the form of a peace offering, placed in before our Danny. To make a long story easier on the eyes, Danny finally enjoined his parents into consenting to purchase for him a tricycle. In other words, like the Merchant of Venice he compromised for three wheels where two would have sufficed. And in the picture you see him in his hour of triumph, at the moment heading north on the Bowery and where, in the vicinity of Delancey Street, he encountered his faithful friend, The Slasher, himself, in person—the same Harry Olson of our present Thoid Avenue, here, in Brooklyn, and who at the time was talking to another distinguished citizen of the era, one Spider Moran, and who, it seems, was looking over locations for a new vegetable route for Shamus Mulvihill, he of Five Points fame. Henry Adami, it seems, had agreed to buy out the first peddler who had a likely-looking business enterprise (Adami being the now famous local banker). The immature Danny knew little then of the trials and tribulations that had confronted Shamus in the ruckus he had had with Owine (Tomatoes) Fox, his Lordship of 9th Street, and he cared less. Incidentally, this story could run on—and on—and on—but why get you, dear reader, all out of breath trying to keep up with it?

Suffice to say then that Danny in due course became a policeman—and a mighty good policeman, too. Now! If that grand personality in the flesh, our Boss Editor, will only return Danny's precious picture to him—that he may look upon it in retrospect in the years to come—he will have earned the gratitude not only of Danny, but, as well, the Slasher, Shamus, Spider, and your humble reporter, amen!
73rd Precinct: A word of congratulation to the patrolman who resigned for duty at 5:15 A.M. on March 23 past with his pajamas sticking out of his civilian pants—evidence aplenty of the speed with which he dressed to respond to the call.

What member knows who the streets and avenues hereabouts—only through the sense of smell replied courteously when asked by a civilian in which direction was Union Street: "Straight ahead about ten blocks until you get the scent of garlic"?

The reason Patrolman Louis (Litwak) Weiner is so full of wim and vigor these days is because for Looie on June 6 next wedding bells will ring. Congratulations!

Baseball talk: Patrolman "Svenska" Yensen (to Patrolman Morris "Bagel" Grossberger): "Yummin Yummin ay tank that by Yune or Yuly the Yodgers will be in!" Patrolman Grossberger: "Yansan, you shouldn't be crossing any breezies untoel reaching the awder side!" Patrolman "Pasta Fazooli" Santaniello: Mebe itsa moochta betta ifa you two guyz holda the horsa. Summa tima a litta holiva holia onna da top of da fire isa maka fight!"

Patrolmen Philip Borut and John F. Murphy expect to be smoking the pipe of peace soon on some Indian reservation.

Yes, Maurice (Wiggy) Cullen does look nice without a wig—in spite of what Patrolman Edward (Concentration Camp) says to the contrary . . . Good luck to Patrolman William H. LaTour who was inducted into the army on March 18 past . . . A blessed event last month graced the home of Patrolman Martin Stern—a beautiful baby boy! Congratulations! . . . To Lieutenant John E. Langton on his assignment we wish luck. Somebody's gain—our loss . . . Three of our "old timers" will soon be leaving us—Patrolmen Daniel G. Gekovich, Frederick W. Worsi and Cornelius Calkin, each of whom has served this great Metropolis well—and to them we wish good luck and a long life in retirement.

74th Precinct: Our deepest sympathies to the family of John Braun in his passing. May God rest his soul.

Best-o-luck, Tom Reid, now that you have returned to the peace and quiet of civilian life . . . We welcome the Old Ranch both Jerry Ressler and Charlie McGoneghy; also Minnie the Mouser, feline pal of Lieutenant "R" Miclanic—meat shortage notwithstanding . . . And while on the subject of shortages, Jerry Ressler has been seen stealing sly looks at the squirrels in the park; claims they ate them in the old country—and not bad . . . Hank Kaufman, connoisseur of poker, challenges anyone to a stiff game of handball (even with one hand behind his back!) . . . Tell us, Bob Dore, what is this modern ailment known as "Delurgy"?—and what mean you when you say that "everybody" has a touch of it?

Our famous softball team, the "Squirrels," has been called to practice and will be going to work soon on such outfits as the 104th Queensen, More-jello's 78th Tribe, the 62nd Wildcats, 64th Ringers, 79th Pushovers, the Eight-O Oldsters, to name just a few. Andy Strangio is still the inspirational spark of the unbeatable (or almost so!) 74th Precinct team, whose battle slogan hurled relentlessly into the teeth of the opposition shall continue to be: "If we can beat you, we can at least out-razz you!" P.S. Get in your challenges without delay.

Is it in the interests of business that John (a certain "under-taker" here) asks "How do you feel today?" And have you noticed how he scrutinizes the T.T. Book regularly? . . . Our new super-sleuths, George Servani and Red Barlowe, are right sharp when it comes to picking up the trail of evildoers on the Old Ranch . . . And say, Jerry, what kind of coffee will we have for "meat" today? . . . Grandpa Brennan challenges any "rookie" to a game of handball at the Ymca! (How about it, Hank?)

Self-made man: Dick Seery, who makes that claim because of his "synopsis" education—to wit: Reader's Digest.

Self-made Victory Farmer: Clerical Man Frankie Heedles, who claims he really knows the difference between a hoe and a spade.

Self-made P.B.A. Delegates: Frank "Silvertongue" Pasquale, our cartoonist, and Jovial Ed Conroy. Two capable precinct representatives—and we don't mean maybe!

Self-made Ballplayer (and a great showman): "Sluget" Guy Memoli. He's a "natural."

Self-made Checker Champ: Jim Mooney. Licks 'em even with one hand tied behind his back. Ows it all to drinking "hot milk."

Self-made Human Fish: Dick Mount, long famous as one of Johnny Weismuller's most stubborn challengers.

And in closing, watch the poster in the backroom for listings of softball games scheduled.

12th DIVISION

63rd Precinct: Our best wishes to Patrolman Dana to the "Philly (Liability)" Gold, one of the most congenial members of the command, who retired from the Department on April 15 last. Our clerical man, in particular, will miss the helping hand he was always so willing to extend . . . And congratulations now to Jim (Grumpy) Monahan, who succeeded to the post made vacant by Phil, and who we are sure will make just as competent a Liability Man as was Phil.

Now that Frank Dowd has been promoted to the office of Chief Attendant he is continually quoting to his understudies the rules governing the duties of that assignment . . . Is it true Gil McCall has been offered a post in the Equipment Bureau—to model the new uniform caps? . . . What member of this command (works Church Avenue) is the Adonis of the Department—and by his own admission? . . . Now that Harold Dep has been struck by one of Cupid's arrows he and The Intended have gone in for archery in a big way.

Our deepest sympathies to Sergeant Damiano and Patrolman Mahler in the loss of their respective mothers, and to Patrolman Kelly in the passing of his father.

73rd Precinct: Recommended Reading: the report submitted by Patrolman Elmer Ferber last month on the subject "Stray Dogs on Posts 8 and 9" . . . Was Policewoman Hertense's face red when a "female" prisoner brought in for search and detention broke down and admitted just as Hertense started to go to work on "her" that "she" in truth was a member of the male sex?

Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Lorraine Green, daughter of Acting Captain Joseph Green, a former member of our command . . . Patrolman Edward Hatch won out in the race for P.B.A. delegate over Patrolman Nathan Betrock by a vote of 39 to 25. Hatch, incidentally, is sending a carton of cigarettes to Patrolman Thomas Falls for withdrawing at the last minute his name from the ballot, thus cinching the election for him.

Good luck and Godspeed to Patrolmen Erhardt, Fahy, Berhatsky, Cooper and Sharrak, and also the sons of Patrolmen Keene, Estes and Gruenwald, all of whom are serving our country in the armed forces . . . With spring weather now here you can find Patrolman James (Captain Bigh) Drew easily doctoring up his yacht, Eagle II . . . To Patrolman William Bohem we wish the best of health and many years of happiness in his retirement . . . How is it Patrolman Irving Wagner, who keeps telling the gang he "has his papers in" bought himself a new summer uniform? . . . Asked upon returning from his April cycle for shooting how he made out, Patrolman Samuel Fox replied, "I did so well they're sending me back for more instructions!" . . . Is it true Patrolman and Mrs. Schiffelstein are expecting?

To the members of the 73 Club: The rules and by-laws have long ago been posted on the bulletin board. Look now for the posted date of a meeting so we can proceed to adopt them and be able to proceed with organization work—this for the good and welfare of our members.

And in closing, to the members who have recently suffered the loss of dear ones our deepest sympathy is extended.
13TH DIVISION


Recapitulation: Army—26; Navy—5; Marine Corps—8; Coast Guard—1; Total—25.

Josephine Brown, wife of Patrolman George Brown, also is doing her bit, as a member of the WAAC.

On April 20, the 79th Precinct baseball team got in its first practice of the season, and while the lads were willing—the flesh, alas, was weak! Our boys are rugged, however, and recover quickly. We would like to hear from other precincts for matches. The 77, 75, 84, 63 and 81 would make tasty dishes on which we should like to feast. Address Johnny Reilly, Booking Manager, 79th Precinct.

No more do the revered walls of the 79th echo and re-echo the melodious roars of Jimmy Lombardi—who recently tossed aside a very promising career of the R.C.J. to join forces with the 16th D.D. His dynamic personality will be missed, and in his new assignment we wish Jimmy well.

Sergeant Charlie Herbert, pounced upon by a real big shot who questioned “Is that your hat on the bed in the north dormitory, Sergeant?” without batting an eye replied: “I don’t know, I’ll take a look!”—which he did—following which he batted both eyes, for on the bed reposed the hat in question—and what a chapeau it was! ! ! bright green, with a red and white ostrich feather a yard long. Further investigation, after the sergeant was revived, revealed the owner of said lid to be one of our D.E. female cleaners.

Among other strange sights: Freddy Schneider, pinch-hitting for Charlie McCarthy recently, bouncing out the front door following an 8 to 4 clad from collar down in his civies—and with his uniform cap still serenely perched in its accustomed place aloft.

Jimmy Dunne, former 79er, has been promoted to Captain, U.S. Army. As a salute to good jobs with the Army: Master Sergeant Brian T. Fitzgerald, lst Lt. Harold Devine, Private Arthur Baller . . . With the Navy: Lieutenant-Commander Bill Hyde, Chief Petty Officer Tom Hendick, Ensign Barney Bronzam, Yeoman Johnny Tynan, Seaman Bill Valkoff . . . And with the U. S. Marines Sergeant Harry Nunnally . . . Good Luck to All!

Incident Officer par excellence: Sir Charles Herbert . . . Incident Drill Supervisor par ditto: Johnnie Tamburino . . . We can just imagine, incidentally, what the latter’d do to that poison pen artist who decorates the mail—if and when he lays the mysterious gent by the heels . . . You never heard the story about the “sneaking”? Well, some day when you have a few moments to spare we got Detective Harry to tell it to you . . . Recent meeting of the 7-0 Club brought out some nice talent. Among the soloists—Freddy Clayton, Jimmy Lombardi, Tony Santangelo, Harold Wells, to name a few. Also Jim Shea, with snappy recitations—and ditto a guy named McCarthy, who wuz exceptionally good (ahem)!

Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad bowling team, captained by Johnny Woods, came to grief in a match recently with the 79th Squad crew—in which the steaks were high—we said “steaks” not stakes . . . But there’ll be another day, and, of course, more steaks—m-a-y-b-e-e!

80th Precinct: Congratulations to Patrolman Sidney Raphael who last month brought to five the number of our men serving with the armed forces . . . Our heartfelt sympathies to the Lopez household in the recent loss of their dear little one . . . Who was it put “Lil Rocco” DeGuida in the dog-house with the Mrs. recently? Could a certain slow-talking “Super” enlighten us? . . . And say, Rocco, wasn’t it a case of Tit for Tat? . . . Talking of Victory Gardens, which we said, get a load of that spiv Howwy Carlson is sprouting on that upper lift! . . . And what a “cultivating” it’s been taking from Iron Man George Stone! (Just professional jealousy, maybe?) . . . Hope sprang eternal in the human breast! So quoteth Gustavus Shakespeare Herr, who has undertaken of late the deep study of ancient poetry, meaning, our own famous Bard, Lieutenant Gene McGillicuddy, had best look to his laurels.

War Bond Club News: Names of additional recipients of War Bonds acquired last month through our unique purchasing plan include Sergeant Frank Ryan and Patrolmen Dan Selman, Bill Gray, Dick Duffy (2nd Bond), Jimmy O’Connell, Herman Winters, Dick Cantor, Marcy Niewzibrowicki . . . More names next month.

Aside to our radio addicts: Know ye why Duffy, of Tavern fame, has failed to make any personal appearances on his program? Could fear of that mystifying number 167 be responsible? (Oh, Deckie!) 14TH DIVISION


83rd Precinct: Members serving in the armed forces include Air Corps Lieutenant Philip Horsting (and who, by the way, entered the state of holy matrimony recently. Good luck, Philip); in the Marine Corps Patrolman Liebmann, and exchanging blows with Mr. Rommel in North Africa at the moment our old buddy Patrolman Teahan; also Patrolman Baden, sharpening up his gunner’s eye now with the A.A. Battery, and “Anchors Aweigh” Veteran Henry Klein, who, while whipping his charges into shape at the New London Naval Training Station, demonstrated such exceptional ability that he has since been assigned to Hunter College to look after the Waves. (Oh, for the life of a sailor!)

On the home front we have that rugged individual, that master of domestic tranquility, D.S. (Shuffleboard) Mills, who, when questioned about his unblemished record as a shuffler, attributes same to “just my natural born skill”

Speaking of shuffleboard, Beanag finds he cannot croon them into the right spot with his melodic voice—at least not so well as can Montella—with that newest of number, his entitled “Calems”!

What’s this we hear about a certain gift Slezaik inflected upon Mosca on a recent late tour? Could it be that bundle of straw Mosca was seen chewing on Uther night when he exclaimed with glee to the onlooking audire: “Now that’s what I call!”

Congratulations to Fuzzy Foster on his capture of two thugs in a beer truck, 15 minutes after it was reported stolen.

Fan mah bow and call me Dixie! That man Darrel (Corn-cob) Wallace sounds lak he jes arrived from below the Mason and Dixon line—so nuf poke chope!

Redecked in long drawers and sweat shirts, our gladiators can be seen any fine morning in the local gym bounding around the boards like gazelles. Yes, (P.R.) Hill, (E.F.) Cavanagh, (Tyrroco) Campise and Seymour (The Clutch) are now training in meet any possible attack by paratroopers. Incidentally, after five or so furious minutes of basketball, P.R. may be seen reciting gently on the mats. He states: “I’m not tired, but I don’t want to wear the others down”!

Climaxing a campaign which was hotter than the scarlet umbrellla Cavanagh keeps in his locker, Patrolmen Zacher and Seymour were elected delegates to the P.B.A. A series of brilliant speeches highlighted the campaign, particularly those by that friend of labor, “Honest Tom” Sullivan (discretion extraordinary) who promised more of everything for everybody, and Ed Kaminski, who wants a bowl of “Cabbage” in every home! A good time was had by all!

59th Precinct: Is it true “Papa” Maggiore misses those vacation days in Florida now that he’s assumed that “Poor Man’s
Responsibility?" ... Also that Rath and Abele take those cigars to bed with them? 

Who is known affectionately (?) as Timoshenko? ... as the Cemetery Kid?

Does anyone know why Kaminski on Moore Street is called "Mr. Whitty"? ... who looks in the mirror most, Forster or Storly?

Ward, Schneller, Hagen and Conlisk are in the armed services so drop them a line. Mail means a lot when for your country you're doing your bit—away from friends and home.

Senior Operator Mahon threatens to give Bergman a "D" on his report card if he doesn't keep the car clean. Be careful, Al! Believe it or not, commandos don't only ride at night—some ride at all hours.

Why is it the big boys work on the east side of the precinct and the midgets the west? Would Otto know?

That's all for now. More next month.

90th Precinct: We regret to report the passing of Patrolman Zsidi's mother. To him and the family our sincerest regrets are extended. We heard of the splendid girl Julie gave her and it should be consoling for him to know that he did all that was humanly possible for her.

Did you know that our magazine really goes places? Recently one of our boys here received a letter from a former member of the command now with the U.S. Navy (somewhere near No. Africa) in which he boasted his reporter for failure to make a recent edition of SPRING 3100 (a mistake we'll see doesn't happen again). So we take this opportunity to say hello now to Bill Powell and to thank him for his efforts.

Bill Johnson as a result of keen observation made an arrest recently involving three youthful burglars—a real case of nip- ping in the bud a freshly-launched three-man crime wave. Good work.

Lieutenant Marz is back on duty following his recent illness and he is his old self again.

Sam Goldman recently gave up the car to become a broom ... Congratulations, incidentally, to Sam and his former partner, Ed Leimbach (transferred since to the 18th Division) on that fine arrest last month of a man who, armed with two guns, had just shot another.

Our clerical man for quite a number of years, Harry Evans, has retired, and to him we all of us say now, so long, Harry, and the best of luck to you ... And to his successor in that post, Tom Lawlor, the smiling Irishman, who is quite a clerical man in his own right, we likewise wish good luck.

Will wonders never cease? Who'd ever think they'd see Patrolman Moe, our P.B.A. delegate, in plainclothes? Well, we did, and we want to go on record as having seen the handiest plainclothesman in the Department.

Patrolman Hynes since changing to the first squad and assigned as operator is getting a break—working with Jimmie Harbison. He'll have more room now ... When Hynes and Desherty toted together they made a nice-sized car look like an Austin. For example, when they wanted to turn Hynes had to get out—Mike couldn't get his hands up on the wheel otherwise.

Sergeant Craig had better watch out for he has another rival besides Sergeant McGuire, namely, our distinguished and gentlemanly aviator, Lieutenant Watts, who also happens to know all about flower and victory gardens and such and who already has quite a few of our garden-minded men going to him with their planting problems.

Pinhead Biographies (5th Squad concluded): John Basak, a typist before entering our profession and still one of the handsiest guys we know with a typewriter; works Tompkins Avenue and enjoys the respect not only of the people on his post but of his brother officers and superiors as well; quite a family man, takes his boys along almost everywhere he goes.

William Johnson: Store manager previously; works upper regions of Marcy Avenue; another of the quite reliable type—you read of one of his more recent exploits elsewhere in this column; although a policeman for some years now he still remains streamlined—to the envy of not a few of the men here.

Patrolman Tadeus Gach (one of our newer members): Quite a versatile gent as regards tools and such; formerly a carpenter, machinist and auto mechanic; not as yet settled as regards a steady post; don't know much about him but he seems to fit into the squad nicely; is already well thought of.

And so until next month.

10th Precinct: Did You Know: the Stork flew over the horns of Acting Lieutenant Henry of the C.V.O. in the club and left a bouncing baby girl?—and he's expecting soon at Lieutenant Bob McAllister's manse? ... that Donald Duck Gibbs has changed his mind about raising chickens when he retires—believes it's cheaper to raise turkeys—claiming they thrive on old broken dishes and bones? ... that Patrolman Rope says "To get into the Anchor Club you must have some connection in the Marine Division?" (Would that mean to be a member of the Square Club you'd have to be a Square-Head?) ... that Patrolman Barney McGuire looked cute turning out on the floor on a recent 8 to 1 carrying his night stick? ... that Patrolman Artie Neu had his appendix removed—only after Patrolman Connolly gave him the low down on the symptoms, etc.—and that the nurses at Jamaica Hospital now miss him? ... that Patrolman Harry Inman has—or is getting—the C.D.V.O. blues? (or is it nerves?) ... that those shiners sported by Patrolman Rotunda last month were acquired as a result of a blackout? (sez he) ... that our bowling team took over the Cushman team, with Patrolman Gene Kerby topping the day's scores—Gene Kerby and his only place with 214? ... that Delivery Boy Bill Connolly, who is working himself back to his old trade, has his papers in—which is more than Gibbs can say? ... that Patrolman Hofrath too intends joining the Relax Club—but soon? ... that Alex Clark will tell you, if you're interested, who is President of the Old Ladies Bridge Club? ... that Patrolman Charlie Rope's been on a diet—and not on account of Lent, either?

Honorable Mention: Patrolman Tony Winters telling how "sensibly fast" that front door burglar trapped by him in a Bolach store threw up his hands (a most lucky thing for Mr. Burglar) ... Patrolmen McGrath and Eller also made themselves a good pinch—in obeying Lieutenant Bob McAllister's hunch that a certain stolen car was the one Patrolman Schwicke had almost gotten run over by a few days before ... Still another swell collar by young Detective McTiernan who picked up the "Lone Wolf"—a gent who had our hearts broken with the numerous might jobs he'd pulled off—rear breaks mostly.

Our new home to the Bowery is the Club Building and may your stay with us be a happy one ... And best wishes now to the one and only Jack Carney, who took sick last month and had to be removed to the U.S. Veterans Base Hospital in the Bronx. Don't forget, men, to write or visit him ... Best wishes also to Patrolman Vito Romano, confined as this is written to St. Vincent's Hospital with a bad scraped down in Manhattan, suffering from a badly injured hand received in line of duty ... Newest members to join the Re-Lax Club are Patrolmen Bill Cowden and Bill Towney and Sergeant Herman Humer, each of whom will be missed, be assured. Our deepest sympathy, incidentally, to Bill Cowden in the passing of his father.

Our Holy Name delegate, John Cunane, can be proud of the splendid manner in which the men of the 102nd Precinct under the leadership of Captain McGovern turned out for the annual communion breakfast of the organization on April 18 last. A day to be remembered, every one agreed.

Now, men, if you can take it—and are not in the news—just spend a moment with me—and you'll make it ... Get it?

10th Precinct: Captain Thomas Ward with Lieutenant Dinselbacher and Sergeants Wynn, Strangio, Stumpf and McGough headed a fine representation at the annual Holy Name communion breakfast, April 18, at the Hotel St. George. The rank and file too numerous to name also received honorable mention. Patrolman Bailey, it is meticated, in the march to the hotel was the only man in step. A few highlights:

Patrolman Dunne, our Assistant Chief Attendant, who in preparation for the parade held military drill sessions in the
back room, must have prepared the boys in table tactics, too, judging from their manner of attack . . . Patrolman Ed. Dreitlein brought his ration book along—but was glad to learn he did not need it . . . And not the least bit bashful was Lieutenant Dinselbacher—when they passed the cigars around . . . Patrolman Henry Becker said he'll never again sit next to Sergeant McGough—(the competition was too great); he did manage, however, to sell all the rolls and butter before the food arrived, so that evening things up . . . Patrolman Scala talked himself right out of breakfast—started telling a story and by the time he finished the table was empty . . . Patrolman Crowley's conscience must have been bothering him—every hour he got up to ring . . . while Patrolman Doherty ran for the phone every time it rang. . . . Patrolman McGrath tried to sell tickets, and Patrolman Shannon insisted on standing erect—a habit he acquired at the Bank. . . . In plainer words for all concerned it was a grand day.

Are you with us in the drive of the 104 Club for 100% membership? See your Squad Delegate and sign up now!

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Detective Schlott might not know it, but it's the white spots from the dominoes that's affecting his eyes—not that new paint job the detectives' room just underwent . . . Notice how Patrolman Havlick's badge shines like a rookie's these days? (Patrolman Downie please note) . . . Our profound sympathy to Patrolman Jappen in the loss of his mother, and to Patrolman Kovalinski in the passing of his sister . . . Our hats off to the daughter of Patrolman William Smith, serving today with the U.S. Navy . . . Is it true Patrolman Petzner is taking orders for vegetables—since going in for Victory gardening? . . . And can those back pains of which Patrolman Reville complains be caused by old age—or has Petzner induced him to go in for Victory gardening also?

**THIS IS WHAT COMES FROM TYPING TOO MANY ROSTERS**

As we stood at the Board we got to talking a Schlott about Feiling the sergeant's exam. Spano said, "Genet going to start Jappen about that again?" but Ruland said, "Schurz, at least I did not Gippy," whereupon Downie piped up loudly and Cloory, "Dwyer drink, Wernesbach again. Wynn did he go?" *Last Spring*, said Bendix. "Dinselbacher took him for a boat ride on Beatles Pond and wound up on Ellis Island." He said, "This is not over. Otto see the Flood when Shannon runs wild, it's the real Malloy." "Leigh the Cardon the table and quiet Degen" exclaimed Roach from the kitchen as McWeeney said to Cook, "Let's eat." Everything went fine until Stiehle was caught with all the Nickels after leaving Church. And did he turn White and Feeley Strange! He got in his Austin to go home to Maher and he had to pull in. In any event, thank goodness Flis is Dunned.

**106th Precinct:** Meet the officers of the A.W. Guild of the 106th Precinct: president, Lieutenant Merle Frydenborg; vice president, Civ. Lab. Jurgens; treasurer, Civ. Lab. Salinas, secretary, Patrolman Matthew Tarpey; artists, Patrolmen Peter Koegel and Abraham Spaine; keeper, Patrolman "Coffee Bags" Josephs . . . Applications for membership may be had from the secretary.

Attendant Anderson is to be congratulated for that splendid paint job on the T.S. Koegel and Spaine have been seeking lessons from him ever since.

We welcome and wish the best of luck to our new commander, Captain Thomas Boylan.

It is indeed a pleasure to have Detectives Jacoby and Sheehan on duty when Lieutenant Frydenborg is working—especially (as Sheehan should know) when the good Lieutenant is inspecting the station house.

Because Civ. Lab. Fontano was recently released from the Army, once again the grounds of the 106th Precinct will resemble a flower show, instead of a vegetable garden. Can you hear, Mr. Spaine?

What lovely wife of what handsome roll-call man recently had her new teeth in—giving her a more charming appearance than ever before?

Is it true our clerical men, both of whom are on the sergeants' list, of late have been evincing an interest in the health of superior officers? Captains and the like . . .

Greetings and best of luck and good health to Captain McCoy, our past precinct commander.

Detectives Ryan and Bodkin have solved the transportation problem—and merely by utilizing their bicycles when responding to a call.

Ask Harry Boening, our attendant (a man of few words) to tell you about the cuff business. He explained it to Koegel but Pete won't pass the information along.

Sergeant Moore said he doesn't give a hoot and to prove it went and retired from any further tooting with the Police Band.

That's all till next month!

**106th Precinct:** Patrolman Foster, observed by his sidekick, "Sharlie" Fischer, tapping himself on the skull with his night baton, and asked why he did such foolish things, explained, "It certainly feels good when I stop!" . . . Recorder Thomas Mugan, Doctor of Laws and legal adviser to Patrolman Moffet, is now track farmer in his spare time. He says:

"QUACK-QUACK" GROSSBARTH: "Gee, my ankles are swollen!"

WAGNER: "Why don't I get that payroll, Barry?" (Pass that certain towel, Cummings!)

Thomas Kane, son of Patrolman Kane, shot while fighting the Japs last fall, has fully recovered and is back with the Marines in the South Pacific . . . Best of luck to the two sons of Patrolman Moffet, also now in the service of Uncle Sam. . . Mrs. Moffett, too, is doing her share—as Sector Commander in the CDVO of Jamaica . . . Patrolman Anthony Shostak is preparing a Victory garden at the corner of Hillside Avenue and 106th Street; if you've a vacant lot you want cleaned, drop a line to Tony.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to Patrolman Carroll, injured recently in an auto accident . . . Also to Patrolmen Charles Schuster and Joseph Cullen, on sick report as this is written . . . Though the scores weren't so hot, the "Signet 88" Keglers, Patrolmen Hipp, Schultz, Schaeffer, Reinhardt and Sergeant Ahlers, again took the 102 Precinct "Wildcats" over the coals, with a margin of 68 pins! . . . Lieutenant Moomihan on that particular evening didn't play—said he didn't want to show the boys up . . . That barnyard odor mystery is solved—Lieutenant Hampson is raising chickens in the rear yard of his home in Rosedale. (Hey, Lute, does a chicken sit or does it set? What remedy do you administer for the pip?—please, don't throw that back at me.)

Patrolman James Hunt instead of walking around in a fog is now in a perpetual trance—after his operator, Patrolman Walter Johnston, let that auto trunk cover bang Jim on the head . . . Is it true Patrolman Otto ("everything happens to me") Carmosin, responding to an air raid "incident" drill the other evening, parked the car, sergeant and all, in a marked-off bomb crater 60 feet wide in the center of the street? Nice business . . . Does anyone know how Patrolman Alvarez' photo turned out the night of the air raid drill—with Al decked out in helmet, arm band and whistle? It must be a how.

Aside to the mothers, wives, sweethearts, relatives and friends of members of this command: Your reporter would appreciate a little cooperation in getting news; also any nice (?) photos of Julius, Thomas or Peter taken when they were pure and simple, or off guard. Source of information will be held in strictest confidence and photographs will be returned to the sender.

The identity of the phantom reporter at last is known, and your correspondent takes pleasure now in challenging him to a game of shuffleboard—with a spot of five points to boot . . . Flounders are now running (not biting). They almost jump into the boat, we're told, "so get your boat and boat at so and so's." Who said a cop was a sucker? Wish you could read all these post cards sent to the anglers here . . . At that, fishing is always a better way of killing time than staying home arguing with the wife.
16TH DIVISION

109th Pct., P.I. John Gerno
106th Pct., P.I. William J. Bidner
106th Pct., P.I. George Ferguson
112th Pct., P.I. Edward Geiger
110th Pct., P.I. Michael O'Herlih

108th Precinct: By the time this reaches print your reporter will probably be assigned out of the command—a change I look forward to with sorrow, for the reason that, in all my time in the job the four years spent by me in this precinct were the happiest I have known.

And I have always felt that my name here to be the real topos—I dare say, second to none, in the entire city. I made friends and pals whose friendship I hope to keep as long as I live. I will miss Rolly Pol Tom O'Donnell, Jim MacGill's Irish wit, Jim Nulty's fatherly advice, Sergeant Neal Winberry's snappy salute, Sergeant Mike Gavigan's shy but warm hello, Dominic the bootblack's 15-second shine, Mike Foley's hearty laugh, Mrs. Begley's motherly interest, John Sullivan's tall stories, Oscar Fenstamaker's legal talent, Lieutenant Pribyl's sense of humor, and Captain MacGowan's keen judgment of human nature. In the issue that is to follow I shall write my swan song, so, among you, please dig up a reporter to pick up where I leave off, and forward his name to the Editor, Jim Goodman, feeling that on his safety record the precinct is up to par, goes back to his old place on the third squad. Glad to have you back, Jim . . . Sorry to report Police Surgeon Orth at this writing confined again to his bed with a heart condition . . . Glad to see Sergeant Gavigan back on the job after a short siege of sickness . . . Dave Gavin, who when I denied just seiging Sergeant's stripes, back to school and the books again—with Joe Hamilton right alongside him . . . Sergeant George Dunn, in charge of an incident put on by the air raid service, handled it in a style that would do justice to any specialist you might mention . . . Mike Foley sits home and doctors that painful nuisance arthritis. We hope her recovery will be rapid and complete . . . Mrs. Clark, who retired last month, contacts this reporter and asks he pass along the word that for the members of the command there is a welcome on the mat always . . . Fred Newman in that black iron hat, long black mackintosh and that dead pan would pass for a moriclan anywhere . . . Aside to John Delahaney: Thanks for your warm reference in your letter to Ray Quinn. We know Sergeant James Meagher (Gentleman Jim) going up the stairs makes us think we're looking at Fred Aostaire going through one of his dance routines—gracefulness personified . . . A great big orchid to Fred Smol for that arrest last month of two bandits who at gun point held up a liquor truck. They had only gone a few blocks when Smol, gun in hand, ordered them from the truck and with the assistance of Dennis Gannon and good old Bill Quinn the culprits were soon under lock and key.

I walk into the corner store and start to ask the proprietor where he got the new moose head—and realize suddenly it's Louie Knauer I'm looking at—standing up against the wall . . . Boston John Calahan denies that he is the precinct's original Gremlin. Could Jim MacGill be it? . . . Ralph Norceca telling a story and rolling his eyes like a pair of dice in a cup . . . Bill Shanahan drops in, raucous coat and all, He is now in Central Park, ya know.

Many a fair heart will skip a beat at its owner gazes spellbound upon this snapshot of the 108th's most eligible bachelor, the handsome and popular Connie Dowd. But don't rush, girls, as he informs your reporter he is off romance for the duration . . . And I want to remind you in closing that married life is just one wed-she-die after another.

Give to the Red Cross—it may be the "Buck" that brings them back alive.

109th Precinct: Good luck and many years of good health to Patrolman John O'Leary, 45th Street. This good-natured Patrolman Bill Kurtz being seen around the Flushing Hospital Clinic after working hours talking with the Prettiest Little Nurse there? . . . Will Sol Rottermans please get together with his sweet-patoic—ad, too, let us all know when it is coming off? . . . We hope Ernie Schoeck is getting over his illness and will be back with us soon . . . Patrolman Kearney is having one heluva time trying to stretch those rationing tickets—to feed his gang at home . . . Patrolmen Braham and Varley don't need a rationing book—all they can eat is "Crackers and Milk" . . . Bill Boemer's chickens haven't, laid any eggs yet, and it's Patرضn's wish that they may be roosters . . . Frank O'Neill got rid of his car and put chickens in the garage instead. Says he can't eat the car . . . Our loss will be the country's gain when Bill Burke goes into the armed services.

They say Fred Scherlock is getting along nicely now in College Point . . . What, we should like to know, has MacAlessie got himself into about? . . . Sgt. Michael Mangan, who just retired after spending a good part of his years in Flushing, says he'll devote some time now to haunting Pop Larkin over on Main Street . . . Good luck also in his retirement to Harry Blachier . . . And did you know Matt McBurney has his retirement papers in his pocket so long that the print is starting to wear off? . . . We're back to work, Harold Purko, and it is easy for a while . . . Willie Weithaas, famed authority on how to raise chickens, seen in a huddle with Buttons Britton over the checker board. Wonder what is really going on between them? . . . Patrolman Cordes has licked the gas shortage by riding his motorcycle to business each day—which beats Patrolman Goode-nugle's fine of 18-cents a day. . . Sergeant MacElrath, back on the job from his vacation, is busy these days dressing up the old homestead out on the South Side . . . Sergeant Barkos says the job out here is not so hot—compared to the hot spots of Harlem, that is . . . And Sergeant Sadlo now has enough of the World's Fair precinct—since his recent assignment as desk officer out there.

114th Precinct: Anyone doubting that Patrolman William T. Beau Brummell Maher has been taking singing lessons should have heard him crooning lullabies to a little lost-three-year-old the other day. P. S. His manager and singing coach, Patrolman Leonard, will consider a few more pupils. Classes limited.

Who Said It: "Ja see what the R.A.F. did today?" . . . "Hello, Chappie!" . . . "Woldja do, call up?" . . . "My friends call me 'Henry'!" . . . "Nice work, Chief, let me be the first to congratulate you!" . . . "Who in your candid opinion is responsible for this back to work," Pat! . . . "I brought roast beef for your lunch, Lieutenant!" . . . "I'll work Sunday, Cap, my son is coming down from Yale—and I'm not allowed to use the car anyhow!"

Our sincere condolences to Patrolman George Feaster in the untimely death of his beloved wife Ann. All who knew her regarded her as a blend of a girl and a woman in person.

Our deepest sympathies also to Patrolman Mike Noonan in the loss of his mother.

Is it true Walter (Speedy) Leonard, taking care of a founding in the station house last month, insisted the attendant go out for a nice porterhouse steak—so the child could be fed properly?

Picture of a detective in action: Jack Dust chasing his hat down 30th Avenue on a recent windy day.

Famous Sayings: Lieutenant Nawrod—"What's your name?" . . . Patrolmen: Fisher—"This is the last straw! I'll see the Chief!" . . . Wisnuski—"Only 12 today!" . . . Tully—"I'll sing you a song!" . . . Lents—"How many dozen today?" . . . Armster—"O. K., Chief!" . . . Fanning—"Hello, Broadway!" . . . Dizzino—"I O.K. them!" . . . Mondews—"Just one more, Benzino!" . . . Horgan—"When I was in Highbridge!"

Overheard in the backroom: Sasek: "I taught my partner all I know and he still don't know anything!" . . . Hrubant: "Talk about fraud—my neighbor built a fence around his yard just to keep me out dog out!"

TRAFFIC A

An anniversary mass for Patrolman Daniel J. O'Leary, who died April 19, 1942, at the age of 59 years, was held Monday, April 19, at the Dominican Church of St. Catherine of Siena, 41-22 31st Street, where Patrolman Bill Kurtz being seen around the Flushing Hospital Clinic after working hours talking with the Prettiest Little Nurse there? . . . Will Sol Rottermans please get together with his sweet-patoic—and, too, let us all know when it is coming off? . . . We hope Ernie Schoeck is getting over his illness and will be back with us soon . . . Patrolman Kearney is having one
looking 'em over

the 12th Detective District, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Doyle and Mrs. George C. Colgan. A member of the Honor Legion, O'Leary had several times been commended for valor in the performance of police duty.

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Joseph H. Werns

Our sincere sympathies to Patrolman John Michell in the death of his father... And sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our members on sick report... Glad to hear George Deno's son, injured in the recent African campaign, is back in action again... Another of our comrades lost to us via retirement, Patrolman (Grandpa) Blackwood, who takes him with the well wishes of all who know him.


Bamberger upon learning that our Lox specialist, Meyer, had swapped his uniform for a pair of dungarees remarked: "Now I can sleep nights without worrying about that guy getting into my hair!" (What hair?) Good luck, Frank, in your new job... Is it true Corny Joel intends borrowing a general's uniform when he retires—to wear when on duty outside a certain apartment house on 23rd Street?... Is it true Vince McGrath upon being rushed by the gals at a party not so long ago received a terrific shock when he realized that it was his status as a Benedict that attracted the fair femmes—and not his reputation as an excellent M. C.?

Best wishes to Val Doulwing who on his own request was transferred to the 102nd Precinct last month... You can tell the fishing season is upon us just by looking at some of the following faces: Lieutenant Eckert, John Hartman, Dan Hrubes, Al Eskowitz, Charlie Minarick, Andy Geisler, Joe Savino, Carl Schroeder, to name a few... Wonder why the Irish Troopers on the 9th Squad (Sullivan, Logan, Gaffney, Finnerly, Slattery, Joyce) are said to resemble the Tinkers of the Old Sed? Is it because you find them all over?... Glad to hear Bill Sullivan's wife, Edna, is on the well list again following her recent siege... And don't forget, fellows, the suggestion box is still on the wall in the back room...

Whacks and Paddychucks: Did You Know: that the strap on Carpenter's nightstick came from a sewing machine?... That Flight Commander Lent went into a tailspin when he heard he might have to go to Harlem?... That Rosebush Hrubes, his assistant, did a tour up there and hasn't been the same since?... That Hildar Newman hoards chieftics—chews only one at a time?... That Happy Rationing Bamberger ate all the butter and cheese while George was out of town?... That Sid Hutchins can sing like an opera star?... That Canlon and Eggers are on the lame duck squad?... That the wave in Sergeant Riorson's hair is the real McCoy?... That Sergeant Nawrocky at a barn dance is quite a cutup?... That Fitzpatrick is back on the flying squad—after being on the diving squad so long?... That Barney Duvall at 50th and 6th is known as the keeper of the flame?... That Brennan at the same location is known as the log roller?... That John Matthews has his paper in—after 39 years on the one corner?... That Witten goes in strong for those walking jobs?... That Bongiorni means "good morning" in Hi-talian—and that he'd like to know why it is he can't get a July vacation?... That Grandpa Gould got highhat and moved his office upstairs—so that he could be a member of the (Mg?'s); Deitsch, P.; Cahill, Bat Boy; McCormick, Langsdorf, utility; Rom, Markowitz, cash; Horowitz, groundkeeper.

TRAFFIC G

Ptl. William F. Schneider

Willie Krantz and Norman Michell while digging a victory garden discovered a few worms—and two hours later were observed by Patrolman Mike Nugent fishing from the Queensboro Bridge. Any luck, boys?

Chris (Big Boy) Rappolt is finding it hard to get his quota of meat, but at that we think he'll survive for the duration—considering all that bacon he has under his belt!

Donald O'Callaghan, son of Lieutenant Michael O'Callaghan of Traffic G, will be ordained a priest in the Carmelite Order at Washington, D. C., on May 29 next and on June 6 will celebrate his first mass at St. Monica R. C. Church, 79th Street and 1st Avenue, Manhattan.

Anyone wishing to put up some plum preserves for the winter should get in touch with Frank Fritz, who has a backyard full of potted plum trees.

Jim McElroy seen recently walking up White Plains Avenue smoking a "Wakefield Stogie" and wearing his new cuffless victory suit.

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Bernard McGuigan in the recent loss of his Mother; also to Patrolman Michael J. Fogarty in the passing of his wife.

Congratulations to Tom Hanrahon who last month became a grandpa! And what's more, his hair exactly fits the title! Another is committed to the following named sons of members of Traffic Precinct G serving with the armed forces: William W. Schneider, Thomas K. Egan, Phillip D. Egan, Raymond K. Egan, James O'Callaghan, Hugh Kohler, Thomas Malone, Dennis Casey, Patrick Casey, John Grimes, John Green, John Pienge, Michael Hickey, Mark Forrester, Herbert Nagel, James J. Burke, Jr., Harry Anderson.

Recapitulation: Army—10; Navy—2; Marine Corps—2; Air Corps—1; Coast Guard—1; Merchant Marine—1. Total—17.

TRAFFIC K

Ptl. Harry Shortel

Down Memory Lane: How we love to recall the good old days—as for example when Mike Cully used to defeat one and all at checkers—and made them like it. Remember?... And isn't it true post forty-five without Larry Seaman out there in the center doesn't seem the same?... We all miss good-natured Tom S. O'Brien and his monologues—and good humor—and those wise cracks and songs that will live on... And good old Warren Charles!—of whom we often think—and to whom we wish health and happiness... Ditto John Frey, of market fame.

Odds and Ends: Dick Walsh now sports a "Dick Tracy" wrist watch... "Scotty" Maxwell's latest hair-do... "Smiling Ed" Cahill claiming the barber's clippers slipped—his alibi for that hi-de-ho haircut last month... All of us happy to have "Chief Rom" back in our midst again... Anyone desiring to play on K's baseball team should get in touch with Manager "Scotty" Maxwell. The tentative lineup: Hoenighausen, C.F.; Leis, R.F.; Schwab, S.S.; Otto, 1B; Altman, 3B; Becker, L.F.; Markowitz, C.; Nuessler, 2B; Deitsch, P.; Cahill, Bat Boy; McCormick, Langsdorf, utility; Rom, Markowitz, cash; Horowitz, groundkeeper.

TRAFFIC N

Ptl. Terrance McSweeney

Our deepest sympathies to Lieutenant C. K. Walters in the loss of his beloved wife.

Recent promotions took from us Lieutenant John B. Butler and to the Bridge District, in his place, comes Captain Michael Hartling—thorough gentleman both.

Is it true Robert Ahles is planning to retire soon to his cottage at Orchard Beach?

Robert V. Callaghan has returned to our command with his bag of new tricks.

17TH DIVISION

Ptl. Traffick Mann

Things to Remember: Lieutenant King giving instructions to the ladies on the Manual and Rules... "Doc's" dancing eyes after doing several tours in the three-oh (seems like the air didn't win good).... The smile on "Papa's" face—he has his Henry again... Lieutenant McGarvey trying to impress Lieutenant King with the speech he made up—what a chance! Some time when you're doing nothing ask Lieutenant King for the answer... Tom Maguire on his knees in front of the desk—we thought
he was praying, but found out he was only looking for the top of his pencil. The gleam that comes in Julia's eyes now that the weather is getting warmer—and boats are coming out of mothballs. Are you listening, Charlie? The way Chief Sheehy keeps smiling all the time—multiple jobs, duties and all. And the way Chief Phelan looks at you when you mention the Jape!

You've heard these before: "Five copies of each, please, we're going to a meeting in an hour!" "Now, when I studied law they used to say—" "When we were in Reddingson's—" "Do you want me to make up a chart or a map, Lieutenant?" "I'd like to see the fellow who can change my mind about getting married—" "I'll put a D.C.I. number on it!"

"Where's my book?"

This and that: Who would you say is Mildred's superior officer—from 5 on, we mean—who's this guy Frank? Ask "Doc" to give an impression of a Marine (he'll know what kind of a Marine we're talking about). A friend of ours from over the river was laid up recently with a stiff arm. How come, Larry? Lissen, "Doc," just heard you got three baby carriages in your cellar! Horizontal 'em—and if so, why? Harms and Bayers—the inseparables, no matter what—or even when. Well, Gus, suppose you speak for yourself. Hey, Sarge, how's that gland working? Need an adjustment yet? Victory Garden Frank seems to be having trouble with his feet late. Claims his gums are swollen. Sgt. C. G. L. haircuts see Victory Garden Frank and Tony. Quite a little epidemic, eh? Is it true Captain Frank Murphy is glorifying Traffic B? When will you ask us to tea and crumpets, Cap? Who had his sergeant's chevrons sent to him in the mail? If you want a direct answer to any question—and we mean any question—just ask Lieutenant Downes. Henry may well be called "the Silent." He doesn't say much, but when he does, it's low-down, deep and (you know what). Did you know that Andy Murray is Lieutenant Downes' man Friday—also Saturday? Who's the gent who takes 45 minutes to say goodnight? Was it Julia we saw treating Doc and Tim to lunch the other day? This modern age ain't so bad after all, especially when you can catch gals like that in a spending mood.

So long for now...next time we'll have, in addition, a few tid-bits about our neighbors.

**MOUNTED DIVISION**

Ptl. Joe Masterson

Mounted Squadron 1: Matty Rais back in harness again after several weeks of inactivity due to gout. Yes, it's true Tommy Bligh is top man in the market now. Why is it Dan Meskill talks over the credit for his victory garden—when everyone knows Minervini and Twomey did most of the work? Retired Patrolman Jason Becker is now an R. P. 1st class, U. S. Navy, training at the moment somewhere in Rhode Island. Ludwig Frank, also retired, just returned from Texas, where he visited his son, a Navy hero of the South Pacific. Is it true John (Jigger) Brady, that hard-hearted hombre of Troop B, was seen crying on the date of his retirement—and nowhere else but on the shoulder of Ed Distler, another of our retired men? Incidentally, Brady, Frank, and James Connelly, last to retire out of Troop B, were remembered affectionately by their associates of that troop. Honored by a visit last month from our buddy, Major Edgar Perry, U. S. Marines, who is home after a long stay in the Solomon. Another visitor was retired Patrolman Hamilton, who just returned from a trip to California. "So nice to come home too," was the feeling one gets when he walks into the 12th Street stable, and although the paint job at 48th Street is attractive, it compares not at all to the bright colors which feature 12th Street. Nice to see so many mounted men on the job at the annual communion breakfast, but why all the ah-s-s-s and oh-s-s-s when Lieutenant Bill Mewn started putting on a cigarette? He's done it before.

Mounted Squadron 2: We want you fellows across the pond to know we Brooklynites also had a communion breakfast and attended, we proudly boast, by a contingent of mounted men totaling some 60 in number, including retired Deputy Inspector Byrnes. Also marching at the head of our column was Acting Deputy Inspector James P. Meehan, to say nothing of Acting Captain "Barney" Connors, who, tho he kept smiling throughout as if it were St. Patrick's Day, not once was heard to ask where his chauffeur was. We want Lieutenant Brown to know we all were happy to have him with us, and thank him now for adding to the fine showing of our mounted men. We didn't know we had so many mounted detectives until we saw Ed Lennon, Jennings, Granger, and a few others resplendent in their Sunday suits. Oh!... Glass of water to Patrolman Ward. And did you notice the new lid Joe Donnelly sported? Who was it said Cartwright "growls" when he eats chicken? And could it be possible that coat Lynch wore came from a girdle factory? All of us bowed in silent prayer during the mass in memory of the late Sergeant John Conroy and Peter O'Connor, the two men who rest in peace.

**MOTORCYCLE DISTRICT**

Ptl. Barney Blowoff

Armed with the knowledge published in last month's issue of *Spring 3100* (Dr. Dillon's article on "Obstetrics"), our gallant first-line chauffeur, Baron Otto von Robold, recently stepped forward proudly and confidently when an emergency maternity case was brought to his attention—felt certain he knew exactly what to do and said so in no uncertain terms. Those present, however, were not so sure. With some trepidation, everyone watched as he made frenzied preparations. "I shall handle this one alone." He entered the maternity room with grim determination. Meanwhile, friends and relatives paced outside. "Can he do it?" they asked. "Does he really know what he claims?" The tension and strain were crushing. Everyone began to perspire. No cry or sound was heard. What could have happened? Did he make a fatal mistake? The clock clicked on. Then suddenly out of the stillness came a high-pitched note. What can it be? Again the sound came, this time more clearly. "PEEP! PEEP! PEEP! PEEP!" it went. Everybody looked at everybody else. "What's happened?" they cried. "What has he done?" At that moment the door opened and out stepped our hero, Baron Otto, carrying a small box. His feeling were mixed. He appeared crestfallen and disappointed and yet happy. Finally, he bellowed, "SUCCESS! I'VE DONE IT!" and gathering around, everyone viewed his bundle from heaven—FOUR CANARIES??????? Somewhat shamefaced our hero said, "Guess I didn't follow instructions."

Since the above occurrence, Baron von Robold has taken a keen interest in breeding canaries and is willing to match his brood against any other birds of the feather—including turkeys. Are ya listenin', Willie Newhart?

**GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT**

The Ghost

The Motorcycle Division was well represented at the St. George communion breakfast, the contingent in turn being led by Lieutenant Kuntzmann and by Captain Keedell, both of whom presented quite imposing figures stepping out to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." We marched to the hotel by way of Canarsie, and while most of the men were able to bear up under the strain, a few were observed to sag. George Klinger, for example, was barely able to negotiate the distance and for the last few blocks was supported by Armstrong, who toward the end was himself starting to weaken. Fisher finished Klinger a close second. Our delegate, Davy Taylor, used his "in-
fluence" to get us a "good spot" at the hotel and the result was a beautiful view of some nicely decorated posts. Some of the boys think we would have done better if Davy that morning had stood in bed. A few highlights:

Lieutenant Maher and an unidentified patrolman so glad to see each other they went into a close embrace from which they had to be extricated by Sergeant Goldstein. (That's what you call real affection) . . . Somerville and Vols, two men it would be cheaper to have the food. (At the last counting each was starting on his twelfth roll) . . . Schloen's persistent pleading for more coffee bringing tears to the eyes of those seated around him, so pitiful was the sight . . . Kraft, who always has his bible with him, perusing it throughout . . . Fritz claiming the rolls were better than those he gets in Bayside . . . Garrett trying to reach Mergel for the chicken—and failing miserably . . .

The excellent jobs Ex-Lieutenant Bill Smith and Acting Lieutenant John Askland did on the coffee—each getting away with 10 cups . . . Kenny Brown, our clerical man, having himself to take it for a change— he complained about everything . . . Charlie Suss and Youngfert in a heated debate over the relative merits of something or other and, as usual, Charlie winning out . . . The table that looked as if a "U" boat had just discharged its crew: Roose, Mindig, Vols, Klinger, Kraft, Lowe, Pierson and Dunekack as fine a body of men as ever scuttled a platter of chicken . . . Sergeant Hill, who likes oatmeal, requesting—and receiving—four portions . . . Keuling and Orlofski—conspicuous by their absence (a place where there's none!) . . . All in all a swell affair—enjoyed to the fullest by all.

Is It True: Joe Plate upon asking the skipper for some hints on Victory gardening was told he needed no hints—what with those goats in his garage? . . . that Thomas Weeks is getting ready to quit being a bachelor—and claiming it's Klinger's coffee driving him to it? . . . that Ed Miller, another batch, likewise is thinking of going off the deep end? (seen wheeling a perambulator along 83rd Street, Brooklyn, and doesn't live anywhere near that street) . . . that Patrolman Rose in Manhattan is better known as "Erie Basin Roose" . . . that Eddie Shields is becoming known as The Ghost's helper—which is not denied? . . . and that Frank Radtke has a friend who has a butcher shop—if you get what we mean?

Incidentally, as long as Keuling wasn't at the breakfast, whom now are youse guys going to accuse of being The Ghost?

In answer to Motorcycle Precinct 2, in re: "What would we do at this command with all these bells?" This place is full of gong gongs—and not all of them bells, either!

So long, fellers, and remember—it's all in fun!

**Motorcycle Precinct 2**

Ptl. Jolt Ingalong

In Veterans Hospital, Ward 9-D, at this writing is confined our genial and amiable P.B.A. delegate, Jim Olliffe, recuperating from an operation. We do hope that by the time this reaches you he will have completely recovered. During his convalescence at the Training Field, Miami Beach, Sergeant Joe (Balbo) Perello sends his greetings . . . What two guys told a "white lie" when Captain George asked who had the coffee that had such a "swell aroma"? Don't they know even a quarter pound of undeclared "Jamook" can be classified as hoarding? . . . We welcome into the squad Patrolmen Joe Dupcak, Frank Wolek and Bill Porter. Glad to have you aboard, mates! . . . Also happy to have a fresh in the squad Sergeant Newman, once known to our squad as "Lex John" . . . Now that Chester Fream has dispaired of ever hearing his motorcycle hit "on all both cylinders" again, he says he is going to ask to be taken off the Parkway Squad and assigned to a "Zoot" post steady. We'll believe it when we see it . . . Anyway, we'll have "a few" words from Jack Stevens, who recently made a deposit on a nice little place in the country and is all set to cooperate with the Government by raising chickens.

Too bad some people don't learn to mind their own business. Henry Moller was painting the air raid signal sign—and making a good job of it, too—when someone (?) passed by and mumbled "Just another paperhanger." . . . Jack Feeney (making up the Fuel Oil Report for the year): "Gee! look how much oil we saved last year!" Following which crack Harry Casazza and Johnny Conklin reply in chorus: "Yeah, that's why we're gonna advertise 10 degrees warmer outside—spend your winters here!" . . . John Capper thought someone was trying to kid him when he read the orders giving instructions on the proper way to shut down the boilers. "Shut down what boilers?" spluttered John . . . Motorcycle 2 is now represented on all battle fronts, with Captain Tom Abbey piloting a Flying Fortress, Chief Torpedoman Harold Taylor on duty with a new Flat-top, good old Barney Dolan showing how the 1st Division did it the last time and last but not least Bill Robertson also in the thick of things. We regret to inform you we have just learned that three more swell guys put in their paper last month, Bill McCarron, Harold Bradley and Bill Fitzgerald . . . Our sincere sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman John Sasek, a fine fellow, a good friend and splendid officer . . . Also to Johnny Zoll in the death of his mother, and to Eddie McVor in the passing of his father, former Captain McVor of the 123rd Precinct. May their souls rest in peace.

It is with extreme reluctance that we offer you a last look at Lieutenant (Gentlemen Bill) Henry in uniform and who, after 30 years of faithful service, in all probability will be retired by the time you read this. Yes, whoever nicknamed him "Gentlemen Bill" hit it right on the head. So, sorrowfully we say, so long, Bill, and may God grant you and Mrs. Henry health and happiness in the years to come.

**Midtown Squad**

Ptl. Hal Graves

Looks like a lot of space has gone to waste here since our old key-hole peeper, Al Malm, was taken ill. The whole squad joins in wishing Whitey a speedy return to good health. In the meantime, we're going to fill in. No rationing on suggestions, lads, and remember—the more you give, the more you'll read.

Jim Calahane is the latest to wear those inverted V-shaped bars of Nicholson blue (sergeant's stripes to you guys). Yes, looks like Jimmy is following in the steps of his renowned uncle, Connie Calahane, a former deputy chief inspector in this job and now head of the tunnel police . . . That makes two from the M.T.S. at Elizabeth Street now—Chris Hagenlocher went there in December, remember? Best of luck, fellers! . . . Same goes for Pat O'Neill, Tim Mitchell and Vinnie Maroney who are also drawing that extra something—500 smasheroos—as a result of the December promotions . . . Five away and lots more where they came from.

The it cannot be told here, the story behind Ed Lanigan's new Popsodent smile is good. Intends borrowing, when the perfume's gone—and for obvious reasons—Gus Brown's bath-tub. The latter, incidentally, expects to install plumbing in his new Flatbush place—so clothes the war ends.

Coffey, from his Florida trip brought back a tan—and Marlo Gancl, which is more than we can say for Jimmy Flaherty, who came back from vacation looking like he needed another. Can't imagine why . . . March was Blessed Event month here with Ole Olsen putting the slicer on those wise guys who liked to kid him by actually becoming a proud papa—by yumpin' yimminy! . . . Ditto "Bird Legs" Horne—his first addition to the family . . . Harold Manny, already grinning from heir to heir (ouch!) had a third—a son an 8½ pound boy . . . Abner Blumenfeld, ye olde foot doctor, and Mike Keohane compile the list . . . All concerned doing well, thank you.

Delegate Al Eckhardt wants to thank the boys for their co-operation at the St. Louis Alumni reunion breakfast . . . Good representation from "Brother" Ed Piskule's brood also helped on April 11 to make the Holy Name breakfast a success, and at which the hungriest guy of all was Johnny Duffy, who was coned into sitting between "Big Boy" Stuve and "Stoney" Walsh—with the result the closest Duff got to food was when Bill Miller saw him playing the "Fordham Ram" . . . Each society boasted the other's affair—a nice gesture. It also killed the rumors that Piskule was secretly plotting to convert the whole squad.

Congratulations to Lieutenant Jack Travers on hitting the Captain's list! We all knew the captain-to-be when he was a sergeant here with Mid-Town . . . Speaking of alumni, Patrolman Johnny
Cox was spotted several times on the avenue in his bright navy uniform... Ducky Robinson likewise.

Charlie Haberstroh, "Between the Acts" man, who joined the Coast Guard on the sixteenth, promises to keep in touch with us. His only regret—he can't stay around long enough to prove his point on the five card lay... The bootblacks can breathe easier now—but we'll all miss Haberstroh. A good guy—and a good cop.

Have you noticed how much better Freddie Lewis looks with his gasmask on? Freddie, by the way, may be impeached by the Thin Man's Union, of which he is first vice-president. Seems the Beef Trust (Fegan, Parchen and Ordag) used Bill Schwankerwan, president of the Union, for an Indian club the other A.M. and Freddie refused to go to the aid of his chief, claiming he didn't want to get started for fear of tearing off Fegan's arm. The Thin Man's rank and file membership, from Subway Sam to Carl Lambert, has turned thumbs down, the deciding vote being withheld until Eddie Donohue completely recovers from his accident. Seems Man Mountain forgot to put sandbags under his coat one windy day and a March breeze swept him half-way down Madison Avenue, spraining his ankle. In the meanwhile, it looks like the black-bottle for Freddie.

Condolences to the members who have suffered the loss of dear ones in the past few months... Good luck to Stan (Night-stick) McGough and Al Kahn, temporarily assigned to the 18th Division and Manhattan West Headquarters, respectively... Also to Walter Phean in Traffic C and Paul Bova who left us for the 44th Precinct... The welcome mat comes out for our new recruits: Walsh, Stuve, Goodale, Cottell, Patterson, Graves and McGuire.

Just wondering: Why they're calling Tony Doyle "butter-fingers"?... If Lynch ever found his arm-band?... Why the I. R. T. doesn't charge Dick Raisfeld extra for sleeping accommodations?... What cruller factory sells Quinn his uniform caps?... How Captain Jim Culley is making out in his North African campaign?... What time the boys got home from that American Legion racket?... If anyone has read this far?

EMERGENCY SERVICE SQUAD 10

The $64 Question: With Chief Frank Barry and Sonny Tom Connors bedecked gaily here in sailor toppieces bearing the insignia H.M.S., where when the picture was taken could His Majesty's two sailors have been?

Would the world-famous photographer, G. Washington Bard, know?

EMERGENCY SERVICE SQUAD 20  
Pt. Charles J. Mohler

This squad will miss the services of Sergeant Peter E. Terranova, who last month enlisted in the U. S. Navy as a Boat-swain's Mate 2nd Class, and to whom at a farewell send-off, held in Rockaway on April 15 last, we wished Godspeed and a safe return. Present with "Pete" was his father (who looks more like a brother), his two brothers and several members of the Navy.... His loss to the Department will be the Navy's gain, because "Pete" always has shown himself to be a capable leader, worthy of any assignment likely to devolve upon him as a member of the armed services.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE  
PtL D. E. Molition

Facts You Should Know:

Over 170,000 people of this city are enrolled in the Air Warden Service. These New Yorkers are working side by side with New York's "Finest." Trained and organized, they are ready to serve this city in the event of an emergency.

Over 9,000 volunteers of the Air Warden Service have entered the Armed Forces of the United States. An honorable discharge certificate from the Air Warden Service is issued to those members who, prior to their entrance into Uncle Sam's Army, gave faithful service to this city.

Members of the Light Duty Rescue Squads of the Air Warden Service are being trained at Police Emergency Service Squad headquarters throughout the city. The course extends for seven weeks, and is given in addition to the basic Warden training.

The building Defense Corps of the Air Warden Service has enrolled over 36,000 building units in its program. PtL Dillon of the 81st Precinct has some batting average... 100% enrollment of Building Defense Directors in his precinct. PtL Moulder of the 104th Precinct is also in line for honors... he has enrolled 1,705 Building Defense Directors.

Those Tank Pumps Again:

Senior Post Warden Thomas McAndrews of the 122nd Precinct reports that on March 25, at 11:30 A.M., six bungalows were saved from fire out at Midland Beach by the use of the recently distributed tank pumps.

On April 5, out in Ozone Park, a three-alarm fire occurred in an old monument works. Sparks and flying embers jeopardized the surrounding area, consisting of small dwellings. Sector Commander William Collins, assisted by several wardens, went into action and the new tank pumps were instrumental in extinguishing approximately twenty-two small fires, thereby preventing much property loss.

Notes from the 20th Precinct:

Welcome to Captain August Flath, honor man of the Captains' list! He is making a hit with both the Police and the civilians in the Air Warden Service... Our thanks to Elizabeth Martin, now residing in Washington, D.C. With 1,700 hours of volunteer service, Boss certainly deserves a vacation, and we are looking forward to her return.

42nd Precinct:

Acting Lieutenant Symmers, 42nd Precinct, reports a V-mail letter from Mr. Charles Milling, of the Air Warden Service, who is in the Middle East on business. Warden Milling sends his regards to the Wardens of the 42nd, and hopes to be back with them soon.

77th Precinct:

Dante "Jimmy Walker" Cantarella blew in one morning wearing a tie that was bluer than Bing Crosby's "Blue of the Night"... When it comes to well-dressed and handsome officers, Acting Lieutenant Lee can take his place with Victor Mature—just another grand hunk of man... Vinny Hession has taken a well-earned vacation in the Swiss Alps of Forest Park. The Air Warden Service takes its toll of these kids' energy. Bernie Klein is so active with the Building Defense Services that he plans to build his own house right after the war, depending on all the experience he has acquired from the various superintendents... Richardson is about the busiest kid around the 77th Precinct. When he comes tearing up and down the stairs, he makes Rommel look like he is standing still. I hope his health holds out until after this war, so we can once again see his smiling face peering out of the side window of R.M.P. 885... Haines, who is filling in for Hession, wasn't loud enough.
around the house—he had to join the Drum and Bugle Corps! Instead of beating time, he is now beating the drum... But, all in all, the Air Warden Service functions so smoothly in the 77th Precinct that Lieutenant Lee feels proud of his little family—as do we of his good organization and skillful directing in these trying times. If raids must come, the Air Warden Service of the 77th Precinct is ready.

**MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION**

Patrolman Bill Bell is all smiles again. The reasons: (1) Spring is here, and (2) he now can resume acquaintance with his old friends the squirrels, those residing and doing business in Central Park mostly.

With three (3) telephones on his desk, Act. Lieutenant Tom Mooney can qualify not only as one of the busiest men in the Department, but as a genius, to boot. He's seriously thinking, we're told, of making application for a broom which can be attached to his pants-seat—so that he can sweep the floor as he hurries from one phone to another!

Aside to Sergeant McWeeny (S.S. 4)

(Who hasn't been the same since his very-dependable mechanic, Alfonzo Malangone, left for war work): We now exactly how you feel, but perk-up, Joe, after all, the war can't last forever! "Tanglefoot" will be back—and once more you'll be singing "Happy Days Are Here Again!"

One for Ripley: What patrolman is (1) assigned to the 17th Precinct, (2) works for Motorcycle Transport, and (3) is detailed (apparently) to the Motorcycle District? (He's a citizen of Parkchester, incidentally, and is the first one in every morning.) Would Dave O'Sullivan know?

Contrary to expectations, our newest acquisition to the ranks of Motor Transport, Patrolman Joseph Farrara, did not come up to us from the Minor Leagues—instead he came down to us—from the 7th floor, and has already shown rare form in filling the vacancy caused by the untimely death of John Sasek last month, and in whose footsteps Joe would do well to follow—particularly as regards the purchase of a steel helmet which can be worn under the hat! You see, with all the "friends" he'll make by "calling people up" and then "calling them down," he'll never know when somebody will decide his hair would look better parted in the middle—with the aid of a lead pipe—if you get what we mean.

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**Public Notice:** Any woman (knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, bow-legged, stout or thin) residing along Mulberry Street and whose baby carriage is in need of repair should contact Patrolman Raymond, mph without delay. "Tiny," the Division's expert on such matters, will gladly render this free service—just to spread good cheer in the neighborhood and keep the babies (young and old) happy!

Question of the Month: What self-appointed foreman at 205 Mulberry Street is very good at issuing orders? For further details consult George Kneriern or "yes-man" Matt Cowan? (Editor's Note: Hey, Bill, just because you're a big guy is no reason for taking advantage of your under-sized fellow-workers!)

The Sweet Young Thing had never before seen an elephant if we are to believe Civilian Cloak Cohen. Therefore when she looked out in her garden one day and saw one there she became quite excited. Hurriedly calling the police she exclaimed: "Oh! officer, hurry out here. There is a terrible looking monster out in my garden; he's pulling up all of the vegetables with his tail." "And what's he doing with them, Madam?" asked the officer. "Oh! officer, you wouldn't believe me if I told you!"

**SERVICE STATION 4**

John J. Mech Aniek

Which: of the mechanics at Service Station 4 can reline 4 wheel brakes in an hour (so he says)? ... is known as Upside Down Bill? ... buys his shoes in the boys' department? ... is all dressed up with a new tool box? ... regularly has his "Cous" Asaph Simmsz on his lip decoration? ... chases the boys away with his Limburger sandwiches? ... is an expert in rolling those ropes around in his mouth (one lasts a week)?

Now that Hoffman has that new contraption for draining crankcase oil he is going to wear white overalls ... Phil Miller has his hands full with the Gold Dust twins ... S.S. 4 is now in safe hands—we have amongst us an air raid warden with a motorcycle ... What sergeant has the boys drooling at the mouth as he lunches daintily on pork chops? ... Now that the mechanics have a copy of the R & R and M of P Smitty is burning the midnight oil—hoping the Junior Police will be reestablished (thinks he might be a captain)?

Famous Sayings: Smitty: "When I wuz workin' on that motor boat engine!" ... Biscotti: "That's O.K. Good enough! It's easy!" ... Iden: "What do you think, Sarge? O.K., Sarge! That's the best, Sarge!" ... Cane: "It's gotta be done right!" ... Gressler: "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, that clerical wok is killing me!" ... Royal: "When I wuz over in Central Repair!" ... Woytek: "When those sawbones git yer, yer got!" ... Hardek: "Yowsa, that's right—that's right. No, I don't know!"

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**Official Directory City of New York**

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TEPHEN G. KELLEY, Supervisor of The City Record, announces that the 1943 OFFICIAL DIRECTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK ("The Little Green Book") is out this month. The price is 50 cents a copy to cover the cost (5 cents extra by mail).

The first copy to roll off the press was purchased as usual, by New York's foremost expert on Municipal government, Mayor LaGuardia.

There is NO FREE LIST, and the book must pay its own way.

This Municipal best seller, attired in its attractive green velour cover stamped with gold, is vest pocket size and carries a world of civic facts and governmental information within its 624 pages, which is 24 pages more than last year's issue. This is the only book which carries a complete telephone directory of all local Federal, State and New York City Governmental Agencies located in all of the City's five boroughs.

This civic bible contains a separate Index of the 6192 names of Key Federal, State and New York City officials of which 1447 are new; 1107 of those who were in last year's listing are among the missing this year; also there are 590 names of officials who have changed their titles, positions, etc., since their names appeared in the 1942 edition.

Armed with this Municipal "encyclopedia" one can readily give the answers to the multifarious queries which daily beset those who are concerned with the intricate Federal, State and City governmental structures.

Copies of the OFFICIAL DIRECTORY may be purchased only at the office of STEPHEN G. KELLEY, SUPERVISOR OF THE CITY RECORD, ROOM 2213 MUNICIPAL BUILDING, MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY.
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR EXTORTION AND BAIL JUMPING

BENJAMIN EDELSTEIN
DESCRIPTION—Age 34 years; height 5 feet, 10 inches; weight 200 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; dark complexion; stocky build; a truckman. Residence, 272 Monroe Street, New York City.

WANTED FOR MURDER

JOSEPH FREZZA
Aliases JOSEPH GIGLIO, JOSEPH PARADISI, JOSEPH JIANAZZI and DICERROO.
DESCRIPTION—Age 37 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 150 pounds; brown eyes; dark brown hair; dark complexion; walks slightly stooped.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION—Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

WANTED FOR MURDER

RALPH MACEROLI,
Alias "THE APE."
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives' Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE CANAL 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Sgt. Harold Coogan ........................................ 34 Pet. ........................................ Apr. 9, 1943
Sgt. Louis J. Campomenosi ................................ 122 Pet. ........................................ Apr. 27, 1943
Ptl. Edward J. Murphy .................................... 11 Pet. ........................................ Apr. 18, 1943

Ret. Lt. Henry Treiling ................................... 74 Pet. ........................................ Apr. 18, 1943
Ret. Sgt. Frank Greppner .................................. Old 9 Pet. ...................................... Apr. 2, 1943
Ret. Sgt. John J. McIntyre ................................ 3 Pet. ......................................... May 6, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Patrick Cotter .................................... Old 46 Pet. ..................................... Apr. 9, 1943
"AT YOUR SERVICE"

Volume 14       JUNE, 1943       No. 4

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF—BY—FOR

NEW YORK’S "FINEST"

LEWIS J. VALENTINE
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

LOUIS F. COSTUMA
FIRST DEPUTY COMMISSIONER

JOHN J. O'CONNELL
CHIEF INSPECTOR

JAMES A. DE MILT, Managing Editor

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Address all communications to SPRING 3100, 400 Broome Street, New York City.
Certificate of Appreciation

to

Police Department of New York City

for outstanding cooperation with the
American Red Cross Blood Donor Service

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

Earle Booth

CHAPIER CHAIRMAN

Blood Donor Service

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Blood Donor Service
2 EAST 37TH STREET

May 22, 1943

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

The Blood Donor Service of the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross
takes pleasure in sending you, under separate cover, a Certificate of Appreciation for
the outstanding co-operation given the Blood Donor Service by the Police Department
of the City of New York.

We wish to express at this time, our gratitude to the Policemen who have been
reporting to the Center to donate their blood for the Army and Navy of the United
States during the past ten months.

The assistance rendered to this most important work has been notable and we feel
sure of your continued co-operation.

Sincerely,

EARLE BOOTHE

Director, Blood Donor Service
Yes . . . SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

SOMEWHERE IN NO. AFRICA
1052 M.P. Co., APO 528
c/o Postmaster, N. Y.

May 10, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Another wanderer in North Africa expresses his appreciation for his monthly copy of SPRING 3100. It is always good to have a pleasant reminder of home and particularly of the boys with whom you worked. The gossip columns on the back pages tell you more of precinct doings than the letters from the back room.

The men in my company enjoy reading the magazine as much as I do. Each month we add another copy to our company library.

SERGEANT KEVIN J. O'LEARY,
Patrolman, 61st Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC
Headquarters Squadron, Marine Air Group II
c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

April 22, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
My sincere thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending along SPRING 3100, always a happy reminder of the great Department and the great gang with whom, up to a year and a half ago when I joined up with Uncle Sam, I had the honor to serve.

My regards to the boys at the 23rd Precinct.

2nd Lt. LOUIS G. SHANES,
Patrolman, 23rd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
1204th M.P. Co. (Avn.)
APO 433, c/o Postmaster,
Miami, Florida

May 12, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Many thanks for sending me SPRING 3100 which during the past sixteen months has been a pleasant link with past associations.

The magazine has followed me to five different posts in the U. S., and now I hope it will follow me outside of the United States.

Kindest regards to all.

2nd Lt. ADOLPH FRIEDEL,
Patrolman, 84th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

May 17, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Have been receiving SPRING 3100 regularly despite several changes of forwarding address. It's a real thrill, believe me, to be able thus to keep in touch with the Department.

Thanks sincerely for your very kind consideration. Regards to all.

THOMAS F. KEARNS, C.B.M.
Detective, 10th D.D.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
397 Bomb Sq., 6 A.A.F.
APO 838, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

May 31, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
The April issue of SPRING 3100 has just reached me, for which my sincere thanks. I have been out of the States for quite a while and I can assure you that news of the Police Department is more than welcome. The boys in my squadron, too, enjoy reading SPRING 3100.

Again, thanks.

LIEUTENANT F. M. O'CONNOR,
Patrolman, 106 Precinct.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1943

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SERVING WITH UNCLE SAM

AS OF JUNE 9, 1943

Uniformed Force .................................. 582
Civilian Force .................................. 38
Total ........................................ 670
IMPRESSIVE as always was the annual memorial service for members of the Police Department who were killed during World War I or who died in performance of duty, held Saturday, May 22, in the rotunda of Police Headquarters.

In accordance with established custom, the marble and bronze plaques in the lobby of the building were decorated with wreaths. Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, the several deputy commissioners and other ranking officials of the Department were included among the more than 300 persons in attendance. Also present were the officers of the Police Department Honor Legion and uniformed members of the four police American Legion posts and the police post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and families of those who gave their all in the service to which they were sworn.

The names of the twenty-three members of the Honor Legion who died during the past year and whose memories were honored at the service follow:

John H. Ayres                  Peter W. Kelley
George E. Bacher               Louis G. Kreutzer
William E. Barrett             James F. Larkin
Morris D. Coffey               William Lowig
John P. Day                    James F. McCoy
*Angelo DiMuro                  Daniel J. McIsaac
Thomas P. Fitzgerald           *Joseph A. Miccio
James L. Fitzpatrick           William Mussmecher
Charles W. Fuchs               William G. Neumann
Albert M. Hebrank              *Pasquale J. Venturelli
*Christopher Hughes            Cornelius W. Willems
                                Ernest P. A. Hunt

* Killed in the performance of duty.

The ceremony, following the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the Honor Legion Boys Band, William Shine, directing, was opened with an invocation by Department Chaplain Joseph A. McCaffrey.

Patrolman David Salter, president of the Honor Legion, who served as master of ceremonies, delivered a formal tribute to the Department's heroic dead.

"They did not with the roll of drums in their ears, but for the protection of life and property," President Salter said.

Commissioner Valentine in the course of his remarks called attention to the plaques on which "imperishably inscribed in bronze" are the names of the 178 members of the Police Department who were Faithful unto Death "here on the sidewalks of New York," beginning with Patrolman James B. Cahill, in the year 1854, as well as the names of the 1,250 members who served their country in World War I, more than 1,000 of whom saw action overseas and including the 18 who were left behind—"buried on the field of honor—who made the Supreme Sacrifice that Democracy might live."

Reminding his listeners that today we are engaged in another war, "the most terrible war that we have ever had," the Commissioner disclosed that as of that date 556 members of the uniformed force and 87 civilian employees of the Department have been granted military leave and are serving today as members of Uncle Sam's forces in practically every part of the world.

Commissioner Presents Captain Crosson

The Commissioner at this point called to his side Captain Gerald J. Crosson, the handsome young Army officer who was appointed a patrolman a little more
Program

1. "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER"—Keye
   Honor Legion Boys Band
   William Shine, Director
2. INVOCATION
   Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. McCaffrey
   Chaplain, Police Department
3. "SHOW BOY"
   — Honor Legion Boys Band
4. ADDRESS
   Comrade David Salter
   President, Honor Legion
5. "LEAD KINDLY LIGHT"
   — Cardinal John Newman
   Police Department Glee Club
6. ROLL CALL OF DECEASED COMRADES
   Comrade Charles Mannkopf
   Ritualist, Honor Legion
7. ADDRESS
   Hon. Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner
8. "NATIONAL EMBLEM" March
   Honor Legion Boys Band
9. ADDRESS
   Hon. Newbold Morris, President City Council
10. "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS"
    — Rev. Frederick Faber
    Police Department Glee Club
11. "SALUTATION"
    Honor Legion Boys Band
12. BENEEDICTION
    Rev. A. Hamilton Nesbitt
    Chaplain, Police Department
TAPS—Edward Trinka, Honor Legion Boys Band
ECHO—Daniel Crosby, Honor Legion Boys Band

than five years ago, on March 26, 1938, and given leave of absence three years later to serve the nation in this the greatest world conflagration of all times. A licensed transport pilot, Crosson since April 16, 1938, was assigned to the Aviation Bureau.

"He typifies every member of our Department," the Commissioner with a ring in his voice declared.

"He has brought credit not only to himself and to his family—to the City of New York and to the Police Department—but to the Federal government and the United States Army as well."

The Commissioner related briefly the story of Crosson’s gallant rescue in the South Pacific of his copilot who, mortally wounded and with one of his legs blown off, at imminent personal risk was dragged from the stricken plane by Crosson a moment or two before the bomb load—six 500 lb. bombs—with a tremendous roar exploded, blasting to bits the plane and everything near it.

"I present this man as one who personifies the members of our Department," the Commissioner said in conclusion. "It is a great pleasure—and privilege—to introduce to you Captain Gerald J. Crosson of the United States Army Air Corps, a patrolman in our Department."

The response of Captain Crosson, who is a son of retired Patrolman Charles S. Crosson, formerly of the 123rd Precinct, was brief.

"I am really honored," the Police Department’s outstanding war hero— annihilator of 12 Jap planes in aerial combat and winner of six decorations—said in reply, "and all I want to say is that whether we give our lives on the field of battle or on the sidewalks of New York, it is still the supreme sacrifice."

Mayor LaGuardia, listed as the principal speaker for the occasion was unable because of an important public meeting at City Hall to attend. Councilmanic President Newbold Morris, who represented the Mayor, citing the sacrifices made by police officers in the performance of duty, said that in normal times the ordinary citizen is not concerned with heroism.

"Day-to-day business cares and their own minor problems occupy their attention," the speaker declared.

"But it is not so with police officers. They are risking their lives every day. That is why the Honor Legion was organized and that is why we are here today—to pay tribute to that kind of unselfishness which is an example to the rest of us—year in and year out—in peace and in times of war."

"We know that American tradition and democratic government will always be secure while that spirit prevails."

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CITY OF NEW YORK
Office of The Mayor

May 27, 1943.

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

I should like to express my thanks to you and to the men of your Department for the splendid work they did in connection with the I AM AN AMERICAN DAY celebration on Sunday, May 16

The orderliness of the spectacle was a tribute to New York’s "Finest."

Sincerely yours,

F. H. LA GUARDIA,
Mayor
History of the City of New York

Some Interesting Facts, Figures and Dates Compiled for You by
The OFFICIAL DIRECTORY of the CITY of NEW YORK
Prepared Under the Direction of
THE CITY RECORD
WILLIAM VIERTEL, Editor

MANHATTAN ISLAND, the present borough of Manhattan of the City of New York, was discovered by Henry Hudson September 11, 1609; he had sailed from Holland seeking a short route to India. In 1613 the first habitations for white men were built by Adrian Block, where 41 Broadway now stands, and in 1614 he built the first ship, the Restless, of 18 tons. On May 6, 1626, Peter Minuit, appointed Director-General of New Netherlands, purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for trinkets valued at about $24, and the town with a population of less than 200 was named New Amsterdam.

In 1633, the first wooden church was erected at 39 Pearl Street. By 1635 Fort Amsterdam was built on the site of the Custom House. In 1642 the first tavern, or public meeting place, was built on the site of 73 Pearl Street, which in 1653 became the City Hall. In 1655 a "waal" was built along what is now Wall Street, as a protection against attack; this "waal" was extended along Rector Street in 1673, and in 1699 was removed. The first fire wardens were appointed on June 23, 1648, "to inspect the chimneys between the Fort and the Fresh Water Pond."

On February 2, 1653, New Amsterdam, with a population of about 800, was incorporated as a City. In 1657 the first street was paved, at what is now Stone Street, between Broad and Whitehall Streets. On March 12, 1664, King Charles II of England granted all the Dutch land in America covering what is now New York, New Jersey and part of Connecticut, to his brother James, Duke of York. The English captured the City on September 8 of the same year and named it New York after the Duke of York.

In June, 1665, Thomas Willett, of Plymouth, was appointed the first Mayor. On August 9, 1673, the City was recaptured by the Dutch who named it New Orange, after the Prince of Orange, and Johannes DePeyster was made Burgomaster (or Mayor). On November 10, 1674, New Netherland, including the City of New Orange, was ceded to England, and the Province and the City renamed New York, and the other districts were given their English names; William Dervall became Mayor. On December 8, 1683, the City was first divided into wards (six), each with one Alderman.

April 27, 1686, the first charter (Dongan Charter) was granted by James II. On April 12, 1693, the first printing press was set up by William Bradford, who on October 16, 1725, founded the first newspaper in New York. In 1709 a new City Hall was completed at Broad and Wall Streets; this became "New Federal Hall" on April 14, 1788, and there on the balcony, April 30, 1789, General Washington took the oath of office as the first President of the United States.

On January 15, 1730, the City received a new charter (Montgomery Charter). In 1754 the first city library was founded. In 1756 a stage route was started between New York and Philadelphia taking "three days through only." In 1762 the streets were first lighted at public expense. On January 18, 1770, what is often ranked as the first conflict of the American Revolution took place near John and William Streets after English soldiers destroyed the liberty pole which had been set up at what is now the south end of City Hall Park.

On July 9, 1776, in the presence of General Washington, the Declaration of Independence was read to the American troops quartered in New York, near the site now occupied by the City Hall. That same day the gilded leaden equestrian statue of George III was hauled down by the "Sons of Liberty." Later in the year the first water-works to supply the City through wooden pipes were placed under construction. On September 14, 1776, the English captured the City and it was not until November 25, 1783 (Evacuation Day), that the city below Fourteenth Street was again under the control of the Americans. On September 22, 1776, Captain Nathan Hale was executed as a spy by the British in "Artillery Park," about 45th Street and First Avenue.
The final step in the establishment of the first American City Government of The City of New York was completed on February 5, 1784, when George Clinton, Governor of the State of New York, appointed James Duane as the first Mayor of The City of New York under the new regime. The first meeting of the Common Council, as completely organized, was held five days later.

In 1790 the City extended from the Battery to the lower end of City Hall Park, and its population was 33,131. New York was the capital of the Nation from 1785 to 1790, and the capital of the State until 1797.

On August 11, 1807, the Clermont, Robert Fulton's first steamboat, left New York for Albany on its maiden trip, going the 150 miles in 32 hours. On September 30, 1803, the cornerstone of the present City Hall was laid; it was completed in 1812. On April 12, 1819, the Savannah, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic, set out from New York. On May 9, 1825, gas was first supplied to the City.

In 1830 a stage line opened between Bowling Green and Bleecker Street. In 1832 the first horse railroad in the world started on Fourth Avenue. On November 26 of that year the first street car made its initial trip between Prince and 14th Streets. In 1844 the first uniformed police force was organized. In 1846 the first telegraph line, between New York and Philadelphia, was opened. On August 5, 1858 the first message by Atlantic cable was received in New York. From July 13 to 16, 1863, the Draft Riots occurred.

On May 2, 1865, the first paid Fire Department was organized. July 2, 1867, a single track elevated railroad operated by a cable, began running from Battery Place to 13th Street. On January 1, 1874, Morrisania, West Farms and Kingsbridge were annexed to the City. May 24, 1883, the first bridge to span the East River (Brooklyn Bridge) was opened. On October 24, 1886, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was unveiled. In 1895, Westchester, East Chester, Pelham and Wakefield were annexed, and on January 1, 1898, the City of Brooklyn, all of Staten Island, and what is now Queens County, became part of the City.

On March 24, 1900, the first excavation was made in front of the City Hall for the earliest subway; it began operation October 27, 1904. On December 19, 1903, Williamsburg Bridge was opened. February 23, 1907, the first shaft was begun for the Catskill Water Works; Bronx received its first supply December 27, 1915. Manhattan on November 29, 1916. Brooklyn and Queens on January 22, 1917, and Richmond on January 27, 1917.

In 1908 the Hudson River tunnels were opened to Jersey City. On March 30, 1909, the first cantilever bridge (Queensboro) was opened, and on December 31 of that year Manhattan Bridge was completed, making four great bridges across the East River. On May 1, 1915, the City adopted a new official flag. On April 6, 1917, the President of the United States approved the joint resolution of Congress declaring a state of war to exist between the United States and Germany.

On November 7, 1918, the most spectacular scene of spontaneous rejoicing in the City's history occurred upon receipt of the report (which later proved false) that Germany had signed an armistice suspending hostilities in the great World War; the armistice was actually signed on November 11, 1918. The war was officially ended on July 2, 1921, when the President signed the joint peace resolution of Congress.

On October 12, 1920, ground was broken for the first contract for the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River, connecting New York City at Canal St., Manhattan, and Jersey City; the Tunnel was officially opened on November 12, 1927. On October 25, 1924, the cornerstone of the City's first Municipal Terminal Market was laid (located in the Bronx); it was officially opened June 4, 1929.

On January 7, 1927, the first trans-Atlantic radio telephone system was opened between New York and London. On May 29-31, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh made his heroic contribution to the science of aviation by the first successful solitary flight from New York to Paris, completing the trip in 33 hours and 29 minutes. On September 21, 1927, formal ground-breaking ceremonies were held for the construction of the George Washington Bridge, the first to span the Hudson between New York City and New Jersey; it was officially opened October 25, 1931.

On May 24, 1929, ground was broken for the construction of New York's first elevated express highway, running along the Hudson River waterfront from Canal to 72d Sts. (the legislature in 1935 authorized the extension of the highway from Canal St. to the Battery); the first section, from Canal to 22d Sts., was officially opened November 13, 1930; the second section, from 59th to 72d Sts., was opened March 9, 1932; the third section, from 22d to 38th Sts., was opened January 5, 1933; the fourth section, from 38th to 48th Sts., was opened August 30, 1934; the fifth section, from 48th to 59th Sts., completing the highway from Canal to 72d Sts., was opened February 9, 1937; the West Side Improvement, connecting this elevated express highway with the Hudson River Parkway was opened Oct. 12, 1937; the first link extending the highway toward the Battery (from Canal to Duane Sts.) was opened Feb. 4, 1939.

Floyd Bennett Field, the first Municipal airport in New York City, was opened May 28, 1931. On March 4, 1933, the Governor issued a proclamation declaring a banking holiday from March 4 to 6; on March 6, the President of the United States extended the holiday, closing all banks in the country till March 9. Construction was begun May 18, 1934, on the Lincoln Tunnel, connecting New York City at W. 38th St., Manhattan,
and Weehawken, N. J.; the south tube of this Tunnel was opened on Dec. 22, 1937. On Aug. 28, 1935, ground was broken for the first link of the East River Drive to run along the East River waterfront from the Battery to 125th St.; the first link of this Drive, from Grand St. to 12th St., was opened June 12, 1937; the final link, from 34th to 49th Sts., was opened May 25, 1942.

The Triborough Bridge, linking Manhattan, Bronx and Queens, was opened July 11, 1936. On October 2, 1936, construction was started on the Queens Mid-Town Tunnel; it was opened Nov. 15, 1940. The first shaft for the Delaware River Water Supply project was begun March 24, 1937. On April 29, 1939, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge was opened. The North Beach Airport (LaGuardia Field) was dedicated and opened Oct. 15, 1939. Construction of the Battery-Brooklyn Tunnel was begun on Oct. 28, 1940.

On December 8, 1941, the President of the United States recommended to Congress that it declare a state of war existed between the United States and Japan since the sudden, deliberate and unprovoked attack on Dec. 7, 1941 by the naval and air forces of Japan. On December 11, 1941, Germany and Italy declared war against the United States.

Today (1943) the area of the City is about 321 square miles and its estimated population as of July 1, 1943, is 7,625,000. Its waterfront is 578 miles, and there are 5,702 miles of streets laid out. The

Assessed Valuation of Taxable Real Estate for the fiscal year 1942-1943, including special franchises, is $16,122,974,455. The City's parks, exclusive of parkways and playgrounds, cover an area of 18,232 acres.

The tax levy budget for the fiscal year 1942-1943 amounted to $634,187,367.53. The sum of $137,434,-918.01 was provided by the City for the Board of Education, in addition to $48,083,006.90 estimated as receivable from the State. For higher education the City appropriated $9,424,987.93 in addition to $148,365 estimated as receivable from the State. The sum of $62,200,786.14 was provided for the Police Department; $37,602,543.61 for the Fire Department and $73,311,-943.73 for the Sanitation, Health, Hospitals and Welfare Departments, in addition to $5,101,947.58 estimated as receivable from the State and Federal Governments.

The City's free education system comprises 825 day and evening school organizations, having a total registration of 985,575. The total number of employees required for the Board of Education during the fiscal year 1942-1943 is 38,808. The New York Fire Department consists of 11,586 officers and other employees and its Police Department of 19,825.

The total number of positions provided in the budget for the fiscal year 1942-1943 is 154,789, exclusive of those employed for temporary or emergency periods and of employees of the City-Owned Transportation Systems.

Retired from the Department:

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<th>Name</th>
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<td>Ptl. Michael Bohan</td>
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<td>Ptl. James P. J. Harrington</td>
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<td>Ptl. Henry J. Whitelaw</td>
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<td>Ptl. John W. Hillbert</td>
<td>Tr. K</td>
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<td>Ptl. John J. Cronin</td>
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<td>Ptl. Walter V. Patterson</td>
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79th Precinct Honors Members In Service

By ACT. LIEUTENANT JOHN T. McCARTHY

SINCE the ill-fated day which saw the nation plunged into war, following the treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor, ten members of the 79th Precinct, including the 79th Detective Squad and Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad, and 39 sons of members of these units have answered the country’s call. Spread over far-flung battlefields, these men and boys today are doing their bit, ready and willing to face what comes—the Supreme Sacrifice, if necessary—that our beloved country may survive; that the Democratic Institutions, bought and paid for so dearly by our Forefathers, may be preserved.

We, who are at home, have not forgotten. On Sunday, May 9, members of the above commands gathered at Tompkins Park, Brooklyn, and there, under the blue canopy of heaven, enhanced by a golden noon-day sun, presented to the 7-9 Club two service flags, honoring respectively the 10 brother officers and the 39 sons of members who are in service. The presentation was made by Captain John J. McGoe, commanding officer of the 79th Precinct, and accepted for the 7-9 Club by Patrolman John Shanahan, the president, following which the flags, carried by Patrolmen William Wilson and Theodore Hart, were escorted to the Church of St. John the Baptist for dedication.

The parade, five blocks long, 1,000 strong, headed by Patrolman John Reilly, grand marshal, and Patrolman Francis J. Gorman, chairman, covered the twenty-five block route from the point of presentation to the church, at Lewis and Willoughby Avenues, in fine style. Aides to the marshal were Patrolmen Richard Bacci, Gabriel Mosner, Max Lieberman and William Reilly. With the William E. Sheridan Police Post Sons of the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, headed by Drum Majorette Vivian Martin, showing the way, there followed, in the order named:

Color Bearers: for the Army—1st Lieutenant Harold Devine, Pfc. Edward J. Duncan, Jr.; for the Navy—Pharmacist's Mate Francis Gorman, Seaman William Wolfe; 79th Precinct and 79th Squad members, under command of Captain John J. McGoe, Act. Captain Ralph DeMartini and Lieutenant Harry Blims, respectively ... Motor Vehicle Homicide Squad, Lieutenant John S. Wallace in charge ... St. John’s School Band, led by Drum Majorette Frances Callahan ... Sheridan Police Post, Patrolman Amedeo Lombardi, commander ... Sgt. Harry G. Ragovin Post, J.WV, William Weinstein, commander ... Williamsburg Post, VFW, Irving Feldman, commander ... Boy Scout Troop No. 127 Drum and Bugle Corps, Scoutmaster Abrams in charge ... Wardens of Zone A, 79th Precinct AWS, Deputy Zone Commander William Sellers in charge ... Boy Scout Troop No. 167 Drum and Bugle Corps, Scoutmaster Abraham Sirlin in charge ... Wardens of Zone B, led by Deputy Zone Commanders Max Zimmerman and Murray Blumenfeld ... Messengers of the 79th Precinct AWS, led by Deputy Zone Commander Joseph Rudin ... Light Duty Rescue Squad, led by Lyon Hariton, Division Director, and J. Allyn Thomas, Squad Leader.

A view of the services.

The church arrangements, in charge of Precinct Training Director the Rev. Edward O’Brien of St. John’s University, assisted by Patrolmen James J. Ward and William Reilly, were conducted by the Rev. James M. Dolan, C.M., pastor of St. John’s, and consisted of singing of hymns by pupils of St. John’s School, a talk by Father Dolan, blessing of the service flags and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

At the termination of the services, the flags were escorted to the 79th Precinct station house where the roll-call of those in service was conducted by Lieutenant Joseph A. Mullin, following which a short talk delivered by Captain McGoey brought the ceremony to a close.

During the exercises at Tompkins Park Commander Lombardi of the Sheridan Police Post presented to Drum Majorette Vivian Martin, in recognition of her long and faithful service to the corps, a beautiful wristwatch; and to her mother, Mrs. Joseph Martin, for her splendid cooperation during the past two years, a corsage of roses.

Motion pictures of the proceedings were taken by Deputy Sector Commander William Whitman and Squad Leader Joseph Kovalski, of Sector B-14, and still shots, in color, were taken by Patrolman Edward J. Duncan. Loud speaking arrangements for the exercises were furnished by Joseph Coletti of the Light Duty Rescue Squad.

The day was beautiful. The turnout was wonderful. The services were both beautiful and wonderful. And to all who helped—our thanks!
AMERICA'S GREATEST WAR LOAN

By HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr.

Secretary of the Treasury

URING THE THREE WEEKS between April 12-May 1, the American people invested 18 BILLION, 500 MILLION DOLLARS in the future of their free country. This was the most tremendous financing task in the history of the world. I feel that the people should have the facts about this successful undertaking. It will make them proud—but more than that, it will give them a better understanding of the even greater tasks yet to be done in financing the most expensive war in history.

Before the war the Axis boasted that Democracy's armies would be weak and flabby. Now they know better. And now the people on the home fronts all over the world realize what kind of people they are fighting. They know that you and I and all of our neighbors are in this war to the finish. The fact that we sold 18 billion 500 million dollars in the Second War Loan is proof enough.

WHAT THIS PROVES

We exceeded by more than five billion the goal we set for ourselves. This is a measure of our enthusiasm and patriotism. The result proves many things. It proves that the American people stand solidly behind their Commander in Chief, that they recognize this as their war, and they are willing and eager to finance it.

It proves, also, that the American people are not going to sit back and wait for any forced savings plan in order to finance this most expensive war in all history. This, I might add, is vitally important to me. I believe in the American people; I believe that they will go to the very limit of their capacity if only they understand the urgency of the situation.

From reports that have come to me from all over the country, and as a result of what I saw and heard on a seven-thousand-mile trip from which I recently returned, I have come to some definite conclusions as to the reasons for our success. It seems to me that the explanation is found in the spirit of the American people and their deep-rooted determination to fight this war through to victory.

THE WAR SPIRIT SELLS BONDS

When the people really become aflame with the war spirit, all the other problems seem to solve themselves. Labor and management get together; production rises to an all-time high; and bond sales go up automatically. That checks with what all our figures tell us.

War spirit, labor-management relations, production, and bond sales all go hand in hand.

Military terms to describe this Second War Loan victory—and it is a victory—are only partly appropriate. There can be no comparison between the self-denial needed to finance the war adequately and the suffering and death which our fighting men must face.

Yet, there is a close relationship, a very definite similarity between the war on the home front and the war on the fighting front. Neither is won in a single engagement. On both fronts the war must go on through a succession of gains until the final and complete victory is won. We can speak of this success in the Second War Loan Drive only as a victory in a minor engagement. It is like the taking of a single fortified point while the main battlefield and the main forces of the enemy still lie ahead.

The real battle is still ahead of us. All that we learned in this Second War Loan Drive, all the enthusiasm that we gained, will be useful in the bigger job that we still have to do.

THERE IS NO EASY WAY

There is no automatic and easy process for winning battles on the home front any more than there is an automatic and easy process for winning battles in the field. The war must be won and the war must be financed by the voluntary, united effort of the whole American people.

You may be interested to know how the Second War Loan compares to drives that were held during the first World War. There were five War Bond drives between May 1917 and May 1919, and as a result a total of 21 billions was raised. These drives required 18 weeks of concentrated work.

In our 3-week Second War Loan we raised 18½ billions or 90% as much as in the five drives of World War I.

What success in financing means to our fighters is illustrated by a conversation I had recently with the Chief of Staff. General Marshall came over to the Treasury to have lunch with me and, before he left, he said:

"Mr. Secretary, I want you to answer a question for me and to answer it with complete frankness. Can we military leaders plan to fight this war in an orderly way—in the surest and most effective manner—or must we take extraordinary risks for fear the money will not hold out?"

My answer was:

"General, the American people will take care of that. What they have done in this Second War Loan Drive—the money they have produced and the spirit they have shown—is proof enough for me that they will not let our fighters suffer from lack of support until we achieve complete victory, no matter how long that may be, nor how much it may cost."

That was my answer to General Marshall. I know it is the answer of the American people.
William Mahoney, 352 West 15th Street, Manhattan, son of Patrolman William Mahoney, Juvenile Aid Bureau, and Kathleen T. O'Connor, 477 West 142nd Street, Manhattan, daughter of Patrolman Bartholomew O'Connor, 50th Precinct, were the proud winners of the two 1943 four-year high school scholarships of the Police Department Holy Name Society, Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond branch. The scholarships are worth up to $600 each. William elected to attend St. Francis Xavier High School, and Kathleen's choice was St. Walburga's Academy.

The runners-up in the order of their standing and whose prizes of one-year scholarships range in value up to one hundred fifty dollars are as follows:

**BOYS**

2nd Prize—James A. Griffith, 1534 Bench Avenue, Bronx, son of Sergeant James A. Griffith, Emergency Service Division. Will attend Cathedral High School.

3rd Prize—Daniel R. O'Loane, 3546 92nd Street, Jackson Heights, Queens, son of Patrolman Daniel J. O'Loane, 1st Division. Will attend St. Regis High School.

4th Prize—Eugene Rogers, 4716 49th Street, Woodside, Queens, son of Patrolman Henry Rogers, 13th Precinct. Will attend St. Francis Xavier High School.

**GIRLS**

2nd Prize—Helen Curran, 2780 University Avenue, Bronx, daughter of Patrolman Thomas Curran, 34th Precinct. Will attend Cathedral High School.


4th Prize—Geraldine Motta, 573 West 192nd Street, Manhattan, daughter of Patrolman Edward Motta, 50th Precinct. Will attend Sacred Heart of Mary High School.

The annual competition for these scholarship awards is restricted to sons and daughters of members of the Holy Name Society, Manhattan, Bronx and Richmond branch, not above the rank of sergeant or second grade detective, and children of all deceased members.

Under the rules, contestants must be current graduates of parochial or grammar schools. The Society founded the scholarships in 1925 at the behest of Msgr. Joseph A. McCaffrey, the spiritual director.

Congratulations, boys and girls, and lots of good luck to you.
**Special Post**

*By PATROLMAN EDWARD E. BERNSTEIN 64th Precinct*

**Prize Short Story**

Came the business of the side window being rolled down and the crook of the index finger.

The was in the neighborhood of 2 on a cold and windy Sunday morn and I would have the toughest post in the precinct, a fixer, right in front of the Happy Hour Tavern, a big third-rate nightclub. So far things had been pretty quiet and outside of pushing three or four drunks around, settling a fist fight between two taxi drivers and handing out a noise summons, I had been practically wasting the taxpayers' money. Of course, my tour wasn't over yet and anything could happen in the Happy Hour, which was a sort of combination wild west saloon, Broadway cabaret and lunatic asylum—a boob-trap patronized mostly by curious phenomena known as zoot-suiters, jitterbugs, rug-cutters, and so forth.

I was in a doorway a few yards from the entrance when who should roll up to the curb, from out of nowhere, but my red-headed sergeant and who, incidentally, is also my best friend and severest critic. This was the third time he had driven up to my post in two hours and I was beginning to feel flattered. Such popularity must be deserved, figured I. Came the business of the side-window being rolled down and the crook of the index finger. On the double I shuffled over to the curb and straightened my frostbitten mitt into a salute. At this he wearily shook his head.

"Don't I rate a snappier salute than that, Boinstein?" he asked, heaving a deep sigh. "You salute like a Civil War Veteran." A slight pause for breath and then, "Here you are on post only two hours and already you look tired. Tsk, tsk, tsk. Maybe you don't get enough meat? Another thing, Boinstein. Why don't you stand in front of this joint instead of in a doorway? It's a beautiful night and, don't forget, this is a fixed post and some of the hooples who roll out are likely to be gay and noisy. Across the street you got a big apartment house full of defense workers.
and they want peace and quiet,—to which they're entitled, too—even if they do live opposite a madhouse. Now, the idea of having a cop in front of the place is so that when the drunks come out they will see confronting them an officer of the law and will maybe keep quiet. Get it?

"I'll make them take their shoes off and tip-toe home," replied I, trying to be facetious, but I was wasting my time as the sarge gave me a look that would chill a fire bomb. With a flick of the wrist, he signalled the chauffeur to drive on. A foreign potentate through with slum inspection and anxious to get away from it all, couldn't have been more impressive.

Left alone, I ambled over to the front entrance of the Happy Hour (no cover ever, no minimum). Inside all was warmth and gayety. The joint was jumping with jive, whilst Solid Jackson and his Harlem Heptcats rocked with rhythm. Idkies in groups hung around the bandstand swaying in time with the bass fiddle. The dance floor was jammed with jitterbugs, sliding and stomping, romping and jumping. Jackson, a righteous cat from deep Lenox Avenue, stood in the center of the bandstand—a black Gabriel if ever we saw one—blowing his cornet till his neck swelled over his collar and his eyes popped like bubbles in a puddle. Over in a corner, standing near a phoney palm tree and twirling his key chain was Pun'ky Brannigan, ex-pug and master of ceremonies, his false teeth flashing in a toothy grin. In perfect time to the music I tapped my foot and twirled my nightstick. A radio car drove idly past, the solemn-faced recorder waving to me as he went by.

Suddenly the door of the Happy Hour flew open and six or seven zoot suiters came catapulting out of the entrance like they were shot out of a cannon, the last one a dead duck on account of foolishly getting in the way of a rabbit punch thrown in his direction by Pun'ky Brannigan. Right out in the middle of the street they started a free-for-all, paying no more attention to me than a deaf mute would to a radio commercial. I was ignored like a bridgegroom after a wedding. Feeling sort of embarrassed, I approached the combat area and started to separate some of the contestants, gently but firmly—if you get what I mean. But this didn't seem to do much good and there was much noise and excitement. In the meantime some of the taxpayers in the apartment house opposite were awakened by the fracas and several windows were raised from which said taxpayers demanded to know why one cop couldn't handle a half dozen of those "panty-waists" and expressing a doubt as to whether I could even out-slug my own grandmother. Finally, I tightened the thong of my nightstick over my wrist and soon the night air resounded with music—the kind recognizable by my colleagues as the gay, symphonic thump-thump common to a hickory stick bouncing merrily off some miscreant's shoulders. Being a devotee of Boogie Woogie, I beat it out right tunefully to the rhythm of eight to the bar, this to the accompaniment of cheers of approval from across the street. Soon the contestants became tired of fighting and disappeared in the dimout. The windows closed and all was serene again. But not for long.

I was just about to return to my post when four things happened, (1) a crash of glass from a side window of the Happy Hour, (2) an agonizing scream (as they say in the drug store novels), (3) a puff of smoke and (4) an icy chill creeping up my back. The Happy Hour was on fire!

Glancing through the large front door I saw one of the phony palm trees ablaze. The tavern was already in turmoil. Tables were overturned. People were rushing madly for the front door and there was already a jam at the entrance. There flashed through my mind the memory of the recent holocaust in a Boston nightclub where hundreds had died in a mad rush for the exits. There were things to do and places to go. First the fire box. It was on the corner and Rommel in his palmiest days couldn't have covered the ground any faster. I ripped down the hook and was on my way back at the same time. A good portion of the crowd had already gotten out of the place and were milling about the front door. Don't block the entrance!" I yelled, carving my way through a wall of jitterbugs with nightstick strategically pointed.

Just inside the entrance was a large summer porch enclosed by shutters with glass panes. I figured that if I could bash in some of the shutters it would provide more outlet for the stampeding herd inside. Well, nothing to do but start bashing, so I bashed. For one thing, I had some excellent material for bashing—my "two guitars" as I so fondly call them—twin nether extremities of which any traffic man might righteously be proud. I stood in front of one of the shutters on one foot and pushed it in with the other, then in front of the next shutter and so on and so on. To the spectators I must have looked like a ballet dancer, but it got results. A couple of air raid wardens saw what I was doing and got the idea. They jumped into the Happy Hour through the gaps and started leading people out of danger through the windows. A few were slightly cut by glass but emerged unhurt otherwise.

Came the clang of the fire engines, signifying, as Eisenhower at the fall of Tunisia proclaimed, "the beginning of the end." Radio cars and ambulances converged at the scene like bees at a hive. Oh, yes, my sergeant was there, too, barking out orders—pushing pedestrians out of the way—tripping over firemen—and making terrible threats to taxi-drivers. But I watched him with ever-increasing respect as he brought order out of chaos—establishing fire lines, shooing away curiosity seekers and clearing the decks while the fire laddies did their job.

After about a half hour of good clean exercise the smoke eaters called it a night. A check-up disclosed no one seriously injured, although there was quite a property loss—including all of the cuckoo water with which the store ordinarily is clembered and Pun'ky Brannigan's bridge-work.

The Happy Hour was a shambles. I walked over to the sergeant who was busily engaged at the moment mopping perspiration from his fevered brow.

"Well, Sarge," I began, shedding a few crocodile tears and trying not to look like the cat which has just swallowed the mouse, "this looks like the end of my special post. Tsk, tsk, tsk."

"Don't worry, Boinstein," says my best friend and severest critic, "and don't take it so hard; we'll find you another post—a nice we post!"

Which is why I'm extending an invitation now to look me up, dear reader, any time you're out around my precinct. It's a war post. A nice, breezy post, too. Right at the end of a nice long pier.

Oh, well . . .
Sons and Daughters of Members of the Department Serving With the Armed Forces

IMPRESSIVE indeed are the figures sent in by the various commands in connection with the recent survey showing, as of April 26, sons and daughters of members of the Department, both uniformed force and civilian employees, serving their country with the armed forces.

A recapitulation and breakdown of the figures follow:

### UNIFORMED FORCE

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### UNIFORMED FORCE

**Members having—**

- 1 son in Service .................................................. 1303
- 2 sons in Service .................................................. 292
- 3 sons in Service .................................................. 50
- 4 sons in Service .................................................. 7
- 1 daughter in Service .............................................. 33
- 1 son and 1 daughter in Service .................................. (8)
- 2 sons and 1 daughter in Service .................................. (5)

**Total** ........................................................................ 1687

### CIVILIAN FORCE

**Members having—**

- 1 son in Service .................................................. 59
- 2 sons in Service .................................................. 15
- 3 sons in Service .................................................. 6
- 4 sons in Service .................................................. 2

**Total** ........................................................................ 82

### MEMBERS WITH 3 SONS IN SERVICE

**Inspector**

Thomas F. Mulligan, 1st Div.

**Captain**


**Acting Captains**


### MEMBERS WITH 4 SONS IN SERVICE

**Lieutenant**


**Sergeant**


**Acting Sergeant**

James F. Toohey, Motor Transport Division.

**Patrolmen**


**Detectives**

Martin Monahan, 68th Squad; John Corcoran, 84th Squad; Maurice V. Barry, 42nd Squad; Charles S. Goubbeaud, Auto Squad; Archibald J. Woods, Forgery Squad; Anna C. Orr, Pickpocket Squad; Caldwell Knowles, 28th Squad.

**Civilians**


**MEMBERS WITH 4 SONS IN SERVICE**

**Lieutenant**

William J. Maloney, Main Desk, Man.

**Sergeant**


**Patrolmen**


**Detectives**


**Civilians**


**MEMBERS WITH 2 SONS AND 1 DAUGHTER IN SERVICE**

**Lieutenant**

Timothy Tracy, 55th Pet.

**Patrolmen**

SONS KILLED IN ACTION

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Son</th>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Rank</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ptl. George Meier, 102nd Pct.</td>
<td>Arthur Andrews (Step-son)</td>
<td>Fire</td>
<td>Fireman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ptl. James McMahon, 104th Pct.</td>
<td>Thomas D.</td>
<td>Sergeant</td>
<td>Army</td>
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SONS MISSING IN ACTION

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<tr>
<td>Det. Henry A. Blanke, Richard G. 123rd Squad</td>
<td>Seaman 3 Cl.</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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SONS HELD PRISONER

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<tr>
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<th>Service</th>
<th>Rank</th>
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</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Air Medal and Order of the Purple Heart, awarded posthumously to his brother, Sergeant Thomas D. McMahon, tail-gunner of a B-17, for gallantry under enemy fire in action over Europe—an aerial clash which cost him his life and in which he took a German FW-190 and its crew to their deaths with him.

The brothers at the time of the Pearl Harbor incident were members of the State Guard and enlisted in the Army a day or two after war was declared, both in due course attaining the rank of sergeant.

Sergeant James was confined to the Mitchell Field Hospital at the time of the presentation recovering from injuries received when his plane crashed some weeks ago at Alamagordo, N. M., but is well on the road to recovery now, as the photo discloses.

A Mother's Heart Lightened

MERE WORDS never could describe the happiness with which Policewoman Elizabeth M. Natter, Juvenile Aid Bureau, Unit No. 10, on May 25 past learned from the Navy Department that her son, Lieutenant John J. Michel, had not been lost at sea, as was reported fifteen months ago, but was, instead, alive and well—a prisoner in Japan.

Lieutenant Michel, 25 years old, a graduate of Annapolis, class of 1939, was reported missing when the U. S. Destroyer Pope, aboard which he was serving, in February, 1942, was sent to the bottom by superior enemy forces in the Battle of the Java Sea. And it was only last month that word came of his rescue, together with 174 other members of the crew, by a Japanese destroyer—but not until the survivors had for 56 hours drifted in lifeboats and on rafts in shark-infested waters.

A second son of Policewoman Natter, Frank X. Michel, is a sergeant in the U. S. Army.

IN THE PICTURE is shown Sergeant James H. McMahon, U. S. Army Air Force, son of Patrolman James McMahon, 104th Precinct, accepting from Brigadier General Westside Larson, at Mitchell Field, the

---

Seventh Annual Orphans' Day Outing

NON-SECTARIAN

Police Department Anchor Club

Thursday, July 1, 1943 Steeplechase Park

Adopt An Orphan For A Day
Trophies Awarded to P.A.L.

The Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union recently presented two trophies to the Police Athletic League for its standout showing in the 1943 championship boxing tournament. A special award went to George Fontana, P.A.L. entry in the 126 lb. novice class, as the outstanding performer of the five-day engagement. The presentations were made at the Jamaica Arena, in Queens.

Deputy Inspector William M. Kent, president of the Police Athletic League, in accepting the trophies on behalf of the P.A.L. pointed out that in accordance with the organization's expressed purpose of affording athletic expression to a maximum of New York City's youngsters, the P.A.L. had submitted the largest number of entries in the annual tournament, winning three first places, six seconds, and one third. This constitutes a new team-scoring record for this most popular of amateur sports classics.

Fontana, although slightly outpointed by a P.A.L. teammate, was picked as the tourney's most promising youngster. This because of the determination, willingness, and aggressive spirit displayed by the young gladiator who, along with the rest of the P.A.L. entries, trained at the J. J. Flanagan Center under the supervision of volunteer coaches Richard Bruno and Frank Rodriguez.

The other P.A.L. winners, subsequently awarded medals by Deputy Inspector Kent, were:

- 112 lbs. novice: First, Al Wiltshire; second, Frank Rojas.
- 118 lbs. open: Second, Dick Hill.
- 126 lbs. open: First, Charles Harris; second, Billy Rojas; third, Eugene Smith.
- 126 lbs. novice: First, Morton Philips; second, George Fontana.
- 147 lbs. open: Second, Carl Hernandez.

Patrick W. Harnedy
Again Heads P. B. A.

Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy of the 15th Precinct, temporarily assigned to the Pension Bureau, at the annual election of officers of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association held Tuesday, June 8, in the Hotel Commodore, for his third successive year won out in the balloting for president. Of the total of 282 votes cast by the delegates, Harnedy received 193, more than double the combined votes of his three opponents, Past President Joseph J. Burkard. Traffic F, who received 80 votes; Raymond A. Donovan, 68th Precinct, 5; and Alphonse J. Smiles, 30th Precinct, 4.

Other officers elected were John E. Carton, 44th Precinct, first vice president; Wheeler Bowden, 72nd Precinct, second vice president; Charles J. Monahan, Manhattan Telegraph Bureau, treasurer; Thomas F. Dugan, Traffic O, recording secretary; James J. Byrne, Troop E, sergeant-at-arms; Raymond H. Quinn, 108th Precinct; Robert C. Nugent, 60th Precinct; Walter M. Smith, 4th Precinct; John Simcox, 9th Precinct; John E. Burns, 90th Precinct, financial secretaries.

Trustees: Manhattan—William J. Gould, Traffic C; Bronx—William Raphael, Bronx Telegraph Bureau; Brooklyn—Walter Asklund, 67th Precinct; Queens—George D. E. Feaster, 114th Precinct; Richmond—Frederick Bauer, Traffic B.

Patrolman Harnedy, 44 years of age, became a member of the Department on October 16, 1923. Born in Portsmouth, N. H., he resides with his wife and six children at 210-30 Nashville Avenue, St. Albans, Queens. Other departmental affiliations include membership in the Honor Legion, New York City Police Post 460 of the American Legion, and the Police Holy Name Society, Brooklyn-Queens branch. During the World War Harnedy served with the Marines in Pensacola, Fla. In 1932, he won a commendation for rescuing a drowning man from the East River.

SPRING 3100 is happy to extend to the successful candidates heartiest congratulations, and every good wish for a happy and successful tenure of office.
23rd Precinct Unveils Honor Roll

"I AM AN AMERICAN DAY," Sunday, May 16, was celebrated at the 23rd Precinct station house with the unveiling of the Honor Roll and Service Flag honoring the twenty-three members of the command currently serving their country with the armed forces.

The Honor Roll was designed and painted by Mr. Walter Farndon, member of the National Academy of Design, a friend of whom the 23rd Precinct is indeed proud. It was Mr. Farndon, incidentally, who painted at the time of the World’s Fair the portrait of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in addition to portraits of others well known in public life. To Mr. Edward Hendry, executive of the National Academy of Design, the thanks of the members now for securing for them the services of this distinguished artist.

Deputy Inspector Joseph Goldstein, Sixth Division, at the invitation of Captain Joseph Reit, commanding officer of the 23rd Precinct, officiated at the unveiling.


The following tribute in rhyme, dedicated to "Our Pals in the Service," is from the pen of Patrolman Henry P. Nealon, SPRING 3100 reporter for the 23rd Precinct:

OUR PALS IN THE SERVICE

Our Pals in the service who once wore blue
Are telling us what to the Axis they'll do;
Berglund, Berkowitz, Scanlon, Blau,
All claim they'll show the Axis how!

Dorscher, Jaffe, and Burrell,
They, too, are going to give them hell.
Lennox, Solomon, Phelan, Paar,
Also await the zero hour!

Ravens, Redden, Schmidt, Lantay,
At home not one of them would stay!
Weisman, Wilmoth, Miller, Stilley,
Swear they'll knock the Axis silly!

McAuley, Geisler, Hickey, Shanes,
Are the lads who'll wreck those Axis planes!
That, dear reader, is the spirit true
Of our Pals in Service who once wore blue.

---

KEESLER FIELD, MISSISSIPPI
60th Training Group, Sqdn. 125
May 3, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I want to express my full appreciation to you for sending me SPRING 3100. It was as welcome as any news from home could be. Also the list of names and fields at which they're stationed is going to be very handy when I want to locate some of my friends now in the service.

My heartfelt thanks.

PVT. LOUIS TANNEY,
Prob. Patrolman, Police Academy.

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DAVISVILLE, R. I.
70 Batt. C.M.A.A. Office, A.B.D.

April 31, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Thanks a million for sending me SPRING 3100. Many of my mates, too, enjoy reading it and it is my hope it will continue to reach me no matter where I am.

HENRY I. MISCHLE,
Gunner's Mate 2nd Cl.
Patrolman, 5th Precinct.
GOLF

NE hundred and five was the attendance figure for the second monthly tournament of the Police Golf Association held Thursday, May 20, at the beautiful North Hills Golf Club, Douglaston, Queens.

Threatening skies gave way to glorious sunshine as the boys started on their rounds, the change contributing substantially to the enjoyment of the day—and the repast set before them at lunch time by the genial host of the occasion, Mr. Eric Koch.

Top performance for the day was the scintillating 73, one over par for the course, turned in by Detective Jimmy Oleska, with Patrolman Ray Hendley following close on his heels with a not-to-be-sneezed-at 75. Patrolman Johnny "1943 champ" McDonald and Sergeant Jim Donohoe of Glen Cove, each with a 77, and Detective Harry Bailey of Inwood, L. I., with a 78, also rate bows. The race for low net resulted in a four-way tie, a problem too tough for the judges to decide and who, as a result, in a King Solomon decision decreed the honors be split equally. A few observations:

The speed with which Harry and George Bailey, first to tee off, played their first 18 holes, negotiating the round in 1 hour and 40 minutes flat. "What kept you fellers back?"... The heavy competition (sharp pencils included) which features the foursome of John Driscoll, Denny Shea, Ed Moore and Mike Kelly, a rivalry which goes back many years... The superbegious 80 turned in by Ben Hurwood—a handsome reward for all those hours spent last Winter by Ben on the driving range... Deputy Fire Chief Silvie Pierano and his gallant crew of Staten Islanders—and hoping, incidentally, he was forgiven by the Little Woman for embarking on so long—and so hazardous—an excursion... The unorthodox manner of holding a golf club featured by Detective Jimmy Oleska, a cross-handed grip that still confounds the experts... The consensus at the finish that the day was a most enjoyable one—"the tops"—as President Bob Poggi proudly tells it.

The next tournament of the Police Golf Association will be held Friday, June 25, at the Pomonok Country Club, Kissena Boulevard and 71st Avenue, Queens, 5 minutes by bus from the Long Island Railroad and subway stations.

DIRECTIONS: I. R. T. or B. M. T. subway to Main Street, Flushing; or, Independent subway to Parsons Boulevard, Jamaica; or, Jamaica El to 160th Street; or, Long Island Railroad to Union Hall Station, Jamaica. Buses from any of these points direct to clubhouse. From subway stations mentioned buses leave every 15 minutes.

For further information call Sergeant Bob Poggi at the 94th Precinct station house, Evergreen 9-5886, or at his home, Jamaica 3-7989.

The scores:

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<tr>
<td>W. Flannagan</td>
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BOWLING

PATROMEN Tom Kavanagh (a former member of the Police Department bowling team) and Stan Kowalinski, both of the 23rd Precinct, last month emerged winners of the two-man tournament held at the Pastime Alleys, a sports classic in which some of the town's crack bowlers participated. Patrolmen Al Geier and Bill O'Connell, also of the 23rd Precinct finished in 7th place.

The competition was keen throughout and congratulations now to Tom and Stan in upholding in such splendid style the prestige of this famous Harlem precinct—good old 104th Street—since time immemorial the home of champs in whatever line of sport you might mention.

HANDBALL

DETECTIVE Robert Ford, 7th Detective District, on the afternoon of May 23, with Tom Ginty as a partner, won the doubles Metropolitan A. A. U. handball title in a tournament contested on the courts of the Pastime A.C., winning out in the finals over Herb Silver, Fire Department, and Joe Sampson, representing Castle Hill Pool. Scores: 21—10, 21—8.

Detective Ford, current possessor of the Police Department four-wall singles title, is a former Metropolitan A. A. U. title holder, as well as winner in 1935 of the Y.M.C.A. four-wall title and the New Jersey State A. A. U. crown... Congratulations!

BASEBALL

RAISE the Lord and Pass the Information we yelled gleefully when from Mercer Street's most distinguished citizen, Sergeant Stephen (Steevie, to his pals) J. Whelan, manager of the Police Department baseball team, came a letter last month, neatly typed, in which Steevey pleads:

"As far as this year's Municipal League is concerned, I know no more about it than you do. I have heard nothing."

"Steevie went on to chide us then for our remarks in last month's column in which we intimated that the team under Steevie's management had not fared so well. His argument in rebuttal is both convincing and to the point. And 'tis only fair, think we, that it be given space here. We quote:

"In the Department there are numerous critics of the ball team, but some of them should come out when I call for candidates and see the brand of talent that shows up. If I don't pick this one up, or that one, well, it is a clique. I still state, as I always have, that if a candidate can play ball and can displace because of his superior ability any other player on the team, he will be signed as a member."

He went on to explain the schedule has been restricted this year to teams representing the armed services but that so far no matches had been arranged. He deplored, too, that up to the time of writing the team had still to play a ball game, adding that actual competition on the ball field is the only practical means of putting a team on edge.

"The cry during the past several years has been to get some new blood, some younger players," Steevey went on. "Well, this year I think we have succeeded in doing just that and I am hoping now to be able to get a game in before the Police-Fire benefit match, June 20, at the Polo Grounds, so we can see just what we have got."

Steve in this latter respect got his wish when the team on Sunday, May 30, travelled to West Point where, in a smartly contested match, they lost to Uncle Sam's proteges by a close score of 6 to 5, redeeming themselves later, on the Sunday next following, by defeating at Sheepshead Bay the U. S. Maritime Commission Nine, 12 to 5, a game in which Police hurler John Carroll in a brilliant exhibition of the art struck out 13 of the opposing batsmen.

New players on the team this year include Probationary Patrolmen Bernard Padula, Thomas Coyle, Donald Hickey, infielders; John Peters, Louis Sullivan, outfielders; John Carroll, Michael Murphy, Edward Brancaccio, pitchers. Also Patrolman George Rogers, 64th Precinct, catcher.

Members of last year's team include Sullivan and Nally, catchers; Parenti, Keane, Auer, pitchers; Buthman, first base; Jirak, second base; Muller, third base; Callow, Foley, Lau, outfielders.

At this point we should like to go on record as verifying, following three seasons of close association and contact, Manager Whelan's insistence that "ability"—rather than "connections"—be the basis upon which applicants for a position on the team be selected.

For one thing, he's not the kind you can put on the back and talk into accepting as a member of the team a candidate who cannot on the ball field produce the goods. A star performer himself not so many years gone by, Steve knows the game from A to Z; and to his everlasting credit, let it be told now that, regardless of the competition, no member of the team is more on his toes or fights harder to win than he.

Recapitulation:

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<th>Date</th>
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<th>Errors</th>
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<td>9</td>
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<td></td>
<td>West Point</td>
<td>6</td>
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</table>

(Keane, Carroll, pitchers; Nally, Sullivan, catchers.)

June 6  | Police          | 12   | 16   | 2      |

U. S. Maritime Comm. 5 12 3

(Carroll, pitcher; Nally, catcher.)

POLICE—FIRE BASEBALL GAME
Polo Grounds, Sunday, June 20, 1945
POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS’ TRAINING SCHOOL

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE JUNE, 1943, ISSUE OF “SPRING 3100”

By Lieutenant PETER F. MATHEWS

QUESTION NO. 1
What recent change has been made in the law regarding buying, receiving, concealing or withholding stolen or wrongfully acquired property?

QUESTION NO. 2
What commodities may be sold by itinerant peddlers licensed by the Department of Markets? Explain in detail.

QUESTION NO. 3
Outline the regulations governing movements of United States Mail during air raids, air raid drills or practice blackouts.

QUESTION NO. 4
Explain in detail how Department records shall be filed in the station house Record Room.

QUESTION NO. 5
Briefly answer the following:

a. What members of the Department may be relieved before the termination of their tour of duty?
b. During what hours are the regulations governing play streets in effect?
c. Distinguish between character and reputation.
d. What is the theory of the association method of detecting deception?
e. How shall complaints of the theft of articles of little value, left in unsafe places, be handled?
f. Under what condition are dogs permitted in public places in the City of New York?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1
Effective June 1, 1943, any person who knowingly buys, receives, conceals or withholds stolen or wrongfully acquired property:

Is guilty of a misdemeanor if such property be of the value of not more than one hundred dollars; and

Is guilty of a felony if such property be of the value of more than one hundred dollars; or, regardless of the value of such property, if it was purchased for resale or by a dealer, or if the defendant has been previously convicted of the crime of buying, receiving, concealing or withholding stolen property, and is punishable by imprisonment for not more than ten years, or by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
An applicant for a peddler’s license shall state in writing, with the filing of the application, what commodity is intended to be sold. After a license issues there shall be no change of the commodity as originally set forth on the application without the consent and approval of the Commissioner of Markets.

The Commissioner of Markets may specify the commodity or commodities to be sold by itinerant peddlers.

Commodities permitted to be sold by itinerant peddlers under rules promulgated by the Commissioner of Markets are as follows:

Fruits and vegetables.

Peanuts.

Wrapped candy.

Wrapped bakery products (except custard products).

Bottled soda (no glasses).

Fish (not to be sold on pushcarts).

Ice cream (must be wrapped and labelled with the name and address of the manufacturer thereon).

Wrapped popcorn (not cooked on vehicles).

Flowers (fresh cut and plants).

Honey.

No license will be issued for non-food products except flowers.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3
1. United States Mail employees not on duty should hold themselves in readiness to report to the Post Office immediately upon the recognized signal which permits resumption of the general movement of traffic and pedestrians.

2. Vehicles transporting mail between post offices and branches or stations thereof, or between railroad depots and post offices and branches or stations thereof, or between post offices and branches or stations thereof and railroad depots, shall be kept in operation.

3. City carriers (foot and mounted), parcel post car-
riers, collectors, special delivery messengers, shall suspend operations and obey the instructions of their local air raid authorities. Such employees who are operating vehicles at the time will not be required to leave their mail conveyances for the purpose of seeking shelter.

Note. All vehicles transporting mail in accordance with paragraph 2 of the above should not be stopped. The last sentence of paragraph 3 above permits city carriers, parcel post carriers, collectors and special delivery messengers to remain in their mail conveyances and are not required to seek shelter.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4
Record Room.

In each station house there shall be a room known as the Record Room, for the purpose of filing Department records. In this room there shall be placed shelves arranged around the walls, and the records shall be filed thereon.

Manner in Which Records shall be Filed:

In filing the records, books will be numbered consecutively, beginning with No. 1, the number being at least one inch in height and placed on the back of the book. On the back of the book there will also be placed, in letters or figures at least one-half inch in height, a paster showing the matter covered by the book as well as the dates of opening and closing the book.

Correspondence and other matter filed in the Record Room will be wrapped in heavy plain paper, and a paster will be put on the outer side of the wrapper showing the matter contained therein as well as the dates covered by such matter.

All filing shall be done from left to right, the earliest dated matter being filed at the extreme left and subsequently dated matter to the right of same.

Index of Department Records Stored in Record Room:

An index, in duplicate, of Department records stored in the Record Room, showing the shelf number on which each book or bundle is stored, shall be maintained. One copy shall be tacked to the inside of the Record Room door or otherwise conspicuously displayed therein. The duplicate copy shall be kept at the Desk for ready reference.

Desk Officers Responsibility for Record Room:

The Record Room will be kept locked at all times when not in actual use and the key kept in the possession of the Desk Officer, who will be responsible that no unauthorized person has access thereto.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. Desk officers, members of the Force on switchboard duty, members of the Force assigned to Police Emergency Service, attendants, policewomen performing matron duty, and operators of patrol wagons.

b. The regulations governing play streets shall be in effect from 8 A.M. to one-half hour after sunset, daily.

c. Character is what a person is morally; reputation is what a person is reputed to be.

d. This is a method proposed to develop association of ideas by the suspect and in this way to get knowledge of that part of his thoughts which he will not divulge. Such association of ideas represents valuable information because it is brought out against the desire of the individual.

e. Such complaints will not be referred to the detective squad office, but will be entered on the Complaint File and handled by the Uniformed Force.

f. No dog shall be permitted, at any time, to be on any street or in any public park or place in the City of New York, unless effectively restrained by a chain or leash not exceeding six feet in length.

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State Department of Correction Announces Decrease of 18.2 per cent in Major Crimes During First Three Months of 1943, as Compared with the Same Period of 1942

A DROP of 18.2 percent in the number of major crimes reported by the police and sheriffs of the State during the first three months of 1943 as compared with the same period of 1942 was announced by Commissioner of Correction John A. Lyons.

Offenses of all descriptions, including traffic infractions, dropped 44.7 percent below the 1942 figures. Parking violations dropped from 172,912 in 1942 to 72,244 this year.

Muder registered a decrease of 5.3 percent, dropping from 75 in 1942 to 71 this year. Manslaughter growing out of vehicular fatalities decreased 3.5 percent while voluntary manslaughter increased from 8 to 12 charges in these two periods. Crimes involving dangerous weapons decreased 5.7 percent, falling from 245 last year to 231 this year. During these same periods, intoxicated driving dropped 47.1 percent.

Sex offenses, exclusive of rape and those offenses associated with prostitution, increased 2.8 percent, numbering 492 this year against 391 last year. Rape dropped from 311 in 1942 to 275 in 1943, while those offenses involving prostitution decreased 16.3 percent.

Thefts of all descriptions decreased. The following decreases were recorded: robbery, 34.3 percent; unlawful entry, 28.7 percent; grand larceny (except auto theft) 34.3 percent; auto theft, 46.7 percent; receiving stolen property, 53.8 percent; burglary, 23.5 percent; petit larceny (except auto theft) 34.8 percent; pocket-picking, 36.9 percent; frauds, 33.6 percent; forgery, 46.6 percent; and possession of burglar’s tools, 58.8 percent.

Public intoxication decreased 6.5 percent, dropping from 7,937 last year to 7,435 this year. Disorderly conduct decreased 22 percent. Possession of narcotics dropped 23.4 percent. Malicious mischief fell off 8.5 percent, while vagrancy and gambling decreased 20.9 percent and 66.7 percent, respectively.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

T. T. Message, April 21, 1943.
Message from the State Police, Albany, N. Y., calling attention to the release, at 11 P.M., daily, of a white balloon carrying radio equipment to which will be attached a red parachute, etc., together with instructions as to action to be taken by finder.

T. T. Message, April 26, 1943.
In connection with the “Second War Loan Drive,” arrangements made with Federal Reserve Bank of New York for delivery of bonds within a period of ten days after full payment for the bond is received at the Bookkeeper’s Office.

T. T. Message, April 29, 1943.
So much of Circular No. 44, s. 1942, titled “Promotion to Lieutenant,” under subheading “Record and Seniority” as relates to deducted points for each day’s fine and each reprimand, amended as shown.

T. T. Message, April 30, 1943.
Offer of the Ward Baking Company to pay one thousand dollars reward for information wanted in connection with the homicide of Dorothy Huber, as published in Detective Division Circular No. 2, January 22, 1943, extended until June 1, 1943.

T. T. Message, April 30, 1943.
Time for obtaining Ice License Plates extended to June 1, 1943.

T. T. Order No. 8, April 30, 1943.
Rules and Regulations amended by adding new Subdivision “D” to Rule No. 368, the same having to do with action to be taken when charges and order of suspension from duty are to be simultaneously served upon a member of the Department.

Circular No. 8, May 6, 1943.
Commanding officers to prepare in quintuplicate a roster of command, including civilians, as of midnight, March 31, 1943.

Circular No. 9, May 7, 1943.
Communication from Office of the Mayor relative to identification of emergency vehicles during actual air raids, air raid drills or actual or practice blackouts.

Circular No. 10, May 10, 1943.
Calls attention to Department of Licenses regulations relating to Sightseeing Guides. So much of Circular No. 56, series 1940, as relates to Sightseeing Guide regulations, revoked.

Circular No. 11, May 10, 1943.
Memorial Day leaves of absence.

General Orders No. 13, May 13, 1943.
Police and Fire Department baseball game to be played at the Polo Grounds, Sunday, June 20, 1943.

T. T. Order No. 9, May 20, 1943.
Order promulgated by the Chief Magistrate relative to jurisdiction of Municipal Term Courts in Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx.

So much of Article 9 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Courts” as relates to the jurisdiction of Municipal Term Court, amended accordingly.

T. T. Order No. 10, May 22, 1943.
Rule 161, Subdivision “D” of the Rules and Regulations amended to read:
D. A representative of the press, upon establishing his identity, may be advised of the current news if the ends of justice are not thereby defeated, but under no circumstances will the identity of a juvenile delinquent, neglected child or victim of a sex crime be revealed.

HEIL SCHICKELGRUBER!

YOU MAY have heard the story before, but it is well worth repeating—just in case you haven’t.

Hitler when driving in the country ran over a dog, killing him. Halting the car, der Fahre— or rather Herr Schickelgruber— as he should rightly be called—sent his chauffeur to the farmhouse to express his regret. The driver came back a few minutes later with a big package under his arm.

“The farmer was not angry,” he told Herr Schickelgruber.

“What did you say to him?” asked der herr.

“When I went to the door,” the driver explained, “I saluted and said ‘Heil Hitler—the dog is dead!’ The farmer yelled ‘Hooray’ and gave me a big ham.”

THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER

IT WAS long after midnight... The room was dark and silent... The woman of the house was awake; her husband’s measured snores showed that he was deep in sleep... Carefully, cautiously, she rose, taking care not to disturb the innocent slumberer... Stealthily stepping across the room, using all possible care to make no noise, she reaches the clothes tree... Taking the trousers hung thereon in her hands, she crept into her boudoir, where a light burned dimly... Was this, then, woman’s age-old trick of robbing man’s hard-earned shekels from his trousers?... Was she exercising her wifely prerogative by taking a couple of dollars to pay the milk bill?... Alas, friends, she was doing neither... She was looking for a cigarette.

FINAL REWARD

THE MOTORIST was being disentangled from telephone poles and wires after the crash. They found him partially conscious and fingering the wires.

“Thank Heaven, I lived clean—I’ve got a harp,” they heard him say.
THE INTERNATIONAL City Managers' Association, Chicago, has since 1935 maintained Institutes for Training in Municipal Administration. A course has been given each year on Municipal Police Administration and a textbook was prepared for use by those enrolled in its correspondent courses. Since a demand arose from other in-service training courses and from public officials for these texts, the one on "Municipal Police Administration" now in its second edition 1943 is available and may be borrowed from the Municipal Reference Library, 2230 Municipal Building, Manhattan. The purpose of this book is "to provide the police chief and other commanding officers of the police department with an appreciation of the important police problems and to set forth accepted administrative methods of getting police work done. It is concerned with making good officers out of good policemen."

FOR THE ROOKIES and for those training at the Police Academy, may we recommend that those aspiring policemen would do well to study "The Guide to the Municipal Government—City of New York" published by the Eagle Library, Eagle Building, Brooklyn, N. Y. and available for borrowing at the Municipal Reference Library. That is the only up-to-date textbook on the government of this city. It describes the functions of every department, board or commission, and of most of the important bureaus. The policemen find it especially useful because it contains a concise statement on all the courts of the city, county and state, explained clearly and in their relationship one to another. Instructors rely upon the "Guide to the Municipal Government—City of New York" and all civil service study manuals have used it as the source for facts on the city government.

THE NEW YORK TIMES of January 4, 1943, reported that London's police district, 700 miles square and containing 8,000,000 people, had 2500 fewer cases of serious crime in the third year of the war than in the last full year of peace. There were only twelve armed hold-ups in 1942—a remarkably small number in view of London's large floating population with its mixture of nationalities from war-stricken Europe. The people have behaved so well that early this year the police were able to revert from the wartime system of patrols, imposed at the outset of the war, to normal peacetime practices. The percentage of crimes solved in 1942 was one of the highest on record. Of thirty-nine capital crimes committed in the metropolitan area during the year, only five remained unsolved. Two men committed eleven of the thirty-nine crimes.

The Nation has Fewer Police Employees

The number of regular police department employees in the nation's cities decreased from 1.72 to 1.70 per 1,000 population in 1942, according to information compiled by the International City Managers' Association. Cities trained an average of nearly three auxiliary policemen for every regular member of their police forces last year, the survey also showed. Salary raises were given to police officers by most cities. Starting salaries for patrolmen at the end of the year ranged from $1,680 in cities of 10,000 to $2,500 in the largest cities. Maximum salaries ranged from 1,800 to $2,413 in cities of various sizes.

The U. S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census has just issued a pamphlet "Uniform definitions of motor vehicle accidents." These are designed for use in statistical classification of accidents in order that records be kept and compared in a uniform fashion.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, has issued an interesting report on Traffic Engineering and analysis of traffic accidents during 1941.

The Eagle Library has just published a new, handy pocket edition of the complete Penal Law combined with the Code of Criminal Procedure, with all amendments embodied in the text. Harold O'Dougherty, former United States Attorney, has edited this 400-page volume. It is interesting to note among other 1943 changes that the YOUTHFUL OFFENDER sections have been added to the Criminal Code by the State Legislature. This is an innovation since New York is the only state which has taken a step in this direction.

9th Div. M.P. PLAT., APO 98
Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky

May 9, 1943.

Editor, Spring 3100:
Spring 3100 is certainly a refreshing reminder from home. Wherever I may travel in this War, it will always serve as an inspiring record of remembrance of fellow officers. Thanks a lot.

Private Martin Samowitz,
Patrolman, 75th Precinct.
"Somebody's gonna lose the 'Big Dough.' Dick Tracy's just been assigned here!"

"... and what was the nature of your business in there?"
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

2D DIVISION

3rd Pet., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
5th Pet., Ptl. Maurice Grosberg
3rd Pet., Ptl. Thomas G. Tobin
9th Pet., Ptl. John P. Nystrom
11th Pet., Ptl. Atez W. Franz

7th Precinct: Who is the ex-butcher boy from Staten Island, known also as one of the nation's most distinguished eddies, who is forever tooting about his perfect scores—and right on the first strike? How can Patrolman John Lombardi, whose tonsorial aspirations when he retires are known to all, expect the boys to patronize his shop when he is always razzing them? Is it true Patrolman Doc Smith has hopes of replacing Attendant Hoey when the latter retires? Question: Isn't that a long wait to become a second brome? What patrolman of the 7th Precinct was observed on Staten Island ferryboat on May 4 playing nursemaid at a baby's playyard and mattress? What lieutenant enjoys assuming the role of Pop? Keep up the good work, Jerry. What lieutenant broke his own case—by solving the fingerprints on the crust, etc.? What patrolman (an assistant of Patrolman John Hop Lee Dolan) was sent to what well known East Side park—and had to consult a road map in order to reach there?

11th Precinct: Our condolences to the family of the late Patrolman Edward Murphy, who has passed from our midst. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gorham—A Boy! Tom, incidentally, is in the market for something to save his hair, and I don't mean a cigar box. Why, Bennie Hoyt, do they call you and your partner "Hon & Dearie"? Councillor Murray "Thorndyke" Cutler and the Missus are expecting! In any event, Murray is pricing cribs, cotelles, diaper services, etc., etc., Tony Treglia (our leather waxer) is proud of his son in the Army—and why shouldn't he be? "Little Augie" Freda is being exploited as a handy-man with a knife and fork. This is what he is reputed to have punished at one sitting: 3 steaks, 2 lobsters, 3 portions spumoni, 7 cups of coffee.

The "blast" put on the boys in a recent edition of the magazine produced an assistant snooper, whose observations we give you herewith:

What young disciple of Blackstone is after the 10 per centers' job? (Would the gent mentioned in paragraph 4 know?) Why are Tabano and Johnson known as the quietest of the new edition of rookie? Is it true Freddie Colalo bust out of his britches while attempting to make a "spar"? Why are Pabst and McKillop shopping for super-duper alarm-clocks? Who can't go bowling with the boys because he has to sign the log book at home? Who said "Moche" drives No. 404 a la Barney Oldfield? Why is it the Staten Island Advance didn't print that swell picture of Teddy in the R. C. Police Boom?

4TH DIVISION

19th Pet., Ptl. John Pritting
17th Pet., Ptl. Louis Bell
13th Pet., Ptl. Thomas J. Moffitt
19th Pet., Ptl. Shudovce
22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Comiskey

15th Precinct: Lots of luck and best of health to another of our members who has left us via retirement—our pal old Jim Carney! Take good care of yourself, Jim. And to Pat Harnedy thanks for the busin—if it was you who got it... And here's hoping our pal Chatter back to work by the time this reaches print... What is this talk about the potatoes, Jim? Ed Kelly was a little worried... Yes, Dolan is happy at last—his commission came through in the Central Park Navy... King is worried about the house he bought—claims he did not know he was buying a houseboat—leaks included... And did you see the rave notices in the papers about our two heroes, Sergeant McGuire and Patrolman Deadly, in connection with their rescue of the sailor bent on jumping off the roof of that 13-story building? Nice work—hope the Commissioner hears of it... Welcome to our new Sergeant McGrath... And lots of luck to our former Sergeant Stack, now in the 17th Precinct... And a reminder to the men of this command now that the box in the back room is still sadly neglected.

Nelson and Hardiman—a great team! The former likes his fishing—the latter his fruit salad, a la cooker spaniel... Doc Williams (alias Blinkney) says the story Maher tells isn't true; that everything was Jake till Maher "got on the soap box!" Anything to the report, incidentally, John Smith is now private secretary to the "old Doc".

Things worth seeing: Liston with his arms around John Smith's shoulders... John Dennin on a bicycle looking for No. 6 folder... Joe Frank on a trapeze... Henry Hillier surrounding "that sheep"... Frank Williams buying that cup of coffee... Kirwan looking for a transfer, now that he is in the B.C.U. of the A.W.S... Dolan piloting that rowboat... Sheds going without a hat in the summer time... Foley wearing knickers... Engel showing Costello his store teeth... Mike Ward smiling as he enters the station house... Van Gosig keeping things to himself... Hunt and his rubber band... Loreth squandering... Festa demonstrating... Flannery getting the proboscis inside the gas mask... Lieutenant Gross testing air raid warning buttons.

22nd Precinct: News of the Boat House Commandos: Patrolman Shanahan started his first tour with the energy and shrewdness of a Philo Vance. First questioning potential J. A. B. wrongdoers and tree climbers, but with little success, he next started feeling his way in the dark, and, coming upon an opening in a rail at the side of the lake, immediately set out to find what was at the bottom of same; this with no regard whatever for his newly-pressed shoe laces and freshly-shined numeral. Yes, it was an exciting tour for Shan.

Where, when your reporter fished the lady outta the lake at the fountain, was the Adonis of R.M.P. 987? Would one DeCanida know?

Our sympathy to Patrolman R. Doino in the loss of his Mother.

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pet., Ptl. Henry Nealon
23rd Pet., Ptl. Francis X. McDermott
29th Pet., Ptl. John D. Fromula
32nd Pet., Ptl. Harlem Eeye

23rd Precinct: It is with pardonable pride that your reporter calls attention to the magnificent manner in which members of the 23rd Precinct responded to the second War Loan appeal.
LOOKING 'EM OVER

He also takes this opportunity to thank the members for their kindness and patience shown by them in the transactions involved.

Lester Sackett (better known as Murphy) upon asking Walter Baer for the use of his comb, was referred by the latter to the president of the 23rd's Bald Battalion, John Ollie, who 'tis said is never without one—just in case his expectations should one day come true.

Luke Kiernan flatly denies that he ever accepted the King's shilling but is willing to swear that John Crimmins did—that he knows for a positive fact John wore the Red Coat before heading here from the auld sould.

A poppy vender, in the person of Tom O'Sullivan, ventured into the backroom and was most successful in button-holing the boys for this truly worthy cause. Keep up the good work, Tom, and more power to you!

Larry Kelly has proved that he is a disciple of Saint Francis of Assisi by his kind and benevolent treatment of the numerous stray dogs brought in, hot dogs included. Larry is also very proud of his new morgue table; the D.O.A.'s, he claims, will rest more comfortably now pending removal to their last resting place.

Any day now Dick will have to get a new assistant as Giggilo expects to be assigned soon to polishing off Japs—meaning—Walter Baer will have to look for new material to polish up.

Gene O'Connor, who does all tours—or so it would seem, as he is always around—says that he attributes his good health to clean living. Gene, one of the most popular and best liked lads in the precinct, claims he has never been sick a day in his life, and regrets that only his age stands in the way of his being of service to his country in her hour of need.

If you noticed one of our sergeants walking around with his chest out on Flag Day past, don't hold it against him, because on that particular day he was a celeb' in spades—it was his birthday also! His name? Well, suppose we just say he's been referred to before in SPRING 3100 as the gent whose name it when it is spoken reminds you of the gentle clink of ice tumbling merily into a tall glass at high-ball time.

28th Precinct: It's a funny thing but some fellows are never missed until a crisis or an important matter arises and suddenly everybody is well aware that the fellow who would easily take care of the matter has retired. Such is the case with Paul Szermer. Quiet, capable and friendly Paul retired two months ago, but none the worse for wear. His complaint had to be investigated that it was discovered Paul wasn't around to take care of everything—and was he missed! Congratulations to Barney Cunningham and Joe Consola upon the three new editions to their mutual family—both boys and the three pups are doing fine. Under threat of a Senate investigation Nails McGrory has called off the deal to purchase all Ernie Lehmann's uniforms. It seems he is afraid of being accused of attempting to corner the material market. Pat McNulty, the former Chief of Her Majesty's Equestrian Constabulary, has been ruined by modern invention. In a recent adventure on a horse poor Mac kept looking for the gear shift—to get the beastie out of reverse! Walter Henry proved himself quite a sport to one of the boys' wives by treating her to the "Best in the City"—a meal on the Bowery... Andy Leddy seems to be champ in the nick-name department: "Mile-a-way," "Bushy" and "Blonde-Killer" were three called to him in one minute in the locker room. What's the secret behind Sgt. Donald's vigorous training on the punching bags? Is it the national or the local emergency? So! We have more than one extra-ordinary cop here—Bill Clements, too, has been revealed to have had a sugar bowl in the past, only he was so modest about it that the papers had to bring it to our notice! Welcome to the exclusive extraordinary club, Bill!... Could it be true that Mugavin and Oscar Ryan are really the cause of Eddie Hart's low blood pressure?

DEIGHAN GEMS: "Get off the back of that bus—one of these days you'll be running around without any legs!... "Ge, Sarge, I must have been hooked up to another station—I didn't hear the alarm!"

Come one, come all! Everybody invited! No ration points needed! Stepenfetch Hal Riordan, 6th Division chauffeur, has in his garage for the day's work a chicken raised over Labor Day week-end, to help in the consumption of some 200 chickens and all the trimmings! Sgt. Gruber has promised to meet all guests at the end of the subway with a stage coach for the jaunt to the farm... Lieutenants Meenagh and Cummings will entertain with a soft shoe dance, while Dep. Inspectors Goldstein and Mulholland will handle all complaints of poor service.

32nd Precinct: The war will make people do anything, as for example, Clerical Patrolman Careich is now a farmer and recent owner of chickens and the only difficulty encountered by him is the habit the neighbors' rabbits have of going AWOL and devouring all his crop... Is it true Patrolman Doran, although given a bit to verbosity, is nevertheless the precinct's leading authority on fiction?... And is it also true Patrolman Hawkins boasts that he helps his wife out with the house cleaning once a week, no matter how he's at?... Also that Patrolman Heinle, bringing home a batch of flounders presented to him by Patrolman Hrabacek last month, on awakening next morning found the fish missing—and discovered them later outside the front door, where his wife for obvious reasons had deposited them?... Trend of the times: Mapsey Moxzone singing "Any Bonds Today?"... Is it true the men of this command are beginning to wonder who has the best farm-wearing in this column each month? Be that as it may, just keep on talking, fellows, and he'll keep on reporting. Fair enuf?

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Pvt. Harry Harwood
42nd Pct., Pvt. Paul E. Murphy
41st Pct., Pvt. Samuel D. Sheridan
44th Pct., Pvt. Edward Singer
45th Pct., Pvt. John Thomas

40th Pct. Did you know: that the War Bond purchased in the recent drive by "Tex" O'Keefe, one of the defenders, had stamped across its face "One Thousand Dollars"... that Lenihan swings a mean accordion—particularly when it comes to rollicking Irish jigs? (Paging Major Bowes)... that Ed Shields, who left us for the Navy, dropped in last month? (Gained 20 lbs, and is now an electrician's mate, 3rd class)... that Milt Spiegel in his first childhood was known as "Pretty Willie Foofoot"... that Winter and Hauser did a good job in nabbing that hold-up man on Brook Avenue—and it made a nice picture, too?... that we know the name of the cop seen at a fire recently trying on a fireman's hat? (Take it off, we know you)... that because of McGarr, Catalanone turned up for rollcall, nattily arrayed in raincoat and white gloves (with holes)?... that when you buy letters or documents to be signed always politely says, "Just place them on my desk and I'll take care of them"?... that when "T. S." Brady advised Greenfield that he was the father of a baby boy (7 lbs. 10 oz.) Dan's exclamation was, "What happened?" (Wouldn't you know, Dan?)... that modest Otto Ernst was a champ during the short trip but terrible rider in his day?... that you could win any competition in Europe—and has pictures to prove it, one of which we will publish—if and when we can "borrow" one from him?

Note to Sergeant O'Brien: All of us who could not attend the "get-together" last month, because of the work chart, send our regrets. We were glad to hear, nevertheless, that it was a huge success.

Talking about Victory Gardens (who was?), did you notice the one Gootnick raised while away on vacation? It's blonde—and right under his nose. (Look close; it's there all right. 2 to 1 he takes it off by the time you read this!)

Among Other Sights of the Month: Daley showing up at a mobilization point fresh from seeding his patch of vitamins—but in overall's.

Have you noticed the new Stellwagen "V" hairdo, formed by taking the 6 hairs (count them) on Freddie's pate and parting them neatly, 3 on each side, to form a V?... Last month it was Fagins and the tip of this V... Well, its Givello and the chicken. It seems "Rosie" one recent late night, four speckled chicken hiding under a parked car, and in the ensuing race you would never believe that our hero (and we don't mean the chicken) was bothered by asthma. That's right—the chicken placed second... Talking about chickens, Martragano, too, last month became a father—one of his hens laid an egg!... "Foot"
Mortensen is back in his beloved Sector 2 after a few months of plainclothes sightseeing abroad (Brooklyn) . . . Fink (called “Finkie” by the fair sex) was almost as big an attraction as Frank Sinatra at Central Park on “I Am An American Day.” (Didn’t I meet you in Miami, Finkle, old dead?)

41st Precinct: This column was nurtured long and faithfully by Sergeant George Conway and now that he has seen fit to seek surcease from its trials and tribulations, we, his successor, say to him sorrowfully, “Adios, Amigo”—hoping at the same time that we can do as well.

Now, however, that he has more time, we’re looking to him to get that baseball team organized. Grandolfo says he can cover short, so what are we waiting for? Scozzari, Griffin, Rosenberger, Kuhner and others are just aching to sling that old ball around. The 40th Precinct has a field and has already issued a challenge. Let’s go!

Captain Browne dropped in last month while on leave and looked quite handsome in his Army Officer’s uniform . . . No man deserves greater esteem than Pat Whalen, now sergeant in the 40th Precinct. We hope the tribute paid him on the occasion of his promotion will remind him of us occasionally . . . Joe Banna has an addition to his family!—What, no cigars? . . . All you fishermen that enjoy going on trips, do not necessarily to catch fish, ask Bob Horn about his “ideal spot” or better still, to get the story straight, ask Al Hoffman or Fred Kuhner . . . Speaking of stories, your reporter in a moment of weakness had Del Monte and Furke write up their version of an arrest by them of a straying soldier. That’s right not less than a commendation could befit such heroism . . . John Smith has been called to the colors, and Stohl, La Barbera and Egstein are expecting to join him soon.

Our sincerest sympathies to Patrolman Tucker in the recent death of his mother and similarly to Patrolman Dougherty in the passing of his wife . . . Anyone interested in becoming a pin-boy should contact Butler, our expert—he knows the game from both ends of the alley . . . Is it true Broderick was seen posting a beach card on a day of good weather and people to notice his manly chest? . . . And that Matty Powers has become a junior life guard? . . . What patrolman from Hunts Point was recently seen dancing at a wedding with a fair maiden two heads taller than he?

Your correspondent closes now with a plea for cooperation—let no news remain untold, in plainer words.

42nd Precinct: Back again with a bang—and banish the thought ye good old 42nd Precinct passed out with the snows. We merely slept the past few months patiently awaiting the advent of Spring—and a brand new columnist who will humbly endeavor to serve the Bronx in the “doings of the day” and in a manner they will approve of—he hopes. He has acquired, too, the services of a most capable assistant—none other than Charles (Greek God) Ypsilanti. Being foot-loose and fancy-free Charles possesses the ability and masculine charm to gather choice bits of news, both timely and sad, for our faithful readers.

Our deepest sympathy to the family of Patrolman James Bryant Tucker in the recent death of his beloved mother. May she rest in peace.

The “cheese and cracker boys” of the Day Squad will enjoy this appetizing tid-bit: It is an indisputable fact that Joe the Bootblister is “hot stuff,” but how many of you know that Joe eats Italian peppers daily to keep the body temperature (98) up to normal? . . . Another sign of Spring: Eddie (Lefty) Bohan in full uniform pushing a baby carriage. Try and solve that one . . . We are all pleased to have Policewoman Lillian “The Jolly Jailer” Harrison back on the job again. Her operation was a complete success . . . Quick Quiz: What is the difference between Policewoman Mae (Gorgeous) O’Neill’s personal diary and the precinct diary? Answer: The former sadly recalls the past; the latter, the future.

Minute Men of the Radio Patrol: The “Jolting Johns” of Sector 2, Patrolmen Phelan and Ahle, answering a citizen’s phone call in the early morning hours of April 1, which hurriedly gave a meagre description of a man who had broken a jewelry store window, accosted a youth after a search of the neighborhood in whose cap was found imbedded minute par-
ticles of glass and which, upon examination at the Technical Research Laboratory, were proved identical as to relative quality and construction with portions taken from the broken window. This extraordinary type of police work clearly demonstrates the rare ability of our men of the Radio Patrol.

Another noteworthy arrest: “Smilin’ Paddy” Noone on March 31 for about 12:15 A.M. trudged a suspicious man along Third Avenue, only to suddenly lose sight of him; but upon care-
fully trying doors and windows nearby Pat found his man crouched behind a counter in the interior of a ladies’ apparel shop. Sergeant Halk and Patrolman James Fitzmaurice were passing at the time and quickly assisted “Our Pat” in completing the arrest. Cash receipts from said store were found in the prisoner’s possession.

Oh, yes—we dug up that old “Contribution Box” again so now you, too, can help make this column an interesting bit of reading. Just place your tips on “What’s What” and “Who’s Who” in the box and we’ll be happy to pass ‘em along.

Why is it the boys keep asking Patrolman John Rice, once a member of Uncle Sam’s Finest (the U. S. Marines), who it was chased the Marines out of Guadalcanal? . . . Was it with his old friend Msgr. Blake that Lieutenant Thomas Daly enjoyed some golf on a recent 32? . . . Here’s wishing Lieutenant Andy McKeon, somewhere in Scotland, the best of luck in his en-
deavors with Uncle Sam . . . and now the latest ambition of Joseph (Junior) Kiely has been realized—to be assigned to a radio car steady—big doings may be looked for, and, more important still, the apple knockers better look out!

8TH DIVISION

43rd Precint: 43rd Precint: After many months of rest (?) the Dawn Patrol is again on the march—and as always just to bring you the news—and an occasional smile—be assured.

First let us bring to mind the two members of this command who are now serving Uncle Sam—Patrolman Francis Gillis, on duty somewhere in North Africa, and Patrolman Eugene Fischer, serving in the Naval Air Corps, and stationed currently in Texas. Don’t forget to drop these boys a line. Some one suggests it would be a good idea to have Fischer act as Pilot on our P.D. Bomber; the odds are he would do justice to such an assignment.

Members of the command, headed by Captain McNamara and Sergeant Kroener, paid their last respects to one of our buddies, Louis Prochaska, who last month left us to go to his heavenly reward. His absence will be keenly felt by all who knew him. He was one grand guy.

Our deepest sympathies to Lieutenant O’Neill and to Patrol-
men Shelly and Bassler in the loss of their respective mothers, and to Patrolman Oderwald in the passing of his stepmother; and similarly to all others of the command who have suffered losses of loved ones since we last appeared in print.

All of us are sorry to hear of the injury sustained by Ser-
geant Chalmers, and we hope for his quick recovery and early return.

Now that we are rolling again just watch our smoke in the next issue! That means you, Barney Dolan, John Weis, Ray Waste, and all the rest of you unbelievers! Beware of your ac-
tions, boys, the Dawn Patrol already is snooping for news!

47th Precinct: At this writing Sergeant Philip Parker and Patrolman John Hearn are confined to the Veterans Hospital, and we hope by the time you read this they will be back working again . . . Happy to report Sergeant Al Harriot has long since gotten over his sick spell! . . . For Mrs. Ackerman, who is again confined to a hospital, we wish a speedy recovery . . . Keep your chin up, Henry!

Lieutenant Russell Shotland and Bill O’Brien are the proud poppas of bouncing baby boys! Mothers and babies (poppas, too) are doing fine.

On May 4, former Detective James D. Walsh, 47th Squad, was appointed Assistant United States Attorney and to him the members both of this precinct and the detective squad wish all the luck and success in the world.

Last month we muffed two of our II’s—(1) Jim Harrigan,
better known as “Gentleman Jim” by his squad members, and (2) Harish, our Arthur, also known as “Old Man River,” though your reporter knows better, as does Detective Cleary.

This issue we give you the J’s and K’s: Alex Joe, better known as “Cupie” or the kid with the coffee and cake undershirt; looks good for anything he eats. Mike Koyoe, also known as “Triple Chin Mike” and who Keppie claims is the best double talker this side of Westchester Creek.

Donald Keppie, more readily recognized as “Roses in Bloom.” P.S. Don’t light any matches! Kiley, also known as “Shifty Harold,” the gent who made the saying “I want a day off” famous.

Kraus, now assigned to the 8th Division, better known as the Zoot Suit Kid. Don’t drop any nickels near him.

Sergeant Vincent Kapp, now assigned to the 40th Precinct, one big swell fellow.

Lieutenant Kuchenmend, who’s as cool as a pretzel no matter what happens.

Lieutenant (Uncle Fred) Kessler, whose famous saying “Cut the bread thin and the roast beef thick” is known to all.

We welcome to our precinct our civilian telephone operator to whom we say, good luck—and a long stay.

The reason Detective Mike Cleary looks so good of late is that his “mother-in-law” Detective Arthur Harish, better known to Hade as “Harnishswagler,” reduced that bundle of wash for him.

Our deepest condolences to Patrolman Donald Keppie in the loss of his father, and to Lieutenant Vincent Hastings, 47th Squad, in the passing of his mother.

Congratulations and best of good luck to Patrolman Walter Branch who at the altar rail with the goil of his dreams assumed the role last month of Party of the Second Part—until Death do ‘em part!

10th Division

60th Precinct: The business people of Coney Island are engaged right now making minor repairs and dressing up their places of business in anticipation of another busy season...

Good luck and a prosperous summer to ‘em all!

Good luck and a speedy and victorious return to Rookie Patrolman Morris Fogel, who has been chosen for service by the U.S. Navy... Patrolman Louis (Curl) Levine, a veteran of World War I, has become a father-in-law! His son, who is in the Army, has Won and Done It!... Similar honors have also been won by Patrolman Edward Eder, whose daughter last month likewise was happily wed. Congratulations and good luck to ‘em all!... Congratulations also to Patrolman Charles (Angel) Burns upon becoming the proud father of a second girl! Mother and daughter doing swell... Tim Downing and his shadow, Mark Coviello, have been assigned to plain clothes duty in the precinct, meaning, beware, ye evildoers, because crime does not pay!... Patrolman Saul Pollack narrowly escaped the Grim Reaper recently when, in stopping a runaway horse on Coney Island Avenue, while on duty at a school crossing, he was dragged some 100 feet and sustained fractured ribs and internal injuries. Glad to report that he responded to treatment very favorably and now is recuperating at home... David Bailey, our acting attendant, who expects to retire soon, says that the attendants’ job is “a wonderful primer for his future career”... Auto Engineerman Carlo, an ace radio repair man, keeps busy in his spare time looking after the radios of our Civilian Defense Corps... Patrolman Ferdinand (Count Freddy) Fredin, the big poultry man, says that after a little interior decorating on his chicken coop (2 x 2) business should begin hatching fast... Our heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman James Rabbitt in the loss of his mother. May she rest in peace.

The New York Sun of Tuesday, April 27, carried a nice story, (together with his picture) about Patrolman Vincent T. O’Callahan who, on the occasion of Vinnie’s graduation from recruit training as honor man of his company at the U.S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes Ill., he having enlisted in February of this year as an apprentice seaman. Three other O’Callahan brothers are in the armed forces, Thomas, 26, a lieutenant; James, 22, a staff sergeant in the Army; and Cornelius, 18, who is in boot training at Great Lakes. Congratulations, Vinnie, your buddies down here at the 60th are right proud of you.

61st Precinct: Congratulations to Grandpa and Grandma Gallagher whose daughter recently presented them (her husband, too) with a very lovely little lady! Skeets promises Coro- Coronas to everybody if the next one is a boy... O.K., we wait!

Which of our detectives refers to which portion of the station house as “The Dormitory”? A true disciple of Emily Post, say we.

Why, when Patrolman John Curley invited Patrolman “Silent Sam” Schaffer to spend a week or two at the Curley summer home, did John insist that Sam bring his pipe and favorite tobacco along? Can the mosquitoes be that bad?

Sam and Mrs. Schaffer by the way are very proud of their son, Hal, who was inducted into the U. S. Army almost two years ago and who, after working his way up to the highest non-commissioned officers’ rating, while serving in the South Pacific, has just been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant. Congratulations!

Our No. 1 Broom, Patrolman Joe Marvin, is still raging at the injustice done him after the last air raid drill. Had the “all clear” come just a measly twenty minutes later, his relief and not he would have had to... anyway, opinion here is that it was nothing less than a plot to put that broom and its capable pusher to naught.

Which member of Acting Lieutenant Corboy’s staff has been seen of late buying vitamin pills—which isn’t so bad, but for the fact he insists they are for his sister? Hint: the guy is about 6’2” and tips the scale at around 225.

A little gremlin just whispered in our ear. “Why did Archie Miller of E. S. 11 buy a whealrow? He wouldn’t push it!”

That’s the question verbatim... Wanna answer him, Arch? Which one of our “Cream of the Crockers” was overheard lamenting to a fellow “rook” about the evening he spent at the Latin Quarter with a lady fair—and at an expense to him of exactly 21 fish? What a way to spend a full week’s pay?

What Sergeant named Tom Pendergast planted beets in his Victory garden (it must like borscht), waited patiently for results, and when nothing happened became so despondent that some of his pals here decided to act, bought 500 worth of beets from the vegetable store and buried them in the garden, causing the said sergeant to boast ever since about his horticultural talents? Sergeant Burke insists this is a tough case to “beat.” Get it?

Sergeant Burke, by the way, having a garden problem of his own called on our farming expert, Patrolman Joe (Burbank) Marvin, for advice on how to prevent his plants from freezing, and The Chief after due deliberation suggested he run a steam pipe underground, thereby keeping the delinquent plants warm. Incidentally, Joe once was a plumber.

62nd Precinct: Good luck to another 62nd Precinct man in the armed service, Patrolman William Breestek, stationed currently at Camp Upton... Chief Boatswain’s Mate Harry Buckley visited with us recently. Looks fine... Lieutenant Chris Mitchell and the men assigned to the Air Warden Service are doing an excellent job. Congratulations to them all... Andy Lovito’s rooster, “Mikee,” is no more. Reason: Mikees crowed once too often... The 62nd Squad detectives, softball champs, are looking for more victims... No one can call Joe Wenz “Toothless” any more. Just had his upper installed. What wise teeth you have, Joe!... Eddie Berran, another of our backyard chicken raisers, is now giving competition to Handy Andy Lovito, Joe Savignano, and Jake Gumbel. Only man in town who has a banana tree in his yard. Beat that... Pat Kuenemund, Patrolman McFadden, Marathon Man, was seen running on a recent Sunday morning at St. Gabriels Sanitarium, St. Gabriels, N. Y. A letter from the boys would be appreciated. Good luck to you, Mike, and a speedy recovery.

The 62nd Precinct baseball team under the leadership of Al Smith and Mike O’Connor goes right along winning, thanks to O’Brian and Son, who, from the home bench narrates the marvelous pitching of locker Drytany and Cy Gorman and the best catcher in the business, Bud Messina, and substitute Barnyard Persinger,
who can occupy any position. Umpires Lovito, Alexander and Long, too, are good.

The 62nd Precinct does it again! Over the top on the 2nd War Bond drive, just as everyone expected!

66th Precinct: H'ya, fellers! Well, the 66th is back in action again! How about helping out by coming forth with a little material for our local heroes?

Our softball team has gotten off to a flying start. If you don't believe us, ask the boys of the 10th D.D... The score? Oh, yes, 66-9, 10th D.D.-6. For matches just call our player-manager, Sergeant Joe (Siftyville) Ganley—and, boy, can he play—even though it may not be for you! Or you can substitute for him on the heavy department. If you are looking for lesser opposition we have a second team, managed by Patrolman Giovanni Guiseppi Raviolo LaMattina... And as a further inducement we will even furnish the umpire, a man of great distinction and renown, none other than our own Lieutenant Henry Joseph B. B. McCormack.

That's all for now, boys; don't forget—let's hear from you!

68th Precinct: One of our esteemed friends of the Emergency Squad next door is all cut up and whittled down because of the rationing system. Yes, sir! Harry Conyers, he of the front page fame (Boys, take note! (You ain't never seen John DeMartini, that is a spy chapeau!)... And have you noticed how normal Eddie Conroy responds since he was hit on top of the head with a baseball a few Sundays ago at the Parade Grounds? (Others similarly afflicted please take note!)

Lost Strayed or Stolen: A "61" has been made out for Minnie the Moose. Too bad!—and she was so young!

You should live so long! And not have relished one of Tiny Brooks' delicious steaks fried in "bear grease"!

Andy Strangio's 74th Precinct champion softball team has hit its stride, despite loss of the first game. However, even the Brooklyn Dodgers lose one now and then. Recent scores: 74th, 10; U. S. Army 602nd, 16... 74th, 3; 79th Precint, 0... 74th, 13; Mtd. Troop E, 6... 74th, 8; Mtd. Troop E, 6.

Red Barlow, Ken Radeliffe, Paul Mele and George Scrvaini form "Murderer's Row" in the batting order. And we also have some "clutch" hitters, when we need a hit to drive home a run, in Gay Memoli, Andy Strangio and Grandpa Herring. And that battery—Jasinski and Farrant! Yeah, man! What a team! !

All challenges accepted.

Hank Kaufman plans to gather a team at this writing to be known as the "Fugitives" (from a ball park) which he boasts will whitewash the 74th Regulars—but easily!

Our heartfelt condolences to Sergeant Schnauer in the loss of his daughter.

12TH DIVISION

63rd Pct., Ptl. Heyward Doublay
65th Pct., Ptl. George E. B. Rocha
66th Pct., Ptl. Henry A. Redlin
66th Pct., Ptl. Philip Stambul
67th Precinct: Your reporter, still anxious to know who wiped his tomato and celery plants, offers a substantial reward—one string of garlic—for their return, and no questions asked... Tony Santa Maria (Beau Brummell, Sicilian type), who has gone in for gardening in a big way, is so optimistic about the harvest that he is giving away his ration books (oh, yeah?)... Glad Sergeant Pollack's recent accident was not a serious one. By the way, Sarge, have you a union card?... George Bernsten seen shopping on Flatbush Avenue recently. For baby clothes, maybe?... Who said our new Liability Man would always be a liability regardless of his detail?... If you want to see something reminiscent of the Gay '90's, you should see Lieutenant Gloss riding his bicycle—dressed in that red turtle-neck sweater! Incidentally, Lieutenant Gloss is in charge of our softball team, and other teams desiring matches should contact either him or the Dixie Walker of our crew, Bishop Hayes... Our golf addicts, Burger, Santa Maria, Dempsey, Fleischer and chief caddie Fellerito, should get together for a little jamboire... Our new sergeant, one J. Lynch, is quite a ball player—and certainly an asset to our team.

75th Precinct: Bill Hayden, we hear, once portrayed Simon Legree in an amateur performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Tell us about it, Bill!... Bill Jarvis seems to be giving his associ-
ates the run-around these days. What's wrong, Cutie? ... Walter Hennessy, the man of a very few words, sure looks happy of late. Grandpa duties responsible, Walter? ... Harry Lavin and his bride have the boys guessing; won't say anything; they even want to give him a party! Just say the word, Harry ... Leo Eustig is now Ace Assistant. Congratulations! ... Joe Weinstein, now 3rd Broom, gets weak when he reads congratulations let this job go by. ... Al Massoletto, who is retiring, expects to adorn Jack Dempsey's restaurant, he tells us, as a sort of peacemaker.

1ST DIVISION

80th Pct., Ptl. Daniel D. Langdon

77th Precinct: Our deepest sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman William Ryan. May he find the peace he so richly deserves.

Frank "10 per cent" Rocklein is bothered by lumbago again — can't wait, I guess, until his number is drawn to be drafted into retirement. ... A sight for sore eyes (and a good camera): Morrie "I'll take the case" Schneider interrupted while cycling along Ocean Parkway, all dressed up in a 'Boy Scout outfit, by an act of fate." He didn't notice any full moon, but we did (honest) see Frank "Take It or Leave It" Gowrie drinking an ice cream soda!— Rationing? ... Rookie George "I'll learn" Wright has become a student of higher mathematics—has figured he'll have to pay the city 25 cents per week for the use of the shield when the next taxes become effective ... Blame all the things, the depression, the bad baseball, the national baseball—no, that "worn-out" feeling so prevalent these days. Everyone seems to be doing his share ... If Tom "Clerical" Brennan and Carl "Assistant" Napoli continue their bowling we should have a team soon to make other commands sit up and take notice. A little rivalry has sprung up between the clerical and A. W. S. forces and the clerical feel ready now to tackle Vince Hession and Danny Cantarella in a match game.

