FEATURE SECTION

THE POST-STANDARD

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BECAUSE A WOMAN WANTED IT, WE NOW HAVE A STATE MOUNTED CONSTABULARY

Stirred by an Incident Four Years Ago Miss Newell Opened a Campaign Which Ended With Victory.

THE MERRY LIFE IN MANLIUS

Two Hundred and Thirty-Two Troopers Are Being Turned Into One of the Finest Police Organizations in the World at the Troop D Farm.

By Sidney B. Whipple.

FOUR years ago there was a particularly brutal murder on a farm at Mount Kisco, near Bedford Hills. The inactivity of local authorities, who were afraid to pursue the slayers, so aroused one woman that she began one of the most strenuous campaigns to make the state safe for law-abiding citizens ever waged. The result of her campaign is the New York State constabulary now in training on the old Troop D farm at Manlius.

The woman was Miss M. Moyca Newell of New York, who last week brought her activities to culmination by presenting the squadron a silk cavalry guidon. But the picturesque ceremony, which took place when she handed the banner to Capt. P. E. Barbour, adjutant of the organization, by no means ends her interest in it. She has promised that as "sponsor" for the constabulary she will maintain her own committee intact as a kind of auxiliary, and that the feminine touch—if she were older one would call it the motherly touch—will not be lacking in the future.

Getting back to the story of her campaign, its cause and the result, few people know why Governor Whitman was so impressed with the need for a state mounted police force that he took in the press of his usual executive work a particularly personal interest in the constabulary bill. It was, in fact, because he was impressed with the work of Miss Newell and her committee, the earnestness of her appeal, and her sound judgment on the entire question that the project was put through so expeditiously.

Miss Newell was building, four years ago, a summer home at Mount Kisco. Bedford Hills is not a populous place and those who have been to Mount Kisco know more or less of the character of the inhabitants of that section. It is a typical country locality, isolated from the rest of the world, fighting its own battles, usually law-abiding but occasionally finding within its narrow circle an offense against the law with which—because of its innocence of legal knowledge—it does not know how to deal.

On Miss Newell's construction work was a fine, up-standing young man, a Scotchman, an excellent type of artisan. He was courteous and an intelligent foreman. Among his workmen he had some undoubtedly bad characters. But he managed them firmly and well.

The Crime That Went Unpunished.

One day, however, he was returning on a motorcycle to the Newell estate with the week's pay roll. Several of the tougher characters in his construction gang knew it. So they waited in ambush with guns and they got him a few hundred yards from the house. But they didn't get the pay roll, for altho he had sixteen gunshot wounds in his body, he succeeded in riding his machine to the gates, where he collapsed.

Before he died the foreman recovered consciousness long enough to tell who were his assailants. The highwaymen had by that time vanished in the woods.

Armed with his description of the murderers, Miss Newell exerted every bit of fight in her to wake up the local authorities. It was of no avail. In the first place they argued, they had no authority to pursue the men. In the second place—they thought—it was particularly dangerous work. In the third place they had no weapons and the desperadoes were armed. In the fourth place they "weren't sure the men did it." And there were any number of further arguments why the bad men should be let alone.

The men were not caught. But the incident gave Miss Newell her first thought upon the need of a state police force which could and would act upon just such an occasion as this. Every influence she could bring to bear was exerted. A thoro study was made of other police forces, city, county, state and national. The records and the methods of the Canadian Mounted were investigated. The work of Major Greene's famous Pennsylvania constabulary was studied. The best points of municipal forces were summarized. The possibilities of cavalry training and methods were considered. By the time she had finished investigating and writing and pleading and talking Miss Newell had interested hundreds of men and women in her cause.

One of those was Miss Katherine Mayo, an author of prominence, a woman keenly interested in sociology and civic and state affairs. Miss Mayo went into the matter with Miss Newell. The result was her well-known book "Justice for All," the history and the present-day story of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary, a volume which is quoted whenever the constabulary is mentioned.

These women had a long, bitter fight. There were tremendous interests against their proposition. The "Cossack" cry, which for years had been raised against the Pennsylvania men—and a finer body of men would be hard to find—was raised against the proposed New York State force. Yet for all that, Miss Newell succeeded in persuading the state that such a force was needed and would be used for the protection of the working man and not for his repression. She succeeded because she had the right on her side, but she had to use every ounce of energy, will and determination, plus a million good reasons, each founded on fact.

