ıdge William J. Buckley Unifies Party Torn Asunder

ces Helm to Bring Together ctions Which Could Not Agree

OUR CREED

"I believe in playing square, both at home and at school, obeying my parents and teachers, helping one another, being a good loser and a true friend, and above all, in upholding the constitution of the Friendship-Circle. It is my business to enthuse, promise little and do much."

THE JU

Edited by the Frie

Scribes Are Busy As Junior School Page Will Appear

All school page reporters should be present at the meeting Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock in the Bridgeport Boys club on the corner of Gold and Middle streets. Each reporter should have his news and be prepared to hand it in to either Uncle Dudley or Dot Roda.

The school page will make its first appearance next Sunday—one week from today. It is up to you to make that school page surpass that of any other in the city, and you have the advantage, for you can be the very first to obtain the news.

A bit of advice. Speak to your home room teacher immediately. Tell her that you are a reporter of the new school page and that you are anxious to have your school in the lead. Your teacher will be only too glad to help you and to tell you where you can obtain any news that would be of interest.

There is to be a special column of personals for teachers. Round up and corner all the teachers you know and find out what they have been doing all summer. Perhaps some have stud'ed in universities, enjoyed vacations at resorts or traveled abroad—Oh, there are heaps of things that teachers do, and they like to talk about them too sometimes the same as other persons.

Column For Studes

There is to be a personal column for students, too, so those classmates of yours need not feel that they are being left out. When you renew your acquaintance have your ears wide open for news. Get as many personals as you possibly can.

Perhaps, you will have new classmates. Make them feel at home. Find out where they came from and where they are residing now. Talk in a friendly way, make them feel that they like your school, in other words make them feel at home right from the start. Perhaps, too they'd enjoy being reporters.

Uncle Dudley feels assured that his reporters will not disappoint him, and Dot Roda feels the same way. Both feel that Junior Page members are the very best children in the whole wide world, and you're going to prove to them that you want the school page that will appear next week and the first time to be a success right from the start.

Active Junior

SUNSET

By Natalie Bodurtha, 15

When day has fled,
Our hearts beat with joy;
Kind thoughts fill our head,
At the sight we enjoy,
Watching the sunset.

Small tots happily play,
Elder ones think of their deeds;
Mother and daddy might say,
"Love reigns over happiness seeds"
Watching the sunset.

Our Gang, Poem By Ed Lemanski

There are many members in Uncle Dudley's Gang who sketch, write poems and stories. Their praises will always be sung. First, there's Uncle Dudley dyed leader, wise and bold, this may seem surprising 'cause he's only five years old. Next of course is Dot Roda, as president she is greatest with her as our leader we'll always do our best. Then next is Jack Fellscher, our treasurer fine, he's alway's ready to collect that nickle or that dime. We'll have to mention Ramona Goodman. She's our secretary you know alway's willing to sing, or take part in a show. There's ever so many others I don't know half of the rest, but from all the kids in Bridgeport, I'm sure they're the best.

ED LEMANSKI

MY DOG AND CAT

One day my dog saw my cat,
He bowed and took of his hat.
My cat said, "Meow! How do you do?"
My dog said, "Bow wow! How are you?"

"Kewpy" JUNE E. LUNDGREN
217 Deforest Avenue

Welcome To Our Ranks

I wrote another letter before, but as I didn't hear anything, I didn't know whether or not I was a member. I am fourteen years old and am a student at Central high school. I would like to attend meetings but I don't know where they are held and the time they are held. I would like to find out these things. Please tell me about them and all about the Sunday Post Pages. I have been reading the page regularly every week. Here is a poem which I hope you will print in the Sunday Post.

I want to contribute to the Sunday Post all I can. So here's hoping I'll become a good member! (Read Under The Lampshade).

HELEN MATZAT
903 Hancock avenue

THE M BY M

True

BY MERCY

The Junior Page's
"To old to and away
It brings a smile
As I burst into

These friendly p
cheer
And loads of goo
They hall from citi
And they're so ve

There's "Uncle
Roda,"
These pals I'd hav
And "Kay Waldhouse,
The best than one

There's "Ramona
"Ruth Mallinder,"
"Elizabeth Petrini"
Hazel Cut
I could mention man
and space permit
But I'll just sign my
At the end, of this li

BRIGHT SA

(Note: I heard the
thought the juniors
them.)

