

# CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE

CASES



AUGUST  
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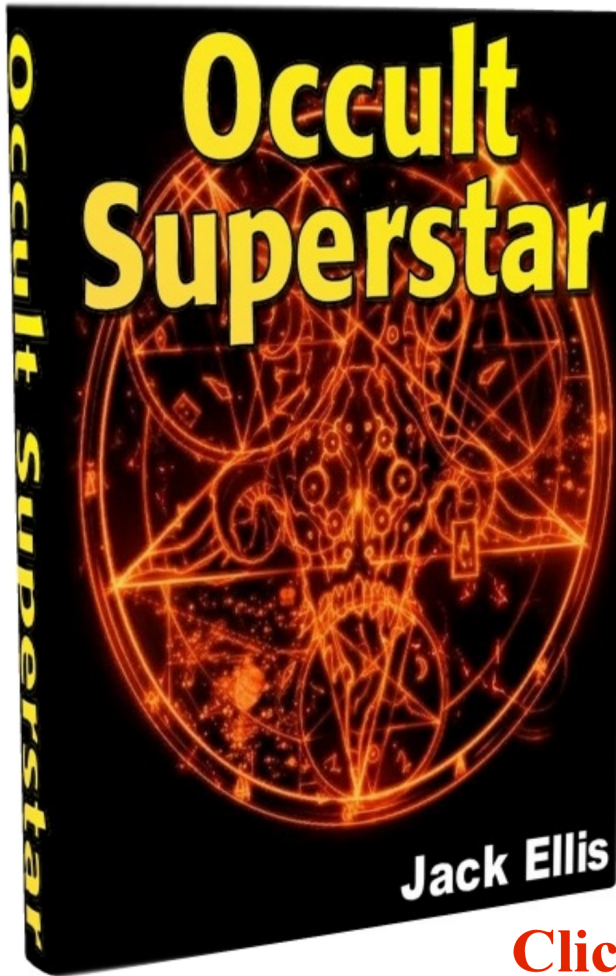
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The Puzzle Portland  
Police Had To Solve:

**WAS IT  
DRUGS  
OR LUST  
THAT LED  
TO THE  
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BRUNETTE'S  
SLAUGHTER?**

**THE FLAMES  
OF PASSION  
TO CONSUME  
A CHEATING  
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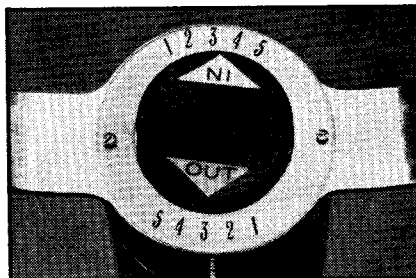
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She was mutilated . . . see Page 24

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**CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE CASES.** Published bi-monthly by Pontiac Publishing Corp. 235 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Single copy 50 cents. Subscription rates \$6.00 for 12 issues. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Sparta, Illinois. (c) 1973 by Pontiac Publishing Corp. All rights reserved. (c) under Universal, International and Pan American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction or use without permission of the editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. All material must be accompanied by self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage for return and is submitted at the author's risk. Printed in U.S.A.

# CONFIDENTIAL DETECTIVE CASES



**OFFICIAL TRUE CRIME CASES**

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AUGUST, 1973

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"Surely," we tell ourselves, "there must be a way to earn enough extra dollars each month to balance the family budget. Surely, there must be a way to get the kind of position where you don't have to worry about job security. Surely, there must be a way to get a job that offers greater opportunity for advancement, and more job satisfaction."

"Surely," in other words, "there must be a better way to earn a living!"

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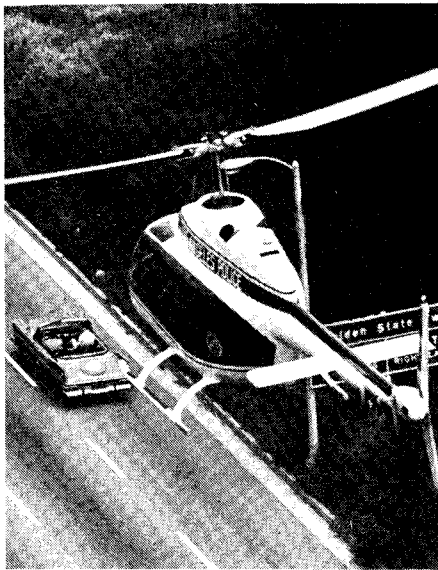
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# FROM THE BLOTTER

by Richard Stevens

## TRAFFIC PATROL IN THE SKY

As anyone can plainly see this speeding auto doesn't stand a chance against the Los Angeles Police Department's helicopter bureau.



Using Bell-manufactured JetRanger choppers to zero in on speeding motorists on the city's 160 miles of freeway, the department's helicopter patrol is doing a remarkable job apprehending speeders who have outdistanced pursuing squad cars.

## THE MOVIES ARE WRONG ABOUT INTERPOL

You may have seen television thrillers and movies in which Interpol agents, after tracking a fugitive half-way around the world, finally catches up with the dirty dog and puts the cuffs on him.

For the record, it simply doesn't happen, except in the minds of desk-bound writers.

The fact is that Interpol is little more than a clearing house for information supplied by police of member countries regarding crimes and criminals. Contrary to popular belief, Interpol is not a police organization in the generally accepted sense. The organization houses banks of files on well-known criminals of member nations.

A law enforcement agency of the member nation may request a dossier on a specific criminal, or on a specific type

of crime and criminals known to commit same. The same agency may send the name of a wanted fugitive to Interpol, and the international agency will issue a want on the dastard to all the lawmen on its mailing list.

## 'LONE RANGER AND TONTO FIGHT CRIME

Louis Telano usually wears bright bellbottoms and John Sepe a faded army jacket. The New York City Police Department refers to them as The Lone Ranger and Tonto. Telano and Sepe are Housing Authority cops and they patrol the streets of Brooklyn keeping a sharp eye for narcotics pushers and muggers.

For three years, the duo have roamed the borough together, first as uniformed task-force patrolmen and since the end of 1971 on special plain-clothes assignment.

Patrolman Telano, who is 27 years old, has earned 17 citations for outstanding arrests, two of them arrests within three minutes of each other. Patrolman Sepe, who is 36, has 15 citations. Both patrolmen have 12 more citations pending.

Their appetite for undercover work has carried them virtually unscathed through several knife fights and many shootouts. Patrolman Telano, however, was bitten once in the line of duty by the enraged girlfriend of a narcotics dealer he had just arrested.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto, who first met while they were subduing three muggers five years ago, picked up their nicknames from narcotics dealers in the Williamsburg section.

Patrolman Telano was called Tonto because he has Indian-like features. Patrolman Sepe became, by default, the Lone Ranger.

## THE LAW GLANCES AT HYPNOSIS

Don't be entranced by non-medical hypnotists who advertise help with everything from breaking bad habits to losing weight, New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz warns.

"Because hypnosis is so easy to learn and because it has a magical quality for the average layman," Lefkowitz said, "many unqualified individuals are using it in therapy for emotional and mental disorders."

Complaints filed with the Bureau of Consumer Frauds and Protection spark-

ed an ongoing investigation into advertising practices of hypnotists, a few of whom take out ads in telephone directories.

There have been "many instances of severe psychological damage done to people as a result of the misuse of hypnosis."

Lefkowitz cited a woman's letter complaining of treatment by a non-medical hypnotist now under investigation.

One woman wrote she had gone to a hypnotist for help with a weight problem. At the first "consultation," which cost \$25, she was asked to draw a picture of a man and another of a woman, "in order to analyze my emotional maturity." She was told hypnosis could help her.

"I'm still overweight," the woman wrote, "in fact I gained about 30 pounds."

## ISRAEL ALARMED BY CRIME SURGE

Many Israelis remember when the country had virtually no crime, but today burglaries, muggings, assault and sex offenses are becoming daily occurrences. Police statistics show that crime in general has risen 35 per cent in the past five years.

Murders increased by 65 per cent from 31 in 1971 to 49 in 1972, and rapes rose from 80 to 109 in the same one-year period. One specialist estimates there are about 5000 drug addicts in Israel, and police figure there are approximately 4000 prostitutes, 60 per cent of them between 14 and 17.

Israel's population is about 3 million. Gangs of hoodlums have been known to crash parties at high schools and private homes and provoke fights with knives and chains.

Officials attribute the wave of lawlessness in part to urbanization and the economic prosperity of some people following the 1967 Israeli-Arab war.

"The morals and values of society here are deteriorating," lamented police spokesman Mordechai Tavor. "Now thieves feel self-righteous about stealing from someone richer than themselves."

## SEERS BUSTED

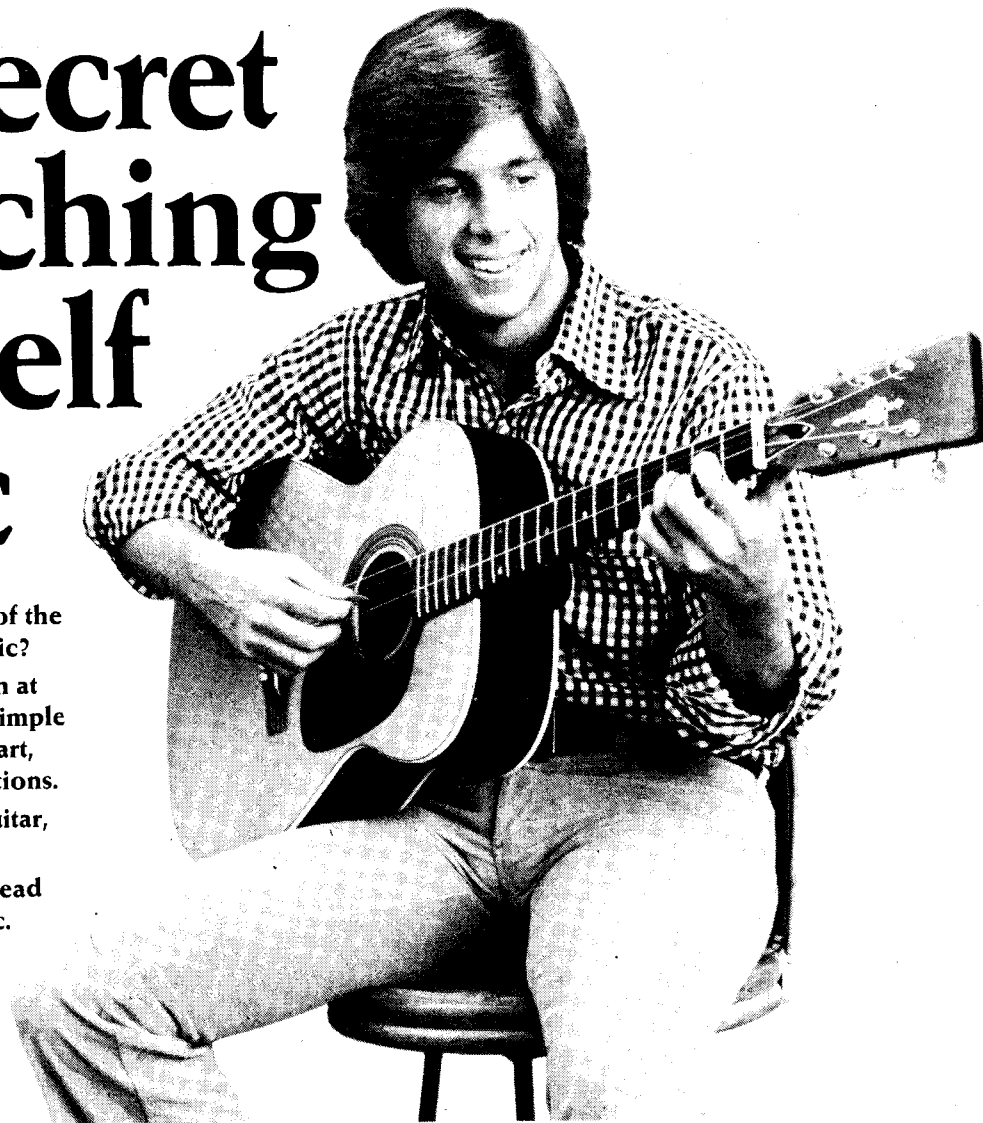
Two women were charged with fortune telling recently after they allegedly extracted a down payment of \$20 from an undercover female vice squad agent who was assured that they would remove a curse that forced her to lose her boy friend.

Nassau County District Attorney William Cahn said the women were arrested following a palm reading session in the storefront headquarters of the fortune teller.

Cahn said the agent went to the storefront in response to an advertisement and the women charged her \$10 and told her that her boy friend would return. They allegedly added that for \$49 they could guarantee his return.

The agent reportedly gave the woman a \$10 deposit and was told to return later in the week with a bottle of water and a picture of her beau. When she left, vice squad agents entered and made the arrests.

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You don't need any previous musical training. Our lessons start you off "from scratch" with clear word-and-picture instructions. A lot of the songs you practice first are simple tunes you've heard many times. And since you already know how these tunes are supposed to sound, you can tell immediately when you've "got them right."

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Others also enjoy her playing, Mrs. Johanson reports. She

plays for herself to relax after a trying day, and for her husband when he's tired. She also plays for friends when she goes to parties. "In a sentence," she says, "it's the most soul-satisfying thing that has ever happened to me."

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Waltraud Michler, 16, is shown holding godson. Vital clue told police teenager had not committed suicide, but had been murdered.

# WHO LEFT THE SEX-WILD TEENAGER TO DIE ON A GARBAGE HEAP?

Modern girls don't commit suicide over an unwanted pregnancy. And the swinging school girl was as up to date as they come. That's why the inspector wasn't buying the obvious theory about her death.

by Joel Damon

**F**ULDA, ROUGHLY in the center of West Germany, is a medium sized city with a great many churches and spectacular buildings, many of them very old.

From Fulda it is only ten or fifteen miles to the barbed wire and mine strip separating the German Federal Republic from Communist East Germany. In addition to the barbed wire and mines, there are also watch towers, machine gun emplacements, heavily armed patrols and savage, well-trained dogs. East Germany does not encourage contacts with the

other Germany lying across the border.

Heading north out of Fulda and running roughly parallel to this dangerous border is State Road 27, also shown as E70 for reasons clear only to the German Transportation Ministry.

E70 is not a particularly beautiful road nor even a terribly important one, although it would certainly be inconve-

CID men at scene of crime. Footsteps leading to and from this area indicated that victim had been carried to spot and deposited there.



TIME: Midnight  
DATE: July 7  
PLACE: Burghaun,  
West Germany  
LAW ENFORCEMENT  
AGENCY: Fulda CID  
OFFICERS: Inspector Arthur  
Hoenig and Det. Sgt.  
Franz Heusamen

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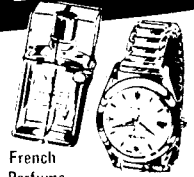


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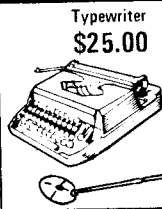
**DISCOVER THE PROFITS OF IMPORT!** My Home Import Business Plan guides your every step... it is based totally on my personal success. I do the "hard work" for you... by traveling the world to find dazzling "first time offered" new products. The actual sample I will send you Free is typical of my import discoveries. You can pick and choose from more than 24,000 products to deal in. You decide whether to deal in one product or 1000's... and I'll give you more products every single month to boost your profits! I arrange for you to buy below wholesale and enjoy profits beyond your wildest dreams.

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# SEX-WILD TEENAGER

nient for many of the local residents if it were not there, but, some fifteen miles to the north of Fulda, it does run near to the very small and utterly insignificant village of Burghaun. The road on which Burghaun lies has no number at all and is, as a matter of fact, scarcely a road at all.

Perhaps all this is not being really quite fair to Burghaun. After all, it is a pleasant and quiet place to live and not everyone likes to have the heavy traffic of a major highway thundering past the door day and night. It also has another advantage over larger communities; it is almost crime free.

Almost? Very much almost. Since the time of its foundation Burghaun has had only one crime of a more serious nature than a little boy pinching cookies out of his mother's cookie jar. This crime was discovered on the morning of Saturday, July 7, 1972, but the man who discovered it did not realize that it was a crime at all.

The discovery was made at approximately nine-thirty when Harold Enzler drove to the village dump with a load of trash. Like most of the people living in Burghaun, Harold Enzler worked elsewhere and the weekends were the only time that he could tend to such matters as cleaning out the garage or getting rid of accumulated rubbish.



Relatives and friends gather at cemetery for graveside service for Waltraud. Detectives mingled with crowd, looked for possible suspects. Police had probable motive for crime.

Not that Mr. Enzler looked forward to this. As a matter of fact, it being an absolutely gorgeous summer day, he had had some thoughts about going fishing. Mrs. Enzler had, however, sensed this instantly and had begun an intensive campaign at the breakfast table which soon saw Mr. Enzler on his way to the garage.

The job had not lasted as long as he had feared and he was now hurrying to the dump to get rid of the sacks of rubbish, after which there would be nothing to prevent him from going off fishing as originally planned. Mr. Enzler seldom caught anything, but he was very fond of fishing just the same.

His first view of the dump, however, immediately drove all thoughts of fishing out of his mind because Waltraud Michler was lying in the middle of it and it looked very much as if she was either unconscious or dead!

Enzler recognized the girl instantly of course, just as he would anyone else who lived in Burghaun. The Michlers lived only a few hundred yards from his house and this was their oldest daughter who, if he was not mistaken, had just turned sixteen.

Astonished and concerned because he could not imagine what the girl might be doing lying in the village dump, Enzler clambered out of his car and rushed over to where she lay. He had no sooner touched the body, however, than he drew his hand back and his mouth fell open in an unconscious expression of horror. The body was cold

and stiff as a board! No doubt about it, Waltraud Michler was dead!

In such a case, there was obviously only one thing to do. The Michler house was a scant two hundred yards from the dump and Enzler got into his car and drove there immediately.

"Johannes!" he said without preamble when Mr. Michler came to the door in response to his knock. "Your daughter Waltraud is lying over there on the dump! I'm afraid she's dead!"

Johannes Michler stood staring at him for a minute in stunned surprise and then dropped the newspaper which he was holding in one hand and ran off across the field in the direction of the dump. He was wearing carpet slippers and he lost both of them before he had gone a dozen yards.

Enzler hesitated for a moment and then, leaving his car standing in front of the Michler house, ran after him. When he reached the dump, Johannes Michler was already kneeling beside his daughter and trying to slap some warmth into her dead hands.

"It's no use, Johannes!" called Enzler running out onto the dump and catching the other man by the shoulder. "You can't help her! We should get a doctor."

"Well, get one then, for Christ's sake!" yelled Michler suddenly. "Don't just stand there!"

Enzler turned and ran back toward the village, but, as he knew that there was no doctor in Burghaun, turned into

*(Continued on page 66)*



He told police that worry about his reputation forced him into tricking teenager into taking lethal overdose of sleeping tablets.

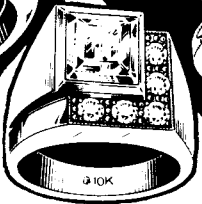
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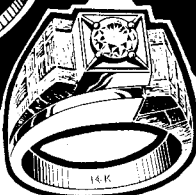


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Deferred pmt  
price \$225\*  
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MONTHLY

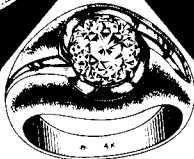


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14k gold, 25 pmts  
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MONTHLY

**BARON \$180** Cash Price  
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solid 14k gold, 20  
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Deferred pmt price  
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**\$9** TWICE  
MONTHLY



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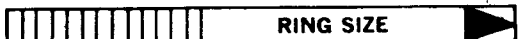
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**RING SIZE**



Willard Green's body on ME's examining table. Victim was found five miles from where girl had been slain. Killer's MO had been similar.

**THE PUZZLE PORTLAND POLICE HAD TO SOLVE:**

# **WAS IT DRUGS OR LUST THAT LED TO THE BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE'S SLAUGHTER?**

In all her 20 years, Vicki had never found the love for which she searched so desperately. Her travels had taken her to the shanties where the city's junkies existed in a nightmare world ruled by violence and betrayal. And her last trip was the worst bummer of all.



Detectives search for clues near Green's body. Investigators learned that victim had been a narcotics pusher. His connection with the murdered girl, however, was mystery.

**TIME:** Morning  
**DATE:** Sept. 23  
**PLACE:** Portland,  
 Oregon  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Portland  
 Police Department  
**OFFICER:** Det. Sgt. Orlando  
 Yazzoline



Vickie Trent was slain execution style with bullet in back of head. Police learned that she had been drug addict and that she had been common-law wife of her wounded companion.

by Greg Drayson

**M**ULTNOMAH COUNTY Sheriff's deputies and Portland, Oregon, police aided by federal narcotics agents and information from informants, were putting the heat on narcotics peddlers throughout the area. Wholesale arrests had been made and more were expected.

The pressure was particularly great in the northeast section of the city, the black ghetto which was the center of the narcotics trade. The pressure was so great that something had to explode. And it did—in a series of sensational murders.

Early on the morning of September 23, 1972, a man staggered out of huge, sprawling Forest Park on the opposite side of the city. Blood was streaming from a wound in the lower part of his

head, drenching his neck and the upper part of his body. He collapsed in front of a house in the 2500 block of N.W. 53rd Drive and lay there moaning.

Nearby residents, horrified, notified the police and soon an ambulance arrived. The man was conscious but seemed in a state of shock. He was a 23-year-old light-skinned Negro who identified himself as Billy Lee Spence and said he lived in an apartment on N. Williams Avenue. He said he and a woman companion had been forced into a car at gunpoint, taken to Forest Park, forced to walk up a foot trail to an isolated spot, and then had been shot in the back of the head.

Spence said he had been shot first but was almost sure that his companion, 20-year-old Vicki Trent, had been killed. She was his common-law wife, he said.

Ambulance attendants rushed Spence to Good Samaritan Hospital, while a large force of police officers began a search of heavily wooded Forest Park for Vicki Trent.

They found her body a half hour later, crumpled beside Wild Cherry Trail, one of the more secluded hiking paths. She was a small white girl who had once been quite pretty before the shot in the back of her head had done its ugly work.

Detective specialists from Portland's crack homicide department went to work, photographing the body and searching the area for clues that might lead them to the killer. They found very little of value as evidence.

They moved Miss Trent's body to the morgue, where it was held for an autopsy. In the meantime, investigating officers began interrogating friends and relatives of the victims in an effort to learn the motive behind the shooting. At this stage, they thought it might have resulted from jealousy, or even been a power struggle to control local narcotics trade or white prostitutes.

Several officers went to the Good

# DRUGS OR LUST

Samaritan Hospital to question Billy Lee Spence, the injured man, and while they were there, they received a report that another murder had been committed.

The young men, walking for exercise in the northern part of Forest Park, some five miles from where Vicki Trent's body had been found, had stumbled on the body of a man near the end of N.W. Burlington Drive.

This was outside the city limits and not within the jurisdiction of city police, so Multnomah County Sheriff's officers were called in. A number of deputies, headed by Dan Lambert, soon reached the scene and took charge of the investigation.

The body was identified as that of Millard Green, 20, who had also been booked previously in the police station as Miller Ray Stevenson, with no recorded address.

Green was a big black man, over six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds. He had been shot in the back of the head at close range with a large calibre bullet. This, the sheriff's officers learned from Portland's PD, was similar to the way Vicki Trent and Billy Lee Spence had been shot.

There were enough similarities in the shootings, besides the fact that two of the victims were black, to lead to the inescapable conclusion that Green's murder was connected in some way to the shooting of the other two victims, despite the great distance between the first two bodies and the third.

Sheriff's officers, working closely with Portland police, began a thorough study of the backgrounds of the three victims, hoping to find something that would unravel the puzzle and help them bring the killer or killers to justice.

Vicki Trent, they were able to learn, had come to Portland about three years earlier from Louisville, Kentucky. She had joined her married sister and members of her family living in the area.

Her mother had died when she was only five, and her father when she was twelve. She had lived with various relatives and then in a number of foster homes, none of which gave her the love and understanding she needed to develop properly. She was given a dozen different viewpoints on every subject by those with whom she lived and made to feel tolerated rather than wanted. It was only natural she should grow up into a confused young woman with no sound worthwhile values to keep her steady.

She was overeager to be accepted by her teenage companions and willing to do anything, try anything, including marijuana, speed and other drugs, to be a welcome member of the group.

Eventually, however, she realized she



Vicki lived in squalor shown above. Girl had long history of violence paralleled by a drug need. She made serious effort to straighten out, but drugs and sex had tight grip.

was on the wrong track and voluntarily committed herself for treatment to a medical center in Louisville, Kentucky. But this center, far from helping her, actually broadened her acquaintanceship with drugs.

The young people confined there taught her all the tricks that could be used to obtain forbidden narcotics—and it turned out most drugs could be obtained there, one way or another. She left the center far from cured of her trouble and with an added resourcefulness in obtaining the drugs she craved.

Later, Vicki Trent came to Portland and under her sister's influence made a new effort to straighten out her life. She worked for a time as a nurse's aide, and then as a telephone solicitor for a company that went out of business a few months later, leaving her without employment. After this, Vicki couldn't seem to find the proper incentive for a worthwhile life.

She lived for a time in a commune type of housing with some other young people where she could indulge her various cravings. Then the place was raided by narcotics officers and Vicki was left rootless again.

**A**FTER A while she met a man who had contacts in the drug traffic and could supply her with the fixes she needed. He was a black man and she knew her Kentucky raised relatives wouldn't like it, but "So what!" she thought and went to live with him in a rundown apartment in the Negro section of town, where drugs were more easily obtained.

Her family became deeply disturbed by her actions and did everything they could to save her. Her sister, who was an extremely religious woman, induced her church to hold a special prayer meeting for Vicki, and the entire congregation prayed fervently for her salvation. But it did no good.

Drugs and sex had too strong a hold on Vicki to be broken with prayer. She sank deeper and deeper into her sordid life in the ghetto.

Billy Lee Spence didn't do much work, preferring to live by what he fondly thought of as his wits. The only trouble was that his wits didn't furnish him with a very good living, nor Vicki.

When Vicki's sister asked her why she continued to live in such squalor with a black man, the girl replied that



Police check 1962 Ford pickup found in front of suspect's home. Vehicle was impounded. At this point it was believed that fugitive was driving a 1969 blue and white Oldsmobile.

she "felt sorry for him and that he couldn't get along without her if she left him."

All of which showed she had more compassion and tenderness of heart than most girls in her position, and little regard for her best interests. Part of her reason for refusing to leave Billy Spence might have been that after growing up more or less unloved and unwanted, she had now found someone who needed her—or so she thought.

Her family feared, however, that she might be forced into prostitution to supply her narcotics habit and that of Billy Spence, and they kept trying to get her to leave Billy.

But she wouldn't and her relationship with him did lead to near tragedy and cost her an eye. A woman who had formerly lived with Spence, overcome with jealousy, attacked her one day with a knife, cutting her eye so badly that it had to be removed. She was fitted for a glass eye.

A few months previously, Vicki had become pregnant by Billy Spence and, surprisingly, this had given her a sense of responsibility. She developed a new determination to give up drugs and made a sincere effort to live without them. Her relatives began to hope she would straighten out her life.

She received aid from ADC during her pregnancy and this made her life and Billy's a little better, especially as she was spending less on drugs. But then her baby died only a few hours after birth and the tragedy took all desire for reform out of the unfortunate girl.

Authorities placed her back on welfare and she and Billy moved into a shabby basement apartment. She now seemed to live only for her moments of passion with Billy Spence and the blissful state of nothingness that drugs brought.

Billy Lee Spence's life had been only slightly better than Vicki's during his formative years. He was one of twelve children of a migrant worker's family who made a living working the harvests. Their home was in Phoenix up until the

time Billy was 16, when all the family but Billy moved to Portland, Oregon.

Billy Lee had been in love with a Phoenix girl and he had refused to leave. He had dropped out of school, married, and tried to earn a living on his own. He wasn't too successful.

His living was poor and his marriage stormy. After four years of bickering and struggle, the union ended and Billy Lee went to Portland. He established a common law relationship with a woman there and she bore him a son, but this relationship failed to last. Then he met Vicki. Soon he induced her to move in with him and share his fixes.

They got by after a fashion, with Vicki on welfare and Billy doing a little painting once in a while and picking berries and vegetables in season. And he obtained some of the fixes he needed by selling dope to others. The couple moved often, mostly because their rent was overdue, and they ended up in the \$65 a month basement apartment where they were living when they were attacked.

Vicki's landlord said the couple had a number of friends, mostly young, who often stayed all night with them, but the only mail Vicki ever received was from the welfare department. Their rent was past due.

Millard, or Miller, Green, the third victim, was a big, black, powerfully built man over six feet tall and weighing around 210 pounds. He was 32 years old and liked to be called "Buster." He was born during the violence of Pearl Harbor day, December 7, 1941. And he was to die in violence.

Green had come to Portland about a year earlier from Alexandria, La. He had landed a job with Northwest Foundry and Furnace Co., as a grinder, but he wasn't very good at the work and took little interest in it. He stuck with the job, however, until five weeks before his murder.

He had dropped out of school and had run away from home when he was 15 and had gone to New York, where he thought all the action was. He had man-

aged to earn a living of sorts by doing odd jobs during his earlier years and working on construction projects later.

Then wanderlust overcame him and he moved from one part of the country to another, working the harvests or doing anything he could to earn a dollar.

**A**FTER ARRIVING in Portland, he became a sort of would-be narcotics pusher, priding himself on his contacts and dreaming that one of these days he would be a big time operator, driving a Cadillac and dealing in the stuff by the thousands.

He'd had trouble only once before during his stay in Portland. He was stabbed twice in a barroom brawl, supposedly for admonishing a man for using foul language to a woman.

Portland police, remembering the stabbing incident, checked out his opponent in his brawl after Green had been murdered, thinking he might have been slain out of revenge. But actually, that was only to take care of all loose ends.

The autopsies had shown that each of the victims had been slain with a single large calibre revolver bullet fired into the back of their heads. And only a perverse trick of fate had kept Billy Lee Spence alive. The heavy calibre bullet that had entered the back of his neck had ploughed upward into his skull and had lodged there without damaging the

*(Continued on page 39)*



Charles West (above) is suspect in slayings. He is presumed innocent of charges against him until proved otherwise in court of law.



# THE FLAMES OF PASSION TO CONSUME A CHEATING BRIDE



Laura Drinan: Extra-marital activities were only one facet of the woman's life probed after her disappearance. There were two more.

Laura was involved in a most dangerous game. The other players included a lover whose interest had turned to another woman, a husband with a record as long as his arm, a detective who thought there'd been foul play and a mystic who could turn up real evidence.

by Eric Soames

**L**AURA DRINAN was a wild and willful woman who had wooed men once too often. At least, that was the opinion of her friends when it was learned that Laura had disappeared.