Organization of the Force.

The bill, as all the state knows, went through and was promptly signed by the Governor. Within a few days of the signing the organization of the force was under way. Today it has been completed, the horses have been purchased and broken in, the men have been chosen—no mean task—the drilling has formed them into finished officers, and the squadron is ready for duty anywhere in New York State.

George F. Chandler, with years of experience in the National Guard back of him, and the reputation of being, in a way a duplicate of Major Greene, was the logical officer to be selected to head the squadron. He went into the business with a smash. George is a son of Police Fire Teddy Roosevelt man. In sport he never has grown out of the love of the dash and risk and flash of a scrimmage. A hard rider, a hard worker, efficient, out-of-doors man, a born enthusiast, and no stranger to be a relentless foe to crime.

There was no trouble which Major Chandler did not personally encounter in the organization. He designed the uniforms, he inspected the curry combs, he chose the camp site, he picked the squadron colors. And he named the camp itself and had it painted in a nice sign like this:

CAMP NEWYO

The sign, by the way, is a happy combination of Miss Newell's name, Miss Mayo's name, and the official name of the Empire State. A little bit of all right, isn't it?

As to the uniform—it must be seen to be described and properly admired. It is distinctively military, but it out-militarys the militarists. The flare on the trousers is twice the size of the flare of a cavalryman. The tunic, blouse, or coat, has wide skirts —very wide skirts—pockets somewhat after the fashion of the Canadian officers' pockets, a snappy wide belt, and a rolling collar which exposes a beautiful, delicate, ravishing purple tie. The purple is the touch of an artist. Purple is the squadron's official color.

For arms the men carry 30-30 Winchester rifles and .45 caliber Colt revolvers. Their arms are the most offensive looking objects about them. Heaven help the fugitive from justice who tries to get away from them on an open road!

The horses are as fine as the men, but a darn sight wilder. When the project was definitely settled, the state went out to look for the best in the market. The market had been sadly depleted by foreign army purchasers, but way out in the West the buyers stumbled upon the very thing they needed. When the order came which turned the British cavalry into trench diggers, England found a number of cracking good steeds on her hands which could not advantageously be transported across the ocean. She held on to them until New York State came along. We bought them.

There are about two hundred and fifty horses in the lot, all of them fit for armyship. None of them had seen saddle or bridle before. They were "broke" on the plain, unbroke in a corral. The British brand mark, which is something like a Greek Psi, the brand U—showing that they had been purchased in the United States—the brand of the British officer who bought them, and the final brand R—showing that they were rejected, for they had to go through that term before we could buy them, altho there isn't a thing the matter with them—are visible on all of them.

Well, there they are. Four weeks ago they were running wild. Today they can go through any cavalry formation or any military maneuver, or over the jumps, or down the cliffs, or up the side of the house at the command of their riders. In twenty-eight days they have been broken, thoroly broken. With some it took patience and kindness. With others it took firmness. But whatever it took, our new mounted troopers did the breaking and did it well. That shows what sort of men they are.

Major Chandler is proud of his horses and prouder yet of his men. The latter resembled horse-training bells what manner of men they are. All of them know horses. All of them have ridden before. A great many of them are ex-cavalrymen, and some of them have come up from the Pennsylvania constabulary because they wanted to be back home in New York State once more. They know the life. They are big fellows, wiry, strong and fearless.

How did they get such a tremendously fine gang together? The process of examination. More than five hundred men presented themselves for examination in Albany on the first day. Out of that number a few more than one hundred were chosen. You can easily see what a job it was to get the 232 required for the four troops, what care was used in their selection, and why it is we are going to have a real, live, powerful police organization.

No time was lost in starting the intensive training that is whipping the squadron into shape. Within a few days the Troops at Manlius had been taken over, tents had been pitched, headquarters was busy, horse-hoe-hooing had begun, and the bugle was ringing out every morning at 6.45 o'clock. Now, Major Chandler found time to design his uniform is a mystery. Perhaps Mrs. Chandler helped. Mrs. Chandler, you may know, was Martha Schultze of Syracuse, and her father was professor of German at Syracuse University for many years. No one is more enthusiastic over the whole program than Mrs. Chandler, and it adds just a touch of local flavor to the constabulary to know these facts.