Don "Jack of all Trades" Haines is working out quite strenuously with the Fife and Drum Corps—probably preparing for the base ball season ... Patrolman (now PFC—which means as we understand it "praying for corporal") Metcalf sauntered in the other day and looks fine. Must have put on 20 lbs. So we were right—if you wanna eat good, join the Army ... To Detective Emil "Captain" Moldenhauer, who has joined up with the navy and is now assigned at Hunter College with the WAVES, we say good luck, Cap, and don't get your feet wet ... Welcome and a pleasant stay to Bill Loeffler, who came to us from the 12th ... And "so long" for the summer to Dohy John, a beachcomber at heart ... Marty "I'll see you at the Doctor's" Giorgio must have taken vitamins A to Z plus—and in double doses, too—because he hasn't been complaining lately and in addition now wants to play baseball!

Sergeant Blumberg listening to Sergeant Edward "The Catch" Passingman the other day very promptly—though a bit reluctantly—relinquished his title as the precinct's most capable conversationalist ... Sergeant Charlie "36 holes" Boland, back from sick report with an unruly mustache, had some trimmed — after which he shaved it off! Well, your guess is as good as mine ... Wonder why the Skipper calls Gus "Chowderhead" Persson "The Great Glober?" Could it be that laugh? ... When Frank "Man Mountain" Lutz saw the blemishes from his victory garden he figured something was wrong, and promptly proceeded to push them back into the ground. Hey, Frank! What book did you get that from? ... Did you know that Captain James F. Murphy is the Editor of the "M.P. Blotter," and doing a fine job? How about those captain's bars, Jim? ... And did you know that Fred Skidmore too is now a captain? Good luck, Fred!

Seriously: Confidence is the companion of success.

79th Precinct: Master Sergeant Brian T. Fitzgerald, U. S. Army, somewhere in North Africa according to last reports, has a brand new son and heir—Master Brian Terrance Fitzgerald Jr., 8 pounds, 2 ounces, who arrived on April 21 last. Congratulations!

To all those good folks who so generously helped the baseball team of this precinct recently—thanks a million ... The team got off to a poor start this year—we took it on the chin from Tommy Brennan and his fire laddies from the 38th Battalion, 9—8 ... Hal Wells, pitching strongly, abandoned in the fourth inning with the 79th leading 7 to 1—then Joe Daily took over, and the big guns of the 38th went off—Boom! Boom! Bang!—with the end of the sixth finding the 38th in the lead, 9—7 ... Early in the 7th, with two aboard and none out for the 38th, Jeemy McKenna went to the hill for our side and retired the first two, then let this job go by. ... Al Massoletto, who is retiring, expects to adorn Jack Dempsey's restaurant, he tells us, as a sort of peacemaker.

LOOKING 'EM OVER

Our softball aggregation, with Jack McAuliffe, the Flatbush Torando, heating them up the alley like shots from a 155 MM anti-tank gun, took on the 74th Precinct soft ballers, and again we came out on the wrong end—of a 3—0 score ... 79 got only two hits—74 got three ... No one crossed the plate after the 1st inning ... Not a bad game at that!

Eddie Parry, who did yeoman service on the mound for our team last season, recently recovered from a siege of pneumonia, is coming along nicely and will soon be out there curving that old apple as of yore—we hope ... Patsy Malone, to date, has performed elegantly at 2nd base ... and glamour patients Brellin has been doing very well both afield and at bat ... J. Mageertroid Mullen, alias Judge Kelly, has had a brand new title conferred on him—Casanova Mullen!

Jimmy Dunn, ex 7Ter, has been elevated to the rank of captain in the U. S. Army. Congratulations, Jim! ... Ed Dunkan's boy, Eddie Jr., a PFC in the Army, home on furlough from the Aleutians, took unto himself a bride, enjoyed a honeymoon, and has since returned to his job of helping to kick Hirohito's minions tabellangone off Attu.

Mike Zullo, injured in line of duty when he tackled a wild mustang hitched to a peddler's rig, is coming along in good shape and seems too big and strong to find it easy to believe the rumor that Mike in the excitement grabbed the bride, hoisted the nag onto his back and ran like all get out till he crashed into a pole. Others say the horse dragged Mike, but that's hard to believe, 'cause Mike is not so easily drugged, even by a horse. Ask Charlie Goodale ... Speaking of Charlie—that kid can eat the strangest things. Recently, while doing a trick on the war post, Charlie bled with his fellow comrades to bring him a sandwich—which—they did—the swelllest-looking sangwich—but, neatly tucked between the pieces of bread were two UF cards! And Charlie, they tell us, ate cards and all!


War Savings Bond Clubs: With pardonable pride we announce the successful termination of the first series of drawings in our 76-man Bond Club, the last recipients being Sam Kaplan (2 Bonds), Joe Ullis, John McGuire, Vince Walsh, Jimmy O'Connell, Luke White and Dick Canter. The lucky winners of the Bonus Booklets, containing $4.75 in War Stamps, were Captain Levy, Sergeant Mike Cunningham, Patrolman Bob Riege and Attendant E. Phillips. But don't think we're stopping here! Already a second series of drawings is under way which will see ninety-five more bonds sold in this very unique and painless manner. Yes, boys, five groups—so let's go!

Baseball days are here again and long before this reaches print our lads will have gotten those layers of lard off their beansies via occasional takles down to the Parade Grounds with those bats, balls and gloves. Of this more anon.

A hearty welcome to our recent visit here to Patrolman John Canavan, now Cpl. Canavan, of Camp Lee, Virginia. Well tallned and rounded out, John sure looks a picture of health. And was he thrilled to see the beautiful Honor Roll Plaque, which was designed by our Jimmy Cook and beautifully framed, that hangs in the muster room directly under the clock! Yes, John, your old buddies are always happy to see any of the boys in the service drop in for a visit.
81st Precinct: A visit or message to Joe Kranz, for a long time on sick leave and now at the Veterans Hospital, will cheer him up considerably. A speedy recovery to you, Joe.

If you noticed a bulge in Benny Bohland's chest, charge it to the fact his daughter presented him on May 2 with a grandchild. His grandpa BennyBest wishes to Ted Baskin, our popular and capable civilian operator, who is leaving to go into the Navy.

The members of the Eight-One Club, after a rather hectic election, have put into office a group of men who are not only able but energetic as well. At the first meeting under their regime everything went along smoothly and those fortunate enough to be able to attend had a grand time. We look forward to a happy and prosperous organization.

Baseball News: Johnnie Bothmann, our first baseman, has left us to join the big team. His place will be capably filled by Tootsie Interrante, whose ample extremities enable him to roam about the infield while still covering the bag.

A mysterious package received by Manager Hildebrand was found to contain a catcher's mask too large for a human head, whereupon Hildie, showing great managerial sagacity, immediatelyickered with the Facker's League and was able to secure the services of their leading backstop—one Abe Cohen—for whom they have been unable to find a backstop large enough.

We now have a mail box in the back room for your suggestions. All information will be held in strictest confidence by your reporter.

88th Precinct: The Delegates' Handicap Purse 10% of the Take For 21-year-olds and up Over the jumps About 1½ months.

Post Horse Weight Jockeys Odds Comment
1 Fat Staff 280 H. Dwyer 2-1 Lots of weight.
2 Little Paesano 160 E. Pisan. 4-1 Woke up suddenly.
3 Chubby Puss 175 J. Ross 4-1 Fast worker.
4 The Norsek 185 J. Byrd 5-1 In good shape.
5 Dark Horse 175 No Boy 20-1 May surprise.

The winner cops the place vacated by that old champ, The Mule, handled so well over a period of years by Georgie Meuhlecc, the working man's friend. Georgie, who may have bent legs but an unbowed head, is preparing to retire from the ranks of the P.B.A. delegates and spend the remainder of his time in the job peacefully and without worry. No more will we hear his ringing challenge: 'ON THE QUESTION! Nor his vibrant though at times annoying: 'ARE YOU IN A RECEP-TABLE' MOOD TO-DAY?' that being his query when he was about his business of getting your overdue dues.

Serious, however, may we extend the thanks of the entire personnel of this command to George Meuhleck for the constant and tireless effort he has always made to serve the best interests of the men, the police and the welfare of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association membership as a whole. We wish him success in all his plans for the future.

14TH DIVISION


55th Precinct: With Obremski soon to be "made," Bauer is in strict training to take over—if Frey doesn't beat him out! However, Nadolak paid us a visit—in his sailor-boy suit. Quite natty-looking, too. . . . Sergeant Fitzgerald is hereby welcomed to our happy home. We hope his stay will be a pleasant one . . . Have you met our own jitterbugger, "Jumping-jive" Rosenberg? . . . I notice our "Dick Tracys," Vitalo and Kaminister, are getting rather portly about the middle. Could the shortage of girdles be responsible? . . . Who said Act. Lieutenant Keenan and his assistants, Patrolmen Nally, Hughes, Larkin, Fritsch and Os-trofsky have those "Short of Wardens Blues"?

While on the subject, let's not fool ourselves. Air Raid War-dens are a vital necessity, both to the war effort and our own Department. Without them, how would we be able to cover the precinct, enforce the regulations? These civic-minded folks volunteer and sacrifice much of their time. There is no pay attatched to the work, but ever so often, some self-centered and unpatriotic citizen will insult and abuse these hard-working men and women upon whom all of us so urgently depend. Let's all cooperate with our wardens and show them that we appreciate what they are doing. It will inspire them to keep up the good work.

More next month.

90th Precinct: Heartiest congratulations to Lieutenant Papp, once known as the "boy cop" of Greenpoint and who on May 4 last put 35 years of police work behind him . . . Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. George Boos and Patrolman and Mrs. Al Galanek, the former blessed with a baby girl (which makes two girls for them), and the latter a baby boy, totaling two boys now in the Galanek abode . . . Sincere condolences to Patrolman John Consigl in the recent loss of his sister . . . Patrolman Henry Burgess has left us, through retirement, and we surely did hate to see him go. Benny, who put in 32 years, was about the best liked and best respected man in the precinct for about as far back as we can remember . . . Retired Sergeant Smith writing from Sunny California sends along his formula for a successful Victory garden and the hope Sergeant McGuire and Craig will pay heed and pass the info along . . . Sergeant McGuire had a letter from Jim Morahan recently and from what Jim says all seems to be going well. Is it true Patrolman Charlie Geary prefers during blackouts to wear his helmet backwards? . . . And did you know Patrolman Manny Uhlfelder became a grandfather last month? . . . And that Patrolman Comulada is still wondering why the other day "this kid has darted in the coffee"? . . . Patrolman Redmond on a recent late tour surprised a burglar in the act of looting a haberdashery window. Nice work, Jack.

Members of our precinct having sons in the armed services include Sergeant Cullcy, with 2; Acting Lieutenant Gray, 1; Hack Inspector Ned Ryan, 3; Charlie Carlin, 3; Benny Bode, 1; Bill Jacobs, 1; Lee Vaughan, 1; Benny Solbeck, 1; Julius Zdii, 1; These are just a few of whom we know, and if there are others we will make every effort to see they are not passed up in our next offering.

Pinhead Biographies (6th Squad) Patrolman Patrick S. Gough (better known as P.S. and The Silver Fox); senior man in the squad and worked as a clerk previously, which probably explains the care he has taken of Patrolman Baynon, who also was a cleric; works the lower Broadway section and is highly thought of by all.

Patrolman Bill Pfau, who is junior to Pat by about twenty days; a butcher previously; works Bedford Avenue and for a small time was the Custodian of the Broom, a job he threw up in favor of patrol.

Patrolman John Baynon, who, like Gough, was an office clerk before; sometimes called Jackie, but is known in golf circles as the little man with the big drive; shoots in the 80's—but can't prevent it to Bellinoff, who in some mysterious manner manages to check on them.

Patrolman George Kinzy, who works Division Avenue and came to the P.D. clean from a laundry where he worked as foreman; known for his dry sense of humor, and his characterization of an English Bobby is excellent.

And so till next month.

92nd Precinct: Our sympathies to Patrolman Back in the loss of his mother . . . Congratulations to Patrolmen Pierzgalski and Plant on the arrest of the telephone box thieves . . . Which one of our sergeants brought in a bottle of cognac recently—adding fragrance thereby to the locker room? . . . With Dercole on sick report poor Vaughan is the target—and can be taken! . . . As, 1, to Vaughan: "Moonlight Becomes You"? . . . If Archie MacNaughton can get the necessary financial backing he intends to raise chickens—as good a way of eating regularly as any we know . . . Zwerbel must have a touch of spring fever—he attempted to "turn-out" with his brown shoes on . . . Ed Sullivan, the fisherman, has been promising the boys a fresh flounder dinner, but up to the present time has failed to make good . . . Our command made an impressive showing in the War Bond drive among the precincts in this Division . . . Fruit Demolisher Max recently spent 27 minutes of his meal period searching for his roving cafeteria, utilizing the remaining 3

LOOKING 'EM OVER
minutes to devour some of his delicious knishes ... Patrolman Losquadro has left us to join Uncle Sam's Fighting Men ... Patrolman Brautigam, our Acting Cleaner, rejected a gallon of liniment recently, stating that a man in his physical condition is not susceptible to medicinal pain ("Take a look at these muscles") ... Is it true, Clarence, that you have transferred your affections from "Goo Goo" to "Knobby"?

13TH DIVISION

104th Plt., Ptl. John C. Hecht
105th Plt., Ptl. Harold T. Kenyon
107th Plt., Ptl. Walter Deacopp
106th Plt., Ptl. Alex Couradit

102nd Precinct: Patrolman Bert Guilland is now 1st Broom in the place of Bill Towmey, who retired. Wonder what kind of coffee Bert will make ... Patrolman Giles, on vacation in Beantown, mailed a card from Waltham, Mass. Getting his watch fixed there, no doubt ... Patrolman Davis, reporting for work with his face scratched up, claims the family feline was responsible—and no wisecrackers, please ... Yes, his newest cogmonee, Krumb Kake Kerby, fits Gene admirably ... Sir Stork last month deposited a bouncing baby daughter at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Buck, Lieutenant and Mrs. Bob McAllister, (Yes, Bob, your wife got her wish) and Mr. and Mrs. Eller. For the latter the newest arrival brings the total now to five—making him one up on a gent here named McGrath, who claims four ... Jack Carney, who is still at the U. S. Veterans Hospital in the Bronx, would like to see, or hear, from some of you fellows ... Patrolman Vito Romano back on deck after a short stay in the hospital with an injured hand.

The 102nd Precinct Fishing Club on its first outing of the year fished Great South Bay from Sayville to the State Channel and Little Fire Island. Not much fish, but a lot of fun. Acting Captain Kauffman caught the first fish and Gertisser, using a drop line with seven hooks on it, the largest. A few highlights: Lieutenant Andrews still telling about the Big One That Got Away ... Also his explanation of why he and Patrolman Gertisser stopped at a certain Fish Emporium in Seaford, L. I., on the way home ... The nerve of the guy who swiped all of the skipper's large ones and slipped him the small ones instead. ... Yes, and who grabbed two of mine, too ... The guys who ate up all of the grub and in the excitement forgot to "get it up!"

Retired Patrolman John P. Engel sends regards from his Tourist Home, located at New Lebanon Centre, N. Y. ... We hope Sergeant Dan McGuiness, on sick report as this is written, will be back with us real soon ... Our deepest sympathies to Patrolman and Mrs. Joseph F. Fitzpatrick in the loss last month of their seven-weeks-old son.

In closing, our best wishes to all of our boys serving in the armed forces.

106th Precinct: Motorists in the vicinity of the station house at about 4 P.M. have their daily carach—another name for Patrolman Barry—who as an orator has few equals ... Have Adam Danhavardt tell you about the cabinet maker ... Sergeant Miller and the fresh ham ... Who gave Sergeant Allers' pipe the ink bath? ... Attendant Henry Kludt reported one of his incaparable canvas gloves missing and Detective

Jefferys, who was assigned, after a diligent search of the station house descended to the boiler room to drink a cup of Henry's invigorating coffee and lifting the cover of the pot what do you suppose he discovered? Correct! The glove was missing twenty-four hours ... Lieutenant Holdon ever since has refused to drink Kludt's iodine—but not until after the fourth cupfull, that is ... Our deepest condolences to Patrolman William Forsier in the loss of his mother and father.

Platoon Prepares for Inspection! Sergeant (to be) Kozian trying to look officious ... McGough wearing house slippers ... Frey with his invention, the collapsible fishing pole, in his pocket ... Forgetful Ed Miller minus his buttons ... O'Rourke wearing his classy "cheaters" ... Beatty forgetting to bring his uniform for his only tour of duty ... Fisher looking to get two tens for a five ... Bergman's bay window still prominent—despite his strict (?) diet ... Denian always there with a smile ... Chebuke with his new harmonica attached to his belt ... Bryan of the O.C.D. losing his pep—like the old gray mare—not what she used to be ... Ditto Hack Inspector John Murray ... Johnston arriving in full uniform with a brown fedora perched on his skull! ... Wagner with the zoot pants ... Hippy wearing his son's colored sox ... The anemic boys that are assigned to the "butter tub" details—all of whom weigh over two hundred pounds! ... Patrolman Schupp, our attendant and chief without portfolio.

16TH DIVISION

109th Plt., Ptl. John Govern
110th Plt., Ptl. Edward J. Bidanauct
112th Plt., Ptl. Edward Geiger
113th Plt., Ptl. Edwin Forecht

108th Precinct: Jole Clark ("The Parson") confides that he may soon be heading down The Center Aisle! Parson meets Person, as it were ... Aside to retired Detective Tom Kenny, 112th Squad: If you read this please contact me by mail at the precinct ... Policewoman Lillian Burke makes the front pages in the appealing pose of holding a little tyke whose mother was severely hurt in a fire—a role she fills 100 per cent ... Thanks to our P.B.A. delegates for the nice plaque honoring the boys from the 108th Precinct who are now serving their Uncle Sam ... We ask D. Salvia which type of women he most admires, the kind that talk a lot or the other kind, and Dan wisecrackers, "What other kind!" ... John Calahan (Boston John) telling your reporter he's the guy who as a boy scout organized the Wolf Patrol ... Sam Lapsley, showing his son's photo in sailor uniform, tells you truly he is not a chip off the old block, he's the whole block ... Tom O'Donnell on his vacation spent on the front porch of his lodge in Corona, sends your reporter a card reading "Wish you were here!" ... Twa not that balloon that used to fly around that you saw going up Greenpoint Avenue, that was Patrolman Nelson ... "Light Duty" Louie Hoch enters a shoe store and gives up his coupon for a pair of shoes the same size as the number on the coupon—17.

Aside to retired Captain John A Boyle now of Asbury Park, N. J.: Thanks for your nice letter and your gracious invite. I sure will come down. For you and some of the other old timers down there I am publishing in my column this month a snapshot of myself and Al Palmer, the old heavyweight, taken about 1915, when Al was training to fight Jim Coffee and your reporter was one of Asbury Park's most notorious sand artists ... Ser-
gentleman Winberry showing the palms of his hands to Sergeant "Gentleman Jim" Meagher, explains he got them working in his Victory garden, and then reaching in his pocket pulls out what looks like the product of a different kind of Victory garden—and lights it up. Sergeant George Dunn, who was born and raised in this very neighborhood, returns and is sought out by the detective, and is shown around the house by his good friends whom he had not seen in years. Patrolman Barney Salamone comes to us from the 32nd Precinct sporting a mustache, which is an exact duplicate of the one worn by Fred Schmidt, the Baron, who gets one look and the next day appears in the station house sporting one, minus mustache. As we write this our good friend Jim McGill is confined to his bed, a very sick man, and it is the hope of all that his recovery is rapid and complete. Con Dowd decides the radio car is not for him and he can be seen again on post—30—and happy to be back. And so the team of Ganley and Schwartz is no more, with Fdr Schwartz now teamed up with Tom McDonough and Smiling Willie Ammon carrying on with Jim Ganley. Ed Silke now chauffeurs the sergeants and Mike Sabbatino is our new safety man, the while Jim Goodman returns to the 3rd Squad from which he was absent much too long.

Aside to John Callahan, now in the Army, and Fred Land- man, retired: Please forward me your address. We would love to hear also from Sam McDougall, another of our retired men. Aside to Mae Foley: Hurry up and get back to work. We miss you.

Glad to report that Joe Brown after a long and serious illness is now back and doing all 8 to 4's. Joe Hamilton smiles as he tells us of his wife's smooth-faced, minus mustache. Bill Barone, with 2 WAACs, one on each arm. Patrolman Luhrs, formerly of Central Park, gets a post on Queens Boulevard and complains: "Funny post, no lake, no squirrels, no birds, how come?" We believe our civilian defense unit, of which this precinct is justly proud, is second to none in the city. Acting Lieutenant Henry White and his tin hats, Patrolmen Brasil, Green, Rodewald and Mike Rath line up as fine a group of air raid wardens as can be found in the city. And in conclusion, many thanks to Bob Hines and Pete Vellon for the way they helped put this precinct over the top in the recent War Bond drive.

109th Precinct: The men held their own when they came to buying War Bonds—everyone dug deep and got it up. Johnny "Doc" Powers did not have to get his M.D. from a college—got it in the Department—in acknowledgment of the fine job he turned in recently as assistant to Sir Stork. What radio man (1st Squad) went bowling with the boys recently and then had to get a note from his partner explaining to his wife the reason for staying out so late? Who on Post 26 is romancing a certain beautiful widow? Tony, our well-fed sergeants' operator and known now as Mr. Five-by-Five, is running a close second to Al Stang. Joe Hunt says his son James loves Army life. A chip off the old block, say we. Joe was quite a soldier himself in the last war.

Who is the sad-eyed gent on the 6th Squad that can't work Main Street, and why? "Roochie" Ed Louster says his feet don't hurt near as much now that he drives Auto 970. And you can imagine our summons ace, Bette, trying to convince a man that the cops should get a raise? Arthur, the bootblack, admits the rookies are easier to take over at checkers than the old timers. Andy Mosher resents being called the "Cork" by the One of the Old Guard—especially with the Day Squad. Ed Wander still doesn't know if he wants to retire. Gert, we guess, doesn't seem to be able to make up her mind.

114th Precinct: I wonder: Why Ahearn is always so blue? if Cutie Messett misses Wendy Forbes? If it is true Pop Maher is acquiring a new overcoat? If Patrolmen Mac- kie and Tom Draper, both of whom you have already met, get along at the airport (Friedman would like to know)? Why Marquette always wants to pinch Cronin's cheek? Why Mewin would like to see Hrubant retire? Why Patrolman Weppler likes the switch-board on his last late tour? How Dew Drop Les and "I'm Not a Moving Picture Cop" Larry got the job they took over in the Union house? When Kratina is going to bring in some of those big fish? ... when Judge intends paying for the butcher he eats during lunch time? ... why Julius Steinhauser believes he is a detective?

Tip to Landlords: Patrolman Tim Sullivan moves every thirty days—now making his debut in Laurelton. New record of Patrolman Hammer, our champion hard-boiled egg eater; thirty-three—made last Easter. Patrolman Hrubant brought hunting equipment in Scars Roebeuck and wearing a brown hunting hat, black and white plaid shirt and pants that come down to six inches over his ankles. Is it true Patrolman Judge threatens to have your reporter transferrered if he makes mention of him in SPRING 3100? ... also, why does Patrolman Hrubant keep his trap shut when Judge is around? Why is it Hrubant always takes auto 504 to S.S. 47 and Duberg has to get his neighbor to show him the difference between vegetables and weeds in his Victory garden? ... Who is the sleuth who signed the complaint sheet against himself in 1st District Court? (Would Gallagher know?) Why is Cooley glad that Bonner moved? ... Why, since Rocking Chair Sullivan and Twinkle Toes Lennie worked together in plain clothes on that nuisance detail, do they think themselves detectives? ... Sincere condolences to Lieutenant Licker in the death of his father; also to Patrolman Sawling whose father also has passed on. Incidentally, we were all sorry to see Lieutenant Licker leave the command; he is well liked here. ... Met Sergeant Tom Reddington and he is looking well after his long illness.

By the time this is printed two more of our men will be in the armed forces. Patrolmen Joseph McCabe and Richard Conkin, thus bringing to eleven our total in the armed services. What is the attraction on 47th Street for Patrolman Warne- feldt? If you ask him why he is there, Bill shifts the blame to McConchie calls him Baron Von Armerst? ... Condolences to Patrolman Stewart Donnelly in the death of his father. The men of the command welcome Captain Bill Benekas back as commander.

TRAFFIC A

Plll. Walter C. Schad


Looks like Patrolman Gerstenfeld has at last found a job he likes. His new address: Motorcycle Precinct 2. Happy landings! Sending a message to Patrolman Kaczynski is like sending word to Garcia. After ringing the bell every half hour, came the break of dawn—and the discovery Big Joe doesn't live there any more. Wanted: One coupon No. 17 for one coffee coupon. What a bargain! ... Big John Kennedy and Little Willy Mulry compare X-Ray photos—the same reminding you of spots after a B-19 laid its eggs. Patrolman Greitz, complaining about a toothache, has Gavin worried. Maybe he's getting his third set, Joe! ... Why does the sun shine on Lucky? ... West Side? ... Why? ... Patrolman Koch complains that even the F.D. cars are weak after an operation. And with meat so scarce, ... Who's our pal down on Greenwich Street? Could it be Patrolman Young? Could be! Ask Big Joe, he knows. Patrolman Garber envies the boys living in Queens—they, see he, don't have to plant their victory gardens on the fire-escape.

Short Story: Patrolman Fousek intervenes and breaks up a 3-man street fight. Ten minutes later he again proceeds to break up the same argument. Perhaps the patrolman's size gave the disturbers courage—until to their dismay he turned out to be a giant. Result: Two went to the can and the other to a hospital. Orczide to Patrolman Tillson, 5th Precinct, who ably assisted.

Patrolman Meconi—pride poppa of a baby boy! But what if the newcomer gets a peck at that fuzz under his nose? What sergeant's face turns cloudy when you mention noodles and macaroni? "What, no potatoes?" Patrolman DeVito's idea of a day off: "If it rains, I'll be in!" Nice system—if it winds up in the 1st Squad. Could Pat Moran and Chief Hare be of help to Wood Mill? Many of his neighbors patronize the wet-wash?—and is it true he's taking orders for fresh eggs? The hunting season is still on—our civilian clerk, Dick Knoll, has caught his 51st mouse ... What sergeant working in Traffic A went looking for a saw—to cut off one foot of an overlength truck in the main street. Gone the wheels—each side. When the men got off, they went to the car owners—some of whom had an order for a car watched over by Sergeant (who should know better) are showing up on their day off. Any place but here ... Stop, Look, and Listen!—the next
intersection is Canal and West—traffic lights still in operation—left turns permitted. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to all our sick members. Harlem misses 'em . . . With the coming of warm weather, Patrolman Schad feels the call of the sea. Date with a mermaid, maybe? Hope the boys won't be calling the merchant marine to find what their pots are!

**TRAFFIC C**

Pfc. Joseph H. Werns

Our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our men who are on sick leave.

Another of our comrades has joined the ranks of the Departed Ones, none other than Adolph Brune, that little fellow who worked 5th Avenue for so many years and who always had a cheery smile and a pleasant word for everyone. To his be-reaved family our deepest sympathies are extended.


Best of luck to Pat Murphy, the horse owner, who has finally succeeded in going mounted; also to Sol Yudenfreund and Frank Morinarity, assigned recently to the motorcycle squad.

Stay whole, boys, and take it easy . . . Wonder why it is Bill Hartman seldom is seen walking around in a haze these days? Is it that he misses his former side-kick, Frank Meyer, or is it because Erna won't feed him any more lox sandwiches? . . . The flying fishes around Pier 88 just sent a message saying the Leo Gellellas are “expecting”—some time in June. . . . Fritz Bamberger says he is going to smoke cigars next time he goes hunting—because it “improves” his shooting! A letter received from Max Mintz, our former clerical man, postmarked “somewhere over there.” Best of luck to you, Max, and if you ever get to read this you will know the boys in Traffic C wish you Godspeed and a safe return . . . Who on the day squad, when sent to the 16th Emergency Squad, wound up at 16th Street, at the bomber truck? . . . It’s true Curly Thorpe sent his sister out for a head of lettuce and gave her h is hot to measure it by—so she wouldn’t be cheated! . . . And Artie (Fatstufi) Gontko’s charming little eyeeful, Irene, complains your reporter should stop “picking on Her Snookums”!

After a recent 5-1 tour a couple of the boys stopped off at Morrissey’s home for a snack, and you should have heard Reedy play that harmonica and Dirlam manipulate the comb—through what was left of his moustache! . . . And did you know, incidentally, that Harvey Dyrlie refused an invitation to a shore dinner of borscht and bagels at Wachstein’s, on Second Avenue, “because he couldn’t have meat”! . . . So enthusiastically has First Broom Hannon been singing the praises of Brother Walsh, of Emergency 16 (the “Cheery and Jolly Kees”) that the Commanding Officer wrung out an extra cup of coffee Ed has in mind? . . . Come on, fellows, drop your suggestions in the box; I’m beginning to run dry . . . Our sincere sympathies to Sergeant Kenealy in the death of his brother . . . Wonder why Timoshenko (Dudley) continually keeps asking Flight Commander Lent and Harvey Dyrlie how they liked the sandwiches he bought? Could the question of “getting it up” be involved? . . . Congratulations to Sidney Hutchins on the fine arrest made by him last month of a poolroom stickup man. Sid is one of the oldest and best liked men in this command and when the test came proved that he had what it takes. Good luck, Sid, and keep up the good work!

**BOKAYS AND BRICKBATS: Did You Know That: Dead-eye Dick (Tate) threatens to shoot ‘em between the eyes when they get tough and don’t stop when he tells them to? . . . A certain lieutenant calls Buckley the Kohlrabi Kid? . . . Hannon has at last learned how to sweep the floor and stack papers (ask him where)? . . . Sheik Lombardi started to raise what he called a moustache and then got scared and washed his face? . . . Sergeant Kenealy is now known as the Mayor of Chinatown? . . . Werns says that the roots are there but the wort is gone . . . McCusker says that he eats raw carrots so that he can get more vitamins? . . . Bamberger told Lent he would bring him in some grass seeds for his garden if he would fix him up with a nice deal? . . . Foster and Scharnbarger were trying to make a musician of Wachstein with the aid of a navy bottle (ask him what it is)? . . . Corny Joel was heard bragging that he

was the only one to turn out on a recent 4 to 12 and that he had to go through all the motions of a full platoon? . . . Stone-house Glenn has taken to throwing tin plates—says he might as well as no one will put anything in his tin cup? . . . Priore carries his traffic whistle on his key chain? . . . Lieutenant Eckert makes the boys’ mouths water by keeping a real potato on his desk for all to see (mental cruelty I call it). Best of luck to the son of Tim Sullivan who has joined the U. S. Marines.

**TRAFFIC K**

Ptl. Harry Shortel

During fielding practice as our baseball team indulged in its first workout of the season last month, supervised by Manager Soden, he made a little bit of a center field look every inch a ball player. “Looked,” we said. For example: All was calm and quiet as Maxwell hit a high one in his direction. Then, suddenly, the stillness was broken by a loud, “TILL GET IT!” and sure enough the “Hawk” did—right on the bugle! Actually the “Hawk” got himself two for two that afternoon—the second one landing right on the cruller! But, we hasten to add, the “Hawk” is not to be discouraged. He’ll get in shape and display his prowess as a ball player before many moons . . . Among other observations: Rabbit Mazzone—foot-fooled on the bases, and no mean batter . . . Harry Allen, at third, on his back farther than the Man Mountain Gross, and way out of reach of Otto—every inch a third baseman . . . Some of the boys complaining of sore arms after the first work-out—Johnny Moenche and Bob Maxwell among others . . . Smiling Ed Cahill, our mascot, who has failed to put in an appearance at any of the games played by K to date. Ball shy, Ed? . . . Softball Cassidy claiming his system of playing the outfield—letting the ball hit the grass first then waiting for it to roll to him—is a real buster. . . . Hooks Wems—dropping the ball first and then chasing after it . . . Our prediction that when Ed Becker’s arm feels right you will see a fine brand of pitching . . . Paul Kruka—another Larry French at hitting fungoes . . . Langsdorf insisting he doesn’t know how to “play” utility . . . Johnny McCarthy—another Peewee Reese on ground balls . . . Red O’Neill—who says he owes his skill to watching big league games . . . Rudy Schmitt—who can’t play without his sun glasses . . . Harry Shortel neglecting Spring training—claiming he is in exceptionally fine shape already! . . . Johnny Moenche Junior—who played a fine brand of ball for the winning side both in the field and at bat—Wimpy looking like a desolate ham in comparison.

John Calabrese has started a chicken farm—but in a small way—has only about seven hundred chicks at this writing. Traffic K bids John Hillbert goodbye and good luck.

**MOTORCYCLE DISTRICT**

Ptl. Barney Blowoff

MIND OVER MATTER: How true. And this truth was most interestingly illustrated by members of the motorcycle squad during a recent escort given to the President of Bolivia. Names are not important to the incident; concerned, suffice to say, were a motorcycle sergeant and eight motorcycle patrolmen. They had just returned from a long, arduous, dusty ride to the far reaches of the Bronx and were now parked outside the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The weather was sultry—all were exhausted—and, so to speak, trying to get their breath before resuming the escort. There were some gray hairs among the crew, and neither the years, the weather nor the ride seemed to do them any good. A lugubrious picture! Our sympathies were stirred. Then suddenly something happened. Down the street, in precise, military step, came two beautiful, blonde WAACs. To the casual observer a sight to see. But not so to our crew, particularly one tall, gray-haired member. The reaction was instantaneous. As we said before, mind over matter. Tired, weary members came out of their slouch and strengthened to attention as the WAACs with a friendly nod in their direction walked limply by. For the moment everything else was forgotten. Ah! sweet mind over matter! Then, just as suddenly, the atmosphere, as the two lovelies faded in the distance, began to lose its charm . . . the old slump was resumed . . . and the more prosaic things of life went on. Ho! Hum!

Baron Otto von Robold reports that his breed of canaries (you know, the 4 Pepe that came to life in last month’s issue
of SPRING (3100) are doing nicely, thank you, and that his problem now is to teach them how to sing and swing, in respect to which he has been observed gargling honey and sucking lemons to put his voice in tune. By this means he is able to produce dulcet tones that seem to strike a ready response in the peeps. The duet—or shall we say quintet—is something wonderful to hear. To teach his brood the art of swinging, the Barren has set up a flying trapeze, and as he swings back and forth with the greatest of ease, performing all kinds of capers, the four peeps follow suit in their cage nearby. Their precision is marvelous ... Congratulations, Baron! Keep up the good work.

Motorcycle Precinct 2

Ptl. Jot N. G. Along

A welcome home to our ace P.B.A. Delegate, Jim Olliffe, from his long sojourn in the hospital.

Before Lieutenant Fleischer could finish reading General Orders 10 (P.D. War Bond drive) Bill Fitzgerald, Joe Feeney, Bill Hubbard, Henny Moller, Eddie Lee, Ding Engelbrecht and Harry Cassaza had stepped forward to make their first payment on a bond ... Mike Chaputa waited until the last—and then stepped blithely forward and bought one marked $500—for cash. Seems Mike sold the old homestead and the down-payment went right into Uncle Sam's big mint. "Just do it, don't talk about it!" says Mike ... (Jim Olliffe a moment later matched it with another $500.) When he was about to leave the "mailing posts" did as well with 24 more bonds to kick us up to the $2,400 mark. Only a few more, as we write this, to reach our quota.

When it comes to serenading, no Swiss bell ringer that ever lived has anything on George Weiss or Ed Schoenker, particularly the latter's "Nine O'clock and All's Well—until you hear the phone ring!"

John Miller's brand of coffee ("Love in a Canoe") didn't seem to go over so well with Sergeant Joseph. Might even be the basis of the rumor that the job on the car is open again!

In recognition of the achievements of our mechanical department this morning was the award of the Army and Navy "E" for efficiency to the members of the crew—Casazza, Feeney, Small-man Casaza and Referee Johnny Conklin, for the way they kept our allotment of sidecars running all April, a miracle, say we, if ever there was one.

Short Story: Jack Stevens received an Easter box of candy from a "friend," and being himself afraid to try a piece of the confection (said the guy got a summons from him one time) he passed it around, and when no one took sick, he got sore—said he'd never be so big-hearted again.

Moller baked a chiffon cake with lace edging on Easter morn for Lieutenant Henry—including jelly beans, marshmallow mess, lemon and chocolate bunnies! ... Wotta man—and wotta cook—Margie's little helper is it.

Good luck and safe return to the following named sons of members of the squad who are now in the Armed Forces:


That's all we have space for this month, men, but you may look for more names in our next ... After all, you wouldn't want your military job as reporter for overwriting the column, would you? Oh! you would? So you can take your job and the $240 extra that it pays and see if I get mad! ... I'll just tell Pat O'Rourke to leave his violin home.

Flash! Straw Poll taken by members of Mry. Pet. 2 favors "SPRING (3100)" as the name of the bomber to be named for the Police Department in connection with the War Bond drive!

On Sunday, May 8th the biggest drawing from this command, headed by Act. Captain Neary, attended the first solemn high mass offered by the Rev. Edgard P. McCarron, son of our Patrolman William McCarran, at St. Brendan's Church, Brooklyn, at which the celebrant was assisted by his brother, the Rev. William McCarren, Jr. of Huntington Seminary. Later in the day, at luncheon a representative from the 25th War Bond for his winning entry—"We Serve the Services." Among other slogans submitted: "Wings of the Wardens"; "The 'Paul Revere' of Today"; "Carry the Message Through for the Red, White and Blue"; "The Messenger—The Man Behind the Warden." Notes from the 10th Division:

The 62nd Precinct was of great assistance recently when on leaving a Sector Headquarters meeting, they came upon two men who were assaulting and robbing an elderly man. The men were apprehended and charged with assault and robbery.

There is a rumor spreading in the 68th Precinct that Acting Lieutenant Mcconegy's showmanship has not gone unnoticed by Barrum & Bailey.

Success of the Air Warden Service in the 10th Division is attributed to the fine cooperation of Inspector Daly, Deputy
Looking 'Em Over

Inspector Brynes and all the precinct captains. They have all shown great interest in this work.

Note from the 79th Precinct:

At a recent division meeting of all Zone, Deputy Zone, Sector, and Dep. Sector Commanders and Squad Leaders, a yellow signal interrupted the proceedings, and soon all lights were extinguished. Whereupon our public address expert, Ptl. Ed Duncan, promptly stepped across the blocked-out footlights and landed right ali up in the orchestra pit. No damage done except to Ed's dignity, but it was dark and no one witnessed the tumble. Dick Bacci, demon A. W. S. 34 Man of the 79th Precinct, working in cooperation with the Messenger Service, visited the parade grounds one fine day and umpired a baseball game between the Messengers of Zone A and Zone B. Dick did a splendid job. The game was a close one, and the umpire split the ball game. After the game, Dick confided that he had never tried umpiring before in his life.

Scientific note: On May 23, the Precinct Warden Commander of the 79th was scheduled to deliver an address at the dedication of an honor roll at Sector 25, but he found himself planted behind the desk at 300 Mulberry Street at the very time he was expected to talk. In the 79th, such little obstacles are easily overcome. The Precinct Warden Commander spoke to his Wardens via the good old Alexander Graham Bell invention, plus Ed Duncan's microphone and amplification system.

Chinatown Note:

Captains Jesse Upham of Elizabeth Street and Precinct Warden Commander Frank Murphy were on hand on Saturday, May 22, to witness an evacuation drill by Chinese children, ranging from 8 to 14 years of age. Captain Upham was pleased by the poised and orderly behavior of these students of New York's Chinese Overseas School, Iwa Chiao Han Wen Hsir Hsiao at 64 Mott Street.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

Det. Paul Montgomery

Some one, complained the boys in the 108th Squad, had been cutting holes in their overcoats and topcoats. This happened on several nights and among the victims were Detectives Layden, Maurice, Devery, Begley and maybe some others. A council of war was finally called and after putting their collective detective (?) minds together they came to the conclusion that a mouse was the culprit. So, Brother Devery invested in two mouse traps, Brother Wittet got the cheese, and Brothers Barrie and Railh set the traps, and lo and behold, next day Brother Ward caught the offender in the trap he had set. Act. Captain Henry Flattery is thinking seriously of referring the matter to the Honor Board. Outstanding work such as this should not go unrecognized, said he.

In case any one in the district has not heard of it, Brother McKeevrey has a nephew by the name of Eddie Lynk playing baseball for Columbia, and seldom does a day go by without John bringing in the box score to show how the kid performed. The only one I feel sorry for is Tommy Corcoran, his partner, who day in and day out has to listen to the tales about the young phenom. We at least have some opportunity to duck, but there is no out for Tom—he just has to sit and take it—one of the disadvantages of being junior partner, I guess. Brother McKeevrey, in case you didn't know, has seniority on Tom—and does he abuse the privilege!!!

POLICEWOMEN'S BUREAU

Ptlw. Emma Alden

The consensus among those who have recently joined the Force is that, as time goes by, they realize and appreciate more and more the consideration and services rendered by the "Seniors" of the Department. After being congratulated on that memorable "Last Day of Probation," the following article, expressing the sentiments of these recruits, was written:

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SENIOR MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

You, congratulations today on the end of our probationary period made us feel that you, too, should receive felicitations. It reminds of the story of the man who said that one is never proud of his achievements until there are born those who are able to understand and admire. We who try to follow in your footsteps are grateful for the foundations you have laid. The work you have done is a testimony of substantial arguments for the preservation of the art of living that erects towers to benevolent justice and preserves monuments of daily good deeds.

You cannot overestimate the feeling of appreciation that was generated by your expressed sentiments; not just because you have guided us so well, but because your welcomed consideration symbolized acceptance of continued achievements flowing on that path of fraternity among human beings which is built of Divine origin. The veneration that is done to human worth by men obviates the distance of time and place; it unites those who believe in virtue, freedom, knowledge, and hope.

It is said the happiness of the young is in action; sobet if in the course of our practical dreaming, shadows appear, it is sincerely hoped we can both remember our encouraging example and preserve your ideals. For though circumstances may change, eternally the human spirit will try to attain its loftiest aspirations. This is consistent with our thoughts of your achievements. When we attain any measure of success, it will be through having shared in the benefits of brotherhood with you. We can thank you best by furthering this stream of accomplishment for all, by always doing our best to carry on as members of New York's "Finest".

To Director Mary A. Sullivan:

Congratulations on your Anniversary!
May many a glad year bless
Your home with joy and comfort—
Your heart with—Happiness!

Mrs. Sullivan on Wednesday, June 2, celebrated the 32nd anniversary of her induction as a member of the Department, and it is our fervent hope, "Molly" dear, that you may enjoy many more years surrounded by those you love and who love you.

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. I. Spillit

No, boys, the hat and coat featured by Acting Sergeant Hayes at the 205 Mulberry Street garage are not relics of a pre-historic age—actually it's the air-conditioning that makes 'em look that way.

Anybody around here got a good second-hand baby carriage that he wants to sell or rent for the season? Patrolman Dave O'Sullivan will be in the market for one sometime this August, making the official score read two down and two to go!

Newcomer Farrara was going to show the office force a trick but upon discovering that Bill Bell had him stopped on it, Joe quickly dropped the project and quietly withdrew to his corner. It just about took the heart out of the boy when he learned that for Bell the balancing of those 16 English pennies was as simple as breaking sticks.

With Patrolman Scott mournfully nursing a couple of broken ribs, his side-kick, Patrolman Blecby, now is the loneliest man in town. Bill without George is like ham without eggs—or a horse without a buggy. Cheer up, Bill, the Squire of Rego Park will be back in a couple of days—beautiful vocabulary and all.

Question of the Month: What acting lieutenant assigned to Motor Transport was recently invited to the jewelry counter at the Hotel Edison but didn't show up on account of a broken "main spring"?

There is danger in carrying a courtesy too far. On a bus the other day Civilian Cloik Cohen gave a woman his seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. Then he fainted!

Lovely Marjorie Knievel in the picture is gazing not at any camera but clear across the Atlantic—to far-off Africa—where her handsome spouse currently is doing his bit for Uncle Sam. And will said handsome spouse (HYA SERGEANT) get a kick when his copy of this issue of SPRING 3100 reaches him a few weeks hence!
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

DAVID ESSEX
Alias ISE a MUGGING
DESCRIPTION—Age 39 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 135 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; blind in right eye; right index finger missing; brown skin negro; small mustache; medium build; wearing blue overalls-jumper, brown cap. Residence, 210 East 98th Street, New York City.

WANTED FOR MURDER

JOSEPH FREZZA
Aliases JOSEPH GIGLIO, JOSEPH PARADISI, JOSEPH JIANAZZI and DICKEROO.
DESCRIPTION—Age 37 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 150 pounds; brown eyes; dark brown hair; dark complexion; walks slightly stooped.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION—Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward for the apprehension of Joseph Ise, a Mugging, and $1,000 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World’s Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

All information and the identity of persons furnishing it will be kept strictly confidential, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should communicate by telephone with Assistant Chief Inspector John J. Ryan, Police Headquarters, Manhattan, 240 Centre Street, Telephone Canal 6-2000.
If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the Police Commissioner shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

WANTED FOR MURDER

RALPH MACEROLI
Alias "THE APE."
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Ptl. Louis W. Prochaska, Jr. .................................. 43 Pet. ........................................... May 10, 1943
Ptl. James B. Nash ................................................. 32 Pet. ......................................... May 12, 1943
Ptl. John T. Burke .................................................. 4 D.D. .......................................... May 17, 1943
Ptl. David Holtzman ................................................ 23 Pet. ........................................... June 5, 1943
Ptl. Thomas D. Lancer ..............................................

Ret. Ptl. Dennis McClunn ...................................... 13 Div. ........................................... June 3, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Thomas C. Regan ...................................... Tr. F ............................................ June 4, 1943


Happy Landings
Hazardous Days Ahead

APPROXIMATELY one million one hundred thousand school children—one out of every seven New Yorkers, practically—won't be hauled out of bed early these next few weeks, scrubbed behind the ears, put into clean clothes and hustled off to school.

Vacation days are here! This means that all of these million-odd youngsters, released from the discipline and routine of the school will be free for the next two months to carry on where ever it suits their fancy.

It also means, as has been pointed out so many times before, increased vigilance for the members of the police force to see that accidents in which children are involved are kept down to a minimum.

Statistics show that July and August are dangerous months for children, attributable to the greater freedom they enjoy and the longer hours of daylight in which to play.

In the category "16 years and under," 43 paid with their lives during the first five months of 1943 as against 40 for the same period last year, an increase of 3; there was a reduction, however, of 784 in the number of children injured, 2,085 being the figure for 1942 as against 1,301 this year.

Fatalities during the first five months of 1943, "all ages," numbered 302, compared with 331 sacrificed during the same period last year, a reduction of 29; accidents involving injuries during this period dropped from 9,635 in 1942 to 5,884 this year, a reduction of 3,751. A substantial decrease, true, but figures gruesome of contemplation nevertheless.

A vital phase of the national traffic emergency is the pedestrian problem. Each year sees thousands—men, women and children alike—literally walking into their graves. Manpower is at a premium right now and the loss of life and limb through pedestrian accidents is an additional menace to our national security.

Even though pleasure driving has been banned by the government, the streets are still open to thousands of commercial vehicles—trucks, taxicabs and buses, and, of course, such so-called pleasure cars as used for business purposes or otherwise in connection with the war effort. The dimout may demand that we live dangerously in New York City, the Greater New York Safety Council points out, but it doesn’t follow that we have to die foolishly. Likewise it doesn’t follow that the motorist can continue to drive at the same old reckless speeds, far in excess of the twenty-mile limit prescribed here for night driving.

Leslie Hore-Belisha, former British Secretary for War, speaking at an accident prevention meeting in London recently, said that highway accidents last year had caused more injuries in the United Kingdom than the total number of casualties sustained by the armed forces during the first two years of the war.

In 1942 alone, he said, there were 147,544 casualties on highways, whereas casualties in the armed forces in the first two years amounted to only 145,012.

This is the answer, in part, to the tragic toll of pedestrian deaths. Too much speed by our motorists—with too little attention to the problem of driving safely in semi-darkness. Our pedestrians, too, should give more thought to the danger involved when crossing streets at night.

As regards our children, parents should take every advantage of parks and playgrounds during the hazardous days ahead and show by example a sustained respect for traffic regulations by obeying them at all times.
SOMEWHERE IN NO. AFRICA
Hd. & M P. Co., 34th Div.
APO 31, Postmaster, N. Y.
May 31, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Now that it is quiet here in Africa and we have
a little more time to ourselves, I would appreciate
it if you would send me the March and April issues,
which for some reason or other have failed to reach
me. After being here a while you get quite hungry
for news from home and especially news of how the
"boys" are doing on our far-flung fronts.
I realize and appreciate the tremendous job you
are doing in keeping the boys of the Department
all over the world informed as to what is going on
back home.
Regards to all,
PVT. AARON MEDETSKY,
Patrolman, 42nd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
Fleet P.O., N. Y.
June 14, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just received my April issue and let me tell you
there is nothing I enjoy better than reading SPRING
3100 and that goes, too, for quite a few of my
brother crew members.
It is just like talking to many of my friends in
the Department, and, well, the magazine does things
to me. Keep up the good work.
Thanks again, and best regards to all.
PETER VENERDI,
2nd Cl. MoMM Auto Mech., S.S.3.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
Naval Operating Base, Navy No. 101
Fleet P.O., N. Y.
June 7, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

It was with great pleasure that I received both
the March and April issues of SPRING 3100. I
hope each subsequent issue likewise reaches me as
you have no idea how glad I am to receive them
and making possible the one way I know to keep
in touch with the activities of the Department of
which I am proud to be a member.
Reading your column captioned "Yes, SPRING
3100 Does Get Around" gave me a great idea. I had
all of my buddies, former policemen from New York
City and the metropolitan area mostly, autograph
your April issue featuring the "Judgment Day"
cover showing the three Axis leaders in chains. This
copy will be dropped over Berlin at the very first
opportunity subsequent to this date by a pilot of one
of our Fortresses. This will show that the men of
the Police Department of the City of New York are
well represented in the armed forces opposing them
and give further proof that SPRING 3100 really
does get around.

ARTHUR M. O'CONNOR,
2nd Cl. Spec. Detective, 28th Squad.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.
Two Letters Which Speak for Themselves

POLICE DEPARTMENT
City of New York
Office of the Police Commissioner
June 15th, 1943

MR. JOHN WHITNEY RICHMOND
Deputy State Administrator
War Savings Staff
Treasury Department
1270 Sixth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Richmond:

I am very pleased to now advise that the Department has completed its drive for the Second War Loan, and the report submitted shows that the members of the Department, and the various Departmental organizations, have ordered the purchase of bonds at a cost of $711,646.00 with a maturity value of $869,725.00.

Therefore, I am returning herewith, certificates verifying such purchase of bonds for two Flying Fortresses, one to be named “City of New York Police” and the other to bear an outline of a Patrolman’s shield with an inscription reading “City of New York Police,” per sketch attached.

As stated in your letter of April 5, 1943, I trust that you can make the necessary arrangements with the War Department to have two Flying Fortresses purchased and named as requested. Also, will appreciate it if you can arrange to furnish photographs and advise us as to when and where the Fortresses will be christened. If possible, arrangements will be made to have representatives of the Department present at the christening.

With kind personal regards,

Very truly yours,

LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Police Commissioner

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
War Savings Staff
1270 Sixth Avenue
New York 20, N. Y.
June 22, 1943

HON. LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Commissioner
Police Department, City of New York
240 Centre Street
New York 13, N. Y.

Dear Commissioner Valentine:

It was exceptionally pleasant to receive and thrilling to learn from your gracious letters of June 15th of the magnificent results attained in your Bomber Campaign, attributable to the intelligent and highly constructive efforts pursued.

Only through the energy of thoughtful and patriotic citizens like you was it possible for the Second War Loan to be as successful as it proved to be, for it was through such War Bond sales (subscriptions which really count) that the goal was not only reached but exceeded. It is heartening to all of us to realize the power of an aroused America.

Words are hardly adequate to express our recognition of your achievement. To know that through your wholehearted cooperation, combined with the loyalty of the people in your Department, purchases of War Bonds were made so far surpassing the originally suggested amount for a Flying Fortress that your actual accomplishment was more than sufficient to cover the cost of two Fortresses, is truly worthy and deserving of the utmost commendation we can extend.

You have done a grand job, Commissioner, and we are really delighted and proud to inform you of our recognition, and ask you to convey these sentiments to your associates together with assurances that we are most grateful.

We have certified your accomplishments to the War Department in Washington for immediate attention, and the photographs should be forthcoming in regular course. In the meantime, it is our pleasure to present several certificates, one for you personally, one a special award to the Police Department, and the others for the War Bond Committee members of your fine organization who have been helpful and instrumental in developing the War Bond sales certified to us.

Heartiest congratulations to you all.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN WHITNEY RICHMOND
Deputy State Administrator

Just as had been confidently expected, the Bomber Campaign conducted by the Police Department, in connection with the Second War Loan Drive—and with the naming of two Flying Fortresses, valued at $350,000 each as the goal—was a most gratifying success, with $711,646, more than enough to cover the purchase price of the two Fortresses, as the amount subscribed.

One of the Fortresses will bear the inscription “Police, City of New York,” while the second will show a patro1man’s shield with the regular inscription thereon “City of New York, Police.”

The names were chosen at a meeting called by the Police Commissioner on Saturday, June 12, for the purpose of selecting, from among the scores of names submitted, the two deemed most closely representative of the Department. Many excellent suggestions were offered and the final determination resulted from a motion offered by Deputy Commissioner Louis A. Costuma and adopted, after it had been seconded by Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy, president of the P.B.A., by a unanimous vote of those present.

Sitting in at the conference, besides the Police Commissioner, were Deputy Commissioners Louis
F. Costuma, Francis J. Kear, Michael A. Lyons, Cornelius O'Leary and Vincent E. Finn; Chief Inspector John J O'Connell, Assistant Chief Inspectors John J. Ryan, James J. Sheehy and Albert Williams; Deputy Inspector John J. Haslach, Captains James R. Kennedy and William O. Jones, representing the Captains' Endowment Association; Acting Captain James F. Donnelly, representing the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association; Sergeant Ross P. Monroe, president, Sergeants' Benevolent Association; Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy, president, Patrolmen's Benevolent Association; Detective Harvey Kennedy, representing the Detectives' Endowment Association; Policewoman Katherine Barry, president, Policewomen's Endowment Association; Mary A. Sullivan, director, Policewomen's Bureau; Thomas V. Gaffney, clerk-in-charge, Bookkeeper's Office; George Ormsby, acting chief clerk; Harry Mefford, assistant chief clerk.

You've admired, of course, the brilliant portrayal by Artist Charlie Harrold, on our front cover this month, of the two Flying Fortresses that will represent the Police Department in the war against tyranny on sky-fronts all over the world. Maybe it will be possible to have these sky-fighters manned by members of the Department. In any event, to the members of the crews flying them, whomever they may be, we say again—Happy Landings!

In the photo, Commissioner Valentine is shown receiving from the hand of Mr. Nevil Ford, State Administrator, War Savings Staff, Treasury Department, the official citation of the U.S. Treasury Department, dated June 19, 1943, which reads:

“For service to the War Savings Program, this citation is awarded to the members of the Police Department, City of New York, in recognition of their having provided the following fighter equipment—two Flying Fortresses—through their extra purchases of War Savings Bonds.”

Left to right: Deputy Commissioner Francis J. Kear, Deputy Commissioner Louis F. Costuma, Commissioner Valentine, Mr. Ford, Mr. John W. Richmond, Deputy State Administrator; Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell.

HITCHCOCK HALL, UNIV. OF CHICAGO
Chicago, Illinois
3633rd S.U.—A.S.T.P. Co, C
June 13, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Many thanks for SPRING 3100 which I have been receiving regularly and which has proven itself to be a perfect prescription for homesickness, while providing a lot of enjoyable reading.

PRIVATE ALBERT A. SEEDMAN,
Patrolman, 48th Precinct.
New York City pays tribute to its heroes—a view of the exercises in City Hall Park.

**For Gallantry in Action**

Graduations, Appointments and Promotions Lend Added Interest to Ceremonies at City Hall

NEW YORK CITY on the afternoon of Tuesday, June 15, paid reverent tribute to one martyred police officer and four heroic firemen who, in rigid observance of the motto “Faithful Unto Death” laid down their lives last year in the performance of duty. At the same time 20 police comrades and 18 members of the Fire Department were jointly honored by Mayor La-
Guardia at impressive ceremonies held before a gathering of 2,000 persons in the Plaza fronting City Hall. They are the men whose deeds of conspicuous gallantry during the year 1942 won for them the acclaim of the people of the City of New York as well as the medals awarded by their respective departments each year for valor.

The ceremonies included also the promotion of one captain to deputy inspector and the elevation of four lieutenants to the rank of captain and nine patrolmen to the rank of sergeant; also the graduation of 10 probationary policewomen and 277 probationary patrolmen and the induction into the last mentioned rank of 282 others.

Commissioner Valentine, upon presenting to the Mayor the widow of the late Detective Joseph A. Miccio, assured his listeners that the heroes of both departments “who have made the supreme sacrifice in the performance of their duties,” will never be forgotten.

“They were faithful unto death,” the Commissioner said, “and in their absence we bestow reverent recognition on their next of kin.”

Declaring that the deeds performed by the men being honored and which are described in the brief official citations, make anything that he or Fire Commissioner Walsh may say “wholly and utterly inadequate,” the Commissioner went on then to present, in turn, the police medal winners, “those men who, with their brother heroes of the Fire Department are living symbols of the entire personnel of both these departments charged with the responsibility of protecting and safeguarding the lives and property of our people.

“All of these men have lived up to the great traditions of their respective departments,” the Commissioner asserted. “They are the men who, in the performance of their duties, survived gangsters’ bullets—danger at roaring fires—and in the treacherous waters within and about the City of New York. There is not a man in either Department, regardless of age or rank, who would not welcome the opportunity to merit a place in this Medal Line today. We have all been inspired by the actions of these men to a newer and greater sense of our responsibilities and duties. We have a deeper sense of appreciation of the great loss Mrs. Miccio has sustained because her beloved husband held duty dearer than life itself.”

Declaring it was particularly appropriate that the graduates and the newly-appointed probationary patrolmen participate in the exercises held that day “for the inspiration that it should give them,” the Commissioner said it was his hope that witnessing these events would make them conscious of the responsibilities assumed by them in their new profession, law enforcement—“a career devoted to loyal, sincere and conscientious service to our people.”

Fire Commissioner Walsh, calling attention in the course of his remarks to the close cooperation existing today between the Police and Fire Departments, declared that two years ago three policemen were honored by the Police Department for rescues performed at fires and that conversely this year two firemen were being similarly honored for police work heroically performed.

Mrs. Barbara Miccio accepts from the Mayor the Department Medal of Honor awarded posthumously to her late husband, Detective Joseph A. Miccio. Looking on are her children, Barbara, 11; Joseph, 7; and Kenneth, 3.
"I would be remiss if I did not also call to your attention that on two or three occasions I have forwarded to Commissioner Carey, of the Sanitation Department, commendations for splendid work performed at dangerous fires by members of his department.

"It is a happy augury," Commissioner Walsh concluded, "of what we might expect from these three great departments."

On behalf of the officers and men of the Fire Department Welfare Association, Commissioner Walsh at this point presented to the city, for use by its Fire Department, a mobile laboratory.

"This unit is considered a most important addition to our Department," the Fire Commissioner explained. "In addition to the fact it can be dispatched at once to the scene of a fire which may be giving off obnoxious gases, this unit can immediately tell the type of gas being encountered and thus facilitate the treatment being administered by physicians at the scene."

Mayor LaGuardia in the course of the proceedings made the usual award of a regulation service revolver to the three probationary patrolmen and the probationary policewoman obtaining highest marks in their training school course, and likewise to the probationer obtaining highest rating in shooting. The recipients of the awards, all of whom were presented to the city's chief executive by Commissioner Valentine, were:

**HIRAM C. BLOOMINGDALE TROPHY:** Probationary Patrolman John P. Ondrac, who attained the highest general average in all subjects.

**MAYOR'S TROPHY:** Probationary Patrolman Wilfred L. Davis, second highest average.

**POLICE COMMISSIONER'S TROPHY:** Probationary Patrolman Robert B. Marsh, third highest average.

**MASBACK TROPHY:** Probationary Patrolman Chester E. Pape, Jr., who attained highest marks in shooting.

**CHIEF INSPECTOR'S TROPHY:** Probationary Policewoman Gladys Eckert, who attained the highest average in all subjects.

Mayor LaGuardia in the course of his talk stated that to be able to witness the promotion of men in the services and similarly the administration of the oath of office to recruits in both the Police and Fire departments is for him a most pleasant duty always.

"I am very happy to extend a welcome to the 282 recruits entering the Police Department," the Mayor stated, "and I am hopeful the citizens of the City of New York will have an opportunity to see the photos of all of the recruits inducted today into the Police and Fire departments, so that they can see what it was the department stores of the city wanted to strike out of the budget . . . I want to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to the City Council in resisting the efforts of the department stores to weaken our Fire and Police departments and for making possible your appointment today.

The councilmen sustained the Mayor's veto and here you are—and we are safe for the ensuing fiscal year.

"These are hard times—difficult times," the Mayor continued. "You are rendering service to your city and, further, rendering service to your country—the protection of the lives and property of the people of the City of New York is a very important factor in the war effort. I can understand your feelings because, I fear, I very often feel guilty in that regard myself—in wishing to be some place else instead of here taking care of the duties assigned to us. But we must all be good soldiers. We must take the assigned task and do our very best. Sometimes, however, you may become discouraged. We have people who put their own selfish interests before those of their country and we have to put up with it—brush it aside and carry on. In the Police Department your duties will be more exacting—new and greater responsibilities have been placed upon us by our government. New posts—new strategic points—are to be protected. We have to be calm and cool in the performance of our duty. There are pressure groups who, in addition to making it appear that conditions exist that do not exist, exaggerate existing conditions. You and I have to carry on and perform our duties intelligently, efficiently and calmly. I have just awarded revolvers to the honor students of the graduating class. You carry a revolver for a purpose, not for an ornament. As I have told every graduating class since I became Mayor, he quick on the draw—don't let the other fellow get the drop on you. If you apprehend—or discover
DEPARTMENT MEDAL OF HONOR
(Posthumous)

Detective Joseph A. Miccio,
Shield No. 881, 75th Squad, 18th Division. At about 1:45 p.m., December 7, 1942, while on duty in the vicinity of Nevin's and Bergen Streets, Brooklyn, encountered two men acting in a suspicious manner. During an ensuing struggle, the detective was shot in the chest. The gunman fled in a stolen automobile but were apprehended by other officers. One thigh was disarmed of a loaded revolver. Detective Miccio was removed to a hospital, where he died the following day. The two prisoners have been indicted for Murder 1st degree.

DEPARTMENT MEDAL OF HONOR

Patrolman Vincent C. Wood,
Shield No. 3289, 22nd Precinct. At about 2:50 p.m., December 7, 1942, while on special assignment and riding in Park Department automobile with a Park Department employee along West Drive, Central Park, Manhattan, heard shouts of "help" coming from the direction of the 100th Street Pool, between the West Drive and Central Park West. Proceeding to the scene, Patrolman Wood observed two small children, who had fallen through the ice, partly submerged in the water, about 25 feet from shore. Discarding his overcoat, cap and revolver, the patrolman ran out on the ice, until it broke beneath his weight. He then swam to the boy and girl and kept them afloat. He had placed them on the ice and had started back to shore with them, when he was informed that there was another child under the water. Leaving the children on the ice, Patrolman Wood swam back and, diving under the water, located a small girl, who was unconscious. He swam with her to the other two children and slid the three children along the ice before him as he swam towards shore, breaking the ice as he went. Reaching a point where he could stand, Patrolman Wood, with the assistance of the Park Department employee and a civilian, carried the three children ashore and applied artificial respiration to the unconscious girl. The three children and the patrolman were removed to a hospital, suffering from exposure and submersion. Patrolman Wood remained on sick report for 10 days.

The list of promotions follows:

TO DEPUTY INSPECTOR
Francis A. Burns, Telegraph Bureau.

TO CAPTAIN

TO SERGEANT

POLICE COMBAT CROSS

Sergeant John M. Bou, Shield No. 538, 120th Precinct (was Patrolman, Shield No. 1179, Police Commissioner's Office, at the time of occurrence). At about 6:40 a.m., August 18, 1942, on duty in plain clothes, observed two men销售 three others. The five men proceeded to premises 29 West 112th Street, Manhattan, Patrolman Bou entered the premises and when he confronted the man on the third floor landing they fled. The patrolman pursued one of the men, who was armed, and overtook him on the fifth floor of premises 132 West 113th Street. A struggle ensued, during which the man fired two shots at the patrolman without effect. Patrolman Bou then shot and mortally wounded his assailant.

Detectives Bradley Hammond, Shield No. 1125, and Walter S. Curtayne, Shield No. 733, 18th Squad, 18th Division. At about 11:10 a.m., December 24, 1942, were informed that a man was attempting to pawn a stolen camera in a store at 1149 Sixth Avenue, Manhattan. When confronted by the detectives, the suspect shot and seriously wounded Detective Hammond. As the gunman fled from the store, he turned and fired a shot at Detective Curtayne, who was in pursuit. During the chase, the gunman again fired at Detective Curtayne, who shot and wounded his assailant, causing him to fall to the street where he was disarmed and placed under arrest. As a result of this arrest, five other persons were subsequently arrested and a discarded revolver recovered as well as part of the proceeds of a series of burglaries and robberies in the Borough of Queens in which the prisoners had participated. Detective Hammond was removed to a hospital and is still on sick report.
PATROLMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION MEDAL

Patrolman Eligio Sarro, Shield No. 17614, 71st Precinct. At about 10:00 p.m., February 2, 1942, Patrolman Sarro, while on duty and in civilian clothes, in a store at 344 Broome Street, Manhattan, encountered four men, one of whom was armed with a revolver, attempting to perpetrate a holdup. While the victims were being searched Patrolman Sarro removed a revolver from his overcoat pocket and fired at the bandit standing guard near the door. The perpetrators fled and the patrolman pursued. During an exchange of shots the armed bandit fell, mortally wounded, and his weapon, containing five cartridges, two of which had been discharged, dropped to the ground. Both the deceased and an accomplice taken into custody later had criminal records. The accomplice was convicted and was sentenced to a long term in State Prison.

WILLIAM McLAIN FREEMAN MEDAL

Patrolman Peter E. Droner, Shield No. 596, 82nd Precinct.

CHARLES H. SABIN MEDAL

Patrolman Charles G. Kaiser, Shield No. 8623, 78th Precinct.

SHERMAN DAY MEDAL

Patrolman Shepherd Kole, Shield No. 18983, Traffic Precinct I.

At about 2 p.m., December 7, 1942, Patrolman Droner, while on duty at the scene of an accident at Bergen and Nevins Streets, Brooklyn, observed Detective Joseph A. Miccio, Shield No. 681, 78th Squad, 18th Division, accosting two men, one of whom was armed. As the patrolman approached, the gunman shot and mortally wounded the detective. During an exchange of shots, Patrolman Droner was wounded in the right hand and the gunmen fled in a stolen car. Patrolman Kole, on traffic duty in the vicinity, joined Patrolman Kaiser, on radio motor patrol, in pursuit of the gunmen. Shots were exchanged in the ensuing chase of about one and one-half miles and the gunmen's car collided with an oncoming automobile near Navy Street and Myrtle Avenue. The gunmen abandoned the car and fled in different directions. One thug attempted to shoot Patrolman Kaiser who was pursuing him, but he was grabbed and captured. Patrolman Kole pursued the accomplice into premises, 167 Navy Street, where he was apprehended by detectives. A .45 calibre automatic pistol was confiscated. The gunmen, who were on parole from Dannemora Prison at the time of occurrence, have been indicted for Murder, 1st degree.

DETECTIVES' ENDOWMENT ASSOCIATION MEDAL

Detective Joseph Demas, Shield No. 853, 10th Squad, 18th Division (was attached to 3rd Detective District, at time of occurrence). At about 10:10 p.m., July 18, 1942, while on cruiser radio motor patrol, proceeded to 415 West 57th Street, Manhattan, where two young girls had fallen thirty-five feet from the roof of said premises to the gable roof of the adjoining building and clung to a small pipe snow breaker. They were in grave danger of falling from this position to a roof twenty-five feet below. Detective Demas reached the gable roof and lowered himself hand-over-hand down a ledge about eight inches wide to the girls, each of whom had a fractured arm and internal injuries. He picked up one of the girls who fainted and braced the other girl with his foot until assistance arrived. A patrolman was lowered by means of a life belt and the girls were hauled to safety.

PETER F. MEYER MEDAL

Patrolman Roy A. Gough, Shield No. 12058, 105th Precinct (was attached to Manhattan East Headquarters at time of occurrence).

NATIONAL SURETY MEDAL

Patrolman Anthony F. Paduano, Shield No. 6752, Manhattan East Headquarters.

At about 1:30 a.m., August 19, 1942, while assigned to plainclothes duty at 116th Street and Lenox Avenue, Manhattan, were solicited by a man who directed them to a
dwellings at 74 West 118th Street. Upon arriving at the second floor of said premises, the man and an accomplice threatened the officers with knives and demanded their money. When directed to surrender, the thugs attempted to stab the officers. During the ensuing struggle Patrolman Paduano mortally wounded one of the bandits while Patrolman Gough subdued and disarmed the other assailant.

ERNEST FAHNESTOCK MEDAL

Patrolman Henry V. X. Baumert, Shield No. 378, Emergency Service Division (was attached to 7th Precinct and temporarily assigned to Emergency Service Squad No. 2 at time of occurrence). At about 11:30 p.m., September 8, 1942, off duty and at his residence, 22 Bay Side Place, Rockaway Point, Queens, heard shouts of “help.” Accompanied by a civilian, he proceeded in a rowboat to a point about 800 feet off shore, where a man had fallen from a ferryboat into the waters of Rockaway Inlet Channel. He located the man, who was partly submerged, and dived to his rescue. After a hard struggle he managed to get the man aboard the rowboat, which had drifted about 500 feet away in a strong tide as the civilian had lost one of the oars, and brought him ashore. After treatment for submersion, the man recovered. Patrolman Baumert was on sick report for two days.

MARTIN J. SHERIDAN MEDAL

Patrolman John J. Kelly, Shield No. 16626, 23rd Precinct. At about 2:00 a.m., February 20, 1942, Patrolman Kelly, while on patrol, observed and pursued three men fleeing from a hotel at 1511 Park Avenue, Manhattan, where they had perpetrated a holdup. When ordered to halt, one of the bandits, armed with a revolver, attempted to shoot the patrolman, who discharged a shot and wounded his assailant, disarming him of a loaded revolver. The patrolman fired at the two accomplices and continued the pursuit. He apprehended one of them a short distance away, and the other was taken into custody several days later by detectives. One of the perpetrators had a criminal record and all three were implicated in the holdup of a gasoline station the previous night.

RHINELANDER MEDAL

Detective John P. Jacoby, Shield No. 655, 105th Squad, 18th Division. At about 9:25 p.m., March 15, 1942, while assigned in a drug store at 216-19 90th Avenue, Queens Village, Queens, three men entered for the purpose of committing a holdup. Detective Jacoby, emerging from the rear, saw one of the perpetrators with a gun pointed at the proprietor. The gunman attempted to shoot the detective, who discharged his revolver and mortally wounded the assailant. As the bandit fell, a loaded 45 caliber automatic pistol dropped to the floor. Detective Jacoby pursued the two accomplices, firing several shots, and when both were apprehended a short time later one was suffering from three gunshot wounds. They were identified for fourteen similar crimes.

MICHAEL J. DELEHANTY MEDAL

Patrolman Arnold C. Dolan, Shield No. 17983, 15th Precinct. At about 11:50 p.m., October 2, 1942, on patrol, was informed that two men, who were fleeing in a taxi-cab, had threatened to shoot and kill a man during the commission of a holdup in a store at 1009 Second Avenue, Manhattan. Patrolman Dolan boarded a taxicab and gave chase. Upon overtaking the bandits, the patrolman grabbed one of them holding a revolver. The bandit pointed the revolver at the patrolman, who discharged six shots, killing one of the bandits and wounding the other. The revolver used in the commission of the crime and the proceeds of the robbery were recovered.

ISAAC BELL MEDAL

Patrolman Michael J. Ward, Shield No. 8254, 7th Precinct (was Detective, Shield No. 47, 28th Squad, 18th Division, at time of occurrence).

WALTER SCOTT MEDAL

Detective Sidney S. Cusberth, Shield No. 1111, 28th Squad, 18th Division. At about 4:30 a.m., June 21, 1942, while on duty in the vicinity of 70 West 118 Street, Manhattan, observed five men follow a woman and a man she had solicited into said premises. Upon investigation the detectives found the five men perpetrating a robbery on the solicited man. In the ensuing struggle one bandit who attempted to stab the detectives was mortally wounded by Detective Cusberth. An accomplice, although wounded in the exchange of gunfire with Detective Cusberth, escaped but was apprehended the following day. Detective Ward meanwhile apprehended the woman and the three remaining assailants, disarming one of a knife. They all admitted participating in numerous other serious crimes.

DANIEL B. FREEDMAN MEDAL

Patrolman George F. Brown, Shield No. 17974, 79th Precinct (was Detective, Shield No. 1589, attached to 30th Squad, 18th Division, at time of occurrence). At about 10:15 p.m., April 2, 1942, while assigned to duty at 147th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, Manhattan, observed two men, who were escaping from the scene of a robbery, running south on Amsterdam Avenue. Upon being overtaken, one of the bandits initially fired two shots at the detective, who in return mortally wounded his assailant. Investigation revealed that the bandit had been arrested five times previously and at the time of occurrence was on parole from Sing Sing Prison.
BROOKLYN CITIZENS MEDAL

Patrolman Louis J. Cannavale, Jr., Shield No. 4750, 80th Precinct. At about 1:10 p.m., September 25, 1942, while on patrol, was informed that a man was trapped in a burning projection booth in a theater at 1523-21 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn. Patrolman Cannavale seized a fire extinguisher, entered the projection booth and attempted to extinguish the flames. Dropping to the floor of the booth, the patrolman located the unconscious man. He dragged him to the trap door of the booth and removed the unconscious man to safety. Patrolman Cannavale received first aid treatment and was removed to a hospital, suffering from smoke poisoning. He is still on sick report. One of the injured firemen was also removed to a hospital, where he died from the effects of smoke poisoning.

LEROY W. BALDWIN MEDAL

Patrolman Michael Stark, Shield No. 5525, 2nd Precinct. At about 11:40 a.m., March 15, 1942, while on duty in plainclothes, in the vicinity of 17 Mott Street, Manhattan, Patrolman Stark pursued five men who, he had been informed, were fleeing from an armed holdup in the neighborhood. Patrolman Stark apprehended one of the robbers and, after a struggle, disarmed him of a knife. While enroute to the station house, two men, armed with revolvers, accosted Patrolman Stark and, when he refused to release the prisoner, they discharged two shots. The patrolman, after placing the prisoner in safekeeping, returned the fire and pursued his assailants. One of the fugitives was taken into custody a short time later. The patrolman remained on sick report for one month as a result of injuries he sustained in effecting these arrests.

GRADUATES

Probationary Patrolmen

Albert, Harry
Anderson, Arthur S.
Andresen, Frank
Arena, Joseph
Axiord, Edward
Barbuck, Walter D.
Barron, Francis W.
Barboulutis, Calogero A.
Bass, Max
Becker, Sidney
Beuger, Irving
Belner, Edwin C.
Bell, Chester H.
Benjamin, Rubin
Biggany, Edward J.
Blake, James W.
Bloom, Harold
Bothwell, Richard
Braico, Vincent A.
Brancaccio, Edward
Brannick, William R.
Brennan, Thomas E.
Breaman, Leonard
Brower, Edward G.
Callahan, James E.
Calvagno, Salvatore
Canton, Herbert
Carroll, John J.
Carroll, John W.
*Catalan, Edward J.
Chirico, Anthony
Ciaccio, Ralph R.
Clark, Dennis J.
Clinton, Harold L.
Cohen, Abraham
Cohen, Charles
Cohen, Morris P.
Cohen, Ralph J.
Cole, Albert B.
Collins, Donald S.
Collins, Hugh B.
*Collins, Patrick T.
Connolly, Patrick F.
Cook, Joseph F.
Cook, Abraham
Coughlin, Daniel A.
Cox, Francis J.
*Coyle, Bernard J.
Coyle, Thomas F., Crisulo, Henry
Davis, Wilfred L.
Dean, Richard G.
DeGiorgio, Alberto C.
Devinsky, Jack
*DiGiacomo, Joseph
*Dornan, Harry W.
*Dreyer, William J.
Duffy, Edward J.
Durando, Mario L.
Egan, Harold J.
Eran, John J.
Elliot, George E.
Evans, Andrew J.
*Fasbender, Henry
Fitzpatrick, James F.
Forrestor, Edward J.
Fox, Louis W.
Fox, Walter J.
Frecce, Walter E.
*Frericks, Alfred
*Gagliano, Louis J.
Gvenda, Stanley J.
Ginsberg, Frank R.
Glassman, Jacob
Godfrey, Frank A.
Godfrey, Warren F.
Goff, Harry
Gotlib, David C.
Grant, John C.
Grassi, Dante
*Griffin, James P.
Grosso, Joseph R.
Habufah, Godfrey
Halton, Bernard A.
Hanraty, Edward M.
Haran, Edward J.
Harper, Fred J.
Harrington, James P.
Harris, John P.
Hartwell, George A.
Heinsohn, Henry
*Hermon, George W.
Hicklend, Donald R.
Hightower, Guy H.
Holman, Gerard R.
Homstead, Aage W.
Hoppe, James P.
Horan, Roger A.
Horn, Thomas P.
Hrbek, Stanislav J.
Hubbard, Raymond S.
Hunter, George T.
Hyland, James F.
Ilardi, Joseph
*Imundi, Romolo J.
Imbolto, Fred J.
Jacobs, Bernard
Juris, Stephen
Katcher, Joseph
Katz, Abraham I.
Kearney, Harold J.
Kellner, Samuel
Kelly, Philip J.
Keneally, Daniel P.
Kerins, Patrick V.
Kerwick, Richard A.
*Kiernan, Joseph J.
Kiernan, Joseph J.
Kiewra, Joseph
Knigge, William O.
Korsner, Israel I.
Kosofsky, William
Larkin, Richard
Lazarus, Morris
Lehrer, Marcel
Lev, Frank
Levine, Ely
Lewis, George E.
Lino, Gerald J.
Liquori, Angelo V.
Lowenstein, Melvin
London, Joseph
Lowery, William J.
Lukas, Peter J.
Lynch, Edward P.
McCarty, Michael J.
McCarthy, John J.
McDermott, Francis L.
McHugh, Robert H.
McGrath, Stephen J.
McIntyre, Eugene
McLoughlin, Michael
McManus, George P.
McNulty, William T.
McWatters, Thomas A.
Magyar, Frank
Mahoney, Cornelius J.
Marklin, Charles E.
Marte, Alfred A.
March, Robert B.
Mayers, Ivan A.
Mazurkewitz, Wm. A.
Mengrove, Nilo
Miles, Russell
Minnino, James F.
Moher, William Robert
Molini, Louis R.
Moore, Alvin B.
Moore, Daniel J.
Morriasy, Thomas E.
Morrow, James S.
Muller, Charles A.
Murphy, Michael T.
Mussenden, Frederick
Naughton, James J.
Norris, John W.
Novick, Alexander J.
O'Brien, James J.
Ondrak, John P.
Otto, Francis W.
Pape, Benjamin F.
Pallet, Saul
Pape, Chester E., Jr.
Parchen, Harry L.
Parker, Wyndham
Parnell, Charles S.
Pass, Alfred
Patton, Valentine
Pazant, Roscoe W.
Peisner, William M.
Pollo, John A.
Peters, John M.
Petersen, Charles J.
Perry, Edward P.
Piskun, Alexander
Polco, Harry
Potran, Edward
Pruchnick, Edward J.
Przyk, George J.
Puccinelli, George V.
Quinlan, Thomas J.
Quinn, Francis J.
Quinn, James P.
Quinn, Maurice P.
Roechlin, Peter P.
Reid, Norman P.
Reidy, George J.
Reiter, Morris
Richardson, Adrian H.
Riddell, Arthur J.
Rispoll, Ralph C.
Ritayik, Henry B.
Rivina, James F.
Robbins, William
Robinson, Charles F.
Robinson, Charles H.
Romney, Norman B.
Rosen, David
Rosinski, John M.
Sacco, Frank A.
Salamon, George J.
Scacalossi, Leonhard M.
Schaefter, Albert
*Schmidt, Robert W.
Schmukler, Louis
Schrader, John G.
Schubert, Joel
Schulman, Benjamin
Schultes, Fred. C.
Sedlacek, Dame D.
Sokolitas, Walter J.
Shaneley, Victor J.
Sheehan, Robert J.
Silkowski, Adam
Silver, Seymour
Silverman, Harry
*Skiven, James E.
Smith, Thomas W.
Sonderland, Lawrence O.
Sofoul, Manuel G.
Spiegel, Jack
Speranza, Peter R.
*Stamler, Jack
*Stankowski, Walter S.
Stein, Harold
Stein, Joseph
Stepenanko, Alexis
Stewart, George
Strauch, Anthony J.
Stauss, William
Sullivan, Charles F., Jr.
Sullivan, Gerard J.
Sullivan, John D.
Sullivan, Louis E.
Summerhill, Clar. L.
GRADUATES
Probationary Patrolmen—Continued

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<td>VanVolkenburg, Edw'd</td>
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*Have been inducted into the Armed Forces of the United States.

Probationary Policewomen

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<td>Janet M. Clingan</td>
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<td>Mary A. Ellis</td>
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<td>Eleanor G. Prager</td>
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<td>Rebecca Kaplan</td>
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<td>Estelle Meyer</td>
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<td>Edith V. North</td>
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GRADUATING PROBATIONARY PATROLMEN, JUNE, 1943

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<td>Glazier</td>
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GRADUATING PROBATIONARY POLICEMEN

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<tr>
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<td>Accountant</td>
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<td>Finger Print Technician</td>
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<td>Fireman, F.D., N.Y.C.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Glazier</td>
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COUNTRIES OF BIRTH

- U. S. A.               | 285                  |
- British West Indies     | 1                    |
- Canada                 | 1                    |
- Germany                | 9                    |
- Ireland                | 2                    |
- Italy                  | 1                    |
- Newfoundland           | 1                    |
- Norway                 | 1                    |
- Romania                | 2                    |
- Scotland               | 1                    |

RESIDENCE BOROUGHS

- Brooklyn               | 89                   |
- Bronx                  | 66                   |
- Queens                 | 73                   |
- Manhattan              | 47                   |
- Richmond               | 5                    |
- Average Age, 25 yrs., 6 mos.: 270
- Average Height, 5 ft., 10 ins.: 155 lbs.
- Average Weight: 155 lbs.
- Attended High School: 270
- Attended College: 55

DEGREES

- B.A.: 20
- B.B.A.: 2
- B.S.: 2
- B.B.S.: 2
- LL.B.: 2

RESIDENCE BOROUGHS

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DEGREES

- B.A.: 5
- B.B.A.: 2
- B.S.: 2
- B.B.S.: 2
- LL.B.: 2
“What’s the matter, young fellow? You look like an accident on its way some place to happen.”

Dick Jordan contemplated the speaker for a moment, then, grimacing, he replied, “I tell ya, Mike, I’m disgusted. This walking up and down making the storekeepers dim their lights just so, looking for garbage cans without covers and seeing that dogs stay off the sidewalks is driving me wacky.”

“How come? It’s all a part of the job,” said Mike Dolan.

Mike was a ruddy-faced Irishman, who not only did his job well but without fear or favor. His trim uniform sleeve showed three hash stripes when exactly double that number should have been accommodated. Somehow the young fellows never figured him as an “old” guy. Even his silky gray hair of the blue uniform was looked upon as good-looking rather than aged.

“I know it’s part of the job,” said the young officer, “but I’d much rather be answering the roll-call in Africa, or Guadalcanal, or some other such place where I’d feel I was doing something.”

“But what’s the matter with what we’re doing here?” asked Mike. “And besides, you have a couple of kids home, haven’t you?”

“Yeah,” said Dick, woebegone, “I guess that’s why I haven’t gone long ago. Maybe I can still join up.”

Mike watched the young cop’s brows knit together in determination. There was no doubt the young fellow was in deadly earnest.

“I know how you feel, Dick; I felt the same way back in 1917.”

“Were you in the last one?” asked Dick, eagerly.

“No, I also had youngsters at the time and just like you I wanted like mad to go. I almost did, too, ’til I was made to realize that there was a lot to be done at home—and someone had to do it.”

“But didn’t you feel funny staying home with all that war going on over there?”

“Sure. With pals of mine going over right and left, I was like a fire-horse straining at his halter.”

“Gee,” put in Dick, “wasn’t there something you could do? Some way you could have gone?”

“I guess there was if I wanted to throw caution to the winds. But I didn’t. It was an old side-partner who changed my mind. His name was Bob Davis.”

“Oh,” grinned Jordan, “I suppose he handed you the same line you’re giving me now.”

The young cop dropped his grin quick. Mike Dolan’s face had changed.

“Bob Davis was a swell guy,” he said, seriously. His eyes narrowed as they followed a searchlight across the sky. “It was a slick gang of saboteurs that wired the front door of the Keeling Chemical Works one quiet Sunday night. And Bob, trying his doors, just turned the knob. He was blown to pieces. It only took seconds, but it set the arms production back for months and robbed me of a corking good pal.”
“Gosh!” said Dick, surprised. “I never knew that.”

Mike’s face slipped back into its accustomed smile as he added: “So you see, Dick, there is a job to do. True, we don’t have any elaborate plans of strategy, and we don’t have commanding officers at our elbows running our play-by-play movements. We’re just turned out onto our posts. Sure, today it might be backward storekeepers and bellicose citizens but tomorrow the war might take a detour and come right up your post and stare you in the face. The difference between soldiering and our job is, we never know who the enemy is or where we’ll meet him. It may be a band of spies smuggled into the country. It might be the housewife who greets you cheerily every morning. Or perhaps the docile grocer that you never thought would hurt a fly.”

“But I thought they had army men guarding that place now,” said Jordan.

“They have an army man at the front gate,” said Mike, “but the skipper worries anyway, so I better get moving. Oh and say, Dick, I hope you’ll overlook the lecture. But I know how it is. I’ve been feeling the same way myself.”

“You mean now?” asked Jordan. “That you’d like to get in this one?”

“More than anything in the world,” snapped the Irishman through tight-drawn lips.

The young cop wanted to say something but his side-partner had turned and started down the street.

Dick Jordan made his scheduled ring, then headed for the lower end of his post. He wanted to run into Mike again while some thoughts were still fresh in his mind. He was puzzled. Very mysterious, he thought, were Mike’s actions.

Suddenly two shots perforated the still darkness. Dick froze in his tracks. He had just hit one of the cross streets running at right angles from Dolan’s post and there was no doubt where the shots came from. He knew something was cooking at Wright’s Plant. As quick as the shots penetrated his consciousness, so quick was he off on the run, digging for his revolver as through space his lithe body hurtled. Half way through the block a pattern of six more shots increased his strides. The Colt in his hand was snug and poised.

Hesitating at the corner, he took in the scene. The Meter Plant itself lay back about 100 yards from the street. Skirting the property, which stretched for three blocks, was a high cyclone fence in the center of which was the main gate, not 60 feet from where he stood.

Just off to the right of the main entrance, its two front wheels on the sidewalk, its windows shattered, lay a huge black sedan. Lying out of one door was a body, its head resting in the gutter. Sprawled in the street were two more bodies and on the sidewalk in front of the gate a soldier lay motionless, his rifle still clutched in one of his out-stretched hands. Not far from the soldier another body struggled to gain its feet. By the patch of gray under the cap Jordan knew that would be Dolan. Gun trained on the car, he was trying desperately to drag himself forward.

All the while a rifle was spitting its orange flame into the sedan from behind the high fence. Obviously an inside guard.

It only took Dick an instant to soak in the scene. Taking a step toward his stricken partner his eye caught a movement behind the car. At the same moment an explosion on the far side of the car, next to fence, tossed Dick back off of his feet. Rallying quickly, he saw one figure leap from behind the car and draw a bead on helpless Mike. Like lightning Dick’s gun poured out twice in his hand. He saw the fellow spin around and flatten against the rear fender, then slump to the street.

Spotting Jordan’s fire, Mike bellowed: “For God’s sake, get that guy with the grenades! He’s headed for the factory!”

Jordan got to the other side of the car in time to see a squat figure disappearing through a gaping hole in the wire fence.

Dick’s first shot pulled the man up short. Two more slits of flame leaped out of the young cop’s hand before the figure spiraled to the ground.

Within minutes police cars, army cars and civilian defense vehicles swarmed all over the place.

When the doctor had finished, Mike lay in the ambulance puffy on one of Dick’s cigarettes. Neither man spoke. They were listening.

A group of army and police officials were gathered alongside the ambulance. One of the army men was speaking.

“That was a fine job your men did, Inspector. From the witness’ stories that older fellow just about saved the day. And I thought you might like to know I’m recommending them in my report to the War Department.”

“Gee, Mike, did you hear that?” gasped Dick.

The wounded officer smiled. “I hope you see now what I meant when I said we had a job to do over here, too.”

“Yes, Mike, I think I do.” His eyes narrowed.

The doctor jumped into the ambulance with a hasty, “Let’s go.”

“Wait a minute, Doc,” said Jordan, sidling out the back door. Then to Mike: “There’s something I don’t get. First you lecture me on the reasons for staying home. In the next breath you tell me you wish you were going yourself. Then you get yourself shot full of holes and on your way to the hospital you relax there with a grin on your puss like you knew where Rommel was all the time. Come on, Mike, what’s the gag?”

“You mean why I’m happy?” beamed the Irishman. “Well, I’ll tell you. I have two kids on Guadalcanal and another in Africa, and now when they come home they’ll have nothing on their old man.” He chuckled happily. “You see, they said it was their war, not mine!”
Police Athletic League Assists in C.D.V.O. Drive

THE Police Athletic League played a prominent part in the city-wide C.D.V.O. drive for civilian defense volunteers, June 2 to June 12. The eleven day recruiting campaign opened with a parade from the Battery to City Hall Plaza, with the Rocky Hollow Fife and Drum Corps, Staten Island, leading the P.A.L. contingent.

A demonstration of the recreational opportunities offered the children of the City of New York by the Police Athletic League in both its indoor centers and outdoor playstreets was given on June 8 at Borough Hall, Brooklyn. The following night the P.A.L. presented a two-hour boxing show and entertainment at Tent City, 187th St. and Grand Concourse, the Bronx. In Staten Island, P.A.L. fife and drum bands furnished music daily for the C.D.V.O. drive.

Throughout the entire period, poster and picture displays were exhibited in booths shared with the Emergency Welfare Service at City Hall Plaza and Pershing Square, Manhattan; Tent City, the Bronx; Borough Hall, Brooklyn; Borough Hall, Queens; and Borough Hall, Staten Island. On P.A.L. Day, the Police Athletic League and the Emergency Welfare Service collaborated in a skit depicting the manner in which each would function and cooperate in the event that New York City were to be bombed.

The response of volunteers for recreational work was satisfactory, but another five hundred workers are needed to properly staff the centers and playstreets and furnish children with the recreational outlet which they need in these tense days. As a stimulant to morale on the homefront, the work of the Police Athletic League is considered of paramount importance.

1943 OUTDOOR BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS

THE POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE inaugurated its eighth annual season of Summer outdoor Championship Boxing on Wednesday evening, July 7 at Brook Ave. and 157th Street, the Bronx. Approximately ten thousand spectators witnessed the twelve bouts between juvenile boxers ranging in age from twelve to eighteen years. Mike Belloise, former featherweight champion of the world, was referee.

The 1943 championship tournament is continuing every Wednesday evening during July and August at various locations throughout the city. The bouts start at 7:30 p.m. In the event of rain, they go on the following evening at the same location.
Since the beginning of this yearly P.A.L. tournament, in the summer of 1936, 3,182 boys have boxed before 677,114 spectators. The P.A.L. bouts are now an established hot-weather tradition in the City of New York.

The dates and locations of the 1943 exhibitions are as follows:

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<th>DATE</th>
<th>LOCATION</th>
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<td>July 14</td>
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<td>July 21</td>
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<tr>
<td>August 4</td>
<td>Sheridan Square, near Seventh Ave. and</td>
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<td>Christopher St., Manhattan.</td>
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<td>August 18</td>
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FOR SERVICEMEN AND ORPHANS

POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE boxers have been quietly doing their bit to bolster the morale of both servicemen and civilians, and to arouse interest in the purchase of War Bonds as well as recruiting for C.D.V.O.

On June 2, P.A.L. boxers joined in a monster War Bond drive on Staten Island. The same day, the Police Athletic League journeyed to the U. S. Maritime Service station at Hoffman Island to stage a ten-bout program for the Maritime seamen. On June 9, P.A.L. leatherpushers presented an exhibition consisting of six bouts in conjunction with the C.D.V.O. recruiting campaign in the Bronx.

A double header was again offered by the Police Athletic League on June 11, when Staten Island boxers entertained at the U. S. Naval Base at Pier 6, Tompkinsville, while boys from the Brooklyn branch of the P.A.L. were putting on a twelve-bout show for the orphans at St. John’s Home for Boys.

The active Staten Island P.A.L. group continued its charity appearances on June 25 at the Farm Colony Home for the Aged, West Brighton, and on July 2 presented twelve boxing bouts and one wrestling exhibition at Braybrooks Oval, Port Richmond, as part of a drive to raise funds to purchase three Flying Fortresses. An Independence Day parade and athletic meet featuring six P.A.L. boxing bouts was conducted on July 5 at the Rocky Hollow Playground, Stapleton.

Police Athletic League boxers, trained in P.A.L. Centers, have also been appearing regularly at the New York Athletic Club, the Downtown A.C., and at the weekly bouts of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Metropolitan A.A.U. tournaments at the Jamaica Arena in Queens.

P.A.L. sports demonstration in conjunction with C.D.V.O. recruiting campaign, Borough Hall, Brooklyn, June 8, 1943.
BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL
FOR CITY CHILDREN

THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER MONTHS, the Police Athletic League plays host to New York City's youngsters at the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium, and Ebbetts Field. Games to which P.A.L. members have been, and will be, admitted free of charge are:

Borough Colonel Cited
Discounts Own Valor
"He's Like That," Wife Says of McQuade
Silver Star Winner

(Reprinted from Brooklyn Eagle, June 11, 1943.)

I DID IT with very little exposure to danger and hardly think I am entitled to it."

Lt. Col. Bernard W. McQuade of 428 Westminster Road, reported today by the War Department to have been cited for award of the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Tunisia, wrote to his wife, Annie.

"He's like that. He felt the same way about the Purple Heart when he received it in February," said Mrs. McQuade. "He just said he had a slight leg wound, that was all."

Although the field artillery battalion commanded by Colonel McQuade was in constant danger and, according to the citation, "was subjected to heavy and accurate enemy artillery fire," not one man in the battalion was killed either by enemy action or accidents. In a letter which reached here June 6, he said that all the men had been very loyal and were extremely happy about their escape.

"He never writes much about himself," said Mrs. McQuade. "He always asks about the children, wants me to tell him all about them."

The 32-year-old lieutenant colonel was born and educated in Brooklyn. He was graduated from West Point in 1932 and previous to attending the Military Academy had studied at Columbia University. Following his graduation, he spent time at the infantry school at Fort Benning, Ga., and artillery school at Fort Sill, Okla., and at least five other camps. He went overseas last October and became a lieutenant colonel early this year.

McQuade's citation stated: "The gallantry, leadership and concern for the welfare of his men displayed by Lt. Col. McQuade merit recognition as an example of outstanding performance of duty."

(对我来说，这个文档的内容是关于体育比赛的信息。文档中提到了警察体育联赛为城市的年轻人提供了一个可以观看棒球比赛的机会。此外，一个名为McQuade的军官被引用，他在行动中表现出了勇敢和领导力。他的妻子安妮在他被授予Purple Heart勋章时写道，这对他来说只是一个小伤，而他几乎没有经历过危险。McQuade在西点军校毕业，后来在多种学校和单位接受了训练。他于去年10月前往海外，并在1943年早些时候晋升为上校。)

POLO GROUNDS
July 1, 2, 7, 9, August 6, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 24, 25, September 8.

YANKEE STADIUM
July 26.

At the time this went to press, the Dodgers had not announced their P.A.L. dates.

Patrolman's Soldier Son, Reported Killed in Action, Turns Up in Prison Camp

IN AN ARTICLE last month under the heading "Sons and Daughters of Members of the Department Serving With the Armed Forces," SPRING 3100 in a photograph showed Sergeant James H. McMahon, U. S. Army Air Force, a son of Patrolman James McMahon, 104th Precinct, accepting from Brigadier General Westside Larson, at Mitchel Field, the Air Medal and Order of the Purple Heart awarded posthumously to his brother, Sergeant Thomas D. McMahon, tail gunner of a B-17, for gallantry under enemy fire in action over Europe—an aerial clash which cost him his life, according to an announcement by the War Department under date of March 1, 1943.

You can imagine then with what satisfaction we learned later in the month, from Patrolman Walter Dearcoff, SPRING 3100 reporter for the 104th Precinct, that the young sergeant, officially doomed as missing in action, had just been reported alive—a Nazi prisoner somewhere in Europe.

"I am pleased to inform you," Provost Marshal General Ullo in a telegram to the joyed parents said, "that my telegram of March 1 which states that your son, Staff Sergeant Thomas D. McMahon, was killed in action on January 13 was incorrect. Reports received through the International Red Cross state he is a prisoner of war of the German government."

Sergeant McMahon, in addition to the Purple Heart and the Air Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster awarded posthumously last month for gallantry under enemy fire, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross last year in England.

It was indeed great news and SPRING 3100 is happy to extend to the relieved parents, Patrolman and Mrs. James McMahon, warmest felicitations.
IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

HEALTH Commissioner Ernest L. Stebbins last month issued a list of waterways where bathing establishments are prohibited by the Health Department, and warned swimmers against using polluted water areas. Commissioner Stebbins also pointed out that due to restrictions of auto travelling and other transportation difficulties, more people are expected to make use of nearby bathing beaches this summer than in recent years, and asked that special caution be exercised in order to prevent a rise in bathing fatalities. Last year there were 26 persons drowned while bathing in New York City waters as compared with 33 in 1941.

Prohibited Water Areas

The prohibited waterways listed by Dr. Stebbins are:

Hudson River from Yonkers to the Battery; East River from Fort Schuyler (Throggs Neck) to South Ferry; the Harlem River; Little Bay; Powell Cove; Flushing Bay; Bowery Bay; Baxter Creek; Westchester Creek; Pugsley's Creek; Bronx River; Upper New York Bay; Gowanus Bay; the Narrows; Gravesend Bay; Rockaway Inlet; Jamaica Bay; Kill von Kull and Arthur Kills.

"Bathing or swimming in prohibited areas is always dangerous," said Dr. Stebbins. "Here the water currents are often very swift. Furthermore, at prohibited areas lifeguards and life-saving equipment are not provided. But drowning, of course, is not the only danger that lurks in polluted water. Persons may become infected with typhoid or may contract serious eye, ear or nose and throat conditions."

Permitted Bathing Areas

With miles of fine ocean front in and adjacent to the city and outdoor swimming pools, permitted bathing facilities are easily accessible to everyone. Bathing establishments are permitted if they are located on Long Island Sound or Little Neck Bay; on the Atlantic Ocean front from Norton's Point at Sea Gate to the east end of Far Rockaway, including Coney Island, Brighton Beach and the Rockaway Peninsula, and along the Staten Island southeast shore line from Fort Wadsworth to the southerly end of Tottenville.

Commissioner Stebbins urged all non-swimmers who possibly can do so, to learn how to swim this summer, and indicated certain rules which add to the safety of every swimmer, the principals of which are:

Do not engage in horseplay; do not try to play tricks on fellow bathers; do not go beyond the safety ropes and do not remain in the water if you are chilled. It is also advisable not to enter the water for at least one hour after eating and not to remain in the water at any time more than 30 minutes.

As many experienced lifeguards have been drawn into the armed forces, and older or younger men will necessarily take their places, Dr. Stebbins urges all bathers to cooperate to the fullest extent by obeying the safety rules at beaches and pools.
BEFORE 25,000 dyed-in-the-wool fans on Sunday, June 20, at the Polo Grounds, and countless other thousands listening to the broadcast of the proceedings over Station WNYC, the Police Department baseball team was again smoked out—and for the third year in a row—by their perennial five-alarm rivals, the fast-stepping Fire Department nine, by a score of 13 to 3.

With the victory went the W. W. Cohen Memorial trophy put up by Mayor LaGuardia three years ago to become the permanent property of the team first to win 3 out of 5 in this annual classic. The presentation was made on the field personally by the Mayor after the third put-out in the final inning of play brought the hostilities to a close.

The battle from a Police standpoint was just one heartache after another—a seemingly endless squabble that took nearly three hours to decide, a contest which ranks not at all with the one-time pulse-stopping encounters engaged in between these friendliest of enemies and which in previous years kept spectators hanging fast to their seats and going home talking to themselves when the blaze of battle had by one side or the other been brought under control.

A Police rooter as we were leaving the Stadium summed up the proceedings sorrowfully when he said, speaking of the efforts of the opposing forces engaged:

"This is another time those Flame Destroyers threw the book at us."

Meaning—the nightstick again on this occasion proved less potent than the hose.

A total of 25 starts in the direction of first base—the result of 12 hits, 7 free rides via the base-on-balls route and another by way of a batter bopped, and 5 errors, should give you some idea of the energy expended by Commissioner Walsh's men in the base-running division of the sport alone.

It was all good clean fun, of course, and, up to the end of the first inning, not unexciting. At the beginning of play our side, first to take the field, in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable put the firemen at ease by presenting them, as a result of three mis-plays, with exactly that many counters, and causing by reason of such generosity lumps to rise in the parched throats of every police rooter present, from Commissioner Valentine down.

Not to be outdone, the firemen in their half of the inning proved that they, too, know their Emily Post, and, like the good sports that they are, proceeded immediately and forthwith to hand the three runs back to their benefactors, contributing in so doing three errors of their own to augment nicely a brace of hits by our lads. That, however, and alas, ended the scoring for our side. Fire put over their fourth run in the third and added three more in the fourth run in the fifth and two in the sixth, for a grand total of 13.

For the opposition, Fireman Jimmy McKeogh, a fiery-thatched right hander, went the full distance on the mound. He turned in a magnificent job, letting down his pavement-pounding pals with 5 scattered hits and fanning 6. He also contributed a two-bagger that drove home a run. He was opposed on the hill by John Carroll and Bill Brancaccio, two first-year men with the Police team, and John Keane, one of the regulars, with George Sullivan and Ed Nally splitting between them the receiving chores. Neither of the three hurlers proved effective, unfortunately, and there is nothing any of us could have done about it.

The occasion marked the first opportunity we've had to watch the 1943 Police team in action, and, frankly, to our mind they're a much better outfit than the one-sided score of 13 to 3 would tend to indicate. Offhand, we'd say the team lacks that indefinable something—coordination, if you want to call it that—which can be gained only through steady and rigorous practice, both on the field in tuning-up sessions and in actual competition. We know for a fact the boys this year went into battle lacking just that sort of preparation, and while not for the world do we wish to detract from the splendid and well-deserved victory chalked up in such impressive fashion by one of the smoothest-running Fire teams ever to take the field against us, we feel that lack of preparation for so important an encounter contributed in no small measure to Law and Order's downfall.

Be that as it may, our congratulations, Fire Fighters, a sweller bunch of fellows couldn't have turned the trick!

As the record since 1930 now stands, Police and Fire are deadlocked today with 7 victories each out of the 14 matches played. This diamond competition between the two departments after a lapse of some years was revived in 1930 when the teams met in a game sponsored jointly by the New York American and the Community Councils of the City of New York, the proceeds going for a fund to open playgrounds for the children of
the city. In 1931-32-33, the proceeds of the games went to the Mayor's Emergency Relief Fund for the benefit of the city's needy and unemployed. From 1934 on, the moneys accrued were divided among the Welfare Department Special Fund, the Police Department Relief Fund, and the Fire Department Honor Emergency Fund. All of these funds have benefited materially as a result of these annual encounters.

The top amount taken so far was $108,000, the receipts of the 1937 clash. The take this year, approximately $103,000, eloquently expresses again the generous response of the men of the Police and Fire Departments to this most worthy cause.

The scores of the fourteen games played since 1930 follow:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Police</th>
<th>Fire</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Police</th>
<th>Fire</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>6, 13</td>
<td></td>
<td>1937</td>
<td>5, 4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1931</td>
<td>6, 11</td>
<td></td>
<td>1938</td>
<td>3, 7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1932</td>
<td>3, 4</td>
<td></td>
<td>1939</td>
<td>4, 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1933</td>
<td>7, 2</td>
<td></td>
<td>1940</td>
<td>4, 3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1934</td>
<td>4, 1</td>
<td></td>
<td>1941</td>
<td>4, 5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1935</td>
<td>2, 4</td>
<td></td>
<td>1942</td>
<td>8, 14</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1936</td>
<td>7, 3</td>
<td></td>
<td>1943</td>
<td>3, 13</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Impressive ceremonies as usual marked the opening of play, following which Mayor LaGuardia, always on hand for this annual Battle of the Blue, made himself comfortable in the box of Fire Commissioner Walsh. Later, with the completion of four and a half innings of play, he was escorted as customary to the box of Commissioner Valentine on the opposite side of the field.

The box score:

**FIRE DEPT.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ab. r. h. po. a.</th>
<th>POLICE DEPT.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>McElroy, 2b</td>
<td>ab. r. h. po. a.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geisler, 3b.</td>
<td>4 2 5 9 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupp, 1b.</td>
<td>4 2 6 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simmons, cf.</td>
<td>4 1 1 2 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyer, 3b.</td>
<td>5 0 2 4 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fernandez, 1b.</td>
<td>4 1 0 1 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, c.</td>
<td>5 2 1 3 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caterino, ss.</td>
<td>4 2 2 1 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKenna, p.</td>
<td>4 1 1 1 01</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>41 13 12 27 9 5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Police Department**

| ab. r. h. po. a. | e |
|-----------------|
| McElroy         | 3 1 0 2 0 1 |
| Geisler         | 3 5 0 2 0 0 |
| Rupp            | 5 1 1 1 1 0 |
| Simmons         | 4 1 2 1 0 0 |
| Meyer           | 5 1 1 1 0 0 |
| Fernandez       | 2 0 0 1 0 0 |
| Hall            | 2 0 0 2 4 0 |
| Caterino        | 2 0 0 1 0 0 |
| McKenna         | 2 0 0 4 0 0 |
| Caroll          | 1 0 0 0 0 0 |
| Foley, 1b.      | 1 0 1 0 0 0 |
| Total           | 33 3 27 7 5 |

Runs batted in—Meyer 3, McElroy 3, Muller 2, Simmons 2, Geisler, McKenna.


Scores of other games played:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Errors</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>June 11</td>
<td>Police</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ft. Hancox</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Carroll, pitcher; Nally, catcher.)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| June 17 | Police | 10 | 18 | 4 |
|         | Ft. Hancox | 8 | 8 | 4 |
| (Brunaccio, Kenne, pitchers; Sullivan, catcher.) |
| July 3  | Police | 21 | 19 | 2 |
|         | Ft. Dix | 8 | 12 | 3 |
| (Brunaccio, Auer, pitchers; Sullivan, Nally, catchers.) |

**GOLF**

One hundred and fifteen seasoned sockers—merry maulers all—reported for the June tournament of the Police Golf Association held Friday, June 25, at the Pomponack Country Club, Flushing, a date which turned out to be the hottest—and no doubt thirstiest—June 25 in the history of the Weather Bureau.

Most surprising score for the day was the spectacular prize low gross 73. 3 over par for the course, turned in by P.G.A. Secretary Ed MacFadden, 112th Precinct, a performance which gave every indication on the first nine that Ed, with only 33 strokes consumed, might break the course record. His tally of 42 for the return nine, however, deprived Ed of this honor.

Sergeant James Hart, 11th Precinct, and Detective George Ahrens, 13th D.D., divided the low net honors, each proudly turning in net scores of 65 strokes... Sergeant Jim's handicap was 21, George's, 19... The latter, incidentally, is a mighty lucky golfer, he having as a brother-in-law—and private tutor—none other than our old friend and now golf pro of the Hempstead Golf Club, Mr. Wiffy Cox.

Other prize winners were Lieutenant W. Casey, M.O.D.D.; Patrolman Francis Moynihan, 30th Precinct; Lieutenant Saul C Metz, Bureau of Operations; Patrolman George Schulmerich, 64th Precinct; Patrolman Arthur Irwin, 68th Precinct; Lieutenant Joseph Buck, 23rd Squad; Patrolman Otto Kral, Traffic F, and Captain Ed Moore, 73rd Precinct.

A “best ball” score disclosed that the boys birdied every hole on the course except the par 3 third and the par 5 twelfth; four eagles also were included in the day's eluding.

A few highlights: Lieutenant Buck negotiating the par 4 seventh hole in two strokes, a brilliant bit of soaking... Patrolman Ray Hendley's gigantic drive on the 300 yard ninth hole, his ball travelling to the green on the fly—and holding... too bad he missed the putt... The reception accorded Captain Ed Moore at the finish—he broke 90 for the first time... The renewal of hostilities by those two old-time rivals of the links—retired Inspectors Charles Stilson and George Heitzman, both of whom incidentally look swell... The Dutch boy cup and shirt adorning the handsome carcass of Patrolman Jack Baynon... The run on the refreshments at the nineteenth hole—the unexpected hot spell responsible, naturally... The splendid appearance created by the boys as, motorcar-less and with golf bags.
The parade up the hill leading from the bus stop to the clubhouse, a most invigorating climb... The smile on the face of Acting Captain Otto Kafka of the A.W.S. as he turned in his score—136, as neat a gesture of honest bookkeeping as anyone might mention... At that, not so bad—it being Otto’s first time out... The resplendent luncheon served by that most genial of hosts, Mr. George Edgerton, head man at Pomonok... The nifty dicer sported by Lieutenant Leo Nolan of the Long Beach, L.I., Police Department... Rev. McDermott, of South Brooklyn, who turned away from his pastoral duties for a day to turn in a nifty score of 84... and Detective Joe Walker terming it “rank ingratitude” for a guest to administer so thoroughly a trouncing... Lieutenant O’Brien, Second Deputy Commissioner’s office, deciding, after painstakingly scouting the affair to show ‘em at the next tournament just how a good man does his stuff.

The scores:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Gross</th>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Net</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>E. MacFadden</td>
<td>75</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Hart</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Ahrens</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Casey</td>
<td>85</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. Murnihan</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>68</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Metz</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>69</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Schulmerich</td>
<td>82</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>69</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. Irwin</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Lo Prest</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>70</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Back</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>70</td>
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<tr>
<td>O. Kral</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>70</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. A. Moore</td>
<td>89</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>71</td>
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<td>F. McQue</td>
<td>81</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>71</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Coreman</td>
<td>86</td>
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<td>C. Boland</td>
<td>86</td>
<td>14</td>
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<td>W. McQuill</td>
<td>100</td>
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<td>D. Shea</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>72</td>
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<tr>
<td>B. Southwick</td>
<td>79</td>
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<td>73</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. J. Buckley</td>
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<td>73</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Poggi</td>
<td>91</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. F. White</td>
<td>97</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. Stilson</td>
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<td>R. Hendley</td>
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<td>J. S. Robb</td>
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<td>J. Baynon</td>
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<td>J. Driscoll</td>
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<td>B. Downs</td>
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<td>J. W. Lyle</td>
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<td>B. Hurwood</td>
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<td>78</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. J. Flanagan</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>78</td>
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<td>J. B. McDonald</td>
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<td>J. Donohue</td>
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<td>S. Bellino</td>
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<td>F. Seper</td>
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<td>A. Morris</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Brzozowski</td>
<td>92</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>79</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. H. Walker</td>
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<td>19</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Creed</td>
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<td>80</td>
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<tr>
<td>K. Jordan</td>
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<td>C. H. Cordes</td>
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<td>S. Swanson</td>
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<td>W. Carroll</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. Carey</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. Whitton</td>
<td>116</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**POLICE DEPARTMENT**
**CITY OF NEW YORK**
Office of the Police Commissioner
New York, June 23, 1943.

**GENERAL ORDERS NO. 20.**

The following mine procedure received from the Mine Warfare Officer, Third Naval District, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

Whenever a suspicious object which shows external parts resembling a mine is observed, the area in which it is located should be cleared pending the arrival of trained Mine Disposal personnel. As large an area as practicable, adjacent to the mine, should be vacated and personnel from any organization available posted as guards.

In carrying out these instructions, the following safety precautions must be rigidly observed:

(a) All mines must be approached with the greatest caution. Unless absolutely necessary, do not go nearer than 100 feet. Use binoculars if possible.

(b) Mines must be approached quietly. Scraping noises such as those produced by walking hurriedly over rocks or pebbles, should be avoided. Do not talk. Magnetic material must not be taken near any mine.

(c) Horns should never be touched.

(d) Wires should never be touched.

(e) Under no circumstances should untrained personnel attempt to move a mine except when directed by someone specially trained in handling mines. Only persons specially trained shall endeavor to render a mine safe.

In this connection attention is directed to the provisions of General Orders No. 16, c.s.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Police Commissioner.

**APOLOGY**

In our article last month listing members of the Department having three or more sons serving with the armed forces, the name of Patrolman John Cullinan, 101st Precinct, inadvertently was omitted.

Patrolman Cullinan has three sons, of whom he is mighty proud, serving currently with the U.S. Army Air Force, and SPRING 3100 joins with him in wishing for his boys the very best of everything in the hazardous job ahead.
By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

THE MISSOURI State Highway Patrol presents its new monthly periodical, The Technician through the interest and co-operation of police laboratory technicians throughout the country. This little monthly publication which makes its appearance in May, 1943. Volume 1, No. 1 represents what is probably the first serious attempt to interest the police laboratory technicians throughout the country in the publication of a purely cooperative bulletin in which an exchange of information, views and opinions may be expressed solely on subjects of interest from the scientific standpoint. The Technician will be on file at the Municipal Reference Library where members of the police force are at liberty to consult it or borrow it for home study. Those interested in a personal subscription, the annual rate is $2.00 and subscriptions should be sent to the Missouri State Highway Patrol, Jefferson City, Missouri.

THE STATE DEFENSE COUNCIL of Connecticut has issued a very useful "Manual on Vice Control" 1943 which the police will be glad to have. Its final section on Federal Regulations is applicable in all states, not only Connecticut.

"POLICE PROBLEMS IN NEWARK" is the title of a report made by the Bureau of Municipal Research of Newark after a thorough survey extending over several years. Commissioner John B. Keenan, Director of Public Safety, requested the Bureau to undertake the survey. The field work of the survey was completed in December, 1941, but substantial changes in department practices in 1942 required some later re-survey of parts of the study and hence the report was not published until 1943.

Every aspect of the police problem of Newark has been carefully studied and compared with other cities. The employees and personnel management are considered; salaries and pensions are discussed; the uniformed patrol, traffic regulation and control, detective bureau and criminal investigations and departmental organization are all thoroughly studied and analyzed by these police experts. Recommendations for improvement are made in every part of the police department.

"LAUGH AT THE LAWYER WHO CROSS-EXAMINES YOU" (Old Faithful Publishing Co.) is the title of a new book written by Charles L. Cusumano, a practicing attorney. The book is intended to be of assistance to the great number of witnesses who too frequently become confused when the examining attorney questions them. The policeman will find this book of assistance in the preparation of cases by showing vulnerable points in the cross-examination process. The book may be borrowed from the Library by members of the police force.

THE POLICE who must know the laws as they relate to enforcement will do well to make use of the "Résumé and Legislation enacted during the 1943 Session" as selected for you in the May "Bulletin of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation."

IN THE REVISED, second edition of "Riot Control" (Military Service Publishing Company) Colonel Sterling A. Wood brings up to date information of a tactical nature helpful to the military and public law enforcement officials in handling civil disturbances. The practical suggestions, description of weapons, chemical munitions and special equipment, and diagrams for maneuvers of small units are all helpful in converting small forces into mobile units capable of controlling riotous conditions with a minimum of casualties.

535TH ARMORED INF. BN.
Camp Polk, Louisiana
June 24, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Many thanks for the regularity with which SPRING 3100 has reached me since my entry into the army. It's a swell way to keep in touch with the boys back home, and I assure you I look forward with eagerness to each new issue.

LIEUTENANT PAUL BARON,
Patrolman, 109th Precinct.
POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE JULY, 1943, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"
By Lieutenant PETER F. MATHEWS

QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1
In a criminal case the prosecution is required to prove the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. What is a "reasonable doubt"?

QUESTION NO. 2
What uniform statutes have been adopted in New York State in connection with crime?

QUESTION NO. 3
Under what circumstances would a person, who allowed marijuana to grow on his land, be guilty of a crime?

QUESTION NO. 4
What information may be obtained from dust in a suspect's wearing apparel?

QUESTION NO. 5
Briefly answer the following:
  a. What matters will be published in Department Circulars?
  b. What restrictions apply to drivers of vehicles at the scene of an emergency?
  c. What is the prime purpose of probation and parole?
  d. What is a pick-up case?
  e. What are the present age requirements for persons desiring to obtain operators' or chauffeurs' licenses?
  f. What may stump line stands or booths licensed by the Department of Licenses be used for?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

The following simple definition of "reasonable doubt" contained in a jury charge has been approved by the Supreme Court of the United States:

"A reasonable doubt is an actual doubt that you are conscious of after going over in your mind the entire case, giving consideration to all the testimony and every part of it. If you then feel uncertain and not fully convinced that the defendant is guilty and believe that you are acting in a reasonable manner and if you believe that a reasonable man in any matter of like importance would hesitate to act because of such doubt as you are conscious of having, that is a reasonable doubt, of which the defendant is entitled to have the benefit."

The Court of Appeals defined the burden which must be sustained by the prosecution in a criminal case as follows:

"The rule is that all evidence, when considered by the jury, must, beyond a reasonable doubt, exclude or remove every other reasonable hypothesis than that of the defendant's guilt. The evidence of facts and circumstances, in order to justify a conviction, must all be consistent with and point not only to the guilt of the defendant, but they must be inconsistent with his innocence."

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
2. Uniform Criminal Extradition Act.
3. Uniform Act to secure the attendance of witnesses from within or without the States in criminal proceedings.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3
A recent amendment to the Penal Law, which inserted therein a new section, to be section seventeen hundred fifty-three, provides as follows:

Section 1753. Growing of narcotic plant known as marijuana by unlicensed persons.

A person who, without being licensed so to do under the Public Health Law, grows the narcotic plant known as marijuana knowingly allows it to grow on his land without destroying the same, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Effective immediately.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4
Dust and dirt which are in or on the suspect's apparel—shoes, hair, under the nails or in fissures, on weapons or tools—may give some clue as to where the suspect has previously been or what he has done. The possibilities of dust analysis have not been sufficiently exploited. By such examinations the presence of what is called professional dust may be determined, such as glue and sawdust (carpenters and laborers in sawmills), lime (bricklayers), etc., and also dust from places where the suspect has made a brief visit, as, for instance, flour (floor mill), fibers or parts of vegetables (from a barn). Shoes and cuffs of the trousers should also be examined for the presence of certain dirt or soil. Such examinations sometimes play a helpful role in an investigation.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5
a. Matters which should be known to the entire Department for the information and guidance of those concerned, but which are not of sufficient importance to be published in the Rules and Regulations or Manual of Procedure.

b. The driver of any vehicle other than one on official business shall not drive into nor park such vehicle within the block where emergency work is in progress.

c. The prime purpose of both is the protection of the community through the rehabilitation of those convicted of crime.

d. A pick-up case is one in which an arrest is made or property recovered in connection with an offense not previously reported.

e. Operators' or chauffeur's licenses may be issued during the period ending July first, seventeen hundred forty-four, to persons of the age of seventeen years or over.

f. Such stands or booths shall be used for the sale or display of fruits, vegetables, soft drinks, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, confectionery, ice cream, for the shining of shoes, or any of the foregoing.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

General Orders No. 14, June 1, 1943.

Calls attention to the distribution of personnel and equipment during actual and practice air raids. Instructions relative to police control charts. Rules concerning entries on control charts. Maintenance of charts and notifications in connection therewith. Information and instructions concerning the use of telephones. General Instructions. Amendments to AWS orders.

General Orders No. 15, June 1, 1943.

Communication from office of the Comptroller relative to the Withholding Tax. Also information as to form titled "Exemption Information Employee's Withholding Tax."

T. T. Message, June 2, 1943.

Army Emergency Relief Organization created to meet emergency relief needs of wives, parents, children or close relatives of members of the United States Army. Unit for the five boroughs located at 165 Broadway, Manhattan; telephone R Ector 2-1300.

T. T. Message, June 2, 1943.

Amends so much of General Orders No. 15, c.s., titled "Withholding Tax" as relates to the filling out of form 5 of the form titled "Exemption Information Employee's Withholding Tax."

Circular No. 14, June 2, 1943.

Communication from His Honor, The Mayor, expressing his thanks for the splendid work done in connection with the 1 A.M. An American Day celebration.

T. T. Message, June 7, 1943.

Communication from the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles relative to certain types of chauffeur licenses which have been issued by the Bureau of Motor Vehicles.

General Orders No. 16, June 8, 1943.

City Protection Order No. 4, c.s., relative to action to be taken by a member of the Force or of the Air Warden Service when unexploded bombs, shells, torpedoes, or mines are observed. Confidential memoranda relative to Operations Letter No. 23, are hereby revoked. Memorandum dated September 14, 1942, relative to parachute or other naval mines is revoked. Memorandum of February 1, 1943, relative to war airplane crashes, will remain in full force and effect.

General Orders No. 17, June 10, 1943.

Method of determining amount of tax to be withheld at source on wages earned on and after July 1, 1943. G.O. No. 35, series of 1942 and so much of G.O. No. 1 c.s. as directs Federal Tax Deductions to be made in accordance with table in G.O. No. 35, series 1942 is revoked.

General Orders No. 18, June 10, 1943.

Provisions for deductions for the Federal Withholding Tax, effective July 1, 1943.

Circular No. 15, June 10, 1943.

Amendment to Article 7 of the Traffic Regulations which adds two new sections to be known as Section 91 and Section 92, to read as follows:

Section 91. Cruising of Taxicabs prohibited.

1. A driver of a taxicab shall not operate his vehicle along a street for the purpose of soliciting passengers or searching for passengers.

2. No person shall operate an empty taxicab on 5th Ave., from 56th St. to 60th St., between the hours of 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. daily. A driver of a taxicab discharging a passenger on 5th Ave. shall drive off 5th Ave., by making a right turn at the first street where such turn is permitted.

Section 92. Loading or unloading in taxicab stand area.

A driver of a taxicab while awaiting employment on a taxicab stand or taxi feed line shall move out of said stand upon request of a driver of a vehicle whose purpose is to expeditiously load or unload merchandise within the area of the taxicab stand.

Article 1. Section F, of the Regulations Governing Drivers and Owners of Taxicabs. Coaches, Sight-seeing Buses, Horse-Drawn Cabs and Taximeter Establishments, is amended by revoking Paragraph 3 thereof, and promulgating new Paragraph 3, to read as follows:

(3) a. A public hack driver shall refuse to transport any person whose destination is more than five miles from starting point.

b. A public hack driver shall not refuse to transport any orderly person included in the following subdivisions, whose destination is within the city or within five miles of the limits thereof:

1. A person sick, injured or crippled.

2. A person accompanied by young children.

3. A person with baggage that cannot otherwise be conveniently carried.

4. Uniformed members of the Armed Forces.

5. A war worker to and from place of employment, where no other means of public transportation is available.

The provisions of new Paragraph 3 as hereinafter promulgated shall be effective for a temporary period of 30 days, beginning 8 A.M., June 4, 1943.

Special Regulation For Vehicular Traffic. In compliance with an order of the New York State Council of Defense, no vehicular traffic will be permitted on a certain street in the Borough of Brooklyn.

T. T. Message, June 14, 1943.

Credit Counseling Service for city employees. The objectives and functions of this service are described in a leaflet titled "Credit Advice For City Employees." A sufficient supply of leaflets, to furnish each member of the Department with a copy thereof, forwarded to each command.

T. T. Message, June 18, 1943.

Amendment to regulations for public hack and sight-seeing bus drivers:

Article 1. Section F, of the regulations governing drivers and owners of taxicabs, coaches, sight-seeing buses, horse-drawn cabs and taximeter establishments, is amended by revoking paragraph 3 thereof, and promulgating new paragraph 3, to read as follows:

(3) a. A public hack driver shall refuse to transport any person whose destination is more than five miles from starting point.

b. A public hack driver shall not refuse to transport any orderly person included in the following subdivisions, whose destination is within the city or within five miles of the limits thereof:

1. A person sick, injured or crippled.

2. A person accompanied by young children.

3. A person with baggage that cannot otherwise be conveniently carried.

4. Uniformed members of the armed forces.

5. A war worker to and from place of employment, where no other means of public transportation is available.

6. A person to a railroad terminal, a ferry connection of a railroad terminal, or to or from an airport within the City of New York.
7. Females unaccompanied by male escorts between the hours of 10 P.M. and 7 A.M.

The provisions of new paragraph 8 as hereinabove promulgated shall be effective for a temporary period of 30 days beginning 8 A.M., June 16th, 1943.

So much of Circular No. 15, c.s., as relates to Article I, Section F, Paragraph 3 of the regulations governing drivers and owners of taxicabs, coaches, sight-seeing buses, horse-drawn cabs and taximeter establishments, is hereby revoked.

Circular No. 16, June 19, 1943.
July Fourth leaves of absence.


Revised copies of interpretations of non-essential driving issued by the Office of Price Administration, dated May 27, 1943, forwarded to commanding officers.

General Orders No. 19, June 22, 1943.

Mobilization of the Emergency Taxi Corps. Members of the Force concerned will familiarize themselves with the provisions of the Emergency Taxi Corps Manual, General Orders No. 5, c.s., and General Orders No. 14, c.s., which govern Taxi-eah Mobilization, Police Mobilization and dispatch of personnel and equipment, respectively.

Queens Police Post Installation and Dinner Dance

Patrolman Edward G. Schultz, 102nd Precinct, on the evening of Wednesday, June 23, was inducted as commander of Queens Police Post, No. 1103, of the American Legion at a gala Installation and Dinner Dance given by the organization at the Boulevard Tavern, Elmhurst, Queens. Entertainment, including a floor show, lent added lustre to the evening.

Dals guests included two holders of the Distinguished Service Cross: the Rev. Thomas J. Taylor, National Chaplain of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor and who in World War I saw service as a second lieutenant with the 23rd Infantry, 2nd Division, and Commander Earl D. Norton of the Forest Hills Post of the American Legion, National Senior Vice Commander of the Army and Navy Legion of Valor, who in World War I as a private in the 9th Infantry, 2nd Division, on July 1, 1918, lost a leg in the battle for Vaux, in France.

The Queens County organization of the Legion was represented by County Commander Charles E. Miller, Vice Commanders Nicholas Ambarian and Aloysius J. Maickel, Service Director Michael Oppelt, Judge Advocate Frank M. Nicolosi, Sergeant-at-arms Samuel Cataldo and County Blood Donors Chairman George Keiner; also Past Commander Eugene A. Mullaly of Elmhurst Post No. 198; Sam Gilmann, Chef-de-Guere, 40 & 8, Votive 56; Inspector Charles P. Mooney, 7th Division, and Mrs. Helene Schultz, lovely spouse of the newly-inducted commander and herself serving currently as president of the Post’s women’s auxiliary. Tribute was paid also to Past Commanders Clinton B. Sheridan, Max Sprauer, Herman Cook, Sol Abrahams and Fred Smol.

Commander Schultz, in his address of acceptance, among other things said:

“The task ahead is not an easy one, but with the spirit of cooperation that the members of Queens Police Post have always shown, the year should not be too difficult. The success of the administration upon which we are now embarked rests upon all of us. Let’s all pull together for God and country. Let Americanism be our watchword. Let’s be real Americans—true Legionaires. * * * Let’s see to it that this great Post of ours is kept alive. Let it be known the world over as one of the most honored, most active posts in the nation.”

Commander Schultz concluded his address with a toast to the members of the Post and the sons of members serving in the armed forces.

Other officers seated were Vice Commanders Christian Kautz, Arthur Hall and Charles Buck; Robert Lonzberg, adjutant; George Hodgson, personnel adjutant; William B. Lennie, finance officer; John Petersohn, historian; Clinton Sheridan, chaplain; John Dollard, sergeant-at-arms.

Executive Committee: Chester Frem, Louis Neher, Raymond Martin, Henry Michel, Henry Klein, George Knobloch.
POST-ENTRY TRAINING COURSE
College of the City of New York
ENGLISH (REPORT WRITING)

This is a course in the correct expression and effective arrangement of ideas. Words and idioms, sentences and paragraphs, punctuation, spelling and grammar are studied and practiced. Frequent expositions or reports of police and fire problems and duties are written, corrected, and discussed in conferences. Emphasis is given to the form and style required by the uniformed departments in official communications.

Friday - 12 M.-1:50 P.M. Room 1106 - Commerce
OR
5:50 - 7:35 P.M. Room 1012 - Commerce
30 hours - 15 sessions First session - October 1st
2 credits

Fees: $10. course fee; $2. registration; and $1.00 library.
Instructor: Mr. James E. Flynn, City College.

Registration may be completed in Room 1113, Commerce Building, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City, at the following times:
Saturday, September 18—9 A.M.-12 Noon
Monday, September 20 to Friday, September 24—9 A.M.-6 P.M.
Saturday, September 25—9 A.M.-12 Noon
The fee is indicated above and is payable at the time of registration.
Classes begin on Monday, September 27th unless otherwise indicated.

Further information may be obtained from Room 1113, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City — GRamercy 5-7140, Extension 33.

444 S.W. 24th ROAD
Miami, Florida
June 15, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

A couple of weeks ago I dropped you a note telling you I had missed the last four issues of SPRING 3100 because of a change of address, and asking you to send me the copies I missed. Well, they arrived just a few days later and I’m mighty thankful. They really filled a spot that’s been a little empty. Not only was it good to read all the news but just to go over the list of those in the Services was interesting.

ENSIGN JULIUS J. MALLON,
Patrolman, 11th Precinct.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
June 1, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just a short note of appreciation for your thoughtfulness in forwarding me SPRING 3100. Though I spent but a short time in the Department, I enjoy reading each copy, especially the comments from the boys overseas. They’re the ones who really appreciate news from home.

CHARLES R. SMYTH,
2nd Lt., Corps of Military Police,
Patrolman, Police Academy.
RETIRED FROM THE DEPARTMENT

Lt. William J. Henry Mey. Pet. 2 June 15, 1943
Lt. John F. X. Meade Mtd. Sqd. 1 June 15, 1943
Ptl. Clarence D. Schultz Tr. P June 15, 1943
Ptl. Frederick F. Roehm 100 Pet. June 15, 1943
Ptl. Joseph Byrne Tr. F June 15, 1943
Ptl. James E. Fay Mey. 1 June 15, 1943
Ptl. Henry F. Sauvan Mtd. Sqd. 1 June 15, 1943
Ptl. Carmine C. Cangro E. S. Sqd. 1 June 15, 1943
Ptl. William Donohue Tr. C June 15, 1943
Ptl. Michael T. O'Connor Tr. D June 15, 1943
Ptl. Dennis O'Connor Tr. G June 15, 1943
Ptl. Francis J. Teed 1 D.D. June 15, 1943

CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE
United States Citizens Service Corps
City Hall
New York, June 24, 1943.

DEAR COMMISSIONER:

The fact that the Police Department does such
effective and efficient work at all times is so much
a commonplace that the public is inclined to take
its remarkable functioning for granted. My admira-
tion of the Department grows daily and I never
wish to be placed in the prosaic class that just
takes it for granted.

In the Recruitment Drive just completed the
Police Department under your able leadership
carried a terrific burden and as usual discharged
its responsibility with great tact and efficiency,
placing the people of the City of New York further
in debt to the men and women who compose
the Army of the Blue.

May I, therefore, take this occasion to thank
you again for your personal contribution as well
as that of the Department, and to assure you that
if at any time the CDVO can be of any service to
the Police Department you have but to command it.

With my personal regards.

Very sincerely yours,

GROVER A. WHALEN,
Chairman-Director.

The Hon. Lewis J. Valentine,
Commissioner, Police Department,
240 Centre Street,
New York, N.Y.

62nd BOMB SQDN.
Davis, Monathan Field
Tucson, Arizona
June 8, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Permit me to express my sincere appreciation
for your continued kindness in sending me SPRING
3100, each issue of which is like a letter from home.
In your May issue, I noted with particular interest
the Commissioner's address at the Holy Name break-
fast wherein he expressed confidence that the De-
partment's war loan drive would result in a squadron
of Flying Fortresses being dedicated in the name of
the N. Y. City Police Department, and I am hoping
that one of the ships so dedicated will be a Liberato-
(124) because that's the one I fly on in the capacity
of aerial engineer and gunner.

Best regards to the men in the 30th Precinct.

SERGEANT CHARLES SCHULMAN,
Patrolman, 30th Precinct.
"Every morning I gotta take the Sarge's pet turtle down for a walk!"

"Let's break it up, fellas, that might be the patrol supervisor!"
8th Precinct: Captain William O. Jones, who is an old time mounted patrolman—one of the original Mounted Squad, in fact—and, naturally, an expert equestrian, is looking forward to July, when he expects to ride to the sounds while on vacation in Kentucky. Lieutenant Bill Burns, 8th Squad, is a Victory Garden enthusiast, which explains why he gets his squad about him from time to time and assigns them to "plants." Detectives Buck O'Neill sent Giovanni Tommy Tyrell (old heavy foot) to the Bellevue Psych Ward on an errand and due to some error Tyrell was taken for the psycho. Buck had a time convincing the Doc that Tommy was O.K., even if his teeth do rattle. We have here a snare little lad who doesn't have much to say—and is seldom heard of—we mean Lieutenant John Dilworth, the man who enlists Pete Kelly's enthusiasm. Isn't that uniform Blackie Luzzi wears a dream? And those cute ties Chief Clerk Foster wears has Henry Roth green with envy.

We are losing Harry Schaaf and Max Labell, by retirement, and all of us wish them well. Schaaf is the lad who ran those yearly shore dinners that everyone talks about. Labell for the past few years was our hack inspector. Rookie Sergeant Larry Dente: "Now when I was 95 man in the 9th Precinct, etc." . . . Salvatore Porco, because of his experience as an R-K 20 man is seriously thinking of entering the Naval Intelligence Bureau, claiming that regardless of the intelligence angle, he can at least row a boat . . . Who would you say has the sweetest voice, Sister Martin or Elmer Lavelle, Luzzi's boss?

Front Page News: The 8th Precinct came out No. 2 in the Safety Campaign—and is Jones Captain happy? The 9th annual outing of the 7-8-9-10th Squads, held May 19, at Saratoga, in Grant City, S. I., was very well attended, a splendid shore dinner, plenty of refreshments, and, of course, a ball game between the Largo Muskats and Caroline's Beagles, the Muskats winning out. 11 to 6. Johnny Varga, a former pitcher for the Beagles, failed to show; cold feet, no doubt, knowing he was to face Last Boat Wylie, who kept the Beagles at bay with his sidearm pصدal. He was opposed by Zke Weiman, who left his glove home, unfortunately, and as a result could not get his high hand one going. O'Rourke started pitching for the Beagles but was quickly shunted by the Muskats, whose lineup featured such heavy hitters as W hem, Kirby, Largo, Sullivan and Callow, while the Beagles boasted of Red Flynn (as usual, terrible), Winnie Ward (also useless), Two-ton Mouse Harrington, Pinky Higgins (who is better with a broom), and White Pants Willie Brennan, who fell asleep in center field—and we do mean asleep.

There were so many changes that we can't remember all the players. To sum up, it was a really enjoyable day and Harry Schaaf must be given credit for the arrangements. . . . Moe Herman, Pete Kilian, Dick Maddox, Neil Culkin, and Charlie Charleston, Sonne of Fort Richmond, all were remembered by the boys. . . . The last named four retired.

Tom O'Grady is indignant. It was not his trews that he lost—it was his sporrans, and in it were a few shillings with which he intended to buy the boys a few ale and ales.

Is it true Sergeant Peter Kelly just issued to Steve Wehan a standing invitation to join together with his family and friends at his magnificent Staten Island lagoon this summer?

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th.

Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION
1st Pet., Ptl. Francis B. Donovan
2nd Pet., Ptl. J. Knowlal
3rd Pet., Ptl. Henry W. A. Elder
4th Pet., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
5th Pet., Ptl. William Foster

2D DIVISION
3rd Pet., Ptl. Robert A. Gibson
4th Pet., Ptl. Thomas G. Tobin
5th Pet., Ptl. Maurice Grasberg
6th Pet., Ptl. John F. Nystrom


The 7th Precinct Follies: Gavin—a white collar worker . . . Harrogate—"Jimmy Crackers"—"Why, Johnny."—"I went up screaming!" . . . O'Brien, J.—the strong boy . . . "Everything 0.K., but—" . . . Elier & Kenny—"Any potatoes today?"—Hauptman—"Goodbye, Helen, goodbye!"—Blaine—the fall of Tojo—"Gee, any dyes today?"—Hoey—"Don't keep the place clean!"—Cipolloetti—"She's a good kid!"—Brockin—"I am a smoker!"—Witkowitz—"Whitey, my friend!"—O'Learny—"They were all out of step but Dick!"—Blaine—"I'll be there with a taxi!"—Kukas—"Do how these things get so dirty?"—Grasberg—"I hear you calling me!"—Nejedly—"I'll take it all!"—Schultech—"Put it all in one bundle!"—Blaine—"Where was 13?"—Who has a No. 17 stamp?—Blaine—"Do I know what I'm doing?"—Brohard—what girls go for . . . Treattau—"I'm walking on my heels again!"—Turbo—"Pusha down a badge!"—Agard—how to become a farmer in ten easy lessons . . . Refreshments & Music by Moore and Smith.

Our Ace 95 man, Harry Erickson, has been undergoing a general overhauling since, as captain of the 5th Squad baseball team, to the tune of 13 to 10, he led his belting buddies to a slow buthardt earned victory over the 6th Squad last month. He overdid himself, unfortunately, and now has more squeaks than an old sofa.

4TH DIVISION
13th Pet., Ptl. John Prutting
14th Pet., Ptl. Thomas J. Hopen
15th Pet., Ptl. John Taylor
22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Comiskey

19th Precinct: Stories you should hear: The one about Tom Kilduff and the storekeeper who refused to throw his hat in the air . . . Tim Casey singing "Five by Five in the Eucharist's Face" . . . The one having to do with Jim Cronin—Central Park—Rowboat—Lake . . . Jimmie Judge and the tale of "Easy does it" . . . Blaine, the fall of Tojo . . . Geoghan—"Any dyes today?"—Hoey—"Don't keep the place clean!"—Cipolloatti—"She's a good kid!"—Brockin—"I am a smoker!"—Witkowitz—"Whitey, my friend!"—O'Learny—"They were all out of step but Dick!"—Blaine—"I'll be there with a taxi!"—Kukas—"Do how these things get so dirty?"—Grasberg—"I hear you calling me!"—Nejedly—"I'll take it all!"—Schultech—"Put it all in one bundle!"—Blaine—"Where was 13?"—Who has a No. 17 stamp?—Blaine—"Do I know what I'm doing?"—Brohard—what girls go for . . . Treattau—"I'm walking on my heels again!"—Turbo—"Pusha down a badge!"—Agard—how to become a farmer in ten easy lessons . . . Refreshments & Music by Moore and Smith.

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5TH DIVISION
25th Pet., Ptl. Otto W. Hoyt
30th Pet., Ptl. Al Smiles
34th Pet., Ptl. Woody Wash

26th Precinct: Ben Davis, well-known auto salesman, says sending the operator of the sergeant's car out of the precinct is to his mind ridiculous . . . Bob Hamilton, 50th Precinct, and our James Sullivan intend visiting Bill Brown's reducing farm at Peekskill on their vacation, Jim's wife already has him on a diet—dancing shoes included.


Well known saying: Joe Stewart: "If I had only insured it!"—Russ: "I would have given him one only for you!"—Parker: "I don't want that post, it's too hot!"—O'Neill: "How I miss my
pigeon post"... Meyers: "I'm having dinner at the Waldorf tonight..." Tobin: "Did the new car come yet?"... Levine: "I'll put it in the book that I am leaving the precinct!"

And Bill Shortt says things must be tough when Joe "The Boss" Acomparra starts screaming buttons!

6TH DIVISION

25th Pet., Ptl. Henry Keaton
26th Pet., Ptl. Francis X. McDermott
32nd Pet., Ptl. John D. Promoto

28th Precinct: The entire command regards the offering deepest sympathies to John Connolly who lost Pet. For them, on their recent bereavements... Welcome to the eight new rookies—the "New Dealers" are certainly increasing and are almost ready to take over, according to the latest communiqué from Marshal Schwartzs. After one of the best-liked teams we know has been separated; Bill Cashel and Barney Leven having been sent recently to the Bronx and Brooklyn. We hope Bill comes back next with his big smile and that Barney gives frequent looks at his green ensemble—the one usually reserved for St. Patrick's Day.

HERO OF THE MONTH: Jiggs Kiernan! It seems Jiggs was the only one who was able to relieve a poor mongrel pup of its joy by extracting a sharp hook from the dog's paw—an operation which was done at the animal hospital and which would have been fatal without the help of bystanders. This must have made Jiggs dog-conscious, for he was seen parading on Riverside Drive on the Sunday morning following a little Boston Bull that also answered to the name of Jiggs. Barney Cunningham has a dogs' coat "I can take it"—and did... Freddy Heusel asserts that he and alone deserves the title of being the best-dressed policeman on 125th Street, besides, in addition, to be blessed by his title—"Bunny-Boy"... George Roden is expected to dispute that claim vigorously... Nails McGorley comes to usurp Tormey's former title of "Mighty Mike" by putting Slim Taylor in his proper place—the locker!

In closing let me remind you of the monster chicken-party being sponsored by Step-en-Fetch Riordan over the Labor Day week-end. Ray Gleason and Frank Rice have promised to solve all transportation difficulties by rowing all guests from Battery Park out to Riordan's Long Island Sound estate.

32nd Precinct: All those orders for fresh eggs right out of the coop have been cancelled by Patrolman Caricch. Seems he'd just completed his chicken coop, bought ten'chicks, and then discovered that nine of them were roosters... Sergeant Joe Haer, a good judge of tobacco and rare pipes (but not so good a judge of baseball), believes that the standing of the teams in the National League should start at the bottom... Patrolman Nespo (Nemo) has already (1) made an application for a pension, and (2) started on the elaborate outdoor rest room on his summer estate... Our air-conditioning man, Soup Greens Heidin, is thinking of installing such a system in the station house, to cool off the Hack Room, which certainly is hot enough... And who has decorated the police house for the holidays? Chief! Must have been a fine job. And who is the hero... Barney Cunningham?!? Patrolman Austin had his piccolo tuned up recently but the way the darned thing kept peeping when he played it Memorial Day was sure discouraging... Poet Sergeant Richards is donating his concrete mixer (electric razor) to the Smithsonian Institute. How much are haircuts now?... Which one of our rookies, Cormey, by name, proudly strutted into the station house one morning recently and declared: "Today I am a man! I took my first shave this morning!" Suggestion: Why use a razor when a rough towel will do as well?

7TH DIVISION

40th Pet., Ptl. Harry Haywood
41st Pet., Ptl. Samuel D. Berrane
42nd Pet., Ptl. Paul E. Murphy
43rd Pet., Ptl. Edward Singh
44th Pet., Ptl. John Thomson

40th Precinct: Animal stories continue to come in. This month it's Gibbons vs. the Cat. It seems that Pompeelli and Gibbons, responding to a hall call in a back alley, found a cat running halfway up a clothesline and promptly the first-named in his role of senior officer present elected Gibbons to make the climb, and as Gib shimmied up toward the top, the cat, too, kept climbing. Finally, only reaching the top, our hero, sweating and still in second place, grabbed a rusty by the back of the neck and triumphantly, though laboriously, made his way down. While the neighbors cheered, Gibbons took a bow, the while the cat, scared by all the noise, took off where he had run. You guessed it, neighbor. He ran right up the pole again!

Private John Drahovzal, formerly in Florida, is now in Chicago waiting to start his studies in piloting. Taking a course, meanwhile, in radio and code... Meadows is slated to enter soon, together with a girl from the east side of the precinct, that blessed (!) state called Maternity. Well, that shows the dangers of having a steady comrade!... Pass the brown sugar, D'Ambrosio... Stellwagen had to shoot a cat last month. Said Freddie: "It was run over by a dog!" (Maybe the dog didn't blow his horn, huh?)... Could there be any particular reason why Koskay keeps that little miniature pig in his locker?... Monfrini, Muldoway and Secor are now nursing callouses on their feet—instead of you know where... Last month we lost two men and gained five... To McGrath, who retired, we wish a long and happy retirement period. We certainly will miss that familiar swaggering walk of his... And good luck to our "Papa" Haiman, transferred to the 13th Precinct. (Take care of Freeman down there, Lou)... We also regained an old war-horse of ours named Buckenschwartz. Welcome home again, Ed... Reinforcements came to ye olde precinct in the shape of four new men, Prohibition-Patrolmen Browner, 8th Squad; Quinlan, 6th Squad; Kelner, 11th Squad; and Reiter, 9th Squad, to all of whom we say, clear sailing, mates, and a happy stay!

Favorite Sayings: Martragan: "Never mind the ringing time, what time do I eat?"... O'Malley: "Nobody ever tells me anything. I got to find out the hard way!"... McGann: "It's a good job. If you don't come to work, they send for you!"... Sheehan: "It's not my post!"... "Spider" Cain: "Who is that kid up on 149th Street?"... The Rookies: "Where's that $900?"... Levy: "B-r-r-p!"... Bode: "Seniority ought to prevail!"... Hinkel: "I don't eat much!"... Civello: "Maw-Riss?! ... Platte: "Cunife, give us the alarms!"... Sergeant Kapp (to Secor): "Hello, Shorty!!!"... All of us (to the reporters): "Will you love us in November like you did in May?"... Adrian: "I've got that eight-hour look!"... Farley: "Lend me your towel!"... Al Brown: "Who wants to buy another bond?"

This month's column is a little shorter than usual, but you aren't seeing nothin' yet unless you guys decorate that little box that hangs on our newly-repaired wall. Are you listenin', my regular contributors?"

42nd Precinct: Recent additions to the Bronx populace: Ptl. and Mrs. Fred Taylor welcomed a daughter recently and how "they welcomed!" Fred is a different man now and smiles broadly when called "Pop." Ptl. and Mrs. James Goldstein were also thrilled for the second time when baby Marvin arrived a short time ago. Jim and the Mrs. are quite satisfied with a husky son and a beautiful daughter. The best of luck to both happy couples.

Sgt. George Hublitz, who plays golf in his spare time and who openly boasts of "how he can take it," was detailed at "I Am An American Day," Sunday, May 16, in Central Park, for a period of nine and a quarter hours. At home that evening Sgt. George retired at 8:00 P.M. and reposed in the arms of Morpheus until 1:00 A.M. Monday morning. Yes, the air in Central Park works miracles.
Other "Men of the Great Outdoors": Ptl. Harry (Wotta Man) Kiritz, Gene (Tickles) Duncomb, and James (Gossos) McKenzie are ardent baseball fans. Recently when assigned to Yankee Stadium for a sold-out game, neither the game nor the players impressed appearances at the precinct for the 8 A.M. roll-call. Such unobservant duty should not go unrewarded.

Ptl. Bill Thomas has his "papers in" and eagerly awaits the day when the blue and brass will be replaced by the green of private life. Bill intends to become a gentleman farmer and has at this writing developed a Victory Garden which is the envy of his immediate neighbors. He needs, however, more and better sticks for the many tomato plants that are growing. Radio crews kindly take notice and clean up all stick-ball games in the precinct.

Ptl. Jeremiah Byrne is back with us once more after a prolonged sick leave looking slim and fit "to carry on," for another ten years, Jerry promises the Fountain of Youth as a child instead of the customary milk bottle.

No doubt many of the 42d Precinct boys remember Abraham Kelsowitz who formerly was attached to the tag summons division of the district court. Well, Abe is now a member of our armed forces, with the title of Sgt., and stationed in New Guinea. Ptl. Bert Holtweg received a letter from Sgt. Abe recently in which he writes that "things are running along pretty much the same these days" and also remarks that a scarcity of smoking pipes exists around there. Take good care of that pipe, Abe, and don't loan it even to the General. Best of luck from all the boys.

Calling members of the 42d Prec. now serving with the armed forces we extend our best wishes and sincerely trust that the Father Almighty will speedily guide them to a safe return: Lieutenants Andrew McKeon and Joseph Volk; Patrolmen Lester Abrahamson, Jules Barrett, Edward Bohan, Bernard Chotiner, Thomas Cox, William Fenty, Aaron Medetsky, Milton Sporn.

8TH DIVISION

43rd Pet., Ptl. Down Patrol
45th Pet., Ptl. Kornick Patrol
44th Pet., Ptl. Hilfiger Patrol
46th Pet., Ptl. William S. Creasy
47th Pet., Ptl. Eugene Horgan

43rd Precinct: Congratulations to Harold Dunwoody on his promotion to sergeant last month. And a great big hand to the boys who put over in such splendid style the affair at the Van Nest Recreation Hall last month. Best wishes and lots of good luck to Ptl. Harry Kiritz on his son's graduation in his retirement. Because of the gas shortage many changes are taking place, including the discomfort encountered now by some of our members who, instead of wearing out as heretofore the seat of their pants, will be wearing out the soles of their shoes instead. Patrolman Kaminsky considering the arduous nature of his duties would have liked some assistance while his partner was on vacation—but who were the volunteers?

After July you won't have to worry about how you're going to pay your tax to the Government—they figured that out for you. Now you will just worry, period. So our sincere sympathy to those whose loved ones since last we appeared in print have passed on. And that I guess will be all for now and here also is where Barney Dolan commences in a clean sweep.

So long, gang, until next time!

47th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman Keppie in the loss of his father.

We still have on sick report as this is written Sergeants Belton and Parker and Patrolmen Hearn, Squires, and Duncomb. Come on, boys, snap out of it—let's see those smiling faces again.

This month we give you the L's and the M's:
First, Banjo Eyes Lardino, who has his papers in and now happily awaits the day which will see him a free citizen once more.
Cruller Legs Lampe, who sure can mow all over the place, once he gets started, and particularly on Schultz's shoulder, who himself loses not a minute then helping him along.
Loozer, known also as The Weeping Willow, a title acquired by George when C. B. Curlew ran out of weeps and George took over the 4lber to weep and the brass, but the only thing he can cut now is the stuff Beef Stew Hade feeds him all day.
McEvoy, the lad who came into the job with 4 ribbons on his arm and plenty of gas reserves; a mighty decent youngster, at that, especially when he lets off with that horse laugh.
McCoy, Skipper, the sergeant's first whip, and who is still looking, we hear, for the self-starter on those new-fangled cars.

Odds and Ends: Bill Calhoun is the proud father of twins! Mother and children doing O.K. (Could this be the reason for that new arts and crafts shop, "Billie"?) One of our rookies, Martin Craig, has gone and done it—joined up with Air Force. Good luck, Marty, and hurry home... Why did Patrolman Bissert get rid of the old puddle jumper and then, after suffering a nervously

breakdown, acquire following a 3:00 A.M. call a late model Buick? ...
If the little Indian is the son of the big Indian, but the big Indian is not the father of the little Indian, who is the big Indian? You're wrong! It's "Yellow Pony" Roberazzi... Good luck and best wishes to Sergeant Belton, transferred, effective July 1, to the 25th Precinct.

50th Precinct: While Lincoln's Gettysburg address is still the topic, Lieutenant Edward Gladstone Grood's address to the outgoing platoon the night he had the desk in Mercer Street wasn't so bad, either.

"Alarm 55342: Missing, ONE PORTERHOUSE STEAK, weight, 1½ lbs., approximately 2 in. thick, T-Bone in center... Also, TWO BABY LAMB CHOPS!"

Patrolman Milton Zarchin, better known today as Major Milton Zarchin, U.S. Army, in a letter addressed to his former comrades here, from somewhere in North Africa, said in part:

"If any of you fellows are remorseful about not being in this fracas, that's only natural. However, a little remorse a few minutes before going to bed is more comfortable than going to bed in a foxhole. But here we are, and we are doing the best we know how, and putting all our effort and time into a job that hasn't any hours. When things have to be done, sleep is one of the things you have no time for... God bless the Navy!... They handed me my first can of American beer a few days ago—it was wonderful. This Africa beer is flat and insipid. I've had one glass since being here and that was plenty... From the looks of things I'll be reading the results of the next sergeant's exam over a glass of sparkling wine in some Paris cafe, and then when you have all become sergeants, I'll be reading about the lieutenants' test while riding about in a rickshaw.

Your pal, Milt.

P.S. I now have about one thousand men under me, which is an even tougher job than looking out for yourself on a special post."

10TH DIVISION

60th Pet., Ptl. Steve Carmon
61st Pet., Ptl. Joseph Forrister
62nd Pet., Ptl. Florentino
63rd Pet., Ptl. Raymond Dennison
64th Pet., Ptl. Mortimer M. Black

60th Precinct: Patrolman Louis Weiser, on vacation, set sail on the Sea of Matrimony last month, dropping anchor finally in Syracuse, New York, where the honeymoon was spent. Congratulations to the newlyweds—and may all their troubles be little ones.

Patrolmen David Cohen and John Bernius, assigned to R.M.P. duty, were directed to W. 31st Street and Railroad Avenue on May 27 to investigate a report of gas odors in the vicinity. Investigation disclosed gas escaping from a basement at 263 West 31st Street, where the officers found, upon breaking in, an elderly couple unconscious on the floor. They immediately shut off the gas, opened the windows and revived the pair by applying artificial respiration, following which they were removed to the hospital where they recovered in due course. Cohen and Bernius were compelled to report sick at the time but now are back on the job. Good work! Patrolmen Martin and Dyckow have joined the armed forces.
Good luck, fellers, and a speedy return . . . Is it true Patrolman Frank Cariello has been elected to the high office of President of the Weeping Willow Associates, Inc.? . . . We welcome back our long-lost comrades, Patrolmen Bernard Conlon and Andrew Cole.

Will the members please notify this reporter of any interesting news which may be published in this column? Your efforts to keep us informed are greatly appreciated.

P.S. This was only a practice game.

Looking 'Em Over

12th Division

63rd Precinct: Step up, gents, and get your cigars from Grand-pops Curley and Weidig, both of whom take their places now with the old—er, pardon me—elderly gentlemen. Congratulations and best wishes to the rejuvenated softball team won its first game of the season. The former members of the team were placed in 4-F, but I wonder if they could not have done better than the "rejuvenated" stars? A former Minor Leaguer, Hess, if not a "star" player is at least a "cautious" one, as demonstrated when he let a fly ball—one that even Mike O'Connor could have caught—bounce in front of him, declaring he was "playing it safe." And as for the rookie star Mulhouser, well, he needs a little more seasoning. He resembled, every time a fly ball came his way, our friend "Babe" Herman of the Dodgers doing the Charleston. As for the rest of the team, ask the 10th Det. Dist. Nuff said!

62nd Precinct: There is great rejoicing here since Smith and O'Connor started the ball team on second. The former members of the team were placed in 4-F, but I wonder if they could not have done better than the "rejuvenated" stars? A former Minor Leaguer, Hess, if not a "star" player is at least a "cautious" one, as demonstrated when he let a fly ball—one that even Mike O'Connor could have caught—bounce in front of him, declaring he was "playing it safe." And as for the rookie star Mulhouser, well, he needs a little more seasoning. He resembled, every time a fly ball came his way, our friend "Babe" Herman of the Dodgers doing the Charleston. As for the rest of the team, ask the 10th Det. Dist. Nuff said!

64th Precinct: To our erstwhile reporter, Patrolman Thomas A. Lazzaro, our sincere good wishes in his retirement, and the added hope good health and happiness be his for many more years to come. He was one, trying to solve the high cost of living by having a chicken farm, did not succeed. Too many among the fifty chicks he started with turned out to be roosters. He should see Andy Levito, who not only can raise chickens but knows his genders! In fact, when Patrolmen Vincenzi and Lodo's friend Penner and Lou Henken, the three musketeers, to accomplish things in a big way . . . Bud Messina, possessor of a bacon beam, needs no flashlight in the dark. He also keeps farther away from cigarettes than anyone we know. Yes, Nick Panicola idolizes Bud (?).

64th Precinct: Patrolman Panzer, the news sheet's editor, turned in his resignation and then withdrawing, leaving innocent parties in the heat of battle (ask Leo Whalen, Jimmy Rossell, et al.). A certain sergeant (of Norwegian extraction) once referred to him as "Charlie McCarthy"—but his heart was a lot softer for his biddies. As manager of the softball team last year he proved to the men of the command that they could find both relaxation and good sport through such association. So, in parting we say again, good luck and good health, Tom, we'll remember you always.

To Patrolman and Mrs. Rosell our deepest sympathy in the critical illness of their son, who was seriously injured when he fell from a tree last month . . . To Patrolman Graeter, confined to the Veterans Hospital, Brom. You, Y., we say, "Hello—and hurry back; not only do the boys miss you, but your friends in the vicinity of Bank Post 3 have our ears worn off asking for you!" . . . You men who have little time to spare drop in and pay Fred a visit . . . Is Patrolman Goette, keeper of the East Side market, going to be a sergeant, or is Rogers nervous since seeing Barrett talking to Sergeant Steve Whalen of the baseball team? . . . What patrolman (1st Squad) talks as though he were in bare feet stepping on glass? . . . Who said the Indian in the Smitty comic sheet of The News was modeled after Patrolman Murane?

Who wears the pants in Patrolman Petراسkas' family? He reported home a little late after playing one game of softball last year and as a result this year has 101 excuses for not attending the command. He is told to the 64th Precinct for the summer, intends entering the pawnbroker business when he retires. (Would Murphy know?) . . . Who was asked by Patrolman Kelly if it was his own face he was wearing or was he breaking it in for someone else? (I think he was hungry.)

In a well-played game, considering that the 64th hadn't played—or practiced since September, 1942, the 66th defeated the 64th by a two to nothing score. The game was scoreless until the last half of the game, with the 66th topping the 64th. The 66th had 6 hits and the 64th had 9. The 66th is led by their Altoona Falls, the sixes topped a ball just over first base, scoring a man from second, and in the ensuing play, to get the runner at first, the ball was thrown wild, sending the batter to second. The next man up for both batters did single, driving the man to second and last run.

The game was highlighted by many fine plays turned in by both sides. Detective Syl McCabe, playing short field for our side, was a constant thorn in the side of the opposition. In two successive innings the 66th retired the 6 by 6 crowd single-handed.

P.S. This was only a practice game.

12th Division

69th Precinct, Ptl. George Polarrato.
75th Precinct, Ptl. Philip Sable.
71st Precinct, Ptl. Charles Lyons.
73rd Precinct, Ptl. Edward Vendocchi.
65th Precinct, Ptl. Len Hoover.
66th Precinct, Ptl. Albert Stem.
67th Precinct, Ptl. Ernie Soderlund.
68th Precinct, Ptl. William Bright.
69th Precinct, Ptl. George Pelham.
70th Precinct, Ptl. Robert Ward.
71st Precinct, Ptl. Frank Carlucci.
73rd Precinct, Ptl. John P. O'Keefe.
74th Precinct, Ptl. Paul McGill.
75th Precinct, Ptl. Edward F. Smith. 


"Boy, whip-cracker! Tommy was rumored. I landed on the "5th Precinct." . . . Is it true Patrolman McHugh is studying again—on the Q.T.? . . . Congratulations to the five brave fishermen who ventured forth on the briny deep (Jamaica Bay) for the 64th Det. Dist. and came home with exactly five—plus a load of sunburn? (Ask Skipper Rapp what happened) . . . From the noise originating in the locker rooms it is quite evident that Patrolman Whalen was trying to dislodge Patrolman O'Neill from the Glee Club. Ask anyone who was there—caccy it is true that Patrolman Pelham, who claims he can bake a cake, himself eats up all the buns in the station house? . . . What power does Patrolman Keely possess that caused Patrolman Deskel to pump everyone Keely commands? . . . Who, we wonder, is boss in Auto 719? . . . What patrolman has given up studying for sergeant and has instead taken up raising vegetables? (How's the crop coming along, Sam?)

Congratulations and lots of luck to Patrolman Charles Bahr on his recent retirement. Incidentally, we wonder who Patrolman McGill will pick on now that he's lost Charlie!

A hearty welcome to our new probationary patrolmen, Lawrence Soderland and Clarence Summerhill.

11:30 A.M. Patrolman Teahan (reporting for duty) to Patrolman Reilly: "Rambow should be there. I'm going with you today; I caught five fluke!" . . . 12:30:00 A.M. Patrolman Teahan to Patrolman Reilly: "Boy, is my back sunburned! I fell asleep on the roof today!"

Patrolman Molinari, observed the other day signing the payroll, does not seem to have lost any weight since his operation.

Congratulations as a member of the Department. As a gift he received a pair of chevrons—and did he turn out to be a whip-cracker! We wonder now what would have happened had he received a gold bar? Sayings that make our Acting Attendant Rapp see red:

Patrolman Panzer: "The coffee ready yet? (This every half hour) . . . Patrolman Reilly: "Gas for auto 719?" (Thru at 4:30 A.M.) . . . Patrolman Ngin: "What, the food not ready yet?" . . . Patrolman Doran: "I left a note!"

Patrolman Lindquist to Patrolman Argano: "You know, Sol, I never knew that fellow you used to talk about me in the Arbitrary Column"

Patrolman Reilly singing "Back in the Saddle Again" while riding a pinto into the station house from the Belt Parkway, and Patrolman Ngin, upon hearing that a horse was being brought in quickly sharpened a butcher knife and was ready to carve a few steaks. Now we know why Rapp calls him "Hungry Harry!" Luckily, the owner was at the station house to claim the animal before the butcher got to it.

Come on, men, how about spilling some news to the Peper? Just leave your contributions in the back room in an envelope addressed to "The Peper."

73rd Precinct: My introduction to golfer John Dupont occurred at Sunken Meadows, Long Island, one hot Sunday afternoon quite some time ago, a little while after I'd recovered consciousness after
being beamed—by a golf ball in flight—unceremoniously and without my consent.

"Did you find a ball?" the fellow asked. "No, I didn't." I managed to mumble through an injured head. "Did you lose a ball?" "No," the guy said. "There it is—in the back of your head."

With that the fellow plucked a golf ball out of my hair, replaced his divot, and with a friendly pat on the check left me there—under his breath.

The next time I saw John Dupont he apologized. It wasn't his ball after all, he explained. This was before he became a policeman. At that time he was a trolley-car motorman and even in those days John had a sort of personality—he attracted attention.

Seriously, John Dupont in my opinion is one of the best humorists our precinct ever had. He has brought more laughs to us these last few years than anyone I can think of; and if all the teeth he has caused to be brightened where laid end to end—boy!—wouldn't the Eiks be jealous!

In our next issue I shall bring forth a man who tried to be an automobile mechanic—and instead is now one of us.

Patrolman William Taylor, who was a plumber's helper before becoming a policeman, is still carrying nuts and bolts around—and no wisecracks, please.

Patrolman John Erhardt, now in the armed forces, tells about the captain who scolded a group of soldiers, for not doing a good camouflage job, then got in his car and ran into a house he didn't see—because it had been covered.

Patrolman Frank Keenan while on R.M.P. discovered a stray pony, rode it to the station house, locked up Patrolman C beaten and told Beni he had a horse for him—if he still was giving that mounted detail a thought.

Patrolman George Rosenberger says that due to the potato shortage his nine apple dumplings are glistening slaney-eyed—from eating too much rice.

The best of luck and Godspeed to Patrolman Peter Ryba Berdzicka, now in the private at Amarillo Field, Texas.

Our deepest regrets to Patrolman Elmer Ferler in the loss of his father.

13TH DIVISION

79th Plt., Ptl, John W. Wood
79th Plt., Lt. John T. McCarthy
81st Plt., Ptl, William James
88th Plt., Ptl, Daniel D. Longin

79th Precinct: Looking over the May issue and noting the keen competition in the A.W.S. chores, took us only a few lines to make out the fine hand of Don "Drummer" Haines. We certainly are grateful to Don for taking over the A.W.S. chores, saving as it does wear and tear on the explanatory department.

A torch of sadness lends itself to this issue and we are at a loss to find words with which adequately to express our feelings to Patrolman and Mrs. Victor O'Hara whose young son, Victor, Jr., passed away suddenly after suffering a minor accident. We sincerely hope our prayers will help his loving parents to accept gracefully the will of God.

Congratulations are in order for Dan and Mrs. Setteducato, yap, a daughter, no less!—and similarly to George and the new Mrs. Wright, who went and done it—rationing notwithstanding!

Sergeant Ed "The Chief" Bresnan as we write this is communicating with nature somewhere in the wide open spaces. We suspect that package he took along will keep him plenty company.

Who is the patrolman who needs a note from a certain sergeant in order to play golf?

Did you know that the dandelion is the official flower for Fathers' Day—and so designated because the more you step on it the better it grows?

Detective Matthews (he no longer likes to be called Skinny) has just returned from vacation—looking like he needs another . . . And while Detective Fletch (Commissioner Varrenhalla) hasn't lost any weight lately, the stairs nevertheless don't grate. . . And we suppose you know that Bob (Beau Brummel) Remey, now in the M.O., misses smiling Al Cahill. Our solution—take him along with you, Bob . . . And that Detective Lieutenant Hal Fahey is still his usual uncuffed, dapper self—gives a smile and chetey a getting . . . And that "Meyer" Blumenfeld though kinda lost since Emil Moldenhauer joined the Navy, seems to be finding solace in Joe "D. D. S" Goldberg, his new partner, and those sailor pants . . .

But enough of the Brain Squad for now—and don't forget, fellows, a little 101 goes a long way here.

Best wishes and safe return to the following named sons of members of the 77th currently serving in the armed forces: Robert E. Quinn, William Segelken, Lawrence Janosek, John W. Wood, Philip Mischer, Robert Harlizt, Charles Brown, John H. Wier, Eugene Keegan, Robert Keegan.

Recapitation: Army—3; Navy—1; Marine Corps—2; Air Corps—4; Total—10.

Brothers and sisters deserve mention also and we at this time like to wish them a speedy and victorious return.


Recapitation: Army—9; Navy—2; Marine Corps—2; Air Corps—1; WAAC—1; Total—15:

79th Precinct: First daughter of a member of this command to join up with Uncle Sam is Eleanor H. Crastill, now a member of the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, whose Dad is Patrolman William Crastill. This brings to 40 the number of sons and daughters of members of the 79th serving in the armed forces . . . Bob Margraf, latest from this command to sign up, brings to 11 the number on our service flag . . . Josephine Brown, wife of Patrolman George Brown, has been commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the WAAC. Congratulations! . . . In listing the names of sons of the 79th members serving in the armed forces, the name of Francis J. Gorman, U.S. Navy, has inadvertently been omitted. We didn't slight the youngster for all the tea in China—we're sorry.

The baseball team to date is doing fairly well—the softball outfit out with petroleum and Bible. The Biers met the Rebels at Carey Field and took them over, with John Joseph McAuliffe on 3rd, 11-7 . . . Joe Daily took over towards the end and kept the Rebels from catching up . . . The Creatures, who last month took us in (in an extra inning affair) to the tune of 5-4, and before the sharp-breaking hooks of JJ McAuliffe, 6-3 . . . Then came the Maritime Service, who walloped us plenty—11-2—at Boys High Field, a game in which we used three pitchers. viz., Joe Daily, who did all right in the 1st inning, gave up the 2nd and 4 in the 3rd, and was relieved in that inning, with none out, by Wells, who snatched the opposition through the balance of the 3rd, also the 4th and 5th, but in the 6th was nicked for 3. Ed Parry finished the game with an extra inning, and from our bench we werecot sa. We won't at this time say who made them, but if they make 'em again—well, we'll say plenty. We got 4 hits, two by Scala, one each by Smith and Green. The latter chubbed home our only scores. The sailors garnered 16 hits, five of them for extra bases.

Our softball team visited with the Firemen of 290 Engine and gave them a little going over. Score, 11-7, with Jack McAshille doing the chucking for our side . . . Next came the 84th Precinct, who with Cannon Ball Jock on the mound for us never had a chance. He didn't strike 'em out there and they took their cut, in most cases, smiting only air. The score was 10-0 and our Jock fumed exactly 16. Wells in this one belted a four-master.


Jimmy Mc Kann was knocked into a cocked hat not so long ago when a certain dignitary being driven by Jimmy quipped: "Son, where'dhell did you get your driving license, in Gears-Bohunk? Getahehllangone out of that drivin's seat and let someone drive as you know how." And was Jimmie's face red! . . . From a very good source comes word that Mons. LeCapitaine was observed recently toy- playing with a small rubber dollie . . . My Gawsh—and stuff 111 . . . And James Dargan, no less, was observed licking all of things—his Don't know what 4 the 2nd and 4 in the 3rd . . . Days! Of the children of St. John's School came several letters recently explaining how happy they were to have been able to sing at the dedication and blessing of our service flags . . . The letters, neatly framed and displayed by Patrolman David Zullo, who is our chief of flags . . . The 79th Squad, led by a mischievous soul, one Lieutenant Harry Johns, recently caused quite a furor at a 7-9 meeting by voting three different ways on the same motion . . . At that, folks have a right to change their minds eh, what? . . . Big Mike Zullo, recently injured while stopping a runaway horse, is still on sick leave. Better come back pronto, Mike, a certain Charlie Goodale is getting that too contended look: 1; He misses you something awful—so do we all.

89th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathies to Patrolman Gus Herr in the recent loss of his Dad, who passed away in his 81st year. Gus wishes to take this means of thanking all of his fellow officers for the kind expressions of sympathy shown him.

A hearty welcome to Probationary Patrolman Max Bass and Edward Bistany, recently assigned to the 89th Precinct. May they and their respective mates stick with us be happy and successful ones.

Proudly we record another fine arrest by Patrolman Joseph Dugan
who while assigned to a special post, went to the assistance of a man about to be assaulted by another with a dangerous weapon. Subsequent investigation disclosed the would-be attacker to be an escaped convict from a southern prison, where he was serving time for murder. A grand job, Joe, keep up the good work!