The news about the woman being numbered among the missing had created quite a stir in Bwch, Wales, although

no one was really surprised. Most people had known about Laura's illicit affair and many of them had assumed that Laura had taken part in an elopement.

Michael Drinan, Laura's husband, probably thought the same thing. He knew the other man in his wife's life and after a few days of sitting at home and waiting for Laura to return, he picked up a telephone and called Ian Stockton.

After a few insults were hurled back and forth, Stockton said: "I don't know

what all the fuss is about. Laura left me five days ago. She said she was going home to you."

The conversation took place on Christmas Day, and Stockton, the more rational of the two men, suggested that Drinan should go to the police at once and report the matter. Seeing that he was over 200 miles away in England, Stockton said there was nothing he could do about anything at his end.

Drinan still hoped that Laura would show up soon, delaying reporting his

**TIME:** Uncertain  
**DATE:** Dec. 20  
**PLACE:** Bwch,  
Wales  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Wales CID  
**OFFICER:** Det. Chief Pat  
Molloy



Detectives described him as con man. He had best motive for murder, but had murder been committed? Question was answered when police listened to suspect's hair-raising tale.

wife as a missing person until December 29, when there had been no news of her at all. Until then, he had discussed what course of action he should take with his friends at the pub, and workmates, as well. Most of the folks knew about Laura's other problem, it being no secret that she was a very heavy drinker, and they worried along with him, urging him to go to the police.

Laura Drinan might have become just another statistic in the long line of missing people, had it not been for certain policeman who had a nose for such things.

Detective Chief Superintendent Pat Molloy, head of Dyfed-Pawys, (Mid-Wales) CID, took a personal interest in the case because he knew Mr. Drinan rather well, saying at the first interview that he would do what he could to locate Mrs. Drinan. Not that there was any suggestion of foul-play in connection with the woman's disappearance, at that time, or any evidence to suggest she wasn't alive. Still, the police chief felt bound to the case by a sixth-sense from the start.

The chief wasn't adverse to listening to a bit of gossip himself, in the course

of duty and investigation. So he pricked up his ears and listened, the better to learn about the private life of the Drinans, getting what he called a good earful. But nothing was heard which differed from Drinan's report. And it seemed, on the surface of things, that his old friend was leveling with him.

From the balding, gentle-voiced Drinan the police learned of Laura's erring ways. "Of course I knew she'd played around, at times," he told the interviewers. "But this last one, you see, was quite different. This was really serious with her, but I never thought Laura would go this far."

Asked what was so different in this romance to set it apart from the others, Drinan revealed that the man with whom Laura was supposed to be with used to be her wartime fiance. She had met navel officer Ian Stockton when she was a WREN officer. The couple had been unofficially engaged for eight months.

During a term of active duty, Stockton had met another woman and married her in 1944. In 1971 Mrs. Stockton died, and by one of those quirks of fate, Laura and Ian ran into each other three months later.

This chance meeting was enough to have the re-united couple claiming it was love at second-sight, with sufficient pent up emotions let loose to set up a passionate love affair. The two met whenever circumstances allowed, which wasn't too often as Stockton lived a couple of hundred miles away in England. But they made out all right, with Laura doing most of the traveling to meet her bedmate.

Up to the time of meeting Stockton again after a long lapse of time, Laura Drinan had been content to having a little flutter on the side, but never contemplating desertion of her husband and three children.

Drinan claimed his wife to be a wonderful person, whom he had no desire to lose. He forgave her everything so long as she stayed with him. And, accordingly, there had been no talk of separation or divorce until Stockton came along to rock the marriage boat. Then, he calimed, Laura wanted a divorce to marry Stockton so bady that she nearly

*(Continued on page 48)*



Drinans lived here. No clues were found in house and case baffled police until vital evidence was uncovered where suspect worked.



**TIME:** Afternoon  
**DATE:** Nov. 19  
**PLACE:** Oceanside,  
Oregon  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Tillamook  
County Sheriff's Office  
**OFFICERS:** Sheriff Delbert  
Walpole, Chief Deputy  
Dave Wilson and Invest.  
Earl C. Son

This is how police found Herbert Krummacher. Puzzling case was compounded when sleuths were not able to find bullets which killed him.

**Ever hear of nuclear trace analysis? It is the latest scientific weapon in the crime fighter's arsenal. Without such a device, it is likely that the case of the bullet-riddled Oregon couple would still be open on the blotter and their killer would still be free. Read the amazing details.**

by Gary Dunne

**T**ILLAMOOK COUNTY, Oregon, is a peaceful dairy country, filled with quiet people, lush green grass and contented cows. It is known more for the outstanding quality of its cheese than for atrocious murders, but when one does occur, it is sure to be a dilly.

Chief Deputy Sheriff Dave Wilson received a call about the Krummacher family shortly after 1 p.m. on Friday, November 22, 1968. Dorothy Krummacher's employer, the manager of McGregor's Variety Store in Tillamook, had called to report that she had not appeared for work all week and he hadn't been able to get any response to his telephone calls from the Krummacher's Oceanside home, some 12

miles west of Tillamook. He thought something must be wrong out there.

Dave Wilson, accompanied by Dorothy's employer, drove immediately to Oceanside. They found both Krummacher cars in the garage and the house locked, with no signs of a forced entry. The window shades were drawn, an outside porch light was burning, and it appeared the lights were on inside. Two dogs were locked in the house and barked excitedly when the two men approached.

Wilson broke into the house and was met by the sickening smell of death.

He found Herbert Krummacher lying on his back in a downstairs bedroom with a flowered hand towel spread over his face. He was fully dressed and blood

had flowed in a large smear over his chest from what appeared to be a bullet wound. The blood was now dark, dry and ugly. Krummacher had been a slender man of 65 with a sallow face and thinning grey hair.

Deputy Sheriff Wilson found Mrs. Dorothy Krummacher in an upstairs bedroom. She was covered by a blanket, but when this was removed, they found she was unclothed except for a flimsy dressing gown which had been torn.

She was a large 58-year-old woman and she lay mostly on the floor but with the upper part of her body leaning against the bed. Her head was thrown back and her face contorted by the agony of death. She, too, had been shot, perhaps as many as two or three times.

# FOUR YEARS TO UNCOVER THE VITAL CLUE

# HOW A POLICE CRIME LAB SOLVED THE PERFECT MURDERS



She had committed "perfect" crime. Then scientists came up with device which proved her gun had been used in Krummacher murders.



Dorothy Krummacher (above) was shot to death in bedroom. Bullet taken from her body was the key to the four-year-old mystery.

it was thought to have been made by one of the bullets that had entered her body as she instinctively threw up a hand to ward off the attack.

Both victims had died on the evening of November 19th, three days before their bodies were found, but apparently at quite different times, which certainly added to the puzzle. Herbert's stomach was nearly empty, indicating that three hours, at least, had elapsed from the

time he had eaten until he was shot. While Dorothy's stomach was nearly full, suggesting she had been shot almost immediately after eating.

Assuming they had eaten the same meal at the same time, more than three hours went by between their deaths. It didn't make sense for a killer to hang around that long and risk discovery after killing one of the victims.

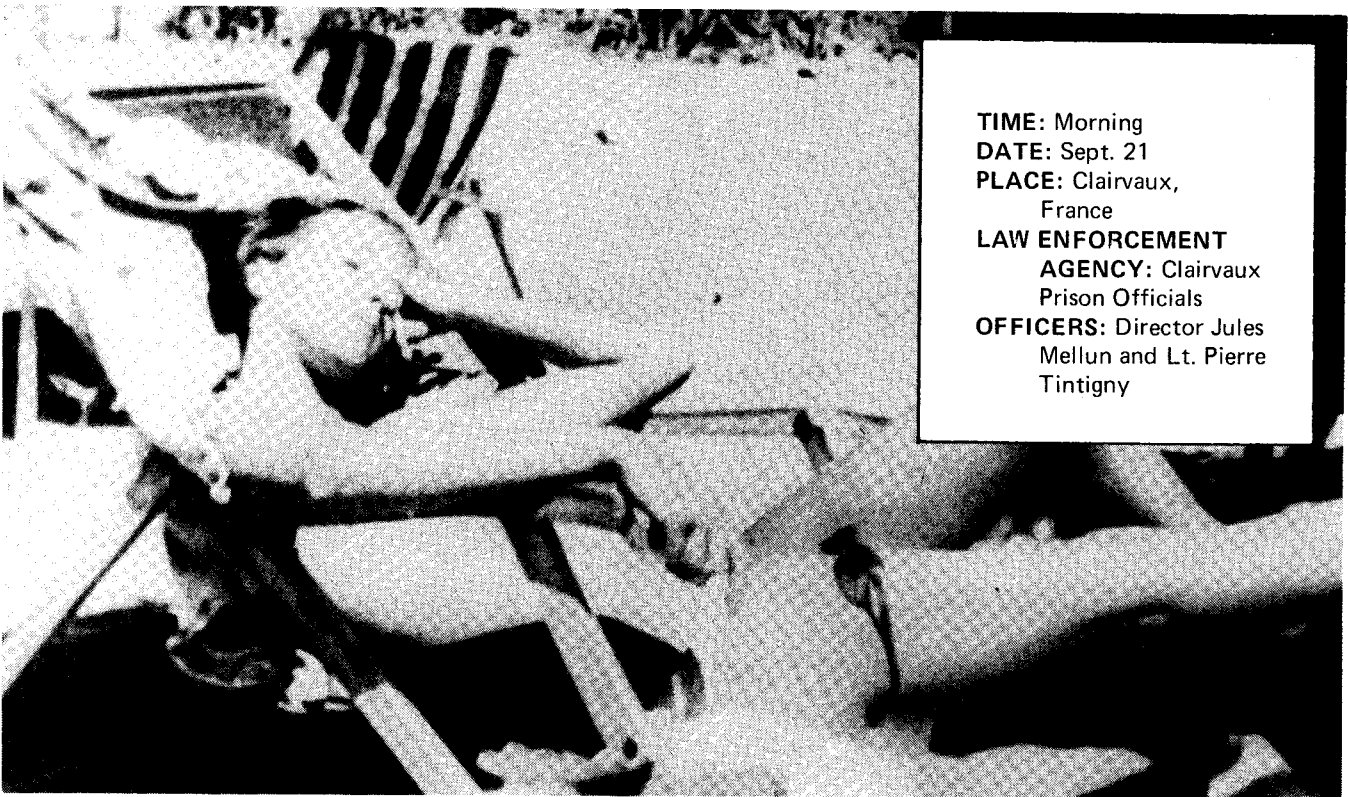
*(Continued on page 37)*

Krummacher home was house of mystery. Solution to double murder here defied detectives' best efforts. Invention of special electronics device finally closed the baffling case.

Wilson notified Sheriff Delbert Walpole, who rushed to the scene with a number of other law enforcement officers. Dr. Russell Henry, chief medical examiner for the state of Oregon, was informed of the situation and soon arrived to process the medical evidence.

Dr. Henry subsequently performed autopsies on the bodies. Both victims had been shot with a .38 caliber revolver, he said, Herbert once in the heart and Dorothy twice in the breast. She also had a bullet wound in one hand but





TIME: Morning  
DATE: Sept. 21  
PLACE: Clairvaux,  
France  
LAW ENFORCEMENT  
AGENCY: Clairvaux  
Prison Officials  
OFFICERS: Director Jules  
Mellun and Lt. Pierre  
Tintigny

Franciose Besimensky, 27 was vicious killer's first victim. His motive for murder thoroughly disgusted detectives who captured him.

# TERROR BEHIND PRISON WALLS:

## THE DESPERATE CON HAD A SPECIAL REASON FOR WANTING THE LOVELY NURSE DEAD

by John Dunning

**T**HE LEAN, distinguished-looking man with the prominent, slightly crooked nose rose to his feet and instantly a hush fell over the crowded courtroom of the Superior Criminal Court in Troyes, France.

"Your Honor," began the man in a deep, rather low voice, "the case at present under consideration in these chambers is not one in which the guilt

of the accused remains to be determined. No indeed. The accused has openly and freely admitted to the cold-blooded murder without provocation of two persons, Nicole Comte and Guy Giradot. There can be only one verdict and there can be only one punishment. I call for death! Death on the guillotine!"

A shudder went through the spectators and there was a sound like the sighing of wind through high grass in summer. The man waited patiently, his face

emotionless, until it had died away. Then, he continued.

"Since the 11th of March 1969, no person has been executed in France. This is not because the law does not provide for such executions nor because no criminal has been condemned to death, but rather because in every case those persons slated for execution have been pardoned and their sentences have been converted to life imprisonment by the President of France, Monsieur Georges Pompidou.

**He had warned them once and they had failed to listen to him. Now he would force them to do his bidding. Without a flicker of mercy, he raised the razor-sharp knife and drew it across Nicole's throat.**

"I specifically request that in the case now before this court no such executive clemency be shown. I demand that Claude Buffet in punishment for his crimes be executed on the guillotine and that as speedily as possible!"

Claude Buffet turned to face the spectators among which were the survivors of his victims. His face was as cold and emotionless as ever.

"I do not apologize to the relatives of my victims," he said.

"I have no regrets for my actions whatsoever. Unless I am executed, I shall repeat them."

Claude Buffet, thirty-nine-year-old triple murderer and author of more than sixty crimes, re-seated himself in the prisoner's box.

The judge cleared his throat. "Claude Buffet," he began, "you have been found guilty of the willful murder of . . ." His words rang and echoed in the deathly silence of the courtroom

where the shocked spectators had, for the second time, heard Claude Buffet plead for his own execution.

For the second time? For a man to demand his own execution once would seem bizarre enough. Was Buffet completely insane?

Not at all, said the psychologists who had examined him on the occasion of his first trial and who had had ample opportunity to examine him since. Dangerous as a rattle snake, yes, but insane, not at all. Buffet had known exactly what he was doing and he knew what he was doing now. His motive for murder was one of the most unusual in the history of crime. He wanted to be executed on the guillotine!

When the dead body of Françoise Besimensky had been found in the huge park on the edge of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, in January of 1967, the police had at first suspected a sex criminal. Françoise Besimensky had been a very

beautiful woman, only twenty-seven years old and the wife of a wealthy physician.

There had been certain indications to support this theory of a sex crime. The body had been partially stripped and apparently tampered with. The autopsy, however, showed that these indications were false, had, in fact, been contrived with the apparent intent of leading the investigators astray. The crime was not a sex murder.

The police could not decide what kind of a murder it was. Mrs. Besimensky had, it seemed, been robbed, but the sum had been trifling, certainly not enough to warrant a murder. Perhaps then the killer had been an amateur who had simply lost his head and had pulled the trigger without really intending to?

The evidence did not support this. Rather, the crime appeared to have been carried out with great coolness. Fran-

Guy Giradot's widow collapses at his funeral, below left. At right is Nicole Comte, prison nurse. She and Giradot had been held by con as hostages. When officials refused to meet his outrageous demands he slit Guy's and Nicole's throats, then surrendered to authorities.





Crowds wait outside Superior Criminal Court in Troyes, France for the arrival of defendants in murder case which stunned entire nation.

## LOVELY NURSE

coise Besimensky had been deliberately executed and her body had been disposed of in such a manner that it was almost certain to be found within a comparatively short period of time. Did the murderer actually want his crime to be revealed? So it seemed.

The police were at a complete loss. The motive had not been abnormal sex

or money. Perhaps some personal grudge? It was already known that no one had, in any way, benefited by the woman's death. She was, however, a very beautiful woman and young. Young, beautiful women sometimes have lovers even though they are married.

Francoise Besimensky had had none. The investigation of her past movements and contacts was thorough and when it was completed, the police were convinced. It had not been a matter of jealousy or the eternal triangle. The only man in Francoise's life had been her husband.

This left the police faced with an alternative which they did not like in the least. All of the rational motives—if any motive for murder can be called rational—had been exhausted. There remained only madness, but a sly, calculating madness which killed coldly and left false clues for the investigators. Such a murderer is extremely difficult to catch and he almost invariably kills again.

**I**N CRIME detection the motive is a very important factor because it forms a link between murderer and victim, sometimes the only link. If this linkage can be uncovered, it will lead to the murderer.

But what when there is no link? The murderer does not even know his victim by sight or by name. The identity of the victim is of no importance to him and the selection may be merely a matter of chance. There is no connection and there is nothing to trace.

There is nothing to trace if this is the first offense. In every case except one it is, of course, not and this was the line which the investigations took for want of anything better.

Francoise Besimensky had been robbed. Perhaps the killer had robbed before. Francoise Besimensky had been murdered. Perhaps the robber had killed before. Certain clues had been found at

the scene of the discovery of the body. If they could be connected to any other case, then the police would have come a step further.

Unfortunately, Paris is a very large city and a great many people are robbed or murdered or both in it every year. The search of the records for possible parallels was still going on when an attractive, blonde-haired, young woman had some trouble with her boy friend. This was not so terribly serious. Many women have trouble with their boy friends and this was not the young lady's first boy friend by any means. As a matter of fact, she was the mother of a five-year-old girl from one of those previous boy friends and this was precisely where the trouble came in. The current boy friend had strangled little, five-year-old Sylvia Gautrin unconscious!

Sylvia's mother had no idea why he had done this, but she didn't like it and she wanted to make certain that it never happened again. She went to the police and asked for protection from this very strange boy friend. His name, she said, was Claude Buffet.

Claude Buffet was quite well-known to the Paris police, but not for strangling children. He was, as a matter of fact, a thief and robber who had been caught on several occasions and sent to prison for relatively short terms. As far as the police knew, he had never attempted anything really big and he was regarded as one of the petty criminals who infest any large city such as Paris.

The incident did, however, serve to bring Buffet's file to the top of the heap. Eventually it was checked through with the other small-time robbers who might have been the culprit in the Besimensky case and suddenly the whirling cylinders of the detection slot machine came to a halt and there stood "Buffet — Buffet — Buffet". The police had hit the jackpot.

All of the pieces now began to fall into place. The clues found on the body



Idealistic prison guard Guy Giradot believed that criminals were victims of society. His throat was cut by con he felt showed promise.

were traced to Buffet. The gun which had shot Françoise Besimensky was found in Buffet's apartment and ballistics comparisons showed that the fatal bullet had been fired from it. Spots of blood were found in Buffet's car and they were of the same blood group as that of Françoise Besimensky. Finally, some of the dead woman's jewelry was found in Claude Buffet's possession. The evidence was overwhelming.

It really did not need to be quite so overwhelming. Claude Buffet did not persist in his denials of the crime for very long. Without subjecting himself for too long to the inconvenience of questioning, he made a full confession to the murder and robbery of Françoise Besimensky who he said he had never before seen in his life until he forced her into his car at gunpoint.

Asked how he had come to shoot her by an interrogator who fully expected to hear that it had been an accident, Buffet shocked and startled the investigators by calmly stating that he had had every intention of killing the woman when he forced her into the car and that he had done so because he wanted "to



Roger Bontems was Buffet's cohort in scheme to grab hostages, was first non-murderer in modern times to feel the guillotine's blade.

know how it felt to kill somebody."

At this point, Buffet was sent for psychiatric observation as there was some fear that his confession might be worthless. Not that there was any question as to his guilt. That was fully established even without the confession. The question was as to his sanity.

The psychologists had reported back that Claude Buffet was completely sane and fully aware of the consequences of his actions. For some reason he had, during the course of his thirty-nine



Claude Buffet is shown in handcuffs during trial for murder of first victim. Before his head went into guillotine, he made strange request. Aghast executioner turned him down.

years, become monumentally disgusted with life in general and he wanted to leave it. He was not, however, prepared to commit suicide and it seemed that he had decided that, if he were to kill someone, the state would then put him to death and that would be the end of it. He was fascinated by the thought of the guillotine, the huge and deadly engine which since the time of the Revolution has been lopping off the heads of French malefactors.

Claude Buffet was, consequently, brought to trial for the murder of Françoise Besimensky and startled the court by pleading guilty as charged and following this with an impassioned appeal for his own death sentence.

Buffet's wish was granted and he was sentenced to die on the guillotine. Unfortunately for Buffet and, as it was subsequently to be shown, for a number of other persons as well, it was too late. The last execution had taken place on March 11, 1969 while General Charles De Gaulle was still president of France. Now, General De Gaulle was gone and had been replaced by Georges Pompidou.

President Pompidou, a former school teacher, was more subject to liberal influences from abroad than the General had been and from the moment that he took office he began to pardon all con-

victed criminals slated for execution, commuting their sentences to life imprisonment. In France, only the President of the Republic has the power to do this.

Claude Buffet's sentence of execution was commuted to life imprisonment and he was sent to the prison at Clairvaux to serve it. Clairvaux is in the east of France in the region known as the Jura and not far from Lake Geneva which lies on the border between France and Switzerland.

Theoretically, this should have been the end of the case of Claude Buffet. Early releases or paroles are not nearly so common in France as they are in some other parts of the world and security inside the prisons is tight. There are few escapes.

**O**N THE morning of September 21, 1971 security at Clairvaux prison was not quite tight enough. At shortly before eleven o'clock the sirens began to moan, their voices rising rapidly to a scream as red lights began to flash throughout the prison in that most dreaded of alarms, the signal that there was an attempt at a break-out.

Director Jules Mellun had been in his office at the time that the alarm was sounded and he reacted immediately,

(Continued on page 42)



# STRIPPED- STABBED- STRANGLER: HIDEOUS ORDEAL OF THE MICHIGAN BLONDE

Every lead in the case led them on a trail to nowhere. But Benton Harbor detectives who had viewed Janet's horribly brutalized body refused to give up until her vicious killer was brought to justice.

by Chet Wagner

**M**ARK HARLAN, a resident of Hagar Township, Michigan, rose early on Friday morning, June 18th, 1971. He had to put some trim on the side of his house and wanted to get an early start, hoping to finish the work before nightfall. At about 9:40 a.m. his attention was attracted to a group of boy scouts who were hiking up the Thar Road alongside his house.

They walked briskly following their leader and appeared to be in a jovial mood, laughing and kidding each other.

A short time later they came running to Harlan and gathered excitedly under the ladder on which he was standing. The leader of the group, sixteen-year-old Marty Logan was pale and frightened. "Mister," he said choking, "there's a dead lady in the ditch over there. Someone tied a plastic bag over her head and there's blood on her clothes. You better come and see."

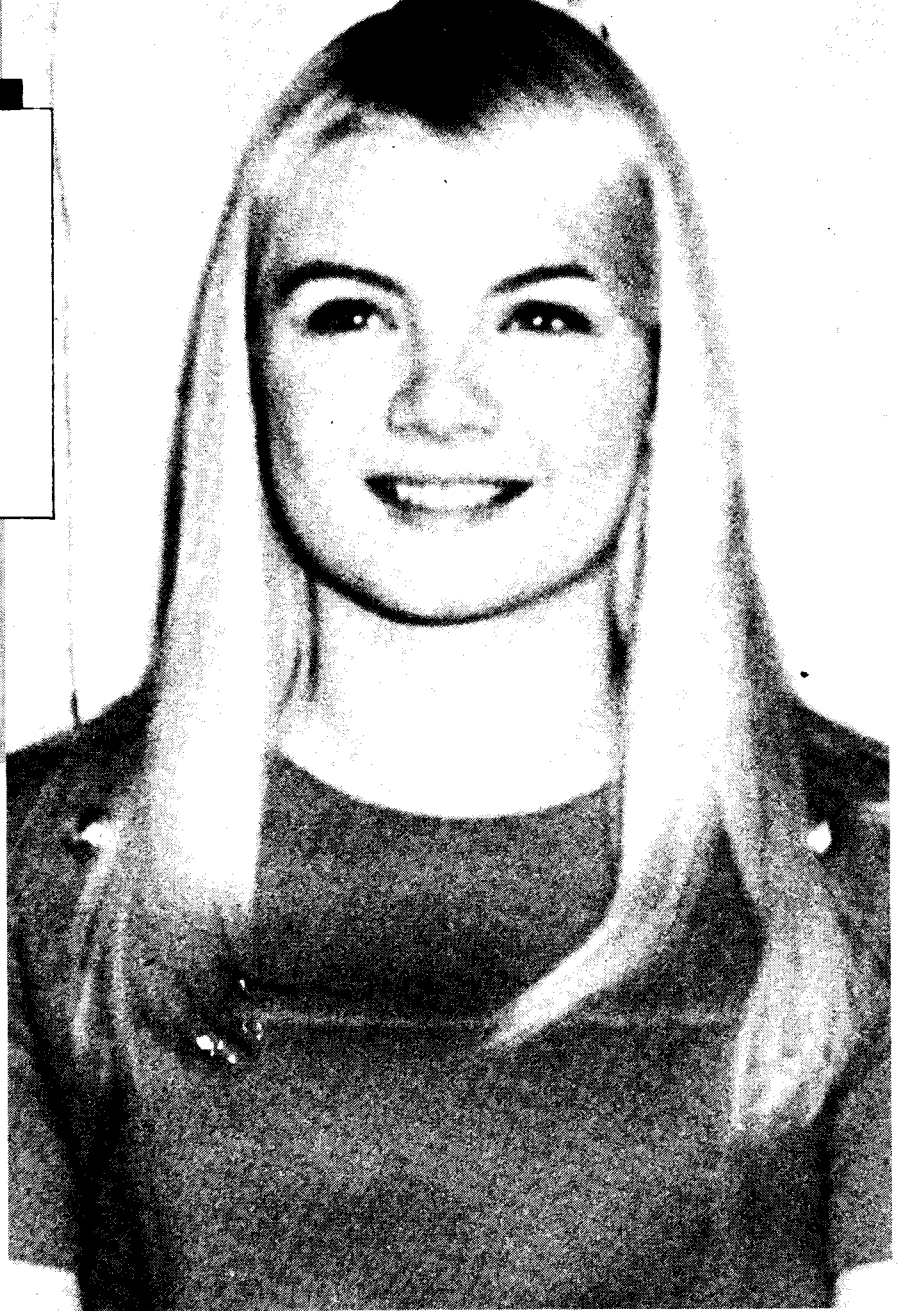
Hurrying to the spot where the scouts had discovered the body, Harlan saw at a glance that the young girl had met with foul play. She lay on her back, partially clothed and apparently had been lying there for some time. There were spots of congealed blood on her clothing and as the leader of the scouts had indicated, her head had been enveloped in a plastic bag, the type used in collecting trash. The bag had been tied tightly about her neck.

Hurrying back to his house Harlan called the Michigan State Police Post at Benton Harbor and told them of the gruesome discovery. A short time later a squad car containing a number of detectives from the Post arrived at the scene. Harlan showed them where the corpse was located. Detective Robert Johnson examined the dead girl. He judged her to be about twenty years old. Blood spots were visible on her partially-clad body.

Carefully he untied the plastic bag



**TIME:** Uncertain  
**DATE:** June 18  
**PLACE:** Riverside,  
 Michigan  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Michigan  
 State Police  
**OFFICERS:** Dets. Robert  
 Johnson and Larry  
 Morrow



Vivacious Janet Lynn Uland (above) was found near lonely road, her blonde head encased in plastic bag knotted at throat. She had been beaten about face, stabbed repeatedly.



secured about her head so as not to disturb any latent fingerprints, removing only the portion covering her face. The victim was a blonde and from the appearance of her face she had been beaten severely. Tight-lipped, Johnson returned to his car and radioed the Post.

Speaking to the Post Commander, Sergeant Carl Hulander, he told him what he had discovered. "It's a clear case of homicide," he said, "and if I'm not mistaken the victim is that Uland girl reported missing since last Tuesday morning. She's a blonde, about the same age and build and resembles closely the picture we have of her."

"Secure the area," the commander told him. "Any indication as to how she died?"

"Can't say for sure. She had a plastic bag tied about her neck which would indicate she could have died from stran-

gulation. But she was also badly beaten up and there are several stab wounds on her body. We'll have to have an autopsy report to find out definitely."

Johnson had the area cordoned off and instructed the officers not to allow any unauthorized personnel through. At the Post, Hulander took immediate steps to contact the Michigan State Police Laboratory at East Lansing, requesting that they send some of their crime technicians to the scene to aid in the investigation. Hulander was told the men would be dispatched to the scene of the crime immediately and should be there in the early part of the afternoon.

**A** SHORT time later a police cruiser from the Benton Harbor Police Department drove up and Detective Larry Morrow stepped out. When he was shown the body of the unfortunate vic-



Trooper Mike Robinson (left) and Sgt. Carl Hulander at crime scene. State and county police worked together, found suspect and gathered enough evidence to obtain conviction.

## MICHIGAN BLONDE

tim he could hardly believe what he saw. "Why it's Janet Uland," he said. "She worked in the office of the Fox Jewelry Company at Fairplain Plaza. I've known her for a long time and knew that she was reported missing, but this—" He turned away from the gruesome scene. "I'll get in touch with her folks," he added, visibly shaken at what he had seen, "and have them come over to identify her."

Morrow stepped into his car and drove in the direction of the twin cities of Benton Harbor and St. Joseph. When he returned later with the dead girl's parents one look was sufficient for them to establish that she was their daughter. Grief-stricken, they were returned to their home while the officers continued with their investigation.

Shortly after lunch Doctor Charles Boonstra, assistant county medical examiner, arrived at the scene and began a preliminary examination of the victim. He indicated that death had occurred approximately 36 hours prior to the discovery of the body. He told the officers that he would be in position to give them more detailed information as to the time of her death after an autopsy had been performed.

Shortly after 2:00 p.m. the technicians from the crime laboratory arrived and began their investigation. Several of the men, with the aid of the other law enforcement officers at the scene, began an intensive search of the grounds. No death weapon was found. The appearance of the area seemed to indicate that no struggle had taken place near the spot where the victim lay, leading the lawmen to believe that the crime had been committed elsewhere and her body

had been transported to this location and dumped into the ditch.

Other members of the group of technicians were busy taking blood samples from the body, strands of hair and body tissues, besides dusting for possible latent fingerprints. It was nearly dark before they completed their task and the body removed to Mercy Hospital in Benton Harbor where Doctor Boonstra was waiting to perform the autopsy.

When the autopsy was completed the report showed that Miss Uland had been subjected to a number of crushing blows on the head caused by a blunt instrument. There were also fourteen wounds inflicted on the head, face and chest areas. These were described as punctures or lacerations consistent with knife wounds.

There were also seven chest wounds, two of which penetrated the heart. Other small wounds consisted largely of abrasions and bruises on the hands and the forearms and were described as "de-

fense wounds" inflicted when the victim attempted to ward off the blows of her assailant.

Doctor Boonstra also noted a number of parallel horizontal markings across the lower right chest and several fractured ribs which he assumed were caused after death while the body was being transported to the place where it was later discovered.

From the condition of the body it was impossible to determine which wounds were responsible for her death. Nor could strangulation be ruled out inasmuch as her head had been securely enveloped in a plastic bag. An examination revealed that her wind pipe and air tubes were filled with vomitus similar to the contents found in her stomach. There was no indication that she had been sexually molested.