Mother—Bobby when
ing peanuts in the stre
you didn't throw the
floor.

Bobby—No mother I
the overcoat pocket of
sat beside me.

Little Robert had a
being asked which was
he said, "This one back
wonder since it is alway

Pearl—Don't you think
fully pale doctor?

Doctor—Yes, indeed y
vise you to wipe some
off your face, with

An Enthusiastic

The Pages were inter
The sketches were pret
Night Vision by Inez Wi
ended was a very inter
came to the meeting 'Thi
Boys' club was closed.

Well, vacation ends enc
the 23rd. That means
will have to get busy
seems to be so enthusia
school page and I'm sur
be a success.

When do you think th
on the air again? (It's

It looks like we won't s
ball game after all.

I am enclosing a po
Gang.

EDWARD LEMANSK

A New Memb

I am enclosing a sk
titled, "Sacrifice." I am
ber to the pages. I a
Diana Duval who persist
write this story and b
ber of the pages.

CHRISTOB

P. S.—Is there any age

UNDER THE LAMPSHADE

Dear Boys and Girls:

Down to business.

This week will see the opening of your business and as you all want to be successful, you must apply yourselves to your school work and studies.

Then, with the opening of your business, you want to gain publicity for your enterprises and our school page will serve that purpose. It will be my pleasure to help in the preparation of the school page and I will look for any familiar names together with new ones among the contributors to that page.

In the meantime do not forget our own page. We still need many short stories, poems and other contributions. Action sketches are also needed.

Opportunities to serve come our way often and I am proud to say we have a splendid record of carrying out these requests. The latest one is from the Disabled American Veterans as you will read in another column. I hope we have many workers to sell the forget-me-nots in this drive.

That is all until our meeting Thursday. I remain as always

All Ways

ntuse—Promise Little and Do Much.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY.

oung Man but Highly ded by Local and ational Figures.

E William J. Buckley, Harmonizer.

ightfully this appella- be applied to the man epping into the breach was most needed, has e to unify again the his party, torn asunder rces of the Grand Old this city. Still a young nost over night he has not only the recognized his party, but an out- political figure, loom- picuously on the hori- uture political develop- Bridgeport and Fair- nty. Even further he re in the state and affairs.

military chief, who al- e may have tasted the gs of defeat, undaunt- hers his routed men lead them anew into d forward to victory, uckley, the new chief rty, prepares his forces next political offense. y shall those positions to the factional strife heir own ranks be re- y the Republicans, but expressed that at the e they will carry the oust the present Demo- y administration from

plit Long Brewing

t had been brewing already er of years," Judge Buckley when interrogated by a Sun- eporter as to show how he o accomplish the Herculean in forming a "united front" various factions of the G.

to an open outbreak over Mill bridge affair", he said. er men simply couldn't stand ger and see things going to

related how the party be- ed in a scandal over the ject. Not less than $383,000 spent over and above the hich the construction of the riginally had been contracted

tly there had been a decided line between the older and elements in the party. The men could and would not al- log rolling to go on forever. e's deal for our city!" was the ader which the younger el- lied under the leadership of uckley.

Break Cost Election

e split, already had cost the last election. The city had ocratic in the landslide that te state for Governor Wilbur

ow, Judge Buckley exclaimed, ocrats never would have been arry this city, whatever may ened in the rest of the state. ly benefitted by the fact that ire at it toes and nails among

ocrats, naturally enough lized the Yellow Mill bridge on the hue and cry raised dumdering of public funds subdue. Arthur P. Connor, Republican leader of Bridge- ed. He was closely followed ck, the city clerk, who was ican town chairman. J. Wil- was elected in the latter's

ckley credited William Hope "one of the most honest ever played politics". "But the the necessary experience. es of the party were decei him," Judge Buckley con- He overestimated their d they kept on telling him votes they controlled and would do if he wouldn't do r the other thing.

