

Bridgeport Evening Farmer

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BRIDGEPORT, CONN., SATURDAY, OCT. 30, 1915

PRICE TWO CENTS

NEW HAVEN DETECTIVE IS SHOT BY PRISONER WHO MAKES GET-AWAY

Sergeant Bennett W. Dorman May Be Mortally Wounded — Shot As He Grapples With Man Suspected of Theft.

Prisoner Fires From His Pocket and Then Makes His Escape—Little Hope For Recovery of Wounded Policeman.

New Haven. Oct. 30—Bennett W. Dorman, a detective of the headquarters staff, was probably fatally shot through the stomach by a man said to be "Honey Budlong". of Providence, R. I., whom he was placing under arrest in Crown street today.

Two men went into Palmer's garage on Crown street, above Park, during the morning, one offering to sell Palmer two carriage robes. The latter thought he had seen the robes before and suggested that the men return later in the day. After the men left Palmer told the detective bureau of his suspicions.

Detective Deskin was sent to the garage and waited until one of the men came in. Questioning this man Deskin secured an admission that the robes were stolen by the man who had not come in. Deskin asked Palmer to hold the man who was in the garage while he went out to bring in the other. Meantime, Detective Dorman had been sent out from headquarters to be handy to Deskin.

Passing through Crown street near the garage, Dorman saw a man standing on the curb with two robes over his arm. Engaging the man in conversation, Dorman suggested that the man come along to the garage. The stranger refused and had a scuffle and Dorman got him down and started to handcuff him. Then the officer was shot.

A clerk in an office nearby who saw the struggle thought the man shot through his

pocket, pulling his gun as Dorman rolled off. The man took to his heels over fences nearby pursued by several men in the vicinity.

Dorman walked to the garage where a teamster picked him up and carried him to the hospital.

Officers and Coroner Mix went to the scene and heard a report that the man was in a barn. A fire company was called out to use its hose if necessary to make a capture but after the officers had searched a barn and the yards nearby they heard that the man had escaped through Derby avenue. Automobiles were sent in chase.

The man whom Palmer was holding in his office was arrested by Deskin as soon as he heard the report of a shot outside. At the station this man proved to be a local resident. His name was temporarily held. He said the other man was known as "Hon" or "Honey" Budlong, that he had just come from Canada, where he had served a sentence and he was known in Providence, which was probably his home.

Every available man in the Bridgeport detective department is on the lookout for the assailant of Detective Dorman. The shooter is described as being 21 years old and five feet, seven inches in height. He wore a black Norfolk coat, black trousers with white stripe, black derby hat, and soft grey shirt, his right arm is crippled at the elbow.

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NEW HAVEN BANDIT, AMBUSHED BY POLICEMEN, MAY DIE FROM BULLET

Fusilade is Fired As Botsworth. Wanted For Killing Detective, Tries to Draw Automatic Pistol As He Sees Captors Descending Upon Him.

Lindell Botsworth, aged 21, alias "Honey Budlong" the slayer of Detective Sergeant Bennett W. Dorman of New Haven lies at the point of death in St Vincent's hospital following his capture by an armed posse from Bridgeport and New Haven this forenoon in which a score of shots were fired.

Trapped by the police as he was leaving his hiding place, he announced that he would shoot to kill and he prepared to carry out his threat at the corner of Surf avenue and Stratford avenue, Stratford, when he was shot down.

During a struggle for the possession of an automatic revolver in his possession both local and New Haven police risked their lives in the capture. At St. Vincent's hospital it is said that he has regained consciousness though his death is momentarily expected.

The New Haven authorities assert that they have information today, which positively confirms the belief that Botsworth was the man who on September 27 shot and killed Judge Knowles in Rhode Island, also that he is a desperate criminal from New Jersey where it is known that he has robbed and held up persons.

It is further alleged that on October 16 he is the man who entered Joseph Wesson's market in New Haven and after ordering some sausage locked the proprietor in the ice-box of his establishment and robbed the place.

It is believed by the local police that he also robbed the Clancy saloon on Railroad Avenue, taking nearly \$400, two or three weeks ago.

The police took 11 .38 calibre cartridges from the Colt's automatic Botsworth had in his hand.

James Buckley, aged 16, of Edwards street, and George Bifield 18, 419 Central avenue, habitues of Lucksinger's lunch room on Stratford avenue, near the junction of Connecticut avenue assisted materially in the

capture. They first met Botsworth, alias Budlong, there at noon Saturday. They again met him on Saturday night. He then, made a proposition to the two young men to burglarize the saloon of Alderman Frank Clancy at Stratford and Connecticut avenues. They were to enter the storehouse of the Texaco Oil Co. in the East End. "Budlong" had also planned to enter the garage of George P. Moore of 567 Union avenue and, after robbing him, to steal a touring car by which he would journey to New York.

Buckley and Bifield discovered the identity of "Budlong" through a copy of the Bridgeport Evening Farmer.