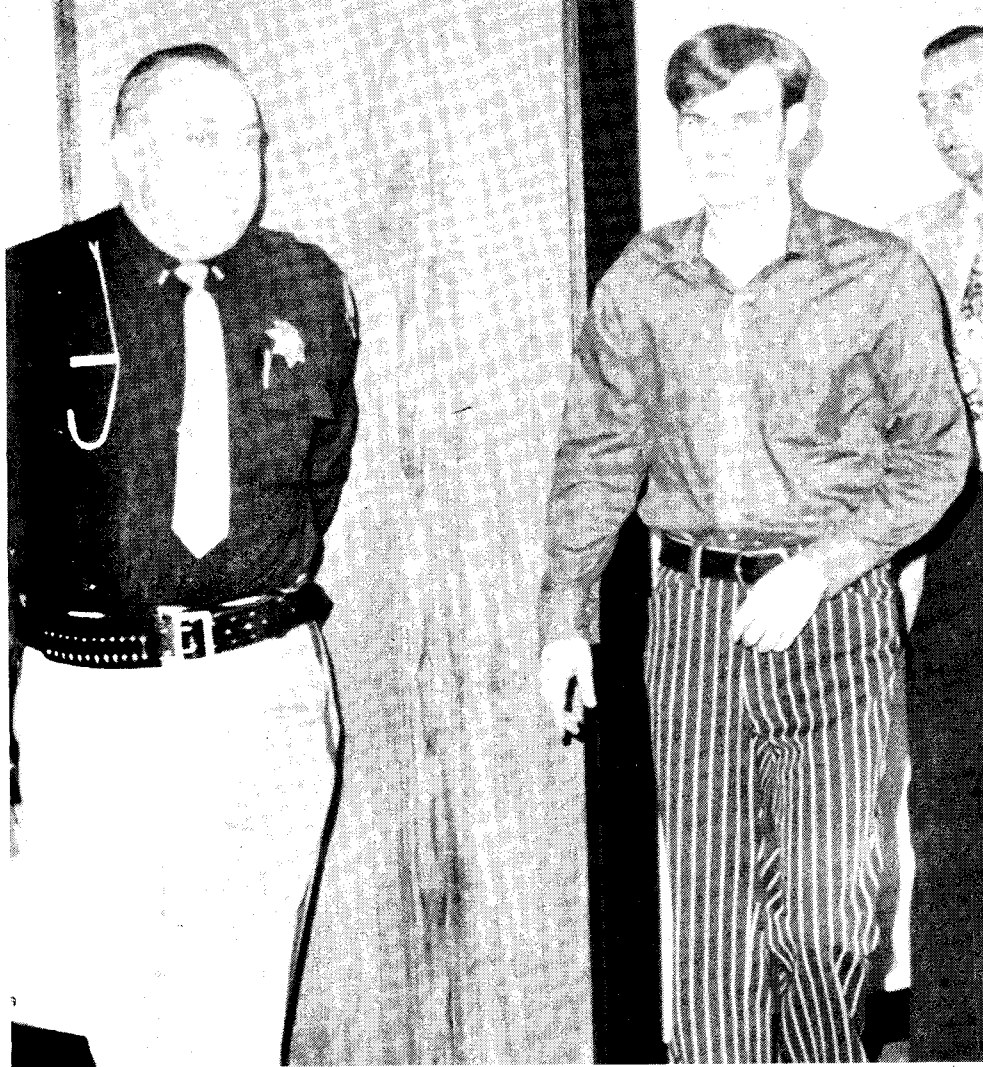
Realizing the necessity of co-ordinated action on the part of all the law enforcement agencies within the area, a team of detectives and other officers were organized with the purpose of devoting all their time and resources in an effort to apprehend the brutal killer or killers.

Detective Robert Johnson of the Benton Harbor State Police force was chosen to head the team. Others within the group were detectives Kenneth Taylor of the Paw Paw Post, Ronald Beauchaine representing the New Buffalo Post, Detective Lieutenant Ronald Immoos of the Berrien County Sheriff's Department, Lieutenant Jack Drach of the Benton Harbor Township Police, Detective Larry Morrow of the Benton Harbor City Police and Detective Lieutenant William Mihalik of the St. Joseph City Police Department.

**A**T A press conference held shortly after the group had met and the lawmen began their investigations, Detective Johnson advised the press that the team's first objective would be to contact all of Miss Uland's friends and acquaintances and question them, especially those with whom she had contacts



Policemen using metal detectors search for evidence along Thar Road. Slew of suspects had been rounded up, but their polygraph tests proved negative and alibis checked out.



Defendant (center) with Sheriff Lt. Paul Mills (left) and Sheriff Capt. Gerald Haas, at right. Blood samples in suspect's apartment linked him with slaying of lovely blonde.

learned, was a happy and wholesome one. Besides her parents she had a brother Daniel and a sister Judith. They were a close knit family group who shared a good deal of affection for each other. They were members of the St. Luke's Lutheran Church at Stevensville.

In school Janet was a good student and did well in her studies. The principal remarked that she was very popular with the student body. She was very co-operative in student activities and possessed a cheerful and pleasant disposition. After graduating from high school she attended Lake Michigan College, after which she obtained employment in the office of the Fox Jewelry Company located at Fairplain Plaza. The manager of the store told the officers that the dead girl was a very conscientious employee and one of the finest girls he had ever met. The president of the Company posted a \$500 reward for the apprehension and conviction of the slayer or slayers. Other civic organizations and concerned individuals added to the fund in the hope that the reward money might bring to light information that would lead the authorities to the murderer or murderers.

By this time a number of calls had come in to the Post. Several people said that they had noticed what appeared to be a bloodstained jacket lying on the Higman Hill road number two. Checking into this report, the officers learned that Richard Shepredson of the the Benton Harbor Township Police Department had driven to the place where the jacket had been seen. He had found it without difficulty together with a pair of blue-jean trousers. However, the discovery of the clothing had taken place a day or so before Miss Uland's body had been found and for that reason the evidence wasn't associated with her death. When her parents viewed the clothing they identified it as belonging to their daughter. It was sent to the Michigan State Crime Laboratory for analysis.

During the days that followed the officers were busy chasing down a number of tips which had come in. From the information gathered, two suspects were taken into custody and questioned. Both were acquainted with the dead girl and were unable to provide alibis as to their activities during the night Miss Uland disappeared.

However both suspects agreed to undergo polygraph tests. The results of the tests were negative and they were absolved from all suspicion.

By July 3rd, the lawmen had received over two hundred tips from concerned citizens. All were carefully investigated. However, none of the tips proved to be of any value as far as aiding in the apprehension of the murderer or murderers. It appeared to the officers that they had come up against a blank wall. They had no solid clues, no worthwhile leads, no motive as to the slaying, nor had they been able to determine where the actual crime had taken place.

Of all the tips they had received there remained one that the officers be-

*(Continued on page 36)*

during the last few days of her life.

It would mean backtracking to find out what her activities had been during this time. Johnson also stressed the fact that he was anxious to have the public aid them in their investigation and asked that anyone who had any information about the case contact him immediately at the State Police Post.

Questioning Miss Uland's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Uland of 1750 Trafalgar Drive in St. Joseph Township, detectives learned that their daughter had left the house at about nine O'clock on the evening of June 14th. She left in her car. She said she was going to pick up her girl friend Lisa Jones in St. Joseph. Janet said she didn't expect to be gone very long and would be back early. That, according to her folks, was the last time they had seen her alive.

The Ulands went to bed at about eleven that night. Mr. Uland woke up at twelve-fifteen and went to Janet's bedroom to see if she had returned. She hadn't. He then looked into the garage and saw that Janet's 1966 Pontiac convertible was parked inside. He lifted up the hood of the car and felt the radiator. It was still warm. When Janet had failed to return home by morning Uland notified the county sheriff's office. The

sheriff's office reported that the call had come in at seven o'clock a.m., June 15th.

Other detectives questioning Janet's girl friend, Lisa Jones, learned that Janet had indeed picked her up at her home during the evening of June 14th. They had been friends for a period of years. Lisa said as close as she could recall they had left the Jones home at about 9:00 in the evening. They drove around town, finally stopping at Roxy's restaurant. They talked to several of their friends there after which they again drove about town for a short time. Janet dropped Lisa off at her home at about 11:20 p.m. As far as Lisa knew Janet didn't have any other plans for the evening. She had the impression that Janet was going home when she left her.

Noting down the names of the people the two girls had talked to that night at Roxy's restaurant, the detectives questioned them at length. None of them could shed any light on the mysterious slaying of the attractive young blonde. A thorough check of the movements of the young people questioned failed to incriminate any of them in any way. They were cleared from suspicion of being involved in the murder.

Janet's home life too, the detectives

**TIME:** Uncertain  
**DATE:** July 9  
**PLACE:** Newton,  
Alabama  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Newton  
Police Department  
**OFFICER:** Police Chief  
Charles Brackin



by Rollin Moseley

**T**HE HOT, Gulf of Mexico sun blistered down, sending rivulets of perspiration cascading down the back and neck of Charles Brackin's white shirt. Sea oats rasped against his pants' legs as he moved along the boundary of the highway and the scrub pine, slowing his progress. Where was Eva Jean Ballman? The question hung in his brain, simmering, pushing him onward in his search. Where was Eva Jean Ballman?

Charles Brackin, Police Chief of Newton, Alabama, pressed on. Every nerve in his body told him that Eva Jean was buried somewhere along the highway between Panama City, Florida, and Grayton Beach State Park.

"He thinks I'm stupid," Chief

Police, residents and newspapers asked: "Where is Eva Jean Ballman? One investigator refused to relax until this question was answered about lovely practical nurse (above).

Old Miller home on Western Lake. Eva Jean was buried in shallow grave behind the house. Suspect was present when skeleton was unearthed, broke down and confessed sordid scheme.



Brackin thought. "He thinks we're all stupid—me, Sheriff Easterling, the Alabama Highway Patrol, the Florida Department of Investigation—Butch Ballman is laughing at all of us." His thoughts of the cocky, handsome, highly articulate George "Butch" Ballman enabled him to move his bulky body through the underbrush with more zeal and determination. Still, the question festered in his brain. Where was Eva Jean Ballman?

Citizens of Newton were also wondering. Newton is a small town of about 4,000 inhabitants, half of which are servicemen stationed at nearby Ft. Rucker. Located only a short distance from the white, sandy beaches of Florida's Gulf Coast, the residents live in harmony with the transients from the army installation. There was a warm relationship of mutual respect between the civilian population and the army personnel. Now, most of the citizens, both civilian and army, were asking: "Where is Eva Jean Ballman?"

On a muggy Friday afternoon in July of 1971, Eva Jean Ballman had taken

# THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF ALABAMA'S DISAPPEARING BEAUTY



His love for baby-sitter prompted him into elaborate scheme of murder. His crime was "perfect," but he made one blatant mistake.

The sheriff knew only two things. He wasn't as stupid as his friend believed. And Eva Jean would not have walked out on her kids voluntarily no matter what her husband did.

her last ride through Newton with her husband, Butch, and two children, Paul and Sandra, then ages 6 and 3. It was a jaunt to Panama City to try to mend a tattered marriage fast approaching the divorce court. Butch stopped at the post office to mail a letter. Sam Martin, a helicopter instructor at Ft. Rucker and a close friend who lived across the street from the Ballmans, happened to see them there. He was the last person in Newton to see Eva Jean alive.

A few miles away in Enterprise, Alabama, the editor of *The Daily Ledger* was also concerned. Residents of Newton, and particularly Chief Brackin, called on the paper for help. Responding quickly, the paper published a series of articles about the strange disappear-



Newton Police Chief Charles Brackin devoted all of his off-duty time to baffling case, stayed with it until suspect was apprehended.

ance. Many times the headlines blared: WHERE IS EVA JEAN BALLMAN?

Enterprise is the peanut capital of the state. A statue of the Boll Weevil in the town square honors the pesky insect that caused the farmers of the area to switch from king cotton to the peanut. But for the moment the boll weevil and the peanut were forgotten as *The Daily Ledger* started a campaign to locate the missing mother.

Chief Brackin filed a missing persons report. It read:

"Eva Jean Ballman weighs about 110 pounds. She is five feet, two inches tall, medium build, brown eyes and dark hair with skin tones common to a brunette. She has a 7½ inch scar on her left leg. When last seen she had been wearing a white blouse and green shorts. She is a licensed practical nurse."

Close friends in Newton did not believe she had voluntarily disappeared as her husband reported, especially Chief Brackin who knew the family well. "There were many reasons why I knew

(Continued on page 40)

by Joseph Dorman



Mrs. Franziska Schatzl. She offered her visitor a bowl of soup. In return, he choked her to death. But not easily. His confession revealed how desperately she'd fought for life.

ON THE eastern frontier of Austria, southward of where the not really very blue Danube flows, there are a number of fairly well known cities such as St. Poelten, Mariazell and, of course, Vienna. There are also a much greater number of less well known villages and hamlets which still appear on any respectable road map. Finally, there are those communities so small that they do not appear on any map and, in many cases, have never been heard of by anyone, the Austrians included. Such a place is Furthof.

Although Furthof boasts no more than a dozen houses, one tiny store and is in no way distinguished for anything whatsoever, it does have a police station. True, the police station is not very large and it is only manned by two officers, but, even so, it would seem strange that there should be a police station in Furthof at all. In all its twenty odd years of existence, the police station had never recorded a single infraction of the law in Furthof.

Now, lest it be thought that the good people of Furthof are outstandingly stupid for maintaining a police force of which they have no need, it should at once be mentioned that the police station in Furthof is not paid for by the residents of that village and that the officers are not employees of the community.

The Furthof police station is, as a matter of fact, an outpost of the Austrian rural gendarmerie and the officers on duty there are technically gendarmes, coming from other parts of the country and, to their own great relief, periodically rotated to other posts.

Not that Furthof is a different assignment. Quite the contrary, it is all too peaceful and after a few months, incredibly boring.

On the evening of November 6, 1971, Patrolmen Daniel Fiedler and Maximilian Wolf had not actually been attached to the Furthof post long enough for the most pernicious sort of boredom to set in, but they were beginning to realize what was in store for them. It was Saturday night and

**"I TOOK HER BY THE  
THROAT AND SQUEEZED!  
MY GOODNESS!  
SHE REALLY KICKED!"**

Suspect in center is escorted into police headquarters by Inspector Harold Mangold (left) and Det. Sergeant Julius Holzbauer at right.



Shown above is evidence of how victim struggled with her attacker. Attempt was made to burn down residence and thus mask crime. However, fire made no headway. Autopsy easily revealed how woman had died, but question of killer's identity was baffling for police.

**Harmless, crazy or a cunning killer? The suspect's behavior was so bizarre, it drove every cop who came in contact with him up a wall.**

Furthof displayed all of the activity of an under-staffed morgue. There was not even any place that a man could buy a drink other than a very small tap room attached to the general store and it served nothing but beer and locally distilled schnapps.

Both of the officers were young men. Furthof is not a place to which senior officers are assigned. Technically, Patrolman Fielder was on duty and Patrolman Wolf was off, but both were in the little charge room of the station because there was nowhere else to go. Both were reading magazines and thinking yearning thoughts of Vienna.

At shortly after nine o'clock, a man opened the door and stepped into the station. This was unusual because people in Furthof normally knocked. Ev-

**TIME:** Evening  
**DATE:** Nov. 6  
**PLACE:** Furthof,  
Austria  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** St.  
Poelten CID  
**OFFICERS:** Insp. Harold  
Mangold and Det.  
Sgt. Julius Holzbauer

eryone knew that the police station charge room was much more of a private living room to the gendarmes than it was a place of business.

The visitor himself, however, seemed to be somewhat unusual. He was a rather scruffy young man with a heart-shaped face, a little, wet, red-lipped mouth and a soup-bowl hair cut. Addressing himself to Patrolman Wolff who happened to be sitting behind the desk, he inquired in an odd, sing-song sort of voice whether the officer knew a Mrs. Franziska Schatzl.

Somewhat untruthfully, the patrolman said that he did. The fact was that Patrolman Wolf had never actually met the lady, but he knew who she was. At ninety-three, Mrs. Franziska Schatzl was

*(Continued on page 54)*

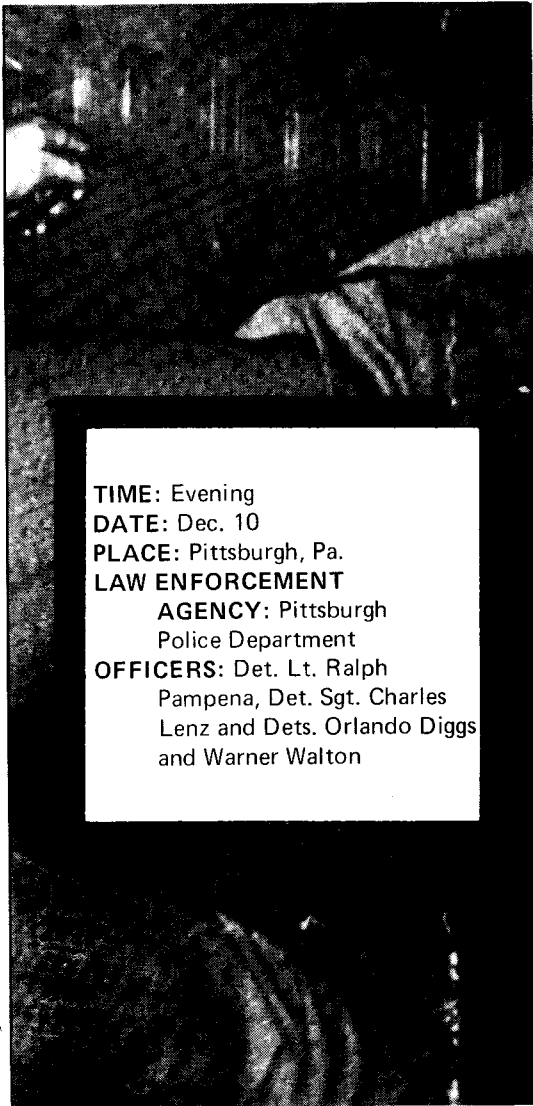




Body of Ernest A. Reidel lies on floor of Chief's Bar. He had been standing next to gunman at bar, was shot in throat. Wound is visible.

# **CATCH THE GUN-HAPPY "COWBOY" BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN!**

It was the kind of senseless crime where the slayer never gives his victim a chance. And when the swaggering punk with the Wyatt Earp style hat walked out of the bar empty-handed, leaving the mortally wounded patron behind, everybody knew he would strike again.



**TIME:** Evening  
**DATE:** Dec. 10  
**PLACE:** Pittsburgh, Pa.  
**LAW ENFORCEMENT**  
**AGENCY:** Pittsburgh  
 Police Department  
**OFFICERS:** Det. Lt. Ralph  
 Pampena, Det. Sgt. Charles  
 Lenz and Dets. Orlando Diggs  
 and Warner Walton



Eye-witnesses to cold-blooded shooting in bar gave description of assailant to a police artist who sketched this composite above. Patrons said killer dressed like Wyatt Earp.



Ptl. Robert Mulgado (above) had surprise in store for him when he saw face of fugitive he apprehended in a McKeesport parking lot.

by Kenneth Strom

**A** COLD, crisp winter wind whipped through the "Steel City" on the night of December 10, 1971, when Homicide Detectives Orlando Diggs and Warner Walton were called to Chief's Bar at 307 Craig Ave., in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh, Pa. The two plainclothes officers were called to investigate the shooting of an innocent bystander in an apparent robbery attempt. Pulling over to the curb, the two officers noticed a small crowd of thrill-seekers gathered in front of the establishment. The detectives were briefed by Patrolmen Andrew Fuller and Robert Longmore of the Oakland station. They had cordoned off the area and called homicide for assistance.

Inside a grisly sight awaited them. Shot in the neck by a small handgun, the victim lay on the floor of the bar in a pool of blood. He was quickly identified as Ernest A. Reidel, 23, of 299

Parker Drive in the Mount Lebanon suburb of the city. A recent Vietnam veteran, the college graduate was a teacher at Our Lady of Grace School in nearby Scott Twp.

The investigators determined that the victim had already bled to death.

"This poor guy went through 13 months in Vietnam without a scratch," Diggs told his partner, "and is home only a short time before he is killed."

There were five patrons in the bar at the time of the shooting, plus the bartender, who told the detectives the entire story, at least as much as he could remember. The bartender said that a black man, dressed all in black and wearing a Wyatt Earp style wide brim hat, entered the establishment about 9:45 p.m. Obviously nervous, the culprit ordered a beer and a bag of potato chips as he tossed a thin dime on the bar. Reidel, who was sitting next to the stranger, pushed the dime closer to Tom

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Exterior view of Chief's Bar where first victim was shot. Assailant became object of a manhunt in Pittsburgh. Probe shifted to McKeesport when suspect shot another man in bar.

value. Their only slim hope of tracking down the killer rested with the eyewitnesses.

Finishing their painstaking investigation at the scene, the officers then took five patrons and the bartender down to the Public Safety Building in the heart of downtown Pittsburgh.

**A**T THE building, the hub of law enforcement in the steel city, the witnesses were again interviewed separately and asked to repeat what they had seen as they remembered it. The witnesses were then shown a series of pictures of known criminals selected by an IBM sorting computer which selected the pictures that came closest to the general description. However, none of the witnesses recognized any of the photos.

From the interviews, the detectives determined that the gunman was a black man, about 30 years of age, 5'8" to 5'10" and about 160 to 180 pounds, with a slender but not thin build. All of the witnesses agreed that the man wore a black shirt, matching pants, black shoes and a large wide brim Wyatt Earp style black hat. Also the witnesses agreed that the gun was a black, snub-nose revolver, probably a .32 caliber.

Ballistics confirmed the witnesses' suspicions when it identified a bullet found in the floor of the cafe as a .32 caliber slug. The bullet undoubtedly pierced the fleshy neck of the victim and lodged in the floor.

The officers then went to their extensive files on known criminals again and checked the MO's of known hold-up specialists for a match. But the search, like all other avenues, was useless.

The detectives then tried one last move that has in some cases proved

## GUN-HAPPY

Barry, the bartender. As Barry turned to get the beer, the robber pulled a gun and said, "Empty the register! Empty the register!"

As Barry attempted to comply, he heard a popping sound and turned to see Reidel clutching his throat.

The victim then fell from his bar stool, still holding his neck and screaming in pain. The man who shot him calmly tucked his gun into his belt and strolled leisurely out of the bar without any money. He disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

The stunned customers crowded around Reidel while Barry called for an ambulance and the police.

One man placed a bar towel to Reidel's deep wound in a desperate attempt to stop the bleeding. But the blood gushed from the young man's throat. They could see life drain from him. Within half-a-minute he was dead.

Everything happened so fast, no one was quite sure he could identify the gunman or remember exactly how things happened. The customers had been enjoying a good beer, indulging in a little conversation, after a hard day of work. They were blue-collar workers who labored in one of the many steel mills that dot the Pittsburgh landscape. In one brief second their peaceful evening had been shattered with a single white hot blast from a gun-toting

robber. It had all happened that quickly.

They were now all prime witnesses to a capital crime. But collecting their thoughts was difficult.

Detectives Walton and Diggs conducted separate interviews with the witnesses trying to amass as much information as they could from the shaken men. Did the robber talk with an accent? Did he walk with a limp? What kind of a gun was he carrying? Did you notice how he was dressed? Did he have any facial scars?

In the meantime, other officers from the robbery squad arrived to lend their services to the homicide officers because robbery was the motive for the crime, although the thief left without a cent.

Other policemen took pictures of the victim, the bar and of course, the place was dusted for fingerprints.

Investigators even asked the people assembled out front if they had noticed anything suspicious around the time of the robbery attempt. One man came forward and reported seeing a dark color, late model Cadillac being parked across the street from the bar with a man fitting the general description of the suspect sitting in the front seat.

The car and driver had disappeared shortly after the shooting. The informant had the Pennsylvania license number of the vehicle because he was thinking of reporting it for being parked in front of a fire hydrant.

Quickly the investigators swung into action. The number was radioed to the State License Bureau and the name on the registration was received. However, after homicide sleuths checked with the owner they found that the driver had nothing to do with the murder of Ernest Reidel.

Despite the police's efforts to collect clues, they failed to uncover anything of



Patrolman Daniel Kochman, McKeesport Police Dept., narrowly missed death when the fugitive's gun, pointed at him, failed to fire.



McKeesport Police Chief Joseph T. Reddington took charge of investigation of shooting in E & L Bar. His men apprehended assailant.

quite helpful. A police artist was brought in and the witnesses supplied their descriptions. From the testimony, the artist did a composite picture of the "mysterious killer in black." The drawing was photographed and wallet-size pictures were distributed to the various detectives.

By the next morning, Detectives Diggs and Walton, after a long and tiring night, brought the puzzling case to the attention of Detective Lt. Ralph Pampena, head of the homicide squad.

"Alright, you two have done enough," Pampena told his men. "Go home and get some sleep. I'll put some more men on the case immediately."

Pampena then called Detective Sgt. Charles Lenz into his office.

"I want you to take charge of this case," Pampena told Lenz. "Use as many men as you need, but catch this killer before he kills again."

"I'll do my best," Lenz replied. He then assembled all of the detectives in the squad working the day shift. They were Detectives Robert McKay, Thomas McDermott, Frank Amity, James Cotter, Don Deshantz, Ronald Freeman and Anthony Comdemy.

Lenz instructed his men to comb the area around Chief's Bar for any clues.

"Bang on doors, get people out of bed and check local stores and businesses to see if anyone saw anything out of the ordinary," Lenz said.

The investigators converged on the Oakland district of Pittsburgh in a large radius with Chief's Bar as its center. The detectives checked with people from Grant Street, where the University of Pittsburgh is located, to Craig Street where several bars, bowling alleys, restaurants and pizza parlors are situated.

People were interviewed on the street, in banks, beauty shops, bars, hotels and gas stations. Still nothing

turned up. Other interviews took place.

Meanwhile Lenz checked the police arrest record book of recent crimes that occurred on the same night in the same area in case the killer was bold enough to strike again. However, his check was to no avail.

The composite picture was published in both the morning "Pittsburgh Post-Gazette" and afternoon "Pittsburgh Press." The drawing was also shown on the three local television stations, WTAE, Channel 4, WIIC, Channel 11 and KDKA, Channel 2.

Lenz made sure there was not a single person in Pittsburgh who was not amply aware of what had happened, where, how and to whom it had happened, and that if anyone had any information which might be of possible value, he knew to contact the homicide squad.

Despite the extensive efforts of investigators, nothing turned up. Night fell before the weary detectives returned to the Public Safety Building with nothing but worn shoes and tired legs to show for their day long tasks.

**N**IGHT ALSO fell in the neighboring community of McKeesport, Pa., about 10 miles South of Pittsburgh, as Patrolman Robert Mulgado guided his police cruiser down Fifth Avenue in the heart of the small town. His partner, Patrolman Danile Kochman sat across from him and glanced out the side window. The rookie policeman could barely make out the Go-Go girl dancing in one of the bars and the suit-clad businessmen, women shoppers and young boys wandering up and down the sidewalks of the main street.

It was a quiet winter night in the city, like most nights. But the situation would drastically and dramatically change before the night was out, almost costing Kochman his life.

As the police car probed for trouble down Fifth Avenue, a dark figure approached the E&L Bar on the far edge of the main drag. The man walked slowly, taking each step as if it took an enormous amount of energy, as if the man carried the weight of the world on his shoulders.

In fact, the man carried the guilt of a major felony. He had killed one man the night before for seemingly no reason in a crime that netted him nothing.

It was now about 11:30 p.m., December 11, 1971—more than 24 hours since the shooting death of Ernest Reidel. The scene had changed from Chief's Bar on Craig Street in the Oakland section of Pittsburgh to the E&L Bar on Fifth Avenue in nearby McKeesport. But the locale had really changed little. The E&L Bar, like Chief's Bar, was a small, dimly lit place with about five customers sitting at the bar rail downing drafts and talking about sports and women. The patrons, like the people at Chief's, were mainly steel workers, who were employed at the McKeesport National Tube Division of U. S. Steel, enjoying a little relaxation after work. Little did they realize their quiet evening would turn into a nightmare.

One of the customers was Max Gor-

man and another was Harry Towers, both of McKeesport. Working the bar was Mrs. Sarah Bauer, also of McKeesport. Those three people along with Patrolmen Mulgado and Kochman would play major roles in the eventful night.

The dark figure entered the bar and stood in the doorway as he scanned the surroundings. He walked the full length of the bar and took the last stool in the far corner.

"Lady! Lady!" the stranger bellowed at Mrs. Bauer. Disturbed by his tone and lack of manners, Mrs. Bauer ignored him.

"Hey, lady, over here!" The stranger yelled again, banging his open palm on the bar.

Annoyed, the lady bartender finally walked up to the man.

"Beer," the black man said as he slapped a dime on the counter.

Mrs. Bauer poured him a beer and quickly moved to the other end of the bar. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see him staring, deep, hard and coldly at the other patrons. He sat there not moving, not saying a word, not touching his beer, for about 10 minutes as if he hadn't quite decided what to do.

About then, Max Gorman walked to the pin ball machine in the far corner directly across from the stranger's seat. Gorman slipped a quarter into the slot and the machine came to life in its gaudy colors, giving the room an eerie glow.

The stranger walked up to the machine and deliberately tilted it. He and Gorman then exchanged some words. The next thing the customers knew, the stranger was beating Gorman about the head with a "small, dark object." Gorman tried desperately to fight off the man, but he was too much for him. The middle-aged customer collapsed against

*(Continued on page 44)*



Detective Frank Amity of Pittsburgh Homicide Squad worked day and night on investigation. Eye-witnesses were his only leads.

## THE HIDEOUS ORDEAL OF THE MICHIGAN BLONDE (Continued from page 27)

lieved might have a bearing on the case. They had learned on questioning Janet's friends that she had received a number of telephone calls from a man who had invited her to join a "swinger's sex club." She had been very disturbed about these calls. The man who called identified himself as a Mr. Smith and asked that she make a date with him so that he could give her further information concerning the club's activities.

Janet had thought of turning the information she had over to the police but decided against it when she heard that other both single and married women had received calls of a similar nature.

The police had tried to run down what information they had on the mysterious caller but up to now had no definite information as to his identity or if he was in any way involved in the death of Miss Uland.

**B**EING UNABLE to learn the identity of any of the women who had been receiving these nuisance calls regarding the sex club, the authorities finally decided to ask the news media in the area to appeal to the public urging any woman who had received calls of this nature to contact the State Police Post, promising that whatever information they had would be kept confidential.