I believed them. He was nake concessions if he could urther factional fights".

ld Not Unite Party

even the conciliatory atti- new town chairman seem- le to unite the party again. ntended to rehabilitate the e eyes of the general pub- been able to establish ami- ions with the state organi- e had asked the town com- support, his program that o make away with all pat- any and all construction was unable, however, to ished support and resigned. J. Bassett became his suc- on it was rumored that he y influenced by the former hur P. Connor. In the resentment against the of the "old guard" had been thin the party. The party e particularly effected and ual of Bassett was demanded, men and women prevailed uckley to lead a movement organization of the party.

committee of 36 delegates, each of the 12 districts of ed been appointed named mittee of eight, which also ed Harold E. Bassett. To the town convention for the ation of Bassett's election 12 one from each district, were

This part of the party's n was complied with. The nmened and Earle C. Martin town chairman by a vote ige Buckley, unhesitatingly,

new industries to Bridgeport down taxes. these things are really iden-

tical, for the lowering of our exhorbitant tax rate is necessary to influence manufacturers and other concerns to settle in Bridgeport."

Judge Buckley went on to explain that the city's properties were already assessed fully 100 per cent, but that the tax rate of 29.9 was comparatively much higher than that of other cities with even better facilities than Bridgeport's. Citing a few instances of the last number of years, in which firms closed their plants here and consolidated with concerns somewhere else, he said:

"Even if these moves were brought about by the general slump, there is no question that our city would have been preferred as the new locale provided all other things were equal. Our prohibitive tax rate prevented that, however.

"With 'bringing down taxes,' I don't want to imply, of course, that we should take our police and fire departments and dump them into the river. Or even dispense with any other necessary branch or our civil service.

"But I'm certainly not in favor of projects as they are carried out by the present municipal administration. As the building of a new golf course, for instance, to the tune of $300,000.

"Or the repair job on Stratford avenue bridge, which cost us approximately $250,000.

All Could Have Waited

"All these things could have waited. If the bridge must have been repaired well why not have just done what was utterly necessary to keep it in working order, which would have cost us probably only one tenth of the amount that Mr. Taxpaver now has to cough up. The original estimate, I underderstand, wasn't much higher than $30,000.

"Expenses like these are utterly ruinous in times like the present, and the more so, as the cost of the city's administration has increased in every department.

"A high priced sedan has been ordered for the Police Department, but the department never uses it. The mayor drives around in it and two sergeants are on duty driving him, one days and the other nights.

"In comparison look at the state of Connecticut. There are no large amounts of bond interests to pay with the paying off of the original loan left to our grandchildren. The state adopted the policy of "Pay as you go" and fares well by it."

Judge Buckley and his party have indeed a hard task before them. But the chieftian seems to be undaunted. While he speaks the fighting temperament of the man breaks through the reserve his position and long training has given him. Lust for battle shines in his eyes and confidence that he is able to lead his troops to victory is in his bearing.

Warrior and leader of men. These qualities were early developed in him.

Born In Ridgefield

Judge William J. Buckley was born in Ridgefield, Conn., September 7, 1893, the only son of Dennis and Stella Walsh Buckley. He received his early education in the public schools of Wilton, Ridgefield and Norwalk. He studied at Fordham university, New York, for five years, graduating from the law department in 1912 with the degree LL.B. He then went to Georgetown university law school were he received the degree of Master of Laws in 1913. He also received from Georgetown the degree of Master of Patent Laws.

Passing his bar examinations in June, 1914, he was not able to practice law at once as he was not yet 21. He had to wait until the following September before being admitted to the bar. He was admitted to practice before the Superior and Supreme courts of both Washington and Connecticut, and began his practis in Bridgeport on January 1, 1915.

His first association was with the law firm of Marsh, Stoddard and Day. He later became associated with Judge E. K. Nicholson, with offices in the First National bank building.

Appointed Deputy Judge

He was appointed deputy judge of the City court of Bridgeport in March 1923, and was reappointed for the full term July 1, 1923, continuing in this office until two judgeships were created in the court, at which time he received the appointment as judge.

During the war he enlisted as an aviation cadet, receiving his ground school training at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his flying training at Call Field, Wichita Falls. He remained at Call Field for four months as an instructor after receiving his commission as lieutenant. from Call Field he went to Ellington Field, at Houston, Texas, where he studied night bombing, and from Ellington Field went to Love Field, Dallas, where he received his discharge from the service on December 13, 1918.