Both boys knew that "Budlong" was wanted, but dared not disclose his identity or whereabouts until this morning when they heard that Bennett W. Dorman, the New Haven detective, had succumbed to the bullet wound inflicted from a gun in the hand of Budlong. They were led to inform the police. The telephone message was received in New Haven at 12:02 o'clock. Railroad Policeman Joseph J. Driscoll in the New Haven station when the call

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was received.

Captain of Police Henry J. Donnelly ordered Police Chauffeur Frank P. Ryan to prepare the seven passenger department automobile for a record trip to Bridgeport. Detective William Destin, Harry Tuttle and James Gianrelli were hustled in the automobile and started on a flying trip to this city. In the meantime Capt. Donnelly had telephoned the local police department and Detective George Fox and Policeman John Barton were assigned to the capture of "Budlong."

Detective Fox and Policeman Barton on taking in the situation in the East End and knowing the reputation of "Budlong" telephoned local police headquarters for help. Driver William Caulfield, Captain John H. Regan, and Sergeant James Ramsey, after preliminary examination of the field by Detective George Fox, Policeman Barton and Sergeant Ramsey started for the scene of the capture at 11:15 o'clock.

Upon their arrival at Lucksingers' lunch room they were met by the New Haven authorities. In the meantime the local Emergency ambulance was held to answer a call as it was the opinion of the local police that it would be a case of death or injury to some of the parties concerned. Twenty minutes later when the telephone bell at the Emergency hospital rang and Capt. John H. Regan's voice on the ether end of the wire said:

"Send the ambulance to the East End car barns. We've got him but I think it's all up with him. Hurry."

It was but shortly after, at 11:45 exactly, that the ambulance returned with the unconscious form of "Budlong." A hurried observation was made and it was discovered that one bullet had entered the back of his right hip and penetrated the stomach.

At this time an unusual spectacle was presented when on hearing the name of Bennett Dorman, the murdered policemen, mentioned, the four New Haven officials broke down and sobbed. Dorman was one of the most popular members of the New Haven department.

Detective William Destin, a close chum of Dorman, was most deeply affected. It is said by some of the police that it was a bullet from Destin's rifle that laid "Budlong" low.

Dr. Joseph H. Beaudry, Jr., after a hurried examination ordered "Budlong" removed to St. Vincent's hospital where he was rushed to the operating room. ,

The scene of the shooting was most dramatic. The police, upon ascertaining the location in which Botsworth was hidden, decided to get reinforcements, and higher powered ammunition. Policeman Barton returned and took a shot gun and one 32.40 repeating rifle with 24 mushroom bullets.

... with the New Haven officers agreed upon a plan of campaign.

The boys were covered while they went for the fugitive. The officers hid in the trolley barns on Surf avenue.

James Buckley and George Bifield, who were instrumental in the capture of Lindell Botsworth, alias "Honey Budlong," a desperate criminal, told the following story of their connection with Botsworth to the police:

"We met him Saturday afternoon out on Stratford avenue. He was hungry and dirty from tramping the roads and railroad tracks. He said:

"Let's take a nickel until I get something to eat."

"We asked him what he did for a living and he said "I am a bookkeeper out of work."

"We took him into Lucksinger's restaurant, 1959 Stratford avenue, and bought him something to eat. Later in the afternoon and evening we hung around with him in Clancy's saloon, and on the street. He was a good talker and said that he would soon get some real money and put us in right."

"We noticed that the man who did he shooting was dressed exactly as was the stranger with the exception that Botsworth wore a cap instead of a derby."

"When we saw Botsworth, Bifield said to him:

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"Wasn't that you that shot- the cop in New Haven?"

"No," Botsworth replied.

"Well, the description fits you." said Buckley.

"Hesitating for a few minutes Botsworth said:

"Well, I'll tell you fellows. "That's me," but I will kill you if you divulge it and I'll drop any cop that rubs up against me."

"That New Haven cop came up to me and tried to put the cuffs on. We struggled and he shot me through the pocket. I thought that I had been wounded and I shot him. I don't give a _____ if I did. I came to Bridgeport for that reason."

"Was he dead?" I asked.

"Saturday afternoon we asked him why he did not get work as a book-keeper and he replied:

"The cops are after me in every state in America. Next week I will scout around and get a front and I will land some job as a book-keeper."

Later he confided to us that he intended to rob Clancy- saloon and the Texaco gasoline station run by Moore. He said that Moore was an old man, always carried a large sum of money and would be easy picking. With one of the autos in the garage we could all get away easily. Botsworth showed us a Colt's automatic fully loaded and said that he meant business.

"While neither Bifield nor myself," said Buckley, "wanted to participate in the job we were afraid of him and decided we would not go into the trick but on the other hand would not peach on him. We never spilled the beans on anybody yet and it's up to the police to catch the crooks.

"Late Saturday evening we were reading a copy of the Bridgeport Farmer in Luckshinger's restaurant when we saw about the cop being shot in New Haven.

