

# THE JOURNAL.

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The Journal is a weekly paper devoted to the interests of the people in the northwestern part of Bergen County. It is the leading newspaper of the Borough of Ramsey, the Township of Manwah, the Borough of Allendale and the Borough of Upper Saddle River and provides news coverage of the four town area.

Opinions stated in signed columns or articles are those of the individuals whose names appear thereon.

## Praise for Two of the "Finest"

At the risk of being repetitious, we feel that there are certain comments which should be made on last week's manhunt.

First, we are proud as punch that it should have been two of the local boys who bagged the prisoners. This was the more fitting, in spite of the galaxy of state and county cops from both Passaic and Bergen. All credit should go to Lt. Frank Parenti of Allendale and Sgt. John Gates of Ramsey for their brave and efficient apprehension of the two criminals.

At the same time Sam Kaplan of Allendale and Francis V. Shea of Ramsey deserve real credit for being alert enough to spot both the criminals at critical points in the chase, leading to their capture. Some citizenship might have shrugged off this opportunity, not wishing to become involved in such a deadly operation.

We also appreciate the fact that although Gates and Parenti were the prime actors in the captures, the chiefs and the police departments of both towns deserve real kudos for their long, exhausting hours in the search. This was real cooperation, deserving of the highest credit.

There has been some agitation for a county-wide consolidation of the local police departments into one organization. The recent manhunt and its successful solution by municipal police should forever lay to rest this move by certain top echelon organizers. It was proved, both Wednesday and Thursday, that there is no substitute for efficient police coverage of an area which the men know like the palms of their hands, backed up by skilled leadership and the refinements of radio communication.

Hats off to Parenti and Gates, outstanding members of two fine municipal police departments.

## A Plea for Radio Free Europe

If you believe in backing up your convictions with your pocketbook, you cannot do better than send a contribution to Radio Free Europe, which really needs support.

Radio Free Europe is not an agency of the government, like the Voice of America. Being a private organization of devoted citizens, it gets through to the plain people of Eastern Europe behind the Iron Curtain.

There is more imagination in Radio

Free Europe's programs and they really hurt the leaders in the Kremlin. In fact, it is a criminal offense to be caught listening to these broadcasts. They are continually jammed by the Soviet. It takes money to maintain transmitters in two countries and constantly to shift frequencies so that the word will get through.

Your contribution will be welcomed. The address is Radio Free Europe, Box 1962, Mount Vernon, N. Y. Gifts are tax deductible.

## Where One Should Venture a Spade

The speculations of Passaic County detectives, supported by some first class circumstantial evidence, offer a fascinating program for the elimination of suburban boredom in these parts come Spring. All one has to do to get over that Spring fever is to break out a shovel and go to work somewhere along the Erie-Lackawanna between Allendale and Ramsey, searching for buried loot—excuse us, treasure.

While one would hesitate to embark on the venture at present, trying to dig through ground that would make a bulldozer balk, the warming zephyrs of Spring should soften things up in the Crestwood-to-Martis area sufficiently for even a third rate discount house spade to turn over its modicum of muck. The prize to be gained, estimated at between \$75,000 and \$100,000, should inspire considerable straining at the spud.

Of course, the situation offers possible complications: for one, whether the owners of the tangled brush in the area are going to get uppity and decide to charge admission to their wasteland for all would-be shovellers. For another, there

is the horrible possibility of embarrassing success, involving the struggle between the ethics of the law-abiding citizen, who would have to turn the ill-gotten gains over to the proper authorities and await the outcome of a monumental legal case before gaining any of the reward, and the advocate of direct action, who would thereby become an accessory after the fact to whatever crimes might have resulted in the accumulation of the buried horde.

However, aside from the lure of loot, there is the fascination of pursuing the 1962 variant of the pirate's chest, and the chance that by a proper division between brains and brawn one may come upon the treasure trove, gaining recognition for acumen, no matter whether the financial return goes to the digger or to the lawyers who snarl up the legal ownership of the dough.

It sounds like a sport as active as bowling or baseball, with returns fully as good as those of the average numbers bet—and think of the value of all that strenuous outdoor exercise. Shovels, anyone?

## As Others See It

### Toward A Healthier Self

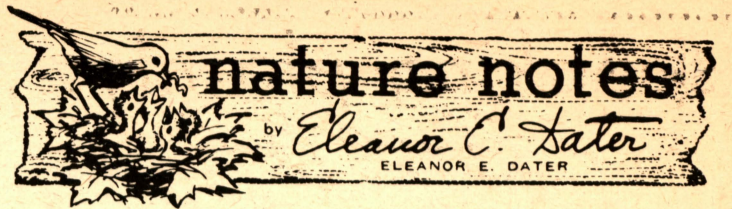
One of the greatest causes of death, disease, and general human distress is rarely mentioned in medical textbooks or treatises. It is selfishness—a devastating disease of the human heart which no cardiologist can cure. If it persists in an individual he becomes a menace to himself as well as to others.

Unquestionably, selfishness more truly kills and maims the victims of traffic accidents than do the cars which are the proximate physical instruments of death and injury. It is frequently the underlying cause of such conditions as hypertension, gastrointestinal disease, and nerv-

ous derangements. For the selfish individual "wants what he wants when he wants it," despite his lack of true title to it, and what he wants embraces everything from food and drink and other men's property to power, prestige, and adulation.