Returning to Bridgeport he resumed the practice of law, meeting unusual success for one so young in this professional field.

Judge Buckley's residence is at the University club, Golden Hill street. He is a member of Park City council, Knights of Columbus, and a member of St. Augustine's R. C. church.

Takes Helm

JUDGE WILLIAM J. BUCKLEY

THINKING, NOT MEMORY NEW EDUCATION'S AIM

Old Fashioned Teachers' Lack of Understanding for Perplexing Problems Confronting the Adolescent Mind Is Bitterly Deplored.

BY DR. CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

For four years president of the University of Michigan, three years president of the University of Maine, and now director Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine.

AS TOLD TO EARL REEVES

The "raw material" of our colleges and universities is youth, not dull facts. The chief study of real teachers should be not facts, but youth.

A collegiate plant on which we have spent billions is losing its hold upon students and failing in purpose, both because the accent in the machinery of higher education is wrong and because there is not in existence and use sufficient knowledge of human biology.

The student approaching college is not a mere receptacle—an inert container—into which facts should be poured in the hope that there will not be much leakage by exam. time, and that a little of the supposedly precious ambrosia may be preserved until graduation day.

The Student—a Biological Problem

A student—particularly of the late high school and early college years—is a highly organized, rapidly, changing, acutely sensitized human problem. Profound biological changes are occurring during adolescence which sharply affect physique, brain, emotions.

The individual's very outlook upon life—his or her—adjustment to it, and efficiency, balance, or happiness during many long years are largely shaped at this time. Here is groping power, but instability, a vast preoccupation with self and the changes boiling up within; a receptivity to guidance by way of things that then seem vital.

And what we do we? By way of entrance examination, we line these turbulent, complex organisms up and give them a fact test, to see if the high school or prep. school bucket has leaked. Then herd them in large numbers, regimented, for more fact-pouring, like as not by some dull person who has written a doctorate thesis on the suspenders of King Henry VIII. The baldest, and simplest, fact about them is that they are being swept through a period of life so interesting to themselves that we can only "reach" them really by making the thing called education complete, interest, with the glamour of a thousand personal curiosities which surround adolesence. And we do not do it.

In entrance examinations we test one faculty, the memory. We should endeavor to arrive at an understanding of the individual character estimate the student's emotional and intellectual age, search out special aptitudes, hunt for the problems that are confusing the young mind.

Both as a biologist and as an administrator I became convinced that adolescentism, especially in the late high school and early college years, complicates our problem. It does so quite simply because it adds another distraction, another adjustment.

We let the powerful influence of awakening sex play upon young people at an age when already they are carrying as heavy a load of readjustment as their characters can bear.

Similarly, compulsory military training introduces a controversial issue into a situation which needs no added complexity, but which should be simplified.

Fraternities, breeding class consciousness and placing loyalty to the brothers ahead of loyalty to the school, in practice do not live up to the high ideals of their rituals, and become a disorganizing, impeding influence.

Prohibition, causing a situation that adds the lure of adventure—always appealing to youth—to this phase of the "sampling of life" which has always been inevitable in any large body of young people, tends to accentuate this particular problem.

Certainly no one desires to condone intemperance, but the "beer nights" of old were much preferable to the present gulping of raw spirits. Parents in the home and alumni visiting college bear their share of responsibility for placing tacit stamp of approval on a worse form of drinking than colleges have had to contend with before.

Field of Adventure Has Widened

But it is wrong to contend that youth as a whole is vastly more lax today than previous generations. Youth is franker. Also, through relaxation of parental influence in the home and the aid of the automobile; our young people have a wider range of opportunity for their adventuring. They have in fact a range of 200 miles in any direction, and in such an area there are nearly always several large cities.

Here have been indicated a few of the distractions—many of them new—which now complicate our educational problem at a time when advancing sciences which reveal human psychology prove to us that to reach, awaken and help the adolescent mind balance itself, we should simplify the environment, humanize subject matter and teach with sympathy and understanding.