"Not when I left," said Botsworth.

"Last night he told us that he would sleep in Spada's barn at Avon. Spada did not

know he was there and he was to lay up in the hay near an open window where he could be warned of the approach of any posse and open fire on them.

"I will not be captured alive," he said, "and the first cop that looks for me and comes within range of my automatic will get it, for I'm a crack shot."

"Bifield and I talked the matter over this morning and decided that we should not enter into the burglaries, and when we thought that this man was a murderer we asked advice of some of our friends. We were taken right to the telephone in Clancy's saloon and forced to call up the New Haven police and tell them what we knew. They told us not to move out of the saloon or we would be arrested and we obeyed what they told us."

"The next thing we knew Sergeant Ramsey and Policeman Barton had us and forced us to tell them what we knew of the affair. We were glad to do so for we knew we had gotten ourselves in hot water and while we did not want to squeal on anybody, older heads had told us to make a clean breast of the whole affair as the murderer would be caught and we would be held as accessories."

"When the other police from Bridgeport and New Haven arrived we were told to go and get Botsworth in the barn and bring him out. We did not want to do so for we knew he was armed and it would make us look like squealers."

"Let them go to _____", Botsworth replied, pulling out his automatic which he kept in his front left hand side pants pockets owing to a deformity of the right hand.

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BANDIT BOSWORTH BEGAN CAREER AS CLERK IN BANK; PHELAN PROBES SHOOTING

Coroner Expresses Belief That Police Were Justified in Firing Upon Young Desperado, But He Calls Many Witnesses As He Begins Official Inquiry.

Death-bed Scene of Youth Most Dramatic—He Dies Breathing Defiance to the Police and Giving Matter-of-Fact Instructions As To Disposition of His Body.

How Lyndal Bosworth, the 21 year old bandit, slain in his flight from arrest in Stratford, yesterday, became from a trusted bank clerk, a desperado known throughout the country, was revealed here today in the police investigations of Bosworth's record.

While Coroner John J. Phelan made plans for an inquest which began at 2:30 this afternoon, in which he will look into the justification for the shooting down of young Bosworth as he fled, the local and New Haven police, working in conjunction with the Rhode Island authorities, were busy checking up various tales of the young man's life, with the result that his life story as now told is thrilling in the extreme.

The New Haven police say now that they have no definite information that Bosworth was the slayer of Justice W. Knowles, who was shot dead at his home in Scituate, R. I., in September. They have information from John McNally, an alleged confederate, which they say indicates that he may have been the murderer of the Rhode Island Judge.

Bosworth came from a respectable family in the suburb of Anthony, R. I. He is survived by his parents and one sister, who is studying in a Massachusetts college.

The young bandit first began his

criminal career in the fall of 1913 when he was in the employ of the Union Trust company of Cranston, R. I., in the capacity of clerk. He was a trusted employee and was often left alone in the office where was stored large sums of money. Suddenly, on day in the fall of that year he disappeared and with him went a typewriting machine. He was apprehended by the Providence authorities and served a short term in the county jail.

This was the first of a criminal career. Late in the same year he was arrested in Ottawa, Canada, where on a charge of larceny he was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary.

After his sentence expired the young criminal returned to his old haunts in Providence and often he was arrested by the police of that place and held as a suspicious character.

In June, 1915, Bosworth held up an ice cream peddler at the point of a gun on Franklin street, Providence and relieved him of the few pennies the peddler had.

At the time of Bosworth's apprehension in New Haven a warrant had been issued for his arrest by the authorities of Cranston. Here he was wanted on a charge of grand larceny. He is alleged to have been, a professional panhandler in the aristocratic section of Anthony, R. I.

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Although several newspaper clippings referring to the assassination of Judge Knowles of Cranston, R. I. were found by the New Haven police when searching Bosworth's hiding place, a barn on the outskirts of the Elm City, the Providence authorities are not inclined to place much strength in the theory that the young desperado had committed the foul murder of the magistrate who was ambushed and shot down while entering his house on Labor Day evening.

To further substantiate the innocence of the dead criminal Mrs. George B. Bosworth, his mother, claims to have in her possession a letter from her deceased son which is dated September 6, 1915, and post-marked Jersey City, N. J.

Bosworth is a native of Providence but at an early age his parents moved to the suburb of Anthony where they now live.

After an autopsy had been performed at 2:30 this afternoon at Cullinan & Mullin's morgue by Medical Examiner S. M. Garlick upon the body of Bosworth, the body was embalmed and made ready for shipment to the home of the desperado's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Bosworth of 160 Burrington avenue, Providence, R. I.

Undertaker Henry K. Bishop of 138 Fairfield avenue, received a telephone call at 9 o'clock this morning from Byron B. Read, undertaker at Anthony, R. I., a suburb of Providence, asking him to complete arrangements for the shipment of the body by an early train this evening. It will be shipped to the home of the bandit's parents, where funeral services will be held tomorrow and the burial completed as soon as possible.