Members of the 80th take this means of saying hello to our buddies in the service—1st Lieutenant Harold Venokor, Ensign Harold H. Gilmore, and Ensign Vivian P. Smith. They are all members of the submarine service. They are recipients of the $20 bills in our 2nd series, to wit: Patrolman Richard Dally (2
dollars), Samuel Kaplan (2 dollars), Abraham Levy, William Woods, Edward Lopez, William King, Daniel Selman, James Cook  

—An article! A fish with 2800 words is being formed. More of this in our next issue!

14th Division

83rd Precinct: Victory farmers please note: Patrolman (Chuck) Erdman, who has chickens that not only lay eggs but answer to their names, will answer all questions on poultry and the building of covering wagons. For full particulars listen in at 7:45  
A.M. daily for “Down on the farm with Erdman.”

Fritz Johnson has invented an anti-cat apparatus—a seven-foot lattice covered with thorns which, when worked over a wall, 

But, as he puts it, “it’s impregnable.” His big problem now is how to keep Japanese beetles from flying through the lattice work.

Our Chief Custodian now lays out the work for the Deputy Custodians. See how he does it? It is certain that whitewash has been done to pressurise and all those who would emaile me is welcome!”

Sure sign of summer: Rudy Blac minus four burnouts and bouncing higher, “Turkish Bath” Feldscher resplendent in white shoes again that the same pair.


90th Precinct: So-long and best of luck to Lieutenant Marz, recently assigned to the J.A.B. and who, incidentally, is out of a  
precinct for the first time in some 30 years of police work . . . In his place have Lieutenant (Kelly) McCarthy . . . a welcome change . . . and the added hope his stay with us will be a most pleasant one.

Sailor Will Wesner in a letter last month states he’s doing all right and sends regards to all . . . Our other sailor, George Denton, 
paid us a visit recently and he certainly looks fine. Both Wesner and Denton are first class by any standards.

The lad once known to us as Patrolman Agresti is now a  
sergeant, and all of his former comrades here in the 90th are happy to join us in saying, the best of luck to you, Sergeant, you’ve surely earned.

Did you know that Hugh Owens is a bike rider of no little  
prowess? Because of an emergency in the Owens household the other day a swift messenger was needed and Hugh shortly there- 
after was seen flying through the pouring rain on his bike. He got through unscathed, but his bike was a complete wipe-out. Did Mike Calicchio ever tell you about the gas case that he had, 
and of how upon entering the building he rushed to the gas-filled  
room, quickly reached over to the gas stove and turned the jets?  
No, Mike, didn’t tell us the story, his version is somewhat similar—  
but different!

Has Sergeant Gallagher ever questioned you about your knowledge of the job, new orders, etc.? Well, you’d better be on your toes because shortly you’re going to find out that the reply in 

reply is taken down in shorthand by the now famous Charlie  
Geary, which is O.K. by us because nobody can read Charlie’s shorthand, not even Geary.

Pit-Head Biography (balance of 6th Squad)

Patrolman James Helston, assigned to the emergency car when in the sixth squad but is reorder in a radio car with Professor Hynes now in the first squad; towel salesman before coming into the job—and could continue his former calling and still sell towels (of a certain kind) to some of the men here. (In case you’re inter-
fested, Jim, see Frankie, he has a list); known as a hard worker  
and gets results; he misses Bayson, but has plenty of company when he’s with Ed.

Patrolman Emil Normandy, sometimes called “The Chief”; also known as “Fatso.” He was an airman serving time for many years as “Joe the Cop”; even the little children call him “Joe the Cop” and they all love him; he really has a way with children and they take pride in knowing him; chauffeur before becoming one of the Senior Lieutenants in his profession.

In closing we take the opportunity of saying good luck again to all of our fellow officers in the armed forces.

15th Division

100th Precinct: Sergeant Wood and the Alhambra: The 90th Precinct officers of the 105th Precinct who have been promoted to the  
duty patrolman (P.D. J. Weber) and the 90th P.D. We are proud to

 announce that Johnnie “Fats” Muller, the precinct dog catcher. Muller, it seems, has taken the honor from Dapper Dan since he started his aerobatic chicken farm . . . Summerville Wagner, the junior of the Senior Lieutenants, is still saying that he believes Holman and Barry are not getting the breaks to which they’re entitled . . . Your reporter, D. Pants Comrade, insists there is a ghost writer in the precinct—and that it isn’t Otto (Blank) Carmosin . . . “Uncle Dan” Moynihan by the time this is printed

Looking ’em Over

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should be a captain, and believe you us—the gang from the 100th wishes him all the good luck and success in the world.

106th DIVISION

106th Pct., Ptl. John Gervin
11th Pct., Ptl. Edward J. Bidanet
11th Pct., Ptl. Edward Geiger
11th Pct., Ptl. Edw. Furtch

108th Precinct: Here are the two sorry members, Attendant Mike Giamattioso, Mr. Jack Nunez, and Edward Jadra, still seeking their Uncle Sam, and of whom Mike and Mrs. Giamattioso are so justly proud—so proud to whom we say now, good luck, lad, and a safe return... Get Sergeant George Wolbert to tell you about the day he was taken off the clothes parade, by the way... Sergeant Mahon talked him into putting them back in the locker—because he, Sergeant Mahon, knew it was not going to rain that day... (Aside to Jim Nutley: this reporter found your ration book No. 3 and will be glad to return it to you—if you're still interested...) That long-leaked bird last month paid a visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hackett, our very own popular P.B.A. delegate. Congratulations... their home is confined to a hospital bed after undergoing a very painful operation for mastoidosis. Hurry up back, Pat, we miss you... Sergeant Joe Carr, sitting behind the desk as an Act. Lieutenant, holds down that job with the dignity and poise of an old-timer and Hermet... Get a sit in the back room with his hand folded on his chest, puffing on his corn cob pipe, and as you glance at him you say to yourself, there is a man with a clear conscience—a real grownup Huckleberry Finn.

Boston John Calamari, starting his vacation, is happy as he heads for the town that made the bean famous... Smiling Willie Annmann brings a stray dog to the station house, then starts kidding Mike, the attendant, following which Mike gives Willie something to keep under his hat that he will remember for a long time—and Willie isn't smiling any more... Sergeant Neil Winberry brushes back those few gray hairs on his temples, pulls on a pair of clear glasses and for the first time admits reluctantly that the old fellow with the scythe is catching up with him also... Patrolmen Tom O'Donnell, Ed Kern and Jerry Sullivan bid us goodby as they leave for Rockaway where they will be detailed until Labor Day... George Pavlek tells me that between him and his wife he always has his eyes open, and because he is a saver you is "yes"—to whatever she says... Meet Tom De Minnio, our new civilian switchboard operator, a real live wire, quick as a flash and right on the job... If some of my readers get a laugh out of this column, I feel well repaid... I do believe the police need a good laugh in these trying times worse than I need my No. 17 ration coupon. (Ptl. Knowler note...) Jim Nutley in a serious mood tells his friend and pal, Charlie Noyer, that the very best cure for insomnia is sleep... Anyone wanting to know who the precinct problem child is—ask Louis (Light Duty) Hook. For psychological problems see Patrolman Rodewald—Patrolman Green, Doctor of Philosophy is his teacher.

Frank Stepensak steps in for his annual haircut and we hear him telling the barber to cut it "close to the bone"... If you see Sergeant Gavigan walking along humming "I Love a Parade" don't be surprised—he and yours truly were assigned to two such public demonstrations in three days... Why did Sergeant Hayes call a certain individual "invited passenger"?... An article about aviators using a twenty-cent bombsight, remarks to Bob Hines, "Accuracy, huh? They should see me on a shuttleboard!... Louis Garrahan walks into the backroom and wisecracks, "Hello, Bill. What's the Morten? Do you and I set in"... And in case any of you guys don't know it, a sergeant is a man who can give orders to anyone—but his wife.

Ray Quinn at the recent election of officers of the P.B.A. was elected president... Special Secretary, an office for which he had made his third bid. A real hard worker, always willing to go out of his way to help or advise his fellow members, we sincerely hope that this is only the beginning and that one day we may see Ray at the head of the organization of which he is so proud.

109th Precinct: Hope the boys currently "vacationing" at Rockaway are enjoying themselves—especially those who at one time or another added to the list of fugitives over the checkerboard getting pointers from Arthur in order to get in shape to beat his nemesis, Keating... Rumor has it that old Doc Powers and his male nurse, Willie Watson, are about to be put on call by the Flushing Hospital Maternity Staff as a result of those two deliveries last month! Have we lost a case yet? Doc Powers braggs... Old Man Warden cuts quite a figger escorting pretty young things hither and yon on payroll jobs—but we don't think "Gert" has anything to be afraid about... Bill Sullivan keeps the garage at Uptown Buddy the best stopping in garage on Prince Street one blustering cold day last winter to get a little anti-freeze to put in his fountain pen to keep the ink from freezing... McAleese, the old master, outdoorsman, giving Ed a lift on the front door, and Ed a lift on plainclothes techniques—the while Eddie attends cheerfully to the soda-pop and icecream soda departments... This reporter recently visited retired Patrolman John Isaacson, whom he found enjoying the best of health and keeping busy attending his vegetable garden. He lives out near Creedmore, and extends to all an invitation to visit with him... Schultz's Health Farm is looking for customers... Bill Boerner's chickens came through in 4 months and 10 days—a record feat...

We can now call Harold Galligan "Mr. Sv"... Poor Joe Bauer is having a tough time since his wife joined the WAACS. Had an ad in the Star the other day for a cook... Detectives Jack Conlon, Joe LaSalle and Jimmy Nix welcomed with our old friend, retired Patrolman Willie Finn. Boy, has he at his health farm out in Hampton Bays, and found it to be just what the doctor ordered... Varley can still use a set of molar's—wants to join the "Upper Club"... Do you know that Bill McNamara is now in the Wheeler Shipyard?... Arthur, the checker champ, is now looking for better talent at the Soldiers' Canteen... Good luck to Bill Burke, now in the Army Air Corps. We hope he will reach the top, but we know Bill. He's a solid citizen and we're sure we'll hear from him... He's a likeable man, with a good sense of humor and a keen sense of duty.

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Joseph H. Wernas

Our sincere wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our comrades now on sick report.


About a month ago while sitting comfortably in my armchair listening to the radio, the master of ceremonies of a certain program invited a guest in the studio to come up to the stage and take part in the festivities, after which said guest was asked to reveal his identity, which he did—after a chocking minute or two... (he must have known that I was listening.) He was then asked to put on a nice, fuzzy blonde wig and to take the part of a junior miss, which part he acted with such reality that for a moment I thought that the radio play must have been such that he received.

And so, folks, without further ado I give you none other than Harry Gillette, that darling "Junior Miss" of Traffic C... Contact the 7th squad for future engagements.

Get Mickey Hayes to tell about the time when he was a "nickle snatcher"—sorry, I mean conductor—on the old Coney Island trolley at the time they wore those classy blue serge suits and black bow ties.

Listen to Timoshenko (Dudley) tell about the time way back in 1931 when he and concrackler Bullington worked on the railroad over in Jersey.

Is it true Al (about to retire) Rhode is in the market for a slightly used overcoat—while waiting for his number to come up?

Wonder why Tim Reedy, the guy that heckles the song birds over at the ferry, doesn't want his name mentioned in Spring 3000? Affraid I'll tell you that he belongs to Bambi's pigeon club, Tim.

Would Al Eskowiz will tell us about that long trip to Peconic Bay, where the boys made him take all the herring home...

Wachstein singing "There'll Be Bluebirds Over Delancey Street"—as long as they don't ration bagels and borscht.

Aside to members of the 4th squad: Sorry if you feel slighted because of non-mention in the magazine; but one man cannot run the job alone, so take this as one of the suggestions that is left in the box on the wall. I'll see that they hit the column. Fair enough?

What member of the 8th squad went to a certain cemetery to rent a plot for a victory garden?

Margaret Scherber has joined the WAVES and is now taking her basic training at Camp Merritt. Congratulations.

Did you know the reason Flight Commander Lent (now known as the "Rabbit Victory Gardener") doesn't talk about his garden
anymore is that there is very little of it left? Those cats he calls rabbits saw to that.

Whacks and Paddywhacks: Did you know that: Breen is trying to wear a vest that was made for a 12-year old?... Timoshenko (Dudless) comes from Bath, N. Y. (? Just a farmer at heart)... Ray Thomas, happy to his time was voted "most likely to succeed"...

... "Good morning" Borgiorni at Pier 88 is taking instruction on tying knots from Kelsey Collins?... Corny Joel is always mourning that he doesn't get enough butter for his rolls?... When Carlson starts blowing of steam about when he was in the last war he looks every inch the warrior?... When Lieutenant Eckert and Jerry Backley start talking about how BIG their tomato plants are they don't seem to hear anything that goes on about them—they act as if they were in another world? Traffic C plans to give a get-together party soon and want Flight Commander Lent to act as Master of Ceremonies—so that he may re-introduce to one another the men of the command?... Don't forget the little black box on the wall.

TRAFFIC G

Ptl. William F. Schneider

On Sunday, June 6, the Rev. Donald M. O'Callaghan, son of Lieutenant Michael O'Callaghan, celebrated at St. Monica's C. Church, 29th Street and First Avenue, his first solemn high mass, and at which the Rev. Daniel M. Gleason, a former member of the Bronx Traffic Division, delivered the sermon, one of the most impressive to which any of us have ever listened. His subject: "Thou Art a Priest Forever," a large gathering of friends including many members of the Police Department attended the mass as well as the reception which followed in St. Monica's school hall, among them Deputy Commissioner Cornelius O'Leary, Inspector John M. Sutter, Deputy Inspector John F. O'Leary, Captains Stillman, Reilly and McDonnell of Traffic Precincts G, H and F, respectively, together with members of those precincts and other commands.

Patrolman William Schroff, now confined to the Veterans Hospital, had the pleasure of a visit from Father Gleason, and all of us are hoping "Bill" will be on the road to recovery and back with us soon.

Our sincerest best wishes to Patrolman Dennis (Father Time) O'Connell on his retirement, and to him we wish many more years in which to enjoy his well-earned vacation.

Lieutenant Tom Egan was the most surprised man in town when the Holy Name Society of his parish, St. Benedict's, last month presented him with a wristwatch—to commemorate the 15 years of service rendered to the Society by Lieutenant Egan in his capacity as president. Congratulations!

MOUNTED DIVISION

Ptl. Joe Masterson

Nuttshell Notes about the men who run Mounted Squadron One:... Acting Deputy Inspector James Patrick Mechan—best horserider in town... Acting Captain McNerren—worries not about all at milk shortages—has several goats who feed well on his victory garden... Lieutenant O'Neill (alias The Buckaroo)—troop commander and commander par excellence for Lieutenant Mayn (alias Pie A La Mode)—kool, kalm and collected despite the heat... Acting Lieutenant Kane—the retired cop's friend... Sergeant Frasca (alias The Diplomat)—always comes to the point; has yet to lose an argument... Sergeant Tembehr (alias The Tin Man)—now in service in Harlem, the better to learn the end-man business... Sergeant Buckley (alias Silent Jack)—a sure bet to be on the coming lieutenant's list; Sergeant Lehman (alias Rudy the Lark)—nationally famous authority on plant and bird life; knows the Central Park Zoo backwards and forwards... Sergeant McGee (alias The Queens Squire)—known for his smile; favorite pastime, studying... Sergeant Law (alias Ducky Jr.)—working for the summer at that famous resort Pelham Bay Park, in Harlem... Sergeant Butler (alias Beau Brummel)—his biggest worry: how to keep the crows fed this summer.

Lieutenant Mechan, who retired June 1, is still famous as the only man who knows where, and how, retired Sergeant Holmes got the name "Ducky." We are Deputizing miss yanded, but your health comes first and all of us, be assured, are rooting.

TROOP A: Down here you will find the original mounted man, a grand young fellow known to the world (Women's Temperance Union included) as Jonathan Uminger. Yes, John is still going strong, as is also Patrolman Al Walsh, who claims he can take John over the jumps anytime and particularly when the chips are down.

TROOP B: There was no alternative for Patrolman Joe Flecher when he set out to buy that new pair of shoes and those leggin's—and for the simple reason that articles of that sort when placed in a bucket of water are bound to shrink. A nice trick, I calls it.... There are those who poke fun at Tom Muldoon as a horse trainer, but there are few, if any, who spend hours of their own time taking care of their horse like Tom does... Another good member of the troop retired June 16—Patrolman Harry Savan, and to him we say now: Good Luck, Harry, and don't forget to call around often... If that old gentleman, Groves, would bring Ed Murphy up to his farm up-state we are sure Ed would at least furnish the water necessary for the victory garden. Yes, Ed hasn't stopped crying since his old friend Jason Deckert smelt powder and joined the Navy.

TROOP C: Music for weddings and house parties furnished without charge for cops and their friends—just have plenty of food and refreshments handy and the music is yours. If interested, drop a line to Paul "What, Again?" Daber of this troop.

BROOK AVENUE: We wonder if some of the Giant and Yankee defeats of late might be due to the absence of Butler's cows? (Would Mentchkin know?)... Patrolman Hockman, known as The Admiral, is still around. What happened to the Navy assignment, Admiral?

HARLEM: Digger Martin after spending all his ration stamps on a leg of lamb for Sunday's dinner, was told suddenly he would have to work! Everything happens to Willie... The mighty Nolan is still going strong—three arrests last week... Early Bird Canavan, formerly of Troop B, is enjoying his stay here... Lawyer Donavan, the counsellor of 125th Street is still handing out decisions. He can be consulted free of charge—provided you are a member in good standing... Patrolman Kilker would like another chance to prove he can ride Horse Mahal. What's one fall to a guy like him... Patrolman Bergin wears his spurs when going to and from... claims one needs them to ride the subway... Patrolman Deutsch, the man who knows all about victory gardens, is seriously thinking of going in as a pastime, on weekends only, for a reasonable fee, of course... We are all glad to have Patrolman Joe O'Neiron back with us again. Don't forget to let us know about the wedding, Joe.

The gas shortage means nothing to retired Patrolman John Ward, pictured here with his horse Preston, who has come to stay with John (Would Preston know?)...Patrolman Bergin wears his spurs when going to and from... claims one needs them to ride the subway... Patrolman Deutsch, the man who knows all about victory gardens, is seriously thinking of going in as a pastime, on weekends only, for a reasonable fee, of course... We are all glad to have Patrolman Joe O'Neiron back with us again. Don't forget to let us know about the wedding, Joe.

MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2

Ptl. Jolt N. G. Along

Jim Olliffe was compelled to decline the nomination for vice-president of the P.B.A. due to ill-health, which has again put him on the sick list. We wish you a speedy recovery, Jimmy.

The captain of our beloved Dodgers, Dolph Camilli, who with his son Richard paid us an unexpected visit before taking off on the team's recent horse ride tour with Mrs. Camilli has rented a bungalow at Rockaway for the summer. Ray Dukes told the big first-baseman this would be his biggest year—that the Rockaway air would do the trick.

We welcome our newest wheeler, Stanley Gerstenfeld, who will be traveling in the best of company with the men of the 7th squad—Browne, Gorton, Kennedy, Whittier, et al.

Bob Hempill, telling Lieutenant Henry of the intricacies of the new pay-as-you-go tax plan, concluded with the statement that the only way you could possibly get around it was—to put it on the fine line and let it go at that!

Bill Fitzgerald purchased a choice piece of rump corned beef but found the cupboard when he got home bare of potatoes—and none to be bought. Harry Casaza suggested: "Let's just eat it as is—relieut trimmings!"—but Fitz is still drooling and waiting for
the market to break. sez he: "What t'll good is a K & K dinner without spuds?"

Wife of restaurant's followers, following a ruddy call for escort duty, would have given anything to handy such trifling articles of apparel as high boots, black socks, etc.

If you want a real handy, fellow to fix your refrigerator, Harry Carroll is the man, but their own ice-box used to work once in a while—at least—but that since Harry 'fixed' it—well, need we say more?

Our super-duper bond salesman, Ed Dooley, after having scraped the bottom of the barrel is working now on the sale of stamps. Meet Lieutenant Lester Fleischner and a gent named Harold Bradley, experts in conserving foodstuffs. It was they who discovered that, after using a tea-ball, you can hang it up to dry and recrystallize at a later date. I'll take a glass of milk, please.

Sergeant Newman has made up his mind to change barbers. He's decided, after one day of Pat Giglielmotti, that Vito LaRoss is the better man.

Two very welcome letters received, one from Captain Tom Abbey, U.S. Army Air Corps (somewhere overseas), the other from Lieutenant Tom Black, U.S. Army Signal Corps, Fort Meade, Maryland, and who, a little bird told us, might receive another bar on his shoulder soon. Also a card with the new address of Chief Torp- pedoman Harold J. Taylor, with a carrier task force. Three swell buddies, and to each of them we here at Motorcycle Two wish the best.

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT

The Ghost

Good luck and clear sailing to the new members recently assigned here.

Happy landings also to our skipper as on Rust Pond, up there on his ranch in N. H. he'll be choo choo'in about soon in the new boat he's purchased for his own use.

Among other accomplished musicians in our midst we have Mira- bellow, who plays an apartment house piano and F. McLaughlin, the sax, to say nothing of Mergl and Fantom who blithely fiddle away while the rest of us burn . . .. Recently, when the boys got together for a practice session, it was decided all they needed was Johnny Mason to join in with that soft dreamy voice of his—and they could hire out to break any and all leases.

A civilian walked into the rust room a few weeks ago and, seeing Kenny Brown behind the desk, addressed him as lieutenant—and promptly all the buttons adorning Brown's coat fell off.

Did you know that Gerhard and Kraft are accomplished linguists—notable in English, with an accent, being their specialty?

Jim Sullivan, our safety man, has been designated instructor to the rookies that are coming into the squads—and doing a mighty good job of it, too. Jim is a nice guy, even if he does dislike being told he, like the rest of us, gets no younger with the years.

Klinger has bought a new white coat and a mop—which he won't be using around the station house or in his home. How's the little lady of George's—Good.

The Hayes of Motorcycle Precinct 1 and "Whoopie" O'Sulli- van are neighbors and between them they have planted beans, the poles along the plants averaging 15 feet in height, meaning, the only way the crop can be harvested, when it's due, will be to rig up a ladder, climb on the top of it, and pick the beans.

Tim Carney, taking his first solo ride since coming back to work, was flanked on either side by Dunphy and Harrington, who were in fear of him running into someone with an umbrella. Luckily, it wasn't raining that day.

That bad eye of poor Shephard was contracted no doubt while (1) watching those P-47s at LaGuardia Field taking off or (2) some of the hostesses getting on.

Frank Seper, one of our new men, is a golfer of the first water and can be induced to give lessons to anyone interested. Are you still looking, Mrs. Mason? The men of this command have gone in for victory gardening in a big way. Most of us are raising vegetables, but a few of the hardier ones (J. Plate particularly included) are in addition raising everything from tomatoes to turnips. Jim is trying to become a good chef so that when he retires he will be qualified to take over Oscar's job at the Waldorf. Inci- dentially, Lea, is there any truth to the story it is cheaper to pay rent than pay rent?

Davenport, Powers, Archer and Churchvale were retired last month and to them we wish the best of health and happiness. When you're around, lads, drop in and say hello.

Our sincerest sympathy to Jim and Mrs. Heslin in the passing of their daughter. None of us can know how greatly they feel the loss, but God in His Infinite wisdom has called her to His side.

Only time can heal the wound.

In conclusion, to the Ghost's ears comes the story that some of your fellows have been complaining about this or that appearing in this column, and in this respect let him assure you once more that in bringing together the facts therein let there be no sarcasm, or what-have-you ever is intended. It's all intended in good fun, so until you hear from him again next month—keep smilin'!

MIDTOWN SQUAD

Ptl. Hal Graves

Jimmy Walsh, recently appointed assistant to the Special Pro- curement Unit in the Federal Southern District, used to labor under the M.T.S. numerals . . . At the farewell banquet, he was happy to see some of his old fellow workers present . . . Best of everything to Jim in his new job.

Introducing Mr. Karl Paul

Who has mastered the art of patrol. He's so nice and chummy So round and so tubby He rolls down his post like a ball.

Aside to Harry McLaughlin: Did you finally buy that German package?

Some $64 questions (but don't try to collect from me): Where does Jim Flaherty, who rides the I.R.T. each morning, get those ferry-boat shiners? . . . Did Bill (Chowderhead) Christensen really intend to install a wringing machine in the office during that recent excitement? — Or are we getting too "personal"? Where did Dead-Eye Voellcl dig up the fish stories about the two-pound flounders at Wantagh? . . . Is it true Howie Cavanaugh has shifted to vitamin B pills? . . . Wasn't Carl Lambert happy when some chick who's never talked to him before, Marjorie Danitril? . . . How come the O.P.A. doesn't ration some of the bull Eddie (One-Pawt) Jones tosses around? . . . Who supplies Dick (Foxy Grandpa) Stewart with the powerful pipe terbaclie — smoke-shop or local D. S. & D. Paper? What did World's Fair architect J. J. Dunn tell about the high-Pockets' Pettit, the Ballbriggan Boy, know that summer is here? . . .

Frank Tittman drew a rain-check on his vacation . . . His latest fishing system is to stand in the water and cast on the land. Figures there's nothing new for the Dutch.

Put and Take: Jim Pattison, shortly after confounding the In- quiring Photographer on the local tab with his high IQ, left us for the Marine Corps. Last heard of was in training at Farris Island . . . Greetings to Tom Herrick from the 109th Precinct and Pete Cun- ray from the 30th . . . Stan McGough is back here permanently after a trying winter. Forwarding address, Kaufman's Rest Bill Hartner also back in the fold . . . Les Dywer, on the mend from Sanatoriums, still on sick report.

Beloved Congratulations to Andy Stiefvater on the birth of his third child . . . Has three girls now and is worried there'll be no one to keep the key to the public police in the Police Department . . . Well, there are policemen, Andy.

Bill Burke, Mayor of Radio City, hasn't snagged the phantom of the subways as yet . . . looks like a "nigger in the wood-pile" . . . Influential guy is Joe Orsco—carries more weight than anyone in the George-land . . .

Freddie Krebs, master of the old one-two, has a secret love—tennis—Whooops, m'deal! (Oww we're only kiddin', Fred) . . . What do you think of that Madison Avenue lad who did a fine hour of patrol only to be hit on meal time all the while! Te, te, te, and him on the sergeant's list. A visit to the gal! A visit to the gal! You know the name is Jimmie, not John . . . And to the guys ribbing Haesecker, it's Charlie, not D.O.A. Johnnie Lynch forgot to check and double check the Czechs at City Hall—and look what happened . . .

Said that Mr. MacDonald, has decided to buy a new bathing suit, at last—the old one has a hole in the knee.

Here's some music to read by: Duffy: "A good man is hard to find . . . Stiefvater: I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter—McLaughlin & Kiemen: "Fuzole Junction": Flaherty: "Blow your bubble gum!" — Piskule: "Sleener, tender and tall!" — Day: "Day in, day out!" — Anyone on the East Half: "Rear, Lion, Roar. We're here!" Horn and Ollie Olsen, real proud popcorners, baby pictures and all . . . Eddie Jones holding up the University Building Tony Doyle, the Corona Cutie, showing Andy Goodale how he should work his post, and we do mean work Andy Nelson, strictly from Smorgasbord, surrounding a pickled herring in that 6th Avenue vegetarian restaurant — Gentleman Jim Cotter's long strides up and down 34th Street Jim "Tonto" Ryan's war-whoops when a citizen goes through a red light (at 4 blocks per second) Gary Bryant and Eddie Donahue—two chips off the same splinter Johnnie Mauser, Al Hvace and Port Wash- ington . . . 1rv Bloom in a thinking pose in the back room.

For a while—if you hear anything, let me know. And if I hear of anything, I'll let you know.

POLICEMEN'S BUREAU

Polw. Emma Alden

Broadway Columnists may well be envious of this SCOOP: EX:
CLUSIVE INTERVIEW granted your reporter by the gentleman who claims to be the originator of such slogans as: “Say It With Flowers,” “Have You A Little Fairy In Your Home?” and “I’d Walk A Mile For A Camel.” He thinks policemen combine Bravery and Bravery; and wishes our “Mobly” continued success as Director of the Guardian Angels of our City.

It was nice to see so many rightly proud parents and friends at the June 15th Graduation Exercises of the last ten lovely ladies to be appointed to the Patrolmen. Complimented good luck, Gladys Eck- eert, on winning the gun—and on having the shield of the kindly—remembered late Policewoman Gertrude Werner. . . By the way, have you noticed how well the women march? That’s what the spectator say, anyway.

Best News of the Month: Policewomen’s War Bond Purchases—and don’t forget the buying of bonds and stamps is continuing. Birthday Congratulations to Mary E. Maguire, Edna M. Benzein, Catherine C. Scherber, Margaret G. Wedemeyer, and Anna H. Winant, and Lily F. Browne . . . BELATED BEST WISHES to Anna M. Brennan, Janet M. Clingan, Velena G. Ellis, Katherine E. Haggerty, Adelaide Knowles, Jane R. McAdam, Alice E. Miller, Anna V. Mullins, Edith V. North, Marian E. Shaughnessy, and Mary E. F. Sullivan.

Aside to Juvenile Aid Bureau: BELATED JUNE GREETINGS to Augusta M. Manning, Elizabeth M. Natter, and Mary P. Taylor. CURRENT CONGRATULATIONS to Lillian L. Ryan, Margaret H. Thompson, Marion C. Mullen, Emma E. Wedemeyer, and Margarette Brown.

Have you heard that Helen Bauer, Mary Ellis, Edith North, and Eleanor Prager are entitled to wear GOLD BAKS for shooting; Janet O’Brien, Gladys Eckert, Margaret Ewen, Virginia McDuffett, and Rebecca Kaplan, SILVER; and Estelle Meyer, BRONZE? Thinking about the Women’s Services Club, Lady Beveridge questioned your reporter about our uniform, and was very pleased to learn of the work performed by the policewomen of this city. But she did think we should carry billets! London’s women “hol- lys” do.

Our Celebrity Crew escorted among this month’s visitors to the city the President of the Republic of Paraguay.

Want a mink coat? Ask Estelle Meyer about her plan.

Kind regards to FLORENCE KECKISSEN, who says: “In time of war each person must serve his or her country according to the dictates of his or her own conscience; mine leads me into the WAAC. Best wishes to my friends in the Department.” Florence “joined up” on June 17. . . Good luck to her!

Thanks to Irene Lambert for suggesting: “We’ll Always Remember” Lillian M. Berc, Jane R. McAdam, Helen V. Fitzpatrick. We’ll be missing you, too, Doris (Raleigh) Mahler. (All four have left the Police Department.)

As one policeman to another: Best advice came during this month’s Air Raid Drill: “Laugh, gossip, but beware of being unindustrially vicious”!

Have you seen Major Bowes’ Police and Fire Shield collection in the Chrysler Corp’s 42nd St. War Equipment Display? Guns and component parts exhibit merits interest . . . it’s all free.

No one can accomplish what combined efforts will do. So, if you have a pet strategy or suggestion, won’t you share it? If it’s Seen or Heard—or Should Be—why not send it in for publication in this column? Keep ’em wagging.

Remember Someone Cares.

DIVISION OF LICENSES

Ptl. William E. Connor

Belated—but nevertheless sincere—greetings to all our newcomers: Acting Lieutenant Thomas Colton, who came to us from the 79th; Sergeant Edward Bride from the 13th; Patrolman Arthur Flemming from the 32nd; and Patrolman Sam Seidman from the 9th . . .

Best of luck also to Acting Lieutenant William Clark, transferred recently to the 10th Division.

Acting Captain O’Brien, observed purring around in his victory garden, claims his vegetables have been “scientifically planted” and that BIG RESULTS are expected . . . Lieutenant Corley, still a rabid fan for those detective stories, claiming they give him plenty of good, wholesome thinking. Patrolman Glider T. Mcphee, the BET- TER . . . Lieutenant Campbell, famous for his chowery “Good morning,” is all set to open up his summer estate at Long Beach, meaning the boys are awaiting only the O.K. to pay him a visit . . . Sergeant Travers, when he happened to be, “headhunners” our “Molly McNuts” lay are not placing too much dependence on him as a prospect—if you get what we mean . . . Patrolman Jim Linden is happiest when from Jim Jr., now a sergeant in the U. S. Army, at Camp McCann, Miss., those letter that enjoin him to remember the wonders of the “Pepso dent Joe”—since having his morsels simonized . . . Patrolman Sam Young also has joined up with the Upper Plate Brigade . . . Congratulations to Patrolman Frank O’Brien whose son, John Fran-

Air Warden Service

Ptl. D. E. Molitton

Air Warden Donate Field Ambulance:

On Sunday, June 6th, the Air Wardens of Zone A, 42nd Precinct, formally presented a field ambulance to the United States Army Second Service Command. The ceremonies took place in front of the 42nd Precinct station house and persons prominent in the social, civic and religious life of the community were present, as well as representatives of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Catholic War Veterans, the American Legion and the Marine Corps League. Captain John J. Morrissey of the United States Army formally accepted the field ambulance for the War Department. Music was supplied by the band of Post 95, Bronx, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Police Department Glee Club. Police officials present included Inspector Martin J. Brown, Captain Charles Hubbeutel, 42nd Precinct, who presented the field ambulance for the wardens of Zone A; Acting Captain John P. Cooke, 7th Division Warden Commander and Acting Lieutenant Lawrence J. Simmers, Precinct Warden Commander, 42nd Precinct.

Air Warden Service Messenger Band:

Congratulations to Acting Lieutenant Moran and Sector Commander Gordon of the 60th Precinct for the establishment of a uniformed Air Warden Service Messenger Band, consisting of thirty instruments. We have been told it has been well received by the public and members of the Air Warden Service on several occasions.

Notes from the 13th Division:

Patrolman Cantinee of the 77th Precinct as we write this has gone on vacation. He is resting from wrestling with those A.W.S. 34’s and W.R.C. 8’s. Patrolman Richardson can certainly
look busy. Every time he appears, he has more papers in his hand than Hitler had when he planned the invasion of Russia. Acting Lieutenant Lee takes one look at him and says, "Think nothing of it, my lad!" Patrolman Haines has returned to fill in for Patrolman Canterbry. Haines is like a load of top soil, filling in for every one. Old "Filler-in Haines" they call him.

The success of the Air Warden Service, 77th Precinct, is due to the splendid cooperation given by Captain Quinn and his staff, consisting of Acting Lieutenant Lee and Patrolmen Richardson, Cantarbery, McHale and Klein. Assisted by an intelligent Air Warden Service volunteer personnel, the 77th feels ready for any emergency.

Congratulations to those hard workers of the 79th Precinct, Patrolmen Eddie Dunn, Jimmie Ward, Bill Kelly, Max Lieberman, Gabe Mosner and Dick Bacci who joined their resources and pooled their forces throughout the entire Air Warden Service recruitment drive.

2nd Division:
The Second Division is boasting an enrollment of 839 recruits during the recent Civilian Defense Volunteer Office campaign. Acting Lieutenant Jennings, Precinct Warden Commander, 3rd Precinct, had the booth at City Hall under control at all times during this drive. It is rumored that he left home at 5:30 A.M. daily to open at the "Hall."

Congratulations to affable Johnny Green of the 3rd Precinct who was recently promoted to sergeant. . . And welcome to Acting Lieutenant Bacci, the 5th Precinct's newest recruit. Congratulations to the Precinct Warden Commander, . . . Genial Pete Cusick of the 7th Precinct was seen in a local drug store recently purchasing a large bottle of aspirin. . . . Congratulations to Acting Lieutenant Hudson, Precinct Warden Commander of the 90th Precinct, on the splendid Air Warden Parade in his Precinct on June 20 last.

Miscellaneous:
Congratulations from the Commandant of the Air Warden Service to the Force and volunteer personnel of that organization who worked so hard during the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office Recruitment Drive from June 2 to June 12. Demonstrations were given all over the city showing how well prepared the Air Warden Service was to cope with anything the enemy may thrust upon us. The climax of this program for the Air Warden Service came on June 8 when, at City Hall Plaza, the Air Warden Service demonstrated the proper methods of attacking incendiary bombs and of coordinating activities in civilian defense and in addition showed the work of its Light Duty Rescue Squads. Thousands of people witnessed this demonstration which was given four times on that day. At 1 P.M., Mayor LaGuardia, Commissioner Valentine, Commandant of the Air Warden Service, broadcast from City Hall Plaza over the facilities of Station WNYC.

Our Best Wishes to:
Ptl. James P. Considine, 81st Precinct, now with the United States Coast Guard. . . Also to Ptl. Charles Reilly and Clerk Oscar Trice, Air Warden Service Headquarters, now with the United States Navy.

16th DETECTIVE DISTRICT

Det. Paul Montgomery

Patrolman Alexander Dunn is naturally quite proud of his son (a mighty lot of 4), who is known as Alexander, Jr. Anyway on Pop's day off recently, Wednesday, May 12, 1943, to be exact, he thought it would be a good idea to get a head start on some painting he intended doing at home. Soon, shortly after he had finished supper, and he was up on the ladder, doing theLeast he can (being an amateur, just like you and I), when lo and behold he notices Alexander, Jr. climbing up the ladder after him. He several times admonished the kid and, losing his patience finally (even as you and I have faulted him) he dismissed the lad and, leaving the bewildered youngster all over the room, catching up with him finally (or so he thought), and then there go with a mean right in the general direction of the kid's rear section. Young Alexander, unfortunately (for Pop) was too fast for him, with the result Pop missed miserably, his hand coming in violent contact instead with an immovable refrigerator. So what? So (1) Pop now has two of his fingers in splints. (2) Doctor Bill, §3. (3) Painting job suspended, and hanging dishes aren't hanging in the least if Alexander, Jr.'s rear end is done up in splints also.

Brother Thomas Layden has gone and done it—he was retired, effective 12 Midnight, May 16, and in so doing has left his department in a tough spot, because guys like Tommy don't come along every day, if he did have a dusty habit of pouting rubbers left around carelessly by other members of the squad on rainy days. This was only one of his ideas of a practical joke. (Captain Hugh McGovern of the 102nd Precinct will remember the occasion when Tom borrowed (?) his if he happens to read this article). Kidding aside, Tom, your smiling countenance will be missed by all. . . . Good luck and good health to you in everything you undertake and, don't above, neglect that long needed rest.

SERVICE STATION 4

Ptl. Nutsan Bolts

The office force since erection of its new quarters are losing their chow under a new regime . . . Phil Miller,三角形, says he feels as though he'd just come out of a coal mine . . . With alterations completed SS4 will be the best-equipped shop in the city (says the Serge) . . . Sergeant McWeeney and the rest of the boys expressed thanks for a week long tour of buildings Wilson and his staff for their fine cooperation . . . Steamfitter Coffer and Electrician Moss also have been most helpful . . . And let's not forget Sydney, the Boss Electrician . . . Chief Carburetor Engineer Woytinsky got a tour of his own private bench . . . And Royal wants to know when the Persig rugs will be laid . . . Is it true someone called Ed Haddick a double for the absent-minded professor? Gressler, we understand, is in the market for an assistant—to do his clerical work . . . And Cune had better watch out for that Air Raid Warden . . . Iden is looking for a portable light to attach to—of all places—his thumb . . . And did you know that Biscotti, a swell mechanic in his own right, is also adept at washing down walls?

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. 1. Spillit

Due to the scarcity of gasoline, Bill Butler, our talented auto-mechanic, is at home week-ends occupying his time trying to master the difficult art of navigation. Bill has his own pool in the back yard and can be seen on Sundays pulling his toy Man-o-war up and down the "lakeside" with much enthusiasm and zest as any admiral you might mention.

Meet the happy newlyweds—Sergeant and Mrs. Daniel J. Grab who last month together leaped off the dock in that greatest of all adventures—the one featuring an altar rail for background. Dan, whose address at the moment is Jacksonville, Florida, was a deck assigned to the Police Academy before joining up with Uncle Sam. His bride, the former Elizabeth Kam, is a member of the WAVES stationed currently at the Jacksonville Naval Air Station, and to Dan and Elizabeth our very best wishes are extended.

Anyone interested in having chicken or duck for a Sunday dinner should see Patrolman O'Sullivan, who is very good at arranging such matters? For further details contact Patrolman Bill Kormann, who'll tell you a regard guaranteed to bring tears to your eyes.

We understand Patrolman Bell has recently made application to the courts to have his first name changed from William to Grambo, a name thicker that bear, and appropriately suit the lad—and particularly in the early mornings. Hey, Bill, most of us, too, are married, and still we come in with a smile—even if it should be a little on the phony side.

Our esteemed co-worker, Acting Captain Bob Hamilton, is laid up in the hospital again, and believe you us we're all rooting hard for his early recovery. You see, the Central Repair Shop isn't the same without Bob. Incidentally, Patrolman John MacDonald, visiting his boss one day last week, was stopped at the door, where the following conversation took place:

MAC: "How's the captain?"

NURSE: "He's convalescing right now."

MAC: "Good. I'll wait out here till he's finished!"

Did you know that Phil Kemeny and Ray (Tiny) Asphap were approached by a national magazine last month to pose for photographs showing them as marvelously qualified representatives of the "well fed man"? . . . Also that Phil sent two bucks in answer to an advertisement of a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat, and got a note from them to sell it to the butcher for conversion to nitro for war use? "Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?" Civilian Cloak Cohen demanded to know while lunching the other afternoon. "Can't you tell from the label?" "No" returned Milton. "Well, then what the hell difference does it make?"

Cursing and yelling on a London street, was Clancy holding a doorknob in his fist. "Them damn Nazis will pay for this—blowing a saloon right out of my hand."
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

DAVID ESSEX
Alias ISE a MUGGING
DESCRIPTION—Age 39 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 135 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; blind in right eye; right index finger missing; brown skin Negro; small mustache; medium build; wearing blue overalls-jumper, brown cap. Residence: 210 East 98th Street, New York City.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT, ROBBERY, BURGLARY AND GRAND LARCENY

HERMAN LIEBOWITZ
Aliases PAUL GARY, PAUL GRAY and JIMMY DALTON
DESCRIPTION—Age 19 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 136 pounds; blue eyes; brown kinky hair; thin face; long thin nose. May be wearing United States Navy Seaman’s uniform (blues). Is a deserter from United States Navy, Serial No. 3826619.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION — Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

RALPH MACEROLI
Alias “THE APE”
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives’ Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World’s Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE CANAL 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Lt. William J. Huben .......................... 9 D.D. .......................... June 24, 1943
Sgt. Thomas J. D. Reilly ...................... 45 Pet. .......................... June 23, 1943
Ptl. Timothy T. Daly .......................... Tr. F .......................... June 24, 1943
Ptl. William H. Austin ......................... 32 Pct. .......................... July 1, 1943
Ptl. Frederick Graeter ......................... 64 Pct. .......................... July 11, 1943
Arrest and Crime Activities in 1942

578,378 Arrests (Including Summonses Served) Recorded Last Year

Interesting and instructive as the reading of such a volume would be, it is, of course, impossible to issue a copy of the 151-page Annual Report of the Police Commissioner to each member of the Department. In the report the work of the year 1942 is summarized in such wise as to show a basis of comparison with the previous year, and also to show clearly problems and difficulties which confront the police force of our city.

A digest of these activities follows:

### ARRESTS MADE AND SUMMONSES SERVED CLASSIFIED BY OFFENSES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crime Group</th>
<th>Arrests and Summonses 1942</th>
<th>Arrests and Summonses 1941</th>
<th>Convictions 1942</th>
<th>Convictions 1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against the Person</td>
<td>6424</td>
<td>6938</td>
<td>1828</td>
<td>1984</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against Chastity</td>
<td>6124</td>
<td>6008</td>
<td>3645</td>
<td>4107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against Family and Children</td>
<td>2125</td>
<td>2304</td>
<td>1341</td>
<td>1636</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against Public Health, etc.</td>
<td>495054</td>
<td>856692</td>
<td>443957</td>
<td>775087</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against Administration of Government</td>
<td>5623</td>
<td>926</td>
<td>4521</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenses against Property Rights:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(A) Miscellaneous</td>
<td>770</td>
<td>691</td>
<td>295</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(B) Unauthorized use of Property</td>
<td>121</td>
<td>173</td>
<td>93</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(C) Destruction of Property</td>
<td>622</td>
<td>637</td>
<td>299</td>
<td>280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(D) Frauds, swindles, etc.</td>
<td>1957</td>
<td>2273</td>
<td>985</td>
<td>1146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(E) Extortion</td>
<td>53</td>
<td>70</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(F) Robbery</td>
<td>1236</td>
<td>1245</td>
<td>700</td>
<td>733</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(G) Larceny from Person by Stealth</td>
<td>558</td>
<td>669</td>
<td>356</td>
<td>447</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(H) Larceny from Highway Vehicles, etc.</td>
<td>1979</td>
<td>2154</td>
<td>813</td>
<td>1157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(I) Burglary</td>
<td>1648</td>
<td>2107</td>
<td>1094</td>
<td>1503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(J) Sneaks from Buildings</td>
<td>947</td>
<td>1264</td>
<td>635</td>
<td>940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Criminality</td>
<td>49268</td>
<td>49849</td>
<td>26838</td>
<td>31353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juvenile Delinquency</td>
<td>3689</td>
<td>3544</td>
<td>2036</td>
<td>2268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witnesses, Lunatics, etc.</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>205</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>578378</td>
<td>937764</td>
<td>489478</td>
<td>823405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decrease</td>
<td>359386</td>
<td>333927</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Percentage</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>41</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MAJOR CRIMES

**Cases Reported**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crime</th>
<th>1942</th>
<th>1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Murder or Manslaughter</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Felonious Assault</td>
<td>2,109</td>
<td>2,697</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assault and Robbery</td>
<td>1,183</td>
<td>1,261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burglary</td>
<td>2,245</td>
<td>2,571</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Larceny</td>
<td>11,612</td>
<td>13,646</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other Felonies</td>
<td>6,528</td>
<td>5,856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>24,247</td>
<td>26,299</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Major Crimes decreased 10.1 per cent as compared with 1941.

### BURGLARIES

**Cases Reported**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crime</th>
<th>1942</th>
<th>1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Residence, Day</td>
<td>450</td>
<td>561</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Residence, Night</td>
<td>631</td>
<td>638</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Store, Basement, etc.</td>
<td>1,117</td>
<td>1,301</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loft</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Safe</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>2,245</td>
<td>2,571</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Burglaries decreased 12.6 per cent as compared with 1941.

### GRAND LARCENY

**Cases Reported**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crime</th>
<th>1942</th>
<th>1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Residence, Store, etc.</td>
<td>3,385</td>
<td>4,223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pickpocket</td>
<td>190</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Automobile</td>
<td>7,857</td>
<td>9,260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>11,612</td>
<td>13,646</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Grand Larceny decreased 14.8 per cent as compared with 1941.

### MURDER AND MANSLAUGHTER CASES REPORTED

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Manner Committed</th>
<th>1942</th>
<th>1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Shooting</td>
<td>58</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stabbing or Cutting</td>
<td>91</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assault, etc.</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strangulation</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burning</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrown, pushed or jumped from window</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrown from stairs</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poisoning, gas, etc.</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drowning</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### MURDER OR MANSLAUGHTER

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Group</th>
<th>Arreasts Per Cent</th>
<th>Arreasts Per Cent</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Under 16</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 to 20</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>18.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 to 25</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>15.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 to 30</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>28.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 to 35</td>
<td>59</td>
<td>22.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Felony complaints decreased 7.8 per cent as compared with 1941.

*Includes Selective Service Violators and Deserters from the Armed Forces.*
### Felonious Assault

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Group</th>
<th>Arrests 1942</th>
<th>Per Cent 1942</th>
<th>Arrests 1941</th>
<th>Per Cent 1941</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>16 to 20</td>
<td>256</td>
<td>10.1</td>
<td>264</td>
<td>10.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 to 25</td>
<td>370</td>
<td>11.7</td>
<td>401</td>
<td>15.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26 to 30</td>
<td>718</td>
<td>23.5</td>
<td>851</td>
<td>35.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 to 35</td>
<td>758</td>
<td>25.5</td>
<td>620</td>
<td>23.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36 to 40</td>
<td>299</td>
<td>11.8</td>
<td>315</td>
<td>11.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41 to 50</td>
<td>103</td>
<td>4.2</td>
<td>83</td>
<td>3.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51 to 60</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>.4</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>1.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over 60</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Totals: 2,516

### Assault and Robbery

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Classification</th>
<th>Cases 1942</th>
<th>Arrests Made</th>
<th>Cases 1941</th>
<th>Arrests Made</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Store or shop</td>
<td>233</td>
<td>131</td>
<td>234</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Individual</td>
<td>532</td>
<td>167</td>
<td>349</td>
<td>535</td>
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<tr>
<td>Druggist</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxicab</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
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<td>Payroll</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Office</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Residence</td>
<td>97</td>
<td>49</td>
<td>109</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeweler or employee</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Department store driver, etc.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Restaurant</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truckman</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garage</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Card or dice game</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Railroad employee</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>Gas station</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>7</td>
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<td>Hotel</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collector or agent</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>6</td>
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<td>Messenger</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Club</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lunch wagon</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatre-picture house</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liquor store, bar or grill</td>
<td>52</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miscellaneous</td>
<td>77</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>89</td>
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Totals: 1,183

### Assault and Summons

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<tr>
<th>Manhatten</th>
<th>Bronx</th>
<th>Brooklyn</th>
<th>Queens</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brakes</td>
<td>66</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>119</td>
<td>64</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horns</td>
<td>1,133</td>
<td>519</td>
<td>651</td>
<td>150</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mufflers</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>139</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Racing Motor</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Radio</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trucks</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>195</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bikele Bells</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bikele Sirens</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animals</td>
<td>1,215</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>369</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>165</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>15</td>
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### Noise

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Type of Noise</th>
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<th>1941</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Racing Motor</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
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<td>Radio</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Trucks</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bikele Sirens</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Animals</td>
<td>1,215</td>
<td>1,369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Games</td>
<td>62</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### OTHER INTERESTING ITEMS AND FIGURES

- Total Department Expenditures 1942: $66,591,692
- On rolls December 31, 1942: 17,582
- Appointed during year: 587
- Died: 124
- Died in performance of duty: 1
- Died as result of accidents while on duty: 3
- Resigned: 39
- Promoted: 221
- Missing persons reported (local): 10,067
- Missing persons (other authorities): 1,875
- Estimated value of property delivered to claimants: $4,796,095
- Total cases handled by Juvenile Aid Bureau: 25,767
- Total attendance at Police Academy classes: 61,990
- Cases received and completed at Research Laboratory: 2,529
- Total cases handled by Emergency Service Division: 9,386
- Total cases handled by Harbor Precinct: 5,165
- Arrests by radio motor patrol crews: 2,739
- False alarms of fire: 6,016
- Ambulance calls handled by Telegraph Bureau: 345,970
- Patrol wagon calls handled by Telegraph Bureau: 51,927
- Total number examined at Dental Clinic: 6,381
- Membership of Blood Donors Unit: 3,500
- Number of members donating blood: 658
- Number of recipients: 425
- Total number traffic stanchions and signs in use: 147,187
- Sales at Equipment Bureau: $218,947
- Charitable contributions during year: $142,673
- Traffic Warning letters forwarded: 6,217
- Highway accidents—deaths: 857
- Highway accidents—injured: 22,110
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using only one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.
IN RECENT years there has been a decided increase in the number of acts of sabotage committed, not alone here in New York but in other large communities as well, resulting in considerable damage to property, annoyance to the public, and, not infrequently, death by violence. The underlying causes of these acts of vandalism may be attributed to the never-ending differences involving capital and labor, the increased number of strikes, trade union activities, rivalries among various such unions, and the operations of gangs using these unsettled conditions as a means for extortion and, of course, the war.

According to Funk & Wagnalls dictionary, sabotage may be defined as

"the act of producing poor work so as to cause damage, or the damaging of machinery or wrecking of industrial plants as by strikers or mal-contents,"

and the object of such acts of sabotage may be

(1) extortion, to force business men to yield to demands for money;

(2) to compel business men to join some union and pay dues for "protection";

(3) to disorganize and "liquidate" a rival union;

(4) to force and promote the organization of employees;

(5) destruction of property, and

(6) injury to persons.

The materials used in acts of sabotage include acids, chemicals, tear-gas bombs, stench bombs, and, of course, explosives. We shall discuss these various materials briefly so that one may understand the nature of their properties, their effects, and the purposes for which they are used.

ACIDS

(a) Sulphuric acid. Nearly twice as heavy as water, this colorless liquid is more often employed in cases of acid-throwing than any other chemical. When the acid comes in contact with the skin it produces severe burns and may destroy the sight if brought in contact with the eyes. Its effect upon fibers and garments is to produce burns
and holes, the region affected usually turning red or reddish-brown in color.

(b) Nitric acid. Also a colorless liquid although the commercial variety usually is found to have a yellowish tint. This acid may produce burns if brought in contact with the human body and will turn the skin yellow in color. It will burn holes in garments, the fabric assuming a yellow or yellow-red color in consequence. Nitric acid is used extensively both in etching metals and in the manufacture of explosives.

(c) Hydrochloric acid. Still another colorless liquid, more commonly called muriatic acid. Though not as severe in its action as the other acids, it may nevertheless burn holes in garments, the fabric becoming red or red-brown in color.

(d) Hydrofluoric acid. This acid has a peculiar property which is destructive to glass, and the etching of glass as a mechanical operation is based upon this principle. For this reason, hydrofluoric acid must be kept in bottles made of rubber or wax. In several cases of sabotage this acid has been used on large plate-glass windows of the stores that were victimized.

CHEMICALS

Emery powder has been found mixed with the oil in the crankcase of automobiles, causing the cylinders and pistons to be scored and bearings to be burned out. Ground glass, too, has been used for this purpose.

Phosphorus has been employed in cases of sabotage at dry-cleaning plants by impregnating the garments with this chemical. After the garments have been removed from the cleansing bath they are placed in a drier in which hot air is circulated. The warm temperature causes the phosphorus to ignite and a fire results.

In a case involving trade rivalry between two bakers, one of the feudists was found to have sprinkled a powder on the bread and rolls of his competitor, which had been left at the customers' doors. Upon analysis the powder was found to be iodoform.

Several cases of arson have occurred in which the only evidence obtainable consisted of some burnt matches found at the scene. In a few of these instances it was possible, after a thorough chemical and microscopical examination, to prove that some of the burnt matches had been torn from a paper match booklet found in the defendant's possession.

Gasoline, benzine and other petroleum oils have been employed for the purpose of causing fires in manufacturing establishments and also in motor vehicles.

EXPLOSIVES

The bomb or explosive with which we more generally come in contact usually consists of a metal container inside of which has been carefully stored an explosive mixture, the whole device being sealed tight. The bomb may be fired either by a detonator or by percussion. Scientifically, any substance which undergoes a chemical change with the production of a very large volume of gas and a consequent large increase of pressure is classified as an explosive. In the field of chemical science we find many substances which may be so classified, such as nitro-glycerine, nitrocellulose (smokeless powder), dynamite, gunpowder and T.N.T., and in the manufacture of bombs some of these are used as the explosive ingredients, the explosion taking place when the rapidly expanding gas generates so tremendous a pressure as to disrupt and shatter the metal container. Metal fragments of the bomb may be driven into nearby objects as well as into the bodies of persons, and causing, in addition to property damage, burns and possibly monoxide poisoning. It is advisable for police officers when investigating a case involving explosives to save all foreign matter found at the scene so that a chemical analysis may be made which will reveal the nature and properties of the bomb that had been used.

Unexploded bombs may be conveniently examined by means of the X-Ray, the use of which will reveal their construction and other essential features. Any sound emanating from the package will naturally suggest clockwork, and great care should be exercised in handling. It is not advisable to shake or invert a bomb or place it in water inasmuch as there is a possibility that the ingredients may include chemicals like metallic sodium.

The saboteur at work.
or sulphuric acid which will react with water and generate considerable heat.

As an illustration we may refer to the Rogers case, in New Jersey, in which the defendant manufactured a bomb made to resemble a fish-tank heater and sent it to his intended victim. The latter made a test of the device by plugging it into an electric socket, whereupon it exploded and he was seriously injured. The only materials obtainable in the way of evidence in this case were three fragments of the bomb and a portion of electric wire. A thorough chemical, physical and microscopical examination of this evidence revealed that the bomb had been constructed from a cylindrical piece of machine steel of high carbon content, 6⅛ inches in length and with an outside diameter of seven-eighths of an inch. The internal bore had been made by a 17/32 inch twist drill, and a 5/8 inch tap drill with 11 threads to the inch was used to make the threads. The top of the bomb had been made from a cap screw bolt five-eighths of an inch in diameter with 11 threads to the inch. Invoices were produced at the trial showing that the defendant had purchased drills of those measurements.

The electric wire was found to be identical with the wires from the defendant’s radio set. Chemical analysis revealed that the explosive used was smokeless powder and that the paint on the bomb fragments corresponded in composition with the contents of a can of paint found in the defendant’s home. A microscopical examination of a pair of pliers found in the defendant’s home showed the presence of small particles of copper wire attached to one of the blades and these fragments of wire corresponded with both the electric wire from the bomb and the wire taken from the defendant’s radio set. Testimony given at the trial based upon this scientific examination of the evidence was largely instrumental in the conviction of the defendant and his sentence of from 12 to 20 years in State prison.

STENCH BOMBS

These usually consist of a bottle containing a liquid of foul-smelling odor. The material most commonly used is oil of valerian, or some derivative of this, such as valeric acid or ammonium valerianate. Oil of valerian has a very strong, disagreeable, pungent and persistent odor. Other substances such as butyric acid, ethyl mercaptan, etc., too, may be used, but valerian is almost always employed to the exclusion of the others.

Stench bombs have been thrown into places of business and also carried into theatres and the liquid poured out; in either case the effect is to cause patrons to leave the premises. Since the person emptying such a bottle is likely to carry the odor with him and thereby contribute to his detection, this method gave way in recent years to the use of a bottle containing a lower layer of oil of valerian and an upper layer of hydrochloric acid, with two prongs of zinc metal projecting down from the work, but not long enough to reach the acid. The criminal then need merely tip the bottle on its side, causing the acid to come in contact with the zinc and thus produce a chemical reaction with the generation of hydrogen gas which either causes the cork to blow out or the bottle to explode. This method enables the criminal to get away from the scene before the explosion and consequent spilling of the liquid actually occurs.

In other cases the time-bomb device has been employed by attaching a cheap watch and two flashlight cells to the bottle containing the stench liquid. At some pre-determined time the hour hand of the watch makes an electrical contact and the bottle explodes, spilling the contents.

TEAR-GAS BOMBS

These devices date back to the World War and because of their effect upon the eyes are known as lacrymators. The legitimate peace-time employment of tear-gas has been limited chiefly to its use by law enforcement authorities in the dispersing of mobs, and by banks and similar institutions as protection against hold-ups.

The tear-gas bomb consists of a metal container in which is placed a mixture of the tear-gas material and explosive. The bomb is equipped with a safety pin which is pulled when the bomb is thrown. The release of the safety pin causes a striker to ignite a fuse, thereby resulting in the burning of the contents of the bomb and the escape of the gas.

The materials used are chiefly chloracetophenone and bromobenzylecyanide. Other substances, however, such as benzylbromide and bromaceton have also been employed. The effects of this gas is to cause intense irritation of the eyes, producing a copious flow of tears, temporary blindness and irritation of the skin. The full effect is experienced within a period of 5 to 10 minutes. The time bomb device has also been used in the manner as described under stench bombs.

INCENDIARY BOMBS

With the advent of the present war additional substances may be expected to be employed in acts of sabotage. Chief among these may be found incendiary bombs of various types which have actually been used in the war in Europe. These include white phosphorus bombs, oil bombs and thermite or magnesium bombs.

White phosphorus is a solid substance which ignites spontaneously in the air and is dangerous to handle. In contact with the skin it produces burns that are difficult to heal. In view of the fact that it burns spontaneously on exposure to the air at ordinary temperatures, it is usually stored under water. The action of a phosphorus bomb is relatively simple; upon contact, the phosphorus is scattered by an explosive force and will ignite any inflammable material present.

Oil bombs usually contain crude oil mixed with
a more easily vaporized lighter petroleum oil to insure its ignition.

The thermite or magnesium bomb consists of a metal case of magnesium containing an explosive and a charge of thermite. Thermite is a mixture of powdered iron oxide and aluminum, and when this mixture is heated sufficiently by means of the explosive, a reaction takes place which produces a temperature of about 4500° F., a degree of heat at which even iron and steel will melt. The magnesium metal case burns with a brilliant white light and produces an intense heat. The combination of burning magnesium and thermite will instantly ignite any inflammable material with which it comes in contact.

From this discussion it is apparent that many substances may be used in acts of sabotage, and a chemical examination of any material found at the scene of the crime may reveal the nature of the substance employed. Should any of the effects persist, as in the case of stench liquids and tear-gas, it may be necessary to use chemicals to counteract and destroy them.

**Cops Wait for Trolley, Go Home as Midwives**
Reprinted from the L. I. Star-Journal, July 19, 1943.

FRANCIS HOWARD HARTMANN, 2 days old, is doing well today, thanks to Patrolmen Francis V. Cook and Howard Hegerich of the Maspeth Precinct, who became midwives yesterday to usher him into the world.

The patrolmen, off duty, were waiting for a trolley at Grand Avenue and 72nd Street, Maspeth, at 8 A.M. yesterday when John Hartmann of 71-06 Grand Avenue ran past.

Suspecting that he might be running away from the scene of a burglary, the patrolmen stopped him and began asking questions.

Hartmann gave them all the answers:
First, his wife was having a baby in their home.
Second, his two other children were screaming for their breakfast.
Third, he was late for his war job.
Fourth, he wanted to find a doctor.
Fifth, what would anyone else do if he were in his shoes?

Answering the question, the patrolmen informed him they would call a policeman.

"Okay, come along with me," Hartmann said, leading the way on the run.

Once at the Hartmann home, Cook took charge ordering Hartmann to call an ambulance.
He told Hegerich to prepare breakfast for the two children while he attended Mrs. Hartmann.

A few minutes later, he announced the birth of a 7½-pound boy.

In the meantime, an ambulance arrived from Wyckoff Heights Hospital and Dr. Selig Metis, after treating Mrs. Hartmann, complimented Cook on his expert job.

Mrs. Hartmann chose to stay at home.
Hartmann, himself, decided to stay at home for the day.

"I'll be back on the job tomorrow," he announced, "when things quiet down."

**Patrolman's Baby Delivery: Service is O.K.—It's a Girl**
Reprinted from the Daily Mirror, July 19, 1943.

A COUPLE of months ago the Police Department magazine, "Spring 3100," carried an article on how to deliver a baby if no doctor is handy. One of the men who read it was Patrolman John Massa of the Herbert St. station, Brooklyn. At 4 a.m. yesterday he put what he had read into practice, successfully.

Ptl. Massa was summoned to the home of Mrs. Helen Villano, 36, at 98 Kingsland Ave., when the woman, mother of two, decided her third child was not going to wait for the ambulance. Her husband, John, was at work in the night shift of a shipyard.

Massa took off his coat and gun, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. When the ambulance from Greenpoint Hospital arrived, Massa had an 8-lb. baby girl to show, and the surgeon had nothing to do. Massa had remembered well, done a complete job.

It was the first time Massa had ever played stork, but children are no strangers to him. In his home at 26 Russell St., he has five girls, three boys.

**U.S. NAVY RECEIVING STATION**
Pier 92, New York
July 7, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I wish through the medium of SPRING 3100 to thank the Hon. Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor of the City of New York, and Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner, for their kindness in sending me a letter assuring me my position as Patrolman is awaiting me upon my honorable discharge from the service, and also for the card which certifies me as a Patrolman, City of N. Y.

My best regards to all the members of the Department.

CHARLES A. HERR, Sp. (S) 1/c, Patrolman, 103rd Precinct.
SEVEN THOUSAND starry-eyed youngsters from thirty-three orphan homes of all denominations in the metropolitan area—the blind and crippled included—and approximately 800 children of deceased members of the Department, together with their mothers or other guardians were the guests of the Police Department Anchor Club at the seventh annual Orphans’ Day Outing of the Association held Thursday, July 1, at Steeplechase Park, Coney Island.

Due to the imperative need of conserving gasoline and rubber, only the blind and crippled children were this year transported, under motorcycle escort, in buses donated for the occasion by the Children’s Bus Service, under the direction and supervision of Mr. John J. Flannery, president of the company and honorary chairman of the Transportation Committee. All other children made the trip to and from Steeplechase via subway and trolley, with members of the Police Anchor Club in charge.

Upon disembarking at this most pretentious of summer playlands the happy youngsters were given tickets for the various amusements, including the swimming pool—and in less time than it takes to tell it, the party was on! Fifteen thousand half pints of milk, an equal number of ice cream cups and tremendous quantities of sandwiches, cakes and other delicacies, donated by Horn & Hardart through the good offices of
Mr. Cyril V. Farley, chairman of the Commissary Department, were distributed. As in former years, it was the grandest fun you ever saw.

Acting Sergeant John J. Boyle, president of the Police Anchor Club, explained this was the largest—and most successful—of the Orphan Day outings thus far held.

"We of the Anchor Club look forward to this day with a glow in our hearts," President Boyle declared. "It is an experience which lives with us for years, and in making this statement I have in mind particularly those thousands of kiddies to whom life has not been kind—the crippled—the blind—and those who can neither speak nor hear. I repeat, it is a work to which all of us look forward each year with pride—with an enthusiasm it would be difficult in mere words to describe."

Both President Boyle and Inspector Peter McGuirk, General Committee chairman, expressed sincere appreciation for the splendid and painstaking job turned in by the various committee members, including Commissioner Valentine who served as honorary chairman, and who, standing on the sidewalk as the last of the buses faded into the twilight, repeated his poignant observation of last year—that so far as the children were concerned it was not just an outing—it was a benediction.

The Honorary Committee included also Deputy Commissioner Louis F. Costuma, Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, Deputy Chief Inspector Arthur W. Wallander, Fire Commissioner Patrick Walsh, Supreme Court Justice Michael Walsh, Lieutenant Thomas McKeogh, president, Fire Anchor Club; Lieutenant Thomas Munroe, Fire Department; Mr. Stephen Cushing, State Deputy, K. of C.; Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy, president, P. B. A.; Patrolman Algot Damstrom, president, St. George Association; Patrolman Albert J. Nelson, president, Holy Name Society, Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond branch; Sergeant Thomas Colton, president, Holy Name Society, Brooklyn-Queens; Sergeants Edward Hoffman and Rudolph Lehman, president and past president, respectively, Police Square Club; Lieutenant Benjamin Miller, president, Shomrim Society; Patrolman David Salter, president, Honor Legion; Rev. A. Hamilton Nesbitt and Rev. Isidor Frank, Protestant and Jewish chaplains, respectively; Msgrs. Joseph A. McCaffrey and Lawrence H. Bracken, Catholic chaplains; Rev. Bernard A. Cullen, Rev. Thomas Bodie, and Rev. Matthew Tobin, chaplains, Police Anchor Club; Katherine T. Blake, Catholic Charities; Ruth E. Schmidt, Federation of Protestant Charities; Mrs. Gustave Hartman, Jewish Charities, and Paul McCosker, president, Port Authority Patrolmen's Benevolent Association.

General Committee: Inspector Peter McGuirk, chairman; Big Chief John J. Boyle, Assistant Chief Oney Hoy, Lieutenants Thomas Maher, Rudolph Busch, John W. Graham; Acting Lieutenant Edward Lundin.


Pavilion and Amusements: Inspector Thomas F. Mulligan, chairman; Lieutenant Joseph Con-
SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC
Blauvelt, N. Y.

July 9, 1943.

Hon. L. J. Valentine, Police Commissioner
240 Centre St., N. Y. City

HONORABLE DEAR COMMISSIONER:

Permit us to extend from the depths of grateful hearts a word of sincere appreciation for the wonderful day which our boys and girls enjoyed as the guests of your Department at Steeplechase Park.

Certainly you are to be congratulated on the splendid organization which planned and carried through, in spite of so many difficulties, the arrangements which made that delightful day possible for our children, and we feel sure that God’s blessing will attend the Chief who made the project possible and the men who made so many sacrifices to attain such outstanding success. Won’t you kindly extend our word of sincere gratitude to all those to whom it is so justly due?

Sincerely and gratefully,

SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC
OF BLAUVELT, N. Y.
Sister M. Bernardine.

U. S. ARMY
Class 18, M. P. O. C. S.
Fort Custer, Michigan

July 8, 1943.

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

It is with a great deal of pride that I write to you as a former subordinate of yours.

This evening I saw a copy of SPRING 3100 and my heart and head really swelled with joy in knowing I was once a member of the “Finest.” I retired from the Department in October, 1941, and went to California to work in the picture industry where I was doing very well. I started doing a book on the Gangster Era in New York, “Angels Corner.” It is now finished and I in it I point with pride to the efficiency of our “Finest” under your guidance and that of His Honor, Mayor LaGuardia. It will be published at the end of the year.

Well, what I am trying to say is that in reading SPRING 3100 I learned that there are a few of us “old timers,” retired from the Department and veterans of the last war, back in service again. Last October my son and I both joined up. We were in the same outfit until I came here to P. M. G. School (Officers’ Candidate) where I am in my seventh week. So in and out of the Department we are still carrying on. Enclosed is a photo of six of us from the “Finest.” Yes, Mr. Commissioner, they are men the “Finest” can be proud of, all in Class 18. One in particular, Lieutenant Pinchewsky, now overseas, is considered the best bayonet and grenade man in the Army.

This, Sir, is my way of reminding you that the “Finest” in and out of the Department and in this fight for victory are carrying on the fine traditions that you and His Honor, the Mayor, have instilled in them.

B. P. RUDITSKY, Candidate.
Retired Detective.
Yes, SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
U. S. S. LCI (J) No. 1
Fleet P. O., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
June 7, 1943.

Through some stroke of good luck I have been receiving with clock-like regularity the Departmental magazine. By that I mean that through some oversight on my part I failed to notify you of a change of post office address. I take this means of notifying you of the change of address and offering my thanks for the forwarding of SPRING 3100 to me.

It affords me many pleasant moments of reading when time permits after other duties are completed. To me it is the same as a letter from home. It is one of the few pleasures that help to make life just a little more pleasant here in the North African waters. It affords a few minutes respite from the fact that there is a war going on in this theater. May I take an additional liberty with your time by extending to you my best regards to all the members of the Department (especially the boys in the Bus Bureau).

JOSEPH L. PALMER, Bos'n.,
Executive Officer,
Patrolman, Traffic O.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
7th U.S.N.C. Battalion
Fleet P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
June 23, 1943.

My new address is as designated above. This for your information and necessary change in your listing for SPRING 3100 which I am receiving regularly and which is as important to me out here as the daily paper used to be at home.

Thanking you one and all, and my best wishes to the "Finest."

JOHN L. CREHAN, C.S.F.
Patrolman, Man. E. Hqrs.

SOMEWHERE AT SEA
U.S.S. Ringold
Fleet P.O., New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
July 11, 1943.

I have received each issue of SPRING 3100 for the past six months now for which I extend my sincere thanks.

The news columns which the various Divisions and Precincts turn in are always very interesting, particularly those of the 5th Division.

Kindest regards to all,

JOSEPH J. CANAVAN, C.T.M.,
Patrolman, 34th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE AT SEA
USCGR, USS LST 262, Fleet P.O.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
July 9, 1943.

For fourteen months SPRING 3100 has been faithfully following me around, after having been re-addressed on occasion as many as three and four times, but it always catches up with me. And believe me I am happy that it does. It's a perfect reminder of the splendid group of men I used to work with and a real link with what I left behind—and hope to return to real soon.

Thanks again and my best regards to everyone.

LEUTENANT (jg) HERBERT H. BUNGARD,
Patrolman, 47th Precinct

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
C.B. Trg. 49th F.A. Bn.
APO 726, U.S. Army, P.M.
Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
June 27, 1943.

Thanks for the April issue of SPRING 3100. It was a sight for sore eyes, coming as it did with the first mail I've had in quite a while that I've been in combat against the Japs, where, I can't say, but the 22nd Precinct would look mighty good just now. As for the Japs, they're probably "so sorry" about the whole thing by now and, I'm sure they're going to be even sorrier than that before we're through with them. Thanks again for SPRING 3100.

Regards to the 22nd and my friends among the "Finest."

PTT. ROBERT W. NERGART,
Patrolman, 22nd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
85th Signal Company, APO No. 85
Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
July 12, 1943.

My sincere appreciation for every copy of SPRING 3100 sent me. They have come through quite regularly, both in garrison and later while moving through the South.

SPRING 3100 is an excellent means of keeping up with things in the Department as well as being entertaining and enjoyable reading.

Please note my new address above. Again, many thanks.

EDWIN J. LESTER, Ptt. 1st Cl.
Patrolman, P. A.
PATROLMAN DONELLY lounged in the sitting room of his precinct station house before turning out. His partner in crime prevention, Patrolman Riley, was engaged in earnest conversation with Sergeant Gallagher.

"It will be a boy this time, Sergeant," he confided. "She said it would!"

"Who said?" Sergeant Gallagher asked, sourly. "The tea-leaf reader. She told my sister-in-law hers would be a girl—and it was!"

"How does she know?" Sergeant Gallagher asked, sarcastically, as he prepared to call the roll. Patrolman Riley could not answer that one so he let it go.

"Donnelly and Riley take car 312 and cover sector four," the sergeant announced when he reached their names in the reading of the roll-call.

The patrolmen left with the others at the conclusion of the instructions and took possession of the car assigned them.

They had cruised for an hour without event when Riley made his seventh and final call to the hospital. His happiness knew no bounds when at the other end a voice informed him that Terence Riley, Junior, had entered this world.

"He weighs all of ten pounds!" he told Patrolman Donnelly, proudly. "He'll be a fine cop!"

Donnelly offered proper congratulations.

"It's too bad you've never been a father, Donnelly," the other sympathized. "It sure is great!"
“It’s not in my line,” Donelly responded. “Supporting the wife and the pekingese is job enough for me!”

“Wouldn’t he be proud of the old man if he were to land a promotion?” Patrolman Riley soliloquized, his ambitions sprouting wings.

“How does ‘the old man’ propose to accomplish that on sector four?” Donnelly asked, curiously. “Nothing ever happens here.”

“We won’t be on four all our lives. We might get transferred.”

“We’ve been covering this sector six months now,” Donnelly reminded him, wearily.

Their conversation was interrupted at this point by an excited individual who with arms upraised Jumped jitter-eyed in front of the squad car. Donnelly jammed on the brakes, bringing the car to a screeching halt.

“If you’re trying to commit suicide—” Riley shouted at him.

“I’m not!” the man gasped. “I want a policeman!”

“Well, what d’you think you’ve got?”

“I want the police to help me find Isabel. She’s been gone two hours! She—”

“Give us her description and we’ll notify the Missing Persons Bureau,” Riley suggested.

“No! No! That will take too long. Maybe—maybe she’s been kidnapped! Oh, we’ve got to find her before something happens to her! She’s a famous actress. The whole world loves her! She’s making a personal appearance tour and she’s due at the theatre at half past seven.”

“A movie star?” Riley asked, eagerly, sensing a golden opportunity. “And who are you?” he added officially.

“She’s the greatest star that ever lived!” the man said, reverently. “And I’m her manager. If I could ride with you and look around a bit, we might find her,” he added, hopefully. “She can’t be very far away.”

Patrolman Riley stepped out of the car and stood on the running-board.

“Hop in,” he commanded. “We’ll look around.”

“I hope we find her,” Patrolman Riley said, compassionately. “We’ll do our best!”

He looked at Donnelly and smiled triumphantly.

“Who said we wouldn’t get that promotion?” he asked. “Won’t Terence Junior be proud of his old man—and especially on this his very first birthday! I hope it gets in the papers!”

Careful search failed to produce a single clue to the whereabouts of the actress and Riley’s happiness diminished with each passing mile.

Donnelly wanted to quit the search.

“I think the guy’s drunk!” he exclaimed. “I’ll bet this famous actress came out of a bottle!”

Riley saw his name fading from the police honor roll.

“Think hard!” he urged, anxiously. “Maybe she went to the beauty parlor?”

The manager sent a disdainful glance in the policeman’s direction.

“No!” he said, curtly. “She didn’t!”

“Maybe she only went shopping?”

“She wouldn’t go near a crowd. She never permits an unpaid audience to watch her act.

“Temperamental hussy!” Donnelly growled. “She might be in church! The golden opportunity was tarnishing, and Riley’s anxiety was making his questions rather pointless.

“You couldn’t drag her into a church!” was the startling reply.

The patrolman shook his head sadly. “I see. An atheist!”

“She’s nothing of the sort!” the manager exclaimed, angrily. “You cops make me sick! You—”

Suddenly Patrolman Donnelly’s patience snapped like a rubber band that has been stretched too far.

“Listen, you,” he addressed the man curtly. “You said she wouldn’t be far away. We’ve been over nearly all of our territory and she’s still missing. The only place we didn’t search is the park and if we don’t find her there you’ll have to come down to the station house!”

“The park!” the manager exclaimed, snapping his fingers. “Why didn’t I think of the park!”

Donnelly guided the squad car into the park and they continued the search on foot.

Patrolman Donnelly became suspicious now.

“You didn’t murder her and hide her body in the bushes?” he asked.

Suddenly the memory of a gaily-colored poster flashed into Patrolman Donnelly’s mind and he asked a single question.

“Where was she supposed to appear tonight?”

“At the Palace Theatre,” the distraught manager answered.

Donnelly smiled. “You’ve been reading too many detective stories, Riley,” he declared pompously. The search had assumed a different aspect. Instead of scanning the shrubbery, Donnelly’s eyes turned skyward.

He had not gone a hundred feet when two shrill blasts of his whistle brought Riley on the run.

“I’ve found the movie star, Riley, but you can have all the credit,” Donnelly announced as he collapsed upon a nearby bench and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks in streams.

“Won’t Terence Junior be proud of his ‘old man’ when he is told how, despite all obstacles, he succeeded in rescuing the beautiful motion picture star,” he exclaimed. “I think I’ll tell him myself! Boy, it sure will look good in the papers! I can, in fact, see your picture on the front page now, with Isabel’s hairy arm around your neck and her lovely lips bestowing a grateful kiss upon you!”

Patrolman Ridley looked up into the tree with a foolish grin on his face.

“Aw, I don’t see nothing funny!” he said. “Who’d ever have thought Isabel was an ape?”

The manager looked at Riley. “Getting her down will be a tough job,” he volunteered. “You’d better go back and get the dragnet. The big one you spread over the city in emergencies.”

Patrolman Ridley reached for his gun—but Patrolman Donnelly saved the day.

“What would Terence Junior think,” Patrolman Donnelly argued, “if he found out that on his very first birthday, his father, a supposedly respectable young married man, got himself tangled up in a homicide, and all because of a movie queen—a hairy one, at that?”
Congratulations, Captain and Mrs. Gerald J. Crosson!

L. to r.: Mr. Thomas Byrnes, Mr. George Schaff, the Captain and his lovely bride; Richmond Assistant District Attorney Joseph McKinney; Crosson’s sister, Frances, and his father, retired Patrolman Charles S. Crosson.

"WHAT I have in mind right now is to get back into the war and do all in my power to bring it to a successful conclusion."

With this simple statement Captain Gerald J. Crosson, a patrolman attached to the 120th Precinct before donning the khaki of the U. S. Army Air Force, responded to the many tributes paid him and Mrs. Gerald J. Crosson, his bride of a week, at a reception and dinner given in honor of the couple on the evening of Sunday, June 7, at the Meurot Club, St. George, Staten Island.

Captain Crosson, who is a son of retired Patrolman Charles S. Crosson, formerly of the 123rd Precinct, was appointed to the Department March 26, 1938, and assigned a year later, on April 16, 1939, to the Aviation Bureau for duty as pilot. He is 31 years old and was a member at the time of his appointment of the Army Air Corps Reserve. In May, 1941, he laid aside his uniform of blue for active service with the Air Corps, as a second lieutenant pilot, at Langley Field, Virginia, and later became one of the first pilots to fly the famous Glenn Martin Bomber.

Twenty hours after Pearl Harbor was attacked, he left for parts unknown at the time and was not heard from again until from the Southwest Pacific came word some months later of the exploits of a daring New York City police officer whose forte was knocking Japs out of the skies.

Mission after mission was accomplished by Crosson in all kinds of weather; over vast jungle areas, and under the worst conditions a man can fly. Taking off during bombing attacks, having his plane shot full of holes from cannon shells and machine gun bullets, he has come through with colors flying. Wounded in combat and shot down by the enemy, Crosson upon his return on a brief furlough two months ago was the possessor of five decorations: The Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, Silver Star, Purple Heart, and the Airman’s Medal. Since his return to the Southwest Pacific two additional decorations for gallantry in combat flying have been awarded him—the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal and the Soldier’s Medal. These latter awards were made public by the War Department last month.

SPRING 3100 is happy to join with their legion of friends in extending to Captain and Mrs. Crosson heartiest felicitations.

And may his Guardian Angel in the hazardous task of sweeping the enemy from the skies fly side by side with Captain Crosson until the day when right shall have triumphed over might—when Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men shall again be the song of free peoples the world over.
Police Four Top Barber Shop Quartette Competition

**Stars of the Opera**, stage, concert, radio and screen were included (or at least so we've been told,) among the several thousand spectators who on the evening of Tuesday, July 6, on the Mall in Central Park wept unashamed as from the velvety throats of four robust New York City policemen gushed harmony in such sweet profusion as to cause husbands to kiss their wives and sweethearts to swoon with joy.

A more perfect night could not have been picked for the event. A gentle breeze fanned fevered brows . . . the while birds twittered happily in the trees. Stars in profusion beamed down on the crowded Mall. It was indeed a night to remember!

You probably by this time understand, dear reader, that what we are trying to do is describe for you our reaction to the grand job turned in by the Police Department Quartette in winning in such glorious fashion last month the ninth annual American Ballad contest for Barber Shop Quartettes—an event which yearly brings joy to the lovers of harmony and prestige to the melodious foursome on whose collective brows the laurel wreath of champion is placed.

Members of the triumphant police quartette were Patrolmen Joseph Spielman, Traffic C; Thomas Cantwell, 16th Division; Ben Giacalone, 73rd Precinct, and William Diemer, 42nd Precinct. Attired in the fanciful uniforms of another day and with faces gorgeously decorated with sideburns and sweeping handlebar mustaches, the boys presented a picture truly wonderful to behold.

An old barber shop set served as a backdrop for the competition. The judges included former Governor Alfred E. Smith. Park Commissioner Robert Moses, William C. Handley, composer of "St. Louis Blues," among others.

Second honors went to St. Mary's Quartette, the Bronx, with third place taken by the Ridgewood Clippers, of Brooklyn. Fifteen quartettes in all competed, three from each of the five boroughs, all of whom had survived elimination trials previously conducted by the Park Department in each borough.

Songs used in the competition had to be at least twenty-five years old. Those favored by the crooning coppers included "Casey Would Waltz With His Strawberry Blonde," "In the Good Old Summertime," "Everybody Works But Father," "Close Harmony," "On the Banks of the Wabash," and "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

Four $25 war bonds were awarded as first prize, one to each member of the winning team: traveling bags for second, and briefcases for third.

Congratulations, Messrs. Spielman-Cantwell-Giacalone-Diemer-Inc., on a swell job well performed! Ration points or no you brought home the bacon, and truthfully we can say four nicer or more talented lads couldn't have been picked for the task.
ON FRIDAY, June 25, a solemn mass of requiem was offered at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Grand and Ridge Streets, Manhattan, for the repose of the soul of Lieutenant Daniel W. O'Connell, U. S. Army, son of Patrolman William O'Connell of the 7th Precinct, who was killed in action in North Africa on April 28, 1943. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. Edward A. Giblin, pastor, with the Rev. John McGowan and the Rev. David Hordern serving as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively.

Father Giblin, paying tribute in his eulogy to those who have made the Supreme Sacrifice in the service of our country, said in part:

"Today we gather at the Altar of God to honor one who laid down his life that we might continue our way of life. Greater love than this hath no man. Lieutenant O'Connell gave his life that we might continue to live in liberty as free men—in the enjoyment of that freedom won for us in sweat and blood by our forefathers. His father, Patrolman William O'Connell, has been a friend and protector of the people of this neighborhood for over twenty-five years, and we extend to him and the members of his family our heartfelt sym- pathies. We welcome this morning the captain and men of the 7th Precinct. It was they who graciously arranged for this mass as a mark of respect to their fellow officer and we compliment them on their charity. Patrolmen always do nice things, but, unfortunately, are not always appreciated by those for whom they labor. We will not let the sacrifice of Lieutenant O'Connell be in vain. Encouraged by his example, we, too, will make sacrifices, generously, and not complain about the lack of things such as gasoline, sugar, meat, and similar luxuries and so-called necessities. For what are the little things we are called upon to give up compared to what those in our armed services are suffering—for us.

"God have mercy on the soul of Lieutenant O'Connell and give consolation to his dear father and family, and grant us strength and courage to live worthy of our heritage of freedom."

Among those who attended, besides his Dad, sisters Margaret and Mary, other members of the family and neighbors, were one hundred members of the 7th Precinct, in uniform, under command of Captain John B. McGarty, with Lieutenants Jeremiah Daly and Henry Miller as aides.

Lieutenant O'Connell, who was 23 years old and a graduate of James Monroe High School, enlisted as a private on August 12, 1940. Promotion to corporal and then to sergeant followed and on April 15, 1942, he entered the Officers Training School at Ft. Benning, Georgia, and was graduated three months later with the rank of 2nd lieutenant. October 1, 1942, he volunteered for overseas duty and sailed shortly thereafter with his outfit for North Africa. In March, 1943, he was promoted to 1st lieutenant and one month later, on April 14, he was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action.

The Order of the Purple Heart was awarded posthumously to Lieutenant O'Connell on July 3. And while all the decorations within the power of the government to bestow could never make up for the loss of a son, to the bereaved family it should be consoling to know that in the War for Freedom in which our country today is engaged, their boy did not die in vain—that for the land that gave him birth the greatest sacrifice any of us could be called upon to make has not gone unrecognized.

The late Lt. Daniel W. O'Connell

148 WOODHULL AVENUE
Riverhead, Long Island
July 21, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Please renew my subscription to SPRING 3100 and again say "Hello" for me to the men of good old Traffic E.

CARL VAIL,
Retired Patrolman.
RETIRING FROM THE DEPARTMENT

Lt. Anthony J. Battle Tr. J July 16, 1943
Sgt. Philip Collin Tr. P July 16, 1943
Ptl. Michael Dennehy Tr. B July 16, 1943
Ptl. Julian G. Palas Tr. F July 16, 1943
Ptl. Frank A. Byrne 60 Pet. July 16, 1943

Ptl. Theodore J. Smith Tr. B July 16, 1943
Ptl. John Parente Tr. I July 16, 1943
Ptl. John F. Langan Tr. A July 16, 1943
Ptl. Herman Stoffers, Jr. Tr. D July 16, 1943
Ptl. John S. Conway, Jr. E. S. Sqd. 5 July 16, 1943
Ptl. Frederick J. Barth 112 Pet. July 16, 1943
Ptl. Alfred A. Walsh Mtd. Sqd. 6 July 16, 1943
Ptl. George J. Ruch Mtd. Sqd. 1 July 16, 1943
Ptlw. Winifred Lenahan Bur. of Polw. July 16, 1943

207th COAST ARTILLERY BARRAGE BALLOON BATTALION
Battery "C", San Pedro, California
July 7, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

This is to acknowledge the continued receipt of our fine magazine. It is one of the links of friendships that still connect me with the Police Department of New York City and reminds me that I am a New Yorker.

In the past it has been an aid to me in following the various achievements of the Department and its members, and I know that the future receipt of the publication will be of vital importance to me.

To insure prompt delivery, I would appreciate that my mailing address be changed to Major James P. Brown, 867 West 10th Street, San Pedro, California.

JAMES P. BROWN, Major, C.A.C., Patrolman, 30th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC
Marine Air Base Squadron 1, First Marine Air Wing
Navy No. 145, Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.
June 27, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just a little reminder for you not to forget my copies of the magazine. We, down here at advanced bases in the South Pacific, do not have the advantages of U. S. O.'s or of most anything that would remind us of something called civilization. Reading material of any sort is really at a premium, and so SPRING 3100 is welcomed—especially as it is a reminder of the many things that we have left behind. Things are so bad at times that some of the men have obtained Japanese dictionaries (put out by the Army) and have attempted to read the story books captured from the Japs.

Regards to you all!

1st LT. LOUIS G. SHANES, Patrolman, 23rd Precinct.
By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

ALL SUCCESSFUL close combat is based on the principles of judo. In "Modern Judo" by Charles Yerok, published by the Military Service Publishing Company, these principles are clearly presented with 400 photographs. The author does not claim that one can learn judo in ten easy lessons. But he does insist that if you want to win you must learn the principles—and you can do this with his "Modern Judo." The book is available at the Municipal Reference Library, Room 2230, Municipal Building, where members of the police force are welcome to consult it and even borrow it for further study and practice.

HERE IS ANOTHER BOOK which the Library has added to its collection for the benefit of the personnel of the Police Department. It is entitled, "Plant Police Manual for Protection of War Premises" by Austin J. Roche, and published by the Holling Press, Buffalo, N. Y. The author, a retired police commissioner of Buffalo and former director of plant protection for Bell Aircraft Corporation, is widely known in the law enforcement field. His long experience in law enforcement lends authority to his recommendations as outlined in his book. It is well worth the police administrator's time to study the clear and concise information on the efficient policing of industrial premises which Mr. Roche has so competently compiled.

IT IS PROBABLY UNNECESSARY to suggest to members of the police force that they use a new handy book on first aid. However, it is a subject that improves with review, as well as constant use. This one may be hung up in the office or carried in the jacket. Each subject or procedure is arranged alphabetically, which makes for rapid use. The sections on anatomy, transportation of the injured and war gases are well illustrated. The book is called "What to Do Till the Doctor Comes . . ." and it is by Dr. Donald S. Armstrong and Grace T. Hallock (New York: Simon and Schuster. 1943. 354p.).

THE NEW YORK STATE War Council publishes an Official Bulletin which you have probably used for directives for civilian defense activities. We have a complete file in the Municipal Reference Library, should you be interested in back issues. Another of their publications concerns the "New York State War Emergency Act and Other War Emergency Laws" 1941 and 1942 (277p.). Of course it is a simple matter to check the 1943 changes for we have the Legislative Index and the statutes enacted. This collection embraces every phase of state war legislation—military service, housing, explosives and firearms, guards and motor vehicles—as well as the general enabling act.

THE WAR EDITION of "The Ships and Aircraft of the United States Fleet" by James C. Fahey (New York: Ships and Aircraft, 1942. 64p.) should be helpful to dock and harbor police. It includes aircraft auxiliaries.

THE VOTER, the city, the state, the United States government, the work of the courts, the laws which affect the citizens most closely, such as property, persons, organizations and criminals—are all headings in "The Citizen and the Law" by Morris Hadley (New York: Farrar and Rinehart, 1941. 363p.). This book has just been added to the Library, and although it is two years old, it seems particularly good because it clarifies many intricate matters.

THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE volume on criminology that we have seen is "New Horizons in Criminology" by Harry Elmer Barnes and Negley K. Teeters (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1943. 1069p.). Not only does it present the current problems, procedure and treatment, but it includes an excellent history of our penal system, punishment, criminal law, prison labor and education. Juvenile delinquency and crime prevention programs are also given notable space. There is an excellent listing of supplementary reading and references. This is a text as you can see by the number of pages, and not for light reading.
POST-ENTRY TRAINING COURSE
College of the City of New York
ENGLISH (REPORT WRITING)

This is a course in the correct expression and effective arrangement of ideas. Words and idioms, sentences and paragraphs, punctuation, spelling and grammar are studied and practiced. Frequent expositions or reports of police and fire problems and duties are written, corrected, and discussed in conferences. Emphasis is given to the form and style required by the uniformed departments in official communications.

Friday - 12 M. - 1:50 P.M. 
OR
5:50 - 7:35 P.M.
Room 1106 - Commerce
30 hours - 15 sessions
First session - October 1st
2 credits

Fees: $10. course fee; $2. registration; and $1.00 library.
Instructor: Mr. James E. Flynn, City College.

Registration may be completed in Room 1113, Commerce Building, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City, at the following times:
Saturday, September 18—9 A.M. - 12 Noon
Monday, September 20 to Friday, September 24—9 A.M. - 6 P.M.
Saturday, September 25—9 A.M. - 12 Noon

The fee is indicated above and is payable at the time of registration.

Classes begin on Monday, September 27th unless otherwise indicated.

Further information may be obtained from Room 1113, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City — Gramercy 5-7140, Extension 33.

CORRECTION: SPRING 3100 in its report on the awarding of medals for meritorious police work last month unfortunately had the photographs of Sergeant John M. Bou, winner of the Police Combat Cross, and Patrolman Arnold C. Dolan, to whom was awarded the Michael J. Delehanty medal, incorrectly set. The photographs together with the citation in each case should have been shown as below.

POLICE COMBAT CROSS

Sergeant John M. Bou, Shield No. 538, 120th Precinct (was Patrolman, Shield No. 1179, Police Commissioner’s Office, at the time of occurrence). At about 6:40 a.m., August 18, 1942, on duty in plain clothes, observed two men solicit three others. The five men proceeded to premises 29 West 112th Street, Manhattan. Patrolman Bou entered the premises and when he confronted the men on the third floor landing they fled. The patrolman pursued one of the men, who was armed, and overtook him on the fifth floor of premises 132 West 113th Street. A struggle ensued, during which the man fired two shots at the patrolman without effect. Patrolman Bou then shot and mortally wounded his assailant.

MICHAEL J. DELEHANTY Medal

Patrolman Arnold C. Dolan, Shield No. 17983, 15th Precinct. At about 11:50 p.m., October 2, 1942, on patrol, was informed that two men, who were fleeing in a taxicab, had threatened to shoot and kill a man during the commission of a holdup in a store at 1009 Second Avenue, Manhattan. Patrolman Dolan boarded a taxicab and gave chase. Upon overtaking the bandits, the patrolman observed one of them holding a revolver. The bandit pointed the revolver at the patrolman, who discharged six shots, killing one of the bandits and wounding the other. The revolver used in the commission of the crime and the proceeds of the robbery were recovered.
PATROLMAN RAY HENDLEY, 68th Precinct, long noted for his ability to flirt with par, and Sergeant Ed Spaeth, 11th Precinct, who broke into the low 70's for the first time at a Police golf tournament, tied for low gross as a result of identical 74's fired by this pair at the July tournament of the Police Golf Association held Tuesday, July 20, at the Fresh Meadow Country Club, Flushing, Queens. In addition, Spaeth took the honors for low net, his handicap of 9 giving him a net of 65 strokes. Hendley achieved his end of this remarkable exhibition of precision golf by blasting twin 37's the while Spaeth carded a brilliant 36 going out and a 38 on the back leg. Nice going, lads, and, again congratulations!

Next in line in the field of 136 was Patrolman John McDonald, winner of the SPRING 3100 trophy last year, whose 77 sans aid of handicap proves that John, too, was on speaking terms with par most of the way. Only other player to break 80 was Patrolman John Harcke, 5th Division, whose score of 79 strokes likewise was not to be sneezed at.

Historic Fresh Meadow, which sponsored both the National Open and National PGA, on this occasion backed up our intrepid linksmen not at all. The rough was high—and high, too, were the penalties inflicted upon those who strayed from the fairways. As a result, only 24 of the 136 competitors posted scores, the unhappy delinquents including among their number Patrolman Ed MacFadden, 112th Precinct, who led the pack at Pomonok last month.

For his fine hospitality, many thanks now from the boys to Mr. Sol Sussman, genial proxy of Fresh Meadow, and likewise to Mr. Ben Geller, for the wonderful luncheon—and we do mean wonderful.

The scores:

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Gross</th>
<th>Handicap</th>
<th>Net</th>
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<tr>
<td>E. Spaeth</td>
<td>74</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>65</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. Harcke</td>
<td>79</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>69</td>
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<td>R. Hendley</td>
<td>74</td>
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<td>69</td>
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<td>J. Bealler</td>
<td>93</td>
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<td>J. McDonald</td>
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<td>C. Stilson</td>
<td>86</td>
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<td>72</td>
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B. Hurwood ........................................ 82  10  72
C. Metz ........................................ 81  8  73
W. Miller ........................................ 95  21  74
G. Schulmerich .................................... 85  11  74
G. Ahrens ........................................ 88  13  75
R. Baum ........................................ 87  22  75
C. Boland ........................................ 89  14  75
J. Meenan ........................................ 101 24  77
J. Maroney ........................................ 103 25  78
G. Holmes ........................................ 98  20  78
J. Hennessey ...................................... 100 18  82
V. Lo Prest ........................................ 104 20  84
J. W. Lyle ........................................ 103 18  85
J. Jetter .......................................... 96  11  85
S. Newman ........................................ 108 22  86
W. Casey .......................................... 102 11  91
W. Flanagan ...................................... 105 13  92
W. Collins ........................................ 118 20  98

The next meeting of the P. G. A. will be held Thursday, August 19, at the Sound View Golf Club, Great Neck, L. I., where an old friend, Mr. Mario Cocito, who served the boys such a splendid dinner last year has promised to duplicate the treat.

Directions: Schenck Bus from Jamaica direct to course.

For further information contact Sergeant Bob Fogg, 94th Precinct, or at his home, Jamaica 3-7089.

THE Police Department Baseball team, which this season is limited in its activities to exhibition games with service teams in and about the Metropolitan area, has performed most creditably in recent weeks as its record of 6 victories against 2 defeats and one tie game would indicate. The teams to take them over were West Point, to whom the boys on May 30 lost a close one, 6 runs to 5, and the crack 340th Aviation Squadron, before whom our lads on July 12 likewise bowed, 3-0.

On the winning end the boys won from the U. S. Maritime Commission, at Sheepshead Bay; Ft. Hancock (2 wins and 1 tie); U. S. Coast Guard, Floyd Bennett Field; Camp Wood, Ft. Monmouth.

The last named team, incidentally, earlier in the season won in an exhibition game with the Philadelphia Americans by a score of 1 to 0, and in
another exhibition match which went to 12 innings defeated the Chicago Cubs 3 to 2.
Manager Steve Whelan in explaining the victory put it very modestly to say the least. Said Steve: “We just had a good day, that's all. We're not THAT good!"

The scores:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Runs</th>
<th>Hits</th>
<th>Errors</th>
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<tr>
<td>July 1</td>
<td>Police</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Coast Guard</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td></td>
<td>(Carroll, Auer, pitchers; Nally, Sullivan, catchers.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 11</td>
<td>Police</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>340th Avia. Sqdn.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>0</td>
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<td></td>
<td>(Carroll, Auer, pitchers; Sullivan, Nally, catchers.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 22</td>
<td>Police</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Camp Wood</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Brancaccio, pitcher; Sullivan, Nally, catchers.)</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>July 25</td>
<td>Police</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Ft. Hancock</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Carroll, pitcher; Sullivan, Nally, catchers.)</td>
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SOMEWHERE IN THE S. W. PACIFIC
2nd Special Batt., U. S. N.
Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

June 27, 1943.

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

Just a line from an old friend and admirer. After 8 months in the Navy, as Gunner’s Mate 1st class, I have finally made the grade. Lt. Comdr. Francis M. McCarthy, our gallant commander, has just promoted me to Chief Master-at-arms.

It was a tough, hard climb for an old timer like me, but it was worth it, as my seven sons and daughters and three grandchildren will live to be proud of their Daddy, and the thought of that makes me very proud, too.

Please let the boys in Traffic Precinct D, Deputy Chief Sheehy, Dep. Commissioner Cornelius O’Leary, Captain Johnson, all old friends of mine, know that I am well and still shooting 97.

Hoping to see you all again, after the war, I remain,

Your friend and well wisher,

WILLIAM M. MILLAR, C.M.A.A.,
Retired Sergeant, Traffic D.

A Challenge Met

Reprinted from the Staten Island Advance, Saturday, July 10, 1943.

WHEN a member of “the Finest” is put on his mettle, he rarely shrinks the test. Not only his own stature as a policeman but the reputation of the force is at stake. And in case the individual might consider discretion to be the better part of valor if only he, as an individual, were being weighed in the balance, with the glory of his outfit also involved, he can scarcely do otherwise than meet the challenge firmly, resolutely and in the spirit of never-say-die.

A group of officers at the St. George Stationhouse was confronted with such a challenge the other night. There wasn’t one who failed to measure up magnificently to the grave ordeal. Unwaveringly each of them came through, with colors flying, yet it was no mean test they underwent. For they were dealing with a veteran, a tough bird from Brooklyn who has been through the mill repeatedly and is a familiar figure with cops throughout the city.

No, this wasn’t a gunman they had on their hands; it was no hardened character who’s seen the inside of many jails. The visitor at St. George, Tony Coco, is a 10-year-old who seems to make it a practice to get “lost”—the “lost” being put in quotation marks because it’s doubtful, really, whether he’s ever as lost as he tries to make out.

Tony was picked up on the Roosevelt Boardwalk at South Beach shortly after 1 o’clock in the morning. When he told his sad tale, he was taken to the stationhouse where he immediately put on an act. He was wearing three sets of clothes, and he shed them, one after the other, until the officers decided that enough was enough. Then he postulated at length on the kind of treatment he had received whenever he was “lost” in any of the other boroughs. He warned his hosts that the hospitality of the Island—as well as that of its officers—was being tried; he explained that he was “very, very hungry” and that he wanted milk, cake and pie “in a hurry.”

Well, he got what he asked for. And in such copious quantities that before he left with his father, who meantime had been summoned to get him, he acknowledged somewhat haughtily that the Island’s hospitality was “fair, just fair.”

But that expression should not be taken at its face value.

Coming from such a discriminating old-timer as Tony, “fair, just fair” is fulsome praise. It establishes beyond doubt that the St. George cops were hospitable indeed—that when they were weighed in the scales, they weren’t found wanting but were, indeed, everything that men of “the Finest” are expected to be.
QUESTION AND ANSWERS FOR THE AUGUST, 1943, ISSUE OF “SPRING 3100”

By Lieutenant PETER F. MATHEWS

QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1
In what manner does the Safety Bureau of this Department cooperate with city, State and Federal departments?

QUESTION NO. 2
Under what circumstances may an attorney for a defendant in a criminal action issue subpoenas or subpoenas duces tecum?

QUESTION NO. 3
Are facts judicially noticed necessarily true beyond question?

QUESTION NO. 4
When a criminal proceeding, either grand jury hearing or actual trial, is being conducted in State A, how may the prosecution obtain material evidence solely within the knowledge of persons who are either citizens and residents of State B, or who have fled there to avoid testifying?

QUESTION NO. 5
 Briefly answer the following:
  a. What are the functions of the Motor Transport Maintenance Division?
  b. How many extra cartridges shall be carried by members of the Force on patrol?
  c. What precautions shall be taken by a driver of a motor vehicle when parking on a hill?
  d. What is the main purpose of photographing the scene of a crime?
  e. In what cases shall the U. F. 95 tag be used?
  f. For what purpose is the Narcotic Bureau maintained?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1
Monthly reports are made to His Honor, the Mayor, showing by comparison with the same period of the previous year the accident record, by cause, as well as reports showing the number of accidents and the number of persons killed and injured hourly.

Monthly statistics concerning vehicular highway accidents to school children are furnished to public and parochial school authorities and to the Health Department, showing date, time and cause of accident, together with the school attended and school district concerned.

Monthly reports also made to the New York State Motor Vehicle Bureau and to the Bureau of Census, Washington, D. C., of all vehicular highway fatalities.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
The attorney for the defendant may issue subpoenas and subpoenas duces tecum, subscribed by him, for witnesses within the state, in behalf of the defendant, to appear before the court or judicial officer at which or before whom the indictment, information or complaint is to be tried or heard.

But no such subpoena duces tecum shall be directed to any office, department, bureau or other agency of the state or any political subdivision thereof, or to any officer thereof, except with respect to official records and books, papers and documents which may be subpoenaed in a civil case under sections four hundred ten to four hundred fourteen, both inclusive, of the civil practice act, and the issuance of such subpoena duces tecum in such cases shall be subject to the amicable provisions of such sections.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3
Taking judicial notice does not imply that the fact of which judicial notice is taken is true beyond question. It simply represents that there is common opinion among people which has been so universally accepted that it has become a part of common knowledge that the given fact exists. Usually, however, what is judicially noticed is not a matter concerning which there is any controversy.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4
The Uniform Act to Secure the Attendance of Witnesses from Without a State in Criminal Proceedings, combines the better features of all former legislation on this subject. Reciprocal in nature, the machinery set up is actuated when a court of record, in State A, certifies that there is a criminal proceeding pending in such court, or that a grand jury investigation has commenced or is about to commence, wherein X, within the boundaries of State B, is needed as a material witness.

Upon receipt of such certificate by a court of record in X's county, an order is issued commanding him to appear for a hearing. If, at the hearing, it is determined (1) that X is a material and necessary witness, (2) that no undue hardship is involved in the trip, and (3) that State A and all other states through which X will be required to pass have granted him protection from arrest and service of process while traveling and attending, the court of State B may issue a subpoena commanding X to attend and testify in the requesting state. It is further provided that if the said certificate so recommends, the judge in State B may order that the witness be delivered over to officers of State A.

However, before this latter procedure is used, the essential requisites must be found at the hearing, and it must be deemed necessary and expedient that the proposed witness be delivered to the officers instead of being allowed to attend voluntarily.

If, under the first method, after being ordered and tendered a specified sum X fails to attend in State A, he shall be punished in the manner provided for the punishment of any witness who disobeys a subpoena issued from a court of record in State B.

Under the Uniform Act in order to facilitate the above procedure, each State guarantees protection from arrest or service of process to any person attending court on its request or passing through the state in obedience to a like subpoena.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5
a. The functions of this Division are the supervision, maintenance and disposition of and accounting for all Department road motor equipment, accessories and supply materials.

b. Eighteen extra cartridges for each member of the Force assigned to radio motor patrol or motor patrol. Six extra cartridges for other members of the Force.

c. Shall not leave his motor vehicle unattended without effectively setting the brakes thereon, and turning the front or rear wheel to the curb.
d. To give a thorough and true account of the occurrence so that all important events of the crime are registered and told by the photographs.

2. On all bodies of dead or unconscious persons at the scene of an accident.

3. In the case of a dead human body wherein the complete identity is unknown or uncertain.

4. In cases where persons are found dead in hotels, lodging houses and furnished rooms.

f. For the purpose of enforcement of the law regarding the illicit traffic in narcotics.

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DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

General Orders No. 20, June 23, 1943.

Calls attention to mine procedure received from the Mine Warfare Officer, Third Naval District. Attention directed also to provisions of General Orders No. 16, c.s.

General Orders No. 21, June 24, 1943.


T. T. Message, June 25, 1943.

Changes of surgeons’ offices, effective 12:01 A.M., July 3, 1943:

Surgeon Ralph Colp, 1st Medical District, 894 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, through 19th Pct. Telephone: BUtterfield 8-5480. Hours: 11:30 A.M.

Surgeon Theodore M. Sanders, 19th Medical District, 894 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, through 19th Pct. Telephone: BUtterfield 8-5480. Hours: 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 A.M.

T. T. Message, June 29, 1943.

Form U. F. 37 titled “Uniform and Equipment Specifications” amended.

T. T. Message, July 7, 1943.

Ward Baking Company advises that its offer to pay one thousand dollars reward for information wanted in connection with the homicide of Dorothy Huber, stabbed to death at 145th Street and West Avenue, the Bronx, at 7:05 A.M., January 4, 1943, as published in Detective Division Circular No. 2, January 22, 1943, has been extended until December 31, 1943.

Detective Division Circular No. 2, January 22, 1943, and teletype message of 5:11 P.M., April 30, 1943, amended accordingly.


Municipal Term Courts in the Boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx will be closed during month of August, 1943.

Jurisdiction of these courts during such period will be transferred to the District Magistrates Courts in the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn and to the Arrest Court in the Borough of the Bronx.


Poster relating to the new withholding tax, received from the War Finance Committee, U. S. Treasury Department, forwarded to all commands.

T. T. Message, July 14, 1943.

Supply of circulars received from the Office of the Comptroller, City of New York, titled “Pay-as-you-go Income Tax,” forwarded to all commands for distribution to members of the Department.

Circular No. 19, July 14, 1943.

Communication from Board of Elections designating the Police Department to receive and act as custodian of ballot boxes used at the Primary Election on August 10, 1943, etc.

Circular No. 20, July 14, 1943.

Communication from the Chief Clerk, Board of Elections, requesting the assistance of this Department in the delivery of certain material to Election Inspectors.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONER
City of New York
July 8, 1943.

MR. JOSEPH GOLDBERG,
447 West 125th Street,
New York 27, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Goldberg:

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that personally, and on behalf of the Police Department of the City of New York, I extend to you our appreciation for the courageous and intelligent action taken by you in effecting the arrest of Manuel Logo and Gilbert Diaz on charges of assault and robbery.

I note from official police records that the above named prisoners entered the jewelry shop of Mr. Julius Chamelin at 446 West 125th Street and held up Mr. Chamelin at the point of a revolver, then struck him about the head and body and started to take some of the valuables in the shop.

You were across the street in your shop when you heard Mr. Chamelin’s call for help. You immediately took your .32 caliber revolver from under the counter of your shop and ran to Mr. Chamelin’s assistance. You caught one bandit, Logo, in the shop standing over Mr. Chamelin who had been struck to the ground; the other you pursued to the rear yard where you captured him after being forced to fire a shot at him which hit him in the left shoulder.

Your splendid exhibition of bravery and intelligence is to be commended. Your aid in this instance is a sterling illustration of the public cooperation we of the Police Department value to the greatest degree, and I herewith extend to you my personal commendation.

Very truly yours,

LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Police Commissioner.
"The Captain promised me the world—but I'm holding out for the radio car!"

"Rationing or no rationing, one sure does get fed up with people!"

"I thought you said MUGGERS—so I grabbed these two at Grand Central just as their train was about to leave!"
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION


8th Precinct: Conversation overheard last month: Sergeant Major Ray Reid (to Lieutenant Guess Who): "I will wait for you, Sir, and we will go home together." Then, alas, they met a gentleman known to us as "Mr. So What" who said, "How about a little snack?". Said Guess Who: "Just wait till I call up the cook." In about three minutes he was back and said, "Well, so long!" And Mr. So What said, "What is the matter?". Guess Who replied, "The cook cooks just too, too, belligerent!—so long!". And that was that.

Sergeant Pete Kelly is so black from sunning himself down by his bungalow in Grant City that he would pass for an Irish Indian anywhere. Calls his place "Castle-Manohon-on-the-Bay." Incidentally, Manager Chubby Whelan, who is doing right well with his baseball team, as yet has not caught up with Kelly; is even asking Pete to do him favors now.

Eddie Spear was Master of Ceremonies at the seating out of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Squads last month at which a wonderful time was had by all, including also the nice tribute paid by the boys to retired Patrolmen Max Ladell and Harry Schaaf. Schaaf is the lad who started and made possible these fine outings held each year by the Mercenaries.

George (the of the black chin) Luzzi recently purchased a leg of lamb and was extolling its beauties to his partner, Elmer Layden. It was so big, he said, that he got four large pork chops from it.

The pretzel crew of Dohrmann and Kissenberth is doing nicely, thank you. At least Joe has thrown away his towel.

Sergeants Dente and Zeke Weiman are on vacation. Dente has not been heard from, but Zeke is stopping somewhere not far distant from a place called Jamaica, in L. I.

Regimental Sergeant Major Skippy Groves and that canny lad Sandy MacFarlane intend to go to Hampton Bays in August. Sandy is going with the view of getting a line on the Grove's "technique."

Yes, Chief Clerk Foster is still helping Henry Roth!

In sizing up the 8th Squad detectives one wonders where all those gorgeous ties they wear come from, with John Imperial away out in front with sunburst patterns that actually dazzle the eye.

2D DIVISION


9th Precinct: First a look at the results of the election for P.B.A. delegate to replace retired Patrolman Jerry Bohans: The winn—-with 30 votes, Patrolman Denmy, who frankly administer his men helped a lot. No. Denmy, no sandwiches.

No. 2—with 13 votes, Patrolman Evers, who, when he left Ireland wanted to be a policeman, and now wants to be a delegate. Other also-rans were Patrolmen Hall, 7 votes; Short and Foreigner, each; Toll, 2; Robb and Spagna, 1 each. They say Mamie was wise to Frank wanting to become a delegate and then resorting to the old wheeze "I won't be home tonight because I gotta attend a meeting." So she wrote to the boys requesting them to vote for Frankie. Patrolman Mahoney campaigned energetically for Robb but his closest friend, Patrolman Buckley, did not get aboard the bandwagon. Spagna would have done a little better if his partner, Patrolman Nystrom, had voted.

With no votes apiece, Patrolmen Riley and Ziegenfuss, who also ran, must have been depending on their popularity to put them in—-as they did not even vote for themselves!

The "Mole" too did a lot of campaigning for this election; if you worked a special post, a sign would remind you to vote for the "Mole"; if on patrol and a certain pickled truck passed you on post, another sign, "Vote the Mole!"; turning out or returning from a tour of duty you could always hear this battle cry, "VOTE THE MOLE," yet he failed even to place his name on the ballot! I wonder why.

Our heartfelt sympathies to Patrolman Dewey in the recent loss of his brother. And best of luck to Patrolman Jerry Bohans who has been retiring on and off since your reporter came into the job and who has finally made the grade.

Sergeant Fechter (The Mighty), passing a stable while on patrol, got a warning to return to his first love. Sergeant Murray, his bosom pal, will have something to say about this . . .

Patrolman Soll (Sparkie) was seen passing out cigarettes the other day to his pals, Patrolmen Donovan, Lemeke and Comerford. They must have kissed and made up . . . Isn't love grand? Lieutenant Dooly will hold his annual get-together Aerob Festival at his Ronkonkoma estate some time this Fall—exact date to be announced later . . .

Patrolman Bosom seen looking over empty stores on 2nd Avenue trying to pick a choice spot to open his restaurant when he retires. A standing invitation to all members of the command to patronize his place has already been extended—providing they come in short-sleeve shirts and O.P.A. regulation pants.

(No arm! No cuff!)

FORMER OCCUPATIONS

Abruozzo was a clerk, a little better than me. Alois was a life-guard—what a sight to see! Anderson a handy-man, as handy as could be.

Barry was a landscaper, but couldn't plant a tree.

Barrett was a laborer, at just so much a day.

Bensten was a salesman, selling grain and feed and hay.

Bossm, another clerk—another, did you say?

Braverman was a chauffeur, but don't get in his way.

(Continued next month.)

4TH DIVISION


22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Comiskey

13th Precinct: Congratulations and continued success to Captain Riley on his first anniversary as commanding officer of this precinct. During the year past members of outgoing platoons have become proficient in executing army drill regulations, thanks to the Skipper's interest in seeing that the men are trained accordingly.

All of us were saddened to learn of the recent deaths of Sergeant Coleman's and Patrolman Martinick's respective fathers, and of Patrolman Backoff's brother. We sympathize with them in their loss.

We hope that Patrolmen O'Neill and Magneson, two of our members who have been on sick report for quite some time, will be with us again real soon.

A belated, the nevertheless hearty, welcome to Sergeant Galagher, now a member of this command. We hope his stay with us will be a long and pleasant one . . . Also, the best of luck to Sergeant Tierney, recently transferred.
Rambling thoughts: Does Lieutenant Zipp, who, incidentally, is one of the more popular members of the Department, honestly believe that his acquaintance, “Manhattan,” really has all that money he has so long been hearing about? . . . The cool, quiet efficiency of Sergeant Himmel, known to his intimates as “Moustache Mike,” Whatever became of the iron hat that was sent to a certain lieutenant by another member of the same rank? We sure would hate to have to wear, or kick, that dandy Stetson he takes off when he is addressed as “Loopy”? . . . If Act. Lt. Oetting, Air Warden generalissimo, really lays those brightly-colored red ties he is frequently seen wearing—or does he suffer from eye-strain? . . . Why doesn’t our old friend, the police captain, have a vacation? . . . How the precinct would manage to get along without the services of Leo Kandler, affectionately known as the “Little Captain,” if he gets that detail. . . . How theootsies of Patrolmen Delange and Herz are holding out since being back on the walk? . . . And that’s all for now!

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pet., Lt. Henry Nealon
24th Pet., Lt. John D. Prouta
25th Pet., Lt. Francis X. McDermott
32nd Pet., Lt. Harlem Fye

23rd Precinct: This precinct could have a nice, long interesting column in SPRING 3000 were it not for the unhappy fact the heavy weather is so fast changing that new events and occurrences as they happen. We have one of the largest precincts in the city and, so far as personnel is concerned, one of the best. Therefore, we should have a column second to none. Suggestions are always welcome—hard news is always welcome and all news items that you feel will be of interest to the command.

Our deepest sympathy to Sergeant McNamara in the loss of his beloved daughter.

When our members were present to pay their last respects to a departed friend and comrade, Albert Geyer, at his funeral service last month, and to his family our deepest sympathy now in the loss of one who was a credit not only to them but to the Police Department.

It is assumed that the additional $5, added to the house tax for the establishment of a House Flower Fund will be a boon to the men in the various squads who were usually assigned to collect whatever proceeds were possible. Proceeds ever, are used in making theetchers' and police's coffers.

Remarks and Questions Heard: Why does Artie Weiss wear pink silk underwear? (If why not ask him?) . . . Is it true Nealon bought a pack of chewing gum and gave it to that Patrolman Bill Caney while off duty and in civilian clothes was seen coming from an ice cream parlor—once? . . . That Patrolman Crimmings asked Patrolman Fisho (The Admiral) if he was high? and is he? When I asked the latter the word was that he wasn’t—and couldn’t think of a better country to be born in—and the “Why” because all good men are born here.

Lots of communion down at the Mayor’s house the last couple of weeks and the mayor’s wife speculation as to what might be done with the rest of young hawks inhabiting the roof of the mansion. Mike Sergio declared summonses should be served on the feathered pests. Prevett told he thought a net from the Emergency Squad would bring results, and Sanderger avowed the old established custom of putting salt on their tails would be much more effective and more fun. To date, the fate of the hawks has not been decided.

Men returning from vacation will be surprised to find that the house is a new paint job; a matter of fact, one who came back just today claims he would have sworn he was in the wrong building—but for recognizing the lieutenant behind the desk.

The commutation of Patrolman Sciotti since taking a special course as Sergeant cyber favors all particularly those short swing tours custom of putting salt on their tails would be much more effective and more fun. To date, the fate of the hawks has not been decided.

Patrolman Weisman, now Lieutenant Weisman of the U. S. Army, remarked in the course of a visit last month that he would like to hear from the boys; so get your pens going, fellers, it’s the least we can do.

28th Precinct: Sincere sympathy to Joe Consolo in the loss of his mother. . . . Lt. Pat Curley and Paul Szymczak, recently retired, are on the serious, sick list and should be remembered in some manner. . . . Now, a new problem. . . . The recent arrival of a beautiful daughter—father also is doing well, thank you.

Ask Ulrich for the story behind Sinkel’s new super-name—“Cookie.” . . . Mother Gerstenberg claims to be quite a cook—even carries his own soup-strainer with him at all times . . . Jute-box Mingauv claims that with a little knowledge of algebra, arithmetic and subtraction and table solving, any man can be a problem—especially if there are a@-galloon. . . . Andy Leddy has become “Upside-Down” Leddy ever since he appeared with his shield on in that posse, and is doing a great job of it. . . . There’s a new shot up his “Pink Sheet Ditty” to you . . . Eddie Byrnes has suddenly changed his ways—was sent to buy a pack of cigarettes the day before pay day. . . . And now that Johnny Moran has begun to sub-lieutenant, folk’s talk. . . . Harry Edwards has become a beauty expert, being qualified to determine among other things and from any distance false fingerprints and other false paraphernalia.

This is the last call to make your reservations for Riordan’s Labor Day chicken party—so speak up or be hungry by, D. C. I. Butler has complicated things by demanding that he be served only southern fried chicken, but Lt. Newland saved the day by promising to display his culinary arts to oblige The Chief, Ernie Schmidt has been delegated to supply the pumpernickel and rye bread, while Dennis Maloney and George Reihe do the serving and firetending. A good time should be had by all.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pet., Lt. Harry Harwood
42nd Pet., Lt. Paul E. Murphy
41st Pet., Lt. Samuel D. Sherrid
44th Pet., Lt. Edward Singer
49th Pet., Lt. John Keene

40th Precinct: What cop assigned to the hospital (not yet, Rosie) on a U. F. 6 wrote that a woman had received a possible fracture of the skull through having been struck over the head by a “famous tunnel killer” (Could it have been the one parked in Arlington Cemetery)?

Men from the Railway Express spent hours trying to round up an escaped monkey. Pompessi, sent to the scene, cornered the animal in a 100-Avenue basement, dropped to one knee and started cowering “Sonny Boy” whereupon the monk came out of hiding, climbed up on Nick’s lap and surrendered. The question now is, did he enjoy Nick’s singing or did he capitulate merely to get his monkey back?

A letter from Tooper incloses a picture of his whereabouts, a tropical scene—thatched huts, natives in loin cloths, etc. Though not permitted to identify the place, Jack says he’s named one street there Brook Avenue.

Sorry, no story on Cevillo this month, meaning, this is one month Rosie won’t see me . . . Kosofsky’s head, according to O’Malley, belongs under the "big top." What’s your comeback to that one, Tom? (O’Popa)

Who’s calling him "Playboy" Palsvitich and why? . . . Useful Hint: Standard equipment for patrol on Cypress Avenue should include a set of boxing gloves (are you listening, Meadows?) . . . Did you know we have in our midst a patrolman initials starting with “J” who appears none the worse? . . . If you want to see fine jewelry work, ask Hauser to show you the ring he made out of a single piece of chrome steel. Swell work. . . Ever hear Lieutenant Sullivan quote verbatim, line by line, from the characters in the Classics? If you want a real red laugh have Detective Joe McKeown do his pantomime of the pitcher with 3 balls and 2 strikes on the latter—who then smashes a home run. Very amusing . . . Did you know that your genial friend Patrolman O’Malley’s Reel has three sons in the armed forces?

Baseball is finally beginning to be the dominating sport in the precinct and the boys after a late start are finally doing some practice. Slipping and falling (ask Weller) were added specialties due to the wet court surface of the Fisho Field. By the time of the work chart we have Misheloff and his Mudies, on the other Gaffney and his Bagel Benders. Two great (7) teams—but, anyway, they have a lot of fun.

That honor roll carved by Tom O’Donnell is certainly a great piece of work. Tom was asked to have pictures made of it to send to each of the eight boys in the service—to show that the precinct hasn’t forgotten. As this is written it looks as if the honor roll will soon have a few more names added.

Among the latest songs to come are the new titles (with apologies): LUNDSTEN BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN . . . KEEP THE HOME FIRES BRENNAN . . . Britannia REUHLS the Waves . . . HOME, HOMESTOWN to Range . . . MURDO McBEAR Old . . . HRBONE Working at the LEVY SHEEHAN on Harvest Moon up in SNOWSKY . . . The Land of the FREIMANN HOME of the Brave . . . CAIN You Hear Me Calling Caroline . . . Silent Night FISHER New . . . ALL ALONG the Railroad . . . ALBRIGHT DUNN at the Mill Stream . . . BLUER Come Back To Me . . . THE OAKEN Bucket That Hung Near the WELLER . . . The Bells Are Ringing For Me and McLANN
ALL DEVOLL Is Waiting For the Sunrise . . . Will You Dance This WOLDSCHMIDT Me . . . Far, FARLEY Away . . . Where'd You Get Those Big BROWN Eyes . . . Any BAUMS Tofu Sects, HINKEN Dinkey Parley Vans. The GREENFIELDS Of Clover in . . . Sweet KOSIE O'BRAIDY . . . IROURKE A Bye Baby On the Tree Top . . . By the Dawn's EARLY Light . . . From the Halls of MARMAGANO To the Shore of PA- 


That's all for this month, gentlemen—and don't forget to decorate the box . . . FINK I go home now!

42nd Precinct: Dreamy August days once more fill one with that irresistible urge to steal away from the constant din of city life and wander to the cool countryside for a refreshing swim—or perhaps a day or two with the reel and rod . . . But why go on this way? Let's miss the thought until next summer.

Have you noticed, by the way, the sad, deceased expression on Patrolman Charley Notter's countenance of late? It seems Charley's been separated temporarily from his bosom pal, Patrolman Tony Minnadeo of Radio Sector 3, & the flavor just don't run right without Tony.

For a real howl try and induce Patrolman Barney Jogodnik to demonstrate his gastronomic ability in devouring a juicy, tempting steak. Apart from being a keen "observer" Barney is considered a gourmet—according to Patrolman Frank Koehler, the pair, incidentally, are known as the "Arsenic and Old Lace" combination of Radio Sector 2.

See Patrolman Bill Steele who recently migrated here from the 1st Precinct: "I have seen the Light, now I will spread the Word!" Fine sentiment, Bill, we need more men of your type and character in these trying times.

Patrolman Louis (Lulu) Buitkant has developed a "photographic complex" and intends to locate when retired in sunny Florida where the field of opportunity offers so much for the camera and tripped lens.

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman and Mrs. Norman Romney in the loss of their infant daughter last month.

Shuffleboard champs step forward and hump a real player in the person of Patrolman Cliff Wren, who will meet all comers in contest—those you will "spot" fourteen points, that is. "Jailer Bill" Diemer is still wearing the "smile that won't come off" and rightly so, for Bill is the basso profundo of the Police Department Quartette which won the Metropolitan Championship July 6 on the Mall Central Park in competition with quartettes from the five boroughs. Again, lads, congratulations!

Herewith are presented, left to right, the Misses Helen Marie Murphy and Mary Nugent, charming daughters of Patrolmen Paul E. Murphy and William Nugent, who graduated on June 24 past at the Ursuline Academy, Grand Concourse and 168th Street, and to whom we are happy to extend near heartily felicitations.

48th Precinct: The only resemblance Johnny Alfonso bears to Winston Churchill is the cigar . . . Is it true Gene Pearson sent his picture to Ripley, who sent it back with the notation, "I don't believe it"? . . . Can you imagine our Mike Wolff baking a ham and Julie Barth eating it? . . . The precinct crooner's title should go to Bill Murphy, another Bing Crosby—or are we just imagining things?—Lt. Lieutenant Leonard Devoe, his choice dish, gefilte fish . . . Joe Troiano's son was in on a turlough from the Marine Corps—a chip of the old block . . .

Is it true Lewis Kaplan is contemplating renouncing that most precious of freedoms—his most envied bachelorhood? . . . When things are gloomy you can always count on Bob Hartmeyer to cheer you up. His smiles are as good a tonic—and we don't mean just for the hair . . . If Howie Brunette lets any tailor he'll probably start bundering over—like a tree in the wind.

Contrast in shades: Babe Houdroy and Manny Simberg . . . Billishohn lost his hat, let us hope not his color . . . If someone ever tells you Fred Morgner in Civil Defense has been giving so many answers he should join the Information Please program . . . Has anyone detected Sergeant Metz reading the Ladies Home Journal? He says they have some very good stories. The man I'd like to get a hold of is Neuman he blushes like a June bride. Still has that girlie modesty. . . . Arthie Grossman is now at Chapel Hill, N. C. and getting along fine . . . As we go to press, Fred Sharpert is recuperating from his recent illness. Get all miss you . . . Who was it went to court with a warrant and forgot to take along the prisoner—who was left reposing in a cell at the station house? . . . If anyone among you gets on the lam, see Sergeant Leonard—an Underwood Mechanic.

8TH DIVISION

34th Pet, Lt. David Patrul 50th Pet, James J. Wunwe
45th Pet, Orchard B. Mcgouer 52nd Pet, Eugene Horpan

47th Precinct: Sorry to find our friend John Hearn still confined to the Veterans Hospital. Come on, John, get well—we all miss you . . . Also sick at home right now is Detective John Bunschrow. A visit to these boys would be appreciated.

Sergeant Belton after his recuperation from his recent fall returned to duty but not at the 47th, he has been transferred, at his own request, to the 25th Precinct, and to him in his new command we wish lots of luck.

Your reporter is glad to inform you he has received letters of thanks from Patrolmen Craig and Nye, of Edgemoor. From Patrolman Bumgard no word has as yet reached us.

We are happy also to let you know that the son of one of our detectives, Francis A. Ditmann, whose exploits I told you about a few months ago, has been awarded three decorations, the Campaign Medal, Oak Leaf Medal, and Air Man's Medal. Good luck to you, Francis, and keep up the good work.

This month, (or maybe next month) we will have the 52nd Pet., W. N. M. Nye, of the 48th Precinct.

Bill Mahar, who, tho he still thinks the world is on the level, claims everything happens to Sector 2.

Dominick Martello (the boy wonder), who in explanation of the Nicky Mahler, who, tho he still thinks the world is on the level, claims everything happens to Sector 2.

Dominick Martello (the boy wonder), who in explanation of the murder he had cemented, told his car recently, told his boys he'd had a new "gas bag" installed. (Right, Zanelli?)

Joe Magrann (better known as Smiling Joe), who recently made a good pinch while on his way to work. Good luck, Joe! Keep it up.

Jerry Meagher (Father of Sector 2), who claims he must continually take Engholm by the hand or else . . . (Wonder why?)

Fred Mikes, who is soon to become a sergeant, has also on 7 o'clock this morning and who we know will make a swell loss. Good luck to you, too, Fred, and may you continue to climb the ladder of success.

Dimpley Monohan, better known as The Undertaker, being that he backs the Posts 27 and 28—a place where they do a lot of "planting"—and not of the victory garden variety, either.

Jimmy Boy Monohan, who is assigned with "Muscels" Hartmann in Section 96, but never works it due to his 95 ability. Better known to us as The Minute Man.

Virgil Moretti, who, Maheer claims, goes over Auto 989 with a fine tooth comb—but a 100% cop nevertheless.

We have only one N. "Peanuts" Nye, better known to your reporter as "Big Boy," Solberge fellow-former Gun Sq. member—and a real good cop for anybody's dough.

Joe (Beau Brummel) Palmer, the Mayor of Fordham Road—better known to Cotter as "What can I do about it, Tom?"

Sergeant Phil Parker, recently confiined to the Veterans Hospital but out on the job—bless his heart. Get well, we all hope.

Sergeant John Powers, better known to the gang as The Chief, and for our dough one of the nicest fellows a guy could know.

Last but not least, Lieutenant John Petrichuck, better known as "Pink Tea Cup," who likes his coffee strong and his tea weak. Look for Lampre, Lute, he's looking for a tea cup with garnishments on it—to match a set at home.

Something we'd like to know: Why our esteemed friend Chaplain A. Hamilton Nesbit, refuses to ride in Sector 3 with the "Dutchman" and the "Wop"? Could it be he's afraid he might be mistaken for a Jew?

So long until next month.

50th Precinct: Farm Notes: The Kohler-Lenihan produce farm, overlooking the beautiful Hudson, when ready for harvesting will not be overlooked by the boys of the precinct . . . Accidentally Milano fell on some of his choice tomatoes, then philosophically
remarked, "So now I got also squash!" ... Gus Talwick, the Bronx Burbank, famous today as possessor of the show place of the borough, has tomatoes so large it takes but four to make a dozen, and string beans larger than Tommy Walsh's b. r. ... John McMahan Jr. was not sure — and the colossus on his roof — that Bob Hamilton expects a bumper crop of broccoli — this for the reason that he planted carrots. Claims he never gets what he expects, even on the roll-call ... Lieutenant E. Ghadstone Groot has a big market looking for his hand-grown tomatoes — but so far cazzinutes constitute the sum total of the contributions. For the reason that we're sadly in need of vitamins up here, vegetable salad will be served at the expiration of each term. The lack of same has so far cost us, 60 to 100 of the V.D. members, and very capable baritone, Patrolman Reinald Wing Matheson, please note.

Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Joe Ryan upon the graduation from Hunter College with a B.A. last month, of their son, Victor. Young gunfighter, Virginia was chosen, due to his fine showing scholastically while at Hunter, for the post of assistant in political philosophy at Fordham University. Not bad for a 21-year-old. Her M.S. degree, for which she is now studying at Fordham, will come along as a matter of course.

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Nick Isoldi in the loss of his mother.

The boys in the back room were discussing the proper method of handling land mines and gufawed rather loudly when a certain gentleman said, "Rope off the area—keep all unauthorized persons above the ground — there aren't any don't grab it by the horns." Well, for the information of the ha-ha-ers, that is precisely the right thing to do — don't touch any part of it — particularly the horns. (O. K., Frank?)

Our noted back-room grammarian (guest who) added another eleven-ion mot to his already long list when pada in his under-nourished compatriots explained that in order to gain weight he should try drinking "egg noxes." No, he never went to Harvard — but he's associating of late with Benny Klein.

In a handball match recently Acting Lieutenant Corby spotted one of his stalwarts, Patrolman Joe Ruggieri, 19 points. The final score: Corby, 21; Handsome Joe, 19. Joe didn't really need the handicap, claims he took it just to keep the score even. The corner drug dealers are undoubtedly profited handsomely. Liniments and rubbing alcohol were the orders of the day.

At this writing one of our chief building engineers, Patrolman Arthur McLaughlin, is on sick report, and all of us here join in wishing him a rapid recovery.

Replacing Patrolman McLaughlin at the moment is that intrepid hunter and trainer of pigeons, Patrolman Johansen — all of which adds up to Jo's former record, Patrolman Al Costantino, who is doing away in loneliness for his bosom pal and sufferer. So you see, if Mac gets well quick, everybody will be happy.

And so till next month, and if in the meantime you have any suggestions to make, let's hear 'em. Don't forget, this is your column. We'll arrange to feature in print what you fellows think and say.

62nd Precinct: The 62 Precinct softball team, the All Stars, under the leadership of Captain O'Connor, who has been on the job for the weeks shaved, varnished and whitewashed some of the toughest teams in Brooklyn, including the 10th Detective District, 64th, 60th, 67th and 82nd Precincts — and not forgetting the 62nd Precinct Rebels whose stars, Mam and Johnson, were held hitless by the superb pitching of Al Smith. The All Stars so far this season are undefeated. WHAT A TEAM!

Our best wishes for speedy recovery to Patrolman Nat Lefler, who is now convalescing. ... Patrolman Doebel, mastermind of the victory over Avenue I in the chess war was revealed when the "rare vegetables" he'd been nursing with such tender care turned out to be just a patch of buttercups. Patrolmen Berrman and Scone, who were supposed to know. What happened to Ren, the dog that used to visit the boys turning? Would Rocco Caretti know? ... Al Maher soon will be able to perform wonders on his giant harmonica. It's the triple tune he wants to master. Frankly, we think it's a waste of time in his case. afternoon on Monday, and the degree of F. P. conferred on Al so long ago. ... Lots of luck to our two future inspectors, Patrolmen Robert Tammant and Vincent Bracco. ... The photographs taken of Lieutenant Chris Mitchell at the enrollment booth in the recruiting drive for new members for the Air Warden Service were the Kata. A sheik we'd swear he was if we didn't know him. ... Have you any old junk you wish to dispose of? — See Patrolman Stark. ... Any old cars? — See Penner.

Competition in the handball tournament now being contested at Seville's, C. I. is keen. Games lined up include the following matches: B.C.I. vs. Sid Brown; Jim Monteleone vs. Will Eddington; Cono Ciano vs. E. Pollack. Results will be published in the next issue.

Harry Long is doing secret road work as a prelude to challenging Jim Monteleone to a wrestling match, Jim, try to reduce instead puts it on. Tips the beam at a mere 225 now.

Why does Ray Newman always think of calabage? Would that recent visit to the hospital to have a boil treated be the cause?

64th Precinct: Our condolences to Patrolman Galasso in the passing of his beloved sister. Maybe she's rest in peace.

Things I would like to see: On any busy Sunday — Patrolman Anderson, Jr., on Special Post I, Patrolman Creange on Special 2 and Patrolman Barrett on the 69th Street pier, each with a sand which in one hand and a container of coffee in the other (eating his meal) as per order recently issued. ... Patrolman Lo Fresco giving his landlord a summons. ... Patrolman Rogers on the station house post. ... Speaking of Rogers, it is true the lad is contemplating taking Gassing at Electric House? as we've been told. ... Patrolman P. McDonnell on a talking spree. ... The Day Squad sticking to their banks instead of to the cars.

Why do the men knock on Patrolman Anderson's door and then perhaps knock on Patrolman McLaughlin's door, and then knock on Patrolman国旗's door? — To those not feeling up to snuff we suggest a consultation with Doc Murphy, who will explain how to help the systolic action of the cardiac organ (heartbeats to your) and similar phenomena with which this most dependable of profession can be confronted. ... If you will come in you are an odd cigarette or two. ... Did you notice Patrolman Badyna's knuckles lately? Maybe he is looking to be mounted again. (Look out for Patrolman Morrow, Marty!) ... We have (wait, change that) four rookies (one, Patrolman DiGiacomo has just departed for the Bureau of Operations) assigned to the command recently, and so to the newcomers, Patrolmen Jacobs, Kornfield and Weiss we say, "Welcome" and "Watch your step!" (That's the pass-word here.)

Softball: Scores of recent matches follow:

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There have been a number of great musical aggregations in the past, but the truly greatest of this present day and age is none other than the one known as "Moran's Rascal." The recent inspection for uniform overcoats proved disastrous for Patrolman Reife. His overcoat passed—but the hanger was knocked.

Sergeant Jacobs met with such success in his recent venture with neckties that he no longer complains of the "break" he got when his medico friend "helped" him with his sins.

Anthony Giovanni as a "broad" to his compatriots, better known now as Arthur Duffy, has become so attached to his new hat that he is seriously thinking of obtaining a Supreme Court order permitting him to keep the name permanently.

Recent news reports tell that the Allies captured Pachino, Sicily, the key to the future of Europe. ... The Great Contractor, born in the sleepy little hamlet of Sal, because of such capture, a British subject. He is greatly disturbed over this fact, naturally, and believes that he will have to change his first name now to Percy, or Montmorency, or maybe Archibald.

68th Precinct: Our column is devoted in its entirety this month to the famed deeds of one of our more illustrious compatriots, one George (The Prussian) Wegman, better known, perhaps, as "The Great Contractor." Born in the sleepy little hamlet of Sal, because of such capture, a British subject. He is greatly disturbed over this fact, naturally, and believes that he will have to change his first name now to Percy, or Montmoreney, or maybe Archibald.
D'Augustinis). The large pair of pups that he sports is a gift from the corn he knocked down as a youth; the sharp eyes and the thirst for success are assets to Patrician Gas as a bald head to Mulvihill. The famous Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner when George, with a bag of apples over his shoulder and a pair of shoes on his feet, on a cattle boat set sail for New York and arrived several hundred thousand bushings—and the myriad lights that you and I know as Broadway. His first ride in the subway was an unforgettable thrill, as was also his first meal of New Yorkers ham and eggs. Well, a lot of water has trickled under the bridge since then, and George, despite the fact Gus Schuhose has long since retired to green pastures, is still accepting contracts to do—for you and you this and that—providing he can do it. Charlie Scientific tells the tale of putting in his papers for retirement, to take effect in January, 1947. The last is a contract for you—and I don't mean perhaps. More about the Wegman case anon.

70th Precinct: Well, the good old Seventieth Precinct is back in circulation and we are glad to be able to tell you as our first pleasant duty that James O'Connell is home from the hospital. Also we want to wish good luck and a speedy return to our Patrolman, who has been called by Uncle Sam for army service.

Who's the ex-handball champ of the "Seven O" clubroom? We won't mention his name but his initials are F.T., he weighs 240 lbs., and he roots around with his dog. Who was the accommodating roofie who rolled out the adjoining precinct's stanchions while his partner in the radio car almost threw a fit? With the gas and tree shortage, why not put a license plate on "Tiny" John O'Connell's dog, Pee Wee? Capetta and use them for precinct patrol? Is it true "White Shirt" Flanagan was formerly a clam digger?

Things I'd like to see: Tom "What a Memory" Keating making a mistake on a precinct number. . . . "Honest John" Thompson rushing in thirty minutes before the hour. . . . "Daisy" Jankowski doing a buck and wing. . . . "Happy" Viki Ecks with a smile. . . . Ed Healy answering a question in less than thirty minutes. . . . The "sailors" on an "Ole Capt. Ed Schrey and First Mate John Cronin" in a rowboat—"You know, Ed, you're the operator!" . . . "Mort" Block in one of those gorgeous ensembles of yesteryear. John "Bachelor" Gruney must have a victory garden—someone saw him with a nice tomato. . . . We are glad that George "Silent" Deegan is back from vacation. Now Alley Fisher will stop haunting the backroom looking for him. Tommy Noon has a new name. . . . "The Abstainer." We hear he went to a party and no one evening long saw him take even a sandwich. Can he be that Tommy is dieting? . . . Who saw what "Guy" helping what "Gal" with "Whose" victory garden?

That's all for this time, fellows. We'll be glad in next month's column to include any choice bits of gossip you may happen across. Just get in touch with the reporter—he'll do the rest.

11th Division
72nd Precinct: Patrolman Fred J. (Pasta Fazolo) Santaniello invited another cop to his home for a feed of meatball and spaghetti with a little bit of Parmeggiano cheese omna da top. The meal was enjoyed by all, including the cat—when one meatball hecsa drogga is the floor.

Sleuths in the 82nd Precinct, still looking for the culprit who broke that window, asked us a lot of questions, but no dice. Frandship sheesa come toist, eh, Sargentato?

Why do they call Patrolman Albert (straight-back) Drake a fugitive from a corset model?

Patrolman Stephen (1 raise) Leonard's plan to eat the rationing of eggs: purchasing some chicks. Simple?

What is the sentiment of the 10th Precinct in the absence given him by his wife daily, and when he got home was made to sit in the corner because he failed to bring home enough change? What are you looking at me for?

Who was it that took a tour off without pay last month so he could carry his wife's grubs with other kicks before he called last and then celebrated a bit on his own?

Congratulations to the new vice president of the P.B.A., Patrolman Wheeler Bowden, and every good wish for a successful administration of that high office.

Our sympathy to Patrolman Thomas Walsh in the loss of his brother.

74th Precinct: Our sincere sympathy to Joe Gangi in the loss of his sister, and to Lieutenant Miccinno in the passing of his father.

Best wishes to Sammy Price upon his retirement. How does it feel to be living a normal life again, Sam?

Congratulations to Bob and Liz Strahil upon the arrival of an eight-pound bouncing baby girl last month! Best-o-health to mother and baby.

Chance of a lifetime! Anniversary sale at Chanawacker's Basement! Good second-hand hats, coats, shirts, etc. Equipment Bureau please note.

Congratulations to Miss Marie DePasquale, who did her father, our own Frankie DePasquale, proud by winning a four-year scholarship to Immaculate Heart High School. This upon graduation, with honors, from grammar school this past June.

And while we're bragging, the Boy Scout cop, Yontov, alias Pete Halliday, is winning honors as a student naturalist—can tell now to what species a tree belongs just by its bark and shape. As for the Boy Scout's pal, Hank Kaufman, just by the bark alone he can tell it's a dog! (Suggestion: "Chain of command, and no more funny")

Is it true Willie Weehb has bought a fresh supply of new uniform shirts and stuff? . . . and that JoJo De Vivo is a stockholder and member of the board of the Bank of Sicily?

Whether you believe in gremlins or not, Farrant does! And he admits that his gremlin is none other than Mantegari. Even while Manty, his pardner, was on vacation, Farrant was having gremlin trouble, such as getting a flat tire in the pouring rain of a late tour, etc., etc.

74th Precinct Softball Team

Above photos are by Ken Radeltofie of the championship 74th Precinct softball club, known as "The Reinbeer" for the way he covers left field in catching the impossible low drives that come his way. The team lost a tough one to the U. S. Coast Guard, 9 to 8, and another to a bunch of weeping willows from the 10th D. D., 13 to 11. Aside to McOwan: Keep that rackle-rousing tormentor in the fascist green shirt home the next time we meet. Suggest putting a "G" on him and filling him away.

In any event, at long last our team pulled out of the slump by beating the 104th Precinct, 8 to 6, out at Farmers Oval, a meeting at which a fine time was had by all. . . . And did you notice, incidentally, all those kids from the 104th Precinct proudly baring their sneryy chess? . . . and how often Paul, our pitcher, ran down the first base line—and not to get on first base, either?

We have two excellent F. D. A. delegates in Eddie Coney and Frank DePasquale—but can they tell us (1) what the P.B.A. is doing about the "Vote by every member" referendum, and (2) what in the meantime we're supposed to do while waiting for that bonus, due way off in April, 1944?

Have you noticed? those classy ties featured by Captain Joe Workman? . . . Sobokin's new zoot suit . . . The sporty combinations Dick Mount so proudly sports? . . . and the dazzling six-appeal of Billie Symes and which, along with his melodic voice, qualifies him as our own Frankie Sinatra?
Since cream cheese sandwiches are no go with Bobby Dore, what about box mit bagel...? ... And did you hear about the "boarder" that Joe Latz tried to evict from the basement of the 74th? Not a paying customer, no doubt... And say, Walter (O.C.D.B.R.A.), why didn't you show up for lunch today? Joe says he will lay the coffee—believe it or think with it.

75th Precinct: Deputy Chief Inspector Louis F. Schilling received word last month that his son, Captain Joseph Schilling, on duty somewhere overseas, has been promoted to the rank of Major, and to the proud father we say now, more power to him, Chief, and may he when he returns be sporting on his shoulders a gold star—the equivalent in rank of your own.

Best of luck to Patrolman Mostekas, latest from here to be called to the colors.

Patty Monday and Jacobsen after plunging into the Gowanus Canal to rescue two drowning boys, succeeded after some hard work in saving the life of one of them. Both were on sick report for several days afterwards due to injections given them for the prevention of typhoid. Good work!

12TH DIVISION

63rd Pet., Ptl. Henry Gouldby
67th Pet., Ptl. George Pilewski
69th Pet., Ptl. Henry A. Heatin

75th Precinct: HEADQUARTERS FORT DU PONT
Office of the Public Relations Officer
Fort Du Pont, Delaware

July 10, 1943

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

It was no great difficulty for the classifying officer at Camp Upton, New York, to assign William F. Gannon to his proper job in the army. Prior to his induction recently promoted Sergeant Gannon was a New York City Policeman and consequently he was immediately sent to the 123rd Military Police Section, Fort Du Pont, Delaware.

Since his arrival at Fort Du Pont Sergeant Gannon has received rapid advancement. He was promoted to Private First Class on January 29, 1943, to Corporal on May 3, 1943 and in one short month he has been advanced to Sergeant. There can be little doubt that his previous service as a policeman was a decided asset in his rapid promotion.

Sergeant Gannon was born and educated in New York City and prior to his induction maintained a residence at 1431 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

As could be expected Sergeant Gannon is an expert pistol shot and has an excellent collection of medals and trophies to attest this fact.

THOMAS D. STORIE
Captain, Infantry
Public Relations Officer

13TH DIVISION

7th Pet., Ptl. John W. Wood
7th Pet., Ptl. John W. O'Keefe
80th Pet., Ptl. Patrick O'Connell
88th Pet., Ptl. William Wisser
88th Pet., Ptl. Daniel D. Langin

77th Precinct: Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Phil Miller in the death last month of his sister.

We welcome to the command Probationary Patrolmen Joseph Searwass, Abe Cohen and William Mazurkowics, and at the same time bid a fond adieu to Patrolman Harry Abramowitz who was retired last month because of physical disability, sustained in the performance of police duty. Harry, it will be recalled, was shot and seriously wounded two years ago while assigned to duty in plain clothes.

78th Precinct: The 79th gives another good man to the Armed Forces. Bill Breslin, fine young American, whacking good cop (and baseball player) has left us to re-enforce the U.S. Marines! All the best to you, Bill.

Our softball stars, aided by the strong right arm of the Flushing Tornado, Jock McAuliffe, put up swell battles against the Army and the U.S. Merchant Service, but lost in both instances. The USMS took us 6 to 2, at Sheepshead Bay, and the 372nd Infantry clipped us 5 to 1 at St. John's Home.

The baseball team is not faring too well, either, and to wit: The Naval Clothing Depot downed us, 5 to 2, in spite of splendid pitching by Hal Wells... St. Gregory's likewise gave us the business when with 3 on in the last inning a galoot named Sede belted a home run. Ed Parry and put the game on ice, 9 to 7... Next the Naval Clothing boys caught us flatfooted out at the Parade Grounds and belted the everlasting daylighters out of us, 14 to 1... And at long last we nosed out a snappy team from the Little Flower parish, 2 to 1. And what a long while to get started, we admit, but we're looking forward to more frequent wins from now on.

Read in the paper the other day that Uncle Waddy Wilson's boy, Joseph, has received both his wings and his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Air Corps... Lou White's boy, Charlie, also in the same outfit, is about ready to sprout his wings.

"Little Lie" Reinertsen was a draftsman before entering the Department's ranks. This month he has been promoted to Chief to the 79th Precinct, working on a group of maps that will prove helpful should the necessity arise.

Bill Smith, shortstop and slugger par excellence of the 79th, has joined the Department Golf Club—and a very fine addition he should prove to an already very fine organization.

Round Patsy Malone came to grief at the Parade Grounds when his car jammed on the wrong side of the highway. A 2nd, trying to prevent the theft of that bag by one of the NCD boys, succeeded in Patsy catching the ball on the off side and twisting the little finger of his left hand until it looked like one of Uncle Nathan's weenies... Right on! Patsy and digger doing nicely, thank yeuse... No thanks to Tough Tony for throwing curves to the 2nd baseman, though.

Yes, Abe, nightsticks will bounce, so be very careful how you use that bant for an egg in the trying pan is worth two on the coco... No?

Frank and Mrs. Gorman visited the Red Cross Brooklyn Chapter recently where each donated a pint of blood—for the second time—making four pints in all—one for each of their four boys in the service... We hope none of the four ever will have occasion to use it.

Sez Mr. O'Day: "Well, now, even though you boys can drink a lot of water, you won't die... I'll put me baseball boys against any two of ye—and y'll owe me four—or nothing"... No sooner said than done... Our side was represented by Tony Santangelo and Eddie Becht; Mr. O'Day's by a boy named Nick (and it couldn't have been Nick's mother) plus our own Joe Daly (the spalpeen)... Well, the four of them sweated and grunted—and grunted and sweated—till our side lost, 21-19—meaning we had to pony up—and did the O'Day smile!... Nothing can happen in the 79th as usually does... The day was beautiful—the sun blazed hotly—humidity was at the saturation point—and believe it or not—Officer Willie McMaus made a determined attempt to turn out wearing his winter overcoat... Yes, 92 degrees it was.

You can take this or leave it. In a practice game at Boys High Field recently, the BB team manager carted his well-aged soupbone out to the mound and delivered a hit — a seven inning session... Our starting, though you couldn't see it in the first inning by the snappy playing of the remainder of his team, and maybe a little—just a very little—by the umpire, Bill Reilly... As a result, all 97 pitchers will take a 50% reduction in salary—since by the manager that particular chore was found to be such a pushover.

80th Precinct: Are we about to lose Ptl. Bob Morrison to Uncle Sam soon? Perhaps the next issue of "3100" will list Bob among the growing roster of Department representatives. More later.

Congratulations to Ptl. John Canavan, recently promoted to sergeant.

Observed recently: Sid Raphael's name engraved on a beautiful plaque on Tremont Ave., not his home neighborhood. Your letters from camp are very welcome, Sid; we are sure glad to hear from you.

How about a word from two more of our buddies, Ensign Hal Keller and 1st Ltent, Hal Venekus—a Ski Kinamso never to visit with us whenever he's in port. Godspeed to all of our boys!

Observed: Dan Selman, the Spanyid, attempting to instruct Eddy Byany, the Syrian-ser, in the ways and whereabouts of police work. A colorful duo, eh, what?

And what is this sudden and strange love our amiable Skipper has developed for furry felinas? Has he suddenly switched his affection from his two beloved canines? Perhaps a little enlightenment from Lt. W. B. would be in order.

Inasmuch as this issue of "SPRING 3100" went to press somewhat earlier than usual, news of our Wartown Savings Club will be held in abeyance until our next writing. But our sales, be assured, are continuously zooming.

14TH DIVISION

83rd Pet., Ptl. Joseph Seymour
85th Pet., Ptl. Richard J. Noon
90th Pet., Ptl. John J. Keating
92nd Pet., Ptl. William Braw
92nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas J. Lehman
92nd Pet., Ptl. John J. Keating

83rd Precinct: The 83rd Precinct softball team is eager to meet all comers in competition on the diamond. All members of the command are welcome to (1) play or (2) root for us. Watch the bulletin board for announcements of games.

Starring in left field is "Splinter Feet" Cavagnagh, who never misses a ball. asbestos, a "Pull 'em down" Clarke. Other high-powered stars include "Old Musty Ball" Quinn pitcher; "Gimme the Bat" Stradle, 2B; "Bustem Fat" Cassese, S.S.; "Flying Hoofs" Ruchman,
LOOKING 'EM OVER

3B.; “Chattanooga” Katigan, general utility; “Chief Toss ‘em Bat” Seytre, Ill.; also; “Gelatin Mix” Delfano, “Gallopin' Ghost” Hisgen, “Knoch” Kline and “Out of Order” Rydalski, and “Chub” Chan Feldscher. Some recent scores: 83rd Precinct, II; Scrubs, A.C. 9; 83rd Precinct, 8; Pick Up A.C, 7; 83rd Precinct, 12; B.C. 10, and so on down the line. For news of defeats suffered by us see the following Cewis:

Cewis: From the following cewis you name the suspect: “I got a brueller in the job, his name is too!” “How about a session of Karl’s ‘Two piece’ honest, does he seems to want to go bowlin’ tonight? I’ll take you kids over easy!” “I have to consult Mary first!” “Lay it out, and tell him to make ‘em big!” “Theres a good one in the 5th at Belmont!” “What’s the Patrolmen’s lawn bowling at Central Park with a British sailor!” “Who made that sheep dip?” “Who wants to join the Shorrmiri Society?” “Why don’t the radio car men go out on details?” “Who makes up that payroll?” “How many times at my twenty I heard from a cop in the 73rd who heard from a cop in the 6th that this cop’s brother is related to so and so and says it isn’t true!” “Get me a container of tea with lemon!” “What’s the big beat?” “Ach mine Lena makes such nice zoup!”

Question Box: Patrolman Clarke; “How about a light on the 3rd floor?” Answer: “2/3 watts multiplied by 365 days will lead to total blindness. Add carrots to your diet!”

Patrolman Bisognio: “Do you think they’ll clean up the squires’ list?” Answer: “Positively, and without having to use a mop, either.”

Patrolman Foster: “Do you think our clock will ever keep the right time?” Answer: “Why worry? Five minutes either way is a good excuse.”

Patrolman Janowitz: “Will I make a good clerical man?” Answer: “Anyone who can drink Magnussen’s coffee is bound to be a success.”

85th Precinct: Goodbye and good luck to Sergeant Hurton, attached now to the 18th Precinct. Patrolmen Oberle at this writing is on sick report for the first time since he entered the Department. Get well soon, Frank, we’re all pulling for you. Patrolmen Goldberg, Bauer, Faber and Maggiori are taking lessons now from Jack McDade on the proper way of fixing that deceptive hair-do. Have you noticed the independent attitude of Al Bergman toward Senior Officer Mahon since the squires’ car has been laid up in Mahon’s backyard. We heard, though, that the day will come when he’ll be top man again. Patrolman Vettori claims no one can croon an Irish tune like Sergeant Sullivan — thinks the team of McDade and Sullivan would make the Major Bowers program the hit of the year. Isn’t love a wonderful thing? AFTER all these years of married bliss, Patrolman Benish’s wife still calls for him at the end of his daily grind! Good luck to Lieutenant Newman, transferred last month to the 94th Precinct.

Impending Battle: A fight for the local big guy will be held in Bushwick next week. Making a Giant fan out of Goldberg. . . . Stopping Matragrano from eating those Italian dishes. . . . Keeping Stefanis on the east side of Bushwick Avenue.

The girdle shortage has been solved for Kaminister and Vitalo, 1/2. Mrs. Vitalo and Mrs. Kaminister go on their extra ones to this worthy cause . . . Timoshenko offered his but it was not accepted — the consensus being he needed it more than they did . . . What is the attraction of Humbolt Street that intrigues Bioyna and DePrima? . . . Kempf and MacDougall have been detailed so long to the 79th Precinct that we’ve almost forgotten what they look like . . . While on the subject, how about getting some wardens to fill our quota? What is the secret of “Signal 88”? Would they try or Melntyre know? . . . That’s all for now — more next month.

P. S. Who is this mug Patrolman Eight T. Five? ?

90th Precinct: We welcome to the command. Patrolman Morrissey, Marte, Szahlevic and Cook.

Regards to the boys from Patrolman Blaney, now a Chief Warrant Officer in the Navy, whom we ran into the other day. Patrolman Blaney looks great and says hello again and is still stationed about New York . . . Patrolman Jim Morahan now a Petty Officer First Class.

Have you noticed the G.I. haircut sported by Patrolman Burke, one time member of the Boys. . . . ? . . . A good haircut. And while on the subject of G.I. haircuts, some of our other brothers-in-arms have been sporting them for years, only we didn’t call them that. Are you listening, Patrolmen Burns and Ullfiefer?


Best wishes to two of our members at present on the disabled list. Patrolmen Beck and Peter Vecier.

We said in a former column that we likely had missed some of the men who have sons in the service and, as so predicted, we did.

Our apologies now to Patrolman Bill Pflau for failing to list him as the father of three sons currently doing their bit with the armed forces.

Patrolman Geary and Sergeant Craig are said to be responsible for car No. 7133 smelling like the local 3 and 10 performer. Geary on his red bandanna features “Moonlight in Rio De Janiero,” while Sergeant Craig favours the more masculine scent of “Follow Me.”

Did you know that Sergeant McGuire has taken to raising turkeys and just so that no partiality will be shown he calls the males Johnnies and the females Marys . . . Is it true that Sergeant Langan is in a recent golf tournament out of the cut-off our low 80 contender, Shorty Rayborn? . . . Also that your registrar, who also is a football hero, has golfed a bit, on one occasion was taken over by Patrolman Borden? . . . Also that we look forward to some real matches soon with all our present players, or if not, our coach, Julie Zedi, tells us? . . . And did you know that in the good old days Act. Lieutenant Gray was known as K. O. Tommy Gray, and who possesses the biggest forearms and fist of any man in the precinct?

Pinhead Biographies (7th Squad):

Patrolman George Mackriss, who works upper end of Broadway mostly; formerly employed as a cargo repairman; one of those quiet men who do their job and say nothing about it; has a good sense of humor and gets a kick out of Big Jack Rodmnd, who is his favorite comic; has a nickname which doesn’t fit at all and so is seldom used—Grumpy.

Patrolman John McEvoy, another of the serious type for which this precinct is noted; rated as among the best as policemen go; service station operator before becoming a member; devoted family man and the proud father of four children, three girls and one boy.

Patrolman Charles Cary, who, after years with us still is streamlining the big blonde and blue—blonde and blue—blue. When we write this, works lower Broadway; previously a clerk, and although many are not aware of it, is one of the fastest typists we have; won his real right to fame when he offered to take on Bernie Gallean at the handball court.

Patrolman Hoelderlin, who works Summer Avenue—when he isn’t filling in on the cars; still another of those quiet, earnest cops featured here; always a pleasure to work with men of Bill’s type, doesn’t fail to let me know we have the disabled list back; I don’t think any back slopping, either; knows this job from A to Z and has worlds of experience, having worked those so-called jungle posts for years. See you next month.

15TH DIVISION

106th Prec., Ptl. Alex Condia

120th Precinct: Sorry, boys, we had no write-up in the July issue of the squad. We’re sure the fact your correspondent at about the time the report was to be made up thought he was going West—where all good race riders end up sooner or later. In other words, he was a very sick man—ask his pal, Patrolman Gare, who tells us he will ride Balkan, named after the popular movie star, if you’re one of our fans and want to know how he’s doing. Also, the neighbors of Keaveny, both of whom were telling him "Ivy-lee Brooklyn for you!" However, he is still with us . . . Schulz is not dead!—but very much alive and, as this is written, trying to enjoy a gas- less vacation at home.

Got up last month just in time to be installed as Commander of Queens Police Post No. 1103, American Legion—a tough job, especially in war time. So don’t let me down, you fellow members. I am looking for the best in the job of putting my year over—and it takes "Membership" to do it. Get in on some of the activities. Also, if you have a son or daughter in any branch of the Armed Services, don’t fail to let me know; we have the disabled list back for them if you, the father, are in good standing in the Post.

No chance of this issue being released by the time Queens County has its annual convention, which year we are having right at home, in Richmond Hill, convening at the Richmond Hill high school, July 23 and 24, and I hoping as I write this, that the representation from our Post will be what it should be. This means you, Barney McGuire, Bob McAllister, Walter Sipp, Charles Ensa, Harry Griflons, Dan McGuinness, Tom Kelleher, George Geary, Neal Johnson, John Morahan, Al—on the disabled list, Al—on the disabled list, Anthony Pranafides, Harvey Keeler, Ralph Hellenbeck, Phil Klein, George Meier, Larry Kreamer, Chris Fritzges, Harold Lockwood, Tom Coote, Fred Trumpf, Harold Smith, John Carney, Herman Huners, John Fogarty, Jim Williams, Skipper Hugh McFie, and yet, you, too, Johnny Spangenberg, and my old side-partner, Ole Olsen.

Aside to Patrolman Blank: Don’t get peaved about my designation of Patrolman Galland in a previous issue as First Broom. You see, he being the youngest of the clan, I meant he was the first to "break in" the new brooms in the older officers, a job
that have been tough on him, at that, seeing he had to go sick because of overwork last month.

Ex-Patrolman Stanley, U. S. Marine Corps, visited with us the other day and wished to be remembered to all. Stationed now at 51st Del. Bu., New River, N.C. How about dropping him a line?


Yes, those were Patrolman Jones' charming daughters, Dora and Iva, who had such a fine time in Peckskill last month.

Patrolman George Gibbs was visited at the station house by his two sons last month—and very lovely. One of them was headed for Garden City, Kansas, at the time, where her loved one awaited her.

Any of you hayseeds wishing to join up or correspond with another unattached (and retired Inspector) might write to us—Patrolman William J. Cowden, Hainesville, N.J., at Branchville Post Office, R.D. No. 1...I thank you.

Patrolman McGrath took a header, I am told, and, too, just after the swell boost I gave him in my last writeup.

And don't forget, Legionsaries, the State Convention will be held in New York City this year on August 12-13-14, Headquarters, Pennsylvania Hotel...I'll be seein' you there!

10th Precinct: Welcome to the command, Lieutenant Emnis

Our profound sympathy to the family of his mother...Is it true Patrolman Dettter intends opening a vegetable stand on Myrtle Avenue—should his Victory Garden pay out as he hopes? (Watch out for Rudolph, Ferdi.)...Breznowski's Vege Stacks (and the Meat Man) are still in business. Bill leaves on a trip up with Strangio's Gang, the team which in a recent match left Stanley's boys cold...Patrolman John Becker intends taking time out some day in September to wed Miss Anna Schultz. More of the annual Lieutenant's Ball...As I write, I've a feeling that, with the assistance of Patrolman Malmborg, the boys on the old stands are hard at the business of Sergeant Krouton while on vacation stretched his red ration stamps by going fishing. (How did those fish expect to escape an ex-marine?)...To Lieutenant Dinselbach and Patrolman Vogt our best wishes for a long and happy retirement...To Patrolman Scalla, Kelly and Otto, on sick report as we write this, we wish a speedy recovery...Lieutenant Kelly had a fine time while on vacation rooting for his favorite team, the Giants. (No foolin', Late, are they still in the league?)

Sergeant Muger was all broken up over the Brooklyn Dodgers until Sergeant McGough brought in one day last month Kurt Davis and Los Webers, members of the team, and showed them through the building, a tour they appeared to enjoy immensely and which included also an introduction to Patrolman Kubedle, the handsome gent whose gigantic frame won him the title of Atlas Maiden Steam. The reception committee included Lieutenant Emnis, Sergeant Stumpf and Patrolmen Feely and Bolander among others. Come back again, fellows, and bring the rest of the Dodgers with you.

Is it true the crew of the R.M.P. are complaining of falling arches due to the gas conservation program?

On July 12, Patrolman Delamar, who is nearing the end of his tour of duty, returned to the armed forces, in the presence of the 2nd Platoon was decorated by Captain Ward and Sergeant McGough who on behalf of the officers and men of the command bid him an fervor and wished for him a speedy return. Patrolman Pete Hane, one of the singing of the 8-9-10 and Day Squads, then came to attention and saluted their departing comrade. Lots of luck also from the rest of us who could not be there at the time.

Is it true that Sergeant McGough who is in the back room, in civilian clothes, was approached by a pert little nurse from the arriving psycho bus in a soothing voice told to her: "Don't worry, my man, everything is going to be just right!"

Our boys lost an 11 inning game to the 83rd Precinct last month by a 10 to 11 score. Precinct softball teams desiring matches should get in touch with Patrolman Moulder.

Patrolman Roach, who bums up the typewriter making out roll-calls, has bought a new ribbon the other day. About time, Fats? (Who said that?)

Is it true Sergeant J. McWeeny, who sure did a good job of improving the garage, has put in an order now for curtains?

16TH DIVISION

10th Precinct: During the recent hot spell the discovery was made that Patrolman Arthur Martin, our ex-sea-going bellhop, could concoct some of the most delicious non-alcoholic beverages ever to tickle the palate...Lieutenant Dannhauser to Patrolman Lawrence...Here's something water, Sheriff, in the back room, Son, you better wash your face!...Lonnicky: "That's not dirt, Lieutenant, that's sunburn!"...The Army has the WAACS, the NAWS and the DAIS, etc., etc. (Fort Carson...10th Precinct Report Center has the Misses Lenchen, Perrone, Howley, Godshall, Fischer, Wells, etc.—WHAMS!...Talking about the Report Center, a visit there disclosed an honor Roll bearing an attorney's address and a typing error which was reported to the numerous air raids held in the past. Nice work...To the Town of Universities from L.I. City: Many thanks for sending to this precinct Michael Quinn, former detective in the Missouri Secretary's office, whose office was visited by a cop who responded to the numerous air raids held in the past. Nice work...To the Union Station...Patrolman Michael Friz lange, temporarily assigned to Rockaway, stopped off to say hello. He sure looks fine. We miss Tom here and all of us will be glad when he is back...Among the many cards received by your reporter is one from an old friend, Dan Noble, a retired man from here, now living on the road up to the Police Recreation Center, and who writes as follows: "Please remember that the hatch key hangs on the outside for you and any other member of the 10th Precinct." His address is Chichester, N.Y. For street and route no, see your reporter...We pause and say hello to Jim Gandly, who appears downcast and depressed, and we wonder can he can get his reading materials together to do any good work. Tom McDonald has been off on sick report much too long and we will be glad to see him back and in good shape again...I spend a day at Rockaway and on the sands, on the very spot where was buried many a sordid memory. And the memories of the 22nd Precinct, formerly of this command, and Bill smiles as he tells your reporter, "If I could only tell you what these wild waves are saying to me..."...Reno Bracco tells your reporter that he spent his whole vacation overseeing the care of all the little Braccos, some of whom had the measles and the other half the chicken-pox, and then a big smile lights up his face as he finishes by telling your reporter, "But now, Jack, they are all 100% O.K."...To Sergeant Sewell, we convey our sincere sympathy in the loss of his beloved mother...Many nice remarks were heard around P.S. 125, in Sunnyside, anec to the way Captain McGowan and his men handled a parade recently; and the way the captain spoke those words we couldn't help tears coming to our eyes. All the officers and gardeners of their diplomas, makes you feel kind of good to be able to work in a precinct where the folks feel as though the law and they are one big family...Our precinct plainclothesmen, police and all and Emil Verbonw, start their vacations and Charlie Noyer fills in for them and believe you me, with that derby hat, cigar and rubber heels Charlie is the answer to a real detective's dream—even 88 Keys would not be safe with our Charlie on his trail...Ptl. Bowditch confides to yours truly, "Ain't I lucky that I can only eat oatmeal and soup? Probably by the time my store teeth arrive the meat ration will be a thing of the past!"...Mac Foley as we write this is on vacation and we sure hope she has a swell time.

As this issue reaches you there will be one more Salvia on the rosters of the Police Department, John, a brother to our Dan Salvia, and who at this date is serving a thirty-day vacation from January 1 in the subway. Lots of success to you, John, and sincerely we hope you will follow in the footsteps of your Brother Dan and be as popular in the precinct in which you will read yourself assigned.

Frank Stapeenke may be ever so many inches across the chest, but, as concerns the "A" that comes from many years of sitting in the radio car, our own Oscar Fenstermaker easily tops—since the retirement of Frank Salvia, the tried and true Patrolman whose gentle voice and kind manner will be missed by all.

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about now would suit MacAltee nicely . . . Sergeant Groff and our Patrolman Wander entertained a number of boy scouts in Bayside . . . for my last long week-end. The侦探 soda was served later . . . Patrolman Watson expects a big crop of tomatoes this season from his victory garden.

Jim Hurley again seen in conference with our "authority" on checking the Bayside area. He is going to install steam heat in your home, this winter. See Bill Wiethaus (adv.) . . . To Patrolman Didio, still sick at home, our best wishes for a speedy recovery . . . Point rating in has no decrease on Staining—be bold his weight regards party. The detective has opened up his summer home in the country and invites the gang to spend their vacations with him—If they have enough meat points, that is. The Detectives Lieutenants claims one of the glamour girls of those "Hero Sandwiches" he has for lunch doing the trick . . . Dick Mahler with an eye to the corn season is still looking to get hold of a set of uppers, but cheap . . . Wander on the "Main Street" continues his investigations—If it wasn't for the Irish the United Nations could never have successfully invaded Sicily.

11th Precinct: Who was the "big guy" that walked into the back room on the very warm night of June 5 in a suit of green slacks—or were they just plain pajamas, as some of the boys still are willing to swear? . . . And who is the other "big boy" in the day squad, (considered one of our model cops, incidentally) who admits he owes it all to having been kissed by Leo the Lion in the Central Park Zoo quite a few years ago? . . . Patrolman John Lydon of Pete 42 has the word for the detail (Rockeywe—"Oooh") . . . Patrolman Cousins has William Beal shouting numbers so he can use him wheningo comes back, oh-o . . . Patrolman Perry Winkle in his loafers, Romano claims one of the glamour girls of what is known local "Nite Spot"? . . . Patrolman James Lee, recently married, just found out that his salary is exactly $3 per week. The Mrs., of course, is in charge . . . Who is it can't stand to hear the dog barking and why? . . . Joe (Snazzle) Ramski, since reclassified 1-A, has been seen looking in the windows of jewelry and furniture stores on Steinway Street . . . Eddie (Handjives) Lundsted has just returned from a vacation in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. As usual, he has made another hit . . . At the afternoon parade in Astoria on Memorial Day the Legionnaires took excellent care of what tired-looking cop doing duty at Astoria Square that day. . . . It must run in his blood, according to old-time theory of the precinct any more? As for example, when they detailed Charlie (Sweet Cider) Oppel and Willie (Bumble Bee) Mahler to Prospect Park on Decoration Day—and they landed in Coney Island instead.