The results of this appeal met with almost instant response. A number of women called and said that they had been recipients of such calls. Out of the entire group, two women had, out of curiosity met the caller and had talked to him in downtown St. Joseph. They were seated in his car and they conversed together for about an hour.

One of the women described him as being an attractive, well-built blond, well-behaved and had a nice personality. He mentioned that his name was Bob Brown, which she concluded was not his real name. He made no advances towards her and she made no commitments as far as joining the club. She said that the car he was driving was a late model orange-colored Opel GT.

Checking further into the description of the car, investigators learned that the model the woman described was made only in 1970 and 1971. It was manufactured in Germany and sold in America by the Buick dealers. This particular model had a sporty front in appearance much like the front of the Chevrolet Corvette. With this information police believed it would be possible to locate the car without too much difficulty.

The information about the car and its owner had hardly been released to the public when reports began coming in from people who believed they had information regarding the suspect and the car. The reports were carefully checked out, the cars examined and the

owners questioned. By July 23 forty orange-colored Opels had been examined and the owners questioned at length. There were no positive results. Once again the lawmen seemed to have come to a dead end.

Discouraged in his inability to come up with any solid evidence or clues in the baffling case, Johnson now decided to interview the two women again who had seen and talked to the man they were seeking, asking if they would assist the department by describing the young man to a police artist.

The women readily agreed and spent considerable time with the artist while he sketched a likeness of the man from their description of him. Finally he was able to come up with a sketch that both women agreed came close to what the man looked like.

Johnson had the picture reproduced in the local paper, asking that if anyone recognized the man shown on the sketch they should contact his office without delay.

The composite appeared in the local paper on the 7th of August and immediately a number of phone calls came through to the Post Commander mostly from women who believed that they had recognized the suspect. The tips were carefully investigated and the men in question interviewed regarding their activities at the time of the Uland slaying. All of the men questioned were able to clear themselves. Nor did they own cars answering to the description of the missing Opel.

The only evidence that the officers had against them was that they resembled the sketch made by the police officer. In time no more tips about the man in question came through to the officers and again it appeared that all their efforts had failed.

Then without warning, a young man walked into the State Police Post at Benton Harbor. He was a rather attractive young man, well built and a blond. He asked to see Detective Robert Johnson, and he was shown into Johnson's office. He had barely seated himself before he told Johnson that he was the man who owned the orange-colored Opel they were looking for and he also admitted that he was the individual who had been making the nuisance calls to a number of women about joining in a "Swinger's Sex Club."

He said he had called a number of women both in St. Joseph and in Benton Harbor. One of the women he called, he admitted, was Janet Uland. But nothing had developed as far as these calls were concerned. As far as the murder of Miss Uland was concerned, he denied any knowledge of it, saying that he could provide an ironclad alibi for his movements at the time of her disappearance and subsequent death.

Asked if he was willing to remain in custody until the officers had an opportunity to check out his movements at the time the murder occurred, he willingly obliged. He co-operated in every respect with the authorities and when the report came through from the investigating officers assigned to check his statements, they informed Johnson the

information he had given them was correct. From all indications he was in no way involved in the slaying. However the matter of the telephone calls was something that would bear further investigation by the police and the court. Told to be available should they need to question him further, he advised them as to his present address and gave them his phone number. This done, he was released from further questioning by the authorities.

**O**NCE AGAIN all the efforts of the law enforcement officers had come to a dead end. Discouraged, they had to admit that they didn't have a solid bit of evidence to work on. It appeared as if this would be another of those unsolved homicide cases that all too frequently had been happening in Southwestern Michigan. Still, they continued their investigation hoping that something would develop that would aid them in apprehending the vicious slayer or slayers. But all during the remainder of 1971 and into the early months of 1972 they were unable to come up with any tangible evidence or clues.

On the last day of February, 1972 a young man called at the State Police Post asking to see someone with reference to the Janet Uland murder case. He was ushered into Detective Johnson's office. Here he inquired of the detective why nothing had been done about the tip he had given them the night of Janet's disappearance.

Johnson assured him that any information relating to the case had been thoroughly investigated. The files revealed that the information had been numbered tip No. 31. It reported that the information was received two days after Miss Uland's body was found. It also showed that the officers had discounted the information because the date of events indicated by the information was June 8th, before Janet Uland had disappeared.

The informer insisted that the tip that he gave the officers was given during the evening of Miss Uland's disappearance and not at the time the file revealed. Rechecking the file it developed a mistake had been made in the date and the information had actually been received at the time the informant stated. The tip mentioned that Miss Uland had been engaged and that she and her fiance had on a number of occasions double dated with David Jordon Purnell and another girl. After Janet and her boy friend had broken up, the informant said that Purnell had been seen in her company a number of times. He was also aware that Purnell, when employed as a salesman with one of the automobile companies in Benton Harbor, had sold Janet her car. He had also heard that Purnell was a great grandson of the religious sect leader of the House of David, King Benjamin Purnell. The informant couldn't understand why Purnell wasn't questioned, since everyone who knew Janet Uland had been contacted by the police and interviewed.

Checking back into his files Johnson noticed that Janet's boy friend had been

questioned by the officers and his movements during the time of his former girl friend's disappearance and death had been thoroughly investigated. There was no indication that Purnell had ever been interviewed. Johnson thanked the informer for his interest in the case and promised him that the authorities would check into the situation promptly.

Before the informant left he gave Johnson the address of the apartment Purnell had been living in at the time of Miss Uland's disappearance and death. Since then Purnell had moved out of the apartment into another located at 3973 Reinhardt St. in Stevensville. He added that at the present time Purnell was employed as a construction worker.

As soon as his visitor had left, Johnson dispatched detectives to the apartment that Purnell had occupied. The landlord informed the officers that the rooms had been vacant since Purnell moved out and that nothing had been disturbed within the apartment since that time.

When the officers stepped inside they noticed a number of blood spots, a bloodstained towel and a plastic garbage bag similar to the one that had been tied about Miss Uland's head. Suddenly they realized that at long last they had come upon what appeared to be solid evidence. They notified Johnson of their discovery. Elated at the turn of events, Johnson called the State Police Crime Laboratory who informed him they would send expert crime technicians to Benton Harbor as soon as they possibly could. When they arrived at the apartment they went to work immediately, dusting for prints, taking blood samples, strands of blonde hair and bits of human tissue they found within the apartment.

This completed, detectives managed to get access to the car Purnell was driving. Examining the interior of the trunk, they were able to come up with additional blood samples taken from two places. Satisfied with the amount of evidence they had been able to obtain, the men returned to East Lansing to begin their analysis and microscopic examination of the material.

**S**TILL NOT completely satisfied with what they had accomplished, Johnson sent detectives to interview the tenants who had occupied the apartment at the time Purnell lived there. Again they struck pay dirt. One of the tenants recalled that on the night of Miss Uland's disappearance, he had noticed Purnell and a girl enter Purnell's apartment. It was after midnight. Later he heard the two of them arguing followed by a woman's screams. Her screams continued for a few moments, then stopped. Concerned at first, he dismissed the matter from his mind after the commotion had subsided, believing that what he had heard was nothing more than a lover's quarrel.

Checking on Purnell's background they learned that he had graduated from St. Joseph's High School in 1966 and had been married in August, 1968. Shortly afterwards he was divorced. He had been employed as a salesman for

the Bartz Pontiac Automobile Company in Benton Harbor and his record revealed that he had never been in trouble with the authorities. As far as the officers had been able to learn, he had a good reputation among his friends.

Meanwhile Johnson waited impatiently for word from the crime laboratory, realizing that without scientific proof linking the evidence they had been able to uncover with the dead girl, he had little to go on.

When the report finally came through it showed that the blood samples taken from Purnell's apartment as well as the hair and bits of human tissue corresponded with those the crime technicians had been able to remove from the victim's body at the time her lifeless form had been discovered in the ditch alongside Thar Road.

However the blood samples they had taken from within the car trunk had been insufficient for them to make a positive determination as to the blood type. Based on the crime laboratory report, the authorities felt that they had sufficient evidence to go to court and secure a conviction on a first degree murder charge. On Thursday, March 2nd, 1972, David Jordon Purnell was arrested and arraigned in the Berrien County Fifth District Court on a first degree murder charge in the slaying of Janet Uland.

At the preliminary hearing which ended on April 10 after three days of testimony before District Court Judge John T. Hammond, Purnell was bound over to Circuit Court to stand trial for the murder charge lodged against him. The Court-appointed attorney defending Purnell stated that at this time he had no evidence to present in behalf of his client. His request that bail be set for

the defendant was denied by the judge. Purnell was then remanded to the Berrien County jail where he was held without bail.

Judge William S. White heard the case in Circuit Court. The State was represented by Prosecuting Attorney Ronald S. Taylor, while the defense was represented by Attorney S. Jack Keller. During the testimony the prosecution brought out the fact that Purnell had been drinking, that he had decided to get himself a girl with whom he intended to have sexual relations and that he persuaded Miss Uland, a long standing friend of his to visit his apartment.

When he attempted to seduce her she objected to his advances. Enraged, he then struck her crushing blows with a golf club, after which he stabbed her fourteen times.

The prosecution also questioned the testimony of Doctor Emanuel Tanay who had testified that the defendant, in his opinion, was suffering from a "disassociation reaction" which he termed a mental illness Purnell was experiencing at the time the crime was committed.

The jury after two and one half hours of deliberation on Thursday, November 14th, 1972 returned a verdict of guilty in the second degree, the maximum penalty being life imprisonment.

On November 30, 1972, David Jordon Purnell was brought before Berrien County Circuit Court Judge William S. White, who sentenced him to spend the rest of his remaining years in prison for the brutal slaying of Janet Uland.

The names Mark Harlan, Marty Logan, and Lisa Jones are fictitious and were used to protect the identities of the persons innocently involved in the case.

END

## HOW A POLICE CRIME LAB SOLVED A MURDER (Continued from page 19)

Powder burns were embedded in the flesh near the wounds, establishing that the bullets had been fired at close range.

Authorities thought in the light of these things, along with others, that this might be a case of murder and suicide. The securely locked house with no signs of forced entry, the difference in progress in the digestion of their stomach contents, the apparent lack of motive, and the fact that someone had attempted to wipe or wash the blood from the face of Dorothy Krummacher before covering her with a blanket all indicated she might have been killed by someone who still had a lingering regard for her, and then this person committed suicide.

The trouble with this theory was that police hadn't been able to find the weapon anywhere in or around the house. And it seemed incredible that Herbert could shoot himself through the heart, go outside and hide the gun, then return and lie down, covering his face with a towel. And why would he want

to? To get someone charged with the murder?

Then most people prefer to shoot themselves in the head rather than the heart. They think it is quicker and less painful.

Robbery seemed to be ruled out as a motive. Herbert's billfold was undisturbed, Dorothy had \$80 in cash and a number of credit cards in her handbag, and they were untouched. The house had not been ransacked and a number of valuable items in plain view were not taken.

And sexual assault could be ruled out. Though Dorothy was found undressed, there wasn't the slightest indication of sexual attack.

Dr. Henry theorized that the killer first shot Dorothy Krummacher but didn't find Herbert at home and waited some three hours for him to return and shot him as he came through the back door. This would explain several of the mysteries that made the case so puzzling, but all it proved in the end was how misleading evidence can sometimes be.

**W**HILE INVESTIGATING officers were in the house trying to obtain evidence on the double murder, the phone rang. One of the sheriff's deputies answered it and discovered the

phone was dead. It would ring but couldn't be used for communication. A careful examination revealed that the cord attaching the ear and mouth piece to the base had been jerked out, then carefully shoved back in the hole again so the fact that the phone had been put out of order wouldn't be noticed.

Adding to the mystery was the disappearance of two of the three bullets that had been fired into the victims. Mrs. Dorothy Krummacher had been shot twice, but only one bullet had been found in her body. The other had passed completely through her and couldn't be found anywhere in the walls, floor or ceiling of the house.

Also, the bullet that had slain Herbert had passed through him but couldn't be found. There was a bullet hole in the back door and it was possible the lethal bullet had gone through it and been lost somewhere on the ground outside, or the bullet hole could have been made by a fourth bullet fired by the killer.

To assume the hole in the door had been made by the bullet that killed Herbert, you would have to assume he was near the door when shot, then had staggered into the bedroom before collapsing.

A state police officer was brought from Milwaukie, Oregon, with a metal detector and he searched the house and the area around it in the hope of recovering the fatal weapon and missing bullets, as well as other pertinent evidence. But he found nothing of value.

At one point, Sheriff Del Walpole considered the possibility that this had been murder and suicide, with a third person coming in and taking away the murder weapon, washing blood from the victims' faces, and covering Dorothy with a blanket and Herbert's face with a towel. If he found out anyone had done that he would nail their hide to the wall for tampering with evidence.

A check with the Krummacher children revealed that absolutely nothing was missing from the house but Mrs. Krummacher's keys—and the murder weapon and missing bullets, of course.

The missing keys explained how the killer was able to leave the house completely locked, but how he or she had gotten in remained a mystery.

Sheriff Walpole learned Mrs. Krummacher had been visiting a friend in Lincoln City until 4:30 on the afternoon of her death and it is probable that she had eaten at a drive-in just before reaching home, or fixed something for herself soon after arriving. Herbert had been seen in Tillamook after 4 o'clock and may have reached home some time after his wife. It became obvious now that he hadn't eaten before being shot and the two victims could have been killed within seconds of each other. Very likely their deaths were no more than minutes apart.

No one could dig up any sort of logical motive for the crime, however. Investigators could not locate anyone who was considered an enemy of the couple.

Neighbors said the Krummachers got along well with each other and they had

not heard of a quarrel with anyone else. None of them had heard the shots or noticed anything unusual about the place, except for the drawn shades. All agreed that the Krummachers made a practice of leaving their shades up, even at night, and they had never seen them drawn before the murders.

The Krummachers had four children, three daughters and a son, Martin. Martin was married to a 33-year-old woman named Hazel. One of the daughters was married and none lived at home, though all were frequent visitors.

Walpole arranged for the four children and Hazel to be given lie detector examinations merely as a routine matter. The police refused to reveal the results of these tests for fear of prejudicing the case should anyone later be indicted for the crime.

They were not happy with one of the tests, however. It indicated that Hazel had done considerable lying about one thing or another. None of this could be used as evidence, however, and concrete supporting evidence could not be found.

Hazel admitted to being away from her Portland home all day on the date of the murders and did not return until the following morning. But she said she had been in Seattle looking for a job, and Sheriff Walpole could not locate anyone who had seen her at or near the Krummacher home in Oceanside.

Law enforcement officers kept searching for a suspect but prime suspects were hard to find. A real estate man reported that a band of hippies had been camping in the Krummacher neighborhood just prior to the murders and had disappeared before their bodies had been discovered.

Walpole did not consider them seriously, however, because nothing had been taken from the house and because the killer had shown a neatness and regard for the victims after death that did not fit in with the hippie style of life.

Weeks went by and Tillamook County sheriff's officers, state police and other law enforcement officers put in hundreds of man hours on the case, but they were not able to come up with sufficient evidence to indict anyone for the crime.

**M**ORE THAN four years slipped by and the case still remained unsolved. Then Lee Werdell was elected District Attorney for Tillamook County. He was young, vigorous and eager to see that no crime went unpunished in his county.

The county's outstanding unsolved case was, of course, the puzzling four-year-old murder of Dorothy and Herbert Krummacher. Werdell spent hours going over the file, searching for something that would help bring the killer to justice. Finally, with Sheriff Walpole's help, he revived the case.

They had a strong suspect but not sufficient evidence to indict her or bring about a conviction. Then they learned of a new scientific process for comparing the composition of metals. Called nuclear trace analysis, it is so exacting it can determine if a bullet, for instance, came from one quantity of supposedly

identical material, or another made at a different time.

District Attorney Werdell and Sheriff Walpole had a comparative analysis made of metal taken from the bullet that had slain Dorothy Krummacher and some taken from bullets found in her son Martin Krummacher's home after the murders.

The scientist conducting the tests insisted that both bullets had come from the same batch of lead. Martin and Hazel Krummacher had owned an Iver Johnson .38 caliber revolver which fired this type of bullet and it was reported being seen in the glove compartment of their car on the day before the murders. But the police were unable to locate the weapon following the murders.

Armed with this new evidence they obtained an indictment against Hazel Krummacher and arrested her in her Portland home.

Lee Werdell prepared his case well, and late in January of 1973, he brought Hazel Krummacher to trial in Tillamook Superior Court for the murder of her mother-in-law and father-in-law.

Hazel and Martin had obtained a divorce shortly after the murder of his parents and she had remarried while out on bond awaiting trial. She was now 37 years old and not completely unattractive as she came into the courtroom to face her fate.

Judge J. S. Bohannon presided and Hazel was defended by attorneys Delbert Mayer and Donald McKown.

A jury of six men and six women was selected and the trial begun. The facts of death were presented and both District Attorney Werdell and Sheriff Walpole began to fear their case wasn't strong enough to bring about a conviction.

They were convinced in their minds that Hazel had committed the crimes but their motive was woefully weak and proving her guilty beyond a reasonable doubt was something else. Now, however, the public would be able to learn for the first time some of the facts behind the murders.

Earl C. Son, a former Multnomah County detective who had helped crack the ten year old Peyton-Allen lovers' lane murders, had been called in on the Krummacher case early in the investigation. He was now a special investigator for the Oregon Department of Justice.

He took the witness stand and told of his interrogation of Hazel. She claimed she had been in Seattle seeking employment at the time of the murders and had visited several stores. Detective Son testified that he had not been able to locate one single store that had any record of her application for work.

Hazel said she had made several telephone calls while in Seattle but only one had been completed. This was to a chiropractor in Poulsbo, a small town not far from Seattle.

Detective Son told the jury he had left the interview room and called the chiropractor in Poulsbo. The chiropractor insisted that he had not received a telephone call from Hazel on that date.

Hazel said the doctor was lying, but



after continued questioning, she admitted she was the one who had lied. She now said she'd called the doctor but got no answer.

Witnesses testified to hearing Hazel whisper intensely, "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you!" while viewing the body of Herbert Krummacher at the funeral home.

Hazel explained this by saying, "I believed he killed Mom. And I still do."

A tape recording was introduced in court of an interview between the defendant and the sheriff in which Hazel stated that Herbert Krummacher had made sexual advances to her, and that her in-laws were always bickering and that Herbert had planned to leave his wife.

Hazel said her husband had several guns in their Portland home, two shotguns, a rifle, and a .38 revolver. The guns all were at home, she insisted.

"What kind of gun killed them?" she asked.

The sheriff told her a .38 caliber revolver.

Detectives got a search warrant for the Krummacher home but couldn't locate the pistol there, and Hazel was of no help to them in finding it. Officers think it was thrown into the ocean or one of the many lakes or streams in the area, but it never has been found.

The prosecution now emphasized that the disappearance of the pistol—which was identical to the murder weapon—right after the fatal shooting was particularly significant.

District Attorney Werdell pounded at every opportunity on the fact that the bullets found at Hazel's home matched the one taken from the body of Dorothy Krummacher, according to the new scientific comparison tests.

**T**HE PROSECUTION presented evidence that Hazel Krummacher had, on the day preceding the murder, visited a woman's dress shop in Portland and bought a number of articles of clothing. She had then tried to pay for them with the credit card made out to Dorothy Krummacher and had signed Dorothy's name on the slip.

The clerk discovered that the card had expired and asked Hazel to wait while she checked on it. Hazel said she would get a cup of coffee while she waited, but failed to return. Later, she called Dorothy from her home phone, according to telephone records, but no one knows what was said. Presumably it was about her attempt to charge clothing on Dorothy's credit card.

It was also learned the defendant tried to negotiate a \$2,500 loan, but was unable to obtain it. Hazel said she had wanted to consolidate all their bills.

The defense stressed the murder-suicide theory and insisted Herbert Krummacher could have shot himself and disposed of the gun.

They brought in Dr. William L. Lehman, noted pathologist, to testify that this was possible.

District Attorney Werdell questioned Lehman's ability to diagnose Herbert's capabilities after being shot, without being present at the autopsy.

"Isn't it rather unusual to find a man shooting himself in the chest?" he asked.

Lehman agreed.

"Just how unusual would you say it is for man to shoot himself, go outside and hide the gun, come in and lock all the doors, then walk to his bedroom and die?" Werdell asked.

"Very unlikely, but not impossible," Lehman replied.

Hazel admitted from the witness stand that she had lied to investigating officers during their questioning sessions with her concerning the whereabouts of her husband's .38 Iver Johnson revolver, the call to the doctor in Poulsbo, and a number of other things.

The defense attorneys pointed out she was being tried for murder, not lying, and emphasized her lack of motive. They insisted that all the evidence was circumstantial and could be explained in other ways besides her committing murder.

Prosecuting Attorney Werdell noted in his closing statement that Hazel Krummacher was absent from her Portland home from the morning of the 19th of Nov., until early the next morning, which gave her ample time to go to Oceanside and commit the murders. Her alibi of being in Seattle at the time of the murders had been proven to be an outright lie, he stated.

He emphasized the fact that the box of bullets found in Hazel's home matched one taken from one of the victims. He also noted that Hazel had very strong feelings of dislike for her in-laws.

"She had a very unusual relationship with her father-in-law and appeared to hate him," Werdell said. "And she had stolen from her mother-in-law."

The defense stressed the circumstantial nature of the evidence, the absence of sufficient motive, and noted that the evidence was subject to a wide range of interpretations.

"There's more than room for reason-

## THE PUZZLE PORTLAND POLICE HAD TO SOLVE

(Continued from page 15)

brain enough to cause death, much to everyone's surprise. It couldn't be removed for the present without risking death.

The arms of all three victims were scarred by hundreds of punctures made by hypodermic needles, indicating that they were habitual users of narcotics.

When Billy Lee Spence was able to talk coherently, homicide officers obtained an interview with him at the Good Samaritan Hospital. Spence told them that a black man and a white woman had driven him and Vicki to Forest Park and forced them to walk up the path where they were shot.

The man's name was Charles West, Billy said, and he had made a lot of false accusations against both of them before

able doubt as to the defendant's guilt," Defense Attorney Delbert Meyer said.

The jury didn't think there was room for reasonable doubt, however. They found Hazel Krummacher guilty of first degree murder in both slayings about 10 a.m. the next morning.

That should have ended the Krummacher murder story, but there was a startling postscript.

Hazel was returned to jail to await sentencing and when a deputy brought her breakfast two mornings later, he found her unconscious. She seemed to be in a deep coma from an overdose of some sort of drug.

Sheriff Walpole rushed her to a hospital where, in spite of their best efforts, she remained unconscious for several days. Authorities learned that she had told relatives she intended to kill herself if convicted.

Eventually the doctors brought her out of the drug induced coma—but she came out babbling and now for the first time, those present learned her true motive for the murders.

"I hate you, you old son-of-a-bitch," she screamed in her semiconscious state. "You made me lose my baby and now I'm going to kill you for it. It was all your fault and I'm going to kill you . . . kill you . . . kill you . . ."

Investigation disclosed that Hazel had suffered a miscarriage several months before and, though doctors' reports stated this miscarriage and a previous one were due to a tipped uterus so severe they had been forced to remove the organ, making her unable to bear any more children, she blamed her father-in-law for the loss.

Hate had festered in her until it finally erupted in murder.

When Hazel had recovered enough from her overdose of drugs to be brought into the courtroom, Judge J.S. Bohannon sentenced her to life in prison on each of the murders. She was then taken to the women's division of Oregon State Penitentiary.

END

he had shot them. He admitted that the basis of the quarrel had been an altercation over narcotics, but his talk was so rambling and resentful, the investigating officers did not obtain a clear picture of what it all was about.

Arrest warrants were obtained for a Charles Williams, also known as Charles West. He was described as a black man, 6 feet, 3 inches tall, and weighing around 235 pounds. He wore his hair in a full 3-inch Afro style and added a fierce looking beard to that. Officers were warned that he was armed and dangerous.

A material witness warrant was issued for his woman companion, who police learned was Anita Warwick, an attractive 16-year-old white girl from Lake Oswego, one of Portland's more prosperous suburbs. The girl had dropped out of school in March and had run away from her attractive home to live with Williams in a shabby, decaying house in the ghetto.

A dozen police cars raced to the address given by Billy Spence to take the murderous pair into custody. They con-

verged in force on the dirty two story house in northeast Portland, fully prepared for a shootout.

They met with no resistance, however, and though the other occupants of the house cautiously admitted that they "knew of" the wanted couple, they insisted they were not in the house and no longer lived there.

The police checked a truck parked in front of the place and found it was registered to Williams. The truck was impounded. Then by careful questioning, detectives learned that the fugitives might be driving a 1969 blue and white Oldsmobile. They put out an all-points bulletin for the suspects and the car.

Anita's parents, fearing she might be murdered to keep her from testifying against the suspect, pleaded with her over radio and television to contact them, if she were alive. The girl never called them, and they feared the worst.

The FBI now entered the case on the theory that the fugitives had crossed a state line in their flight to avoid prosecution.

Detective Sgt. Orlando "Blackie" Yazzoline took charge of the investigation into Green's death for the Sheriff's Office and with his fellow detectives was working closely with Portland city police, state police, and the FBI on the murders. Soon California police agencies were aided in the search for the fugitives.

The first word received on them came from Coos Bay, Oregon. The report stated that Williams and Anita, traveling with two companions, a white man and woman, had stayed all night at a motel there.

The white couple had registered as Roger Stanford and wife. Des Connell, Multnomah County district attorney, obtained material witness warrants for the couple and put out all points bulletins for them.

Days went by and the fugitives seemed to have made good their escape.

**I**N THE meantime, Portland police located a dirty, peeling house where Williams had lived under the name of Charles West before he and Anita had started living together. They found a small 10-year-old boy living alone in the house. He refused to let them in and the officers were forced to break a window to gain entrance.

He turned out to be Williams' son. He had been living in the house with his father and a woman known as Mrs. West, who had three children of her own by a former marriage. After Williams had gone off with Anita, the woman had left the house with her three children, leaving the boy there alone.

Williams had returned a few times, apparently to give the boy food and money, and one of the neighbors had tried to feed the boy, but he usually refused their food. They said he went off to school each day. Several of the neighbors said Williams was fond of gardening and wanted to open a boxing gym.

That wouldn't help the police find him now, however. Their best opportunity lay in his narcotic contacts or his

family, most of whom were living in California, and they obtained the cooperation of the police of that state.

Five days after the double murder and assault to commit murder in Portland, the police of Fresno, California, were informed that Charles Williams and 16-year-old Anita Warwick were registered as man and wife at the Tally Ho Motel.

Fresno police, aided by FBI agents, quietly moved in on the motel. They showed photographs of the fugitives to the manager and he said the couple were there, registered as Mr. and Mrs. Carl Clay of Indio, California.

The fugitives had had a number of visitors since their arrival, the manager said, but the man and woman named in the other warrants were not at the motel.

The officers quickly cleared the surrounding rooms and prepared for action, covering every possible escape route the fugitives might take. Then, with drawn guns, they knocked on the door.

Anita Warwick opened up and the officers rushed past the surprised girl to overpower Williams before he could reach his gun.

They searched the two fugitives, taking their narcotic needles and weapons, then handcuffed them and took them to the Fresno County jail.

Shortly after this, the other two suspects named in the material witness warrants were located in Torrence, California, and taken into custody.

They insisted that they knew nothing whatsoever about the murders in Portland and did not know Charles Williams or Anita Warwick by those names. They said they had been hitchhiking south and had been picked up by the big black man and white girl near Eugene, but were given different names and never a hint that they were fugitives.

Police checked their story thoroughly and when it proved correct in every detail, they released the frightened couple.

Anita Warwick has been returned to Portland and lodged in the Donald E. Long Juvenile Home. The district attorney has asked that she be remanded to superior court so she can be tried as an adult for murder.

Charles Williams fought extradition but eventually was returned to be tried on two counts of first degree murder.

The astonishing thing about the murder of Vicki Trent and Millard Green, and the attempted murder of Billy Lee Spence, was that the whole thing was a mistake. The killer shot the wrong victims.

Although evidence against Charles West and Anita Warwick seems overwhelming at this time, both must be presumed to be innocent until proven guilty beyond any reasonable doubt in a court of law.

As of this writing, no trial date has been set.

Note: The names Anita Warwick, Billy Lee Spence and Roger Stanford have been substituted for the actual names of the persons involved to protect their privacy.

END

## BAFFLING MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING BEAUTY (Continued from page 29)

she wouldn't leave," he said. "She could never leave her two children. She had left all her good clothing in a closet at their trailer in Newton, and she was to receive a big insurance settlement in connection with a car accident in which she had been involved. Most importantly, she loved the ground that Butch and her children walked on, regardless of what he did to her."

Neighbors said that she would never have ventured into the waters of the Gulf. "She was deathly afraid of deep water," a good friend said. "She couldn't swim a lick, and had a dreadful fear of drowning."

Chief Brackin described her as "a friend. Someone you could sit down with at a cluttered kitchen table, have a cup of stale coffee, and tell your troubles to. My family and her family were close. We usually had supper at their house or they came over to my house at least once a week; Butch and Eva Jean were the best friends my wife and I had. I guess that explains why I was so dead-set on finding out what happened to her. I told Butch when he came back from Panama City and reported her missing, that I didn't believe she had walked off, and that if he had done anything to her, I'd see him burn. He thought I was stupid. He thought all of us were stupid."

Eva Jean had been active in the United Methodist Church of Newton where she taught Sunday School every week. She participated in Girl Scout Volunteer work and was always ready to help a needy friend. After a neighbor suffered a severe heart attack, Eva Jean cleaned her house for many weeks. "She cleaned it better than I did," the patient noted.

She had worked at Flowers Hospital in Dothan, Alabama, until her traffic accident rendered her temporarily crippled. A surgeon operated and inserted a steel pin along the bone and placed a metal plate at the hip bone. She still walked with a limp when she disappeared. Doctors were ready to operate and remove the steel pin when she vanished. And that was another reason why so many didn't believe she had voluntarily joined the ranks of the many women who for various reasons walk away from their families.

She wasn't a beautiful woman, although she possessed a matronly attractiveness and a personality that won the hearts of everyone she met. Acquaintances spoke freely of her love for her husband and children. She was a simple woman who demanded very little from others, yet returned love twofold.

Butch had married her while she was a student nurse in Richmond, Virginia. When he was sent to Vietnam for the second time, she remained in Newton, living in a trailer, and continuing her work as a practical nurse. When he re-

turned from Southeast Asia, he was assigned as a helicopter flight instructor at Ft. Rucker. At first he appeared to be the devoted husband and father who worked hard around the trailer making it into a permanent brick dwelling, complete with basement and added room.