The bulk of our professional scholars fall in their teaching. Passive reception by whole-souled students of supposedly inspired information poured out by the high priests of an orthodox academic faith does not mean that these young people are being educated.

Factual examinations, grades given, "honors" awarded, even the coveted scholastic achievement of a Phi Betta Kappa key prove little or nothing about degree of education obtained.

Reduced to essentials, perhaps education can best be defined as an ability to think about one jump ahead of what you have to think. And if you apply that blunt, and certainly unacademic, test to work, to human relationships, to life's problems and to its pleasures, it will be apparent that here is a very rigorous definition of a liberal education.

Reforms Already Attempted

There are signs of an awakening in our colleges to the needs which have been discussed in two articles. The very efforts made at reform reveal an indictment of things as they are, and have been.

"Freshman week," established at various institutions for the purpose of getting acquainted with newcomers, studying them individually, guiding them along lines in which they show most ability, helping them orientate themselves, is an innovation which confesses past error.

The great Meiklejohn experimental school at Wisconsin was an endeavor at developing a new and more vital type of teaching; but unfortunately it was grafted onto an institution where the old scholastic system ruled, was weakened thereby, and now appears to be abandoned, for reasons possibly political.

Harvard's "house system." in which students live in houses each of which has a faculty head and tutors, is an attempt to establish closer and more sympathetic contact between faculty and students, and rebuild the education machinery to serve the student's individual needs. The splitting of Yale into colleges has much the same objective.

At Michigan I met regularly a body of fifty selected undergraduates, in frank, private discussions which taught me what youth today thinks its education should be, and in which I was able to discuss candidly with influential students problems facing the administration.

I found their response remarkably intelligent and helpful. Youth is seeking and will obtain partnership in the formative phases of educational policy.

This cannot be done in massed lecture rooms by pedantic scholars who feed out pap to young people who are demanding a more substantial diet. Junior colleges generally are getting better teachers; but their chief initial weakness lies in the fact that many are founded by cities or areas which cannot finance an adequate educational plant.

These help a student find himself in college—and, perhaps even more important, build a habit of self-examination which should help him meet problems and crises of adult life. This is a big step toward the elimination of the misfits of education and of life.

Probably the badly needed reformation of our collegiate system also demands a differentiation as between "doctors of research" and "doctors of humanity."

The research mind should be directed to fact-finding; the teaching mind given every encouragement, including higher professional ranking and pay so that those who have the youthful spark, and who are well-founded in human biology and adolescent psycholgy, can teach youth to think, rather than merely to remember.

Believe It or Not, There Are No Ghosts, Says One Who Knows; Former Superintendent of Cemetery Here Gives Views on Spooks

There Are No Ghosts Here

Above is seen the beautiful entrance to Mountain Grove Cemetery where, Burton H. Dorman (left) had been superintendent for more than 30 years. Mr. Dorman insists in all this time he never saw or heard of ghosts making their or its appearance on the premises or in any other cemetery in the vicinity. Mr. Dorman is pictured with a divining rod with which he is able to locate underground streams. Besides putting the quietus on the ghost fable Mr. Dorman is considered a modern-day wizard in that he has been able to detect water where none is believed to exist.

Burton H. Dorman Tells of Thirty Years Experience as Guardian of Mountain Grove Cemetery; Many Events Were Impressive.

DO you believe in Ghosts? This question is often a favorite one among people when any matter pertaining to the supernatural comes up for discussion.

It is generally conceded that few persons care to pass through a cemetery at night or even go near one.

Patrolmen in the vicinity of such burying grounds as St. Michael's and Mountain Grove declare that the average pedestrian invariably hurries by these places after dark. One of such persons who was questioned recently for his actions in running at break-neck speed past St. Michael's cemetery replied that a "grave yard was not a safe place to be near at night."

Perhaps the best known authority of cemeteries and their associations is Burton H. Dorman, now residing at the Old Well tavern on the Post Road, Southport, formerly superintendent of the Mountain Grove cemetery.

Cemetery Produces Calm

For more than 30 years Mr. Dorman was superintendent of this "hallowed acre" on North avenue. For over 30 years he has seen countless funeral corteges, mournful and somber, slowly wending their way through the grounds of Mountain Grove cemetery to where newly dug graves yawned under the tall cyprus trees.