Selfish people are fundamentally stupid people, for in their flagrant self-exaltation and self-indulgence they regularly spoil life not only for others but also for themselves. It is for each of us to look into his heart for the spreading roots of this evil. Health and happiness—for a year or a lifetime—depend upon their eradication.

—Michael S. Newjohn, M.D.  
 For the Medical Society of N.J.



This is the story of a Baltimore Oriole that "lived happily ever after." Willie, as he was called, was brought to me Aug. 19, 1953, by two women from Wyckoff. He had crashed a cocktail party on their patio the night before. In fact, he was the life of the party, as he flew from one glass to the other, helping himself to a "nip" from each.

Willie was about six or seven weeks old when I took him to band and release. I soon found out that he wouldn't release. He made himself at home on our porch and indicated to John that he really liked his beer. Now John likes raccoons and doesn't mind sharing half of his kingdom with them, but he didn't particularly favor Orioles in his beer. So I decided to write a story for the Wyckoff News about the Oriole from that town that liked to tipple.

The ink was still wet on the Wyckoff paper when I had a call: "That Oriole you have is my bird. May I come and get it?" That was good news for me, too.

Mrs. Pietschmann had found the little naked bird late in June, the only survivor in a nest that had been blown to the ground. She cared for the bird until it was able to fly, and with reluctance released him, as she was told to do by a member of the Audubon Society. Willie had a crippled foot and liked domestic life better than wild life, so he crashed a party of one of the Pietschmann's neighbors.

The Pietschmann's were happy to have their bird back and decided to make the adoption legal by applying for a permit

from the Fish and Wildlife Service to keep the bird. This was denied them. A federal game warden called on them to collect the bird but he went home empty handed; not without knowledge that I had banded the Willie.

By then it was past the middle of September, a week after Tom had taken up residence in Bergen Pines for a bout with polio. One afternoon I came home from the hospital to find a letter from this same federal warden advising me that I was liable to a \$50 fine for banding the Oriole and "giving" it to Mrs. Pietschmann. "I should have driven the bird to a zoo, either Bronx or Philadelphia." I ignored the letter and never heard another word about the bird from the gentleman.

Later another warden called on Mrs. P. and decided that the bird was better off in her care. I have had reports on Willie many times since that day. He was a character.

Like all of the blackbird family, he was fond of playing tricks on people. He loved small rubber toys, such as a turtle with a wiggly head and tail, and a doll's hot water bottle.

He took baths many times a day and in uninvited places. One day when Mrs. P. was called away from the kitchen where she had been peeling potatoes, she returned to find Willie having a bath in a pan with the potatoes in the sink.

Willie had his place at the Pietschmann's table and enjoyed most of the foods they shared with him. He was particularly fond of mashed po-

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## BEATING THE DRUM

by Tom Dater  
 THOMAS E. DATER

I have come to the conclusion that life in Ramsey may be quiet and ordinary at times, but also it can be terribly exciting and newsworthy. In recent years, there have been a murder, a supermarket hold-up, a plane crash and now a big manhunt for escaped convicts. No one would like to speculate on what events we might have missed, such as a kidnapping, a bank robbery or a train wreck. Just be happy they haven't happened. The police are.

I guess this is the first time two wanted men ever made good an escape on a Public Service local bus. That bus stops at any street corner all the way up Franklin Tpke. from Ridgewood and has never earned a reputation for speed. The less obvious, the more hidden the two men were.

There is a good deal of speculation about why they came to Ramsey and Allendale. One school of thought maintains that they were lost, that they were trying to get to Hackensack and New York City. It says that the two men just kept running until they were caught, in their foolish attempt at freedom.

The other theory is a bit more deductive. It maintains that Abraham Prins was the more dangerous of the two men, and that he was a bona-fide member of the underworld. Passaic County detectives were heard to say that he was a prime suspect as a triggerman in a gangland slaying, and is suspected to have supplied a gun used in another fatal shooting.

It has been supposed that he secreted a vast supply of money from robberies in this area, somewhere close to Crestwood Lake. He's no stranger to the area, having been arrested in Ramsey for carrying a concealed weapon several years ago.

Let's assume that he alone knows where the money is. He needs a partner to help and picks a lifer, Michael Salvi. It is doubtful a handcuff key could be made easily, so we'll assume one was smuggled into the prison. Salvi carried it out because he was less suspect. A break was going to be made, because the Passaic prosecutor had information about it. It's not unlikely that there were accomplices waiting to pick the two of them up, but in the getaway, they were missed.

Prins needs the money and is probably the only one who knows where it is. He sends Salvi to make the phone call. He gets caught and Prins makes the call in the school probably to someone to pick him up. Now he just has to go back to the rendezvous and wait. He doesn't go far from one area and he is clean shaven when caught even though about 24 hours from his last prison shave.

He knows he is surrounded, but still waits. Remember, both of them were in Ramsey for at least 30 minutes before it was known they were here. They could have been long gone if that was their intention.

Well, it all depends on what mystery book detective you follow. I wonder how Joe Friday would have solved it.