But while Eva Jean worked the night shift at the hospital in Dothan, Louise Taylor, who lived around the corner, was hired as a baby sitter. She and Butch were soon intimate friends. A neighbor reported: "They were so open with their affair that Louise's grandmother made her move out." She moved across the street from the Ballmans into a house rented by Sam Martin, Butch's best chum. Martin said Butch visited Louise numerous times and stayed until late at night.

Louise Taylor was a divorcee. Young, curvy, and very attractive, she was the former wife of one of Butch's friends. A previous "Miss Newton" and a beauty contestant in the Wiregrass Peanut Festival, she and Butch flagrantly displayed their love. As an acquaintance said: "He went completely crazy over that young and tender stuff."

**O**N APRIL 8, 1971, Eva Jean had her accident, and two months later Butch was notified that he would be separated from the service due to a large scaledown in helicopter flight training. He went to Washington D.C. to appeal his separation. Martin and Louise accompanied him and the two lovers registered in a motel as Mr. and Mrs. Ballman. On June 17, 1971, Butch and Louise went with Martin on another trip. This time it was to New Jersey, Ballman's former home state, to attend a wedding. The trip lasted about a week. Martin said "they acted like a couple newly fallen in love, hugging and kissing." After returning to Newton, Martin found some ladies' undergarments while cleaning out the trunk of his car. He put them in a sack, along with some other items, and took them across the street to the Ballman home. Eva Jean discovered the panties and Butch said that "he was really in for it now."

Butch received \$1,000 upon his separation from the army on the fourth of July and bought an "A" frame type house trailer (the kind that folds out). He carried the trailer to lot 18 at Grayton Beach State Park on the Florida Gulf Coast, and moved Louise into the trailer with him. A guard at the park said he was told that they were man and wife. They were regarded as "honeymooners." Butch even brought his son, Paul, to stay with them. This act provoked Eva Jean to acquire a restraining order granting her temporary custody of the children. She also obtained legal separation papers.

On July 9, the last day Eva Jean was seen alive, Butch returned to Newton with Paul. That same morning Eva Jean called Chief Brackin and asked him to come to her house and bring the separation documents. Butch arrived and Brackin had a long conversation with the troubled couple. Butch promised that he was through with Louise and

glibly persuaded Eva Jean to go to Panama City Beach for the week-end so they could thrash out their marital difficulties. Brackin watched them drive away from their home. Sam Martin saw the family when they stopped at the post office. Butch told him he was taking his family to the Roundtowner Motel on Panama City Beach. Then Eva Jean left Newton—forever.

A few days later, the observant police chief noticed that Eva Jean's car, a yellow Dodge Charger, was missing; her car had been left in Newton since they were traveling in Butch's auto, an AMX Javelin. Brackin sent out a missing car report on July 20, but he soon discovered that Butch had returned to Newton, presumably driven by Louise, picked up his wife's car and returned to the park where he was staying with Louise and his children.

Butch told Chief Brackin that Eva Jean had walked out of the motel on the night of July 9 with \$200, and he never saw her again. Brackin and Ballman then went to Panama City to investigate and report her disappearance to the Bay County authorities. The tale rang false in the policeman's ears, especially when he learned that Butch had brought Louise to the motel room he shared with his young children on the night that Eva Jean vanished. He must have known, the chief reasoned, that Eva Jean wouldn't walk in on them and spoil his extramarital bliss. Butch's son described Louise as daddy's girl friend. Butch told the children that their mother had abandoned them.

Members of Sheriff T. D. Easterling's Bay County staff couldn't find a trace of the missing mother. Because of the lack of any physical evidence of foul play, Butch was not detained and he went home to his teenage mistress.

They were not in Newton long. A warrant for adulterous living was sworn out against them by Louise's grandmother and Eva Jean's father who had come down from Big Stone Gap, Virginia, to join in the fruitless search for his daughter. Dale County Probate Judge, Kirk Adams, ordered the couple to leave Newton. Butch was told to sell his land, get out and never return. Louise, then 18, was accused of entering the home of the discharged helicopter gunship pilot and much decorated Vietnam veteran and not emerging until morning; however, no one could give eyewitness accounts of an illicit affair. "You have ten days to sell your land and trailer and leave," the judge said. The most curious feature in this classic adultery case was the noticeable absence of Mrs. Ballman. Chief Brackin tried to prevent the judge from ordering Butch to leave because he feared it would make his investigation more difficult. His plea fell on deaf ears.

The chief had not for a second bought the story of Eva's voluntary disappearance, and so began his crusade and private investigation into the circumstances and events. He was determined to find her. Knowing that Butch and Louis had been staying at the state park, he surmised that Butch had killed and then buried his wife a short distance

off the road somewhere between the Roundtowner Motel and Grayton Beach State Park. A clerk at the Roundtowner said Ballman, Miss Taylor and the two children checked into the motel on the night of the disappearance. She didn't recall Eva Jean. On his days off and on week ends, Brackin walked over the 20 miles between sites, searching and scanning the ground and tangled underbrush for a clue. Nothing!

Brackin wrote the tourists who had been staying at the resort motel on the night she left. Not a person could remember seeing her. "He thinks we're stupid," Brackin continued to mutter to himself as he chased after a clue, a thread of evidence, some loose earth, an indentation in the ground, something, anything, no matter how small or inconsequential, that would reveal the truth.

The skillful law officer employed other methods. "I began showing up at places he frequented," Brackin said. "Just to let him know I was on the job. Just to let him know I knew. Sheriff Easterling of Bay County and other Florida law enforcement officials cooperated fully with me; going so far as to allow some of their men to accompany me in my search for a grave. Sometimes some of them went along with me when I had my impromptu 'chats' with Butch."

Months went by. Butch and Louise moved from place to place. They bought a trailer lot in the Lake Hillsdale Estates in Poplarville, Mississippi. The down payment check was signed by Eva Jean Ballman and George Ballman. Louise had forged Eva Jean's signature on the bill of sale. The salesman later identified the woman as Louise Taylor.

Soon after Eva vanished, the children were sent to Butch's sister in Kansas. Later they were shipped to New Jersey where they stayed with his father, George Ballman Sr. Still later, they were brought back to live with Butch and the new "fictitious" Mrs. Ballman. A baby was born to Louise in the Spring of 1972.

**A** YEAR passed. Memorial services were conducted for Eva Jean at the United Methodist Church. Periodically, *The Daily Ledger* continued to ask: WHERE IS EVA JEAN BALLMAN? The citizens of Newton raised a reward of over \$1,000 for information about her whereabouts or disappearance. Butch, still closely observed by Brackin and other law enforcement officers, continued to move around on the Gulf Coast—mainly to get away from the accusing eyes of Chief Brackin.

Then it happened. The break! The chink in the armor. Butch applied for a job with Zale's Jewelry Company. He was given a lie detector test—a standard procedure used by the company with all potential employees—and passed it to the satisfaction of Zale's. He was hired and sent to work at a store in Montgomery, Alabama. Butch had just turned 31-years-of-age.

He had been living there for three weeks when he was approached at work by Captain Joe Tom Masters of the Investigation and Identification Division

of the Alabama Department of Public Safety, who wanted another polygraph test. Butch consented, probably figuring since he had fooled the previous test administered by Zale's, he could do it again. He was unaware that the test given to him by the jewelry company had been incorrectly administered.

The new test was administered by Joe Townsend, a polygraph expert with the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. The results were never admitted in evidence, but it was enough to place him under arrest.

He was taken to his home in Montgomery where he was permitted to say goodbye to Louise. On his way to Florida, he stopped with the officers in De Funiack Springs for soft drinks.

He quickly confessed and led them to a shallow grave where he told them to dig. After officer Jud Holloway unearthed a jawbone, digging was stopped until officers from Walton and Bay counties and two Panama City pathologists arrived. Butch revealed little emotion until the spade struck the jaw of his wife's skeleton. He then covered his ears with his hands and walked away from the grave. The skeleton was clothed in a decaying bikini bathing suit, not green shorts and a white shirt.

Ballman was taken to Bay County Jail in Panama City around four p.m. and given another polygraph test (not admitted in evidence) beginning about 10:30 p.m. At approximately 3:00 a.m. he gave a taped confession. The tape was admitted in evidence at the trial in De Funiack Springs and told of Eva Jean's final day and death. The tape was recorded by Special Agent Frank Jerinigan of the Florida Department of Law Enforcement. Here is the substance of the narrative that was presented the jury:

Ballman brought the family to the Roundtown Motel on July 9, 1971, from Newton, to discuss their marital future. After the two children went to bed, he and Eva Jean started talking about divorce proceedings. Eva became upset and ran screaming from the room. After a short while, he started looking for her and found her standing knee deep in the warm waters of the Gulf.

When he walked out to where she was standing, she began pushing, beating and scratching him. He grabbed her around the throat and shoulders, then he panicked and lost control and held her under the water until she appeared lifeless.

He said he then pulled her up on the white sand beach and carried her body and placed it in the front seat of his car. He drove to the old Miller home, near Western Lake, only a half mile from Grayton Beach State Park where Louise was waiting for him. He buried Eva Jean in a shallow grave estimated to be about three feet deep. She was found a little over a year later on July 31, 1972.

This was the essence of the confession.

Chief Brackin's ordeal was almost over, or so it seemed. There only remained the trial, yet for a while it appeared that Butch would sidestep justice.

Released on \$50,000 bond, and with his wife now declared legally dead, he was given permission to marry Louise. He listed his first marriage as "ending with the death of my wife." She listed her marriage as "ending in divorce on 10-21-71." He hired a team of the best lawyers and quickly repudiated his confession, claiming he was offered a deal of probation if he falsely admitted guilt.

State Attorneys Curtis Golden and Tom Remington represented the prosecution, and Ballman was represented by Brooks Taylor and Fred Turner. The trial was held before Circuit Judge Clyde Wells.

Identification of the skeletal remains was made through dental records and the metal plate in her left femur.

Defense attorneys attempted to show that damage had occurred to the skeleton during excavation, but the two pathologists testified they actually uncovered the bones using only tablespoons and whisk brooms.

It was also proved that Butch had stripped the wedding rings from Eva Jean's lifeless fingers before burying her. Neighbors testified that Louise was wearing the engagement and wedding rings. The defense said there were two identical sets of rings, but the bare fin-

gers of Eva Jean's skeleton was mute testimony of this untruth.

When placed on the stand, Butch changed his story. Stating that he and his wife were in the car the night of July 9 when she took a .22-caliber pistol from her purse and demanded that he take her to see Louise. "It's all hazy to me," Ballman said, but he recalled that five shots were fired and that after a struggle, his wife lay still. He then buried her. He said he had no idea what happened to the shovel after he had filled the hole.

The defense produced his car which did contain bullet holes, all bright and shining. The prosecution contended that if the holes were a year old, there should be rust present.

The four-man, two-woman jury was out only an hour and nine minutes, finding him guilty of first degree murder. The swagger faded from his face at the verdict, and he collapsed in tears as Louise was led away hysterical. He was sentenced to life at hard labor on January 27, 1973.

The names Sam Martin and Louise Taylor are fictitious and were used to protect the identities of innocent persons involved in the case.

END

## THE DESPERATE CON WANTED HER DEAD (Continued from page 23)

placing the prison in a state of full alert and sealing off the steel grills separating the various parts of the institution from each other. On the walls outside, the guards slid shells into the chambers of the rifles and the machine-guns in the corner turrets cocked their weapons.

A few moments later, however, Captain Mellun learned that the trouble was centered in the prison clinic and that this part of the prison had already been blocked off by the guards under chief guard, Lieutenant Pierre Tintigny. The situation appeared to be under control.

Suspending the general alarm for the remainder of the prison, Captain Mellun left his office and hurried to the clinic where he found the door barricaded and guarded by a group of men under Lieutenant Tintigny.

"Are they in there?" said the captain. "Why don't you go in and get them? Are they armed?"

The lieutenant shook his head. "We don't think they have firearms," he said, "but they've got two hostages, Guard Guy Giradot and the nurse, Nicole Comte. They say they'll cut their throats if we try to come in."

"Oh my God!" said the director. "Who are they? How many of them are there? How did this happen?"

"It's Buffet and Bontems," said the lieutenant. "I don't know how it happened. Giradot must have brought them to the clinic for treatment and they overpowered him and Mrs. Comte. I don't even know who sounded the

alarm. All I know is when we got here and tried to open the door, Buffet called out that they had two hostages and they'd kill them if we tried to break in."

"I sounded the alarm," said one of the guards in front of the door. "Giradot and I brought Buffet and Bontems up here from their cell because they were complaining of sore throats. We'd just got inside when they whipped out home made knives and grabbed Giradot and Mrs. Comte. I ran out the door and sounded the alarm. If I'd tried to stop them, they'd have killed Giradot and Mrs. Comte."

"You did completely right," said the captain. "There wasn't anything else you could do. Well, we're just going to have to talk to them. They must realize that they haven't a hope of getting out of here now."

On this point, however, the captain was quite mistaken. Claude Buffet and Roger Bontems, a thirty-six-year-old armed robber serving a sentence of twenty years, were apparently convinced that they could and would get out of Clairvaux prison, guards or no guards.

"We want two machine pistols, a thousand rounds of ammunition and a fast car waiting outside the gate," called Buffet in response to the captain's demand that he release the hostages and come out. "We'll release the hostages later when we're sure that we haven't been followed."

"And supposing that I don't agree?" said the captain.

The reply in Claude Buffet's cold, emotionless, almost metallic voice sent shivers up the spine of every man present.

"Then, I'll cut their throats," he said. Captain Mellun and Lieutenant Tin-

tigny withdrew down the corridor to discuss the situation.

"My God! What are you going to do?" said the lieutenant. "That's a woman in there! Nicole Comte is the mother of two little daughters. And Giradot is just a young man. He's only been marred for a year or so. Do you think that they'll really carry out their threat?"

"Not immediately," said the captain. "If they kill the hostages, they'll have nothing left to bargain with. I believe what he says though. Buffet is quite capable of killing them both."

"But that would be cold-blooded murder and he would be sure to be caught!" said the lieutenant.

"What difference would that make to him?" said the captain. "He's already serving a life sentence and since there are no more executions, there's nothing more that can happen to him. He's immune from punishment. He has nothing to lose."

"Bontems has," said the lieutenant.

"Yes," said the captain, "and I'm surprised that he's allowed himself to get mixed up in this. He's an armed robber, not a murderer, and I doubt whether he would actually harm the hostages, certainly not Mrs. Comte. However that hardly matters as long as Buffet is in there and he seems to be in charge. Bontems didn't say anything."

"Buffet is the ringleader," said the lieutenant. "No question about that. And I agree with you. I think he's capable of doing just what he said he would. If we don't comply with his wishes, he'll cut their throats. Are you going to give him the guns and the car?"

"Certainly not," said the captain. "And turn a mad dog like that loose on society? You know why Buffet is here, don't you? He's totally unpredictable. If we let him get out of here, there's no telling how many people he might kill. Whatever happens, we can't turn him loose."

"Then, I'm afraid that things look very bad for Mrs. Comte and Guy Giradot," said the lieutenant gloomily. "Do you want me to notify their next of kin? It may be their last opportunity to talk to them!"

Sweat was pouring down the prison director's face although it was by no means warm in the prison. "Yes," he said in a choked voice. "Have them come here. Maybe they'll be able to move Bontems enough that he'll protect the hostages until we can break in and overpower Buffet."

It was an extremely long shot and it did not work. The pleadings of Mrs. Giradot and the husband of Nicole Comte were answered only by a stony, ominous silence from behind the clinic door. Abruptly, the director had the relatives of the hostages sent away.

No sooner were they gone than the captain walked up to the door and called out, "Buffet! This is Captain Mellun. How do we know that the hostages are alive? We haven't heard a sound from them!"

There was a short pause and then came the clear, high voice of the prison nurse. "I am still alive and unharmed,"

she said. "Kiss all my children for me!"

Her voice was replaced by the deeper voice of the young guard. "Give my love to Jeanette!" he called. "Are you still there, my darling? Go away! Go away!"

Every man present knew the prison nurse well. Nicole Comte was only thirty-three years old and a woman with a sunny, cheerful disposition, equally popular with prisoners and guards. She was fond of showing the pictures of her two little daughters of whom she was very proud.

**G**UY GIRADOT had not been employed for long at the prison. He was only twenty-five, but he too had been a good-natured and popular colleague. Ironically, he had often argued with his fellow officers over modern methods of dealing with criminals, maintaining that the responsibility for crime really lay with society and that there was no such thing as a criminal, only a person whose personality had been warped by improper social conditions.

An extension telephone was now run from around the corner by the door of the clinic to the director's office and the director withdrew, remaining in communication with the lieutenant over the telephone. The reason for this was that it made possible delaying tactics in the event that they should prove necessary. Since Buffet did not know about the telephone, he could always be told that a demand or a threat had to be transmitted to the director before an answer could be given.

There were, however, no further demands or threats. Claude Buffet had apparently said all that he intended to say on the subject and was now waiting for the machine pistols to be handed over. Bontems had said nothing and there had been no further communication from the hostages.

"We'll let it cool off for a while," decided the director. "Bontems and even Buffet may get second thoughts about this after they've had time to think it over. Also, there's nothing to eat in there. Maybe if they get a little hungry..."

"Nicole and Guy are going to get hungry too," said the lieutenant. "Still, I see your point. There isn't much else that we can do at the moment, is there?"

"We can smash down the door and try to get them before they have time to injure Nicole and Guy," said the captain, "but I don't want to try that except as a last resort. In the meantime, keep somebody talking to them. We don't want them to get nervous."

If Claude Buffet and Roger Bontems were nervous, they showed no signs of it. Nor did they pay any attention to the appeals to reason made by the guards with whom they were believed to have the best relationship as well as one or two of the prisoners who were thought to be on particularly good terms with Bontems. No one, it seemed, had been on close terms with Claude Buffet, not even Bontems who had shared his cell and who was now sharing his attempt to escape.

The afternoon and evening passed and the situation was still a stalemate. Neither side could force the other to any action without giving up the sole bargaining point, the hostages. The prisoners dared not kill them for there would then be nothing to prevent the guards from charging in and overpowering them. The guards did not dare to break into the clinic because this would risk the lives of the hostages.

At shortly after midnight, Roger Bontems began speaking for the first time. He demanded food. Captain Mellun came to the door of the clinic and promised him any dinner that he might choose to order if he would persuade his partner to release the hostages. He told both men that if they would release the hostages and come out now, the matter would be dropped and there would be no disciplinary action taken against either of them.

There was the sound of muttering inside the clinic and then Bontems renewed his demands for food. After a time, Buffet added his voice and stated that unless food was sent in, one of the hostages would be killed and the body thrown out into the hall."

"What are we going to do?" said Lieutenant Tintigny, retreating with the captain to the end of the hall. "He means it. He'll kill Guy or Nicole!"

The captain had begun to sweat again. "We can't give them food," he said. "This could go on for months, years. Besides, if we give in to them at all, they are going to be encouraged. They'll think that it's only a matter of holding out long enough and we'll give them the guns and the car."

"And there's no question of that," said the lieutenant, his voice half-way between a question and a statement.

The captain wiped his forehead with a trembling hand. "No question at all," he said. "I've talked to Paris and Buffet is not to be allowed to escape no matter what."

The stalemate continued. Buffet had apparently thought better of his threat to kill one of the hostages unless food was forthcoming and for several hours there was only silence from the clinic.

Lieutenant Tintigny thought that the prisoners were probably taking turns sleeping while the other guarded the hostages who, he suspected, were tied up or secured in some way. He was very pessimistic about the outcome and he did not see how it would be possible to rescue the hostages alive and unharmed.

**I**N THE meantime, contingency plans were drawn up in the event it became necessary or possible to break into the clinic. The door was, unfortunately, like all prison doors, of metal with stout locks and it would not be easy to break down. A suggestion for blowing off the lock with machine gun fire was rejected as too dangerous for the hostages. There was no way of knowing whether they were being kept in the entrance room behind the door or in one of the other rooms of the clinic.

Finally, it was decided to use a heavy fire ax and the strongest of the guards was detailed to stand by with the tool.

A sensitive listening device had been brought in and was attached to the door, but the man on the earphones reported that all he could hear was the sound of breathing. He could not even tell whether it was one person or more.

As the vigil passed into its second day, a feeling of tension began to grow among the waiting men. None of them had had more than a few cat naps during the past twelve hours and all were on edge and nervous. No one had the slightest idea of when the siege would come to an end.

And then, suddenly, without warning, action exploded! It was once again shortly before noon and from behind the closed door of the clinic there came the cry of a woman in mortal terror!

For an instant the group of men stood rigid with horror before the door and then the lieutenant cried out in a great, half-strangled voice, "Smash it in! Get them! Get them! Quick! Quick! Quick!"

The man with the ax leaped forward and sent it crashing against the metal panels. The spot where the bolt lay had been marked with chalk and he hammered on it like a madman. Suddenly the door crashed open and the guards boiled through.

Roger Bontems stood in the entrance hall behind the door. He was unarmed and he made no effort to resist. He was immediately seized and taken outside. So too was Claude Buffet who had appeared at the doorway leading into the clinic itself. He was not armed either nor did he offer any resistance.

Lieutenant Tintigny rushed through the door of the room from which Buffet had emerged and stopped dead in his tracks with a terrible groan. Lying on the floor of the room were the bodies of Nicole Comte and Guy Giradot. Their throats had been cut from ear to ear!

The prison doctor who had been waiting with the group outside the door rushed past the lieutenant and flung himself on his knees beside the motionless bodies. After a few moments, he rose slowly to his feet.

"They're dead," he said in a low, sad voice. "There's nothing that I can do for them."

Claude Buffet had held exactly to his word. He had not been given the guns and car he demanded and so he had cut the throats of the hostages. The weapon with which he had committed the murders, a prison table knife honed and sharpened to a razor edge, lay on the floor beside the victims. Both had their hands bound behind their backs with surgical gauze from the clinic and Giradot's feet were also fastened. Neither had apparently been injured in any way, only their throats had been cut exactly as a man would butcher a pig.

The criminal police were immediately called in, but were unable to do anything other than take the statements of Claude Buffet and Roger Bontems. Bontems denied that he had had any hand in the actual killing of the hostages and Buffet corroborated the statement, taking full responsibility for both murders.

"I told you that I wanted to be ex-

ecuted," he said coldly. "You should have listened to me. How many more do I have to kill before you put me under the guillotine?"

The trial of Claude Buffet and Roger Bontems was even more spectacular than had been the original trial of Buffet for the killing of Francoise Besimensky. Public feeling was very strong in the city of Troyes, sixty miles to the southeast of Paris, where the trial was held and special precautions had to be taken to protect the prisoners from a possible lynch attempt.

Roger Bontems admitted his part in the escape attempt, but denied any responsibility in the deaths of the two hostages. He seemed to sincerely regret what had taken place and stated on several occasions that, had he been able, he would have prevented the murders. He had, he said, not been in the room at the time that Buffet cut the victim's throats.

His story was confirmed by Buffet who stated calmly that he had killed both of the hostages and that he did not regret this in any way. He said that, if public officials were so stupid as to allow a known killer such as himself to remain alive, then they must take the responsibility for anyone else he might kill. He warmly recommended that he, Claude Buffet, be sent to the guillotine.

Once again, a horrified court granted his wish, sentencing not only Buffet, but also Roger Bontems to death.

It was widely expected that Bontems at least would have his sentence commuted. Here was a case where executive clemency was really called for. Bontems had not killed anyone and had apparently never had any intention of killing anyone. He had been completely under the influence of Buffet and there was no doubt at all but what he now regretted sincerely his part in the affair.

The clemency was not forthcoming! Both Buffet's and Bontems' appeals to

President Pompidou, automatic in the case of a death sentence, were rejected!

French executions take place early in the morning. At 4.10 a.m. of November 28, 1972, Roger Bontems was led out to the towering machine erected in the prison yard. Only a few official witnesses and selected journalists were present. He was laid face down on the platform and the wooden yoke was dropped over his neck. Directly beneath his face was the traditional basket into which his head would fall.

Bontems met his death bravely and without any last statements. He was one of the very few men not convicted of murder to die on the guillotine in modern times.

At 4.13 a.m. the executioner released the catch and the heavy, diagonal, razor sharp blade plunged downward. An instant later, Roger Bontems' head dropped into the basket.

The basket was removed. The body was lifted into its coffin and carried away. Less than five minutes later, Claude Buffet was already being led to the scaffold where an attendant was sponging away the traces of fresh blood.

Buffet was composed. He even seemed eager. "I have a request," he said, addressing himself to the executioner. "May I lie on my back so that I can see the blade rushing down?"

Executioners are men with strong nerves. "I am sorry," said the executioner. "The law prescribes that you must lie on your face." His voice was grave and serious, but as emotionless as that of Claude Buffet himself.

At 4:20 a.m. on the morning of November 28, 1972 the blade of the guillotine fell across the back of Claude Buffet's neck and his head fell into the waiting basket. He had finally achieved his wish.

The following names have been altered in this report: Jules Mellun and Pierre Tintigny.

END

### CATCH THE GUN-HAPPY "COWBOY" (Continued from page 35)

the wall while the stranger continued to strike him about the head.

Frightened, Mrs. Bauer hurried to the pay phone and called the McKeesport Police.

As Mrs. Bauer hung up the phone, the one-sided fight prompted another patron, Harry Towers, to start over to the corner. But his move was cut short by a white blast from the "small, dark object" which turned out to be a gun in the hand of the stranger. Clutching his side, Towers fell to the floor as the other three stunned customers and the bartender looked on.

A slight smile crossed the stranger's face. He slowly put the gun in his pocket and calmly walked out of the bar.

By this time, the police dispatcher had informed Officers Mulgado and Kochman, riding near by, of the disturbance. However, Mrs. Bauer had

placed the call during the struggle between Gorman and the stranger and the two policemen were unaware of the shooting of Towers.

Speeding to the scene, the officers pulled up to the curb and dashed into the bar. Inside the bar. Inside they found Towers bleeding on the floor and Gorman lying in the corner with several deep cuts on his head.

"The man who shot him ran out about two minutes ago," Mrs. Bauer told the officers. "He walked down Fifth Avenue."

"Did you see which direction he went?" Mulgado asked the woman.

She said, "No."

Mulgado said to his partner, "You take the North end and I'll take the South end."

The two police officers hurried out of the bar and proceeded in opposite directions on foot down the main street. Mulgado stopped at the patrol car to radio for an ambulance for Gorman and Towers.

Kochman walked about a half block when he noticed a man dressed all in black walking ahead of him. The man

did not appear to be in a hurry, but there was something about him that made Kochman suspicious. He called out to the stranger. Only then did the man start to run. The rookie patrolman pulled his gun, but the figure darted into a parking lot before he could get off a shot.

Kochman yelled out to his partner that he had spotted the suspect. Mulgado told him to follow him into the parking lot. In the meantime, Mulgado would drive the patrol car around to Ringold Street above the lot cutting off any escape.

With gun drawn, Kochman turned the corner into the dark, unlighted lot. Cars lined the area from the entrance to the back wall.

The rookie noticed that the lot could only be entered and exited from the access lane leading on to Fifth Avenue. The lot was actually the former home of the Victor Movie Theater, which had been demolished as part of an urban renewal project. The back wall of the theater still stood preventing an escape for his fugitive.

Kochman reasoned that with Mulgado on the street above, the suspect would be trapped. All that remained was to flush him out.

Suddenly, Kochman noticed a man trying to scale the 10 foot high back wall. With his gun still drawn and now cocked, the officer approached the culprit.

"Come down!" Kochman yelled.

Slowly the man started to descend. But then the rookie patrolman made a near fatal mistake. Thinking the suspect was ready to surrender, he uncocked his revolver and placed it back into his holster and took out his handcuffs. As the man reached ground level, he stretched out to shackle the man's arm. As he did, the suspect whirled around and in his other hand, Kochman could see a gun.

Instinctively, Kochman put both of his hands around the chamber and he heard the metallic click of the hammer. Fortunately, the gun did not discharge.

The now angry black man rushed at Kochman and the two men struggled on the concrete pavement. About this time, Mulgado arrived at the back street and saw the two men below. He quickly climbed down the wall and with Kochman's help, subdued the stranger. The man was quickly disarmed and handcuffed and pushed out on to Fifth Avenue, where, under the harsh glare of the streetlight, the two officers got their first clear look at the suspect who had allegedly killed one man and had almost killed Kochman.

Mulgado did a double take as he looked into the man's face. He then turned from side to side to make sure there was no mistake. But there was no mistake. Mulgado recognized the subject as Eugene Woodward, a man who had grown up with Mulgado in the same neighborhood in McKeesport years ago. The two men, one now a police officer and the other an ex-con, had been boyhood friends.

Woodward was as surprised to see Mulgado as the police officer had been to see him. The two had parted friends

many years before and lost track of each other. As fate would have it, they met up again on opposite sides of the law.

Quickly the two officers hustled Woodward into the back seat of the police car and proceeded to city jail. There, Woodward was booked for the night. The officers then checked on the conditions of Gorman and Towers. Gorman had about eight deep cuts on his head and it took about 60 stitches to close them. Towers had been shot in the left side. Both men were in good condition and out of danger.

The gun taken from Woodward was then examined. It was a five shot chrome-plated .32 caliber Smith & Wesson with a three-inch barrel. The barrel had splashes of dried blood on it. The gun contained three shells, two of which had misfired and the third was an empty cartridge. The chamber was inspected and found to be in poor working order. The bullet chamber had to be turned manually. That feature probably saved Kochman's life. When the culprit turned to fire at the rookie, the bullet chamber had not moved forward and the hammer had clicked against the spent cartridge fired inside the bar earlier.

**T**HE NEXT morning, the events of the preceding night were brought to the attention of McKeesport Police Chief Joseph T. Reddington. The experienced police officer took charge of the case.

He ordered a search of the bar to locate the bullet that had passed through Towers. The slug was retrieved from the wood of the bar rail. As a manner of routine, the bullet and gun were sent to the Allegheny County Crime Laboratory in Pittsburgh.

Woodward was also transferred to the Allegheny County Jail to await indictment. At a hearing at 12:10 a.m., on December 12, 1971 before Magistrate Charles E. Johnson Jr., Woodward was charged with assault with intent to kill, (2 counts) aggravated assault and battery and pointing a firearm, and assault on a police officer.

Meanwhile, in Pittsburgh, the events in McKeesport did not go unnoticed. Bar scuffles are not unusual until an innocent bystander is shot for no apparent reason, as in the case of Harry Towers. The morning newspaper version of the shooting and following police chase was enough for Sgt. Lenz to dispatch Detectives Frank Amity and James Longacre to McKeesport.

Sgt. Lenz realized that a link had to be established in the form of some credible evidence if they were to prove that Eugene Woodward was the killer of Ernest Reidel. With Woodward already facing charges stemming from the E&L incident, he would undoubtedly deny any connection with the shooting at Chief's Bar.