And for over 30 years he has seen the long procession of people passing to and fro through the big cemetery gates, some, curious sightseers attracted to the cemetery to view the monuments; some to spend restful hours in the presence of the dead; others to visit graves of loved ones and pay respect to the last resting place of those who have "crossed the great divide."

But Mr. Dorman no longer takes an active part in the administration of Mountain Grove cemetery. Enjoying a well-earned retirement he now is resting in his old fashioned home by the side of the Post road, the direct antithesis to the years he spent in the burying ground surrounded by people stilled in death.

"Many persons might think that to live in the atmosphere of death and sorrow ,would tend to make a man morbid and 'nervy' as well as superstitious" declared Mr. Dorman. "But to me in all the years I was in charge of Mountain Grove, the graves produced nothing but calm and peace. All fear of the supernatural was absent.... only the great realization that that the bodies of the dead were lying peacefully in the ground.

Never Saw a Ghost

"By day, the birds sang and all was bright and calmly cheerful. At night the place slept in serene stillness, the combs standing silent and full of meaning, guarding the remains lying underneath. There is nothing to inspire fear about a cemetery at night. Nothing ever occurred in all my 30 years to cause the slightest belief that a cemetery is 'haunted' by visitors from the other world. Even if so called ghosts were to be seen, what danger would there be?"

Mr. Dorman does not believe in "ghosts" such as supernatural visitations, but expresses faith in the theory that there is a spiritual world that has an influence over the world on which we live.

"I have never seen in all my 30 odd years experience as a cemetery superintendent anything that savors of the old-fashioned conception of a ghost" he declared. "On the other hand why should such things be wandering round at night. And after all would we really know a ghost if we saw one."

Why people should be afraid to go through a cemetery at night passes all comprehension, Mr. Dorman says. As far as Mountain Grove cemetery is concerned there are no ghosts there.

"I have seen strange persons walking in the grounds" declared Mr. Dorman, "standing by the graves in silent reverie. I have seen persons overcome with grief; some crouching over the grave as if communing with what lies beneath. But I have never seen anything that to my knowledge is allied with the spirit world.

Most Impressive Sights

"Perhaps the most impressive sights I have ever witnessed in Mountain Grove was when thousands of persons crowded into the cemetery to watch an eclipse of the sun. They gathered on Harral Hill, round the big monument and I could literally hear the shudder from the vast throng as the sun was blotted out and darkness set in. The tombs glistened strangely in the half light and the people were visibly impressed. It was truly an awe inspiring sight."

Mr. Dorman declares that although there are no ghosts in Mountain Grove cemetery, there are a host of memories connected with the spot. "I have laid away many notable persons such as members of the Read, Wheeler and Warner families, also Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb and Fannie Crosby. Then there is tragedy sometimes. One such occurrence was the burial of the children who lost their lives by drowning off Black Rock some years ago.

"It is strange how death affects people. To some it brings sadness and acute sorrow; to others a sort of a numb despair, while others become hardened, irate and resentful."

During his 30 years and over as head of the cemetery, Mr. Dorman developed more than 2 acres of ground out of the 70 now in use.

He has buried over 10,000 persons in that time. Previous to that, the cemetery was more or less wild land, with here and there a modest stone slab. Far down in an almost forgotten corner, the first grave....that of a child ....that was ever dug in Mountain Grove cemetery, in 1850, was almost hidden beneath a mass of undergrowth and coarse grass. At that time, too, where the residences on Maplewood and Hancock avenues now stand was an evil smelling swamp.

Waiting Solemnity

Today Mountain Grove cemetery is one of the most beautiful of God's Hallowed Acres in the country. When he was superintendent there, Mr. Dorman and his family resided in the old John T. Moody house adjacent to the cemetery office building. The dwelling was more than 250 years old and was formerly a grist mill built on the edge of the stream that ran in that section. The building has disappeared now, after its demolition at the hands of the wreckers.

"There is much about a cemetery that savors of the mysterious" says Mr. Dorman, "but it is not the mystery that breeds fear. It is rather a sort of waiting solemnity, that is unexplainable."