At present the body is at the morgue of Cullinan & Mullin's, on Main street. Medical Examiner S. M. Garlick performed an autopsy at 2:30 this afternoon. The coroner's hearing

was held in the office of Coroner John J. Phelan in the Sanford building at 2 o'clock.

The question connected with the hearing is the legality of the action of the police in shooting to death the young bandit. It is admitted by the police that no shots were exchanged and that Bosworth was fleeing from capture when fired upon, therefore, the police were not shooting in self defence. It is the belief, however, of Coroner Phelan that the statutes of the state will uphold the police in their action.

Coroner Phelan said:

"The question as to the legality of the shooting will be the main topic discussed at the hearing today. However, according to the statutes of the state, a policeman or even a private citizen who is called upon by the state to capture any person guilty of a felonious crime is compelled to bring back the criminal regardless of cost or actions. It is my honest belief that the police were justified in their action."

Detective-Sergeant George Fox, Capt. John H. Regan, Sergeant James Ramsey, Driver George Caulfield and Policeman John Barton as well as Capt. Henry J. Donnelly, Detectives Stanley, Giannelli, Harry Tuttle, William Deskin, Driver Frank P. Ryan and Railroad Policeman Joseph J. Driscoll, who were witnesses of the shooting of the young Rhode Island bandit, were summoned to appear before Coroner Phelan at the hearing. A summons has been served on James Buckley, aged 16, of 49 Edwards street, and George Bifield, aged 18, of 419 Central avenue, who gave the information which led to the capture of Bosworth.

From observations made by Dr. Abraham Bernstein, physician at St. Vincent's hospital, it has been ascertained that only one bullet took effect in the fleeing bandit. The exact calibre of the bullet that entered the body is not known, but will most likely be learned

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through the autopsy.

convulsed in the throes of death.

It was believed at police headquarters that the fatal shot was fired from a repeating rifle in the hands of Patrolman John Barton.

"For God's sake give me a drink of water," cried Bosworth, "I- know I'm going to die, but give me one more drink."

The bullet entered the rear of the right hip near the kidney. It is known from the way the bullet entered Bosworth's body that he was fleeing when shot as the bullet entered his back. The- cartridge then worked its way upward and severed the illiac artery causing hemorrhages from the stomach and which ultimately caused the death of the young desperado.

He then rallied and his voice became a trifle stronger when he asked the nurse whether the cops had shot him with buckshot or a slug. He then asked the time and was informed that it was 1:30.

"Well. I want to say a few words more before I die," said the young criminal.

It was exactly 11:20 when the death dealing rifle discharged the cartridge that entered Bonworth's body. At 11:30 his unconscious form was lying on the observation table at the Emergency hospital. At 11:50 he was on the operating table at St. Vincent's hospital. The operation was begun at 12:10 with Drs. Godfrey and Berstein probing for the bullet. Bosworth was then under the effects of ether. At 1 o'clock the physicians decided to give up the probing for the bullet as Bosworth was rapidly showing signs of weakness.

"I'm going to croak within an hour, but a fellow only has to croak once in a lifetime and if I don't croak I'll hang, but I don't give a d—n. I'm going to die and when I .croak ship my carcass to Providence, R. I."

He was then removed from the operating table, and at 1:02 Bosworth was slowly breathing his last in the bed assigned to him in ward No. 3.

Efforts were then made to procure some of the history of Bosworth's past life and his family connections, but the young bandit was slowly breathing his last. At 1:32 he lapsed into unconsciousness and at exactly-2:42 Bosworth died in convulsions.

Shortly after being removed from the operating room the Rhode Island desperado regained consciousness. The first thing he did was to ask the attending nurse for a drink of water. He was told that favor could not be granted him but the nurse, upon orders from the attending physician, took a wet sponge and moistened the lips of the dying man.

Medical Examiner S. M. Garlick was notified of the death and he gave permission for the removal of the body to Cullinan & Mullin's morgue. It was transferred there at 8 o'clock last evening.

Bosworth was craving for a drink, his lips parched, his eyes bulging and his body

The deceased bandit was of slim build, about 5 feet 8 inches in height, had large light blue eyes, a Roman nose, light hair almost blonde. His right arm was withered and is only about three and one-half inches in circumference. At the wrist it is partly paralyzed and twisted. In the trouser pocket on the right hand side is plainly visible the hole through which the bullet he claimed Dorman shot at him passed.

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BOSWORTH, DEAD BANDIT, PLANNED TO LOOT LOCAL BANK WITH SIX GUNMEN

Coroner Phelan's Justification of Police Shooting of Rhode Island Desperado Obviates Necessity of Autopsy, and None Will Know Who Killed Youth As He Pled From Arrest.

Thrilling Details of Life of Lawless Young Bank Clerk Are Disclosed to The Farmer By His Pal, Who Now is Awaiting Trial Before the New Haven Courts.