Once in the small town, Detectives Amity and Longacre reviewed the shooting with Chief Reddington. All three agreed that similarities existed in both shootings, but proving a connection was another thing. The officers

thanked Reddington for his time and returned to the Pittsburgh office.

In the meantime, Lenz had looked up the record of Eugene Woodward. A strange irony here supported their contention that Woodward was the man they were after. It seems Woodward had a long record of assaults, larcenies and burglaries. But the most interesting item was a 1962 armed robbery in which Woodward was sentenced to six years in Western Penitentiary and served only three. He had robbed Chief's Bar—the same bar where Ernest Reidel had been shot—and had been subsequently arrested and convicted of the crime. At that time, he had escaped without getting any money, just as the thief had in the shooting in 1971.

Lenz was now convinced they were moving in the right direction. He called the county jail and learned Woodward's latest address. In the course of the call, the warden told Lenz that Woodward was giving them some trouble. Woodward wanted to be put in a separate section of the jail away from the other prisoners. He had told the prison guards that he was a professional while the other inmates were amateurs. He felt he was too good to associate with them.

Sgt. Lenz and Detectives Amity and Longacre got a chuckle out of that one as they drove to 7591 Kelly St. in the Homewood section of Pittsburgh. They gained entrance and searched the place.

"Sgt., take a look at this," Amity said. Lenz walked over to a disorderly pile of clothing in the corner that Amity had discovered. Among the items was a large, wide brim black hat, resembling the Wyatt Earp hat that the patrons at Chief's Bar had talked about. The detectives also found several pieces of clothing containing dried blood stains.

"I think we have enough to merit a talk with Mr. Woodward," Lenz said.

The detectives collected the items and took them to the Allegheny County Crime Laboratory for processing.

Lenz then told Lt. Pampena about their find. Pampena decided to recall the witnesses at Chief's Bar for a line-up review. He then had Woodward brought to the homicide room for questioning.

Lt. Pampena and Detective Ronald Freman then held a long interview with the suspect. Woodward steadfastly maintained that he had nothing to do with the shooting of Ernest Reidel. He further claimed he was an innocent man unjustly accused. Furthermore, Woodward said he was a university professor who had traveled worldwide and written articles for national publications. During the entire interview he refused to comment on the shooting.

Pampena had him placed in a line-up with four other men to be viewed by the witnesses to the shooting at Chief's. However, only one of the witnesses felt Woodward might be the assailant. The others were unable to say for sure because the hold-up man had been in the bar only a few moments.

But homicide got a break in the form of tangible proof.

William T. Vanenta, firearms examiner for the Allegheny County Crime Lab, made a positive match of the bullet

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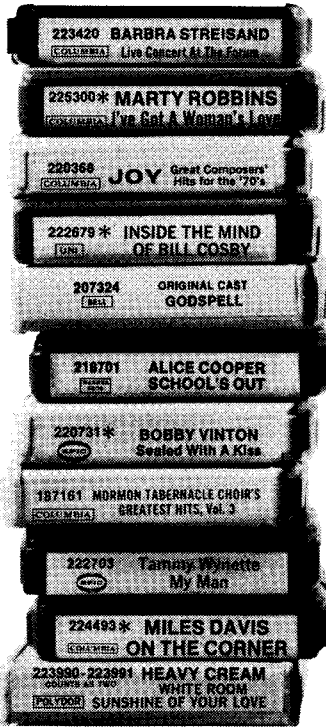
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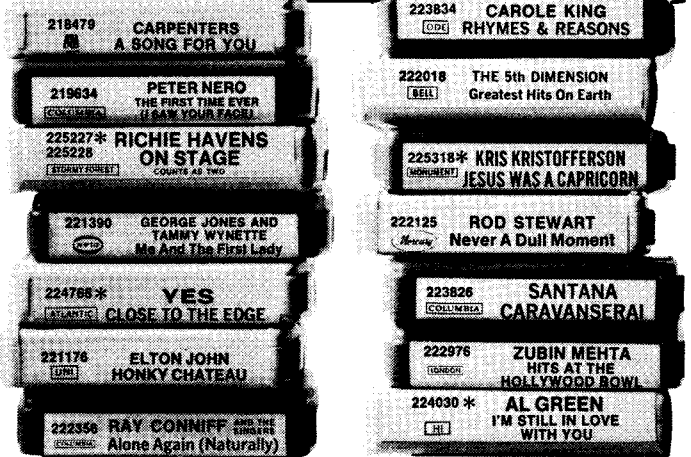
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taken out of the floor of Chief's Bar with the gun taken from Woodward by McKeesport Police. Furthermore, another match was made with the bullet taken from the E&L Bar. Also dried blood found on and in the barrel was of the A-B group—the same type of blood of Ernest Reidel. Reidel was so close to the killer that his blood splashed on the gun barrel.

Matching the blood was complicated by the presence of O group blood and A positive blood also found on the barrel. The O group blood was believed to belong to Max Gorman, who had been beaten by the gunman in the E&L Bar and the A positive blood belonged to Harry Towers, who had been shot at close range in the McKeesport bar. Like Reidel, his blood splashed on the gun of the assailant.

Pittsburgh Police felt they now had enough to go after a conviction. On June 28, 1972, a jury of nine women and three men deliberated about two hours before returning a verdict of guilt against Eugene Woodward.

They then were out only about 10 minutes more to set the penalty at life

in prison, although Asst. Dist. Atty. Michael Fisher had urged the death sentence. In seeking the death penalty, Fisher told Judge Albert Fiok's courtroom that Woodward had spent most of the last 10 years in prison and had been convicted on five previous armed robberies, receiving stolen goods and violating the Dangerous Drug and Cosmetic Act.

Woodward was reportedly still awaiting a trial date on the charges stemming from the McKeesport hold-up.

The Pittsburgh Homicide Squad, however, believes it would have been difficult if not impossible to find the killer of Ernst Reidel because of the sketchy descriptions of the witnesses and the limited information available at the scene. The McKeesport incident narrowed the search and the matching of ballistic tests was a great factor in Woodward's conviction. Without it, the Wyatt Earp killer may have gone free.

The names Tom Barry, Max Gorman, Harry Towers and Mrs. Sarah Bauer are fictitious and were used to protect the identities of the persons innocently involved in the case.

END

## THE FLAMES OF PASSION FOR A CHEATING BRIDE (Continued from page 17)

had a nervous breakdown over the matter.

Drinan explained all these things to Molloy sadly, saying:

"It's the drink, you see, sir," his voice a faint whine. "She can't hold her booze too well, and maybe she's in trouble somewhere. I wouldn't like anything to happen to her."

"Neither would the police like anything to happen to her," said Molloy.

Armed with her full description he set the machinery in motion to put a trace on the missing woman. The police authorities in the whole of Wales, and all the Southern counties of England were alerted to be on the look-out for the subject; described as a brunette, 50 years of age, five-foot-five, weighing around 150 pounds.

THE LAW'S long arm reached far and wide into hospitals, pubs and clubs, hotels and motels without success. And because of her drinking problem, coupled with the fact that her journey from Felixstowe entailed changing trains at London's Paddington Station to catch the Breconshire Express, police investigators went one further in the search. They took in the Mile End Road, London's equivalent of any American city's Bowery, where the derelicts, and alcoholics lie down and eventually die.

Making use of what sense they could raise out of the unfortunates, police had to be satisfied that the lady in question hadn't sunk that low yet, no one having seen her around.

Acting out the normal routine in-

quiries involved in such a police case, it followed in the natural order that Mr. Stockton should be interviewed in order to assist police in their investigation. Assisting the Breconshire Criminal Investigation Division, were the Suffolk CID officers in England, who talked with Mr. Stockton.

No one doubted Stockton's word that he had brought Mrs. Drinan's ticket for Wales. The ticket clerk remembered selling the ticket—as he had done so on many previous occasions—but he couldn't rightfully say, he told police, having ever seen the woman they were looking for with Mr. Stockton. Certainly not, he avowed, on this last time in late December.

Wondering why Mr. Stockton took his lover to hotels as opposed to using his own home for the assignations, the man was questioned about the matter.

As always, the British police were very tactful and diplomatic. And quite ready to accept Stockton's story calmly. After all, no one in authority had shouted "Foul play" or "murder" yet. But the word was out that Pat Molloy was very unhappy back there in Wales, his moods as dark as the Black Hills that surrounded his city, because the case of the missing Laura Drinan was getting to him.

Detective Chief Superintendent Molloy took to staying late at headquarters, quietly shut up in his office to ponder over the Drinan case. With the file before him he would ask himself why the case kept nagging at him?

There were, after all, so many missing women who had dropped out of sight under similar circumstances. What had happened to Laura Drinan between Felixstowe and Breconshire? he wondered. Did she board the Wales express train or didn't she? No one at Paddington Station had been able to help police in their inquiries on that point, but it's not unusual to go unnoticed on a busy

railroad platform where all is hustle and bustle. So this was little proof of anything.

"Supposing," he said, to a group of night-duty detectives, while playing the Drinan game, "supposing we handled this as a case of murder," tapping the much-fingered buff folder. "Who would our prime suspect be, eh?"

The men thought about it momentarily, well acquainted with the facts of the case by now. One replied: "Stockton would be my bet, sir. He had time . . . He had opportunity . . . and, from what I can gather, he had motive also."

The more educated police chief was pleased with the answer and said so. "Well done, Lewis, that's how I would see it after reading the Surrey Branch report of Stockton's interview with their CID officers."

According to Stockton's account of the affair, things had been wearing thin as far as he was concerned, and he had tried to break with Laura Drinan on several occasions. But he did not deny that a strong sexual attraction had existed between the two of them after that first magnetic meeting, following years of separation. It was he, he told police, who had made the first demands on Mrs. Drinan to have a sexual relationship with him. But she had readily agreed to this suggestion providing the meetings took place far away from her village home.

Stockton had found this to be an admirable arrangement, not taking him far away from his work and home, and leaving him only the traveling expenses to pay for, plus a little for services rendered. But it had become apparent early in the relationship that Mrs. Drinan didn't buy the hotel set-up, demanding to know why she wasn't taken to Stockton's own home for the love-making.

What was more disturbing to the handsome businessman was that his mistress had demanded marriage at the same time he had struck up a relationship with a quiet suburban widow. The woman, he claimed, was much more to his taste and liking as a wife-to-be, often stayed at his house not knowing about Laura Drinan. It was only after Drinan's Christmas Day phone call that Stockton became concerned about Laura's failure to show up in Bwich, his statement to police read, because she had been drinking hard before he saw her off on the train, he claimed.

For old time's sake, said Stockton, he had phoned Well Cottage on December 26, to assure himself of her safe return home. His call went unanswered and he hadn't heard from her since.

In confidence, Stockton had told one of the investigating detectives; "Frankly the woman got to be a bloody nuisance between you and me." The detective entered the confidence in his report.

The police chief said that if this was a murder case, then here was motive enough to kill. A man with an unwanted mistress on his hands, who was fearful of discovery of the affair by the lady he wished to wed. The dates at the hotel in Felixstowe checked out where the two had stayed for the weekend before

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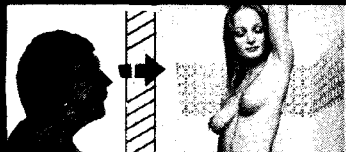
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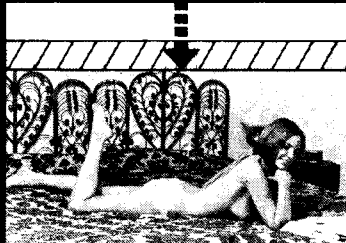


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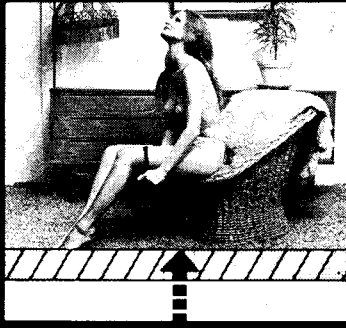
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Christmas, and the time of the murder—if there was one—could have been anywhere between that weekend and Christmas. But it was only a matter of "ifs."

All purely hypothetical of course, as were the various ideas tossed around among detectives theorizing about the splendid opportunities open to anyone to kill a woman like Laura Drinan: A female worried about her love-life, and drinking, and taking drugs for her nerves, her doctor said. Looking a little on the lighter side of things, police also

favored the idea that in view of the woman's mental state, she may very possibly have cracked up in the end. Just gone off on her own while telling herself to hell with them all. It had been known to happen before.

Most police officers like to get their teeth into such cases of circumstantial evidence and hypothesis, where their intelligence is questioned and, their integrity is at stake. In this pin a parking ticket on anyone involved, let alone slap a murder charge on them.

He was a frustrated man whose investigation went beyond the normal routine inquiries needed. Members of the police staff were everywhere in the County checking out rail, bus, and taxi schedules, and questioning drivers and staff for news of Mrs. Drinan.

**B**ECAUSE HIS investigation had been so intensive and without results, police chief Molloy now took the view that he was indeed looking for a dead woman. He was bound by a deep-rooted suspicion that foul-play did exist in the Laura Drinan case. It wouldn't be the first time that a murderer had been brought before the British courts with the authorities never having found the victim's body. But he didn't want his own particular suspect wriggling through any legal-loopholes if he nailed him down in the end.

Wanting to turn a good guess into a near certainty, Molloy let things ride along his path of mere suspicion, keeping the Missing Persons file in his desk drawer. He kept it close at hand so that he could jot notes down in it when new ideas and concepts came to mind. And he was always bugged by the thought that something vital had escaped him in his quest for leads and clues to Mrs. Drinan's whereabouts.

Naturally Mr. Drinan had given the police investigators the royal tour of his tiny cottage which he and Laura had shared together. But nothing strange or sinister was found that could reflect suspicion on Mr. Drinan at Well Cottage, every little thing being neat and orderly.

Nevertheless, in order to appease his appetite for clues and leads, Molloy took a few short cuts, not to mention liberties with the law. Bending it a bit, he and a couple of police officers revisited the cottage one night, when it was known that Drinan was drowning his sorrows at the local pub. This time they gave special attention to the garden and outhouses, turning everything over, then neatly replacing it as it was found. With probing sticks they prodded the mushy ground, sodden from the snows, and a compost heap to no avail. They concluded that if Mrs. Drinan's body was to be found, it wouldn't be here at Well Cottage.

Some of the police officers who had worked on the case at sometime or the other, openly questioned Molloy's tactics, and were unable to understand their chief's fanaticism with it. While grumbling about half of the bloody force chasing after Mrs. Drinan, they also questioned now, all of his preconceived notions that murder did in fact, enter into the case, saying: "You'd

think that after all of this time, her body would have turned up somewhere, if she was dead, wouldn't you?"

Yet despite the criticism aimed at him, Molloy, while never claiming to be Mr. Super-cop did stick stubbornly to his feelings and inner-voices which he claimed told him Laura Drinan was dead. Those same voices in April, 1972, were telling him Drinan was his man, although he couldn't prove it.

Weighing the pros and cons against both Stockton and Drinan as likely suspects had left the police chief with no alternative but to strike Stockton's name from his jotter, while placing a large-sized question mark next to Drinan's name.

Michael Drinan had a police record as long as Molloy's arm, which was itching to reach out and grab the King of the Con men, as Drinan was known in the police world. He was known as a trickster with a gift for parting people from their money, and it was said of him, that "if Drinan dun yer, you were dun real good." Yet time had proved that since his last prison sentence Drinan had been going straight, or at least he hadn't been caught monkeying around with other people's cash.

Nowadays, Drinan was stable in his job, paid his taxes, and even went to church on Sundays. And as regular as the clock he paid a weekly visit to the police chief to see what news there was of Laura. Each time they met the two men sized each other up suspiciously, with Molloy with brown-eyed shrewdness eyeing the con man, and considering he was getting the biggest snow-job of all. But each time Drinan left his office, Molloy would say: "I'll get you yet, my boy. You see if I don't," to the closed door.

It hadn't been easy for Drinan to live through these past months since Laura's leaving. There had been those terrible moments when he had felt that the whole of the village of Bwich was against him. Things got real miserable for him in the end, with his name fair game for all to bandy about in terms of slander and gossip. They talked about him in the coal miners' clubs and pubs, and colliers got into the habit of looking down disused colliery shafts for Laura's body, cruelly calling out: "Is Laura's body down there?" and laughing among themselves at their crude joke.

**A**T THE CLUB where he worked as a chef, and manager customers took to whistling the opening bars of the theme song, Laufa, to embarrass him further, which he found extremely wounding. Sticking to his job and making the most of things—not giving up under these implied insults, Drinan could only hope to persevere. Carry on regardless of what people thought of him, or said about him. And it wasn't pleasant or easy waiting for time to pass for the whole unpleasant business to fade into the past. To be buried and forgotten, as he had no doubt it would be one day.

Things quieted down after April with only mere whispers here and there reliving the vents concerning the Drinans.

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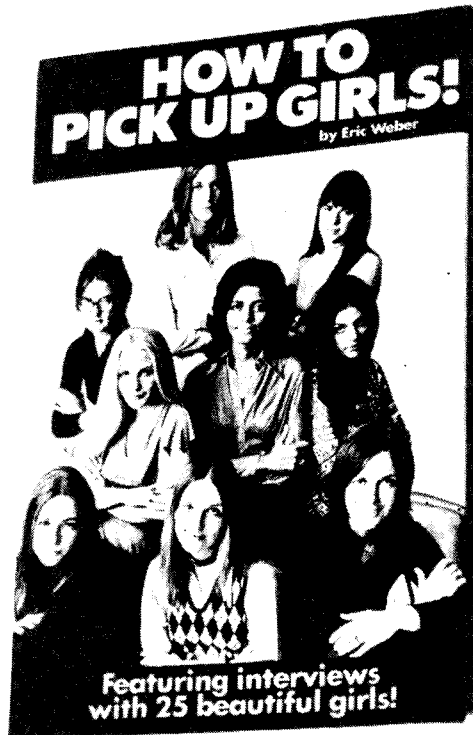
Here, for the first time ever, is a manual completely devoted to "The Pick Up." Now you can get the kind of girls you've always wanted. Not ugly girls. Or fat girls. Or girls with dumpy legs. To the contrary. **NOW** you can pick up *beautiful* girls! Girls with luxurious golden hair and soft rounded breasts. Girls with long sexy legs and pretty eyes and sensuous lips. Yes, now you can get the kind of gorgeous, delicious creatures you've always seen, always wanted, but never quite knew how to meet.

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What's the secret behind this amazing new book? How come it's been called "The first How To book that really and truly works?" The answer is simple. **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you — *in their very own words* — exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And most important of all, how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. The only problem is, you've probably never known it before.

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"Changed my whole damn life!"

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Your book, **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS**, changed my whole damn life! The girls are calling me up if I don't call them.

From an accountant in Ohio

I want you to know that you have written one of the best books of all time. One that was long overdue.

From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.

From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.

From a 30 year old bachelor in Seattle

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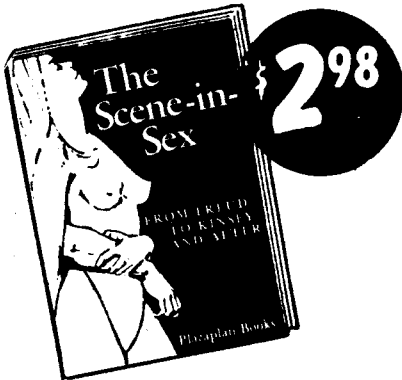


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And while it seemed that a curtain was being drawn over the whole affair, with little heard from Molloy by the month of May, another act was about to begin in the distant town of Swansea, the Breconshire capital. It was in that city that Laura Drinan had a very good friend and the two women had worked together, so the ties were very strong.

Gwenellen Jones was a spiritualist medium who could contact the dead, she claimed. It was her habit to sit with her ouija board some nights and receive messages from her spirit friends, she said. (Some people think that the boards link the living with the dead). Like police chief Molloy, Miss Jones through her own special powers, had also been strongly impressed that Laura was dead from the very beginning, but couldn't add any more logic to the idea than he could.

On this particular May night however, when the curtain was raised; lifted beyond the veil of the supernatural, Miss Jones found the pointer on her ouija extremely active, behaving strangely. And she knew she was on to something. She asked if the spirit was connected with her friend Laura, and the pointer said it was. She then asked her spirit friends if Laura was with them—passed over to their world, and again she was told that this was correct.

When Miss Jones asked if Laura had been murdered, so convinced was she that this was so, the ouija board told her yes, finishing the message with the news that she knew the killer very well.

All of this was much too much for Miss Jones who took her ouija board and its information to Swansea Police Headquarters. Murder detectives are usually trained to deal in facts and evidence alone, and would normally scoff at the idea of the supernatural. Yet, clutching at straws the way he still was, when police chief Molloy heard about the incident he agreed to interview the woman.

A secret meeting was arranged to avoid publicity between the hard-nosed detective and the sensitive medium. Saying that he couldn't go into court on the strength of a spirit message, but glad to have someone share his feelings in the case, the two pitted their wits together, coming up with one thing in common:

Both thought that Drinan was responsible for his wife's disappearance, and both thought him capable of murdering her.

"If not," cried Miss Jones during the talk, "why does he keep a case of her good clothes in a locked cupboard where he works, that's what I'd like to know?"

Molloy was flabbergasted. "Why in God's name wasn't I given this information before?" he pistoled at her. Miss Jones reeled under the attack, defending herself against Molloy's anger with up-raised hand. "How was I to know you were not aware of the fact," she cried. "Several people saw Michael with the case as long ago as New Year's Eve. While I only learned about it last month . . .!"

Apologizing for his surliness, Molloy left Miss Jones fast to pay a visit to the

unsuspecting Drinan. Drinan was polishing glasses when the police chief entered the plush bar of the Golden Sequin nightclub with his assistant. Together they forged a way through the crowd to the bar. Drinan saw Molloy and smiled: "Any news?" he asked, not acting surprised at the visit. Getting nothing from the law but stony looks, Drinan went one further. "Have a drink, gov'nor. You've earned it. What'll you and the inspector have?"

"For starters I'll have the key to the cupboard," snapped Molloy.

Drinan looked blank, not moving. Molloy leaned over nearer towards him hissing in his ear: "Do you want to give it to me quietly, or shall I tear the bloody place apart? I can you know. The inspector here's just dying for action . . ."

Drinan began to sweat but obeyed orders by showing the way to the locker room. From Drinan's locker the small suitcase in question was removed. "Open it," commanded Molloy, rocking back on his heels. Drinan did as he was told his fingers fumbling with the tiny keys. "Getta move on," said Molloy, "we haven't got all night to waste."

One by one the inspector laid the articles of clothing and toiletries on the floor in a line. The police chief followed checking out each thing, counting as he went. Then he turned to Drinan and said sternly: "Mr. Drinan, as far as my memory serves me—and, I do assure you it serves me well, at times, these are the things you told me your wife took away with her. Do you remember?"

Drinan was forced to recall the evening when he had shown the police chief his bedroom and accounted for the clothes missing from the wardrobe at the time. "It's funny, isn't it, Mr. Drinan, how these got back from Felixstowe without your wife, isn't it?" Then seeing Drinan's face crumble, turned to his assistant and told him to book the suspect.

It was a long time before the police chief was to get over the fact that so many people knew about the suitcase, yet none of them had attached any importance to it being at the club. They were later to testify in court that Drinan brought the case into the club around New Year's Day, giving him that extra freedom he wanted so much.

When arrested and charged with the murder of his wife, and warned of his legal rights, the alleged killer broke down and confessed to certain things—but not to murder. He was, he said, only responsible for disposing of her body in such a bizarre manner to ensure that her remains were never found.

According to his statement, Drinan claimed that he had found his wife dead in bed one night. It was shortly after she returned from her stay with Ian Stockton, he said, when she took an overdose of pills and drank brandy. He told the police that he was terrified of being blamed for her death so he didn't report it.

Thinking that cremation was the best thing, Drinan took his wife's body to a disused quarry in the back of his car. He took also, a garden flame-thrower, ex-



# Hello, my name is Norris Strauss . . . and I've got to get something off my chest before I explode!

You may think I'm a big shot for putting this large ad in. Actually I just work at a regular job which I enjoy. I was born and raised in Brooklyn as were my parents -- I have many relatives here. I've only moved once in 28 years.

I'm not a racetrack character, nor am I fronting for anybody. Instead of a yacht, sports car and six figure bank account as system writers boast, I drive an ordinary klunker and live in a modest apt. (my family says it's too modest). But I have plenty of leisure and a local rep as a studious neighbor who burns the midnight oil. I was always fascinated by serious research on old Racing Forms to see what I could come up with . . . well, after many disappointments, I finally found the pot of gold.

I've hit onto something so royally big that I feel like the Chinese with a tiger by the tail, and it's driving me nuts! I went into a spin and ordered a whole stack of back issue Racing Forms, and I found a winning secret that WORKS, period. I can't express the joy of this achievement, nor the sense of power or well being—I feel SECURE.

If I didn't expect a nice pension—I plan to pull a slow one and live to 100, didn't enjoy my job, didn't have ample leisure, if my family wouldn't give me a hard time, if I weren't so darn timid, if my religious parents weren't so anti-gambling, I'd follow the sun from track to track. I've figured I can win over \$11,000 a year on \$20 bets, and that's more than I earn. What to do? What to do?

I need advice. How can I convince people? I've got the races beat out of the

frame and I just can't keep it to myself or I'll burst at the seams!

Maybe I shouldn't bring this up, as I have no proof and won't mention names. But something is odd—these horses are winning when they "shouldn't." If I've cracked a code involving track management, publishers or horsemen, or any related combination thereof, I'm ecstatic. If some group is making money on these winners, well—

I checked this method on old Racing Forms for the following periods: Nov. 65 through Apr. 66; Aug. 67 through 68; Jan. 69 through Sept. 69. All periods proved very profitable. Tightening the rules might improve it, but it looks great as is. Were these just lucky periods?

The system selects about 4½ plays per day per track, so you can see this gets plenty of action. Past results have shown that you can expect to make about \$962 profit on \$20 win bets per month at one track. Winners will average about 30% with an average win mutuel of about \$9.55.

It's completely mechanical and requires no judgment. It's really simple. If I were dying, I could whisper it to you in about 100 words (60 if I had rehearsed the scene). All you need is the Racing Form or Morning Telegraph. No need to be at the track.

Ever did anything wild on a lark? Want to join this adventure, come what may, for \$10? Ever thought of following the sun from track to track? Or perhaps playing the horses at the legal bookies in Vegas or Caliente? No job worries, no boss, sleep late, plenty of money—but most

important of all, living the kind of life so few people are ever able to.

One last word. You've seen system sellers using aliases from p.o. boxes and mail drops. Has any one of them ever signed his real name, given his history, worked for an honest living, stayed put over 60 days, or cared for anything except getting your money? Weigh that.

I can rush my complete secret to you by return mail for \$10. Check me out. Do what I did. Take any back Racing Forms over a reasonable period of time. Apply my system. If you can show me that it doesn't work, I'll NOT ONLY REFUND YOUR \$10 BUT I'LL DOUBLE IT AND SEND YOU \$20. Fair enough?

State of New York  
County of Kings OATH

I hereby swear and affirm that I guarantee to refund double the cost to any purchaser who checks my method out on back Racing Forms over a period of at least 3 months and finds that it does not work.

*Norris Strauss*  
Sworn to before me

*Frank Gayer*  
FRANK GAYER  
Notary Public State of New York  
NO. 24-6473975

## READ HOW THOSE USING MY SYSTEM ARE MAKING OUT WITH IT

I can't thank you enough for this system. So far all my back checking has proven to be correct. The following results were obtained through diligent checking:

Hollywood Park	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1970	\$1,394	(21 days)
Aqueduct	July 1 to Aug. 1, 1970	\$814	(27 days)
Saratoga	Aug. 3 to Aug. 29, 1970	\$826	(20 days)
Belmont Park	Aug. 31 to Sept. 30, 1970	\$862	(25 days)
Golden Gate	Mar. 27 to April 10, 1971	\$600	(13 days)
Del Mar	July 24 to Aug. 31, 1970	\$4,252	(32 days)
Bowie	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$930	(15 days)
Santa Anita	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$1,000	(13 days)
Aqueduct	Mar. 24 to April 10, 1971	\$400	(17 days)
Longacres	May 29 to June 28, 1970	\$2,378	(20 days)
Longacres	Aug. 1 to Sept. 12, 1970	\$1,840	(25 days)

I can just hardly believe it! Thanks to you I can win at the races!—C.M., Seattle

At Golden Gate here from Feb. 16th opening day to March 24th the system showed a net profit of \$1728 on a \$20 flat win bet. A \$10 win \$10 place bet showed \$1257 net profit. From March 24th to present—the overall profit has decreased to \$1200 flat win (\$20).—B.S., El Cerrito, Calif.

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Everything you said is true. You have come up with the best system ever. I've tried to strengthen it, break it, refine it but I simply cannot come up with any way to improve on it. My success has been at the Liberty Bell and even when I wasn't at the track I figured the races and your

method proved itself time and time again.—D. F., West Chester, Pa.

I am the owner of many racing systems, all which are very good. When I received the system which I ordered from you I tried the system, I checked and rechecked it, and I can truthfully say that it is one of the best systems I own.—M. F. W., South English, Iowa

Enclosed find results at the track for the last 2 months. It's incredible. I am ahead by \$1550. You may use my name for any testimonial.—L. O., Los Angeles, Cal.

Incidentally, I find that the system's choice comes in 2nd often enough that it pays to bet both win and place. In fact winnings as far as I've gone are just about double by betting both. Thanks for being one honest solicitor.—B. F., Gila Bend, Ariz.

I owe you a million thanks. Just like you said, it doesn't work at all times, but I'll be honest with you the highest number always comes in the money.—E. S., Mount Vernon, N.Y. Lorain, Ohio

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plaining to the police its method of use. "I lay her down on the floor of the quarry," his statement read. "It was dark and there wasn't a soul around for miles. I lit the flame-thrower and aimed it at the body from a distance—it was horrible doing that to Laura."

When it was over, said Drinan, he had scooped up all of his wife's ashes and put them in a small vanity case, along with a crucifix. Then he had driven through the night to Swansea Bay, helped himself to a small rowing boat tied up to a pier, and rowed out to sea. There, in the middle of the Bay's deepest waters, he had dropped the case overboard.

Sea divers have since tried to locate the vanity case without success, but the murder charge stuck, nonetheless, without this evidence.

The suspect had previously served 11 years for a string of frauds during which he posed as the Deputy Chief Constable of Hampshire, the deputy chief Constable of Wiltshire, (both English counties), a director of the ICI chemical company, an Army major, and a businessman from Africa.

He had used such aliases as Sir John Lemon, Capt. J.A. Spicer, Dr. James, Capt. Allard, Lieut-Commander Forbes, and Capt. McMahon.