The squadron is divided into four troops of fifty-six men each. There are eight officers, in addition to Major Chandler and Captain Barbour, his adjutant. The life they are leading is purely military, and although other elements in it, it is a legal thing, lectures on authority, police methods, court procedure, and everything else that goes with the crime business, to keep the men busy all day and usually well into the night. Moreover, they like it.

From Morning Till Night.

The first call is sounded at 6.45 o'clock. At 7 o'clock the men are at the stables working on their horses. Breakfast three-quarters of an hour later, and police—this means just "picking up things" and straightening out the camp—takes about fifteen minutes. Then it is drill, drill, drill, for two hours, more stable work, and mess at noon. An officers' school is held at 1.15, and the afternoon drill begins at 2.15. Review comes at 3.45—usually —and then there is more work in the stables. At 5 o'clock there is more schooling on the hillside back of the farmhouse, and the men eat again at 5.45. After that there is nothing to do but some study, and a review of what the men have learned during the day. Then they go to bed. You see there is a whole lot of time wasted —not!

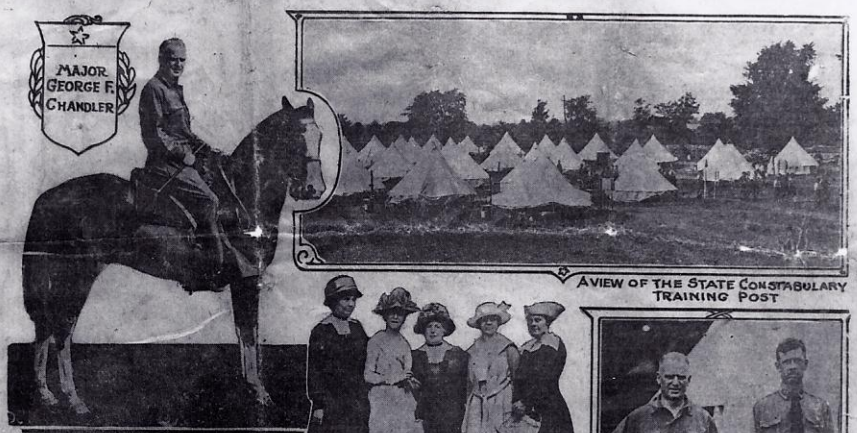
But the men like it. They eat it up. They drink in all the good Manlius air they can. They are proud of their horses, proud of their uniforms, proud of their officers, proud of their camp, proud of their organization, and proud of themselves. As they have a right to be.

The New York State Constabulary makes its first public appearance, officially, at the State Fair. By that time its uniforms will have come. Some of them are already in evidence. They will be completely equipped, ready for the road, ready for a fight or a feast.

Major Chandler has copped the best features out of the Canadian Northwestern Mounted Police, of whom fame says that when a man goes out to get a criminal he doesn't return until he gets him—and he always returns, whether his chase has led him to Greenland or Patagonia. Moreover he has copped the best features of the Pennsylvania Constabulary, of whom fame has equally interesting tales to tell.

Of, course, unlike the Canadians, but like the Pennsylvanians, the jurisdiction of the constabulary ends at the border of the state. But a trooper may chase his man from county to county, from township to township, from city to city, without having to break all kinds of red tape to get a man. He has more power than a city policeman, more power than a county sheriff. He can take a warrant from one county judge in Manhattan, serve it on a man in Jefferson, and haul him before a judge wherever he finds him. He can track him wherever he goes in the state, and that will be his duty.

You will see him on the road soon, this New York trooper. You will admire first of all his uniform and his horse. Then you will take a second look at the man and you will admire him. And you who live in small country towns will know, when you see him, that the long arm of the law has some new muscles in it, that it has a longer reach and a tighter grip. Perhaps, then you will feel more comfortable and secure—all this, of course, if you are on the side of law and order.



A VIEW OF THE STATE CONSTABULARY TRAINING POST

The Troopers' Day.

First call	6.45	Mess	12.00
Reveille	6.55	Officers' School	1.15
Stables	7.00	Drill	2.00
Mess	7.45	Recall	3.15
Police call	8.15	Review	3.45
Drill	8.35	Stables	4.15
Recall	10.30	School	5.00
Stables	11.15	Mess	5.45

The Photographs on this page are by George Fenner, The Post-Standard staff photographer.