That Lyndal Bosworth, the young bandit slain Monday morning as he fled from arrest, had laid plans for a daylight raid upon the First-Bridgeport bank, which he hoped to loot, with the aid of half a dozen gunmen, was disclosed in a thrilling story told to The Farmer by his accomplice in New Haven robberies, John McNally.

McNally's story of his meeting with Bosworth does not verify the suspicion that Bosworth was the slayer of Justice W. S. Knowles of Cranston, R. I., though Bosworth, according to McNally, admitted that he had taken one man's life.

That the real slayer of Bosworth, one of the party of about a dozen Bridgeport and New Haven policemen, will never be known is likely. Although Medical Examiner Samuel E. Garlick had planned to conduct an autopsy yesterday, by which it was expected the fatal bullet would have been extracted from the dead bandit's abdomen, the medical examiner received instructions from Coroner John J. Phelan which rendered the autopsy unnecessary.

The coroner, after hearing the stories of the police and of the two youths who betrayed the fugitive into the hands of the police, satisfied that the shooting was justifiable, and for that reason he dispensed with the formality of an autopsy.

McNally, brought here by the New Haven police in connection with the coroner's inquest, was not brought into the proceedings. He was held at police headquarters throughout yesterday, and at 5 o'clock in the evening was returned to New Haven police headquarters.

Bosworth's body was taken from the undertaking parlors of Cullinan & Mullin's, who conduct the city morgue, to those of Henry E. Bishop. The remains were shipped to Providence on the 11:11 train last night. The funeral services took place this morning.

Coroner John J. Phelan, following an inquest held Tuesday into the death of Bosworth, declared that the circumstances of the shooting on Monday proved that the police were justified in their act.

Appearing before him were Capt. John H. Regan, Detective George Fox of the Bridgeport police department, Captain of Detectives Henry J. Donnelly, Detectives Harry W. Tuttle, William H. Deskin and Stanley Gianelli of the New Haven police force, and James Buckley and George Bifield, Bridgeport youths who aided in the attempted capture of Bosworth.

It was disclosed that the bandit was armed with an automatic revolver ready for immediate use and that if he had been permitted

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to turn about one or more of the policemen's lives would have been jeopardized.

Funeral services were held in New Haven today over the remains of Detective Sergeant Bennett W. Dorman, who died as a result of the bullet fired by Bosworth. At the home on Pond street at 2 o'clock today, a large delegation of friends and policemen gathered about the bier to pay a parting tribute to the popular detective.

McNally's story of Bosworth's organizing a band of robbers in this vicinity is being thoroughly sifted by the police of New Haven and Bridgeport. It is not unlikely that further arrests will be made in connection with recent robberies in these two cities, as a result of his disclosures.

Bosworth was the leader of newly formed association of young desperadoes whose headquarters were to be between New Haven and Bridgeport with secret meeting places in the vicinity of Spader's barn in the Avon district. The rules of the association called for each bandit being fully armed and Bosworth, the modern Jesse James had already recommended the use of a Savage automatic 32 calibre revolver. He is alleged to have said that it was the best type of "defender for a crook" that was ever made.

Bosworth comes from a reputable American family who trace their relations back almost to the landing of the Puritans. They are genuine Yankees. George B. Bosworth, father of the young bandit, was for many years engineer on a passenger train running from Boston to Midway, a little east of New London. Some time ago, he suffered a paralytic attack of both legs and was compelled to retire from the service. He is the owner of a two family house at 160 Burrington street, Providence.

The family have been subject to paralytic attacks. The dead bandit suffered a paralytic attack when rather young and that

accounts for the deformity of his right arm. His grandmother, who also resides at the Bosworth home, was compelled to suffer an amputation of the right leg owing to an attack of blood poisoning at one time. Mrs. Inez Bosworth, mother of the desperado, governs the Bosworth household and she is the mother of three other children. One of them a young woman of about 30 years of age is a teacher in the Providence High school, another about 15 years of age is a student at the Providence High School.- There is also one other sister surviving. She is 8 years of age and attends the public schools of that city.

They are a very respectable family and always dress well as will be shown in the following story where one paragraph relates the neatness and particularity of the deceased criminal regarding his wearing apparel. (He was the pet of the family and they always believed him to be a model son.

Bosworth Meets McNally.

Bosworth, alias "Honey Budlong," decided to leave home about four weeks ago. He was "broke" and he had made up his mind to go out and make a "clean up." He landed in New Haven.

Three weeks ago Saturday while he was walking past the saloon kept by Jacob & McNally at Commerce street and Congress avenue he noticed a young man, apparently down and out and with a forlorn look upon; his face, lounging idly outside the doors of the cafe. "Honey" sized him up and after passing him three or four times he accosted the stranger-who was later to be a prominent figure in the life of "Budlong."

"Honey" walked over and said:

"Say, kid, you look as though you're on the level. You're broke, ain't you?" and the stranger, who was none-other than John

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McNally, a New Haven boy, who is now lounging in a police cell in the New Haven county jail, answered:

"Yes."