There were a string of forgeries dating back to 1951, involving large sums of money obtained by forgery, receiving a stolen check book and a car. On one occasion in 1966 when he was sentenced for eight years on 13 different charges of forgery and theft, Drinan had asked for 57 other offenses to be taken into consideration. He was released on parole in 1970.

But was he a murderer? That was what the prosecution would try to prove at his trial, and something the jury would have to try and decide.

The trial took place at Newport Crown Court, Monmouthshire, on November 5, 1972. The case was to last a week. Judge, Mr. Justice Talbot presided over a packed courtroom, drawn to the trial to see if the prosecution could in fact prove that the accused had killed his wife.

Mr. Aubrey Myerson, QC, prosecuting, readily admitted in court that they

could never prove how Mrs. Drinan died, with her remains washed out to sea. "Why," asked Myerson, with eloquent movement towards the jury, "was Laura Drinan never seen again in Bwich upon her return by anyone—other than the accused? I'll tell you why no one saw her," he said, pressing home his point with a well-aimed finger at the prisoner. "No one saw Laura Drinan because she was killed by her husband when she came back from her lover's arms—that very same day or night. She was killed because she had been unfaithful and was threatening to leave her husband for good."

The prosecution stressed that Drinan had made previous attacks upon his wife's safety before, threatening her with physical violence in front of witnesses over her affair with Ian Stockton.

Through defense counsel the accused was pleading not guilty of murdering his wife but guilty to disposing of her body. He admitted that he had wanted to avoid an inquest, but stuck to his story throughout the trial.

On the fourth day, at Drinan's invitation, the jury, the judge, counsel, court officials and prison officers, visited Drinan's cottage home by coach. They spent three-quarters of an hour at the lonely place set in woodland, most of the time in the upstairs bedroom Drinan had shared with his wife.

The next day the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty to murder, but guilty to manslaughter. Drinan was sentenced to six years with Mr. Justice Talbot expressing a wish that he could have made the sentence more severe, as he thought Drinan deserved.

Congratulated in court was Detective Chief Superintendent Pat Molloy who never gave up on the case. Questioned after the verdict, Molloy remarked to the press: "I was so obsessed with the case that I couldn't give up. I think I would have made it my life's work to track down the truth," he said. "The mystery of Laura Drinan's disappearance just nagged at me."

(The following names, Ian Stockton, and Gwenellen Jones, are fictitious to protect the identity of the innocent parties in the case.)

END

"I TOOK HER BY THE  
THROAT AND SQUEEZED!"  
(Continued from page 31)

one of the more prominent senior citizens of the village.

"Well, she really is a nice lady, Mrs. Schatzl she is," continued the visitor, simpering and wagging his head in a manner which made the patrolman highly uneasy. "She gets on my nerves though. I just thought I'd ask if one of you officers wouldn't go over to her house and put a bullet through her head?" He raised his eyes to the patrolman's face and smiled engagingly as if he felt that this was a favor that could

not, in all logical reason, be denied. The two patrolmen exchanged astonished glances.

"Here my boy!" said Patrolman Fiedler, getting to his feet and laying down his magazine. "You just run off and look for your keeper. He must be worried about you."

He seized the visitor by the collar, frog-marched him to the door and just barely restrained himself from kicking him as he pushed him through it.

"Drunk?" said Patrolman Wolf as his partner returned to his magazine.

"Couldn't smell any liquor," said Fiedler. "I expect that must be the village idiot. I wonder if he's dangerous."

"Probably not," said Wolf. "Every village has one. The people here have undoubtedly known him all his life. They wouldn't let him run around loose like that if he was violent."

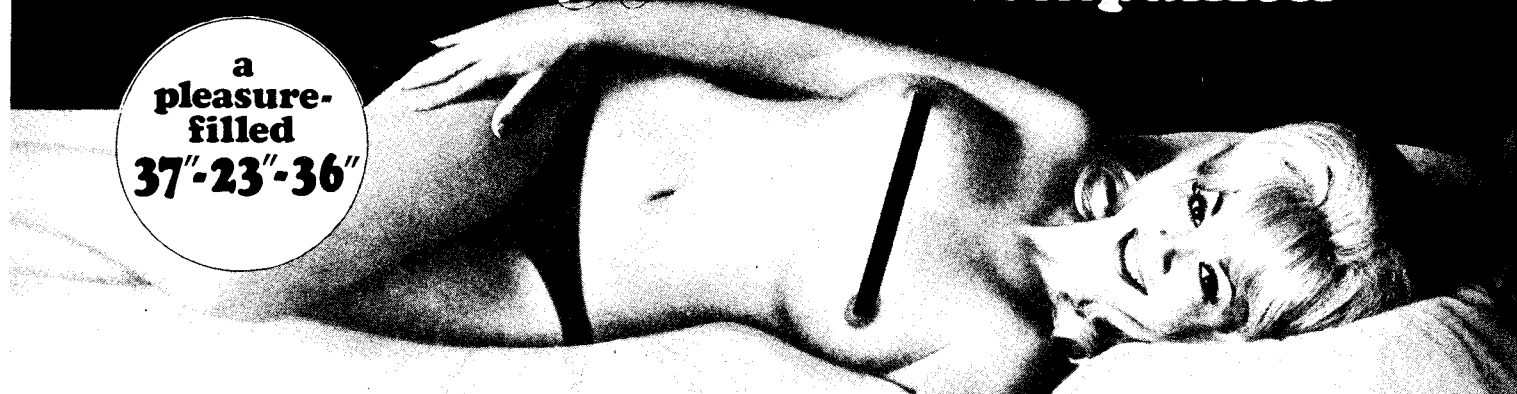


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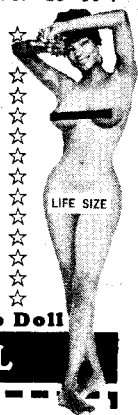
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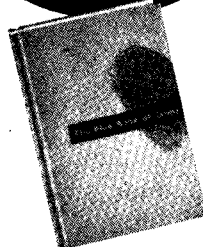
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"Gives you the spooks though, doesn't it?" said Fiedler. "My God! I wonder what the commissioner considers a normal tour of duty in a place like this? Did anybody tell you how long we were going to be here?"

"No," said Wolf gloomily. "I understand that the fellows we relieved were here for over two years. I don't know if I can stand it that long."

"You will probably get used to it," said Fiedler. "Hey! Maybe the guy who just came in was an old patrolman that they forgot to relieve! We could end up the same way!"

Patrolman Wolf did not find this very funny.

**I**F THINGS were not going any too well for the officers at Furthof Police Post on that Saturday evening, neither were they overly comfortable for Mrs. Berta Gruber, a resident of that same village.

Mrs. Gruber had the flu and, being eighty years old, it had put her flat on her back. Since Mr. Gruber had been dead for a good many years and Mrs. Gruber lived by herself, this made things difficult.

People in such small villages are, however, neighborly and one of Mrs. Gruber's neighbor's a widow like herself, had volunteered to help out until Mrs. Gruber could get back on her feet.

Mrs. Erna Mayer was seventy-eight years old herself, but like most of the hardy village women, she had the strength and energy of a woman of forty.

"Has your old friend Franziska been to see you while you're sick?" she commented.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gruber. "As a matter of fact, she was taking care of me when I first came down with the flu last week, but then she didn't come yesterday and I figured maybe she wasn't feeling well herself so I sent Johnny over to ask you if you'd help out. I wouldn't be surprised if she caught the flu from me and is in bed herself."

"Somebody should look in on her," said Mrs. Mayer. "Franziska isn't as young as she once was."

"Maybe somebody has already," said Mrs. Gruber. "Anyway, it's too late to go over there tonight. She'd already be in bed."

"I'll look in on her in the morning," said Mrs. Mayer.

The next morning, Erna Mayer did just that on her way to mass. It was only 6:30 when she had knocked on Mrs. Schatzl's door, but she had no fears about waking her up. No one in Furthof ever got up later than five o'clock and Mrs. Mayer very probably did not realize that it was possible to rise later.

To her surprise, however, Mrs. Schatzl did not appear to be out of bed after all for she did not answer the door. This was serious. It could only mean that the elderly woman was too sick to stand up. Erna Mayer could think of no other reason for her remaining in bed so late in the morning.

People in a community the size of Furthof do not lock their doors and Erna Mayer pushed open the one to

Franziska Schatzl's house and went inside.

"Franziska?" she called. "It's me, Erna. Are you all right?"

She had gone directly to the bedroom, expecting to find Mrs. Schatzl in bed, but she was not in the room and the bed was neatly made as if it had not been slept in.

The sight of the made-up bed gave Erna Mayer a shock. There could only be one reason why Franziska Schatzl had not slept in her own bed and that was that she had suddenly dropped dead somewhere else in the house. She was an old woman. It was to be expected.

Erna Mayer trotted out of the bedroom and went to the kitchen which, as in many Austrian rural homes served as an every day living room, the formal living room being reserved for weddings, funerals and the like.

As she had feared, Mrs. Schatzl was lying on the kitchen floor and looked to be quite dead. The kitchen itself was in a great state of disarray and it was obvious that there had been a fire.

"Oh poor Franziska!" exclaimed Erna Mayer, crossing herself. "She must have dropped over while she was cooking and she set the kitchen on fire. It's a wonder that the whole house didn't go up in flames."

Strangely enough, although the walls were of wood and there were a good many combustible objects in the kitchen, the fire appeared to have burned itself out without spreading to the rest of the house.

Erna Mayer got down on the floor, arranged Franziska Schatzl's limbs and clothing, crossed her arms over her chest, attempted unsuccessfully to close her eyes, said a brief prayer and went off to find Father Johannes, the village priest, who would take care of the formalities.

All of this took some time and Father Johannes was just finishing mass when she arrived at the little church. Approaching him as he was getting out of his vestments, she related what had happened.

"She looks just terrible, Father," she said. "It must have been a heart attack. Her face is all blue."

Father Johannes immediately followed Mrs. Mayer to the Schatzl house where he said a prayer over the body and then took a closer look.

"Is this exactly the way you found her, Mrs. Mayer?" he asked.

"Exactly," exactly said Mrs. Mayer. "Of course, I straightened her limbs and crossed her hands on her chest, but aside from that, she's just the way I found her."

The priest hesitated, frowning. "Erna," he said finally. "I want you to do something. Run down to the police station and ask the officers to come over here. I may be mistaken, but I'm afraid that Franziska didn't die a natural death."

Erna Mayer was so shocked by the remark that she could not say a word and she very probably set a speed record for a seventy-eight-year-old woman in getting to the police station. Once there, she informed the startled patrolman

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ty Hicks has built several fortunes for himself and others, using the methods he gives you in this book. Today he has several automatic incomes going for him. "Automatic" because he spends less than two days a week, supervising these businesses—with ample time for travel, entertainment, hobbies!

During his career, Mr. Hicks has made money in hotels, apartment houses, rental real estate, boating, shipping, publishing, amusements, the stock market, and theaters.

More amazing still, he began his search for wealth with no contacts, no private fortune, his father having died when Mr. Hicks was only 14.

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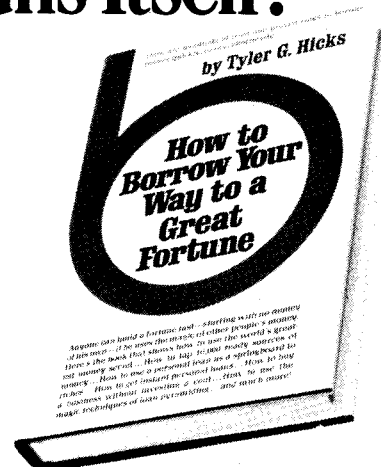
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- Cliff R. using the secret just mentioned above, Cliff purchased and sold some 25 properties in a six-month period. His profit on these deals was \$68,000!
- Sam T. used another one of the sources revealed in this book to get \$400. He invested this money in valuable postage stamps, and sold them to fellow stamp club members. Within 3 years, he was worth \$500,000!
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- Ben D. considered such a poor credit risk that six banks had refused him time after time, used a method revealed in this book to get a \$50,000 five-year loan in less than 30 minutes! He used this money to buy a restaurant. Today, he has five booming restaurants, and more money than he can spend!
- Joel L. started with a gas station which he took over, using one of the many easy loans I tell you about. Once Joel had the gas station, he began to look around for other easy-money



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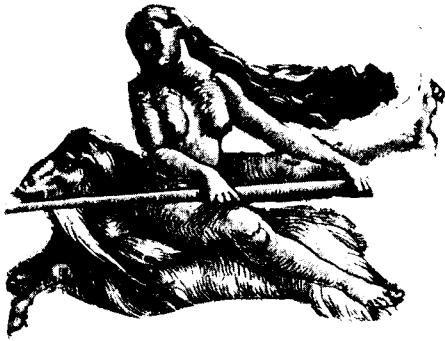
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that Father Johannes had ordered them to report to the Schatzl house immediately. In her book, the spiritual authorities automatically took precedence over any secular ones and there was no question in her mind as to who was in charge.

Father Johannes did not, of course, share in this somewhat naive belief and he explained to the two patrolmen exactly why he had summoned them.

"I'm not a medical man," he said, "but I have had a certain amount of experience with the deceased and this doesn't look to me like any normal death that I have ever encountered. Her face is terribly discolored and there are strange marks on her throat. To be perfectly frank, I think that she's been strangled!"

"But why?" said Patrolman Fiedler, stooping down to look closely at the corpse. "Who in Heaven's name would strangle an old woman in a place like Furthof?"

"I haven't any idea," said the priest, "but that's what it looks like to me."

"It looks like that to me too," said Patrolman Wolff who had also been examining the dead woman's throat. "Those are definitely strangulation marks. What's more, the kitchen seems to have been on fire. We're going to have to contact headquarters and they can send somebody down from Criminal Investigations in St. Poelten."

St. Poelten was the district capital and lay some seventy miles to the north.

"All right," said Fiedler. "You stay here and I'll go telephone them. I'll tell them to bring a doctor along since we don't have one here."

He hurried out of the house and Erna Mayer, who had been listening spell-bound at the kitchen door, rushed off to tell Mrs. Gruber the unbelievable news. Unbelievable turned out to be precisely the right adjective. Mrs. Gruber simply refused to believe her.

"Erna," she said. "You know as well as I do that no one has ever been murdered in Furthof and no one ever will be. We simply don't do things like that here."

Mrs. Mayer, who had not been born in Furthof, but who had moved there upon her marriage sixty years earlier, was properly rebuked and did not venture to pursue the subject.

**I**N THE meantime, Patrolman Fiedler was having nearly as much trouble convincing his superiors in St. Poelten that a murder has taken place in Furthof. This was partly because of the character of the village itself and partly because Patrolman Fiedler was a very young and inexperienced police officer.

In the end, however, headquarters agreed to send someone down and at shortly before noon an Inspector Harold Mangold arrived with his assistant, Detective Sergeant Julius Holzbauer, and a gendarmerie medical expert, Dr. Alois Schanz.

They found everything in Furthof being carried out in a correct, official manner with Patrolman Fiedler on duty at the station and Patrolman Wolff guarding the corpse. The inspector, who

had himself many years before done a tour of duty in Furthof, began by putting the two young officers at their ease. Both were, however, in a state of considerable excitement as they had by now remembered their strange visitor of the night before and his shocking request. While Dr. Schanz proceeded to an examination of the corpse, they told the inspector about it.

"No need to be upset," said the inspector who was a rather genial-looking man with a small, black moustache and an astrakhan hat. "You couldn't have known that fellow was serious and, anyway, we still don't know that she was murdered. Let's wait and see what Dr. Schanz has to say."

Dr. Schanz, however, promptly confirmed the suspicions of Father Johannes and the two patrolmen. "There's no question about it. She was definitely strangled to death. Some time yesterday evening as far as I can judge. We'll have to take the body back to St. Poelten and carry out an autopsy."

"Will you take care of that, doctor?" said the inspector. "Well, it looks as if you fellows were right and Furthof has its first murder. As a matter of fact, its first crime of any kind as far as I know. Check out the premises, Julius, and see if you can turn up anything."

Sergeant Holzbauer, who was a broad, mildly ugly man with heavy, horn-rimmed glasses and a disgruntled expression, immediately went to work and, by the middle of the afternoon, was able to report that he had not found out much.

"I would guess robbery," he said. "Her purse is in the kitchen and there's no money in it. On the other hand, I found close to four thousand dollars in small bills hidden in a stack of old newspapers next to the stove. It's a miracle that it wasn't burned up. However, it's also a miracle that the thief, if it was a thief, didn't find it. It was just barely hidden and I couldn't find any indication that the rest of the house was searched. The kitchen was, I think, but, what with the damage done by the fire, it's hard to tell."

"What about the fire?" said the inspector. "Was it deliberate?"

"I doubt that," said the sergeant. "Anyone who would have wanted to burn the place down could surely have done a better job than that. At the moment, I'd say accidental."

"And now, I suppose you're ready for some lunch," said the inspector. "It's past three and, if I remember rightly, there isn't any place to eat nearer than twenty miles from here."

The party from St. Poelten was saved from starvation by Patrolmen Fiedler and Wolff who had, in the meantime, cooked up an enormous delicious lunch in the living quarters behind the station. They were very anxious to make a good impression as they hoped that this might have some influence on the length of their tour of duty in Furthof.

Their scheming was not without effort. "I don't know what kind of policemen you fellows are," said the inspector, wiping his mouth appreciatively, "but you're much too good cooks to be

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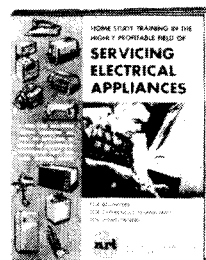
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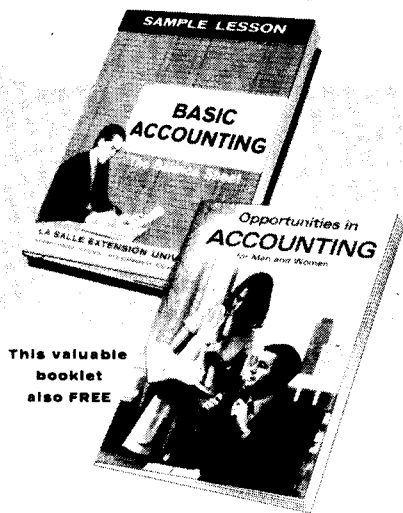
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left in Furthof. I'll see what I can do when I get back to St. Poelten."

The patrolmen beamed. "Are you going back this afternoon, Sir?" inquired Wolff politely.

"I'm afraid not," said the inspector. "We'll call down the ambulance to pick up the body and Dr. Schanz can go back with it, but Sergeant Holzbauer and I are going to have to stay down here long enough to see if we can pick up the trail of your weird visitor. He actually sounds like the best suspect now, although I never heard of a murderer coming into a police station and requesting help in eliminating the victim. The fellow is probably a maniac."

"We did some questioning after we called you this morning," said Patrolman Fiedler, "but we weren't able to find anyone who could recognize the description. To tell the truth, we don't have a very good description. The fellow was only in the station a few minutes."

Following lunch, the inspector called headquarters in St. Poelten, explained the situation and asked that the ambulance be sent down. He then turned his attention to interrogating his own patrolmen concerning the appearance and exact words used by the visitor on Saturday night. To the young officers' surprise, they found that they remembered a great deal more than they had thought they had.

"So, now we have a somewhat better description," said the inspector. "Let's all get out and see if we can find anyone who recognizes this man."

Almost everyone in Furthof immediately did. "That's Ernst Weissenboeck," said Father Johannes. "He's Furthof's black sheep. Been in trouble I don't know how many times. As a matter of fact, I think he's in jail right now."

"If it was him, he couldn't be," said the inspector reasonably. "Well, we'll call St. Poelten and find out."

The records in St. Poelten were checked and it was learned that Ernst Weissenboeck was not in jail. He had been released one month earlier.

"He should be in jail though," said the officer in St. Poelten. "This fellow is only thirty-one years old and he has twenty-one convictions!"

"My God! And I thought Furthof was a crime free area!" said the inspector. "What was he convicted of?"

"Just about everything except murder," said the officer. "Theft, breaking and entering, burglary. The worst offense is almost ten years back. He raped a seven-year-old girl then. However, you're right about Furthof. Weissenboeck was born there, but he's never been convicted of an offense in the village. Always went somewhere else. He doesn't spend much time in Furthof."

The inspector went back to his questioning, but was unable to find anyone in Furthof who had seen Weissenboeck in months. His mother, who had formerly lived there, had moved away leaving no forwarding address, approximately one week before her son's release from prison. According to some in the village, she had done this to avoid seeing him.

"Small wonder," commented the inspector. "He doesn't seem to have a

very attractive personality." He rubbed his chin reflectively with his forefinger. "On the other hand, I just wonder? From what they tell me in St. Poelten, he doesn't have a single instance of violence in his record with the exception of that business with the little girl. Would a man like that have the nerve to strangle an old woman to death with his bare hands?"

"We'll know when we catch him, I expect," said the sergeant. "If he's as crazy as the patrolmen describe him, there shouldn't be much difficulty in getting him to talk. In the meantime, where are we going to sleep tonight?"

"In Mrs. Schatzl's house," said the inspector. "Her only living relative is a cousin who lives here and she came over and offered it to us. Actually, it's about the only possibility unless we ask someone else in the village."

"It's all right with me," said the sergeant. "I've got strong nerves."

The inspector also had strong nerves, but they were badly strained the following morning at shortly after two o'clock when he awoke to find someone moving about the room off the kitchen where he had gone to bed.

It was pitch dark in the house and he could see nothing, but from the sounds, he gathered that Sergeant Holzbauer was looking for something, possibly matches to light a cigarette.

"Is that you, Julius?" he called.

There was a startled grunt in the darkness and then a crash as if something had knocked over a chair, followed by the sound of running footsteps in the hall outside.

"Halt!" roared the inspector, fumbling for the light switch with one hand and for his service pistol with the other. In the darkness, he was unable to locate the one or the other for a few minutes and, by the time that he had reached the hall, it was empty and the outside door stood wide open.

"Julius!" shouted the inspector, running out into the cold November night in bare feet and his shirt. "Bring the flashlight! There was somebody in the house!"

The sergeant came charging out of the room across the hall, the flashlight in one hand and his gun in the other. He was no more warmly dressed than the inspector.

"There he goes!" exclaimed the inspector. "There! Down the road! Put the light on him!" He raised the pistol and rested it across his left forearm to steady it. "Halt or I'll shoot!" he shouted.

The figure stopped, whirled around to face the officers and then dashed toward the strip of woods twenty yards back from the side of the road.

The inspector's pistol cracked twice. The man seemed to stumble and then stopped dead still and held up his hands.

"Come on, Julius," said the inspector. "Let's get him!"

**A** MOMENT LATER, they were leading a large, oafish-looking youth back to the house. The youth was shaking so badly that he could scarcely walk. "Stop shaking," said the inspector.

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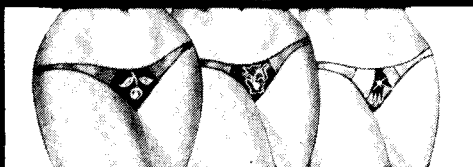
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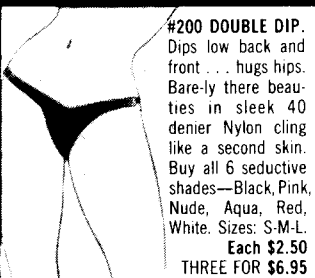


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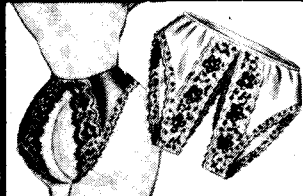


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"Gerd Aalman," said the youth, scarcely able to bring the words out between his chattering teeth. "You tried to shoot me! I coulda been killed. I'll have the law on you!"

"We are the law," said the inspector. "Now, come in here and tell me what you were doing snooping around this house at night."

"The money!" said the youth. "The money! She was old! She must have saved up a heap of money!"

"And you didn't find it Saturday night so you came back tonight to look for it," said the inspector. "Is that the way it is?"

"Yes, no! Hell! I didn't know you was sleeping in here!" stammered Aalman. "What did you do that for?"

"Let's start at the beginning," said the inspector. "You believed that Mrs. Schatzl had a large amount of money saved up here in the house. On Saturday night, you . . ."

At almost precisely the same moment, the sergeant on the night desk at police headquarters in St. Poelten was having an unusual and somewhat trying experience. He was trying to cope with a strange visitor who had just walked unannounced into the charge room.

St. Poelten is, of course, not nearly as quiet as Furthof, but, at two o'clock in the morning, neither is it a hive of frenzied activity. The sergeant had been deeply engrossed in a particularly gripping detective-mystery movie when the visitor appeared.

"Captain," said the visitor. "It's cold as hell outside and I ain't got no place to sleep." He was a scruffy-looking individual with a heart-shaped face, a tiny wet mouth and a blond, soup bowl hair cut. "I'm going to let you in on something. I'm a big criminal. Your people are looking for me right now. Now, you jus' lock me up in one of them warm cells of yours and you'll see how happy everybody will be to see me in the morning."

The man was rolling his eyes and wagging his head in a most unusual manner, but a wave of alcohol fumes drifting over the desk convinced the sergeant that he knew the source of his visitor's trouble.

"All right, rummy," he said sternly. "Right back outside! You can sleep it off some place else. We're not running a shelter for bums here."

"You'll be sorry tomorrow," whined the visitor. "You'll be sorry."

"You'll be sorry right now, if you don't get out of here," said the sergeant, rising to his feet. He took the self-professed "big criminal" by the collar, frog marched him to the door and sent him on his way. Unlike Patrolman Fiedler, he was unable to restrain himself from delivering the parting kick.

The sergeant then returned to the desk and his detective story. It did not once cross his mind that the man could be right and that he would be sorry the following day.

At eight o'clock the following morning, a telephone call was received from Inspector Mangold in Furthof. The in-

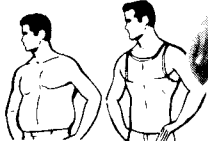
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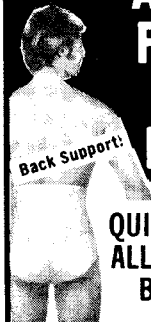
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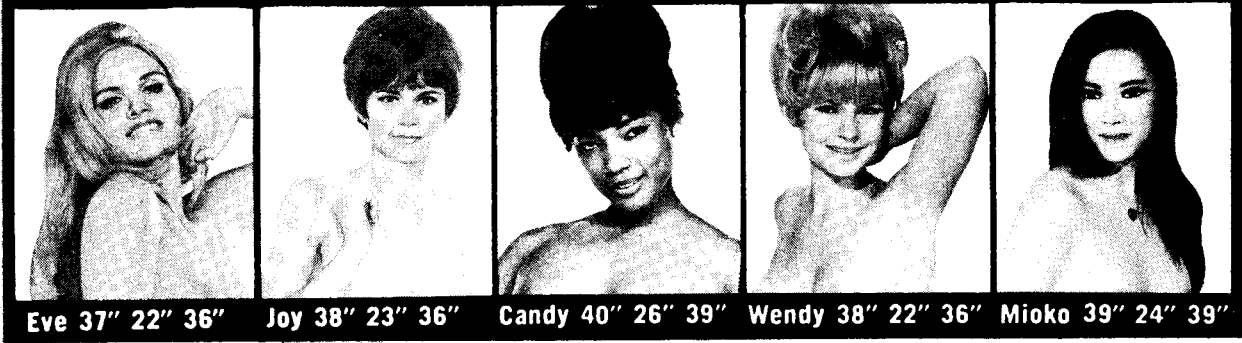
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spector requested that an immediate general alarm be circulated for one Ernst Weissenboeck, thought to be in the Furthof area. The description of the fugitive and the information concerning his police record followed.

Even while the inspector was reciting the description the blood of the unfortunate desk sergeant, who was on the point of going off duty, began to run cold. A glimpse at the photographs in Weissenboeck's record file turned it to ice.

By the time he had seen the photographs, it was already past eight-thirty and he should have been off duty and on his way home. Instead, he picked up the telephone and called Furthof.

"Inspector?" he said in a weak voice. "That fellow that you're looking for? Ernst Weissenboeck? He was here in the station last night. I threw him out!"

"Seems to be a habit," said the inspector. "That's what they did down here too. Well, if he comes back, don't throw him out again. We want to talk to him. We've got another suspect down here, but he seems almost too stupid to have murdered anybody."

The inspector was not exaggerating. Gerd Aalman had proved to be a very unsatisfactory suspect. Not that he had been unwilling to answer the inspector's questions, but rather that he did not seem to know himself whether he had murdered Mrs. Schatzl.

AS THE morning passed, however, some of the mystery was cleared up by Aalman's family who came to get him and who explained that he had been feeble-minded from birth. Aalman, it seemed, was the village idiot which the two patrolmen had thought Ernst Weissenboeck to be.

"We'll release him to his family," said the inspector. "After all, there's no chance of his running away. He wouldn't be able to feed himself. And besides, if it comes to a trial, he'd never be convicted. All they would do is put him away in an asylum. I think that we might as well get back to St. Poelten. Maybe Weissenboeck will come back in again."

The two officers returned to St. Poelten, but Ernst Weissenboeck did not attempt to turn himself in again. Instead, he was picked up by a routine patrol in a public toilet where he had been sleeping.

There, he was slightly disappointed to learn that Inspector Mangold, who had handled none of his previous cases, was in charge. He would, he said, have preferred someone that he knew.