On a modest stone slab hiding under the shadow of the great Read memorial building and half buried under a leafy canopy is the following inscription, that leaves a strange thought in the mind of anyone passing out through the big cemetery gates onto North avenue.

"Sacred to the memory of....Some day, we will understand!"

Homicides Grow Less Here, Bridgeport Coroner Avers

Major Crimes on Decline in County, John J. Phelan Says; Finds People More Law Abiding; Only Six Shootings Occurred in 1930 with Four Accidental.

CORONER John J. Phelan, concluding a survey of the "crime situation" in Bridgeport and the territory of Fairfield county, made for the benefit of a Sunday Post reporter recently, expressed the opinion that "homicide and murder have been steadily on the decline in our city and county."

"We undoubtedly have less crime here now than ever before in the history of city and county," Mr. Phelan explained. "Much less, at least, than in pre-war days."

To what causes the steady decline in the number of murders and homicides can be attributed, the coroner is at a loss to say. The introduction of prohibition, supposedly influential in bringing about this change for the better, cannot be the only reason, for, as the coroner explained, "there is now each year a comparatively large number of deaths by acute alcoholism, a cause of death not known at all in the old days."

To the decline in quality of liquor and alcoholic beverages is attributed a large percentage of all crimes committed, especially crimes of passision and homicles.

The conclusion is unavoidable that Bridgeport, always a law abiding city, in later years has become even more so. A crime wave, with all its attributes of gangster massacres and children's killings, is not to be expected.

Tabulated Figures Lacking

Although records available cover the existence of the office, tabulated figures go back no further than 1920. However, the coroner's contention is proven even by the comparative figures for the last decade.

There were but six shootings in 1930, the majority of which were found to be accidental. In two cases the participants were bound over to the Superior Court and tried for homicide.

The whole number who died other than from natural causes was 330. This figure includes suicides, deaths from accidents and suspicious. The number of natural deaths was about the same.

This year only one shooting has been reported. It had been the aftermath of an auto accident which occurred near Greenwich and in which two friends were said to be the participants.

The last stabbing occurred in 1929. The same year saw two shootings of which one was an accident. The second proved to be one of the most cold-blooded crimes ever committed in Fairfield County.

Lester Jacobs, the manager of a grocery chain store, was the victim. He was shot to death while his back was turned. John Felcovic was a member of a gang of youthful criminals. He had entered the store with the intent to rob the cash register. He ordered some fruit. The instant Jacobs turned his back, Felcovic fired.

Pays with His Life

The rifling of the cash register brought the youthful bandit a mere pittance. He was speedily tried and paid for the crime with his life on the gallows.

Crime would have to turn far back in the annals of Fairfield county to find a deed as reviting.

Not even the bloody deeds of 300 years ago when warfare between the settlers and the savages can be compared in the utter absence of compassion with this murder. Fifty years after the first settlement of Fairfield county when dark superstition reigned and a number of witch murders occurred intolerance and fear was the excuse for the crime committed in the name of law and religion.

Indeed, not until the settlement of Bridgeport had been in existence for more than a century and a half did a crime occur that is comparable to the Feltovic case. The similarity is striking.

In 1796 a youth named Shelton Edwards was murdered. He, too, was a grocer's clerk. The store in which he worked was situated on the corner of State and Water streets. Young Edwards slept in a small room behind the store where he was clubbed to death by the robbers who plundered the store and the few belongings of the murdered youth and then, to conceal their crime, set fire to the building.

The early discovery of the fire disclosed the murder but the perpetrators of the crime were never discovered.

More than three quarters of a century later another murder occurred which, as fate would have it, likewise remains unsolved.

Scene Near Other Crime

The scene of this crime was laid in the immediate neighborhood in which the murder of Shelton Edwards had occurred. It was near the old steamboat landing on Water street that in some dark night in the fall of 1872, some passer-by stumbled over the dead body of Captain George M. Colvocoresses.

Captain Colvocoresses was a retired naval officer. At first suicide was suspected. But no gun was found on or near the body. Investigation further proved that his personal affairs were in order and as he was a healthy man of body and mind, this theory was discarded.

Later it was learned that Capt. Colvocoresses had carried a large amount of money in negotiable securities on his person. No trace of the money could be found. Murder was the only possible answer to the riddle.