If you're in the market for 1st class wormless and sagless tomato plants see Patrolman (I recommend 'em) Krueger—35¢ a dozen with a 10¢ introduction . . . Is it true Willie Callan of the traffic signal shop is looking to be a paratrooper? . . . Is it true that when the snow starts he will put on his snowshoes on his back Mahoney—or could the damp grass in the victory garden be responsible? . . . Patrolman Walsh is looking all through those old Astoria street corners. Who is it will never be assigned to motorcycle duty until he's had his pigeon toes straightened? Would Mezin know? . . . Patrolman Callan features two eggs in his beer now since his chickens laid a double egg this morning. Who is it going into the southern fried chicken business since their own won't lay? Is it true "Teddy Mark" chews the corn for his chickens—since he got those new uppers in?

Patrolman Riley C. looked like Henry Morgenthau himself the day he was called upon to bring the cash register into the station house. The Ninth Squad has chosen its three most intelligent members to compete on the new "Information Please" program—Webster Duberg, Firechief Mezin, and Wacky Forbes. Lots of luck, of course. But Patrolman V. N. has always been known as a tion—he looks like a new man . . . Sincere condolences to Lieu- tenant Metz in the death of his father; also to Callahan and Von Essen whose fathers also have passed on . . . The men of the com- mand were surprised, and sorry, when Captain Bence was trans- ferred, and to him in his new command we wish the best of luck . . . We welcome to the command rookies Peters, Horan and Chirico—three nice guys . . . Patrolmen W. T. Maher and Jim Cook of the 42nd were one swallow that wintered over in Queens- n County . . . We welcome Captain Whitman and hope his stay with us will be a most happy one.

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Joseph H. Werns

A speedy and healthful recovery to those of our command who are on sick report.

Another of our comrades has left us via the retirement route. Bill Doone, who has been on sick leave for quite a spell, and for whom we hope a speedy return to good health as well as complete enjoyment of the rest he so richly deserves.

Congratulations to the Joycees on the arrival of a bouncing baby girl, Virginia Mary—also to the Gellallas on the acquisition of a brand new pair of glasses.


How come, the boys of the 7th Squad want to know, Ray from Harmony Square always gets Truck 16? Is it because of those cigars he brings to the fight? commander on occasion? . . . Did you know that Wee Willie Ratel is building a summer home in his back yard? Also that if you want fresh eggs you'd better place your orders with Ledyard (the Dodger) and he is now expanding fast . . . Who is that cute chubby doll in brightly- colored shorts known as Riley's boy? . . . Among other sights to remember: Foster and Schamberger playing 'you sink my battleship, 'no kidding.'

Evidently Flight Commander Lent is still in right with the boys—as evidenced by the trouble they went to build a lovely garden around his locker featuring beans, tomatoes and a swell jack rabbit. Congratulations and good luck to Ralph Dudley, a 1st Lieutenant now in the U. S. Army . . . Did you know that Joe Savino goes fishing for blowfish and then gives those he captures to his music teacher—in exchange for music lessons? . . . Wee Maosman and Jimmy Moosman find it amusing to catch a "herring" caught? Was he afraid AI would put him on the spot? . . . Why does a certain newsmen on 34th Street always ask Ed McDonnell what he did with Mrs. O'Leary's cow (the one that started the Chicago Fire)? Is it because this man is a "hobby farmer"? Who is it put the alarm clock under his bed so he could get up on time? Would Bamberger know?

Did You Know: that Dyrle and Dudley are known as the "home car driving champions?" Problems and prices? What is the check he brings his two youngsters along—as bodyguards? that the hand-carved the slightly warped nightstick McTucker carries is the washstick used at home? . . . that Kallman wants to go into the insurance business so he can afford to do what direction and asked what the driver take him there—for half price? . . . that Artie Kelly put a certain green card in the suggestion box and then was sorry? . . . that Charlie Coley's face turns red when he steps into a beer barrel? that Bollner Schlechler still blushes when he says goodbye to The Little Woman—or was it because Michel was watching. . . . that Walshin got a roof surprise and it was just the kind of surprise that Werns is competing with a well-known express company? . . . that Fat Stuff Gonkto is still trying to become a clerical man? . . . that John Matthew's bought a new shirt? . . . that Weddel carries around a 10 cent red victory whistle (sounds like a peanut stand)? . . . that Wachstein, Flannagan, Tate, Gaffney, Schwartz, Galder and Schleer are working down at Coney Island? . . . that Pop Finnerty the other night took a ruler to bed with him to save time as he had to cut four corners on an extra long corner with a piece of bread to get some traffic jam? . . . that Tim Reedy after swallowing a penny ran to the desk and said, "Lieutenant, I'm reporting sick; can you see any change in me?" . . . that Stomachcough month put iodine on his check when he found he got a cut in it? . . . that Al Rohde thought he was going to have puppies because his stomach growled?

Don't forget the suggestion box on the wall!

TRAFFIC K

Ptl. Harry Shortel

It has happened! The boys are finally convinced that baseball (the hard variety) is too strenuous—and have abandoned it in favor of softball—as sponsored by Softball Cassidy. The mind was willing, it seems, but the flesh was weak! An epidemic of sore arms and charley horses was the final convenience.

"Ball Hawk" Hoeindegas is quite some star in this new undertaking—as we predicted he would be, he having suffered no material injury.

A few highlights: Smiling Ed Cabah, our efficient mascot, turned in another fine game—in the stands! An uplifting influence, as it were . . . Ditto Softball Cassidy . . . Yes, those were big league scouts observed in the stands wearing smoked glasses and giving our captain a careful going over. And did they show them plenty—both afield and at bat! . . . Kuska and Moen play the outfield like a faceless and Cobb . . . And Mazzone, too, covers plenty of territory in his own direction. The moment the time Ed Becker lost his choppers while speeding a low one . . . The slider developed by Bo Bo Travis that should place many games in the win column . . . Goldberg, of "I," putting in a surpris- ing performance in the line-up, but not so good for the mosquitoes . . . Harry Shortel, incidentally, positively will be unveiled some time in October . . . Bill Augustine umpiring with the eye of an eagle—and we don't mean a dead one . . . Mahoney and McDuff, the market duo, who played a languid game . . . Johnny Otto, who shines like a new silver dollar both afield
and at last, giving his son, junior, keen competition, and who, by the way, has a whole (Junior, we mean) that reminds one of long George Kelly at his best... Sergeant Schwab's playing at the hot corner—plenty hot... Soottt Maxwel again displaying his annual roof tan... Red O'Neil with a 1-10 and hitting him to see two more hits, the guy. After which he will be in tip top shape to play regularly... Rudy Schmitt's misplaced sunglasses not yet located—his reason for warming the bench... Types of his walking monocromas... belongings: Cassidy—sneakers, with spats as ankle supports! Traffic K challenges one and all to combat—the more the merrier! Let's hear from you.

TRAFFIC O

Frank & Earnest

Our sympathy to John Plays in the loss of his father... Warning words to fellows who at this writing have been on the sick list for some time: Charlie Strang, Bob MacGougle, Adam (Delaney St.) Wassel, John Judge—and if we missed you, here's wishing you the best, too. Our best also to the following whose visages are missed: the Motorcycle Division: Joe (Mustache) Haug and Frank (Psycho) Seper... Wallie (Big Words) Cledon assigned to the O.P.A. recently, browsed thru the dictionary there and now has a few new ones to pull on the Main Street mod... Johnny Grimm now has a new dependant—a baby boy—so will have to give up his claim on Enock... Walsh and Kaufman will be glad to hear this with the new tax bill coming up July 1. People! (the girls' friend) Dalbon is counting the days until he is able to sit back and rest and play on his fife. Bet the drum corps will miss him.

Eddie (Stork Club) Sullivan is getting to be quite a guy, hob-nobbing in Manhattan with all the Broadway boys since being assigned to the 10th A.D. and old Broadway boys, both having sold apples there in years gone by... Bert (Cutie) Forster is still batting in the 4th Dist. office, along with our wide awake P.B.A. delegate Benny Kehoe... John Plays tells on my account. Pfeuffer is looking thinner he got married—but not around the waist... Arthur Hug and Howie Kuhlman are losing weight thinking about the sagging list. Don't worry, fellers, think of the guy who didn't make it... In the bag (the girls') Moeller... Artie (Cruller Toes) Matthews now collects his check and can really say "I earned this one"!... Lieutenant Bob Schuster will lack him up on that sheet... Incidentally, Lieutenant Schuster, Al Burnsman and Teddy Bremmer haven't told any fish stories yet this year... But have Teddy tell the one about fishing off the Queensboro Bridge... Geo. (Pineapple) Borinheimer is now a paid-up member in the Traffic N Navy; Al Otto and Scout Conlon were on the initiating committee; the Grand Master of the group is Alonzo Matthews... Fredie Smith is looking able after the rest he had and is now to be seen on Post 16 teamed up with Red O'Neill... Our boys in the hospital and they are all well... Fernholz and Jake Katz are again active around the Plaza—as the parkers sorrowfully will tell you... John (Brew) Hoeing has thrown up his hands and is now ready for a straight jacket since we have Coney Island to take care of.

Al Wolfe likes those tours in So. Jamaica, especially since the government has sequoia gum... Adie Clother, the Thin Man, is now one of the anchors of the Queensboro Bridge, along with Weary Warawe, the old delicatessen clerk... Tim Leary and Charley Johnson, the Woodside boys, both have their papers in and are going to open a hot dog stand on their old post... Roger (Gong Gong) McDonald wants to get back on the waterfront. Just an old sailor who can't stay away from the water... Artie King tells us that after working in the 10th Precinct he can qualify as a fair expert... Haven't heard anything from Joe Haley since he became a leatherneck, but no news is good news... How about Jerry O'Neill and Joe Palmer? Drop us a line, boys, in case you have any Breeders' Cup Information! Mathes is a worried-looking man with his victory garden in bloom and nobody to help him eat the fruit of his labor... I almost forgot, Pat Ryan has left us for the air raid warden service. The gang at Uncle Sam met all... Ken Dwyar is now in the stanchion shop—and leave it to Cutie to pick the hard work... When John Logan, our expert on international affairs, comes back from Coney Island, Post 31 will look like a soft spot to him—he'll even return the paints-pressing machine to Al Wolfe.

Joe Ryan won't have much of a payment for Uncle Sam after they take off his exemptions... Neither will Lieutenant Dick Hanley or Sergeant Johnny Rehill, but they still have a lot of shoes to buy for their own private army... Saw Leo Gal and his brother Tony, looking very well, at the palace... His brother Tom, too, is looking better since the potato shortage. Keep the waist line down and the chin up, boys... That's all for this time, and don't forget—if you can't go across, you still can come across—as War Bonds and Stamps.

MOUNTED DISTRICT

Ptl. Joe Masterson

Short Notes: Acting Lieutenant Kane back from vacation and looking fit as a fiddle, the while Sergeant Frasca, who pinched hit during his absence, still insists it's a tough job trying to please everybody... Patrolman John Hayes still beautifully tanned after his vacation at one of the gladiatorial bungalows in Rockaway... Ed Specht and Bert Mohr thinking of appealing to the O.P.A. for a "C" card for use when doing the 6 to 2 tour in Harlem—claiming horse-cars on Long Island stop running after midnight... Abbot Morgan, who took three weeks of his vacation to paint one room of his house, claims he could in that time have done the rest easily—if only he had had more PepsiCola around... Jim Fagan, after a couple of weekends fishing after it, is thinking of going in the grain and feed business... Though John Kelly, who, for the Mounted Division in a hole, the Detective Division if it wants a good man will find John ready to answer the All.

At Walsh expects to be retired before this issue is released, and if it so happens we want AI to know we will miss him—and take this opportunity now to wish him good luck—and the added hope he will visit us often... Matty Kain, tired of eating mush and for a long time yearning for a steak, expects to have his new set of choppers in soon... Henry Kay, who has been canning vegetables grown in his garden, has so plentiful a supply he will share them with members of the troop—without stamps... Even tho the boys in Pelham are well satisfied with their detail, the boys in Varick Street will sure welcome them back.

Did You Know: that when Pat Mulligan was a traffic cop he never stopped the first car—claiming always it was safer to stop the third?... that John Inacio claims no matter what post he works he will always do all right? (We know that only too well, John)... that Kenny DeBeatschamp, Panning and O'Flaherty are the top marksmen in the T. & P. Company on such shooting details?... that Bligh still wears Trop B emblems?... that Campbell still works for the interests of the city—he puts one out every single year!... that Varley is still doing an excellent job on the "K"... that Sergeant Finan, John Murphy and McDonald are doing a swell job on Staten Island—on the lookout for spies?... that Dapper Dan, now head hostler at Coney Island, is missed very much by his old friend Shuey?

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PREVAC

The Ghost

Another of our men has joined the armed forces, Karl Alders, and to him we wish all the luck it is possible to have... In his place, at LaGuardia Field, goes God's Gift to the City, Joseph "Jocko" Klinger, who will probably be dead by the time that work there will be cardiac cases in practically no time at all now... Eddie Miller likes his job so well he comes to work on his 22 and a late tour, and will do it all day long with a smile!... Meet Jim Faram, the only man living who can talk, walk and drive a car while still asleep... Pete Kraft, so the story goes, during his early years in the Department used to practice for the long jump, and he was so expert in the art of getting down—even for as little as twenty minutes... Who, like the fellow in the "Camels" ad, would walk a mile for a cup cake with strawberries? Would Deputy Inspector Wunschke know? Is it true: that Lieutenant K. of G.C.P.'s, the day before he had an itch on his back (the spot always just beyond reach of either hand) and was in a pitiful state until Mason graciously came to the rescue?... that Sergeant Joe Bacher at one time was a bakery route-man and "Baldie" Otto a roo-man employed under Joe?... that Keating denies the fuzz adornning his upper lip is featured by him as a form of disguise?... that Mergel likes Cunningham Park?... that when his wife tired at last of battling the smoke and heat of those open fireplaces chased Friend Spouse with a rock—when she discovered he'd forgotten the tools and plates to eat with? Some fun, eh. The general rule obituaries are written after a person dies, affording him no chance of knowing how people feel about him. With this in mind we're here and now telling our 3rd bream, George Klinger, how dear he all of us, to say nothing of the Commander in Chief, the General Central Parkway's One Man Welcoming Committee' would fit him to a T. As a waiter he is without a peer, always smiling and with a kind word for everyone—especially the peculiar character, John Kelly, of his delicious coffee. Let's hope the loss to you, George, and when you retire enjoy yourself to the fullest out yonder in Kings Park—and we don't mean in the "big house" out there, either.

Ask Mergel some time ago about scouting and be prepared then to listen for an hour. Claims he's a scoutmaster or something or other.
This is about all for this issue, what with men away on vacation and the added fact not much happens here any more. Oh! one more item: why do you fellows look askance at Eddie Shields and stop talking when he approaches? Ed’s a nice guy, and be sides, The Ghost knows all of you like to see your names in print—he has proof. Remember when Sir Sidney enlisted? Well, for a while there was no column and the magazines laid around for weeks. Now it’s all he can do to get one himself, they disappear so fast!

So long, fellers, and again don’t forget—it’s all in fun!

**MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2**

Ptl. Jolt L. N. G. Along

We offer you a look now at our outstanding Father and Son picture, the Rev. Edward McCarren and his father, Patrolman William McCarren, taken on the grounds of St. Robert Berradine Church, Bayside, where the newly-ordained priest is stationed. We thought you men who watched Father Ed and his younger brother, Rev. William McCarren, Jr., grow up, would enjoy seeing it.

Why does Hutchinson mutter “Shanty Irish” when Rampell passes, and Larry answers back “Lace Curtain Irish”? What kind of a feud would you call this?

Lieutenant Tom Black and Sergeant Ed O’Neill, both looking like a million, dropped in for a visit the other day and asked to be remembered to the gang. For their base addresses see the backroom board or Clericalman Johnny Zoll.

Lieutenant Fleischner, trying to figure out why Bob Hemphill spends so much time running up and down the lawns on the late tour, thought at first that Bob (the Gob) was trying to reduce a bit the girth, but Bob himself admits it is the “tick-tick bird” he is after.

Cards we should like you to read include those from Tom Abbey, Harold Taylor and PBA Delegate Jim Olliffe. The cream of the “Finest” now away.

‘Talking about Bob the Gob, he was recalling the other morning those good old days spent in the Navy and how they maneuvered their trusty craft in enemy waters, etc., but, alas, no matter how tall a story Bob told, Johnny Capper had one to match it.

Our former buddy, Dave Teitel, back from the South Pacific with a medical discharge due to malaria, is now apparently recovered and looking fine. Drop in again sometime and have supper with us, Dave, some Sunday evening, say, with Lieutenant Fleischner, who always can be depended upon for a first class spread.

Overheard in the foyer—Henry Moller and Joe Dupke discussing ln Swedish with the painters difficult engineering problems, including expansion, contraction and condensation.

Tom Black’s son, Private Tom Black, Jr., dropped in to say hello for his Dad. A chip off the old block—and every bit as neat in uniform.

Two more good faithful companions bid us adieu this month as Jack Stephens and Rudy Hochin retire. Good luck, fellows, and let’s hear from you often.

Received word that our hard-working chairman of the Orphans’ Outing Committee, Ed Dooley, is sick a bed with grippe. Seems that after putting over in such grand style this great day for the unfortunate little ones, he alone selling more than 2,000 tickets

POLICEWOMEN’S BUREAU

Polw. Emma Alden

The month started off in splendid style with the arrival in our midst of Howard Jeffrey, Polw. Rose Weisler’s 8 lb. 10 oz. Bouncing Baby Boy, Congratulations!

Our policewomen have taken to the peaked caps as part of their regulation uniform . . . Have you seen the very similar uniform of those Pennsylvania RR trainmen (females, of course)?

MOST EMINENT REMARK OF THE MONTH: from that super War Bond Saleswoman (a probationer): “There is nothing as mentally exhilarating as the thought of donating blood to those in the Armed Services.”

Pleasant tidings for the good work done by Ruth Chimes and Adele Lewis on their recent assignment.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Hortense Lawrence (11th): Marian Barry, Mary Foley, Lillian Harrison (14th); Mary Sullivan (No. 119) (15th); Helen Bauer (19th); Katherine Ergin, Genevieve Heavey, Mae Whelan (21st); Moira McDermott (22nd); WAC Florence Kerckwiss (24th).

THANKS TO ADELE LEWIS for her Chatter-Box suggestion; so from now on, drop your ideas and news in the box in the office if you want them printed in your column.

WHO’S THE GIRL, who winds unraveled threads from an old silk stocking around a spool and solves future mending problems?

TALES FROM TYPEWRITERS OF OTHER OFFICES:

Missing Persons’ Bureau personnel surely know how to “set a peddler up in business” and retire a beloved member in the proper style.


Olive Cregan can make a fortune—if her "carbon paper that doesn’t run" idea could be done . . . May I be your first customer, please?

Is it true Dorothy put the L in the front of amour (Lamour) and Gertrude Palmer put the G in it (Glamour)?

Polw. Katharyn Kalish aptly describes JAB Lient, Sheehan as the ever-pleasant “Ambassador of Good-Will.” (Published by special request of all the women.)

With fond memories and affectionate feelings, their friends send best wishes to retired Policewomen Veronica Kennedy, Winifred Lenahan, Ann Mullins, Adelaide Mundell, Emma Wedemeyer, Mae Whelan.

ANYONE ABOUT TOWN

Breathes there a New Yorker who hasn’t been to Parkchester? That trip to the Bronx is almost as stimulating as a World’s Fair tour of model buildings.

Who unofficially “protected” the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their visit to the Arcadia Ballroom’s Service Men’s dance on June 21 past?

EVE-S-DROP: “A good writer is one who says what you feel.”

HARBOR PRECINCT

Ptl. Perry Scope

LT. JG. MURRAY TRILLING

U.S.N.R.

30 June, 1943

Hello Bill:

Just a line to let you all know where I am at now. Finally got to sea duty again aboard the new Polulara. It’s not a gravy-train but to me it’s a helluva lot better than desk duty. Tell Mike Greedula he must be lucky, because the time
he ran over to Bayonne was the golden opportunity. Saw the
C.O. then and he said O.K. for me to put in for this ship.

This is a nice sailing ship. Steady and has comfortable quarters.
Got my sea legs back now.

Got a picture of a spiggity Sergeant and me. Thought if I
sent it in it would make good copy for SPRING 3000. Shows
what sergeants look like in other parts of the world. Get "Perry-
scope" to use it. Don't see much of the Harbor Precinct in the
magazine.

Best regards to all hands and say hello to the Skipper for me.

MURRAY TRILLING,
Patrolman, Harbor Precinct.

Since going to press last plentty has happened at this batllwic
as for example: "Nick the Dick," the former pigeon-fancier, has
returned to the Harbor Squad, meaning, we can expect some Home
competition now with the U.S. Employment Service. . . . Harold
Van Horne's dungarees were washed a few months ago (he fell
overboard) but he had better sell those summer trousers before he
loses more on the deal. And don't notice that the Chief
Chaffeur has regained his equilibrium since he removed his coat.
That metal he could donate to the scrap drive . . . Tracy Hamil-
ton has since retired and is now a farmer down Richmond, Va.,
way. A real Southern gentleman to whom we now officially,
so long, Tracy, and good luck to you . . . Is Howard Miller, seen
the other day in earnest conversation with a female on the board-
walk, contemplating matrimony? Aside to Howie: If the army
gets you, when the way is smooth enough; and if a female
gets you, the war is never over—in plainer words you're finished!
Famous Sayings: "I wish we would get a job, after all!" . . .
"Launch 105? How come? Is this a promotion?" "I went off
the boat the last time!" . . . "So I says to the inspector" . . .
"Right after that they got 7, 8, 9." . . . "Who's in charge?" . . .
"I'm senior man, so I go to the pier for papers!" . . . "So what?"

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Ptl. D. E. Molition
Warden Renders First Aid:

On June 19 past a woman fell in the vicinity of 121-11 Liberty
Avenue, Jamaica, and was bleeding profusely from a wound
in her hand. Mrs. C. Schwartz, a post warden on duty at Sector
Headquarters located at the above address, rendered first aid to
the victim by applying digital pressure and a tourniquet, thus
staying the bleeding. Both the ambulance intern and the victim
were profulse in their praise of the warden's assistance.

Wake up, you proud New Yorkers,
There's a job in this town to be done!
Your family and neighbors will need your help
Before the victory's won.

Bombs upon us could fall today,
Are we all prepared for that test?
Do we know what to do in an air raid—
Or will we just stand and gape like the rest?

The Air Warden Service offers
The instruction everyone needs;
It will teach and train you to use your head
And help others by your deeds.

Get into the Aid Warden Service—
Get into the fight with a bang!
Join up with your fellow New Yorkers,
Work side by side with the gang.

We want you because we need your help,
We want to be well prepared,
God grant that we never see those bombs
And that peace will ere long be declared.

So, come on, be an Air Raid Warden,
Over to City the service that's due;
Uncle Sam put the men in the battlefields,
The home front is up to you!

—Ptl. Donald M. Haines
79th Precinct

Notes from the 15th Division:
The Precinct Warden Commanders of the 15th Division had a
ball game at Dexter Park. Karl Knaves playing Fay's Follies in
a double-header, and it was through the dauntless efforts of
Acting Captain Katzka that the Follies crew twice hit the dust—
2-0 and 6-2. The game was highlighted by a
by Acting Lieutenant Davison, who never reached the plate, and
another for first by Acting Lieutenant Fay, who never reached
his objective either . . . A dirty trick, the trapping off second of
Katzka by Acting Lieutenant Minnelli. Extra item: The
said Katzka in the July Police Golf tournament emerged with the
highest score—and was quite pleased about it all until someone
told him that in this particular sport it's the low scores that
count.

79th Precinct: Twelve good men and true in the 79th have
just completed a nine-hour course in order to operate the Report
Center—just in case . . . The course was handled by three very
competent members of the 79th Prec. Civilian Defense Staff,
Patrolmen Dick Baele, Gabe Mosner and Jamie Ward . . . Nice
good boys!

79th Prec. Radio Quiz team performed excellently when they
held a quick-witted team from the 3rd Division to a draw
recently . . . 79th was represented by DZC William Sellers, Bldg.
Det. Staff Officer C. R. Iowa Govan, Snyder-Grant, Det. Comm.
Dir. Muriel Giles, Det. Dir. Light Duty Rescue Squad Cecil Meyers,
Sqd. Leader Betty Doyle, Post Warden Joseph Kowalski, Fire
Watcher Flo La Vic, Messenger Timothy Shannon . . . And
to each and every one of them our congratulations are extended.

SERVICE STATION 4
Ptl. Nutsan Bolts

Since the re-location of the office, Lieutenant Kepko says it
looks like a country store, and particularly at such times as
Uelters Royal proudly shows his stock of canned baby food
Miller, since the change, says he must use electric light—the sun-
shine blinds him . . . Ide is still waiting for a diagram of
a portable light that can be attached to his thumb . . . The original
"Tanglefoot" has been replaced by another, his initials—J.W.H.

... Ask Andy Moss, the electrician, how come the electric
switch in the office would not work . . . Why is it Gressler
always wants Sundays off? (Her wish, maybe?) . . . Bob Wayt-
ski, a fellow for a fancy howler last time to light up his new work
bench. Contributions are in order . . . Smitty is looking for an
extra shoe stamp. Says the boys' shoes he buys are not meant
for a map's foot . . . Sincerest sympathy to Joe Biscotti in
the loss of his beloved sister. Anyone seeking info about ration
stamps might see Fred Hoffman—he's an expert.

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION
Prof. I. Spillett

We were shocked last month to learn of the sudden passing of
Patrolman Ed Britton, as competent and regular a fellow as ever
wore the blue. To his bereaved family our deepest condolences are
extended.

Raymond J. McManus is the name and it was on June 13 past
that, without fanfare or blaring of trumpets, he was welcomed into
this troubled world, all 7 lbs. 5 ozs. of him. His advent makes
two for the McManuses, Joe and Lilian, with goodness only knows
how many more to go. Congratulations!

FIGURES CAN'T LIE

We wish we had known this when at school they tried to
stump us with the mental arithmetic class, (and generally did). Mental
arithmetic was always too mental for our mentality.

The instructor was striving to drive home some truths, "Figures
can't lie," he declared, "For instance, if one man can build a house
in 12 days, 12 men can build it in one day.

A puzzled student interrupted, "Then 288 men can build it in
one hour, 17,280 in one minute, and 1,036,800 in one second.

While the instructor was still gasping, the ready reckoner went on:
"And if one ship can cross the Atlantic in six days, six ships can
cross it in one day. Figures can't lie, can they?"

JUVENILE CANDOUR

Little Anna asked her father why he didn't have hair on top of
his head.

"For the same reason," replied her father "that grass won't
grow on a busy street. You know why now, don't you?"

"Sure," she replied. "I can't get up through the concrete."

Judge: "Are you sure this man was drunk?"

Cop: "Well, he was carrying a muffine cover and said he was
taking it home to play on his victoria."

"Have you heard that Mary is engaged to that good-looking
x-ray specialist?"

"She is? Well forevermore! I wonder what he sees in her?"

AT A STANDSTILL

Farmer Hays: "That Jones boy who used to work for you wants
me to give him a job. Is he steady?"

Farmer Seede: "Well, if he was any steadier, he'd be motionless."
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

DAVID ESSEX
Alias ISE a MUGGING
DESCRIPTION—Age 39 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 135 pounds; brown eyes; black hair; blind in right eye; right index finger missing; brown skin negro; small mustache; medium build; wearing blue overalls-jumper, brown cap. Residence, 210 East 98th Street, New York City.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT, ROBBERY, BURGLARY AND GRAND LARCENY

HERMAN LIEBOWITZ
Aliases PAUL GARY, PAUL GRAY and JIMMY DALTON
DESCRIPTION—Age 19 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 136 pounds; blue eyes; brown kinky hair; thin face; long thin nose. May be wearing United States Navy Seaman's uniform (blues). Is a deserter from United States Navy, Serial No. 3826619.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION — Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 11 inches; weight 150 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

WANTED FOR MURDER

RALPH MACEROLI
Alias “THE APE”
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives’ Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World’s Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 1:10 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE Canal 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Capt. George W. Roos ........................................... 45 Pct. ......................................................... July 26, 1943
Ptl. Charles J. Strang ........................................... Tr. O ......................................................... July 17, 1943
Ptl. Joseph M. Gibbons .......................................... 81 Pct. ........................................................ July 24, 1943
Ptl. William A. Schroff ........................................... Tr. G ......................................................... July 25, 1943
Ret. Lt. Charles N. Farley ...................................... Old 8 Div. .................................................... July 13, 1943
Ret. Lt. William J. Capper ..................................... Old 24 Pct. .................................................... July 21, 1943
Ret. Sgt. William A. Gargan ................................... 1 Pct. ........................................................ July 17, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Patrick Cunningham ................................. 20 Pct. ......................................................... July 26, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Thomas E. Crosby ................................... Tr. G ......................................................... July 26, 1943
Spring 3100

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

Volume 14  SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1943  Nos. 7-8

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF — BY — FOR

NEW YORK'S "FINEST"

LEWIS J. VALENTINE
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

LOUIS F. COSTUMA
First Deputy Commissioner

JOHN J. O'CONNELL
Chief Inspector

JAMES A. DE MILT, Managing Editor

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YES, YOU can back that boy you know so well—can help as though your arm were around his shoulder, your hand loading his gun as he fights his way into Europe.

Now, in this month of September, is your great opportunity to help support the INVASION—not with your blood, not even with a gift, but just by making the safest investment in the world.

Your part is at least one extra $100 War Bond during the Drive—at least $100. That’s in addition to your regular War Bond subscriptions. Everyone who possibly can must invest at least $100. Others there are who must invest thousands in order to meet our national quota. Invest out of income. Invest out of idle and accumulated funds.

This is how you can follow “Old Glory” right into the heart of Europe.

Sure—it’ll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we’ve got to do it—and we will.

We’ll do it partly because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We’ll do it partly because the cheapest, easiest way out of this whole rotten business is for everybody to chip in all he can and help end it quick. We’ll do it partly because there’s no finer, safer investment in the world today than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we’ll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we’re Americans.

YOU’RE IN THIS INVASION

It’s as simple as that.

Uncle Sam needs 15 billion dollars this month to pay for this INVASION . . . and there’s no easy way out. If it’s not a sacrifice, you’re not doing your part. Ten per cent isn’t enough—15 per cent isn’t enough. Nothing is enough but every last cent you can turn into fighting War Bonds.

You’re not giving, American—you’re investing. Investing in freedom, investing in a clear conscience, investing for future security.

And it’s the soundest investment anyone ever made.

You’ll have the money to educate your children, build your home, buy a car, when the war is won.

A MOTHER’S OFFER

The mother of a young merchant marine who had just been reported lost at sea, telephoned into a radio station and offered to invest her son’s $7,000 life insurance in War Bonds if the program’s listeners would raise twice that amount during a single broadcast period. When the announcer signed off, he had pledges for more than $36,000 on his tally sheet.

Perhaps you might be tempted to say “I’m making plenty of sacrifice already. Let the other fellow do it.” If so, stop and think a moment. How would you like to sleep in an open foxhole every night? How would you like to be caked with mud from head to toe . . . suffering from exhaustion, in momentary danger of losing an arm, a leg . . . or your life? Those are the sacrifices your own boy is facing, willingly, for you. What sacrifice can we make to compare with this? The little things we give up back home here cannot begin to compare. That’s why we have GOT to do more! We must JOIN the invasion by giving up luxuries—necessities, even—and throw every dollar we have into the battle.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS.
Capt. Thomas G. Abbey, U. S. Army Air Forces

CAPTAIN THOMAS G. ABBEY, of the U. S. Army Air Forces, assigned to the First Mapping Group, 16th Photo Squadron (Sp), Bolling Field, Anacostia, Washington, D. C., formerly a patrolman attached to Motorcycle Precinct 2, was reported killed on September 6, 1943, in South America, while on a special mission searching for his commanding officer, who had been lost in a storm.

The first member of the uniformed force to lose his life in the service of his country, Captain Abbey, who was 43 years old and a member of the Department since 1927, served in the Navy in the first World War. A previous gold star on the Police Service Flag commemorates the death of the late Police Surgeon Maurice Berck; appointed a Captain in the U. S. Army on November 24, 1942, and who, while on duty in Washington, D. C., succumbed January 4, 1943, from burns and suffocation suffered as a result of a fire in his room at the Brighton Hotel.

A Flier Since 1920

A born flier, Captain Abbey first qualified for a pilot’s license in 1920. In 1933, when James J. Mattern was missing on his round the world flight, Abbey served as co-pilot with Captain Bill Alexander, chief flying officer at Floyd Bennett Field, on a hazardous flight in a Bellanca monoplane from the airport mentioned to Alaska to assist in the search. Mattern, found subsequently in Siberia, was flown by a Soviet rescue plane to Nome, Alaska, where the Bellanca picked him up and took him to Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

In June, 1941, he was given a one-year leave from the Department to train young men to fly under the supervision of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. He returned to active duty one year later and on October 31, 1942, was commissioned a Captain in the U. S. Army Air Forces.

His Memory Honored

His memory was honored at a solemn mass of requiem offered on the morning of September 20 in the R. C. Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Flatbush and Flatlands Avenues, Brooklyn, of which the Rev. John Bucky was the celebrant, and with the Rev. Thomas B. Casey and Rev. Jeremiah J. Dineen as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. The mass was offered by Mr. David F. Soden, formerly Motor Vehicle Commissioner of Brooklyn, in recognition of the many kind deeds performed by Captain Abbey in connection with his duties as a member of the escort at various orphan parties to which motorcycle-riders were assigned.

Among those attending were seventy-five motorcycle men headed by Acting Captain George A. Neary, of Motorcycle Precinct 2; also a delegation from the Sheridan Police Post, American Legion, headed by Commander Amedeo Lombardi and Past Commander Lt. Thomas Black, U. S. Army; Lieutenant John W. Graham; Acting Sergeant John J. Boyle, president, Police Anchor Club; Mr. Kenneth Baer, director of LaGuardia Airport; Lieutenant Commander Samuel Levy; Mr. Joseph Dunn, Exalted Ruler of the Brooklyn Lodge of Elks, among others.

Commanding Officer Sends Regrets

Lt. Col. T. D. Brown, U. S. Army Air Forces, Bolling Field, D. C., in a letter to the bereaved widow, Mrs. Marie Abbey, under date of September 22, 1943, wrote:

"Many of us at this Headquarters knew your husband well and feel his loss very keenly. It is seldom that one meets an individual as well known, as well liked, and as broadly experienced as was Captain Abbey. Everywhere he went he met people whom he knew. Whenever a job to be done required the help of an individual not a member of his organization, Tom could always be counted on to find and make an acquaintance who could give the necessary help. His affection for his family, indicated principally by his eagerness to receive his daily messages from home, amounts almost to a legend in the 2nd Squadron.

"The memory of Tom Abbey as an efficient officer, a skillful pilot, a thoughtful friend, and as a remarkable gentleman will live long with those who knew him."

Tribute From Motorcycle Precinct 2

"It is with profound regret," members of Motorcycle Precinct 2 wrote, "that we received the news of the death, in the service of his country, of our former comrade, Captain Thomas G. Abbey, U. S. Army Air Forces. To the many fine young pilots of the U. S. Army Air Corps who received their flight training from Tom as well as the entire personnel of Motorcycle Precinct 2 with whom he spent fourteen years of congenial, cooperative and loyal service, the news came as a shock. New York City has truly lost one of its finest sons. We of the Department take pride in the knowledge that he was numbered within our ranks."

Captain Abbey is survived by his wife, Marie, mentioned heretofore and who resides at 64-64 82nd Place, Rego Park, and by his parents, Herbert and Marie Abbey, and to them in their hour of sorrow the sympathy of the Department is extended.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.
The Emergency Welfare Center Program

By LEO ARNSTEIN
Commissioner of the Department of Welfare

"DON'T LET THE GOOD NEWS FROM ITALY lull you into a false sense of security. If Hitler or Hirohito feel that bombing New York City is worth the price, they will pay it. But—your city is prepared for such an attack and is ready to meet the needs of men, women and children who may be affected by it. It is up to you to learn where these services are available.

"I have repeatedly brought to the attention of the citizens of our city the fact that we must be fully prepared to handle any emergency arising from enemy attack. The Civilian Defense Forces have perfected an organization which will enable us to do so. The Emergency Welfare Division, which is one of New York City's five protective services, is under the direction of Welfare Commissioner Leo Arinstein. It consists of the facilities of the Department of Welfare, the American Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the American Women's Voluntary Services, the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, and private social agencies of the city.

"This Division operates Emergency Welfare Centers, which are located in public and private buildings. Each of these buildings is marked with a large red, white and blue sign. Locate NOW the one nearest your home. Go there if you or your family should be affected by enemy action.

"America learned the hard way that war can happen here. Your city is prepared. Are you?"

F. H. LA GUARDIA,
Mayor of the City of New York.

MONTHS before the costly lesson of Pearl Harbor, which proved that America had to expect and prepare for the worst, Mayor La Guardia, as Commander-in-Chief of the Civilian Defense Forces, formulated plans for the safety of the citizens of New York City. He appointed a special war cabinet, consisting of the heads of the Police, Fire, Public Works, Medical, and Welfare Departments. The Comptroller and the head of the Civilian Defense Volunteer Organization are also members. The Commissioner of Welfare was made Chief of the Emergency Welfare Division. The responsibility of this Division is to meet the simple, ordinary, human needs of people who may, because of enemy action, lose their homes, their loved ones, or their possessions.

For the past ten years the Department of Welfare in New York City has been taking care of thousands of men, women and children in trouble because of sickness, unemployment, or the death of the breadwinner. The Department has had experience in this job and knows it from every angle. For this reason it was assigned the additional task of caring for those civilians who might find themselves in trouble from a new cause—War.

That this is a stupendous job is attested by the nature of the war itself. It is a civilian's war to a degree never before known. The aim of the Axis is to kill, wound, or demoralize people on the home front, as well as the boys and men doing the actual fighting on our far flung battle fields.

At the beginning of World War II the British had not prepared for a type of enemy action which would so deeply affect the every day lives of civilians. They made ample provisions for the burial of the dead and for the care of injured in hospitals. However, little preparation was made for the thousands of people who were bombed out of their homes. Many such people wandered about half-dazed after the early blitzes in England, not knowing what services were available to them or where to find these services.

New York City, under the leadership of Mayor La Guardia, has profited by Britain's experience in this field. It has studied the problems presented by the blitzkrieg abroad as well as the solutions for these problems worked out overseas. The Emergency Welfare Centers were set up as a result of this study. They are staffed with experienced workers and will offer coordinated welfare services to New York's civilians in the event of a bombing or other enemy action.

At the present time New York City has 74 Emergency Welfare Centers, and additional Centers will be established within the next few months. Most of the Emergency Welfare Centers are located in public high school or elementary school buildings. Some have been placed in regular offices of the Department of Welfare. All of these buildings bear large red, white and blue signs advising the community of various services available should enemy action create a need for them.

These services, as the signs indicate, include advice and information, cash allowances, rehousing, clothing, and such other services as may be needed. Communal feeding will be provided by mobile canteens through the facilities of the Department's Municipal Lodging House. The Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the American Women's Voluntary Services will, in addi-
tion, have available mobile kitchen units for mass feeding.

The Emergency Welfare Division will also operate, in cooperation with the Police Department and the Emergency Medical Division, a Central Registration Bureau, which, in the event of enemy action, will serve as a bureau for missing persons. This bureau will facilitate the reunion of families separated in the confusion attending a bombing. All persons are requested to report changes of address at Emergency Welfare Centers or at Police Precincts. Information may be secured as to the whereabouts of missing relatives and friends through Emergency Welfare Centers. This service should be invaluable in maintaining civilian morale under fire and in saving needless heartaches and worry on the part of the civilian population of New York City.

Advice and information, while it may seem an intangible thing to offer a family immediately after it is bombed out of its home, is in reality of the most vital importance. By explaining to people how and where their immediate needs can be met, we save them fruitless wandering from place to place in search of the specific assistance they need.

Each Emergency Welfare Center is prepared to give cash grants to those people whom disaster may leave without funds available for car fare, necessary food, and other needs. This money will be given at once, so that civilians may meet their problems until they are once again able to return to their normal way of life.

The Emergency Welfare Centers will also have on hand lists of hotels and rooming houses for temporary use. In addition, they will provide communal lodging on an emergency basis in club houses, theaters, churches, and other locations which can be converted quickly into temporary dormitories. For permanent rehousing, Emergency Welfare Centers will provide addresses of suitable apartments throughout the city. Our Centers are also prepared to help people store or move their furniture to new addresses. Lists of moving companies are being prepared and a file will be available in each Emergency Welfare Center which may be consulted by persons in need of such service.

The emergency clothing needs of families will also be taken care of in the Emergency Welfare Centers.

We have available for distribution a considerable amount of clothing made by the former WPA Clothing Project. Additional clothing has been made available by the workshops of the American Women's Voluntary Services. Should cash be needed for further items of clothing, after a bombing, this will be available as well.

Emergency Welfare Centers, as well as Red Cross Rest Centers, will be manned, in the event of enemy action, by a staff consisting of almost 11,000 men and women. More than 5,000 are regular employees of the Department of Welfare. Approximately 400 have been recruited from private social agencies, and another 200 are from the Civilian Defense Volunteer Organization, American Women's Voluntary Services, Salvation Army, and about 5,000 from the American Red Cross.

The Emergency Welfare Centers will operate on a twenty-four hour basis. Staff members have all received dual assignments, day assignments to centers nearest their places of regular employment, and night assignments to center nearest their places of residence. Thus the staff will be able to reach their posts promptly after an alert, whether it takes place in the day time or at night.

We have not created a new staff for emergency war duty. However, special training in the problems caused by large scale disaster has been given to the entire staff of the Emergency Welfare Division.

Private and public social and health agencies in New York City have given their full cooperation to the Department of Welfare in its Emergency Welfare Center program. Our emergency staff is composed of employees of both groups, and they bring to their responsibilities wide experience in administrative, case work, and clerical fields.

Mayor La Guardia recognizes the importance of getting New York City back to normalcy as soon as possible after an enemy incident. The Emergency Welfare Division also recognizes this and is prepared to mobilize promptly to meet civilian problems with dispatch, understanding and consideration.

The locations of Emergency Welfare Centers, by boroughs, follows:

**MANHATTAN**
- 32 Chambers Street
- 131 Sixth Avenue
- 157 Henry Street
- 42 Bleecker Street
- 330 East 5th Street
- 351 West 18th Street
- 4 Irving Place
- 515 West 37th Street
- 212 East 42nd Street
- 317 East 67th Street
- 155 West 65th Street
- 325 East 103rd Street
- 116th Street & Pleasant Avenue
- 102 West 101st Street
- 120th Street & Broadway
- Seventh Avenue & 144th Street
- Edgecombe Avenue & 135th St.
- 401 West 146th Street
- 21 West 138th Street
- 192nd St. & Audubon Avenue
- 202 Sherman Avenue

**BRONX**
- 136th Street & Brown Place
- 984 Faile Street
- 701 Elton Avenue
- 160th Street & Boston Road
- 1300 Byramton Avenue
- 127 Ogden Avenue
- Crosby & Bailey Avenues
- 2436 Webster Avenue
- 800 East Gunhill Road
- 1918 Arthur Avenue
- Moshulu Pkwy. & Sedgewick Ave.
- 196th Street & Bainbridge Ave.

**BROOKLYN**
- Ocean Parkway & West Ave.
- 3782 Bedford Avenue
- 1601 80th Street
- Bellfield Ave. & Glenwood Rd.
- 10th Avenue & 42nd Street
- 973 Flatbush Avenue
- Fourth Avenue & 67th Street
- 5700 Tilden Avenue
- 888 Clason Avenue
- Seventh Avenue & Fourth St.
- 1926 Prospect Place
- Pennsylvania & Dumont Aves.
- Hicks & Huntington Streets
- 150 Albany Avenue
- Dean Street & Third Avenue
- 832 Marcy Avenue
- 856 Quincy Street
- 400 Irving Avenue
- 201 Adams Street
- 320 Manhattan Avenue
- 20 Fort Greene Place
- 157 Wilson Street
- 1066 Lorimer Street

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**QUEENS**
- 161 94th St. & Rockaway Blvd.
- 821 B. 25th St., Far Rockaway
- 89-10 114th Street
- 168 Street & Gothic Drive
- 2127 Himrod Street
- 100th Ave. & Francis Lewis Blvd.
- 101-01 Rockaway Blvd., Ozone Pk.
- 2801 41st Ave.
- Northern Boulevard & Union St.
- 48-01 90th Street, Edgewater
- 6701 116th Street, Forest Hills
- 3224 Corporate Kennedy Road
- 60-02 Ma-peth Avenue, Ma-peth
- 2370 31st Street, Astoria

**RICHMOND**
- 211 Bay St., Tompkinsville, S. I.
- Innes St. & St. Joseph Ave.
- Lindbergh Ave. &Clawson St.
- Yetman Avenue & Academy St.
THE CITY OF NEW YORK and the whole United States owe a debt of gratitude for the skillful handling of a delicate situation to you and your men.

**John J. Sheahan**
Pleasantville, N. Y.

THE MEMBERS of the Board of Managers of the Harlem Defense Recreation Center wish to commend you on the swift and efficient handling of the unfortunate lawlessness, which took place in Harlem.

We wish to offer any and all assistance that we may be in a position to give, that will prevent for all times a recurrence of the outbreak and will serve to achieve effective unity.

**Samuel A. Allen, Chairman**
C. L. Alexander, Executive Director,
HARLEM COMMITTEE, N. Y. CITY DEFENSE,
2348 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. City

MAY I TAKE the liberty of thanking you in the name of our organization for the excellent cooperation which we have received from your office during the past week. Being a large wholesale organization, distributing food and other commodities to numerous cooperative stores throughout the East, we found that your officers and men did their utmost to assure us of every type of protection and to help us with any problems which arose in the emergency.

**Leslie E. Woocock**
EASTERN COOPERATIVE WHOLESALE, INC.,
44 West 143rd St., N. Y. City

WHITE AND NEGRO workers of this shop appreciate and are gratified for your splendid accomplishment in obtaining peace and order in Harlem. United we should stand for a speedy and final victory.

**Rocco La Sassio**
GREAT WESTERN FURN. CO. SHOP,
Paterson, N. J.

IT IS VERY gratifying to feel that we are living in a section that has the protection and care that a metropolitan city should offer its most needed parts. One man exclaimed a few minutes ago on the street: "Now, I can walk down the street in peace of mind and contentment."

**Kent Kloss**
2434 Eighth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

WE CITIZENS of Harlem, Negro and White, assembled at the call of the Citizens Committee have noticed with satisfaction the conduct and action of the officers, detectives and policemen under your direction. We wish to express our appreciation and to assure you of our support for law and order in our community.

**THE PEOPLES COMMITTEE,**
**ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR., Chairman**

WE HIGHLY commend you in your fine attitude and actions during the recent disturbances in Harlem.

**100 WAR WORKERS SWING SHIFT**
GUSSACKS MACHINED, INC.
10-24 45th Rd., L. I. City

WE COMMENT your prompt action to avoid provocation and bloodshed in Harlem. Discriminatory practices in the Armed Forces, in industry, in rent and food price control in Negro communities are basic causes of unrest which must be eliminated if we are to preserve unity for War and Peace.

**CHAPTER 46, LOCAL 1, STATE COUNTY MUNICIPAL WORKERS OF AMA, CIO.**

MAY WE TAKE this opportunity to congratulate you and your splendid department on the admirable work that was done to restore order so quickly, and most important to prevent the rioting from becoming worse. We appreciate the difficulty of the situation confronting the police and because of this, we feel you are doubly to be congratulated. From what our employees who live in Harlem tell us, the conduct of the police was perfect and their efficiency is a credit to you and your entire department.

**QUARTZ PRODUCT CO. OF N. Y.**
**ROBERT BLAUPER, Plant Mgr.**

WE WISH to commend you for your prompt, vigilant and effective action to avoid brutality and bloodshed during the disorders in Harlem this week.

**EMANUEL CHOPPER,**
**LEGISLATIVE CHAIRMAN, CHAPTER 40,**
**STATE, COUNTY AND MUNICIPAL WORKERS OF AMERICA.**

I WISH to congratulate you and your staff on the excellent manner in which you handled a difficult situation.

**EDWARD S. LEWIS, Executive Secy.**
**NEW YORK URBAN LEAGUE, INC.**
**202 West 130th Street, N. Y. City**

WE WOULD LIKE to take this opportunity to commend you on the swift action which you took in connection with the disturbances in Harlem on Sunday night, August 1st. We feel this matter was handled by you and the Police Department in an efficient and proper manner—that the wave of
vandalism was correctly interpreted as not being a race riot—and that proper precautions were taken so that there would not be any recurrence or more serious outbreaks of this nature.

THOMAS R. SULLIVAN,
HELEN LIEP,
HENRY BAYNE,
AMERICAN LABOR PARTY,
22nd A.D., Manhattan

AS AN OUTSIDER, a St. Louisan, I wish to congratulate you and the splendid police force of your great city for the courageous manner in which they conducted themselves during the Harlem disorders. I have talked with many of them and find them an unusually alert and informed group. We are proud of them.

CHARLES H. ANDERSON,
272 Manhattan Ave.,
N. Y. City

LET ME TAKE this opportunity to congratulate you on the excellent work you and the police did in Harlem during the recent riots. You will note that in some statements in the press in which the City-Wide Citizens’ Committee on Harlem and I were both quoted, we praised the action of you and the police.

FRANK E. KARLESEN, Jr., Chairman,
SUB-COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION
AND RECREATION OF CITY-WIDE
CITIZENS’ COMMITTEE ON HARLEM.

I HAVE ALREADY told you verbally but I want in more permanent form to express my admiration for the superb job you as Police Commissioner, Inspector John J. DeMartino, Captain W. Harding and other officials of the New York City Police Department and the Police Force of New York City did in the disorders beginning Sunday night August 1st. The wisdom, restraint and clarity with which you acted established a yardstick and example for the entire country.

WALTER WHITE, Secy.,
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE.

MAY I EXPRESS my appreciation of the excellent cooperation and help rendered by the members of your Department in assisting the Medical Service, at Harlem Hospital, in the handling of patients during the recent emergency.

EDWARD M. BERNECKER, M.D., Commissioner,
DEPARTMENT OF HOSPITALS.

I THOUGHT you and your cops handled yourselves enormously well in Harlem. Up to now no reason has been raised to question their moderation and effectiveness under trying conditions. Heartiest congratulations to them and to you.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE,
Washington, D. C.

IN A SITUATION designed to test the good judgment of any Police Department, we wish to commend wholeheartedly the tact, restraint and general good judgment displayed by the Police Department of the City of New York in the unfortunate and regrettable affair in Harlem. It is by such behavior and masterly handling of an emergency that your Police Department truly merits the title “New York’s Finest.”

KAY MARGOLIS, Chairman,
ANTI-DISCRIMINATION COMMITTEE,
BOOK AND MAGAZINE UNION, LOCAL 18,
UNITED OFFICE AND PROFESSIONAL
WORKERS OF AMERICA, C.I.O.

I ADMIRE GREATLY the patient, masterly way in which you handled this terribly trying situation, for were I in your place, I would not stop to think of consequences but would have dealt with the hoodlums as they justly deserved.

CHARLES H. BAILEY,
307 W. 116th St., N. Y. City

PERMIT ME as a New York citizen to congratulate you and the Police Department on the masterly way in which you handled the Harlem situation. It demonstrates the value of good leadership and good organization and makes one proud of citizenship in our City.

JAMES MARSHALL,
150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

ADDRESSED TO MAYOR LA GUARDIA
ON BEHALF of the City-Wide Citizens’ Committee on Harlem, we would like to commend your personal actions at the time of the rioting in Harlem and also do commend very strongly the temper and control manifested by the Commissioner and the police force. We appreciate the fact that your personal efforts contributed very largely to the restoration of “order.”

ALGERNON D. BLACK,
REV. A. CLAYTON POWELL, Sr.,
CO-Chairmen.
CHARLES A. COLLIER, Jr.,
Executive Secretary.
CITY-WIDE CITIZEN’S COMMITTEE
ON HARLEM,
18 East 48th Street, N. Y. City.

THE GREATER NEW YORK FUND
11 West 42nd Street, New York City

July 28, 1943

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

At a public ceremony in the Mayor’s office on June the 14th, I expressed to the Mayor and yourself and, through you, to every member of the Police Department, The Greater New York Fund’s appreciation of the Department’s gift of $20,000 to our 1943 campaign.

Now, at the close of the intensive part of our appeal, I want it to be a matter of record that the officers and directors of the Fund deeply appreciate this very generous contribution to the 400 voluntary welfare and health agencies and hospitals affiliated with the Fund.

It was a fine thing for the police to do, and we have not forgotten that they always loyally supported the Fund’s efforts to help keep the home front strong. I trust that you will let every policeman know of our gratitude.

Sincerely yours,

ARTHUR A. BALLENTE, President.

Commissioner of Police
Lewis J. Valentine
240 Center Street
New York City
The War On Accidents
Crossing Against Traffic Lights Continues as the Principal Cause of Death and Injury to Pedestrians

CAUSES OF VEHICULAR HIGHWAY ACCIDENTS—ALL AGES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cause</th>
<th>First 7 Months 1943</th>
<th>First 7 Months 1942</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Killed</td>
<td>Injured</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Running off sidewalk</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Playing games in roadway</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing past parked vehicle</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roller skating</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stealing rides</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bicycle riding in roadway</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coasting on sleds, toy wagons, etc.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>View obstructed</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>14</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crossing against lights</td>
<td>126</td>
<td>1,448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crossing not at crossing</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>645</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other causes at crossing</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>466</td>
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<tr>
<td>Walking in roadway</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>121</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crossing from behind 'L'</td>
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<td>31</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pillar</td>
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<td>164</td>
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<td>38</td>
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<td>Vehicle passing street car.</td>
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<td>Other causes</td>
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<td>Vehicle jumping curb</td>
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<td>TOTALS</td>
<td>398</td>
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CROSSING against traffic lights,” with a grim toll of 126 persons killed and 1,448 injured during the first seven months of 1943, continues as the principal cause of death and injury to pedestrians in the never-ending war on street accidents.

“Crossing not at crossing,” with a total of 76 persons killed and 645 injured, took its place as the next principal cause, with “Collision between vehicles,” 38 persons killed and 2,844 injured, providing the third highest accounting.

Cautious driving, fewer automobiles and better cooperation with the authorities—a profitable combination in this period of national emergency and stress—resulted in a reduction in motor vehicle injuries in New York City, since January 1, of 4,858 as compared with the same period of 1942.

Fatalities likewise were lessened, the report showing 398 for the first seven months of 1943 as against 450 for the same period last year.

LOSSES TO INDUSTRY

Ninety-three thousand dead, ten times that many injured! That, dear reader, is not a figure for German losses on the Sicilian front, but the toll of accidents in the United States in 1942. The time lost by 4,100,000 American workers who suffered non-fatal injuries is equivalent to a complete shut-down of the entire shipbuilding and aircraft industries in the United States for 54 days, the Greater New York Safety Council points out. These figures stun the imagination. It would seem the slaughter—for slaughter in plain language it is—is destined to go on and on and on.

DEATH IN THE DIMOUT

While perambulators for babies have been curtailed by the War Production Board those who perambulate through New York City streets had better curtail their jay-walking tendencies if they wish to stay alive under
the intensified lighting restrictions now in effect here. Pedestrians should exercise additional care to conform with the new illumination rules which on July 15 past resulted in the blotting out of 370 lights at 185 signalized intersections throughout the five boroughs and the extinguishing of 2,353 others at 1,200 intersections between 7 P.M. and 7 A.M.

The new conditions imply that foot passengers must Stop, Look and Listen before crossing the streets in the dimout. Motorists also must be more watchful since there will be fewer signals to guide them. Unless a more rigid ban is placed on jay walking, the autumn nights may set a new seasonal peak in traffic deaths and injuries.

BACK TO THE GRIND
Their ten-week summer vacation nothing more than a treasured memory, the city’s legion of school children, an estimated 1,000,000 strong, are tumbling regretfully out of bed these mornings, gulping their milk and cereal and trudging off to continue where they left off last June.

It may shock parents to know that one-third of all deaths of school age children are caused by accidents. And it is for that reason parents are urged to make a special effort to teach their children how to avoid traffic accidents now that school days are here again.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE
of the
POLICE SQUARE CLUB, INC.
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Saturday Evening, October 16, 1943
Manhattan Center

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE
HOLY NAME SOCIETY
Manhattan-Bronx-Richmond Branch
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Friday Evening, November 5, 1943
Manhattan Center

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
of the
HONOR LEGION
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Friday Evening, October 29, 1943
Waldorf Astoria

LIEUTENANTS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
Announces, in the interests of conservation, the suspension, for the Duration, of its Annual Luncheon.

ENTERTAINMENT AND RECEPTION
of the
ST. GEORGE ASSOCIATION
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Saturday Evening, October 30, 1943
Manhattan Center

IT COULDN'T BE HELPED
Circumstances beyond our control made necessary the merging this month of the September and October issues of your favorite magazine.

For having thus kept you waiting, dear reader, our sincere regrets now are extended.
Marked Men

By PATROLMAN FELIX J. ALFANO, 104th Precinct

Prize Short Story

"Better get up there before it develops into something serious."

"A good patrolman is always observant."

THIS and other fundamentals of Police Practice remembered by him from his too short sojourn at the Police Academy were fresh in Rookie Michael Costigan's mind as he diligently patrolled his four-block post. Or was it five blocks? At any rate, he had from Playland to Irish Town on the boardwalk at Rockaway Park. Mike had been sent there from his permanent command to fill in for one of the regular summer men who was on vacation. He probably would resent being called a rookie, he having just completed his first year in the job, and he tried his best not to feel self-conscious as he paced up and down the walk with head held high, shoulders back and stomach in.
Now, Mike was a fairly good-looking, clean-cut lad, not more than twenty-five years of age. His one hundred eighty pound, five foot eleven inch frame, hard earned by two years of varsity football, was well put together and in his immaculate blue uniform he cut as neat and trim a figure as any the eye could feast on. So you can readily see he had little reason to be ashamed of his appearance. Yet the feeling persisted that hundreds of pairs of critical eyes were looking him over, sizing him up. He felt especially uncomfortable when a group of bathing beauties, Rockaway style, looked up at him from the beach and giggled foolishly.

“Wonder what Mary would have to say about that,” Mike muttered to himself. Mary, in case you’re interested, was his wife.

He was greatly relieved, therefore, when as he paused at Beach 98th St., a tall, blonde, middle-aged fellow wearing bathing trunks hurried up to him and said, “My name’s Johnson. I’m a cop in the 83rd. Looks like there’s gonna be some trouble up at the other end,” waving his arm in the direction of Beach 103rd St. “Coupla crazy drunks. Better get up there before it develops into something serious.”

Mike started to say, “Okay. Thanks. I’ll go right up,” when he noticed something which caused him to stop short and regard his informant suspiciously.

“Is that right?” he replied cooly instead, “How about coming along with me?”

Johnson hesitated; then rather nervously, “Sorry, I can’t. Gotta leave right away. See you again. So long.” He hurried off in the direction of the Municipal parking lot.

His suspicions now thoroughly aroused, Mike called after the alleged cop, then started in pursuit but soon lost sight of him in the Sunday crowd.

Disappointed and chagrined, Mike stopped near the restaurant concession adjoining Playland. He was just about to return to his post when the sharp report of a pistol shot split the air. He could hear the screams of frightened women and the trampling of panicky feet. Sounds of general confusion came from the food concession office. Suddenly two men, one carrying a smoking revolver, burst from that building and ran down the walk toward the parking lot. Mike drew his service revolver and gave chase.

“Halt or I'll shoot!” he commanded.

The armed thug turned and opened fire. Mike hesitate not a moment in returning the compliment—but with considerably more accuracy. The thug with the gun dropped, shot through the leg. Seeing his companion fall, the other bandit too stopped short in his tracks, hands held high over his head.

It was as simple as that.

Mike had himself a good “pinch.”

Fingerprints revealed that both prisoners had long criminal records and were wanted on recent alarms for similar crimes involving assault and robbery. Johnson, the pseudo-cop, was apprehended on information “volunteered” by the two captured desperadoes after it had been pointed out to them by the detectives handling the case how ungentleman like—and undignified—the withholding of such information would be. He had been planted in the vicinity of the food concession office for the purpose of decoying any unsuspecting copper who might happen on the scene of the holdup, he unhappily explained, and wore the bathing trunks in order to make his story and appearance more credible. According to their prearranged plan, the three men were to meet at the parking lot and effect their escape from that point by automobile.

Well, to make a short story shorter, Mike was called down to the Inspector’s office for an interview pending a possible recommendation (he hoped) for departmental recognition.

“Sit down, Costigan,” the Inspector invited, motioning to a chair near his desk. “Start from the beginning and tell me all about this case. It was a fine arrest and the Department is proud of you.”

“There isn’t much to tell, Inspector,” Mike replied, sitting on the edge of the proffered chair and trying his best to appear modest and matter-of-fact, “I just ran into it.”

Then he recounted the whole story, a little shakily at first, but with more confidence as he went on.

“That’s fine,” approved the Inspector when he had finished. “But tell me, what caused you to suspect that this fellow Johnson was not a bona fide cop?”

Mike hesitated a moment. Then a little reluctantly, “Well, Inspector, it was such a simple thing it sounds almost ridiculous when put into words.” He hesitated again.

“Go on,” urged the Inspector.

“All right, then. Here it is: As soon as this fellow Johnson told me that he was a cop, my eyes unconsciously looked him over for some tell-tale sign which would distinguish him as one. It’s a funny thing, but it’s happened to me before, whenever I’ve seen or heard occasion to talk with cops while they were off duty and in civilian clothes. It might be that he was wearing broad, high-top shoes, or maybe he hunched a little at the hip where he carried his revolver. Whatever it was, there was always something about his appearance which said “cop.” In this particular case the cop in question was wearing bathing trunks, so he had on no tell-tale clothes. My eyes immediately then—and quite naturally—went to his face and neck. Instead of being weather-beaten, as befitted any tried and true disciple of Dan O’Leary, these portions of his anatomy were as white as any girl’s. The usual “high water mark” around the neck, that comes from years of exposure to the elements, was missing. Sounds kinda simple, I guess, but that’s the reason I became suspicious.”

Mike eyed his superior a little doubtfully as he finished.

“It might be simple, my boy,” he was grateful to hear the Inspector say, “but you’ve proven again something which was impressed upon me as a rookie at the Police Academy a good many years ago. ‘A good patrolman, the instructors there used to say, is always observant.’”

SOMWHERE OVERSEAS
A.P.O. 860, Postmaster, N. Y., N. Y.
August 19, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

 Permit me as a former civilian employee of the Department, assigned to the Bookkeeper’s office, to thank you for sending me SPRING 3100. And especially now that I find myself in a strange land I more than ever appreciate news of the Department’s activities.

LIEUT. P. J. MCGWEENY,
Bookkeeper’s Office.
IT was just about as gay and exciting an evening as ever I have spent—as glamorous and colorful as any the staid old Borough of Churches ever has known!

Such was the comment heard on all sides as the capacity attendance which featured the 12th annual Entertainment and Ball of the William E. Sheridan Police Post, American Legion, held on the evening of Saturday, September 18, at the Columbus Club, in Brooklyn, wended its way homeward when the playing of Home Sweet Home in the wee sma' hours brought the festivities "all too soon" to a close.

The entertainment portion of the program left nothing to be desired—the laugh features particularly—and revealed in its unfolding a galaxy of stars of the entertainment world whose deft performances kept the vast audience holding fast to their chairs throughout.

Distinguished guests present—altogether too many to permit of mentioning by name, incidentally—included representatives of the various branches of the armed services, among them Lieut. Mildred B. Moreno of the U. S. Army Nurse Corps, stationed currently at the Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, whom you recall as the courageous widow of the late Patrolman Nicholas C. Moreno, 87th Precinct, who on May 23, 1939, lost his life in the performance of duty.

Especially mention now of the grand performance turned in by the William E. Sheridan Post, Sons of the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, headed by the lovely and talented drum majorette of the organization, Miss Vivian Martin, and who in a 20 minute review executed without benefit of command a precision drill with music that for sheer artistry and perfection of movement could hardly he matched. Sensational is about the only adjective we can think of with which properly to describe it.

Commander Amedeo (Jimmy) Lombardi included in his address of welcome a stirring plea for vigorous participation on the part of all in the Third War Loan drive now under way. The money we lend our government now becomes a fighting invasion asset against our personal foe—the Axis, he pointed out.

Explaining that many of the members of the Sheridan Post have sons fighting shoulder to shoulder with millions of other American boys in this, the most horrible world conflagration of all times, Commander Lombardi continued:

"What do our boys wish most as they battle their way into enemy-held Europe—and toward the heart of cruel Japan?

"U. S. earth to stand on! That's the way one American fighting man answered the question. That means homecoming. We have the power to bring them home sooner. Even a few hours sooner will mean more of our boys marching off gangplanks to our arms, instead of into machine gun fire.

"They are our boys—boys from virtually every home in the land. They're away only because we the beloved ones they left behind are in danger and as soon as they rid us of that danger they're coming home. The Third War Loan is a forthright test of our ability to come through when our boys need us most. Never shall it be said that we let them down!"

Committee Chairmen

Iver Lexander, General Chairman; Abraham Levy, William E. Dunn, Assistant General Chairman; Dan Leahy, Reception; Wilbur Forsyth, Boxes; Walter Meyers, Tickets; John B. McGarty, Distinguished Guests; Lester Elliott, Floor; Joseph M. Conway, Door; James Cox, Transportation; Thomas McLaughlin, Entertainment; Howard Smith, Refreshments; John T. McCarthy, Journal; Benjamin G. Mackie, Sons of the Legion.
Yes, SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA
A.P.O. 762, Postmaster, New York City, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Received the April issue of SPRING 3100 today, a little late, but as always very welcome. I want to thank you for all the copies I've received in the past and at the same time give you my up-to-date address, which is somewhere in North Africa, recent scene of one of the biggest dispossess proceedings in history.

Regards to all.

PVT. JOSEPH A. TEAHAN,
Patrolman, 83rd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Almost three months have elapsed since I temporarily severed my association with the “Finest.” Of course, I realize that I am not the only one who answered the call of Democracy; also that some of our men are accomplishing unsurpassed feats in the air, on the sea and below the surface—as aviators, navigators and that seldom spoken of service, the “Seebees” who erect docks, raise sunken vessels, construct airports, etc., in newly acquired territories. Yes, the so-called “New York Copper” today is making history in all the various theatres of this war, as he did in the last. Their endeavors and accomplishments will long be remembered.

At this writing it is evening in a harbor in which we happen to be at anchor and my optics are cast on a city of Mosaic architecture, beautiful to behold, nestling in the serenity and slope of three high mountains and looking more like a stage setting than a reality. Blue phosphorous waters and the passing vari-hued clouds overhead show the city off in all its natural resplendence. Unfortunately, in the morning any mild breeze blowing seaward from this scenic shore will carry with it an almost undescendible odor—of a seafood nature at times and other times an odor I am at a loss accurately to describe. So with the morning all of Nature’s glory is erased and our expectation of a pleasant shore visit is ruined. It could be that this stench was created and left behind by the retreating armies of the super-duper race in their mad dash to get away. There is a saying that is very appropriate and which you may recall: “Remove your filthy carcass, for my friends have delicate nostrils!” Well, smells or no smells—planes, subs or what have they—the needed material for the boys has to be delivered and deliver it the Merchant Marine shall.

Remember me to all my friends in the finest police department in the world.

JOSEPH G. REARDON,
Ch. Mate.
Patrolman, 78th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just received the May issue of SPRING 3100 which followed me from Florida to Michigan, to Missouri, to California and finally reached me “somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands.” I read every line—avidly. I was proud to read of friends of mine who had distinguished themselves by “proper police action” and I’m all aglow—even in this foreign land—when the fellows gleefully call me “copper” as I growl at their crap games. The police department, policemen, the “potsy,” our magazine, all mean a great deal to me. They mean warm memories and cherished hopes for a glorious future. For any skeptic tempted to cry “sentimentality,” I recommend a short stay in these Pacific Islands.

Please keep those SPRING 3100s coming.

CPL. ELI LAZARUS,
Patrolman, 82nd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND
APO 305, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Thanks again for sending along SPRING 3100. One item that I have noticed lacking in nearly all issues of SPRING 3100, with apologies to you, is news from my home precinct, the 75th in Brooklyn. It really would be very interesting to know what is going on in the old place.

Best regards and cheerio to the buddies with whom I have worked.

PVT. MARTIN SAMOWITZ,
Patrolman, 75th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I have just the other day received my back number copies of SPRING 3100 up until June, 1943. I want to thank you most heartily for seeing that I did not miss out on any issues.

Yes, reading SPRING 3100 was the nearest thing to being back on the Force. It most certainly did bring the Department much closer to me here in Africa.

All the boys were most curious about the magazine and like myself thought you really were doing something in sending them along—and particularly to those who are doing their bit overseas.

PVT. AARON MEDETSKY,
Patrolman, 42nd Precinct.
FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND fans couldn't be wrong . . . and if in some way it could have been possible to canvas individually that wildly cheering army of rooters who all but stood on their heads during the excitement attending the annual Police-Sanitation baseball classic held Sunday, September 19, at the Yankee Stadium, the verdict undoubtedly would have been unanimous—that this, the sixth in the series, was just about the hottest and most explosive display of diamond pyrotechnics it would be possible to set eyes upon. Final score: Sanitation 4, Police 3.

For sheer hysterics the final inning of play, which saw Police trailing by two runs, was worth the price of admission alone—and what a heart-breaking finish it was—for Law and Order, we mean—a ninth inning rally in which Police, last at bat, managed to fill the bases, but could score only one run, the game coming to an end when Pitcher Al Zarski, who had relieved Wally Holborrow in the 7th, made a remarkable stop on Sullivan's liner to the box—a smash that, a foot to either side, might conceivably have spelled the difference between victory and defeat for Steve Whalen's men. A previous mean break in the eighth inning gave Sanitation the lead. Brancaccio, who up to that moment had pitched brilliant ball, was tapped for two singles in a row, by Cuccinello and Boland. He then walked Schiec, filling the bases. On Yezer's grounder to first, Cuccinello scored and a moment later both Boland and Schiec crossed the plate on Salamone's pop fly to short center, the ball falling just out of reach of fielders Callow and Peters and shortstop Jirak.

In making this statement we wish to detract not at all from the splendid performance turned in by Commissioner Carey's men, as powerful and smooth-running an organization as any Sanitation has put in the field. The game marked the sixth such meeting between these most energetic of rivals, and, too, the fifth straight victory for Sanitation. The proceeds, approximately $100,000, as usual went to the Welfare, Honor and Relief Fund of the Sanitation Department. As has been explained here before this most worthy project was set into motion with the $74,000 realized from the opening game of the Police-Sanitation benefit series played at the Polo Grounds, September 12, 1937, and which went to Police by a 4-1 score.

The second game, on September 11, 1938, was taken by Sanitation, 9-1. An additional $61,000 went to the Sanitation Department Fund as a result of this second encounter.

The third meeting, on September 17, 1939, likewise went to Sanitation, by a 5-2 score; the cash take—$100,800.

The record for receipts went by the board when the proceeds in 1940 mounted to $115,000. This fourth game, played September 15, 1940, also went to Sanitation; the score, 8-1.

The fifth meeting, on September 7, 1941, resulted in still another win for Sanitation. The score, 11-7. Proceeds, $105,000.

"It was as hard fought and stirring a Police-Sanitation contest as any we've yet witnessed," Commissioner Valentine declared as he prepared to leave the grounds—after first loosening the fingers he had kept rigidly crossed during all of that hectic final inning of play.

"And while Commissioner Carey's men now lead in this spectacular duel five games to one, I have Manager Whalen's assurance that there will be a different story to tell when the boys clash in the seventh game of the series next Fall."

The real winners, of course, are those members of the Department of Sanitation who, through no fault of their own, find themselves hard pressed—backed helplessly against a wall raised against them by adversity, and with only the fund standing between themselves and despair.

The box score:

**SANITATION**

| Adams, cf      | 1 1 3 | Jirak, ss | 5 3 4 |
| Tarr, 3b      | 1 1 0 | Callow, cf | 5 1 0 |
| Cuccinello, 2b | 1 3 4 | Peters, if | 5 0 3 |
| Boland, rf    | 1 1 2 | Brancaccio, lh | 4 0 0 |
| O'Neill, lb   | 1 0 1 | Muller, 3b | 4 0 1 |
| Schiec, if    | 1 0 4 | b-Feley    | 1 0 0 |
| Yezer, ss     | 4 2 0 | L. Sullivan, rf | 5 0 4 |
| Salamone, c   | 1 2 1 | Nally, c  | 6 0 4 |
| Holborrow, p  | 2 0 1 | Coyle, 2b | 2 1 1 |
| a-Kritcher    | 1 0 0 | Bandy, p  | 1 0 0 |
| Zarski, p     | 1 0 1 | Arf, p    | 1 0 0 |

**POLICE**

| Adams, cf      | 1 0 0 | Jirak, ss | 5 3 4 |
| Tarr, 3b      | 1 1 0 | Callow, cf | 5 1 0 |
| Cuccinello, 2b | 1 3 4 | Peters, if | 5 0 3 |
| Boland, rf    | 1 1 2 | Brancaccio, lh | 4 0 0 |
| O'Neill, lb   | 1 0 1 | Muller, 3b | 4 0 1 |
| Schiec, if    | 1 0 4 | b-Feley    | 1 0 0 |
| Yezer, ss     | 4 2 0 | L. Sullivan, rf | 5 0 4 |
| Salamone, c   | 1 2 1 | Nally, c  | 6 0 4 |
| Holborrow, p  | 2 0 1 | Coyle, 2b | 2 1 1 |
| a-Kritcher    | 1 0 0 | Bandy, p  | 1 0 0 |
| Zarski, p     | 1 0 1 | Arf, p    | 1 0 0 |


Scores of other games played:

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(Blankcarr, pitcher: Sullivan, catcher.)
GOLF

PTL. RAY HENDLEY, 68th Pte., whose penchant for posting low medal scores is getting to be a habit, came through again last month—this time with a one-over-par score of 72 strokes, four less than his closest competitor, Ptl. John McDonald, 103rd Pte., at the monthly tournament of the Police Golf Association held Thursday, August 19, at the Sound View Golf Club, Great Neck, L. I. Ray's game improves by leaps and bounds, a fact proven by the especially fine showings made by him in metropolitan amateur tournaments in recent months.

Low net went to Ptl. Jack Corcoran, 18th Pte., whose medal score of 79 strokes, less 14 via handicap, gave him a net of 65. Jack, who likewise shoots a fine game, received his training as a member of the Fordham University golf team. Second and third low net went to Ptl. Emmett McCabe, 15th Division, and Sgt. Tom Clancy, 66th Pte., who shot identical scores—101-35-36. The toss of a coin decided the order of finish.


Chips and Putts: The way the boys took to the friendly gentleman Det. Howard Clancy brought along as his guest—the Rev. Joseph Tracy, chaplain of the Albany, N. Y., Police Department... The unkind trouncing administered by Ptl. Jack Corcoran to his guest—his Dad—who had invited along for a "good time"... Act. Capt. Kafka, whose card for the 18 holes read 108—as against 136 last month—attributing this improvement to the new putter he had expressed to him from Scotland by airplane last month... Ptl. John Jetter, 120th Pte., who takes his golf seriously, as evidenced by the fact his golf balls all show his name printed thereon—indelibly... and which proved a bit confusing to Lt. Walter Casey when he found one of them in the rough—and was unable as a result to claim it as his own... The entertainment (?) provided for the members by Det. Ed Bruder, 25th Squad, whose melodious (?) voice did much to cheer the boys on... The manner in which Act. Lt. John White, 83rd Pte., whose game gave him considerable bother that day, took it out on the strawberry ice cream—but in bowelsful... Ptl. Charlie Cordes, 109th Pte., exhibiting upon his arrival at the 18th green four baby jack-rabbits—that had made a nest of his golf bag... A nod to our friend and host, Mr. Mario Cocito, who outdid himself when it came time for the grand march into the dining room.

One for the books: Det. Bill Miller, Bomb Squad, in a match at Sound View earlier in the month let fly at the 11th hole, which features a pond between the tee and the green. The ball lodged in the mud and without a moment's hesitation Bill doffed shoes and socks, stepped into the gooye mess, hoisted high his club and down with a bang—to land with terrific force on what he at first thought to be a rock, but which a moment later proved to be a huge turtle which was knocked clear of the mud and onto the green by the impact. Net results: one busted golf club, one dead turtle, two muddied dogs.

The scores:

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<tr>
<td>T. Clancy</td>
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<td>66</td>
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(Continued on page 17)
P.A.L. Outdoor Boxing Season Ends

THE Police Athletic League terminated its eighth annual season of summer outdoor boxing bouts on Wednesday evening, August 25, at 3rd Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, Brooklyn. Twelve spirited bouts between youngsters ranging in age from 12 to 18 years and in weight classifications from 70 to 145 pounds, made up the boxing card.

The P.A.L. boxers had previously appeared at five other street locations during July and August. It is estimated that the series of boxing exhibitions, in which 140 boys were entered, was witnessed by 40,000 spectators. Entertainment and music at all the boxing shows were furnished by the Police Orchestra under the direction of Ptl. Joseph Cimagione, and the Police Quartette with Ptl. Arthur Matthews conducting.

The tournament was conducted under the supervision of Sgt. William Spengler, of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, Officials included Patrolmen James Monohan and Julie Weiss and volunteer workers Victor Hoole, Max Brenner, Jerry Kellaher and James Guarino. The refereeing assignments were handled by Ptl. John Brenner and volunteer workers Casper Kirschner and Nat Pearlman.

All of the boxers trained at P.A.L. Centers, under the coaching of volunteer handlers Al Ross, Al Baelmann, Charley Goldman, Dick Brenner, Frank Lavelle, Edward Slince, John Martell and Artie Rodenbach.

Despite the severe reduction of personnel which the Police Athletic League experienced during the past year, the P.A.L. conducted a surprisingly active and successful summer program during July, August and September. More than 100,000 persons saw P.A.L. boxers, including those who performed in the regular summer program of boxing mentioned above, carry their green and white colors into every locality of the city.

STATEN ISLAND BOXERS CONTINUE ACTIVE

The active Staten Island unit of the Police Athletic League, sparked by the enthusiasm of Lieut. Thomas Kelly, continues to furnish entertainment for the service men quartered in New York City's "Down Under." In all, nine boxing shows were staged by the Staten Island punchers during the summer months, before 30,000 spectators made up of groups of soldiers, sailors, merchant seamen and service men wounded in action. Officiating at these bouts were Patrolmen John Bruns, Joseph Regan and Oscar Dahlberg. The schedule was as follows:

- July 1: Sisco Park
- July 19: Hoffman Island
- Aug. 2: Rocky Hollow Playground
- Aug. 12: Port of Embarkation
- Aug. 19: Halloran Hospital
- Aug. 26: Port of Embarkation
- Aug. 31: Goodfune Playground
- Sept. 9: Hoffman Island

In addition to the activity of the Staten Island group, P.A.L. boxers appeared weekly during the summer months at the Jamaica Arena, Queens, and at monthly bouts of the New York Athletic Club.

VACATION THRILLS AFFORDED CITY'S CHILDREN

P.A.L. Day at Coney Island, on September 1, offered 40,000 youngsters the opportunity of enjoying many of the world-famous amusement center's attractions at half price. The annual outing was a fitting climax to a summer which saw the Police Athletic League providing numerous recreational opportunities for New York City's boys and girls.

During the months of July, August and September, 60,000 tickets were distributed among Gotham's youngsters, providing free admissions to baseball games at the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium and Ebbets Field. In addition, several thousand P.A.L. kids were guests of the Journal-American on August 26 at the history-making War Bond baseball game between the New York City All-Stars and the Service Team from Camp Cumberland. The Continental Circus also played host to P.A.L. youngsters at Madison Square Garden on July 21, August 5 and August 12.

The Police Athletic League, together with Unit 3 of the Juvenile Aid Bureau and the 6th Division office, joined with the Harlem Advisory Council on Youth to sponsor a dance on August 20 at the Renaissance...
Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue, where more than 2,000 swingsters jived to the music of the popular Cecil Scott and his orchestra.

Miss Eloise Peirsol, civilian director of the Police Athletic League, reports that besides the above-mentioned activities, the summer months saw a full use of the recreational and athletic facilities provided by the eleven P.A.L. Centers located throughout the city. Street showers and playstreets were also very popular.

**P.A.L. BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIPS**

The Police Athletic League's Baseball Championships were played over the Labor Day weekend with teams from Queens and Staten Island vying in all three divisions. Staten Island won two of the contests with the Ft. Wadsworth Pirates drubbing the College Point Hawks 9 to 2 in the Midget Class, and the South Beach Rinkeydinks scoring a 5 to 3 win over the Richmond Hill Falcons in the Junior Division. Queens took the intermediate crown when the Glendale Farmers came from behind in the eighth inning to nose out a 4 to 3 victory over the Westerleighs.

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**PALS OF THE P.A.L.**

*are on the air

**EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON**

4:30 to 5:00 P.M.

Station WNYC

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**Captain George W. Roos**

**GOLF**

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By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

"COMBAT JIU JITSU for Offense and Defense" by S. R. Linck (Portland, Oregon: Stevens-Ness Law Publishing Co., 1943. 120p.) is a new book added to the Library's collection which every member of the police force would want to read and study for his own individual information. The author has published for the first time in book form this art of combat as practiced by the ancient Samurai Warrior and is not to be mistaken for what is commonly known as Wrestling Jiu Jitsu or Judo. All the material in this book is new knowledge to the Western Hemisphere and it is clearly illustrated and described. The author warns the readers that much of the material contained in this book can be extremely severe, may cause injury and even death and the student, therefore, should exercise great care in practicing. Mr. Linck assures the reader that he can learn combat Jiu Jitsu from this book by following the illustrations and the text.

THE POLICE connected with the Department's Technical Research Laboratory will study with alacrity the articles in the new publication, The Technician, No. 3, dated July 1943, which the Library has just received contains scientific discussions of blood tests and bullet identification.

NEW ZEALAND has mailed the Library its 1943 Annual Report of the Police Force of the Dominion. It is a brief résumé only in keeping with war times.

PUBLIC WORKS Emergency Division of the Citizens Defense Corps of the City of New York has issued in printed form its "Manual for Public Works Officers." It is of interest to all branches of civilian defense, because section III contains a description of the organization and functions of the protection services of New York City.

KANSAS CITY, Missouri, which has a very good police department as re-organized upon the advent of a new police administration in 1939 is looking to the future. To assist in planning efficiently, the police consultant, J. M. Leonard of Detroit was called in to advise on organization and operation in accordance with the best modern practices for the best results. The Civic Research Institute of Kansas City, Missouri, publishes this "Study of the Kansas City Police Department" with a cover-title "Facing the Future." It is a book of 123 mimeographed pages and deserves the study of police officials.

THE POLICEMAN appears often as a character in modern fiction. The detective story gives prominence to this one type of police work. Edgar Allan Poe originated the type of modern detective story in his "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (still good if you haven't read it) and the first English detective novel was Wilkie Collins' "The Moonstone," generally regarded as the best. Printing presses pour forth detective stories and murder mysteries by the thousands. But the ordinary police work, apart from detective work and incidental arrests, is usually ignored in fiction; this is quite natural for it is not so sensational and dramatic as the elucidation of the mysteries of crime.

The fact that the police are our defenders, that protection is an important part of their work, was recognized in full measure by Robert Louis Stevenson in "The Dynamiter" which was dedicated to two police officers. Tribute was paid to "courage and devotion so common in the ranks of police, so little recognized, so meagerly rewarded by the people."

THE BULLETIN of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the New York State Police for July, 1943, is devoted to a discussion of "Toxicological Evidence." The men in laboratory will be interested in this.

HEADQUARTERS
PRISONER OF WAR CAMP
Ft. McClellan, Ala.

DEAR INSPECTOR SUTTER:

Your letter of 17 August arrived today.

Very pleased to hear from you. Please give my regards to my friends in the Department with whom you may come in contact.

With best wishes for your continued good health and success, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

MARTIN H. MEANEY,
Colonel, Infantry.

August 20, 1943.
Once again we find thrust upon us the extremely pleasant duty of broadcasting, via these pages, the story of our annual visit to the Police Recreation Centre, that sun-kissed mountain playland that long ago had been characterized as the place where dull moments are as rare as the invigorating mountain air you imbibe in halessful, and bedtime is paradoxically the only unpopular feature of the average day’s program.

Ostensibly, our yearly visit (the twelfth in a row, incidentally) serves no purpose other than the piecing together of a nice vacation story for Spring 3100. On the other hand, and confessionally speaking as it were, we herewith and now admit (as we have on so many other occasions in the past) that we just naturally love the place. For absolute comfort, homelike atmosphere and beauty of surroundings, there is no vacation resort to compare with it.

All of which makes it easily understandable why each year we strut about happily with the release of our August issue and with joy in our hearts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (friend wife to you) at our side and an extra shirt in our bag, we head merrily northward—Platte Clove bound!

Hospitality and Good Fellowship are the twin watchwords at the Centre—the unshakable foundation upon which for years its reputation has rested. And probably never before have the plaudits been more plentiful—more sincere—than during the season just closed, the fourth under the management of that popular gentleman of good cheer, Bill Dolan, managing director of the Centre and as genial and painstaking and considerate a host as any it would be possible to know.

The Unwritten Code

For the last time we are going to make mention in these pages of that most utter of absurdities, that ridiculous yarn which, in seasons gone by, gave folks the impression that the Police Centre, an institution in which literally and figuratively speaking they hold a first mortgage, was no place for the cop and his family on account of the many “big shots” of the
Department who vacation there. Nothing, as we've told you in these pages before, could be sillier. Just when—and how—this most idiotic of rumors achieved circulation we do not know. We do know, however, that the unwritten code of the Centre (we've tried to impress this upon you, too, in past years) requires everyone—from the Police Commissioner down—to check his rank and shield (and dignity, too, should he be so encumbered) at the door before he even registers. And not only that! Talking “shop” is considered an unpardonable breach of etiquette—like talking back to the sergeant, for example—and is severely frowned upon. It really is astonishing how departmental headaches and worries are canned—by the mightiest of visiting officials down to the humblest rook.

ACTIVITIES VARIED

The day's activities at the Centre are varied, they follow no set pattern and range from an early morning hike before breakfast to a spot on the Conga line in the “Huddle Room” where, after supper dancing and entertainment keep the vacationers in happy mood until bedtime. Sports events featuring the daily program include baseball, handball, horseshoe pitching, swimming meets, shuffle-board—both outdoor and indoor; tennis, pool and billiard tournaments, hiking—and just plain loafing with a good book in a comfortable rocker on the porch.

HORSESHOES

Horseshoe pitching continues to rank as one of the big-time features—and again we say, rightly so. The up-to-the-minute six-course, wire-enclosed court installed three years ago, adds immensely to the fascination of this most intriguing of barnyard pastimes. Promptly at ten each morning the tournament is on, with between 30 and 40 of our city slickers bravely facing the firing line.

SOFTBALL

Every afternoon there is softball—with a keg of good cold beer on hand to liven up the play. It is great fun up there on the ball field and the number and variety of quartettes, trios and duets which generally start functioning immediately after the second or third glass has been consumed will amaze you.

TENNIS

Of more than ordinary interest were the tennis matches held each morning and afternoon on both the old and the new enclosed tennis courts—the newer model, modern as this month's issue of Spring 3100, was erected last year on the grounds adjacent to the horseshoe court and directly fronting the main building. An interesting sport to watch, the adeptness of the performers not infrequently caused spectators to hold fast to their chairs as with machine-like precision the competitors in real big-time style went swinging through their paces.

THE SWIMMING POOL

The magnificent swimming pool, together with the kiddies' pool installed alongside, as usual was the mecca for appreciative members of the rocking chair
brigade who on nice afternoons would desert their favorite spots on the porch for an eyeful of the trim young bathing beauties to whom a dip in the pool is a daily "must." And if you think our famous vacation playground is not able when called upon to present its own bevy of real, honest-to-goodness aquaqueens—you're mistaken. We asked some of the girls if they would pose. For Spring 3100:—of course they would! They formed the pulchritudinous group upon which you probably already have gazed, presented all by themselves under the caption "Spring 3100's Challenge to Atlantic City." Lovely, aren't they?

Crystal clear water flowing from nearby mountain streams adds attractiveness to a swim in the pool. Bathhouses, too, are installed close by so that swimmers may undress and get into their bathing togs right on the spot.

It's just about as perfect and homelike a set-up for swim enthusiasts as any you could find.

**RANDOM OBSERVATIONS**

Always of interest are the amateur shows and extravaganzas which bring added joy to your stay. Downright clever stuff, too. And you'd be surprised how painstakingly the performances are rehearsed—and the trouble the participants put themselves to—procuring costumes, wigs, makeup, and so forth, so as to bring realism to the presentation.

It is really too bad we haven't sufficient space to go into more intimate detail about a lot of other interesting happenings up there. For example:

Those impromptu entertainments in the "Huddle Room" each night—supervised and directed by such top-flight entertainers as Johnny Decan, Harbor Precinct, and Jim Fallon, 4th Division, who unfailingly could be depended upon to keep things moving—and then some. The joint birthday party tendered Colonel Frank Centner, 8th Division, and Major Howie Smith, 102nd Squad, a celebration ("merry-go-round" might be a better term) which threatened never to come to an end. Bill (Bamoo) Ryan and Toni (Puthius) Meenan—still inseparable as ham and eggs—out every bit as palatable. Pat Kelly (retired), 75 (looks 55), still up to his old stunt of hitting the road at six each morning for a two-hour hike before breakfast—a life-long habit. Charlie Schofield—71 next birthday—as vivacious and wholesome and full of guff as ever. The delightful wizardry of lovely Elizabeth Wagner, housekeeper for Father Barrett, whose histrionic talents make you wonder how Broadway ever passed her by.

The splendid job in connection with the annual bazaar of St. Mary's Church, Haines Falls, turned in by those two grand gals—Mae Ryan and Minnie Meenan—whose bubbling enthusiasm and unfailing good humor it is impossible to resist. Skipper Paul Lustbader, 15th Pet., and Hackie Jim Greene—veteran hambull stars—who still can hold their own with the best of them. The heart-rending job Mrs. George (Marie) Higgins, lovely and dutiful spouse of the jitterbugging gent of that name (Chief Clerk's office). Had getting the said bird out of the "Huddle Room" and safely to bed nights. George Bard, E.S.S. 10, Strum 3100's efficient young cameraman, still mulling over the proposition recently made him to throw up the P.D. for a cameraman's job in Hollywood. The fast race in which financier Charlie Shrimp, famous P.B.A. man, easily outran the field. The course—ten laps around the beer keg on the ball field. Jimmy O'Brien, P.C.'s office, overheard proclaiming in the dining hall—as so many others have boasted before
THE HANDBALL COURT
Three walls, each of them the recipient of each day of punishment only the seasoned handballer could appreciate.

DANCE OF THE DAISIES
Featuring Jim O'Brien, Steve Sokol, Joe Strays, Jack Duffy, and Joe Osterman.

A few of the home-like bungalows of which the mass of the mountainside.
him: "You couldn't do better than this at the Waldorf" . . .
Head-waiter Pat Kelly—tops in his field—efficiency and personality plus . . . The Ethel O'Brien-Leona Kulme-Louise Sokol trio—a dancing act capable of gracing any chorus line in town you might mention.

Sister Frances Ann Immaculate, the former Dolores Daly, daughter of retired Ptl. and Mrs. Frank Daly, 109th Pct., and sister of Josephine, Lucy, Catherine, Marion, Florence, Margaret and Frank Daly, Jr., who on December 8, 1942, entered the nursing order of the Carmelites and is stationed currently at St. Patrick's Home, the Bronx. A frequent vacationer with her family at the Centre in years past, to the gracious little lady we say now: Felicitations and sincere good wishes, Sister Frances Ann Immaculate, from the members of the great Department of which your Dad always was so very proud—and as a member of which he for so many years served faithfully and well.

Meet the happy newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Biondo, who were married June 20, 1943, and spent their honeymoon at the bride's favorite vacation resort—the Police Recreation Centre. The bride, the former Marie Degen, daughter of Patrolman and Mrs. Johnny Degen, Harbor Pct., attended Grover Cleveland High and Syracuse University. The groom studied at Newton High and Queens College. He is a member of Phi Sigma Phi fraternity. The wedding took place in St. Stanislaus R. C. Church, Maspeth, with the Rev. James J. Bennett officiating. A reception at "The Boulevard," Elmhurst, followed. Good luck to you, Marie and Ernest, and for both of you may the sun shine brightly always.
Naval Air Cadet Charles Trester, Jr., whose vacation with his Mother and Dad, Ptl. Charles Trester, Tr. C., was interrupted when orders came for him to report forthwith for training at Melbourne, Florida.

Policewoman Lilian Ryan, one of the Department’s loveliest telling us she knew of no vacation resort to even compare with our Centre, a statement in corroboration of which her very charming Mother nods happy assent.

Lieut. John R. Smith, U. S. Marine Corps, greets his Mother and Dad, Lieut. Howard Smith, 102nd Squad, upon arriving to spend a few days with them prior to his reporting for duty at the San Diego, Cal., Marine Base. A graduate of Georgetown, with the degree of M.S., the young Marine Lieutenant promised faithfully to remember us to the Japs—but plenty—if and when he manages to catch up with them.

Eileen Cleary, 10, imitating beautifully Judy Garland in “For Me and My Gal” . . . Retired Sgt. Andy Dwyer on the ball field each afternoon scouting material for his beloved Bushwicks . . . Among others enjoying the life of a retired Riley—horseshoe pitchers all: Bill Plaut, Pat O’Hara, Fred Spielman, Frank Hedden, Bill Slattery, Jim Nealon, Jack O’Keefe, to name a few . . . Ann Sheridan, a gal who can pick ‘em, telling gleefully of the 346 fish which dropped into her lap as a result of her Daily Double coming through last month . . . Gert Marks, who enjoy movies so well that 15 to 20 shows a week to Gert mean nothing at all . . . Lt. Ben. Assn. Prexy Bill Maley, a baritone of distinction, knocking ‘em cold with “Sun Bonnet Sue” . . . Orchids to his pal, Dr. Walter E. Hurley, star golfer of Lookout Point, for the several emergency medical jobs he so graciously responded to when called upon . . . The harrowing experience of Joe Donovan, C.I.B. chief, the same involving (1) a nocturnal trip to Albany, (2) a monastery, and (3) a pig . . . The glamorous Klinks, 23rd Pct., holding hands and looking fondly into each other’s eyes on the porch each evening—true love at its loveliest . . . The Dancing Kerrigan, Gertie and Ambie, a laugh riot as always . . . Harry (Tiny) Morris, 106th Pct., one time star of the horseshoe courts—and who still can pitch ‘em . . . Michael D. B. (Daniel Boone) Murphy, P.C.’s office, admiring the monster crocodile shot by him two years ago and since then on view, elegantly mounted, in the hotel lobby . . . And so forth and so on ad infinitum.

We particularly want to mention, in closing, how thoroughly the folks enjoyed dancing on the spacious porch each afternoon and early evening and later in the “Huddle Room”—a dance hall so inviting and comly you forget your worries the moment you cross its friendly portals . . . and to commenad again in highest terms the music furnished in such generous doses by Freddie James and his Musical Mountaineers, a seven-piece band whose rhythmic melodies lent happiness to your stay.

We never fail to mention also in this annual report the kick everyone gets out of that coziest of nooks up there—known affectionately as “Ye Tap Room.” Beer as refreshing as any you have tasted is served at ten cents the glass—a worthwhile stop on your way to bed at night—or to the shower after a strenuous hour or two on the courts.

And in bringing to a close this record of another glorious visit to the Police Recreation Centre, may we add a word of felicitation to Bill Dolan, our genial and philosophical director up there, upon having added to his already imposing score this fourth season of accomplishment.

Despite the tremendous obstacles incurred in running the Centre this year—scarcity of help, rise in food costs, and so forth—never for a moment did Bill lose that smile—his most distinguishable characteristic.

And for the fourth year in a row “the right man in the right place” again in our opinion sums up Bill’s case nicely.

SOMEBODY IN THE S. W. PACIFIC
Fleet P.O. San Francisco, Calif.
July 31, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
This is to thank you for sending along SPRING 3100 which has been reaching me regularly. It is my only contact with the outside world as all news reaching us down here comes through “scuttle-butt” channels or the native tom tom beaters—one being about as reliable as the other. It has been my good luck to be associated with a crack outfit and the boys are doing themselves proud down in this neck of the woods.

Please say hello and best wishes to all my old friends in the Department.

FRANCIS J. BLESER, M.M. 1/c.
Auto Engineer, 11th Precinct.
POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR THE SEPT.-OCT., 1913, ISSUE OF "SPRING 3100"
By Lieutenant PETER F. MATHEWS

QUESTION NO. 1
Enumerate the persons that are permitted within the guard rail of a polling place during an election. How many challengers are permitted within a polling place?

QUESTION NO. 2
What cases shall be classified as "closed" or "unfounded" by members of the Detective Division?

QUESTION NO. 3
Outline the general instructions that have been prepared by the Office of Civilian Defense for the handling of gas victims.

QUESTION NO. 4
Briefly explain the federal rule as to the admission of evidence illegally obtained.

QUESTION NO. 5
Briefly answer the following:
a. Is it possible to develop fingerprints on glass that has been in water for several days?
b. Is the State Liquor Authority required to give notice of its intention to prohibit the sale of liquor during an emergency?
c. Members of the Force shall not carry packages, bundles, etc., while in uniform. Mention any exception.
d. When must a driver-parked vehicle give way to another vehicle?
e. Define the term “conspiracy.”
f. For what purpose was the Division of National Defense established?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1
The Election Law provides that no person shall be admitted within the guard rail from the opening to the closing of the polls, except the following:
1. Election Officers.
2. Persons admitted by the inspectors to preserve order or enforce the law.
3. Persons duly admitted for the purpose of voting.
4. The Attorney General or any of his assistants, deputy assistants or investigators.
5. Duly authorized watchers with certificates of appointment from 15 minutes before the polls are opened, and until completion of the canvass.
6. During the canvass any candidate voted for at the polling place.
Challengers: A reasonable number of challengers, at least one for any three or more persons of each party, whose names are on the party ballot, shall be permitted to remain just outside of the guard rail from the opening to the close of the polls.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
Closed Cases are:
Cases in connection with which police investigation has been completed and
1. Results obtained in full, or
2. Results obtained in part and no further results can be obtained, or
3. No results can be obtained.
Note: Homicide cases will not be classified as closed unless the perpetrator is dead, has been convicted or acquitted, or against whom the Grand Jury has failed to find an indictment on the grounds that the homicide was excusable or justifiable.
Unfounded cases are:
1. Complaints of crimes which, upon investigation, are found not to be crimes.
2. Reports of property lost by persons who afterwards report having misplaced the property and found it.
3. Cases of a civil nature brought to the attention of detectives, in which action should be instituted in a civil court.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

The importance of proper first aid for gas victims cannot be over-emphasized. The following are general rules which apply in all cases:

a. Act promptly and quietly; be calm.

b. Put a gas mask on the patient if gas is still present or, if he has a mask on, check to see that it is properly adjusted. If a mask is not available, wet a handkerchief or other cloth and have him breathe through it.

c. Keep the patient at absolute rest; loosen clothing to facilitate breathing.

d. Remove the patient to a gas-free place as soon as possible.

e. Summon medical aid promptly; if possible, send the victim to a hospital.

f. Do not permit the patient to smoke, as this causes coughing and, hence, exertion.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

The federal rule arising under the protection afforded by the Fifth Amendment of the Federal Constitution prohibits the use as evidence of papers or articles unlawfully seized by federal officers or agents. The federal courts hold that their use under such circumstances actually compels the accused to be an "unwilling source of evidence against himself" and, consequently, violates his constitutional privilege.

In order to bring them within the federal exclusion rule, the illegal seizure of documents or articles must be by federal agents or officers. Thus, state officers who furnish the federal officers with the evidence seized unlawfully are classified as private persons under the federal rule. Where, however, state officers are cooperating with federal officials, the evidence which they obtain must be considered as having been secured in violation of the Federal Constitution.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. There are quite a few cases on record, where fingerprints on glass have been developed after having been in water for several days. They were then dried and developed in the usual manner.

b. No. The State Liquor Authority has the power to prohibit, at any time of public emergency, without previous notice or advertisement, the sale of any or all alcoholic beverages for and during the period of such emergency.

c. When necessary in the performance of police duty.

d. When another vehicle arrives to take on or set down passengers or merchandise.

e. A conspiracy is a combination of two or more persons to do an illegal act by legal means, or any act by illegal means.

f. To act as a liaison and coordinating agency between this Department and officials of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, and with other Federal and State officials, in matters relating to the armed personnel of the United States and to protective measures in connection with the war effort within this city.

Captain Boyle Admitted to Bar

CAPTAIN MICHAEL J. BOYLE, A.B., LL.B., 41st Precinct, a graduate of Manhattan College, on July 31 past, was admitted to the bar, one of the 199 who passed the Appellate Division examination out of 319 who took the test.

Following graduation from P.S. 37 in 1912, he had had no further formal education for nearly 15 years. In February, 1937, fulfilling a long-cherished ambition to complete his education, he enrolled in a Manhattan preparatory school and by August of 1938, he had completed enough courses to enable him to register at Manhattan in the following month. Graduation in 1941, with the degree A.B., followed. His next stop was Fordham Law School. The rest of the story you already know.

Captain Boyle, known today as the student who crammed high school, college and law into six years, is married and the father of four children. His oldest daughter is a Wave, one son is in the Navy, the other two are in school.

Captain Boyle explained that he had taken the examination before graduation from Fordham under a new wartime ruling of the Appellate Division. He studied law, he said, as he studied social science at Manhattan, primarily because it interested him and because he wanted to obtain the education he missed as a youth. And certainly his accomplishments thus far should leave little doubt in our minds as to his determination to scale the heights—if we might use such a term in describing a man whose bent for knowledge transcends all other ambitions.

Captain Boyle is one of those fellows who does not believe in permitting grass to grow under his feet, as witness his record thus far in his career as a member of the Department. Not yet 46 years of age, he reached his present rank on March 26, 1938. He was appointed September 7, 1921, promoted to sergeant May 16, 1928, and to lieutenant on December 16, 1932.

It is a record of which he has every good reason to be proud.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

General Orders No. 22, July 15, 1943.
Extracts from official U. S. Treasury Department Employee's Withholding Exemption Certificate, Form W-4, Establishes departmental procedure in connection with same. General Orders No. 15, c.s., revoked.

T. T. Message, July 15, 1943.
Amendment to paragraph 5 of General Orders No. 17, c.s.

T. T. Message, July 17, 1943.
New York City Division of the Public Service Commission has established offices in the Woolworth Building, 233 Broadway, Manhattan. Reports formerly transmitted by telephone to the Transit Commission will hereafter be transmitted to the Public Service Commission as follows:
Between 8:00 A.M. and 11:00 P.M. telephone BEekman 3-5100.
Between 11:00 P.M. and 3:00 A.M. telephone Mr. Andrew Pappas—HAVemeyer 3-7316, or Mr. John S. Pahler—Flushing 7-7160.

T. T. Message, July 17, 1943.
Re drivers of commercial drive-away companies employed by the War Department, also military personnel, exceeding national speed limit of thirty-five miles per hour. . . . Action to be taken whenever a member of the Force stops a military vehicle for violating such regulation.

Commissioner of Markets advises renewal period for Ice Dealers licenses expired June 20, 1943. . . . Members of the Force to take proper police action in connection with all unlicensed Ice Dealers.

Circular No. 21, July 23, 1943.
Calls attention to various Acts of the Legislature enacted during the 1943 Session.

T. T. Order No. 11, July 23, 1943.
Rule No. 50 of the Rules and Regulations, relative to duties of Desk Officers, amended.

T. T. Message, August 1, 1943.
Members of the Uniformed Force of the Police Department, and all Auxiliary Forces (City Patrol, Air Wardens, Report Center staff members, Light Duty Rescue Squad members, Messengers, members of Taxi Corps) to carry arm bands on their person with them at all times, and helmets near their place of work or business.

T. T. Message, August 5, 1943.
Communication from Board of Elections requesting immediate instruction be given to guard carefully ballot boxes used at the fall Primary Election, Tuesday, August 10.

Special Orders No. 196, August 5, 1943.
Primary Election details.

General Orders No. 24, August 5, 1943.
Instructions regarding Primary Election.

General Orders No. 25, August 5, 1943.
Tabulation of Vote—Primary Election. General Instructions.

Circular No. 22, August 5, 1943.
Communication from Board of Elections requesting compliance with provisions of Section 61 of the Election Law.

T. T. Message, August 13, 1943.
Amendment to Article 1 of the Traffic Regulations. New Section 7-A.

7-A. When traffic control signal lights which form part of a simultaneous traffic control light system are turned off from approximately 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., those lights which remain in operation will be considered "isolated lights" and drivers of vehicles are required to stop on red signals only at intersections where such lights are located.

General Orders No. 26, August 16, 1943.
Baseball game between teams of Police and Sanitation Departments, Polo Grounds, Sunday, September 19, 1943.

General Orders No. 27, August 16, 1943.
Rules and regulations adopted by Public Service Commission governing operation of omnibuses carrying passengers for hire with a carrying capacity of more than seven persons. . . . Outlines departmental procedure when a violation is observed.

Amends so much of Paragraph 15 of Article 35 of the Manual of Procedure, titled "Telegraph Bureau" as relates to accidents occurring "on any other railroad, subway or surface line, or involving a franchise bus or a bus displaying a Transit Commission sticker—Transit Commission" to read:

"On any railroad, subway or surface line—Public Service Commission."


T. T. Order No. 12, August 18, 1943.
Paragraphs 69 and 70 of Article 36, Manual of Procedure, amended as relates to procedure when a member of the Force observes an omnibus with a carrying capacity of more than seven persons, carrying passengers for hire within this city without having prominently displayed in lower right hand corner on interior surface of windshield a certificate issued by the Public Service Commission, bearing a future date of expiration.

T. T. Message, August 19, 1943.
Public Proclamation No. 5 issued by the Commanding General of the Eastern Defense Command and First Army, relative to prohibited and restricted zones within the Eastern Military Area.

Attention of members of the Force concerned particularly directed to zone A-150, Page 6, zone B-37, Page 8 and map of zone B-37, Page 15.

T. T. Message, August 19, 1943.
Amends so much of Par. 43 of General Orders Nos. 14, c.s., titled "Distribution of Personnel and Equipment during Actual and Practice Air Raids" as relates to telephones indicated.

Circular No. 24, August 20, 1943.
Local Law No. 29, which amends Administrative Code in relation to places of assembly, generally.
AMENDMENTS TO RULES AND REGULATIONS
Pronnulgated August 12, 1937

SPRING 3100 begins this month a resume, in chronological sequence, of amendments to the Rules and Regulations, together with the authority for each such amendment.
One page of such amendments will appear monthly.

Amendments to the Manual of Procedure will follow in due course.

Wherever the words “Patrolwoman” and “Patrolwomen” appear in the Manual of Procedure and Rules and Regulations of this Department they shall be changed to read “Policewoman” and “Policewomen,” respectively.

G. O. No. 29, December 15, 1937.

RULE 14.

DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR

14. Each of the Boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Bronx, Queens and Richmond shall be under the command of one or more Deputy Chief Inspectors or commanding officers assigned thereto by the Police Commissioner, who shall be charged with, and responsible for, the enforcement of all laws and ordinances, the Rules and Regulations, the Manual of Procedure and Orders of the Police Commissioner within his respective command and the discipline and efficiency of the Force under his command.

Amended by G. O. No. 11, June 13, 1941.

RULE 17.

17. Division commanders shall require the commanding officer of at least one precinct within their respective divisions to remain on duty continuously from 8 A.M. to 3 P.M. and another commanding officer from 3 P.M. to 8 A.M. In the event of an unusual occurrence arising in any precinct within the division, such commanding officer will immediately proceed to the scene, and direct police action until the arrival of the Inspector, Deputy Inspector or the commanding officer of such precinct.

Amended by G. O. No. 11, August 12, 1937.

RULE 47.

47. Amended by adding thereto:

“If an original or extended excusal period terminates during a tour of duty the donor is scheduled to perform he shall be excused from the remainder of such tour.”

Amended by T.T.O. No. 4, January 11, 1940.

RULE 50.

50. The post of desk officer is within the muster room of the station-house. Upon beginning his tour of duty and at the conclusion of it, he shall immediately sign his name and the time of each entry in the Blotter. He shall not leave his post during his tour of duty, except for:

a. Personal necessity
b. Official duty within the station-house
c. Upon urgent police duty
d. One-half hour on each tour for meal, provided two or more Sergeants are performing duty with the platoon. When required to leave his post for any reason, other than meal period, he shall place a competent member of the Force in charge during his absence. When leaving for meal period he shall assign a Sergeant, other than the Sergeant assigned to patrol in a radio equipped Department automobile, to desk duty and during such period he shall remain within the station-house.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 11, July 23, 1943.

NEW RULE 58a.

58a. Entries in the Arrest Record, Telephone Record, Summons Record and Aided and Accident Record shall be in the handwriting of the desk officer, except that in precincts where conditions warrant such action the Commanding Officer may authorize a patrolman to make entries in the Summons Record.

G. O. No. 29, Dec. 12, 1938.

SUBDIVISION f. RULE 72.

f. If the prisoner is an employee of a City Department, a medical officer, official or superior officer of the Department concerned, upon proper identification, when necessary in the performance of their official duties.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 30, June 20, 1938.

RULE 78.

78. Sergeants will rotate on telephone switchboard duty in periods of four hours on each tour, except when a civilian operator is assigned thereto. When three sergeants are scheduled for duty with a platoon on any tour, the third, in turn, will perform the entire tour of patrol.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 30, Nov. 10, 1939.

RULE 116.

116. Sickness of, or injury to a horse shall be immediately reported to the command officer of the squad or troop for such action as may be necessary.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 1, Jan. 4, 1938.

RULE 129.

129. A District Surgeon shall prepare and forward charges and specifications against a member of the Force who is found incapacitated for duty on account of carelessness, improper, vicious or immoral conduct or habits; or who fraudulently or by misleading statements concerning his sickness or disability, endeavors to deceive a District Surgeon, or who feigns sickness or disability.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 18, Apr. 12, 1940.
Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant

RETIRED FROM THE DEPARTMENT

Lt. Frederick Allgeier 52 Pet. Aug. 16, 1943
Sgt. Herman B. Goldsman, Em. Sr. Sq. 6 Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. James Rogers Tr. F Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. Michael J. O’Rourke Tr. D Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. Felix Dolan Tr. H Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. Herman A. Herder Tr. D Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. Joseph Mahon Tr. F Aug. 16, 1943

Ptl. Matthew Cross 12 D.D. Aug. 16, 1943
Ptl. Lester A. Walsh 23 Pet. Aug. 16, 1943

Major John Clark Corbett

In November of 1940, John Clark Corbett, 25 years old, a graduate of N. Y. U. Law School, was inducted following completion of a special course given by Army authorities at the University, as a 2nd Lieutenant, U. S. Army, and while still serving in that rank came to New York from Camp Devens for the ceremony from which he emerged as a practicing attorney, with the degree of LL.B. Promotion to 1st Lieutenant, in April, 1942, followed, and in October of the same year, one month prior to sailing with his outfit for North Africa as a member of the invasion force which has since cleared the mightiest of continents of all enemy resistance, he was made Captain. In June, 1943, at the age of 27 he was promoted to Major.

Cross of the Legion of Merit

The following month, July, Major Corbett was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Merit. The citation read in part: “For exceptional meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding service . . .” Due to military reasons, the details concerning the award are not available. It is safe to assume, however, that a citation of this sort is not given for work of a routine nature.

Major Corbett attended also St. John's University, in Brooklyn, from which he was graduated in 1936 with the degree of Bachelor of Science and Social Science. The personnel of the 61st Precinct, from Captain Cashman down, joins in extending to Major Corbett—and to his Father and Dad, Sergeant John Corbett of that command—warmest felicitations. Sergeant and Mrs. Corbett may well be proud of their boy—and of the part he is taking in the tremendous struggle in which our beloved country today is engaged.
"Grounded, eh, Sarge?"

"Yeah—just wait!!"

"Wadda ya mean, deposit 5 cents please?"

"Try rolling it, Rookie."
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION
1st Pet., Ptl. Francis B. Donovan
2nd Pet., Ptl. Frank Sullivan
3rd Pet., Ptl. Henry W. A. Elder
4th Pet., Ptl. Edmund F. Kelly
5th Pet., Ptl. William Foster

8th Precinct: Among Other Things We Never Knew 'Til Now: Captain Jones, who is a Spanish War Veteran and delegate to the Boston Convention, was only two steps behind the late Teddy Roosevelt in that memorable chase up San Juan Hill.

You've heard of the cow jumping over the moon, but in this case the Missus of Sergeant Tip Toes George Groves actually out-did the cow—when Georgie came home with those chunks of cow he called "club steaks!"

Sergeant Sandy MacFarlane will soon start for Peconic Bay where he intends to test his artistic ability by drawing pictures of Harlem and making up charts for sergeants working out of the precinct.

Sergeant Steve (Mgr.) Whelan reciprocated nobly by inviting Sergeant Pete "I'll take the desk" Kelly out to his house for a corned beef and cabbage dinner last month, Kelly to furnish the beef—and Whelan the cabbage.

We miss our sartorial experts, Sergeants Neil Daly and Johnnie Dunn, both farmed out for the duration.

Is it true: that the famous 4th Squad—Dohrmann, Murphy, Luzzi, Layden, Martin and Kissinberth—have been offered a job in one of the Greenwich Village cabarets—as a singing and dancing sextette? . . . that young Tom Reilly charms the Day Squad with his singing of those Irish come-alive's? . . . that Joe Summons Pagauacii visited Harlem recently—and just loved it? . . . that Pop Garvey, the guardian of 4th Avenue, was inquiring about bungalows to rent on Central Park Lake?

Look! Here's Charlie Herbert's name again—he is now the 1st B. A. delegate . . . Retired Patrolman Dick Maddeford, who visited recently, looks good—has the family working for him now . . . Sergeant "Not a word" Ray Reid is busy these days explaining to Sergeant Zeke Weiman that he is no longer in the Bureau of Operations, but has a responsible job now . . . Did any one stop to think what would happen if Staten Island ever ceded from New York and was annexed by Jersey—or bought by some multi-millionaire for a farm? What would happen is that all our Gentlemen residing therein would have to (1) move to New York City, (2) wear a collar and tie, (3) get shaved and (4) even have the mud removed from their shoes! . . . My! My! My! Love's labor lost: J. Wilberforce MacAvoy, looking in the mirror while combing his last 4 hairs remaining . . . Dominick Largo putting sunburn lotion on his scalp, a real shiny one, to restore the circulation or something!

Lawrence Shea, son of Detective Jack Shea of the 8th Squad, was recently commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps and has left for Washington, D. C.—and is Jack proud! . . . John "Buck" O'Neill, another 8th Squad G Man, is likewise going around telling of his boy who is in the Navy—and whom Buck expects will be an Assistant Admiral before the fuss is over with. Good luck and God speed to 'em both!

2D DIVISION
3rd Pet., Ptl. Robert A. Gilson
4th Pet., Ptl. Maurice Grauberg
5th Pet., Ptl. Thomas G. Tobin
6th Pet., Ptl. Iona Loadmouth
7th Pet., Ptl. Alex W. Franz

9th Precinct: Best of luck to Patrolman Samuel Bossom on his retirement from the Department . . . A hearty welcome to Sergeant F. O'Connor and Patrolmen McLoughlin and Buccino, newcomers to the command.

A splendid time was had at the annual outing at Smedler's Park, Grant City, S. I., last month. Another such affair is anticipated in the near future. Keep in touch with your local committee as to time, place, date, etc.

Patrolmen Falls, Nystrom, Langer and Doody, seen up Harlem way during the recent shindig, hadn't, they admit, seen the Northern Lights in years.

FORMER OCCUPATIONS

Bogdan was a Customs Guard, who inspected everything; Buckley, a Dock Loader, he sure did have his fling.

Butler was an Electrician, "Short-Circuit" was his name; Callahan was a Fireman, who put out every flame.

Cangelosi, another Dock Loader, another faithful gob; Capolongo a Special Patrolman, experienced for this job.

Colgan was a Guard, for Woolworth's five and ten; Collins a Telephone Installer, a little boy 'mongst men.

(Continued Next Month)

4TH DIVISION

13th Pet., Ptl. John Fruting
14th Pet., Ptl. Thomas J. McGriff
16th Pet., Ptl. James O'Sullivan

15th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathies to Sergeant Abbott in the death of his daughter.

Good to see our old pal, Major Jim Fallon, back on the job after his operation. Nice going, Jim, even though I did overhear some of the boys in the back room ask, "What? At his age—monkey glands?"

Nelson and Willie Sullivan have the site for the fishing station picked out. Who has some idle dough to invest? . . . Artie Keenan claims that cold cream is good for the complexion—it adds color, sez he . . . Soto voice one radio man to another: S. F. "Where is the 28th Precinct?" F. L.: "I hear it's up in Harlem somewhere!" . . . Well, it happened! What happened? Don't tell me you haven't heard that our John Maskell has put his papers in! . . . A welcome to Rookie Patrolmen Edward Duffy and Cornelius Mahoney! A successful and inspirational career to you both . . . Congratulations to good old "Doc" Friedman on his promotion to detective! Best of luck, Bill . . . Famous Sayings: Jimmie "Dickie" to "Chatter" "Who told you to say that?"

Best wishes and safe return to the sons of the following named members of this command serving currently with the Armed Forces:
Lieutenant Brady, Lieutenant Gross, Act, Lieutenant Ryan, Act. Lieutenant Firro, Sergeant Donahue, Detective Kenney (3), Detective Gillick, Patrolmen: Walter Hunt (2 in Army, daughter in Marines), Val Kelly (2), Pat Doherty (3), Joe Frank (2), Sam Festa, Joe Steinwand, Frank Williams, Horan, Joe Grady, Gus Beisacher, our genial Bootblack Carlo (3).

Recapitulation: Army—17; Navy—9; Marines—2. Total—28.

17th Precinct: What certain lieutenant (Hint: he dabbled in Florida real estate extensively last year and still tells wonderful tales about the climate down there, fishing, etc.) recently ordered a brand new uniform—and not on Army one?... The Green Hornet is on the trail of what well-known lieutenant's pants?... What Second Avenue cop, now assigned to the "health farm," had to have ear holes put in his gas mask?... Who is the rejuvenated lieutenant? (From milk and crackers to clam chowder, a "King of the Sea")... For which of our lieutenants did that fishing pole—but minus the reel (Note: U. F. 61 forwarded)—arrive last month?... Re the "Pearl Harbor pulled on Pinky Mitchell: What certain patrolman by the name of Bill put in his "paper" recently?... Yes, youth must be served.

MEMORIES: In the good old days when it was used to "Where wurr' yo'??

THE MAKING OF A COP: When he patrolled Second Avenue, he was a real live wire; then he went to the Air Warden Service, and in a short time you could hardly understand his talk, he having acquired that Park Avenue accent. His old side-kicks are wondering today if it is the same cop that used to be so fond of "Bananis!" A girl's best friend is not necessarily her mother—it might easily be Patrolman Bill (Elmer) Smith, the genial—and handsome—guardian of Lexington Avenue.

Patrolman Arnaza is doing his bit for the war effort, he having been inducted into the Corps—flying between the 17th, 22nd, 23rd and 32nd Precincts... What 95 man must now watch his P's & Q's?... STREET SCENES: Bill Walsh without a petition in his hand... Larry Conlon on his way home buying potatoes from a wagon peddler... Pat Agostinello with a dog on a string—station house bound (very courageous)... Scratch McCabe going east—but in a hurry... Joe Ward in a barber shop getting a hair cut (plus a light coat of simonize)... Pete O'Rourke trying to keep both feet on half a post (voluntary confinement to Pete)... Quilty riding a P. O. Wagon (on a payroll, see he)... "Butterball" Curnyn in his R. M. P. mussin' on a "Hero!"

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER: It's a swell treat to see our A. W. S. Act. Capt. McDonald back on the job after his illness. Looking good, too. Hope he becomes a grandfather soon, out there in that beautiful nest.

P. A. M. O. L. (by what Lieutenant?): "Who needs this job? I can get out—I get my "paper" in—and with no trouble at all, I can get a job on the outside for 40 fish a week and be a citizen again!" etc., etc.

6TH DIVISION

23rd Prec., Plt. Henry Novak
25th Prec., Plt. Francis X. McDermott
28th Prec., Plt. John D. Prowata
32nd Prec., Plt. Harlem Eye

23rd Precinct: Al Grussel, otherwise known as "Little Abner," has been very appropriately nicknamed—and for the reason that cheerfully he admits he'd rather do patrol barefooted. Shoes, Al tells us, make him dog tired!

Stanley Mithlenner (who missed his vocation) would today be the envy of any auctioneer or street Barker, a statement you would agree with if you could hear him give his spiel. He's that good he could sell spavin horses to mounted patrolmen.

Congratulations to Jim Hamilton, recently retired, on his appointment as chief liegetude at the Star George Hotel Pool! May he enjoy a long life and be in the swim of things always.

Sergeant Connolly should come in for a bit of praise for his painstaking interest in lost children—as evidenced a few weeks ago when he went to great lengths to locate the parents of a lost waif and for his pains... to be continued in our next...

The boys in the backroom missed their checker games during the Harlem disturbance—some one with a foosy streak always managing to do away with them each time a set was brought in.

Charlie Schatz, our new Number One Broom, deserves to be complimented on his good work and especially for his attention to the latrine requirements on the second floor. Not, incidentally, that we are detracting from the good work of Bill Burns, recently retired and for whom we wish a long and happy vacation; but Charlie sure has his heart in his work.

Jack Hickey, a member of Uncle Sam's Air Corps, in a letter received the other day sent his regards to Jack. He is a lieutenant and in case he can fly a plane like he can box, he will win the next match

—out-fight—any Axis plane that flies. "A former Golden Gloves champ, it is our guess Jack would emerge a winner no matter what he tackled.

Our good friend Tom O'Sullivan, recently retired, is cavorting following several months of illness, and it is our hope he recovers speedily to enjoy to the fullest a long and happy life in retirement.

Flency Kreidler, ex-marine, couldn't stand being out of this war and has joined the Navy. How does he feel, Harry, being an Old Salt again?... Connie Heckert, another one of our boys, also has joined the Navy. Lots of luck to 'em both.

Double congratulations are in order to Frank McKenna who (1) retired August 16, and at the same time (2) took unto himself a wife! May the Lady of Good Fortune continue to smile on them both and success attend their every undertaking.

Sam Schrier, who pounds the pavement along Thrid Avenue and has his future all planned for the time when he, too, goes into retirement, thinks he has discovered some lucrative territory along Third Avenue for the sale of knishes, an Hebrew delicacy made from potatoes. Sam feels that potatoes, which have become expensive in this town, will be cheap and plentiful by the time he retires.

Your reporter is undertaking, with the able assistance of John Scintoni, one time lightweight champ of the Paulist A. C., the task of coaching a boys' boxing team at the Union Settlement House. John, who is never given to boasting, is a pastmaster of the maud art of self-defense. Of a quiet and unassuming nature, no one would suspect his talent—and he can still give a good account of himself, believe me.

When certain hibiter whose name when mentioned reminds you of the zoo, had a bad night, also fell back brought on by his helping himself to an enormous dose of what he thought was bicarbonate—and which turned out to be tooth powder.

28th Precinct: Our deepest sympathies to Patrolmen McNulty, Marshon and Pendrell in their recent bereavements... Congratulations to all of New York's "Finest" who handled so well the recent emergency in Harlem winning thereby the plaudits and praise of all... As usual the men of the 6th Division proved themselves as among the finest of New York's "Finest"... Congratulations and thanks to the P. O. W. who the last few days have been so busy that no man on duty during the emergency. The patriotic spirit of the membership is still in doubt, but at the latest count Commissioner Schwartz seems to have the title clinched... This month also marks the loss of several members who will be missed by all... Izzy Kolasy, after becoming practically an institution around the 28th, has in his retirement, left a large vacancy to be filled... Muscles McSorley, although only with us a short time, is missed badly since his enlistment in the Navy... Policewoman Frieda Yourdis, who resigned, and Bill Drake who was transferred to the 78th, are two more familiar faces that will be looked for. Best of luck to each of them is wished by all and each has a standing invitation to come back for a visit whenever and as often as possible.

"Bunny-boy" Heusel and Fred Johnston were overheard comparing "stock" of which Heusel claims to have as good a quality and quantity as anybody... Maurice Rooney, our own Dick Tracy, must be shipping, judging from that picture job done on his picture job, not even by our expert like Mrs. Pruneface... Fred Schlegel, the new Broom, proved that his tomatoes were ripe in a rather mysterious way... Con Creedon and Pat McNulty, back together again, went on strike recently but, after a short talk by a certain pipe-smoker, everything is back to normal... What are the stories behind these new names: Pistol-Pete Hammond and Dead-eye Dick Vaiith?... When last seen Chief Operator Nolan was feeding Stern's Insect Powder (no plug) to his daily companions on the switchboard—considerate fellow, that Bill... Cookie Sinkel has already won himself a promotion—one flight upstairs... Jim Bree swears solemnly that he wants no more to do with anybody
who hears whistles and bells at any and all times of the day—once is enough ... The fruit-pickers shortage could be solved in the 28th after the expert rapping technique shown by some of the members in clearing up the recovered property recently ... Pat Connelly, one of our newer additions, now knows the proper procedure for handling a lost child after learning the hard way under the able tutelage of Professor Collins. Somehow, the Lamp Outage and Resignation Forms got mixed up in the lesson!

"MOST POPULAR SAYING OF THE MONTH: "How's chances of getting back those days off we lost?"

32nd Precinct: Was it our Captain who was observed last month running along the Hudson River at, Kingston, N. Y., getting in trim, obviously, to meet the Swedish champ, Gunner Haegg, for the one-mile sprint title?

Patrolman John Murphy, assigned to the switchboard one late tour recently, over the wire directed Patrolman Doran to go to the Polo Grounds and investigate a complaint received of noise emanating therefrom. Patrolman Doran then asked: "What noise could be coming from the Polo Grounds at this hour? The game's over a long time ago!" Replied Murphy: "I don't know, but it might be a couple of hot dogs fighting over some mustard."

Aside to Patrolman Cecil Nelms (The Deacon), seen daily walking around the station house with a couple mello rolls under each arm: Hey, Zek, don't you know there is a ration on that stuff?

What patrolman (initials R. E.) reported with his chin down to his stomach one morning recently and gave as the reason when questioned relative thereto that "the rain last night knocked down all my tomato plants?"

Sight to see: Patrolmen Matthews and Yostpelle peering salad on over their heads—and for no other reason except to bring out a nice shine!

Could that have been our poet Sergeant Richard observed last month painting a barber pole in back of his summer home in Freeport? ... Next!

7TH DIVISION

40th Precinct: The real truth is that Kehlone does take off that straw hat when he takes a dip in Castle Hill pool—putting it on again as soon as he comes out. ... Is it true the reasons Gately keeps the engine of his chariot covered with a laundry bag are (1) to keep the motors out and (2) to keep the thing from falling apart? ... that Brennan keeps in trim by loosening his tie and taking it off—without removing his hat? ... and that Levy insists it's the light blue shirt he occasionally wears that costs him $12 and not the bedspread that the shirt was cut out of?

Mr. and Mrs. "Red" Fink now have a little junior male Fink.

Congratulations! ... and John Mortensen wishes it announced publicly here that he objects to being called "Foofo" ... O. K., we'll try to remember, "Foofoo."

First, Cunife, with the aid of Hauser, bags two young burglars; then he and Schell bag a raccoon—and was it a treat to see Schell squeezed into the trunk of the radio car guarding a growing barrel! What happened when the raccoon got free in the basement, boys? Some fun for kids?

We can't figure out whether it was in a moment of weakness or a moment of strength that George Herd finally disposed of that gorgeous bit of shrubbery on his upper lip, leaving the precinct mustacheless now—save for Healy, who may be retired by the time this is printed ... Don't show Martragano any trees—he claims that they make him hungry (there must be a forest on West 28th!)

... Here's where I get sued again: Cielvo was approached by a man who said, "As one hard luck guy to another, can you spare a dime?" Can you guess what Rosie gave him? Right the first time (and a left the second time).

HARLEM: Luckiest guys in the precinct during the uptown fuss were those away on vacation (All right, I won't mention your names) ... Unluckiest was Snofsky, who chose to work during his 3 week army preinduction furlough ... "Superman" Heckler showed up many a younger man, putting in 20 hours on one corner—following which he grabbed 3 hours sleep and did a 4 to 12 in the precinct ... Lundsten and Thompson raced downtown in record time with blood for a transfusion for a wounded buddy ... Brennan practiced driving a car with his head below the windshield when they started aiming bricks in his direction.

Much local talent was unearthed at that sendoff for Snofsky—a humdinger. Particularly outstanding was Bob Farley who performed in hillbilly style on the guitar and harmonica—including in addition much plain and fancy yodeling. The boy's good, even if his middle name is Archibald. ... Then there was "Foo" (pardon me, I mean John) Mortensen and Bob Lord who discovered they could hoogie-woogie—on the harmonica. ... When Snofsky gets back ask him to tell you "Miska Seltzer's" joke.

Since the last writing we acquired 8 new men and lost 5, 3 via transfer and two to the Army. ... Mike Murphy went to the 32nd, Jovial Williams is now in the 20th, and equally jovial Fondiller is in the 17th. Good luck, fellas! ... To Bill McCullough and Snofsky we wish a speedy and victorious return from the armed forces. ... We welcome Woodason to the stamping ground and we hope he will like his stay here. ... To our new probationers, Peter Greco, Charles Klein, Peter Milo, Vincent Monaco, Charles Morgan, Arthur Munson, and Matthew Oliver: we are mighty glad to have you with us. Just listen and take heed to all the advice that is freely given you and you'll go nuts in no time.

Would any of you men in the precinct like to write a column? Your report would be glad to have a guest columnist every so often. In that way, men from other squads can be represented. Just contact me and you're hired. Howabouthit??

41st Precinct: The "dog days" being what they are, this columnist took a month's leave—the only way he as a rookie could get any summer vacation at all. Speaking of dogs reminds me of that putting-seeling puppy that came into the station house with a bone in his throat and had an operation performed on him by Lieutenant Burpo—no new thing for the lieutenant as he had spent three years at Cornell studying to be a veterinarian. ... Still on the subject of dogs—what will become of Brownie and Blackie, the mascots of post 4, who can't any more "dog" the footsteps of O'Brien and Mali—since this post has no more footmen! Davis, who fixed his car, still carries a long face. "What's the use?" is his lament, "I can't go anywhere anymore! One can fix a car—but not the O.P.U.L."

Weather-prophet Butler, who prefers to be addressed as "Baby-foot," claims he can outrun Charlie Diava any time—especially if the wager is a bottle of beer. ... Proud Poppa Jimmy Grishin was so pleased with the "Ahs" and "Ohs" whenever he displayed a picture of his admirable twins that he took them for a walk one day—from Parkchester all the way to the precinct—to let the boys see the youngsters in the flesh.

Gerstenbluth, Kozera, Kovoice, Loughran and Prinz are all rib-ribbon men now. However, times being what they are, Gerstenbluth waited for his extra pay before having the tailor put on his stripe ... a welcome to Probationary men Clinton, Cox, Haran, Kosofsky and Spiegel. Congratulations, Captain Boyle, that was sure some achievement—passing the bar. We're certainly proud of you. Milesau and Findler were arguing as to who had more hair on his head. From the looks of both it would be a simple task to determine the matter by direct count. ... Glad to welcome back from their recent sieges of illness Lieutenant McMahen and Pete Sharp. Congratulations to John McFarr who last month joined the ranks of those who believe two can live as cheaply as one. ... Roger Donegan, who went to Florida on his vacation, could, the old meanie, have sent "Chum" at least a card. ... To Frank Dineen and Milton Stohl, latest from here to don the khaki, God Speed!—and when you get this copy of SPRING 3100 you'll know the boys back home would like to hear from you. ... Welcome back to "Quiet" Dave Liebman—it didn't take the precinct long to know that the Marines had landed!

42nd Precinct: Your eager columnists takes pride in announcing to all interested readers of SPRING 3100 that on Tuesday, August 3, the charming wife of Captain Charles Humble, presented our genial commander with a Bouncing Baby Boy—the first male mischief-maker to brighten the home. ... Words of congratulation and good wishes have been "pouring in" on the happy parents and the members of the 42nd Precinct wish to add their message of joy and felicitation upon this momentous occasion.
Sergeant Hunt, too, has good reasons to be proud, for during the month of July his home also was blessed by the arrival of a sturdy son, and to him and Mrs. Hunt our best wishes likewise are extended.

Patrolman George Elliott, for whom wedding bells rang loud and long during the month of July, is still blushing and "very happy!" Sincere best wishes to George and the Mrs.

Lieutenant Thomas Daly returned from vacation last month looking fit as the proverbial fiddle and with a fine coat of tan. "Golfing and swimming did the trick," advises Lieutenant Tom.

Lieutenant Ed Grove has issued a challenge to Sergeant Denny Casey to engage in a game of handball (one wall) to determine the championship of the precinct. The "Sarge" boasts of his ability to trim the "Looney" handily and is awaiting the moment the Lieutenant appears for the match in his "shorts"—a factor which in itself will decide the game before it is played, states he.

Policewoman Edna Benzine, our blond bomb-shell, after a prolonged illness has returned to us as the "Keeper of the Shes." Edna looks great—a treat for jaded nerves at any time.

Dan McCloskey, our civilian T. S. operator, has left our ranks. No, Mac did not "take unto himself a wife" but instead joined the ranks of Uncle Sam's Army. Mac made many friends while here due to his efficient, courteous manner and unassuming disposition. God bless you, Mac, we'll all miss you.

8TH DIVISION

43rd Precinct: Well, between riots and extra duty we finally found ourselves back to routine work on August 14 past, on which occasion several of the clan, including Cockburn, Duffy, Flynn, Dolan, Albrecth, Slater V., and a few others were heard to say, "Gee if this thing kadda continued I'd be looking for a new boarding house!"

Somehow you just can't make some women understand even when you tell them the truth. Could the boys mentioned above be members of that famous Stay Out Late or I Was Doing Reserve crew?

Barney Dolan, that very ambitious man with the bloom—and mind, you, don't forget the cigar—was also making himself very important-looking until John Weis met him and said, "Good morning, Mr. Dolan!" His reply I don't have to tell you—or should I say it's not exactly fit for publication!

Patrolmen Lakner and Kakinski: "We're assigned to plainclothes; they can't do this to us!"

And before we forget, we want to say we're glad Patrolmen Abrams and Durante weren't hurt seriously, and that they still can take it . . . Our congratulations to Sergeant Markloff on being the Proud Daddy of a New Arrival; best wishes also to his Better Half . . . Also glad to have Sergeant Chalmers back with us after his long absence on sick report . . . Our sincere sympathy to Patrolman Kinaman in the loss of his brother . . . And in conclusion, if we missed anything, be patient; your turn may be next!

45th Precinct:

3875 Waldo Avenue
New York City
August 9, 1943.

To the Police of Orchard Beach:

I want to thank everyone who so kindly helped me on Monday, August 2, when my husband became ill at the beach.

Nothing seemed too much for them to do—either in helping me speed plans to have him moved by ambulance or in making him as comfortable as possible while waiting.

I think few citizens realize what facilities are put at our disposal and how helpful the police really are in cases of emergency.

May I again express my thanks and appreciation to the police who came to my assistance.

Sincerely,

FRANCES VERMANN

46th Precinct:

SOMEBEHERE AT SEA

Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

August 25, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I would greatly appreciate it if you would find space in SPRING 3100 to notify the members of the 46th Precinct of my whereabouts and to let them know that I am sending them my best regards and hoping all is well with them and their families.

HARRY R. DARDE, W. T. 2/C
Patrolman, 46th Precinct

47th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman Beedy in the loss of his beloved mother.

Last month in giving you the P's we forgot our ace second-grade man "Rosie" Pfening, who, your reporter was informed, was called "Noodles" before joining the Force. Anyhow, a nice guy—and a good worker always.

And now the R's and S's:

First, Bill Rigie, who would like to know why a certain lieutenant always picks him to ride with. Could it be the roast beef?—and with points as scarce as they are?

"Yellow Pony" Roberazzi, ace of the 3rd squad, who when standing in front of Schwartz's looks just like the old time wooden Indian; a good fellow regardless, with a heart as big as a tommy-hawk.

"Mike" Ruis, chief assistant to Lieutenant O'Neill in Civilian Defense and who really loves the job (Ask Milde, he knows).

"Tiny" Scherringer, our 6 ft. 6 in. baby who knows all the answers—except the one about the cigar ashes.

"Bill" Schumann, better known to us as "88 Keys" because of his swell piano playing; has one ambition in life—the Day Squad. Clerical Man Andrew Schultz, better known to us as "Needle Nose" and looking real good and strong now since going on the milk and bagel diet.

Horace Sulley, better known as "Zu Zu," one of the precinct's speedsters—but a good, all-round cop at that.

"Jamesy" Sullivan, better known as "Pinnocchio"—another one of the air raid boys and who also came to us with five ribbons, like McEvoy.

Gus Stuart, our ace temporary safety man at this writing and doing a swell job.

Last of the S's is our friend Walter Struble, who has us wondering what it is he keeps him smiling all the time—or are we just jealous.

In our haste we left out an R, Sergeant "Barney" Reilly, better known to all of us as "Father" Reilly, as nice a man as ever you'll meet.

On August 16 last we lost through retirement two of our men. George Curlew and John Salmond, and all of us here at the 47th Precinct wish both of them all the luck, health and success in the world for a good many years to come.

Incidentally, is it true George Walter Bombay isn't at all interested in the vacancy now created in the Day Squad?

10TH DIVISION

60th Precinct: Your reporter humbly apologizes for failing to have had something to report in last month's issue of SPRING 3100; that and starting on vacation was the cause, but he is prepared to report now all that he sees and hears.

Dave Bailey while on his vacation got into fighting trim for his return match with Mark Coviello, alias Buck Drane. Their first bout ended in the obliterating of said Coviello in 15 seconds of the first round.

Eddie Metzger is aiming to join Frank Buck's "Bring 'em back alive" troupe since his capture of that half-starved and mildly-inj- nant monkey that wandered away from Luna Park last month. But listening to Ed's account of the incident it was a ferocious ape of huge proportions—about the size of Gargantua.

Connie Bracht's wife, home from the hospital and feeling well
again, expressed in a letter recently received her appreciation to the members of this command for their expression of sympathy—and in particular those who gave her the blood transfusions.

Remember "The Shadow" radio program and the character known as "Shreevey," the very talkative chauffeur? Well, we have no "Shadow" around here—but we do have Dave Cohen.

Our condolences to Charles Burns in the loss of his brother.

61st Precinct: Uncle Sam has taken three more of our men to assist in the slightly bent Axis—Sergeant Arthur Mann, serving with the Navy, and Patrolmen Kluger and Karasyk, with the Army. To all three we say, best of luck to you—and the hope you will be back in Sheepshead Bay with us soon.

Our deepest sympathy to Lieutenant Alacchi in the recent loss of his mother, and to Patrolman McLaughlin in the death of his wife.

The sick report at this writing mentions among others Patrolmen Albanese and Cozzolino, both of whom have undergone recent operations... To both our best wishes for a speedy recovery are extended.

Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. C. Hoffman! Charley is well on his way to matching the record of Eddie Cantor—three girls now and only two more to go!... If I'm wrong, Charlie, sue me.

This photograph of the male version of the Cherry Sisters was given to your reporter to print for its educational value. If one were to look closely, scrutinize carefully the background and mood of the subjects, surely there must be some reason for posing for this masterpiece. Anyone who wishes to engage this pair for vaudeville, stage or side shows, contact Ptl. Jenkins, business manager for the team.

The latest in sport (and I do mean sport) shirts was shown recently by that well-dressed man, Patrolman Hugo (Beau Brummel) Pulzone—a lovely creation of sky blue with white dots generously splashed all over it... Not a few of his admirers thought so well of this elegant creation that a rush was made to the nearest pushcart to see if they, too, could get one like it. Some of the wise guys suggest earrings, a monkey and an organ to complete the ensemble. Ah, well!

Question and Answer Department: Why does Patrolman "El Moustachio" Lazarus get riled when he's mistaken for his associate, Patrolman Melzer? What would Jim Collins do without Clem Kerner?... What would Clem do without Jim?... What happened to Patrolman Ed (Now I know what to do) Goldbach's mustache? Is it true that after working together for so many years, Patrolmen George Atteno and Al Wurmsr are seriously thinking of keeping company steadily?... Does Patrolman Ed Barker ever relax from his excellent military manner of carriage? The one who started the rumor that Sergeant Angeline may switch from drums to a fireside—due to the fact he can't seem to be able to put the drum in his pocket when travelling to and from rehearsals?... Is it true Al Pitts and Sam Fox have finally discovered the secret of how to save falling hair? (It is not a cigar box)... And that Patrolman Constantino was seen recently refusing chocolates—for the reason they are bad for keeping one's figure?

There you have the questions... Who can give us the answers?

62nd Precinct: Mike O'Connor and Al Smith, dual managers of the 62nd softball team (the Champs) report another successful season ended—without the loss of a game... Also that they're starting the bowling team a-rolling and in this venture likewise expect good results. Dates now open.

Best of good wishes and lots of luck to Chief Boatswain Mate Arthur Mann, formerly Sergeant Mann of the 10th Division office. Ivar Alexander, who seldom misses a scale since he started losing weight and who carries a load of pennies with him just for that purpose, says stop eating potatoes and look for scales that are a little out of order and you, too, will get results.

Aside to Herbie Veitch, seen on 86th Street, Bay Ridge, shopping: Will it be soon, Herbie? Mike O'Connor is wondering.

Tom Spinnelli plays a marvelous game of handball—from the court floor up. That's because he runs sooo fast.

It is unbelievable that one man (Dapper Persinger) can consume all those ice-cream sodas and melted milks in one day.

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There you have the questions... Who can give us the answers?
if your conscience doesn't bother you, then you are living right.

11TH DIVISION

72nd Pet., Ptl. Vincent De Cicco
74th Pet., Ptl. Hugh Bitt
76th Pet., Ptl. John Murray

72nd Precinct: Wotsa the mat from yousa guys of the 72nd annahuh? Why yousa hide from the lad's skits? Alltyme I try to do a little from de eavesdrop an they runna from me like de plague! Is he focuse I shouldn't know wotsa de private bizances? Annahuh latsa sleep de hulla bizances. I ketcha alla de doit from my brudda—een—low, Fred (Meeta ball) Santiannio, heesa giva me alla de nooz I wanna it to say.

Some former occupations: Patrolman Frank Falotico, baccala salesman... Patrolman Robert H. T. W. A. Yensen, junk dealer in his native Oslo—and don't mind the middle initials, he has more.

Patrolman John D. (Worry) Quinn, superintendent of porters, Brighton Beach and Coney Island... Patrolman DeCicco, pasta-fazzole and garlic salesman... Patrolman Harry (Litvak) Weinstein, fish salesman, Westchester Countee... Patrolman William Kuisi, garbage collector foreman, Mermaid Avenue, Coney Island.

Being the recorder of a radio car in the precinct is all right so far as Patrolman Edward (Concentration Camp) Groph is concerned, but when it comes to row-boatting in Sheepshead Bay it is another story. Seems that he went fishing with Patrolman George (Blow away the blues) White and Edward after rowing a few hours asked White to relieve him, as he was getting tired. White insisted, however, that he was the recorder and that according to the R. & R. he could not operate! Edward not only was frothing at the mouth when he told us the story but intends taking the matter up with the P.B.A. at its next meeting.

Sergeant James A. O'Donnell, turning out the platoon on a late tour recently, informed the men that the dim-out regulations would be over on that marching as 17, whereupon Patrolman William (Half-Moon) Dauster very seriously and innocently asked if that also applied to his post: "I min it's swacth a theeng like going to extrins," explained William... Patrolman Leo (Lok) Strauss: "Vot's dees, a schilemel de renks?"... Patrolman Alfred (Count) Donteelli: "He no spikka Ingaleesh.

What two men in the precinct, who are beloved by all, will be honored by the citizens of this community shortly by naming two streets after them, both, I believe, in the vicinity of Methodist Hospital, to be known as Drake's Pavilion and Gallagher's Court.

The Grossbergers and the Moors are at it again! Assigned together to the concert at Prospect Park, Sergeant Abawitz of the 74th Precinct decided one of them had to go back. A coin was tossed and Moore said to Grossberger: "Heads I stay and tails you go back," and Grossberger said, "Right!" Grossie, who of course lost, is still trying to figure it out!

Another of our men has left to fight for Uncle Sam—Patrolman Albert J. Drake, to whom we wish the best of luck and Godspeed!

To Patrolman Thomas A. Maguire, former T.S.O. in the 72nd Precinct, our congratulations on your appointment to the ranks of New York's 'Finest'

84th Precinct: WOT'S THIS?: about Joe Bucks getting caught in a trap at Coney Island?... Admiral Pulsh and Commodore Schmitz looking around for a row-boat in Harlem?... Honest John Murphy forcing his barbecue sandwiches while in the 32nd?... Willie Dannmeyer not being able to use his short wave set while vacationing at the Police Recreation Centre?... "Machine-gun" Chatterton now the official bell ringer at a local church?... Kirwin, McCauley, Kraus, and Croke expecting to be sworn in as members of the Court of Appeals after the next election?... International News Man Champion tuning in on Jerry?... Tom Mitchell again forced to take gas for his annual promotion? Jerry Ryan back from his vacation—no casualties... Sergeant O'Brien wanting to know if Yakerry has a second hand dealer's license?

Any one interested in ham sandwiches see Sergeant Rouse... "Tune up" Hudson back on the flying trapeze—HERE WE GO AGAIN!... Congrats to Mulvey on joining the Order of the Broom—sponsor, Heaghty!... Amido has a hat for sale (adv.)... That's fine work being done by Harvey and his associate with the Oxford accent... Precincts looking for an easy touch (soft-ball)—it must be a very, very soft ball—contact Patrolman Nick Nack, ...

The deepest sympathy to the family of Patrolman William Apfel in the tragic death of his brother while serving with the Armed Forces; also to Patrolman Millulane in the unfortunate news received by him regarding his two sons, members of the ill fated Destroyer Strong, sunk in action off the Georgian Islands.

12TH DIVISION

63rd Pet., 67th Pet., Ptl. George Palizzio
69th Pet., Ptl. Henry A. Heals
72nd Pet., Ptl. Philip Shoote

63rd Precinct: One of our brothers in blue, on military leave with the Navy, distinguished himself and in doing so reflected credit on us all, when on Sunday, August 29, he won the $4 question over a nation wide C.B.S. radio hook-up on the Eversharp "Take it or Leave it" program.

First Class Boatswain Mate Louis Tuck, formerly a patrolman assigned to the 63rd Precinct, with a daring and intrepidty characteristic of our "Finest" knocked them over—first for the $2 question—then the $4 question—and so on to the $14 grand payof.

At each winning answer came up he had a chance to pocket his winnings and call it a day. But he chose to fight thru to the end as he was taught to do with us.

Congratulations, Louis, may you continue to fight the Axis with the same spirit and come back to carry on and add to the great traditions of the "Finest" in the same way.

73rd Precinct: Patrolman George Meyers, a mechanic for General Motors formerly, tells us that cars were different in those days. "They didn't have tops that went up and down automatically," George explained. "In those days if you wanted to put the top down, it took six men to get it up again. I did all right at the auto factory," George continued. "One day the boss called me in and said: 'George I have been watching you work and you have a mechanical mind—why didn't you wind it up this week?'. One day when they should have been working on the assembly line a quartette with which he was associated held a jam session and 42 cars went through without running-boards. That, George tells us, was the start of Stream-lined cars—and a new job for George—which is why he is here with us today.

In the next issue I will bring you one of our members who had a pugilistic career.

Mystery In The Brain Department: Won't someone please, if possible, tell Detective "Baby Face" Werner where his partner, "Dapper Jack" Brandle, goes with Joe "Bubbles" Malone?

Famous Saying: "Firecracker" Joe Connors: "Now wait a minute, I know I have it somewhere amongst these papers!"... Jack Katz: "I'm going to use the other typewriter, this one spells wrong!"

What is causing that far-away look in Patrolman Dick Tracy's eyes? Is he taking the troubles of his namesake in the comic strip too seriously—or could it be something else? Come on, Dick, tell us... Aside to Jack Kelly who has being attending services quite regularly of late: Home come, Jack, a new leaf?... Was that Dick Murray seen looking in the show window of the Tiny Tots furnishing store on Pitkin Avenue?... Why does Georgie Rosenberger laugh every time any one speaks about the income tax? Patrolman John Falhy, now a member of the Armed Forces, tells about flying home while on a recent furlough and of the trouble he had dining in the plane: that it banked sharply as he was about to eat his soup and the bowl landed in front of a man seated at the next table, who promptly downed it (the soup—not the bowl). The same thing happened to his steak and salad. Then, he says, "I get up and augur starts to leave and the fellow grabs me and sneers: 'If that's the matter, wise-guy—no dessert!'"

How come Patrolman Pardocchi picked the day before Primavera to give a body transfusion to Patrolman Buckley at Long Island College Hospital? Could beating the detail have had something to do with it?

Patrolman Jacobs is now wearing pumps—someone it seems tells him he had water on the knee... And is it true John Kelly went to the roof where he heard the drinks were on the house... And the reason Patrolman Kiillian takes his bike to bed with him is that he won't have to walk in his sleep.
In conclusion, all of us here at the 73rd are hoping and praying for a speedy recovery for Detective Beron, now in the Veterans Hospital. Drop him a line—he'll be glad to hear from you.

75th Precinct: Congratulations to a former member of this command who graduated recently from the O.C.S. as a brand new shavetail, and known now as 2nd Lieutenant Theodore Johnson, Military Police, U. S. Army! . . . A glad hand also to Chief Clerk Frank Aldeno who just returned from sick leave . . . Peace at last—it is truly wonderful—now that the 10 Squad chart is back in operation . . . This despite the fact we're still trying to find out why the Eighth Squad suffered so during the Harlem incident . . . Don't forget, Murphy, Brancaccio and Forrester, even though you signed the book the ink isn't dry yet—so take it easy . . . Is it true Ferrone and Bellucci are going in for real estate in a big way? . . . Who's this guy Rapp that's following Ferrone around—better known as Yankel Dov? Hey, Harry, the boys are still waiting for the answer to that "certain question" . . . And by the way, Mrs. Dempsey, what news have you for us?

13TH DIVISION

79th Precinct: Everything happens to us—Patsy Malone tears the ligaments in his finger—Edgar Parry gets a fractured finger—and we don't win either . . . Our softballers, with Jocko McAuliffe on the hill, clipped a loud-yping team from the 74th Precinct to the tune of 8 to 7 . . . The Manager caught the full game—and Jocko hit him with everything he had . . . Jocko lost a tough one to the U. S. Maritime Service BB, 2-0 . . . a real heartbreaker . . . The BB team can't seem to get going—in the right direction, we mean . . . Lost to the World Telegram, 8-7, with Daily and Damm doing the twirling . . . Lost to Sperry's Main Plant, 9-4, in a torrential downpour, Wells and Smith on the mound . . . Took a wallopimg from the U. S. Maritime Service BB, 9-2, Wells going the route . . . Lack of hitting in the right spots responsible . . . Last time out we met the U. S. Marines out at Floyd Bennett Field and the 79th Precinct had every right to be taken out to dinner by the other fellows—Tony would say "A sweet heart!" Singles by Santangelo, Wells, McCarthy and Seitan, and triples by Reinersen and Smith nettled us 5 runs.

Slim Kluger had a harrowing experience up Harlem way recently. Hit with an open bottle of catsup (and not knowing it) Moc after the scuffe notices the red catsup on his shirt and pants—and promptly figures he's been stabbed?

Has anybody seen Danny's Daddy?? Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gabe Mosner—a boy, eight pounds! Members of the 79th Precinct present at the Brith included Fredly Clayton, Tony Santangelo, Dick Bacci, Willie Reilly, Jimmy Ward, Johnnie Reilly, Eddie Duncan, and a man named McCarthy. A rollicking good time was had by all. One casualty—Tommy Nann—mistaken for a chicken and wounded in action. Incidentally, what an affectionate geezer that Tommy turned out to be!

Charles (Debonair) Herbert shortly will make appearances at 7-9 Club affairs as the senior partner of the team of Herbert and Nann—the Sarge will fiddle while Tommy does the stretch-and squeeze on his tenement house piano, better known as the Aycorden . . . Bill Smith, currently warbling with the Glee Club, is another star who will perform for us during the party season to come.

Mary Chapelony, now a Nurses Aid, taking care of him.

Eddie Duncan's boy, Eddie Jr., with the Army Engineers, has moved from the Aleutians to a warmer clime—good old South Carolina, for special training . . . Pop Coleman's son, Jim, given his choice of attending Officers Candidate School or becoming an aviation cadet, chose the latter—and will one day be taking pot shots at the missions of the Rising Sun from aloft . . . Lou White's boy, Charlie, should by the time this is read be a 2nd Lieutenant, Army Air Corps . . . Young Jack McGrocy, son and heir of our Captain, spent the summer saving lives at the Rockaways—and a bang-up life guard he proved to be . . . Two very stout gentlemen cut quite a figure (?) along Millers Lane in Montville, N. J., recently—Messrs. Mullon and Gorman, and who, while vacationing in that quiet little town, spent many weary hours galloping up and down the said lane, hoping to reduce the old waistline, we hope—or do we!

80th Precinct: Heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a lifetime of happiness to Staff Sergeant and Mrs. John Canavan (the former Miss Audrey Regina Gahan) who on August 28 past spoke the words which made them one—and may all their problems be Cute Little Ones!

Glad to see another of our pals, 1st Lieutenant Hal Venokur, who drops in to say hello to the boys, accompanied by his charming Missus, whenever he's in town. Always a pleasure to greet you, Hal.

A recent line from "Skin" Kaminski tells us that he is seeing plenty of action on the high seas and wishes to be remembered to all.

An occasional word from Sid Raphael and Hal Keller too would be greatly welcomed. How about it, Brothers? SPRING 3100 is our medium for saying hello and to let all of our boys in the service know that they are not forgotten.

At this time we extend a glad and welcoming hand to Probationary Patrolmen Irving Weiss and Genuario Camaio, recently assigned to us from the Police Academy. Lots of luck and best wishes in your new assignments, Pals!

And while on the subject of our boys in the armed forces, it might be appropriate now to list our additional War Bond winners, to wit:


With this drawing, our total amount of purchases, via our War Bond Club, exclusive of any other purchases, is $2750—and still plenty to go! An excellent record for the little EIGHT-O.

We bid farewell to two more of our buddies, Patrolmen Bob Morrison and Howie (Whitlow) Carlson, the former now in the Air Force and the latter in the Naval Seabees. Two more names added to our beautiful Honor Roll and may they, like the others, return to us soon—after Victory and Peace have crowned their efforts. In the photo Bob is shown bidding farewell, on the eve of his departure, to Sergeant Mike Cunningham. Many thanks to Patrolman Eddie Muller, our crack photographer, for this fine work of art.

81st Precinct: We mourn the loss of our late brother, Patrolman Gibbons, a grand fellow who will be missed by all. To his family our sincerest sympathy is extended.

We bid farewell to three more of our members who have left us to join the armed forces, Sergeant Quinn and Patrolmen Schindler and Considine. May they return safely to us after victory has been achieved.

Patrolman Samish has joined the “Well Done Thou Faithful Servant” ranks. Our best wishes for a long, happy, healthful and prosperous retirement go to a grand guy.

Patrolman Joe Wiser reported taking the Plunge Into Matrimony, meaning, now he may find out for himself if it is true two can live as cheaply as one!

The Eight-One Club members take this opportunity to thank Lieutenant McCrory for the beautiful plaque in the back room which is being used as a bulletin board. The tardy members are responding fast and it is our hope we will be able to boast 100% membership soon.

Strange sights not seen at the 81: Chardt without a snappy story ... Britenthal minus his happy smile ... Bohlman giving away his newspaper ... Chase agreeing with some one ... Reynolds getting in ahead of time ... Crane speaking in a whisper ... Hartman with ruffled hair ... Carberry happy when the Giants lose ... Macy minus his skull crusher ... Dempsey chipping in for anything ... Lofrisco on a spending spree ... Dillon refusing (?) ... Higgins agreeing everything is on the up and up ... Jariabka enjoying a setback when the dominos run bad ... Cohen and Kaser insisting “This one is on me.” ... Issacs refusing to hold the coats in an argument.

11TH DIVISION

81st Pet., Pte. Joseph Seymour
82nd Pet., Pte. Eddie T. Perry
83rd Pet., Pte. William Smith
84th Pet., Pte. John J. Keating
85th Pet., Pte. William S. Hard
94th Pet., Pte. Cyril Shortle

85th Precinct: Things to cheer about: Bill Knecht, chauffeur par excellence of Sector 1, taking lessons on the “Sweet Potato” from his partner, Steger, the melody cham ... Julins, of that Lum and Abner combination in Sector 2 (Evers and Dugans) giving expert advice to John on how to woo that certain Lovely Young Thing in St. Catherine's Hospital ... Farmer Ostrosky, who quit as a tiller of the soil when he couldn't raise a pig from the pork chop he planted ... Matragrano saving his shekels to buy a home in the “country” ... Tom “Chubby” Chanez, who was going to join the Army—but somehow didn't. Could it be Nora? ... Charlie Walker up for a commendation. Stopped a runaway horse while covering a school crossing. Grateful mothers pulling for him to get that medal. ... Understand Frey is going to enlist. A marvellous candidate for the commandos.

Get that letter off today to the boys in the service. ... Storl very faithful about sending them mail ... Charlie “Fisherman” Schmitt (the great New York Guide?) who was an interior decorator before he joined the Force, will be glad to show your wife how to hang those new curtains ... Lieutenant “Judge” Farrie, who was a salesmen formerly, uses his one-time-selling technique to get more of that “red ration” in a sandwich. ... Where you see Goldberg you're bound to see Maggiore—always in a deep conversation—a toss-up whether Goldberg is giving advice on how to raise the baby or Fredric giving advice on the latest months in shirts ... To McBride and Ahern, on the sick list these many months: Hurry back, boys, we miss you ... “Jitterbug” Rosenbloom, trying to outguess the Rockaway trains and coming out second best ... Bergman, trading in one relic for another, as an inducement had the dealer throw in a doorhandle ... Sergeant Ellison is in the market for a small farm—not too big—just something he can cover easily on a pogo stick. ... The Air Warden Service is very short of wardens, so let's help out by each of us bringing in a new candidate ... Not so say?

The determined-looking young man here ... Patrolman Charlie Conlisk, known now as Ensign Charles Conlisk, U.S.N.R., who received his commission in May of this year, after completing a year of arduous study at Chapel Hill, Squatomin Air Base, and Pensacola, Fla., where he earned his wings and the right to wear that awe-inspiring uniform in which you see him here. He had just qualified for entrance to Law School, by successfully completing the Pre-Law course at St. John's College, where he was appointed, in June, 1940, as a probationary policeman. For the reason his hours of duty made attendance at law school impossible, Conlisk did not pursue his law studies. He did, however, manage to complete his C A A course in flying and he soon developed a real liking for the air. Holder of a private pilot's license upon entering the service, it was a welcome change for him, since he looked so well in blue, to apply for service in the aerial arm of the Navy, where he felt he could be of most use in his country's fight against her enemies.

Never a lady's man, Charlie's “brush-off” technique, we are informed by his companions in arms, has made him an extremely eligible—and desirable—catch, and has earned him, at Pensacola, where he is currently serving as an instructor, the sobriquet of "Hard to Get Comrie."

90th Precinct: We welcome to the fold Prob. Patrolmen Kelly, Santimays and Sosis.

Our condolences to Patrolman Ryan in the recent loss of his sister.

We did not know till recently that Bill Pfau's daughter will shortly take her final vows in the Dominican Order of Nuns. We're
pride of those among our members who have children in or studying for the religious life. It shows the type of men we have here in the 90th Precinct. It reminds us, too, of the adage that the apple does not fall far from the tree. To the gracious holy our prayers—and congratulations—are extended.

Have you noticed since Patrolman John Flanagan’s return the difference in one Charles Geary, who suddenly has become mum as a clam? Wonder why? . . . Since Patrolman Bellinoff received that commendation his chest has expanded—or is it the bar he’s wearing that makes it look that way? Anyway, congratulations! . . . You’ve heard, no doubt, about Patrolmen Bellinoff and Boos stopping that runaway horse! Sergeant Craig, too, heard the story—and still wonders why the horse wasn’t given a summons for failing, while turning into Park Avenue, to put out his hand—or toot-out or spumon! A special bow to George Kinsey for his transformation of the faucet in the back room sink into a drinking spout! And for the reason we now have to bend to drink, the improvement in the waistlines of certain of our slightly over-stuffed members is noticeable.

Since Patrolman Owens took to bicycling, the vogue seems to have spread, as for example, Patrolman Phil Schear was seen recently riding home on a bike from a four to twelve tour—and with Mike Calligich parked comfortably on the handle-bars—or at least so we’ve been told.

Patrolman Burns, assigned to enforce the provision having to do with names of owners appearing in full on store windows, was startled to learn that the names Stocco and Biccallo displayed on a store window were the names not of the owners—but of two species of fish.

Heard from Patrolman Jim Morahan, through his wife, who tells us Jimmy and his shipmates have been giving good accounts of themselves . . . News from the rest of our men in service has been rather scarce. Any we hear we’ll send along . . . Our regards to Ben Soblicki, who is still laid up.

The Silver Fox, deciding finally to call it a day, has put in his papers for retirement. Of course, we mean Pat Gough, who always has given a good account of himself and who all of us are going miss when the “great day” arrives.

Pinhead Biographies (balance of the 7th Squad):

First, that sterling radio duo of Faber and Uhl, who have been teamed together for a number of years. Faber, senior man of the squad and who can give the best of them a run for their money, was a stationery foreman formerly; quite a step, you’ll agree, from a stationery foreman to a roving policeman—and in just one jump! Hid up as we write this but we are hopeful of having him back on the job soon; a capable partner and who, as an old Greenpointer from away back, upholds magnificently the tradition associated with all cops who come to us from the good old Garden Spot of the world.

Patrolman Uhl, who, as we have already told you, is Faber’s partner and, like him, ranks with the best; quiet, restrained, and exceptionally cool in emergencies; only time we see Bill upset is when they try to kid “his boy”; chauffeur before coming into the job and although an expert in his line, is content to let Faber do the driving—which shows how much he thinks of Dick.

Patrolman Schear, another half of a radio sector team, is the brains of Calligich and Schear, Inc.; chauffeur formerly and known to be a real hard worker—no job comes too tough for him; recorder of the law and can still concentrate on calls—and listen to Mike; a feat about which Ripley should be told; well liked by all, and particularly by Mike, for whom he interprets all conversations.

Patrolman Calligich—and who, although last, is not the least—not by a long shot; from time to time we write about Mike and he takes it like a major—he’s the type that not only can dish it out—but is able to take it, as well; knows his stuff and rates among the best as a policeman; may seem gruff and indifferent at times but you can depend upon him to stand by when help is needed; he’ll probably razz us for this but we’ll take it, he assured; also worked previously as a chauffeur and, liking the routine, is still at it.

Regards from all of us to our brothers in the armed forces.

102nd Precinct: Between attending Legion Conventions and doing emergency tours, we are all glad to be back to the good old ten squad system, meaning, we can again get some enjoyment out of life without having to worry about such things as—who’s next to go to Harlem, etc., etc.

Patrolman August Supen visited Camp McCoy, in Wisconsin, on his vacation, where his soldier son currently is stationed . . . Lieutenant Bob McAllister and his family enjoyed plenty of good fishing and clamming (sez he) while on their vacation at St. James, L. I.

Our soldier cop, Lieutenant Max Kobie, writing from Crystal Beach, Ontario, Canada, says the Canadian gals go for the American boys in a big way up there. (Editor’s Note; Same old stuff as in the last war!) Sends his regards to all.

Private Al Moers, our ex-patrolwagon operator, from Fort Bliss, Texas, writes: “Any crime wave, or is there only a heat wave at the 102nd Precinct these days? Regards to all!” His address: Private Al Moers, 30613, 58th T. BTRY, D. A. A. AW. SM. Bu. Fort Bliss, Texas.

Two more of our Ranch hands have joined the 102 Re-Lax Club in the past few weeks, Patrolman (and my old radio car side-partner) William B. Olsen, of 161-98 48th Drive, Jamaica; and Patrolman Charles R. Steuer, of 123-24 Irwin Place, St. Allens. To both of you boys we wish the best—and the added hope you will live to a grand old age to enjoy the freedom and happiness both of you so richly deserve.

Patrolman John T. A. Carney as we write this is home from the hospital and well on the mend; so power to you, Jack, we hope to have you back with us soon.

We welcome to our ranch Patrolman Peter Pfeiffer, recently of the 11th Precinct, and hope he enjoys his stay with us.

It is with sadness that I write now of a department member, Patrolman William Cumme, who last month left us to go to his Heavenly Reward. A brother member of the 102nd Precinct for more than ten years, Bill was well thought of by officers and men alike. He was our Holy Name delegate for the past two years, and his departure is sincerely mourned by all. To his bereaved wife and family our condolences are extended.

16th Division

10th Pet., Ptl. John Giers
10th Pet., Ptl. George Ferguson
10th Pet., Ptl. Edward Geiger
10th Pet., Ptl. Edward Geiger
11th Pet., Ptl. Edward Geiger

11th Precinct: Is it true that Sgt. Hillemeyer, a super-salesman prior to entering the Department, after completing the sale of tickets for the Police-Sanitation baseball game, on a hunch picked up one of the dunce cards which he was selling to his public at one buck apiece and after looking it over closely discovered they were marked $1.10 each—and that he’s figuring now on deducting this loss from his income tax?

The entire command takes this means of sending best wishes to the members of our precinct who are now serving Uncle Sam.

114th Precinct: If the gentleman responsible for that suggestion box “incident” last month has anything personal against your reporter, why doesn’t he step up, declare himself, and, like a man, make an effort to straighten out the matter—whatever it might be—according to Hoyle? Incidentally, if a majority of the men are dissatisfied with the material appearing in our column, please make it known and your reporter without further ado will step out. If such is not the case, the person above referred to is being unfair to those who enjoy and possibly get a smile or two from the bits of news that are contributed.

Now to the lighter side: 1st Lieutenant Louis Corniberti, U.S.A., writing from somewhere in England to Sergeant Fuhr, says he gets SPRING HUNTING regularly and that the “trips” therein about the 114th bring back pleasant memories. In closing he writes “Cheerio,” leading us to wonder whether our “Loopy” as a result of his long stay in Britain shouldn’t be referred to now as “Jiminy” . . . Patrolman John O’Leary, the 100% farmer, wonder why his chickens would not lay, asked Charlie Sawling our Chicken Inspector who upon due deliberation and examination declared the birds in question to be 100%—roosters . . . Others among our chicken fanciers include “Butch” Fanning who raises those bombadier hens that by their
eggs from the roost, and "Never Wash the Car" Callan whose roosters are so lazy they even sit down to crow... If McGrath isn't a musician, how come he wears his hair long, like a visiting violinist?... And is it true his charming wife in the interests of pulchritude herself trims Teddy Marks' stringy curls?—with the family pruning shears?

We welcome to the command Rookies Roger Lucchese, Thomas E. Murphy, Leo J. O'Connor, Hildor E. Olsen, Willard L. Rose, William V. Sargeing and Paul H. Taylor. May their respective stays with us be long and happy ones.

Sincere condolences to Patrolman George Groeniger in the death of his Mother.

Lieutenant Nawrool, following that strenuous tour in connection with the American Legion parade last month, went fishing—to relax — and did! Total catch—One FISH! In addition to our good men in the retirement of Patrolman Fischer. Good luck to you, Bill... Now that the incident in Harlem is cleared up and our casualties, Joe Lee, Tony Peters and Jerry Warnefield are back to work, the business of the command is proceeding as usual...

What patrolman (now making out roll-calls) inherited what sergeant's uniform when he retired—and is saving the coat till that glorious day when he himself is entitled to wear sergeant's stripes? Is it true John O'Leary had rabbits—until he left the gate open. The meat ball and spaghetti party Patrolman Holland threw to celebrate his forty-fourth birthday was enjoyed by all—and we do mean enjoyed!

TRAFFIC

Ptl. Joseph H. Werns

Our sincere sympathies to the families of Patrolman James Higgins in the death of his brother, and Patrolman Fred MacGregor, whose brother also has passed on.

A speedy recovery to those of our comrades now on sick report.

Since our last issue we have lost another of our comrades via the retirement route, Edward Steudtner, to whom we wish good health and good luck.


Is it true that since Carlson acquired that ice cream suit (emphasis on acquired) the boys in the 1st District Traffic office are waiting for him to annex one of those small four-wheeled white wagons and go into business?... And that the reason Vince McGrath has been walking around with a long face these last few weeks is that he expects to be inducted in the very near future as an ordinary private, feeling the while that a man of his calibre should be made at least a Major—or Colonel—even perhaps a GENERAL?... Dudley, in case you don't know, was made a first lieutenant... The 13th Avenue Pigeon Club president, Flounder Foot Bamberger, says it feels great to be a kid once more—especially when you can play one out again with the boys, as he did... Will wonders never cease! Bagels Wackstein, of the Coney Island Waeks, attended a traffic squad meeting last month and demanded the floor—which he got—one board at a time—and he's still brushing himself off... Galber and Schwartz walking the Coney Island boardwalk look like a couple of supervisors out for a breath of fresh air... Wonder if those expected chevrons could be the cause?

Sid Gaffney says that a few more days on the Coney Island boardwalk and he will throw away his sun-tan oil... Flannagan, who enjoys sampling all of the 56 different varieties of ice-cream featured at Howard Johnsons, still wonders why he is getting fat—and I do mean fat... Gus Scharnerberger says he spent a swell vacation at a place in the Catskills featuring a magnificent lake—but no fish; magnificent boats—but with holes in the bottoms; magnificent mosquitoes—as large as butterflies—and plenty of eats, but, alas, no bagels!

Whacks and Paddywhacks: Al Rhode: "What did he mean when he said these hours are ruining my social condition?"... Teenhows: "Well, anyway, I still like to play rummy!"... Savino: "I still get a free music lesson for every latch of blowfish I turn in..." Kennedy: "Yes, my cigars cost me a dime apiece!" (see you, McDowell: "They sent me back from the hall game and let the rookie stay!"... Packingham—asking Rhode what happened to those two packs of cigarettes... Higgins: "Make my weight and then talk!"... Priorle: "I'm not kidding, I was there at a quarter to the hour!"... Coyce, C:"Believe it or not, I was born on a plantation in the woods back in the old country!"... Daly, T.—carving his initials on his night stick—afraid someone might swipe it... Marousek: "My foot bothers me, so I think I'll go sick!..." Morrissey, F: "I don't have any sleeves in my shirt, it's too warm!