"Well, I'm looking for a partner. What do you say, will you join me?"

McNally said that he was down and out at the time and not knowing what company he was about to enter he agreed to join partnership with one of the most desperate characters whose exploits are recorded in the annals of the Bridgeport police department.

"Honey" then informed McNally that he had a nice bed in a hayloft in the barn owned by Steve Mead, proprietor of the Berkshire Ice Co., on Washington avenue, near Cedar street. McNally had been sleeping off and on in a wagon shed in Commerce street and he readily agreed to accompany Bosworth to his abode. Here he found two horse blankets which were used for bed covering. They slept there that night.

Before retiring for the evening "Honey" divested himself of his outer garments and carefully folding his trousers to insure they would hold their crease, he then placed them under his pillow. '

The next morning bright and early both young men walked to the outskirts of New Haven and sat on the steep banks of West river, near West Haven. Here they became confidential and it was here young McNally became aware of the daring of the bandit Bosworth.

They were sitting quietly together when suddenly Bosworth whipped from out his trouser pocket his "pet toy," the Savage automatic gun. "Do you see that, Mac?" he said, with a grin. "Well, that little fellow put one guy to 'the happy Hunting' grounds." His face then

took on a solemn expression, as he said: "It's the last one I'll ever cook unless I am compelled to and if I ever am, woe be to the one that steps in front of it."

McNally then endeavored to get the facts of the killing from "Honey," but they were not forthcoming- "Never mind. Shut your tongue now. I'll tell you all about it some other time," said Bosworth, and that is the last McNally ever heard of the incident.

They then discussed the layout of the Elm City and their chances of making a good haul. Bosworth then told McNally that he was in the "highway robbery business." He then related a daring job which he had pulled off in Newark. It was on a clothing establishment. Bosworth entered the store one Saturday night and ordered a complete outfit of clothing, shoes, a black derby hat, the one he had on when he murdered Detective Dorman. silk socks, silk ties and various other wearing apparel. After he had all the clothing bundled up he turned upon the proprietor suddenly and ordered "hands up." At the time there were three customers in the store. They were also ordered to surrender. With the party of three customers and proprietor covered with the Savage automatic held in his left hand, Bosworth, with his crippled right hand, rifled the contents of the cash drawer to the extent of \$30. He then backed out through the rear door of the establishment, taking care to keep the party covered. After making his exit through the rear of the establishment he had the audacity to come to the front of the building where he purchased a new suitcase at the front of a leather goods store. He then passed two detectives and boarded a ferryboat for New York City, where he pawned most of the goods.

The daring young criminal then went to New Haven and here he met McNally After he had related this incident he told McNally that he would like to get something good to eat and a

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few pennies. It was then agreed to perform a highway robbery at the grocery and meat market kept by Samuel Weissman at Third street and Greenwich avenue, near City Point, New Haven. When they entered this place McNally was ordering some meat when suddenly Bosworth dealt Weissman a stunning blow on the head with the butt of his pet toy," the Savage automatic.

Weissman was then dragged into an ice box where he was securely locked for "safe keeping," as "Honey" said. The pals then rifled the cash register to the amount of \$1 and stole from the box food enough to last them for a week. Weissman was later released by a woman customer. This was the theft on which the New Haven police were working when Detective Dorman apprehended Bosworth Saturday morning.

After leaving Weissmann's place, "Honey" entered a wall paper store on Orange street and asked for a few matches. When he came out he was carrying a vest. The pals walked around to the backyard of the paper shop and rifled the vest. Their loot consisted of an American Waltham 18-Jewel watch valued at \$30. They pawned it for \$2.50.

The next day they came to Bridgeport, two weeks ago last Thursday. Here they met two young men and "Honey" had a private talk with both. Their description as given to The Farmer reporter by McNally, tallies with that of two well known local youngsters. McNally did not hear the conversation, but "Hon" later told him that they were members of a gang of crooks that he was organizing. They then returned to New Haven and Bosworth took to panhandling in Congress avenue for a week or so.

He made enough panhandling to take McNally and himself on a trip to Providence and here his pal made the acquaintance of the

Bosworth family. "Honey" was well dressed and did not dare "pull" a job owing to the fact that he was too well known. They were considering a robbery, however, but decided upon Pawtucket as their place.

Here they were about to loot a drug store one Sunday night when two mounted police detected them and gave chase. According to McNally it was one of the most exciting times of his life when the mounted police gave chase through backyards and over fences without ever leaving their steeds. He said he could not imagine such a chase, and it was almost beyond comprehension to imagine two mounted policemen clearing high board fences as the pair did. This is the way they slipped the mounted police, however. After jumping a high board fence "Hon" gave orders to duck and lie on the ground close beside the fence. This they did and the police unaware of the closeness of their prey rode right over their prostrate forms and were soon lost in the darkness.