Woman and Man Involved

This time only a span of six years elapsed before another crime took place which probably was even more gruesome than the two earlier murders. The murders would never have been discovered had not the two who committed the crime in a drunken brawl begun to accuse each other of the deed.

A woman of doubtful character, who called herself Mrs. Alexander, and her friend, one Bassett, were the perpetrators of this deed. Their victim was a sailor, Frank Weinbacker, who had returned from a long voyage.

They lured the sailor into the woman's room and there killed him for no other reason than as they both confessed, to relize a few dollars by selling his remains for dissection to a medical college.

They packed his body into a barrel and then, with a rig Bassett had borrowed from a friend, carted it to New Haven, to sell it to the Medical School there. It was not accepted.

On the way back remorse and fear of detection overtook them. They abandoned the barrel on a lonely spot on the highway.

It was a mystery that an institution of its kind had not become suspicious having a dead body of a man delivered by persons entirely unknown.

The assassinated sailor had no friends or relatives here and so it was not until many weeks later, when the woman and Bassett were drunk and began to quarrel with each other in a saloon, that the crime was detected.

Both were sentenced to jail for life.

EX-EMPRESS ZITA MAY HUNT BRIDE FOR SON

Attempted to Win over Italian Princess; Failed to Consult Il Duce.

BY KENNETH CLARK.
Universal Staff Correspondent

ROME, Sept. 19.—E-Empress Zita of Austro-Hungary may have a-hunting to go again to find a royal bride for the hand of her son, the Archduke Otto.

The 18-year-old pretender to the vacant Hungarian throne now resides quietly with his mother in Belgium, where he attends school.

However Otto may feel about it, his mother has been untiring in her efforts to have him placed on the Hapsburg throne. With the help, open and secret, of the Hungarian legitimists, she hopes the goal is not far off. Zita has the ex-Empress been less diligent in the quest for a suitable bride for her son.

Early this summer, Zita slipped quietly into Rome to visit the Italian royal family at the summer palace of San Rossore. Word then drifted through to the public that the engagement of Otto and the Princess Maria, youngest daughter of King Victor Emanuel and Queen Elena of Italy was to be announced in July.

Saw Visions of Pride

Here, at last, was a triumph for the ambitious Zita. She envisioned not ony her son upon his rightful throne, but the beautiful Italian Princess Maria Francesca Anna Romano at his side. Princess Maria will be seventeen next December 26.

Zita's heart must have warmed all the more because just before she reached the Eternal City, Marie of Rumania, returned home empty-handed in her search for a bride for Prince Nicholas, her second son.

Zita went to see the Pope with the reported intention of asking the Vatican's approval of the match and of soliciting support for Otto's aspirations to the throne. Zita was received with all honors befitting royalty, and it was declared that wedding would likely be held in ancient St. Peter's cathedral.

Any doubts Rome might have had at the time were quickly dispelled when Otto, at his mother's call, came to San Rossore where he was in Maria's company. Both July and August came and went and the announcement was not forthcoming.

Did Not Consult Il Duce

Then Rome discovered that Zita had made all necessary arrangements, with one exception. She did not consult Premier Mussolini, who, though the son of a lowly blacksmith, wields power in Italy which royalty anywhere might envy. She had appealed to the Vatican, which was not on the best of terms with the government at the time.

Mussolini does not meddle in the purely personal affairs of the Italian monarchs, but he does keep a sharp lookout to Italy's advancement as a power to be reckoned with in Europe and the world.

It is said Mussolini disapproved of an alliance between the Italian royal princess and the Hungarian pretender because it would be unpopular with the Italian people. The truth is that few responsible people in Italy take Otto's aspirations as seriously as his mother.

Moreover politics is always involved in a royal wedding. Would it be good policy to give the hand of an Italian princess to a young man living in Belgium with only the hope of a throne? Didn't the World war decide the Hapsburgs end Hohenzollerns were done for as emperors and kings in Central Europe? Could Italy afford to become an indirect partner to the effort to restore a Hapsburg king?

Thees questions certainly course through the mind of the blacksmith's son who sits in lonely splendor in a cathedral-like room in the Palazzo Venezia.