Who was it that was seen playing shuffleboard in the Gunn Hill section last month?... And don't forget, please, the little black box on the wall.

FLASH!!! What well known magazine reporter, assigned to this command, (initials J.H.W.) spends all of his off time, 32's included, tending to his magnificent victory garden atop the building at 110 East 34th Street and echo, incidentally, has visions of a successful career as a farmer some time in the distant future—when the life of a traffic cop no longer carries appeal?

TRAFFIC O

Frank & Earnest

On July 17 from our midst passed one of the best liked men in the Department, and to the widow and children of the late Patrolman Charles Strang the members of Traffic O send their sympathy. Charlie, stationed at LaGuardia Field since its opening, was well known and respected by all with whom he came in contact. A real good cop, he will be missed both by his family and his friends in Traffic O.

Let's hope "Strangie" is directing traffic now at the Golden Gate—and that he'll be there to pass us through when our turn comes to go.

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT

The Ghost

Lieutenant "K" back from his vacation with a "foreign growth" on his upper lip. Hiding from someone, maybe?... And why, pray, shouldn't George Garrett strut around? Isn't he a grandfather now?... Jim Byrnes, retired, is having a grand time and continuing to enjoy plenty of fresh air in his new field of activity at the Coney Island Waeks... Augie Lay and Louis Davenport last month visited the G.C.P. with their wives. Lou and his Mrs. at this writing are sunning themselves in Tampa, Florida... Frank Radtke anxious to get to the American Legion Convention. The tables, however seems to be reversed on this member of the powerhouse... If you're interested in knowing how to attain financial independence, get in touch with Eddie Bloom... Someone sent Joe Plate a card last week with the letters B. N. after his name. Wonder who it was?

Who said John Moore got a bit upstage while serving as acting chauffeur for the Lieutenant-in-command last month?... "Jiggs" Preisigke, who is very sad these days, wonders how much longer Old Man O.P.A. intends keeping his boat tied fast to the dock... Johnny Mason still crowing about beating Sergeant Davis by one hole. Yes, at last John can brag about beating somebody... Captain Kendall on his vacation got a tough break—that Harlem episode resulting in Captain John getting a halfday's and for which all of us were sorry... Yes, we have many qualified safari guides here now as a result of the experience gained by the boys in Harlem.

Ed Miller tells of how he saved Orlowski—but not a word of how he came to be lying on the ground... How is it every time Kenny Brown picks a date for a vacation, the very next day all hell breaks loose—and Frank (Curly Locks) Rodtke promptly starts to lose weight?... Gene Roeder, our star one-finger man, is on a diet—eats only 2 sandwiches, one plate of beans, one quart of milk for lunch now. His appetite isn't what it used to be, explains Gene!... Happy George Klinger really lives up to his title these days—since that last letter reached him from Africa.

Sergeant Corbett back from a studious vacation with the degree of A.D.C.: Authorized Digger of Clams. Quite a clam digger now, we're told, but nobody ever sees any clams around here!... Speaking of clams, we have lots of them around the G.C.P., which is one reason why The Ghost had to take another stooge into his confidence in order to get news... Mergl back from vacation up at the Boy Scout Camp and explaining to all and sundry the newest in scoutcraft... John O'Sullivan, in addition to those 15 foot beans, is trying to develop a peach without fuzz... Hey, John! Have you ever heard of a nectarine?

And that's all for now, men, except to say that while it's true the Harlem business for a while had all of us on a merry-go-round, The
Because the details of Tom's death have not as yet been cleared by military censorship, we are unable to furnish any further information at this time. To the many fine young pilots of the U. S. Air Corps who received their flight training from Tom as well as the entire personnel of Motorcycle Precinct 2 with whom he spent fourteen years of congenial, cooperative and loyal service, the news came as a shock. New York City has truly lost one of its finest sons. We of the Department take pride in the knowledge that he was numbered within our ranks. To his beloved wife, Marie, and to his Mother and Dad, our deepest condolences are extended.

POLICE WOMEN'S BUREAU

Polw. Emma Alden

Attention. 4,958,270 Women In America: Do make Katherine Gamble and Grace Kuhls tell why they're so photogenic . . . Talent scouts should see the newsreel made by the Dept. . . . How did we ever get such natural actresses in those mob scenes? . . . Estelle Meyer knows how to hold a baby—Vcena Ellis does a good high-"handle"—Katherine Mirsberger makes a lovely corpus—Minnie Gilbert screams effectively . . .

CONGRATULATIONS to our successful WAC FLORENCE KECKESIUS, of whose rise to the rank of secretary to the colonel and adjutant we were all of us proud to learn!

Hope that along with your resignation, Freda Yoroudi, good luck attends your plans; very best wishes from your friends.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT to all the women who located carrier in the emergency; for example, Lily F. Browne and Mary Shandley for administering First Aid; Martha Mirsberger whose serving of coffee kept the men active despite the hours. This in Harlem.

BEST WISHES to the cheerful Adele Lewis, whose constant smile has so endeared her to her work-mates. Bet even the stork is happy at the prospect!

On August 7 Polw. Eileen Johnson introduced to a palpitating world 8 lbs., 10 ozs. of JOY by the name of Robert Eugene! Another Patrolman to be! (The long-legged bird made a visit to another office, too.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Lawon R. Bruce, Margaret M. Ewen, Margaret J. Beirne, Emma M. Gross, Lena Breiman, Margaret Taylor, Josephine T. Gibbons . . . Greetings also to Mary A. George, civilian, on leave.

JUVENILE AID BUREAU: BIRTHDAY JOYS to Ann M. Hauer, Labor Day, and to both Augusta M. Ludlue and Martha Wissmann on the day after.

Let's shake hands for those swell shooting scores—Martha Mirsberger and Mary Ellis!

CONGRATULATIONS to the "last 10"—there are no more probationers . . .

Our Policewomen "did all right" while Joan "Beautiful Blond" Blondell autographed her photos for the boys at the Women's Military Services Club last month.

Add to our Blond Donor Honor Roll: Catherine Rosenberg.

PRIDE OF THE MONTH: He's a handsome First Lieutenant—somewhere overseas—married in June to a girl from Niagara Falls, where he graduated from the University. His mother is the glamorous detective, Mabel Leonhard; we salute you!

PROOF THAT POLICE WOMEN STILL THRILL AT MEETING CITY VISITORS:

Officially: Escorting lovely lady Marines . . .

Unofficially: Unassuming ERIC LINDEN—the star's a corporal now in the Army . . .

Handsome VICTOR JORY, enthusiastic about the work of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, tells us he's read of "that progressive New York director, Mary Sullivan." (Haven't we all?) In his very charming manner, Mr. Jory expressed a desire to see the Police-women on duty in uniform. (We'll give him a chance?) Don't rule out girls, BUT he is FASCINATING!

Friendly OLE OLSSEN (of OLSSEN and JOHNSON of SOUL O' FUN) advocates, as a father, taxpayer, and business man, an increase in salary for our Uniformed Force . . . Mr. Olsen shows a rare appreciation of the hard role we're Department members fill in real life; his intelligent interest in social problems is not only a tribute to his sense of perspective as a fine human being, but makes him an honor to his profession.

LOOKING 'EM OVER

Ghost got the brass ring on the second try—and is still on the darned thing . . . So bear with him please, until next month!

MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2

Ptl. Jolt I. N. G. Along

Two additional purchases of $1,000 War Bonds were made last month, one by Jim Olliffe, the other by Frank McNally's father. Nice work . . . A card from the Police Recreation Centre says that the following four-man bowling team entered by Nat Bravate swept aside all competition last month: Tiny Torresson, Charlie Hart, Jack Murphy and Ed Melvor. Looks like a good combination to us! Bob Hempill says that Eddie Lee must have a couple of mute's hooves hidden up his sleeve. Eddie in a bit of gym sparring caught Bob with a solar-plexus last month that Bob says shoved his liver around from left to right . . . By the way, who accounts for a damaged "bugle" by explaining "I was going home from Harlem when I fell asleep and walked into the wall!!" . . . Captain Neary the other day read a very nice letter from Jack Stevens, now retired, in which Jack spoke glowingly of his many years of fine association with Mcy. 2 . . . Did George Hutchinson mean the water or the new help at Floyd Bennett Field when, in response to Sergeant Everard's inquiry "What's doing along Flatbush Avenue?" he answered, "The water just rolled in, and they sure look cool and refreshing!" . . . Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Phil Blush, Mr. and Mrs. Kenavan and Freddie and Mrs. Johnson, on the birth to each of these happy couples of a son! . . . Frank (Tapper Don) Kennedy grins broadly as he tells of the good news from his son, George, who is now in 1st class, U. S. Navy. Jack (Eveready) Murphy, who with Eddie DiGiacomo got up early to go fishing off the Sheephead pier, later was observed fast asleep there. Too tough after those late ones, eh, Jack? . . . That was Father Ed McCarren, the son of our Patrolman Bill McCarren, who served as deacon at the requiem mass for Lt. Gov. Wallace at St. Patrick's Cathedral last month . . . Charlie Hood, who left us with a smile as he started on his vacation last month, was still wearing it when he was brought back suddenly on a forthwith. Can't get Charlie mad! . . . Al Manganaro and Joe Duquette get themselves a mess of drums and things and are all set to beat the band now . . . All the victory gardeners except Farmer Henry Moller and Plow-share Teddy Klumpe have been heard from . . . Sergeant John Newman—alias The Ambassador of Good Will—lost a portion of his prize flock of Bar Rocks, which, according to John, was the work of a couple of "fowl" parasites. Moller's jaw dropped upon hearing this. "Aw, you needn't get personal, Serge!"

Many bicycle is asking returning divers from North Africa how to keep the fine white sand from blowing down the hatch—now that the scenery of Belt Parkway is on the loose again.

Best wishes and a quick recovery to Charlie Hart, Frank McNally, Pat Guglielmo, Joe Welply and Harry Browne, all of whom were injured during the Harlem episode.

In celebration of the first anniversary as commander of Acting Captain George Neary, Ed Dooley baked a chocolate cake, Bob Hempill scaled two pineapples, John Capper (1) unfurled a new flag and (2) combed his hair, Jack Feeney and Johnny Coslin brought a centerpiece of fresh flowers, and Lieutenant Fleischer, Eddie Schoemaker, John Zoll and Harold Bradley joined in the barber shop version of "Happy Birthday To You." "Dear Captain: We missed you when you left on your vacation," the cute card from Willie Hubbard read. "Please don't go away any more!" . . . Only things missing were the balloons and ribbons that Sergeant Katz should have brought following Norman's party.

What man with 9 years, 7 months and 12 days service asked the Captain: "Can I have Moller's vacation? I have an opportunity to buy a couple of train tickets cheap?"

Best wishes to everyone's pal—Lieutenant Bill Henry—in his new job . . . Jack Feeney is taking applications for the "Ice-box Removal Squad" . . . Sergeant Paul Evers bought himself a round trip trip to look after his mother's health in Pennsylvania, and our Staten Island reporter sends in the good news that John Miller has fully recovered from a recent eye injury caused by a stray cinder . . . Also glad to hear from Staten Island that Sergeant Charlie Joseph is on the mend and expects to be back soon again.

It is with profound regret that we received the news of the death of our former comrade Captain Thomas G. Abbey, U. S. Army Air Forces, who was killed in South America on September 12 past.
QUESTIONS MOST OFTEN ASKED OF OUR GALS IN UNIFORM:

At Coney Island: "You don't blame me for losing my child, do you?"

At Orchard Beach: "What branch of the service are you in?"

Primary Election Day: "How do you like tabulating?"

At Lewistown Stadium: "Where are these seats, usher?" (Colo- ne McDemott, Head of Selective Service, was charmingly apologetic when he learned she was a cop.)

At Central Park Mall: "Would you care to dance?"

Answer: "No, thank you, I'm a Policewoman.

Question: "Can't Policewomen dance?"

The Herald-Trib. reporter on the Grandstand at the American Legion parade is credited with asking one of our Lieutenants: "Who are the beau-tiful damsel in blue?" Of course, they were POLICE WOMEN.

Did you hear about the Magistrate mistaking the Policewoman for the Fortune Teller she was arraigning? Who was upset when he discovered his mistake?

Lovely (retired Policewoman) Emma Wademyer visited the Bureau with her husband, who at first glance has a startling resemblance to Clark Gable. The sun-browned Apollo is a retired Deputy Fire Chief.

Missing Persons Bureau females were sorry to lose Captain Stein. The rumor is the "girls" in the Dept. are chomering to get assignments to the MPB since Lt. Cronin has been put in command. My! My!

SIGNS IN OUR CITY (verified on request): "Black Eyes Made Natural" (Bowney) . . . "Paris At A Price" (Dept. Store Ad meant to suggest clothes, not politics) . . . "We mend everything but broken heart" (East Side) . . . "Submarine Sandwiches 10¢ & 15¢" (Canal Street).

AND TO THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED THE INFORMATION JUST READ—THANKS!

BUREAU OF CRIMINAL IDENTIFICATION

Plt. Harold E. Drake

One Tuesday evening recently the fast-moving (well, moving, anyway) B.C.I. softball team traveled to Bensonhurst where the boys in one of the most sensational games seen around these parts in months, took over the 60th Precinct to the tune of 8 to 0 . . . The game was replete with fielding gems and startling plays throughout . . . Genial Ed Ward, star receiver for the B.C.I., shone at bat (as usual) with three out of four—a home run, triple and a single . . . John Miller, who is slowly rounding into shape (what shape?), came through with a timely triple. His game also, too, was something to marvel at . . . Frank Moore made one of the outstanding plays of the game, going out to short left and taking one over his -shoulder on the dead run . . . By far the greatest performance was turned in by Arthur Hilderbrandt who allowed two hits, one of them a bit scratchy (hm!). He also contributed two timely singles . . . Patrolman Lou Tuck, who at present is on leave from this office and serving in the armed forces, for this occasion obtained special leave to play with the team . . . As an afterthought, Legs Murphy played in the short field (not said). John DeBlase, who, before joining the Department gained considerable fame in the semi-pro ranks, coached the B.C.I. this game and has since been prevailed upon to take over the duties of coach permanently.

The lineup: Murphy, S. C.; Moore, 3B; Taggart, 1B; Tweed, L. F.; Bradt, S. S.; Miller, 2B; Ward, C.; Strube, C. F.; Tuck, R. F.; Hilderbrandt, P.

16TH DETECTIVE DISTRICT

Det. Paul Montgomery

There is a sleuth in the 108th Squad (whose name cannot for obvious reasons be mentioned) who is in quite a dilemma. Maybe the Legal Bureau can solve his problem for him. Seems said sleuth has a brother-in-law who—oh, well, it's going to be a poser for Mr. Anthony almost any Sunday night now—so why waste words on it here?

What detective in the 108th Squad held with a worried mother the conversation that follows?

Mother: "I wrote my Johnny, who is up around Port Jervis, on a vacation, several letters, but he doesn't answer them."

Detective: After getting name, address and other pertinent information for D.D. 13, inquiries of worried mother: "What does your boy work at?"

Mother: "He is a bus boy."

Detective: "Well, you have nothing to worry about; if anything happens to him he will have his chauffeur's license on him, and you will be notified."

Mother: "How can he have a chauffeur's license? Johnny is only 13!"

Detective: "Didn't you just tell me he was a bus boy?"

Mother: "I don't mean he drives a car, I mean he works in restaurants, clean dishes, etc."

Detective: "Oh!"

47TH SQUAD

A solemn high mass of requiem for Mrs. Margaret Byrnes, mother of Detective George Byrnes, was celebrated by the Rev. Thomas J. P. Byrnes, his brother, who is assistant rector of St. John's R. C. Church, Bronx, at St. Mary's R. C. Church, 215th St. and White Plains Ave., on September 6. Mrs. Byrnes died on Thursday, September 3, after a short illness, at the age of 68. To the bereaved family our deepest sympathy is extended.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Plt. De Molition

Congratulations and good wishes to Patrolman Frank D. Day of Air Warden Service Headquarters, who entered the services of the United States Army on September 2, 1943.

Frank has been with the Air Warden Service since the opening of its Headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street in 1942. He has served faithfully and well under former Sixth Deputy Police Commissioner John H. Morris, now a captain in the Transportation Corps of the United States Army; Commandant D. A. Thompson and Deputy Inspector James B. Nolan, Executive Officer of the Air Warden Service.

Plt. Day was admitted to the Bar early in 1942, and his legal training has frequently been an asset in his work.

Your friends will miss you, Frank, and we all join in wishing you good luck in your new venture.

Notes from the 15th Division:

The Precinct Warden Commanders of the 15th Division and their staffs staged some more of their brawl (ball) games at Howard Beach recently, where Acting Captain "Stonewall" Kafka's Wildcards trimmed Acting Lieutenant Henry's Gophers in a fast game by a score of 4 to 1. The game was highlighted by the stellar performance of "Stonewall" at first. We wonder why Steve Whalen doesn't draft him for the official Police team! In the second game, however, "Stonewall" crumbled and was nicknamed "Dribblefingers." Perhaps Steve Whalen shouldn't be interested. The Gophers staged a comeback, trimming the Pussycats (Wildcats of the first game) to the tune of 14 to 10. "Dribblefingers," formerly "Stonewall," blamed the holocaust on the weight of the refreshments consumed by Acting Lieutenants Menili and Davison.

At about 8:30 P.M., on July 29, 1943, Wardens Glacy and Knispal, Sector 15, Zone B, 106th Precinct, while on patrol, observed a live wire dangling from a tree on 107th Avenue, between 120th and 130th Streets, Queens. They immediately reported the discovery to the Precinct Report Center. The Wardens, in the meantime, safeguarded the area, pending the arrival of the Emergency Units of the telephone and electric light companies.

On July 19, 1943, James Beatty, a Warden of Sector 13, Zone B, 106th Precinct, detected an odor of gas emanating from a residence. With the aid of a neighbor, a woman and child were carried to safety and artificial respiration was applied, pending the arrival of Emergency Units. Both victims responded to treatment.

The Bellerose Creepers a few Sundays ago took into camp the softball team of the Air Wardens of Sector 28, Zone C, 106th Precinct, by a score of 6 to 4 . . . Captain Boylan, who played short for the Wardens, in a drawing after the game for a live duck drew the winning number. The Skipper took his good fortune in grateful mood and explained that he had promised in the event he was successful in winning the duck he would turn it over to his good Belleronian friend, Hughie Dunn . . . Refreshments were served during the festivities and everyone at the end went home happy—
79th Precinct:

Evacuation and Incident Drill conducted by members of the 79th Pct. AWS on Sunday, August 1, in which 150 wardens took part, was a huge success ... Excellent demonstrations were put on by the Light Duty Rescue Squad, commanded by Pct. Director Cecil Meyers and directed by 13th Div. Director Lyon Hariton.

Warden Sam Cooper, late of B22, met with an accident, at his place of business, during the Practice Alert of August 12, and died as a result of the injuries sustained on August 14. On the day of the funeral, 100 members of the Air Warden Service lined the street opposite the home of the late warden; six members of his sector acted as honorary pallbearers, and a Guard of Honor made up of Sector and Deputy Sector Commanders escorted the body a short distance. Taps then was sounded and all saluted—a last, sad gesture of farewell to a fine comrade.

SERVICE STATION 4

Ptl. Nutsan Bolt

Would you believe: that the shop's mascot (pussy cat) is being held responsible (according to Joe biscotti) for what happened to the 2 glass desk-tops on the Sarge's desk last month? ... that the neighborhood children flock to S.S. 4 to see the man with the "Buffalo Bill" outfit? (Would Glenn Royal know anything about this?) ... that Charlie Schmidt says he can lick anybody's size? (Try and find one) ... that Tanglefoot the 2nd is now being called the absent-minded professor? (Can John Hardick give the reason)? that now that Bill Iden is acquainted with the routine of office work it's been suggested he assist "Can't I get a Sunday off?" ... that at last Carburetor Engineer Bob Woytisek has his own illumination? (Why does he insist on wiping his face with that well-lubricated cap?) ... that when Cassidy answers the phone he invariably says, "Oh, it's YOU again!" ... that the reason Fred Hoffman is called the Paranay Kid no one seems to know?

The voice with a smile—Ed Coughlin's ... The voice with a cry—(?)... Who is the patrolman with the assimilated voice of an inspector? (Can it be the fellow with the dingy name?) ... The members of S.S. 4 wish Captain Bob Hamilton the best of luck and a long and happy life in his retirement.

MIDTOWN SQUAD

Ptl. Hal Graves

In the July issue of Spring 3100, there appeared in this column a reference to a certain loyal racial group that, because of a misunderstanding of the term used, might have caused offense. No offense was intended, and in the future the expression referred to will not be repeated.

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. J. Spillett

With vacation days all but over, the following confidential report on the summer activities of some of our leading members is here and now respectfully submitted.

First, Captain Donnelly, who with every expectation of enjoying a delightful stay at Squire Phillip Kennedy's sumptuous Summer hideout at aristocratic Rocky Point, on Long Eyedlund, was forced regretfully to cut short his visit when he found the Koke had run out. Confidentially, James, how long did you expect those three bottles to last?

Lieutenant "Smiling" John Lynch spent one of his usual high-powered vacations playing polo (his favorite sport) and riding to the hounds as a guest of a multi-millionaire friend at the fellow's 2,000 acre Summer estate in far-off New Jersey, a place famous, incidentally, for those extra double rich malted milks served in prodigious quantities by the host both before and after meals.

Lieutenant Kepko, still a bit groggy following that hectic hunting trip to the mountains where for 19 days this most genial of gents hunted vainly—for reasonable rates—as usual had his regular squawk about the way vacationers are gypped now-a-days. Hey, Emil, what did you expect for twelve smackers a week—Paul Whiteman with your meals?

Lieutenant Mooney this year didn't have the heart to leave his prize bulldog alone and for that reason he stayed in the city with the rest of the millionaires and where, incidentally, not a day passed without Tom going to the trouble of taking time out to introduce his canine pal to some new trees the hound had slipped up on in his travels. (Editor's Note: So faithfully does Tom stick with his four-legged friend that even he pulls up sharply—every time he passes a pump!)

Patrolman Bell, who hasn't gone anywhere yet, is dickering with the Park Department for permission while on his vacation to trap butterflies in Central Park. Bill, a true lover of nature, has decided to lay off the squirrels this year—he having suddenly become allergic to nuts—or at least so our handsome hero claims.

Joe Farrara, our recent acquisition from the Minor Leagues, reports that he, too, had a swell vacation this year—an opportunity, Joe explained, to check up on some of his old homework while the misus and little Joe relaxed serenely high up on a distant mountain top.

Even Civilian Cloik Cohen got the vacation bug and took time out to visit his wife's parents in Connecticut last month. To hear Milton explain it—"What's the sense of getting bogged if you can't drop in on your in-laws for a week-end—and after you've become settled—park a week or two?"

And by all means let's not fail to record the activity up at the O'Sullivan manse where Dave's favorite wife, Annie, last month presented Dave with a Brand New Baby Boy! Of course, Dave wasn't exactly surprised and it is reasonable to assume he had an idea right along that something was cookin'. We like, too, the way Dave and Annie settled on a name for the young gent, viz. The wife's family wanted the newcomer to be called "Oto Heinrich," the while Dave held out for "Patrick Michael." So they compromised on Robert!

You recognize the handsome young officer shown here, of course. You're right. He's none other than our own Bill Deneen, who posed for the picture exactly 36 years ago—on September 17, 1907, to be exact—and who last month celebrated his thirty-sixth anniversary as a member of the Police Department in a manner befitting a man who believes in doing things right, culminating in a dinner party in the beautiful "White House" room of the Waldorf and where, over the proverbial cold bottle and hot bird, we drank to his continued good health. Proud father today of four handsome sons, Bill Deneen
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

THOMAS P. MALONE
Aliases
JOHN PATRICK
MACK and
JOHN J. MACK

DESCRIPTION—Age 48 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight 185 pounds; grey eyes; black hair, grey on sides. Occupations, chauffeur, electrician and bartender.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT, ROBBERY, BURGLARY AND GRAND LARCENY

HERMAN LIEBOWITZ
Aliases PAUL GARY, PAUL GRAY and JIMMY DALTON

DESCRIPTION—Age 19 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 136 pounds; blue eyes; brown kinky hair; thin face; long thin nose. May be wearing United States Navy Seaman's uniform (blues). Is a deserter from United States Navy, Serial No. 3826619.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION — Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 155 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

RALPH MACEROLI
Alias "THE APE"

DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives' Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World’s Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE CANal 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
**In Memoriam**

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The Third War Loan Drive

Sixty-Nine fighter planes at a cost of $75,000 apiece will represent the Police Department on battlefronts all over the world as the result of the campaign instituted by the Department in connection with the Third War Loan drive, the complete results and figures of which follow:

Purchased by members of the Department $357,524
Purchased by Department organizations 22,284
Purchased through Police Pension Fund 250,000
Purchased by various concerns and credited to Police Department 4,575,000

Grand Total $5,204,808

Each of these fighter planes will be marked "City of New York Police" and in addition each will carry a separate distinguishing name, a list of which follows:

List of Distinguishing Titles for Fighter Planes

Avenger
Buster
Blue Rider
Brass Buttons
Blaster
Blue Eagle
F. H. L.
Law and Order
Motor Patrol
Mounted

Ballistics Bureau
Bronx
Bomb Squad
Blue Coat Special
Blue Knight
Brooklyn
Boys in Blue
Commissioner
Crime Preventer
Crusader
Captain
Chaplain
Chief
Captain Abbey
Detective
Deputy Chief
Detective Division
Exterminator
Emergency
Flying Cop
Flying Night Stick
Flying Policeman
Fingerprinter
Gum Shoe
Gang Buster
Homicide Squad
Inspector
Kopper

Manhattan
Mayor
Machinist Mate Connelly
Midnight Shift
Modus Operandi
Night Stick
Night Patrol
Plainclothesman
Patrol
Patrolman
Pee Dee
The Persuader
Puncher
Queens
Richmond
Sergeant
Sky Raider
Spring 3100
Sky Cop
Silver Shield
Spirit of Spring 3100
Sleuth
Tough Guy
Traffic
L. J. V.
Vigilant
Warrant Squad
Knickerbocker
18,000 N. Y. Cops

Introducing Acting Lieutenant Grover C. Brown

Bond Salesman Supreme

Acting Lieutenant Grover C. Brown, commanding officer of the Forgery Squad, believes in doing things right or not at all. Or at least so we were happy to believe when Lieutenant Brown, in connection with the Department's efforts in the Third War Loan drive, turned in last month subscriptions totaling $4,375,000.

Pledges obtained by him in the Second War Loan drive and which also were credited to our Department amounted to $2,300,000 — a total in all of $6,675,000, every dollar of it attributable to the personal efforts of this supersalesman in furthering the participation of our Department in this the most successful bond drive in all the nation's history.

Probably equally as amazing is the record of Lieutenant Brown since becoming a member of the Department, on September 15, 1905, since which time he has been awarded, for extraordinary services above and beyond the call of duty, a total of 25 official citations, including one honorable mention, 9 commendations and 15 awards for excellent police duty.

In appreciation of the magnificent results obtained by him in connection with the drive, Commissioner Valentine in a letter to Lieutenant Brown, under date of October 6, 1943, wrote:

"I have been informed that during the course of the Second War Loan drive last Spring you obtained subscriptions totaling $2,300,000 which were credited to the campaign of this Department. You now have topped this tremendous amount during the present Third War Loan drive by the amazing total of $4,375,000 in subscriptions credited to this Department.

"Personally, and on behalf of the members of the Department, I wish to congratulate you and thank you for your efforts in behalf of our campaign. Not only the members of this Department, but every citizen of the country, is indebted to you for your splen-
did work in this patriotic cause of 'Backing the Attack.'"

SPRING 3100 is happy likewise to extend to the recipient of the above letter hearty felicitations on this, an achievement of which he may indeed be proud.

Lieutenant Brown has been assigned to the Detective Division since 1910 and has commanded the Forgery Squad since August 5, 1940.

19th Precinct Honors Members in Service

With 100 uniformed members of the command standing reverently at attention, a plaque honoring the 11 members of the precinct currently serving with the armed forces was unveiled on September 15 past in the muster room of the 19th Precinct station house by Inspector Frank Fristensky, 4th Division, who, in a brief address following the dedication exercises, declared the best way to prove to those of our members today serving our country's cause on battlefronts all over the world is to purchase war bonds.

Captain Thomas A. Nielson, the precinct commander, also spoke of the obligation owed to those gallant men of our Department engaged today in this the greatest war of all times, and on behalf of the members expressed thanks to Patrolmen James Judge and Louis Salerno for the part taken by them in making the dedication of this beautiful plaque possible.

The names of those honored follow:

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS
Blood Donor Service
2 East 37th Street, New York City

MY DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

I have just received from Judge Irving Ben Cooper some of the lists from the Police Department on the new drive for blood donors and note that they contain the names of 3,033 policemen. They have already started coming in at the rate of 20 a day and I want you to know how very much we appreciate the splendid job being done by the Police Department on this follow-up appeal which is holding pace with the magnificent performance on the original appeal made a year ago.

The arrangements made by your department in sending the policemen here have worked out splendidly and with a minimum of effort on the part of the Blood Donor Service. It is not only inspiring to us but to a great many other donors who remark the fact that they always see policemen in here who find time to give a donation with all the other hard work they have to do.

Very best wishes,
Sincerely,
EARLE BOOTHE,
Director, Blood Donor Service.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.
Yes, SPRING 3100 Does Get Around

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC
A.P.O. 7051, P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

September 13, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
I would like to take this means of not only thanking you sincerely for your faithful sending to me of SPRING 3100 each month but also to tell you of the great pleasure I get reading each issue through—from cover to cover. And its use does not end there. It is passed along among the boys, all of whom find equally as much enjoyment browsing through its pages. Again, thanks,

PVT. WALTER STANKOWSKI,
Patrolman, Police Academy.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
Fleet P. O., New York, N. Y.

September 14, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
This is to acknowledge the continued receipt of SPRING 3100, one of the links in the chain of friendships that still connects me with the Police Department and reminds me, too, that I still am a New Yorker. Reading it each month keeps me in touch with the various activities of the Department and of its members, and believe me when I say that the continued receipt of SPRING 3100 is to me a matter of vital importance.

Regards to all,

EDWARD BLASIE, S.C. 1/c,
Patrolman, 90th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC
A.P.O. 777, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

September 29, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
I want to express to you and to the Department my thanks for sending me SPRING 3100. Receiving it is both a joy and a comfort, made doubly so by the fact that reading matter of any kind is so scarce out here in this part of the world, where there are no stores of any description—just jungles, natives, and still more jungles.

WARREN A. ROGERS,
Warrant Officer, U.S.N.R.
Building & Repair Bur.

SOMEWHERE IN SICILY
August 30, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
May I take this occasion to thank the staff of SPRING 3100 for the regularity with which SPRING 3100 has been reaching me over here. It's hard to explain what it means to be able to receive news of the "old gang." It's a mixture of emotions, good and bad. We get a kick reading of those who receive well-earned promotions—and a tinge of sadness when we read of the death of an old comrade. We have the same condition here in Sicily. I was fortunate enough to be attached to an American division that came in with the invasion forces on landing barges on the morning of July 10 last. We had our share of the fireworks—bombing from the air, artillery shell fire, snipers and machine gunning—under all of which we saw many of our comrades fall. It's tough—but that is war.

Again, many thanks. Regards to all.

1st Lieutenant PATRICK J. PETERSON,
Acting Captain, A.W.S.

SOMEWHERE AT SEA
Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

August 3, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Just a few lines to thank you for sending me SPRING 3100 each month. The magazine makes no small contribution towards relieving that homesick feeling, and it is difficult for me to find adequate words with which to express my sincere appreciation.

Please give my best regards to all.

JOHN LENOX, Fireman 1/c,
Detective, 6th D.D.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS
Fleet P. O., New York, N. Y.

August 31, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Many thanks for SPRING 3100 which has been catching up with me regularly the past ten months. Located now in a spot where I never did expect further copies to reach me, you can well imagine the thrill when, despite the distances involved, good old SPRING 3100 never fails to come through. That I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Editor, need hardly be said.

FRANK EDWARD BERMEJ, Mo.M.M. 1/c,
Auto Mech., C.M.R.S.
"YOU MEN who come into the Department now assume your duties in a most difficult and trying time," Mayor LaGuardia told his listeners at the commencement exercises held on the afternoon of Tuesday, September 21, before a gathering of 2,000 persons in the Plaza fronting City Hall. "It's not going to be easy—everyone must work harder now," the Mayor said.

The ceremonies included also the promotion of two lieutenants to captain and the elevation of ten patrolmen to the rank of sergeant; also the graduation of 305 probationary patrolmen and the swearing in of 55 recruits, last of the roster of eligibles available from the existing list for patrolman, promulgated a little over a year ago, on September 16, 1942, and which contained at the time of its issuance approximately 1,700 names.

"You are the new type of sergeant—field officers—" the Mayor told the men newly promoted to that rank. "For ten years I have been insisting we get away from the old idea that when a patrolman became a sergeant he sat at a desk and grew fat in a certain part of his anatomy. You have noticed, I am sure, that under the new Army regulations the officers are armed with rifles and are filed in with the ranks. It is the duty of an officer to be with his men in combat, and the services rendered daily by you men of the Police Department come under the heading of combat duty. You are not going to get much patrolling out of your men on a hard cold night if they know the sergeants and lieutenants are some place taking it easy in a warm room. That's not the right kind of leadership."

For the two newly promoted captains no instructions were needed, the Mayor said. "Because if they were," he told them, "you would not have been promoted today. I join with the Commissioner in pointing out that in your new rank you assume great responsibilities, and that you must provide leadership and inspiration to your men."
Manpower Situation Now Serious

Addressing the graduates, the Mayor said he was very happy indeed to see 305 out of the original class of 320 graduate.

"This is quite an addition," the Mayor declared, "a much needed addition to our strength at this time. As the Commissioner stated, the list is exhausted, and because there have been some willful misstatements made by cheap politicians, I want to inform you now that all of the time of this list—and it was a list of splendid candidates—there were no refusals of appointment. A great many were taken from us through the draft and others we could not appoint because of their employment in essential services. But there were no refusals. The situation now is extremely serious. I worry about it. And while the responsibility is great on your Commissioner, it is greater on me, because besides the shortage in the Police and Fire Departments we are reaching a dangerous and critical situation in our rapid transit system, also in our hospitals.

"I said before and I say now," the Mayor asserted in pointing out that the national system in these times of recruitment and drafting must necessarily take into consideration the whole of the national picture, "that the direction of the Selective Service, in Washington, has been most unimaginative, and that if they continue the way they are going they will soon be in the same helpless, hapless, hopeless situation as the O.P.A.

"I intend to present the picture of American cities to Congress at an early date. I am not going to take issue with anything that responsible officials and officers of the Army or Navy may ask for. That's for Congress to decide. But I shall present a true picture. In addition to the hundreds of men that were lost to us from this list there are over 700 patrolmen of the New York City Police Department in the military service now, and if the present plan to draft married men and fathers up to the age of 38 is carried through, it will involve no less than 6,492 men in our Police Department. The same ratio holds true in other of our essential departments of the city. I believe there is a solution and I don't think it is difficult. But the entire situation must be taken into consideration in deciding the importance involved."

While Our Men Give Their All

Deploring the tendency on the part of some people to minimize the hazards of the situation—and this despite the fact our men today are fighting—and dying—on battlefronts all over the world, there yet are those who will watch the clock and complain of a few minutes overtime, he declared.

"The boys in the submarines—in our air service and on the battlefronts—are working overtime and risking their lives," the speaker said. "They do not sleep in bed between two snowy sheets in comfort. Their bed is death. And they're not complaining—at $50 a month—and taking it cheerfully—an inspiration and example to the entire world!"

The Evils of Gambling

Turning to the subject of gambling, the Mayor reminded the newcomers to the ranks that while the city provides for them a good salary upon becoming full-fledged patrolmen, they nevertheless cannot afford to gamble.

"I cannot and I get more salary than you do—because anyone who gambles loses," he informed them.

"Everyone, that is, except the tinhorn bookmakers—whom the suckers feed. You men cannot have any friendship with these tinhorns. I am sorry, but you cannot. The only contact you can have with them is through the end of your nightstick. You have had the example, men. The decent, law-abiding men and women of this city will not tolerate any friendship or acquaintanceship between any of its officials and these racketeers. As I said, you have had an example of that within the last few days. That in itself is cause for dismissal. It cannot be tolerated. It is dangerous medicine not only while you are in the Department but even after retiring—and the courts may have an opportunity to pass upon that before long. If it is discovered that a member of the Police Department is associating with racketeers and gamblers, men who deal in commercialized vice, they are all together; or if immediately upon retirement he is found associating with or employed by them, it justifies a very thorough investigation on the part of the city."

In closing the Mayor on behalf of the City of New York expressed his thanks to the Police Commissioner "and your splendid staff of officers and men for the efficient services you are giving to your city.

"I know it is hard and trying, but it is hard on all of us. These are difficult times. Your city appreciates what you are doing. You are keeping up the fine tradition of the Department and lifting its standards every day."

Commissioner Valentine in the course of his remarks reminded the newly promoted men that they are now commanding officers and that by their conduct and example the men under them will be weighed—"because, if your conduct is not good, theirs will not be good. You are their advisors as well as their supervisors. Treat them kindly. Don't nag decent men. Don't nag anybody. The decent men need little supervision. Concentrate instead on those who are liable to bring disgrace not only on themselves but on you—on your family—your Department—and your city."

Symbols of Authority

Explaining to the graduates that as representatives of the Police Department they symbolize authority—also that no other employees of the city come in daily contact with our people as frequently as do our police men, it behooves them, he declared, to remember that as police officers, not only do they symbolize Father Knickerbocker but the efficiency of the municipality and the discipline of our Department as well.

"Be careful of your associates," the Commissioner warned. "Remember that you are still on probation and that until the expiration of the six-month period you can, if your conduct is unsatisfactory to the Police Commissioner, be dropped—and there is no court in the world that can under our laws reinstate you. Please remember that."

Reminding the men that in connection with their duties they will be fraternizing with men and women serving the city as members of the various units in the huge emergency organization set up in this city by the Mayor—air raid wardens, auxiliary patrolmen,
etc.—he asked them to remember in their contacts with these various persons that they are serving as volunteers—that they are giving of their time and labors to the city without cost. "Please remember that," the Commissioner said. "Don't antagonize them. You have a job to do. Perform your duties in a kindly, patient and tactful manner."

The Third War Loan Drive

In closing the Commissioner appealed for the cooperation and support of all of the members of the Department in bringing to a successful conclusion the participation of the Department in the Third War Loan drive.

"This time we are going after fighter planes," the Commissioner informed them. "They cost $75,000 apiece and we already have a subscription from the Police Pension Fund sufficient to purchase a squadron of three. I am confident we can have at least four of these squadrons of three and I am confident also that this Department when the campaign is over will be known and represented all over the world by these fighter planes, each of them bearing the legend "City of New York Police," in addition to individual names such as the "Flying Nightstick," "Homicide Squad" and other departmental inspired titles of this type.

Thanking the members of the Department for their splendid cooperation in the last war bond drive, the Commissioner declared he knows very well they will duplicate their efforts in the new drive currently under way and that "we will go over the top with four squadrons of fighter planes—at least."

Mayor LaGuardia in the course of the proceedings made the usual award of a regulation service revolver to the three probationary patrolmen obtaining highest marks in their training school course, and likewise to the probationer obtaining highest rating in shooting. The recipients of the awards, all of whom were presented to the city's chief executive by Commissioner Valentine, were:

HIRAM C. BLOOMINGDALE TROPHY: Probationary Patrolman James A. Guishard, who attained the highest general average in all subjects.

MAYOR'S TROPHY: Probationary Patrolman Earl J. Campazzi, second highest average.

POLICE COMMISSIONER'S TROPHY: Probationary Patrolman Irving J. Klein, third highest average.

MASBACK TROPHY: Probationary Patrolman James A. Guishard, who attained highest marks in shooting.

The list of promotions follows:

TO CAPTAIN

Bernard L. Connors, Mounted Squadron 2; William J. Cowan, Borough Headquarters Squad, Bronx.

TO SERGEANT


GRADUATES

PROBATIONARY PATROLMEN

Abolafia, Morris
Allen, William D.
Anzalone, Anthony
Argenziano, Frank
Ashe, John S.
Atwell, John V.
Au, Alfred R.
Barnett, Saul
Barid, John J.
Bashen, John C.
Baxt, Norton
Beale, Richard L., Jr.
Behr, Edward
Berghuecher, George J.
Bergstein, Irving E.
Bernstein, Samuel
Bersin, Victor M.
Bishop, William J.
Blum, Morton
Bockhold, George
Boesky, John
Bors, Solomon
Breker, Sol
Brener, Carl N.
Brimberg, Michael
Brophy, Albert W.
Brown, Joseph H.
Brown, Kenneth M.

Brunetti, Dominick J.
Burcino, James R.
Bushel, Peter
Callahan, Edward C.
Camoa, Gemario N.
Campazzi, Earl J.
Campbell, Michael J.
Canwell, John J.
Carboy, William P.
Carey, John J.
*Casey, Edward R.
Cash, William R.
Cavarley, Michael E.
Christian, William F.
Cikotovich, John J.
Cinquemani, Michael
Clark, Hobart W.
Cleva, John A.
Cofone, Daniel A.
Cohen, Seymour
Colligan, George F.
Collinson, Edward R.
Cooper, Cornelius H.
Corzatte, Rosco
Cutter, Nicholas J.
Covello, John
Cronin, John A.
Cronin, John J.
Cullen, Raymond J.

Cald, Bernard E.
Crarnowski, Casimir
Daczynski, Marian V.
Danna, Louis J.
Dawkins, Raymond J.
Deegan, Edward J.
Denny, Lester F.
DeRoock, John L.
Deserio, Vito T.
Desmond, Walter T.
Doefer, Charles H.
Donohue, Francis J.
Dore, Robert J.
Dorfman, Lester
Doroszewicz, Stanley F.
Driscoll, John F.
Draught, William F.
Duggan, Francis M.
Duggan, John
Engel, David C.
Engel, Edward A.
Erny, Edward E.
Fiore, James M.
Flagg, Lacy P.
Fountain, James F.
Fox, Louis J.
Fox, Michael J.
Frank, Leo
Freely, James J.
Freeman, James B.
Friedman, Meyer M.
Fuccillo, Joseph G.
Gallagher, Francis J.
Garber, Harold
Gardner, Royal C.
Gasparino, Anthony N.
Gillespie, John E.
Gilliamson, James J.
Gimmelli, Alfonsa L.
Glickman, Edward
Goldberg, Joseph L.
Goldstein, Arthur
Gray, Raymond P.
Greco, Peter S.
Gronewold, Charles N.
Guishard, James A.
Gumbs, Albert E.
Guthertz, Barnett
Hackett, Basil C.
Harris, Robert J.
Hasper, William F.
Hawley, Francis L.
Heck, Joseph J.
Heim, Thomas J.
Herman, Samuel
Hetzel, Andrew P.
Hetzko, Clifford F.
Hughes, Joseph W.
Hunerberg, Isaac A.
Harley, Robert J.
Iannuzzi, Louis R.
Innes, Edward F.
Iversen, Iver
Jaeger, Nathan
Jamecki, Edward L.
Johnson, Joseph O.
Jones, Arnold K.
Jordan, Joseph P.
Joyce, Edward J.
Kabat, Miro J.
Kane, Henry
Kane, James F.
Katz, Leon W.
Kearney, Philip F.
Kehoe, Michael L.
Keiley, Michael J.
Keller, Hubert J.
Kelly, William J.
Keys, Arthur G.
Killerin, James G.
Klatt, Harry R.
Klein, Charles P.
Klein, Irving J.
Kloska, Adolph
Knoblock, Meyer M.
Knochel, George W.
Koenigsberg, Benjamin

* Military Service Bureau.
N.Y. City Police Garrison Honors Gen. MacArthur

Patrolman James M. Callahan, Traffic Precinct F, in his capacity as historian of New York City Police Garrison No. 3100, Army-Navy Union, in a letter to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, under date of August 16, 1943, notified the famous warrior, who is himself a Past Commander of New York Garrison No. 194, that he had been selected by the Police Garrison to receive the Gold Medal of the Army-Navy Union, the highest honor within the province of the organization to bestow. This in recognition of the heroic contribution by Gen. MacArthur to the cause of the Allied nations in the present war.

This will be the eighth award of this medal in the long history of the organization, Patrolman Callahan explained, the other recipients being President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Gen. John J. Pershing, Gen. Payton C. March, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover, Coast Guardsman Cullen, who interrupted the landing of the German saboteurs in 1942, and the Unknown Soldier.

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Gen. MacArthur’s reply, dated August 30, 1943, follows:

**GENERAL HEADQUARTERS**
**SOUTHWEST PACIFIC AREA**
**Office of the Commander-in-Chief**

30 August, 1943.

Mr. J. M. Callahan, Historian,
New York City Police Garrison 3100.

Dear Mr. Callahan:

I appreciate more than I can say the rare honor of being selected to receive the Gold Medal of the Army-Navy Union. It is a distinction which I shall always treasure.

During the World War, the 165th Infantry, formerly the 69th New York Regiment, served in my command and I recall that it contained a number of the members of the Police Department.

I am sorry that I do not recall the exact date of my service as an officer of New York Garrison 194. The records of the Garrison I am sure will give you the necessary data.

With renewed thanks and appreciation,

Most cordially,

DOUGLAS MacARTHUR.
### GRADUATING PROBATIONARY PATROLMEN, SEPTEMBER, 1913

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS</th>
<th>COUNTRIES OF BIRTH</th>
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<tr>
<td>Automobile Mechanic</td>
<td>U. S. A.</td>
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<td>Assmiller, Instrument</td>
<td>British West Indies</td>
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<td>Bartender</td>
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<td>Bench Hand</td>
<td>Canal Zone, Panama</td>
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<td>Bookkeeper</td>
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<td>Bottle Deoctor</td>
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<td>Counterman</td>
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<td>Cushman, Operating Foreman</td>
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<td>Cutter, Fur</td>
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<td>Deck Hand</td>
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<td>Freight Assessor</td>
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<td>Guard, Customs</td>
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<td>Longshoreman</td>
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<td>Manager, Store</td>
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<td>Mate, Tugboat</td>
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<td>Mechanic, Bench</td>
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<td>Metal Polisher</td>
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<td>Ordnance Man, Navy</td>
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<td>Printer</td>
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<td>Production Man, New York</td>
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<td>Purchasing Agent</td>
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<td>Rigger</td>
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<td>Shipfitter</td>
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<td>Special Patrolman</td>
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<td>Steamfitter's Helper</td>
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<td>Stenographer-Typist</td>
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<td>Superintendent, Asst.</td>
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<td>Window Cleaner</td>
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<td>Wool Sample Maker</td>
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### RESIDENCE BOROUGHS

- Brooklyn: 107
- Bronx: 65
- Queens: 95
- Manhattan: 38
- Richmond: 7

### SOCIAL CONDITION

- Married: 281
- Single: 31
- Average Age: 27 years
- Average Height: 5 ft. 10½ ins.
- Average Weight: 176 lbs.
- Attended High School: 288
- Attended College: 43

### DEGREES

- B.A.: 2
- B.S.: 4
- B.B.A.: 1
- LL.B.: 1

### FOREIGN LANGUAGES

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Speak</th>
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**PHIL REGAN**

Former Patrolman Phil Regan has resumed broadcasting on KNX (Columbia) Monday thru Friday on Fletcher Wiley's "Home Front Reporter" program. This feature, broadcast every week day in cooperation with the Office of War Information and other government agencies, brings news from Washington of all home activities. It goes over 118 CBS stations, coast to coast.

Regan's absence from the air the past three years has been due to picture commitments and conflicting dates have prevented him from contracting to appear on any network radio program. He has, however, made guest appearances on nearly all of the big radio shows of the past five years and is known to radio fans as the romantic singer of songs.
THE Police Commissioner in recent orders announced 205 awards to members of the Department for valor in the performance of duty. The names of those cited follow:

FOR VALOR

HONORABLE MENTION

Sergeant James J. McGann, Shield No. 413, Traffic Precinct 1. At about 4 p.m., March 7, 1943, while on duty in radio motor patrol car, heard shots in the vicinity of 121 Henry Street, Manhattan, where three armed men had attempted to perpetrate a holdup of a club and had discharged their revolvers when they were refused admittance to the premises. Sergeant McGann immediately proceeded to the scene. Upon seeing the radio car, the gunmen scattered and fled. Leaving the radio car, Sergeant McGann pursued one of the gunmen and fired a warning shot when he refused to halt. During the chase the gunman fired two shots at Sergeant McGann, who was unable to return the shots because of people in the line of fire, but the Sergeant overtook and disarmed him. The second man escaped through the crowd which had gathered, while the third bandit discarded a revolver and fled into premises 162 Henry Street, where he was apprehended by other officers. Both of the men apprehended were on parole at the time.

Patrolman Leslie H. Carroll, Shield No. 19658, 32nd Precinct (was Probationary Patrolman at time of occurrence). At about 11:50 p.m., March 20, 1943, while on patrol, observed two men fleeing from a drug store at 2630 Eighth Avenue, Manhattan, in which they had committed a holdup. Patrolman Carroll overtook them and as they raised their hands, a revolver fell to the street, whereupon one of the bandits quickly retrieved it and fired at the Officer, a shot passing through his uniform cap. Patrolman Carroll returned the fire, killing his assailant. Meanwhile, the other man fled, but was captured by another Officer, who was attracted by the shots. Both men were identified as the perpetrators of a holdup of a liquor store earlier the same night in which they fired shots at the proprietor.

Patrolman Leo Miller, Shield No. 7677, 18th Precinct. At about 4:20 a.m., March 7, 1943, while assigned to raided premises in a hotel at 208 West 36th Street, Manhattan, was informed by a guest that he and a companion had been held up in their room by three gunmen, who had just left the premises. Patrolman Miller gave chase, overtook the men and ordered them to submit to arrest, whereupon they scattered and fled. The Officer fired a warning shot but the men continued to run. One of the bandits suddenly wheeled and fired pointblank at the officer, striking him in the right mastoid bone and knocking him to the ground. As the officer regained his feet and shot at the bandit, he was again wounded in the left leg. He continued firing at his assailant and fatally wounded him with shots in the chest and abdomen. The deceased had a long criminal record. Patrolman Miller was on sick report 41 days.

COMMENDATION

INSPECTOR

ACTING LIEUTENANTS

SERGEANTS

DETECTIVES

PATROLMEN


EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY

ACTING CAPTAIN

Raphael M. DeMartino, 13th D.D.

LIEUTENANTS


ACTING LIEUTENANTS


SERGEANTS


DETECTIVES


PATROLMEN


PROBATIONARY PATROLMAN


HEADQUARTERS

New York Region Antiaircraft Artillery Command
P. O. Box 2, Station O
New York 11, N. Y.

September 6, 1943.

THE HONORABLE FIORELLO H. LA GUARDIA,
Mayors, City of New York,
City Hall,
New York, New York.

Dear Mayor LaGuardia:

It gives me great pleasure to report to you that the Police Department of the City of New York was most helpful in assisting this command in connection with the arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the Number 1 Composite Antiaircraft Demonstration Battery, Royal Artillery, during the visit of that battery in the New York Metropolitan area.

Will you please convey to all divisions and individual members of the Police Department who assisted this command in connection with the visit of the British Battery, my sincere appreciation and thanks for the superior manner in which they performed their duties.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES HINES
Brigadier General, USA
Commanding.
A Debt Repaid

By
LIEUTENANT
JOSEPH A. VOLK

Military Service Bureau

Prize Short Story

Schmidt breathlessly demanded that this young highway robber, murderer, thief and what-not be arrested.

THERE exists in this great cosmopolitan city of ours a young neglected boy between the ages of 7 and 15 years who has earned for himself the sobriquet of "Gamin." This street Arab rarely eats, is clothed in ill-fitting cast-off clothes, begs, steals, sings questionable songs and swears like a trooper. Yet if we were to anatomize this ill-kept, poorly fed and clothed body many of us would be amazed to learn that it really contained a heart. True that the medical profession considers the heart to be a very important member of an intricate system that goes to make up the human body, but the average lay-mind thinks not in such terms. It can only associate the heart with thoughts of love, friendship, hate, wickedness, passion or filth.

And so with our little gamin. He struts along unconcerned about the future and knowing little of the interest his particular type has created; the favorite essay of hundreds who have written miles of subject matter on a topic that is gradually becoming a problem of greater proportions. This little imp who has a special set of laws covering his acts, with a court set aside for his individual wrongs and a huge Juvenile Aid Bureau confronted with the stupendous task of rehabilitation.

This beloved gamin who permeates certain nooks and corners of our city is not to be considered a phantom. To picture him just give him what he does not need and deprive him of what is necessary and you have before you our little street urchin and the subject of this story.

Just visualize a roguish juvenile of his type coming
in contact with Patrolman James Brown.

Jim was forced to leave college shortly after his father's death so he could support an invalid mother. He had picked the Police Department because he was under the impression that it would be the easiest way for him to overcome his home requirements. At first Jim was not particularly interested in his work; but as time wore on he suddenly awakened to the realization that his job was not one to be measured from just being able to sign the payroll and cash a pay-check. He learned that there prevailed throughout the Department a jealous pride in maintaining a standard as a "GOOD COP" and in protecting one's escutcheon of blue from any semblance of taint or corruption. It wasn't long after that Jim fell right in line. He took a new slant on his job and felt a keener thrill in breathing and in living, for Jim's rejuvenation was complete.

His post was over on the east side of the city among a class of people who knew little of the joys of life; people that fought, ridiculed and shouted. There were among them those that lived by their wits; others by honest toil, and still others that labored not at all. And it was right here amongst this filth and depravity that Jim found our little street gamin.

He had just graciously lifted a piece of bologna off the counter of Carl Schmidt's delicatessen store and in making his exit ran right into Jim's arms. Schmidt breathlessly demanded and insisted that this young highway robber, murderer, thief and what-not be arrested. But after a little reasoning Carl finally reconsidered and while our gamin was being released he thought he saw a slight twinkle of mirth in the "Buzzo's" eye.

It was just little incidents as these coupled with the sending of food, clothing and coal to the needy that placed Jim on a pedestal where he was silently idolized. It seemed Jim fitted completely in the picture and became a sort of permanent fixture in this foreign settlement that still held true to its old-world traditions, customs and habits. He acted as father, mother, sister, brother, counselor, judge and doctor and all who came in contact with him were won by his patience, courtesy and sane advice. And at this point let it be correctly understood that Jim, while being greatly loved, honored and esteemed by the law-abiding, on the other hand was greatly feared by the thief, the gangster and the racketeer. Add also a modesty for his achievements in keeping the undesirable element on the jump and his post free from crime.

But time passed on. It was a beautiful, moon-lit night and Jim had signalled the station-house when his attention was attracted to something moving inside of Tony Colombo's Italian grocery store situated almost directly opposite the signal box. Yes, he could plainly see, silhouetted on the wall, the outline of a moving figure. With every muscle taut in preparation for any eventuality, he crossed the street and with apparent indifference examined the doors, windows and locks and sensed that an entrance had been effected through the rear of the store.

Not wishing to create any suspicion in the intruder's mind, Jim nonchalantly sauntered beyond the store. Upon reaching the adjacent tenement house he quickly entered the hallway, at the end of which was a door leading into the rear yard. Cautionously opening another door in a fence that separated the two buildings he observed a small ladder standing under an open window leading into the store. Just as Jim reached the top of the ladder he came face to face with the intruder! Two shots were fired! The first by the burglar, striking Jim in the forehead, and the second by Jim, the bullet harmlessly imbedding itself in the ground.

The Homicide Squad possessed only two clues to work on. One was a peculiar, scarred thumb-print found on the revolver that had been discarded by the burglar at the scene of his cold-blooded murder and the second (if it meant anything), that the handle on the revolver was broken and pieces of the mother-of-pearl missing.

But who could it have been? A check-up showed no police department in the country with this thumb-print on file and the "Bureau" found itself up against a stone wall, with the possibility of an unsolved homicide. Quite naturally the press splashed the story across its front pages and carried with it a picture of the broken-handled revolver that had brought grief to the East Side. Yes, people stood in groups softly discussing the catastrophe. Some quietly entered nearby churches to offer up prayers for Jim's soul and it seemed that a great pall had suddenly draped itself over the streets that Jim had once patrolled.

Among those grieving was our little gamin who could be observed seriously occupied in studying the picture of the death-dealing revolver. He had seen a gun similar to that one some time ago when Tony Paretti had accidentally let it fall out of his hand while cleaning it. Sure, he even had the pieces of discarded pearl that had broken off the handle on the gun. But what to do? Our street urchin was torn between a code of "never to rat" and his great love for Jim. These two conflicting emotions created a riot of disturbing thoughts in his grief-stricken mind. Who could he turn to for help? No one, because he realized that the problem was his alone. His code or his love? Which should it be?

Hours later a little mind, not greatly versed in solving riddles, could be found trying to rest a weary mind and body on a mattress that had been placed on the kitchen floor for him. But God watches over suffering children and he finally went off into a restive sleep. And as he dreamed his grumpy face was suddenly transformed into a happy smile for once again he saw his friend Jim, had felt him place a hand reassuringly in his own. This slumber was abruptly broken by the sound of bells from a distant church that seemed to softly blend with his new peace of mind. His duty seemed so plain that he wondered why he had hesitated so long.

And early that morning a few passersby paused and watched a dirty-faced lad breathlessly entering a station-house. After he had related his story about having seen the gun that was pictured in the newspapers and how the handle became broken, the Homicide Squad immediately sensed that they were about to break their case.

It was only a short time after that Tony was located in a cheap coffee house. He was bundled into the wagon, taken to the local precinct and readily confessed after the evidence of a thumb-print and the broken gun handle were shown to him.

Needless to say that Tony paid the price for his crime and our beloved gamin carried on as before, convinced that his debt to Jim had been repaid.
P.A.L. Show December 15

The second edition of "Stars Shine For Young America," annual benefit show for the Police Athletic League, will be staged at Madison Square Garden on December 15.

This second all-star show, in which stars of the stage, screen and radio will cooperate with the Juvenile Aid Bureau in raising funds for the P.A.L., replaces the annual "Around the Clock" show of the Police Department, which was discontinued last year because of increased demands upon police personnel due to the war.

Mr. Walter S. Mack, Jr., a member of the Police Athletic League Board of Directors, is general chairman of the benefit show. Honorary chairman are Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine and Deputy Inspector William M. Kent, President of the P.A.L.

P.A.L. AT ANNUAL RODEO

In conjunction with the 18th Annual World's Championship Rodeo performance for poor, orphaned and crippled children, the Police Athletic League was host to 200 children on October 25 at Madison Square Garden. The performance was arranged through the courtesy of the Madison Square Garden Corporation.

On the same day, the P.A.L. also played host to a football squad from Father Flanagan's famous Boys' Town. Twelve P.A.L. youngsters acted as an escort for the visitors from Omaha, Nebraska. The program included an entire day of sightseeing and entertainment.

P.A.L. FALL BOXING SERIES

The Police Athletic League inaugurated its first season of indoor boxing bouts on October 15 at the Webb-Churchill Center, 290 East 153rd St., Bronx. The series will be continued each Friday night during the fall and winter at the same location.

League officials decided to introduce the new boxing series because of the immense popularity of this year's summer outdoor boxing program.

YONKERS WINS INTERCITY P.A.L. CROWN

The Glendale Farmers, New York City P.A.L. baseball winners, received a 3-1 setback from the Yonkers Champions in the second annual intercity championship game at Macombs Dam Park, Bronx, on October 9, before a crowd of 1,500.

Hamilton "Red" Graham, who also won last year's game for the Yonkers players, handed out six hits to the Glandale Farmers, while McAlarney and Francamano, who shared the mound duties for the team from Queens, allowed eight safeties.

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*Cumings for Farrelle.

Beckman batted for Burns in ninth.

Theodore R. Crastus, a member of the Police Athletic League, was named to the program.

Dr. Erastus M. Hudson

Dr. Erastus M. Hudson, a member of the medical advisory board of the Federal Trade Commission and former practicing physician in New York, died Sunday, September 12, at Mount Alto Hospital, Washington, D. C., at the age of 55. He was buried Tuesday, September 14, in Arlington National Cemetery.

Surviving are a daughter, Miss Margaret Mead Hudson, and a sister, Mrs. Charles H. Bonesteel, wife of Maj. Gen. Charles H. Bonesteel of the Army, both of Washington.

For years an expert on the study of fingerprints, which he made his hobby, Dr. Hudson attracted nationwide attention when he appeared for the defense in the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptman for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Dr. Hudson about eight years ago collaborated with the New York Police Department in developing a special process. It enabled the department to supplement the old powder-dusting system. The new technique brings out prints on materials other than those with smooth surfaces.

Appointed an honorary consultant to the department in July, 1935, by Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, Dr. Hudson served in such capacity until 1938. He became interested in fingerprint work while serving as a medical officer in the Navy in the First World War. He saw Scotland Yard men taking prints at Liverpool and began studying the science.

He was a specialist in body chemistry and bacteriology.
IMPRESSIVE ceremonies marked the dedication on the afternoon of Sunday, October 3, at the 109th Precinct station house, of a plaque honoring the members of that command now serving in the armed forces.

The exercises included also the presentation to the Air Wardens of the 109th Precinct of an American flag, presented on behalf of the Flushing Kiwanis Club by Mr. George O. Niemann, president, and a Wardens' flag presented on behalf of the Lions Club of Flushing by Mr. Arthur Van De Water, president. The flags were accepted by Mr. Joseph McNichols, commander of Zone A, and Mr. George Mozeley, commander of Zone B, respectively.

The ceremonies were preceded by a parade headed by Inspector James S. P. Brady and Deputy Inspector John J. Donegan, 10th Division, with Acting Lieutenant Romeo P. Labossiere of the 109th Precinct Air Warden Service serving as marshal.

The line of march featured, in addition to the Police contingent headed by Captain Carl J. Sayer and the Air Warden Service unit led by Acting Captain Joseph Green, representations from the N. Y. City State Guard, N. Y. City Patrol Corps, N. Y. City Auxiliary Firemen, Flushing Exempt Firemen, American Red Cross, Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, American Women's Volunteer Service, Flushing Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. Also various units of Boy Scouts and several light duty rescue squads, including four light duty rescue trucks and four trailers. Bands of St. Mary's R.C. Church, Flushing, and of Oscar Amann Post and the Maritime Brigade, participated.

The invocation, blessing and benediction were pronounced, respectively, by the Rev. E. Wallace Mast, pastor of the First Congregational Church; Rev. James Delaney, pastor of St. Mary's R.C. Church, both of Flushing, and Rabbi Max Meyer of the Flushing Free Synagogue. Captain Sayer served as master of ceremonies and the speakers included Deputy Chief Inspector Arthur W. Wallander, Supreme Court Justice Charles S. Colden, County Court Judge Thomas Downs, and Queens District Attorney Charles P. Sullivan.

The plaque, a replica of a patrolman's shield, has been fastened to the flagpole directly in front of the station house. Names of the absent members honored follow:

Sergeants Richard Frederick, Francis Young.


Detective Daniel Sullivan.
When Sickness Strikes—What Then?

By PATROLMAN JOHN SIMCOX, 9th Precinct

Chairman, The Medical, Surgical and Dental Plan of Specialists of the Patrolmen’s Benevolent Association

Down through the years the members of the Police Department have been confronted with the possibility of someone in their family becoming seriously ill and the added dread of not being able to provide for the afflicted one adequate medical or surgical care.

Today such apprehension on the part of our members no longer need exist. The Medical, Surgical and Dental Plan of Specialists, inaugurated a little more than a year ago under sponsorship of the Patrolmen’s Benevolent Association, today provides the answer to this most acute of family problems. Strangely enough, however, even though many of our members have in this short space of time benefitted materially by its provisions, I am amazed in speaking to policemen at the number who have never even heard of the plan. Others there are who have a knowledge of its existence but show very little interest in its operation—at least in so far as they personally are concerned.

The plan is available to all P.B.A. members, members of their immediate families and such of their relatives whose income is not higher than $65 per week. The family and relatives of a policeman present the most serious problem. Until the adoption of this plan, in many instances he did not know where to turn to get the right kind of medical care when serious illness visited his home.

Every policeman knows that a goodly number of the nation’s doctors are today serving in the armed forces. They are also aware, of course, of their present economic status. A first grade patrolman’s salary, for example, used to be $122.50 semi-monthly, whereas today, due to the increased pension cost and withholding tax, he receives between $101 and $110 semi-monthly.

In order to pay the high fees exacted by the better type of specialist, he as often as not either has to go into debt by borrowing from a loan company or sell his insurance. This or trust his loved ones to the care of a doctor of lesser skill.

We never know when we may need the services of a doctor. It is some consolation to know that we can obtain the services of the best among the medical profession for a very moderate fee.

Some of the members with whom I have spoken are skeptical about the ability and skill of the participating specialists. They wonder why these men are willing to give of their time and services at fees far below those to which ordinarily they should be entitled. The answer to that was given at a committee meeting by one of the doctors in an address in which he stated, ‘for all to hear, that the services given by policemen to the public—to say nothing of the sacrifices and dangers entailed—entitled them to something in return, and that he, for one, was only too glad to be permitted to cooperate.

In any event, if you have any doubt, your family doctor can check on the qualifications of these men if and when their services should be needed.

Some members we learn are under the impression that the adoption of the plan meant the dropping from the staff of the Chief Surgeon of those splendid men of medicine serving the Department as Honorary Surgeons. That is not the case. In fact, all of the Honorary Surgeons who expressed a desire to participate not only have already joined up as members but their services still are available to members of the force when, in the opinion of the District Surgeon concerned, the member’s condition is such as to make necessary the attention of a specialist.

Since the plan went into operation some changes have been effected. Due to the increase in the cost of food and other incidentals connected with the operation of a hospital, the hospital fee of $50 in maternity cases has been discontinued. The specialist’s fee in maternity cases now is $75; for Cesarean births the fee is $100.

So, with the hope in my heart that we and those we hold dear may never need the services of any of these doctors—but knowing at the same time that it is too much to expect that we might go on indefinitely without some member of our family being struck down, I say to you now, get out your book—examine it—and become familiar with the procedure to be followed under the plan in obtaining a doctor.

If you have lost your identification card, apply in person to the office of the P. B. A. for a duplicate so that no precious time will be lost when time may mean the difference between life and death to someone you love.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE
of the
COLUMBIA ASSOCIATION
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Wednesday Evening, November 24, 1943
Hotel Astor
By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

**READING AND ACTION**

"LINK up reading and action—that is the efficient way to read. Lord Kelvin bought a book on Heat, by a French scientist—Fourier—and it changed his whole life and led to many of his great discoveries. Faraday bought a book on Chemistry and became the founder of the present Electrical Age. Westinghouse bought an English magazine and found an article on compressed air and gave him the idea of his air-brake that is now used on all the railways of the world. Henry Ford, too, bought a magazine and saw an article on 'Horseless Carriages' that started him on his way to become the most successful of all manufacturers. The man who does not read, in these days of quick changes and irresistible progress, drops behind and becomes an obsolete and insignificant unit in his trade. Reading is a ladder. You MUST read if you want to climb."—Herbert N. Casson.

We bring to your attention a few books about your own Police Department and written by the men of your Department. For instance, did you ever read "Behind the Green Lights" by Captain Cornelius W. Willemse (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931)? A brawny Dutch lad comes to New York in 1888, and manages to become a rookie patrolman in 1900. He was on the force of the Police Department until 1925; and he had advanced to acting captain of the Homicide Squad. During these years his experiences as related in "Behind the Green Lights" make a thrilling tale. To some readers it may seem a most sordid story of crime, as certainly a policeman's life deals primarily with crime, from the ordinary theft to the worst of murders; and Captain Willemse makes you see these crimes as he saw them. But to most people, the book will be equally impressive for the human understanding and sympathy displayed by the policeman, even though he must necessarily be hardboiled and ruthless. And how humor does show up under so many circumstances where it would seem impossible for it to exist.

The author, through this autobiography, as really it is, shows the actual methods of the policeman and detective, which the ordinary citizen knows little about; and he likewise points out the hardships under which they work and many disadvantages with which they contend, not least of which is the inadequate salary. He praises the training now required for policemen, and he contrasts the much better qualified policemen of foreign cities with our own American policemen.

Part Three of "Behind the Green Lights" will undoubtedly arouse the most comment as it is concerned with "the detective versus the gangster and racketeer." Here Captain Willemse tells of his successful warfare against the gangs of Kid Dropper, Little Augie, and Tom Flanagan. He has his explanation for the development of gangs in our cities. Equally informative is his explanation of the so-called "third-degree" methods.

The reader is sure to gain from this book a decided respect for the brains and brawn of the policeman and an appreciation for his human understanding and sympathy. Captain Willemse makes "New York's Finest" even finer.

A few years later he wrote "A Cop Remembers" which contains equally interesting material about his work on the police force. These tales are really good detective stories.

Many of the commissioners of the Police Department have felt impelled to become authors and have written of the police based on first-hand experience. William McAdoo, commissioner in 1904 and 1905 published "Guarding a Great City," and it was long used as an authority in this field.

Arthur Woods, commissioner from 1914 to 1917 is the author of a good book on the police, "Policeman and the Public" which enjoyed popularity at that time. Commissioner Richard E. Enright did quite a bit of writing. We have many of his addresses on the police. He is responsible for one of the first Syllabus and Instruction Guides for the Police Academy.

The books mentioned here as well as many others covering such subjects as fingerprinting, crime detection, laboratory work, etc., all are available in the Municipal Reference Library, Room 2230, Municipal Building, Manhattan. The Library is always ready to assist the members of the police force by allowing them to borrow whatever books are of interest to them, as well as the latest periodicals and pamphlet material issued by various police organizations and societies.

**PALS OF THE P.A.L.**

are on the air

**EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON**

4:30 to 5:00 P.M.

Station WNYC
SPRING 3100 is sorry that it is unable, because of space limitations, to report in detail on all of the many social functions held during the past month under auspices of various Police Department organizations. And so to the officers and members of each of these merry groups we say now:

Your graceful indulgence, Gentlemen, in this our hour of unhappiness in not being able to present, as heretofore, a complete account of the festivities.

Suffice to say that all of these affairs were as usual magnificent successes, with practically capacity attendance and a maximum of gaiety and happiness in each instance.

Each of the organization heads pictured below included in his address of welcome an urgent appeal on behalf of the Third War Loan drive just closed.

Invasion today means countless numbers of young Americans seizing beach heads and forcing their way into enemy and conquered lands, it was pointed out. A few years hence, Americans will be treated to a different kind of invasion.

It requires little imagination, the speakers declared, to foresee the conquering tide of returning War Bond dollars which will begin their welcome invasion of American homes in 1951.

The first of the War Bonds to mature will start their march back to the lenders in May, 1951.

In May of that year millions of War Bonds will mature; come back home at the rate of $4 for every $3 which goes into today’s attack on Hitler and his partners in crime.

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ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE of the
POLICE SQUARE CLUB
Saturday Evening, October 16, 1943
Manhattan Center
Sgt. EDWARD C. HOFFMAN, Pres.

ENTERTAINMENT AND RECEPTION of the
ST. GEORGE ASSOCIATION
Saturday Evening, October 30, 1943
Manhattan Center
Pd. ALLOT DAMSTROM, Pres.

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL of the
HONOR LEGION
Friday Evening, October 29, 1943
Waldorf-Astoria
Pdt. DAVID SALTER, Pres.

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE of the
TRAFFIC SQUAD BENEVOLENT ASS’N
Saturday Evening, October 2, 1943
Manhattan Center
Sgt. WILLIAM D. KENEALY, Pres.
SPRING

20

Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant

RETIRED FROM THE DEPARTMENT
Joseph Lennon
William J. Maloney
Sgt. Alvin B. Touchelte

48 Pet.
M.O.D.D.
45 Pet.
46 Pet.
112 Pet.

Lt.
Lt.

Sgt. Max Isaacson
Sgt. Charles Plunkitt
Sgt.
Sgt.
Sgt.

James W. Dunne
George B. Wilson
Michael T. Malone

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Joseph A. Sullivan

19 Pet.

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Fred G. Roth

Ptl.

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Francis R.

Ptl.

James

Ptl.
Ptl.

Gerald F. O'Connell
Charles Kraus

Ptl.

John

Ptl.

William H. Cruger,
Vincent J. Casson

Ptl.

F.

J.

5 Pet.

Wing
McNamara

McCarthy

Ptl.

Louis

Ptl.

Thomas

Ptl.

Stephen D. McDonald
Hugh Gaffney
John J. Flynn
Richard T. Heinrich

Ptl.

Ptl.
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Ptl.

J.

Charles W. Draycott
Ptl. Daniel A. Murphy
Ptl.

Ambrose Cronin

Ptl.

Francis

Ptl.

C^orge F. Muehleck

J.

C.

John

J.

Gordon

Ptl.

Thomas

Ptl.

Daniel J. Maher
Peter Woods

Ptl.
Ptl.
Ptl.
Ptl.

F. Reilly

O'Rourke
Thomas Walsh
John P. Meagher
John

C.

Ptl.

Farren
Michael Santaniello
Louis Odell
Michael H. O'Brien
Martin J. Fisher
Frank J. Oberle
Enrico J. Gaudiosi
Vincent E. Valentine
Bamet Hozinsky

Ptl.

James

Ptl. Neil
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J.

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12 D. D.
13 Pet.

Charles C. Westervelt
Ptl. Florentine W. Santangelo
Ptl.

Pet.

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Pet.

Tr. C
Tr. D
Tr. I

Conklin

Ptl.

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Fox

Ptl.

Pet.

72 Pet.

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G.

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40 Pet.
47 Pet.
62 Pet.
66 Pet.

Jr.

Ptl.

Ptl.

B


Nicholas Anker
Henry C. Sinnott
Thaddeus L. Weber
James F. Evers

Ptl.

Tr.

Julia

J.

Pet.

112 Pet.

Koehn

Charles A.

Ptl.

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John F. McEntee
Theodore J. Gundlach
John A. Seebach

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Off. 4th Dep.
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Ptl. Henry Feder Tr. H Oct. 16, 1943

In the photo, Sergeant William D. Kenealy, Traffic C. president of the Traffic Squad Benevolent Association, is handing to Commissioner Valentine four $500 bills for the purchase, on behalf of his organization, of a war bond in such amount. At left, Assistant Chief Inspector James J. Sheehy; at right, Chief Inspector John J. O’Connell.

ANNUAL CARD PARTY
of the
PATROLMEN’S WIVES’ BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
OF GREATER NEW YORK
Friday Evening, December 3, 1943
Hotel Capitol
Eighth Avenue and 50th Street, Man.

ANNUAL CARD PARTY
of the
WOMEN’S AUXILIARY, POLICE POST 460
of the
AMERICAN LEGION
Tuesday Evening, November 18, 1943
At the Club House
440 West 33rd Street, Man.
In the photo, taken September 17 past at the Hempstead Golf Club, Willy Cox, internationally famous pro, is shown giving President Bob Poggi a lesson in the fine art of sinking that last putt.


Bill, stationed currently at Camp Upton, came in on a one-day furlough to take part in the tournament and to him and the U. S. Army, which he so magnificently represented, we say again, congratulations!

Second low net went to Captain John McGarty, 7th Precinct, with a card of 101—34—67. John, who has yet to break the century mark at one of these tournaments, this time came awfully close—a mean last hole causing him to miss the answer to a duffer's prayer by just two strokes.

Low medal score of the day was posted by Patrolman Ed MacFadden, 112th Precinct, who went around in exactly 76 strokes—four strokes over par—a performance as sparkling as the enthusiasm evinced by Ed in his gallant try for a new course record.

The meeting marked the eighth yearly tournament in a row held at this most picturesque—and at the same time difficult—of golf courses here in the East. And to our good friend and host, Mr. Samuel Gerstein, president of Glen Oaks, our thanks now for another grand day.

The scores:
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Gross</th>
<th>Handicap</th>
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<td>W. Donovan</td>
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**HANDBALL**

HANDBALL ENTHUSIASTS who are residents of Parkchester are urged by Patrolman Casper C. Hutter, of Traffic Precinct F, residence 1900 East Tremont Avenue, to communicate with him for the purpose of forming a handball club, the membership to consist of police and fire habitants of said Parkchester—justly termed the most aristocratic of all Bronx communities.

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**ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE**
452 Madison Avenue
New York 22

October 13, 1943.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner,
Police Department,
City of New York.

Dear Commissioner Valentine:

I wish you to know of my appreciation for your kindness in permitting the men under your command to take part in the Patriotic Service held under the auspices of the Holy Name Society at the Polo Grounds on Sunday, October third.

Congratulations to the part that you played in helping to make the day so successful, I am, with best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,
FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN,
Archbishop of New York.

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**TREASURY DEPARTMENT**
War Finance Committee
1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City

October 18, 1943.

The Honorable
LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Commissioner,
Police Department,
240 Centre Street, New York, N. Y.

Dear Commissioner:

No one is more cognizant than I of the fact that such successes as the recent BACK THE ATTACK demonstration of the War Finance Committee are achieved because there are people like you who make them possible.

This is no perfunctory note; it brings to you a very genuine and personal appreciation.

Sincerely,
GROVER A. WHALEN.
QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1
Under what circumstances may a police officer lawfully destroy an animal?

QUESTION NO. 2
What channels of intelligence should be used by an investigating officer in tracing a fugitive?

QUESTION NO. 3
Outline the various steps that will be taken by members of the Force to insure proper identification of the body of the deceased in homicide cases.

QUESTION NO. 4
Two laws designed to provide a “socialized approach” to the problem of crime, went into effect on September 1, 1943. Explain in detail the main provisions of both of these laws.

QUESTION NO. 5
Briefly answer the following:
(a) What is meant by close pursuit?
(b) When may a vehicle be driven through or within a safety zone?
(c) What expense bills need not be sworn to?
(d) Define the term “illuminated sign.”
(e) What city official may issue a license for a sidewalk cafe?
(f) What notation shall be entered on pawnbrokers’ reports received at a station house?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1
Any police officer may lawfully and humanely destroy an animal found abandoned and not properly cared for, or any lost, stray, homeless or unwanted animal, if upon examination a licensed veterinarian shall certify in writing, or if two reputable citizens called by him to view the same in his presence find that the animal is so maimed, diseased, disabled, or infirm so as to be unfit for any useful purpose; or after such officer has obtained in writing from the owner of such animal his consent to such destruction.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
Investigating officers should consult with their supervisory heads to see that such channels of intelligence, including the mail, telegraph, telephone, dictaphone, various license and permit bureaus, water, gas and electric lighting corporations, tax and assessment bureaus, school systems, election board records, divers mailing lists and directories, fraternal, veteran and labor organizations, laundry and dry-cleaning establishments, bonding and loan corporations, auto rental agencies, bus, aeroplane and other transportation agencies, social service and welfare organizations, are approached and the facilities thereof used to the fullest measure.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3
The following steps will be taken and strictly adhered to:

(a) The police officer who has been called from his post to the scene of a homicide, or of a crime in the commission of which a person received injuries from which he dies, or one who has been assigned by a superior officer, or one who has discovered a dead body on his post—in all cases preferably the police officer who is the first to arrive at the scene of said homicide or crime—will identify such body of deceased to the Medical Examiner or his assistant, at the autopsy, as being the body of the person he found at the scene of the homicide or crime.

(b) The same officer will procure the attendance for the autopsy of one or more persons, at least one person, if possible a relative of the deceased, who will, in the presence of the officer, identify the body of the deceased to the Medical Examiner and the medical assistant to the District Attorney as being the body of the person whom he or she knew during the lifetime of the deceased.
The police officer will make an entry in his memorandum book of such identification for future use.

d. Tag U.F. 93 shall be placed on all dead bodies in homicide cases.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4**

Chapter 549 of the Laws of 1943 amends the Code of Criminal Procedure by inserting therein eight new sections, to be sections 252-a to 252-h, which provide that any youth over sixteen and under nineteen years of age, who has committed a crime not punishable by death or life imprisonment, may be dealt with as a youthful offender.

Under the above chapter, when the Grand Jury returns an indictment against any person over sixteen and under nineteen years of age, the Grand Jury or the District Attorney may recommend, or the Court, on its own motion, may direct that the defendant be examined and tried to determine whether such person is a youthful offender.

This can only be done if the defendant consents to such examination and trial without a jury. Upon the consent of the defendant and the approval of the Court, the filing of the indictment shall be withheld and no further action shall be taken against the defendant until an examination and investigation is made.

If the Court does not approve the recommendation of the Grand Jury or the District Attorney, or of its own motion should not determine that the defendant be tried as a youthful offender, then the indictment is to be deemed filed as of the date the indictment was found. If the Court determines that the defendant be tried as a youthful offender, the indictment is not filed and no further action is taken thereon. A hearing is then held and the defendant is tried before the Court without a jury and the defendant may be either acquitted or found guilty as a youthful offender.

A person adjudged a youthful offender may be placed on probation for a period not to exceed three years, but if not a proper subject for probation, shall be committed to any religious, charitable or reformative institution authorized to receive persons over the age of sixteen. This commitment shall be for a period not to exceed three years.

The law further provides that no statement, admission or confession made by a defendant to the Court or to any officer thereof during any examination and investigation hereof referred to, shall be admissible as evidence against him or his interest, except that after the Court adjudges a defendant a youthful offender or after he has been found guilty of a crime, the Court may take such statement, admission or confession into consideration at the time of sentence.

It is also provided that all proceedings in connection with the determination of youthful offenders may be private and shall be conducted separate and apart from adults charged with crimes.

In the event such defendant shall be committed while examination and investigation is pending, before trial, during trial or after judgment and before sentence, it shall be the duty of persons in charge of the place of detention to segregate such defendant from defendants over the age of nineteen years charged with crime.

No determination made under this Act shall operate as a disqualification of any youth subsequently to hold public office, public employment or as a forfeiture of any right or privilege or to receive any license granted by public authority; and no youth shall be denounced a criminal by reason of such determination, nor shall such determination be deemed a conviction.

The records of any youth adjudged a youthful offender, including fingerprints and photographs, shall be open to public inspection. However, the court in its discretion, in any case, may permit the inspection of any papers or records. Any duly organized institution to which a youth is committed may cause an inspection of any of the records to be had.

Chapter 551 of the Laws of 1943 amends the New York City Criminal Courts Act by adding thereto eight new sections, to be sections 31-a to 31-h, which provide for similar treatment for youths charged with misdemeanors and held for trial.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5**

a. “Close pursuit” is the immediate pursuit of an escaping criminal, without unreasonable delay. Section 850 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides for the close pursuit of criminals in this State.

b. When a traffic sign permits it.

c. A bill for less than five dollars.

d. The term “illuminated sign” shall mean and include any sign which extends over the sidewalk and which is illuminated by electricity or gas.

e. The Commissioner of Licenses, upon the approval of the Police Commissioner and the President of the Borough in which the sidewalk is located.

f. The date, time of receipt, and the name of the receiving officer shall be marked on the envelope.

**HOW TO CHARGE SPEEDERS**

The Attorney General in an opinion dated August 11, 1943, discusses charges in cases of speeding: A person driving over forty miles per hour on a public highway for a distance of one-fourth of a mile should be charged with a violation of either subdivision 1, §56 of the Vehicle and Traffic Law or Rule No. 17, as promulgated by the War Council under the War Emergency Act, depending upon the circumstances surrounding the offense, as follows:

“If a person operating a motor vehicle or motorcycle on a public highway exceeds the rate of forty miles per hour for a distance of one-fourth of a mile, thereby endangering the property of another or the life and limb of any person, he should be charged with a violation of §56 of the Vehicle and Traffic Law and upon conviction would be guilty of a misdemeanor. In the event of conviction under said §56, the fine imposed is payable to the State of New York.

“If a person operates a motor vehicle or motorcycle on a public highway in excess of forty miles per hour for a distance of one-fourth of a mile and the facts affirmatively appear that the property of another or the life or limb of any person has not been endangered thereby, such person should be charged with a violation of Rule No. 17, as promulgated by the War Council under the War Emergency Act and upon conviction would be guilty of an infraction. In the event of a conviction under Rule 17, the fine imposed is payable to the respective municipality.

“It should be clearly understood that this opinion does not apply to violations of either subdivision 2, §56 or §58 of the Vehicle and Traffic Law.”

Telephone number of the 77th Squad Detectives changed from President 4-2050, to President 4-5045.


Additional public exchange telephone lines installed in the 24th, 25th, 41st, 42nd, 48th, 60th, 73rd, 83th and 114th Precincts.


Article 1 of the Manual of Procedure titled "Aided and Accident Cases" amended as follows:
Paragraph 56 and 57 are renumbered 57 and 58 respectively.

New paragraph 56 added in re action to be taken, notifications, entries, etc., in aided cases involving a dead human body.

Circular No. 25, August 25, 1943.

Communication from Board of Elections regarding re-verification of the Registry of 1942.

General Orders No. 28, September 8, 1943.

Communication from the Treasury Department, War Finance Committee, relative to the Third War Loan Drive.

Circular No. 27, September 9, 1943.

Amendments to the Sanitary Code (1) prohibiting the conducting or maintenance of trailer camps in the City of New York, and (2) Section 327—slaughtering of horses and sale of horseflesh now regulated.


Communication from His Honor, The Mayor, addressed "To all members of the City Protection Services," forwarded to each command.

T. T. Message, September 17, 1943.

Change of location of Surgeon John J. McGowan's office from 91 Central Park West to 20th Precinct station house.

T. T. Order No. 14, September 20, 1943.

Rule No. 285 of the Rules and Regulations amended by adding thereto the following:
"A policewoman shall wear her hair off the collar of the uniform."

T. T. Order No. 15, September 20, 1943.

Rule No. 187 of the Rules and Regulations amended as regards procedure in the investigation of an alleged crime or suspicious death.

Special Orders No. 236, September 20, 1943.

Details for registration days, September 27, 28, October 2, 4, 5 and 6, 1943.

General Orders No. 29, September 20, 1943.

Instructions for Commanding Officers in connection with registration.

General Orders No. 30, September 20, 1943.

Instructions for registration days for all members of the Force.

General Orders No. 31, September 20, 1943.

Verification of Registry.

T. T. Message, September 21, 1943.

Amendment to General Orders No. 28, c.s., titled "Third War Loan Drive" in so far as it relates to the delivery of bonds to purchasers by the Federal Reserve Bank.

General Orders No. 32, September 22, 1943.

Memorandum from the Chief of Staff, Office of the Mayor, setting forth procedure for reporting and recording important incidents to the proper authorities, with reasonable promptness, after an air raid, etc.

T. T. Message, September 24, 1943.

Dance Hall or Cabaret, the license of which expires September 30, 1943, will be permitted to continue to operate, provided an application for renewal of license has been filed on or before said date, until final action has been taken on such renewal application at the Division of Licenses.

T. T. Message, September 24, 1943.

Communication from Board of Elections relative to applications received for soldier war ballots.

T. T. Message, September 25, 1943.

Change of location of Surgeon Harry C. W. S. De Brun’s office to 660 Madison Avenue, Man.

T. T. Message, September 27, 1943.

T. T. Order of June 3, 1943, granting permission to sergeants, patrolmen and auto engine men (pattrolwagon operators) to remove their summer blouses in extremely hot weather, is revoked. Effective 12 P.M., September 27, 1943.

General Orders No. 33, September 27, 1943.

Evacuation. Procedure for the evacuation of areas affected by unexploded bombs, large fires, poison gas, unsafe structures or other causes resulting from enemy action. Also contains a list of Borough Chapter Headquarters of the Red Cross and of Red Cross Primary Rest Centers which shall be notified whenever evacuation of an area is necessary.


Amends so much of General Orders No. 16, c.s., (page 3) as lists the telephone numbers of the Public Works rooms within Borough Control Centers.

T. T. Message, October 1, 1943.

Complaint received that persons arrested for the unlawful obtaining of narcotic drugs by forged prescriptions are being charged with forgery instead of with Section 438 of the Public Health Law and that Section 940 of the Code of Criminal Procedure and Paragraph 47, Article 2, Manual of Procedure, are not being complied with. Procedure in arrests for this violation and for the unlawful possession of a hypodermic needle and syringe or implements adapted for the subcutaneous injection of narcotic drugs, outlined.

T. T. Order No. 16, October 1, 1943.

In order to aid the District Attorney concerned in determining whether a person arrested comes within the age limitations specified for "Youthful offenders," Article 31 of the Manual of Procedure titled "Reports to State Department of Correction" insofar as relates to the preparation
of form Schedule 11—History of Case, is amended by adding thereto Paragraph 23 to read:

23. On the front of form, above the printed title "History of Case" will be typewritten the words "Date of Birth" followed by the month, day and year of prisoner's birth.

T. T. Order No. 17, October 4, 1943.

Article 13 of the Manual of Procedure amended by adding thereto new paragraph No. 24, as regards interviewing of prisoners.

T. T. Message, October 9, 1943.

New Traffic Regulations forwarded to each command.

General Orders No. 34, October 11, 1943.

Calls attention to new Traffic Regulations which go into effect on October 15, 1943, and in connection with which, for the purpose of clarification and in order that the new Regulations shall be under appropriate Articles, it has been found advisable to renumber the various sections of the new Regulations.

General Orders No. 35, October 15, 1943.

City Protection Order No. 6, c.s., relative to communications during emergencies.

T. T. Order No. 18, October 16, 1943.

Amends so much of Article 27 of the Manual of Procedure titled "Precinct Boundaries" as relates to Traffic Precincts I and K.

General Orders No. 36, October 20, 1943.

Cooperation with the Department of Sanitation in connection with the work of snow removal during the winter season of 1943-1944.

Pupils Attend Rites for Policeman "Pal"

ADMIRATION gave way to sorrow when to the children of the parochial school of the Church of Our Lady Queen of Martyrs, in Forest Hills, came word on September 25 last of the collapse, as the result of a heart attack, of their protector and pal, Patrolman John J. Brophy, Jr., 112th Precinct, while on duty at the school crossing, Austin Street and Ascot Avenue, and who died later in the day at his home, to which he was removed in a radio car.

A member of the Department for 19 years and a veteran of World War I, Patrolman Brophy, who had been assigned to the crossing for 14 years, was popular among the children, more than 600 of whom attended, as a tribute to his memory, the solemn high mass of requiem offered on the morning of September 27 for the repose of his soul, the celebrant of which was the Rev. Joseph R. McLaughlin, pastor, with the Rev. Jerome P. Holland and the Rev. Francis E. White as deacon and sub-deacon, respectively. The police contingent present—comprising 100 brother officers of all ranks—was headed by Inspector James S. F. Brady of the 16th Division and Captain Walter D. Livey of the 112th Precinct.

As further evidence of the esteem in which Patrolman Brophy was held, the flag atop the school building was flown at half staff from the day of his death until the afternoon of his funeral, on which day the doors of the school remained closed.

Captain Livey, in a letter of appreciation sent under date of October 1, 1943, to Father McLaughlin, wrote:

"May I please extend to you, and through you, to Father Holland, the deep appreciation and sincere thanks of all the members of this command for the splendid tribute paid by you to our departed comrade, Patrolman John J. Brophy, Jr.

"It is the sincere desire of every officer assigned to this Precinct that we continue to merit the kind consideration, good will and friendship so strikingly displayed by you, your assistants, the Nuns and school children on the sorrowful occasion of Ptl. Brophy's funeral."

Patrolman Brophy was 46 years of age, married, and lived with his wife and ten-year-old daughter at 59-20-71st Street, Maspeth, Queens. Interment was in St. John's Cemetery, Middle Village, Queens.

U. S. MARINE CORPS
Parris Island, S. C.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

September 10, 1943.

Thanks very much for sending me SPRING 3100, which I certainly enjoy reading, particularly the news columns of the various divisions and precincts, Motor Transport especially. The training a U. S. Marine gets down at Parris Island is wonderful. Those little Japs are going to be "velly solly please" for picking on our beloved country.

Regards to all, particularly the boys of Service Station 3.

PVT. VINCENT A. COMITO,
Auto Mech., S.S. 3.
IMPRESSIVE indeed were the dedication ceremonies of the Queens Police Post, American Legion, held last month at the headquarters of the organization in the Flushing Armory, at which was unveiled a plaque containing the names of six members of the Post and 72 sons of members currently serving with the armed forces.

The unveiling was followed by the presentation of the American Legion Gold Star Citation to the parents of Edward W. Andrews, Fire Controlman 3rd Class, who, as a member of the crew of the U.S.S. Pensacola, became, when his ship went down in the Battle of the Coral Sea, the first son of a member of the Post to lose his life in the service of his country.

**Faced Death Unafraid**

An officer under whom young Edward served, in a letter to his bereaved mother, said:

"Your son was greatly admired by all of his comrades aboard. His bravery and courage in the face of danger were an inspiration to us all."

The American Legion Silver Star Citation was awarded to the parents of Pfc. William J. Moffett and Pfc. Thomas H. Kane, U.S. Marine Corps, both of whom were wounded in action while on combat duty in the South Pacific area.

Commander Edward G. Schultz, who conducted the program and introduced the many distinguished guests present, among them Queens County Commander Harold E. Young, Ray Kearney, State Chairman of the Sons of the American Legion; Edward Robertson, Commander of Forest Hills Post; Lieutenant George Cook of Ft. Totten, to name a few, in a brief address of welcome said:

"These boys—our sons—have done and are doing a wonderful job. We are proud of them—proud of these splendid American boys who on battlefronts all over the world are fighting for us—and for their God and their country!"

***

The list of members and sons of members in service follows:


**Commander Edward G. Schultz presents the Silver Star Citation to Patrolman Raymond T. Kane.**

PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

"He not only talked me into selling the car, but he talked my recorder into driving it to California."
AMENDMENTS TO RULES AND REGULATIONS

RULE 132a.
132a. The Chief Surgeon will forward a report to the Police Commissioner, through official channels, containing all of the details of the case in which a member of the Force has donated blood to a sick or injured member of the Force.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 12, March 15, 1939.

NEW RULE 134a.
134a. District Surgeons shall forward daily reports and communications to the Chief Surgeon within 48 hours.

T.T.O. No. 18, Apr. 12, 1940.

NEW RULE 136a.

ENGINEERING BUREAU

136a. The Engineering Bureau shall be under the direction of the Chief Engineer. He shall have supervision of:

a. Extension, installation and maintenance of electrical service and traffic signal lights.

b. Traffic Signals, Sign and Stanchion Shop.

c. Manufacture and repair of:

Traffic Signals
Traffic Signs
Traffic Stanchions
Traffic Markers.

T.T.O. No. 21, July 28, 1939.

SUBDIVISION d, RULE 161.

d. A representative of the press, upon establishing his identity, may be advised of the current news if the ends of justice are not thereby defeated, but under no circumstances will the identity of a juvenile delinquent, neglected child or victim of a sex crime be revealed.


RULE 187.

187. In the investigation of an alleged crime or suspicious death, a member of the Force shall exercise every precaution to avoid destroying or impairing the value of the evidence on bodies, effects, and surrounding property, particularly avoiding the destruction of fingerprints by unintelligent handling. He shall prevent unauthorized persons from entering upon the scene of the crime until a member of the Detective Division appears. Pending the arrival of a detective, the member of the Force first upon the scene, shall make an immediate and thorough investigation into the circumstances of the crime, obtain the names, residence addresses, employers' names and business addresses of witnesses and all other important details. Commanding Officers shall be held responsible for the completeness of this investigation. If the perpetrator is apprehended, a member of the Detective Division shall assist. If the perpetrator is not apprehended, all evidence shall be furnished to the detective who shall assume charge of the case.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 15, Sept. 20, 1943.

RULE 194.

194. A member of the Force shall deliver to his Commanding Officer, within ten days after his first assignment in uniform, two photographs, bust type, mounted on white cardboard, of himself in uniform, head uncovered. A civilian member of the Department shall deliver to his or her commanding officer or supervisor head, within ten days after appointment, two photographs, bust type, mounted on white cardboard, of himself or herself in civilian attire, head uncovered. All photographs to be 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches in size. New photographs, taken not more than thirty days prior to date of delivery, conforming to the above specifications, shall be similarly delivered every fifth year after appointment. The member concerned shall print in ink on the back of the photographs beginning at the top, in the following order one below the other, his shield number, if any, full name, rank or title. Photographs shall be forwarded through official channels to the Chief Clerk who shall be responsible for the enforcement of the provisions of this regulation, the filing and safeguarding of the photographs and that old photographs are returned to the members of the Department concerned upon receipt of new photographs.


SUBDIVISION D, RULE 197.

d. Each member of the Force, except Probationary Patrolmen and Probationary Policewomen, irrespective of assignment, shall pay the sum of $1.00 a month for bedmakers' wages. The Commanding Officer or Supervisory Head of each command, unit or bureau shall collect $1.00 from each member of the Force, except Probationary Patrolmen and Probationary Policewomen, of their respective commands not later than the 18th of each month.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 1, Feb. 3, 1943.

SUBDIVISION i, RULE 197.
i. A member of the Force suspended from duty without pay continuously for a month shall be exempt from paying towards wages for bedmakers for the month during which he was under suspension.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 15, April 3, 1940.

NEW RULE 224b.

224b. A member of the Force who is to donate blood, before reporting for the transfusion will obtain from his Commanding Officer one copy of form Surgical 30, which he will request the operating physician to fill out and sign. The donor will promptly return the completed form to his Commanding Officer, who will forward it to the Chief Surgeon.

T.T.O. No. 27, May 21, 1938.

RULE 240.

240. A commanding officer is responsible that no person has access to, or gives or makes transcript from a Department record, with the following exceptions:

a. Under due process of law;

b. Upon presentation of written permission of the Police Commissioner;

c. When the provisions of Rule 161 are operative;

d. The Corporation Counsel or any District Attorney, or their duly authorized representatives, shall be furnished with any information requested from departmental records;

e. Investigators from the State Insurance Fund, inves-
tigating claims for workmen’s compensation, and investigators from the State Department of Labor, investigating deaths or accidents to persons in the course of their employment, upon identification in writing signed by the Industrial Commissioner of the State Department of Labor stating that such person is authorized to investigate such matters, shall be furnished with information from departmental records which is relevant to such investigation;

f. Representatives from the Disability Claims Division, Temporary Emergency Relief Administration of the State of New York, upon presentation of identification in writing signed by the Assistant Superintendent of Claims and counter-signed by the Chief Inspector of the Department, shall be furnished with all information from departmental

records concerning any accident on a work relief project requested in such letter of identification;

g. Representatives of any City Department, State Department or Department of the Federal Government upon proper identification and presentation of a written request signed by the head of such department or deputy therein, shall be furnished with the information contained in the police records relating to an accident involving said department providing that the City is not likely to become a party to an action arising out of said accident. In all cases where the City is or may become a party to an action, the representative will be referred to the Corporation Counsel.

G. O. No. 14, June 24, 1941.

Lt. Travers Appointed Director of Weights and Measures

Commissioner Valentine looks on as Lt. Travers receives oath of office from Commissioner Woolley.

Lt. Travers, 19th Division, was sworn in on the morning of Monday, October 25, by Commissioner Daniel P. Woolley of the Department of Markets as Director of Weights and Measures.

Commissioner Woolley became acquainted with Lieutenant Travers while working with him on several food emergencies during which time the Police Department worked in close cooperation with the Department of Markets.

Commissioner Woolley said, “I am fortunate in being able to select a man for this position from the Police Department where the standards are high and the training rigid, which naturally qualifies him for the difficult enforcement position.”

Lieutenant Travers has been granted an indefinite leave of absence, without pay, until the termination of his services in this exempt position with the Department of Markets.

ARCHDIOCESAN UNION OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY OF NEW YORK 321 West 43rd Street New York 18, N. Y.

October 8, 1943.

HONORABLE LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner, 240 Centre Street, New York City.

Dear Commissioner:

I am writing to express the appreciation of the Archdiocesan Union of the Holy Name Society for the very efficient and courteous treatment afforded to us by the members of the New York Police Department in conducting the Patriotic-Religious Service at the Polo Grounds on Sunday, October 3, 1943.

Every request we made was cheerfully complied with, every service that was asked was willingly rendered, and with its usual efficiency, the department handled the immense crowd of people who attended. It was just another evidence of the splendid service that the Police Department renders to the people of the City of New York.

Sincerely yours,

REV. JOSEPH A. McCAFFREY.

UNITED STATES MARINES
Parris Island, S. C.

October 10, 1943.

DEAR COMMISSIONER VALENTINE:

Permit me to use this medium to express to you my gratitude and appreciation, upon receipt of my copies of SPRING 3100. Congratulations to the Commissioner and to the Editor and staff of this fine magazine.

Looking ’em Over
WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION


8th Precinct: It is true: that Whispering Mike Flynn, Handsome Harold Fugazzi’s helper, is wearing his brother’s hat since the latter became a sergeant in the Marines? . . . That Willie Anderson, Staten Island agriculturist, is growing white tomatoes now and feeding them to Jim Gibbons? . . . That just as soon as the Desk notifies the lads here of their assignments to the 28th and 24th Precincts out come the towels—and that Kirby and Kudless use the largest? . . . That young Mr. Harrington since his promotion to the post of Telephonist takes great delight in giving orders to Sam (the Beagler) Zweig? . . . That Paul Ludwig has given up all hope—parts his hair with two fingers now? . . . That Tommy Hall, who is offering his roll-call concession gratis, has had no takers as yet? . . . That Delegate Charlie Hobert, Pat Harrney’s personal advisor, should be a farmer—he handles so well that certain barnyard pet? . . . That Lieutenant John Wilworth spent his vacation in County Sullivan, not County Monohan, as we thought? . . . That Zeke Weiman is writing a mystery story, called “The Black Umbrella with the Red Handle,” and his collaborator is Detective Gene Dunm. We nearly forgot—Steve Whalen, who is so pleased with his baseball team, has to take orders from Sergeant Pete Kelly now—when they work together, that is. Can you imagine?

Sandy MacFarlane, with George Tip Toes Groves back from Peconic Bay, claims he learned not a thing from George during their joint stay there.

Is it true Sergeant Larry Dents is thinking of getting that Pier 88 job steady, and that Ray Reid is willing to use his influence in Larry’s behalf?

Articles of equipment without which a certain sergeant under no circumstances will take the desk (see know him as PK) : Two fountain pens, large pad and pencil, one English dictionary, Book of Rules, Manual, Bible, smelling salts, large chair cushion, copy of the book “How to Make Friends and Influence People,” telephone number of the lieutenant he relieved . . . and unfailing the quaint remark: “I’ll take this job any time!”

In the last issue we mistakenly mentioned Captain Jones as being a Spanish War veteran. It was in the Philippine Insurrection that he had served. We are sorry.

One of our rookies mentioned that our news was mostly about bosses. Years ago, if the old timers remember, they were called “Buffaloes,” and right now we have a few here who seem to be doing all right for themselves—Calvano, Kispell, Robbins, Woods, Carey, Driscoll, Sagar and Valena. O.K., Buffs?

The 4th Squad has been subdued of late, what with Blackie Luzzi sick; Layden worried about Luzzi; Joe Kiesenherth (he of Towel fame) also ailing, the while Murphy and Dorfmann calmly await developments.

Family News: Detective Dennis Egan’s son, James Francis, left in September for the College of the Sacred Heart, Donaldson, Indiana, in preparation for the priesthood . . . Red Mike Flynn has two brothers in the service, Roger, in Italy, and Kieran, with the Marines in Puerto Rico . . . Thomas Dunne, Jr., son of our part time 95 man, is a 2nd Class Petty Officer, in the Radar Division, somewhere in the Pacific . . . Detective Sal Cella’s son, Angelo J., has finished his training at Newport, R. I., and is assigned now to Floyd Bennett Field . . . Condolences to Acting Lieutenant Burns in the death of his brother, and to Acting Lieutenant Edward Sullivan in the loss of his mother.

Things we would like to see (but probably won’t): Sergeant Steve Whalen driving Peter Kelly around in a radio car.

2ND DIVISION

11th Pet., Ptl.metro W. Frangi

9th Precinct: Members of the command join in wishing good luck to Patrolman James Butler in his retirement. . . . Wonder what’s wrong with Sergeant Murphy these days? All he keeps doing is pointing up in the air and mumbling “Smoke! Smoke!” . . . Is it true Patrolmen McMurray and Robb are using the same kind of hair dye now?

Sidelights: On the September 1 Outing: Hawkshaw Simpson had better do a catcher job on those deserters he’s been chasing than he did on balls hit in his direction . . . The difficulties experienced by Slugger Curley in reaching home plate following that mighty swat! (He charged collision with intent to de-breathe) . . . Donohue, who no doubt will be traded for a backstop in good condition—or a reasonable facsimile thereof . . . Meusel Chedwick, a tower of strength in the outfield for the “Dick Tracys,” helping to keep the score close, viz: 18 for the Uniformed Force, 2 for the Detectives . . . Lack of support hurt George “Pippars” Murray, but the hitting of Condon, Hofer and McLaughlin, the three buffs, hurt him more . . . Rube Waddell Steiner, who lived up to the Waddell tradition by appearing in the baseball suit he wore when starting for P. S. 139, throwing the ball over the backstop while on (not in) the rubber . . . Old Honus Graham, replete with beer barrel belly, bow legs and strut, showing ‘em how short should be played . . . Palmieri displaying his powerful arm by throwing one over Big Stoop Sommers’ head (a tall order).

In the Other Half of the Twin Bill: Sergeants Feuchter, Murray and Bausbachcather matching wits in a terrific duel of master-minding. (We’d still like to know who won). . . . Butcher Boy Nash in Fiorito’s hat winning the prize for sartorial elegance. (Dapper Dan’s straw topped hat had previously met a disastrous fate at the end of a bat wielded by Paul Lemcke) . . . Best crack of the day came from a soldier who, after a look at the so-called players gathered together by the “Brains” Department, wanted to know if they were a factory team—because they were so big and dumb looking.

Later (at the banquet of ham and cabbage in the 101 Ranch): Levin asking for “more of that salmon” . . . That disastrous dance Farese had with Palmieri (Mike’s still cut up over it) the while Toscanini Donato and the Avenue A Fiddler entertained.

A good time had by all
3D DIVISION

10th Pet., Ptl. Milton Hinter
16th Pet., Ptl. John Lottwy
18th Pet., Ptl. Edward Bellery
20th Pet., Ptl. Harry A. Nelson

18th Precinct: Like two mighty armies marching to battle, the gladiators on the field of honor take their respective positions. Patrolman John McCarthy leading the 18th Precinct Battalions and Detective Eddie Miller likewise serving the 14th Precinct Battalions. For months the task forces patrolling 42nd Street, which divides the 14th and 18th Precincts, had been throwing verbal broadsides at each other across the busy thoroughfare. All this on a certain Friday not long ago with the issue reached after a bitter fight which lasted 2½ hours—on a Creedmore diamond—when the 18th Precinct established 14th by a score of 23 to 12—proving conclusively to the men south of the border that they were not playing stickball in Bryant Park.

Captain Gallagher, interviewed after the battle, declared his boys are ready to take on now any and all precincts or divisions—provided, that is, they get a reputation first.

Patrolman Lippy McKenna, 20th Precinct, phoned his reporter to remind him that he is getting a team in shape and expects to be in position to challenge us real soon—with the proviso, that is, that in the battle we allow his Troubadours the services of at least 6 outfielders, of course they are going to need—and when—if we clash!

Patrolmen Herman and Sinnott, who still are trying to get that fellow off the rain pipe, would like to have the assistance of Dan Frazer. Won't say! Why Patrolman Maccall always carries a Perry Mason detective novel with him is another tough mystery question. Jim McNeil gained a pound of weight, you'll admit, for just one suit of winter underwear. Patrolman Michael Patrick Higgins is now a proud Grandpa—via a Bouncing Baby Boy born to his daughter on September 18, 1943, at St. Clair's Hospital... Congratulations!

All of us here at the 18th Precinct extend sincerest sympathy to the family of Sergeant Edward Sheil, who passed on last month after a lingering illness.

4TH DIVISION

13th Pet., Ptl. John Pinting
15th Pet., Ptl. Thomas J. Muggin
17th Pet., Ptl. James O. Sullivan
21st Pet., Ptl. Shadwick
22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Connerty

13th Precinct: A hearty welcome to the newest members of this command, Probationers Nash, Mosher, and Jordan. Incidentally, since his arrival here Patrolman Nash has become the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations!

Sorry to see a couple of our old friends retire recently, although we realize, of course, after putting in so many years of faithful service they well merit their reward. So, best of luck to Ambly Green and Mike Santaniello. Ambly, a real cop of the old school, put in many years on the walk before becoming a member of the force in the last couple of years. Mike was our licker inspector, and, we might add, one of the best in the job. We must also add that Mike is a swell chef. We should know, having partaken with gusto of his savory Italian cooking. We hope these two grand fellows will drop around once in a while. They'll be welcome always.

Our Ptl. Lookout correspondent reports a history-making incident that took place this summer at Hack Inspector Frank Nolan's bungalow. Seems that Frank is an agriculturist in his spare time, his efforts this year resulting in the growing of two giant sized tomatoes, and so elated was he with his success that for his wife he bought a duster with which she might twice a day dust off the tomatoes—so that when the neighbors would come to gaze, they, the tomatoes, would look like a million. At this writing Frank is on sick report, which makes us wonder whether he exerted himself too much in the gigantic task of raising the above mentioned garden specials. Anyway, here's hoping he will be back by the time this issue reaches circulation.

Is it true a certain individual, identity unknown, was chrisened "Leatherlegs" when he was a wee boy—whatever that is supposed to mean? Could Patrolman Higgins throw some light on the subject?

22nd Precinct: Two nice jobs: that arrest by Patrolman Holland in an attempted rape case... and the one by Patrolman Bennett, of Radio Car 987, who together with a City Patrol Corps lieutenant nabbed a colored man masquerading as a woman, and who, after twice breaking away from the P. C. lieutenant was brought down finally with a bullet wound in the hand. Good work, Ed.

The Boat House Commandos under the command of Sergeant McInery are doing a good job. On the detail is an ex-detective from the Bronx—and does he look them over! Also two old timers from last year, Rocco and Willie, who likewise see to it that everything is handled in proper style.

Good luck and good health to Patrolman H. Golden, now on the retired list.

Wilfred, of R.M.P. 68th, is trying to get some kind of powder for "Spam"—for just what purpose goodness only knows!

So long and good luck to Ptl. Irving Goldberg, a member now of the U. S. A. Signal Corps.

Is it true Dave Comiskey, a property owner now, has bought stock in the Water Department? And if not all that attention paid by him to the 86th Street water gate at late? And that Sergeant Sullivan has his paper in—and expects later to become a lieutenant in the City Patrol Corps?

Our sincerest sympathy to Sergeant Robinson in the loss of his Mother.

To our members in the armed forces—good luck and Godspeed.

Yes, the little black box is still on the wall in the back room—how about a little info now and then to keep our column interesting.

5TH DIVISION

24th Pet., Ptl. T. Niermier
26th Pet., Ptl. Lowry's Out
28th Pet., St. Lent
30th Pet., Ptl. Woody Wash

30th Precinct: A hearty welcome to Sergeant Gordon, late of the J.A.B., and it is true he intends organizing soon a Junior Commando unit here comprised of Patrolmen Tony (Global) Sweeney, Phil (Uhl-Inhul) Riley, Dave (Tiny) Roth, John (Windmill) Larkin, Adolph (Avaradiego) Finken, Two Ton Breee, et al! To Patrolman Torrey, who recently took the Marital Plunge, our congratulations. Good luck, John. That's one time you proved your courage... Patrolmen M. Larkin, H. Schweitzer and Paddy Mulkeen, all proud fathers of twins, have started a double-huddle club. "Very exclusive," explains Patrolman Schweitzer, "and membership requires certain very necessary qualifications." That impromptu lecture given by Patrolman Fox to chemists at a recent meeting of learned men has brought to light several other experts here who for many years have remained modestly in retirement... Professor Smiles, for example, rendered a fine lecture on Finance, following which Prof. Flurghr gave one on Organization and Politics, Prof. Brown on Banking, Prof. Kossiter on Rhetoric (the art of discourse, to you's), and Prof. Emeritus Zerrin on Crime Detection, Fingerprinting and Sleight of Hand. Members of other commands mixed in with their own entourage of experts at any time.

Famous Sayings: Sergeant Bauer: "What, and what for communications?"... Patrolman Kiernan: "I can't do it, so don't ask me!"... Lieutenant Barry: "This one will knock you over!"... Lieutenant Port: "Where is that Penal Law?"... Patrolman Morris: "Here is how we did it in Traffic!"... Patrolman Simms: "How many eight in that address, lady?"... Patrolman Ehrle: "It's just an idea of mine, still in the experimental stage!"

Next month!

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pet., Ptl. Henry Nealon
25th Pet., Ptl. Louis Middletot
32nd Pet., Ptl. Horace Elye

23rd Precinct: Your reporter wishes to thank those of our men who subscribed for bonds in the Third War Loan drive, for their kind cooperation and patience, which greatly facilitated the handling of record cards and enabled our command to make cash returns to the Bookkeeper's Office on the dates specified.

In the pale glow of twilight a shadowy figure, of great bulk, found itself confronted as it slink silently up the street, toward Greenpoint Market, staggering under a heavy burden which it carried on its shoulders, by the equally shadowy figure of a patrolman, which suddenly loomed up out of the thickening darkness, "What have you in that bundle?" inquired The Officer, thinking he'd nabbed a culprit with the proceeds of a burglary; whereupon the hero of this tale, the portly figure above referred to, replied: "Well,
Looking 'em over

Officer, being patriotic and realizing that there is an acute shortage of meat for the home front, and with an eye to a possible small profit, I have been endeavoring to increase the meat supply by raising a few pigs. Unfortunately, this one I have with me now died, and I thought I might be able to dispose of it to the black market." The Officer, who, incidentally, didn't come from Missouri, insisted on seeing the contents of the bundle ... to be continued in our next!

That recent new arrival at the Zinlsey's marks Bill as a proud Daddy—for the second time. Congratulations to you and the Mrs., Bill!! Here's hoping he grows up to be President.

Tom McClatchy, who has been admitted to the unofficial medical staff of the 25th Precinct, as a result of having assisted the store in delivering a bouncing big baby in the back room last month, the first case of its kind in the history of the station house, has been honored by having the baby named after him, in appreciation of his debt obstetrical talents. Congratulations!

Everybody with a spare piece of ground cultivated with more or less success a victory garden this summer. Not so, alas, with those who just had no ground in which to plant. So what? So not to be outdone, one big fellow who operates the upper end, via R.M.P., decided to raise a victory garden on his upper lip. It was in the process of cultivation as this is being written and we are wondering now if it will take the form favored by one Schicklegurber, or the handlebar type such as Mr. Desperate Desmond used to twirl!

Simon Legree Pfadenhauer, who was voted the most popular Charge de Affaires by the boys assigned to verify the registration last month, is by far the most conscientious—and at the same time considerate—chap that we have had the pleasure of being associated with, and the fact that he would not countenance any tomfoolery explains why the job was expedited to such an extent as to make it a comparatively easy one for all hands in the limited time at our disposal.

25th Precinct: Art at its loveliest: Zangy Zangenberg warbling sweetly to the tune of the Volga Boatman—the talented Leatherneck Lena assisting. Could it be Mr. Zangenberg acquired his inspiration while recuperating on the health farm?

Our congratulations, Isaac Price, on your promotion to Sergeant. Heartly good wishes and the best of good luck in your new undertaking.

One of the 25th Precinct's oldest and most loyal members, who over a long period of years has unflaggingly given in our behalf of his time and great store of literary talent, has graciously passed on his duties as 25th Precinct reporter for SPRING 3100 to Patrolman Lou Middeldorf, who thanks you, Mister Lena, and hopes only that he may live up to your fondest hopes and expectations. It is an honor and a privilege so to serve.

Patrolman William (Mr. Zem) Barrisford has been giving away human food and coffee of late, free of charge. Comes Thanksgiving and Christmas one may get a turkey leg ... Who knows?

Captain Zimmer wishes to hearty thank all members of his command for their fine work on the 3rd War Loan drive. Nice goin', fellers.

Paddys' "Casanova" Woods has been down in the dumps of late—or at least since information reached him that his age-old antagonist (of the four Wall courts) is joining the U. S. Marine Corps. Don't worry, Pat, Sergeant Comelly of the 44th Precinct has offered to send one of the twins to give you a little competition, if you feel up to it.

Yes, it's Civilian Laborer Urzzo who authored that most enlightening of statements, to wit: "I don't like pie from pie plates I don't like!"

Sgt. Price kegler, John Tauber, challenges one and all (first come, first served) to competition in the ancient art. Claims he's never been beaten at yet.

Did you know Big John Peller has become quite an athlete? You should see him do his stuff on a horizontal bar.

Patrolman Henie wants to know why he gets all of the hardest jobs to do. Also, whether or no Patrolman Bill Viets has the right to give him orders.

Patrolman Muller found out on the last day of registration that brown is far better than brains—when he tried to buck the line in the squad room.

Our two new attendants, Janis and Creed, are vying for the honor of being known as the First Broom. This promises to become a competition of major importance.

We bid farewell and extend congratulations on their retirement into private life to Patrolmen Jacob Sapsin, Peter Mulvihill and Alfred Geidel. May good luck in abundance be theirs—for many more years to come.

Bob Byrnes, well known as Bazooka, has been trying to contact Washington, D. C., regarding royalties he claims he's entitled to in connection with some new secret weapon—right now a military secret, or sump'n!

25th Precinct: Sympathies and condolences are offered to newcomer Groeneveld upon the death of his mother ... With our two mainstays—Bill Jones and Otto Ulrich—both on sick report, Twinkle-toes Clements and Twinkle-top Tormey have been pressed into service to relieve the situation—which needs a lot of relieving ... Congratulations to Frank Crimmins, our ex-Assistant-Deputy Captain, upon being appointed a sergeant! Frank remains in the 6th Division with us, incidentally, so don't forget that big sahlaa ... Congratulations also to Johnny Moran, our new clerical man!

Ed Byrnes vows to take a course in law (or is it salesmanship?) ever since Damrau beat him out of that super-de-luxe wreck offered to the highest bidder ... Ever since Pat McNulty was made guardian and head stenographer of the 6th Division, Pat wants to know what that "short-hand business" is all about ... Cheesy Ferger and Mike Termi are now known as the 2 to 1 boys—much to the delight of the innocent bystanders—including Frankie, the shoe-shine.

If your wife and her female associate is in any difficulty concerning the color and style of your dressing just have them consult Monsieur Georges Roden, our new connoisseur of women's fashions. No problem is too hard for him, according to our informant, "Five by Five" Mugavin ... Lock-em-up Hoey is fast gaining himself a reputation.

FAMOUS SAYINGS: "I'm 50 years old, Captain, don't you think I'm eligible for the day squad now?"

Never before has a single death so affected our members as the untimely passing of Patty Lenihan. And while Pat, who had endeared himself to everyone by his quiet, good-natured attitude in the face of any difficulty, will be greatly missed, we are sure that he is patrolling now a much better beat than he ever did as a member of New York's "Finest."

Ever since the advent of civilian employees at the switchboard, Byrnes and Nolan have been hearing wailing their new theme song: "Out in the Cold Again!" Mystery of mysteries—Fred Taylor carrying a Bible ... Ray Gleason went hunting for pheasants but rumor has it that all he got was THE bird ... Nails McSorley created quite a stir when he walked in during a liberty from the Sampson Naval Training Base. The Navy, it seems, has led Nails astray—he smokes now! ... Tormey, who has become quite a debater, actually dares people to "repute" his statements ... Get Fred Damrau to tell you about his chicken farm—and of how he overcomes problems when he has to code things. (Wouldn't he tell us a buck almost a buck a dozen?) Is it true Krenzis has taken over the duties of Dan Cupid? ... And that Sergeant Collins vows never to drink water again—at least out of the back room cooler—out of which the strangest things emerge? ... And it's Frank Deighan who wants to know if some of those soft-shoe boys of the 6th D. are trying to poin' their way into 2nd grade dough.

32nd Precinct: That mysterious "drum" case which Detective Flinter was assigned to investigate some two years ago has been solved, but only thru the alertness of our first broom, Patrolman Deacon Nelms, who while assorting some articles for delivery to the Property Clerk stumbled over an object—which upon investigation turned out to be the drum Flinter was looking for in the phone booth.

Is it true Sergeant Richards intends opening up a School of the Violin, with himself and his famous Stradivarius as the Head Professor in Charge? ... And that Patrolman "Air Condition" Heiden brought 2 nice ripe tomatoes to his boss, Nemo Nespor, our acting clerical man during the absence of Patrolman Carich, the Egg Vendor from West Farms? ... And that when he retires Patrolman Red Boettiger, a real man. Also that Patrolman Harry (Tiny) Sharpe, our P.B.A. delegate, went to a neighborhood dentist to have a front tooth extracted—and it took the combined efforts of the dentist and his wife and daughter to do the job? ... That since Patrolman "Pee Wee" Cornwall lost his detail he's been thinking of taking a police dog with him on post for protection?
Congrats to Patrolman Nicholas Cotter, who was baptized with a commendation his first week on patrol.

To Sergeant Otto Grisler our best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery from his illness.

Do wish you boys would do a little more talking about things that happen around here—sorta bolster up the column a bit. Ketch?

Our most heartfelt sympathy to the family of Patrolman Robert J. Devomillie. He will be missed by all of us here at the 32nd.

7TH DIVISION

40th Precinct: Reason the air turned blue: Harold Gaffney after spending hours on what was going to be a perfect roll-call, discovers eventually that all the carnal papers had been inserted backwards and only the top sheet was correct. Answers now to "Wrong Way" Gaffney. . . Nice picture in the Home News of Ed Bachman and his wife posing with their handsome son, a wounded Marine from Guadalcanal. . . Hack Inspector Corbett, commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, tells us his son, Edward, is now at Camp Robinson, Ark., finishing his basic training as a medical man for the U. S. Army. . . Reason Adrian's name just missed gracing our military roll is that he was notified the night before his induction that he could stick around in blue for a while . . . Talking about draft classifications, the war is practically over, now that Levy is in 1A. . . The precinct boasts a man who is practicing to be a pants presser at Crawford's. (We won't mention his name but ye reporter's pants need frequent pressing and that's the price for his silence.) . . . Aside to Lenihan: Just thought you'd like to know that "Bellevue" Hospital still spells its name the old way.

What cop lost his wrist watch in a crowded subway on the way to work, and just as the train was starting away, stuck his head into the car and announced his loss—with the result his watch was promptly handed out to him! (Your reporter thought he'd never see his wrist watch again!) . . . What cop on the Willis Avenue bridge almost jumped over the railing into the river (who can blame him?) when a giant Praying Mantis (Mantis religiosa, if you must know) landed on his right ear and wouldn't get off?

Presented here is a picture of our own Sanford "Tyrone" Gareli, who won his nickname the hard way and whose last known quarters are unknown. He was last seen in Venezuela. Hey, Tyrone, how does it feel getting your face slapped in Spanish?

Bill McCullough, currently at Camp Upton and a member there of the camp baseball team, in a game against our Police team came up with an error (tisk, tsk) and the Police won the game. All of which goes to show that Bill knows which side his bread is jellied on (Sorry, no butter) . . . Thanks for the cooperation, fellows; the box was chock full of nice, juicy notes. As you can see, I used most of them, The rest I will employ to blackmail a few of the boys when I'm a bit short.

Rumored that Maclntyre is baking cakes for E.S.S. 7 now . . . E.S.S. 5 says he couldn't even boil water for them without burning it (pass the bicarbonate) . . . How about a tow cable, Fox? . . . Arty Fried refuses to put on view the scar of his recent operation. More, anyone who sees it will be looked upon with suspicion—but definitely! . . . Bode fell asleep in the back room and some one packed a giant moth on his nude noodle. So what? So the moth went quietly to sleep with Bode! . . . It's "Honest Will" Gottnick now. Not content with paying back Waldschmidt the two bits he had borrowed, the next day he tried to pay him back again! . . . Bill Cruger, who retired last month to take a fine position as investigator for a bank, as a sideline can always double for Babe Ruth. He even walks like him. Anyway, we wish you a long and happy retirement, Bill . . . Broken hearts aplenty along Cypress Avenue since Meadows' marriage last month to a Charming Young Miss. Good luck to the new couple. (Keep an eye on him, Mrs. Meadows) . . . Koslosky, in a bowling match last month managed to hang up the magnificent score of 49. Thinks with a little practice he can break 50. (Don't strain yourself, Ed, you have to run a race!)

41st Precinct: I hope the chap who walked off with the cigar box that was being used to deposit items submitted by the boys for Spring 3100 took it solely for the purpose of filling it with forbidden cigarettes. Is it true?

From a reliable informant comes word that Arthur Olsen not only has taken up laundry work, but does a beautiful job—on underwear particularly. . . And that Al Kahn, now that coffee rationing is over, has found this delectable beverage can be used as a substitute for shoe polish. Especially if a mottled effect with irregular patterns is desired. . . Is it true the runaway horse stopped by Donegan on the Boulevard last month was found upon investigation to have . . .

Thirty days hath September, April, June and November, and by the grace of his draft board, as this is written, so has Patrolman Volz. . . Ask Al Eisinger about that 8:30 A. M., "Boulevard Special." Boy, does IT call for a whistle!

We are all glad to have Johnny Tyrell with us again. According to John, it really makes one feel swell to be able to pick up something more than just a flirtatious glance. . . Well, Charlie Valdaha and "Begels" Epstein have become ribbon men at last. Congrats! But nothing snooty about them! They still permit us rookies to call them "Charlie" and "Begel". . . Also, welcome to the new rookies, Clinton, Cox, Robbins, Silverstein and Volz, and may their respective stays with us be long and happy ones—Oops!—forgot about Uncle Sam! . . . Talking about Army life, ex-Captain Brown, who last month dropped in to see the boys, definitely appears to be enjoying his leave of absence from police routine . . . To Roy Haten—wherever you are: We're all proud of you! Keep up the good work! And let us hear from you often. That goes too, for all you fellows in the armed forces . . . "Them days are gone forever!" Another confirmed (?) bachelor hit the dust when Bob Horn said "I DO!" Present at the wedding were best man Sergeant Conway, Deputy Inspector and Mrs. Goldstein, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hilgeman, Lieutenant and Mrs. McMahan and Shomrim delegate and Mrs. Joe Banner . . . Our sympathy to Bill Duggan in the loss of his beloved sister.

Stork Department: Al Friedlander and Sam Patinka are now fathers of baby girls, the while Eddie Harem and Jack Siegel have at last been presented with boys! . . . Jack can relax now and let his nails grow.

Credit Department: Harry Tedesco did a fine job that night while, when in white clothes he gave chase to and apprehended an armed holdup man who with others had thought working in the 41st Precinct would be a snap.

Service Department: Peggy uses this column to say "Hello, Frank!" to a certain policeman now P.F.C. overseas. Who is Peggy? Wouldn't you like to know?

42nd Precinct: When you're feeling fit and fine,
Drop some "Fightin' Yank" to a line;
He will do each task much better,
If you only write a letter.

—P.E.M.

Word reaches our ears that Lieutenant Andrew J. McKeon, currently serving with the armed forces somewhere overseas, is sadly in need of news from home. Get in touch with him, boys. His mailing address may be had by contacting your reporter.

Our deepest sympathies to the family of the late Patrolman Dominic Orii, who passed away last month. "Dom," as he was affectionately known to his many friends, will be greatly missed. May his soul rest in peace.

What operator of Auto 382 partakes of two ounces of vinegar each morning—and why??

Patrolman Bill Kelley of the Day Squad is the proud owner of
a peony pair of robin-egg blue suspenders. Bill, naturally shy about such matters, really should show them more often.

Patrolman Charles Nutter, Radio Sector 3’s chief chauffeur, celebrated with a caviar and champagne dinner his 25th Wedding Anniversary on September 26 past. Needless to say a fine time was had by the many friends who attended.

From the Managing Editor of SPRING 3100 come word that nearly had been attended so distinguished—and enjoyable—a reception as that given on the evening of Saturday, October 23, at the home of Dr. M. W. Garfunkel, 311 East 140th Street, Bronx, in celebration of the advent into this troubled world of Charles Robert Humbeutel, newly arrived son of Captain and Mrs. Charles Humbeutel and who, through the medium of the printed word extended to the guests a most cordial welcome.

"Two gentleman," the youngest in his greeting explained, "agreed to disagree regarding the question as to what sex I would represent upon my debut into this world, the vanquished to wine and dine the friends of both. The victor: Captain Humbeutel! The vanquished: Dr. Garfunkel!"

The guest list follows:

Louis and Albert Amadio, Walter and Elsie Buckridge, Thomas and Helen Cantwell, Dick and Dot Carrol, Dominick and Mrs. Carota, Michael and Mildred Dwyer, William and Helen Diemer, James and Margaret DeBlitt, Arthur and Margaret Geiger, Dr. and Florence Garfunkel, Ben and Anna Gaeilou, Louise Hegp, John and Anna Halk, Captain and Margaret Humbeutel, Helen Murphy, Albert Maguire, Dave O’Rourke, Paul and Matilda Patinka, Ray and Marie Romano, Harry and Anna Saint, Larry Symmers, Joseph and Theresa Spielmann, Dave and Pauline Salter, Jean Tomek, Albert and Kitty Teitelbaum, Pete and Adele von der Schmidt, Charles and the Roses Veprek, Joseph and Rita Weiner, Clyde, and Mary Wirtman.

Again, Captain and Mrs. Humbeutel, our congratulations! And to that most genial of hosts—the proprietor and operator of “Ye Olde Garfunkel’s Tape Room”—the profound thanks of all for his untiring efforts in making the party the truly brilliant affair that it was.

44th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathies to Sergeant Tom McNamara, formerly of this command, in the loss of his daughter; to Patrolman Joe Nolloth in the passing of his father; and to Patrolman Mike Staib in the deaths of his father and brother.

Lots of good luck and a speedy return to Patrolmen Heldenthal and Freese, privates now in Uncle Sam’s Army... Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. C. O’Connor, Patrolman and Mrs. Berkowitz, Patrolman and Mrs. Julius Shulman, Patrolman and Mrs. Robbins and Patrolman and Mrs. Respo upon the new additions to their respective families! (Boy this precinct sure went to town since they cut out these bingo games!)

Patrolmen Respo, M.D., and Murphy, M.D., are seriously thinking of holding classes on child care—after that job of delivering encountered by them a few short months ago... Is it true Patrolman Hardy (our muscle man) still complains about the day’s work he gives the city in compensation for the moosa he’s getting?...

Good luck to Patrolman Cook who, looking for more action, got himself transferred to the 32nd Precinct... How come, Patrolman Rappaport wishes to know, the only time kids become lost and are taken to the station house is just as he’s about to sit down and have his corned-beef sandwich and pepsicola—necessitating his having to share same with the unexpected visitor?

3th DIVISION

34th P1., Pvt. Dean Patrol
35th P1., Pvt. Herman W. L. Lange
4th P1., Pvt. William S. Crosby
32nd P1., Pvt. Eugene Hyger

47th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathies to Detective George Byrnes in his beloved mother’s... Sorry also to learn of the death of one of our former members, the late Sergeant Ernest Glinsman. To his family our condolences likewise are extended.

Patrolman Hearn is still confined to the Veterans Hospital. A visit to him would be appreciated.

This month, dear friends, we give you the T’s, V’s and W’s. First, Dan Taylor, jocularly referred to as “Chesty.” A good cop and, more important still, a future sergeant (make no mistake about that).

Now comes “Old Boy” Joe Tracey whose favorite saying is “Sit away back and enjoy the ride”—and who likewise rates “good as gold” (get me?).

Next is Brother Turchi, another nice guy and a real goat-getter to boot. (If you want to know why ask “Deacon” Zanelli.)

Last of the T’s is Toner, one boy whose tostils will never wear out from over-exertion. Has the right idea too, if you know what we mean.

We have only one “V” and besides standing for Victory it also stands for Voigt. “Old Boy Roy,” a 100 per cent cop and the proud father of a son in the U. S. Navy, where his pop also served, in World War I.

Now comes Harvey Walker, who sure can pine when he gets started—when things don’t go right, we mean. No sergeants’ unto this winter, for example.

Bert Waterhouse, who left us temporarily for the Harbor Precinct, repairing police boats, a job he can handle well, seeing he’s an old salty from City Island.

Sam Weissman, who not only works with Crown Prince Ackerman but has him dining regularly now on nice hard bagels and sour cream. (No wonder when Ackie gets out of old 429 he sticks his chest out?)

Glad to see again the smiling face of our old friend Detective Leo Murphy, back now after a pleasant summer spent at Orchard Beach.

On September 15 another of our members was retired, namely, Brother Vincent Casen, and to him we wish the best of health, happiness and success for many years to come... Also, on September 16 Patrolman Fred Milde was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and to you, Fred, it is unnecessary for me to say that you took with you when you left the best wishes of every man in this command, from the Captain down. So long for a while, Sergeant, and good luck to you.

Why is Engblom all smiles of late? Could Casen’s retirement have anything to do with it?

32nd Precinct: Our deepest condolences to Patrolman Jacob Zerrer in the recent death of his father, retired Patrolman Jacob Zerrer.

Patrolman Patrick Gilshman, home from Union Hospital where he underwent an operation, is doing nicely, we’re happy to learn.

Welcome to Lieutenant John P. Drake, recently assigned to this command; and to Lieutenant Allegier, whose place he took, we say adios and best wishes to enjoy for many years to come the fruits of your years of fine service with New York’s “Finest”... To Patrolman Marty Fisher we say au revoir—but not goodbye. Marty also leaves the Five Two via the retirement route, but we expect to see him around Emergency 9 pitching horseshoes occasionally, as of yore. Good luck, Marty!

Lumber’s Mate 2nd Class Daniel Dillon, who stopped by to say hello, tells us he’s bound for the West Coast and perhaps active duty; also that he’s completed a course of training at the Naval Demolition Unit, Fort Pierce, Florida, where, in addition to other things he learned to dive with various types of diving equipment.

Three more stars were added to our service flag during the month of August with the departure of Patrolmen George Koza and Thomas “Junior” McCaughan for active duty with the Army and the induction of Patrolman George Hunter, who came to us only recently from the Fire Department, into the Navy. Godspeed to you, boys.

Some fancy calculations escaped the lips of Patrolman “Head” Brayson when, after he was all set to go on vacation and had already shipped his belongings to Long Beach, he was told vacation leaves had been then and there and forthwith cancelled.

Is it true Patrolmen Charlie Simon and Phil La Monica found religion while assigned to the 32nd Precinct, and that Patrolman Clarice Rose doesn’t mind that Fire Telegraph post during the Summer time?
Word reaches us that Patrolman Brodhead and Riddell are doing a good job in plainclothes in the 7th Division, likewise Patrolman Francis “Whitey” Reilly down in the Bookkeeper’s Office . . . Patrolman Walter Schmitt left us to perform with Emergency Squad 8, and in return, direct from the Police Academy we have assigned to this command Patrolman Leon Katz . . . We also take this opportunity to welcome to our midst Patrolman Henry Eppler, who has been assigned here for the past several months.

Acknowledgment: Patrolman Joe McEntee wishes to express his thanks to those concerned for his Christian Science meal periods. Stares his fondness for those concentrated food tablets is increasing.

10TH DIVISION

60th Pet., Pvt. Steve Gorman
61st Pet., Pvt. Joseph Faber
62nd Pet., Pvt. Vincent Ferrante
70th Pet., Pvt. Frank Tormey

60th Precinct: The annual Mardi Gras with its colorful parades and floats brought to a close another successful season at Coney Island. The first night, as usual, was designated as “Police Night” with the paraders upholding handsomely in this respect the reputation of the “Finest.” The floats this year depicted in beautiful array the twin themes “Victory and War Bonds.”

Charles Wallace, undergoing treatment to try and save the last dozen hairs on his head, picked a doc whose own head is as bare as a billiard ball . . . What patrolsman from this command was called “Nathan” during his sojourn in Harlem? Would Eddie Metzer know? . . . Why is Mandic called by some people Bernnis’ father? It can’t be the gray hairs! . . . Who when he brings home SPRING 300 each month hides it so that his wife won’t read it? Wintle, who has been assigned here several years ago that Julius Fuchsan, who has been calling Tim Downing “Pop” for so long now, has people really believing that Tim is his father? Our best wishes to John McEntee upon his retirement from the Department.

Auto Enginner Moran has left us to go into the Navy. Good luck and a speedy victory and return to normal life. Louis (Curly) Levine has taken over his duties temporarily . . . Joe Lawlor, our 95 man, is the winner of the “Academy Award,” winning out over Family Reunion O’Neill by a very close margin . . . Jerry Collins, who has had his vacation, is still a bachelor. The right girl, in other words, has yet to come along . . . Jimmy Murphy is resting up now since those lengthy summer roll-calls went out . . . Ferdinard (Count Foo Foo) Freda, who keeps busy on his time off, taking care of his chickens, is experimenting with various types of chicken feed—in order faster to build them up . . . David Bailey, who is missed, has undergone an operation in the Veterans Hospital. We hope he will be back with us soon, and that his recovery will be complete . . . Andy Cole, on vacation, in order to keep his mind occupied did a little painting . . . John (Sherlock) Holmes has 2 days of blissful peace out of each set of tours he works—when G Man Ehrlich has to operate another car on a swing shift.

61st Precinct: Add to our list of heroes another young chap who is rapidly making his mark as a flyer—Lientenant Frank W. Angevine, (the son of our own Sergeant Angevine), a fighter pilot in the U. S. Army Air Corps, present whereabouts unknown, Called to service while attending C.C.N.Y. School of Engineering, on July 4, 1942, he was eligible to receive his bars while still in school—though his commission was held up until he reached the ripe old age of 21. Waiting for him at home are two lovely ladies, his wife, Mary, and his daughter, Nancy. Miss Nancy, you may be interested to know, is well on her way to a birthday—her first. At this writing she is exactly eight months old. What a grand birthday gift for the little lady if her pop could be home to help cut the cake! Well, here’s hoping, anyhow.

We welcome to the command Probationary Patrolmen Payne and Friedman. Hope their respective stays with us will be long and pleasant ones . . . On sick report at this writing is Patrolman Joe Marvin, whom the horseshoe playing boys miss. Some are even hinting, Joe, that you are merely resting up for the coming bowling season . . . Poor Sidney! Everyone keeps picking on him. First, the story about Patrolman Lazarus having such a great reminiscence to his crony, Patrolman Waltz, on account of the moustache, and now the poor guy is being referred to as “Gildersleeve.” Maybe you’d better shave off that thing, Sidney! . . . A certain 95 man reminded your correspondent that he had become a father—and for the third time. As if we didn’t know. Congratulations to all the Hoffmans—Mrs. Charlie and the New Arrival especially . . . Glad to see Patrolman John Allancan around again—back to duty after a period of ailments . . . We hope also to see another John back again soon, Patrolman Cozzolino, who at this writing is recuperating from an operation.

62nd Precinct: The best of luck to Patrolman Vincent Braesco, now attached to the U. S. Navy at Sampson, N. Y. . . . Congratulations to former Sergeant (now Captain) John Kerrigan, U. S. Army, on his promotion to that rank. A veteran of World War I, he served also as Brooklyn Vice County Commander of the American Legion, and as Past Commander of Sheridan Police Post Montecello, following his defeat by Ivar Lexander (the dancing master) on the handball court last month, is going to stick strictly to his wrestling from now on . . . Judge of the Baby Parade at Midland Beach, Staten Island, last month was Dick Manes. Yes, when it comes to “babies,” Dick sure knows how to pick ’em . . . Bowling teams with a reputation may contact the 62nd Precinct stars for matches. Either Patrolman Al Smith or Detective Joe Cassidy will handle the arrangements . . . Honors for coffee drinking last month went to Joe Wenz, better known as Economical Joe . . . Patrolman Larry Flood, now in the U. S. Navy and a former crack shot at the pistol range, sent a card from Cuba last month. It was nice to hear from you, Larry.

The 62nd Precinct softball team took over the 14th Reg. Infantry by a score of 13 to 3, a fitting end to another successful season . . . “Any bonds today?”—theme song of George Roberts our ace bond seller, who expects to top the list of precincts in the sale of bonds . . . Emmett Mylan, better known as Frank and who buys his staycrom by the gallon and used to model for collars, is a model policeman now. Wants to know how Ed Leahy got that beautiful crown on the top of his head . . . Just mention “Heros”—not the kind you read about but the kind you play a tune on with your teeth—and Bill Ballof is all excited. Reason: He loves to eat ’em—but his emergency choppers pop out repeatedly. At that, in some unknown or secret way he manages to get by.

Congratulations and success to Ivar Lexander on his election as Commander of the William E. Sheridan Police Post, American Legion!

Members of the 62nd Precinct Report Center, Communications Staff, were presented with service ribbons and Certificates of Qualification by Lieutenant Chris Mitchell and his staff. Congratulations to Mr. Dave Ferkin and his able assistants for a splendid job! Keep up the good work!

Lieutenant Philip Burns and Junior, our renowned anglers, are having tough luck of late. Can’t seem to get a decent haul . . . Now that the little “World” is over Al Miso O’Connor are taking up shuffleboard. We hear Michael J. is going to spend his vacation picking apples. He loves farm life . . . Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Sergeant Edwin O’Dell, on sick report as we write this . . . And is it true Tom Herson and John McCormick Larsen are a little burnt up over their recent experience? . . . The bowling team’s high scorers include Al Heins, 265; Artie Goodbread, 225; George DeAnglis, 220; Joseph Wenz, 215, to mention a few.
Looking

Patrolman Barrett confined to Kings County Hospital with a
severe attack of arthritis; in all probability will be home by the
time this is published. Good luck and more power to him . . . .Patrol-
man Sparks Russell overheard giving silent Moran pointers on
how to polish chromium and brass. Can it be Tom is putting in his
bid for chauffeur of the Sergeants' R.M.P.? . . . Next conversion to
the cause of cleanliness will be when Sparks can induce "The Boy"
Schrier to keep car 435 sparkling . . . Is it true Patrolman
Munrane has made up his mind after all these years to qualify as
an options test couldn't he be the "specials" could it, Ed?

Famous Sayings: "I had that one" . . . "You're no bargain" . . .
"What am I, a special patrolman?" . . . "Where is post 12?" . . .
"Who's working?" . . . "Give me the special on 3rd Avenue"
"The Dimout tonight is at 8.00" . . . "I know, Sergeant, but the
order calls for Chart 2, and you're the only sergeant available"
"See the Captain" . . . "I picked that one but passed it up—and
look at the price!"

Dope on a fishing expedition embarked upon some weeks ago
by those intrepid exponents of the sport—Patrolmen Munrane, Hen-
nessy, Kelly, Moran and White. After a few minutes out Kelly
decided he would rather dive for the fish—it was more sporting—and
probably more productive since the fish weren't in a cooperative
mood . . . Then Moran, with an eye to the draft board, chose to
practice on his Yeoman's whistle and started to bark orders as only
a ninety-day wonder can . . . Hennessey, bored with it all, fell asleep
in the lower of the boat with the line wrapped around his big toe,
and as White started to row to a better location, the ear became
entangled in the line causing the sleeping wonder to suddenly dive
for the line in anticipation of a big one . . . Munrane, who as usual
when he goes down to sea refused to be distracted by the antics
of Kelly, Moran and Hennessey, succeeded in landing three . . .
White, as serious as when he used to drive the boss, hooked two—
the last one was purely an accident . . . Kelly, the diver, then
became exhausted and in the ensuing struggle with the tide, went
down, one, and as he submerged the second time White hooked
him with the anchor. They tugged and tugged and upon pulling
big John to the surface, lo and behold there was the biggest fish of
all—right in Kelly's kisser. P.S. Ripley wouldn't believe this, either,
but today being Friday it seems appropriate.

Impossibilities: Pegyveserret retiring . . . Schrier and Whelan
. . . Badyna and Pepsi Cola . . . The Skipper forgetting the dimout
. . . Kelly's winners . . . Peter McDonald's vocabulary . . . Hendrick-
sen's stories . . . Gelfand's weight . . . John Page forgetting his
geese . . . Petroska forgetting to say "Be jeece!" . . . Healy
with another partner . . . Cameron refusing to blow . . . Dashing
Dan Malone failing to gaze at something lovely . . . Johnson
without Bauder . . . Rogers blowing Barrett to a lager . . . Barrett
refusing the lager.

Softball Note: Due to the lack of cooperation of some of the
men of the command, we were forced to drop the sport. Maybe
next year we can get together with new blood.

66th Precinct: Announcement Extraordinary: Maestro Daniel
J. Tavani and Prof. David Brosnan, musical impromptus of the 66th
Precinct, are interviewing applicants for membership in the pro-
posed 66th Precinct dance orchestra, to be known as the Cuccurachi
House Hep-Cats. Applications already under consideration follow:
Tavani, guitar; Brosnan, piano and jews harp; Riffe, saxophone
and piccolo; Dement, drums or musical jug; Jaccarina, accordion or
concertina; Old pop Tony; Voods, flute or ice tongs; Kid McCormack,
BULL FIDDLE . . . The vocal section comprises Elisa (The Thin
Man) Wilkins, John (Fashion Plate) Cucco, Harry (Curley) Ste-
venson, and Pasquale (Laughing Boy) D'Adamo . . .

Bookings for Weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, Dollar Beer Rackets,
or what have you, may be arranged by contacting personally Top Ser-
gant Jacobs, sole booking and collecting agent.

Recent news items indicating a grave shortage of models for
nationally advertised products are grossly exaggerated as a survey of
"models" doing their stuff here at the 66th Precinct will indicate,
to wit: For Hair Oils, Tonics, Wave Sets, etc.: Convey, Heinz, Horn,
Crowley, Bonanno.

For Toothpaste (that gleaming smile, etc.): Dooley, Keenan,
Gessner, Furey, Livingston, Gehman.

For Alka Seltzer, Liver Pills, et al (productive of that cheery,
smiling countenance, etc.): Cirino, D'Adamo, Cucco, Myck, Schnibbel,
Carpenter, Pederson, Lisante.

For members of the 66th Precinct now doing their bit for
Uncle Sam are Pfc. Gene Ahern, serving currently overseas; 2nd Lt.
Leon Jangol, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; Apprentice Seaman Joe Katcher,
U. S. Coast Guard, Manhattan Beach; and Chief Specialist Manny
Blog, Training Station (W. R.), Bronx, N. Y. How about dropping
these boys a line? Complete mailing address of each may be had
from your reporter.

Everyone is happy to hear that Arthur Duffy (alias Di Gusteppe)
beats Miss Elizabeth D'Amico and is back on the job with us . . . Also,
why does Tange, affectionately known as Uncle Don, hide in his
locker every day from 3:30 to 4:30 P.M.? "What, the 77th again?"

Smiling at you here is 2nd Lieutenant
Nicholas J. Lisante, U. S. Marine Corps, on
duty currently at Quantico, Virginia, one of
the four sons of Lieutenant Frank J. Lisante
of this command, who today are serving their
country as members of the armed forces.
The youthful lieutenant was graduated from
St. John's University on May 26 past and
received his commission as a second lieutenant
four months later, on September 22. He was
No. 70 on the existing eligible list for patrol-
man; but he was appointed due to his status
as a member of the Officers' Reserve Corps
while attending college. Lieutenant Lisante's
other sons are Pfc. Thomas W. Lisante, an
Aviation Machinist serving with the Marine
Corps at Camp Lejeune, New River, N. C.,
and whose name, incidentally, also appears
(No. 171) on the current eligible list for
patrolman; Seaman 2/c Victor J. Lisante,
U. S. Naval Training Base, Morehead City, N. C.,
and Pvt. Robert
J. Lisante, Engineering Corps, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri . .
Good luck to you, lads, from all of us here at the 66th Precinct.

66th Precinct: Out in Queens, also in Manhattan, almost every
cop has heard of Larry Ballou. Larry is the commandant of the
L. I. R. R. division of the Penna. R. R. police department. A cop
since way back when, well, since he was just a strapping kid with
wide shoulders and hands like fresh hams. Intensely interested
always in problems of policedom, Captain Ballou has a very warm
place in his heart for all things "cop." The personnel under his
supervision like him because he came up the hard way and no one
tries to kid him because he knows all the answers. Sometimes
when you get a chance to talk with him about organization build-
ing of the L. I. R. R. He'll be glad to see you and say hello. Best
wishes, Larry, and when you are down this way stop in.

The 6-8 club is still in need of a little sprucing by the delinquents;
sorry it along, boys, by getting up to date.

Ye reporter has checked diligently on the story that Harry
(Plato) Conyers offered to wrestle Lieut. McConkey, one fall to
a finish, at the ladies' sewing circle of the Air Raid Wardens service,
with Elmer (Waves) Smith refereeing, but the story is just back-
room gossip.

Spider Moran has bought the property and is ready (when he's
retired) to open up the dance palace at that famous mountain
resort near the Pennsylvania line.

John (Parnell of Parliament) Smith, our renowned Irish linguist,
has taken your humble scribe to task for writing a column devoted
in the main to kiding the ever popular Irish. To this the respon-
sable way it is the good John's contention, should provide instead
educative features for all who read the printed word, and since it is
your reporter's aim always to please, he has selected for this
month a subject that should be very close to his heart—Irish history.
This because in a recent discussion with him your scribbler learned
that on the subject of Irish origins our John is woefully ignorant.
For instance, right along he has believed that Ireland was first
inhabited by the Danes. To disabuse his and other minds of this
erroneous thought, it is my good fortune to be able to enlighten
him elsewhere, herewith and to wit:

Some 2200 years B.C. a group of people described as "Migionais"
landed in Ireland from Macedonia, at a spot known now as Inver
Scene, or the Kennare River. These are the people who were
responsible for such names as Lough Con and Lough Mask, in
Mayo, and Lough Cuan in County Down. Three hundred years later pestilence wiped out the entire group, numbering some 9,000 people, and again Ireland became an uninhabited wasteland, remaining so for thirty years. Then, from somewhere in Southeastern Europe, came another group, led by a certain Nemedius, who settled in the vicinity of Barrymore, near Cork. Their peace was short-lived, however, because of a vicious band of pirates, called the Formorians, who started periodic raids on the Norman populace, and resulting following a great battle in almost complete annihilation of the Nemedians. The few who managed to escape the wrath of the bloodthirsty Formorian pirates fled into the hinterland of Ireland.

Two hundred years later, during which time the Formorians were undisputed masters of the Irish coast...

(To be continued in our next—on condition, of course, that John and the rest of the boys in the back room can really go this sort of stuff.)

Lest it be said that I am prejudiced because of my own Irish ancestry, I will attempt faithfully to recount in similar fashion later on the origin of such articles of gastronomic delight as "Frumaggii," "Bochit," etc., and with the same regard for detail. Issy Adler and Luigi Cardile please note.

So until next month—when if you INSIST upon it we will have more Irish history (or maybe just our regular series of puns directed at you and you), I remain your correspondent who believes in the adage—"No man can escape from himself!"

70th Precinct: A big hand to Ed Healy, our new P.B.A. delegate, on the swell job he is doing. . . Our new champion, "Sorrowful" Sam Hiller, is set to meet all comers in the rough and tumble game of shuffleboard ("Goody, Goody, I got two points!—now you go, Sammy Wanny!) . . . Those two submarines someone called the Coast Guard about, sighted according to them in the ocean off West Twenty-fifth Street—turned out to be "Pee Wee" Cappetta and "Dainty" Fred Tino out for a swim . . . Our idea of the long and short of things: "Big Stoop" O'Connell and "Taboo" Vinzenzo walking side by each . . . From what we hear, Henry Kaiser would have plenty to worry about if Henry "Boom Boom" Johnson and Cliff "Whiff Whiff" Graham ever went in for boat building in a big way . . . Who was it when asked by a sergeant what would be the first thing he would do when starting to wash a radio car, answered, "Make sure it's the one I'm assigned to!"? . . . Is it true that John Graney, out with a girl, told her she looked sweet enough to eat, and when she sweetly answered, "I do eat—where shall we go?" promptly John fainted? . . . Also that Ed Hurley, asking upon walking into a cafe if they served women at the bar, was told "No, Hub, you have to bring your own!"

Overheard in the back room: Noon: "Hey, Deegan, what has twenty-eight legs, a purple body and a big yellow head?" Deegan: "I don't know what it?" Noon: "I don't know either, but it just walked down your neck!"

That's all for now, fellows, if you have any choice bits of gossip, let me know and I will gladly include them in our next month's column.

11TH DIVISION

72nd Pet., Ptl. Vincent De Cicco
74th Pet., Ptl. Hugh Bet
76th Pet., Ptl. John J. Tracy
78th Pet., Ptl. Don Moraglio
80th Pet., Ptl. Frederick Shannon
84th Pet., Ptl. Habib Beyt

47th Precinct: Our sincere sympathies to Patrolman Glassman in the passing of his mother.

Our "get well" thoughts now to "Tiny" Brooks and to our regular clericalman, quiet Frankie Heedles. And by the way, Frankie, Andy Kelly, pinch-hitting for you, is proving himself quite an able substitute.

Best-of-luck to Deputy Sergeant John O'Rourke and to Maurice O'Dell upon their retirements. Don't forget the old gang, Maurice, when you get to California.

Greetings and Salutations to our four new rookies—Baxt, Kiloran, Rosenfield and Russo. May your stay here at the Old Ranch be longer than was that of our good friend, Dick Mount, now in the U.S. Army, at Camp Upton, (best-of-luck, Dick!) and whom we greatly miss.

Well "Sinatra" Symes will be crooning once again during the "Milkman's Matinees" Reason: Another Baby Bird! Best-of-health to mother and baby.

Fred Naekel and Joe Gangi are complaining of gremlin trouble.

Is it true that O'Hara, Smith, J., Visko-ky and Latz, who amongst them managed to catch one fish after a day spent in the Bay, reported home that night each with a large bagful. Also that "Mind over Matter" Visko-ky had Latz bow-legged rowing him all over the Bay trying to get a bite?

Softball: Our precinct team, which last year won 22 out of 27, had established such an unbroken record in Brooklyn and Queens that it was difficult this season to get many worthy challengers . . . This season's total shows: Games Won (decisively)—9; Games Won (by default)—13; Games Lost—3.

Precinct Golf Tournament: In the "final rounds" Jasinski and Kaufman, teamed against Mantegari and Farrant, lost by a score of 176 to 173. Individual scores: Jasinski 79, Mantegari 83, Farrant 84, Kaufman 94. A good time was had by all, including Kaufman as true off "The Hole" he finally dug his way out of the sandtrap in 13 strokes.

The tournament was topped off with a "bits-aye-oh" shore dinner at which the four "topnotchers" were toasted (not roasted) plenty.

So long and good luck to the 2 Q.T.'s from the 84th, "Putt Putt" Pulitsch and "Sailor" Schmidt, who had one belved vacation all summer long cruis- ing about the Big Pond in Prospect Park.

Who is the "wife-beater" shown here in the act (apparently) of taking a mean advantage of the little woman who lay prostrate on the ground unable to protect herself? The picture was snapped while the couple were vacationing at the Police Recreation Centre and where, according to reports reaching us, they had just the dullest time ever.

84th Precinct: Keeping this column going every month without the help of our members simply can't be done, so if you will send in an item or two on occasion it will be appreciated.

Next month we should like to print the names of sons and daughters of members of this command serving their country in the armed forces. Will members concerned please see your reporter in connection with this?

Patrolman Al Mullane has two boys, Daniel and Francis, serving in the Navy, both of whom have already seen action "down under." One is home on leave as we write this and we here in the 84th Precinct are hoping that any day now the other, reported missing in action some time ago, will with God's help turn up safe and sound.

Lieutenant Straussner has three boys serving overseas—Lieutenant Antone, in the Intelligence Service; Tech. Sergeant Thomas, Air Corps, and Lieutenant Joseph, also in the Air Corps. The latter recently was awarded the medal of meritorious achievement for outstanding service in the Sicilian campaign, and to him we say now, congratulations—keep up the good work!

Is it true Patrolman Tom Maloney exacted a fee from "prospective applicants" for examination for the attendants' job—and then double-crossed them all by himself coming out number one? Also that he now sings Irish songs to Jim Dyer as an inducement for Jim to do the work? . . . Also that Patrolman Wade, the precinct jester, stays awake nights dop ing out new ideas with which to keep his partners "interested"? . . . And could it have been he, incidentally, that dipped Wolkoff's cigar gently into the ink bottle last month? 

Patron Tom Fishetty, Tom Maloney's reputation in Brooklyn: and started shooting suddenly that he had just shot a bear—only to discover after putting his glasses on that it was a stray cat he had brought down.

Be on your guard when talking to our clerical man, Jim Kend erick, who is quite concerned these days breaking in his new China-ware—which has a tendency to snap sharply if not watched over carefully by the owner . . . Suggest you first make application for such interview to icy Reddy.

Is it true the reason Jerry Ryan is moving to Park Slope is the butcher shops feature plenty of red meat in that section? . . . Also that Commodore Shmitt and Pulitsch just hated having to return
LOOKING forward to the well-spent summer vacation on Prospect Park Lake? ... Incidentally, who kept Tansey's scores for him while he was on vacation?

Ever hear Hudson sing a Scotch song—with emphasis on the Scotch? ... Among other short story tellers—Norris and McCauley ... Harvey and his helpers are doing a great job ... And didn't Marty Kaffert look good in that toe and heel derly at the Sligo House at Rockaway Beach? ... What is it Tom Mitchell takes with his hair cuts, gas or the bowl? ... Yes, Machine Gun Chat-terton is still the official bell ringer at that local church ... And is it true that O'Brien is checking on Bangor Electric's bid for a second hand dealer's license? ... And that if our baseball team expects ever to win in a game it will have to play the day squad? ... Things we would like to see: Nappi smiling ... Joe Yost gawking oysters on the half shell.

A speedy recovery to all our sick men.

And how about a service flag for our men in the armed forces?

13TH DIVISION

77th Pet., Sdt. John W. Wood
79th Pet., Pvt. Nathan Brief
80th Pet., Pvt. William Ingers
81st Pet., Sdt. William Ingers
82nd Pet., Sdt. Daniel L. Langan

77th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathy to the family of one of our former sergeants, "Eddie" Shiel, who last month passed into the Great Beyond. Eddie, who will go with you, and because of that record you can face with confidence the Throne of Judgment up there On High before which each of us in turn must stand.

Congratulations to Eddie and Mrs. Richardson on the birth of a baby son! The happy mother is feeling fit, we hear, but the strain on Poppa was terrific.

Good luck to the following, all of whom are brothers of members of the 77th Precinct and serving currently in the armed services: Army: George Janosik, William Hickey, Louis Nuzzi, Harry Nuzzi. Navy: Thomas Hart, Frank Mandarano, Joseph Mandarano.

A certain attendant got red in the face the other day when accosted by "The Chief." Wonder why? We won't mention him by name, but he can't wipe nose on sleeve without getting scratched by service dogs.

 Came across an old picture the other day that brought back fond memories. Bill Young, Walter Howie, Walter Williams and Bill Cary were featured. Those were the days when the 77th Precinct was being reborn after having for some time been closed. Captain "Dod" Northrop was the pilot then and the three strippers included Sergeants Young, Henry, May, Tom Law and Pat Nanny. I repeat, memories that never will die.

Is Marty Ginzgold thinking of booking the Fatal Jump? Is very quiet of late. So quiet, in fact, if he gets around any slower the turtles likely as not will get out an injunction against him for infringing on their speed rules.

The 77th Precinct will be interested in basketball challenges from other commands. Teams interested please contact Patrolman Mirkin of this precinct. Also, bowling dates will soon be posted. So come on, boys, get out and practice.

To Vie Kantman, who received his induction notice and expects to leave us on September 29 we say, good luck, son, you've performed well for Father Knickerbocker and we know you'll do equally as well for Uncle Sam.

79th Precinct: Donald White, our demon clerical man, is at home as we write this, convalescing after a serious operation ... Sergeant George Gehr, who has been ailing for some time, is undergoing treatment at the Veterans Hospital, Base 81, Kingsbridge, N. Y. George whose ill health can be traced to World War I, was in those days a tough soldier, and it is to be expected that some of the old toughness remains and that he will lick the ailment from which he is suffering.

Figures on the 79th Precinct's service flags are growing larger ... B.B. Margraf and Ferdi Catalano have answered The Call, bringing the total number of members to 14 ... Added to the roster of sons and daughters of members is the name of Charles W. Copeland, Jr., son of Detective Charles W. Copeland, bringing the total to 41.

Aside to U. S. Marine Eleanor Crews, who in a very nice letter thanked us for mentioning her name in this column: Please be assured that we consider it a distinct pleasure—and a privilege—to be permitted to list the names of those of our command—men, women, boys and girls alike—who have become a part of the nation's armed forces and who are carrying out the defense of the Principles of Freedom, Justice and Democracy in all parts of the world.

Notice is hereby served that no more meetings of the 79th Club will be held on the site of the September convalesce. Reason: Too much noise—too little decorum—and too many guys pulling big woids trying to bethiddle the chairman. One reeding feature was the presence of 1st Lieutenant Harold Devine, U. S. A. ... Harold looks real well, too.

So we bought a book—Cushman's Manual, someone called it. So what? So we read it, we studied it—Tamburino, too. We both read the same thing, but, to each the meaning was different. Tambo is right ... McCarthy is right ... Anyway—owdnhwellcares! Next meeting we'll see.

The baseball team journeyed to Floyd Bennett Field for a return trip to the U. S. Marines recently, and took 'em over after a nice battle by the score of 11-7 ... Harold Wells held the Leathernecks to one run until the final round; then, as darkness set in, they ran the count to 7—before the strong arm of Yussel Daily put out the fire.

Patrolman and Mrs. Vincent Gower recently became the very proud parents of a 9½ pound baby boy. Congratulations. Well done.

Jesse Breelin, currently living at 394 S. Marques and Parris Island, dropped in to say hello—and to say Bill is looking great would be putting it mildly ... Jack Chason tried to keep it a secret—it was a girl! (What, no Birth?) Kidning aside—congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Jack Chason on the family addition! When bigger and better butter tubs are made—look in the bottom of one—and you'll find Little Lief. To Tom Walsh, Joe Coklin and Izzy Stenzler, who kissed the boys (and the Department) goodbye on September 16 last, via the Retirement Route, go the very best wishes of the 79th Precinct personnel for many years of happiness in their retirement ... Tim Ryan, who retired many months ago to raise potatoes on his Long Island farm, paid us a visit recently and, before he left, donated his dollar to send cigarettes to the boys overseas ... Thanks a lot, Tim, and remember—we're always glad to see an old friend.

80th Precinct: Best wishes and heartiest congratulations to Patrolman Eugene Scaramellino upon his induction into the U. S. Marine Corps. We hope his path will one day cross those of our other buddies—Hal Venokur, Hal Keller, Gas Kaminski, John Catan- van, Sidney Raphael, Bob Morrison and Howie Carlson ... Inde- dually, thanks to Howie Carlson from all of us here at the Eighth-O for his thoughtfulness in writing to us, individually. Rest assured, Pal, our responses will be forthcoming ... Sid Raphael dropped in to visit with the boys while at home on his first leave. A really swell kid, Sid ... Are Patrolmen Eddie Bistany and Irv Moverman likewise preparing to enter the service? More of this anon.

Anent the 3rd War Bond drive: As this is written more than $3000 worth of bonds have been purchased by the members here— with the drive but a few days old. A truly excellent showing—and we're still coming along. Some of our top purchasers included: Sergeant Tom Cotroy and Patrolman George Stone, $250; Captain Levy, $400; Lieutenant Bill Barchesmidt, $300, and many others too numerous to mention ... Our own Bond Club, which shows a total Bond sale to date of $2900, keeps merrily rolling on its way. New Bond winners are: Sergeant Conroy (4), Sergeant C. Smith, Patrolman Robert Meister, Corporal Alan Gucki (2), Vincent Walsh (2), Jim Cook (2), Jim O'Connell (2), Ed Muller, Bill Jacobs, John Cavanaugh, Bill Gray ... On To Victory, Buddies!

The call to arms has been answered by two more of our members, Patrolmen Edward Bistany and Max Bass, bringing the total of our lads in the service to ten! Godspeed, men, and may you return to us soon—victorious.

Is our Neighbor Hero, Patrolman John Cavanaugh, likewise slated to enter the armed forces—soon?

Best wishes and lots of luck and happiness to Marie, daughter of Patrolman Bill King, upon her recent marriage to Corporal Robert McDermott of the U. S. Army. May all their future troubles be "those little ones!"

And are Sergeant Charlie (Boris) Smith and Patrolman Jimmy O'Connell soon to be blessed with little "Screechers"? One can hardly tell by eyeing these gents—so bravely do they carry on. Lots of luck, Pals!
On September 20 last, the boys turned out in force to do honor to one of our retired brother members. Patrolman Percy Sommersville, who, after a goodly number of years spent in Patrolman's work, was tendered a farewell truly befitting one so beloved as he, the payoff of which was Percy's heroic attempt to go into one of his famous "3 minute" speeches. After 40 minutes of spell-binding (and still going strong) Gus Herr finally succeeded, with the aid of a phonograph, in bringing Percy's oration happily to a close. A grand time was had by all!

**89th Precinct:**

Nino D'Angelo is rapidly developing into a first class sleuth. His work, of late, has the finesse of a "Dick Tracy" or at least a "Dan Dunn." A great portion of the credit for Nino's amazing development into an ace bloodhound goes to Patrolman Abe Cohen, ex-soft clothes operator. Nino was going about in a daze during his early assignment to the plain clothes (the work being strange to him) when amongst the advice of wise old Abe—who promptly placed the youngster under his wing and informed him of an address in Denver where a remarkable book entitled, "Stick Tricks of a Secret Sleuth" could be obtained, along with a complete "Tracking" outfit comprising a set of false whiskers, dark glasses, magnifying glass and a pair of rubber heels for "Soft-shoe" work. All this for the price of a quarter.

Nino took up his "lady's booklet," the while his detective work was confined to corralling an occasional unleashed garage. Immediately upon the arrival of the book, Nino's work began to show evidence of the master touch. A few days later, he captured an unmuzzled canine in the act of defacing the monument in Ft. Greene Park. Nino's partner, Vince Sabatelle, claims an assist in this case but witnesses aver that a little man wearing dark glasses and long whiskers (Nino, of course), did the deed single-handed.

Sabatelle, a scooter at first, has since mailed his $1.49 for a copy.

**14TH DIVISION**


**83rd Precinct:** After experiencing a minor setback in their first engagement with the vaunted 74th Precinct baseball club and who, by the way, claim the mythical championship of the Police Department, our boys in the final game of the series last month severely trounced the famed 74th, making it clear as a result just where the crown of championship should rest. The success of our opponents in the first game, coupled with their publicity campaign (see August SPRING 3100) left them flabbergasted as true champions our boys in this second encounter licked 'em to the tune of 11 runs to 6. Chagrined, mortified, and with much dissension among the high command, our hapless opponents carried their disgruntled bodies off the field. And so I take great pleasure in announcing now the names of our stalwarts who by this achievement covered themselves with the same credit the precinct with glory:

"Frankenstein" Hisgen, P; "Mattress Back" Seymour, C; "Archie" Al, 1B; "Flash" Cassese (manager, coach, trainer, etc.) 2B; "Muffin Ball" Quinn, 3B; "I got it" Clarke, RF; "Gelatin Mix" Delano, CF; "Brittle Bones" Cavanagh, LF.

Things We'd Like to Know: Why do they call it an 8 hour job? . . . What happened to that proposed 48 hour swing? . . . What they call "Snip" they from S.P.C.A., or, what has become of Skippy? . . . Why Estretch wasn't introduced properly? . . . Why we should get the idea Mahoney couldn't dance? . . . Will Lieutenant Galleece O.K. new members for the club if Cavanagh puts the stamp of approval on 'em?

**85th Precinct:** An invitation to his wedding has been received from our old friend, Civ. Tel. Opr. Ward, now a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army and who is marrying a southern belle, Miss Florence Boswell, at St. Peters R. C. Church, Columbia, S. C. To the happy couple our very best wishes are extended.

Charlie Schmitt asks that all be informed that he is not the reporter of this column. O.K., Charlie, we've told 'em—but will they believe it?

Frey and Stefanski are embarrassed (see they) by all the publicity they receive in this column—claim the other fellows will be getting envious if we keep on writing them up, they won't of course—or will they?

What big, white-haired gent with slightly bowed legs has suddenly discovered that he likes to eat cake—the kind dispensed from the secret dispenser of cake at that certain very nice bakery hereabouts?

Any day now we can look forward to wedding beds for "Blackie" Manzo. When a fellow goes without sleep to see his one and only—then and there we know he's just another dead duck.

"Cheese cake" Russo looks much better since that trip Down the Aisle! Dines at home now and claims the food at Leonard and John's never could compare.

Always grinning—that strong and silent team of Forster and Fertig. Wonder why?

Aside to Jim Coady: Glad to hear the operation was successful. Hurry back; Noll needs you.

At different times in the sitting room I've heard stories told by some of our older members, an inking of several of which follow. And if it is at all possible to enjoy a good laugh, get the members mentioned to tell 'em in their entirety.

1. The time Lindbergh was winging his way over the ocean and the supervisors had the doors covered (ask Clancy).

2. When "Bruno," an old member of the precinct, was saluting letter carriers and messenger boys (ask Bill Hughes).

3. When in the lots on the east side of the precinct a certain somersaulting of the hoof only to know a few minutes after quite a chase that it was occupied by another cop (ask Tony).

4. When Sergeant Sizicked (now a lieutenant in the Bronx) took a certain rookie for a nice long walk on a nice cold day on Posts 1 and 2 (ask Brady).

That swell tan acquired by Sergeant Ellison on his vacation actually made some of us fellows look washed out.

An Air Raid Warden Talking to Himself: "Boy, this is a tough day! I know the boys on the other side depend on us to take care of the home front, but I'd sure like to stay home tonight and get to bed early. Guess I might as well get that out of my mind; there will be no going to bed early tonight. At least I won't be the only one who is sacrificing comfort in order to do his bit to aid in the protection of our homes. Of course, it would be a lighter burden on us all if more citizens, who should, would join. Everybody of our wardens has the same to do. Many of us have longer hours and more strenuous work. How their conscience can permit them to sit back and let others do the job that they have a hand in is beyond me. Maybe if they were invited to visit our Zone Headquarters and had the need for more wardens explained to them, they would realize their duty as citizens. Believe me I'm going to start handing out some invitations to my neighbors tonight. Now I guess I'll grab a bite to eat and report for patrol. At least my conscience doesn't bother me. Instead I have that feeling of satisfaction which comes from knowing that I'm doing my part."

**90th Precinct:** Happened across our old clericalman, Harry Evans, who looks great. Wants to be remembered to all . . . Regards also the former Patrolman George Cavanagh.