They then spent the night at Bosworth's home. In the morning "Honey" showed his mother a written application which he had filled out for employment at the plant of the Remington-Arms and Ammunition company in this city. This was done to lead the family to believe that he was "on the level." He had no intention of going to work here.

The following Tuesday they boarded the steamer Fall River and sailed for New York, Captain Flanagan and Mate Pranks in charge. After loitering around New York for a day or two it was deemed best to head for Bridgeport via the Joy line. McNally feared staying in New York and told "Hon" that he was afraid of the gang of gunmen in that vicinity, to which Bosworth said, "One load in my 'little pet' would kill the whole tribe of them. Don't worry, stick close to me kid. I'll protect you."

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On their arrival in Bridgeport they visited the two local members of their gang after which they went to the Atlantic & Pacific Tea store on Bunnell street. McNally was given the automatic gun and told to wait outside. Bosworth entered and ordered a supply of canned goods totaling \$5 in value. McNally was then to enter and hold up the store clerk at the point of the gun.

According to his own statement he lost his nerve and after 10 minutes waiting, walked in and said, "We'd better beat it, 'Honey,' the cops are coming." Both ran for a distance of over two miles to their local hangout at Avon. The matter was reported to the local police a few weeks ago but they were unable to find any trace of the intended holdup men.

Bosworth then displayed his dangerous temper when he told McNally that if similar show of lack of nerve ever occurred again he would riddle Mac with his "toy pet."

That evening they returned to New Haven and McNally went to his home at 33 Adeline street, where he lives with his parents. His father is Patrick McNally, a former wholesale dealer in pork and delicatessen foods, but now employed by the New Haven road as car inspector.

McNally's longing for his new pal got the best of him and he left his comfortable home the next evening and joined Bosworth in the barn on Washington avenue. It was 8 o'clock when he reached the barn and the darkness was intense. On entering the barn he heard a harsh voice say "hands up." He was sure the "coppers" had landed him but on lighting a match he discovered the form of Bosworth sitting on a pile of hay and the "toy pet" (fully leveled at McNally's head. "Oh, it's you. I see," said the bandit. "That's a h--l of a way to enter without even saying 'how d'you do.'" "Honey" then placed his little "pet" under the pillow

where he always kept it and both pals went to sleep wholly undisturbed.

The following evening they entered a drug store at George and College streets and Bosworth ordered some iodine believing that the clerk would have to go to the rear of the store to procure the drug. They were then to rifle the cash drawer but much to their surprise the clerk started to fill the order from a bottle on a shelf in the front of the store. The pals then beat a hasty retreat much to the astonishment and discomfiture of the drug clerk.

Their Exposure.

The pals were getting on their "uppers," and it was decided to pawn a couple of robes they had stolen from an automobile garage. They entered the taxicab garage of Frank Palmer at Park and Crown streets and made a proposition to dispose of them. The young son of the proprietor told them to bring the robes around and he would purchase them. In the meantime young Palmer informed his father of the proposed sale and the elder Palmer becoming suspicious of the transaction reported the matter to the New Haven detective bureau and Detectives "Billy" Destin and Bennett Dorman, the latter the victim of Saturday's murder, were assigned to the case.

The Murder of Dorman.

It was deemed advisable to have McNally complete the sale of the stolen goods and he brought the robes to the Palmer garage while Bosworth remained around the corner of Park and Crown streets.

McNally related this incident as follows: "I had just walked into the Palmer garage when Frank, the old man, said, 'What are you doing, Mac, going out of business?' I said, 'No! I'm a little hard up and I would like to sell these robes. They were given me by a chauffeur for helping him on some work.'

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"As I handed the elder Palmer the robes, 'Billy' Destin came down the stairs and said, 'Well, Mac, we've finally got you. Come here until I put the nippers on you!' He was just doing it when a fellow ran in and said a man just got shot around the corner.

"Destin left me in charge of the Palmers and ran to the scene. Shortly later he returned and with tears in his eyes he said, 'It's poor Dorman, and he's a goner.'"

"By the way, when I heard Destin's remarks I almost cried myself, as Ben Dorman was a prince of good fellows and would almost give you his heart. Gee! When I heard what my pal had done I said: 'It's all up with you now, Mac! They'll hang you surely.'"

After the shooting affray Bosworth made his escape through yards and over back fences until he reached Edgewood avenue where he was last seen. The story of his capture in this city has been fully detailed in The Farmer.

McNally was taken to Police headquarters in New Haven and he will be held to await the finding of the coroner. He will then most likely be arraigned for a string of burglaries and petty thefts committed by himself and Bosworth while they were located in the Elm City.

After detailing his meeting and movements with Bosworth, McNally informed The Farmer reporter that it was their intention to hold up the paymaster of a large grain elevator in Westerly, R. I., while on his way to the elevator from the bank with a sum of money believed to be about \$3,500. After this rich haul they would "beat it" for the West. This daylight robbery was to have been performed one week from today.