Bill Powell, judging from his letters, also is in fine shape—thanks to the Navy . . . Did you know that Moe Glickhouse signs his personal mail with his pen name, which happens to be Shamos, and which in English means janitor? . . . And did you notice how Eddie (Happy) Reilly kept smiling—all the time Hank Fitzgerald was home . . . Submitted Edgar Morton's "Assyrian" . . . Also that Flanagan and Geary have started a Mutual Admiration Society—and that all handshakers are invited to join? . . . And that Benny Bode when telling to his Victory Garden preferers working in his bathrobe? . . . That Smiling Tom Lawlor, our clerical man, enjoys music with his shave—via a Motorola radio? . . . That Patz, our lighthouse keeper, is a swimmer of note and that at the N. Y. World's Fair he swam at Billy Rose's Aquacade; also that he's been in active competition swimming for the Dragon Club of Brooklyn—and has scores of medals to show for it?

Handball: Basak, Bendick and Gross among those who have been seen in action recently—with Big Ralph Gale as a probable dark horse because of the weather (he'll get it all summer). Let's get going this time and have that tournament.

Pinhead Biographies—8th Squad:
Looking 'em Over

John J. Flanagan, who has quite a number of years behind him in the job and who still looks like a recruit, worked as a clerk formerly; one of our most capable men and, beyond a doubt, the most handsome; works Lee Avenue where he is well liked by all; has one weakness—listens to Patrolman Garby—and believes all Grady tells him, although he doesn't look it, is the proud father of four club children (are you listening, Burns?).

Sylvestor Borman, who also works along Lee Avenue, Nostand, too; a clerk before donning the blue and was a bicycle rider of quite some renown, a partner once of Reggie McNamara, the old six-day bike champ; has an easy way with him; not the least bit excitable; known by the men as a good side-partner—one upon whom you unfailingy can depend when trouble starts. Jack Dugan, another of our "old reliables" and proud possessor of the reputation of being the most exacting patrolman in the precinct; works Marcy Avenue, where he is known to all as Jimmie; has a way with him and likes to kid—but you can't help but help him; a World War Vet who, he saw plenty of service, seldom talks about it; owner of the smallest feet in the house—but gets around plenty; have yet to see the one to outwalk him—rookies included; a conductor formerly.

Julie Zol, our Act. Attendant and famous above all for his ever-present smile; typically athletic type; a former football star, his big broad shoulders would lead you to believe; Frankie, his most ardent fan, looks awe at Julie's bulging muscles every time he leaves a barrel of ashes; worked Wythe Avenue when he was on patrol (in the good old days) and had the tough guys all eating out of his hand—which speaks for itself; a great family man, especially proud of his son who was injured in the line of duty at Pearl Harbor.

92nd Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathies in their bereavement to the family of Patrolman Matthew J. Derecke.

Welcome to our command, Patrolman Stanley Doroszczak! May your stay with us be a pleasant one... Our sympathies also to Sergeant McSorley and Patrolmen Donnelly and Kaczynski in their recent losses... Santa Claus, no doubt, will be good to Patrolman Walker with a gift in the form of promotion to sergeant. No. 2 on the list now... Patrolmen Ryan and Riley are looking forward to Christmas of 1944 for their gift... We hope by the time this goes to press that our hard-working delegate will not have become too exhausted trying to explain to the Captain why the men should receive a tour off for their performances in Harlem... Is it true that our mascot "Mickey" is shifting his affections from Sergeant Murtha to Sergeant Schaefer—and for the reason the latter is bringing in a better grade—or a larger quantity—of kidneys and livers?... Have Patrolman Brady, our versatile "improvising artist" of the imitation of Foley, been giving a tale entitled "How I Lost Him Have It"... Patrolmen Mengel, Mitchell, and Zwebel figure that the only way to get an increase in pay these days is to have an increase in the family. (Each addition, if you don't know, means $2.00 additional per check.)

Members of this command made a splendid showing in the Third War Loan drive... Why is it Patrolman Curley Minary that worried look these days? Could it be the rumor that OPA intends rationing hair tonics?... What sergeant gets blessed for everything that happens in the sergeant's locker room?... Doesn't Bradbury think he's a little too old to be going in for roller skating?... Which member of Act. Lt. Hofmann's staff gets peevéd if he has to work anything but a day tour? (Hint: Usually seen with a brief case under his arm and always in dirty.)... Is it true Patrolman Murray is angling for Weiss's job—when the latter returns... Corp. Frank Krupp, who came to us a little over a year ago as a rookie cop and after performing a few tours was taken into the Army and is serving now with the Military Police in the Second Service Command, has been cited by his Commanding Officer, together with another corporal, for being instrumental in bringing to justice another soldier who was passing bad checks and committing numerous frauds in various parts of the country. This man, when apprehended, resisted arrest and had to be subdued physically, following which he made offers up to $1000 if they would permit his release. Nice work, Corp. Krupp, all of us here at the 92nd are proud of you!

Complaint has been made that the column is not presented regularly, in respect to which we permit you to remind you we can't possibly submit anything for publication unless you give it to us. So if you want a column next month, brother—GIVE IT!!!

15TH DIVISION

100th Prec., Ptl. John C. Hoch...
101st Prec., Ptl. Harold K. Krennan...
102nd Prec., Ptl. John Delapapp...
103rd Prec., Ptl. Albert Coddell...
104th Prec., Ptl. Edward G. Schultze...
105th Prec., The New Digs...
106th Prec., Ptl. Alex Combs

102nd Precinct: Ahoy—Ranch Hands, Cops, Cowboys, Comrades, Pals and Friends—here we go again—and may the best man win!

That game (softball) we lost to the D.A.'s office was a humdingo, eh, wot? Score was something like 7 to 1—OK WAS IT 70 TO 1!!! Anyway, we all had a swell time... Played the 102nd Squad next and again got beat. Your reporter was chief cook on that occasion and he hopes you boys haven't accused him of having slipped something in the sandwiches. Maybe someone spiked the amber fluid they call the ale—Casually or Keenly watermarked?... It sure was a hot day and after the game came the Water Carnival—with every one getting soaked with buckets of water, Giles and Gertisser, who had it out hot and heavy, included... Detective Madge gave it to your reporter, who, alas, has ever since been in need of a new hat... Sergeant Henry also got baptised, as did Pauls, Neu, Stahl, Spongaburg, Stamm, Landenberger, among others... Heading the rooting section was our Skipper; also retired Inspector George Heitzman and the owner of Dexter Park, Mr. Rosen, all of whom claim they enjoyed the game—and particularly the antics that followed. Only casualty was the accidental spiking of our ace pitcher, John Spongaburg, by one of the D.A. runners. However, a little first aid and a cold beer or two cleared up that situation pronto. Yes, all in all it was a perfect day.

Later in the month we took over the 102nd Squad, also at Dexter Park, by a score of 12 to 4. The line-up for the 102nd Precinct: Patrolmen Schwicker, Giles, Spongaburg, Neu, Barlow, Schultze, Gertisser, Walsh, and Lieutenant Bulbier. 102nd Squad: McFerrin, Walsh, Madge, Gertisser, Kerby, Stamm, Stahl, Sergeant Keller, Bill Cowden and 12 or 14 others. Lieutenants Hughes and Andrews were the umpirs. Patrolman Paulus was chief cook and sandwich man and Patrolmen Connolly and Kevany tended the cooler—all of which added up to another swell time had by all.

We also have a bowling team. For matches contact Lieutenant Bob Bulbier or Patrolman Gene Kerby, our ace alley hawk.

Our fishing club is nothing to sneeze at, either. Our last party, from Renee's Haven in Freeport, aboard the Albert & Howard, captained by Marty Fischer, included D.C.I. John Gallager, Captain and Mrs. McGovern, Lieutenant Fischer, Sergeant Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Renee, Tom and Mrs. Layden, John and Mrs. Spongaberg, Geltner, Zimmermann, Beder, Madley, Jack and Mick and myself and daughter, Mrs. Wojciechows... The day looked bad but ended up swell and with everyone catching fish—kingfish, flounder, bluefishe, sand sharks, eels and crabs. A little of everything, as it were... Carl Geltner was chef-in-charge and boy, did that roast chicken and those veal cutlets look good!

Re-Lax Club members who visited with us in recent weeks included retired Patrolmen Bill Clancy, Bill Cowden and my old Kew Gardens side-partner and pal Bill Towny, all of whom you'll be glad to know, look fit as the proverbial fiddle.

I have another bill as a side-partner on the radio car since Bill Olsen too joined the Re-Lax Club—Bill Schroeder, making it now Schroeder and Schultes, Und How! We're both married to Irish wives, incidentally, which makes us a good Square Head combination, or something.

Patrolman Ed Blank, our First Broom, spent his vacation at Saugerties, N. Y., occupying during his stay the President's Suite at the Governor Clinton Hotel. The best, as everyone knows, is none too good for Ed.

Patrolman Artie Neu on his vacation headed for a place in Connecticut, was heard from later via a card marked Lake George, N. Y., and mailed from Stony Creek, N. Y. Some travelin', sez we.

Patrolman Woodrow M. Most, one of our younger members, who is now in the Army, writes that he misses us a lot and would like to hear from the gang.

Queens Police Post, American Legion, last month presented Mrs. George Meier a gold star citation commemorating the loss of her son, Edward W. Andrew, F.C. 3/c, who died a hero in a naval engagement aboard the U.S.S. Pensacola. George, as stepfather of the boy, attended the ceremonies with his wife. To the be-reaved parents our heartfelt sympathy is extended.
Our heartfelt condolences also to Patrolman John Schawle in the loss of his beloved sister, Caroline.

104th Precinct: The shock room lost a few more members to Uncle Sam—Patrolmen Leo Louison, John Leigh and William Wagner, whose names we add to our ever-increasing Honor Roll shown at the end of this column. Wagner sends regards from Camp Upton and wishes to take this opportunity to thank the members for the splendid manner in which he was befriended during his short probationary period with us. And to him we say in reply now: "We were glad to have you with us, Bill, and we look forward to the day when you and our other members will once again line up with us in the back room for roll-call. Good luck—and thanks for your message.

Let's hear now from Privates Leigh and Louison to whom we also wish the best.

Patrolman Genot made two swell hits last month, one on the ball field, the other with an excited young mother—by delivering her baby safely. 'Tis said he even had the child fingerprinted, classified by its draft board and its ration book issued by the time the doctor arrived. The first mentioned hit was made in the last inning of the ball game with the Firemen. With the score a tie, Genot ups and asks a home run to win the game—for our rivals, the Firemen! He played on their side as they were short a man and we loaned him to them for the game.

The accompanying photo, in case you haven't your glasses (in that case don't bother to read this, just look at the picture), shows James Quinn, the old salt, swapping dimes with Frank Scala, the son of Patrolman Scala. To them, too, the best of luck.

Is it true Patrolman Joe Cleary picked blueberries in Connecticut on his vacation—at two cents the bushel—and failed to declare such additional revenue on his income tax? And that Patrolmen Lister, Stichel and Margolin, who are now in the poultry business, are putting all their eggs in the one basket?

What sergeant on vacation last month was seen in a smart New York shop trying on a lieutenant's uniform? (Should we tell you?)

... and did you know that Detective Jacobs brought home with him from his vacation one of the silliest souvenirs imaginable—a load of hay fever? ... And that Detective Schlott spent a week at the Fox Lair Police Camp resting his pitching arm—after a summer of strenuous ball playing? ... Also that Detective Williams (the Greenpoint Kid), who became the sponsor of "White Vinegar," wishes he was back in the barrels again? ... and that his latest development is a vinegar that looks like champagne—but tastes like Carstairs and Soda? ... And that despite the fact Detective Kelley lies in Adams, the state of the squad is, creating a new style hat for the current season? (Wish he could do something with those helmets, they don't become the boys somehow!)

Speaking of helmets—Patrolman Kubiel wanted one with an upturned brim; Patrolman Bar thought he might look well in one with the brim turned down; but the best of all was when Patrolman Stossel asked for a hat box for his.

Best wishes for an enjoyable retirement to Patrolman Savery, who last month bid the Department adieu.

Here is our ever-increasing Honor Roll. Drop the boys a line; they will be glad to hear from you. Their addresses, upon request, can be had from your reporter.

106th Precinct: If the fenders or bumpers on the old crate are in need of repair, get in touch with Lieutenant (Horace the Welder) Holden ... he just received a diploma for all types of welding jobs and is looking for more practical experience ... the line forms to the right. ... "Yes, Almy, my name is Otto, but please call me Eddie!" ... A speedy recovery and good luck to Corporal William Moffett, the son of Patrolman Moffett, who was injured in the Sicilian Battle Zone and is recuperating now at a Staten Island base hospital. Another son, Richard, is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas ... Greetings to Patrolmen Arthur Risdell, William Kayser, Joseph Clavin and Albert Levy, the new members of the precinct, all of whom will be eligible soon to join the Coo-Koo Club, of which Lieutenant Kurtzke, incidentally, is now a charter member. ... Patrolman Louie Higg tells us he can purchase a race horse very cheap and is looking for a partner to finance the hag bill. Are you listening, Fritz Bohler?

Noticed as Platoon prepares for inspection: Ed. O'Neil wearing his non-skid girdle. ... Clinton Murray silent? as ever. ... Bill Hansen, too, refusing to talk; mustn't be feeling well ... Capps sporting red petrol rubber soles. ... Irving Hitler covered all over with shuffelboard dust. ... Grace with a dozen blood worms in his pocket, to be used for bait after his tour. ... Charlie Pyle loaded down with manuscripnts.

What do you think of Sergeant (Blitzkreig) Ahlers' newly acquired mustache? No wisecracks, please. ... Gasoline restrictions are now lifted for motorboats and again the tall fish stories will leave us cold; but please, Gentlemen, stop referring to that small fluke as the big flounder that got away. Congratulations and good luck to the daughters of Lieutenant Pop Hampson and Patrolman Rover Muller, respectively, who recently marched down the aisle. ... Best wishes to Patrolmen William Brown (our new P.B.A. delegate) and to Bill Pugs and Bliey Forster, our old standbys. Give them all the support you can, boys, by paying your dues promptly. They are working for all of us. ... Patrolmen Tony Shostak and Tom Mangan have a bumper crop of mixed vegetables—the result of their spring toiling in that vacant lot victory garden in Hollis. Tom, by the way, will drive the horse and wagon and Tony will cry the wares! This to placate their wives, who are complaining that in addition to vegetables they would like to have meat on the table, too, once in a while.

TO THE 7TH SQUAD'S BILL O'ROURKE.

Hail! O'ourke! the precinct's Lone Ranger. To whose wife last month came a cute stranger! Where there were two there now are three, and IS BILL PROUD A FATHER TO BE?

Poor Tom, Bill's Partner, is positive—sure—He'll never forget that one late tour. Nor will I forget how our Bill shone. When he came back from the telephone. Each hour of that natal night Was like an age in endless flight. And was Bill glad when the tour was over; When he saw his son he was ALL in clover! Good luck to you, Bill, in your hour of joy, And to your dear wife and your baby boy! —Patrolman Albert E. Kretschman.

16TH DIVISION


109th Precinct: Another of our lads has left us to join the armed forces—Sergeant Francis A. Young, a member now of the U.S. Navy. One of our rookies, Billie Becker, also is to join the Navy and likewise will help settle this argument started by Schicklegruber. To all our men now serving with the armed forces we wish plenty of luck and a speedy return. Sergeant McAllister, too, tried to get into the Navy, but alas, no dice. Why is Frank Roever in such a hurry to retire? Afraid Dimitroff will be made a sergeant, maybe? Is it true the "Main Street Romeo" and our one and only "Browne Carroll" are one and
same person... Cullen would like to know from Doc Powers if "Rose Bud of the Lake" still remembers him... Why is it Jim Holden keeps ducking Tony Sposvig?... Ed Lauster says he will accept any job so long as he won't have to stand on his feet—even in the barn... Is it true Patrolman Bote spent his vacation in Florida looking over his prospective tag summons customers... And that Grumpy is still looking for that 5 A.M. ring... And that Tony, the clean-up guy around the house, claims Joe Hunt and Paul Raimo are no help to him... Which lieutenant has been named "Bells" by the Attendants?... What cop on the signal monitor talks like ex-sergeant Healy?... Is Tom Sullivan getting bigger or is MacAlee shrinking?... Galigan better stop eating or we may mistake him for a U. S. Blimp... The team of Cellars and Walker is still keeping the precinct clean of night workers, the while Balky and Hodson do their stuff in the day time... With such men as these the rest of the crew could just as well go home... Good link to Sergeant Frederick who also has left us to join the Navy, as a non-commissioned officer... Has a son in the U. S. Army, incidentally... Soll Rittersman took in the Coney Island carnival—as did also his sweetie... The gang from Rockaway came back with beautiful coats of tan and a Rockaway accent... Ernie Hayfield lost some more of his hair thinking of all the butter and meat he could buy—if he weren't out of ration points.

110th Precinct: Since the retirement of Marshal Molloy, our former reporter, this column has lain idle, so we're going to try to pick up now where Marty left off. And remember—no offense to anyone is intended ever—also that anything we say here is meant only in good fun... So don't forget to give the little brown box in the back room the attention it deserves. Okay? Members of the command have their intimations of moving should not forget our demon mover, Sampiri. Arrangements may be made through his booking agent and manager, Pat O'Gold Gley... Now that Washy has been assigned as recorder on Sector 3, we can rest assured crime in said sector will come to an abrupt halt... What operator of Sector 5 is willing to pay a handsome sum to have someone worry for him? Would Smith, J., know?... Whose face turned even redder when, after riding in a radio car 6 hours one very hot August day he discovered the heater was working... Now that Brother Fleiter has been promoted to the Bank Squad, we wonder on whose shoulder Brother Watts is going to rest... Which irrevocable fisherman of the Rockaways threw the anchor of the good ship "Glookeo" overboard and a moment later wound up in the drink himself? (Details furnished on request)... Congratulations to that demon office boy, Charlie Linkenmeyer, on having so ably filled the shoes of Peter Connelly while Pete was away on his annual leave! Which supposedly very hot fisherman up in the A.W.S. made a date with fishing, rain or shine, but neged politely when the weather looked threatening?... Congratulations to Ferrara, Doherty, Vradenburgh and Horowitz, on those good arrests—with emphasis on the Departmental recognition they so richly deserve!... Is it true that Herbit Mott, that well known farmer of Whitestone, is writing a book entitled "The Proper Care & Feeding of Chickens"?... Our best wishes to those who have retired and sincerely we hope that success will attend their every venture... Godspeed also to our boys in the armed forces, and don't forget, all you fellows in the uniform of Uncle Sam, no matter where you are or what you are doing we would like to hear from you.


If you want to have a laugh get Mudder Kirk to tell you what happened when his Better Half went on a vacation and he took care of the children... Anyone expecting a blessed event should contact Rock Hubbard Nevins for the care and feeding of the baby... Didio, now counting the days, says that when the big day arrives he will take over the boothback concession in a Harta station house, and as a sideline will handle the election duties... Who is the old timer whose wife is expecting the stork in December?... Congrats to Act. 14. Gaynor who a short time ago rounded out 20 active and honorable years in this department... What patrolman in the A.W.S. pulled a fox pass when he proclaimed "I am the Air Raid Warden on this post!"? Would Rudgie know?... Orchids to Patrolman Tommy Ryan on this prize dog which was presented unreturnable! Keep it up, Tom, and let's hear again from you. And by the way, are you that visitor that went from Sir Stork a secret?... Well, men, I only work with 5 squads and the lone contact I have with you is via the little brown box—so don't let the 110 down. Deposit your notes and suggestions and we will be happy to put them in print for you.

114th Precinct: For the first time to the knowledge of your reporter a member of this command has succeeded where so many other men have failed—Milti. Friedman's lovely Missus Missy put a lovely mouth presented him with twins! Keep up the good work, Milti, the shortage of automobile salesmen daily grows more acute... All of us regret the loss of one of our "quiz kids," Frank Forbes, who left us for the 101st. (The call of the salt water, no doubt)... Who amongst the gang here was seen shoveling the soil off his roof (in Long Island City), then carting it away in his ice truck?... Why did a certain gent buy a new coffee pot—and a can of brown polish for the attic?—if he doesn't want the attendants' detail?... Is it true Ridley C. intends taking up dancing since someone told him he looks like Fred Astaire—when he limbered a few fancy steps up at the 23rd Precinct?... What Man Mountain Dean at the airport shingles up his Croze De Guerre every time a WAC passes him by in the Administration building?... And is it true Sutton was seen wearing his ear muffs on his new post July and August? (Could it be the cold—or just the noise of the planes warming up?)... What cop here goes around with a W.I. (wife issue) haircut?

Who can blame the following for asking why barbers are allowed to charge 75¢ for a haircut—when not one of them possesses more than 15¢ worth of this important commodity: Messrs. Schulta, Leas, O'Leary (John), Mark, Sievers, Bolen?... Johnny Garcia is a father—again!... Congratulations! Mother and John Michael doing fine... Cromin telephoned Macy's the other day whereupon the girl on the other end replied, "Sorry, madam, we haven't any more!" (That soothing telephone voice, eh?)... Juffey: "When I get out I'm going to get a job in the Richfield, N. J., Police Department; Charley Oppel, too, I have friends over there!"... At the last pistol practice "Two Gun" Krueger made only one day—because, claims he, they would not let him use his telescope... What rookie in the ninth squad is allergic to a full moon?... Anticaglia: "Everyone says that I look like an Irishman"... Markay: "Muss my hair and call me Wilkie"... Conlodences to Patrolman Lou Calzarella in the death of his Mother... Patrolman Charley Marquet left us for the 100th Precinct—still another call of the salt water, no doubt... We welcome to the command Sergeant Frank Fritz, and may his stay with us be a long and happy one.

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Arthur J. Gontko

This month's article is written by one of Joe Wern's junior Wincheless, so here goes: Birthday Greetings to Sergeants Allen Murphy and Walter Nawrocko, and Patrolmen Saul Bannister, Martin Dolan, Sid Gaffney, Andy Geisler, Tom Howard, Arthur Grady, Andy Murray, Harry Schlereth, Joseph Sterzinger.

A speedy recovery for all the men on sick report.

Nice to see Bill Boyle back on the job again after his long illness.

How about dropping a line to our buddy in the armed forces, 1st Lieutenant Ralph Dudley?... Charlie Coyle's son and Jimmie Slattery's boy have enlisted in the Coast Guard, and are they glad! (If we don't blame 'em.) Is it true Vince (the Quince) McGrath gets the jitters every time anyone mentions a certain patrolman from Traffic A whose initials are R.F. (How about it, Vince?)... Why does Billy Gould blow a blood vessel every time some one mentions "Egg in his Beer." (How come, Bill, got a past?)... Butter-Nuts Buckley still complaining that the polish he has to use on the car is so thick it sticks like glue.
(Ever think of using gloves, feller?) ... Ever see Sergeant Nawrocky go through his "Yogi" exercises?

Eddie Zmoor's Better-Half (Viola) has been sending "vacation" cards to a certain few whom she figures could handle the situation much better than Her Darling. (Believe you me, that's a situation to handle, eh, Ed?) ... After being "frozen" in the Emergency Service for a couple of weeks, Max Boch says he is well trained now to be transferred to that Division permanently ... Anyone wanting a fence built around his victory garden next year just see Jimmie Lent. Built one around his own (to keep out those rabbits) from a "special" kind of wood ... What certain sergeant likes to praise his hands? (Would the gentleman from Rosedale know?) ... Should you want to go fishing and can't get a rowboat, just call up Joe Savino, he has 2 in his back yard ... Joe "Boy" Phelan is considering a venture of assistance to harvest all of the crops from his "Penthouse Victory Garden." Teddy (that's his Better-Half) will serve refreshments and Ginger (that's Joe's cat) will play with all the children. Looks like a good time will be had by all who lend a hand ... Pop Gellella has been showing his new son, Leonad, Jr., how he patrols Pier 88. (But, Leo, not at 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning!) That's the way to break him in, Caroline ... Whistling Al Rohde has taken another house. The many men that make, one, on a convey duty at Al Lombardi and the Dennis Gallagher each are expecting a little Bundle from Heaven? ... McCusker says that Marge (his wife) kind of likes it when he does clerical work—because he doesn't when so engaged get his snowsuit so dirty.

Good luck to Harold Gillezeau who was transferred to the 14th Precinct! And while on the subject congratulations Harold, on the swell arrest of a stick-up man in Radio City last month ... Members of the 5th Squad are butting John Morris into a dozen towels. What anniversary is it, John? ... Rose Bush Hrubes got some vitamin A B C pills, put them into the radiator of his car, and when he took it out of storage it turned over just like that—*see he, *What "rookie" in the baseball squad is known as "Gabby Hurtuet?" (Would J.J. know?) ... Edward "Harvey" Dyrlie is now a property owner and requests that the following named members of Traffic C report at his residence for a friendly visit, say about 2 P.M. on some Sunday in October, bringing with them the necessary equipment for the painting of his house and the cementing of his driveway. Those requested to attend will be assigned as follows:

Bamberger—charge of bringing the ham, balonecy, etc. ... Buckley—mixing cement, etc. ... Dilm—painting shingles, etc. ... Tom Dolan—charge of the ladders ... Dyrlie—charge of everything (the foreman) ... Gallagher—dispenser of refreshments (He can bring some, too, if he wants to) ... Hrubes—painting all the trim ... Hrubes—just painting, etc. ... Gontko—repaving driveway ... Joel—transportation (getting refreshments to residence) ... Kuykendall—helper for Buckley ... McCusker—helper for Hrubes ... Hannon—helper for Gontko ... Lombardi—helper for Geisler ... Lent—the Boss' helper ... Help!!!

TRAFFIC I

Ptl. A. Nonymous

Traffic I

Thumb Nail Sketches: Hank Pointer, erstwhile demon safetyman of Traffic I, has quite a background. How many of the good gendarmes in and about Traffic I ever knew that Hank's ambition to become one of New York's "Finest" really goes way, way back to those halcyon days of more thinkable mustaches? Many years ago, when "Harris, and Son" were the proprietors of the old Huntington Movie House at Huntington and Avenue A, our Harry was their "SPECIAL"—in which capacity he would stroll through the neighborhood with a newspaper tucked into his hip pocket and in such a way that through the coat the paper might have been taken for a gun, which was the impression Harry wished to convey. To add special emphasis to this gesture, Harry would stroll male by male, a la Private "G.T. Magnificent," and many of the good neighbors thought: "Ah, there go two fine lads, both cops, but the one most has left his uneform at home!" Well, after many years Harry became one of New York's "Finest," and a very fine addition he made to the Force. In the investigating of accidents—determining their causes and the proper methods and means of eliminating those causes—Harry has no peer. A hard, willing worker if ever there was one.

Red Schiellings to Larry Doyle and Chuckiehead Farrington!

TRAFFIC K

Ptl. Jack Garfield

Motorcycle Precinct

Don't know how good I'm going to be as a reporter, but I'll do the best I can. And in the meanwhile remember, please, it's all in good fun for the further purpose of putting good old Motorcycle One on the map.

Why does Peg Leg Harry and Three Quarter Barney continually argue as to who is to operate the radio motor patrol car? Is it because of those light duty slips? ... Wonder why a guy named Harman always wants an escort when he is assigned to the booth? Can the place be unhealthy? ... Why did Jimmy Cusack have to borrow Joe O'Connor's iron lung? Is it because while he misses Post 2, he misses none of the cobblerstom over which he now exercises control? ... Who is it that insists Yost is no longer a flit man? ... And is it true that because of the tire shortage Hammer takes his car out only on purely special occasions now—funerals, weddings, christenings, etc.? ... And that when "talks a little" Burke was asked if he had registered he promptly brought to light his Selective Service card? ("Ya can't vote on that, Tom!" ... Is Pat Solrod wearing a mustache to be different, or because of the attraction such facial adornments hold for the weaker sex?

Happy to have back with us again one of our buddies, Patrolman Henley, Jr. ... Best wishes and lots of luck to one of our riders who has just retired—Patrolman Charlie Williams! ... Patrolman "Queensboro" McEvoy hopes to get into the Army—but soon ... Sight of the month: "Irony" Ryan riding home on a horse, "boarded" and sitting directly behind a sign which reads: Own My Thick Carly R. Horse! ... Best wishes for a speedy recovery to those on sick report ... Please take note, Mrs. Ritter, that husband of yours sure can look! ... If anyone wants a horse haunted, or a lecture on anything pertaining thereto, contact Patrolman Ochenshirt, our rookie of plus...
40 years... Kenneth Smith may be a good sign painter but as a watch fitter he is nil... Lieutenant Crowley has been asking for Pat Caravano; seems he misses him... And if you're in the market for a sweater—see Ronan—as his lad pups... Has more sweaters right now than an onion has skins.

John "Garfield" McGregor is down! Is up! Is down! Is up!...

MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2

Ptd. Joh I. N. G. Along

"He has a good head on his shoulders," Lieut. Fleischner says of our new mechanic, Bill Porter, to which your reporter adds, "That's a very good place to have it!" No...? Welcome aboard, Gus Brown and Sidney Gerstenfeld... And congratulations to Sergeant Edmund DiGiacomo upon his promotion to that rank... Our former pal, George Gentile, sends greetings from the S.W. Pacific where he skippers a Higgins boat for the Army Transport. His address is c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Best wishes also to Sergeant Kenneth Neary, U.S.M.C. (the son of our skipper), who recently was advanced to that rank... We welcome hack from an extended siege of illness the best P.R.A. delegate in the business, Jim Ollife. None will give us any argument, Jim, when we say you were sorely missed... Phyllis Blush overboard explaining to Charlie Hood how he catches the 1:30 A.M. news flashes while waiting to feed the baby his 2 A.M. bottle. Bill Dorsey, Phyllis, is the way to handle in decorations... Something will have to be done about getting separate lockers for Sergeant Charlie Joseph and Lieutenant Asklund. The other afternoon, Sergeant J. went home with the Lute's coat and pants.

Henry Moller's 57th birthday was suitably celebrated by the boys inside... What bachelor was asleep in bed with the dog at his feet when the doorbell rang and, upon his failure promptly to answer, was nipped on his snozella by the pup who thought by this means to wake him up—the resulting cost for doctor and veterinary setting him back 35 bucks? Would Charlie Bertez know?... Say, what kind of an outfit is this Staten Island Honeydippers' Club? Bob Smith is supposed to be the President. Well, that's a good start... What is the idea of the "new buddy" seat? Bill McCarren is designing—and in which Sergeant Newman shows a keen interest. Thought of trying it out, Sergeant Tom McDonough, our revolver instructor, recommends three days extra vacation for Sam Katz for establishing a new world's record with a score of 51... Our handy-man, Harold Bradley, is now making useful Xmas toys out of cardboard milk containers.

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT

The Ghost

More choice bits of gossip for you fellows to find fault with... First, to the boys who were retired, namely, Johnny Lovel, Charlie Draycott, Eddie Schedel and Otto Mahnken we wish the best of health and many happy hours in the years that are to come—which we hope will be many.

Charlie Pierson returned from his New Hampshire vacation with the cutest little mustache—which leads us to wonder if he isn't something in the air in that state that causes vacationers to come back with floral decorations under their noses... First it was Lieutenant K, and now Charlie... Can it be they use mustaches to filter the air up there??

Most popular man here right now is Tom Dunphy. Seems Tom has a friend who knows a gent who is a very personal confidante of a guy that has some ham. If you get stuck with any, Tom, remember The Ghost. He'll take a pound or three if nobody else will.

Eddie Shields, whose usefulness to The Ghost ended with the publication of that unfortunate statement here about his being our helper, is still marking off the days. Tough grind, Eddie, but, remember—patience is a virtue.

Tom (Lone Wolf) Harrington, back from that millionaire summer resort, Mastic Beach, still doesn't know how to open clams... Don't give up, Tom, some day you, too, will be adept at handling the pesky things—like Glaser, tricycle.

Speaking of Glaser reminds us that John and Kenny Brown have become very proficient in the art of canning and preserving. They run a close second, in fact, to "Skid" Prisavage, who is the master... Incidentally, John has been a great help of late running errands out Jamaica way—if you know what we mean.

Remarkable Observation (John Mason to George Drexel): "You know, George, you have a beautiful head of skin?" Quite a wise-cracker, this little man of soft voice.

Rube Bernstein visited. Looks the picture of health. Who said the Florida sun can't do wonders for you?

Lester Keuling, on a visit to North Carolina recently to see his bother graduate from O.T.S., stopped at a hotel for the night—which he spent chasing battalions of flies and mosquitoes that had formed into diving formations and had gone to work on poor Les. Got rid of the pests finally and all would have been peaceful and serene that the town crier was just outside his window where every half hour it bonged merrily—as a reminder to Les that he shouldn't oversleep.

Is it true that "Chief" John Green, of the Lake Parsippany (N. J.) Auxiliary Volunteer Fire Company, while on vacation was kept so very busy responding in his official capacity to fires in dog houses, out houses, etc., that he neglected shamefully the mowing of the lawns, a job inherited from his offspring?... And that Ed Farnam, of Price exacted, for past favors, full payment from Lester Pettigrew at the latter's Loon Lake Colony in the Adirondacks?—or was it just a reunion—or renewal—or rehashing—of an old acquaintanceship?

So long till next month.

POLICEMEN'S BUREAU

Polw. Emma Alden

Thanks, Polw. CATHERINE ROSENBERG for the news on retired Polw. ADELAIDE MUNDELL's trip to California. She had to scoup butterflies and four-inch grasshoppers out of her auto radiator, but Mrs. M. enjoyed all the scenic sights. She's now in Reno—to enjoy the fishing... Polw. ESTHER MCGUIRE and GENEVIEVE HORAN attended the lovely testimonial dinner given retired Polw. MAE WHALEN; biggest prize was won by Mrs. W., who represented her son who is with the armed forces overseas... Sincere best wishes to retired Polw. LAWON R. BRUCE and CARRIE F. WHALEN and JAB's MARGARET B. SHELLEY.

SWEET-SCENTED BOUQUETS: Polw. DOROTHY NOTTAGE's joy was named Edward Gilbert 11... Everyone's glad about FELICIA SHPRITZER'S appointment to the Policewomen's Uniform Committee... Too bad that we can't give space to the list of ladies who were presented with a medallion for tennis playing... JAB Lt. SHEEHAN's sceptred Archbishop Spellman sans faux pas... Accompanying our Director, Polw. KAY BARRY, HELEN GREEN, HANNAH MOENCH, LUCY MURPHY, and BARBARA POPKIN well represented us at Police Chieft's annual convention at Hotel Astor.

INTERVIEWS: Miss June Johnson, the beautiful blond daughter of the co-star of the famous Oscars & Polw. 20th Century team, said she thought it would be fun for this interviewer to be one of "Molly's girls" than to be a famous actress. This talented lady of the theatre surely spreads glamour on us Policewomen!

Commissioner EVELYN Q. GONZALEZ of State Commission of Correcion honored the Bureau of Policewomen with an informal visit. It was a privilege to meet this graduate of Mount St. Vincent; but not just because of her accomplishments, although these include being a former Assistant District Attorney in New York County; the first woman to receive an honorary Ph.D. degree from Fordham University, conferred by the late Cardinal Hayes; an HONORARY MEMBER OF OUR POLICE DEPT. HONOR LEGION; THE ONLY HONORARY NEW YORK CITY POLICEWOMAN (distinction awarded in 1935); and wife of Antonio C. Gonzalez, former U. S. minister to Ecuador, Panama, Venezuela. It is as her friend, DIRECTOR JAB, that Polw. LUCY MURPHY is associated; Mrs. Gonzalez's live interest in the sociological affairs of the under-privileged Puerto Ricans of this city and her keen understanding of the constant need for progressive social improvements generally symbolize the noble, energetic, beloved ingredients of the glorified spirit of intelligent womanhood.


GREETINGS TO OCTOBER BIRTHDAY BLESSES: Irene M. Purecell and Nettie Harris of JAB; Gertrude Grunin, Theresa O'Connor, Nellie O'Connor, Louise Z. Wagner.

BLOOD DONOR HONOR ROLL: Marian Winter, Mary Reilly, Felicia Shpritzer.
WHO was responsible for having the Policewomen prior to the Third War Loan Parade assemble in front of the Home for Friend- less Women??

Pols. Margaret Collins of Duluth, Minnesota, claims to have gained a great deal from studying the procedure of the Juvenile Aid Bureau and Bureau of Policewomen. We always enjoy meeting such interested visitors.

PRIZE TALE OF THE MONTH: The messenger boy told Det. ANN ORR to be sure to have chicken; and when she opened the telegram, it was such a request from her soldier son who was anticipating going home on a furlough.

PICKPOCKET SQUAD NEWS: Congratulations! Det. MOLLY GRAHAM is thrilled over being a grandmother! Det. "JO" FREER is under consideration for membership in the Honor Legion.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Ptl. De Molition

77th Precinct:

Dante (Tommy Dorsey) Cantarella, the slip horn artist who represents us in the Police Band, is on a strict cracker and milk diet. Could it be the trombone that's responsible?

Lieutenant Lee, who returned from his vacation with a healthy tan, looks fit as the proverbial fiddle, only he doesn't play one.

Patrolman Richardson, the flashy half-back from the University of Atlantic Avenue, appeared a vision of sartorial splendor one P.M. recently, to wit: cute suit with a locket pocket, pants with loud chants, socks with hock blocks, shoes with square toes and, love-tie of all, a wallet with a loose deuce.

106th Precinct:

To demonstrate further their spirit and cooperation for the welfare of our country, wardens of Sector 10 purchased $8,000 in U. S. war bonds during the Third War Loan drive.

Recently a soldier stationed at Fort Monmouth, N. J., driving west on Atlantic Avenue between 117th and 118th Streets, Richmond Hill, crashed into the center mall. Samuel Deutschman, a warden of Sector 24, Zone B, removed the injured soldier to Sector Headquarters where first aid was given pending the arrival of an ambulance.

15th Division:

The 15th and 16th Division wardens are still battling it out—via softball. Act. Captain Kafka in their last encounter was the outstanding player of the day. He pitched a no-hit game—for two-thirds of an inning... Act. Captain Joseph Green, 16th Division, scored the first run for his team—and is still puffing! Recommended next time he be furnished a bicycle to circle the bases. Patrolman Ryan, 16th Division, allowed no run to score in the 9th inning when, with two out and 3 on, as a result of walks, it started to look as if he were being paid by the opposition. The 16th won, finally, and Kafka still insists "we wuz robbed!" The winners later played the Mulberry Street AWS and beat them in 14 innings by a score of 7 to 6.

MIDTOWN SQUAD

Ptl. Hal Graves

A certain character likes olive oil, likes it so much, in fact, he drinks it till it comes out of his knees... Moral: Leave the stuff alone or:

Try Orsay's muscles Titman's looks,
Hunter's shine, or Cottell's books.
Petit's drawers alone will please.
They cover up those oily knees.

On September 30, the local bowling quartet, Jones, Braun, Lewis and Leonhardt, was swamped by the 17th Precinct team. Klondike Bill Schwannerman kept the tally but even so the score still was sad. Johnnie Leonhardt was wide of his usual mark by about two alleys, and Eddie Jones knew he'd hate himself in the morning. Fearless Freddie Lewis took the loss badly—as did also Bruno Braun who all evening long kept crying "Foul!" Better luck next time, men.

Bob Riemer was our loss and the 112th Precinct's gain. To the new sergeant, most popular lad in the squad, we all wish success in his new job... Greetings to our latest recruits: Sisino, Davis and Ondrak. The latter also received greetings from Uncle Sam and is now a member of the armed forces. Best of luck to him and the other lads who left us: Jimmy (Jiggs) Mahon, to the Hack Bureau; Gene (W. C. Fields) Leonard, who joins Al Kahn in Manhattan West Headquarters, and Gus Brown, Motorcycle Division.

North of the Macy-Gimbel line: Tom Mooney thinks post 3 is the salt of the earth—which is probably why he's been trying to shake it for three years... Jimmie (Tonto) Ryan should be the happiest guy in the street—always looking for a silver lining!... That whizzing sound the other day when Wally (Spareribs) Wollman carried the English flag at City Hall, was his ancestors turning over in their graves... Last month will be hard to forget, what with Dick (Hot Socks) Raisfeld switching his Interweavers and Eddie (Crueller-legs) Dillenberger working two days in a row!... Spotted on 56th Street—Mel (Big Boy) Stuve in his Sunday Best cementing international relations—via Panama (in-m-m). With Bill Quinn back on post permanently everybody's watches are running on time again... Jack Grafton, ex of the squad, expecting an addition to the family. Sends regards to the boys... Aside to Tony Doyle: Pardon the big feet, Bud. Nothing malicious intended... Whatever became of Ed (Mr. Bones) Fiskule's bike-route-to-Jones-Beach idea?... Congratulations to the principals in that recent wedding. We hope the future will hold real happiness for the newly married some.

It Wasn't So Long Ago When: Ole Olsen was an Eagle Scout... McDonald's shoes were new... Jimmie Mahler was called "Snookums"... Mike Kedane was the darling of the Rehearsal Club (Mike, you're the divil)... White socks made certain people see red... The local cellar-door dancers, Ganci and Dunn, spent the rest of the year recuperating from those two-week cruises... and that mighty Pegsn myth was exploded, in one fall, by George, the chauffeur!

Cutie Sayings Department: Jim Brown: "They just went South on 5th Avenue and East on 34th Street"... John Conray: "If I'd stayed on the subway job I'd be a motorman by now!"... Vince Butler: "Step over here and let's discuss this thing from the beginning"... Sam Horn: "Now, when I worked post 28..."... Johnnie Duffy: "Ooops, half-past! Gotta see the rabbits..." Jim McGuire: "Give me a cover, will ya?"... Frank Tietman: "Hey, cut it out! You know Vera will get mad!" Dick Stewart: "Where ya goin'?"... Oh, well, blame it on the sulfa drugs!

TELEGRAPH BUREAU

Ptl. "Sparks"

WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS!

During the past few months the Telegraph Bureau has lost the services, through retirement, of four of its most experienced operators.

It would be interesting indeed to compile a few statistics regarding their activities while members of this bureau. For example: How many felons have been apprehended due to their alert and intelligent handling of calls from citizens or from fellow officers on patrol? How much property has been recovered due to their prompt relaying of information relative to "Burglars," "Hitjackers," "Robbers?" How many lives have been prolonged—or even saved—by their dispatching of ambulances or other emergency equipment? How many distraught parents have been calmed by their understanding advice concerning thoughtless children? How many persons intent on destroying themselves have been "talked out of it" by these stalwarts when they called on the telephone to tell of their intentions? Of what value were these men and their services to the Telegraph Bureau—to this Department—to the taxpayers of the City of New York? No one can even venture a guess—and it certainly cannot be measured in dollars and cents!

We do know that together they served a total of 134 years in this Department, 97 of which were spent in the Telegraph Bureau! How many thousands of calls they must have handled! Here is the record:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Year Assigned</th>
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<tr>
<td>Joseph F. Brown</td>
<td>1903</td>
<td>1916</td>
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<td>Vincent Valentine</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>1910</td>
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<td>Louis Paulus</td>
<td>1909</td>
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<td>John J. Gordon</td>
<td>1916</td>
<td>1927</td>
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The entire personnel of the Telegraph Bureau joins in wishing them all that is fine during their well earned and richly deserved retirement.

May He who guides the destinies of us all look with special favor on each of them, and may He say to them, "Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant!"

SERGEANTS' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
Sgt. Joseph J. Regan, Jr.

At the October meeting of the Sergeants' Benevolent Association, held recently at the Governor Clinton Hotel, Manhattan, a resolution was passed bestowing a life membership to retired Sergeant Max Isaacson, attached to the 46th Precinct when he retired September 15, 1943.

Sergeant Isaacson, who spoke nine different languages, had a varied and colorful career in the department. Appointed a patrolman February 1, 1907, he later was assigned to the Detective Division, where he remained until his promotion to Sergeant on July 7, 1920. He was honored by the Association because of his twenty-two years of membership, during which time he was a member of the Board of Directors, an active precinct delegate (qualever precinct Max worked in usually had a 100% membership), and chairman of the Welfare Committee in which field he was an exceptionally active worker.

In one of the seconding speeches made when the resolution was offered, a member stated: "Max Isaacson was an extremely active member of this Association, but, above all, he was a good cop." This was just one of the many fine compliments paid to the retired sergeant, who resides now at 386 Fl. Washington Avenue, Manhattan, and who by the time this prints reach will have left for a well-earned rest in the sunny climate of Florida.

75th Precinct: Former Sergeant Luis Ramirez Brau, now Chief of Insular Police, took time out on a recent trip from Puerto Rico to visit us with his party and we were sure happy to welcome him and make him feel at home. Wondering now if the Chief's visit has anything to do with Sergeant Carroll taking Spanish lessons now? And did you notice that long list of members of this command who volunteered to donate blood to the Red Cross for the second time? . . . Wonder, too, if Blash ever found out what goose it was that laid the golden egg? . . . And if Lacher has paid any baled hay since he has taken up residence in the station house? . . . Also why every one loses his desire for food when Chief Cook O'Hara is on deck? . . . And if it's true that since the price of haircuts was upped, boys had to re-establish Willie Armato in business? . . . And that now that he is doing business again those gents who used to get a haircut every six months, whether they needed it or not, are now regular weekly customers? . . . Too bad Willie's 32's are so short!

Now that that certain veteran of World War 2 is back again as pilot of the patrol wagon he is looking for that raise—which never seems to come. Better luck next time, Holly. . . . Our appreciation to the Attendants, Cleaners and Roehrig for their interest in keeping us posted on the activities of their association. . . . Good luck to Sergeant Peter Kenny, who was just made with the last batch! . . . All of the boys mentioned now better shape up for action on the checker board when the next championship tournament starts: Rapp, Santori, Lieutenant Diamond, Belluci, Molinari, Ustich, Mandell, Weinstein, Drabert.

SERVICE STATION 4
Pit. Nuts & Bolts

Hardick (the tomato expert) is quite an authority on the preserving of that red luscious fruit. (He brought some in—once) . . . Royal pleaded very hard for that Mey. Tire Certificate and when he received it eventually nobody in town had any to sell. Tough luck, Glenn. . . . Bisciotti will be blamed if any of the boys develop ulcers—those monstrous meat balls may be the reason. . . . Incidentally, for a little guy Smitty certainly can devour those meat balls and spaghetti . . . At last Gressler has had a couple of Sundays off. (Bet the little gal was pleased) . . . Bill Iden wants everyone to know that those light slacks he wears Sundays did not come from any Good Humor man . . . Bob Wojtyszek suggested that the shop be air cooked. (He'll get his wish this winter) . . . Did you know that Fred Hoffman is quite adept at making chicken eggs? . . . And that our No. 1 so non-chalant man here is Phil Miller?

Why is it Sergeant McWeeny locks the drawer wherein he keeps his matches? Would Joe Biscotti know? . . . The boys at S.S. 4 on the 4-12 and 2-8 wish a with a melodious voice looks like—also if it is true he answers to the name of Sergeant Fagan—and that he plays a guitar and in order to make the company listen the doors are locked and the key hidden? . . . Now that Act. Sgt. Zuck has become a budget expert he should carry his portfolio with him.

That's all for today. See you next month.

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION
Prof. L. Spillit

One advantage working for Motor Transport: Instead of having to consult the calendar to learn when the winter season begins, all we do is take one glance at the back of a certain lieutenant's neck and when the silvery looks begin to look as if they belong to an unemployed musician, then we know the cold weather is here.

Anent those eight stitches with which the doctor was compelled to decorate Dave O'Sullivan's noodle: Seems Dave was wrestling with his new-born son, trying to take his rattie away, when the youngster with a magnificent display of strength broke loose and let his old gent have it. Dave says he saw the blow coming but wasn't quick enough to do something about it. (For further details see Mr. Foley up in the Bronx.)

Our apologies now to Lieutenant Kepko for pretty near scaring the life out of him recently. No, Emil, the office staff wasn't really going to drop in on you for dinner—they were only kidding! Sorry!

Our two singing troubadours, Bill Deney and Sergeant Paddy English, are at it again. On October 20 last at St. Catherine's R.C. Church in Pelham Manor, Bill, resplendent in white tie and tails, sang the old classic, "East Side—West Side," while the Pat similarly dolled up, rendered "Back Home in Indiana." The boys must have been in excellent form that night judging from the extremely small quantity of eggs, soft tomatoes and such with which their offerings were received.

We understand the lads down in the garage are seriously thinking of calling up Mrs. Donnelly and advising her that the next time she buys her spouse a suit of clothes, to make sure the trousers are good and roomy. Those tight pants he's been featuring of late haven't been doing him much good.

Incidentally, have you noticed the happiness in Bill Bell's eyes ever since he's been granted the privilege of sleeping in a bed again?

Were you included among the select few invited by Patrolman "Tiny" Asaph to be his guests at that 60 lb. pig roast—and at which the choice wines and liquors flowed, we're told, practically like water?

We take this occasion to introduce a newcomer to our ranks, as spry and active a youngster as ever graced any command—Patrolman Frederick "The Dapper" Symington, who was quite a dasher in his younger days and who, we're willing to wager, still can toss 'em. He didn't get those notches on his belt for nothing!

Oh, yes, Patrolman "Battling" Farrara, recently returned from a week's hunting expedition high up in the mountains, did all right this time, the bag including one old rubber tire that resembled a coiled snake, two spoiled salami sandwiches, one over-ripe rhubarb and a hole in his pants.

Instead of catching fish on that recent trip to sea Bud Gorman and his chums caught colds. The pay-off came when the boat started to sink about 40 yards off shore. Bud's weight, of course, had nothing to do with it—not much.

To Lieutenant Tom Mooney, our deepest sympathy in the loss of his beloved Mother. Condolences also to Joe Hardy of the Bookkeeper's Office whose Mother also has gone to her Heavenly Reward.

My compliments are always pleasing to the ear and when they come from so charming a lady as Mrs. William Turk, spouse of the genial commander of the Police Academy, the effect is doubly so. From cover to cover she reads each issue of SPRING 3100, the gracious lady told us, and that, we feel, constitutes a compliment of which Ye Editor may indeed be proud.

The beginning and the ending of love are clearly defined, Civilian Cloak Cohen, who claims to be an authority on such matters, explained the other day. Love starts when she sinks into your arms, Milton pointed out, and ends with her arms in the sink.
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

THOMAS P. MALONE

Aliases

JOHN PATRICK
MACK and
JOHN J. MACK

DESCRIPTION—Age 48 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 185 pounds; grey eyes; black hair, grey on sides. Occupations, chauffeur, electrician and bartender.

WANTED FOR ASSAULT, ROBBERY, BURGLARY AND GRAND LARCENY

HERMAN LIEBOWITZ

Aliases PAUL GARY, PAUL GRAY
and JIMMY DALTON

DESCRIPTION—Age 19 years; height, 5 feet, 6 inches; weight, 136 pounds; blue eyes; brown kinky hair; thin face; long thin nose. May be wearing United States Navy Seaman's uniform (blues). Is a deserter from United States Navy, Serial No. 382069.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ

DESCRIPTION—Age 51 years; height, 5 feet, 6 inches; weight, 155 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

RALPH MACEROLI

Alias "THE APE"

DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height, 5 feet, 8 inches; weight, 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

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<tr>
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Ret. 18 Div. M.O.D.D. 12 Div. 67 Div. 15 Div. 9 Div. 3 Div. 14 Div. 8 Div. 6 Div. 16 Div. 3 Div. 7 Div. 5 Div. 11 Div. 10 Div. 4 Div. 30 Div. 2 Div.
The Dream Come True!
LEWIS J. VALENTINE
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

LOUIS F. COSTUMA
First Deputy Commissioner

JOHN J. O’CONNELL
Chief Inspector

JAMES A. DE MILT, Managing Editor
A MESSAGE FROM THE POLICE COMMISSIONER

SINCE assuming the office of Police Commissioner, it has been my pleasure and custom during the Holy Season to extend to the members of the Department and their families my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and good health and happiness during the New Year.

The war has made each and every one of us more conscious of the real meaning of "Peace on Earth, to Men of Good Will."

This year I again extend my most sincere wishes for a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year to the members of the Police Department, Air Warden Service and City Patrol Corps, and their families. Throughout the coming year let us pray for the welfare of our loved ones in the armed services.

This is an appropriate occasion to commend the men and women who are rendering such effective service on the home-front. During the past year the burdens placed upon the Police Department have increased and multiplied, but, regardless of how exhausting and difficult the tasks became, the members of the Department have with their well known effectiveness met these added responsibilities.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Police Commissioner.
IMPORTANT—CUT OUT AND SAVE—OFFICIAL INFORMATION
(ISSUED BY OFFICE OF THE MAYOR)

Emergency Facilities Available in Event of Enemy Action
THE EMERGENCY WELFARE DIVISION OF THE CITIZENS DEFENSE CORPS

Offers the Following Emergency Assistance

EMERGENCY WELFARE CENTERS

FOOD
INFORMATION AND ADVICE
CLOTHING
HOMELESS CHILD CARE
REHOUSING

CHANGED ADDRESS REGISTRATION
SEARCH FOR THE MISSING

Choose YOUR Nearest Emergency Welfare Center NOW

MANHATTAN
52 Chambers Street
131 Sixth Avenue
157 Henry Street
222 Mott Street
320 East 5th Street
351 West 18th Street
40 Irving Place
515 West 27th Street
212 East 42nd Street
317 East 67th Street
155 West 65th Street
325 East 103rd Street
116th Street & Pleasant Avenue
102 West 101st Street
Seventh Avenue & 114 Street
Edgemoor Avenue & 135th St.
401 West 164th Street
21 West 138th Street
192nd Street & Audubon Avenue

BRONX
136th Street & Brown Place
984 Faile Street
701 Elton Avenue
166th Street & Boston Road
1300 Baynton Avenue
1257 Ogden Avenue
Croby & Beasley Avenues
500 East Fordham Road
800 East Gunhill Road
1918 Arthur Avenue
Maschul Pk. & Sedgwick Ave.
196th Street & Bainbridge Ave.

BROOKLYN
16th Avenue & 42nd Street
973 Flatbush Avenue
Fourth Avenue & 67th Street
5700 Tilden Avenue
Newkirk & Coney Island Ave.
843 Glasson Avenue
Seventh Avenue & Fourth Street
430 Howard Avenue
Pennsylvania & Dumont Avenues
Hicks & Huntington Streets
150 Albany Avenue
Dean Street & Third Avenue
832 Marcy Avenue
836 Quincy Street
400 Irving Avenue
201 Adams Street
320 Manhattan Avenue
20 Fort Greene Place
157 Wilson Street
South 3rd Street & Driggs Avenue

QUEENS
Beach 94th St. & Rockaway Blvd.
821 B. 23th St., Far Rockaway
89-30 114th Street
168th Street & Gothic Drive
2127 Himrod Street
116th Ave. & Francis Lewis Blvd.
101-01 Rockaway Blvd., Ozone Pk.
28-01 41st Avenue, Long Island City
Northern Boulevard & Union St.
48-01 90th Street, Elmhurst
6701 110th Street, Forest Hills
3224 Corporal Kennedy Road
60-02 Maspeth Avenue, Maspeth
2370 31st Street, Astoria

RICHMOND
211 Bay Street, Tompkinsville, S. I.
Innes Street & St. Joseph Avenue
Lindbergh Avenue & Clason St.
Yetman Avenue & Academy St.

RED CROSS REST CENTERS
Rest Centers operated by the American Red Cross will offer immediate Emergency Care to persons who may be dislocated from their homes. Air Raid Wardens will direct you to the nearest Rest Center.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.
Police Responsibility for Social Protection in Wartime

By INSPECTOR JOHN W. SUTTER, Division of National Defense

An address delivered before the Forty-third Annual Conference of the New York State Association of Chiefs of Police

Hotel Astor, New York City

In any discussion of "Police Responsibility for Social Protection in War Time," it is important that mention be made of the provisions of the May Act (Public Law 163) which became effective July 11, 1941. This Act prohibits prostitution within such reasonable distances of military or naval establishments as the Secretaries of War or Navy shall determine.

Under this law the Secretaries of War and Navy and the Federal Security Administrator are authorized to take such steps as they deem necessary for the suppression of prostitution within designated areas.

The latitude granted to the Secretaries of War and Navy and the Federal Security Administrator under this law is very great, and in those cases where they deem the local police action to be unsatisfactory or insufficient, the Federal Bureau of Investigation is directed to take control and carry out the aims of the law. In such cases, the local police agency becomes merely a cooperating body. Up to the present time, it has been found necessary to invoke the provisions of the May Act in only two instances involving the 27 counties surrounding Camp Forrest, Tenn., and at Fort Bragg, N. C.

The Police Commissioner fully realizes the responsibility of the Police Department of the City of New York in the matter of social protection, especially during war times, and at every conference with higher officials of the Police Department he has stressed the need for 100 per cent enforcement and the use of every available man in the suppression of prostitution, especially where the armed forces are concerned.

The City of New York is a staging area to which troops from all over the country are sent for embarkation to different encampments overseas. It can be expected that member of the armed forces, knowing this, will sometimes take a last fling at a good time and, while under the influence of liquor, will pick up with a prostitute who is diseased. It may be a few days before he realizes he is infected, and by that time he may be on the high seas, or in some camp in the West or South.

In such a case, there is some delay before the Health Department and the Police Department are notified so that proper action can be taken against those responsible for the infection. The police problem then becomes more difficult because the prostitute may, in the meantime, have changed her residence, or, in some cases, cannot be located due to other causes.

Information obtained by Army or Navy authorities from the infected member is, in most cases, very vague, and it requires a great deal of intelligent and sustained investigation to locate the prostitute concerned.

Despite such handicap, in each complaint received by the New York City Police Department a relentless search is made by the members of the Department assigned to these investigations.

On January 20, 1942, the Division of National Defense, consisting of some 20 members of the Department, was established by the Police Commissioner. Its primary purpose is to act as a liaison agency between the Police Department and the authorities of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, for the suppression of vice conditions affecting members of the armed forces.

The activities of the Division of National Defense are in addition to those of the already established plainclothes squads of the Police Commissioner's office, the Chief Inspector's office, borough offices, division offices, and precinct plainclothes squads.

The Commanding Officer of the Division of National Defense and the medical officers of the Army, Navy, and our own Health Department have had frequent conferences and are in almost daily contact, indicating that the Police Department and the medical authorities of these organizations are cooperating 100 per cent in order to reduce venereal disease among the armed forces.

Complaints regarding infected members of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are sent by the medical authorities of the armed forces to the New York City Health Commissioner, who in turn sends them to the Police Commissioner.

Such complaints are immediately sent out to the different plainclothes squads concerned and to the Division of National Defense, for investigation, action and report.

The procedure established in the Police Department in cooperation with the Health Department is as follows:

Where a complaint is received from the Health Commissioner and an arrest is made for prostitution, the Health Department is immediately notified by telephone.

Where a suspect is located but sufficient evidence cannot be obtained to make an arrest under Section 887 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Health Department is immediately notified by telephone and they in turn invoke Section 343 of the Public Health Law, which gives health officers the power to seize and detain for treatment a person suspected of having a venereal disease.
Health Department cases showing the number of diseased women apprehended upon investigation by members of this Department and going through the Women's Court, are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>New Examinations Gonorrhea</th>
<th>Syphilis</th>
<th>Totals</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1941</td>
<td>5303</td>
<td>1971</td>
<td>542</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1942</td>
<td>5520</td>
<td>1893</td>
<td>864</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1943 (8 mos.)</td>
<td>3104</td>
<td>936</td>
<td>477</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The total number of arrests made by members of this Department for vagrancy, prostitution and street soliciting during the year 1942 is as follows:

- **VAGRANCY**
- **PROSTITUTION**
- **STREET SOLICITING**

The total number of arrests for vagrancy prostitution and street soliciting for the first eight months of this year amounts to 3,009, which shows a decrease of 1,275 over arrests for the same period in the year 1942.

### Victory Girls

Another condition confronting the New York City Police Department since the outbreak of war is that of young girls, under the age of 18, who enter New York City for the specific purpose of following the movements of service men wandering about the city in uniform. These girls are generally known as Victory girls.

### Special Times Square Detail Nightly

On July 23, 1942, a special squad consisting of 12 patrolmen and 12 policewomen from the Juvenile Aid Bureau, assigned to work in civilian clothes, was established in the Times Square area. They perform tours of duty from 10:00 P.M. to 6:00 A.M. and their duties consist of visiting dance halls, bars, grills, taverns, railroad and bus terminals, theatres, moving picture houses, and other places where young girls of susceptible age are known to congregate with members of the armed forces. As a result of this special patrol, the following activity was accomplished:

- **DURING YEAR 1943**
  - 431 girls (runaways, missing persons, etc.) taken into custody. Among these, 64 were found to have venereal diseases.
  - **JANUARY 1, 1943 TO AUGUST 31, 1943**
    - 410 girls (runaways, missing persons, etc.) taken into custody. Among these, 50 were found to have venereal diseases.

It is worth mentioning that in cases such as these, no arrest is made, and a serious condition is corrected by the Police Department with a minimum of publicity and in such a manner that no police record remains to mar the future of these unfortunate and ill-advised delinquents.

The following is a summary of the activities and arrests made by members of the Division of National Defense since its establishment on January 20, 1942:

**JANUARY 1, 1942 TO AND INCLUDING AUGUST 31, 1943**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of Complaints</th>
<th>Number of Locations</th>
<th>Number of Arrests</th>
<th>Number of Diseased Prostitutes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>846</td>
<td>3324</td>
<td>517</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Disorderly Hotels and Rooming Houses

At the present time, there are 23 uniformed patrolmen stationed in various hotels and rooming houses throughout the city, with instructions to compel all members of the armed forces to show their identification cards, also leave passes, and all civilians to show their draft registration and classification cards.

Since the establishment of the Division of National Defense, members of this command have made arrests in over fifty different hotels within the city, on complaints received through the Health Department that members of the armed forces were becoming infected in these premises.

### Hermitage, Strand, and 42nd Street Hotels

Due to a large number of complaints received concerning members of the armed forces being infected in three well-known hotels in the City of New York—The Hermitage, Strand, and 42nd Street Hotels—members of the Division of National Defense started an investigation on December 12, 1942. The evidence gathered against these hotels was presented to the New York County Grand Jury on March 4 and 5, 1943, and resulted in informations being filed against the owners and operators of the hotels for violation of Section 580 P.L. (Conspiracy), and 1146 P.L. (keeping and maintaining disorderly houses) and 1530 and 1532 P.L. (conducting a public nuisance). All three operators of the hotels were subsequently found guilty and received sentences ranging from three months to three years in the penitentiary.

On May 21, 1943, the Supreme Court, County of New York, granted a temporary injunction, on motion of the District Attorney, restraining the operators of one of the hotels from disposing of any of its furnishings pending trial to have the hotel padlocked for one year, under Section 17-A of the Public Health Law. This case is expected to come to trial during the month of October, 1943.

This will be the first action ever brought to padlock a premises in the County of New York, under Section 17-A of the Public Health Law. If the District Attorney is successful in padlocking this hotel for one year, and the Sheriff disposes of the furniture and furnishings, it will have a deterrent effect on other hotels that are likely to take a chance and cater to illegitimate trade.

Editor's Note: Supreme Court Justice Carroll G. Walter, sitting in Special Term, Part III, Supreme Court, New York County, on October 21, 1943, issued an injunction against the several operators of the Hotel Hermitage, but denied an injunction against the Greenwich Savings Bank, the mortgagee, stating that the bank and its stockholders or depositors had no part in conducting the prostitution carried on in the premises by the said operators. The new owner of the hotel, Anatol Hotel Corporation, 592 7th Avenue, New York City, previously had offered testimony, presented by Samuel Rosen, president, that he bought the property, in escrow, on October 19, 1943, from the trustee assigned by the former operators and that he would take possession immediately, with permission of the court, which was granted.
One of the conditions that permitted this sale was that the new owner was to change the hotel's name and change also all personnel who had anything to do with the operation of the hotel formerly.

Bars and Grills and Dance Halls

Several well-known bars and grills located in this city have had their liquor licenses revoked by the State Liquor Authority for permitting prostitutes to loiter in and about the premises.

On April 22, 1943, the Police Commissioner revoked the license of the Savoy Ballroom, where complaints had been received from Army and Navy authorities to the effect that numerous members of their respective services had been infected as a result of contact with women known to frequent the premises.

On September 10, 1943, the Police Commissioner suspended the dance hall licenses of six well-known dance halls in the Broadway and Harlem districts, where it was proved those employed in these premises were infecting members of the armed forces, and that other immoral acts were being committed therein. The suspensions range from sixty to ninety days.

No doubt, the action taken by the Police Commissioner in regard to these dance halls will compel owners of other licensed halls within this city to conduct their premises in a lawful and orderly manner.

And while in a great metropolis such as ours the job of protecting and safeguarding members of the armed services is indeed a gigantic one, the Police Department of the City of New York, be assured, is equal to the task.

P.A.L. Plays Santa Claus

The Police Athletic League is readying a green P.A.L. emblem to sew on Santa Claus' traditional crimson tunic on his arrival here later this month.

As in former years, the P.A.L. is handling the distribution of the toys collected in the annual Christmas Toy Campaign of the Police and Fire Departments. The Manhattan division of the American Women's Volunteer Service is also cooperating in the collection of toys for the Borough of Manhattan.

The yearly toy distribution is a big event for needy New York City youngsters. Since 1937, the Police Athletic League has distributed a total of 1,125,955 toys in homes which Santa Claus might not otherwise have visited.

5,500 CHILDREN SEE SUNDAY HOCKEY GAMES

Through the courtesy of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, the Police Athletic League is playing host to 5,500 boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 18 at the weekly Sunday afternoon hockey games. Free admissions to the Sunday double headers will be continued throughout the hockey season.

FRIDAY NIGHT BOXING

The first season of indoor boxing inaugurated by the P.A.L. early this fall has proven so popular that it has been decided to continue the series each Friday night during the winter months.

Plans are also being completed for city-wide participation in the various divisions of the Police Athletic League basketball tournament.

STARS SHINE AT P.A.L. BENEFIT

As SPRING 3100 goes to press, final arrangements are being made for the second edition of "Stars Shine for Young America," annual All-Star benefit entertainment for the Police Athletic League, to be held at Madison Square Garden on December 15.

Everything points to a brilliant success both artistically and from the standpoint of public support. The entertainment committee is headed by Bert Lytel, president of Actors' Equity. A committee of leaders in both industry and labor has been making every effort to interest people in their respective fields in the success of the P.A.L. benefit show. Harry Brandt, owner of the Brandt Theatre Chain, is chairman of the Committee for Industry and Labor. Walter S. Mack, Jr., president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, is general chairman.

The members of the uniformed and detective forces of our department have been giving staunch support by personally appealing to residents and business men of the various communities for cooperation in this most worthy cause.
Columbia Association Entertainment and Dance

PRESIDENT TERRANOVA PRESENTS CHECK TO JUSTICE BENVENGA
At left, City Treasurer Almerindo Portfolio; right, Mayor LaGuardia.

A CAPACITY attendance—and a mighty enthusiastic one, too, considering the impending turkey shortage due on the day to follow—featured the eleventh annual Entertainment and Dance of the Columbia Association of the Police Department, held Thanksgiving Eve, November 24, in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor.

It was an evening of pleasant surprises, with the usual program of top-flight entertainment highlighted at its close by the presentation, to Councilmanic President Newbold Morris, representing Mayor LaGuardia who was unable because of his presence in Washington that day to attend, of a check in the sum of $500 as a contribution to the New York War Fund, and a second check in like amount as a contribution to the work of the Italian Board of Guardians, of which Magistrate Nicholas H. Pinto is the president, and described by Sergeant Samuel V. Terranova, president of the Columbia Association, who made the presentation, as "the only organization of its kind in New York City helping in a practical way to rehabilitate American youth of Italian origin found to be delinquent or whose behavior threatens to bring them in conflict with the law."

President Morris, in a short address of acceptance, paid tribute to the generosity of the members of the Columbia Society, saying there can be no finer spirit than that which seeks to lighten the burdens of our men fighting on battlefronts all over the world, and, likewise, the extending of a helping hand in keeping from crime those of our youth whose tendencies veer in such direction.

The War Fund check a few days later was turned over to Supreme Court Justice Felix C. Benvenga, chairman, in the presence of Mayor LaGuardia in a brief ceremony in the Mayor's office at City Hall.

President Terranova, in his address of welcome said:

"We sincerely hope that when the march of time will have relegated this evening into the past, that you will leave with the unforgettable impression that you had a wonderful time with an organization that is honest in its purposes and idealistic in its principles.

"And while we are enjoying, in full measure, the happiness of this occasion, making new friends and renewing old acquaintances, let us not lose sight of the 'boys out there' for whose safety and early return to us we offer our daily prayers."

Committee Chairmen

General Chairman, Rocco A. Scarfone; Journal-Program, Anthony Lotito; Arrangements, Paul Regucci; Tickets-Finance, Remo DeFelice; Seating, James DiPietro; Entertainment, Joseph Russo; Boxes, Mauro Contrastano.
...I N THE enclosed photograph, ... writes R.M. 2/c (Patrolman, Traffic H) Hyman Ludacer, "I am posing with some British police officers who have been very nice to me over here and to whom I took the liberty of extending the greetings of New York's "Finest." Superintendent Morcumb is going to visit the U. S. after the war and I told him that nowhere will he be more cordially greeted than in the great city which I temporarily have left behind."

"Please extend greetings and best wishes to my comrades and friends in the Department. I'm hoping it won't be long before peace and quiet will again prevail throughout the world so that I and those hundreds of other brother officers serving Uncle Sam in this crisis may return and once more don the blue of the finest police department in the world."


Standing: Constables Duwe, Bullock, Glasson, Kerwick, Bassett, Kent.

This U. S. Army Signal Corps photo was sent to us from "Somewhere in the Middle East" by Major (Patrolman, 25th Precinct) Vincent J. Jedlicka, who in an accompanying letter tells us that he is trying to get hold of photos of this type from police departments all over Africa—for SPRING 3100, of course.

Traffic, judging from the picture, doesn't seem to be moving any too briskly at the moment. Can it be that in Entrea, too, they have gas rationing?

Major Jedlicka concluded with a request that he be remembered to all of his many friends in the Department.

SOMEWHERE OVERSEAS

Fleet P. O., New York, N. Y.

October 24, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Thanks for sending along my favorite magazine, the only means we in far-off waters have to keep in touch with the Department. A short time ago we had our first mail from home in over six weeks and you may well imagine my feelings when out of the bottom of one of the bags popped the August and September-Octiber issues of good old SPRING 3100.

It begins to look as though a lot of us won't be getting home for the holidays, so here's a Merry Christmas and best regards to you all!

**SOMEBODY IN THE PACIFIC**

F. P. 0., San Francisco, Calif.

November 2, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just received my September issue of SPRING 3100. Thank you, and keep them coming. You can’t imagine the enjoyment we men at bleak outlying bases get from reading about old friends back in the Department. Wish the boys in my favorite precinct, the 70th, would keep their spot in the magazine filled.

Also wanted to let you know that through one of the letters published by you in SPRING 3100 I was able to locate an old buddy of mine, also on duty overseas.

Best regards and good luck to you all!

ENSIGN FREDERICK D. KRANZ, Patrolman, 70th Precinct.

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**SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY**

Fort Monmouth, N. J.

November 4, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just a line to let you know how much it means to receive SPRING 3100 every month. No doubt you have heard this from many other members of the Department, but I would just like to add another word of thanks to you and SPRING 3100 on keeping in touch with us and letting all “Our Boys” know that they have not been forgotten by the folks back home.

I would also like to say how proud I really felt of the work of the Police in the recent disturbance in Harlem. I felt, and I am quite sure that many others away from the Department felt the same way, that the fellows “back home” were making sure that when the war is over and we do come back, home will be just like it always was—“something worth fighting for.”

LT. EDWARD A. ORR, JR., Patrolman, 75th Precinct.

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**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Post Office Box No. 3993

December 3, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I want to express my sincere thanks to you for sending me SPRING 3100 each month. One of the greatest pleasures I have while away from home is to read the Department’s wonderful magazine. You and your staff are to be congratulated for the splendid material in each issue. I know it must be a real pleasure for those on foreign soil to receive the magazine, as everything is of such great news value.

May I take this opportunity to extend Season’s Greetings to the Commissioner and his staff, you and your staff, and also to all my friends in the Department.

Yours for Victory,

BENJAMIN J. KING, Major, CMP

FOUR THOUSAND persons attended the eighth annual Memorial Service of the New York City Police Anchor Club held Sunday, November 7, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, 5th Avenue and 50th Street, Manhattan, to pay tribute to the deceased members of the Police Department and those members of the armed forces who in the present conflict have made the supreme sacrifice.


“A public official,” he declared, “if he has the faith, must live true to it, or he will not live true to public trust.”

Bishop McIntyre in referring to the German report that the Vatican had been bombed, stated that the attacker, known or unknown, is an enemy, “for one who attacks or violates a neutral, unarmed, is an enemy of God!” He called upon those present to pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.


Organizations participating included the Fire Depart-
William E. Sheridan Police Post
Installation and Dinner-Dance

MAN, WilliamChrastil, sergeants-at-arms; Joseph J. Gallagher, Charles Bender, secretaries.
They were installed into office by Brooklyn County Commander Vincent Cronin and the speakers included Past Commander Jimmy Lombardi, Vice County Commanders William Ferris, James Tobin, and William McGrath; Department Sergeant-at-arms Cliff Cowen, Past County Commander Daniel Rogers, Rev. W. Jessurand DeForest, Sheridan Post chaplain; Albert J. Nelson, Commander, N. Y. City Police Post; Edward G. Schultz, Commander, Queens Police Post; Algot Damstrom, President, Police St. George Society; Lieutenant Harold Devine, U. S. Army.
An entertainment program of more than usual merit preceded the dancing, and once again that talented group of youngsters, known as the Sheridan Post Sons of the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, walked off with the honors. Led by the charming and extremely personable drum majorette of the organization, Miss Vivian Martin, the boys in a pulsating twenty-minute exhibition turned in another of those breathtaking performances that in past competitions have won for them New York State and other championship honors.
"Here he comes!" Donald whispered excitedly.

THE ROOM was a large cozy one. A tall, well-decorated Christmas tree stood in a corner and gave off its aura of good cheer and promise. The three sons of Patrolman James Stone, motherless these several years past, were the only occupants of the room. They were sitting on a sofa arguing heatedly. It was near midnight of Christmas Eve. They were so excited about the advent of the holiday that they hadn't gone to bed yet, but had gotten into an argument about that venerable old gentleman, Santa Claus.

Donald, being the oldest, was imparting to his two younger brothers the modern viewpoint. "I've been trying to tell you guys the real lowdown on this Christmas racket," he said. "There ain't no Santa Claus. It's just Pop dressed up." He looked at his two young listeners to see if he had finally convinced them.

John was first to speak. He was a small, serious little fellow who always had his nose in a book, even to his father's Legal Digest.

"Hmmm—it can't be," he said. "It's against the law for a man to go around in disguise."

Then Roy, the youngest, piped up. "You can argue all night and I still won't believe it. There is a Santa. Everybody knows that." To him the very idea smacked of blasphemy. His beloved teacher, in whom he had complete confidence, spoke about Santa as if she knew him personally.

Donald was a little taken aback. He had always been their leader and they usually accepted his word as the final authority.

"Tell you what we'll do. I'll prove it to you. We'll perform an experiment."

Roy wanted to know what a "experiment" was.

"An experiment," Donald explained, "is a test you perform to find out if something is true or not. Now look, Pop is doing a 4 to 12. You'll see, he'll be in about 12:30 dressed as Santa. He changes at Uncle Charlie's house. When he comes in we'll grab him and make believe that we don't know it's he. We'll tie him up and then later take his mask off. And that will prove it to you two dumbbells."

"If you say so, it's O. K. with me; but we might get into a lot of trouble," said John thoughtfully. "That's some kind of assault, according to Pop's books."

Donald exploded. "Ever since you've been reading Pop's Manual and the Penal Laws, you've been spouting all kinds of violations and infractions. Is there any law against breathing, judge?"

John promised to look it up.

"Seriously, fellows," Donald continued, "I've been thinking about this for a long time. I figure it's about time that my younger brothers were wise up to what's going on in the world. Now my plan is that when he comes in, I'll tackle him. You, John, take these two ropes and tie his hands and feet when he's down. You, Roy, will take that pillow, cover his head and then sit on it so he can't yell. We'll have him at our mercy before he knows what struck him."

The two younger boys agreed, but with many a wish that all would be well, and that Santa wouldn't be too sore at them and boycott them for the rest of their lives.

"He can't be sore," Donald assured them. "It's Christmas Eve! That means everything has to be
taken in good spirit.” He walked to the wall near the window and switched off the lights.

The three waited fearfully in the darkness. Suddenly there came a noise at the window. It was a small noise, but it definitely indicated the approaching presence of a fourth person.

“Here he comes!” Donald whispered excitedly. “Just like I told you. Now remember what to do. And if anyone sneezes, I’ll stuff the Christmas tree down his throat, decorations and all!”

As the boys crouched, the side window was opened slowly and they could dimly see climbing into the room, carrying a bag, a bulky figure in a Santa Claus suit. Stealthily the intruder started across the floor.

“NOW!”

Donald tackled him low, the way the coach at school had taught him. Santa went down with a crash. John trussed him quickly with two lengths of rope. Roy covered Santa’s face with the pillow, then plopped down on it like a ton of bricks. And then all was silent in that dark room. From Santa came a muffled grunt.

Donald reached over and switched on the lights. He surveyed the scene.

“Boy, that was nice work! We sure are a great team when we get going.”

John squinted at the figure on the floor. “Let’s see. Burglary, or at least Unlawful Entry,” I’d say.”

Donald glared at him. “There you go again. I suppose you’ll be worrying about form numbers next, the same as Dad did when he studied for the sergeants’ exam.

John was undisturbed by the other’s wrath. He continued, “U.F. 61, I think; maybe D.D. 4 or 5, too.”

Roy looked up from his seat on Santa’s face. “What’s U.F. mean?”

“I don’t know exactly; ‘Useless Force’ or something like that.”

“What’s D.D. mean, then?”

John looked at Roy and wrinkled his brow in a frown. “It could mean ‘Darn Difficult,’ or ‘Don’t Do,’ but I’m not sure. There are a lot more letters in the book like L.D. and Q.D. I guess it is just to mix up the cops, as Dad says.”

“Chop out the quiz program,” cut in Donald. “Let’s get down to business. Now I’ll show you that our Santa here is just Pop, good old Pop—with a sack full of presents for us.”

Roy looked up again. “And if he’s mad, we’ll get the sack, but not the presents.”

“He won’t be sore,” assured Donald. “We’ll just tell him it was a joke. O.K., you can get off his head now, Roy.”

The boys were all set to comply when they heard another sound. A key was being inserted into the hall door! As they gazed, the door swung slowly, very slowly open—and there in civilian dress, stood their father.

He smiled broadly. “It’s mighty nice of you boys to wait up for me, or could it be you’re more interested in St. Nick and his presents?”

During all of this time Donald, John, and Roy stared at him with their mouths open—their eyes popping out—and astonishment written all over their faces!

The intruder glanced from one frozen countenance to the other. “What’s the matter? Are you boys sick or something?” Then for the first time he noticed the figure lying trussed on the floor.

“What have you got there? Who is it?”

“W-We thought it was you,” quavered Donald. He swallowed with difficulty.

“I’ll bet it really is Santa Claus,” moaned Roy. He started to blubber. “Now he’ll be sore at us and we’ll never get any more presents.”

And John ticked off on his fingers the charges against them: Assault, Kidnapping, maybe—not to mention Insult!”

Their father became business-like. “Well, we’ll soon see.” He picked up the sack and emptied it. A quantity of silverware, gold jewelry and sparkling gems fell to the floor! With awe they looked down at the glittering pile of wealth spread at their feet.

“Well I’ll be a son-of-a-gun!” You boys have bagged a burglar! Let’s see his face,” he ordered.

Roy bent down and whisked the Santa Claus mask off. Revealed was the sullen, unshaven face of a stranger!

The patrolman took over. “Well, what have you got to say for yourself?”

The burglar looked bitterly at the boys. “I was doing swell until I ran into your—_kids_."

James Stone turned to his sons. “What a Christmas story this will be for the papers! I’ll call the station house and get them to send the wagon.”

He picked up the telephone and called the precinct. The boys, their eyes as big as saucers at the unusual turn that their experiment had taken, listened as snatches of the excited conversation came to their ears. “Yeah, he came into the room through the window... they all tackled him at the same time... got him hog-tied here on the floor... send the wagon... you bet.” Then, “Yes, Sir; heroes, that’s what they are.”

James Stone hung up and turned jauntily to his boys. He was smiling from ear to ear, his chest high with fatherly pride at the accomplishment of his amazing offspring.

“Do you know what the lieutenant and the captain, too—said? They said that you were chips off the old block, that’s what.” Then, struck with a sudden thought, he mused softly:

“Maybe it ought to be the other way around. That’s a better ‘pinch’ than I ever made. I think they should have said that I’m a block off the new chips, huh, boys?”

But his listeners, being normal American boys, crowded around him and insisted that for their good night’s work they be allowed to see their presents right away instead of having to wait until the morning.

“But there are no presents,” the father remonstrated. “That’s Santa Claus’ job and, as you can see for yourselves, he just simply hasn’t got here yet. So off with you to bed, you three, because one thing Santa Claus doesn’t like is to have kids spying on him.”

He shot a quick glance and a pleading off-side wink in the direction of Donald, the senior of the three, whom he could see was all set to throw the proverbial monkey wrench into his plea on behalf of Santa.

The determined detractor of but a short time before measured up to the crisis handsomely.

“Right you are, Dad,” he shot back, winking slyly in return.

“So off to bed, fellas, and let’s make it snappy!”
SIXTY deceased Jewish members of the Department received homage when their names were read from the Memorial Roll at the annual memorial service of the Shomrim Society of the Police Department held Sunday, November 28, at Mt. Neboh Temple, 130 West 79th Street, Manhattan. Reverence was paid also to the memories of the five police officers killed during the year in performance of duty: Sergeant Matthew J. McCormack, Detective Joseph A. Miccio and Patrolmen Christopher Hughes, Pasquale J. Venturelli and Angelo DiMuro; also two patrolmen who died in military service, Thomas G. Abbey and Joseph J. Connelly. Their names were read by Acting Lieutenant Benjamin Miller, president of the Shomrim Society, Rabbi Samuel M. Segal, head of the Mt. Neboh Congregation, delivered the sermon.

The service was conducted by Rev. Isadore Frank, Jewish chaplain of the Police Department and spiritual director of the Shomrim Society, who, in his address of greeting, likened police officers to soldiers, because "both serve in the first line of defense to stamp out ruthlessness and restore order."

"We happily note the progress made by our respective religious organizations in the Police Department," he said. "This is due to the fact that the policeman by nature is essentially deeply religious. Furthermore, he is always identified with philanthropic movements."

Headed by Deputy Commissioner Louis F. Costuma and with the Police Department Band showing the way, 1000 members of the organization and their guests marched from the 20th Precinct station house, 150 West 68th Street, along Broadway to the Temple. Among the distinguished guests at the service were Commissioner Valentine, Chief Inspector John J.

O'Connell, Deputy Chief Inspectors John W. Conway, Jay J. McDonald; Inspectors Charles P. Mooney, Martin J. Brown, James S. P. Brady, Michael J. Murphy; Chief Michael Silverstein, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Police Department; License Commissioner Paul Moss, Max E. Wolff and Edward R. Cohn, president and president emeritus, respectively, of Mt. Neboh Congregation.

The Police Department Band, the Police Glee Club and the church choir took part in the musical program at the Temple.
Corp. Joseph H. Brink, Jr.

On Thursday, December 2, a solemn mass of requiem was offered in the Military Chapel of Holy Cross R.C. Church, West 42nd Street, Manhattan, for the repose of the soul of Corp. Joseph H. Brink, Jr., son of Acting Captain Joseph H. Brink of the Manhattan Telegraph Bureau, who was reported killed in action in Italy on October 14, 1943. The celebrant of the mass was Msgr. Joseph A. McCaffrey, Department chaplain and pastor of Holy Cross, and the responses were sung by the Police Glee Club.

Among those who attended, besides Captain and Mrs. Brink and members and friends of their respective families, were several hundred brother officers of the Telegraph Bureau including every available member of the boroughs.

Corp. Brink, who was 22 years old, enlisted in January, 1941, shortly after Pearl Harbor. He was a graduate of All Hollows Institute and had attended Fordham University. As a member of the 45th Division he saw active duty in the Sicilian campaign, at the storming of Salerno Beach, particularly, an operation later praised by the War Department for the “almost incredible feats of courage and stamina in the face of enemy fire.”

By removing censorship on the 45th Division, the 15th Army Group now permits some light to be thrown on the history of the Salerno beachhead and the part played by the 45th Division whose threat to the German flank along Sele River and whose stand on the critical night of September 13-14 contributed as much as anything to saving the beachhead from turning into another Dunkirk without ships.

Two remaining sons of Captain Brink, who himself saw action with the U. S. Army in World War I, are today carrying on, John, 21, in the C. S. Navy, “somewhere in the South Pacific,” and Herbert, 19, undergoing training currently as a member of the Marine Corps.

The hearts of all who know them go out to the bereaved parents. Broken though she was when the dreaded news reached her, the mother of the young hero refuses to give up hope.

“Somewhere—somehow—he will be spared to us,” is her constant prayer. In the confusion and turmoil attending battles of modern times mistakes not infrequently are made, she feels.

Such is a mother’s faith, and reverently we join with her—as will all others who read this—in the prayer that remains unshaken in her heart, that some day—somehow—her boy will come home to her.

Captain Brink and his family take this means to express to their many friends within the Department and city government thanks for their manifestations of sympathy in the loss of their son.

ALBURTIS R. D. #1, PA.
Dec. 1, 1943.
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Enclosed please find money order for another year’s subscription to the nicest magazine ever printed, SPRING 3100. I am the widow of retired Patrolman George B. Fenton.
Thanks, and a Merry Christmas to you all!
MRS. NANNIE FENTON.

EAST HAMPTON, CONNECTICUT
R. D. 2 Box 231, Marlboro
November 27, 1943
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
It is with a feeling of great satisfaction that I renew my subscription to SPRING 3100 for another year. I think it a very useful and worthwhile magazine. Season’s Greetings to you all.
FRANK ROEMER,
Retired Patrolman.

R.F.D. WEST ENGLEWOOD, N. J.
208 Woodland Road
November 27, 1943
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Enclosed please find money order for $1.50 for another year’s subscription to SPRING 3100 which still continues to hold my interest. Best of luck and Season’s Greetings to you and all the members of this fine force.

ANTHONY M. LEES,
Retired Patrolman.

LAKE RONKONKOMA, L. I., N. Y.
Box 157
December 1, 1943
EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
Kindly renew my subscription for year 1944. Would like, also, to wish all the boys a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

GEORGE W. KINCHENY,
Retired Patrolman.
The Buddhist Temple

By DETECTIVE ROBERT R. J. GALLATI, Special Squad 1

I

T WAS a bitter cold winter night and the wind howled as it hurled itself along the Hudson shore. Detective Jerry Garland and his partner, Detective George Sullivan, knocked with frosted knuckles at the door of an old mansion on Riverside Drive. A patrolman admitted them. They were promptly shown into the library where, in tragic disarray, lay the blood bathed body of the elderly Mrs. Elizabeth Van Harcourt.

"Hit on the top of the head with some blunt instrument," the patrolman volunteered.

The detectives were made acquainted with the other members of the household; the attractive niece of the deceased, Miss Beth Van Harcourt, and Henry Tedura, a short, gray-haired Japanese who served Mrs. Harcourt and her niece as cook and general houseworker. The agitated Miss Van Harcourt hastened to remark to the detectives that the Japanese had attempted to flee upon their mutual discovery of the body. Henry Tedura denied that he had tried to force his way out of the house following discovery of the tragedy.

Detective Jerry Garland demanded from the Japanese produce his Enemy Alien Registration book. The name in the folder was Hanzaburo Osamu Tedura, also known as Harry Tedura. Jerry Garland knitted his brow.

"Say, aren't you the Jap who operated the soda fountain at the Quality Pharmacy on 89th Street, just before Pearl Harbor?"

"Yes, please, Mr. Detective," Henry Tedura forced a toothy grin.

Jerry Garland scrutinized the oriental.

"I know a great deal about you, Tedura. Your boss, 'Doc' Grimes, and I were well acquainted. I also happen to know the details of your police record."

Detective Garland directed his partner to make a search of the premises, then turned to the beautiful Beth Van Harcourt. Attentively he removed a smudge on her forearm with his handkerchief.

"Now, Miss Van Harcourt, tell me just what happened."

The half-hysterical young woman related that she had retired early. Her fiancé, she explained, Lieutenant John Barker, Jr., was to arrive at Pennsylvania Station in the morning for his holiday furlough. Her beloved aunt remained in the library to finish the final chapters of "Bridge to Victory." She was hardly asleep, Miss Van Harcourt went on, when she heard a muffled scream. She chambered down the stairs. The venerable old lady lay prone before the fireplace, blood gushing from a gaping wound over the forehead. Tedura then entered the room from a rear door. He gazed for a moment at the gory body, and then attempted to escape through the kitchen.

Detective George Sullivan interrupted: "Take a look at this, Jerry!"

Detective Sullivan held forth a large wooden object of elaborate oriental design.

"I found this in the Jap's room."

Jerry Garland immediately recognized the miniature Buddhist Temple. He swung open the dragon carved doors and peered inside. As he expected, there was a sizeable jade statue of Buddha and a heavy copper incense vase. He extracted the vase. On the underside were pieces of human hair held fast by coagulated blood! Obviously the murder instrument!

Jerry examined the vase with piercing eyes. It was empty, but a film of ashes clung to the inner surfaces.

"Did you find any medical instruments, drugs, or hypodermic needles in Tedura's room?" Detective Garland asked.

Detective Sullivan looked at his partner with admiration.

"Yes, the whole works. But how did you know?"

Jerry Garland avoided answering and directed his partner to search the room of the murdered society matron. Again he turned to Miss Van Harcourt. He inquired concerning her forthcoming marriage to the wealthy young scion of the Barker millions. He interrogated her on the subject of the deceased's financial standing. Very calmly now, Beth Van Harcourt related the details of the family fortune and social status. With pardonable pride she mentioned the astronomical figures contained in the will of her financier uncle, the late Reginald Van Harcourt. She told of her extravagant coming-out party and the lavish social functions her adoring aunt had provided. She related the long and honorable history of the Van Harcourts from the days of Peter Stuyvesant to the present. She described the deep understanding and warm affection that existed between the aunt and herself, last of the Van Harcourt clan.

George Sullivan returned with an armful of the papers and documents of the deceased. Jerry Garland examined each letter, each folder, and each legal form with the probing eye of an experienced detective. Suddenly his perusal of the documents stopped short. He held in his hand a bank statement for June, 1942. The Van Harcourts were penniless!

Jerry Garland rose and thoughtfully drew his handkerchief from his pocket. He brushed a corner of it around the copper interior of the murder bludgeon. He stared at the handkerchief for a moment. Then, with blazing eyes he turned upon the girl.

"You loved your aunt much less than you loved the Barker millions. You murderess!"

On the way back to the detective squad office, George Sullivan asked Detective Garland to explain the deductions involved in his theory of the Van Harcourt murder.
"Well, George, my suspicion was aroused in the first instance by the girl's statement that she had prevented the Jap's escape. Henry Tedura is a small man, but he is not weak mentally or physically. If he wanted to escape, there would have at least been significant signs of his struggle. On the contrary, the girl had counted on Tedura's resourcefulness. She thought he would flee and succeed in evading capture. She had not counted on an ex-convict of enemy alien nationality permitting himself to fall into the hands of the police under such incriminating circumstances. However, Tedura had confidence in the fair play and intelligence of the men in our department.

"I was further assured that Tedura was innocent of the murder by the fact that the incense vase was empty of ashes. Assuming that a sincere Buddhist would use an altar piece as a murder weapon, it is still unlikely that he would be sufficiently sacriligious to dispose of the perfumed ashes which contain the sacred spirits of his ancestors. That smudge on Miss Van Harcourt's arm might have been Tedura's grandfather."

Detective Garland explained the lengthy criminal record of the medically minded Jap—two convictions for illegal operations and a score of convictions for possession of narcotics. He related the story "Doc" Grimes had told him about the remarkable soda man who knew more concerning prescriptions than the "Doc" himself. Hanzaburo Osamu Tedura was a graduate of the Medical University of Osaka in Japan. He was smuggled into the United States at San Francisco in 1914. Applying his medical knowledge to nefarious ends he amassed a large fortune. He moved to this city in 1923 and plied his despicable trade on Park Avenue. Soon, however, he found himself in State Prison. Constant attention by the Police Department deprived Tedura of his illegal means of livelihood. However, he never gave up hope.

"Mrs. Van Harcourt's papers," Detective Garland continued, "revealed that she hired the Jap two years ago as a cook and houseboy. Tedura gained the old lady's confidence, and when she lost her money he took over. It was a perfect set-up. All went well until Miss Van Harcourt began to fear an exposure of the lucrative criminal activities that took place in the old mansion. She had hoped to marry young Barker during his furlough. But the family name would be ruined if the truth about the Van Harcourts leaked out. She would lose Johnny and his fortune."

"Miss Van Harcourt thought she saw a solution. She could get rid of her aunt and the Jap with the same stroke. Johnny would insist on immediate marriage. He would want to take her away from the horror of the old mansion. She would have a husband and the Barker fortune even before the estate was settled.

"Unfortunately for herself, Miss Beth Van Harcourt had less confidence in, and respect for, our democratic criminal processes than did an alien Japanese jail bird."

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**Lieutenants' Benevolent Ass'n Elects Officers**

*BY UNANIMOUS vote of the members, Lieutenant William F. Maley, president, and the entire Board of Officers of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association were re-elected to office at the annual election meeting of the body held Tuesday, November 16, at the headquarters of the organization in the Governor Clinton Hotel.*

The officers seated, in addition to President Maley, were:

- Nicholas P. Sussillo, past-president;
- James F. Donnelly, first vice-president;
- John King, second vice-president;
- Walter J. Miller, secretary and treasurer;
- Frank W. Lent, recorder;
- Charles L. J. Chomas, marshal;
- George A. Camerer, inside sentinel;
- James P. Manley, outside sentinel.

Executive Committee: Frank A. Smith, Daniel Oliva, Walter E. J. Hennessey.

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**SQU. A-4, FLIGHT 3**

Nashville, Tenn.

November 23, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just a few belated words in regard to the fine job you are doing in keeping up contact with the Department's men in service through the medium of SPRING 3100. More than once I've eagerly looked forward to the large white envelope bearing the latest issue. Incidentally, that was more than a fine gesture when the boys dug down in their already overtaxed jeans to pay for two of those big B-17's. Rest assured, no more practical or patriotic way will bring an end to this chaotic war.

If only you could see the thousands of youngsters here with me now at this classification center awaiting appointment as either pilot, navigator or bombardier. For complete assurance regarding the outcome of this embroglio you merely have to glance over the wealth of courageous and eager lads they have here awaiting their assignments to specialized flying schools.

AVIATION STUDENT VICTOR KLEINFELD, Patrolman, 92nd Precinct.
**GOLF**

A DRIVING finish that led the contestants right down to the last tournament of the season, Patrolman Ed MacFadden, 112th Precinct, emerged as winner of the SPRING 3100 trophy, emblematic of supremacy in the 1943 handicap tournament of the N.Y. Police Golf Association, whose final meet of the year was held Monday, November 8, at the Bayside Golf Club. The award was judged on the handicap system of individual performance and based, as we’ve explained here before, on the contestants’ three best showings of the year.

The new champion, who all season long had been giving Old Man Par an unmerciful tussle, came through on this day with a perfect round—meaning—he toured the famous Bayside links in exactly 71 strokes, which is par for the course, an achievement which enabled Ed to jump from third position in the SPRING 3100 competition kerplunk into first place and the championship.

It was as close and dramatic a finish as the one turned in by last year’s champion, Patrolman John McDonald, 103rd Precinct, who, in fourth position entering into the final round of play, came through with a sizzling card of 73 strokes to land him the crown.

Second prize was taken by Patrolman Jack Corcoran, 18th Precinct, with third prize going to Patrolman Ray Hendley, 68th Precinct.

**Hole-in-One Championship**

Detective Jimmy Oleska, 10th D. D., won the hole-in-one championship with a beautiful shot of 165 yards. The fourth hole was the scene of this competition and Jimmy’s shot landed exactly 2 inches less than 2 feet from the flag. Second place went to retired Inspector Charles Stilson whose nicely propelled pill fell short of the cup by only 3 feet 8 inches. Third place fell to Lieutenant Saul C. Metz, 6th Precinct, with a poke that missed the cup by 4 feet 6 inches.

The Spring 3100 trophy, together with the awards for second and third place, will be presented to the winners at a victory dinner to be held by the P.G.A. on a date later to be decided upon. More about this in another issue.

**Poggi Re-elected President**

At the annual election of officers held last month the present incumbent, Sergeant Bob Poggi, 94th Precinct, was unanimously voted to continue in service. Other officers seated were James W. Hennessy, vice president; Ed MacFadden, secretary; Joseph Grady, treasurer; James Oleska, sergeant-at-arms; Walter Casey, chairman handicap committee; Stanley Povey, chairman arrangements committee.

The re-election of Sergeant Poggi to the presidency—his third year in a row, incidentally—was a foregone conclusion, and again let it be said that to Bob’s efforts and unfailing enthusiasm may be attributed, in no small measure, the splendid accomplishments of this organization of turf tumbling enthusiasts during the season just closed.

**RESULTS OF THE SPRING 3100 COMPETITION BASED ON CONTESTANTS’ THREE LOWEST NET SCORES DURING 1943**

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<th>Three Best</th>
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<td>65-70-65</td>
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<td>J. Corcoran</td>
<td>65-70-69</td>
<td>204</td>
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<td>R. Hendley</td>
<td>67-69-69</td>
<td>205</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. McCabe</td>
<td>66-71-71</td>
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<td>F. Moynihan</td>
<td>68-66-74</td>
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<td>J. Jetter</td>
<td>68-70-71</td>
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<td>J. Hart</td>
<td>65-72-72</td>
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<td>H. Clancy</td>
<td>68-71-70</td>
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<td>G. Scholmerick</td>
<td>68-73-73</td>
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<td>E. Moore</td>
<td>68-71-72</td>
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<td>G. Ahrens</td>
<td>65-72-75</td>
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<td>J. Zielazny</td>
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<td>D. Shea</td>
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<tr>
<td>S. Brzozowski</td>
<td>72-79-74</td>
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Well Done, Thou Good and Faithful Servant

RETIRED FROM THE DEPARTMENT

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<th>Rank</th>
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<td>Nov. 15, 1943</td>
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<td>Ptl. Frank E. Ledwith</td>
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<td>Ptl. Thomas Tipping</td>
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<td>Ptl. David Foster</td>
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UNITED STATES NAVY
Sampson, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:
November 1, 1943.

Just received the September-October issue of SPRING 3100 which followed me from Newport, R. I., to Hunter College (W. R.), Bronx, N. Y., and finally reached me here at Sampson, N. Y., and I needn't tell you it was mighty welcome.

Many thanks, too, for all the copies I've received in the past.

Regards to all.

GEORGE B. REGAN, Sp. (S) 2/c
Detective, 45th Squad.
Christmas
The Anniversary of
His Birth

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant preacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to a theatre, nor put His foot inside a big city. He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where He was born—He did not go far afield, one of the things that usually accompanies greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing in this world except the naked power of His divine manhood. While still a young man, the tide of public sentiment turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He went through the mockery of being nailed upon a
When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone and today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of . . . progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together have not affected the life of a man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One Solitary Life. —Temple Times
THE LIBRARY has recently acquired a small book entitled *World Peace Plans* compiled by Julia E. Johnson (New York: The H. W. Wilson Company, 1943). It is written in compact form the many proposals which have been made by statesmen, officials, and citizens. Many such plans include an international police force, and the question is specifically discussed by Admiral W. L. Rodgers who enumerates the practical difficulties.

The United States at War. General Marshall, Chief of Staff of U. S. Army issued a biennial report covering year July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1943. It is an amazing record of achievement, and the maps and charts which accompany it are most illuminating. The Library has a copy in a convenient form to loan you.

"Policing the post-war world" is the leading article in The United States News of September 24, 1943. This and many other timely articles of current interest in this weekly from Washington, D. C., are worth your time to read.

The latest City Traffic Regulations as of October 16, 1943, have been reprinted in a separate leaflet and issued by Brooklyn Eagle Library in convenient form for police and fire study.

The September, 1943, Bulletin of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the New York State Police contains an interesting article on "Time of commencing criminal actions" and some police news.

Requirements for Policemen Relaxed in Many Cities as Wartime Necessity. Requirements for policemen were relaxed by many state legislatures this year so cities may make temporary police appointments under reduced physical and educational standards, information to the American Municipal Association indicates. In general the legislation excludes such temporary appointees from pension rights and civil service status.

Age limits were increased and mental and physical requirements decreased in many cities. Louisville lowered educational requirements for policemen from one year of high school to eighth grade graduation. The starting age limit was raised from 35 to 50 and the health director given power to lower minimum weight and age requirements.

To secure new men in Memphis, police salaries were raised, physical requirements lowered and age limits changed. Minneapolis replaced written examinations for policemen with oral interviews, raised the maximum recruiting age from 31 to 35 and lowered the educational requirement to eighth grade graduation.

Many cities have hired temporary policemen with the understanding their tenure terminates at the end of the war. Cities with this provision include Madison, Wisconsin; Missoula, Montana; San Francisco and Tulsa. Besides increasing age limits and decreasing mental and physical requirements, Alameda, California, informs temporary appointees they will not be retained after the three-year probationary period ends.

Residence requirements have been amended in Milwaukee and Memphis, and special police have been appointed in three cities. Pontiac, Michigan, gives full police authority to guardsmen of various manufacturing plants who are appointed by the chief of police. Verona, N. J., appoints special police who may be dismissed by the council at any time, while Wilmington, N. C., hires general city employees without fixed tenure to be assigned temporarily to the police force. These appointees do not have to meet civil service requirements and are not eligible for pensions.

The 1942 Annual Report of the Chicago Department of Police has just been received. An interesting item of news is that the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory gave instruction to 434 recruits of its Department.

A textbook which provides basic information for study of those subjects essential in the training of auxiliary personnel for the police departments in their service during wartime emergencies was issued by the Connecticut State Police Department in 1942 entitled "Police Defense Manual." It may be borrowed from the Library.

City Lawyer. A person who is "highly allergic to being alone" and a lawyer, too, who has enjoyed an active and varied practice, has much to relate in his autobiography, Arthur Garfield Hays does just this in a chatty way in "City Lawyer" (New York: Simon and Shuster, 1942). It is not strictly a personal biography; there is much political and social philosophizing, long quotations from examinations in law cases, but in parts it is as good as a detective story. It is indeed a colorful biography, with appeal for all Americans.

The American City, the most popular of municipal magazines, usually contains items of interest to the police. But in the October, 1943, issue you will find several pertinent articles on traffic, one particularly about Buffalo and what it is planning for post-war traffic control.
NEW YORK COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL WAR FUND
57 William Street, N. Y. 5, N. Y.

HON. LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Police Commissioner

Dear Commissioner Valentine:

On behalf of the New York Committee of the National War Fund, I wish to extend my thanks and congratulations to you, and through you, to the officers and men of your department for the wonderfully efficient services rendered to us in connection with our National War Fund Parade on Saturday, October 30th.

The uniform courtesy and cheerful assistance rendered in every phase of the preliminary arrangements, and on the day of the Parade itself, were of invaluable aid to all of us.

I wish to add my particular thanks to Assistant Chief Inspector John J. DiMartino of 153 East 67th Street, and Assistant Chief Inspector James J. Sheehy of 240 Center Street, whose cooperation with Lieutenant Colonel Myron K. Barrett of the United States Army and our Mr. Thomas A. Broderick was beyond the routine demands of their duties.

We are very grateful indeed for all that the Police Department has done for us.

Sincerely yours,

EMIL SCHRAM.

UNITED STATE MILITARY ACADEMY
West Point, New York

Police Commissioner LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
240 Centre Street,
New York City, New York.

Dear Commissioner Valentine:

I wish at this time to thank you and your department, on behalf of Brigadier General F. E. Gallagher recently relieved from duty at this station, for the splendid cooperation and superior performance of duty in connection with the visit and movement of the United States Corps of Cadets in New York City, 6 November 1943.

Please express my appreciation to those concerned in your department. I assure you, it is a pleasure to work with your fine organization.

Very truly yours,

G. HONNEN,
Brigadier General, USA.
Commandant of Cadets.

SHERIDAN WAS RIGHT

"Look at that youngster, with cropped hair, the cigarette and funny trousers. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or girl."

"She's a girl and she's my daughter."

"My dear sir, forgive me. I never would have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father."

"I'm not her father; I'm her mother."

DELAFIELD, MARSH, PORTER & HOPE
20 Exchange Place, New York

November 1, 1943.

COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
240 Centre Street,
New York City.

My dear Commissioner Valentine:

It gives me pleasure to commend the excellent way in which the police handled the problems in connection with the National War Fund parade on Saturday, October 30, 1943.

Your sincerely,

JOHN ROSS DELAFIELD,

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
Internal Revenue Service
New York, N. Y.

December 1, 1943.

MR. LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Commissioner of Police,
240 Center Street,
New York, New York.

Dear Sir:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the assistance rendered by your department in furnishing thirty-nine detectives and patrolmen to aid in conducting the series of raids on various liquor dealers' premises, in which quantities of nontaxpaid distilled spirits were found, the raid having been made on November 23, 1943.

The entire operation was successful and the services rendered by members of your force was of great assistance to this Unit.

Very truly yours,

B. K. RHEES,
District Supervisor.

OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION
MANHATTAN AREA RENT OFFICE
535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

November 20, 1943.

HON. LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Commissioner,
Police Department of City of N. Y.
240 Centre Street, N. Y. C.

My dear Commissioner:

The effective cooperation which we received from your department in furnishing us with police protection at all the registration points in the various five boroughs and also at our area offices has been a great source of comfort and satisfaction to us, and I desire to extend to you the sincere thanks and appreciation of the Rent Control Division of the Office of Price Administration.

With appreciation,

Yours very truly,

LOUIS H. PINK,
Area Rent Director for
the City of New York.
QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1

Upon the determination of a criminal action against a person, in favor of such person, fingerprints and photographs taken while such action was pending, by direction of any police officer, shall be returned on demand by the police officer having same in his possession or under his control. Mention any exception to this statement.

QUESTION NO. 2

What provision is contained in the Traffic Regulations for parking doctors' vehicles?

QUESTION NO. 3

Under what circumstances may a member of the Force, assigned to guard a prisoner in a hospital, permit a visitor to visit such prisoner?

QUESTION NO. 4

What is the purpose and duty of the State Law Revision Commission?

QUESTION NO. 5

Briefly answer the following:

a. What is the purpose and object of permitting an inspection by a jury of the premises where a crime has been committed?

b. In what cases are Traffic Warning Letters forwarded to offenders?

c. Describe the modern safe burglar.

d. What information shall be obtained by members of the Force from witnesses of an alleged crime or suspicious death?

e. In what cases shall a Suspected Place Report (Pre- mises File) U. F. 45 be prepared?

f. Mention some permits and licenses that are issued by the Pistol License Bureau, other than pistol licenses.

ANSWERS

ANSWERS TO QUESTION NO. 1

Exceptions to this statement are as follows:

1. When another criminal action or proceeding is pending against such person.

2. When such person has previously been convicted in this state:

   a. Of a crime, or

   b. Of the offense of disorderly conduct, or

   c. Of being a vagrant or disorderly person.

3. When such person has previously been convicted elsewhere of any crime or offense which would be deemed,

POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL
72 POPLAR ST., BROOKLYN

PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday - - - - - - 7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - - 10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - - 11.30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday - - - - - - 7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - - 10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - - 11.30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.

3. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday - - - - - - 7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday - - - - - - 10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.
   Thursday - - - - - - 11.30 A.M.
   Friday - - - - - - 5.30 P.M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

5. SEE CIRCULAR 12, 1937.
ing Officer of the precinct in which the hospital is located.
The member of the Force assigned to guard the prisoner shall enter in his memorandum book the time, name and
address, and title or rank of the person interviewing the prisoner and shall deliver, at the termination of his
tour of duty, all passes and authorizations received to the
Commanding Officer of the precinct in which the hospital
is located for file.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

The purpose and duty of the State Law Revision Com-
mission is as follows:
1. To examine the common law and statutes of the
state and current judicial decisions for the purpose of
discovering defects and anachronisms in the law and rec-
ommending needed reforms.
2. To receive and consider proposed changes in the
law recommended by the American Law Institute, the Com-
mmissioner for the Promotion of Uniformity of Legislation
in the United States, any Bar Association or other learned
bodies.
3. To receive and consider suggestions from judges,
justices, public officials, lawyers and the public generally
as to defects and anachronisms in the law.
4. To recommend, from time to time, such changes in
the law as it deems necessary to modify or eliminate an-
tiquated and inequitable rules of law, and to bring the
law of this state, civil and criminal, into harmony with
modern conditions.
5. To report its proceedings annually to the Legislature
on or before February first, and, if deemed advisable, to
accomplish such report with proposed bills to carry out
any of its recommendations.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. The purpose and object of the inspection is to enable
the jurors to more accurately understand and more fully
appreciate the testimony of witnesses given before them.
b. In cases where the violations were of a minor or
unintentional nature and of such a character that the
offender could not be summarily warned or served with
a summons by the member of the Force making the ob-
servation.
c. The modern safe burglar—or rather burglars, for
they always work in groups of two or more called “mobs”
—may be of any race, creed, color or occupation, and of
any age between eighteen and sixty.
d. Shall make an immediate and thorough investiga-
tion into the circumstances of the crime; obtain the names,
residence addresses, employers’ names and business ad-
dresses of witnesses and all other important details.
e. In all cases of reports of suspected places, and in all
cases where arrests are made in a premises for violation of
the laws relating to public morals, gambling, intoxicating
liquors, and State Alcoholic Beverage Control Law.
f. Tear gas permits, sound device permits, auto radio
set permits, religious permits, runners licenses, gunsmith
licenses and dealer in firearms licenses.

CORRECTION

Paragraph 10, of the answer to Question No. 4
in the November Question and Answer column, on
page 25, reads:

“The records of any youth adjudged a youthful
offender, including fingerprints and photographs,
shall be open to public inspection.”

This should have read “shall not be open to
public inspection.”

State Department of Correction Reports Decrease of 36.5 per
cent in Offenses of All Descriptions During First Six Months
of 1943, as Compared With the Corresponding Period of 1942.

OFFENSES of all descriptions, including traffic
infractions, decreased 36.5 percent during the
first six months of 1943 as compared with the
corresponding period of 1942. During the first six
months of this year 317,401 offenses were reported to the
State Department of Correction while similar re-
ports during 1942 numbered 500,203.

Corporate Ordinances (which consist mostly of traffic
violations), motor vehicle law violations and traffic
infractions, however, comprised 70.4 percent of the
total offenses reported as compared with 76.8 percent
of the 1942 total. The decrease recorded shows a dif-
ference of 160,628 offenses or a drop of 41.8 percent
below the figures for 1942.

Major offenses, which include felonies and the mis-
demeanors mentioned in Section 552 of the Criminal
Code, dropped from 15,567 in 1942 to 13,865 in 1943
or a decrease of 12.1 percent.

Thefts of all descriptions decreased 26.5 percent in
these periods. The following were the decreases rec-
corded: robbery, 30.9 percent; unlawful entry, 4.5 per-
cent; receiving stolen property, 41.9 percent; burglary,
12.8 percent; grand larceny, 15.8 percent; petit larceny,
28.6 percent; pocket-picking, 32.9 percent; frauds, 34.4
percent; forgery, 30.0 percent; and possession of burg-
lars tools, 33.3 percent.

Homicide decreased 12.4 percent in the two periods
—the figures being 173 in 1942 and 160 in 1943. Of
the total reported during 1943, 128 were cleared by
arrest of 140 persons, of which 17 were females, while
32 homicides remain unsolved. Felonious assault de-
creased 2.4 percent, while crimes involving dangerous
weapons decreased one-fifth of one percent.

Manslaughter through the negligent operation of
vehicles decreased 8.4 percent, while intoxicated drivers
fell off 43.8 percent, and public intoxication decreased
14.2 percent.

Rape dropped from 618 offenses during 1942 to 596
offenses in 1943, or a decrease of 3.6 percent. A
decrease of 21.3 percent was recorded for sex offenses,
while offenses involving prostitution decreased 12.0
percent.


DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

Circular No. 31, October 27, 1943.
Armistice Day leaves of absence.

General Orders No. 37, October 27, 1943.
Instructions for commanding officers on Election Day.

General Orders No. 38, October 27, 1943.
Instructions for Election Day.

General Orders No. 39, October 27, 1943.
Tabulation of vote, etc.

General Orders No. 40, October 27, 1943.
Instructions concerning election of Councilmen by Proportional Representation.

General Orders No. 41, October 27, 1943.
Prevention of bonfires on Election Day.

Special Orders No. 272, October 27, 1943.
General Election details.

Instructions as to handling of war ballots.

General Orders No. 42, October 29, 1943.
Effective 12:01 A.M., November 4, 1943, the 68th and 74th Precincts will be located within the confines of the 11th and 13th Divisions, respectively.

Articles 10, 13, 15 and 27 of the Manual of Procedure amended as relates to location and jurisdiction of Juvenile Aid Units No. 6 and 7; the detention of prisoners arrested in the 68th and 74th Precincts: territory covered by E. S. Squads Nos. 13 and 15; precincts now comprising the 10th, 11th and 13th Divisions.

Circular No. 33, October 30, 1943.

Vehicular traffic prohibited on a certain thoroughfare in the Borough of Brooklyn.

Revokes a certain thoroughfare as a play street, in the Borough of Manhattan.

Approves a certain location as a designated premises for the discharge of small firearms in the Borough of Manhattan.

T. T. Message, October 31, 1943.

Relative to the “Brownout,” instructions outlined in connection with voluntary compliance with lighting recommendations to conserve fuel: action to be taken when violations observed, etc.

T. T. Order No. 19, November 4, 1943.

Amends so much of Paragraph 22 of Article 8 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Complaints” as relates to the 74th Precinct.

T. T. Order No. 20, November 9, 1943.

Rule 17 of the Rules and Regulations amended to read: 17. Division commanders shall require the commanding officer of at least one precinct within their respective divisions to remain on duty continuously from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. and another commanding officer from 6:00 P.M. to 8:00 A.M. In the event of an unusual occurrence arising in any precinct within the division, such commanding officer will immediately proceed to the scene and direct police action until the arrival of the Inspector, Deputy Inspector or the commanding officer of such precinct.

T. T. Message, November 10, 1943.

Booklet titled “New York at War,” which contains an outline of the organization and duties of the various emergency services established for the protection of our city.

T. T. Message, November 12, 1943.

Anti-freeze solution to be put in radiators of department automobiles.

T. T. Message, November 13, 1943.

Change of location of Surgeon John J. McGowan’s office from 20th Precinct station house to 91 Central Park West, Man.

T. T. Order No. 21, November 13, 1943.

Amends so much of Paragraph 13 of Article 10 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Juvenile Aid Bureau” as relates to location and jurisdiction of Unit 2.

Paragraph 13 of Article 10 further amended by adding thereto new Unit 2A.

T. T. Message, November 17, 1943.

Poster outlining activities of the Emergency Welfare Division during and immediately following an air raid forwarded.

T. T. Message, November 18, 1943.

Police and Fire Departments’ Eighth Annual Toy Campaign.

T. T. Message, November 18, 1943.

During practice air raids traffic lights and other illuminated traffic control devices, whether shielded or unshielded, will not be extinguished.

During actual air raids all traffic lights and other illuminated traffic control devices to be extinguished.

T. T. Order No. 22, November 19, 1943.

Amends so much of Paragraph 13 of Article 10 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Juvenile Air Bureau” as relates to location and jurisdiction of Units 6 and 7.

Paragraph 13 of Article 10 further amended by adding thereto new Unit 6A.

T. T. Message, November 19, 1943.

Telephone number of Brooklyn Vehicle Homicide Squad changed from Jefferson 3-3113 to Main 2-6633.

T. T. Message, November 22, 1943.

General Orders No. 33, c.s., titled “Evacuation” amended as relates to locations and telephone numbers of certain Red Cross Primary Rest Centers in the 3rd, 4th, 11th, 15th, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 41st, 111th, 120th and 122nd Precincts.
"Pleasure's all mine, Sergeant!"

"Butcher's expecting a delivery of meat."

"Don't disturb them now, Sarge, they're listening to Frank Sinatra."

"You told me to make a survey of my post, didn't you."
AMENDMENTS TO RULES AND REGULATIONS

Amendments to the Manual of Procedure will follow in due course

RULE 17.

17. Division commanders shall require the commanding officer of at least one precinct within their respective divisions to remain on duty continuously from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. and another commanding officer from 6:00 P.M. to 8:00 A.M. In the event of an unusual occurrence arising in any precinct within the division, such commanding officer will immediately proceed to the scene and direct police action until the arrival of the Inspector, Deputy Inspector or the commanding officer of such precinct.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 20, Nov. 9, 1943.

RULE 241.

241. Except when the provisions of Rule 240 are operative, a person desiring information relative to or a transcript of a record of an accident, shall be referred to the Commanding Officer, Bureau of Information, Police Headquarters, Manhattan.

Anyone desiring to inspect an accident report shall present a written authorization on prescribed form, signed and executed before a notary public or commissioner of deeds, to the Commanding Officer, Bureau of Information, during the regular office hours, any day, except Sundays and legal holidays.

b. Upon the filing of an authorization the applicant if entitled by law to inspect such record shall be given a photostat thereof at a time and date to be fixed by the Commanding Officer, Bureau of Information, which date shall be not less than 10 nor more than 15 days from the time of such filing. During this period the Commanding Officer shall cause to be verified the authenticity of the authorization and the right of the applicant to inspect the record.

c. If the verification results in a determination that the applicant is entitled to inspect the records a service charge of $1.00 shall be collected and the prescribed receipt shall be prepared in triplicate by the Commanding Officer, Bureau of Information. Upon payment of such service charge the photostat shall be delivered to the applicant. If the determination be that the applicant is not entitled to inspect the records he shall be so informed at the time and date specified for such inspection.

d. An authorization submitted by a representative or attorney-at-law must be signed by the following and shall be kept on file in the Bureau of Information:
1. The person injured; or
2. The parent or guardian of such person (in case of a minor); or
3. The executor or administrator of the estate (in case of death); or
4. The defendant, or a person who may become a defendant in an action.

e. All money collected for photostats of aided and of accident records shall be forwarded daily to the Bookkeeper's Office, for deposit to the credit of the Police Pension Fund (Article1).

G. O. No. 14, June 24, 1941.

RULE 245.

So much of Rule No. 245 of the Rules and Regula-

tions as reads "Typewritten Report—Damage to trees" is hereby REVOKED.

T.T.O. No. 2, Jan. 6, 1940.

RULE 285.

Rule No. 285 of the Rules and Regulations is hereby amended by adding thereto the following:

"A policewoman shall wear her hair off the collar of the uniform."


RULE 308.

Rule 308 is amended by adding thereto new subdivision "D", to read:

D. Where charges and order of suspension from duty are to be simultaneously served upon a member of the Department, the charges and order of suspension from duty shall be sent forthwith from the Bureau of Disciplinary Records by special messenger to the Commanding Officer of the accused. The Commanding Officer shall promptly serve the charges, notify the accused of the suspension from duty and then notify all concerned through the Telegraph Bureau of the suspension from duty of the accused. Such Commanding Officer shall obtain from the accused all property as provided in Rule No. 322. If the Force Record (Form U.F. 10) of accused or records of the Bureau of Information show that accused has, or if the accused admits having, firearms other than those delivered at time of service of charges, which firearms are not available within the command, the Commanding Officer of the precinct wherein such firearms are located shall be so advised forthwith, by telephone, and such Commanding Officer shall immediately send a Sergeant to the premises where located and obtain such firearms.

T.T.O. No. 8, April 30, 1943.

RULES 315 and 316.

315. When papers are served on any member of the Department in a legal proceeding relating to an official act, or in a proceeding to recover damages growing out of action taken in the discharge of departmental duty, the following procedure will be followed in case the assistance of the Corporation Counsel is desired:

316. The original papers, together with a statement of the facts out of which the cause of action arose, will be forwarded to the Chief Inspector, to be sent to the designated Deputy Police Commissioner. The date and hour of service of the papers and a copy of the Blotter entry in connection with the matter will be forwarded at the same time; also if the facts warrant it, the statement will bear the following endorsement of the Commanding Officer:

"From my investigation it appears that at the time of the occurrence the member of the Department was acting in the proper discharge of departmental duty, was guilty of no misconduct, and no charges have been or are likely to be preferred against him by reason thereof, and I respectfully request that the Corporation Counsel be assigned to defend him in this action."

T.T.O. No. 28, Sept. 27, 1939.
Looking 'em Over

WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th. Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION
3rd Pet., Ptl. William Foster

8th Precinct: Lieutenant Tom O'Grady, who has two fine lads in the service—Jack, a Lieutenant j. g. in the Navy and Tom, Jr., in the Army on his way to be a General (best of luck to 'em both), becomes disconsolate when forced to admit neither one takes after his Pa when it comes to sounding the bugpipe ... Good luck also to Red Mike Flynn's youngest brother, Everett, who has joined the Seabees ... Is it true Johnny Warga, who has been under cover lately, has loaned his c.t. to Joe Kistennberth and Lester Meagher? ... And now that the dimout regulations have been lifted, what does Henry Kelly intend doing about Joe Paganucci? ... Chief Foster to Henry Roth: "Are we all set for Election, Henry?" A perfectly natural question, but why the "We"? ... Issy Levine, Meyer Abramson's boy, is working with Blackie Luzzi—looking to find something to whiten dark beards.

Nice showing by Captain Jones and his men at the memorial service of the Police Anchor Club last month. At least one-third of the force here attended. The Captain, be assured, was commended on all sides.

The command showed up well on the new lieutenants' list, too, with Steve "Mgr." Whalen, Eddie "Air Warden" Sullivan, Johnny "Pretty Boy" Dunn, Sandy "Scot" MacFarlane and Zeke Weiman all sitting pretty now and each in turn waiting for the BIG DAY—and as a further result making it necessary—and advisable—for the lieutenants here to forego their customary coffee while working with them—if you get what we mean.

Which lieutenant, incidentally, did setting up exercises in front of the desk on the day the list came out, to prove to the world his physical fitness—and later brought in a certificate from his doctor certifying to such fitness?

Is it true Sergeant Peter "I'll take the desk" Kelly recently asked Sergeant Dene if he would walk the 8 hours in his stead—and for the reason his legs were going back on him? We can't believe this. Peter, forsooth, thinks nothing of walking 8 miles just for a plate of corned beef and cabbage.

More of our men have contributed sons to the Service: John Hoffman, whose lad is in the Navy, and Paul Ludwig, Tom Kelly and John O'Connor, each of whom has a boy now in the Army ... Patrolman Henry Knell, incidentally, becomes the first star on our service flag; he, too, is in the Army.

Patrolman Robbini, the Beau Brummel of the 7th Squad, complains his name has yet to grace the column. So, here it is, and for the benefit of the Women's Aid Society, should they read this, he not infrequently is mistaken for Victor Mature—honest!

We can't positively say which, but Whispering Mike Flynn has either started growing again or is just sprouting out more.

Pinky Higgins, assistant to Jimmy Shea, is now wearing Willie Brennan's white pants ... Bill Donoghue and Walter Bruce, 2nd assistant custodians, scorn such attire. They prefer striped pants with socks, shirt, tie and underwear to match.

To Ye Editor and his Staff our best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

2ND DIVISION
5th Pet., Ptl. Alphonso H. Foster

8th Precinct: It's been a long time since news of our command adorned these pages. However, we're getting organized again and if our former distinguished "ghost writer," Sergeant Jim Leary, or anyone else should get a hankering to toss an item or two our way, we certainly will appreciate it.

Tojo's worries have increased considerably since our Jimmy Hopper hooked up with Uncle Sam's Navy. Good luck, Jim!

Congratulations to Sergeants Martin, Callan, Hagenlocher, Moran and Gick on hitting the lieutenants' list.

"No man comes so near to God as one who shows protection and kindness to men." This sentence in a few words describes Sergeant Ed Radloff who, after thirty-five years of commendatory service, retired from the Department on November 15. An outstanding superior whose sense of duty, tact, courage, and deep-rooted devotion to his religious belief had duly impressed and commanded the respect of all who knew him, he left a vacancy that will be difficult to fill. To him the best wishes of the command are extended.

Dominick "The Chief" Ciafone has been doing a lot of waiting about the Bowery "dialects" who infect his otherwise peaceful post ... Our basketball team, composed of members who formerly enveloped on local scholastic and semi-pro courts, is anxious to arrange games. If interested contact Richard J. (Dixie) Tilson, manager and coach ... Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman John P. Lovett in the death of his beloved sister ... The boys are still chuckling over the way one of our 95 men "welcomed" "Baby Face" Harrington when the youth first reported to the station house for duty. Looking up from his typewriter at the shining, unshrunk brow of the boy cop standing before the desk he bellowed, "SCRAM, KIDDO, WE'RE ALL OUTTA P.A.L. BUTTONS!" ... Latest measurements indicate that the Rhythm King, Milt Kletsky, can now throw a typewriter half the distance to the 95 Room ... Our booming baritone, Chum Dillman, presented a novel arrangement of the song, "When You Were Younger O"s" to his singing partners, Bing Merle, whose voice thrilled millions a few years back on a "Tom Noonan Chinatown broadcast;" Woody's Innella, the Harlem Nightingale, and Tom "Sugar" Kane, the Ferryboat Serenade ... The Beef Trust took a beating when Frank Wing retired and Ike Brier was transferred, but Eddie McEnroe, ment rational or no, feels he can carry on ... John Kizuko plans to purchase a decorative toupee which he hopes will put an end to the "father & son" remarks heard when he steps out with Roger "Hunt & Peck" Murray. ... The back room has taken on a mongrel-like effect now that "Whistling Tommy" Julia has retired to greener pastures ... Best wishes for a speedy recovery to Ralph "Midnight" De Blase, Harold "Curly" Heidel, and Jeremiah "Jerry on the Job" Sheehan, on sick report as this is written ... Our own poet-laureate, Dave "The Great" Sackman, has promised to furnish us a few choice poems for the next edition.

The evening of Wednesday, November 10, will long be remem-
LOOKING 'EM OVER

bered by those who were present at the Entertainment and Dance of the 5th Precinct Air Warden Service, staged under the supervision of Act. Lt. Francis T. Murphy in the auditorium of the Church of the Most Precious Blood, 113 Baxter Street, Manhattan. Lieutenant Murphy, whose genial smile and hospitable greeting was the opening invitation to a night of fun and frolic, in the course of the proceedings introduced David Thompson, commandant of the Air Warden Service, who presented honorable discharge certificates to the families of those men and women members of the A.W.S. now serving in the armed forces. Then, as an assurance that their loved ones have not been forgotten, Edward S. Callahan, zone commander, made an offering to Father Edward Selerno, O.F.M., asking that they be remembered in the Holy Sacri-ifice of the Mass and that a prayer be offered for their safe and speedy return. A most gracious and thoughtful gesture.

Mr. George Hunter served as master of ceremonies and introduced the famous personalities who contributed their time and talent to insure the success of the entertainment. Among those present were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ercole Rossi, pastor of St. Patrick's Church; his assistant, Father Andrews; Father Aloysius Trifari, S.C., pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration; Deputy Chief Inspector Arthur W. Wallander, City Court Justice Rocco A. Parelia, Assistant Chief Inspector John J. DeMartino, Assemblyman Louis DiSalvio, Deputy Inspector James B. Nolan, Captain Jesse A. Upham, Counsellor Thomas H. Lee; Act. Captain Joseph C. Butler, 2d Division; Silas Jennings, 3d Precinct warden com- mander; John Hudson, 9th Precinct warden commander, to name a few.

It was indeed a "Night of Nights," and in all sincerity our congratulations now to Act. Lieutenant Murphy and his exceptionally able staff for a well-planned evening—and for an attendance that be-speaks well the interest and loyalty of the members of the 5th Precinct Air Warden Service.

Smiling at you here is Bosun's Mate 1/c Henry J. Mischele, on duty, when the photo was taken, on an island somewhere in the South Pacific, and to whom all of us here at the 5th Precinct wish the best of good luck and a safe and early return.

4TH DIVISION

13th Precinct: Our sincere sympathy to Dave Dunnigan in the loss of his beloved Mother.

Congratulations to Tom Hutchinson (one of our future sergeants) and his Missus on the recent arrival of that little Bundle of Joy!

Heartiest congratulations also to Sergeants Giattini, Oetting, Malina and Dallas in successfully passing the lieutenants' promotion test; also to Sergeants Tierney and Nicelotti, no longer with us here in the Gas House District but who were at the time they took the exam.

We were sorry about Lieutenant Chris Anderson leaving us; we don't know what the 15th ever did to deserve such a break. . . . At the same time, we were fortunate in being able to welcome in his place another competent desk officer in the person of Lieutenant Joseph Bals. We certainly trust his stay with us will be a most pleasant one.

Here's hoping those good arrests "Joeke?" DiDomenico has been making recently won't go to his head. . . . Patrolman Mayer observed removing his ear muffs from the moth balls the other day—a sure sign Winter is not far off . . . Meet the champion quick-change artist of the S. H.—Louie Strasser—who missed his calling—he should have been a fireman. Yowsh, no lost motion when Louie starts changing his clothes before turning out . . . The other extreme—The Baron—who still dreams of those rosy days when he was in the Bureau solving all those inside jobs. Inci-dentally, if he doesn't do a better job relieving attendants he might be minus an inside job . . . Speaking of attendants, Mrs. O'Leary's housework is much lighter these days. Seems that Cornelius, since his "promotion" to that rank, washes the windows and diligently dusts and cleans around the house in order to become more profi-cient in the performance of his duties here at the S. H. . . . There is little difference, Connie also is finding out, between taking care of a kitchen range and firing a steam boiler.

5TH DIVISION

24th Precint: Ptl. T. Nieuszcz
26th Precint: Ptl. C. Sodaro
30th Precint: Ptl. Si Lent
44th Precint: Ptl. H. Wash

30th Precinct: A hearty welcome to Sergeant Moroney, late of the 26th, who came to us via a mutual with Sergeant Cuff made some time ago. "I am quite satisfied with the deal," says Sergeant Moroney. "Nice clean-cut fellows here—a fine promising bunch of men!" You're right, Sarge, they'll promise you anything.

Quite some wailing last month anent the news featured in this column by your reporter, Si Lent, whom the wailers accuse of taking undue liberties with the truth. Thanks, Gentlemen, at least you did not call him a liar. There is also much speculation as to the identity of the said Si Lent, whom the wail theories advanced are amusing, to say the least. Patrolman Bob (Armstrong) Brown, for example, is offering odds on Pete Schneider. Others believe Si to be Herbert Schenker—without the odds, of course; while still others accuse Don Kierman of being the culprit. (Hint: How do you know it is a "him"?)

December is another month of Thanksgiving and apropos of the season let us all offer a prayer for the safety and good health of the members of the 30th Precinct now in the armed forces.

They tell us the entertainment and dance of the St. George Association and of the Holy Name Society were huge successes. Good. Members of the St. George Association of this precinct thought up a novel entertainment idea all their own. Patrolman Flugarth was to portray the gallant knight, St. George, and Patrolman Bill Gerlich the ill-fated dragon. For you readers unfamiliar with the legend, the knight, symbol of all that is good, slew the dragon, symbol of all that is bad. Gerlich demurred, however. "I am a courageous man," said he, "and fear neither man nor beast; but I cannot see why I have to become a pin-cushion!"

In connection with the proceedings of the Holy Name Society, Patrolman Hickey as usual covered himself with glory. Hick is like that, always thinking of the other fellow . . . Patrolman John J. Larkin was also present, suave and dignified as befits a man of his rank and calling. . . . Let's give the boys a big hand!


More next month, and if you haven't been mentioned yet, just wait—your time will come!

6TH DIVISION

23rd Precint, Ptl. Henry Nolan
25th Precint, Ptl. John Sweeney
26th Precint, Ptl. Nicholas Wulff
31st Precint, Ptl. Francis X. McDermott
32nd Precint, Ptl. Edward Dropper

23rd Precint: Congratulations on their retirement and of October 16 past, to Eddie Cusick, Charlie Thielman and Harry Kreidel! Thielman, we understand, is going to set himself up in the hotel business, occupy one of the softest beds and take a long rest from his arduous duties as a patrolman . . . Kreidel is in the Navy, doing his bit for Uncle Sam—and to think he used to be a Marine! The irony of fate . . . Loss of luck to Eddie, Charlie and Harry and may all three enjoy a long and happy retirement.

John Crimins, also due to retire soon, would like to visit the Ould Sod. The other day he and his missus took the ferry to Staten Island, just to get used to the water again, and, explains John, "Be gorry, I fell asleep and dreamed I was on my way back to Ireland, and so peaceful and contented was the look on my face, the wife tells me, that she let me sleep right through!"
Homo Herrnstadt is the new moniker pinned on Bobby by the boys in the 95 room. His jokes must be murderously to warrant that one.

Once again checkers has become a great source of rivalry among the boys in the backroom. Larry Kelly, 'tis generally conceded, is the champ. The runners-up: Bourden, O'Hagan, Sarcona, Olsens, Polchinski, Stack, Yours Truly, and last but not least, Crowe.

There is an old saying that it never rains but it pours and this adage has been the thorn in the side of our good friend Charlie Schlegel ever since he became assigned as patrolwagon operator. For example, the bother brought about by the new cherry wood pipe whose merits Charlie was extolling while enroute to court one day, with a van load of prisoners, and followed shortly afterward by his having to explain why the air raid alarm, located in the asphalt plant where the patrolwagon is garaged, went off accidentally. Charlie says it was an eerie night, which explains why to all and sundry he is referred to now as "Spooks."

Season's Greetings to all!

28th Precinct: Congratulations to the successful candidates in the recent lieutenants' exam, especially Sergeants Redding, Irogan, Ramsdell, Brown and Hallinan who again covered the 28th Precinct with glory.

What AWS man can be heard wailing the following plaint every morning at 8 A.M.:

I thought the detail would last
At least til the war was past;
But now I'm back where you found me
Out in the cold again!
I thought I was through
With all school-crosings, too;
But now I'm back where you found me—
Out in the cold again!

After a long and strenuous balloting campaign, George Brown was chosen as the "Pin-up Boy of Harlem" with Bunny-boy Heusel a close second . . . Piccolo Freddie Hill has sworn off supplying nickels to further Squashy Holder's entertainment . . . What with Lt. Newburg and George Reichel excelling (?) in the art of fishing, Ray Gleason being a hunter (of sorts) and Frank Rice struggling to correct his golf slice, the 8th Division seems to be loaded with sportsmen . . . Commissar Schwartz is becoming quite an insurance collector . . . Oscar Ryan will gladly tell you about the fellow in the 2nd squad who possesses a face that has worn out two bodies . . . Why did Mugavin give Eddie Hart the brillo when Ed asked to borrow the soap?

Merry Christmas to all!

32nd Precinct: "Lock 'Em Up" Tolopka and "Gets His Man" Carroll are still bringing in those culprits silly enough to think they can get away with something around here.

Patrolman Cudahy, recently retired, tried out some "remedies" for his arthritis, viz.: (1) carrying two potatoes in his back pockets, (2) carrying two horse chestnuts in his front pants pockets, and (3) carrying a small stub of garlic in his handkerchief pocket. Everything was going swell, he told us, until one of the rookies, failing to recognize Cudahy, threatened to give him a summons for peddling without a license. Lots of luck to you, "Red," the boys all will miss you.

Our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Joseph Connelly in the death of her husband, the late Patrolman Joseph Connelly, who, as a member of the armed forces, was killed in the blimp crash at Barnegat Bay. Condolences also to Patrolman Carrington in the passing of his father.

Is it true Patrolman Ed Perez contemplates raising chickens when he retires? (Better get some dope from Patrolman McFadden, Ed) . . . Ever see the mechanism in a submarine? Well, it nothing on the mechanism and contrivances featuring our boiler room. Our U-boat captain will show you around in case you're interested . . . At the service flag raising ceremonies some time ago our captain in the course of his talk said, "When you pass the flag, stop and think what it represents, then dig down in your pockets and buy more war bonds." So say we all . . . If you're in doubt about donating blood to the Red Cross see Dracula Nespor, alias Little Nemo . . . Did you know that Patrolman Mozzone, who worked formerly for the Western Electric Company, was known then as Short Circuit Joe? . . . Congratulations and best wishes to Sergeant Domenic Massella on the swell spot he picked out for himself on the recently promulgated lieutenants' list! Incidentally, "Dan," what's to become of those black uniform shirts once the Big Day arrives?

7TH DIVISION

44th Precinct: So far there has been no volunteer to act as guest columnist. Don't be bashful, boys, step right up! However, the backroom box produced plenty of material this month, so with a little editing and censoring, here's the harvest:

With Waldschmidt's and Xisheff's blood now flowing in him, John Hauser must feel a little like a walking League of Nations diet when he sits down to eat. He doesn't know whether to order suikerkrant or gefilte fish . . . The $64 question of the month: Who's the Punjabi? . . . Eddie Backman has a pigeon that won a 200-mile race. (Needn't feel so proud, Ed; after all it was the bird that did the work) . . . Is it true George Smith went fishing, couldn't get a bite and fell in after the fish—but they all got away anyhow? (I wonder if Ed uses the same rod?) . . . Someone wants to know if Givelo knows that the Bronx Opera House has reopened . . . O'Malley, the Great, says "Peace and the Day Squad, It's Wonderful!" What makes it ultra swell is that he only has to stand "Ha Ha" Koslosky one week out of three now! (Confidentially, I think he misses the guys) . . .

Hearty congratulations to the students who made the lieutenants' list, Sergeants Whalen (105), O'Brien (159), Corcoran (209), and Lewis (298). A salute to each of them.

We welcome from the 38th Precinct Patrolman Michael Hanigan, our new hack inspector, who replaces Lewis via a mutual . . . We wish Corbett a long and happy retirement period . . . And the same to the general first broom, Charlie Vecchio, who will probably be out by the time this is printed . . . More of the boys left our ranks for the service: Fandel and Klein to the Navy, the latter as an Ensign, and Milo to the U.S. Marines. Most of the younger boys, Quinlan, Farley, Brower, Morgan, Oliver, to name a few, are practically packed and waiting . . . Incidentally, what was Tim Kelly doing at his draft board? . . . Here's where some of our wandering boys are located: Horn is with the 89th Fighter Command; Shields is on the U.S.S. Monterey; Sniski is an M.P. in Michigan, and McCullough is now in Army Intelligence.

This month we publish a picture of Sergeant Shaw and his son, Sergeant Thomas Shaw, Jr., of the U. S. Army. Sergeant Shaw is widely known throughout the department, he having trained a large number of men in boxing and jiu-jitsu when he was a physical instructor at the Police Academy. His son, Thomas Jr., (5'11", 170 lbs.), was assigned to the 201st Coast Artillery Medical Det in which he served for two years. Later, anxious for active combat, he requested and was granted a transfer to the Paratroopers Training School, Ft. Benning, Ga., where, upon passing the physical examinations and making the required jumps successfully, he won
his silver wings and boots. Promoted to the rank of sergeant next and recently flew to the Mexican border with a group of selected Paratroopers to give jumping demonstrations. At present undergoing a special communications course which includes radio, telegraph, telephone and Radar. We wish him good luck and success.

That song about wishing for a paper doll has nothing on Pavlovski. He’s got a paper doll in his locker... What patrolman, noted for his apparent wide acquaintance with big shots, went up to General “Hap” Arnold at the Army-Notre Dame game, shook his hand and said, “How ya doin’, General?” (Don’t you read the papers, Early?)... And what cop, after the same game, couldn’t remember where he parked his car, and had to get four other fellows to help him find it? (Would Kelker know?)... It seems the precinct members have all developed a dislike for black-and-white sodas... Farley and Checkek, to commemorate Columbus Day, went into a restaurant and ordered a plate of spaghetti—with two straws.

This column has always avoided expressions of sympathy to bereaved ones, mainly because the column, appearing a month later, would tend to recall dormant memories and needlessly renew grief for loved ones who had departed. However, we cannot so lightly pass over the sudden and untimely death of our comrade, Edward Falco. Ever likeable and popular, he was a favorite with all. His funeral, which most of us attended, was a sincere tribute to a real man. He will be missed.

TO MY BLIND MOTHER ON XMAS

Dear Mother of mine,

Your heart is clear and pure;
Of my love you are sure,
Dear Mother of mine.

God took your sight, Mother mine,
But let you a heart of gold.
May He now—at Christmas time
Bring you joy and cheer—untold.
I will struggle, even give my life,
To bring you all the sunshine
God denied you in your life—
Dear Mother of mine.


In closing, this column wishes all the officer’s and men of the command a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and to those serving with the armed forces our hopes for a victorious and quick return.

42nd Precinct: Captain Charles Humbertel and the staff of superiors here at the 42nd Precinct extend a most hearty Christmas greeting to the members of the command and to their families, and by the same token, the members wish them the same warm Yuletide happiness.

Hearty congratulations to Sergeants John Halk, Frederick Lusson, Emil Sardjouelli, Thomas Hunt and George Hoblitza, all of whom rate high on the present lieutenant’s list. Best of luck and a speedy promotion to you all.

Patrolman Charles “Minute Man” Nussbaum has been unanimously chosen by the members of the 42nd Precinct to play the role of Santa Claus during the Christmas season. Being imbued with the spirit of giving and receiving. Charles possesses the necessary qualifications for the part.

The formula for the new smoking tobacco Patrolman Andy Conlin now uses for his pipe had been a closely-guarded secret until Bill Reifel informed your correspondent that the weed is known as “Ferryboat Mixture”—and is quite the thing!

Almost forgot to mention that the present roster of officers of “The Weepers Club” has been chosen for the year 1944 without a dissenting vote from the gang.

Patrolman John “Buck” Neville, observed on Third Avenue last month eagerly devoting ripe persimmons, states that this luscious fruit gives one “that baby skin and lips you love to touch”.

As Ole 1943 draws swiftly to a close, may the New Year bring forth new ideals and firm resolves, with a fervent hope and prayer that 1944 will ring down the curtain on World War II—to remain down until the end of time.

4th Precinct: Your reporter, who because of the nature of his duties is unable to keep in touch with the men of the command, would welcome most heartily the receipt of any and all news items as would be of interest to our readers. Incidentally, your column is written for you this month by a guest reporter, Patrolman W. R.

A welcome to the recent newcomers to the command, Patrolmen Becker, Hanratty, Goldberg, Bockhold, McCrudden, Klatt, Kossiost, Hunterberg, Schwartz, Carboy.

Congratulations and best wishes to Patrolman Steve Magarya and his Beautiful Blushing Bride.

Will someone get up a petition to have Patrolman McCrudden assigned to post 16? He could on that post use those extra vitamins—which Wallach and Kaplan admit now they could spare... How come Patrolman Stahl, Reid and Schaff keep smiling so prettily these days?... Your old reporter, Patrolman John McDowell, recently took his two-year-old son to watch him bowl, and the Pops’ average was a not-so-bad 160, young Jackie appeared not at all pleased... No, it’s not because he’s moved down to 75th and Broadway that the Dean of our 95 men walks around with his chest out these days. Not on your life! The reason is that good old Sheldon has up and joined the Navy. (Good luck, lad!)... Patrolman Charles Schmitzler (the money saver of M.M. 2) is now No. 1 on the retirement list—the first list he ever headed, incidentally.

Good luck to Patrolman Ben Wallach’s son, now in Africa... Aside to Patrolman Bova: Have you joined up with the Columbia Society yet? If not, beware of a certain Remo DeFelice! He’s the guy that makes up the roll-calls—to say nothing of UF 6s and such... Welcome to those two distinguished looking gents assigned here as telephone operators, Messrs. Rosenfeld and Krehbiel. May their respective stays with us be long, prosperous and enjoyable ones... Congratulations to all who were fortunate enough to be able to subscribe to the Third War Loan!... The response here from blood donors for the Red Cross was more than gratifying. In this respect the 44th Precinct, as always, proved second to none... Our thanks to those who made possible the sending of Christmas packages to our fellow officers in the armed services. Be assured they will be happy to know we still have them in mind.

A Riddle: Eight policemen hunting birds from heaven, when they came home there only were seven. (Question: What happened to Patrolman Bischoff?)... Patrolman Bill Anderson now has three sons, serving Uncle Sam in the armed forces. May they all come back as safely as did their Dad from World War I... Should Kookie Patrolman McCrudden go into the Army his Mom can add star No. 5 to her service flag. He already has four brothers in the service.

8TH DIVISION


47th Precinct: At this writing we still have on sick report Brothers Hearn and Weisman and to them our best wishes for a speedy recovery are extended.

Happy to learn that Patrolman Martin Craig, now engaged with the armed forces, is soon to get his wings; want also to say “hello” to three more of our boys so serving, Patrolman John Reilly, now a captain, U. S. Army; Patrolman Herbert Bunyard, a lst. jr. grade, U. S. Coast Guard, and Patrolman Herbert Vosburgh, a corporal, U. S. Army. Good luck, boys, and hurry home victorious to us soon.

Well, I think that the son of Detective Al Dittmar has been reported missing in action. We hope and pray that somehow, somewhere, he will turn up alive and kicking. This boy, as we told you in an earlier edition, had a splendid record and was the holder of quite a few medals.

Now let us, although kind of late, welcome to the 47th Precinct our new recruits—Patrolmen Demoule and Cronin and Civilian Operator O’Keefe. May your respective stays with us be pleasant and happy ones.

On October 15 we lost through retirement Patrolman Don Lardino and to him we wish nothing but the best of luck, good
health and happiness for a great many years to come.

Things Seen and Heard: Alex Joe letting his hair grow for the Winter . . . Ackerman and Schenminger simonizing Old 429 . . . McAvoy, ace recorder on Sec. 2 (is it 5 or 6 ribbons now, Mac?) . . . Antognani, he of the double melted milks, buying a nice fresh package of cigarettes (let me have one).

Your reporter would like to take this opportunity to wish each and every member of this command and their families a Joyous Christmas Season and a Very Happy New Year!

10TH DIVISION

60th Precinct: Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Tom Higgins, the proud Poppe and Momma of that newly-born little man, Michael Richard Higgins! The newest member of the Higgins clan is a redhead—and quite a guy—to hear his Pop tell it.

We lost another good man to the U. S. Navy Seabees, Patrolman Bob Maricic, former demon summons man and more recently of the A.W.S. staff. Best of luck to you, Bob, and we sure feel sorry for the poor Jap who fails to give your battlewagon the right of way, or parks in a restricted area. To repeat a common phrase, "Knock 'em box-legged! " but with bullets, not summons!

In answer to the many (two) queries as to the truth of the rumors concerning the fondness, (gastronomically speaking,) of that certain gentleman for polly seeds, the answer is yes. Dapper Dan when on patrol not only may be observed nibbling polly seeds, but, worse—Indian nuts as well.

Meet another new Pappy—Patrolman Sidney Lazarus—the recent recipient of a Lovely Little Daughter! Must be the association with his constant companion, "Homan the Joeman!" Best wishes to Miss Lazarus—Momma and Poppe, too.

Have you noticed the frigid glances tossed at each other by Jim Danaher and Al Costantino? The feud, we hear, is over who possesses greater girth. In plainer words, each insists it's the other who should be tabbed "Fatty." Reminds us of the old wheeze about the pot calling the kettle black.

Calling all Ryans, Bryans, Heimnesses and Shaughnesses!!! Also the A.O.H.!!! Information has been received that Patrolman Nick (the Greek) Casso is passing himself off as an Irishman! (Goos now by the name of "Cacy") Sounds like a plot!

A word of sympathy for another recent father, Patrolman Kaplowitz, who was heard complaining of the "discomforts" attending his having to leave the warmth of his downy bed these cold wintry early ayems to prepare the baby's bottle. Too bad, Kappy. But why don't you break him in right and make him prepare his own bottles? Being a chip of the old block, the ripe old age of four (months) should not deter him from doing so.

Gosh! Column almost finished and not a mention of that Beau Brummel—that Bon Vivant—Patrolman Hugo (thin man) Pulzone! With summer long since over we miss the colorful attire that he so gracefully wears—those harmonious combinations of yellow socks, green sport shirt, lavender ties, high yaller shoes, cerise shorts, poipple undershirt, et al. However, only six months more to go and our rainbow will once again burst forth in all his glory!

Once again we welcome the Christmas season and again extend to all members of the command our very best wishes for a very, very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—one that will bring to our country victory over the enemy and to the world a peace that will be lasting.

62nd Precinct: The members of the 62nd Precinct mourn the passing of Sergeant Edwin O'Dell, Patrolman Michael F. Kelly and retired Patrolman James L. Leddy.

Sergeant O'Dell, who had served 27 years, 10 of them in the 62nd Precinct, was a veteran of World War I and an active member of the Sheridan Police Post, American Legion.

Patrolman Kelly also served 27 years, 9 of them here. As a detective he helped years ago in breaking the West End Bank holdup case. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, Police Anchor Club and the Holy Name Society.

Patrolman Leddy, who retired from this precinct 10 years ago, was an active member of the Atlantic Club of Coney Island, better known as the organization whose members like to swim in December and January—"when the ice in the Atlantic is reasonably thick!" All three had a host of friends. They are gone, but not forgotten.

Lots of luck to P.W. Driver Joseph Douglas, now a machinist 2nd class, U.S. Navy, stationed currently at Camp Perry, Virginia.

The only man here with courage enough to sport a mustache is John (Clark Gable) Ferrer who admits the misplaced eyebrow improves his looks considerably—which should be food for thought for some others here, Joe Illuzzi, Ed Leahy and Charlie Dunn, fritzexample.

What's this we hear about Lou Penner finding a baby in a junk jar?

Best wishes and lots of luck to Patrolman Stanley Mazurkiewicz, recently retired.

The Astronomy Club, known also as The Moongazers, are looking for a new Commander since Mike O'Connor, who is now out of that class, resigned. Members meet in the back room after each tour to discuss their problems . . . (What problems?)

66th Precinct: Besides being champions at softball, the 66th Precinct boasts also of its champion students, as the recently promulgated list for lieutenant will show. Here's how our champs fared:

Henry Jones, 61; Joseph P. Ganley, 83; Walter G. Clark, 93; John J. Moran, 132; John M. Horn, 233; Thomas M. Clancy, 357.

Members of the command wish each of them the best of luck and continued success. It has been suggested the efficiency of the patrolmen here at the 66th Precinct, in leaving them free from worry to pursue their studies unmolested, contributed in a small measure to their success. Should such be the case, we are indeed glad to have been of help.

Have you noticed the worried and hara-sek look on the hitherto smiling countenance of our able and efficient custodian engineer, Meyer Gelmam? This is due, investigation discloses, to the strain and worry involved in the assigning of his two assistants, Bill Dement and Dan Keating, to their various tasks each day.

Ahlgren was overheard complaining to Moriarty last month of the low rate of interest now being paid by banks and similar institutions. Moriarty listened sympathetically. The conversation went something like this:

Moriarty: "Don't worry, Carl, sure when anything like that bothers me I always think of the old Biblical verse, 'Don't worry, I will bring the quilt!'"

Ahlgren: "You mean 'Fear not, the Comforter cometh!'"

Moriarty: "Well, that might be the Protestant version of it!"

11TH DIVISION

72nd Precinct: In a series of accidents during the month of October, Patrolmen John T. Russo, John F. Moore, John D. Quinn, Samuel L. Karnin and Edward G. Ruane, with a total disregard for their own safety distinguished themselves by their efforts to save others from disaster. The only one who failed to come through—and by no fault of his own—was Patrolman Ruane who dived into the cold blackness of the Gowanus Canal only to find that the victim was already dead, he having struck his head on a bulkhead when he fell from a loading barge. I repeat, men, we are all proud of you.

Which of our sergeants has been complaining about a certain new patrolman here who "salutes from his ears"? . . . Also another patrolman who clicks his heels so hard when he salutes that he, the sergeant, fears that some day this patrolman will knock himself out and he, the sergeant, will find himself with an aided case on his hands.

Meet our shuffleboard champs, Patrolmen Phil O'Leary and Pat DeCicco, who already have beaten such outstanding stars as Patrolmen Bree and White, known as the rubber plate team, and Patrolmen Walsh and Groph, famous also as the Gestapo All Stars, a name picked by Groph because he owns a concentration camp!

This report comes from a member of my P.A.C. (Poisoned Affairs Committee), who tells me that one of the boys here likes
parties so well that he is forever giving them. Now, we don't mind going to a party, but why the ten cent admission? Your reporter doesn't mind putting this in print, but if any of vousse guys as much as looks at him—why...

Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Samuel L. Karlin who last month were blessed with a Beautiful Baby Girl!

A speedy recovery for Patrolman Francis J. Jackson, ill at home for the last few months and for whom all of us are rooting.

Your reporter would like very much to hear from the men in the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th squads. You know, fellas, it is nice to read of the silly—as well as serious—things that happen hereabouts each month, but it certainly gets monotonous when he has to put the same names in print so regularly. So how about you boys in those squads making notes of whatever items you may be able to gather and leaving them in the mail rack for him? Nothing will be printed that may be personal, and, more important still, no offense ever is intended.

Congratulations to Sergeants Mitchell and Mulcahy on their showing on the lieutenants' list! And to the sergeants who failed to make it we say—keep punching; better luck next time.

Having no more to say this month, on behalf of all the members of the command we extend to the Staff of SPRING 3100 and to our boys in service, wherever they may be—our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

78th Precinct: Congratulations and best of luck to Detective Munday on his assignment to that rank .... Best wishes also to Lieutenant Wolvinck, transferred to the 74th Precinct, and whom all of us will miss.

Who in the back room made the statement: "You know, fellers, I felt so sure of the success of that bonbon thing that I (1) went and got married and (2) bought myself a car and (3) seeing I can't afford both I'm wondering now what to do—turn in the car or ..." ??? Other comments:

Patrolman Quinn: "I should worry. I wouldn't know what to do with it if we did get it!" .... Patrolman Handy: "Why get nervous about it—it's so much less the wives will have to spend!" .... Patrolman Belfare: "Gosh, just when I intended to buy grapes and make some wine!" .... Patrolman Cappelli: "All set was I to buy $50 worth of provoloni and $60 worth of salami and the rest I would have split fifty fifty with the wife!" .... Krauss: "It would have been just about enough for the baby that's due, hospital and doctor expenses included!" .... O'Neill: "Don't take it so to heart, fellers, maybe we'll get it next year!" .... Cotter: "Yeah, maybe!"

Patrolman Dick Palmy, our assistant clerical man, has been on his feet a lot of late—last week he went horseback riding.

84th Precinct: One seat for sale in the back room since Willie Kraus left us .... Doesn't Aspirin Jerry Ryan look much better since acquiring that coat of Sands Street tan? .... Yes, members of the 8th Squad ground crew are still looking for their wings .... Yackery interested in a Simplex—if there are any more left .... Is it true George Simon invited Jerry Sullivan up for tea and bagels—butter on the bagels included? .... Tighe and Nolan: "Step up, fellas, and have one on us!" .... Is it true Tanscy lost his black book since making the Day Squad? .... Tom Mitchel surprised us all with that party for Cluoon ... What happened to Popp Finn and Charlie Schultz on Court Street that day? .... Honest John Murphy doesn't seem to mind the draft in 571 .... Pete De Dula is giving Stien instructions on how to keep fit despite having to do half a tour walking the floor at home before coming to work.

Both Caffone and Herrman deny any ambitions that may point in the direction of the Day Squad .... Is it true Jimmy Recely is talking up his chances of Jim Pearl's old concession? .... And that if Danny Reed doesn't get his shirt back Carnody may lose that grade A? .... Meet our shuffleboard champions, Connick and Rafferty .... Congratulations to our Quiz Kids on their respective showings on the recently promulgated list! Note, too, all of those former members who made it .... Best wishes for a speedy recovery to all our sick men .... How about an 8 & 4 club? We could have some good times and, at the same time, be in a position better to remember the men who have left us.

13TH DIVISION

74th Prec., Phil. Hugh Bett
77th Prec., Phil. Martin Gingoel
79th Prec., Lt. John T. McCarthey
80th Prec., Phil. Nathan Brief
81st Prec., Phil. William Isaac
88th Prec., Phil. Daniel D. Langan

77th Precinct: Congratulations to Popza and Mrs. Bernard Mirkin upon the addition to the family of a fine 8 lb. 4 oz. Baby Boy! We are justly proud of the representatives from our house who hit the lieutenants’ list—Sergeants McMaekin, Brennan and Girando, and to them our heartiest congratulations are extended.

Something New Has Been Added!! Believe it or not—the 77th Precinct has gone basketball!! The team, consisting of Mirkin, Teller, Harrison, Munk, Millington, Bergstein and Levine should present a last and clever lineup. Let's give the boys a great big hand and at their next game turn out for them in style.

Looks like the 77th in addition is going streamlined—what with thousands of dollars of the command reporting daily to the Y.M.C.A., in a grunting and groaning campaign designed to cut down the waistline. Yes, indeed!

Why is Neidrich called "Squirrel"? .... Pammerner, "Barney the Google"? .... Tibbs, "Fuzzy-Wuzzy"? .... Haines, "Dapper Don"? .... Petersen, "The Great Gildersleeve"? .... Levine, "Baby-Face"? .... Matthews, "The Deacon"? .... Morris "I once had a case"! Someone, our arms and ordnance expert, was overheard referring to a gunsmith, at "Lava"s", just how a gun should be fixed. So should your own .38 get out of order some time don't hesitate to see Morris.

Marty "I can get it for you wholesale" Gingoel sez he's back in the retail business again—but just for the duration ... Barney Kamrman, the Fulton Street knish expert, is smiling again now that his shiny new chinnawash has been installed.

Here is something for the boys here to think about. As you know, we have three brother patrolmen and one of our detectives serving today with the armed forces, two of them on the other side, thousands of miles from home. They are fighting so that we over here may be spared the tragedies and desolation of this the most cruel war in all history. They would on occasion enjoy a letter from home. Why not take time out to write to them, and as well to the two serving over here? Send them a little cheer. They will appreciate it. It will keep up their spirits. Let us uphold the tradition of the finest, "We shall not forget!"

79th Precinct: What Has Become Of: The vest (an old family heirloom) lost worn by Sergeant Charlie Milsterback in 1938, at a dinner in Sonia Hall, on which occasion the said vest was unnecessarily decorated with the contents of a seltzer-water bottle at the hands of Sergeant Charlie Herbert? .... That nice white uniform Sergeant Herbert used to sport on balmy sunny days of yore? .... That old electric clock Bill Reilly was going to repair? (There oughta be a law, etc.)

It was not until September 28 last that our old pal, Henry Willians of MVH Squad 2, who received a commendation for his especially heroic work in connection with the apprehension of the murderers of the late Detective Miccio, had opportunity, in connection with the big bond rally parade that day, to which he was assigned in uniform, to display his nice new decoration to advantage. So all during the long hours of duty at the parade Henny marched up and down, planted himself directly in front of every one he met, hoping some interested soul would make the necessary inquiries sufficient to set in motion a complete and detailed description of his participation in the incident that resulted in the awarding of the commendation .... Hells Bells—all day, thousands of people—and not one peep uttered by a living soul in reference to the shiny new bar, Taint's fair ....

FLASH: The Fairmount Thunderbolt, Jock McAuliffe, firing from the mound in the 13th Reg. Armory, recently, had the 79th Regulars flailing their bats like the legs of those old red flannels swinging in a stiff breeze on the well-known clothes line. Jock rocketed one roaring strike after another for the full nine innings, fanning 15 and giving up but five scattered hits and no runs, bringing about a Rebel victory to the tune of 1-0 .... A three-base smash by Gabe Mosner and a two-base clout by Gallopping Joe McElroy gave the Rebels their run in the 7th. Dick Brennan for the Rebels, aided and abetted Jock no end, leading the Rebel batsmen with 3 for 4 and handling 7 chances perfectly, with hut
Looking 'Em Over

One small error. Nice going, Dick... Jimmy McCadden, at 1st for the Rebels, made 8 putouts and contributed two hits... 11 hits and one walk were given up by young Abe Rosenberg, twirling for the Regulars, but they were well scattered and the defensive play of the Regulars was of such fine calibre that the one Rebel run was well earned... Johnnie Tamburino, who umpired, did nicely till he started assigning that old 7-9 hit for Jimmy Lombardi, a visitor from the 16th DD, serving as a spectator until asked to replace a departing Rebel player in the 7th, remained cool and calm for exactly 30 seconds and then blew up with a very loud bang... but it availed him naught. He might have come to bat with the bases loaded, BUT, he arrived with no one on and popped weakly to the infield.

Winding up his vacation and feeling that he should look his best, Honest Abe Herschowitz, purchased a mifty new uniform cap and nice white cotton gloves... Later, at home, upon opening his package he found, much to his surprise and chagrin, instead of white gloves a sparkling pair of red ladies' gloves... Nice going, Abe. But, where on earth did you get that lump on your cork?

Maybe, sometime, Francis J. Gorman will tell us how close he came to having a nice diamond in a tooth, like Willie Fitzgerald, who worked with Francis in the old 45th.

Did you know that Tony Santangelo's paternal parent was once a boss barber, and Tony himself was a bartender in an ice cream parlor?

The Flatbush Thunderbolt strikes again—and again—and again! But this time he wears the uniform of the 79th Regulars... Jocko McAuliffe and the 79th softball team last month subdued the 83rd, 66th and 75th Precincts in rapid succession. Jocko held the 83rd hitless, beating them 10-0; gave up four hits to the 66th, clipping them 3-1, and trounced a mixed 75th team 8-0, giving them 1 hit. That makes 47 strikeouts for Jocko in the last 27 innings. Some pitching, eh, keed... Becht, Daily, McEroy and Clayton (that soundelude) played like demi-gods for the opposition... Sterling unifying is now available—Dick Barco, who has been doing a grand job of calling them—with complaints few and far between.

80th Precinct: The call to the colors has been answered by another of our buddies, Patrolman Irving Moverman, who at this writing is stationed at Fort Dix, N.J.

Both happy and thrilled were we upon the recent visit of Pfc. Sidney Raphael and Ensign Harold Keller; glad also to hear from good old Howie Carlson, U.S. Naval Seabees, from last reports stationed somewhere on the Pacific Coast. Keep up the good work, boys, and let us hear from you often.

Congratulations in order for our new Stork Club members, Patrolmen Jimmy O'Connell and Matty Farrell. Jimmy sustained a real blast when the Stork crash-dived his home with a cute set of twin lads, the while Matty was blessed with a darling little colen. Lots of luck and best wishes to the Babes, Mothers and Dads!

Once again congratulations are in order and our best wishes now to Sergeant Conroy, Chimenti, Smith and Acting Lieutenant Brown of the AWS, for their brilliant showings in the recent exam for lieutenant. To our old buddies, Sergeants Bill Lawrence, Bob Pongos and George Reutte, our best wishes. May promotion for all of them be forthcoming soon.

Time for a pat on the back for the boys in our precinct for their grand showing of War Bond purchases through our little One Dollar Club. Total sales to date $3,650. How those tiny "buckaroos" can grow!

And now your reporter takes this means of wishing each and every member of the Eight-O a most joyous and Happy Christmas, and to our boys now serving in the four corners of the earth we offer a solemn prayer that they may return to us soon blessed with health and a victorious peace!

81st Precinct: On November 8, our 81 Club held one of the most successful shindigs in its short but happy career and which featured, among other things, a wordless mystery drama entitled "Benny Bohland's Chapeau" or "Benny's Missing Benny." The 81st Squad has assigned a great deal of weight (Det. Barry) to bringing the culprit to answer for his crime. Benny states, incidentally, that the benny is nearly new he having purchased it at the start of the war—meaning World War I, no doubt.

Sam Hirsch, who has become a pappy for the second time, following a recent tour marched the entire platoon to a local confectioner's where maldes were served for all. What, no Hemo? Mother and daughter reported doing well... The record of Lo Piccolo, who has been offering to get for us at wholesale anything from a toothpick to a house, so far is perfect. No one, in other words, has taken him up... Paul Dillon's daughter has just joined the Marines and Act. Lieutenant Curry's Better Half is now a WAC, which puts two additional names on our fast growing roll-call of those from here serving in the armed forces. Our best wishes go with them... To Patrolman Fred Kahrig, now retired, the entire command wishes the best of luck in his new life of ease.

Our sergeants did well on the lieutenants' list, and to Sergeants Kraus, Grant and Quinn our hopes for an early promotion are extended... The 81 Club is about to complete the first year of its existence, a year of good times—and with still better ones to follow... To the many recent acquisitions to our happy family we extend the well-known glad hand... Bartollotta and Obewski will be entering the armed forces shortly and to them likewise wish good luck and a speedy return.

To the members of the command and their families we give our kindest thoughts now for a Happy and Merry Christmas and a Grand New Year. May 1944 bring us peace with victory and the safe return of all our loved ones now in the armed services.

Don't forget the mail box in the back room. Information, be assured, will be held in the strictest confidence.

14th Division

83rd Pct., Ptl. Joseph Seymour
85th Pct., Ptl. Eight F. Frey
87th Pct., Ptl. William Smith
90th Pct., Ptl. John J. Keating
92nd Pct., Ptl. William Bury
94th Pct., Ptl. Cyril Shortle

90th Precinct: We deeply miss Marty McKeon, who passed away quite suddenly after a short illness last month. The exemplification of all that goes to make a fine policeman—and a good father as well—Marty during his more than 20 years as a member of the 90th had endeared himself to all. A glowing tribute to his memory was paid him by our Captain on the musterroom floor, and all available members of the command turned out for his funeral and burial in St. John's Cemetery. Our sincerest condolences to the members of his family again are extended.

Visitors to the precinct recently included Henry Burgess, who looks like a million; John Mulder, who looks younger than ever (the secret, John explains, is keeping busy when you retire and no worrying); Wilbur Wesser, who tells us the Navy is great; Eddie Basie, who has seen plenty of action and who, incidentally, has been upped to Chief Petty Officer... Heard from Bill Powell and he, too, was advanced in rank—now Chief Torpedoman... Hope to hear soon from "Big Jim" Morahan, who also is greatly missed and Mike Durniak has been transferred out from where he was to Michigan (see Stanley Conrado for his address)... Haven't seen nor heard from George Denton or Hal Blaney of late but the last time we did both were O.K.

Judging from recent happenings here at the old 90 it's been suggested we call it the Stork Club. Helping to fill the maternity wards in the local hospitals were Mrs. Michael Dougherty, a Girl; Mrs. Joseph Schilling, a Boy; Mrs. John Baunon, a Boy (their first, but not last); Mrs. John Keating, also a Boy; John J. the 2nd (wotta baby!). We would like to talk about the last mentioned baby (wotta baby!) but better judgment warns us to just say thanks for all the good wishes (wotta baby)!

And to all of the proud Mommies and Poppas heartiest congratulations!

Our favorite detective is ailing again—and it has to be mighty serious to put Chuck Sloan on the sick list. We hope he'll be back with us soon.

An old feud has started up again between those two steppers, Sergeant McGuire and Act. Lieutenant Gray. Seems the Sarge stepped out to show the Acting Lute how to eat a rug and after he had finished the latter remarked casually, "Why, I was the one who showed him those steps!"

The lieutenants' list is out and we point with pride to Sergeant Frey, in the job a little over six years, who is "in the money!" Good work, Sergeant.
Patrolman Boyle likes his new assignment so well that he even comes in to work on his 32nd birthday.

To Patrolman Ben Sobey, who recently retired, we wish the best—and hope, too, he keeps in touch with us.

Pinhead Biographies—second half of 8th Squad:

Patrolman George Boos, who works Tompkins Avenue and was a typist (good one, too) before he joined us; good natured fellow, well liked by all; a good cop; has figured in many of Patrolman Bellino's animal escapades, such as buying and taking care of pedigreed dogs, stopping wild horses, etc.

Patrolman Stanley Comaldo, one of our Civic Defense men; another distinctive personality—he having claim to the only mustache in the house (reason for the nickname Stash, no doubt); noted both for his exactness and his neatness; most of the map jokes have been played on him, but being seen about the precinct are his best work; an assistant foreman in the Edison Company before becoming a policeman.

Patrolman John Norris, a special patrolman formerly; expert around machinery; ready always to listen to problems that best others; known for his cheery disposition and his ever-ready smile; works along Broadway usually; is alert, and learning fast; will in time make a name for himself in the job.

Rookie Patrolman Al Galanek, worked as a press operator formerly; like Norris is possessed of a sunny disposition and also, like him, fails from Greenpoint; hard worker and studying hard right now to become a cop—(we predict he'll make it, too); will listen to the old-timers, which is something most of the new men won't; seems to know what it's all about and has his course all set.

15TH DIVISION

100th Pct., Ptl. John C. Hecha
103rd Pct., Ptl. Albert Caldwell
104th Pct., Ptl. Harold T. Keohan
105th Pct., Ptl. Walter Dearoff
107th Pct., The New Drayer
108th Pct., Ptl. Alex Comoda

104th Precinct: Thirteen retired members, together with two who achieved promotion and four patrolmen on leave in the service of their country, were guests of honor at a dinner tendered them last month by the 104 Club, the success and enjoyment of which can be attributed to the efficient work of the committee, the members of which, despite inexperience, presented for our edification an evening of real entertainment and good food (which is something in these times). Patrolman Ed Dreitlein, the president, opened the meeting with a fine speech which was sincere and to the point. Patrolman Snyder, treasurer, surprised all by his ability as a master of ceremonies and Patrolman Fitzmaurice, the financial secretary, made history by the number of presentations it was possible to make in the one evening. The guest list follows:

Retired Members: Lieutenant Dinselbacher, Patrolmen Weise, Young, Flanagan, McKees, Adam, Koteh, Miller, Vogt, Luccare, Neary, Savery ... Patrolman George Lilenthal, also retired, was unable to be present, being somewhere at sea just now in the service of his country.

Promoted: Sergeants Wertenseck and Muller.

Servicemen: Patrolmen Quin, U.S.N.; Roland, U.S.N.; Leigh, U.S.A.; Wagner, U.S.A.

Committee members to whom a rousing vote of thanks is due included Patrolmen McCormick, Malmberg, Rooney, Dwyer, Flood, Bentson, Ellis, Wernesbach, Feihling, Doyle, Drexler, McNirrk, Knablauch ... Patrolman Roach, reciting his famous poem "The Night before Christmas," headed the list of entertainers each of whom in his own particular specialty could grace any stage or radio program you might mention.

A bit of news which missed the newspapers—but won't miss our column—concerns the morning last month, at 3:15, when Patrolman Irving Cook, playing doctor to a young wife of 17, delivered one of the finest bouncing babies ever to see the light. Nothing remained to be done, when the doctor from Wyckoff Heights arrived, save to compliment Patrolman Cook for an excellent job professionally done.

16TH DIVISION

109th Pct., Ptl. George Ferguson
110th Pct., Ptl. Raymond Peterson
111th Pct., Ptl. Edward J. Balamir
112th Pct., Ptl. George Geyer
114th Pct., Ptl. Edwin Furch

110th Precinct: What patrolman always insists (when the boys go bowling) upon paying for a certain other patrolman's games? (Would "Signor" Vitali, the olive grove proprietor, know?) ... Patrolman Smith, Jr., advises that "students" interested in the proper antidote and treatment for a "Chorox" cocktail should get a demonstration from "Professor" McWilliams ... The reason Sullivan and Kaletchitz failed to return with some venison from their recent hunting trip was that they forgot to bring along a dog. Both admitted, incidentally, it felt good to get back to civilization—where people use warm water to wash up with ... Why does Sergeant Hofmann insist on coke "slough" on his ham and cheese sandwiches? ... Extremely heavy demand for crying towels (the very heavy kind) since the AWS decided they had to get along with only 2 men ... Incidentally, we wish Patrolman Ryan, T., and his family the very best in their new home ... Patrolman Stanley Rudge, formerly of the AWS, has been seen on moonlight nights seated on the back porch of his home, his shield pinned to the left breast of his outermost garment (an old fashioned night-gown), doing a little police work, to wit: trying to apprehend the nocturnal prowler who has on several occasions tied knots in the bed sheets waving on the wash line in the breeze.

Aside to retired Patrolman Sam Cashen: Don't worry, Sam, we will keep your secret ... With our own ears we heard the story of the accomplishments of the 2 Admirations now, Would a certain operator of Sector 5 know something about this? ... With the bowling season now on in earnest, the 1st Squad uses this pillar to challenge any legitimate squad in the 110th Precinct, and promising, too, that they will not use in such encounters their "dark horse," the aforementioned olive grove prop. ... To our sergeants who did so well in the lieutenants' exam—our congratulations! And to those who didn't, better luck next time.

There has been some criticism since the last column and again permit me to repeat that no offense or ridicule is intended ever. Your reporter took the job just to keep our precinct on the map—where it belongs—and to put in print some of the wisecracks and witticisms that are heard in the back room. In all frankness, if any member of the command objects to having his name mentioned here, all he has to do is contact your reporter and make his wishes known. At least, if some other member would like to take over the job of writing this column, this reporter will gladly surrender to a more competent man. And while on the subject, the cooperation has been considerably less than terrific with regard to the little brown box labeled "SPRING 3100" that sits over by the window in the back room, meaning, if you want this column to continue, a little help, please. So come on, boys, there is always some humor in any group of New York's "finest," and we here at the 110th are justly proud to come under that heading.

114th Precinct: What's this about the "tomato faced thrush" being responsible for a traffic jam on Jamaica Avenue recently, brought on, we're told, by the drivers waiting for his face to turn green? ... Will someone see to it that the gremlins leave "Northwest Mounted" Kreuger's stanchions where he puts them? ... "Look at the juke in that one," remarks a half-headed operator. Talking about oranges, maybe? ... Ask Marky what Leas always is looking for ... We welcome some new gold to the 114th in the person of Sergeant Frank Fritz, whose stay we trust will be long and happy one.

The attendance of Anchor Club members, assigned to this division, at the annual memorial service of the organization last month something to be desired. None of us can tell how or when his time will come, and it should be consoling to know there'll be someone, when the dread day does arrive, to remember us with a prayer. So make a resolution for next year, men, and see if we can't have a more truly representative showing of this division.

Shades of Warnfeld! Patrolman Messett seen leaving Boulevard Hospital toting another bottle in hand, possibly answering roll-call, Cantor better look to his laurels! ... Ask Sergeant Agnoli if the mushrooms in LaGuardia Field are ripe yet, and how to tell if they are good ... From all indications the boys of the Square Club had a grand time the night of their annual ball—footsore and weary, yes—but happy for days after.

TRAFFIC C.

Ptl. Joseph H. Werns

Our sincere sympathies and best wishes for a speedy recovery.
Sincere sympathies to Patrolman Faunce in the loss of his father; to Patrolmen Thomas Flannigan and Raymond Thorpe, both of whom mothers have passed on, and to Patrolmen Harold Scherlet and Fred Taylor in the deaths of their respective brothers. May their souls rest in peace.

**TRAFFIC F**

Sir Stork

Sir Stork's pre-Thanksgiving gift to Patrolman James F. Dixon and his lovely Missus was—another boy—Dennis Richard, who arrived safe and sound at Jimmy's house on November 7 past. The Dixon corporation now numbers four, 3 boys and 1 girl, and to them our congratulations and hearty good wishes are extended.

**MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT I**

Ptl. Jack Garfield

Best wishes for a happy birthday to Patrolman Barrett, Dec. 7; Asher, Caravano and J. Lamb, Dec. 10; Levine, Dec. 11; K. Smith, Dec. 17; Schwotel, Grace, Dec. 23; Polisson, Dec. 27.

Best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery and early return to us to Patrolmen Dave Spetelnik, John Bachorok, K. Smith, and Lawrence Barry.

Don't blame the late tours for Buns Johnston looking so tired these days. Responsible are those long nightly walks between the parlor and the kitchen trying to make The New Arrival get some shut-eye ... It's a Bouncing Baby Girl at the Murray Hirschfeld marriage and may the youngsters grow up to be as grand a gal as her Dad is a man ... Hennie Yost has had the last of his choppers extracted, meaning, it's soup for Hennie from now on ... Have you noticed how nice Pat Caravano is about giving people street directions? Seems proud, in fact, just in knowing where he is himself ... Where does Barney Kitty buy the toothache he uses now in that furnace he calls a pipe? ... Patrolman Pat Sorohan, who loves to carry the British Flag, claims he is very good at writing 'poultry' ... For further particulars see our light manager, Tom 'Cabbage Head' Burke ... Walter Burkhart no little fellow is doing a good job repairing those motorcycles ... Joe O'Connor, who recommends shuffleboard for those who enjoy indoor recreation, cautions beginners to be careful they don't contract "water on the shoulders" ... Patrolman Artie Sackett while making up the rolcall the other day was heard mumbling to himself, "Who will I send to this detail, Murrin! No ... Grace! No ... Porter? No ... Polisson? No ... Aw what the heck, some one'll complain anyhow! ... Gene "Man Mountain" Roberts denies giving cigars to the rolcall makers—but definitely ... John "Garfield" McCroany, better known as the Eighty Mile King, should make sure his life insurance premiums are up to date.

**ADVERTISEMENT:** Anyone wishing to board out his dog please contact Patrolman Clark.

Patrolman Charlie Hammer, our third broom, is seeking a higher rating—claims to be tops at inculcating and polishing floors (George Debs still waiting for that piece of deer meat) ... Can you picture Joe Konciflik lapping up an ice-cream cone—and he supposedly trying to reduce! ... Some one asked Morris Siegel how he gets along with his wife. "Swell," confided Morris. "We have a great arrangement. One week she does as she wants, and the next week I do as she wants." ... Our friend Ronan, who formerly lived on Park Avenue, still sticks to his cigarette holder ... Andy Seechatt made across the street—just paid the last installment now they are all his ... Aside to Jack Rooney and Nick Talano: The easiest way to double your dough is to fold it, then put it in your pocket ... Is it true Joe Shields, our bashful bachelor, is shipping? ... The checker game contest between Jack Smith and Barney Cohen is still going strong—after four years ... And Jack Byrnes, who is going to be a checker champ or bust, just bought a copy of instructions how to play the game ... Where does Mike Darienzo get his pants marked "Particularly the rear outer portion!"

**NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS:** Denny Ryon has graciously consented to disclose to those interested the secret of his success. A line addressed to him in care of Motorcycle 1 will have immediate response.

**Parkestersies** won't have to worry about steam heat this winter. Toly "Stuffy" Goodman moved away from there ... Patrolman "Future Sergeant" Jensen practicing to be hard-bellied—hence those hard-bellied egg sandwiches every day for lunch ... Yes, Jimmy "Don't Mention My Name" Dillon worked on the Erie for
many years before joining the Police Force... Sixty-four Dollar Question: Does Joe Huang keep that brush on his lower lip to lower the wind resistance on his face or is he hiding something?... Height of Something or Other: Herbie West trying to rub the paint off his machine... Who tried to palm 80 cents in lieu of a buck on Bud Keating, our P.B.A. delegate?... Yes, Patrolman Ghigola looks taller now since he started wearing arches... Anyone wanting to rent out a room should see Mr. Ed. Harman, who gladly will charge you double if you're a friend of his.

GRAND CENTRAL PARKWAY PRECINCT

The Ghost

IS IT TRUE: The reason for Lieutenant Fleishner's recent visit to this command was to engineer a mutual with "Smilin' George" Klinger?... that Patrolman Armstrong (the "Bantam") and Willie Newbert (the "Heavy") now are in the paramour business—with Armstrong buying them and, when he isn't looking, Newbert selling them?... that Jimmy Holland, our third broom, intends taking in laundry and in addition is learning the trade of seamstress—so that he will be able to support himself comfortably when he retires?... and that quiet fellow known as "Muscles" Cantwell finally has assumed the bonds of Ho-Holy Matrimony and rates now as one of the command's most happily married men? Look also for Paul you and the Missus, John, and may all your troubles be Little Ones.

"Tonto" Radke, our second string clerical man, was again in charge of the inner sanctum during the time the Patrolman Brown was excused for giving blood and, as usual, all Hades broke loose. Brown has an uncanny seventh sense for smelling trouble before it even starts to happen.

AND DID YOU ALSO KNOW: that "Scarlet" Le Fever was formerly employed by the N. Y. Central R. R. as a special cop and liked the work so well that he decided to become an honest-to-goodness policeman?... Emil Paepker before coming to this command was known as "Honey Dew" Paepker? (Incidentally, why is Emil peeped at Minnig, Cox and Mackin? Is it because of the car that they were all to share?)... that Leroy Mackin is known also by the pseudonyms Joe Bickford, Ross, Nickels Morris, and the Apple Faced Boy?... Borrelli started learning to swim one bright sunny Sunday recently in—"the most unbeatable place"?... Mirrabello insists that the supposed smokestacks out at Creedmore State Hospital are actually anti-aircraft guns of a new and modern design?... Vernon B. Smith was observed passing out cigars recently?... Lieutenant K is kinda angry at Eddie Bloom, whom he thinks to be The Ghost—but take my word for it, lute, he isn't?... "Dink" Mergl was known once as "Cupie"? (Probably because of his nice round cheeks.)

Lots of luck to our new commander, Act. Captain George Newbery also to Captain Kendall, whom we know will do as grand a job in the district office as he did here.

Since The Ghost started writing this column we have had a few changes in the command, among them "Pop" Weeks' displacement of "Happy" George Klinger as third broom. The latter now can be interviewed in and around Alley Pond Park where, like the monarch of all he surveys, he holds forth daily... George Kalletta, too, has had a change of assignment and can be seen now cleaning and driving the supervisors' car. The rookie who made good, as it were... As the time draws near for his retirement to take effect, Eddie Shields becomes more and more like the horse who is charging at the bit—this so he can take over without unnecessary delay his duties as Mayor of East Chatham.

That's all for now, and as the holiday season draws close I want to take this opportunity to wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year; and to my stooges may thanks for all the help given in the past and the hope they will continue to assist me to keep this column going.

I nearly forgot to mention that in the recent World War Drive our quota, $4,000, was oversubscribed $1,275, a sizeable sum. This, however, is not the end; so remember, lads, Buy More Bonds!

MOUNTED DIVISION

Ptl. Joe Masterson

Why is it Hunt keeps everything under lock and key? Doesn't he know Jim Fagan's locker is so packed now that he couldn't get any more junk in it no matter how hard he tried?

Has Matty Rais developed a crooked lip—or is it the new crockery?... Who gave Henry Kay the G. I. haircut?... Why does Tom Bligh like the song title, "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree"?... Is it true Malligan intends pulling out his papers again? (He just purchased a new pair of leggins, if that's an indication)... And that the only one not glad to see Campbell back in Troop A is GIG?... Personal: Should you know some one in New England who would like to swap a house for one on Long Island, please get in touch with "Ed Specto"—but quick!... Meet Cecil Unwood, the only man who can tell a fish story and get away with it. Abbott Morgan claims the day will soon be here when once again he will be a free man... On October 16 John Cotter gave a party in celebration of his twentieth year in the Department. Congratulations to the mounted sergeants who made the Lieutenants' list: Sergeant Buckley, Rodenberg, and Henry Marley.

WHO: To whose memo book the most important of all equipment?... Was thumped with a tomato and thought he was stabbed?... Had his car done in tomato red?... Watches his watches?... Lost his shirt in a blackout?... Is the super-duper marksman?... Is known as the fancy high diver?... Is known as the fix-it kid?... Is known as the delicate delegate?... Was made to clean up the locker room, after pleading innocence?... Didn't get a chance to make compliments the next day?... Till a dying man's crying towel via telephone?... Loves to sing "Rose of Tralee" and to whom?... Calls a certain jockey the Hunchback of Notre Dame?... Refused to take primary day as a day off?... Will travel 250 miles to see a possum?... Is known as Charlie McCarthy?...igor Mortis?... Chop-Chop?... Weeping Willie?... Wants a transfer to the 69th Precinct?... Travels to the Bronx via Utica Avenue... Says "Take care of your horse and he'll take care of you."... Calls the stable and promises to be late?... Ran to Sag Harbor to escape Harlem?... Spilled a pint of water over his head?

Your reporter wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

POLICEMEN'S BUREAU

Ptl. Emma Alden

GRACIOUS Lt. Col. B. A. Tinner, who had charge of the junior sections including the cadet units of New York, the Junior Band, boy and girl scouts, etc., in the October War Fund and Navy Parades, said at the conclusion of the latter spectacle that he was greatly pleased with the functioning of the Policewomen assigned on those occasions. Explaining the scarcity of regular Army aides due to the war, Col. Tinner said he did not know what he would have done without our Policewomen—who were so helpful in guiding the units!

BIRTHDAY PREDICTIONS: Happiness and Good Health to Catherine M. Begley, Yetta Cohn, Theresa D. Donovan, Ann V. Hall, Delia Schaffale, Gertrude D. T. Schimmel, and Director Mary A. Sullivan... JAB: Mary J. Comha, Mary M. E. Fallon, Frances S. Lena, Rae Nicoletti, Agnes E. Saidler.

SURPRISES at gala St. George Ass'n. dance: Attractive Policewoman Minnie Gilbert introducing a charming young lady as "My daughter, Laura!"... Heartiest congratulations to Policewoman Mary Ellis and Lieutenant William Ayers of the Fire Department—good luck to the very charming newweds!

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Policewoman Caroline Rosenberg's niece is the charming Marine who has a brother in the Navy?... One of the lovely lasses at the Honor Legion Dance was Marion Bushey?... Policewoman Hortense Lawrence has a big boy to be proud of?

BEST WISHES to retired Policewoman Rose Winter!... Retired Detective Isabella Goodwin Seaborn joined the Eternal Guarding Spirits on October 26 last.

THANKS, " Peg" Beirne and " Jennie " Horan for the news of the delightful " LUCKY THIRTY " dinner. The idea of this annual get-together by the P.B.I. class was originated by JAB's lovely "Maise" Graham. "Emmy" Wedemeyer, "Lilly" Burke and "Peggy" Shelley, who have left the Department, were presented with Navy blue gold-initialed compacts. WAC Corporal Eugenia Reuter, doing a fine job now for Uncle Sam, was among the five missing at the dinner. Contributing to the festivities were blue and gold corsages and floral decorations, group photo souvenirs, and entertainment by our own talented Lucky 30's.
TELEGRAPH BUREAU

Ptl. "Sparks"

Retired Patrolman Walter Nixon, who left this Bureau to join the Seabees, writes that he is already toughened up and ready for action. Nixon was with the 27th Division in the last war.

Patrolman Grant Pierce, temporarily assigned to this Bureau and now on military leave, is a sergeant in the U. S. Army Signal Corps, somewhere in California, and just about ready now to go "fly hunting."

Our former Superintendent of Telegraph, Gerald S. Morris, now a captain in the United States Army, looks quite snappy in his new uniform.

It's a girl at Assistant Superintendent Kane's home! Pop, Mom and baby doing nicely. . . . Patrolman and Mrs. Sussman also celebrating the birth of a daughter. . . . Congratulations to 'em all.

Mr. & Mrs. Nally's six-months-old daughter is coming along nicely, thank you, even some of the meemies here have been heard to say that but for pop's appetite the child might do "even better."

Saw Retired Patrolman Ed Mooney recently and he looks just as good as ever.

Lieutenant Gerald O'Shea, U. S. Army, son of Act. Captain O'Shea of the Queens Telegraph Bureau, was married recently in the Church of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Ozone Park, Queens. Captain O'Shea has two other sons also in the Army.

SERVICE STATION

Ptl. Nutsan Bolts

Isn't Joe Bisceggi a sucker for not filing with the patent office (before someone steals the idea) a sketch of that home-made contraption that slightly resembles an alcohol blowtorch (necessity is the mother of invention)? . . . Will someone be kind enough to tell Smitty where he can take a course on frying eggs (to insure they don't break in the pan)? . . . Did Bob Wojciech learn that shuffle from Stepin Fetchit—or is it his own? . . . Buffalo Bill Royal has at last abandoned that two-wheel steed in favor of a four-wheeler. Can the cold winds be responsible? . . . After listening to some of those so-called radio comedians, Bill Idens' corn isn't so bad. (Ever notice the serious pass he wears when playing the fiddle?) . . . "Sundays Off" Gressler and "Distributor" Hardick have become partners in a growing business. Gressler raises pigeons and Hardick raises plum-size tomatoes with what the pigeons do-nate (fertilizer some call it) . . . What did Fred Hoffman mean when he said he hopes Royal sells all his new overalls to the same laundry? . . . Two of the station's regular customers from the 104th have written a new song, "Tell Me Whatcha Want and I Will Try to Get It!" Can you guess who? Hint: "What am I a x? x? x? x?", etc.

Famous Sayings at the C.R.S.: "I work hard developing things and one lacks me up!" . . . "This place is a mad house!" . . . "Hold the phone—I will connect you with the Gestapo!" . . . "If you haven't got it, why haven't you?" . . . "Youse guys are always pestering me!" . . . "What, you again?" . . . "That knock is caused by a loose nut under the cylinder head, not a broken piston!" !!!!

MOTOR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. 1. Spillit

OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Just heard the good news—that you're still on the job! You know, for a while you had us worried. We thought that perhaps because of the war—and the ration books—and the sick paycheeks they're handing out these days—you might not be able to make it this time. Anyhow, Santa, ole' boy, we thought we might help you out a bit by letting you know in advance this year what some of the boys would like to find in their socks on the Big Morn. O.K.? Act. Captain Donnelly—a notarized, non-reversible invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Cholly Donahue to be their guests for Christmas Dinner.

Lt. John Lynch—acquisition (before the altar rail) of a Sweet Young Exemption for future income tax returns.

Patrolmen Phil Kennedy and Pat McCulhan—DITTO!

Lt. Emil Kepko—a raise in salary (weekly allowance)—from the Missus.

Act. Lieutenant Mooney—a special car on the 8th Avenue subway to take him to and from work. Tom is not only allergic to crowds but he's sick and tired of getting pushed around and having people step on his corns.

Lenny Hayes—a nice pet with which to do tricks—preferably a goose.
Patrolman Bell—an up-to-date cook book. Bill's culinary technique has deteriorated so alarmingly of late that the Home Boss is seriously considering taking up this chore herself.

Patrolman O'Sullivan—a brand new collection of "Love," "Romance," and "Mystery" stories. Dave has thoughts of really getting down to studying for the next sergeant's exam, and he figures reading material such as above should be of help.

Patrolman Farrara—a little more luck in his hunting expeditions. Joe is rather tired of starting out with 10 bucks worth of ammunition and coming back with maybe one or two squirrels—averaged and 4F ones, generally.

Tiny Asaph and Fillip Kennedy (our Siamese twins)—a couple gallon jugs of vitamin tablets to build themselves up. The boys recently got on a scale together, put in a penny, and when the thing registered less than 600 lbs, they both started looking around for a doctor.

Patrolman Fred “Dapper” Symington—a 25 or 50 lb. bag of that bubble-bath concoction—takes great delight in losing himself among the fragrant bubbles.

Civillian Cloik Cohen (who year in and year out makes but one plan)—HIGHER AND BETTER PAYDAYS!

The lovely lass smiling at you from out of the picture is Sgt. Major Dorothy Gleason of the American Women's Hospital Reserve Corps, stationed currently at Daytona Beach, Florida. She is the daughter of Patrolman and Mrs. Joseph Kazanskas, of Traffic L. Her mother is a past president of the Women's Auxiliary of Police Post 460, American Legion. An expert marksman, Dorothy is the holder of several medals attesting to her skill with both the rifle and pistol.

Meet Corp. Martin J. Gilien, Jr., of the 795th Military Police Battalion, McAllister Barracks, Miami, Florida, the handsome son of the equally handsome father of that name assigned to the 20th Precinct. An athlete of note, Corp. Gilien, as a student of De LaSalle High School, served as manager of the track team from 1934 to 1937. He also attended Manhattan College and in September, 1942, enrolled in the greatest institution of them all—the U. S. Army. His Dad achieved fame when he was chosen three years ago to pose, with Eric LaGuardia, the son of the Mayor, for a police statue which will be erected on the site of the Tombs Prison when that building will have been demolished.

Have you ever had the pleasure of listening to Sergeant Patrick, of Service Station 2, talking on the telephone in "English swoon"? If you haven't, brother, you're not cooking with gas. As an example, here's part of a telephone conversation as of 11/10/43: "Yes, we are all out of that right now—Sunday, Monday and Always included!"

Congratulations and all the good luck in the world to Jerry Kaufman, stock assistant at the Central Repair Shop, who earlier this month was handed as nice a Christmas gift as anyone could ask—official notification that he had successfully passed the Bar examination. Again, Counsellor, congratulations!

Felicitations also to Detective Joseph J. Bradt and Patrolman Edward Murphy, Jr., of the Bureau of Criminal Identification, who also passed the Bar examination with colors flying.

Counsellor Bradt, incidentally, is the son of Sergeant John Joseph Bradt, Sr., the affable and genial Superintendent of Police Headquarters Annex and who can himself spout law by the yardful—when things don't go just right in the building, if you get what we mean.

And in conclusion—a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all!

WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER

Herewith is presented as fine and loyal and sturdy a group of youngsters as ever wore the blue. Retired now and free from departmental worries and cares, they are as proud as ever today of the great organization which for years they had served faithfully and well.

They are shown in a special pose here taken at the Farewell Dinner tendered on the evening of November 8, at the Hotel Mar-

tique, to Lieutenant Joseph F. Brawley (as nice a guy as ever we'll know), formerly of the Property Clerk's Office.


CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

THOMAS P. MALONE

Aliases

JOHN PATRICK
MACK and
JOHN J. MACK

DESCRIPTION—Age 48 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight 185 pounds; grey eyes; black hair, grey on sides. Occupations, chauffeur, electrician and bartender.

WANTED FOR GRAND LARCENY

COLONEL HALE HEATHERINGTON HALQUIRE

Aliases ALFRED E. LINDSAY, "LINDSEY," "LINDSLEY."

DESCRIPTION—Age 76 years, (looks younger); 5 feet, 8½ inches; 234 pounds; blue eyes; grey hair; ruddy complexion; hul- bous nose; wears eye-glasses; neat dresser; American. Usually carries a cane, and may limp. May apply to some hospital for medical treatment for arthritis. Poses as a Washington, D. C. lobbyist, representative of big business, and an Army Officer. Former resident of Philadelphia, Pa., and Washington, D. C.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ

DESCRIPTION — Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 155 pounds; black hair mixed with grey; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

RALPH MACEROLI

Alias "THE APE"

DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$26,000 REWARD

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives' Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE CANAL 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
In Memoriam

Sgt. Edwin O'Dell ........................................ 62 Pet. ........................................ Nov. 10, 1943
Ptl. Charles F. Smith ....................................... 103 Pet. ........................................ Nov. 9, 1943
Ptl. Thomas F. Mechen ...................................... 16 D.D. ........................................ Nov. 10, 1943
Ptl. Nathaniel Leffler ...................................... 62 Pet. ........................................ Nov. 21, 1943
Ptl. Frank P. Nickola ...................................... 5 Pet. ........................................ Dec. 1, 1943

Ret. Lt. James O'Hara ...................................... 2 Dist. Tr. ..................................... Nov. 3, 1943
Ret. Lt. Patrick Quade ..................................... 38 Pet. ........................................ Dec. 6, 1943
Ret. Sgt. Charles Kraushaar .................................. 91 Pet. ........................................ Nov. 16, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Daniel L. Jones ................................... 18 Pet. ........................................ Nov. 6, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Thomas V. Devlin ................................ Tr. A ........................................ Nov. 14, 1943
Ret. Ptl. Jacob Bachmann .................................. Old 3 Pet. ..................................... Nov. 15, 1943
"Stars Shine for Young America"
Second Annual P.A.L. Benefit Show Acclaimed by Thousands at Madison Square Garden

The brightest stars of the entertainment world shone for the Police Athletic League at Madison Square Garden on the evening of Wednesday, December 15, when 15,000 friends of the P.A.L. thrilled to four hours of entertainment by top performers of stage, screen, concert and radio, at the Police Athletic League’s second annual All Star Benefit show, “Stars Shine for Young America.”

Acclaimed as the outstanding entertainment achievement of the year, the benefit was, in addition, the greatest financial success the P.A.L. has had. The Police Athletic League Fund, used in the interests of underprivileged children of the City solely, was increased as a result of the evening’s festivities by $68,000—a sum twenty-nine thousand dollars in excess of the gross receipts for the show last year.

Joining with the Police Department in this effort were committees representing the entertainment world, industry and labor, and a general citizens’ sponsorship group, with Walter S. Mack, Jr., as general chairman, Harry Brandt, head of the Brandt Theatre Chain, chairman of the Committee for Industry and Labor, and Bert Lytell, president of Actors’ Equity, chairman of the Entertainment Committee. These combined activities represented the P.A.L.’s second public appeal for funds to carry on its work during the year just born, a program which in previous years had been financed by the proceeds of the annual police show “Around the Clock With New York’s Finest,” which was called off last year due to restrictions brought on by the nation at war.

From the opening bars of the National Anthem, sung by Nadine Connor, to the closing strains of “God Bless America,” led by Mary Smill and the Police Department Band and Glee Club, there was a breath-taking parade of stars. The cast included:


At the beginning of the performance, 70 boys and girls of the P.A.L. participated in an impressive tableau depicting the activities of the Police Athletic League. John B. Kennedy, news analyst and radio commentator, was the narrator.

Both Mayor LaGuardia and Deputy Inspector William M. Kent, president of the Police Athletic League, spoke briefly. The city’s chief executive expressed his appreciation of the work of the Police Athletic League in providing for thousands of children in this the “world’s busiest city,” wholesome recreation, and, more important still, a respect for law.

Inspector Kent, after extending his thanks to the members of the Department and the public spirited citizens who had cooperated in this truly worth while endeavor, pointed to the Police Athletic League as an essential part of the community life of New York. Its provision of constructive leisure time activity for young people, its establishment of friendly relations with the police, and its program for the development of responsibility and respect for law need particular emphasis today, he said.

Commissioner Valentine, in keeping with the policy of restricting speeches to the minimum, from his box in the center of the arena limited his official presence to applauding, like the rest of us, the various artists as they appeared before the microphone. Hundreds of servicemen present as guests of the P.A.L. likewise helped swell the applause.

THE STORY OF P.A.L.

Life in a big city where youth can find release for its exuberance only within the confines of city streets has always been a concern of the Police Department. City streets present special problems and temptations for children. The solution of these problems can be met only through a wholesome use of these same city streets.

In 1932 the Bronx Unit of the Juvenile Aid Bureau organized a baseball league known as the Junior Police Athletic League. From this small nucleus the citywide Police Athletic League as we know it today was organized in 1936.

Early P.A.L. programs were started on play streets where there was little or no equipment. Showers were borrowed from the Fire Department; there was an occasional ball game and circle games. From time to time enthusiastic policemen purchased small quantities of supplies for paddle tennis, shuffleboard, higher organized games and craft work, and interested public spirited citizens contributed recreation equipment for the children of their neighborhoods. Young New York began to get the idea—the Police were their PALS. The city’s children flocked to the sidewalks and play streets where organization and supervision offered them interesting and safe forms of play.

So enthusiastic was the response and so insistent the demand for increased participation in P.A.L. activities by the boys and girls of New York City that it became apparent that the Police Athletic League would have to be provided on a more permanent basis. As a result the present well-established program of the P.A.L. operating from permanent recreation centers located in vari-
ous sections of the city, and supervised by trained civilian recreation directors, was organized.

From the beginning, the story of P.A.L. has been one of constant development, adaptability to circumstances and response to neighborhood demand.

In its eight years of existence the Police Athletic League has listed 324,052 New York children as P.A.L.'s. The various P.A.L. tournaments have had the following entries:

- Baseball ........................................ 2,402 teams
- Basketball ........................................ 3,022 teams
- Roller Hockey .................................... 1,000 teams
- Softball .......................................... 1,955 teams
- Paddle Tennis .................................. 57,403 entries
- Shuffleboard ..................................... 53,673 entries
- Boxing ........................................... 6,084 entries
- Ping Pong ......................................... 16,212 entries

The total number of boys and girls actively participating in these tournaments amounted to 223,742.

The Police Athletic League conducts a radio program over WNYC every Saturday at 9:30 p.m. League broadcasts have given 1,022 youngsters the opportunity to give expression to their talents.

In addition, since 1937, P.A.L. has distributed to needy children a total of 1,125,955 toys, collected and required by the Police and Fire Departments in their yearly Christmas Toy Campaigns.

Through P.A.L. the youth of New York City have also been provided with millions of free admissions to professional baseball and hockey games, circuses, rodeos and other amusements. P.A.L. Day at Coney Island is an annual highlight for the city's children.

As the Police Athletic League expanded, it concerned itself more and more with the welfare of New York City's youth. Today it has a 1,200 acre summer camp at Fox Lien, Bakers Mill, N. Y., in the heart of the Adirondacks, with facilities for providing 600 children from the city streets with a vacation in the mountains. Swimming, boating, fishing and hiking give the city child a taste of the open country.

The Police Athletic League also operates the Mutual Placement Division, an employment service for youth. Since 1939 this service has provided 5,534 jobs for unemployed young men and women.

The recreational and social work of the League is supervised by trained civilian personnel. Until last spring the allocation of W.P.A. funds and personnel furnished the P.A.L. directors with adequate equipment and supervision for conducting the P.A.L. program.

Today, however, this support has been discontinued. Public support is needed if the Police Athletic League is to continue expanding. Volunteers are necessary to staff the Centers and supervise adequately the recreation of our children.

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U.S. NAVY
Receiving Station, Norfolk, Va.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 6, 1943.

Just a line to let you know that I'm on my way out of the country. In Norfolk just now awaiting transfer out. I asked for foreign service, and I can't get it too soon.

My oldest boy was killed in action during the air raid on the Ploesti Oil Fields in Roumania, on August 1. My youngest son, now in the Coast Guard, shoved off last Saturday for points unknown. I won't be satisfied until I myself get a personal crack at my—or should I say our—enemies. I sure do hope no one says to me when this war is over "Forgive your enemies." I'll bust him wide open.

Norfolk is sure some place. Nothing but sailors—U.S. French and British. Whiskey is rationed here. Lotion books are issued and then you have to take your place on long lines at a State liquor store in order to get it—with the chance they might sell out before you reach the counter. It never bothered me much, anyway, so it makes no difference. All bars must close at 11 P.M. and no kidding about it. All they sell is beer and wine, and what beer! You wouldn't wash your car with it.

We never know when we will shove off. A call reaches us over the public address system to report to the office for your transfer card, upon receipt of which we know we're shortly to start sailing—ship and destination unknown. I turned down a chance to get a commission just to be transferred and get some action, and I sure do hope I get it—soon.

WALTER C. LOWE, C.Sp. (S),
Patrolman, 11th Precinct.

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U.S. DISCIPLINARY BARRACKS
Stormville, New York

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 31, 1943.

Returned to the States not so long ago after several months in North Africa, during which period no mail reached me because of a continuous change of location. Next to a letter from Mom, a double malted-milk and an American girl, I missed the familiar manilla envelope carrying SPRING 3100. When friends at home are too busy to write, SPRING 3100 may be depended on to send the news through on what is happening on the sidewalks of New York.

When you receive this note, the Infant New Year will be pinning up his diapers and getting ready for the final push to victory. Let us hope he completes this man-sized job before he grows any whiskers.

Happy Holidays to you all, and especially to our laddies serving in the far corners of the world.

SRT. JOSEPH FOSTER,
Patrolman, 78th Precinct.

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CAMP PEARY, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 2, 1943.

Received the November copy of SPRING 3100 for which as always I'm very grateful. The men in my platoon likewise enjoyed very much looking it over.

Best wishes for a happy holiday season to all,

WILLIAM G. BARNES, Fireman 1/c,
Patrolman, 92nd Precinct.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1944

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Editor’s Note: With the thought in mind that members of the Department serving with the Armed Forces will appreciate receiving news from home, how about a letter, every once in a while, from the buddies they left behind?

Up-to-the-minute information concerning service serial number, unit assignments, changes in rank, transfers, etc., can be had by phoning the Military Service Bureau, CAnal 6-2801.
“Let us understand each other fully... We have got a job to do,” Mayor LaGuardia told his listeners at the commencement and promotional exercises held on the afternoon of Monday, December 20, in the line-up gallery at Police Headquarters.

“This city is entitled to the very best that is in us,” the Mayor continued. “The additional or supplemental compensation in this Department alone will entail an outlay of over seven million dollars—and that’s not hay. It’s a lot of money, especially if you haven’t got it. But I am pretty sure that, with but a few exceptions, the city will approve of the action that I am taking; and I’m pretty sure, too, that this Department will show its appreciation to the people of the city by greater effort, and, what’s more important, a cheerfulness about doing a little more work when our country is at war.

“We just can’t reason things such as we would under peacetime, normal conditions.”

The ceremonies included also the promotion of one deputy inspector to inspector, one captain to deputy inspector, three lieutenants to captain, thirty sergeants to lieutenants, and forty-five patrolmen to the rank of sergeant; also the graduation of fifty-nine probationary patrolmen following completion of their prescribed three months’ course of instruction at the Recruits Training School.

The promotions, Commissioner Valentine who officiated at the swearing-in ceremonies explained, were made possible through the cooperation of the Mayor. The Police Commissioner in congratulating the newly-promoted men warned them that elevation in rank brings new responsibilities. He asked them to not only set a good example for the members of the Department...
coming under their immediate command but to be fair
and generous in their treatment of subordinates at all
times.

The text of the Mayor’s address follows:

FIRST, I want to congratulate you men who have
been promoted and to wish you the best of luck
in the new responsibilities that you have assumed.

Policing is difficult at all times, and particularly so in
times of great emergency such as a war brings on. I
believe most of you know my thoughts as to the duties
of sergeants and lieutenants. That goes double now
because of the added duties imposed upon every mem-
er of the Department. You men who have been pro-
moted to sergeant and lieutenant must realize that you
are field officers, and that you will be expected to do
field work. I don’t know if you have noticed it, but
changes have come also in the Army. Under the new
formation, second lieutenants and first lieutenants—even captains—march with their companies or batal-
lions and are armed the same as the men. That is in
keeping with modern warfare and also in keeping with
the best kind of leadership. No one can assume com-
mand and issue orders unless he knows all about the
situation and just what can be expected of the men
under his command. More, no real officer in command
will issue an order that he himself would not be willing
to accept if the order were issued to him. That’s real
leadership.

Do We Really Appreciate
What War Means?

Now, sometimes men complain about work—com-
plain of the requirements entailed in the greater appli-
cation to the job at hand. I wonder if all of us really
appreciate what war means? It is a nasty, cruel busi-
ness. We have over seven million men in the armed
forces of our country—seven hundred thousand of
them from our city. These men are separated from
their families—many of them serving at distant out-
posts—in the South Pacific—in Africa—in India—in
Italy—in England—awaiting the order for the “big
push”!

There are over thirty thousand families in this coun-
try already in mourning—and the big drive is not even
started. Some of you older men have had experience
in the Army in time of war and you know what it is.
It is no picnic. The drama of it soon wears off and
the monotony of the duties—the hardships—and the
food—comes along very fast.

Some of us are not afforded the privilege of assum-
ing or enduring these hardships for our country, but
just the same we all have our work to do. Modern
warfare just can’t be carried on without a united, hard-
working home-front. There is the necessity of produc-
ing the material—the armament—the munitions of war
—and the further necessity of maintaining public health
at home. There is the necessity of maintaining law and
order—and that’s where you men come in. If you per-
form your duties faithfully—intelligently—efficiently—
then you can properly say that you, too, are part of the
fighting army. You need not explain any further to
your children when you grow older. If the New York
City Police Department does a good job, you will have
contributed your share to your country’s war effort.
Neglect of duty will affect not only the war effort but
the good name of your Department and of your city
as well—and none of you want that.

Manpower Shortage Acute

I don’t contend for a moment that your work is easy.
It is not. But it has got to be done. A large number
of men of this Department are today serving in the
armed forces. As I look through this list of statistics
I see that the average age of the graduates—the men
today assigned to precise duty—is 26 years. I don’t
know how many of you will be called into the armed
services. Some of you will, and all I can say to you is
the best of luck. Also I want to assure you that your
place will be waiting for you upon your return. I do
know that the commander-in-chief of the armed forces
—the President of the United States—has set a pretty
large quota to be inducted between now and April 1,
and, of course, replacements also will be required, in all
likelihood a large number. This can be understood
when you stop to consider the difficulty of attacking a
country from the water. As I mentioned before, seven
hundred thousand men from New York City are today
serving in the Army and Navy, so you can readily see
the difficulty at a time like this of trying to secure able-
-bodied men as replacements for the Department, espe-
cially in view of the physical and character standards
required of candidates. For a time it will be necessary
therefore to carry on without replacements—and we
can’t shirk.

Each Must Do His Share

Every day brings added glory to American manhood
as the details reach us from the front. We are not a
military nation. These men have been trained inten-
sively in a short time, and not a single solitary instance
of shirking on their part has been reported. Our coun-
try is proud of them. Our country does not like shirk-
ers. These men at the front expect full and complete
support from the folks back home and we are going to
give it to them. In times of war there are certain
elements—criminal elements—shrewd, wise—who have
the idea in mind that they can take advantage of the
situation. Knowing of the shortage of personnel—the
added duties imposed upon this Department—the ne-
necessity of covering strategic points within the city—
the mind of the people upon the war—they conceive the
idea that they can get away with anything. That’s
where we come in. We have to watch them. We have
to break them. We have to suppress crime in addition
to apprehending the criminals. You are doing that
job. The people of this city appreciate it. You have
their confidence. You want to keep it.

I have taken the same oath of office that all of you
have taken—to support the Constitution of the United
States and the Constitution of the State of New York.
Now, there is no place in this department for wise guys,
any more than there is in the United States Army or
Navy. Every man must do his full and complete share
of duty and if he can’t do that he does not belong here.
Uncle Sam can find a place for him, and it won’t be
in the Army, because the Army does not want that type
of man. The Army does not want a shirker. The
Army does not want anybody double-crossing a buddy
at the front. These men will be marked in their own community, in their own neighborhood, and in their own families.

Discipline Essential

The Commissioner has taken an oath of office the same as you have. I expect to live up to my oath of office and I know the Commissioner will live up to his. That means we all must work harder and longer. I do. The men at the front do. The men of the Army and Navy do. The responsibility of policing this city rests with Commissioner Valentine and the Mayor, and I will hold him to that responsibility. He has not failed yet and I am pretty sure that he never will fail. He has been brought up the right way. We can not have a police department or any department of government without discipline. It just is impossible. Instead of an organization it becomes a mob. We must have discipline—and discipline will be maintained. That is the Commissioner’s responsibility. As chief executive—as commander-in-chief of this force—I will look to the general-in-command. He will take care of that.

Now, the responsibilities of the Mayor in the job of running this city are many—the maintenance of law and order—giving to the city efficient service, particularly as regards health and sanitation—and also to provide for the welfare of the men and women employed by the city. This has been a source of a great deal of concern to me. I know conditions. I watch them very carefully. We have been hoping against hope that the cost-of-living situation would come under control. It has not as yet. It could be worse. Not much worse. I don’t know whether there will be any improvement, but as I have said so many times before, the two together—the increase of taxes and the increase in the cost of living—is just too much to absorb.

Financing No Easy Job

Now, you men must know that the financing of this city is not an easy job. The city government is not sovereign, like the state or the federal governments. The city is only a subdivision of government, with limited powers. We have no unlimited credit, and I can’t print money. They won’t let me. We have a considerable tax rate and we are considerably harassed and abused on our assessed valuations. So I have to figure on just so much revenue and make both ends meet. It is not an easy task. One side attacks us for spending too much and the other side attacks us for not spending enough. I will need a great deal more money next year. I must get additional revenue. I am going to ask for it. I’m going to do everything within my power to get it. I just have to have it. Under war conditions we have a difficult situation, and if the war should suddenly stop we would have an even more difficult one.

Now, I am approving for the balance of the fiscal year—that’s up to June 30 of next year, 1944—some additional funds for the various departments of the city. It will not be easy to meet this increased cost between now and June 30, but that is my headache, not yours. To date several departments have qualified. They know exactly what they will be expected to do, which is to continue normal functions of their respective departments without any decrease in activity under limited personnel.

Supplementary Pay Starts Jan. 1

It is not going to be easy in some departments. I want to make it very clear, gentlemen, that the final decision as to working hours or schedules rests with the Commissioner. Whatever he decides will meet with my full and complete approval. That’s the law, and the law will be followed. Commencing on January 1, patrolmen, sergeants and lieutenants will receive a supplementary pay of $420 a year. It starts on January 1, but due to mechanical difficulties in making out new payrolls and checks, it may not be possible to reflect in your 1st and 2nd checks the supplementary remuneration that you will receive; but when you do get it you will receive all of the back increase due from January 1. I have not said anything yet to the captains and inspectors. There will be something for them, too, but just what it is we have no final figuring as yet. But I do hope to have more on it soon and I will get word to you as soon as I possibly can.

There will be no deduction for pensions on this additional amount because I am anxious to have the full amount available to you for groceries. In addition, the computation would be difficult. It would throw everything into the next schedule. On the other hand, the increased amount will not affect your pension rates. The city waives payment on pension in increased amount and the employee waives increased amount on pension rates.

I can’t, at this time, tell you what will happen after July 1. There is not a person living who can. I will do the very best I can, and I promise I will not let you down. There is no telling just what turn economic conditions in this country will take, but as long as I am here I assure you that I am watching, and, too, that I will make every effort to obtain additional revenue and meet increased costs of government after July 1.

I am very anxious, of course, to maintain the high efficiency of every department in this city under my direct control, and to that end I ask your cooperation. There are a few spots, I think, that require a little reinforcement—a little more energy. These matters I will take up with your Commissioner.

City Entitled to Best

That Is In Us

Now, let us understand each other fully, because there will be no promotions during the next few months and I won’t have the chance to see you. We have got a job to do. This city is entitled to the very best that is in us. The additional or supplemental compensation in this Department alone will entail an outlay of over seven million dollars—and that’s not hay. It’s a lot of money, especially if you haven’t got it. But I am pretty sure that, with but a few exceptions, the city will approve of the action that I am taking, and I am pretty sure, too, that this Department will show its appreciation to the people of the city by greater effort, and, what is more important, a cheerfulness about doing a little more work when our country is at war. We just can’t reason things much as we would under peacetime, normal conditions.

Now, we both have a job to do. I will do mine—and I know you will do yours.
MAYOR LA GUARDIA in the course of the proceedings made the usual award of a regulation service revolver to the three probationary patrolmen obtaining highest marks in their training school course, and likewise to the probationer obtaining highest rating in shooting. The recipients of the awards, all of whom were presented to the city's chief executive by Commissioner Valentine, were:

Hiram C. Bloomingdale Trophy: Probationary Patrolman Walter A. Casey, who attained the highest general average in all subjects.

Mayor's Trophy: Probationary Patrolman Maurice P. Doyle, second highest average.

Police Commissioner's Trophy: Probationary Patrolman Jesse R. Peterman, third highest average.


The list of promotions together with commands to which assigned, follows:

TO INSPECTOR
Walter T. Hourigan, 9th Div.

TO DEPUTY INSPECTOR
Walter C. Harding, 13th Div.

TO CAPTAIN

TO LIEUTENANT

TO SERGEANT

TO LIEUTENANT
Promoted December 21, 1943:
Edward F. Fagan, 1st Div.

TO LIEUTENANT
Promoted December 23, 1943:

TO SERGEANT

GRADUATES PROBATIONARY PATROLMEN

Arnold, Theodore
Biel, Albert E.
Bly, Joseph
Brosnan, Edward M. F.
Casey, Walter A.
Casell, Harold
Connors, Richard C.
Daly, Francis J.
Dennis, John J.
Dougherty, Frederick H.
Duffy, Edward J.
Fagen, Thomas F. Jr.
Fisher, Rubin
Fitzsimmons, Francis W.
Fleckenstein, John A.
Frisco, Desiderius A.
Frigaud, Herman J.
Geasar, David P.
Heard, Edward O.
Hughes, Gerard G.
Kamin, Sidney
Kamins, Carney
Liguori, John C.
Lipstein, Henry
Lochhart, George H.
Long, Eugene R.
McClancy, George S.
McGraht, Franklyn W.
McVetty, George
Malier, William J.
Meidinger, LeRoy J.
Metzler, Arthur A.
Mirahle, Nicholas
Moore, Floyd R.
Moskowitz, Martin
Mullican, Patrick J. Jr.
Myers, John E.
Nelson, Arthur E.
Nicastro, Dominick
O'Connor, James J.
O'Keefe, Arthur G.
Olsen, Charles J. Jr.
Payne, Canton C.
Peterman, Jesse R.
Richards, Dwight A.
Sabino, Frank
*Saunders, James M. T.
Schnell, William J.
Sini-calchi, Emilio
Slavin, Robert M.
Stephan, Howard E.
Van Costrum, Gerard
Wall, Joseph J.
Walson, John B.
Weinstein, Joseph
Woods, Joseph P.
Zabbara, Joseph
Zider, William F.
* Military Service Bureau.
GRADUATING PROBATIONARY PATROLMEN, DECEMBER, 1943

PREVIOUS OCCUPATIONS

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<th>Occupation</th>
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<tr>
<td>Assistant Buyer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Automobile Mechanic</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Automobile Painter</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bus Operator</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenter</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chauffeur</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Checker, Freight</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chemical Operator</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clerk, Export</td>
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<td>Clerk, Grocery</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clerk, Senior</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clerk, Shipping</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clerk, Statistical</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clerk, Traffic</td>
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<tr>
<td>Collecting Agent</td>
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<tr>
<td>Correction Officer, State</td>
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<tr>
<td>Correspondent, Insurance</td>
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<tr>
<td>Customs Guard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Electrician</td>
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<tr>
<td>Engineer, Assistant</td>
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<tr>
<td>Engineer, Operating</td>
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<tr>
<td>Estimator, Cast Analyst</td>
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<tr>
<td>Furniture Handler</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grinder</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guard, Bank</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lawyer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Life Underwriter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Machinist</td>
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<tr>
<td>Maintenance Man</td>
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<tr>
<td>Meter Reader, Gas-Electric</td>
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<tr>
<td>Motorman, Street Car</td>
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<tr>
<td>Painter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paint Sprayer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pleater</td>
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<tr>
<td>Polisher &amp; Grinder, Optical</td>
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<tr>
<td>Project Manager, Assistant</td>
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<tr>
<td>Restaurant Operator</td>
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<td>Salesman, Cigar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sail Maker</td>
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<td>Shipfitter</td>
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<td>State Trooper, New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>Store Manager</td>
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<tr>
<td>Surveyor</td>
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<td>Telephone Operator</td>
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<td>Tinsmith Helper</td>
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<tr>
<td>Toolmaker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Truck Driver</td>
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<tr>
<td>Warehouse Supervisor</td>
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<td>Yard Conductor, Railroad</td>
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COUNTRIES OF BIRTH

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<tr>
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<td>U. S. A.</td>
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<td>British West Indies</td>
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<tr>
<td>Belgium</td>
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<tr>
<td>Italy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Russia</td>
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SOCIAL CONDITION

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FOREIGN LANGUAGES

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<tr>
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<th>Translate</th>
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<tr>
<td>Italian</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jewish</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Norwegian</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
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RESIDENCE BOROUGHS

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Borough</th>
<th>Number</th>
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<tr>
<td>Brooklyn</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queens</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bronx</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Manhattan</td>
<td>9</td>
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<tr>
<td>Richmond</td>
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</table>

Average Age: 26 years
Average Height: 5 ft. 10½ ins.
Average Weight: 165 lbs.

59

DEGREES

<table>
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<td>B.A.</td>
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<tr>
<td>LL.B.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER
New York, 1, N. Y.

December 23, 1943.

HON. LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
Police Commissioner,
240 Centre Street,
New York 13, New York.

Dear Commissioner Valentine:

Permit me to offer my personal thanks for the fine cooperation of the Police Department to the New York, New York Post Office during the holiday season.

I extend my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT GOLDMAN,
Postmaster.
THE Police Commissioner in recent orders announced 271 awards to members of the Department for valor in the performance of duty. The names of those cited follow:

FOR VALOR

HONORABLE MENTION

Patrolman George W. Waldenberg-er, Shield No. 3438, Harbor Precinct. At about 3:50 a.m., November 2, 1943, was assigned to duty aboard Police Launch No. 9, which was to convey members of the Board of Elections from 134th Street and East River, Manhattan, to North Brothers Island, in connection with their duties on Election Day. In attempting to board the launch, one of the members of the Board fell overboard. Fully clothed, Patrolman Waldenberger immediately jumped into the river after her, and, with the assistance of other officers, succeeded in getting her aboard the launch. An ambulance was summoned, but the woman and the officer refused medical aid and Patrolman Waldenberger remained on duty.

Patrolman Dominick W. Pereca, Shield No. 11064, 20th Precinct. At about 4 p.m., September 7, 1943, while off duty and in civilian clothes in the vicinity of 20th Road and East River, Astoria, observed several boys diving into the river from a springboard on the dock. One of the boys was struggling when he came to the surface and another boy swam to his assistance, but was unable to cope with the situation and shouted for help. Patrolman Pereca removed his shoes, shirt and trousers and began swimming to the boys, who were about 100 feet from shore in a fast running tide. When he was within ten feet of them, the boy went down again, whereupon the officer dived beneath the water and brought the struggling boy to the surface. Patrolman Pereca succeeded in bringing him to shore, and applied artificial respiration. The boy was removed to a hospital and treated for submersion. Patrolman Pereca was on sick report for three days.

Detective John J. Hogan, Shield No. 1194, Detective Bureau, Manhattan East, 18th Division. At about 9:20 p.m., October 23, 1943, in company with Detective William J. Mulligan, Shield No. 892, Detective Bureau, Manhattan East, 18th Division, observed two men enter and burglarize a store at 24 East 64th Street, Manhattan. When confronted, one of the burglars tried to shoot Detective Hogan but was overpowered and disarmed. The accomplice attempted to flee but was apprehended by Detective Mulligan. Another accomplice and two receivers were subsequently arrested. Detective Mulligan has been granted an award in these orders.

Patrolman Edward G. Ruane, Shield No. 8778, 72d Precinct. At about 3:30 p.m., October 13, 1943, while on radio motor patrol, proceeded to 518 Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, in response to radio signal that a man had fallen overboard into Gowanus Canal. Having removed part of his clothing and equipment, Patrolman Ruane jumped into the water and swam to the man. The struggling man threw his arms around the officer and pulled him under, but Patrolman Ruane broke the man's hold and succeeded in bringing him to the surface. The drowning man again broke Patrolman Ruane's grasp and submerged, whereupon the officer dived underwater and brought him to the surface and assisted in getting him aboard a rowboat which had been commandeered by other officers. Members of the Emergency Service Division applied artificial respiration, but the man failed to respond and was pronounced dead. Patrolman Ruane was removed to a hospital and returned to duty after being treated for submersion.
Detective George W. A. S. Munday, Shield No. 528, 80th Squad, 18th Division (was Patrolman, Shield No. 12737, assigned to 78th Precinct at time of occurrence), and Patrolman Frederick J. Jacobsen, Shield No. 11898, 78th Precinct. At about 5:50 p.m., June 12, 1943, while on radio motor patrol, proceeded to Carroll Street and Gowanus Canal, Brooklyn, where they observed a struggling, hysterical boy in the water, clinging to a makeshift raft. Removing part of their clothing and equipment, the officers swam to the boy, and brought him to safety. The boy stated that his companion had also fallen off the raft and disappeared. The officers swam to the spot he indicated and kept diving and gropping for the boy for about twenty minutes, but were unable to locate him in the debris-filled water. Members of the Emergency Service Division grappled for the boy and located his dead body about a half hour later. The officers were removed to a hospital and received injections and treatment for typhoid exposure. Detective Munday remained on sick report for eleven days and Patrolman Jacobsen for six days.

Patrolman John Donohue, Shield No. 11382, Traffic Precinct B. At about 4 a.m., August 6, 1943, while off duty and in civilian clothes, in a tavern at 1843 Broadway, Brooklyn, observed three men, two of whom were armed with revolvers, perpetrating a holdup. When ordered to surrender, they attempted to escape through a side door. Patrolman Donohue fired six shots, wounding two of the gunmen. The three were arrested and a fourth man who had acted as lookout, was subsequently apprehended. Two of the prisoners were on parole at the time of occurrence.

Patrolman Francis G. Creange, Shield No. 6717, 75th Precinct. At about 2:50 a.m., November 14, 1943, while off duty and in civilian clothes, was in a tavern at 2028 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, when two armed men entered, fired a shot at the bartender, and held up the patrons. In an exchange of fire, Patrolman Creange discharged five shots at the gunman, wounding one of them. They fled in an automobile, but were apprehended by other officers and the two guns they used were confiscated. Both men had criminal records and were on parole at the time of occurrence. Three other officers have received awards for their performances in this case.

**COMMENDATION**

**CAPTAIN**

Michael Richter, 84th Pct.

**LIEUTENANTS**


**ACTING LIEUTENANT**

Arthur F. Giddings, 66th Sqd.

**SERGEANTS**

Patrick E. Skea, 40th Pct.; Isadore Siegelman, 30th Pct.; Isadore Siegelman, 30th Pct.; William C. Wilson, 32nd Pct.

**DETECTIVES**


**PATROLMEN**


**EXCELLENT POLICE DUTY**

**CAPTAIN**


**ACTING CAPTAINS**


**LIEUTENANTS**

ACTING LIEUTENANTS


SERGEANTS


DETECTIVES


PATROLMEN


POLICEWOMEN

Adele Lewis, Ruth Chimes, Bur. of Polw.; Regina M. Epstein, Pickpocket Sqd.

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD

42 Broadway

New York 4, N. Y.

December 20, 1943.

COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
New York City Police Department,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Commissioner:

Heartiest greetings from each member of this office to you and to the staff of your office for a Merry Christmas, and very best wishes for health and happiness for the New Year.

At this time I wish to convey my thanks for your interest in connection with coordination activities of this office and to express my appreciation for your cordial cooperation.

Sincerely yours,

J. J. FLYNN,
Commander, USCGR
Coordinator—Port Security.

ARMY SERVICE FORCES

New York Port of Embarkation
North River Terminal
New York 19, N. Y.

December 17, 1943.

COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
New York Police Department,
240 Center Street,
New York City.

My Dear Commissioner:

I want to thank you and the New York Police Department for the very fine cooperation they have given us during 1943.

It has been a great pleasure to work with you and I am sure that victory is not far off.

Will you please wish your entire organization a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Most cordially,

J. W. RAFFERTY,
Lt. Colonel, TC
Commanding.
SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN
APO 517, New York, N.Y.

December 1, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Knowing the interest held by you in the work done by other law enforcement agencies to aid the general public, especially the Cop's best friend and greatest admirer—the kid on the street—from a local newspaper. I am enclosing a clipping concerning a nice job recently turned in by one of our M.P. Units. This is only one of many kindly acts performed over here by our M.P.'s, such as organizing charity baseball games to secure funds for people bombed out of their homes, volunteering in local drives for blood donors, making toys for children in their spare time. This besides performing the usual routine police work of an M.P. in war time.

This has created invaluable goodwill and respect among the civil population and has gained for our American boys in service a feeling of friendliness that makes for harmony and mutual respect.

Season's Greetings to you all.

MAJOR ANDREW J. MCKEON,
Lieutenant, 42nd Precinct.

THEY GAVE BILL SMITH 3 STRIPES

American Military police in a large Midlands city have a new provost marshal in their unit. He is a little crippled lad named Bill Smith.

Billy lost his right leg as the unusual result of diphtheria. He couldn't romp with his playmates, so he often visited the American military police H.Q. near his home.

The men liked him. They bought him an artificial leg. When he learned to walk they made him an American uniform from salvaged army clothes.

Cook Got Shaved

It wasn't long before three stripes adorned his arm, and he was Sergeant Billy Smith.

Now he proudly wears an armband with "P.M." (Provost Marshal) on it.

Bill takes his duties seriously, too. Recently he walked into the kitchen, looked at the cook, and said, "Cook, you need a shave. Get it before noon."

The Cook Did.

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA
APO 761, Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

December 8, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Having been overseas the past several months I've pretty much lost contact with the Department. My only method of keeping in touch was through receipt of SPRING 3100. Unfortunately, my copies haven't been reaching me over here, due to the fact, no doubt, that I neglected to notify you of my change of destination and new APO number. This error I'm rectifying at this time and hoping, too, it won't be long before copies of our swell magazine will again catch up with me.

Sincerest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

G. FRANK CURRAN, 1st Lt., Patrolman, 32nd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN
Fleet P.O., New York, N.Y.

November 27, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just received the September-October issue of SPRING 3100 and it sure was good to see it come over the side. You can't realize how thrilling it is to receive news of the Department—and particularly of those members with whom one has worked in the past.

I appreciate your thoughtfulness very much. Please extend season's greetings to all.

EARL LAMBERTSON, C.M.M.,
Patrolman, 123rd Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE TROPICS
Fleet P.O., New York, N.Y.

December 14, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Having recently been transferred to duty in the Tropics, may I request that you extend for me through the medium of SPRING 3100, the season's greetings to all my friends in the Department.

And so that I may continue to keep up with the doings of the boys in blue, please see that good old SPRING 3100 continues to reach me.

GUNNAR STEEN, Sp. (S) 1/c,
Patrolman, 3rd Precinct.
SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA
APO 923, San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 20, 1943.

Thanks for the September-October edition which has just reached me here in far off Australia. And what a welcome sight it was, too, believe me.

Please extend my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Joyous New Year to all.

FINN C. WESTGARD, T/A,
Patrolman 67th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE SO. PACIFIC
APO 502, San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 18, 1943.

Please change my address as per above. SPRING 3100, always a swell magazine, is just about as nice a treat to have come your way, out here in the wilds of the South Pacific, as any I can describe. I would certainly hate to miss receiving it.

A Happy New Year to you all!

PFC. JACK STAMLER,
Patrolman, Police Academy.

SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN
APO 653, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

December 1, 1943.

Please be so good as to extend for me to all of the members of the Department, season's greetings and best wishes from Great Britain.

F. A. SKIDMORE, Capt. A.G.D.,
Patrolman, 77th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA
APO 528, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December, 1943.

We of the Air Corps Signal in Africa,
Send this greeting to you in America;
Tenderest wishes and our happiest cheer,
For a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
Your hopes and your prayers are the same as ours:
That we may be home soon, with victorious flowers;
And when God in His Wisdom declares the time,
'Twill then be the day that our star will shine.

Many thanks, incidentally, for the regularity with which SPRING 3100 has been reaching me each month.

Sgt. OSCAR S. ROSNER,
Clerk, 17th Div.

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY
APO 464, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 20, 1943.

Having spent a year overseas in the service of Uncle Sam, I want to confirm your statement about the necessity for continued investment in War Bonds. The more help we get from the home-front, the sooner we'll be able to finish our job here and come back home—and that's what every soldier overseas wants most.

I want, too, to express my gratitude for your keeping me up to date on the good old P.D. by sending me "SPRING 3100" each month. It's a good morale builder, be assured.

I'd like to read more often of the 40th Precinct, my old command. It would help a good deal to compensate for all this mud and separation from our loved ones.

Tho' it's a bit late, here's a Merry Xmas to all the boys in blue.

LTC. BEN STALZER,
Patrolman, 40th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA
APO 616, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 20, 1943.

On January 7, 1943, I changed my blue uniform of New York's "Finest" for the khaki of Uncle Sam's Army. Now, almost one year later, I've already completed eight months overseas.

My army assignments have carried me far and carried me fast. I was stationed in four camps in the U. S., have been through about half the states in the Union, and traveled from coast to coast. I've sailed on three oceans, been on four continents and in six foreign countries, yet SPRING 3100 has never yet failed to come through.

It may have been a little late at times, but over here magazines like that just don't get old. I can say with all sincerity that every issue I have ever received has been most welcome, has done much to keep me "in touch" with the men and the Department.

Thanks for your efforts on my behalf. Give my regards to my buddies on the home-front—and—keep 'em coming!

PFC. ALBERT A. BRUST,
Patrolman, 7th Precinct.
166th INFANTRY  
Ft. Sill, Oklahoma

December 9, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:  
Receiving SPRING 3100 each month keeps one in touch with our job. It is nice, believe me, to be able to read of the doings of my friends in the Department, because no matter how long a man is away from the New York Police Department, he still continues to miss it.

Many thanks. Regards to all.
CAPT. ERNEST W. WIDMAYER,  
Patrolman, 87th Precinct.

NAVAL TRAINING UNIT  
Tufts College  
Medford 55, Mass.

December 29, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:  
Although I was a member of the Police Department for just a short time before I was called to the armed services, it gives me great pleasure to receive SPRING 3100 each month and to know that the Police Department thinks of its men in the service. I hope to continue in the department where I left off but victory comes first. Again, thanks.

JOSEPH S. SOMMA, Sp. (A) 1/c,  

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APPRECIATION FOR HOLIDAY GREETINGS

I would be impossible to personally acknowledge the Holiday Greetings received by Mrs. Valentine and myself from the members of the Department.

I, therefore, take this means of extending our sincere thanks and appreciation to each member for his (or her) Christmas and New Year Greetings.

I sincerely hope that the holidays were most enjoyable to all the members of the Department and their families, and that the Year 1944 brings good health and happiness.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE,  
Police Commissioner.

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GLENDALE 4, CALIFORNIA  
430 W. Ivy Street

December 4, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

For many years "our magazine" has kept coming to my home, and I assure you that I welcome SPRING 3100.

I thank you for your promptness in sending same, and, hoping you will continue, am enclosing check for $1.56.

To every member of the Finest, I wish Health, Happiness, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

ROBERT A. TIGHE,  
Retired Captain.

HUGUENOT PARK, STATEN ISLAND 12, N. Y.  
5540 Amboy Road

December 11, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

It gives me great pleasure to renew each year my subscription to SPRING 3100. It keeps me in touch with the boys I worked with in the past and, being that you send a copy each month, wherever he might be, to my son, former policeman, and known now as Major Gerald J. Crosson of the U.S. Army Air Force, it keeps me in touch with him also. We both look forward each month for good old SPRING 3100 to arrive.

Season's Greetings to you all.

CHARLES S. CROSSON,  
Retired Patrolman.
PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

December 29, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

SPRING 3100 has given me many pleasant hours in the past and I sure appreciate your sending it to me. It makes a guy feel at home to be able to read about his own precinct and the friends he left behind.

I have been retained here as a Chemical Warfare Instructor, and while I like the work, I'm looking forward to the prospect of changing "blues" real soon (uniforms, I mean). After all, way down deep I'm a cop, but I'm happy just the same to be able to serve with the Marines for the period of wartime emergency.

PFC. JAMES W. BLAKE,
75th Precinct.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA
P.O. Box 468

December 4, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

May I wish you, every one, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and promotional New Year. Promotion, of course, to the men that were smart enough to study. The rest of us were not smart. I would miss SPRING 3100, so please continue to send it.

JOHN T. McINTYRE,
Retired Patrolman.

Seasons Greetings
To a Fellow Officer

Sometimes the going is easy, sometimes it's tough! But tough or easy, you have been on the job, day in and day out, hot or cold, wet or dry, all year long. You have had your share of the good luck, as well as of the bad, that goes with the grand old job of being a law enforcement officer. As the New Year approaches, and you look back on the closing year, I know that your achievements linger in your mind. And you have determined to profit from the lessons of the past, and press on to greater heights.

When I think of the part you and your fellow officers have played, and are playing, in the interest of law and order, it is difficult for me to express adequately my feelings. You have done a good job and I am mighty thankful for the loyalty of men like you.

So, I say, thank you for the hard licks you have put in during the past year, and more power to you in the future. I wish you and all those near and dear to you, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

GEORGE P. LEADBITTER,
Chief of Police,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

U. S. NAVY
Great Lakes, Illinois

December 5, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Many thanks for sending me SPRING 3100. It sure is swell to be able to receive it each month and read of the doings of the Department.

May I wish you and the staff of SPRING 3100 and all the members of the Department a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GUIDO P. MOLINO, Fireman 3/c,
Patrolman, 3rd Precinct.

CAMP RUCKER, ALABAMA

December 14, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Thanks for continuing to send me SPRING 3100 each month. It's good to read of the doings in the Department and it was not until I went overseas for a few months, a short while back, that I realized how much SPRING 3100 really meant to me. Seasons greetings to all!

Pfc. IYMAN GANG,
Patrolman, 71st Precinct.

That Magic Number
by FEG MURRAY

ON APRIL 19TH
1875
DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH'S
STATUE OF THE
MINUTE MAN
WAS UNVEILED
AT CONCORD
MASS.

NOW
$18.75
INVESTED IN A
U.S. WAR BOND
WILL SECURE THE
FREEDOM FOR WHICH WE FIGHT.
Crime Prevention and the Police

By FRANK J. WILSON, Chief
United States Secret Service
Treasury Department

The locale could be any congested section of almost any large city you might mention. In the particular locale applicable to this story, a man named Joe Stand-man had a little store where he sold fruits and vegetables. Almost every day Joe had trouble with some of the street urchins who sauntered past his shop, suddenly grabbed apples or oranges or pears from his sidewalk display, and ran away. Joe couldn't catch the fleet thieves, so he complained to the police.

Frank Fox, the policeman on the beat, finally caught three of the boys. They were brought to Juvenile Court and one of them was finally sent to a reformatory. The other two were placed on probation. Officer Fox was sorry for the kids and their families. Considering the problem, he decided that Joe Stand-man's outdoor display was a great temptation to the youngsters. So the policeman went to Joe Stand-man and asked him to keep all of his fruits and vegetables inside the store. At first Joe said it would hurt his business. But when Officer Fox explained that it might keep some boys out of jail, Joe agreed to try it. He moved the produce inside and made an attractive window display. His business was not affected. In fact, it improved, because his fruit didn't gather all the street dust which fell on it when it was outside. And the neighborhood boys wouldn't go into Joe's store to steal, so they went to other stores which still had outdoor counters. One by one Policeman Fox persuaded the other storekeepers to put their wares inside, and finally the petty thefts stopped altogether. The arm of the law had conceived and successfully executed a crime prevention program.

Crime prevention is the first duty of any agency maintained to preserve law and order and to supervise the welfare of a community. Webster's New International Dictionary defines "police" as a "department of government charged with the prevention, detection and prosecution of public nuisances, crimes, etc." The Encyclopaedia Britannica says: "The term police designates that executive civil force of a state to which is entrusted the duty of maintaining public order and of enforcing regulations for the prevention and detection of crime." Note that in both definitions the word "prevention" comes before the word "detection."

Certainly prevention of a crime is far more effective than detection of one after it has been committed. The one precludes the creation of criminal and victim, while the other eliminates neither and involves both, sometimes with tragic consequences. It is this philosophy which underlies the Crime Prevention Program of the United States Secret Service.

The success of that program is due in a very great degree to the enthusiastic cooperation of State and municipal police departments and sheriffs' offices. The program began as a new form of attack against the currency counterfeiter. From 1933 to 1936, victims of bogus bills alone lost an average of $771,000 every year. In 1937 the Secret Service opened its "KNOW YOUR MONEY" campaign with the encouragement of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury. The habits of the nation were changed by making Americans "counterfeit-conscious." The counterfeiter had succeeded only because his victims paid little or no attention to money. They didn't know enough about it to realize when a bill was genuine and when it was counterfeit. But after Secret Service agents and police officers had shown the Secret Service "Know Your Money" educational film to millions of people, and after simple methods for detecting counterfeit money had been published in thousands of newspapers and magazines, or described in countless radio broadcasts, there was a different story. Let the figures speak for themselves. For the year ended June 30, 1943, the losses suffered by victims of phoney bills totalled only $22,000. That represents a drop of 97 percent from the 1933-1936 yearly average!

Now, with counterfeiting under control, the Secret Service is in the midst of a "KNOW YOUR ENDORSERS" campaign, in which the same principles of crime prevention are used against the meanest crook in the world—the check thief and forger. Millions of soldiers and sailors in the armed forces are sending money to their families at home. This money arrives in the form of Army and Navy allowance and allotment checks. They have been aptly described as "bread and butter" checks, because they buy the food, the clothing and the shelter for the dependents of our fighting men.

The tremendous volume of these checks makes criminal opportunities for the check thief. Every check dropped in a mail box becomes his potential prey. And when he steals and forges an allowance check, he may be undermining the morale of a soldier and depriving temporarily the soldier's family of some of the necessities of life. That is why a campaign of crime prevention is vitally necessary, and that is one of the principal reasons for the Secret Service "KNOW YOUR ENDORSERS" activity.

This problem is approached from two angles. On the one hand there is the person to whom a check is sent. On the other, there is the business man who cashes it. To the first, the Secret Service gives this advice:

1. Be at home or have a member of your family...
at home when your check is due. Get it as soon as it is delivered.

2. See that your name is printed clearly on your mail box. Equip the box with a good lock if it does not already have one.

3. Try to cash your checks in the same place each month. This will make identification easier.

4. Do NOT endorse your check until you are in the presence of the person you will ask to cash it.

The merchant who will be asked to cash checks will protect himself by applying the following rules:

1. When any stranger asks you to cash a check, insist that he properly identify himself as the rightful owner of the check.

2. Before accepting any check from a stranger, ask yourself this question: “IF THIS CHECK IS RETURNED AS A FORGERY, CAN I LOCATE THE FORGER AND RECOVER MY LOSS?”

3. If a check is already endorsed when it is presented, insist that it be endorsed again in your presence, and compare the writing.

4. Have each check initialed by the employee who pays out money for it.

Police departments from coast to coast have been helping to bring these messages to those who need them. The warnings are self-explanatory. If a payee of a check gets it from the mail carrier, the thief can’t steal it. If the payee doesn’t get the check, and it is stolen, it is useless to the thief unless he can cash it. If it becomes too dangerous for the thief to put over the forgery, he will be forced out of that criminal activity. That’s what happened to the counterfeiter, and that’s what is now happening to the check forger.

There are many crimes which can be prevented by exposing the tricks of criminals to their potential victims, and there are many which can be materially reduced. For example, confidence schemes, blackmail, extortion, green goods games, and other crooked financial schemes can be fought and prevented by teaching the potential victim how to protect himself. Crooks, like magicians, cannot fool those who know the secrets of their tricks. Police, through long experience, have learned the smart tricks of the crooks, and they owe it to the people to publicize those tricks in every possible way.

To commit a crime, the crook must have a victim. When the victim is fully informed and is too smart for the crook, the crime is prevented. In other words, no victim, no crime, no criminal.

Here, then, is a fertile field for local police departments. There is no question but that radio stations, newspapers and other publications will give their enthusiastic support to any police movement to prevent crime in the community. And let this be an invitation to any police department to call upon the Secret Service for such advice or cooperation as we may be able to give, based upon our own experiences in the field of Crime Prevention for the past six years. The Secret Service is anxious to reciprocate for the generous assistance it has always received from police departments everywhere, and urges those departments to give crime prevention a fair trial. It will be well worth the time and effort.

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DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

T. T. Message, November 27, 1943.
Provisions of Section 102-A of Article 7 of the Traffic Regulations, repealed as of Nov. 22, 1943, by the Police Commissioner.
Form U. F. 47 titled “Traffic Regulations” amended accordingly.

T. T. Order No. 23, December 1, 1943.
Article 3 of the Manual of Procedure titled “Automobile Identification Plates” amended as regards Paragraph 12, titled “Doctor’s Automobiles.”
Paragraphs 13 and 14 revoked.
Paragraph 15 is renumbered 13.
Paragraph 16 renumbered 14 and amended as regards procedure when a member of the force observes a violation of the provisions of section stated.

General Orders No. 44, December 1, 1943.
Articles 13 and 22 of the Manual of Procedure amended as follows:
Article 13 by adding thereto new Paragraphs 12a, 12b and 12c, relating to duties in connection with the Prisoner Inspection Record.

Paragraph 59 of Article 22 amended by adding thereto the following: “Prisoner Inspection Record.”

T. T. Order No. 24, December 14, 1943.
So much of T. T. Order No. 9, of 2:55 P.M., May 30, 1942, as relates to the jurisdiction of the Traffic Courts, amended as relates to jurisdiction in certain cases.

T. T. Message, December 15, 1943
General Orders No. 10, 1942, and General Orders No. 11 and 16, c.s., are amended as relates to jurisdiction and duties of members of the Force assigned to the Air Warden Service.

General Orders No. 33, c.s., titled “Evacuation” amended as relates to locations and telephone numbers of Red Cross Primary Rest Centers in the 11th and 24th Precincts.

Circular No. 36, December 23, 1943.
Holiday greetings extended by the Police Commissioner to the members of the Police Department, Air Warden Service and City Patrol Corps and their families.
Unhappy Feet
By PATROLMAN DONALD BIMSTEIN, 52nd Precinct
Prize Short Story

I stole a glance around the side of the chair to ascertain the nature of these strange actions.

IT WAS four o'clock in the morning. Within the station house the quiet was so intense that the occasional buzzing of the switchboard, as the men called in, echoed and re-echoed hollowly throughout the room. Outside, a light mist imparted a ghostly shimmering quality to the deserted streets.

Seated behind the switchboard, Patrolman Bost gazed disgustedly at the sole of his right foot, which, naked of any outer covering, projected brazenly from his trouser leg. There, staring back at him impudently was a raw, red blister the size of a half dollar. Giving vent to his pent-up emotions, he audibly and vociferously bemoaned the fates that had selected him, out of all other people, to be so punished.

Attracted by this sudden outburst, the desk sergeant swiveled around and thoughtfully contemplated the swearing patrolman.

“What's the matter?” he asked. “Why so upset?”
Patrolman Bost stopped his upbraiding of the offending appendage long enough to answer. "All summer long I've been playing handball and nothing like this ever happened. Now, just because I've invited my girl to a fancy dress ball, bought the tickets, hired a costume and made all the arrangements, I go and get laid up with this. Can you blame me for being sore?"

"Well, son," replied the sergeant, "it's all in the way you look at it. Now, in my case it was because of a blister, just like that one, that I got these chevrons."

"Are you kidding, Sarge? If that's true I'll go out and get another one on the other foot—just to make sure."

The sergeant's weatherbeaten face wreathed in a smile. "Well, there's a little more to it than just that. Perhaps it would be better if I relate the whole story and you can judge for yourself.

"It happened a good many years ago when I was just a young fellow like yourself, with just a few years in the job. The local social and athletic club of which I was a member was holding its annual picnic. After three kegs of beer had been consumed and everybody was feeling mellow, the gay blades of the group, myself included, started a game of soccer. This to impress the women with their athletic prowess, as it were. Naturally, with my "intended" watching the game, I wasn't going to allow anyone to surpass me if I could help it.

"The next day, limping out to post for a four to twelve, I mentally cursed the human vanity that could impel a man to ignore the warnings of his physical being and continue playing in a silly game when every step he took warned him of the retribution to come. In other words, I had the granddaddy of all blisters on the sole of my right foot, and it was only by dint of much prayer and four layers of cotton in my shoe that I managed to reach my post."

"Finding that standing still in one spot tended to alleviate the pain, I spent the next two hours in front of the signal box imitating a cigar store Indian. When my meal period finally crept around, I decided drastic medical measures were called for and hurried, if such it might be called, to Brown's Pharmacy. As my woeful tale unfolded, Brown's expressions of sympathy became so voluble and profuse that my estimation of him rose to a new all-time high. Leading me to the rear of the store, he settled me in a large easy chair in back of the prescription counter and then scurried around gathering several mysterious ingredients which he brewed into a boiling solution.

"While disrobing my throbbing foot preparatory to immersing it in Doc's healing solution, I again reflected upon his obviously honest concern and a feeling of gratitude and appreciation welled within me."

"You know, Doc, it's mighty nice of you going to all this trouble for me."

"Forget it," he told me. 'I happen to be in a position to be able to help you and I'm only too glad to do so. If conditions were reversed, I'm sure you'd not be found wanting, either.'"

"At that moment some customers entered and Doc went out front to serve them. I settled back comfortably in the big easy chair with one foot soaking in the basin and the other propped unceremoniously on a nearby box. I must have been sitting thus about fifteen minutes when Doc returned, only this time he wasn't alone. Since I was seated in a corner of the room facing the wall, the high back of the chair prevented my seeing the other party, but from the voice I judged it to be a young lady."

"In the back of the prescription room Doc had another room that he used for storing stock. It was to this room that he led the girl, then left her and returned to the front of the store."

"It was some few minutes later that I heard the girl stealthily re-enter the prescription room and tip toe lightly about. My curiosity aroused, I stole a glance around the side of the chair to ascertain the nature of these strange actions. The girl conformed to the mental picture I had of her; about 25 years old, very well and fashionably dressed. However, her actions at the moment belied her eminently respectable appearance. She had opened the door to the little cabinet wherein Doc kept the special drugs and poisons that he could dispense only on a doctor's prescription, and was furiously examining the labels on each bottle. Finally, apparently finding what she was seeking, she reached in and abstracted two small vials which she deposited in her handbag.

"At this sight, my sense of duty reasserted itself, and I sprang to my feet, upsetting the basin and its contents in the process. The girl's surprise was so complete that she just stood there and gaped. And well she might, for hobbling toward her with my cap askew, my trouser leg rolled up and my bare foot streaming water, I was indeed an unexpected apparition.

"Attracted by the commotion, Doc hurried back and, upon hearing the story, seized the handbag which yielded to his search the two bottles of cocaine the girl had secreted therein.

"'When she came into the store,' he explained, 'she made a purchase and then asked me if she could retire to the rear and fix her slip. I certainly never imagined she was up to anything like this. From now on, anybody I let in the back of my store will have to possess a letter of recommendation from Edgar Hoover, himself.'"

As the sergeant finished his tale and settled back in his chair, a mantle of silence once again enveloped the station house. The patrolman at the switchboard appeared to be mentally reviewing the story just related to him, and it was several minutes before he finally spoke.

"Gee, Sarge, you certainly hobbed into that one. But what I don't understand is, how that gave you your stripes."

"Well, that's simple, son. I received an Excellent Police Duty for the arrest. That extra quarter of a point advanced me fifty places and put me in the money when I took the sergeants' exam. Without it I would have placed too low to be appointed."

The patrolman gazed down at his injured foot with newly-awakened interest, as though seeing it for the first time. A meditative expression enveloped his face as his reflections conjured up myriads of pleasant possibilities.

"Who knows?" he finally murmured. "Who knows!"
On Thursday, December 23, the Police Anchor Club completed its second annual Christmas program at the temporary headquarters of the organization, 275 Seventh Avenue, Manhattan, where over 11,000 toys and games, 2,500 dolls, and 4,500 lbs. of candy were sorted and delivered by motor truck to forty-six non-sectarian orphanages throughout the metropolitan area.

In preparation for this yearly program of bringing cheer into the lives of thousands of orphans at Christmastime, the committee, consisting of Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, honorary chairman; Inspector Peter McGuirk, general chairman; Sergeant John J. Boyle, president, and Rev. Bernard A. Cullen, chaplain, had been engaged in the purchase of the numerous items involved and which, following shipment to the temporary headquarters mentioned, were sorted to insure an appropriate gift and an individual box of candy to each of the 8,762 children in the forty-six orphanages participating in the program. A list of these institutions follow:

- St. Charles Crippled Home; House of St. Giles; St. Agnes Home, Spark Hill, N. Y.; House of Good Shepherd; Convent of Mercy; Kallman Home; Dominican Convent; St. Dominic's Home, Blauvelt, N. Y.; Pride of Judea Home; Israel Orphan Home; Infants Home of Brooklyn; St. Agathas Home, Nanuet, N. Y.; Bethlehem Orphan Home; Home for Young Girls; Brooklyn Home for Children; St. Vincents Home; Institution of Mercy; St. Josephs Home, Peekskill, N. Y.; St. Agnes Hospital, White Plains, N. Y.; McMahon Temp. Shelter; Lincoln Hall, Lincolndale, N. Y.; Wiltwyck Home, Esopus, N. Y.; Little Flower Colored Home; Otilie Orphan Home; Angel Guardian Home; St. Josephs School for Blind; Lutheran Inner Mission Society; St. Johns Home; Mission of Immaculate Virgin; Lavelle School for Blind; St. Josephs Female Home; Norwegian Home; Hebrew National Orphan Home; St. Michaels Home; Colored Orphan Home; Woodycrest Home; Hopewell Society; Episcopal Orphan Home; Jewish Sanitation & Hospi.
A VIEW OF ONE CORNER OF THE DOLLS AND TOYS SECTION

until a total of 265 boys had been accommodated.

Girls' Clothing Program

On Sunday, November 21, a complete girls' clothes showroom was set up on the 23rd floor of the loft building at 520 Eighth Avenue, Manhattan, by Alexander Harris, building manager, and stocked with a complete variety of girls' dresses and coats. Each girl, 245 in all, was presented with a dress and coat of her own choice.

This large undertaking was made possible through the kind cooperation of Henry Rothman, of the Reisman & Rothman Co.; Joseph Prasker, Paramount Clothing Co.; Louis Graff, of the Graff & Graff Co.; Joseph Zabner, of the Rheindor Co., and David Greenberg, all of whom volunteered their services and in addition provided saleswomen to assist in the fitting and distribution of the garments. Captain William O. Jones, 8th Precinct, and Sergeant Rudolph Lehman, past president of the Police Square Club, and Mrs. Lehman also assisted.

Boys' and Girls' Shoe Certificates

In addition to the above, each child, boy and girl alike, was presented with a gift certificate which had
been purchased by the organization from one of our large shoe store chains and which entitled the holder to his or her selection of one pair of shoes.

Widows' Christmas Gifts

Approximately 40 needy widows of deceased policemen were presented with Christmas checks—evidence that they, too, had not been forgotten by the Club membership.

Members Serving in Armed Forces

By arrangement with one of our large department stores, a Christmas gift package was forwarded to each member of the Anchor Club serving in the armed forces.

Recapitulation

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<td>Christmas packages to orphanages</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boys' clothing program</td>
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<tr>
<td>Girls' clothing program</td>
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<td>Widows' Christmas gift checks</td>
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<td>Gifts to members serving in armed forces</td>
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Total Expenditure ...................................... $14,112.00

This large Christmas program, as well as the annual Orphans' Day Outing held at Steeplechase Park each year in July, is made possible by the proceeds of the annual reception and entertainment of the organization which this year will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, Friday evening, February 11, 1944.

Dr. Walter L. Horn

The memory of a great friend was honored on the afternoon of Sunday, December 26, 1943, the occasion marking the fifth anniversary of the passing of Dr. Walter L. Horn, distinguished nose, throat and ear specialist and for ten years an Honorary Consultant to the Police Department in cases involving such diseases, by a visit to his last resting place, in Woodlawn Cemetery, by a delegation of police officers headed by Captain Hugh T. McGovern, Act. Captain James A. DelMilt, Lieutenants Vance Parkinson, Thomas F. Delaney, Alexander M. Gallagher, Sergeant Charles J. Markloff and Detective Thomas J. Layden, retired.

Dr. Horn, beloved by all who knew him, died on the morning of Thursday, December 29, 1938, at Mt. Sinai Hospital to which institution he had been removed following a sudden attack suffered by him while in bed at his home, 1050 Park Avenue, Manhattan, at 2:45 A.M. on Christmas morning, just four days before.

Department Chaplain A. Hamilton Nesbitt, who officiated at the funeral service, recalled how Dr. Horn during his ten years of service had given unselfishly to the members of the Police Department of his time and skill.

"He was ever at our call," Dr. Nesbitt said, "ready and happy to bring relief and peace of mind to those of us requiring the specialized medical or surgical care it was within his gift to provide."

A beautiful floral wreath placed before his tomb bore the inscription "To Our Pal!"

Rest in peace, Walter!

AN EDITORIAL

The New York Police Department has always had a fine reputation for the protection it gives to Presidents, foreign rulers and other distinguished visitors entrusted to its care. As is well known Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt shuns all uniformed aides on her comings and goings, but, in spite of this, the Police Department has a real responsibility for the safety and comfort of the First Lady. It is to be congratulated upon the thoroughness of its preparations to handle the large crowds which turned out in Brooklyn on the occasion of Mrs. Roosevelt's visit to three servicemen's canteens here.—Brooklyn Eagle, February 4, 1943.

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
of the
PATROLMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASS'N
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Saturday Evening, January 29, 1944
Madison Square Garden

ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE
of the
POLICE ANCHOR CLUB
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Friday Evening, February 11, 1944
Waldorf-Astoria
RETIR ED FROM THE DEPARTMENT


Lt. Hector Rose Sg.t. William J. Keating Tr. E. Dec. 19, 1943

Ptl. William G. Gibson Tr. A Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. George F. Underhill Tr. E Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. John Baker M.O.D. Dec. 16, 1943

Ptl. Alfred L. Bartro Tr. C Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Peter J. Quinn Tr. D Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Edward Coleman Tr. H Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Frederick E. Luth Tr. H Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Thomas Bunworth E. S. Sqd. Dec. 15, 1943
Ptl. John R. Corren M.O.D.D. Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Frederick P. Kunkel M.O.D.D. Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Charles Dorfman 3 D.D. Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Francis J. Haley M.O.D.D. Dec. 16, 1943
Ptl. Patrick A. Burke M.O.D.D. Dec. 19, 1943
Ptl. Otto D. Sehring E. S. Sqd. 16 Jan. 4, 1944

QUESTIONS

QUESTION NO. 1
The Code of Criminal Procedure prescribes certain limitations of time within which a prosecution for a felony or a misdemeanor must be commenced. When shall a prosecution be deemed commenced?

QUESTION NO. 2
If two or more persons conspire to commit a crime, each of them is guilty of a misdemeanor. Under what circumstances would such persons be guilty of a more serious crime?

QUESTION NO. 3
What powers and duties are imposed on the Judicial Council of the State of New York?

QUESTION NO. 4
A memorandum received from the Office of the Mayor and published in General Orders No. 32, s., 1943, contains instructions relative to the “Recording of Important Incidents.” What incidents will be recorded as “Important Incidents” by Police Incident Officers?

QUESTION NO. 5
Briefly answer the following:

a. What precaution shall be taken by a member of the Force when specially assigned to guard property against robbery?

b. In what criminal prosecution may a jury determine both the law and the facts?

c. How shall complaints received of property lost be handled?

d. What parking regulations apply in the vicinity of fire stations?

e. Are kleptomaniacs usually persons in poor circumstances? Explain your answer.

f. What official has charge and control of paving and repairing marginal streets and from what funds shall such work be paid for?

ANSWERS

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1
A prosecution is commenced, within the meaning of any provision of this act which limits the time for commencing an action, when an information is laid before a magistrate charging the commission of a crime and a warrant of arrest is issued by him, or when an indictment is duly presented by the grand jury in open court, and there received and filed.

POLICE ACADEMY
OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL
72 POPULAR ST., BROOKLYN

PROMOTION COURSES

1. To Rank of Captain. For all Lieutenants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday  7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday  10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday  5.30 P.M.
   Thursday  11.30 A.M.
   Friday  5.30 P.M.

2. To Rank of Lieutenant. For all Sergeants. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday  7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday  10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday  5.30 P.M.
   Thursday  11.30 A.M.
   Friday  5.30 P.M.

3. To Rank of Sergeant. For Patrolmen, all grades. Sessions will be held, holidays, excepted, on
   Monday  7.30 P.M.
   Tuesday  10.30 A.M.
   Wednesday  5.30 P.M.
   Thursday  11.30 A.M.
   Friday  5.30 P.M.

4. Topics will be changed weekly. Each class session will be for a period of two hours. Attendance will be on time off duty. No fee will be charged.

5. SEE CIRCULAR 12, 1937.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2
Section 581 of the Penal Law provides as follows:
Conspiracy against peace of the state.
If two or more persons, being out of this state, conspire to commit any act against the peace of this state, the commission or attempted commission of which, within this state, would be treason against the state, they are punishable by imprisonment in a state prison not exceeding ten years.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3
Powers and Duties of the Judicial Council.
The Council shall have the powers and shall be charged with the following duties:

a. To make a continuous survey and study of the organization, jurisdiction, procedure, practice, rules and methods of administration and operation of each and all the courts of the state including both courts of record and courts not of record, the volume and condition of business in said courts, the work accomplished and the results obtained.

b. To collect, compile, analyze and publish the judicial statistics of the state in compliance with article six, section twenty-two of the constitution.
c. To receive, consider and in its discretion investigate criticisms and suggestions from any source pertaining to the administration of justice and to make recommendations in reference thereto.

d. To keep advised concerning the decisions of the courts relating to the procedure and practice therein and concerning pending legislation affecting the organization, jurisdiction, operation, procedure and practice of the courts.

e. To recommend from time to time to the legislature any changes in the organization, jurisdiction, operation, procedure and methods of conducting the business in the courts which can be put into effect only by legislative action, and to recommend to any court or to any body vested with the rule-making power for any court any changes in the rules and practice of said courts or the methods of administering judicial business therein which, in the judgment of the council, would simplify and expedite or otherwise improve the administration of justice therein.

f. To adopt and from time to time amend and promulgate with the force and effect of law, rules and regulations not inconsistent with any statute with respect to the manner of keeping records of the business of any court.

The council shall, on or before February fifteenth each year make a report to the Legislature of its proceedings of the work of the various courts of the State during the past judicial year, the condition of business therein, and any recommendation which require action by the Legislature to improve the administration of justice. It may during legislative session make such further and supplemental reports as it may deem proper. The judicial year is defined as the year beginning July first, and ending June thirtieth of the succeeding year.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4**

For the purpose of this memorandum, "Important Incidents" shall be defined as those involving 50 or more casualties or serious damage to such important locations as the following:
- Piers, Shipyards and Airports.
- Large War Plants.
- Important Buildings.
- Hospitals, Museums, Churches.
- Railroad Terminals, Bridges, Tunnels and Important Highways.
- Navy Yards and Army Bases.

**Water Gates, Reservoirs or High Pressure Pumping Stations.**
**Police Stations and Fire Houses.**
**Headquarters of Protective Services (not including Zone, Sector or Post Headquarters).**
**Power Plants, Gas Plants, Telephone Buildings, etc.**
**Report or Control Centers.**
**Important Areas, such as Radio City, Times Square, Grand Central, etc.**

Such incidents shall be reported by Police Incident Officers in the usual manner except that under the caption "Remarks," on the Incident Report Form (P OM 24A), he shall write the word "Important" and include essential details necessary to further identify the location and to show the classification or name of the building, plant or place involved, as indicated in the above paragraph.

**ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5**

a. He shall while performing such duty be constantly alert and prepared to meet an attack. He shall, if riding in an automobile, or, when practicable, if he is inside of a premises, carry his revolver in his hand and shall not wear gloves. When on the street or in a public place under circumstances where the carrying of a revolver in his hand would not be practicable, he shall release his revolver from the safety catch of his holster and have it in a position to enable him to draw and use it instantly.

b. By statute in this State, in a criminal prosecution for libel, the jury is given the right to determine both the law and the facts.

c. Such complaints will be entered on the Complaint file and telephoned to the Lost Property Bureau for record, and then referred to the precinct detective office for attention.

d. A driver shall not stop or stand a vehicle in front of an entrance to any fire station and on the side of the street opposite such entrance of any fire station within area indicated by signs or other markings.

e. No. Kleptomaniacs have a mania for stealing anything their hands can be placed on, usually without any apparent need for doing so. Very often persons in comfortable circumstances resort to petty thievery, taking articles which they neither need nor want.

f. The president of the borough in which such streets are located. Such work shall be paid for on the requisition of the appropriate Borough President from funds of the Department of Marine and Aviation.

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**Reunion of St. Mary's Parish**

HERE is a splendid opportunity to help the priests who serve at the POLICE RECREATION CENTER in the Catskills—by giving the helping hand so necessary to keep the Haines Falls Church and Out-Missions going. A chance to renew those grand acquaintances of the Good Old Summer Time also will be yours at the BRIDGE-REUNION to be held at the HOTEL COMMODORE, FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18, AT 8:30 O'CLOCK. Tickets $1.10, tax included.

Table prizes—door prizes—and other special features will add to your enjoyment as in the imaginative shadows of Indian Head Mountain you chat over old times and events.

Mrs. Patrick W. Harnedy is general chairman of the Arrangements Committee and tickets may be had by calling the office of the PATROLMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION, 63 Park Row, New York City, BEECKMAN 3-5531... or the office of SPRING 3100, 400 Broome Street, New York City, CANAL 6-2000, Ext. 257.

Father Barrett is anticipating your loyal support, and we know you will not fail him in this very worthy cause.
By REBECCA B. RANKIN, Librarian, Municipal Reference Library

IN THE November, 1943, issue of The Technician there is an interesting article by John E. Davis entitled “State Police Laboratories.” In September, 1940, while attending the University of California, Mr. Davis prepared a term-paper for a course in Police Science presented by Professor O. W. Wilson. This paper represented the results of a questionnaire-survey of the various State Police Laboratories. The few additional comments contained in this article may prove of value to the laboratory technician as well as the policeman. The issue of The Technician may be borrowed for home study by any member of the police force.

In our neighboring city across the river, Newark Bureau of Municipal Research made a report on “Police Problems in Newark” to the Director of Public Safety. This study of 15 pages with charts and tables may be borrowed from the Municipal Reference Library, 2230 Municipal Building, Manhattan.

The Library also has a new second edition of Sterling A. Wood’s “Riot Control” published by the Military Service Publishing Company of Harrisburg, Pa.

“Yankee Lawyer, the Autobiography of Ephraim Tutt” (Scribner’s, 1943) is a fascinating tale of the life of a trial lawyer. As most of this experience was gained in New York City, at first as a prosecutor in the District Attorney’s office during a Tammany regime, it will particularly interest our city officials and employees. The book is replete with humorous anecdotes but equally interesting for its philosophy. You may determine for yourself, after reading, if its actually autobiographical.

The September-October 1943 issue of The Police Journal has just been published and may be borrowed.

Police Request Owners to Scrap Cars Stored on Streets

The Los Angeles Police Department, under direction of Chief C. B. Horrall, is co-operating with the War Production Board in an all out effort to get every automobile stored on the city streets into the war effort either as transportation or scrap metal. Police officials estimate that more than 4,000 automobiles have been stored on the streets of Los Angeles. Many of these are standing on blocks with the tires removed or flat. Not only do the cars permit an accumulation of debris beneath them, which is unsightly and unsanitary, but they create a hazard to safety. The police appeal to owners of such cars is: “Get that scrap car on your street into the scrap against the Axis!”

Eno Traffic Code Adopted in North African Theatre of Operations

Upon recommendation of Brigadier General J. V. Dillon, Provost Marshal General, North African Theater of Operations, the Eno Traffic Code, written by William Phelps Eno, has been circulated by the Allied Force Headquarters in North Africa to all British and American personnel in the area with orders to conform to its provisions. A French translation was supplied French authorities with request that it be adopted by the French army and the civil authorities of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia.

Mr. Eno, founder and chairman of the Board of Directors of Eno Foundation for Highway Traffic Control, Saugatuck, Conn., has been active in the traffic field for over 50 years. His Traffic Code has not only served as basis for all traffic legislation in this country, but was adopted by Paris, France, as early as 1912 and is now in effect in many other countries. It is not the first time the Code has “gone to war.” In 1918 it was put into effect by the French at the front, and both English and American troops observed it.

Milwaukee Tries Mid-Block Bus Stops

To speed up vehicular traffic and eliminate overcrowding in safety zones Milwaukee is using a mid-block bus stop plan on its main downtown street for a 90-day trial under city ordinance. Buses load and unload in mid-block, leaving the safety zones at the end of the block for street car users.

Automobile parking has been eliminated on main thoroughfares to provide for bus stops. The estimated 40,000 persons who use Milwaukee buses daily now board buses from the curb, a plan that reduces the possibilities for pedestrian accidents.

The new plan is speeding up end-to-end bus runs by five minutes, Dr. B. L. Corbett, Milwaukee Safety Commission executive secretary, reports. The buses operate in the right-hand lanes and therefore are not held back at intersections behind street cars. The plan
SPRING 3100

has thus far been so successful that it is expected to become a permanent part of Milwaukee’s traffic control program.

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**Adopt “V” Sign for Victory**

Traffic police in Chicago are doing such an excellent job bolstering morale and building courage among citizens by giving every one the “V” signal with their fingers as they direct traffic and they will continue using the sign until the war is won, Chief of Traffic David Flynn states.

One of the most realistic articles on Juvenile Delinquency may be consulted in the December 24th issue of *Life* magazine. A résumé of what Federal and state agencies and police departments are doing as preventive measures in juvenile delinquency is printed in *Police Chiefs’ News Letter* of November, 1943.

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**POST-ENTRY TRAINING COURSE**

**College of the City of New York**

**ENGLISH (REPORT WRITING)**

This is a course in the correct expression and effective arrangement of ideas. Words and idioms, sentences and paragraphs, punctuation, spelling and grammar are studied and practiced. Frequent expositions or reports of police and fire problems and duties are written, corrected, and discussed in conferences. Emphasis is given to the form and style required by the uniformed departments in official communications.

- **Friday - 12 M.-1:50 P.M.**
  - OR
  - 5:50 - 7:35 P.M.
- **30 hours - 15 sessions**
- **2 credits**

Fees: $10, course fee; $2, registration; and $1.00 library.

Instructor: Mr. James E. Flynn, City College.

Registration may be completed in Room 1113, Commerce Building, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City, at the following times:

- **Monday, January 31 to Friday February 4—9 A.M.-6 P.M.**
- **Saturday, February 5—9 A.M.-12 Noon**

The fee is indicated above and is payable at the time of registration.

This new class begins on **Friday, February 11**.

Further information may be obtained from Room 1113, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York City — GRamercy 5-7140, Extension 33.

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**ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE**

**QUEENS POLICE POST, NO. 1103**

**AMERICAN LEGION**

of the

**POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK**

Saturday Evening, February 19, 1944

Lost Battalion Hall

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**ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE**

**N. Y. CITY POLICE GARRISON NO. 3100**

**ARMY AND NAVY UNION, U.S.A.**

of the

**POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK**

Saturday Evening, February 19, 1944

Henry Hudson Hotel
AMENDMENTS TO RULES AND REGULATIONS

Amendments to the Manual of Procedure Will Follow in Due Course

RULE 322.

Rule 322 is amended by adding thereto the following:

If the Force Record (Form U.F. 10) of suspended member or records of the Bureau of Information show that such member has, or if the suspended member admits having, firearms other than those surrendered at time of suspension, which firearms are not available within the command in which the suspended member is located, the Commanding Officer of the precinct wherein such firearms are located shall be so advised forthwith, by telephone, and such Commanding Officer shall immediately send a Sergeant to the premises where located and obtain such firearms.

T.T.O. No. 8, April 30, 1943.

RULE 328a.


RULE 344.

344. A foundling shall be taken to the station-house. If found by someone other than a member of the Force, such person shall be requested to go to the station-house for the purpose of making affidavit as to the circumstances attending the finding of the child. The desk officer shall record the child's pedigree and a description of the child and its clothing. If pedigree is not obtainable, the desk officer shall so certify in writing on the prescribed form. The desk officer shall direct the delivery of a policewoman, if available, of the foundling to the New York Foundling Hospital. The pedigree, description and affidavit shall be forwarded to the Department of Welfare.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 41, Oct. 2, 1940.

SUBDIVISION "a", RULE 384.

(a) The proper fee to be tendered with each subpoena requiring a witness to appear and testify on the trial of a civil action or special proceeding, other than in the Municipal Court of the City of New York, is fifty cents for each day's actual attendance at court, and with a subpoena duces tecum, one dollar, plus eight cents per mile for each mile actually going to the place of attendance if he resides more than three miles therefrom.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 35, September 3, 1940.

SUBDIVISION "b", RULE 384.

(b) A subpoena requiring a witness to appear and testify on the trial of an action or special proceeding in the Municipal Court may be served anywhere in the City of New York. The proper fee to be tendered with such subpoena is fifty cents for one day's attendance at court. No mileage need be paid. When a subpoena duces tecum is served upon a witness he shall be entitled to a fee of one dollar for a day's attendance at court.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 22, April 23, 1938.

SUBDIVISION "c", RULE 384.

(c) Commanding Officers and supervisory heads will transmit to the Clerk-in-Charge, Bookkeeper's Office, direct, on the Ist and 16th of each month, all fees received at their respective commands and bureaus for subpoenas duces tecum. The Clerk-in-Charge, Bookkeeper's Office, will keep a record of all such fees received and will deposit such fees to the credit of the Police Pension Fund.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 8, Feb. 20, 1939.

RULE 388.

388. Except when off duty, a member of the Force assigned to perform duty in uniform appearing as a witness or complainant in any court or before a grand jury shall be in uniform.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 20, April 14, 1938.

NEW RULE 390a.

390a. A member of the Force who is to appear as a witness for a defendant in a criminal case, or for a plaintiff in a civil case in which the City of New York is a defendant, will notify the Assistant District Attorney or Assistant Corporation Counsel assigned to the case of that fact before the commencement of the hearing or trial.

T.T.O. No. 39, Sept. 27, 1940.

RULE 406.

406. Property identified and claimed at any command shall be reported to the Property Clerk upon the next weekly report.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 6, February 2, 1938.

FIRST PARAGRAPH RULE 415.

415. When a member of the Force is injured, the commanding officer of the patrol precinct in which such injury occurred shall make careful investigation of the circumstances of the injury, and shall interview and obtain a signed statement from each witness. He shall make an entry in the Blotter within 24 hours of the result of his investigation. This entry shall show whether or not, in his opinion, such injury was sustained in the performance of police duty, whether or not negligence on the part of the injured member contributed and the names and addresses of all witnesses.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 49, November 20, 1940.

SUBDIVISION "a", RULE 415.

(a) Members of the Force injured or disabled in the performance of police duty and desiring full pay for the first three days of their disability shall make application without unnecessary delay to the Police Commissioner stating in detail how the injury was sustained.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 9, February 15, 1940.
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

"Make up your mind fast, lady. This sale ain't gonna last much longer!"
Looking 'em Over
WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th.
Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION

3rd Pet., Ptl. William Foster

8th Precinct: With the assistance of Oon Paul Ludwig and several prominent businessmen, Captain Jones has been busy the past several weeks arranging for the installation of a P.A.L. center in the precinct, in a hall near St. Anthony's Church, to be known as the Sergeant Timothy Murphy Center.

That perfection of etiquette, Emily Post, should listen in some time on our politeness boys, as for example: Clerk Foster (to Victor Mature Robbins): "Your house taxes are due, Mr. Robbins. Sorry!" The reply: "Sir, are you addressing me?"

Or some of our chevron bearers to our lieutenants: "How are you feeling, Lieut?" and "How long you got in now, Lieut?" or "You don't look so good today, Lieut!"

Blackie Luzzi, who has volunteered to take the watergate on all tours during the cold weather, says riding with Layden is not conducive to warmth these days... Pat Keavey, landlord of a special holiday post, was boss for a time of Beaglers Harrington and Zweg... Sal Ponce, who as always is busy these days studying for sergeant, wears elevator shoes now—whatever they are. Claims they don't make him taller, only thicker... Mike Tobin, the left handed ex-plumber, gave up his air warden work so he could get more experience on the street for the next sergeant's test...

By the time this is read, all of our rookies will have been sworn in as regular cops and, as Tommy Hall says, they will have the right then to cry with the others about "going out of the precinct!"...

Did you know that Detective Gowaness Tommy Tyrell, who goes in for perfume, favors Night with Garde, sprayed (or even eaten) on the coat lapel?... Lieutenant William J. Burns' boy, William Jr., was just promoted to sergeant in the Air Corps. Good luck, Bill Jr.!

One of our retired patrolmen, John J. Browne, died recently at his home, and to his bereaved widow, Mrs. Lily Browne, our condolences are extended... Should you at some time or other be in the market for some goat's milk, contact without delay our Raymond "Pappy" Reid. He'll be able to dig you up some—even if it does involve a nice boiled dinner going cold on him.

A Happy New Year to all!

2ND DIVISION

11th Pet., Ptl. Alex W. Franz

5th Precinct: With contributions few and far between, the second attempt on our come-back trail has not worked out so well. However, with the coming of the new year we are hopeful some of our ghost writers will get going and drop us an old tidbit every once in a while.

Our deepest sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman Frank Nicola, who passed away suddenly last month. Frank, a charter member of the Police Glee Club, was well-liked by all. His sudden passing has saddened us more than mere words can tell.

Our basketball team was victorious in the two games already played, one of its victims being the Norden & Co. Big Five. Team members comprise Mulhearn, Sackman, Quinn, Gott, Anderson, Schultes, Lukkenhouse, Harrington, Thompson, Kletsky and Pilon. The boys feel confident they can take the measure of any precinct team in the city. Games may be arranged by contacting Patrolman Richard J. (Dixie) Tilson, coach, at the 5th Precinct station house.

The back room has become a much quieter and somber place since the retirement on December 19, after more than 30 years in the job, of the peppy Al Smith, who was the hub about which the galaxy revolved. For example, who among us has not been all but caved in by one of Al's lusty swats on the back? Joining aside, Al was a real cop. We are sorry to lose him.

Big Pete Sirio looks fine since his return from Florida, he being at least two shades darker now than Ralph De Baise—even tho it is evident Pete did expose one side of his anatomy to the Florida sunshine more than the other.

Tom (Cuckoo) Tobin has been unable to answer his chief heckler, Paddy Coyle, due to a larynged throat; but the rotund 95′ still has the inside track.

Our eminent delegate, Mickey (Fuzzy Ears) Finn, was a much chagrined gent as he was about to open his locker the other morning to change for an 8—4 tour. Lou Gott, however, couldn't keep a straight face and Mickey surmised that things weren't as bad as they looked. Mickey was really ready to "blat-st" someone.

Down here on the lower East Side we have a little world of our own and we really have no use for your Broadway, Radio City, bright lights, motion picture palaces, and what have you. For example, what need have we for such personages of the theatre as Olsen & Johnson, when here we have the side-splitting team of Steven & Lovett?... What need have we for John McCormick when we have our own tenor, Harry Mulhearn, a boy who really has a voice?... What need have we for Bing Crosby when we have "Bing Bing" Merle?... or for Jimmy Walker when we have the sartorially resplendent "Angie" Tulak?... or for Mortimer Snider when we have Paul Doersam?... and last but not least, for Ned Sparks when we have Eddie Sendel, cigar and all.

9th Precinct: Now that the holidays are over, how about starting the New Year off by writing more often to the boys in service? Let's help all we can to keep up their morale—which we can do by spelling it MAIL.

THE SERVICEMAN'S HOPE

Each evening as the sun goes down way off there in the west, And shadows start a creeping and the ocean seems at rest, I keep praying for a letter—and my heart keeps aching so, And the awful word "forgotten" seems to haunt me where I go.

My spirits then are downcast, comes a tightening in my throat, Each time the mail is handed out, and for me not even a note, Each morn as I awake—I feel—today 'won't be the same! The daily mail comes in all right, but I never hear my name.

So when next you've got a moment after all your work is done, 'Fore the neighbors can call—'fore another chime's begun, Won't'cha sit right down and write me, even just a line "Hello"? For a letter to a serviceman is the greatest "lift" I know.

Anyone wishing advice on the raising or care of capons should get in touch with the best authority in the business, Sgt. Francis Murray, or his pupil, Lt. Thomas Dooley.

Here’s wishing the best there is for the New Year to the staff of SPRING 300 and to all the members of the 9th Precinct including Lt. Curley’s great bunch of softball players, the 9th Squad. In other words, Happy Days for All of Us!

4TH DIVISION

18th Pet., Ptl. John Pritting
17th Pet., Ptl. James O’Sullivan
22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Comiskey

22nd Precinct: Somewhere in Italy, Pfc. John Finnegan, son of Sergeant Peter Finnegan of the 22nd Precinct, was reading a copy of SPRING 300. The chaplain of his regiment, Captain Carl A. Wuest, happened to glimpse it over John’s shoulder, became interested and asked if he might read it when John had finished. The chaplain found the edition soatty, interesting and informative, and in its reading was reminded so much of the old home town, that he stated he would like, if possible, to receive a copy of SPRING 300 each month. — Sergeant Pete will see that he gets his copy monthly, with his compliments.

Season’s Greetings to all!

5TH DIVISION

20th Pet., T. Nieczew
26th Pet., T. Lamont
30th Pet., Ptl. Si Lew
34th Pet., Ptl. Veedie Wash

30th Precinct: Plainclothesman John Cersosimo, linguist and official interpreter (without portfolio) in the 30th Precinct, is taking up foreign languages. An arrest made by John recently brought about the above decision. Seems the prisoner was at one time a native of the Punjabi tribe and spoke a dialect or compound of Chinese, Malay and Korean. John had a setback in finding the proper words for Peddler’s License, but with the timely and kindly assistance of the Judge the difficulty was ironed out. “I was chagrined no end,” murmured John, “and for once in my life I found myself without words!” That of thinks! Where was Blink at that time?

They claim here that John, the inventor, is working on a model airplane with rubber wings, alleged to be impervious to ack-ack fire and unforeseen pancake landings. “A rank fabrication,” explains John. “My plane has no wings a-ha!” No military secrets from John.

The new beds installed in the dormitories meet with the approval of the men, for which many thanks to Patrolman Smiles. Some of the boys, however, don’t go in for these new-fangeded luxuries and, well, there just aren’t enough beds anyway.

More next month.

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pet., Ptl. Henry Nealon
25th Pet., Ptl. Louis Middendorf
28th Pet., Ptl. Francis X. McDermott
32nd Pet., Ptl. Evers Drophier

25th Precinct: Memory to Frivolity: Anent the recent get-together given in honor of Sergeant Isaac Price, who was once a pavement-pounder in the 25th Precinct, appreciation for a nice job is expressed now to the committee in charge, comprised of four fine fellows, conscientious to the 9th degree, to wit: Larry “Howard Beach” Lyons, Bob “Bazooka” Byrne, John “Beau Brummel” Tutt, and last but not least Zeke Z. Zangenberg (middle Z for zestful).

A good time was had by all and memories of those fine moments of good fellowship will linger long in the hearts of those who attended.

Lots of luck to our new P.B.A. delegate, John Chanda, recently elected as emissary to the inner sanctum of our great organization.

May you, John, see many happy days in your new undertaking.

Aside to Charles Sawdix and his fellow chicken-raisers of the 114th Precinct: If you think you’re good at poultry-pushing, try visiting the residences of our Sergeants Harrison and Ottstall, or Patrolmen Langer and Gilmsen, all of whom claim they have the best flocks in the Department.

Lots of luck, Harry Oberle! Glad to see you back on your old post . . . What’s this we hear about lovebirds in Car 472—billings and cooing included! . . . The fourteenth member of our command has been called to the colors—Patrolman John Lena—a former reporter of this column, whose merry wit and timely humor we’re going to miss. Godspeed you, John, and good luck! . . . Notice has been given by the Duke to all operators of the new sergeants’ car to forthwith supply themselves with a sufficient amount of nice clean rags . . . Another member of this command, civilian operator Aonruus Exum, who in our estimation is as much a cop as those who sport the blue and gold, has been called to active service. God be with you, Ronny, and don’t forget that Ernie “Jumbo” Wagner has asked you to bring back a set of Jap’s ears for a souvenir . . . Henry “Jumbo” Volk seen sporting a new lumberjack’s shirt. Couldn’t be he’s been inspired by the stately oaks in Mt. Morris Park? . . . Good luck to Patrolman John Eberlein, recently assigned to plainclothes duty . . . Raymond “Fats” Marmion still wonders whether the meals handed out in restaurants these days will ever get back to their pre-war state.

Patrolman Alfred Jackie Geidel, once known as “Jackie Coghan” because of his youthful appearance, has retired into private life—still maintaining his cherubic features. We hope, Jackie, your future life in that Connecticut farm will result in longevity eternal . . . We do not like to question men who make honest mistakes, but maybe Paddy Woods can explain why he put one of those new white peppers, instead of a dime, into his envelope containing the monthly best tax contribution last month? Who knows, maybe one of the other cops calls “HEY, RUBE!” . . . Frank “Before” Janosky and Vincent “After” Marino are two fine examples of what can be done for a string-bean cop—after he starts eating regularly . . . Grandpa Anderson, a former hack inspector in the 25th Precinct, has migrated to the Times Square section. We certainly miss you, Charley. Lots of luck and Season’s Greetings from the boys . . . Jack “Kavoli” Valentino wants to know what a Superman looks like, and when he can’t already know what a Superman looks like, he’s a runaway —meaning—for the time present, at least, to say not a word, period. This reporter, in plainer language, would not like to see his name on a hal.
Looking 'em Over

40th Precinct: Without a doubt, Joe (Don't call me "Red") Brennan has the keener cars in the precinct, as for example: On radio motor patrol in his beloved Sector 2 recently he suddenly told his sidekick Mortensen, that there was a fire somewhere, that plainly he could hear the engines and bells. Immediately thereafter over the radio came the alarm. Sure enough, there was a fire—but it was in the 123rd Precinct, WAY OUT ON STATEN ISLAND! A good man, ch, what?... Gaffney tried out a confounded trumpet the other day and then discovered who owned it. He's been grandma ever since... We welcome Sergeant Skea to our precinct and hope he enjoys his stay here... Waldschmidt sure is a demon on the typewriter. Some speed! (yeah, yeah!)... To Moe Healy, now a civilian, we wish a long and happy retirement. He plans to live in sunny California with the rest of the nation's best people. Who, incidentally, is Fried going to pester, now that Moe is gone?

Bill McCullough, on one of his days off, won a golf tournament for the 40th... Drahazol, soldiering now in Texas, thanks you fellows for the nice remembrance... Hey, all you guys in the service, drop your reporter a line—so that in his column he can remember you to the boys... Sergeant "Tyrone" Garelick dropped in last month to look us over. Seems it and happy... Lieutenant Pfaffman's annual Christmas card came in and contents duly noted. He's still in England.

And here, readers, is as fine a contribution as ever came out of the suggestion box. Thanks, N.M.

Vocabulary of a "40" Patrolman

ROOKIE: A huff who hopes to work in his own precinct some day... SARGE: He does the talkin' you do the walkin'... DAY SQUAD: Kindly, benevolent elderly cops who advise rookies (oh, yeah?)... HAIRBAG: Cop bitten by a fox... STUDENT: Prematurely gray cop... P.B.A. DELEGATE: No definition; words fail us... FIXED POST: Doing a "latt"... SCHOOL CROSSING: Ten years off a cop's life... "55" MAN: Power behind the desk... COFFEE SERGEANT: Station house life-saver... LITTLE KINGS: Operator and recorder... SIGNAL BOX: Eyes too busy to notice... PERSONAL: Ten minutes of "surcease"... ON THE ARM: A quaint expression used in the "good old days"... WHERE WERE YOU?: The $64 question...

STRAIGHT EIGHT: Just another tough proposition... BARR-BARRY COAST: St. Ann Avenue... LATE TOURS: Heartburn blues... SLAM: Another form of arm exercise... SEE: Something to watch, wait and pray for... ROLL CALL: Daily scratch sheet... TRIAL ROOM: Chamber of Horrors... PAY CHECK: Pennies from Heaven... PATROLMAN'S JOB: Sunday, Monday and Always... RETIREMENT: Utopia—far, far in the distance.

42nd Precinct: Here's wishing all our readers and their families a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sincere sympathy to the family of retired Patrolman William F. Thomas who passed away on December 16, 1941, following a long siege of illness. May his soul rest in peace!

The members of the command desire to express their deep and heartfelt sympathy to Sergeant Emil Sardoniello in the death of his grandfather, who reached the ripe, glorious age of ninety-six; to Patrolman Anthony Minadeo in the untimely loss of his brother, who was a member of the City Patrol Corps, and to Patrolman Harry Lardino in the sudden passing of his brother. May their souls rest in peace.

8th Division

43rd Prec., Ptl. Louis Darrin Patrol

47th Prec., Ptl. Herman W. H. Lampe

45th Prec., Ptl. Orchard B. McGeever

47th Prec., Ptl. William S. Crosby

52nd Prec., Ptl. Eugene E. Horgan

47th Precinct: Now that 1943 is just a fond memory, we hope all our friends and their families enjoyed a truly Merry Christmas and extend to them now our best wishes for a Happy New Year.

As your reporter I should like to remind you at this time that just one year ago last month I lost one of the best-side-partners a newspaper cop could have; namely, the late Patrolman John A. Gilchrist. May his soul rest in peace, and may God in all His goodness and blessedness take of his wife and four boys... A word also to Detective Al Dittrich and his wife; Don't give up hope; we are all praying that your boy will turn up O.K. ... Sorry also to hear Patrolman Herbertzki's son was injured on the Italian front, but glad to know he has since been reported out of danger.

Now for news of the gang: Brother Hearne still confined to Veterans Hospital... Brother (Bagles) Weissman back working, and in the pink... Also want to welcome to the 47th Precinct a new T.S. man, Brother Messman. May your stay be a long and happy one... Now that the lieutenants' list is out, our congratulations to Sergeants Coogan and O'Neil, who made it—in the money... Congratulations also to all our former members and friends who likewise hit this list.

On December 6 we had the honor of paying tribute to retired Patrolman Curlew, Salmonson, Lardino and Casson and Sergeant Fred Mkle, now assigned to the 46th Precinct. Patrolman Pinnoch Sulliva was the M.C. and he did a splendid job. Sergeant Parker told a corkin' story about the rookie and his pipe, and Sergeant Coogan gave a talk on the more serious things in life. Acting Lieutenant O'Neil spoke on the workings of the Air Raid Service, Mike Kuns talked on brotherly love, and Buster Heapes on the fine spirit of cooperation among the members of the command. Other songsters, storytellers, etc., including Patrolmen Ray Zanelli and "Lefty" Kraus, Sergeant Al Harriott, Howey Walker, Mickey Doyle, and Jerry Meagher and Cellar Door Shumman, who played a duet on the piano and very, very good. James Lingell took good care of the refreshments, seeing to it, we mean, that everyone was well taken care of. Retired Patrolman Lardino as usual closed up the place by singing Dear Old Girl.

And now, dear friends, as your reporter was a member of this Committee, I give me from the bottom of my heart to thank on behalf of the Committee each and every member of the command for their splendid cooperation in making this affair the huge success that it was.

P.S. What Lieutenant here at the 47th Precinct, after making tea from tea-balls, hangs same up to be dried for future use?

52nd Precinct: Station BXPK on the air: Wishing our listeners (if any) a very happy New Year, and, in the spirit of Auld Lang Syne, extending in a special manner congratulations and felicitations to Patrolmen Andrew Unverzagt and James N. Nugent, "Senior" and "Junior" members of the Day Squad, respectively, both of whom rang out the old year by retiring from the Department. Veteran Bill Quirk will miss his old pal "Andy" on the south half of two, and Plainclothesmen Sulgar and Flavia will miss his assistance and encouragement around the Monkey House. No more will the familiar chant "Patrolman Unverzagt—Box 9" ring in the ear of the T. S. operator, and no longer will "Smiling Jim" Nugent officially adorn Post 20, tho we expect to see him in the neighborhood often. Good luck, boys!

To our scruffy-looking friends in spite of a minimum of seniority secured enviable places on the lieutenants' list—Sergeants Jacob Cohen and James Walsh—we say "Nice going!" Also to our neighbor in Emergency 9—Sergeant Hart—equally hearty congratulations!

To Patrolman Gerald Moriarity, who loves an argument, we extend the glad hand and the best wishes of all his activities as Precinct Warden Commander, he having taken over the task of coordination, which was so splendidly performed by Lieutenants William Freehill and Division Commander Acting Captain Jones. Our own Captain John Sullivan, we are sure, will continue to do the earnest and cooperation which contributed so materially to making possible here an AWS unsurpassed in any precinct in the city.

To Patrolman John Culhane, Juvenile Aid representative, we wish every success in his new endeavor and feel confident that "Ginny Jo" will conduct this service with that extreme devotion to duty and a zealous pride of accomplishment.

To the aspirants for the jobs of PBA delegate—Patrolmen Le Monica, Bruch, O'Brien, Moriarity, et al, we say—may the best man win.

To the new member of the 95 Association, Patrolman Charles Brauchle, we extend our sympathy. Incidentally, Patrolman Sammy Boyd's private c. t. is easily accessible in the top drawer of the filing cabinet.

And should you overhear Patrolman Bruns muttering phrases...
looking 'em over

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like "the etiological study of crime" to his partner, Patrolman James Bryson, or Patrolman "Mike" Mazel explaining to Patrolman Frank Tyndon that "persons recognized for their known aphrodisiac effects should be counted as criminals," blame it on Sergeant Cohen, who has the boys "sergeant exam conscious." And so to our students we wish success and feel sure that with sufficient determination and application of effort they will some day realize the fruits of their labor.

So saying we sign off now until the same time next month when Lieutenant Greenberg will present the "Ribbon of Distinguished Service" to the contestant offering the best solution to the problem of having all of the carbons in right when making multiple copies on a typewriter, so that the impression comes out on the sheet on which it is supposed to appear—and nowhere else.

10TH DIVISION

60th Ptl., Ptl. Steve Gorman
61st Ptl., Ptl. Joseph Facher
62nd Ptl., Ptl. Vincent Ferrante
63rd Ptl., Ptl. I. C. Hall
66th Ptl., Ptl. Andrew W. Dooley
70th Ptl., Ptl. Frank Torney

61st Precinct: Two more of our boys now in the employ of Uncle Sam—Patrolmen Straus and Maltz, with the U. S. Navy and Army, respectively. Best of luck to them both.

A hearty welcome to Lieutenant "Mike" Moore who has returned to us from the Police Academy! Here's a good opportunity for the students to garner a bit of "larnin" direct from the amiable "Prolf," who is ever ready with information and good advice pertaining to our profession.

We welcome also Prob. Patrolman Carney Kandies who has been assigned to this command from the Recruits' Training School.

Fond farewells were bid recently to two swell fellows, Arthur McLoughlin and Mike Reardon, whom we lost via the retirement route. Best wishes to you champs and come in and say hello soon.

Who is it "Pop" Weidig has in mind when he speaks so lovingly of "Sweet William"? Seems the sweet person is away at the moment and poor George misses him terribly!

No column is complete without at some time or other giving some of the pet names making the rounds. How many do you know? Cup-cake, Boo-Boo, Powder Puff, The Shadow, Toy Bulldog, Little Joe, Browning King, The Sheriff, The Chief, Hook, and last but not from least, the ever-present Chucklehead—who could be practically anyone.

We almost forgot another old timer who has retired, Patrolman Harry Hermance. Best wishes, Harry. We'll be looking for you these cold nights on post 38.

Deepest sympathies to Patrolman Jim Collins in the recent loss of his Mother.

Well, the long awaited lieutenants' list is out and as usual the 61st delegation is present. Sergeants Angevine, Fater and Pendergast showed the boys how it's done. Best of luck to you and here's hoping, in addition, that the gold bar will not be long in arriving.

Congratulations to Patrolman Lazarus and Detective Laurie, who together captured two men who were entering the trucking business via the hi-jack route! Sidney and Walter sent them away for extended vacations, the culprits having had previous encounters with the Law and having lost each time.

First Sergeant Frank Wright and "Seabee" Bob Narici, who were in recently to say hello, looked fine. They asked to be remembered all.

62nd Precinct: We welcome to our midst Sergeant Barnes, and to Sergeants George Finley and John Tabert our congratulations on the fine showing made by them on the lieutenants' list.

We regret the passing of Patrolman Nathaniel Leffler and former Patrolman Raymond J. Newman . . . Patrolman Leffler, who died Nov. 21, had a host of friends. Criminals with police records feared Leffler. He was known as a good cop. Former Patrolman Newman passed away Nov. 28 and his friends, too, were numbered in the hundreds. They are gone—but not forgotten.

Emmet Mylan as this written is pinch hitting for Joe Wenz, on sick report. Mylan should have lots of friends before he's through . . . Meet the electric and radio wizard of the precinct, The Great Charlie Todaro, who does lots of experimental work and regularly may be seen with a kite during rain storms . . . Sergeant Fred Schlottman lost his keys. Reward of a large can of coffee—with buns on the side—offered for their return . . . Sergeant Fred Kirschner, a reader of ancient history, tells us the shiefs and others of the old Arabian tribes were smart people. Mike O'Connor wants to know if it wasn't the Arabian Nights he was reading . . . Patrolman Dobele, who swings a mop just like a sailor—from the main floor up to the roof—getting pointers from Lexander and Boisman. Charlie Helfer received his training as a member of the crew of Persinger's Yacht, on which he once served as Acting First Mate . . . Patrolman Mike O'Connor (a man of few words) as a rule averages 3 hours and 42 minutes to explain something—if the subject is not a too complicated one, that is . . . Lou Penner, who has been aviating between the wagon and the broome, probably will get his wings shortly. Lou dashes around so swiftly he forgets at times when job he holds down is . . . A beautiful polish job, with no engine and no rubber to bother with, is the best description of the rattle-box Lou Alieri tinkers with. Berran says he'd give anything to know how Lou gets it started.

66th Precinct: Joe Kelly, interrogator on the "Quiz Kids" radio program, had better look to his laurels. From reliable sources we have it that "Happy" Pedersen, chief operator of Car 408 and whose faculty for asking questions is not altogether a secret, is after his job . . . Walter Pensia and Jim Henry are all in a dither about their posts as delegates since the announcement last month that "Beau Brummer" Miltenis not only is a candidate for the job—but has quite a jerk with the boys in the back room. However, even he, our informant tells us, has stiff competition in the candidacies of Mike Horowitz, Abolafia, Cucco and Moriarty . . . Nat Cooperman had better be more careful in future investigations made in Greenwood Cemetery—if he doesn't want Bill Sheehy to act in a like manner in the one named for Washington . . . De Giorgio is very happy now that Tavani has fully explained to him the technique of a "finesse" . . . Congratulations to the stork's assistant, "Dr." Marvin Landfish, on his recent fine delivery. What's good for a cold, Doc? . . . Happy to hear Sergeant Jacobs has fully recovered from his recent illness.

What about our bowling team, fellows? Give us some news and perhaps we can send a challenge to some of our neighboring precincts.

Victor Lisante, in a recent letter thanking us for the article about himself and his three brothers, asked that his best wishes be extended to all members of the command.

11TH DIVISION

68th Ptl., Ptl. Ray Donovan
72nd Ptl., Ptl. Mike Cucco
76th Ptl., Ptl. John Murray
78th Ptl., Ptl. Don Moreggia
82nd Ptl., Ptl. Fred Mazzullo
84th Ptl., Ptl. Walter Habrebb

60th Precinct: From all indications the boys did not take favorably to the lessons in native history that I started to give them in our last issue, that attitude was reflected also in the unhappy use in the editorial rooms of our favorite magazine of the pencil that writes in blue—with which our nicely written column on Irish Folklore was given quite a wallop. And, frankly, who, I ask you could blame 'em?

Before becoming further involved, let me pause to express to my patient readers and their families the earnest wish that 1944 will bring health, happiness, good cheer—and the end of this global war . . . To Tony Faris, Jimmy Mulvihill, Paddy Lennon and others on sick report as this is written we hope that you will soon be your old selves again . . . To the new members of the command, our sincere hand and good luck to each of you . . . To the boys in the armed services—to the men who have retired—our sincere good wishes and the hope fortune may favor you . . . Included in these good wishes are, of course, the members of the staff of SPRING 3100 and their families.

Last month we celebrated the retirement of Walter Herzer, who has enlisted in the Merchant Marine. In the words of Charlie—or we mean Judge—Ramsge, Walter will give the same loyal service to the Merchant Marine that he gave to the police department for over twenty years. Good luck, Walter!

Is there any truth to the rumor that Carl Goodsmith of the "Borscht Cornhit has been seen handling the collection basket at O.L.P.H."

DeNosia DeCandia, the guy who nies it all, also is out on the sick shelf and we hope it has nothing to do with an irrigation process on that noble proboscis—which is just another $2 word for bugle.
The well known Butch Meyers, of the varsity class of 1888 and well known also as a sculler, a sport in which years ago he achieved international fame, is making ready to leave the department in which for 35 years he served faithfully, happily and well. Bill and that “wielder of the blue pencil” mentioned in our opening paragraph used to be cronies, but since the chief of the department’s “Fourth Estate” moved to the Police Academy he no longer has time (so say Bill) to meander around among the Charmed Circle that for years has graced such figures as our own Butch Meyers. How about it, Mr. Blue Pencil? Care to defend yourself?

(Editor’s Note: Never knew a nicer guy than my old friend Bill Meyers. At his farewell party, I’m sure the men at the 68th will tender him, please declare me in.)

Who are the wise guys who said: (1) that Russo is the “seat” of learning? . . . (2) that Mercer Street Olson used to be an end man with Barnum & Bailey? . . . and (3) that Tony Spletzer (of Hay Hay fame) is fast losing his grip on the medical class in favor of a new star on the firmament, one Scotty (Dundee) McCandless?

84th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman A. Mul- lane in the loss of his son, Danny, who was killed in action in the South Pacific.

Sights to See: Patrolman James McCauley, an altar boy at St. James Church, chaperoning boys and girls at a recent dance at P. S. 5 . . . Patrolman O’Toole putting $5 in the poor box at Mass . . . Patrolman Cramer stopping a horse and when met by the captain (who, as you know, is himself quite a rider) suggesting un负荷 each of the animal and having the captain ride same into the station house.

Patrolmen Jones and O’Brien of the Police Academy are going to stage a 10-round bout in Jim Pearl’s Stadium . . . All are welcome . . . Who is the man in the powerhouse with the Hollywood teeth—recently acquired?

Patrolman Edward J. Sinning is mighty proud of his son in the Marine Corps, Private Edward J. Sinning, who in the raid on Bougainville, in the South Pacific, after killing four Japs, was himself hit by two hand grenades, knocking him out for the time being. The ping of Jap machine-gun bullets hitting his helmet brought Pvt. Sinning back to reality. Wiping the blood from his face, he got up on one knee, pulled the pins from a pair of hand grenades and lobbed them into the machine-gun nest, wiping it out. When he woke up in the hospital, his buddies credited him with three more Japs. For his gallantry under enemy fire he has received the Purple Heart, and recommendation has been made that he be awarded the Silver medal.

Following is a listing of sons and daughters of members of this command serving in the armed forces:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Father</th>
<th>Son or Daughter</th>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Service</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lt. Antone Straussner</td>
<td>Joseph G.</td>
<td>Lt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lt. Antone Straussner</td>
<td>Thomas F.</td>
<td>Sg.t</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lt. Antone Straussner</td>
<td>Antone, Jr.</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lt. William Touwema</td>
<td>George</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sgt. Thomas L. Greene</td>
<td>Thomas A.</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sgt. Michael J. Rouse</td>
<td>Mary</td>
<td>Lt. Nurse</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Walter Sloan</td>
<td>John D.</td>
<td>Corp.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Bernard Farrell</td>
<td>William</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. William Finn</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>Lt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Frank McKay</td>
<td>Frank H.</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Frank McKay</td>
<td>James</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pvt. Alfred Mullan</td>
<td>Francis J.</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pvt. Alfred Mullan</td>
<td>Daniel J.</td>
<td>(Killed in action)</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ptl. Joseph Yost</td>
<td>Joseph J.</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<td>Ptl. John Corcoran</td>
<td>John</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<td>Ptl. John Corcoran</td>
<td>Martin</td>
<td>Corp.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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<td>Ptl. John Corcoran</td>
<td>Thomas</td>
<td>Ensign</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ptl. William Hendry</td>
<td>William</td>
<td>Seaman</td>
<td>Navy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ptl. William Hendry</td>
<td>Andrew</td>
<td>Pvt.</td>
<td>Army</td>
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We wish you and yours a Happy and Prosperous New Year!

12TH DIVISION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Unit</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>67th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. George Pallidino</td>
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<tr>
<td>69th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. Henry A. Hedin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71st Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. Edward Parecchi</td>
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73rd Precinct: Can anyone name the blissfully happy and serenely resplendent couple smiling at you from out of the picture above? Hint: the male member has been assigned here but a short while and, in addition to his many other accomplishments, piano polisher included, is the proud possessor today of the SPRING 100 golf trophy for 1942, emblematic of superiority on the links in a campaign which extended that year right down practically to the final putt.

The feminine member of the team is his lovely and extremely charming Better Half who tells us that her chief worry at home is (1) hiding the hammer and screw-driver so that her husband, a born housewrecker with tools, can’t lay his hands on them, and (2) keeping matches likewise out of his grasp so that he will have less opportunity to build forest fires with refuse on the beautiful colored flagging adorning their back yard.

She will tell you, too, if you ask her in a nice way, about the five long hours spent by Patrolman Ed MacFadden, 112th Precinct, searching frantically one recent late tour for a dead body about which over the signal box he previously had made a report to the station house.

13TH DIVISION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Unit</th>
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<tr>
<td>74th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. Hugh Beck</td>
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<tr>
<td>76th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. Martin Ingold</td>
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<tr>
<td>78th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. William Janes</td>
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<tr>
<td>80th Pct.</td>
<td>Ptl. Henry S. McCaffrey</td>
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77th Precinct: Sorry indeed about Sergeants Blumberg and Giordano leaving us. . . Fortunate at the same time to be able to welcome to the 77th Precinct Sergeants Neff, Eifer and McLaughlin. . . May their respective stays with us be real happy ones.

Heartiest welcome to Patrolmen Herzoff, Hochberg, Rosenberg, Kirsch, Kiewra, London, Piskun, Book, Heyman, Magner, Pavlischek, D’Avanzo, and Costa, recent newcomers to the command. . . Best wishes and a long and happy retirement to Patrolman Frank Rock- elein, who after almost 37 years of commendatory service retired from the Department on December 16 past. “Rockie,” our P.B.A. delegate and first broom, sure could take it on the chin—always with a good natured smile—and come back for more. . . And now that he’s gone, let’s congratulate Patrolman John B. Hart, who, after a real hard battle defeated Patrolman Levine and Schneider in the
election for the P.B.A. job... Tommie Holmes is taking over the first broom and seems to be darned good at it. Last heard to say, "I’ll make this doggone place shine yet..."

Morris (I Tried My Best) Schneider, our laws and ordinance expert who wrote up some by-laws for the 77 Club, would like to hear some comments on them. Suggestions may be dropped in the SPRING 3100 box.

We really have a good basketball team and would like to hear from any of the recent newcomers if they are interested in the game... Also would like to hear from other precincts for matches. Our team members serve in the 8th, 9th, 10th and 1st Squads.

Challenges have been received from some of the "Y" members for a tug-of-war match. So if any of you big husky he-men are interested, just say so... We have a few strong-arm buddies—Peterson, Moran, Walsh, Jaeger, Merkin, Det, Varrelman, Sgt. Brennan—who as a team should be able to hold their own with the best of them.

Being still a bit new at reporting, I have secured a "ghost writer" and we can now cover the 8th, 9th, 10th, 1st and 2nd squads. Would like to hear also from the remaining squads, so don’t be bashful, boys, step right up! The "Spring 3100 Box" should produce plenty of swell material. Nicknames, favorite sayings, things silly as well as serious will be appreciated. Everything in fun, of course, and no offense ever intended.

In closing, your reporter would like to take this opportunity to wish each and everyone of the officers of the command and their families a very happy, prosperous and glorious New Year... May 1944 bring us peace with victory and the safe return of all our loved ones serving now in the armed forces.

80th Precinct: Your reporter wishes to take this means of thanking the members of the command for the kind expressions of sympathy extended to him in his recent bereavement... To Sergeant Mike Cunningham, too, our most heartfelt sympathies in the recent loss of his sister.

Once again we were thrilled to receive visits from some of our boys in the service... Private Sidney Raphael, M.P.; Ensign Harold Keller, Seaman Ed Bistany, and 1st Lieutenant Harold Vendur, accompanied by his charming wife, were those who dropped in to extend the Season’s Greetings. We bid them all Godspeed and an early and victorious return.

Overheard recently: Patrolman John McGuir (known now as Stoddent McGuir) imparting some of his recently acquired knowledge regarding cruelty to animals to Vince Walsh. Says Mac: "And do you know that you may charge one with this section of the law if he is observed tearing the wings off a common housefly?" Yep, Mac; sure is digging into them that books—just another boss in the making!

Our ace photographer, Eddie Muller, recently pulled a "joney on the spot" with his trusty camera when he snapped a picture of Sergeant Mike Cunningham with Matty Farrell and Sid Raphael comparing their respective “canal boats.” That’s right, Private Sid once again came away with the honors... Another picture showed our skipper with Sidney in a pose as to suggest he might be telling Sid "now when I was in the Army we bzz, bzz, bzz!"... Swell work, Eddie.

During a recent investigation of a homicide, Detective Jim Cahill, 8th Squad, journeyed to Cleveland, Ohio, to check upon some clues, and it was his pleasure upon arrival there to work in conjunction with several members of the Homicide Squad of that city. Detective Cahill takes this means now to thank Lieutenant Cooney and Detectives Whalen, Marrell, May and Meares of the Cleveland P. D. for their splendid cooperation, and they are hereby assured that at some future time a trip to our fair city will provide for Cahill a most happy means to return in kind the courtesy and fine assistance extended him.

14TH DIVISION
83rd Pd., Pit. Joseph Seymour
85th Pd., Pit. Eligh Piler
87th Pd., Pit. William Smith
90th Pd., Pit. John J. Keating
92nd Pd., Pit. William Bach
94th Pd., Pit. Cyril Shortle
90th Precinct: A belated—but nevertheless sincere—Happy New Year to all!

New Year’s Resolutions: John Flanagan: to be a little more chery and social... Joe Gardella: to get the data straight from now on before giving out with the news... Henry Logan: to afford the sergeants more room in the car—by reducing... Moe Gallicchio: to stop squinting when looking at the roll-call and similar notices on the board... Eddie Reilly: to wear a big smile always... Patrolman Normandy: to quiet his amplified tones and warn and admonish with more restraint than before... Patrolman Calliecio: to sign up for a course in English Literature... Frank Sletteno: to throw away his dictionary and stop looking up those jawbreakers that he sprungs on the boys... Patrolman Mackris: to no longer laugh at Redmond’s jokes... Stan Comunado: to remonstrate with his shrub... Joe Foley: to discontinue calling Bill Kaminsky "Bbo"... Patrolman Bellino: to give up his plan of opening a pet shop... Manny Ulfelder: to not whistle "Paper Doll" any more... Joe Maguire: to start the New Year by typing with two fingers instead of one... Pat Gough: to go in the Navy... Nick Abranavitch: ditto into the Army... Joe Brutton: to agree with the P. B. A. always from New Year’s on... Bernie Galligan: to do likewise with Patrolman John Burns... Mike Dougherty: to get a driver’s license... Patrolman Fitzsimmons: to not try to grow any more hair... Sergeant Craig: to stop smiling so much... Lieutenant Watts: ditto... Lieutenant Papp: to not say "Fine and Dandy" any more... That’s about all we can recall at the moment, and we do hope the boys keep them.

At one time not so many years ago there was a dashing young taxi-driver whose phone number, if you needed his services, was 4262, and who, by some strange quirk of fate, is now in the police force at the post of honor—his shield—yes, number 4262—and he’s still driving. Who’s the guy? Well, in case you’re leery we’ll tell you it’s Geary.

Have you noticed the change in Sergeant Gallagher—who of late looks about ten years younger? Wonder what brought about the transformation?

Why does Vecchio go tileless when working on the switchboard? Do you suppose the fact he’s pinch-hitting as a sergeant when so assigned makes his neck swell?

To those of our men who are away due to the Flu we send our best... We still miss Patrolman Dick Faber; we hope for his recovery soon.

Had a visit from Bill Weckner and he is doing O. K. Sends regards to all... Bill Powell sent Christmas greetings from across the seas and he, too, wishes us the best.

With the Air Warden Service cut down, we have back with us Sergeant Gray, thanks to whose efforts the 90th boasts one of the best A.W.S. units in the city. Patrolman Joe Maguire picks up where the sergeant left off, and we know that Joe will keep up the good work.

Pinhead Biographies—top half of 9th Squad:

Moe Glackin, a postal employee formerly; alleged operator at one time of a pushcart on Haveymer Street—but in that report we will not mention stock; we don’t in fact, dare repeat it; works along So. 9th Street and is well known and respected by all; likes to tell of the good old days when they were tough along these parts; a policeman from head to toe; does his job well and no kidding about it.

John B. Swiderski, who also has been in the 90th for quite a time; a man of many times, his melodious voice is a treat to the ears; likewise worked here in the good old days and the cops of today don’t know how well off they are; is called John Brown, a name dubbed on him in his school days and still sticks; is quite a kidder and can himself take it as well as dish it out; his greatest pride is his daughter, and from some pictures we’ve seen we don’t.

Charlie Carlin, who still claims to have retained the same weight after 20 old years—and is of better carriage today than most younger men you see around; worked as a chauffeur previously; doesn’t say much but is able to hold his own in any emergency likely to arise; is another one of those who worked the lower end of the precinct in the old days when a cop had to be a cop—or else...

Jack Redmond, who worked as a packer before doming the blue and also as a conductor on the old B. & Q during the days of the summertime open cars; is by far the fattiest man in the house and his dry humor is really something; known to be a diligent and alert policeman and only recently apprehended a burglar "right in the act"; works up around Bedford and Myrtle Avenues and is credited with having coined more phrases than any other policeman; his pet is George Mackris, who is accused at times of being his straight
LOOKING 'EM OVER

man; his ambition is to open a cabaret when he retires and have all the old timers work for him; has already contacted Frankie for the Master of Ceremonies job.

15TH DIVISION

108th Dept., Ptl. John C. Hecht
109th Dept., Ptl. Harold L. Keenan
110th Dept., Ptl. Edward G. Schultz
110th Dept., Ptl. Albert Condell
110th Dept., Ptl. Walter Dreemp
110th Dept., Ptl. The New Danger
110th Dept., Ptl. Allen Conradi

102nd Precinct: No boys. Schnitz is not dead, he's still very much alive, even tho he does miss a month or two each year writing about you lovely gentlemen. All in kidding and good fellowship, of course.

Because of my travels—one week in Harlem, one week at the Ranch and one week in Little Harlem—I learn of very little to write about. That goes, of course, for all radio motor patrol crews. We just see each other long enough to say Hello and Goodbye. Ah, well!

Good luck and lots of good health to Christian Fritzges and John Graham in their retirement. . . . Aside to Patrolman Kohl (of the Parkchester Kohls): What happened to that pair of blinds in Car 782? . . . Gene Kerby tells me our precinct bowling team was taken for three games last month by the Woodhaven Knights of Columbus team, but that all who attended had a swell time—that they could not have met a swell bunch of men. Well, Gene, that's the K. of C. for you. . . . Patrolman Keaveny's Swan Song: "When the Frost Is On the Pumpkin I'll Be With You" . . . Sergeant Kelleher and Patrolman Pensa now known as the D.O.A. boys. Our old pal Bill Twomey, a citizen now of Red Hook, N. Y., says he goes to bed with the chickens each night, which is better, he was careful to explain, than he was able to do as a brother toiler here at the 102 . . . Soldier Boy Max Kobb now in command of a Disciplinary Barracks at Green Acres. Says he has his hands full, but likes the work nevertheless. . . . Have Detective Francisco DeGuila tell you about the 50 fish that leaped into his rowboat while he was vacationing last month at his summer estate at Rosendale, N. Y. . . . Latest members of our Re-Lax Club to be remembered by the boys were Ex-Patrolman Bill Cowden and Ex-Sergeant Herman Humers. Two swell fellows. A good time and good luck to 'em both.

Who taught who a nice lesson in bowling, on or about December 1 past? Read the scores—and weep:

| Landenburg | 194 | 159 | 183 | 536 |
| Barry      | 159 | 246 | 204 | 609 |
| McGovern   | 353 | 405 | 387 | 1145 |
|            | 142 | 169 | 132 | 443 |
|            | 161 | 145 | 151 | 457 |
|            | 303 | 314 | 283 | 900 |

Patrolman Cugal, whom I left out in one of my softball reports, is also a good ball player—and first class manager, too. . . . We have had quite a number of our men sick and injured in the last few months—Morarity, Fritzges, Fitzimmmons, Peterson, Schroder, Carney, and your reporter, among others. And not a thing we can do about it, either. . . . Patrolman Fauls now a member of the Broom and Mop Squad, replacing Galland, who gave up the job—too much coal gas and ashes. . . . All of us were sorry to learn that two of our buddies lost their beloved mothers last month. Our condolences to Patrolmen Pensa and Stamm. . . . To Patrolman Stanton, who recently joined our ranks, we wish good luck and a long stay. . . . Patrolman Egan back in the 103rd after a short stay with us . . . Patrolman Bender got himself fixed up with the Juvenile Aid, and Patrolman Ryan also left us for a detail. Good luck, Pals!

Here's hoping you all enjoyed a merry and pleasant Christmas—and my best wishes now for a Happy New Year—a victorious one—a year that will see all of our boys come marching home again.

16TH DIVISION

108th Dept., Ptl. John Goren
111th Dept., Ptl. Edward J. Biddle
111th Dept., Ptl. Morison Fuld
111th Dept., Ptl. Raymond Petersen
111th Dept., Ptl. Edwin Furecht

112th Precinct: HONOR ROLL

Alphonse False
Rowan J. Helferty
Leonard G. Kropf
Rudolph Boldt
William Dinkelacker

Joseph W. Jung
Laurence Schmitt
Robert G. Schurr
Casimir Kruzkowski
William Young

Congratulations in order for Patrolman Cullman, proud daddy of a boy. . . . Sergeant Butler on hitting the lieutenant's list. . . . Patrolmen Shingle, Vopelak and Griffin for those good arrests.

We are all looking forward to the day in June when Ruggs takes That Fatal Step. . . . Pete Becker still raving of how he almost got that deer. . . . Welcome back to the fold, members of the Air War Service. . . . Residents of the Gardens will miss Shults's Sherlock Schneider and Watson Unger, and especially the aroma of their pipes . . . If they start to ration clothes, wonder what Peiler's going to do? Every day a different civilian outfit. . . . Since Errico's tonsils were yanked out he sings louder—and eats more often. . . . Patrolman Gusewicz peaved about news story "Cop roughed up!" "They never touched me," say he. . . . What radio crew of Sector 4 is grumbling because, in their capacity as coffee servants to the station house, their labors are not appreciated? . . . What rookie when asked "Where you going for meal?" answered, "One Station Square"? Not bad, eh? . . . Speaking of appetites, can anyone match the one possessed by our Sergeant Charlie Plunkett, since retired?

Our sergeant aspirants are like horses at the barrier—watching, waiting and hoping—that the list moves faster through appointments and retirement. . . . Following is a list of members of the 112th precinct who retired in 1943; Sergeant Plunkitt, Patrolman Schmitt, Fuld, Patton, Barth, Ferguson, Gundlack, John, Berghon and Morris. . . . Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Reisinger in the loss of his Mother also to Patrolman McShea whose Mother also has passed on. . . . We still mourn the loss of Patrolman Brophy—a swell guy. . . . The 112th Precinct should be well represented in the next circular concerning commendations, excellent police duty, etc. . . . Any one in need of a good two-piece band for the holiday season get in touch with Lieutenant Travers and Patrolman Lodi.

To all members of the 112th Precinct: Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season!

111th Precinct: Due to your reporter having been on vacation, there is not much to report this month. Likewise, the shortage of little-tattle slips in the noisy box denotes that little of writing importance has happened during his absence.

Congratulations now to Patrolman and Mrs. Joe Lyons on the birth of a boy. . . . Incidentally, your reporter and his missus are also receiving good wishes on the arrival on December 1 of Another Daughter! Both families doing nicely, thank you.

Sincere condolences to Patrolman Bill Cooley in the death of his wife, who succumbed after a long illness; also to Patrolman Larry Coghan in the loss of his father, and to Patrolman Harry Les in the passing of his brother.

Your reporter wishes all the officers and men of this command a bright and successful year in 1944, and, God willing, that all of your hopes and wishes come true.

TRAFFIC C

Ptl. Joseph H. Wern

Our sincere sympathies and best wishes for a speedy recovery to those of our comrades currently sick report.

To Joe Pachakning, who has lost us via retirement, we wish good luck and good health in the years to come.


Congratulations to Tom Dolan, Jr., son of Patrolman Thomas Dolan, who in his first year at Fordham Prep was selected by sports writers of the World Telegram as one of the outstanding football players on the All-City Catholic High School's second team. Good luck, Tommy, and, incidentally, tell Mom not to tear open those envelopes, to use a knife next time.

Peets Bamberger, who was going to give the Missus a bridge
lamp for Xmas, changed his mind when he discovered how securely on the Williamsburg Bridge such lamps are fastened. . . . Did you know that Wakefield McCusker wants to take that little black box off the wall because (sez he) he bumped his head on it? No damage done to his head, thank goodness, but the box suffers now from greatly weakened sides. . . . Congratulations to Charles Schenzlitz, our Glee Club song bird, who arrested a mugger not long ago and received as a result a letter of congratulation from the Police Commissioner. . . . Wonder why that red-headed fisherman, Leo Gellella, goes around wearing two wrist watches? Afraid he'll be late for supper, maybe? . . . When John Reilly, the shop man, walked unrecognized into the station house for his check last month, the boys all started reaching for their guns. (Gosh, he couldn't look that bad!) . . . Congratulations and good luck to Sergeant Bill Keneally on his re-election for another year as president of the Traffic Squad Assn!!

Understand Carbon has been getting some very peculiar mail of late. Come on, Leonard, let's in on it. . . . W.M.F.B.—S.W.M.F.B., . . . Yes, "Sam Wachstein's Mighty Fine Bagels" is what the call stands for, to say nothing of a knish with every bagel. . . . You should hear Frank Morrissey broadcasting that "poor" Lamberger doesn't want to work in the Emergency any more. What's the matter, Frank, jealous? . . . The reason Little Artie is putting on pomadile that he is custodian now of key No. 8 which belongs to the commissioner is that Bill Keeshan almost swallowed his corncob pipe when Artie G. cranked without a smile. "If you want a day off I'll have to O.K. it first!" . . . Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman McHugh in the death of his father.

To members of Traffic C and their sons and daughters serving in the armed forces we say: Good luck—and may God bless you and return you one and all safely to us again soon.

A belated Merry Xmas and Happy New Year to all!

**MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 1**

**Ptd. Jack Garfield**

Birthday Greetings to Patrolmen Bartsch and Glum, Jan. 1; Carroll, Jan. 7; Talano, Jan. 8; Yost, Jan. 19; Bachrook, Jan. 20; Cusack, Jan. 21; McCue, Jan. 22; Irvin, Jan. 25.

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolman Harmon in the recent loss of his father.

Retired Inspector Tony Howe, recently returned from a long trip, never looked better. Claims he feels so good that he is ready to start a brand new Police career. We wish him the best.

Patrolman Willie (Poker Face) Goggin, the man who knows all, sees all—but says nothing. . . . Patrolman Joe (A.S.P.C.A.) Clark at it again. Seventeen last month. . . . Walter (Shorty) Backhardt, one of our mechanics, can diagnose engine trouble without bothering even to look at the motor. . . . Patrolman Bonds in his sheepskin coat feels right at home. Reminds him of Okla. . . . Patrolman John Henle Jr. requests the boys call him "Senior" on account of he, too, has grown up. . . . Joe Brebenec is thinking of getting a commercial Air Pilot's license—says he's been doing a lot of flying lately. . . . Patrolman Marshall Lawrence was a "Fuller Brush" salesman before joining the force, which accounts, no doubt, for that million dollar smile. . . . Judging from the bouquets (verbal) they throw at each other, Patrolmen Frank Pleischer and Phil Connolly must be pals—or something.

True story: Up in Boston at a Legion Convention one year, Gene (Commander Blimp) Bartsch and Charlie (Potatoes) Hammer went to a hotel and luckily for them were handed the one room available. They went out to celebrate, leaving John (Garfield Doo Little) McCroary and (Needle Nose) Mortimer in charge. So what? So these two gentlemen went to a hardware store and had one dozen duplicate keys made which they presented to all and sundry. When Roberts and Hammer came back to sleep that night, in their bed they found McCroary and Mortimer—and the chairs in the room occupied by the rest of their pals. The End.

What a pleasant sight to come in from a tour of duty at 8 A.M. and see the smiling faces of the day squad. They never complain. Always satisfied with their lot. . . . Mike (W. C. Fields) Deegan is in the market for an old girdle. Will someone please oblige. . . . Is it true Patrolman John Rapp's wife polishes his home with Johnson's Floor Wax? . . . If you want to hear some hair-raising stories get His Honor, Patrolman Clayton Hand, talking. . . . Ken Smith still minus his front crotcher. Wonder why the wait? . . . Is it true our friend Herbie West, an escort specialist of note, calls the house every 15 minutes so as to preclude any slight possibility of missing one? . . . For instruction in the special care of babies see Patrolman (Baby Face) Hirschfield. . . . Get Patrolman (Little Joe Koncelik) Seekefak to tell you how he hooked and landed, after a terrible struggle, those two half-pound thunderers. . . . Is it true Patrolman Rickert on his income tax reports claims deferment on account of being the main support of his side-partner, Patrolman Ochthorn? . . . And that Willie (Cowboy) Collins feels so safe in Central Park now—since the squirrels have left?

Patrolman Barry says the only way to stop P.B.A. Bacon from looking sad is to pay his dues (and then watch him smile). . . . What is the attraction at Izzy's on Longwood Avenue? . . . Men of the Squirt can't figure out how Tom Burke can have so many big pages in the sunnial papers. . . . Patrolman Bill (Handsome) Smith is missed by us all. . . . How come every time Joe (Skinny) Koncelik and Tony (Smiffy) Goodman go to Brooklyn they get lost? . . . Ray Carroll is following in the footsteps of his dear friend Irvin, to wit: "Can't do it today, see me tomorrow!" . . . Did you know that (Darling) Joe Barrett loves to wear colored underwear. PREFERABLY LAVENDAR.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to Patrolmen Beston and Johnson, ill at home as this is written.

Our best wishes to Lieutenant Timothy J. Lechane upon his retirement from the Department on December 19 past.

**MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 2**

**Ptd. Jolt L. N. G. Along**

Very glad to welcome to Motorcycle Precinct 2 our new commanding officer, Acting Captain John J. A. Fellingham, and Lieutenant Phil Burns.

In the absence of Jim Olliffe, Brooklyn's gift to the P.B.A. when it moved South as we write this trying to get Florida's sunshine to relive his sins miseries, we wish to all a happier-than-ever New Year.

News flash from the Tottenville Express—"Crowe catches Eagle!" Hmm! Birds leaving for the south late this year, thought we; but Sergeant Charlie Joseph cleared it up by saying it was Steve Crowe who took off after a fast one and the operator turned out to be Joseph Eagle—a bailed-headed eagle at that. . . . What happened to our Staten Island reporter, Ed Fleging, you ask? Nothing seri-ors; something about his blood pressure being "inconsistent". . . . Best wishes to Johnny Rudolph who did a Heaven-McKeever when a horse trilly track tangle up his front wheel. . . . Why is it that just as soon as Eddie Lee gets his hip boots on and all set to wash the car—he gets a telephone call? Would John Capper know the answer? The gang extends Best wishes to our former skip- per, Acting Captain George Neary, and to his frightful Marine son, Sergeant Kenneth G. Neary, somewhere in the South Pacific.

Introducing Harold Lonis Bradley, newly elected president of the Morge Hot Stove League: "Gather around me, men, and I'll tell you about the time when I was in the Homicide Squad back in the early twenties. It was one of the coldest nights you ever saw. The snow was up to here (indicating three feet over his head). I wasn't fit for man or beast to be out in, but there I was, standing—cover on a plant, waiting for my partner to show up, when all of a sudden I hear a scream!"—At this point the story was interrupted by one of those four sons of the vulgar Boaform—Tom Mcnerre, Bill Whittier, Phil Blush and Andy Muthall—who broke in with a few bars of "You scream—I scream—we all scream for ice cream!" and poor Bradley, a carking good-story-teller in his own right, had to stop. . . . The sponge in the one where I thought I had an intelli- gence audience." Hal afterward confided, "which only goes to show you the type of fresh kids we're getting in the job today!"

What lieutenant used to take his son for saxophone lessons—and wound up by himself learning to play the thing instead? I dare say if you asked Lieutenant Fleischner about it he might even tell you of the time he gave out as a featured member of Rudy Valley's Band.

Best wishes and a speedy recovery to Bill McCurren, Johnny Kenavan, Bill Archibald, Joe Fleming and George Hutchinson, who are sick abed at this writing.

Your reporter would like a little more cooperation in the matter of filling this column for 1944, but please see Nat Bravate for censorship clearance beforehand.
Looking 'Em Over

Grand Central Parkway Precinct

Greetings and Salutations, and, too, my sincere hope that none of you suffered from over-eating during the festive season just ended; also, my fond hope that Santa Claus treated all of you in the manner to which you in happier times have been accustomed.

Copying an idea from a popular radio column, all of us here extend Birthday Greetings to the following: Acting Lieutenant Askland, Patrolmen Bunkey, Bryant, Dunckack, Hogstrom, Kerrigan, Moriarity, Quirk and Winter. May they all continue to enjoy good health and, in addition, continue giving The Ghost something to write about.

Anent the identity of the said Ghost: Lieutenant K. says he is certain that Premier Molotoff Radke is the guy, that his star assistant is Eddie Bloom, with Sullivan and Roeder serving as reporters. Ah, me!

How come Shields need only say to Pop Weeks, "Hey, Pop, how about that three in a bed?" and Weeks shuts up like a clam? Wonder what that something is?... And did you know that Kraft, who has become quite a botanist, knows the difference now between bittersweet and cherries?

It has been brought to my attention that the Messrs. King and Noonan, of the Socoty Vacuum Co., approach the boys for a looksee into the pages of SPRING 3100 each month, and so that they will not feel slighted, an Honorable Mention for their many kindnesses to us is herewith accorded them. Thanks, fellows, and a belated Merry Xmas.

Former Patrolman Charles Shaffer, recently of the 100th Precinct and now at the U. S. Naval Station in Maryland, writes to tell me of the time when he was working with one Patrolman Bloom, of whom he spoke highly. Unfortunately, I'm not sure now whether it is the Patrolman Bloom that we have here or another Bloom who was in the 75th Precinct and later in the 102nd Precinct that he had in mind. Anyway, thanks for the letter, Charlie, it was good to hear from you. Incidentally, Mr. Brown, you have one healthy nerve opening a letter that was not addressed to you—or was it?

The photo upon which you are now gazing is an authentic study of one of our members here (no, no, not Peter Winter) taken at the age of 7 months. Can anyone name him?

Our Christmas Party last month was a huge success—and then some. Lieutenant Maley, as master of ceremonies, did quite a commendable job, including the very-well-timed crack about Lieutenant Kintzmann's mustache—and was Lute K.'s face red?... Captain Neary made a nice address and everyone was surprised to find out that he is a comedian as well as a first class skipper. Too bad his son couldn't have been present to enjoy the evening with us. However, he has our prayers, which go to wherever he might be out there in the vast South Pacific.

A few highlights: Mason helping along the loudspeaker arrangement with his own..., Holland trying to do a bit of close harmony with said Mason—to the delight (?) and joy (?) of those unfortunate enough to be sealed near them..., Captain Kendall having a good time just watching the boys enjoying themselves..., Eddie Lee, who can sleep anywhere, picking that night to catch up on some... Fritz doing a lot of visiting and winding up by having Mergl entertain his wife—a chore Mergl didn't mind—apparently..., Sergeant Churchill picking exactly the right time to change tables—just when the waiter was passing the soup... Roeder and McLaughlin (E. and F.) two very good singers (??) especially when they are given dead at the right time (Hey, say that a godsdamn!).

The splendid appearance of the WAVES, soldiers and sailors present, sons and daughters of the members here—and whom we hope had a lot of fun..., Jim Sullivan, whose perspiration all but started a flood... Among the several ex-s present: Lieutenant Smith, Patrolmen Archer and Cooney... Last but far from least, a great big hand now to the committee—they sure turned in a splendid job.

And that's all until next month—except for you to remember, fellers, that it's all in fun... Oke?
Miele, Arthur Monahan, Abraham Grallo, Walter Drechsler, Sylvestor McCruden.

Women employees assigned to Police Headquarters submitted a petition last month to the Fifth Deputy Police Commissioner requesting that for resting purposes a couch be furnished for the ladies' rest room on the third floor. It had been decided after careful consideration that this article of furniture is necessary and, indeed, essential to our comfort and health.

Personal Items: Freddie Wendt and Dorothy Dolan were pre- switching.,. Rita McGirl and Patrolman Hunt ditto. . Correspondence Room still mourns the passing of the beloved Sergeant Best. . . Sergeant Joseph F. Cashman, temporarily assigned in command, is going back to his first love, the B.C.I. We have to see him go despite the fact "parting is such sweet sorrow". From the floor Freddie Wendt declined renomination at the December 21 meeting and so Abe Chess was unanimously elected president for 1944. Good luck, Mr. Chess, we are all for you. Bertha Bermanoff (nee Appleman) was married to Dave B. recently following which he had to return immediately to the job of helping out Uncle Sam. Of good cheer, Bertha, he should be back with you again soon. Annie Jozofski spent her winter vacation at Lake Placid, where she had "a wonderful time."

Dot Darcy keeps busy each day writing V mail to her service-man. How do you do, Dot? What happened to Sylvia Kohn, the cute kid with the brown eyes? We hear she resigned. All the attractive girls resigning—why? Peggy Brennan is waiting for her army man to come home and finish up what that engagement ring started while back. Miss Harris, R.N., also in favor of a rest room for our women in Manhattan Headquarters. Rose Leddy has the cutest red felt Dutch cap you ever saw. We must get ourself one of those to go with our red coat. Mrs. McAuliffe busy as usual this Xmas season. Commissioner Finn—a peach when the petition for the couch in the L.R. was presented to him. Said he: "We'll take care of it." Mrs. Wagner, who looks after the second floor office before we even have our eyes open each morning, thinks that our organization should pay more attention to the cleaners' problems. Miss McLoughlin (operator #7 on the switchboard) thinks that a couch is needed also on the fifth floor at Headquarters for the seven women operators assigned to the Telegraph Bureau. We'll see what we can do, Florence, be assured.

Who is rapidly becoming the glam girl of Manhattan Headquarters?.... What soon-to-be husband is the most attractive man any girl could hope to meet? Hint: No. 169 on the list. Who is the poet of the Department? Louis Fatten, of course. Get him to read to you "Autumn Leaves". Tops in charm and beautiful manners is that nice gentleman who holds down Room 609 in Police Headquarters Annex. Our thanks to him now for giving us this space in the best magazine of its kind ever published. We welcome back to the big town (from Park Place in Brooklyn) the lovely and gracious Virginia McCormick, assigned now to the Property Clerk's Office. As this is written, Gertrude Rosenzweig of the Engineering Bureau is vacationing in Florida.

Personal items from all bureaus, station houses, repair shops and what have you—wherever, in fact, civilians are employed—will be welcomed. Send them to Kathryn Moylan, Room 214, Correspondence Room, Manhattan Headquarters, not later than the 15th of each month.

In conclusion, the officers of the Police Civilians Council have worked out a list of things to accomplish during the year 1944, both constructive and entertaining, and need the cooperation of all its members to attain the fulfillment of their plans. So, if you can possibly attend the next meeting you will, we are sure, he pleased to become a member of the Council and, too, you'll be surprised at the pep that "Baby 1944" has infused into our organization.

AIR WARDEN SERVICE

Ptl. De Mollion

The Commandant and Staff of the Air Warden Service wish to extend best wishes for a Happy and Victorious New Year to all members of the Air Warden Service. These greetings are extended also to those who have served in this protective service in the past but who are now serving with the armed forces of our country.

The volunteers of the Air Warden Service appreciate the splendid relationship existing between themselves and the members of the Police Department with whom they work. They intend to faithfully perform their duties and to work with and alongside the police force in any enemy attack or emergency.

The war is not yet won. Our civilian forces are trained to meet the dangers which exist during the time of war. The motto of the Air Warden Service will continue to be "ALWAYS READY!"

SERVICE STATION 4

Ptl. Nutsan Boltz

By the time this goes to press, many of our old associates in Motor Transport will have retired. We will miss those familiar faces and we do wish all of them a long and happy life—with the added hope they will drop by to see us every once in a while.

Hartick says you should try his wife's gravy, "It's the tops," any how he, "with plenty of salt and pepper plus lots of gravy Master to help along!" . . . Men is a very happy man. His lunch, if you would know, contains a goodly portion of meat these days. That means Mama ain't mad at him right now. . . . Royal (Buffalo Bill) tells us his Christmas turkey was so big he did not know where he could get an oven pan large enough to hold it. . . . Who is the mechanic at SS4 whose affluence is such that he uses his pay checks to cover up the cracks in his garage? . . . Smitty says that when he grows up he will tell those big guys something. We're chipping in, incidentally, to get a coal shovel to fit him. Why? Because when he fills with coal the shovel he now manipulates he has to use the wheel-barrow to carry it over to the furnace.

Joe Bicott's new overseas hat has the boys guessing. Especially the angle at which it is worn. We do hope that among his Christmas presents somebody gave him some matches—so that the boys no longer will have to keep their own supply locked up. . . . "Sundays Off" Gressler is still smiling—except, of course, when he is figuring out the new work charts. . . . "Shuffle Along" Bob Woytisek is still gliding along. Bob's health is not the best and to him we all wish a speedy recovery.

Famous Sayings at C.R.S.: "Why don't they cooperate?" . . . "My heart is busted!" . . . "This joint is jammed to the doors!" . . . "Don't youse guys ever do anything?" . . . "What's the matter? Why isn't the part ordered? Oh, you did order it! That's funny you didn't get it!" . . . "Is it a Repair Shop you're running or an Inspection Station?"

PILGRIM TRANSPORT DIVISION

Prof. L. Spillett

The handsome youngster pictured above is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John J. MacDonald ("Mac" is another of our boy wizards up at the shop), John Joseph, Jr., who recently graduated from the New-
port, R. I., Naval Training Station and is studying engineering now at the Wentworth Institute in Boston. Good luck, John J. Jr., the gang here will be rooting for you.

Starting the New Year right, we’re taking this opportunity to correct some erroneous impressions regarding Motor Transport.

First, Lt. Col. Richard Irwin is not severing his connection with the Department. Dick not only is staying on but promises to continue rendering as of yore the same cheerful service at the Motorcycle Repair Shop. For further details contact Mrs. Irwin.

Acting Sergeant Holwell, professor emeritus of the College of Motor Cars and Allied Subjects, will likewise continue to grace the Central Repair Shop as in the past. Ralph, contrary to rumors, is not going back to his former vocation of operator of rolling stock on Pitkin Avenue.

John lost no time in mastering the duties of the job left vacant by the retirement of Patrolman Charles Schmitzler. Charley, by the way, is now a top salesman for a nationally-famous hair-tonic.

One For The Book: Patrolman Martucci, (the aforementioned Francesco Antonio) on New Year’s Day, a Saturday, upon hearing the sirens go off as usual at 12 noon, jumped out of bed, strapped on his helmet, grabbed his gas mask, tore out of the house—and never stopped running until he reached the 64th Precinct Station House! (No kiddin’!)

Happy Landings and all the good luck in the world to Pvt. John F. Toscano, on duty somewhere in the Aleutians.

You recognize the flirtatious ladies grinning at you from out of the photo above, of course. Ladies, did we say?? Their faces, somehow or other, appear most familiar. And if memory serves us rightly we’ve seen them at various times in and about the Department garage at 400 Broome Street—but not dressed in the ramen which they so fascinatingly appear above. Johnny Stevenson and Matt Murphy, you’d say? Could be! Could be!

Acting Captain James Donnelly with the turn of the year floated in from a very exciting vacation spent in the wilds of Bay Ridge, Coney Island’s best-known outpost. Jim denies that he spent the entire three weeks in bed, declaring he managed to get up once in a while to answer the phone, among other things—and on occasion to shake up one or two for his friend and faithful consoler, Francesco Antonio Martucci.

Fitting and proper that we take time out now to publicly commend Patrolman Plenge for doing such a swell job as assistant to another swell guy, Sergeant Patrick English, at Service Station 2.

Easily recognizable is the happy group pictured above. Just when the photo was taken—or why—or where—we have no means of knowing. Someone suggested it might be the farewell bachelor dinner given last month to the Department’s handsomest and most eligible bachelor, Fillup Kennedy, who, rumor has it, is practically all set to take the Big Leap at almost any moment now. A Park Avenue delirante, we’re told, will be standing at Phil’s side when the brainless and fateful “I DO’S” are said... Could be! Could be!

Above are presented, left to right, three gallant members of the U. S. Marine Corps: Pfc. Joseph Haley, (Ptl. 72nd Pct.); Pfc. James M. Breslin, (Ptl. 79th Pct.); and Sergeant John Monahan (Ptl. 30th Pct., retired). The photo was taken at Parris Island, S. C., where all three are giving an excellent account of themselves while serving their country as members of Uncle Sam’s Army.

In conclusion, not having anything emotional to say about the remaining members of the command, we’ll just be quiet! This means you Lieutenants Lynch, Kepko and Mooney—and you Patrolmen O’Sullivan, Bell, Symington and Farrara—and your Deputy Patrolman Cohen.
**CRIMINALS WANTED**

**WANTED FOR MURDER**

**THOMAS P. MALONE**
Aliases
JOHN PATRICK
MACK and
JOHN J. MACK

DESCRIPTION—Age 48 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight 185 pounds; grey eyes; black hair, grey on sides. Occupations, chauffeur, electrician and bartender.

**WANTED FOR GRAND LARCENY**

**COLONEL HALE HEATHERINGTON HALQUIRE**
Aliases ALFRED E. LINDSAY, “LINDSEY,” “LINDSLEY.”
DESCRIPTION—Age 76 years, (looks younger); 5 feet, 8½ inches; 234 pounds; blue eyes; grey hair; ruddy complexion; bulbous nose; wears eye-glasses; neat dresser; American. Usually carries a cane, and may limp. May apply at some hospital for medical treatment for arthritis. Poses as a Washington, D. C. lobbyist, representative of big business, and Army Officer. Former resident of Philadelphia, Pa., and Washington, D. C.