In the meantime plans were in formation for a daylight raid upon the First-

Bridgeport National Bank in this city. This was held up as Bosworth was unable to procure six men which he believed absolutely necessary to perform this job.

McNally then related an incident which occurred on Bosworth's discharge from the penitentiary in Toronto, Canada, where he was serving time for a series of burglaries. The young prisoner was accompanied by a Canadian sleuth to the border line. It was his belief that on reaching this point he would be turned over to the United States authorities to answer for other crimes.

He was handcuffed. While in the Canadian prison Bosworth was an attentive reader of the Police Gazette. In one edition of this weekly he noticed a picture of an up-to-date handcuff and set of keys. The clever crook cut the picture of the keys from the weekly and during his spare time in his cell he made a duplicate set of keys by filing a couple of iron nails to correspond with the ones in the picture.

On his way to the border line Bosworth kept the "keys" in his mouth. He tried them one by one and finally found one that fitted the handcuffs. Undetected by the Canadian official, Bosworth opened the handcuffs and in the meantime he spat the other "keys" out of the car window.

On reaching the border line much to his surprise and comfort he was informed that he was again a free man. When the official went to open the cuffs he discovered that they were opened. He then searched Bosworth and found the "key" upon his person.

"Well, I must say, you're a pretty slick customer," said the detective. He then advised Bosworth not to get caught with the "key" on his person and then released him.

The earlier career of Bosworth when employed as bank clerk in the Union Trust

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company of Providence has been related in a previous issue of The Farmer.

After relating this romantic narrative McNally said he would tell the same story to the New Haven police in the hope of having leniency shown him and that, if released, he will take himself to another part of the country, there to begin life anew. Later he will some day return to his parents in New Haven and show them that, after all, he is a son that they may well feel proud of and not a disreputable criminal as he at present appears.

He is a refined and intelligent appearing young man. In his cell at the Bridgeport police station he looked clean and neat, face well shaven, and he wore a clean collar and tie.

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POLICE SCOUR CITY FOR BANDIT'S PALS; BURGLAR BOUND OVER

Steps towards a systematic cleanup of a gang of young burglars and highwaymen who, it is believed, have selected this city as their rendezvous, were taken today by members of the local detective bureau after a rigid examination had been given "George Alden," the 16-years-old burglar who was arrested while hiding in a trunk in the attic at the home of Harvey Harding, 2051 North avenue, last night.

That "Alden" is a branch of the tree planted by Lyndal Bosworth, the young Rhode Island bandit who was fatally shot while escaping a posse of local and New Haven police Monday morning, is the opinion of Captain of Detectives George Arnold, who today ordered his men to make a thorough cleanup of the gang which, according to the statement of John McNally, the New Haven youth, was implicated in many robberies and holdups perpetrated by the bandit Bosworth.

"Alden," the young burglar who admitted breaking into the Harding home last night, was summarily bound over to the December term of the superior court, under a bond of \$1,000 when arraigned before Judge Frederic A. Bartlett in city court today.

"Alden's" presence in the Harding home last evening was detected by John M. Hawley, who lives next door. Hawley saw a light burning in a second story window of the Harding home and knowing that the Harding family was in the West he at once became suspicious. He telephoned to police headquarters and Detective Dooley, accompanied by Policemen Gorgas and Benedetti descended upon the home. Doorman Taylor, with a few neighbors, surrounded the home and a systematic search of

the house was made. The police were just about to give up the search when Detective Dooley on opening a large steamer trunk in the attic, discovered the form of young "Alden" squatting inside.

A shirting cigar lighter in the hands of the young burglar put the detective on his guard and he immediately grabbed the right wrist of "Alden" and shook from his hand what the detective at first believed to be a revolver.

In "Alden's" vest pocket was found a card bearing the name of George Alden, 255 Elm street, Springfield, Mass. During a cross examination by Detective Sergeant George Haux this morning "Alden" was unable to give the name of the main street, the leading park and the most prominent manufacturing concern in Springfield and the police believe now he didn't come from the Massachusetts city. During the examination the young robber admitted that he was born in Pennsylvania. He positively refused to give the name of his parents or their residence.

It is the belief of the local authorities that this 16-years-old burglar is one of the most daring and likewise coolest criminals of that age that they have had to deal with. He denies being implicated with any other burglar or gang of burglars.

The suit of clothes which he wore he claimed he had purchased at a misfit store in Gotham. He first admitted that he had been in Bridgeport for two weeks but later insisted that he only came here Monday from Philadelphia. He also admitted that he had been in New Haven.

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After two hours questioning it was decided to postpone the examination until later in the day when it is believed that some information may be forthcoming, which will lead to the implication of the other members of the gang.

One of the local youngsters who is suspected as being affiliated with the newly

organized crowd of young bandits vanished last night. The police descended upon his hang-out but all they could find of him was his shoes, which he left after him. It is believed that he was in the rendezvous when the police surrounded it, but became aware of their presence and made his getaway.