**WANTED FOR MURDER**

**ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ**
DESCRIPTION — Age 54 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 155 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

**WANTED FOR MURDER**

**RALPH MACEROLI**
Alias “THE APE”
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 149 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.

**$26,000 REWARD**

THE BOARD OF ESTIMATE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, on a motion made by His Honor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor, unanimously voted to appropriate $25,000 reward and the Detectives' Endowment Association of the Police Department, City of New York, has voted $1,000 reward for the apprehension, or for information leading to the apprehension and conviction of the individual or individuals, or organization or organizations, that placed, or had any connection with placing, an infernal machine or bomb in the British Pavilion at the World's Fair, which, after being carried from the Pavilion to a vacant part of the Fair Grounds by members of this Department, exploded on Thursday, July 4, 1940, at about 4:40 p.m., causing the death of two detectives and injuries to other detectives.

ALL INFORMATION AND THE IDENTITY OF PERSONS FURNISHING IT WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and if the informant is not required as an essential witness and he so desires, the source of the information will not be disclosed.

Persons having information should Communicate in Person or by TELEPHONE with ASSISTANT CHIEF INSPECTOR JOHN J. RYAN, POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MANHATTAN, 240 CENTRE STREET, TELEPHONE CAnal 6-2000.

If more than one person is entitled to the reward, it will be proportionately distributed, and the POLICE COMMISSIONER shall be the sole judge as to its distribution.
In Memoriam

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Rank</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lt. Henry A. Mallon</td>
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<td>Dec. 13, 1943</td>
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<td>Sgt. Edward E. McLean</td>
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<td>Ptl. Henry G. Corell</td>
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<td>Ret. Capt. Charles Ernst</td>
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<td>Ret. Ptl. Alfred J. Parkinson</td>
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF — BY — FOR
NEW YORK’S “FINEST”

LEWIS J. VALENTINE
POLICE COMMISSIONER, EDITOR

LOUIS F. COSTUMA
First Deputy Commissioner

JOHN J. O'CONNELL
Chief Inspector

JAMES A. DE MILT, Managing Editor

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American Legion World War II Liaison Committee
By ACT. LIEUTENANT WILLIAM A. NEWBURG, 6th Division

Queens Police Post, in obedience to and cooperation with the mandates of the National organization of the American Legion, has formed a WORLD WAR II LIAISON COMMITTEE, the purpose of which is as follows:

1. To formulate the policy of maintaining a constructive relationship between the American Legion and the men and women serving our country in World War II.
2. Formulate plans for maintaining contact with those honorably separated from World War II.
3. Formulate plans to acquaint the families of men and women serving in World War II of the many services available to them through the American Legion.

The by-laws of Queens Police Post provide that these services be rendered to such members of the Police Department, and their families, who are residents of Queens County.

The Post is endeavoring to set up a Photographic Honor Roll of all such members, together with the sons, daughters, brothers, sisters and wives of members now serving in the armed forces of the nation. Photo to measure approximately 3 x 2 1/2 inches in size, preferably in police or service uniform.

Engraved American Legion Certificates will be presented to all members—also members of family as noted above—coming under the listings as follows:

Gold Star Certificate... Killed in action.
Silver Star Certificate... Wounded in action or disabled.
Blue Star Certificate... For service.

In addition, the Post will distribute three very interesting booklets: "Fall In," "On Home Front," "At Ease," together with other valuable information for both those in service and those on the home front; also a Hospitality Card identifying and introducing the service person to Legion Posts in the territory where serving.

Through its service officers, the Post is prepared to render services and advice having to do with problems such as Insurance, Claims, Hospitalization, Rehabilitation, Employment, Civil Service, etc.

The following named members of the Queens Police Post will be glad to furnish, in connection with these services, any further information as may be desired:


The Committee is anxious to complete the Honor Roll as speedily as possible, and in this regard the cooperation of all concerned is requested.

Legion Formed in 1919

The American Legion was formed by fighting men in a meeting in Paris, France, in 1919. The first steps toward organization were taken at a caucus in Paris, March 15 to 17, 1919. A temporary constitution was adopted, temporary officers elected, and a general policy was formulated at a caucus in St. Louis, Mo., in May 1919. Permanent organization was effected and a national constitution and by-laws adopted at the first national convention, held in Minneapolis, Minn., November 10 to 12, 1919.

The American Legion has changed the eligibility for membership to include honorably discharged veterans of World War II and those who remain in the service after cessation of hostilities.

The American Legion was charted by Congress on September 16, 1919. The Act was amended October 29, 1942, in order to make eligible for membership veterans of World War II.

Members of the American Legion, without exception, wore the uniform of the United States with outstanding honor during the Great War, now sometimes termed World War I. They were honorably discharged after the emergency but they have never ceased to serve their country. They have manifested interest at all times by serving in peace as they served in war.
MURDER CONVICTION UPHELD
Court of Appeals Establishes for the First Time the Principle That One Who Hastens or Accelerates the Death of Another by a Criminal Act is Guilty of Murder.

ACTING District Attorney Thomas Cradock Hughes announced last month that the Court of Appeals by upholding the conviction of Joseph Palmer and Vincent Salami, the killers of the late Detective Joseph Miccio, affirmly established for the first time the principle that one who hastens or accelerates the death of another by a criminal act is guilty of murder.

Detective Miccio, it will be recalled, after questioning Palmer and Salami on December 2, 1942, at Nevins and Bergen Streets, became engaged in a tussle with them. A uniformed patrolman nearby recognizing Miccio’s plight, came to his assistance and was shot at by Palmer and Salami. The patrolman returned their fire. Miccio was caught in the exchange of gunfire and fell to the ground with a bullet in his chest. While down, Palmer fired a shot at Miccio, which while not a mortal wound, hastened and accelerated Miccio’s death, as was established by expert medical testimony.

Assistant District Attorney Julius Helfand being firmly convinced that under such circumstances the defendants were guilty of murder in the first degree, immediately prepared and later prosecuted the case, on June 10, 1943. Palmer and Salami were convicted of the crime charged after a trial before County Judge Peter J. Brancato and a jury. After the conviction Assistant District Attorney Solomon A. Klein handled the appeal which resulted in the affirmance by the Court of Appeals.

Both defendants bore long criminal records and at the time of the killing they had but recently been paroled from Dannemora State Prison, where they had served long prison sentences. Detective Miccio bore an enviable World War I record and had been decorated many times for bravery.

NEW YORK COMMITTEE
of the
NATIONAL WAR FUND
57 William Street
New York 5, N. Y.

January 27, 1944.

MR. LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
240 Centre Street,
New York 13, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Valentine:

Right now, like all good Americans, you are undoubtedly doing what you can and all you can to make a success of the Fourth War Loan drive. Before that, you did your bit to "Match Their Gallantry" by your valuable support to the New York Committee of the National War Fund.

Thanks to the leadership of public-spirited people like yourself, that campaign was eminently successful. The seventeen great national and nine local war-related agencies are thereby enabled to carry forward their morale-building and life-giving programs in behalf of our men and their gallant allies.

The knowledge that you have thus done your share toward winning the war is probably all the thanks you expect, but I cannot resist the desire to add my personal note of appreciation for the splendid help you gave us. It is both a comfort and an inspiration to know that "when, as and if" the need for future service arises, the community and the country can count on such volunteers as you.

With cordial good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

EMIL SCHRAM,
Chairman.

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

January 22, 1944.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Received the last four issues of SPRING 3100 and I want to thank you for sending them on to us. By reading each issue a fellow can just imagine he is out of the precinct on a detail instead of being far removed from N. Y. C. This, too, is a detail but in a different sense and one which I am sure will be swiftly and successfully concluded soon. Best regards to all.

A/C WILLIAM L. APFEL,
Patrolman, 84th Precinct.
RULES FOR PRIZE CONTESTS

Each month SPRING 3100 will award a prize of $15 for the best short story submitted.

Any subject may be used as long as the story is original and not less than 1,000 nor more than 1,500 words in length.

Stories must be typewritten, double spaced, using one side of each sheet of paper.

The winning story will appear in a subsequent issue of our magazine.

A prize of $2 will be awarded monthly to each of the cartoonists whose drawings are accepted for publication.

They should be drawn in black drawing ink on white cardboard, eight inches square.

The editorial staff, under the supervision of the Police Commissioner, will act as judges.

Contributions must be received at the office of SPRING 3100 not later than the 15th of each month.

THESE PRIZE CONTESTS ARE OPEN TO ACTIVE AND RETIRED MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE IMMEDIATE STAFF OF THIS MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1944

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Serving with Uncle Sam

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<td>Civilians</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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Editor’s Note: With the thought in mind that members of the Department serving with the Armed Forces will appreciate receiving news from home, how about a letter, every once in a while, from the buddies they left behind?

Up-to-the-minute information concerning service serial number, unit assignments, changes in rank, transfers, etc., can be had by phoning the Military Service Bureau, CANAL 6-2801.
Juvenile Delinquency and Crime Prevention

By DEPUTY INSPECTOR WILLIAM M. KENT, Juvenile Aid Bureau

An address delivered before the Forty-third Annual Conference of the New York State Association of Chiefs of Police, Hotel Astor, New York City

I AM fully aware of the importance the problem I have been requested to discuss today, "Juvenile Delinquency and Crime Prevention," is to every one, and particularly to law enforcement agencies.

I realize that you are all conversant with the question of delinquency. You know essentially what the problems are. You have read all kinds of statistical analysis on the question. You have heard the subject discussed from practically every approach. You have heard it over the radio, read it in newspapers, magazines and periodicals.

To me it would seem that delinquency is a condition for which society stands guilty and not the youth, and that it is high time we became aware of this and did something about it. It is with this thought in mind that I approach the subject before the house.

Anyone who is interested in statistics knows how misleading they can be if looked at only in themselves and not in consideration of the underlying factors.

I realize, and do not dispute the fact that, on the part of the youth, there is perhaps a tendency to be just a little more reckless and daring today than was the case a few years ago. This, of course, may be attributed to war hysteria. But you know, and I know, that we have the same basic factors, the same causes of delinquency, the same trends of thought, the same desires in youth, that we had years ago.

Today these ever present conditions are being accentuated. They are the subject of intensive scrutiny. The nation has been more or less electrified into an alertness by the shock that such conditions have existed among our youth. They never knew it before. So, what has happened? Acts and conduct of children to which a year ago no one would have given a second thought are today shocking a great many.

I view in retrospect, right here in our city, the splendid work done by the captains of our Department in past years in handling delinquency in their respective commands—quietly, effectively, and without arrests. But today we find these same officers with increases for juvenile delinquency arrests in their precincts. Why? Simply because they, too, have been made acutely conscious of delinquency. They are getting complaints from the public, who have also been made conscious of the situation. They are reading about it, listening to it over the radio. Formerly, certain conditions were corrected by warning and admonishment; no arrests were made. For these youths had committed no greater offenses than had you and I at their age. Yes, some of us played hookey and, perhaps, disturbed the neighbors by playing ball. The trouble with us adults is that we are too prone to forget that we, too, were once young and a bit reckless and daring. Yes, easily misled. So, these captains who were doing such an excellent job in such cases a year ago are today causing arrests to be made. What has the result been? Well, when a comparative analysis is made, we find juvenile arrests increased from one to one thousand per cent. And what are the offenses? Disorderly conduct, playing ball, etc.

This is just one illustration of the unfair and unjust indictment of youth on the basis of comparative statistics.

Let us take those sections of the country where large developments have taken shape in connection with defense industries. Here, too, we find that a similar distortion has confused analyses of juvenile statistics. Here we find analyses based upon what transpired in such communities in other years. A year ago they had a population of one thousand. Today, they have ten thousand. Naturally there is also a comparative increase in the number of youths there, but when an analysis of the juvenile problem is made in this community the increase in population is not taken into consideration. Oh no! The comparison is made solely upon juvenile arrests today as against those made a year ago, and again the youth is indicted unjustly. Nor do the investigators go back to where these youths came from to find out what they did there. I point out these facts so that you will not be misled by the statistics which are being offered you and about which you read.

Juvenile Delinquency Prevention Program

Now, we in the City of New York, have a juvenile delinquency prevention program with which, no doubt, a great many of you are familiar. This program was instituted some years ago. In 1930, the Crime Prevention Bureau was organized. The name was changed to Juvenile Aid Bureau in 1936 for obvious reasons.

Throughout the city, units were created within the Bureau, each under command of a lieutenant, with an adequate personnel and staff to handle the needs of each such unit.

The personnel of the Bureau were selected for their qualifications—understanding of the problem, social background, adaptability and interest in the welfare of the youth.

Gaining from its experience a wealth of valuable information on the juvenile situation, the Bureau sought a modern and intelligent approach to the problem from a social point of view.
Now I am not going into detail about the Bureau's work. Suffice it to say here that we did an excellent job in delinquency prevention in New York City; but our experience taught us, in a very short time, that there were many other activities essential to an effective and successful youth program besides police measures.

Unfortunately, it is more or less axiomatic with the public to consider the police a repressive organization. We are known as the world's greatest joy killers. Every time somebody does something that he or she feels the urge to do—and something they like to do—there is always a policeman on hand to say, 'No, you can't do that. It's a violation of section such and such of the city ordinances. It is a violation of the penal law, the Federal law, or against the rules and regulations governing society, decency or what have you.'

It is only natural that we are dubbed as a repressive organization. However, we found in dealing with youth that repressive measures were not, except in rare cases, desirable or effective. Youth is very sensitive. The immature mind is capable of being moulded along very definite and positive lines—love or hate, good or bad, moral or immoral. From current history we know how completely the minds of the youth of one European country were shaped and developed in one given direction in the last decade.

As I said before, we needed something besides repressive measures if the youth was to be trained along lines of good citizenship. What was needed was recreational facilities. Well, these facilities in many cases were found to be totally inadequate. There was little to offer these youths from an effective rehabilitation point of view, and here I am going to digress for just a moment and indict society itself. You can not blame youth for the situation in which it finds itself—it is not responsible. Modern society in its development and progress during the last century, and more particularly in the past few years, lost complete sight of youth and its needs. It thought in terms of large structures, high buildings, commercial values, financial returns and broad highways. In our thoughtlessness we have closed practically every opportunity the youth had to develop along normal lines—to let off the excess energy with which youth is imbued. We have boxed them up—closed out all opportunity. The canyons of the city are like passages behind prison walls.

Now, I am not so naive—and neither are you—as to believe that if we had the millennium in parks, playgrounds, green grass and recreation areas there would be no delinquency. Since the beginning of time we have had criminals. So, we will always have juvenile delinquents. But I say: If we had these things of which I speak—those facilities society forgot to provide for the youth—we would at least have effective means of combating delinquency.

**Subject for Study**

I called a conference of my commanding officers covering the Harlem area. I brought to their attention the serious charges being leveled at youth; that they constituted a most serious indictment of youth and a reflection on the Police Department and particularly the Juvenile Aid Bureau, if true. I instructed them to make a complete survey and investigation of the territory within their jurisdiction to find out how many youthful groups—so-called gangs—were in such areas, how they were organized, the purpose for which organized, their general reputation, what activities they were engaged in, and the all information concerning them.

As a result of this survey, we found that there were 18 or 20 youthful groups, banded together for very definite objectives: dancing, stickball, and so forth. They elected one of their number as a leader and selected a name for themselves, such as "The Black Cats," or "The Bengal Tigers."

Fortunately, in that area, the local police officials—captains, inspectors, deputy chief inspectors and assistant chief inspectors, were most cooperative with the Juvenile Aid Bureau. They helped us lay out the groundwork for the development of our experiment.

Now, we have a Police Athletic League, sponsored by the Juvenile Aid Bureau. This League provides and supervises youth programs and activities for the betterment of youth development in New York City. With this league, we are trying to fill in that gap which society neglected in its progress. Our program is recreational in nature; it appeals to certain age groups. In our investigation, we found certain groups that were of an age group to which our program had no appeal. We had nothing to offer them. I then directed my staff to get all the young leaders together and find out exactly what each wanted to do. We found that some wanted to play ball, while one particular age group was interested only in dancing.

**What Are We Going to Do About It?**

Well, the question was: "What are we going to do about it?" They don't want to play ball with the youngsters. The activities of the League were considered below their dignity. They were too old—too big—and it humiliated them to mix with a lot of children. They were past that age, you know—big shots, long pants, high heels and all. The same as you and I when we were their age. Something had to be done. So we set up committees, appointed the leaders of each group as chairmen. We gave to each definite responsibilities, held meetings, made them feel important. We secured the cooperation of civic minded citizens. One contributed a large hall for our use without charge. Through the deputy chief inspector in that district music and entertainers were obtained free. Another citizen contributed prizes. Tickets were printed and turned over to the chairmen for distribution among the members of their clubs. The date was set, a number of contests were arranged.

On the night of the event, we placed responsible members of the Bureau along with selected youths, at the door to prevent adults from entering and to see that no liquor was brought in. Floor committees and judges for the contests were appointed from the various clubs.

It was simply marvelous to see this whole thing take shape. We had these youths enthusiastically interested for weeks developing the various details for a successful affair. You see, we gave them the responsibility and authority for its success. They had no time to get into trouble. Daily rehearsals were held between dance teams. Committees worked on banners, etc.
Two thousand, three hundred boys and girls attended the social. We gave them an evening of fun, frolic and entertainment under proper guidance and leadership. Now they are clamoring for more. That is the kind of thing they are interested in and want to do.

It may be well to point out that the men we assign to this job know youth and their problems and are interested in social work. They acted solely in a supervisory or advisory capacity. That's all you need, leadership and a place where these youngsters can properly enjoy themselves.

I cite this illustration to show what can be done and the response of youth when properly approached. Now, mind you, I do not contend that all of the youngsters attending these affairs are perfect. Not by a long shot. You and I know it is only human to err. But in the name of justice to youth and common sense, why should we be prone to condemn two thousand youngsters because of the acts of a few?

I say to you that basically such a program is sound when youth have a youth problem. We did a similar job on the west side of Manhattan where the solution offered by the Police Athletic League was athletics and more athletics. But cold weather is approaching. Outdoor recreation will be discontinued. Where are we going to put these youngsters?

Police Athletic League

The Juvenile Aid Bureau is endeavoring, to the best of its ability, to bridge this gap. We have our Police Athletic League which, geographically, operates parallel to the Juvenile Aid Bureau. It is a private membership, non-profit organization, supported primarily by membership dues, public contributions and an annual show, which, incidentally, will be held in Madison Square Garden on December 15 next.

The League operates eleven indoor centers throughout the city all year round. The programs are under the supervision of a qualified recreational director with trained civilian personnel.

Our centers are open to boys and girls from 7 to 18 years of age. The program is an all inclusive one, from cutting out paper dolls, sewing, arts and crafts, acting, hiking, to athletic activities of all kinds. This is one of the ways in which we are trying to meet the problem, to fill in that gap which society has left. But, unfortunately, we do not have enough centers. It involves a great deal of money to operate a center. So you can imagine what is costs to operate eleven centers. Of course, we hope some day to operate hundreds.

As I said before, this may not be a cure-all for delinquency and waywardness, but I do say that it is one important means of attacking the problem and approaching it in an efficient manner and that, along with the application of other remedial measures which we will gain from experience, will carry us far toward its solution. If we don't solve it, at least we will minimize it to the extent that no one will dare uphold, or justify, the erroneous and dastardly indictment of the youth of this nation, as is being done before the world today, on a basis of comparative statistical analysis.

That is why I pointed out the trickery of statistics earlier. I think it was Mark Twain who said: "There are lies, there are damned lies and then there are statistics." Don't let these mathematical computations fool you.

We in New York City hope that through the development of our youth program we will not only achieve success in our own city, but perhaps our efforts will help, or at least encourage, police authorities in other communities, many of whom today are overwhelmed by the problem of delinquency. It has come upon them overnight. I can appreciate and understand what that means. They have been going along in a peaceful air of bliss and contentment for years. They have had a community spirit of interest. When they walked down the street, John Brown knew John Smith, and so on down the line. A friendly town. Today, they find a sudden influx of people from all parts of the country, brought about by a sudden boom in defense work. Naturally, a great many undesirables came with the desirables. You have, too, a comparative increase in youths. You have a problem on your hands, a problem that requires careful study and close attention even though you have had previous exclusive experience in the youth field.

A Mighty Problem

We have in New York City a Police Department of upwards of 18,000 men, a population around 8,000,000, and a fluctuating population of transients from two to three million—or so it was before the war. The rationing of gasoline, of course, has restricted this transient movement.

Now, you can just picture what a problem this is and, with the heterogeneous, polyglot population that is ours, you can imagine how many times the one problem in a small community is multiplied here.

And so I say to you, in all seriousness, that you and I, as police officers, have a very definite responsibility in this youth program. It is up to the police departments of the various cities to take the initiative and to assume the leadership that will bring about a coordination and correlation of youth activities. We must institute a movement on the part of the adult population of our prospective communities to develop a program that fits the need of youth today, rather than sit on the side lines criticising, condemning and saying, "It wasn't so when we were young."

You can't fight this growing problem, gentlemen, if you have 10,000 different organizations, all trying to do the same thing in a different manner, one pulling against the other, some approaching the problem one way, some another. You have a professional line of jealousy in that organization. Why should this be—each concerned only in his own little domain? Success, my friends, will depend upon a united harmonious spirit of cooperation, with a full understanding and appreciation of the problem and with the one thought in mind—that of doing something which will make better citizens out of our youth.

When I hear people talking about the terrible youth of today and read the reports from the far-flung battlefields of the world, why, it breaks my heart. In Africa, in the fox-holes of the Southwest Pacific there are hundreds of thousands of men who were juveniles, yes children, only a few years ago. Many
of them, too, only a few years ago were being indicted and accused, just as the youth of today are being called worthless hoodlums. I often wonder if we, who fought in the last war—the war for democracy—fulfilled our obligations as well in those days as these boys are fulfilling theirs today.

It seems to me that we are just simply too prone to condemn. Unless we do something, unless we, as the responsible agencies, put this movement into effect, unless there is some action taken by the central directing head—whether it be the Mayor, or the Governor—and coordinate all youth activities, either through legislation or mutual cooperation, we are never going to have a complete, effective program. There must be a directing head. Can you imagine what would happen in this war if today every commanding officer on the battlefield exercised his own judgment as to what military strategy should be applied? You would have chaos, battles would be lost. Well, the same thing applies here.

We have churches, we have social organizations of all types interested in this problem. They are all trying to do their job and some are doing a splendid job within their own sphere.

In New York City, the police are interested in all five boroughs, and the resident of Manhattan should be as interested in what happens in Queens or Brooklyn as he is in what happens in his own borough, especially where the development of youth is concerned. It is his community, his city. It is something he should take pride in.

Unfortunately, we haven't broken down that sectional barrier and we do not have that coordinated spirit of interest or coordinated activity necessary to the broadening of the youth program from a permanent, long, far in the future point of view.

You can't just develop a program for one night, like the one we developed in Harlem, and say: "Well, we had a great time. We had 2,3000 youngsters present. We did a swell job."

What advantage is that? If we stop there and do nothing else, what good is it? We have Brooklyn; we have Queens; we have the Bronx; we have similar problems in all boroughs. All must be given equal consideration. We can't put on a one night stand in one borough and forget it thereafter. When we find out what youth needs, we must provide it permanently.

**Parental Neglect a Factor**

Now, I am not going to tell you the causes of juvenile delinquency. You know what they are.

We have one very grave problem confronting us today, one that transcends, in my opinion, all others, and that is the attitude of the parents toward the welfare of their own offspring. I find that parents today are prone to let youth have its fling, do about as it pleases, and have little concern about the leisure-time recreation of their children.

Parents seem to be forgetting that their primary duty, as mothers and fathers, is the guidance of their children. Not only are they forgetting this but—sorry to relate—in many instances they are doing everything to avoid fulfilling these duties.

I realize that fathers today are fighting in the armed forces and mothers are taken up with war work. But that is not the only reason for parental neglect. There are many others who can, but won't, take care of their children as they should—and then offer pressing war duties as an excuse. If added effort is required for parents to properly bring up their children, they must give that added effort. Theirs is an important responsibility; their children are sacred charges.

I can understand parents who are really pressed by conditions brought on by war finding it difficult to supervise their sons' and daughters' recreation. But shame to the parent who not only neglects his duties but goes so far as to give bad example. And there are many such today—living drunken, immoral law-breaking lives. Is it any wonder that their children should fall?

I don't know what we are going to do about the parents. I don't know how we are going to get them to realize their responsibilities. Through the church? Perhaps. But here again we meet the problems of geographical lines of demarcation. This church is interested here, the other somewhere else; neither is concerned with what happens in other parishes or territories. That minister, rabbi or priest has his own definite problems in his own domain which he is interested in solving.

With the limited personnel at our disposal we cannot do the job that should be done, but which it would be possible to do if we can get the help and the cooperation of the churches and those organizations that are doing the same type of work.

**Friendly Relations With the Public Essential**

Perhaps the police are at fault. I don't know. But I say to you that our Police Athletic League is one of the greatest mediums I know of to promote that friendly relationship with the public which is so necessary to the successful execution of any police endeavor, whether it be preventing delinquency, crime prevention, or enforcement of vehicle traffic laws. We cannot expect cooperation and friendly understanding if we make a mystery of ourselves, if we stand aloof, if we, too, set up a line of demarcation and say:

"Don't come in here, we can't be bothered. We have our own headaches. Why don't you take care of your own problems?"

Can anything but confusion and misunderstanding result? We should welcome the opportunity to help people in trouble. That's our job. We should be courteous and respectful, do everything possible to build up the friendly relationship that is so essential to our work.

We in New York City are thankful that the mystery of a police station house has disappeared. By the friendly attitude of the police, because of its modern, intelligent approach to police problems, we get splendid cooperation and friendly help from the public.

But we must, of course, be on our toes. There are those who would use us for selfish purposes. We have to know when to draw the line. But there certainly is no reason in God's world for us to assume that every citizen who comes to see us wants to use our office for commercial or political advantages. That's unfair. You know how unfair it is for the public to use the acts of one or two individual officers as a yardstick to measure the conduct of the police department. This
is, however, so often true. Yet they say: "There is your police department for you. Just look at that! Those cops are all alike."

You know how unfair that is. It just is not sound reasoning. So also it isn't sound reasoning for us to say that all citizens are self-seekers, when we know in our hearts and souls that all are not. But I say to you, if there are some that would use you, kick them out, don't have anything to do with them. You cannot tolerate that type of person.

I should like to make one last appeal to you. It is this: The problem of delinquency is a growing one. The youth of today reads newspapers and listens to the radio. The power of suggestion is the almighty weapon that will develop in the minds of youth very bad or very good thoughts. So let us, as the responsible law enforcement bodies, initiate the measures that will give the power of suggestion to youth to do good deeds, to live decently, and to develop along lines of good citizenship.

THE CAPTAIN ABBEY, A NAME OF WHICH THE DEPARTMENT IS PROUD

FORMERLY known as Launch No. 11, the majestic craft pictured above was renamed on November 13 past, at the suggestion of Mayor LaGuardia, the “Captain Abbey,” in tribute to the memory of the first member of the uniformed force in World War II to lose his life in the service of his country.

Captain Abbey, who was serving with the U. S. Army Air Forces and who was formerly a patrolman attached to Motorcycle Precinct 2, was reported killed on September 6, 1943, in South America, while on a special mission searching for his commanding officer, who had been lost in a storm.

A born flier, Captain Abbey first qualified for a pilot’s license in 1920. In June, 1941, he was given a one year leave from the Department to train young men to fly under the supervision of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. He returned to active duty one year later and on October 31, 1942, was commissioned a captain in the U. S. Army Air Forces.
Air Forces Reveal 2,300,000 Strength

100,799 Pilots Among 803,000 Specialists

BOMBARDIERING took a step forward last month when another class of aviation cadets received the wings of the "deadliest" man in the Air Force at the Victorville Army Air Field, Victorville, Calif., among them Lieutenant Norbert Emery, son of Patrolman Chester R. Emery, of the 7th Precinct. . . . Lieutenant Emery, 20, is a graduate of Alexander Hamilton High School and was doing clerical work in New York before entering the Air Corps in July, 1942.

Located on the southwest edge of the Mojave desert, the school, a unit of the Army Air Forces Training Command, is one of the largest in the country. The coveted wings of the bombardier were awarded by Major Robert H. Murray, director of bombardier training on the field.

Principal speaker at the graduation was Lieutenant Victor L. Coreno, combat bombardier who recently returned to the states after completing 50 successful missions over German lines in Africa, Pantelleria and Sicily. Holder of the Air Medal with 9 Oak Leaf Clusters and the DFC, the Lieutenant praised the new officers for their fine spirit and described the work ahead.

In the composite picture above, Lieutenant Emery is shown encased snug and warm in an Air Force high altitude electrically heated flying suit. The bomber atop which he is gracefully poised is a Boeing Flying Fortress—referred to as the "guts and backbone" of our world-wide air offensive. Heavy armor and armament make them deadly and destructive. Range over 3,000 miles. Speed over 300 m.p.h.

Good luck to you, Lieutenant Emery, and a safe and victorious return.

The Army Air Forces Training Command made public last month statistics on the training which has produced manpower for "the world's greatest air force, now numbering in excess of 2,300,000 officers and enlisted men."

The announcement was stated to be the first of its kind authorized by the War Department since Pearl Harbor.

The figures show, according to the Associated Press, that 100,799 pilots, 20,086 bombardiers, 18,805 navigators, 107,218 aerial flexible gunners, and 555,891 ground and air combat crew technicians were graduated from the command's country-wide network of flying and technical schools from Jan. 1, 1939, to Nov. 30, 1943.

The command, with headquarters at Fort Worth, Texas, trains all AAF personnel, including pilots, bombardiers, navigators, gunners, and sixty-five categories of technicians.

About 29,000 training planes of all types are used by the command.

The confident smile with which Lieutenant Emery greets you in the photo above is proof that the newly commissioned bombardier is "set and rarin' to go!"

During the eleven months from Jan. 1 to Nov. 30, 1943, students of the command flew an average of 25,600 hours per fatal accident.

With the exception of 3,491 glider pilots, 2,348 liaison pilots, and 444 women pilots, most of the 100,799 pilots are qualified either as fighter or bomber combat fliers, the announcement said.

The figure of 555,891 technicians represents only the number graduated from basic courses and does not show the total number of technicians produced, nor does it give a full picture of the extensive technical training given. Many technical students complete courses in two or more specialties.

It includes 240,360 airplane mechanics, 100,339 radio operator mechanics, 70,166 armormen, 46,052 clerks, and 98,974 specialists lumped together under the heading of miscellaneous. This latter group covers about twenty-five categories, including sheet metal workers, parachute riggers and repair men, welders, instrument men, link trainer operators, cryptographers, photographers and photo technicians, tire rebuilders and special purpose motor vehicle maintenance men.

Because most gunners on heavy and medium bombers double as technicians, many of the 107,218 graduates of the flexible gunnery courses also completed successfully the basic technical courses in mechanics, radio and armament.
BELIEVE me, there is nothing that the City government feels is too good for the police officers in carrying extra burdens uncomplainingly—taking extra tours of duty—in order that New York City may maintain its place as the safest community in the entire world.

The words are those of Councilmanic President Newbold Morris, representing Mayor LaGuardia who was unable because of urgent official business to attend, and they came at the close of a short address given by the City Council head at the 30th annual Entertainment and Reception of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, held on the evening of Saturday, January 29, in Madison Square Garden.

"Conditions of work during these difficult years of war are the most trying in the history of the Police Department of the City of New York," President Morris continued. "You are doing your part—doing it with a full knowledge that your brothers—your sons—and your friends are fighting for us many thousands of miles away and undertaking their duty seriously, sacrificially and devotedly. You are not only serving those of us at home, but those who are fighting for our security. You are making them feel secure that their loved ones are safe and protected.

"So I say to Pat Harnedy and the officers and members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, long life—long youth—and all the happiness that may come your way."

Patrolman Patrick W. Harnedy, president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, read to the assembled audience a message of regret received earlier in
In addition, Commissioner Costuma remarked that he was personally grateful for what the members of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and their families have done for not only the Police Department but for the people of the City of New York as well.

A telegram of regret was received also from U. S. Senator James M. Mead:

"Sorry, indeed, heavy weekend schedule of Senate Subcommittee ties me to the Capitol and prevents my joining with you tonight. Regards."

The text of President Harnedy's address follows:

"I want to express our deep appreciation to all of the citizens and officials of the state and nation who honor us with their presence here tonight. To the members of the various committees who by their hard and zealous work have made this occasion possible and its success assured, I want to express my deep personal thanks.

"Upon this occasion each year we reflect upon the work of the preceding year, making an appraisal of our net worth as in every business. Our main stock in trade is the service we render to the people of the City of New York, and generally speaking we have always felt quite gratified with the work of each year.

"I am happy to say that this year is no exception. As a matter of fact, and with pardonable pride, we feel that our accomplishments during the past year were even greater because our burdens were heavier. The complex problems that have been thrown upon us due to the war and the shortage of men have been faced with and undertaken in accordance with the best traditions of our department. We are mindful of the great duty and responsibility that we have to the people of the City of New York, and on this occasion we desire to reassure them that their Police Department will continue to serve with honor and distinction.

"We are mindful tonight of those members who are serving in the Armed Forces of our country. To all of them we say that it is our prayer that they will be preserved and returned to us in the very near future. We are particularly mindful of all of our members who have given their lives in the performance of their duty both to our city and the nation.

"In memory of them, we shall pause at this time, and I ask all present to stand and join me in a moment of silent prayer."

President Harnedy in announcing the winner of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association medal for valor, for 1943, read the citation explanatory of the exploit for which the winner, Patrolman Eligio Sarro of the 71st Precinct, was given the award. The citation follows:

"Patrolman Eligio Sarro, Shield No. 17614, 71st Precinct, at about 10:00 p.m., February 2, 1943, while off duty and in civilian clothes, in a store at 314 Broome Street, Manhattan, encountered four men, one of whom was armed with a revolver, attempting to perpetrate a holdup. While the victims were being searched, Patrolman Sarro removed a revolver from his overcoat pocket and fired at the bandit standing guard near the door.

"The perpetrators fled and the patrolman pursued. During an exchange of shots the armed bandit fell, mortally wounded, and his weapon, containing five cartridges, two of which had been discharged, dropped to the ground.
Both the deceased, and an accomplice taken into custody later, had criminal records. The accomplice was convicted and was sentenced to a long term in State Prison.

"I am very sorry that Patrolman Sarro cannot be with us tonight due to the death of his father Thursday afternoon," President Harnedy declared. "I wish he could have been with us so that I could present the medal to him here, because it would show that it is only another occasion—many of which happen every year—where the members of the Department place their lives at stake."

As was to be expected, the evening was a most exciting one, typical of the great organization which sponsored it. An entertainment program conforming in its presentation to the standard set in former years preceded the dancing. A concert by the Police Band under command of Lieutenant Frederick C. Stengel, and with Captain Eugene LaBarre conducting, and the Police Glee Club, with Patrolman Arthur Matthews wielding the baton, also featured the festivities, and again we are happy to report that seldom before did the lads who make up the personnel of these two splendid organizations perform in more sparkling style.

A word of approbation, too, on the magnificent job turned in by the Committee of Arrangements in handling so efficiently this most unusual and extravagant of spectacles. The guidance of the vast audience, chiefly in the hands of the officers and the 297 delegates constituting the committee, as in other years was a matter of general favorable comment, including high praise from Fire Department officials, experts in this field of public assemblage.

Msgr. Bracken Celebrates 25th Anniversary as Department Chaplain

Copy of a letter of congratulation sent Msgr. Bracken by Commissioner Valentine follows:

OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER
City of New York
Jan. 18, 1944

Right Reverend
Lawrence H Bracken, Pastor
St. Bridget's Church
409 Linden Street
Brooklyn, 27, New York

My dear Monsignor Bracken:

It is with greatest delight that I note from the records of our Department that January 20, 1944, will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of your appointment as a chaplain of the Police Department, City of New York. During your quarter of a century with our Department you have performed outstanding service not only as a Catholic chaplain and official of this organization but as a great humanitarian, never found wanting when assistance and advice is sought by our members. It has been a great consolation and pleasure to the Police Commissioner in having such an earthly representative of our Blessed Lord as a member of this Department. I do hope you will be spared for many many years to come in carrying out your sacred duties. Personally and on behalf of the members of the Police Department I extend to you our heartiest congratulations on your anniversary, and also take this means of conveying my best wishes for every success in your arduous duties as pastor of St. Bridget's Church.

With warmest regards, believe me to be

Sincerely yours,
LEWIS J. VALENTINE
Police Commissioner.
PATROLMAN Bernard J. Fay, Emergency Service Squad, 16, on January 6, was installed as president of the St. George Association, replacing in that post Patrolman Algot Damstrom, Traffic B, at ceremonies held at the Headquarters of the Association in Masonic Temple, 6th Avenue and 23rd Street, Manhattan. Supreme Court Justice John MacCrater served as the installing officer.

Other officers seated were:
   Edward Van Dover, 1st vice-president; Lawrence Hoefling, 2nd vice-president; Charles J. Roehm, corresponding secretary; Raymond Kuykendall, financial secretary; John O. Becker, treasurer; Mrs. Minnie Gilbert, historian; Fred Bauer, marshal.

Executive Committee: Herman Lampe, Herman Bock, Gustave Herr, Charles Werner, Edward Lundstedt, Alvin Eckert, Julius Brilla, Algot Damstrom.

Chairman of Committees: William M. Kent, Breakfast; Charles Werner, Entertainment; Anna Kauff, Children's Camp; Gustave Herr, Welfare.

L. to r.: President Bernard J. Fay, Supreme Court Justice John MacCrater, retiring President Algot Damstrom.

CORONA RECREATION CENTRE
Corona, Calif.

January 11, 1944.

EDIToR, SPRING 3100:

The enclosed photo was taken beside our late mascot's grave. We called him "Gold Brick." Killed in line of duty, we buried him with full military honors. He was just a dog, but in this world our country still honors Man's Best Friend.

Regards to all!

SGT. J. McCULLOUGH,
Patrolman, Traffic P.

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS
ANNUAL FUND-RAISING APPEAL
120 Broadway, New York 5, New York

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner,
New York City.
New York.

My dear Commissioner Valentine:

This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 20th, together with check in the amount of $2,000, representing the contribution of the members of the Police Department to the 1944 Fund-Raising Appeal of the National Foundation.

Through you, Mr. Police Commissioner, may I express to the men of your department my personal thanks and those of the Board of Trustees for this magnificent support of a really worthwhile cause.

With so many kind friends to assist, and such unceasing devotion to our common cause, the free and happy world we fight for on so many fronts will, some day soon, be likewise freed of the scourge of infantile paralysis.

Sincerely yours,

BASIL O'CONNOR,
President.
SPRING 3100 was released on January 14, 1944.

**SOMEBWHERE IN AFRICA**

GU, Navy 231, Postmaster, N. Y.

December 29, 1943.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Just received the November issue of SPRING 3100 here in the Navy Hospital where I'm now confined. I haven't met many of the men from the Department over here but I did run across Joe Jung of the 112th Precinct several times.

Please let my friends in the Department know that I am feeling much better and am now back on my feet again.

EDWARD P. MURRAY, Cox U.S.N.R., Clerk, Quartermaster Div.

**SOMEBWHERE OVERSEAS**

APO 637, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

January 14, 1944.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I want to express my appreciation for the copies of SPRING 3100 you have sent me thus far. I hope they continue to arrive in this remote place with the same regularity. Reading SPRING 3100 is truly a most interesting and enjoyable experience, and I would find it even more so if news of the 82nd Precinct were contained in a column as is the case with other commands.

Kindly say hello to me to my buddies at the Butler Street station house.

PVT. WILLIAM FLORIO, Patrolman, 82nd Precinct.

**SOMEBWHERE IN THE S. W. PACIFIC**

Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

January 8, 1944.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

Am situated at present on an island in the S. W. Pacific and billeted in the midst of a coconut grove. It's as hot as can be down here and when it rains it pours.

Actually it isn't as rough as I expected it would be because we do have a few imported comforts and conveniences from the states. Beer is available but rationed. The jungles are thick and rugged, the natives small and ugly. The coastal native is friendly, speaks a "chop chop" English; the hill native is unfriendly and reputed to still retain some of his cannibalistic tendencies. I have been out in this area for about three months. Our squadron is a well organized and efficient outfit and its record to date in combat is outstanding. The Marines are doing quite a job out here in the Pacific—a job that I'm sure will not prove in vain—and should result in a lasting peace with victory which all of us hope will be won in the shortest time possible.

I don't mind it so very much being out here, but I sure do miss the good old U. S. A. Food is as good as can be gotten—or expected—but I certainly could dig into something other than spam and mutton, dehydrated vegetables, and chlorinated drinking water. Would give anything to have some fresh milk or vegetables, ice cream, fresh eggs, good beer, cigars, steak . . .

Will close here wishing you and your staff and all my friends in the Department a very happy New Year.

LT. ALFRED ANGER, Patrolman, 15th Precinct.

**SOMEBWHERE OVERSEAS**

APO 418, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

January 14, 1944.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for keeping me in touch with the Department via SPRING 3100.

It has been following me around faithfully and in spite of my many travels always manages to catch up with me.

SAM GOLDBERG, Sgt., Clerk, Div. of Licenses.

**SOMEBWHERE IN ENGLAND**

Fleet P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

January 7, 1944.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I have so far received every issue of SPRING 3100, the September-October being the latest. Am at last in a small civilization where pounds and shillings are our change and it sure does feel good to have a rest after nine months of active conflict. It is summertime in these parts and right now I'm getting over my fifth attack of malaria.

Please remember me to all my friends in the Department.

HENRY AHLE, W.T. 1/c, Patrolman, 41st Precinct.
SOMEWHERE IN INDIA
APO 884, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

I'm not being trite when I say we have been busy of late and have found very few opportunities to write. In fact, I don't get to shave but once every three or four days, if then, and in order to save a little more time and also to keep a little cooler I have had my hair cut right down to the nape. It's not quite a baldy but that might just be a matter of opinion. It's a cinch, though, that no Jap will be able to grab me by the hair and expect to hold on. Although it is winter here in India, midday is terrifically hot—and the nights almost freezing. I sleep under three blankets—plus all the extra clothing I can find.

For breakfast we invariably have porridge, and though I have not eaten porridge since I changed to long pants, I now devour a helping that would shame a horse. It's good food, though; warms you up quickly and stays with you quite a while. Our diet reminds me of the budget—almost never in balance. Once a day coffee, the other meals tea—all you can drink. Our meat is of two varieties, canned corned beef and freshly killed water buffalo; the latter a species ugly as a rhinoceros and just about as tough. Usually with this is served some variety of native vegetable plus the British field bread which would be a perfect substitute for paving blocks. All in all it's pretty rugged fare but, strangely enough, I enjoy it, and though the men are constantly squawking, they, too, have gotten to like it. Their biggest gripe is that we haven't had any beer or American cigarettes. You'd be surprised how important a factor cigarettes can be. In importance they rank with the men next to food. The only kinds available are British or native brands, which a lot of the men refuse to smoke.

We do quite a bit of work in the jungles, and so far have failed to see any elephants, lions or tigers, though we do get an occasional shot at other game. Monkeys infest the place and quite a few of them have been captured by the men because they do make great pets and are a big source of entertainment in a place where entertainment is scarce.

Where we are now there are very few natives and those that we encounter are about the most primitive I have seen so far. They are an agricultural people solely. From the newspapers we hear a great deal about the famine but where we are located there is very little evidence of it. The country is ideal for grazing and huge herds are seen everywhere. However, to the Hindu, the cow is sacred, and so all that good beef goes to waste.

In the few cities we have seen people and conditions are a lot different. Those of the lower classes impress you as being crowded, not over-clean, and emanate all kinds of odors. Sacred cows graze up and down the main thoroughfares and none dares molest them. The market places are called Bawars and here you may purchase, sell, swap or trade anything. It's a glorified hock shop. And while the merchants are for the most part cunning and sly, a good many are highly skilled and some of the metalwork, jewelry, needlework, pottery, etc., that they turn out by hand is marvelous. If you overlook the fact that they must be boycotting the laundries, they are a really colorful people in both a literal and figurative sense. The women wear toga-like affairs, usually some shade of red, and bedeck themselves with all kinds of jewelry, including, as the song goes, rings on their fingers and bells on their toes, and, to boot, jeweled rings in the nose. The men invariably wear white but the color of their turbans is limited only by the variety of colors in the spectrum. Then, as if this weren't enough, they daub their foreheads with circles of various colors to indicate a visit to the temple, the daub remaining unchanged until another visit is made; a perpetual Ash Wednesday, as it were.

Then, too, the cities abound in fakirs and other charlatans and performers. Snake charmers are common, as are the men with the performing monkeys, and if you become too engrossed in their repertoire and become the least bit unwar, there is always the accomplice in legerdemain who will pick your pocket. Add to this picture the thousand and one odors, the goats, the sacred cows, the native tobacco, the betel nut they chew which makes their gums bleed, the weird native music, the naked children, the ubiquitous "Bok-shis Sahib" as about every other one you meet begs of you for a little "alms for the love of Allah," if he be a Moslem. It is really a unique experience and one I will never forget.

Well, that's about all for now except to let me wish you all a Happy Christmas and may the good Lord grant your every request in the New Year.

LT. PETER C. MCDOWELL, Patrolman, 30th Precinct.

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC
APO 455, Postmaster, San Fran., Calif.

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

December 25, 1943.

Just a short note to inform you of my new address, on reverse side of card, and to wish all the staff and members of the Department a happy Holiday Season. Thanks for SPRING 3100—and keep sending it along!

SGT. CHARLES J. CUSACK, Patrolman, 34th Precinct.

CAMP GRUBER, OKLAHOMA

EDITOR, SPRING 3100:

January 10, 1944.

Just received my first copy of SPRING 3100, here at Camp Gruber, the training camp of the new Rainbow Division. Many thanks.

Best wishes to all my friends at the 32nd Precinct.

PFC. GEORGE C. KOZA, Patrolman, 32nd Precinct.
Strange indeed are the forces which have a
hand in shaping our destinies. Difficult, too, for
us to visualize, in the chance combinations that
form our varied human relationships, the fundamental
balance found in Nature. Thus, we may find it un-
reasonable to recognize that the smallest act by perhaps
the least among us, exerting its influence on events
seemingly distant and related, might mature into de-
velopments far-reaching and profound.

Or, getting down to cases, take as an instance the
relation between Petey Stevens, age 11, schoolboy at
P.S. 46, and Tom Campbell, cop on the "beat." Con-
sider also, if you will, the fact that down thru the
years the strange affinity binding these two should per-
sist, developing finally to a fitting and justly proper
conclusion yet with neither consciously aware of the
drama in which they were participating. Therein lies
a story.

There are few among us who cannot recall, with a
variety of emotions, belonging to one or another of
the neighborhood "gangs" during our adolescence... few
who do not still conjure up feelings of guilt at the
recollection of way-laying unwary members of a rival
"mob"... the inevitable schoolboy crusades for re-
venge, our armed might, in the main consisting of ash-
can covers as shields... plus the extra-legal bags of
refuse and an occasional over-ripe tomato whose splash
in the face of an opponent was as music to the ears.
Who can forget those strict, Spartan-like codes of honor
on initiation—sworn to with hand upraised and heart
pulsating with awesome self-importance—which for-
bade any sign of mercy to an unwary fallen opponent?

Such an unhappy fate was in view for young Petey,
he having ventured beyond the safe confines of a
friendly neighborhood and finding himself, wide-eyed
and apprehensive, at the combined mercies of half a
dozen sadistically-minded opposition "mobsters." Nev-
ertheless, imbued with youthful fervor, he inwardly
vowed to deal out maximum punishment before being
himself overwhelmed; for by the unwritten law—and
the code of juvenile society governing such eventu-
alities—no quarter was given and none expected, dis-
parity of numbers being of no consequence. The bat-
tle itself was a nightmare... an avalanche of youthful
fists coming at him from all directions... the sick,
sweetish taste of blood... and through it all, a per-
vading tiredness verging on numbness.

Patrolman Tom Campbell, standing halfway down
the street from the scene of carnage, viewed the fracas
philosophically at first... just another kids' fight.
It was only on seeing the greatly uneven odds that he
hove into the visual orbit of the attacking force, which
thereupon beat a hasty retreat. The luckless Petey,
breathing hard from his exertions, picked himself off
the street—bloody, clothing torn and disarranged—and with a semblance of tears converging around puffed-up eyes.

"Thanks, Officer!" he gasped. "You helped me outta that one. They wouldn't have killed me sure!"

Officer Campbell was gruffly condescending.

"O.K., son. Take it easy. Seems like I'm always pulling one of you kids out from some kinda scrape. You're lucky I just happened to be going by. Now don't go getting yourself surrounded again."

With that the policeman turned and walked slowly away, with Petey tagging along behind, ruefully nursing his hurts and mentally making calculations as to just when and where adequate retribution would be exacted.

So for the present do we take leave of these two, and into the limbo of oblivion passes the affair of the embattled schoolboy...to be forgotten by both participants—by the cop as just so much routine in an otherwise abiding day—by the boy as an event not too noteworthy in an already hectic growing-up.

But hard to explain are the workings of unseen forces in determining the course of our lives...in exercising subtle influences on our behavior...to make more meaningful that which we would otherwise ascribe to fortuitous circumstances.

Certainly, after a lapse of ten years, Patrolman Tom Campbell, turning out for an afternoon tour of duty, was not even dimly aware that before the day's expiration his activities would provide a fit ending to that completely forgotten incident involving young Petey Stevens. For our story, in order to have point, must focus the spot again on our youthful protagonist, whom we see now in a light quite different from that of his last appearance in the role of beaten, bedraggled schoolboy.

He is now grown to strong, virile manhood...has just completed his schooling at our Police Academy...and garbed in new uniform, has reported to his assigned station house—oddly enough, to work out of the same precinct and as side-partner to Tom Campbell, his benefactor of ten years past.

A coincidence? Let us withhold judgment until we probe further into the unfolding of the day's activities.

The circumstances, as they started, were by no means unique in the annals of crime detection. Campbell, patrolling his post, spotted a nervous-looking driver, ill at ease behind the wheel of a car, parked with motor running directly in front of the Utility Company office. Through the window he detected unusual behavior on the part of those inside; behavior peculiar to the trained eyes of a man who by instinct could sense something wrong—and suddenly, in a flash of understanding, everything combineing in his mind to complete the picture—a hold-up was in progress!

Things happened fast from then on. Gun drawn and hammer cocked, Campbell was through the doorway, in on the two intruders, and in a voice tense but clear, ordered their surrender.

The nearest thug, surprised at the turn of events, face drawn tight with grim determination, whirled around to face the officer. Campbell dropped him where he stood in his tracks, even as his hand was in the act of bringing up his gun. He crumpled to the floor with a thud, face downward, and lay there motionless in a gathering pool of blood. This proved more than the other could take. He came forward in surrender, be-
THE MAN IN BLUE

Here's to the man in blue
Dependable, tried, and true;
He laughs at the guns of the murder mob
Risking his life in his daily job—
Danger is nothing new
To the copper who wears the blue!

Twenty-four hours a day—
No wonder his hair turns gray;
He has to forget his kids and his wife
Because he has sworn to give up his life
For you ... and you ... and you ...
The copper who wears the blue!

Seven days in the week,
Every week in the year,
He is always there when the bullets fly,
Standing ready to do or die
In a job that's never through . . .
God bless the man in blue!

—Nick Kenny
"Day Unto Day" 1943.

THE TECHNICIAN, December, 1943, is devoted mostly to a discussion of the techniques developed by police laboratories in testing bloodstained garments, weapons and other objects found at the scene of crimes.

In the December, 1943, issue of WESTERN CITY appears an article which will interest police officials and patrolmen. The newly installed police radio control board of Oakland, California, is now being operated by women. The manner in which the board is handled along with the manner of it will prove interesting reading to the members of the City's police department. The periodical is on file in the Municipal Reference Library, 2230 Municipal Building, Manhattan, where it may be read or even borrowed for home study.

In the September 1, 1943, issue of the New South Wales Police News is an interesting article about the police activities in London which we quote here:

"Nothing in London's Defence Her Police Did Not Do." All the world knows about and has acknowledged with praise and appreciation the services rendered by the Police during enemy air raids on London and provincial centres of population. There is therefore little that is wholly new in the account of this service as recorded in the official story of the Civil Defence of Britain in 1940-41, now issued by the Ministry of Information for the Ministry of Home Security. But it is right that the story should at least be epitomised and given its proper setting as part of this epic of Britain in the blitz. It is there recorded that 'there was nothing in civil defence that the Policeman did not do,' and 'in the provinces, the Police Force were the linch-pins of civil defence.'

"The services were built around the Police. Their members looked to the Police for guidance and leadership. Fortunately, indeed, it was that when the stern test came there was firmly established in the community life of this country a civilian Force whose dependability was so unerring and in whose ability to look after them the people put such complete trust. Many of the outstanding deeds of heroism performed by Policemen of all ranks, both regular and auxiliary, have been recognized by the award of medals and other marks of distinction.

"At least as many others remain unsung except in the general commendation of Ministers, Press and public. "Among such tributes as that to 'The Policeman' in 'Front Line, 1940-41,' will stand as yet another testimonial, permanent and official, to a Force that in many other critical emergencies and by its general standard of duty, had already earned the gratitude of the public both at home and abroad.

"In this story of the blitz by no means all the praise goes to the Police, who would be among the first to insist on this. There are the other ranks of 'Front Line Troops,' who made up the Army of Civil Defence—the Wardens, the Firemen, the Rescue Men, the First Aiders, the Ambulance Drivers, the Telephone and the Messengers. Above all were the Police—the men, women and children against whom the bombing was in the main indiscriminately directed.

"The universal feeling among all ranks of the Police,' says Sir Philip Game in his report on Police Work in War, 'is that their task has been immeasurably lightened by the magnificent reaction of the public and determination shown by all classes of people. . . . As has been said of Governments, it is probably equally true of the Police, that a community gets the kind of Police Force which it deserves. If so, speaking of the Metropolitan Police as a whole, I can only express the hope that we may always be worthy servants of the people.
of the Metropolis.' Every page of 'Front Line, 1940-1941,' bears witness to the essential and abiding truth of the Commissioner’s acknowledgment. The author of this historical document might well have called it, 'Salute to the People of Britain.'"

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**Action at Cervaro**

FEATURED by the newspapers last month was an article describing in vivid detail the "Bloody Yank Victory at Cervaro,"

All about the American fighters, when victory had been achieved, were the signs of that bloody conflict, the article related—the blasted stones and timbers of what had once been homes and stores of this village of 6,000 hillfolk—the unburied dead—the broken weapons.

Then our men began bringing back prisoners taken in the counter-attack—young, arrogant Nazis from the Hermann Goering Division—and all boiling mad because they were captured.

It told of how Private Donald Gunther of Milwaukee, came down the street shepherding a couple of surly young Nazis. He was grinning and he kept his bayonet close to their backs as he told them:

"Get along there, you supermen, and remember—you’re just a couple of krauts to me."

The article went on to quote a statement by a Lieutenant John Sheehy, who commanded an infantry company in the battle of Cervaro. Lieutenant Sheehy, who is the son of Patrolman Martin Sheehy of the 9th Precinct, stated his strongest moment was when his company charged down the street chasing the Germans and ran straight into an enemy tank, firing at a range of only 300 yards.

The feature of the battle, according to Lieutenant Sheehy, was the close coordination between infantry and artillery.

"Our shells were landing just 50 yards ahead of us all the way," he said, "It was swell timing."

A graduate of All Hollows High School and in peace time a clerk for American Airlines, Lieutenant Sheehy is 26, unmarried and an only son. He has four sisters.

"We got our last letter from him December 23," his father, Patrolman Sheehy, informed us. "He said he was glad he was alive. That was his only reference to the war. He rarely mentioned it, probably for fear of worrying us, his mother particularly."

Lieutenant Sheehy served in the Army a year before the war. Mustered out, he worked as a clerk for American Airlines, then volunteered for service when hostilities broke out.

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**Policeman Department**

City of New York

Office of the Police Commissioner

New York, January 31, 1944.

Circular No. 4.

The following copy of communication is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

**City of New York**

Civil Service Commission

299 Broadway

New York 7, N.Y.

January 20, 1944.

Hon. Lewis J. Valentine, Commissioner

Police Department

240 Centre Street

New York 13, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

We would appreciate your cooperation in bringing the following notice to the attention of permanent employees of your department who have been and will be honorably discharged from the armed forces of the United States:

All permanent city employees who have been honorably discharged from the armed forces of the United States should appear within sixty days of their discharge at the offices of the Municipal Civil Service Commission, 299 Broadway, Information Unit, Room 708, with a copy of their discharge papers. At the time of this appearance at the Commission's offices they may determine their eligibility in promotion examinations which they have missed, and file applications. They may also make application to have their names restored to eligible lists in accordance with the New York State Military Law and the Rules and Regulations of the Civil Service Commission. Persons who have already been honorably discharged from the armed forces and who have not appeared to check their eligibility and file application for promotion examinations should do so as soon as possible. The military law provides that such requests be made within 60 days of the date of discharge.

Very truly yours,

William J. Murray,

Acting Secretary.

Commanding Officers and Supervisory Heads will notify each member of the Department who has been or is hereafter honorably discharged from the armed forces of the United States of the contents of the above communication and cause a record to be made of each such notification.

Lewis J. Valentine,

Police Commissioner.
QUESTION NO. 1

What are the principal causes for police action in connection with keeping the streets of the city clean and healthful?

QUESTION NO. 2

Describe the basic plan of the Emergency Divisions of the City Protection Services.

QUESTION NO. 3

The Labor Law prohibits the fingerprinting of employees as a condition of securing employment or of continuing employment. Mention any exceptions to this statement.

QUESTION NO. 4

Under what circumstances may the parents or guardians be punished for contributing to the delinquency and offenses of children?

QUESTION NO. 5

Briefly answer the following:

a. What persons holding fire-line cards issued by the Fire Commissioner will be permitted to enter premises where fire-extinguishing operations are in progress?

b. Who shall grant the right of way at a non-controlled intersection?

c. Section 395 of the Code of Criminal Procedure provides that: "A confession of a defendant, whether in the course of judicial proceedings or to a private person, can be given in evidence against him." What is meant by a "private person"?

d. During what hours do flat and apartment-house burglars usually operate?

e. For what purpose was the Safety Bureau established?

f. Mention three distinct objects of the Penal Law.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 1

The principal causes for police action are:

Sweeping refuse from buildings and sidewalks into the streets.

Filling ash cans higher than within four inches of the top.

Failing to tie paper securely.

Careless loading and unloading of vehicles, packing and unpacking merchandise in the street.

Throwing bottles or broken glass into the street.

Throwing newspapers, hand-bills, fruit-skins, and the like into the street.

Dropping dirt and refuse from vehicles, due to sand, gravel, dirt and sawdust wagons being overloaded or having loose boxes.

Feeding horses on the street from boxes and from poorly fitting nose bags.

Chopping and sawing wood in the street, usually done by boys who gather wood and break it, using the curbstone for a chopping block.

Throwing refuse from push-carts and from stands within the stoop line, and the like.

Abandoning dismantled automobiles in the streets.

Automobiles emitting smoke.

Members of the Force observing any of the above violations will take such action as will correct the condition, but will not serve summonses or make summary arrests where the conditions can be corrected by warning or admonition.
ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 2

All precautions against air raids which have to do with public law and order, the handling of crowds, the reporting of damage, and starting protective and remedial measures are handled by the Police Emergency Division.

All matters which have to do with fire or explosives are the concern of the Fire Emergency Division.

Physical injury to persons, whether minor or major, are the responsibility of the Medical Emergency Division.

 Destruction of property, measures to restore services, gas, electric, water, and the like, interrupted by bomb damage, come under the Public Works Emergency Division.

Finally, the Welfare Emergency Division provides all the many measures necessary to cope with separated families, lost children, identification of their families, division of clothing, emergency food, registration of missing persons.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 3

Section 201-a. Fingerprinting of employees prohibited. Except as otherwise provided by law, no person, as a condition of securing employment or of continuing employment, shall be required to be fingerprinted. This provision shall not apply to employees of the state or any municipal subdivisions or departments thereof.

Section 200-b of the Labor Law permits the fingerprinting of employees of public galleries and museums of art.

Section 80 of the New York State War Emergency Act permits a waiver of the provisions of Section 201-a of the Labor Law involving employment in war work.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 4

Section 194 of the Penal Law provides as follows:

A parent, guardian or other person having custody of a child actually or apparently under sixteen years of age, who omits to exercise reasonable diligence in the control of such child to prevent such child from becoming guilty of juvenile delinquency as defined by statute, or from becoming adjudged by a children's court in need of the care and protection of the state as defined by statute, or who permits such a child to associate with vicious, immoral or criminal persons, or to grow up in idleness, or to beg or solic it alms, or to wander about the streets of any city, town or village late at night without being in any lawful business or occupation, or to furnish entertainment for gain upon the streets or in any public place, or to be an habitual truant from school, or to habitually wander around any railroad yard or tracks, to enter any house of prostitution or assignation, or any place where gambling is carried on, or any gambling device is operated, or any policy shop, or to enter any place where the morals of such child may be endangered or depraved or may be likely to be impaired, and any such persons or other person who knowingly or wilfully is responsible for, encourages, aids, causes, or connives at, or who knowingly or wilfully does any act or acts to produce, promote or contribute to the conditions which cause such child to be adjudged guilty of juvenile delinquency, or to be in need of the care and protection of the state, or to do any of the acts hereinafter enumerated, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Note: Article 10, Paragraph 17a of the Manual of Procedure, titled "Juvenile Aid Bureau" provides as follows:

17a. Whenever a member of the Force, other than a member of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, institutes prosecution under Section 494 of the Penal Law, as complainant, against a parent, guardian or other person having custody of a child, for omitting to exercise reasonable diligence to prevent such child from becoming guilty of Juvenile Delinquency or from becoming adjudged by the Children's Court in need of the care and protection of the State (Neglected Child), upon disposition of the case in court the circumstances of the case together with disposition shall be reported to the Juvenile Aid Bureau by such member of the Force on form J.A.B. 2.

ANSWER TO QUESTION NO. 5

a. Employees of oil refineries holding fire-line cards issued by the Fire Commissioner will be permitted to enter premises of an oil refinery.

b. The driver of a vehicle approaching an intersection not controlled by traffic lights, shall grant the right of way to the operator of the vehicle approaching from the right.

c. "Private person," referred to in the statute, means any person not engaged in the conduct of a judicial proceeding. A confession, therefore, made to a sheriff, a police officer, or a district attorney is made to a "private person."

d. The day burglar usually operates between 9 A.M. and 11 A.M. and from 2 P.M. to 7 P.M. The night burglar operates between 7 P.M. and 9 P.M. and from midnight to daybreak.

e. For the purpose of educating the public in safety matters and devising ways and means for reducing street accidents.

f. 1. Specifies the classes of persons who are deemed capable of crimes, and liable to punishment therefor.

2. Defines the nature of the various crimes.

3. Prescribes the kind and measure of punishment to be inflicted for each.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

T WAS the day before Christmas and in the above News photo Patrolmen Martin F. Rothanel (left) and Samuel Rosner of the 6th Precinct are shown distributing baskets and bags of food to those of their neighbors residing within their command to whom the world has not been kind.
DEPARTMENTAL ORDERS

T. T. Message, December 30, 1943.

By direction of His Honor, the Mayor, all neon signs and other advertising signs, whether in show windows or outdoors, shall remain unlighted during the daytime, due to the acute coal shortage.

Attention of members of the Force directed to the provisions of paragraphs 5(A), 5(B), 6, 7 and 8 of teletype order of 2:19 P.M., October 31, 1943 and every effort shall be made to obtain strict compliance therewith.

T. T. Message, December 30, 1943.

Beginning January 1, 1944, the prescribed fine to be paid by first offenders for passing a red light (failure to obey a signal light) during the daytime or nighttime will be $5.00. Heading on the reverse side of all regular police summonses served on and after January 1, 1944 will be corrected as directed. Fine for a first speeding offense at night will be at least $25.00 as heretofore.

Teletype order of 2:32 P.M., January 30, 1943, revoked.

T. T. Message, December 31, 1943.

Licensees who have filed application for renewal of tow car licenses, on or before December 31, 1943, will be permitted to operate until midnight, February 29, 1944.


No male or female prisoners will be detained at the detention prisons in the 19th Precinct station house and no female prisoners will be detained at the female detention prison in the 7th Precinct station house until further orders.

T. T. Message, January 11, 1944.

Commanding Officers of precincts wherein a department gasoline distributing station is located will cause their Division Commanders to be notified by telephone immediately, daily, Sunday and holidays included, between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M., when the supply of gasoline in tanks has been exhausted.

Circular No. 1, January 12, 1944.

Proclamation issued by His Honor, the Mayor, which authorizes a reward of $500 to any person giving information leading to the conviction of any persons found guilty of committing an act of vandalism, waste, malicious mischief or in any way desecrating, injuring or damaging any church, synagogue or place of worship, or for information leading to the conviction of any person aiding and abetting in the commission of such crime.

Circular No. 2, January 12, 1944.

Calls attention to Local Law No. 47, which amends the Administrative Code in relation to the Property Clerk and Local Law No. 48, which amends the Administrative Code in relation to the procurement or sale of tickets, reservations or passenger accommodations issued by any railroad, parlor or sleeping car owner or operator, steamship company, air line or bus line and limiting the prices at which such tickets, reservations or accommodations may be sold.

Approves a certain location in the Borough of Queens as a designated premises for the discharge of small firearms.

General Orders No. 1, January 12, 1944.

Declaration by the Police Commissioner that an emergency exists by reason of "a national war" and that there is a manpower shortage in this Department. Regular 10 Squad Duty Chart for patrolmen suspended and a new 20 Squad Duty Chart for patrolmen becomes effective.

General Orders No. 2, January 13, 1944.

The Rules and Regulations of the Department are hereby amended by adding thereto new Rule Nos. 231a, 231b and 231c (see page 24).

T. T. Message, January 14, 1944.

On and after February 1, 1944, new orders for transportation will be in effect for Police Department vehicles using municipal ferries on official business.

General Orders No. 3, January 17, 1944.

Calls attention to the provisions of the New York State Income Tax Law, which require that reports be submitted, by the head of each command, bureau and office in which payrolls are prepared.

T. T. Message, January 18, 1944.

Printed sheets of extra duty charts for Lieutenants, Sergeants and Patrolmen forwarded to commands concerned.

General Orders No. 4, January 21, 1944.

Calls attention to the Fourth War Loan Drive which commences January 18 and terminates February 29, 1944.

LETTER OF THANKS

January 27, 1944.

COMMISSIONER LEWIS J. VALENTINE,
240 Centre Street,
New York City.

Sir:

I wish to thank, through you, the members of Emergency Squads 12 and 14 for their most efficient handling of the oxygen therapy service rendered to my late mother, Mrs. Sarah Shaughnessy; also the members of Emergency Service Squad 2 whose competent and humane handling of her while she was being removed in Department ambulance merits my sincere thanks.

It will always be my proudest boast that I am a part of a department whose members exhibit the highest in human qualities.

Sincerely,

LT. JOHN SHAUGHNESSY,
74th Precinct.
FORECAST! Hair this spring is going to be pretty, neat and netted in color ... thanks to Lily Dache! Even the March winds won't prevent you from looking as if you'd just stepped out of a bandbox. These exciting nets come in 5 brilliant colors, as well as 5 natural shades—take only a second to put on, and you're gowned for the day. Whether you wear your hair up, long, or in the new smooth fashion—you will love them.

If you are wearing sport clothes, try a coarse mesh and tie a contrasting band of grosgrain around your head. If you're on a date, the fine mesh in Tiger Lily Pink with a boutonniere of flowers tucked in or a cluster of roses (on hair pins) will add a festive note. There's no end to the ideas you can dream up to add to these colorful nets, and we predict that many a masculine head will turn as you walk by!

* * *

King Winter—heralded in freezing weather, snow flurries and blizzards, brrr—brings with him appetites of the "could eat a bear" variety. Heartier meals are the demand.

So while resolutions are the order of the day, let's supply not only enough food, but see that it is the right kind—sufficient in both vitamins and minerals. Don't be so intent on getting your quota of vitamins that you neglect the minerals. Nutritionists say that too many of us are over looking iron—the mineral that helps build good, red blood. If we'll all just mark New Orleans molasses—the richest unrationed source of iron—on our list of 1944 musts we'll be sure to be on the plus side in good health. Tuck one day's quota into this streamlined Baked Bean dish.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS:

4 cups dry navy beans 1 teaspoon dry mustard
1/2 lb. salt pork 1 tablespoon salt
1 cup New Orleans molasses 1/4 teaspoon pepper
3 cups boiling water (from simmered beans)

Wash beans, pick over and soak for 3 hours in boiling water to cover. Cover, bring to boil in same water (to preserve minerals and vitamins) adding extra water if needed to cover well; skin; cook slowly until tender—about 50 minutes. Drain beans, reserving cooking water. Turn beans into bean pot or 3 quart casserole. Scrape rind of pork until white, score top by cutting down about 1 inch, and bury in beans with rind exposed. Mix remaining ingredients and pour over. Cover; bake in slow oven (325°F) 31/2 hours or until tender, uncovering during last hour of baking. If necessary, add more water during baking. Makes 12 servings.

* * *

"Charm Clinic" reported the three-day clinic was a big morale-booster.

How to look well in slacks, and short-cuts to beauty, were among the questions the women flocked in to ask. "If slacks are your problem," Miss Stuyvesant suggested, "do wear them in a dark or neutral color, with a good bright shirt." Beauty short-cuts included these: try combining your face creaming with a steamy-hot tub, for a professional facial that doesn't take extra time. For hands—give them a cream treatment and tuck on cotton gloves, so they can 'soak' as you sleep.

* * *

How many times do you say you wish you had a pill to take that would keep you wide awake, not so tired, not so sleepy? Maybe those vitamins are sitting on the shelf, and you've forgotten to take them, but you sit and crave for the mystery potion that will give you some new vim. Well, there's no magic in them that pills, but if you'd remember to take them regularly—every day as directed—than you will notice that you're not so-o-o-o-o tired all the time.

HONOR LEGION STILL REMEMBERED
FOR ARMISTICE DAY SHOW

The Honor Legion is still receiving letters of thanks from the veterans and inmates of the Veterans' Hospital, Kingsbridge Road, the Bronx, for the inspiring entertainment furnished by the members of the Honor Legion on Armistice Day. President David Salter, who was instrumental in securing the performers for the occasion, is to be congratulated together with the members of his committee for this fine gesture—the bringing of radiance to the wan faces of unfortunates who long ago had all but forgotten how to smile—among them members of the Police Department—all of whom were made to forget during the three-hour performance the cares and worries to which men bedded for years by illness are subjected.

Memories of the splendid entertainment provided, together with the meeting of old friends, furnished, the committee has been told, the chief topic of conversation at the hospital for weeks afterwards.

CARD PARTY
Policemen's Widows' Benevolent Society
of the
POLICE DEPARTMENT of the CITY OF NEW YORK
Friday Evening, March 24, 1944
Capitol Hotel
AMENDMENTS TO RULES AND REGULATIONS

Amendments to the Manual of Procedure Will Follow in Due Course

NEW RULE 231a.

231a. A member of the Department, except in the discharge of official duty, shall not knowingly associate, fraternize or transact any business or have dealings of whatever nature, with known criminals, racketeers, gangsters, gamblers or persons engaged in unlawful pursuits or activities nor with persons under supervision of investigation by local, state or federal law enforcement agencies, unless for good cause shown such member first obtains the permission of the Police Commissioner.

G. O. No. 2, January 13, 1944.

NEW RULE 231b.

231b. A member of the Department, except in the discharge of official duty, shall not knowingly associate, fraternize or transact any business or have dealings of whatever nature, with any person or persons interested in or connected with any group or organization advocating or instrumental in creating, or he personally active in creating strife, disunity, hatred, prejudice or oppression against any racial or religious group residing in the United States nor shall such member knowingly aid or assist any person or organization in carrying out these activities.

G. O. No. 2, January 13, 1944.

NEW RULE 231c.

231c. A member of the Department, except in the discharge of official duty, shall not knowingly write, print, copy, distribute, transport, store or possess any paper, magazine, pamphlet, periodical, book, picture or writing of any kind of an obscene, immoral or indecent nature, character or purpose or containing any defamatory or false statements which tend to expose any person designated or characterized therein, and residing in the United States, to hatred, contempt, ridicule or obloquy because of race or religion or which tends to cause such persons to be shunned, or avoided or to be injured in their business or occupation, nor shall such member aid or assist any person or persons or organization to disseminate, distribute, store, print or write such literature, paper, pamphlets, magazines, books, pictures or other writings.

G. O. No. 2, January 13, 1944.

SUBDIVISION "c" RULE 415.

(c) The commanding officer of the patrol precinct in which the injury was sustained by the applicant shall recommend by endorsement whether or not full pay should be granted or denied, together with his reasons for such recommendation, and shall include in the endorsement a transcript of the Blotter entry concerning his investigation thereof. He shall attach to the application the signed statements obtained from witnesses.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 49, November 20, 1940.

SUBDIVISIONS "j" and "k", RULE 435.

(j) For civilian employees on a per annum basis:
A vacation of two weeks, and 12 working days for sick leave, such combined vacation and sick leave allowance to cover all authorized absence with pay.

(k) For civilian employees on a per diem basis:
A vacation of two weeks will be granted to each per diem employee who has been in the service of the City of New York for at least six months prior to each July 1st. A total of 5 days sick leave may be allowed per diem employees, such combined vacation and sick leave allowance to cover all authorized absence with pay.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 10, June 3, 1942.

RULE 438.

438. The following may be absent on vacation at the same time:
In a division consisting of not more than five precincts, one captain; in a division consisting of more than five precincts, two captains; in a precinct not more than one lieutenant assigned to desk duty, two sergeants, one policewoman assigned to matron duty, and not more than 19% of the total number of patrolmen (an equal number of patrolmen to be taken so far as possible from each squad).

(a) If in any command it is not possible to arrange the vacation schedule so as to keep within the 10 percent provision, the commanding officer shall make application for a modification of this provision to the Chief Inspector.

Amended by T.T.O. No. 50, Nov. 20, 1940.
RETIRING FROM THE DEPARTMENT

(Effective Feb. 28, 1943)

PATROLMAN


(Effective Jan. 16, 1944)

CAPTAIN


SERGEANT


PATROLMEN

Peter P. Franchini .................................. 7 Pet.
Nick Teresky ........................................ 8 Pet.
John F. Creegan .................................. 70 Pet.
Denis Egan .................................................. 109 Pet.
Stewart U. Rosenberger .......................... Mcy. Pet. 1
Frederick H. Brunks ..................................... E.S.S. 16
Martin J. Schuchman ........................................ M.O.D. Q.
David Teitel ........................................ 70 Pet.
George J. Meier .................................. 102 Pet.
Andrew D. Sarisky .................................. 109 Pet.
Emil Fuchs ........................................ 110 Pet.
Edward J. Hughes .................................. 114 Pet.
Joseph G. Burkner .................................. Tr. B

(Effective Jan. 31, 1944)

INSPECTOR

John J. Spain .................................. 19 Div.

CAPTAIN


LIEUTENANTS

Daniel M. Tierney .................................. 19 Div.
Frederick Koch .................................. 94 Pet.

SERGEANTS

William P. McDonald .......................... 19 Div.
Charles E. Fields .................................. 72 Pet.
John J. French .................................. 80 Pet.
Lewis Cotton ....................................... 110 A Pet.
Terrance B. Donelon .......................... Tr. D
Michael DeLuca .................................. 19 Div.
Paul Dabker ........................................ 17 Pet.
John S. Wallace .................................... M.O.D.D.
James A. Sheppard .......................... 7 Div.
Thomas J. A. Moore .......................... 12 D.D.
Francis A. Smith .................................. 17 Pet.

PATROLMEN

Anthony Vitale .................................. 46 Pet.
Harold S. Higgins .................................. 74 Pet.
Ferdinand A. Naeckel .......................... 74 Pet.
Frank Koenig .................................. 75 Pet.
Francis C. Higgins .................................. 81 Pet.
Sylvestro Shaw .................................. 81 Pet.
Edward W. Butler .................................. 83 Pet.
Philip A. Laug .................................. 83 Pet.
Michael D'Amato .................................. 92 Pet.
James Burnett .................................. Tr. B
James W. Cudmore .................................. Tr. B
John J. Darcy .................................. Tr. B
George T. Eckardt .................................. Tr. B
John F. Glante .................................. Tr. B
Walter F. Graham .................................. Tr. B
Michael McCarthy .................................. Tr. B
William Speckin .................................. Tr. B
William Britzlmayr .................................. Tr. C
Harry T. Long .................................. Tr. I
Jacob Harris .................................. Tr. L
John Frese .................................. Tr. P
Thomas P. Burke .................................. Mcy. 1
William P. L. Rettig .................................. Mcy. 1
Arthur V. Sacket .................................. Mcy. 1
Edward O. Junginger .................................. E.S.D.
Gustave O. Kenneseth .................................. E.S.S. 2
George L. Shannon .................................. E.S.S. 2
Thomas J. Tierman .................................. E.S.S. 6
James A. Irving .................................. E.S.S. 7
William Myer .................................. 68 Pet.
Thomas Lamb, Jr. .................................. Mcy. 1
Irving E. Higgins .................................. M.O.D. Q.
William L. Jackson .................................. M.O.D. Q.
Philip J. Waag .................................. 14 D.D.
William H. Cowley .................................. M.O.D. Q.
Francis Blaszkievich .................................. 5 Pet.
Edward J. Redalos .................................. 7 Pet.
Joseph Kissenberth .................................. 8 Pet.
Ralph C. Foltz .................................. 50 Pet.
Edward F. Frawley .................................. 50 Pet.
Charles A. Lyons .................................. 71 Pet.
Abralam Cohen .................................. 81 Pet.
Joseph M. Faney .................................. Tr. C
Theodore J. Hardekon .................................. E.S.S. 4
Albert L. Giffhorn .................................. E.S. Div.
Harold Cubberly .................................. Mtd. Sqdn. 1
Elwood F. LaForge .................................. Mtd. Sqdn. 1
Harry L. Andres .................................. J.A.B.
Thomas J. Daggert .................................. M.O.D.D.
George A. Carroll .................................. 5 Pet.
Patsy D. De Sessa .................................. 10 Pet.
Elias W. Kean .................................. 14 Pet.
Harris M. Lanigan .................................. 19 Pet.
Francis Quinn .................................. 22 Pet.
Albert M. Mittenwey .................................. 37 Pet.
Sebastian J. Corcor .................................. 40 Pet.
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A STUDY of English Police conditions, as set out in Halbury's Laws of England, volume 25, page 293, reveals that such conditions are, almost without exception infinitely better than those under which the Police in Western Australia work.

Although there are many Police Forces in England, they apparently all work under conditions which are laid down in various Acts of Parliament, though with varying regulations to suit local conditions.

All constables and sergeants have a weekly rest day. Medical privileges are the same as here, except that theirs include dental attention.

Overtime is adjusted by time off, but in addition they have a condition that if it is not granted within three months the man must be paid for the overtime.

The retiring age for constables and sergeants is 55, and for inspectors 60.

Provision is made for an Appeal Board, of which one member shall have had Police experience.

It is in the matter of Police Pensions, however, that the most startling difference occurs. For a contribution of 5 per cent of pay they receive a two-thirds pension after 30 years' service, and can retire after 25 years on half pension. These pensions are two-thirds or half of the rate of pay for the grade at which they retire, and apparently vary as the rate of pay for that grade goes up or down after they retire. Between 25 and 30 years' service the rate of pension is graded up from one-half to two-thirds. There are liberal pension conditions for men who are injured on duty, which are graded in accordance with the degree of disablement.

The above is a brief outline of the advantages which the English Police have over us, and while I realize that "distant fields are always green," I am strongly of the opinion that their conditions are very much better than ours. If we have any advantage it would appear to be in a higher daily rate of pay, but the relative purchasing power of their pay and ours is too difficult for me to assess. For one thing, I understand that rents in England are very much lower than here.

It is probable, however, when they have such a good pension, weekly rest day and other superior privileges, that the standard of living for the Police in England (as compared with the rest of the community) is much higher than it is in Western Australia.

Apparently they value their Policemen more over there.

DUTCH POLICEMEN HOOT NAZIS

CABLED news from London reveals that the German authorities in Amsterdam forced the local police corps to visit a cinema at which a film was shown dealing with the activities of the German police. One scene represented German policemen as kind-hearted protectors and friends of Dutch children, ready to share their bread with the needy. Unable to swallow this travesty of the truth, the Netherlands policemen gave expression to their resentment in an unmistakable manner. The lights were then switched on, and a high German police officer appeared on the stage, and in a typical Teutonic voice addressed the audience with gruff arrogance and announced that they would suffer for this rudeness and disrespect to the German police force.

The following day an order was issued which reduced the salaries of Amsterdam police by 15 per cent for a period of two months. This called forth a unanimous and indignant protest which forced the German authorities to reduce the punishment to an extra two hours' compulsory duty daily during the next two months and, in addition, punitive drill as punishment for some slighter misdemeanors.
PRIZE CARTOONS SUBMITTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT

“Accident?—No, I’m the new ‘95’ man!”

“Hurry, Mike, we’ve got to respond to a call. You can pick up your pants later!”

“Have joy, Adolph. Togo will show the dishonorable one how to commit hari-kari, so nice.”

“Americans no play fair, make wind storm Hollywood style to blind honorable foe. Not honorable like sons of heaven who say, ‘So sorry please!’”
Looking ’em Over
WITH YOUR LOCAL REPORTER

TO OUR REPORTERS: Items for publication in this column should be received not later than the 20th.
Contributions received too late for current publication will appear in the issue immediately following.

1ST DIVISION

8th Precinct: The newly-formed 8th Precinct Neighborhood Council continues to receive enthusiastic responses from all sections of this neighborhood. According to Captain Jones, things are shaping up wonderfully well.

Is it true when Sergeant Zeke Weinman meets Sandy MacFarlane he greets him with a loud "HELLO, BUDDY"? . . . And that Sergeants Dunn and Whelan are wearing out pencil after pencil keeping the lieutenants' list up to date? . . . And that Sergeant Pappy Reid was heard giving Sergeant Pete Kelly advice on "how to be happy though retired"?

Sergeant Kelly, who will have been retired by the time this is read, will be missed by all. Blessed with a wonderful disposition, he was a square-shooter, every inch of him. This column in particular will miss him very much. He gave us many a laugh—and opportunities aplenty to rib him in print. Good luck, Peter, and a happy retirement.

Our very best wishes also to Conny Walter, Paddy Hughes and Joe Kissenberth.

This might be called unrequited love—or somethin'. Patrolman V. Mature Robbins, while patrolling Washington Square Park recently, discovered he was being followed by a dog—of unknown breed—and, being allergic to dogs, he tried to shoo him off, but no go. So into the S.H. strolls the rook with the pup close behind. When the animal realized suddenly that he was in the dog-house, you should have seen the sad look on his face; it as much as said: "I didn't think you'd do this to me, Victor!"

Notre Dame McAvoy, assigned recently to make up roll-calls during the absence of Tommy Hall, has since written a book entitled "How to be a Successful Roll Caller and Still Keep Friends."

Ask Willie Anderson and Tommy Ryan about that safari to the Adirondacks last November—and about the deer whose picture they had taken: also if it is true both they and their wives still have the chilblains.

No, the Silent Sexette—Luzzi, Layden, Murphy, Dohrmann, Martin and Keavey—is still going strong—if you get what we mean.

Meet two of our happier cops, Horbert and Harrington.

Act. Lieutenant Burns, 8th Squad, confides he would like to work in the Bureau of Operations. Thinks it is grand, sez he, to be able to boss lieutenants around.

Glad to see Ace Detective John Imperial, Jack Shea's bodyguard, back from a spell of sickness.

Detective Buck O'Neill has been instructing Tommy Gowans Tyrell in the art of detecting; thinks Tommy will soon get the hang of it.

Condolences to Tommy Hall in the death of his father.

2ND DIVISION
5th Pet., Ptl. Thomas G. Tolon 8th Pet., Ptl. Alex W. Franz

5th Precinct: Sergeants “Jim” Cahalane and “Louie” Morano are planning a winter vacation at the De Biasi Mansion "somewhere on Staten Island". . . . Ed "Slasher" Sendel, better known as "The Voice," has been trying out various cough and throat mixtures to fight off a mild attack of laryngitis—which would just about render Ed helpless if it should catch on. . . . "Bing" Merle, despite many rumors, is not the “Smiling Irishman” inognito. . . . The “Winochic” quartette, Harrington, Ravello, Nelson and Pison, are soon to be starred in our local revue "Raspberries of 1944". . . . A hearty welcome to our two new bosses, Lieutenant Halk and Sergeant Carey. . . . Dominick "The Chief" Caffone would like to have it known that he is still the "Antipasto King" of Mulberry Bend—despite the fact Bill (R. M. P.) McIlwraith was seen extracting salami, tomatoes and a few black olives from under his collar the other P.M.

FROM OUR ALBUM OF FAMOUS NURSERY RHYMES
Hi Diddle Diddle, Finn's in the middle,
Our delegates sing as a tune;
Dapper Dunn smiled as the music it piled
And sputtering Mickey did fume!

Little Tom "T" lost his sheets, you see,
And didn't know where to find them;
To Harlem with Caffone, said Allen Cohen,
And the others will follow behind him.

Little Milt Kletsky lay in his bedsdy
Dreaming of Christmas Day;
Along came a "Boss" to give Milt a toss
And frightened his dreams away.

Lou Gott, box office Adonis, is reported to be seriously thinking of amateur gardening—it seems a very "bare" region controlled by him could stand some cultivation. . . . Pete Possidente, the particular Pison, was very much at home in his recent Civilian Defense assignment. This may be better understood when it is explained Pistol Pete took a public speaking course a few years ago.

By the way, our basketball team is still looking for games with other precincts.

22nd Pet., Ptl. Thomas A. Comiskey

15th Precinct: Our heartfelt sympathies to the family of the late Patrolman John McKay, who passed away suddenly last month. Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Matt Scheele on the addition of a son!

A welcome to Sergeant Minnesale, and may his stay here be a pleasant one. . . . Also to Sergeant Pirro who is back with us after doing a good job in the Air Warden Service. . . . We hope also that Sergeants Perse and Skea will enjoy their new assignments.

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Congratulations to Patrolman Frank Deady on his arrest of three men whom he caught breaking into a store, and another arrest of a flat thief and the recovery of thousands of dollars worth of loot. Keep it up, Frank, and maybe we will make you a delegate.

Well, the new deal is on and it sure seems funny to hear a man say he is on the 19th Squad. But, like everything else, we will get used to it. . . . Papa Gross was in to see us; states he likes his new assignment very much—and to him we wish lots of luck. . . .

Most efficient and good health also to the members of this command who by the time this reaches print will have retired.

Yes, the box is still in the back room and we'd like to see it used more this year than has been the custom heretofore.

5TH DIVISION

24th Pet., Ptl. T. Niesser
20th Pet., Ptl. St. Lent
26th Pet., Ptl. Raymond R. Wieboldt
44th Pet., Ptl. Woody Wash

26th Precinct: Our very heartfelt congratulations to recently promoted Sergeant Joe Russo! No one did more than he to make the 26th Precinct a household word, especially among dog-lovers of Washington Heights! . . . And a warm, cordial welcome to our new additions, Sergeant Michael O'Dea, Dan O'Callaghan and John Mulligan, and faine outde names they be indeed! . . . The members of this command are as one in hoping for the speedy recovery and quick return to duty of Captain James Conroy, with an orchid, incidentally, to Lieutenant Michael McNamara, of the 30th Precinct, who is proving to be an excellent pincher-bitch. . . . Our small garrison limps painfully but gallantly on despite our recent losses: Sergeant Michael Malone, as fine a man as ever we'll know, through retirement; Sergeant Charles McNeil, Thomas Moroney, Pierce Glynn, Isaac Price, and Patrolman Cornelius Callahan, by transfer to other commands; Patrolman James Shaughnessy, also retired, and Patrolmen Dominic Mole, Murray Weiner and Tom O'Connor serving as gobs now in the U. S. Navy! Good luck to all of you, say we!

As we enter 1944 let us look at the selections in our 1943 Year Book:

Most Popular Patrolman: $4 TIED WITH ONE VOTE APICE.
Most Hair-Sky: PARKER (Terrer one hair behind).
Patrolman Who Has Done Most to 26th Precinct: HUGHES.
Most Muscular: KANE (or Dimieri with his topcoat on).
Most Studious: BERNASEK (attends 7 schools).
Best (or most) Physique: HUGHES (Acampora, Levine and Del Mastro one pound behind).
Best Orator: VOLPONI (Cogrose two words behind).
Most Successful in Avoiding Barbers: PARKER (Two courses ahead of Acampora and Wieboldt).
Most Serious Thinker: DICONO (no second choice).
Best Watch & Radio Repairman: HERSHKOWITZ.
Best Athlete: FERGUSON and O'NEILL tied.
Best Vocabulary: PROF. DEL MASTRO (by two mispronounced syllables).
Most Policeman: O'REY, the one man precinct.
Most Successful in Avoiding Barbers: PINTO (one full inch ahead of Green).
Handsomest Patrolman: $4 TIED WITH ONE VOTE APICE.

Hardest Worker: $4 tied with no votes each!

30th Precinct: Danny and Franny (815) have not yet called off their feud with Eisinger and Mulkeen (702). It has reached the point where the unwritten law has been tossed to the winds—in the general direction of the stanchions at 18th Street and Hamilton Heights. We all bid them a hearty farewell to John McCann, recently promoted to sergeant from this precinct. John, who probably was a professional juggler prior to donning the blue, was the one clerical man in the 30th who could handle things when they were "up in the air." Good luck, Sarge! . . . Your reporter, Si Lent, has something new to offer in the near future—"Anecdotes of the Famous." He hopes you will like them.

Which one of our sergeants is sporting a new set of choppers— neat but not gaudy? He presented them for inspection by the men the other day and was pleased with the verdict. Said he, "It took me quite some time to arrive at a choice but I felt sure you men would like these (snap snap!)." . . . Our acting first bosom, Bud "Smearcat" Gorman, explains the men working here are like the song "They're Either Too Hot or Too Cold." . . . Could be, . . . John (Zoot Suit) Tonrey, our newlawed, proclaims with authority that married life, contrary to popular opinion, is quite interesting and is not, as some would have you believe, as confining as a fixed post. (Tell him, men, what is in the offing) . . . There is much heard of bowing hereabouts and some of the boys do talk a good game. Ever try it? Can it be as simple as they say? . . . Patrolman Vail, who moved not long ago to a high-class neighborhood, confirmed he carries full of ten-penny nats to rattle and thus produce a prosperous front. Clever fellows, these rookies.

A question has arisen as to why no member of our Associated Society of Scientists of the 30th Precinct has given a lecture on some topic of interest lately. Your reporter assures these Doubting Thomases that the members of this august body are true to the traditions of the Society and believe not at all in holding the linelight when it is not restricted to a few. And so with grace they have stepped aside to allow others a chance—but they will again startle and astound the multitudes—and soon! This is all for now, Gentlemen, but don't be alarmed, we are just getting started . . . So long!

(To Reporter: Please get in touch with the Managing Editor, either by phone or at the office of SPRING 3100, at your earliest convenience.)

6TH DIVISION

23rd Pet., Ptl. Henry Nealon
25th Pet., Ptl. Lou Middletor
32nd Pet., Ptl. Eames Dropper

25th Precinct: Latest reports from Parris Island, S. C., indicate that our Singing Marine is standing up well under the strain. Keep it up, John, we're all for you.

Who said someone got Degen's and Chanda's goat? They couldn't. Only man we know capable of giving instructions in the fine art of goat-roping is Cowboy Robinson, of Traffic O, whose technique remains unmatched anywhere in this Department.

It is a pleasure, Tony Clair, to know that you are back covering park duty. We are happy that everything worked out grand for you.

A dark horse did it again! Congratulations, Jimmy "Schoolboy" Lane, upon your landslide election as P.B.A. Delegate.

Tony "Push-em-up" Barbaro, who has been very "successful" pushing jacks into the switchboard during the month past, says "Now, all I have to do is learn how to run the darn thing!"

Unusual Occurrences: Patrolman Viets saying something nice to Joe Bolger. . . . Someone speaking too loud to our new telephone switchboard operator. . . . All of the men here deciding not to talk about the war, or a raise in salary. . . . Dagwood knowing what it is all about. . . . School-crossings or bank posts abolished during 1944.

Louis "Mortician" Furcht is perturbed because that skeleton found on his post last month was removed before he could examine it.

Edward "Stifneck" Rocchio: "The next time you want someone to catch goats call me, I know all about them."

Congratulations Harry Wash, on your retirement! We wish you all the luck that this ill world can afford and may you see many happy years ahead.

I hear the boys are making a collection to buy a basket of fruit containing a nice fat bomb for yours truly. Thanks awfully, fellas, but you know you really shouldn't do it.

In closing, our commanding officer would like to mention that the participation of this command in the War Loan Drive was always very substantial, and he takes this means to express to the members his thanks and deep appreciation for another good job well done.

28th Precinct: Congratulations and farewell to Deputy Inspector Harding, our former commander, upon his well-earned promotion. . . . Congratulations and welcome to our new captain, Jacob A. Licker, . . . Best of luck and many years of retired ease to Bill Delaney, Morris Kerwin, Johnny Mennella and Ed O'Donnell—enjoy yourselves, boys, and drop in to see us once in a while.

Nails McSorley writes that he is having trouble convincing
people that he is over-age and wants us to send him an affidavit stating that he was once a member of New York’s “Finest” . . . Pfeiffer and Ackerman are feeding again—a rift in the axis forces . . . Two-gun Hoey has gone back to Texas and the tension (temporarily) . . . How does pin-up boy Cargill come by that title? . . .

And when are Edwards and Romney going to meet at the right time? . . . Mayers doesn’t mind working overtime a bit—he does a tocer of milk to start without any urgency. And someone on the<br>ground tells us that TB Chiefy Kilbride obtained a beautiful sunburn—overnight. The bright lights of Broadway, Bob? . . . The telephone installation man is having a hard time keeping up with Johnny Moran . . . Phil Arms and Bill Jones were ordered to produce their union cards as truckmen . . . How does Ruby Unterweiser manage to be so successful in the difficult business?

Next to this year’s Income Tax form, our new 20-squad chart is the favorite brain-teaser hereabouts.

32nd Precinct: Patrolman Smernoff, asleep at his home and awakened about 3 in the morning by the cackling of his pet chickens, donned his bathrobe and warned and admonished the cacklers that if they continued with the noise off would come their heads. The next day the Smernoff family were heard bragging about the lovely chicken dinner they’d just had.

One of our reporters questioned one of the veteran patrolmen here as to what a post major was, and the vet replied, “Oh, that’s right next to post eight.”

Members of the command extend their sympathies to the family of the late David Hawkins.

Our best wishes for good health and success to the following named patrolmen in their retirement: Helden, Welch, Bevan, Mittenzwey, Matthews.

7TH DIVISION

40th Pct., Plt. Harry Hartwood
41st Pct., Plt. Samuel D. Sherill
44th Pct., Plt. Edward Singer
48th Pct., Plt. John Thomsen

40th Precinct: The column this month is kinda short—and for two reasons: (1) there were only a few contributions in the box (If you don’t give me the material I can’t fill the column), and (2) my guest columnist (Are you listening, Farley?) disappointed me. The precinct was well represented in the last Honor Awards. A Commendation was sent to Sergeant Skea, and Excellent Police Duty awards were received by Lieutenant Carey, Detectives Lloyd, McKeown, Cleary and Bartley, and Patrolmen Hauser and Winter. Congratulations!

Sailor Fandel writes that he is now in Rhode Island acting as Assistant Company Commander. It’s those work shirts the boys are wearing to the barracks. God help you, like a lumberjack camp these days . . . Fox, Hauser and Stellwagen were competing for the dubious honor of owning the loudest such garment when along comes Winter in a creation that not only outshone them, but would even shame the rainbow.

Watts, stricken with meningitis, has the best wishes of all of us for a quick recovery. Ditto to Civello—who is still on sick report. Come back, Rosie, the boys in the backroom miss you.

The next time a stranger stops at Oliver, demand to see his credentials. Freimann (with Farley stooping for him) sure had you sweating for a while! . . . Who put Plate’s name under that picture of a simian—a right handsome one, too, incidentally? However, there is little similarity; George has more hair than that! . . . What cop’s fountain pen ran dry as he was writing out a summons last month? . . . Tommy Huskinson, retired ex-95 man, never forgets to send the precinct his annual Xmas card.


41st Precinct: Before this columnist does anything else he better state to the world that the daughter reported previously in this column as born to Patrolman and Mrs. Al Friedlander was actually a Bonning Baby Boy! I’ll have to fire that informer if he pulls any more such boners, Al, and I’m hoping that with this correction all will be forgiven . . . However, two of our buddies did have daughters recently, Al, and mighty proud of the fact, too, are Johnny Tyrell and Al Hoffman, the happy daddies.

While some patrolmen here have to be reminded occasionally that the nightstick is part of the protective equipment, can it be true we have one lad who in this regard takes no chances—turns out with two receivers?

Sergeant Shea and Patrolman ORourke were discussing various and proper procedures for new-born babies, just like real experts, and when your reporter butted in his suggestions were turned down with disdain. What experience could I have had, they rightfully asked. Ah, well!

We join in saying “Hello” to Sergeant Casey and hope his stay with us will be a most pleasant one.

I don’t think Patrolman Butler will object too much to seeing his name in print, this time alongside those of Dougherty, Epstein, Weir, Shea, Gorey, Gould, and Heany. The best of luck and good health, men, and many, many years of enjoying this new life without late tours and “seeks.”

Furke and Pilecki ought to get together and join a school on automobile mechanics. Hardly a day goes by that one or the other doesn’t wonder how in the world he is going to get his car rolling again.

With an eye on the vacation listings, everyone in the tenth squad, including this reporter, has been rooting for “Rookie” Boweditch to make the day squad. After all these years he surely deserves it.

Clinton has joined the others from here currently serving with the armed forces, and those he left behind wish him the best of luck . . . We have heard from Roy Harem, John Smith and Dick DiRoma lately. How about the others?“Pumpkins” Mortensen.

42nd Precinct: Our deepest sympathy to the bereaved family of the late Patrolman Martin J. Baggott who passed away on January 12 past. His untimely death came as a shock to this command. May his soul rest in peace.

The many friends of Sergeant William C. Mellett will be pleased to learn that he has defeated “Ole Man Flu” after a hard struggle. Good luck and the best of health, Bill!

Say, partners, have you noticed how wonderful Sergeant Lawrence Symmers appears since his “return to harness”? Larry admits that the Civil Defense Unit offers many interesting, exacting duties but that nothing compares with “out on the walk.”

Rumor has it that Sir Stork was observed frantically flying over the 42nd Precinct recently. No doubt this feathered gentleman intends to alight on the shoulders of some prospective fathers within our command in the not too distant future.

44th Precinct: Belated New Year’s greetings to the members of this command and to their families, both here and abroad. May this be for us a year of victory, and may the continued friendship among the men here in the 44th Precinct stand as an example of good will second to no other command in the Department.

Perusing back numbers of SPRING 3100 I came across many interesting and humorous items. And while you, too, can get many a laugh from past columns, I defy Patrolman Frank Bruno to produce the March, 1943, issue—the one he didn’t bring home to the Little Woman.


Congratulations to Patrolmen Wighton, Henry, Hamerberg, Urf and Naughton upon receiving departmental recognition, and to Sergeants Strasser, Cunningham and Connolly on their respective swell showings on the lieutenants list.

Welcome to Sergeant Fisher, here from the 48th Precinct to fill the vacancy caused by Sergeant Weaver’s assignment to the 14th Precinct; and good luck to you, Sergeant Weaver, in your new command.

Attention, Bowling Team: If you want to strengthen your
lineup, I suggest the acquisition of Patrolman Paul Bova, who throws left-handed—but very, very well. ... And while on the subject of bowling, among the highlights of a recent get-together were (1) Salerno's score of 242, (2) Bill Moore's fighting stance while in the act of tossing the ball, (3) Paul Bova's excellent form and (4) Frank Bruno's presence without an O.K. from The Missus.

Well, 1943 is past and gone. We've had many laughs, and I hope all remarks via this column were taken in good spirit and fun. If we displeased anyone it was unintention—probably will happen again. Always remember that you, too, can submit items of fun and interest, and, too, I would welcome guest reporters. You may have a hidden talent, who knows, and this column may be the means of bringing it out.

Congratulations to Patrolman and Mrs. Al Henry upon the birth of Marion J. ... Why has Patrolman Nick Hardy discontinued serving coffee on the late tours? Is it because of undue roughness on the part of the patrons? ... What with the beautiful calendar missing from the Chief's office and Phil's 3 packs of cigarettes vanishing into the thin air, there is talk of installing a burglar alarm system in the station house. ... Now that Patrolman Bruno is smoking a pipe, to economize, he should be able to catch up soon with Patrolman Kappaport in the amount of War Bonds purchased.

... After that 4 A.M. visit from Patrolmen Tully, Ellis, Breslin and Gropp and their wives, this reporter is still on the outs with his neighbors. ('Tain't funny!) ... Why is everyone picking on Tel. Opra. Rosefield? Can he help it if he is allergic to small things? Are there things to doze them immediately?

Good luck and the best of everything to Sergeant Fulshe and Patrolmen Bell, Leonardth and Welsh upon their retirement from the Department.

8TH DIVISION


47th Precinct: Our most heartfelt sympathy to Patrolman J'Delia in the loss of his father, to Patrolman Khalam in the passing of his son, and to Patrolman Zeigler in the death of his newborn son.

At this writing Patrolman John Barker is resting comfortably after a very serious operation at Mt. Sinai Hospital. He would appreciate, I'm sure, a visit from some of the boys. ... This goes also for Patrolman Jack Hearn, still confined to the Veterans Hospital. ... Glad to see John Bunschow back working again after quite a sick spell.

A things now from the brighter side of life: Who above all should turn out the gang on a late tour recently but our old time kick Detective Leo Murphy, a sergeant now assigned to the 43rd Precinct. Good luck to you, Leo. ... Now that so many of our celebrities from the Day Squad are retiring, there is quite a scramble for the assignment and your reporter is glad to see "Snooze" Bisset make the grade. He feels Sec. 3 will run smoothly again—provided we can put boxing gloves on Sam Weissman and hide all screwdrivers and pliers. ... Could it be that Joe D'elia is getting jealous of Mustache Pete, or is that stuff on his upper lip just plain ordinary spinach? ... Now that Melvyn is our ace recorder on Sec. 2, we won't have to worry about crime in our precinct—or would you say your reporter is a cutie for saying so? ... We here at the 47th Precinct want to remember one of our former members, Sergeant Charlie Fulshe, who was retired last month, by saying, good luck, Charlie, and may you live a long time in good health, to enjoy your retirement.

Why has "Butter" Heaps been smiling so much of late? Could it be the new "Squad Buster"? ... Why does Alex Joe keep following Sec. 3 all over the station house on the 4 to 12 and late tours? Could it be those delicious buns and sandwiches? ... Joyce, our acting attendant, has acquired a new pair of overalls, which didn't, he assures us, come from Mrs. Murphy's chowder. ... Our friend, Jack Gucin, still on sick report at this writing. ... Lots of luck, good health and happiness to our Thomas Carlin in his retirement—and may he live a long time to enjoy it.

50th Precinct: Patrolman Philip Brennan put the sentiment of the entire precinct into words when he paid this tribute to Patrolman William Lynch, his friend of over 30 years, who retired recently after thirty-three years of faithful service to the citizens of New York City: "Honest and faithful, truthful and grateful he will be missed by young and old, rich and poor, throughout the 50th Precinct. S'long, Bill, take good care of yourself."

Congratulations and good luck to Lieutenant Hess, formerly one of our sergeants here; and to his successor, Sergeant Russo, a hearty welcome is extended. To the boys it looks like an even swap, which is the way it should be.

50TH PRECINCT RESOLUTIONS FOR 1944

"Gabby" Shea: To cut out all unnecessary conversation with the boys in the back room.

"See Me" McManus: To have the boys bring the dues directly to his home, or, better still, have them wait until he calls for them.

"Whoop-sie" Treibert: All bums on the house from the first on.

"Jockey" McManus: To light one candle a week for a certain retired superior.

"Tyro" Ward: To invite Patrolman Reda to his home for Sunday dinner at least twice monthly.

The Entire Command: To keep the little Bond Box filled.

10TH DIVISION


60th Precinct: Our failure to appear in print the past several issues was due to your reporter having to catch up on sleep that he lost looking around for some corned beef and cabbage to eat. ... Nevertheless, you're anxious to know, I'm sure, the answer to "What Carpenter Had to Cut a Patrolman's Hair—and Why?" Well, here it is: Mark Coviello, invited to have Sunday dinner at the Bronx home of a "very, very particular friend," purchased on the night before a new bold plaid shirt and a new felt hat, but in the excitement forgot to go to the barber's for a haircut. Keeper next morning, when it was too late, that it would not be nice to call on a "very, very particular friend" with a new hat and no haircut, Mark made straight for the home of a carpenter, who resides in the neighborhood and who is very handy with the scissors, and in practically no time at all the operation had been successfully performed and the day triumphantly saved. ... Cute?

On the subject of carpenters, it may be necessary to employ one soon to widen the doors of the station house to permit Tim Downey to pass through—with less danger and exertion, we mean, than Tim is fond of exercising as of now.

Leonard Lamb is the newest recruit to the G-man ranks of Corn, Kasten and Ehrlich, Inc., G-man Kasten's latest recruit, incidentally, shows flowers in such profusion as to put to shame any equally decorated pattern for wall-paper design you might mention.

Our old friend Hickey got cold feet one night recently so he went to bed, put a hot water bottle to his toes, and was resting comfortably until suddenly the hot water bottle burst and Hickey found himself not only with wet feet, but with an uncomfortably wet bed besides.

News from the A.W.S.: Patrolman James Rabbit and the volunteer staff of workers are doing a marvelous job. Keep up the good work, Helen Guent, Sadie Plotchin, Sophie Rabinowitz, Lillian Englestein, and Ruth Spector.

Our condolences to Sophie Rabinowitz who, after recovering from an appendectomy, is now stricken with the hives.
looking 'em over

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now boast another addition to the tribe. Best wishes to all concerned.

That feud is still on, the one between those two "Thin Men," Patrolmen Al Costantino and Jim Danaher. Jim says the reason his nemesis "appears" to look thinner is due to the new two-way stretch he now wears. Jim, of course, scorns such artifices. His waistline is natural... no corset for Jim.

All letters received from our men serving with the armed forces contain the same question: "How about a letter from the boys?" Well, how about it? The addresses of all our men so serving are posted in the back room and it doesn't take long to write a letter. Wadda ya say, fellas? How about it? Drop 'em a line... They'll be tickled to hear from you.

At this writing Patrolman Ben Klein has just returned from sick report after a lengthy illness and a serious operation... and we are sure to glad to see Benny up and around again—Hugo (silk stockings) Pulzone included.

That's all for now, fellas, the well of information's run dry!

62nd Precinct: Sergeant Chris Mitchell, high on the lieutenant's list, is slated to leave us. We wish him success and lots of luck... Sorry to lose Lieutenant Philip Burns, Jr., now at Mecy. 2, and William F. Shannon, who went to the Emergency Service Division... A hearty welcome in the meanwhile to Lieutenants Edward J. Wright and William T. Whalen, here to replace them at the 62nd... Congratulations on his retirement to Shelva Persinger who, we understand, will be commissioned a lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

"Straight Eight" (Packard) Drayton has been complaining about the cold weather, while Paul Revere Gorman thus far has said not a word... Is it true: That Joe Wenz is building up his blood-pressure on sauerkraut and pigs-knuckles?... That Dan "Hello Moe" Driscoll started the New Year right by shouting "Hello, Moe-oooo"?... And that Mike O'Connor will be getting married almost any second now?... Ed "Ha Ha" Lofsten has a peculiar laugh. Is it for us or again us, we wonder... Vincent Scalzi misses the good old Bush's Docks. Lost that swell suntan and those George checks since he is back, and while trying doors is what keeps on the hop, a good cop can work anywhere, Vinnie tells us... Nothing to worry about is the reason for Tom Spinelli's big smile these days. This is vouched for by Butch O'Lander, Tom's pal... Smiling Mylan since pinchhitting for Joe Wenz hasn't smiled so much. Is it the details?

Members of the 62nd going into retirement include Sergeants Frederick Schobtman and Frank Kinscher and Patrolmen George Roberts, Edward Berran, John Ferrer, William Hofaker, Christopher Cunningham, Edward Feldman and Edward Bogan. To all of them we wish success—good health—and lots of luck.

Al Sorrentino, who received a silver loving cup for acting as master of ceremonies down Bay 19th Street way last month, claims he was "glorified" by the hospitality extended to him. Already knighted and known now as the Duke of Curit, it will be the Knight of Baldy in due course, be assured.

Holiday greetings were received from the following former members now in the armed forces: Captain John Kerrigan, Pvt. Thomas O'Rourke, Sgt. Joseph Ravalgi, MM 2/c Joseph M. Douglas, Pvt. Vincent Bracco, Fireman 1/c Larry Flood, Seaman 2/c George Feuer, Pvt. William Brokstein.

64th Precinct: Good luck, "I. C. Itall," in your new assignment! You'll truly, "R. U. Interested," now taking over. Be assured everything said in this column will be in a fair and square spirit and with no offense intended ever.

Our deepest sympathy to the family of Patrolman Max Schwartzberg, whose child just passed away, and to the family of Patrolman Louis Cohen, whose father also has passed on.

Glad to hear Jake Berke's son, an aerial gunner, who was shot down somewhere in the Pacific and was awarded the Purple Heart, is now recuperating in a Naval Hospital. Good luck also to Jake's other son, serving somewhere in the Pacific on an armored cargo ship... To Patrolman Robb's son in the Navy and Leonard's sons in the Air Corps, and all the rest of the sons and daughters of our members who are doing their duty for Uncle Sam, we say, God Bless and watch over you all.

Heartiest good wishes for their fine showing on the lieutenant's list to Sergeants Hauk, Moroney, and our former pals, Sergeants Strangio, Love, Wilson, Davis, Dutton, Shea.

To our retired members, Bonora, Cullen, Leonard, F., Walter, U., Page, Gulemo, and any others I might have overlooked, our best wishes for your future health and happiness. Keep in touch with us.

In closing I wish to say, let's put a little pep into our column, and in that regard, we need, that is if fit to print please enclose in an envelope addressed to "K. U. Interested!" and put in our mail compartment. Let's go!

(Note to Reporter: Please get in touch with the Managing Editor, either by phone or at the office of SPRING 1300, at your earliest convenience.)

66th Precinct: Best of luck to the members of our command who have retired from the Department: Patrolmen Dumpy, Miller H., Newton, Pendergast, Schnibbe, and Watson.

Good luck to two of our boys who left for other commands, Patrolmen Dorfman and Fox.

Charlie Keenan is brushing up on his piano lessons. How about the violin, Charlie?

Lots of success in his new command to Lieutenant Cerra, whom we were sorry to see leave us after a short stay.

The two "Ace" car recoverers, Hood and Madden, are keeping up their batting average—3 a month! Clean 'em up, boys! We hope Andy Dooley's operation is a success and that he will be able to read this with ease, after he gets his pepper fixed at the New York Eye and Ear Hospital.

Don't forget the "suggestion Box" on the door. Many good suggestions develop into good ideas.

11th Division

65th Ptl., Ptl, Ray Donovan 66th Ptl., Ptl., Don Marrocco
65th Ptl., Ptl, Vincent De Coss 66th Ptl., Ptl, Frederick Shannon

68th Precinct: SAGA OF DAN MARRO: Twas a dark and blustering night, in late December, when our hero, walking cautiously along his post in a deep doorway espied a dark object—and immediately rushed forward, hand on his trusty canister (cop's name for a rod), towards the shadow that in another moment resolved itself into the form of a man. Now, many thoughts enter a policeman's mind when he thus approaches a supposed violator of the statutes—and Dan's was on a day off for a good arrest. It may be, too, that he called "HANUS UP!" or some such awesome command that makes a guy of an evil turn of mind regret his past. However, whatever it was he said, the dark-clad form started to laugh—one of those hearty, halloo bursts as radio comedians give forth for want of a better response from the audience on a joke just told. Now let it be said—and everyone who knows Dan will agree—that Marro is somewhat of a laughing fellow himself. He can be forgiven therefore if he released his grip on the canister and opened his generous mouth (it could be a small sized crater) and showed his new acquaintance all of his 64 teeth. You see, it turned out instead of Dan having confronted a criminal, he was speaking with a fire lieutenant, who was better withstanding the chilly breezes of 5th Avenue by standing, while waiting for a street car, in the comparative comfort of the deep doorway. Two days later reporter received a visit from the said fire lieutenant who wanted to know if Dan was the original of the famous Dick Tracy character, your enemy and mine, Flat Top.

So, greetings, Flat Top Marro, from the boys! And no relation, incidentally, to Square Top Johnson, once known as the Sventagli Rose and who himself is no relation to Harry (The Shasher) Olson.

Glad to report that Tony Faris, John Smalley, Jim Mulvihill, Joe Berte and Rocco DeCandia are on the mend after recent sieges of illness.

With regret we mention that we have lost from our midst, via retirement, Butch Meyers, Smiling Jim O'Rourke and Charlie Seifried. Good luck to them—and may they enjoy many, many years of tranquility and bliss.

Two more of our lads. Messrs. Pucciano and Romano, are expecting a call from Uncle Sam and to them we extend every good wish and our hope for a speedy and safe return.

And now, as the peephole closes on another column, we pause to say, to all the men in the armed forces—be they on land or sea—Good Luck, Good Health, and to all of you a Happy Return!
72nd Precinct: The late part of December, 1943, and the early part of January, 1944, brought sadness into the hearts of several of the men in the precinct. Our deepest sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman Harry E. Kutrisky; to Patrolman Thomas Walsh in the loss of his brother; to Patrolman Oscar Kesh in the death of his devoted wife, and to Patrolman Arthur Engh in the passing of his beloved mother. To them we wish eternal rest!

A Blessed event in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Falatito—a Bouncing Baby Boy! Congratulations!

Good luck to Sergeant Malone in his new assignment.

86th Precinct: Richie Sullivan, who is raising quite a family, is giving Gene Amico plenty competition. Tom Lynch came through with a surprise for X-mas—and may all his troubles, too, be Little Ones. . . . Eddie Schultz—the only man who can put storm windows on a Ford. . . . Last words by “Smiling Jack” on any $6 to 4 tour: “Look over your old complaints . . . post your plans . . . I want to see Sector 1.” Among other added attractions in the locker room listening to Sinatra Stapleton crooning Irish lullabies. . . . Silver eating Limburger cheese sandwiches and Danmeyer making faces. . . . Joe Buck looking for a detective to handle that black hand notice in regards to his duty. . . . Sergeant Jerry Galvin still smiling after being bounced around in that accident.

Since Harvey left the A.W.S., have you noticed when he is on the boxes how he answers? Would the fellow with the Harvard accent have anything to do with it? . . . Several more of our men are leaving us shortly so how about getting staked on the 8 & 4 Clubs?

Our deepest sympathy to Patrolmen Hanratty and Roder in the loss of their respective beloved mothers.

12TH DIVISION

67th Precinct: Well here we are—the old good 67th Precinct back on the air—and with loads of news!

Why is it Walter Witchell Rubrum has been a man of few words lately? Can it be the cold weather—and Moe’s reluctance to remove hands from pockets in order to say a few words?

Kay Reynolds, who speaks very highly of a certain highly-publicized method of restoring hair, has in recent months worn out three brushes and several combs. But don’t give up, Kay—where there is a brush there is hair.

The mystery of the Jack of Hearts has been solved! It’s a heart-breaker! (Ask Izy Margolias—but from a distance)

Phil Baker may have his “Take It or Leave It” hour on the radio, but Sergeant Willie Busby had his answer to the $64 question and in a short time now will be awarded the gold and blue shield of a lieutenant. Good luck, Brother Bill, only don’t forget the ice bag.

Why does Baldy Forsyth always sigh “My, Oh My!” when he gets a glimpse of Al (Coffee and Buns) Trotta?

Smiley and Ryan captured two wild horses from Canarsie, after a wild mile ride, than thought they would like to ride them in.

Result: both eat their meals standing now.

Could that certain attendant, called “Chocolate Cake,” be the little fat man referred to also as “I’m on a Diet” Dowd?

Warning to the men who drive the sergeants’ cars: be more attentive in traffic when spoken to by Chee Chee Pellerito. When he was halfway definitely not to ride so, certain points and streets, you should obey. Keep it up, El Chico, there’s always room for one more up at Kings County.

There seems to be a little rivalry among the crews of Sector 1 as to which can make the best arrests. Keep it up, fellows, the captain is proud of your work.

With the establishment of the J.A.B. unit in the precinct and the assignment of Jumpin’ Jimmy Gherlich to the job, things are really passing to him. Listen, fellows, it’s a big task and with our cooperation of every member of the command it will not be a success. Come on, get behind the movement!

What’s this about Moe (Spreader of Joy) Gaffen learning to peak Polish? Could it be that pig and duck farm over in Jersey?

Our “96” man has procured a book (not the one about a great story in Brooklyn) titled “I Want & I Don’t Want” and those of you that have used up the towel kindly fall into line and make your requests. . . . we always like to keep peace in the family.

We are still very much in the Noise and Safety Campaign, men, so give us some results! Don’t let the good old 67th fall behind when there is so much to be done.

What’s happened to Sergeant James (Bernard McFadden) Lynch’s sturdy athlete? Has the cold weather stifled them, or have they just lost ambition?

Rumor has it that Gus Rose, although he has five years to go, is contemplating opening a second-hand store and has been looking over several likely locations. If any of you boys have any items, small or large, that have a value, see Gus.

We welcome to our midst Lieutenant George Reis and Sergeants Joseph Fitzsimmons and James (Anchor) Cassidy. May your respective stays be long and pleasant ones.

Our deepest sympathies to the families of Vincent O’Brien and John Sullivan in their recent losses.

(Note to reporter: Please get in touch with the Managing Editor, either by phone or at the office of SPRING 3100, at your earliest convenience.)

13TH DIVISION

79th Precinct: Mickey Gehr, soldier son of Sergeant George Gehr, is now the Proud Poppa of a brand new 11 lb. daughter, Gertrude, who arrived on January 14! Mother and daughter doing very nicely, thank you. . . . Grandpa and Grandma Gehr, too.

Happy Landings to Lieutenant Charles White, our own Lou’s, son of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Formerly a drummer in the William E. Sheridan S.A.L. Drum Corps, Lieutenant White now is 1st pilot on a B24 bomber and after a short furlough will be on his way to pay his disrespect to the Axis.

Members of the 79th Precinct in the service of Uncle Sam now number 18 . . . Patrolman Wolko, who proved during the short time he was with us, that he is a good police officer, will be a welcome addition to the nation’s armed forces. . . . Bill Smith, beloved by his colleagues in the Department (his teammates on the 79th BB team included) is now an aviation cadet with the U.S.A.A.C. We’ll miss you in the 79th, Bill, and, around short as well.

The following have applied for retirement and will probably be out by the time this reaches print:

Sergeant Charles Herbert, a gentleman and a humanitarian, if ever there was one.

Patrolmen Eddie Grant and Chester McCarthy, two swell fellows—men who did their jobs well day in and day out, for years.

Francis J. Gorman, a past commander of the William E. Sheridan Post of the American Legion, past sergeant-at-arms and present chairman of activities of the 7-9 Club. A solid citizen, with four sons in the service, and himself the wearer of the silver button of the Red Cross Indicative of his personal donation to the Blood Plasma Fund.

Bill Reilly, not too big in stature, but, in courage and goodness of heart, as big as they come. A 1st grade detective for years, Bill holds many medals and citations for heroic and intelligent acts of police duty.

To all of the above we say, heartiest congratulations on the completion of your service with the Department. We sincerely hope each of you will live and enjoy your retirement for a great many years to come, and that you will drop in from time to time and greet those who think so highly of you.

To our new additions to the 79th—Sergeants Walter O’Connor, John Tracy and John Walker: Congratulations on your promotion! We hope you will enjoy your stay with us.

Sergeant Edward DiGiacomo has left the 79th and opened an office in the 60th—with Sergeant Terrribianova! Good things for Sam that wasn’t on the 79th BB team or we’d have hollered S-A-B-O-T-A-G-E.

looking 'em over

14th Division

83rd Ptd., Ptl. Joseph Szymow
85th Ptd., Ptl. Bugh T. Fine
87th Ptd., Ptl. William Smith
90th Ptd., Ptl. John J. Keating
92nd Ptd., Ptl. William Burg
94th Ptd., Ptl. Cyril Skene

85th Precinct: Congratulations and goodbye to Sergeant Quinn, promoted to lieutenant at Christmas time. His cheery smile will make him a welcome addition to his new command. A hearty welcome to our two newest members Sergeant Lyons and Ordag.

It seems I neglected to mention "Smiling Jim" Mahon in my report concerning the qualifications of Frey, McNulty and Stefanski for the commandos. So let it here and now be known that he has all the qualifications possessed by the trio mentioned—and then some.

Is it true Clancy's new angle on getting out at night is to take the dog with him—after first getting Nora's O.K.? The writing manner in which Magquire does a fine job of forecasing makes it tempting to impose upon him.

Never complains about anything he is asked to do, and does it always with a smile. With Fritsch now in charge of the Air Warden Command, we welcome back to the fold Sergeant Keenan and Patrolmen Larkin, Ostrofsky, Hughes and Nally.

Nelson received a letter from your reporter which the writer asked he put up in the stitting room, which he failed to do. The letter requested that the members of the command sign their names, under the proper heading, to designate whether or not they wish to continue this column. It is the only way your reporter has of knowing. Maybe Noll will handle this for him.

Goodbye and good luck to Sergeant Fitzgerald, who was with us for too short a time and is assigned now to the 19th Precinct.

After many many years in Stagg Street, Otto Schwarz has retired. Well liked by all who knew him, the best wishes of the command go with Otto in his retirement.

Favorite song of Forster and Fertig: "Roaming in the Gloaming." He had to get the flu to do it but Evers managed to be near that "certain party" by himself becoming a patient in St. Catherine's Hospital. He is home now and on the mend, which makes his sidekick, Digrius, happy.

After a long long time the team of Russo and Interrante is no more. Lenny says he would not have bought that new home had he known this was going to happen. I don't know why, but he claims he will have a "larger overhead" now and will have to employ a "more stringent" budget.

It was a grand party and a good time was had by all. A few highlights: Schmidt explaining why Tony sang "My Buddy." Clancy using the dog trick to attend—to some of the dog's tricks failed utterly to make Goldberg laugh. The high-class warbling of "Bing Crosby" Mahon and "Paul Robeson" McDade.

Izzy, the shoe-shine demon, has requested Matragano to instruct Faber in the art of getting up steam. In other words, Izzy would like to take his ear muffs off—for a change.


FLASH AND DOUBLE FLASH! Bergmann and his Lovely Missus are to be congratulated—another addition to this already large family. Russo's offer of a fifty-dollar Ward Bond makes him the leading contender for the godfather role. One and all are invited to the christening, Al announces.

I know I'm late with my greeting, but late or early I want to extend to all of the members and their families my best wishes for a Happy New Year.

(Note to Reporter: Please get in touch with the Managing Editor, either by phone or at the office of SPRING 3100, at your earliest convenience.)

90th Precinct: So long and best of luck to Nick Abranecti in his retirement. Others likewise have put in their papers but up to this writing we have heard nothing officially. We hope to have all the news on this month.

Our condolences to Patrolman Hughie Owens in the recent loss of his mother; also to Patrolman Patrick Daly in the passing of his sister.

Best of luck to Sergeant Joseph Frey, transferred last month to New York. That smiling new member of the command is Sergeant James J. McEnroe who came to us from the Emergency Service. We hope his stay with us will be a most pleasant one.

Congratulations to Patrolmen James Harbison and Edmund Hynes upon the rescue from a burning dwelling last month of a family trapped by the flames—a father, mother and young daughter.

Best of luck in his new command, the 79th, to Patrolman Marte, one of our newer men here and who, we think, is destined to make a name for himself in the job. Had a visit last month from Chief Petty Officer Eddie Blaisie from whom we hadn't heard in some time. George Denton, we hear, also has a Chief's rating now, and Bill Powell in a letter to Phil Scheir last month likewise states that all is well. See Lieutenant Watts, you students, should you be troubled at any time about answering any of the questions likely to be thrown at you in the next exam for sergeant.

Patrolman Stash Comulato, who wears red flannels now, claims they are at least 30 percent warmer than the two suits of longies worn by him heretofore. To the old reliable undies of other days will be Patrolman Napoli, we understand.

Sight of the Month: Joe Foley turning out for an 8 to 4 with a nightstick dangling on his shield.

Best of luck to Lieutenant Daniel Quinn, at present assigned to the 15th Division. Best wishes also in his new role of Precinct Warden Commander to Patrolman Joseph Maguire. Likewise to Patrolman Reilly, recently transferred to the Day Squad. A pat on the back to Patrolman Fat Daly who recently signed his last remaining son, who was not of enlisting age, into the Maritime Service—an excellent example of what the men of the 90th are showing in the way of patriotism. To his boy we wish the best of luck.

Are you up on your diction? How is your poise? Are you embarrassed when called upon to give your opinions? If so you should see Sergeant Craig and brush up on your weaknesses. You, too, will then be able to recite "The Cannon's Roar" with gestures and be the life of the party.

Looks like we'll have to discontinue our biographies for the nonce and wait until the smoke clears and we can see where we're at. With the changing of the squads and the doubling up of the men we can't continue along the lines of featuring the various squads as heretofore.

More on this later.

Captain James Lynch, our former commander, dropped in to say hello the other day and he sure looks like a million. He asked to be remembered to all.

Before closing we want to warn you to watch out for Burns and those new pennies that so closely resemble dimes. He not only paid your reporter two cents for a 20-cent sandwich the other day but he dared him to publish this catastrophic fact in SPRING 3100. P.S. Baby doing fine!
15TH DIVISION

106th Pet., Pvt. Alex Conrad.

102nd Precinct: What think you of the new working chart, men? Not bad, at that. Besides, we are policemen and well able to take it, no matter which way it comes. Reminds me of an old poem, "Only A Cop," a few verses of which follow:

They may knock him, they may knife him, take away his rights and pay;
But he is just the same old hero, on the sidewalks every day.
And the loudest to deride him, while the city sleeps in peace.
When a little danger threatens, they're the first to cry "Police!"
These we worshipped in years gone by, in the days when cops were kings;
They cheered his every effort and inspired greater things.
So when you see him passing by, just remember he's a man;
And remember he would die for you, as only coppers can.

When I suggested to Tom Sheridan, newly-appointed Warden Commander of the precinct, that he ought to receive a lieutenant's pay now, Tom disagreed... said a Captain's stipend would be more like it.

By the time you read this Santa Claus Bill Connolly will have retired—meaning—one of the nicest chaps we know—is going to be missed by youngsters as well as grownups residing here in the 102nd Precinct. Built like the real St. Nick himself, Bill's act put on each Christmas for the kids was the real McCoy. Good luck to you, Santa Claus, we hate to see you go.

New sweeps springing up in the station house like flies. They include now Keaveny, Pauls and Walton... What, no cookies?

Walter Sipp of the Broom & Mop gang has also become a Relaxer, and one guy who misses him sorely is Lieutenant Bob McAllister. Yes, Walt's coffee, cuisine included, couldn't be beat. Among others to sign up as Re-Laxers were Phil Klein (don't forget, Phil, the Legion still needs you), George Hofrath (whose spot at the Reservoir George handled so well), August Supen (who said the other day the evenings will be beer and knockwurst for him from now on), and George Meier, and to all of them we wish good luck and good health and contentment for many more years ahead.

Patrolman Egan is gone again—stayed only a short time with us and is back now in the 103rd.

By the time you read this the P.B.A. Ball will have been over, and the Anchor Ball too will have been a thing of the past; but don't forget, you members and friends of Queens Police Post No. 1103 and of N.Y.C. Police Garrison No. 3100, that both these organizations are having their affairs on February 13, the right spot and at different locations, the Queens Police Post at Lost Battalion Hall, on Queens Blvd., Elmhurst, L. I., and the N.Y.C. Police Garrison at the Henry Hudson Ballroom, 361 West 57th Street, New York City. Both these affairs will prove outstanding and to all merit your support... an evening of real entertainment will be yours for the attendance.

To those on sick report as this is written our best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery are extended... And to those of lonely men whom I fail to prod in this column I say don't be discouraged... I'll be getting around to you almost any edition now.

106th Precinct: On January 19 the members tendered to five of its retired members a farewell reception and dinner that was well attended and thoroughly enjoyed, particularly by the honor guests of the evening—Dan Moynihan, Henry Kludt, Barney Barry, Larry Cummins and Johnnie Goss. Johnnie Murray, our loaned-out back inspector, was in charge and John sure turned in a splendid job. The 102nd, our sister-in-law precinct, was well represented, and our precinct quartet, consisting of Tom Hampson, Neil O'Leary, Joe Becker and Harry Whitten—and any one else who felt in the mood—was never in better form. Another entertainer was John Biedinger in a remarkable exhibition of tap-dancing, including his world-famous routine around a gas pump. The former members were assured that they were welcome at any
time to visit with the boys in either the 102nd or 106th Precincts. Good luck, fellows! A long and healthy retirement is our wish—and may God speed you.

What handsome copper here is known as Mother O'Neil... If he keeps on bringing babies into the world, as his record shows, he should have little trouble getting a job as an expert at Jamaica Hospital—if and when he retires.

16TH DIVISION


105th Precinct: Congratulations and many thanks to our hard-working P.B.A. delegate, Bill Hackett, for the way he went about seeing to it that the boys from our precinct who are serving with Uncle Sam were remembered at Christmas time. All of the men here, from the captain down, joined in making this fancy gesture possible. But the lion's share of the work was taken care of by good old Bill, and to walk into back room now and read the letters of thanks that have found their way back to us sure makes one feel warm inside—and glad to be a member of this command.

Saw Jerry Scanlon for the first time since his promotion to sergeant and he assures your reporter that while his heart is probably a little larger, his head still takes the same size hat.

A night I shall long remember was New Year's Eve as I stood by and watched many of my buddies file their applications for retirement. It would be hard for us to say which of them we shall miss the most. To these men—Dolan, Sam Orr, Charles Henry, George Lavender and the others we say—a long and happy retirement to you.

Tom MacDonald tells me his mother-in-law was chased by a lion in the zoo and when I ask him what happened, he grins and says, "Let the lion look out for himself! ... If you see him without a cigar in his mouth, then it's not Tom Di Donnato..."

And to Mike Rosli, who was away from us for one year on the truck next door, we say—glad to see you back, Mike!... Frank Sweeney and Jim Nutty ride up on the train together—Mr. America and Mr. Long Island City, to you... Glad to see Jim Goodman back after a long layoff with a severe case of pneumonia... Bobby Luhrs stops by to say hello while home on a furlough, Bob, an MP, looks 100 percent... Aside to the boys in the service who have written me asking why no column in recent months: have patience; from this issue on I will try to keep you informed... Sergeant Ed Hayes is champing at the bit for it won't be long now until he turns in his chevrons and puts on the bars—with Sergeant Neil Winherry close behind. And while we are glad to see these men go ahead—we hate to see them leave the 108th... Sergeant Arthur Mahon stands in front of the S.H. and from a distance we mistake him for the statue of Civic Virtue. "What a Man" Mahon, as it were,... Notice how much better our safety record is since Charlie Noyer assumed charge? The right man in the right job.

Ask Joe Hamilton about the night he put his store teeth in the frigidaire, put his umbrellas to bed and himself stood up in the sink all night... Laffy is not with Dick Tracy any more, but we still have our Smiley Willie Ammann... Joey Clark (the Parson) sure doesn't look as though rationing has got around to him yet. Steps on a scale and has to put in a second penny in order to get his full weight... Patrolman Vic Caligurri moves into the County Court and Patrolman La Bau moves back to the 108th after being away from us for about 12 years... Another pal, Marty Gill, comes back at the end of his vacation. We welcome these old timers with open arms... Tom O'Donnell humming a song and advising your reporter, "I'll back my private voice against anyone's!..." Heartfelt sympathy to Thomas MacDonough in the loss of his beloved. Murder. Reduction of the number of men in civilian defense sends back to us Sergeant Henry White, to whom we are glad to say—welcome back, Sarge!... Boys like Con Dowd, Joe Clark and Willie Ammann take one look at the marbled wave featured by Sergeant Joe Carlin, go into the back room, take off their hats and moan: "There ain't no justice!..." We learn that Lieutenant Charles Dannhauser has his paper in, and this makes us happy of heart, for here was the man who gave us our first "see" when we came in the job and whom I will miss as much as any man I ever worked with. Good luck to you, Lieutenant Dannhauser, may good
health and complete happiness mark your retirement for many years to come.


Why is it, the boys in the clerical office want to know, the good Signor Anthony Q. Vicalory “beefs” so loudly when he is asked, politely, to help out the boys at mealtimes? . . . Some New Year’s Resolutions:

KIRK: Not to talk about his uncle.

STYPMANN: To be able to answer his partner’s eternal question, to wit: “What do I do now, Paul?”

MCKAY: Not to ask Lachenmeyer for too much assistance.

CONNOLLY: To avoid lumberage.

VRADENBURGH: To get himself a steady partner. D’ARCY: To always have the fuel tank full.

MOTT: To grow some grass on that “busy-street.”

SAVEKIN: To stop telling everyone “Everything happens to me!”

WATTS: To pray for another Brother Pfeiffer.

SULLIVAN and KALETCHITZ: To fulfill soon their promises regarding the venison.

Congratulations to Frank Makowski who was made a trustee of the Honor Legion. Don’t let that medallion wear you down, Frank. . . . Can anyone explain why Patrolman Mullins came in to do a late tour while on a 32 off recently? . . . Who are the culprits who tried to make a “5th Ave. Coach” out of Patrolman Rudge’s “town car”—by placing a “love-seat” on the roof of same? . . . Now that he has bought a comb, Patrolman Warschauer was heard to say, his wife can keep the egg-beater strictly for kitchen duty. . . . Why does Patrolman Denkert go around the back room asking “What do you think I am, 5 years old?”

“Admiral” McManamon says: “All our Navy has to do is lure out the Jap Navy, out-maneuver them into a pocket, and they will destroy themselves with their own shell fire.”

“Doctor” McManamon states: “When a man drowns, it is not the water that kills. Salt packs around the heart, forming a very hard shell, causing that organ to stop beating.”

“Lifeguard” McManamon says: “Clothing (overcoats and rubber boots in particular) should be removed prior to taking a dip in the surf—or even when taking a bath at home.”

To former Lieutenant Jacob Licker, now captain of the 28th Precinct, we wish the very best in his new command; and to Lieutenant Carlson, our new supervisor here, we likewise wish the best.

111th Precinct: A million thanks and appreciation again to that most generous, gentlemanly, and big-hearted of P.B.A. delegates, Al Fishman, for his gracious gesture in coming to the rescue of a hot-tensed magazine editor at a time when the said editor needed rescuing—and a whole lot of it—this on the occasion of the P.B.A. Ball at Madison Square Garden on February 29 past.

“Believe you me,” the said gent was heard to say, “Houdini himself could not have produced, and at a more opportune time, a more delicious—and delectable—double dose of S & S—surely under the circumstances a gift to the gods themselves.”

114th Precinct: January Birthday Greetings to Patrolmen Bohlen, Callahan, Denice, Dillon, Flanagan, Gatto, Hade, G. Lynch, Joe Lee, McDermott, Murray, Muller, Merkel Ridly, Seebode, Sulmonetti, Winkle.

February Birthday Remembrances to Sergeant Agnoli and Patrolmen Brennen, Blahnik, Bonner, Ernst, Ferguson, Gilmartin, George, Groeniger, Heffrich, Heslin, Hahnau, Hughes, Kratina, Jim Lee, McKeon, McMains, Mackiewicz, Newman, Owtsianik, Ripple. Many happy returns to you all!

Has any one of the regular gang on occasion reports in at the station house on his day off? Does Julie put him out—or somethin’? . . . It has been suggested Groeniger and Forbes go into the junk business and thus get rid of some of the old paper in those bundles of ancient orders, communications, etc. . . . Who in the seventh squad closely resembles Mortimer Snider?

Famous Sayings: HAMMES: “Hully Gee, Groeniger, a guy don’t even get started and you grab the book?” FORBES: “Hey, Hammer, are you finished with the book?” PAT O‘LEARY: “How does Brennan rate New Year’s Eve off?” (Ans.: No Pay.)

Don’t forget the little silver box, men; we cannot contact all the squads, so keep dropping those notes.

WHO IS IT???: One of the few eligible policemen left in the command seems to have fallen like a ton of paper for one of the lovelier females in the Warden Service. . . . Looks like maybe we will have an announcement soon.

Ex-Patrolman (now Private) Rooney writes that the Army is the place for Wartemelt, with what good eats, uniforms on the cuff, no house tax, et cetera. . . . Patrolman George (junior) Holland over the Yule tide played Santa Claus in fine style, his efforts resulting in Christmas remembrances sent to the eleven members of our command now in the armed services. Several nice letters of thanks already received. . . . Lots of luck to Patrolman Chirico, transferred last month to the 28th Precinct. . . . Better late than never, we discovered finally that Bishop Joe and Mrs. Sulmonetti celebrated last October the birth of a daughter, Mother, Father and New Arrival doing nicely.

Our sincere sympathies to the family of the late Detective Charles Nicholson, one of the grandest men we knew, who was killed in an automobile accident last month. May his soul rest in peace.

Condolences also to Patrolman George in the death of his Mother, to Sergeant Fritz in the loss of his sister, and to Patrolman Linn in the passing of his brother.

Good luck to the “man who did not last long”—arrived in December and left in January—Patrolman Balling, who went to the 15th Division. . . . Who is known as “Honolulu”? One of our plain-clothes men, maybe? . . . Which member of the 111th groves Christmas trees in Bayside?

TRAFFIC C

Pil. Joseph H. Werns

Our sympathies and best wishes to those of our comrades currently on sick report.

Sincere condolences to a former comrade, Arthur Hunt, in the loss of his wife; to Patrolman McHugh in the death of his father, and to Patrolman Beckman in the passing of his sister.

Another of our buddies has left us via retirement, and to Al Buchman we send our good health in the days to come.


Good luck and safe return to Vince McGrath, now serving Uncle Sam in the U. S. Navy, and also to the son of Patrolman Ed McDonnell, serving in the Air Corps.

You should have seen O’Mallon (Malinski to you), who is studying to be a carpenter, climbing a ladder with one hand and in the other carrying a saw, hammer, bag of nails—and between his teeth a trisquare.

What do you think of a couple of wheels who barge into a person’s home at 6:30 A.M. for a New Year’s call, yell “WHEN DO WE EAT?” then chase you out to get some bagels (bread they wouldn’t eat), and when you come back one of the screwheads has on your pajamas and both then complain they’re getting Spam and not a bagel? Now, I’m not mentioning any names, directly, but if you should happen to spot in your neighborhood one Atlas Wendell (he with the missing uppers) or Bo-Pep Hartman (he with the lacking lowers) take a tip and lock your doors.

WHY: does Lombardi give a warwhoop when he spots Buckley entering the door? . . . Does Lou Mason have to have hand up his overcoat? . . . Congratulations to Patrolmen Abe Eskowitz and Charlie Padberg on their awards of Commendation last month. . . . Is it true Sam (Bugels) Wachtstein was spanked—by Ma Ma for cashing his check last month? If any of you checker players get stuck for a checker-board all you have to do is borrow Martin Daly’s new shirt. (Boy, it’s a honey!) . . . Did you know that Herman Rodhe is the proud possessor of
five milking cows!—and that he is seriously considering going into the dairy business. . . And that Eskowitz's honey doesn't want him to call her on the phone any more during business hours, because his voice carries so loudly and scares the other folks in the room. . . And that Sandy MacGregor sent the Mrs. for a 50 lb. sack of potatoes and suggested she carry them home one at a time—so they would not become bruised? . . . Wonder why Ed Dirlam hides behind a newspaper when he sees landowner Ontko coming?

Don't forget the black box on the wall, Remember, it's there for you all! So get yourself busy . . . So I won't be dizzy Keeping out from behind the 8 ball!

Why does Jimmie Mullins in 1st District Traffic peruse the sergeants' promotion and retirement lists so closely? Could it be those cellophone-wrapped stripes that he carries around with him and burning holes in his pocket? And while on the subject, did you know that since Carlson is retiring Jimmie is taking over his job of haunting houses ($5e per house)?

Ever hear Sergeant Thomas Halligan singing "Lay That Pistol Down, Babe"? And did you know that Sergeant Walter Nawrocky, who is buying fishing hooks already, says he will have more time for the sport when he gets that "gold bar"? And that Madden has hopes of seeing his post more often now that John Matthews is retiring? That Buttermint Buckley still is crying because "something always happens to 411"? That John Morrissey likes chicken crates? (Wonder why?) That Bamberger wants to know if post 4 is still being covered? That Dyrlic still calls Hrubes "My Boy"? And the clerical men call Tiny Lagergren, Fiddler Devine and Stanchion-roller Brennan the three Gremlins? That Corny Joel says when he retires he is going to take his cork with him—he's not taking any chances? That Bill Boyle was married in his house out in Queens during a recent snow storm and had to send out an S.O.S. so he could get to work on time? And that the zoot Bobrow wore into the station house one day last month was something "out of this world"? Who is that eye-talian man who always calls up MacGregor at his home? Is it true those two bottom front teeth W. Hartman had in put were a birthday present? Where does Martin Daly go every Friday night?

Fellows, see your reporter for the addresses of some of our comrades who are serving Uncle Sam. It would be nice, don't you think, to drop them a line once in a while?

TRAFFIC G

One Round Dawson

Daydreaming in a Dentist's Office Part I

O'Callahan had a tooth that started jumping in its lair, So with fear and trepidation he made straight for the dentist's chair. The Doc, a gentle soul (oh, yea!), in Mike's eyes saw the dread, Promised sweetly he'd go easy—and to the chair his patient led. Mike pleaded then for mercy—the Doc started in to work, The tooth emerged quick from its groove with just one mighty jerk. When the dentist proudly raised the task for his patient to behold, There was no answering shout of joy—poor Mike had passed out cold.

Part II

Casey and Egan tried for captain—but Mike was hard to follow, On the list he came out NUMBER ONE—he'd beat them out all hollow! With great celerity he was received mid honors manifold, With head held high he faced the world—WHO SAID HE WAS TOO OLD?

Part III

Then came the rude awakening—there he was still in the chair . . . He'd been riding the beam in a cocaine dream—with the Doctor supplying the air.

TRAFFIC O

Frank & Earnest

Our sympathy to the family of the late Patrolman William Brady . . . "Bill," as he was affectionately known here at Traffic O, will be missed. Another reminder, men, that this column is written, as always, in the spirit of fun and is not intended, please believe us, to hurt the feelings of any.


Happy to report that Bill Gurry and Tom Dugan are again proud Papas . . . Syl. Davis was confined to the hospital for a few days and is now making good progress on the road to recovery . . . Also Tom Galkowski, who is looking well again, and Lieutenant Tom Armstrong who was in Norwegian Hospital for a spell. . . All in all we're a tough gang to keep down.

Freddie Smith, Charley (Little Caesar) Robinson and Joe Ryan did a good job removing the shields from the traffic lights. . . Quite a few of the boys transferred: George (Pineapple) Bernheimer to Traffic N, John Blayz to the Emergency Service Division, Bill Lehr to the 79th Precinct, Wally (Big Woids) Cledan to the boats and Frank (Psycho) Seper and Joe Haug to the Motorcycle Squad. Good luck to you all! . . . John (hands on my shoulders) Pfueffer and Fred Petri made a good catch while assigned to the 25th Precinct, as did also Tom Galkowski in the 18th Precinct . . . Eddie (Musees) Sullivan in the latter precinct caught a cold. . . George (Coca Cola) Moeller is straining at the bit now—about 10 on the sergeants' list. Wherever you go, George, we'll miss you, especially John Hoenig, our second-in-command in the clerical office . . . Art Hug and Howie (Don Juan) Kuhlman also counting the days till they are reached. . . John Hoenig has his fingers crossed. They might make 600, John, so don't give up the ship!

Our congratulations to the following, all former members of this command, on their fine showing on the lieutenants' list: Sergeants Deutsch, Nawrocky, Nealis and Ross. . . Artie (Cruller Toes) Matthews is in fine fettle these days; the night air must agree with him. Buddy Southwick and Artie are two of the mainstays of our glee club . . . Chris Spor has applied for his pilot's license; does so much flying he thinks he is qualified. . . Teddy (Main Street Romeo) Brennies has stolen Enoch away from Kaufman and Walsh, so don't chimp for a dependent, you guys, he belongs to Teddy this year. . . Phil O'Brien and Marty Walsh, each of whom has a son in the service, will have company on future jaunts with the American Legion—after the kids pack Adolph & Co. away . . . Jerry O'Neil, now with the Coast Guard, while on furlough recently, walked the plank, and to him and the new Mrs. O'Neil we wish all the luck in the world . . . Joe Dauber, who was wounded in Italy, is home for a rest. Get well quick, Joe, we're all rooting for you. . . Hope Joe Haley is doing well in the Marines—and the best of luck to him . . . John (Bumpy) Kehoe had a letter from one of our retired members, Charlie (Skippy) McLoughlin, who is an Army sergeant now stationed somewhere in the Pacific. Good hunting to you, Skippy.

Tom Dugan and Bumpy took the tuxedos out of mothballs for the annual affair of the P.B.A. on January 29 past . . . Why does Rey (ball breaker) Schaffner call Johnny Griffin "Lloyd"? Since the booth at 85th Street burned down the boys have a tough time out there. Poor Marty should have been a fireman. . . "Help a buddy and buy a bond" is what Al Wolfe, the old Legionnaire from St. Albans, tells me . . . Roger (long drawers) McDonald hurt his leg on the Queensboro Bridge recently and was out of action for two weeks. . . Walter (Warby) Warwieke, the old "deactivated" cruiser man who used to be a traffic cop, our most eligible batch, may take the dive any day now. All he needs is the nerve to pop the question. . . Bert (Cutie) Forster of 4th District Traffic is taking off a lot of weight since being assigned as Lieutenant Hanley's little helper. . . Art Matthies (not to be confused with Cruiser Toes), deep in the books for the next sergeants' exam, is being coached by Frank & Earnest . . . Walter Ferchland, our traffic delegate, was on hand to greet the boys at the last election in which Sergeant Bill Keneally was re-elected.

A belated wish for a Happy New Year to you all!

17TH DIVISION OFFICE

Pt. Traffic Mann

Chief Sheehy started the New Year right in the best of health—and more power to him. . . Deputy Chief Phelan's top ambition: to kill 80 Japs at a time—but often! And by the way: congratulations, Grampa! . . . Lieutenant Mcgeary enjoying himself telling
Lieutenant King he has the necessary qualifications for the WACS, the latter meanwhile still looking for justice—but no soap.

Aside to Lieutenant Downes: What, no Florida this year? Banger will miss making that yearly pay deduction.

Sergeant Maguire sporting a beautiful haircut—a super-surgeon special, eh, Tim? ... Sergeant Pettigrew, master carpenter, on his way to Puerto Rico as a traffic expert. What are Mrs. P.'s views on this—and what about Banger's porch—which he still is building—with the assistance of Pettigrew and Wendell, of course. . . . Doc Wilson due to succumb any day now to Lieutenant King's entreaties. How are ya kidding, Doc? . . . Henry Wendell doesn't say much, but when he does say something he doesn't leave any doubt in your mind.

Tony Ciborski always giving the girls a treat—a connoisseur on feminine loveliness if ever there was one. Yes! Yes! . . . Dick Mayer, Tony's stooge, hasn't had much to say lately. Preoccupied with his ice skating, no doubt. . . . 'Big Gus' Harms busily engaged walking the floor these late tours with his son, Little Gus. . . . Mildred Scott, reminiscing about life in the Village with some of those other Villagers around here. . . . Who will be sticks her chest out when she's seen walking the vicinity of 240 in the not too distant future with a member of the armed forces? Yeah! We mean you, Julia Gregory. . . . Note to our Sergeant Oscar Rosner, presently serving with Uncle Sam in Italy: Hurry up and polish off those Nazis and come back—as you have opposition. Better still, maybe you could have your opposition transferred over there with you so you will still have a 50-50 chance—with Julia.

**MOTORCYCLE PRECINCT 1**

Pd. Jack Garfield

Birthday Greetings to Sergeant Davis, Feb. 6; Patrolmen: Deegan, Feb. 8; Seefchak, Feb. 13; Siegel, Feb. 20; Basta, Feb. 22; West, Feb. 25; Porter, Feb. 29.

How come nothing has been said of late about Jimmy Cusack and his peaches? . . . Anyone seeking advice on matrimony might contact our own Pat Caravano—who has several reasons for knowing. . . . Morris Siegel proudly standing the new two-way pipe he received for Xmas—cigar stubs in one compartment and cabbage in the other. . . . Joe (Adonis) Barrett (my very best friend) singing "I Ought To Be In Pictures". . . . Was that Herbie West we saw furtively ducking into a barber school last month?

IS IT TRUE: That the hole in Eddie Harmon's head is becoming larger everyday? . . . That the Green Hornet (Oschenhirt) doesn't know what size the hole in a 35¢ coffee ring should be? . . . That Patrolman George Jarczyński is thinking of taking up dancing? . . . That any one needing advice may consult, free of charge, Patrolman Clayton Hand, our backroom counsellor? . . . That it's hard to imagine who would take boudoirs with Roy. Who'd he ever lose that comb he carries? . . . That Tom (C. H.) Burke when discussions are in progress may be found usually right in the middle of them? . . . That George Dobbs can buy more junk gotten up to resemble cars than any second-hand dealer you can mention? . . . That Sergeant Ernie Davis, our Checker Champ, challenges one and all to a match—provided he (the champ) is allowed to use his own checker board? . . . And Patrolman Kenneth Smith, our cigar-smoking champ, challenges anyone to a cigar-smoking contest—provided you furnish the cigars? . . . That Patrolmen Rapps and Rickert are having quite a contest to see who can grow hair the quickest? . . . That Joe (I love dogs) Clark while dining at a restaurant swallowed a turkey bone—then took the rest of the dinner home? . . . That Patrolman Marty Hirschfeld since the coming of the New Arrival would like to meet the guy who said "three can live as cheaply as one"? . . . That Patrolman John Youst has made a new seal for the police cigarette decorations? . . . That Patrolman (Commander) Blimp Roberts is willing to have his tonsils taken out, go on a diet, have his fingers manicured and a wave put in his hair—if the C.O. would only give him the opportunity to be placed on the day squad? . . . That John Henle Jr. must be eating a lot of Jewish paprika and gefulthe fish of late—his dialect gets better every day? . . . That if Patrolman Joe Koncik doesn't diet it will be easier after a while to jump over him than to walk around him? . . . That since smoking those Xmas cigars Patrolman Joe Shields doesn't look or feel the same—leaves the old crate at home now—afraid of being involved for driving while unconscious? . . . That it's hard for Patrolman Seef-
to come included—to the comrades-in-arms who were retired last month.

Now for the wetwash: Our opening item concerns one Jake Gerhard, who smokes a pipe—or rather I should say smokes matches—because he always has one in his pipe. Rumming in his sweater for his matches the other day the pocket caught fire, and Jake might have received a serious burn had not our former Boy Scout, Gene Roeder (who always had a secret ambition to be a fireman anyway) jumped into action and rescued the burning Jake by the heroic expedient of beating out the fire with his bare hands. Moral of the story is: don't leave matches around where children or aged persons can get to them.

Is it true several of the boys have been wearing out the rug leading into the skipper's office looking to land the jobs recently made vacant by those who retired? . . . Patrolman LeeFever was assigned one of the new wheels sent to us from Spd. 2. Have good luck with it, Scarlet. . . . Patrolman Glasser came through with the reason why the buttons on his coat are hard to button now. Congratulations, Grandpa! . . . Glad to see Skid Freisegke recovered from an extended siege of pneumonia and back in good shape again.

Among those whom we all were sorry to see go, via retirement, was Eddie Shields. He was a swell guy—the kind of a guy that we all wish we could be. Eddie had tears in his eyes when he said good-bye to the boys on the Sunday that he started his vacation, and believe it or not, Eddie, The Ghost was there when you shook hands all around, and saw Joe Bacher and a few others wipe their eyes when the door shut behind you on your way out of the command. In any event, Ed, now you can sit on a chair close by the phone and not have to jump every few seconds to answer it. . . . And whenever you are in the vicinity stop in and say hello.

Good luck also to George Seifert and good fishing. Likewise to Terry Borelli and Tert.

Jim Sullivan, who in his new eatery serves soups at 5¢ a plate, ought to get together with Mergl, who in his capacity as Scoutmaster would be a handy guy to have around and could help out with the dish-washing besides. Remember the time when he was proprietor of Pommene Hall? . . . The said Mergl, incidentally, was overheard lecturing to all who would listen the other day on how to feed scouts while out camping, with especial emphasis on the subject of making coca and the preparation of prunes. Mason, for one, seemed very much interested. . . . Just mention clam juice to Lieutenant K. and then start making tracks—but big ones—for a door—the nearest one. . . . During a recent heavy downpour, LeeFever, out with a sidecar, managed successfully to use it as a submarine—and this despite the fact he fouled the periscope and couldn't see where he was going. Why is Patrolman Fischer known as the "Whoa" of Forest Park?

And so until next month.

MOUNTED DIVISION  

Glad to see Act. Deputy Inspector Mehan back in harness again after a long siege of illness—a battle from which "Ole Man Flu" emerged second best.

Congratulations to Captain Barney Connors, now in command of Mounted Squadron 2! And similarly to Lieutenant Credenmack, in charge now of Harlem. Also to Lieutenant Hurley, at Varick Street, and Act. Lieutenant Kane, at Brook Avenue.

Varick Street stable is thinking of appealing to Dick Tracy to solve that most perplexing of mysteries—Who Ate Hunk's Pie? . . . We would also like to know who is breaking in whom into running the said Varick Street stable.

We all were sorry to see the following named leave the Department after years of faithful service. We'll miss them—and we hope they will enjoy for many years to come the respite from police routine they have so justly earned: Matty Kais, Abbot Morgan, Pat Mulligan, Edward LaForge, Harold Cubbery, Troop A; Harry Lunt, Charles Korb, Bert Peterson, Troop B; Ed Grout, C; Jim Hamilton, J., Finnegan, D; and, oh yes, our good friend Neal Ward. . . . Sorry I haven't at this time the names of the men of Mounted Squadron 2 who have left us, but good luck and good health to you all.

Famous Sayings (heard about the Harlem barn): "Come on, Amy" (Amhurst). . . . "Give him a shove, Bill!" . . . I can't go bowling tonight—I forgot to bring my shoes and ball!"

WHY: Does Nolan always say "Yes, Mr. Booker," to Willie Martin? . . . Does Savoca because he wears a big red sweater with gray stripes think he's a basketball player? . . . Does the Hunchback of Notre Dame call Fitzpatrick Flat Top? . . . Who is called The Nipper? (Would Nolan know?). . . . Who is called Laffy—and why? . . . Why does a certain cop wear a blue sweatshirt with yellow P.D. letters on it? Thinks he's a roughrider, maybe—or was he? . . . How is it that Clancy (formerly of Harlem and now with the elite in Central Park) is the only man that can throw Chop Chop Kuhow off his stride when bowling? Is it true that articles of old clothing; including shoes, hats, etc., you might have laying around will be gladly accepted by Knobby (Getting ready to go into business, maybe)? . . . What's amiss with Frank Naugton lately? He perspires very freely—and we know it's not from overwork.

The Sixty-four Dollar Question: How does the Glee Club manage to get along since Masterson and Schrimpfl left it—so willingly?

AIR WARDEN SERVICE  

Pl. DeMolition

The Commandant and Staff of the Air Warden Service desire to express a word of appreciation for the splendid work performed by the Acting Captains and Acting Lieutenants of this Department who have been assigned to the Air Warden Service and were recently transferred to other police duties.

The Air Warden Service is but one of the many civilian protective forces responsible for the peace defense of this city. However, the largest protective service with a volunteer force of more than 150,000 men, women and boys. The organization and development of such a body is evidence of the monumental job performed by the police officers assigned to this service. This organization is trained, alert, disciplined and ready for any emergency because of a job well done by these men of the "Finest."

Those who have been returned to their regular police duties can, without any false pride, look at them and say of the service that continues, ready for any emergency. They deserve every commendation that the Department and the citizenry of this city can bestow upon them for their faithful and diligent work. They were the pioneers who helped New York City find its common defense in community action.

We welcome those patrolmen who have been assigned as Precinct Warden Commanders. They have a serious task before them in sustaining the high efficiency and morale that the Air Warden Service has achieved. Good luck to them all.

POLICEWOMEN'S BUREAU  

Plw. Emma Alden

GET WELL WISHES to Director Mary A. Sullivan, who indicates her sincere appreciation for all the kind thoughts expressed in inquiries. (It is understood the office staff will be ready for rest-cures by the time all the tales of illnesses are completely related by those who love to talk about their own operations and accidents.)

BEST WISHES to December retired Plw. Mary E. Maguire! Ditto to January retired Plw. Louise M. O'Neil and Martha Wissman of JAB and Margaret Solan of the Bureau.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS to Margaret Brennan, Katharyn Kalish, Grace Kohls, Martha Margreiter, Barbara Popken.

SALUTATIONS ON YOUR BIRTHDAY—JAB's Edna Beirne, Claudine Devlin, Anna Kauff, Catherine Leahy, Irene Peters, Jean Ryan.

JANUARY JOYS WE LIKE TO REMEMBER: Janet Clingan's change of name to MRS. Theodore Johnson. . . .

Good luck! Dorothy Nottage back in Missing Persons. . . . Judging from the lady's photo, he's going to be tall and handsome.

Yetta Cohen looking unusually well after that Hollywood jaunt! Rebecca Kaplan's manner of testifying in court complimented upon by the Magistrate.

Estelle Meyer's delirious happiness when "Hubby" had his furlough. . . . Did they see Broadway shows!

Commissioner Valentine complimenting the leader of the WAVE chorus at the Fourth War Loan Rally!

Adele Lewis's 8th Birthday, lady girl on Jan. 24. . . . Sincere best wishes!

Mary Ayers won the second election for Chairman of Research Committee of PEA. The 1944 officers include: President—Ann
Orr; Vice President—Helen Green; Recording Secretary—Emma Alden; Corresponding Secretary—Margaret Ewen; Treasurer—Margaret Beirne; Sergeant-at-Arms—Marion Shangnessley; Legislative Committee—Lucy Murphy; Membership Committee—Felicia Shpritzer; Grievance Committee—Aldacia Knowles.

Policewomen's Endowment Association dinner and dance at the Hotel Martineau was a delightful affair. A letter from our "Molly" was so read by her daughter that it truly made our Director present in spirit. . . . The very capable Deputy Inspector Kent was Installation Officer. He would have liked hearing the intelligent, practical, psychological explanations on the difficulty of controlling juvenile delinquency expounded by George Givot in the early morning after the lecture. The latter thought Policewomen are needed more than ever now to cope with the "youth on the streets" problem; although he traced the seeds of delinquency to the early stages of childhood when the child first learns to rationalize deception in order to gain his own ends. (G. G. is THE handsome stage and screen actor.)

Top Shooting Congratulations for Marion Buskey, Aldacia Knowles, Martha Mirsherger. . . . Morrice Baer is also a good "Pistol-Packing Mama."

Catherine Rosenberg reports Class of 1925 celebrated their 18th birthday with a "get-together" dinner on December 30. The committee consisted of Mabel Leonard, Lucy Murphy, and Catherine Rosenberg. As usual, a good time was had by all present including retired Policewomen Hannah Dolan and Adelaide Mundell, both of whom looked remarkably well and happy. All are looking forward to December 30, 1944!

Following song titles in relation to policewomen's work, devised by Rebecca Kaplan:
1. City Hall Assignment—"I Love a Parade."
2. Asking a Magistrate to Sign a Warrant—"Night and Day."
3. Looking for a Gypsy—"Somewhere I'll Find You."
4. Investigating in a Slum Neighborhood—"La Cucaracha."
5. Making an Arrest—"Don't Cry, Baby."
6. Reaction on D.O.A. Call—"You'll Never Know."
7. Some Desk Lieutenants—"Paper Dolls."
8. Station House Duty—"As Time Goes By."
9. Getting a Forthwith—"Sunday, Monday, and Always."
10. Returning for Broadway Squad Roll Call at 6 A.M.—"Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!"
11. After Obtaining Spiritualist Evidence—"I'll Be Around." 
12. Getting a Complaint—"My Heart Tells Me."
13. Assigned With a Member of the Force—"People Will Say We're in Love."
14. Lost Child—"Who's Your Little W holog?"

RECOMMENDED: Guggenheim Foundation at 24 E. 54 St.—the only educational institution in the world sponsoring non-objective painting. . . . this art is "spirituality made visible."

HAVE YOU HEARD about the miniature shield fondly presented to Safety Bureau's retired Lieutenant "Uncle" Dan Tierney?—Kathryn Moylan

NEws OF OUR CIVIVES

Postcards were sent to all members of the Police Civilian Council reading as follows:
"We are pleased to announce that arrangements have been completed to furnish our members with a series of sixteen lectures on "Functions of the Police Department." These will be given at 12 noon on the following dates:
1. Abraham Chess, president of the Council, and Frederick Q. Wendt, former president, have offered their services to the Committee without fee and it has been arranged for each to deliver eight of the sixteen lectures which will be given in the Triad Room at Headquarters on Monday and Thursday evenings (with the exception of Thursday evening, which will be given on the Thursday lectures on those weeks), at 5:45 P.M., beginning the first week of January, January 31. A fee of 25 cents will be charged for each lecture."

"Your report interviewed Irving S. Weber, chairman of the Committee on Education, at the January 31 lecture, and this was his comment:"

"This course of lectures is an innovation. We believe that it is the first time that in-service-training has been given by the employees themselves. President Chess and Past President Wendt who are conducting these lectures deserve great praise for contributing their time and services."

Attention Members: If you are not receiving your monthly notices, do not charge this to the officers of your Council. The responsibility is yours and yours alone. Please send correct home address to your secretary, Ann Moran, Engineers Office, 400 Broom Street (6th floor).

What happened to you girls who promised to attend the last Council meeting (Jan. 12, 1944)? It is up to you to make the Council a worthwhile organization. The meetings can be made interesting, but not without the cooperation—or at least the attendance—and one more members. Your reporter is becoming a bit saddened at being the only lady (besides your secretary, Ann Moran) who shows up at meetings and lectures. We repeat, it is your responsibility to make Council No. 129 an up-and-coming organization and we are compelled to warn you lackadaisical members that you may lose the right to be a council in the Civil Service Forum if more interest is not shown. Business houses, stores, your landlord, the gas and electric people do not wait until the patron is good and ready to pay. The store refuses merchandise, the landlord throws you out, the utility company turns off the gas or electricity, the telephone company disconnects your phone. . . . So be good for goodness' sake (from "Santa Claus is coming to town"), and pay up your back dues, get a new 1944 card. Become an active member and you will benefit not only yourself but the entire membership as well.

The girls of the License Bureau gave a farewell dinner to Rosmary Humphreys, who last month became a WAC. . . . All agree, too, incidentally, that she will do the WAC uniform justice. Good luck, Rosmary!

Pearl Melton, who has been Managing Editor Delph's secretary for seven years (her first assignment in Civil Service and lucky for SPRING 400, in the Police Department), is a quiet, charming girl whose hobbies are playing the piano, attendance at the opera, and knitting two by four sweaters for her tiny niece.

"Diamond Jim" of the Legal Bureau was told by a fortune teller that he would go to Hollywood . . . another Phil Regan? Do you sing and dance, too, George?

Florence Sharkey, of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, left the Department temporarily to have a baby—No. 3.

An orchid to W. V., one of your reporter's best friends and a real "regular fellow."

Patrolman Arthur Nevins, who holds down the information desk in the Academy, at 400 Broom Street, sure likes his corned beef and cabbage.

Your reporter saw Lucy ("Brains") Murphy, former head of the Policewomen's Endowment Association, eating beef-a-la-mode at the Headquarters' Tavern the other day. An asset to any party, we should love to meet you again, Lucy, at the next affair of the Police Civilian Council.

Though the best coffee drinker in the Department is Patrolman Michael Greene, the trouble is he never shows up to drink it. Serve at 4, Mike, remember?

A word of commendation now for "Tony" whose "heroes" (and if you don't know what they are by now, you should) are the best that can be had.

"Tomorrow, today will be yesterday" . . . by a small boy named Man.

Aside to our new boss, Acting Lieutenant Edward T. Feedy: We're all with you, Lieutenant, so just watch us clean up the DD 4's and 5's—and its no time—we hope.

Motor Transport Division

Prof. L. Spillit

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Farrara who take this opportunity to announce the appearance of a new addition—a bouncing baby boy—Dennis! Joe celebrated the occasion by handing out cigars to all his friends and co-workers, and anyone who inadvertently missed getting his is advised to contact Joe while there's still a supply on hand. . . . No cigars, incidentally, will be given out after March 15th.

Anyone wishing to get a pair of shoes wholesale—anyone, that
is, who is unafraid of incurring in such purchase bunions, callous, ingrown toenails and the like—should contact Patrolman O'Sullivan, who is a good hand at getting bargains. Let Dave tell you about those 6 stitches he got for nothing one evening up in the Bronx!

Because of a slight bronchial condition, Lieutenant Mooney has been forced to cancel all his operatic and concert appointments. Tom informs us, however, that as soon as the condition is corrected, he will resume his singing of his favorite selection, “Ticonderoga Pencils.”

Visitors to the office of Motor Transport are advised to leave their electric razors at home, the reason being that a certain youngster here, Freddie Symington, goes wild every time he sees one of the darned contraptions in action and starts to swing his arms in all directions. For further details, contact Patrolman William (Cuddly Bunny) Dell.

Motor Transport’s quartet of Confused Bachelors—John Lynch, Tom Mooney, Pat McCulgen and Filip Kennedy—in congress assembled have unanimously endorsed for publication the following masterpiece:

Thousands of years it took to make  
A monkey into a man.  
But give a woman just one week  
And he’s back where he began!

Editor’s Note: Come to think of it, isn’t it a shame the four birds mentioned above persist in refusing to give some nice respectable gals a good home—with the alternative of a little alimony in the event the going gets too tough!

Heartiest congratulations to Jerry Kaufman, of the Central Repair Shop, upon his graduation Magna Cum Laude from St. John’s University School of Law! Hey, Jerry, it looks like your association with Act. Sergeant John MacDonald really meant something to you after all! Good luck and best wishes to you for a successful career.

Recognize the handsome Bride and Groom posed happily above? In all probability you do not. The lovely couple had said their tender “I Do’s” only last Fall—on Sept. 11, 1948, to be exact—and the handsome groom, Master Sgt. Eric Marcus, a member of the U.S. armed forces, with his outfit is stationed currently in Edmonton, Canada. The lovely bride (pretty as the proverbial picture, isn’t she?), the former Miss Evelyn Morrell, is a niece of Captain Fred McKenna, genial commander of the Harbor Precinct, and it was at his home, on Sunday, January 30, that a sendoff party was tendered the still blushing bride prior to her leaving on the morning following to visit with her husband in Edmonton—a three-day trip by rail, incidentally. Happy landings, Evelyn and Eric, and may your fondest dreams—each and every one—come true.

Aside to Evelyn’s Dad: Can’t stop thinking, Joe, of those 60 gallons and what the gang is going to do to them if Walter’s spouse in due course comes through with a boy!

OPTIMIST?

Husband: “I’ve got to get rid of my chauffeur; he’s nearly killed me four times now.”

Wife: “Oh, give him another chance, John.”

We hated to say goodbye on January 31 past to Patrolman Bill Deneen who at 12 midnight on that date terminated his services with the great organization which Bill for 30 years had served faithfully, loyally and well. It was no easy decision for him to make. No member of the Department was more proud of his association with New York’s “Finest” than Bill Deneen. And it is unfortunate that the protracted illness of his lovely Missus left him no other choice. Good luck and good health to you, Bill, and let’s be hearing from you often.
CRIMINALS WANTED

WANTED FOR MURDER

THOMAS P. MALONE
Aliases
JOHN PATRICK
MACK and
JOHN J. MACK

DESCRIPTION—Age 48 years; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight 185 pounds; grey eyes; black hair, grey on sides. Occupations, chauffeur, electrician and bartender.

WANTED FOR GRAND LARCENY

COLONEL HALE HEATHERINGTON HALQUIRE
Aliases ALFRED E. LINDSAY, "LINDSEY," "LINDSLEY."
DESCRIPTION—Age 76 years, (looks younger); 5 feet, 8½ inches; 234 pounds; blue eyes; gray hair; ruddy complexion; bulibous nose; wears eye-glasses; neat dresser; American. Usually carries a cane, and may limp. May apply at some hospital for medical treatment for arthritis. Poses as a Washington, D. C. lobbyist, representative of big business, and an Army Officer. Former resident of Philadelphia, Pa., and Washington, D. C.

WANTED FOR MURDER

ELLIS RUIZ BAIZ
DESCRIPTION—Age 34 years; height 5 feet, 6 inches; weight 155 pounds; black hair mixed with gray; brown eyes; wears glasses; upper teeth missing; scar on upper right side of forehead; abdomen scar from operation. Poorly dressed. Wore black overcoat, brown suit and hat. Hotel worker.

WANTED FOR MURDER

RALPH MACEROLI
Alias "THE APE"
DESCRIPTION—Age 28 years; height 5 feet, 8 inches; weight 140 pounds; brown eyes; chestnut hair. Residence, 82 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Members of the Force who are successful in the apprehension of any person described on this page or who may obtain information which will lead to the arrest will receive Departmental Recognition.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE, Police Commissioner.
## In Memoriam

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sgt. Michael J. Dowd</td>
<td>Jan. 17, 1944</td>
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<td>Sgt. Charles E. W. Terriere</td>
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<td>Ptl. Martin J. Baggott</td>
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<td>Ptl. Emil J. Missa</td>
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<td>Ptl. Frederick L. Johnson</td>
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<td>Ptl. Daniel J. Buckley</td>
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<td>Ptl. William T. Reilly</td>
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<td>Ptl. Edward J. Green</td>
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<td>Ptl. Eugene J. Mahoney</td>
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<td>Ret. Ptl. Martin Haniffy</td>
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<td>Ret. Ptl. Charles Fries</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ret. Ptl. Louis C. McMahon</td>
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