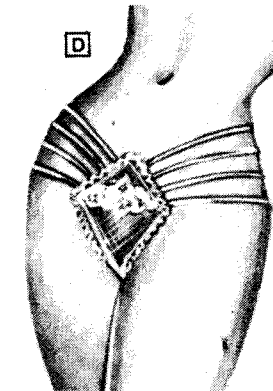
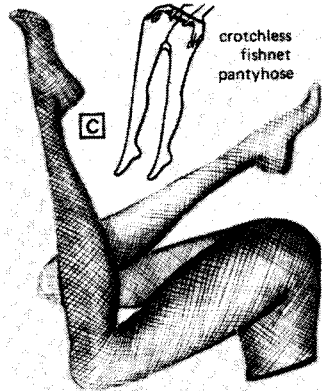
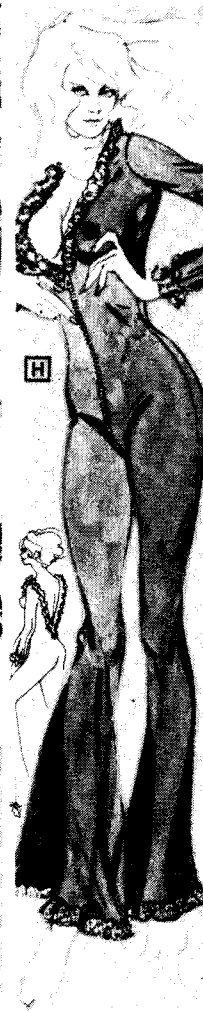
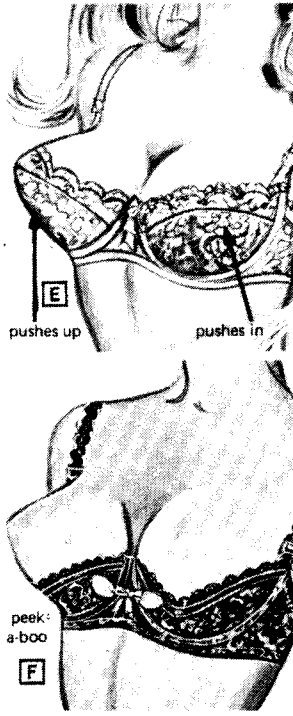
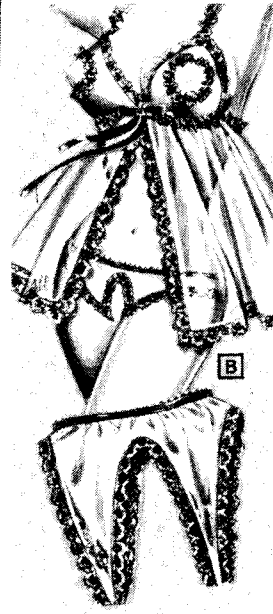
The inspector explained that this was, however, a murder charge and that it did not fall into the same department as theft or the rape of little girls and Weissenboeck cheered up and began to chat happily about the murder.

"Oh, she had so much money!" he said, giggling softly. "Ninety-three years old and she never spent a cent she didn't have to. I was sure I'd find it, but then I didn't."

His face took on briefly a sad expression of regret for all the money that he had missed.

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"Oh well," he said, regaining his happy smile. "You can't win them all I always say. I did get nearly forty dollars out of her purse."

"You don't seem to win any of them, Ernst," said the inspector. "Did you do this on the spur of the moment or did you think about it in advance?" The answer would make the difference between a first and second degree murder charge.

"I thought about it!" said Ernst proudly. "I always plan everything carefully. Then, I went over and she was just going through the door so I said, 'Can I come in a minute, Franziska?' and she said, 'Of course, Ernst. I'll give you a bowl of soup. You must be hungry.' So then I took her by the throat and I squeezed and I squeezed. My goodness! She really kicked!"

"I don't know why I bother with all this," said the inspector to Sergeant Holzbauer. "No jury is ever going to find him guilty. He's crazier than that Aalman boy down in Furthof."

The inspector was wrong. Ernst Weissenboeck repeated his confession to the court four months later, was astonishingly certified as competent to stand trial by a state psychiatrist and was found guilty of murder in the first degree. On March 10, 1972 he was sentenced to life imprisonment, a sentence which did not appear to displease him in the least.

In order to comply with Austrian police regulations and to protect the identity of innocent persons, the following names have been altered in this report: Harold Mangold, Julius Holzbauer, Alois Schanz, Gerd Aalman, Daniel Fiedler and Maximilian Wolff.

END

**WHO LEFT THE SEX-WILD  
TEENAGER TO DIE**  
(Continued from page 10)

the first house he came to, from where he was able to telephone to his own family doctor in Huenfeld, the nearest town of any size and less than three miles distant.

Dr. Karl Kranzmeier was also the Michler family doctor and he agreed to come at once.

Dr. Kranzmeier hurried, arriving in Burghaun almost before Harold Enzler had had time to return to the dump. Enzler had found Johannes Michler sitting beside his daughter's body with his face buried in his hands.

"She's dead!" he groaned. "She's committed suicide! Look what she was holding in her hand!"

He held out a small, metal tube with lettering on it. Enzler took the tube and read off the unfamiliar formula. "Sleeping pills?" he said doubtfully. "What'd she do that for?"

Michler did not answer for just at that moment Dr. Kranzmeier's car skidded to a halt beside the dump and the doctor leaped out and ran toward the body.

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"Here's what she took, doc," said Enzler, thrusting out the tube. "If it'll help."

The doctor glanced swiftly at the tube and then turned his attention to the girl, after only a moment, came to a stop and got slowly to his feet.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's too late. A good deal too late. She's been dead for five or six hours at least. There's nothing I can do. How did it happen?"

Johannes Michler did not answer. He seemed completely stunned and the blood had drained out of his face leaving his cheeks a deathly white.

"He's in shock," said Dr. Kranzmeier, peering at him. "Here. Help me get him over to his house. What's he doing out here in his stockinged feet."

**W**HILE THE two men half-led, half-carried the numbed, shaking father to his house, Enzler explained what had happened in so far as he knew it. "He said she had that empty medicine tube in her hand," he concluded. "Was it something she could commit suicide with?"

"It certainly was if she took the whole tube," said the doctor. "Have you called the police?"

"No," said Enzler. "Should I have?"

"Of course," said the doctor. "These are definitely not normal conditions for a young girl of sixteen to die under. The police will have to come and make an investigation before the death certificate can be issued. You go and call them now while I get Johannes into the house and break the news to Mrs. Michler and, as soon as you finish calling, you go back down there to the dump until they come."

"Why?" said Harold Enzler.

"Rats," said the doctor tersely.

"Most dumps have rats in them."

If there were rats at the Burghaun dump they were, it seemed, not hungry, for the police found no signs of their attacks on the body when they arrived from Fulda forty-five minutes later.

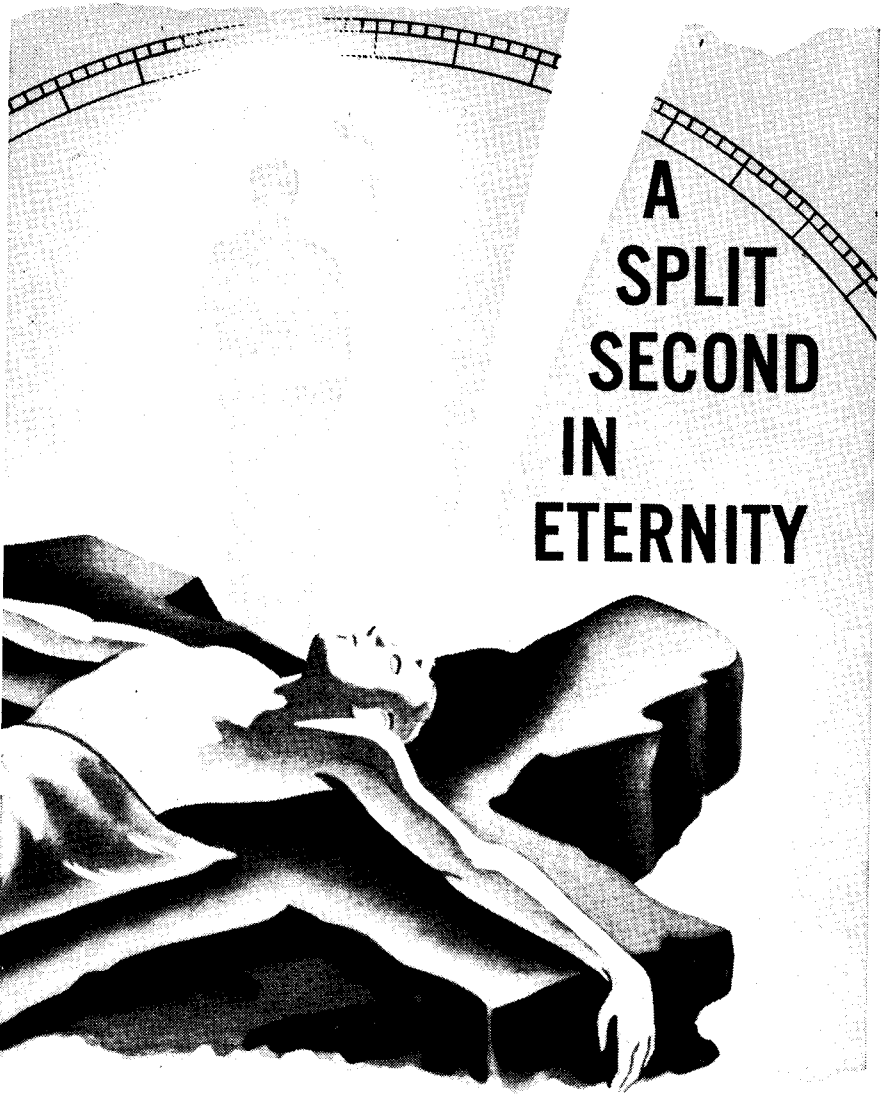
The police party which arrived consisted of Inspector Arthur Koenig, a veteran of the Criminal Investigations Department and an impressive figure of a man, standing six feet three in his stockinged feet and weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds. His driver and assistant, Detective Sergeant Franz Heusamen, was a big man himself, but next to the inspector, he looked no more than average size.

The third, Dr. Cheslaus Unhold, the department's expert in criminal medicine, formed a sharp contrast, being small, dark, bird-like and very active. He also tended to dress in dark colors and on this particular day was wearing a midnight-blue, dralon suit and a black turtle-neck shirt.

The doctor's examination of the corpse was quick and almost perfunctory.

"Can't say too much until after the autopsy," he said briskly. "Time of death was around midnight last night. No apparent injuries. If she took what was in the tube, that's what killed her."

Dr. Kranzmeier had given the tube which Johannes Michler had found in



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his daughter's hand to Harold Enzler with the instruction to pass it on to the police as soon as they arrived.

"Suicide?" said Inspector Koenig in a bass rumble.

The doctor shrugged. "What else?" he asked.

"Funny place to do it," said the sergeant.

The inspector gave him a slow, thoughtful look. "That's what I was thinking," he said. "Would you call headquarters, Cheslaus, and have them send out the corpse transporter? Franz and I are going to take a little closer look at the scene here. I think there's something we have to try and determine."

"If she came here alone," said the sergeant.

"Right," said the inspector. "You can go home, Mr. Enzler. We may come and talk to you again later. If you go anywhere, let somebody know where you're going."

Harold Enzler started to say that he had planned to go fishing, but stopped as it seemed almost frivolous to be going fishing just as if nothing had happened when poor little Waltraud was lying there dead on the village dump. Actually, she had not been so very little, quite a big girl really, but she was still a child.

Not quite as much of a child as Harold Enzler thought perhaps. Dr. Unhold had finished calling headquarters in Fulda over the police car radio-telephone and had returned to do a little more examining of the body.

"Well, that probably explains it," he said straightening up with an air of satisfaction.

"Explains what?" said the inspector, walking over toward him. He and the sergeant had been coursing about over the dump very much like two large, earnest hunting dogs, occasionally stopping to examine more carefully something of interest and on one or two occasions sticking a little metal flag with a number on it into the ground.

"Why she committed suicide," said the doctor. "She was pregnant."

The inspector thought about this briefly. "Do girls still commit suicide for that reason?" he asked.

"Not many today," admitted the doctor. "This one did though."

"I don't think she committed suicide," said the inspector.

The doctor shot a quick, bird-like glance at the expressionless face a foot above his head. "You found something?"

"Somebody carried her here," said the inspector. "A man it looks like. Wearing a man's shoes anyway. Don't you agree, Franz?"

The sergeant had come over to join them. "Yes," he said. "The ground is soft here and this one set of footprints is too deep. His feet were sinking right in as if he was carrying a heavy load."

"Couldn't it have been a heavy load of junk?" said the doctor.

"Do you see anything that heavy, a hundred pounds or better right around here?" said the inspector. "See? We've marked out where he walked in carrying her and there's the same footprints go-

ing out, only going out they don't sink in as far."

"I expect you're right," said the doctor, squinting at the footprints. "I wasn't planning on doing this autopsy until Monday, but I suppose you'll want it right away now?"

The inspector nodded. "I'm afraid so, Cheslaus," he said. "Franz and I are going to be working this weekend."

**N**OT ONLY Franz and the inspector were to be working that weekend, so was much of the staff of the Fulda Criminal Investigations Department. A squad from the police laboratory came out with boxes full of equipment and began taking photographs, casts and measurements. Teams of detectives appeared and two trained, tracking dogs turned up and were put to sniffing around the dump. In Huenfeld and Fulda still other plainclothes officers were attempting to find out where the tube which had contained a powerful brand of sleeping tablets and which had been found empty in the girl's hand had been purchased.

The operations in Burghaun were presided over by Sergeant Heusamen who had set up a temporary command post in the police car at the edge of the village dump and who maintained a continual contact with the inspector at his office back in Fulda where he was supervising and coordinating the entire investigation.

By six o'clock that evening when the operations at the Burghaun dump were completed a number of things had been established, but there was still no evidence that Waltraud Michler had actually been murdered. She had, however, it seemed almost certain, been carried to the dump by someone after she had already lost consciousness and this person must have known that she was either dying or would die shortly unless she received prompt medical attention.

There was, moreover, good reason to doubt that the girl had known what the pills were when she swallowed them. The results of the interviews with the relatives and neighbors in Burghaun had shown that Waltraud Michler was not at all the type of girl who would have been driven to suicide by an out-of-wedlock pregnancy. She was, as a matter of fact, a very modern sort of German girl who did not feel herself bound by the conventions of the preceding generation.

Added to this was the material evidence of the sleeping tablet tube which was found to have fingerprints from Johannes Michler, Harold Enzler and Dr. Kranzmeier on it, but none from Waltraud Michler. Her father had stated that he had found it in the palm of her right hand and that it had fallen out when he had raised her arm in an attempt to revive her.

"The lab says that the indications are that the fellow was deliberately trying to make it look like suicide," said the inspector. He was speaking to Sergeant Heusamen who had just come in from Burghaun with his reports on the results of the investigations there.

"The picture seems to be that the fellow brought her there in a car at just

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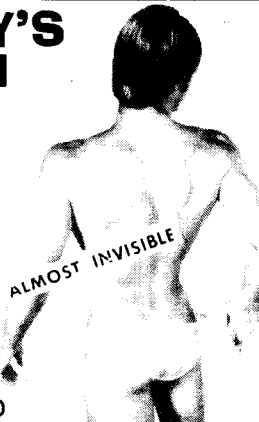
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before midnight," continued the inspector. "He carried her over and laid her on the dump and then he took the sleeping tablet tube, wiped it clean and closed her hand around it. He apparently didn't realize that she could hardly have taken it in her hand like that without getting prints on it from her other hand. On top of that, he screwed the cap back on the empty tube. That's something that a real suicide wouldn't stop to do. Did you have any luck in locating the father?"

The sergeant shook his head. "We couldn't find anybody in Burghaun who suspected that she was having an affair at all, let alone with whom," he said. "Sort of surprised me. In a little place like that everybody usually knows everything about everybody else. The only conclusion that I can draw is that he isn't from Burghaun at all."

"He must be familiar with the place," said the inspector. "Otherwise, how would he know where the dump was anyway? It's not the sort of thing a stranger would know and the girl was unconscious."

"Only two hundred yards from her own house too," said the sergeant. "It would seem like he was taking an awful risk. Anything from Cheslaus yet?"

"Time of death," said the inspector. "He says between midnight and one. He thinks she was lying in the dump for close to an hour before she died. Unconscious all the time of course. Cause of death was the sleeping pills. She seems to have taken them in a glass of coke, twenty of them, the whole tube. They made her sick. He said she must have vomited several times."

The sergeant thought it over. "Where?" he said finally.

"A good question," said the inspector. "Look into that tomorrow. If we can find somebody whose car has been vomited in, it could be useful."

"It might be better tonight," said the sergeant. "The longer he's had time to clean it up, the harder it will be to detect. All the Burghaun cars will be there at night too if we do it late enough."

It was late enough. In fact, it was nearly two in the morning before the last car in Burghaun had been checked. Not the slightest trace of vomit had been found in any of them.

"Well," said the inspector, "either it wasn't a Burghaun car or she did her vomiting outside it."

He and the sergeant were driving back to Fulda. Neither man appeared tired or sleepy although it had now been a very considerable time since they had been in a bed.

ALTHOUGH IT was now nearly three o'clock, when the inspector said, "morning", he meant "morning" and he arrived at his office at eight-thirty exactly as if it were not a Sunday and as if he had not been up until five hours earlier. The sergeant turned up five minutes later, but it was not because he had overslept.

"Came in a little early," he said. "I wanted to take a look at the records section. It occurred to me that we might

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have somebody in the records from Burghaun who'd been mixed up in some kind of abnormal sex deal before."

"I don't know that everybody would find getting a sixteen-year-old girl pregnant an abnormal sex deal," said the inspector. She was a pretty mature girl for her age. Well, did you find any?"

"Yup," said the sergeant, holding out a slender file to the inspector. "Fellow named Nonnenmacher. Been arrested twice. Pleaded guilty and fined in both cases."

The inspector opened the file and began to leaf through it curiously. "Hell!" he snorted. "The fellow's an exhibitionist! Only twenty-four years old and married too! Did you read the whole thing? How in hell could he be an exhibitionist in a place like Burghaun? They'd laugh him out of the village!"

"I read it," said the sergeant. "He comes down here to Fulda for his exhibiting. Both arrests were in the park here. Usual thing. Waited in the park and when a woman came along alone, he exposed himself. There's a standard psychiatric check in there. Says he isn't dangerous."

"Don't imagine he would be," said the inspector. "An exhibitionist hardly ever is. Is that the only record in Burghaun? I'd be inclined to doubt that a man like that could get a girl pregnant."

"It's the only one," said the sergeant. "You want me to bring him in and talk to him a little anyway? You never can tell with those perverts."

"Sure. Talk to him," said the inspector. "But don't lean on him. Matter of fact, when you get through talking to him, make up a list of every male in Burghaun capable of becoming a father and talk to all of them. Check out all the alibis for midnight Friday. You know the routine."

"I guess that's about all we can do," agreed the sergeant. "I can't think of anything else either unless, of course, we can find where those sleeping pills were bought and by whom."

Since it was Sunday, none of the pharmacies was open and checking could begin only the next day. However, no leads were reported. The sleeping pills had been a common brand sold without prescription and could have been bought almost anywhere in the area except in Burghaun which had, of course, no pharmacy.

In the meantime, Sergeant Heusamen had brought Walter Nonnenmacher to police headquarters in Fulda and had talked to him at some length. Nonnenmacher did not look much like a sex deviate, being a husky dragline operator nearly as big as the sergeant himself.

Nonnenmacher admitted that he had previously exhibited himself in the Fulda park, but said that he had now got over this strange compulsion and that he was happy with his wife. Waltraud Michler he said he had known only as a little girl in the village. He denied that he had had any relationship with her of any kind and he said that he had gone to bed early on Friday night.

This last statement could not, however, be proved as Nonnenmacher's wife had been visiting her parents in Huenfeld and Nonnenmacher had been home alone.

"I'm afraid it's going to be like that with a lot of them," said the sergeant, reporting on the results of the interview to Inspector Koenig. "They'll all say they were home and their wives will support them of course. Even if the fellow wasn't home, we probably won't be able to prove it."

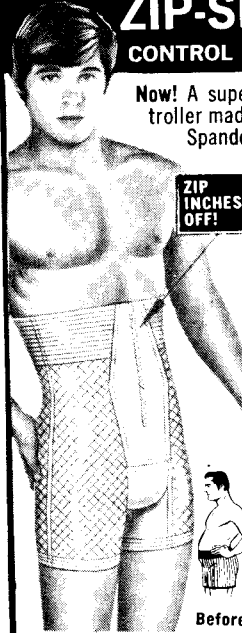
"I know," said the inspector. "But what else can we do?"

Everything else that could be done had already been done, but, as it turned out, the check of the men of Burghaun was not so fruitless as he had feared it would be. Although the village was somewhat more scattered than many European villages are, it was still small and compact enough that it was difficult for anyone to move in it without being observed even, so it seemed, at night.

"I think we're getting somewhere," said the sergeant. "There are at least four men that we know for a fact was out of the house on Friday evening, but not a one of them will admit it! If they had some innocent reason for being out, why don't they say so?"

"Well, it could be a not so innocent reason, but still not be the Michler girl," said the inspector. "I was born and raised in a little village near here and you wouldn't believe the nonsense that goes on in a place like that, people try-

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ing out their neighbor's wives and that sort of thing. They talk about wife-swapping today, but they were doing things like that in the villages before magazines and newspapers were invented. It was just that there wasn't so much money in writing about it."

"That's probably what it is," said the sergeant, "but we've got one fellow there who seems more likely than the rest. I get the impression that some of the people in Burghaun think he's the one who did it, but they don't want to come out and say so. They're afraid of him."

"Big fellow? Fighter?" said the inspector. "What's his name?"

"Little bitty fellow," said the sergeant, "and no fighter at all, but they claim he's mean. Anybody cross him, something happens. Their dog gets poisoned or somebody slashes the tires on their car. There've been cases where a barn or shed caught on fire in the middle of the night for no reason. Nobody's ever been able to prove anything so they put up with it."

"Put up with what?" said the inspector.

"I gather they think he's a peeping tom," said the sergeant. "Out every

night and most of the night or so they say. You can't tell about these things. He's forty-four years old and never been married so the people naturally think there's something queer about him."

"Doesn't sound like the kind of a man a sixteen-year-old girl would go for exactly," said the inspector. "What's his name?"

"Paul Schleicher," said the sergeant. "And I don't know about the sixteen-year-olds, but Schleicher has got quite a reputation with the older women in Burghaun. He's practically the only able-bodied bachelor in the village and since he has a little truck farm there, he isn't off working when the other men are. I got the impression that some of them think he's spending the afternoons in bed with their wives."

"All right," said the inspector. "Let's bring him in and hold him on suspicion. We'll see what some good hard interrogation does. There's something else too I've been thinking about. Cheslaus has turned in the final autopsy report now and he says that the girl had some wieners and potato salad not long before she took the sleeping pills. Now, I never heard of anybody making a meal out of wieners and potato salad and then going off to commit suicide. People who are that shook up don't think about eating. I think this is evidence that the girl didn't know what she was taking. The point is though, where did she eat those wieners and potato salad and drink the coke that she took to wash down the sleeping pills?"

The sergeant pondered. "It wasn't at home," he said. "Her parents said she didn't come home for dinner at all. They went to bed pretty early and they thought she'd come in and go to bed by herself later. She usually stayed up later than the rest of the family. Michler thought she was in her room in bed when Enzler came to tell him she was lying dead on the dump."

"I know she didn't have dinner at home," said the inspector, "but I'm pretty sure that she didn't have dinner alone either. If we can find out where she ate that night, it could be a public place and the waiter might remember who she was with. It's worth a try anyway."

The sergeant thought so too and he began organizing teams to canvass the snack bars and restaurants in the various little towns around Burghaun and in Fulda itself. In the meantime, a squad went out to the village and brought in Paul Schleicher.

Schleicher, a small, wiry, dark-complected man with strangely glittering black eyes, proved to be uncooperative in the extreme. He refused to answer questions, defied the police to prove anything against him and demanded his immediate release.

"Who in the hell do you think you are?" he snapped at the interrogators. "I'm a free German citizen and I pay my taxes. And where does the money go? To a bunch of fat parasites like you! If the girl was killed at all, some of you cops probably did it yourself in order to find something to do!"

The interrogator, a comparatively

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young man, reported these statements to the inspector with considerable indignation, but the inspector found them amusing.

"He may be a little guy, but he doesn't scare easy," he chuckled. "Put him in detention over night and we'll see if it softens him up any. If not, we'll have to let him go. I don't have any basis for holding him."

Rather to everyone's surprise, the night in the detention cells did soften Paul Schleicher and the next morning he announced that he was willing to talk, but only to the man in charge and without anyone else present.

The inspector unhesitatingly agreed to these terms and Schleicher was brought to his office alone.

Schleicher's eyes flicked nervously about the office. "I don't want any trouble," he said. "I'm unpopular enough in Burghaun as it is."

"There'll be no trouble," said the inspector. "Unless you're responsible for that girl's death. If you are, you needn't worry about Burghaun. You won't be going back there."

"I didn't do it," said Schleicher, "and I don't know who did, but I know who was—he used a vulgar word for sexual intercourse—her! Will that help?"

"A good deal," said the inspector. "If it's true. Who knows this besides you?"

Schleicher shrugged. "His wife maybe," he said. "I don't know. I watched them a couple of times, once in his car and once in the woods back of her

house. The time in the woods was close to two years ago. She was still in school then. Couldn't have been over fourteen."

"Just a minute," interrupted the inspector. "Who was it? What's the fellow's name?"

"Nonnenmacher," said Paul Schleicher. "Walter Nonnenmacher. He lives in Burghaun."

**SIX HOURS** later, Sergeant Heusamen called the inspector's office over the telephone. "I'm in Huenfeld," he said. "Looks like we've found the restaurant where she ate dinner that night. According to the description, it sounds as if she was with Nonnenmacher."

"Well, it looks like that's it," said the inspector. He explained briefly what he had learned from Schleicher. "I couldn't be sure that he was telling the truth," he said, "but this about ties it up. Go pick up Nonnenmacher and bring him in. You know where he works, don't you?"

The sergeant did and within less than two hours Walter Nonnenmacher was stammering out his confession in the inspector's office. According to his statement, it was quite true that he had been intimate with Waltraud Michler since the time that she was fourteen!

"Then, she went and got pregnant!" said Nonnenmacher. "I would have been ruined if it had come out! My wife would have divorced me! Why, I could have been sent to jail! She was still a minor.

"I told her that the sleeping pills were medicine that would make her have an abortion. She didn't want to have the baby either and anyway she believed me whatever I told her. We had dinner in Huenfeld and she took the pills, all twenty of them. I put the empty tube in my pocket and we started to drive back to Burghaun.

"Waltraud got sick before we'd gone very far and she had to vomit so I stopped the car and helped her out. She had to vomit twice more before we got to Burghaun and I stopped the car every time.

"When we got in Burghaun she was almost completely gone; she couldn't do more than move her arms a little and she couldn't talk. I put her on the dump, put the tube in her hand and went home. I thought I might see the late show on television, but it was too late so I just had a little snack and a beer and went to bed.

"I'm sorry I had to kill Waltraud, but I don't know what else I could have done."

On November 10, 1972, the Criminal Court in Fulda found that Walter Nonnenmacher had, indeed, other alternatives and having declared him guilty as charged, sentenced him to twenty years imprisonment, a sentence which he is now serving.

The following names have been changed in this report: Arthur Koenig, Franz Heusamen, Cheslaus Unhold, Karl Kranzmeier, Harold Enzler and Paul Schleicher.

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The book we are going to tell you about cannot be sold at all in Canada. Is absolutely barred by the Canadian government as too dangerous to be given to their citizens. (So if you're Canadian, we can't ship this book to you at all.)

This book, however — so far — can still be sold in the United States... if you can get your hands on a copy! Remember, it was turned down by over thirty publishers. Then, when it was printed, 95% of all bookstores wouldn't touch it with a tenfoot pole!

In fact, in some states, not a single copy has been let in! They have been seized as soon as they appeared anywhere in a store!

Why? Because this book tells you how to get almost everything you want FREE — simply by going out and taking it, the "smart way!"

## HOW TO GET ALL THE LUXURY FOOD YOU WANT — FREE!

If you know "insider's tricks" like these, you can eat like a king, in the best restaurants in town, for absolutely nothing, or at most a few pennies every week!

How to eat all you want FREE at bars, without even having to buy a beer. How to eat for nothing in self-service cafeterias. And eat so much that your stomach may actually feel like it's going to burst!

How fixed-price restaurants can give you FREE meals for two or three days, after you've paid the regular price for your first meal.

How order-by-phone restaurants can provide you with a bulging gourmet dinner for nothing. Not one red penny.

But this is only the beginning! Because if you don't want to eat out all the time, but want to dine sumptuously at home on other people's food, then just wait till you read this —

## HOW TO MAKE SUPERMARKETS GIVE YOU THEIR FOOD FREE!

If you live in these states (mentioned on page 121 of this book) you can get up to \$100 worth of FREE purchases a month, through one simple ruse.

Or, in any state, this is what you can now do: You can get FREE meat from the butcher, just by asking him the right way. FREE LP records. FREE gourmet sandwiches. FREE fish. FREE package goods. FREE steaks or chops. FREE vegetable products. In fact, so much FREE FOOD that you may have to buy a freezer to store it!

Now, there are some foods that you can't get completely free most of the time. So you use maneuvers like these:

You pay the price of the smallest size, but you get the large economy size for it.

You buy butter for the price of margarine.

You buy steaks for the price of potatoes (when you can't get them free.)

You pay half the price for canned goods.

And then you go on, beyond food, like this:

## HOW TO GET THE BEST CLOTHING AND FURNITURE YOU WANT — FREE!

How to get an almost-new pair of shoes, for exactly 25¢.

How you can wear \$300 suits (or \$200 dresses), simply by asking the right people for them, in the right way.

How laundries and dry-cleaners can be made to give you a complete wardrobe — either for pennies, or absolutely free.

How to get brand-new top styles, anywhere, for less than half the regular retail price (or less than half the regular sales price).

How apartment houses and hotels practically "give-away" top furniture.

How clothing manufacturers will actually donate their latest models to you, and love you for taking them away.

## HOW TO GET SUPER-DELUXE TRANSPORTATION ALL OVER THE WORLD — FREE!

How to get FREE gas. FREE information from the AAA. FREE bus rides. FREE plane rides for short distances (or go around the world by plane for \$88). FREE in-flight movies. FREE car trips for up to 500 miles (or go to Los Angeles from New York, and see the country in luxury for less than \$8, with somebody else's brand new car).

How to get a FREE vacation in a foreign country — with all sorts of bonuses thrown in.

How to fly FREE (or for pennies) on the airline of your choice, and have them give you up to \$250 when you get where you're going.

How to make local calls in a telephone booth for 2¢ apiece.

How to phone long-distance FREE.

How to have your friends call you at home, FREE, from any pay phone they wish.

How to avoid paying for an unlisted phone.

How to make your own telephone credit-card, that you can use all over the world.

## AND THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! NOW YOU GO ON TO GET FREE LAND! FREE HOUSING! FREE EDUCATION! FREE MEDICAL CARE! FREE PLAY! AND EVEN FREE MONEY!!!

How to get FREE land in Canada... in Alaska... even in some of the most beautiful parts of Western USA.

How to go to the college of your choice without paying. And then get FREE books to boot.

How to get emergency treatment at any hospital without paying a penny for it. How to get FREE dental work. FREE shots. Free eyeglasses. FREE psychiatric treatment. And FREE medical care (including drugs) for almost a dozen diseases. How to go to FREE movies — and see the best new films months before your friends do.

How to get into sports stadiums, concerts, and other entertainments for a fraction of the regular price.

Why public libraries will give you their books — for keeps — if you know the right way to ask them. And the same exact "Insider's Knowledge" works with book and record publishers all over the country!

How to get \$10 FREE from a bank.

How to borrow up to \$2,500 — and not pay it back at all.

How to get a bankbook showing you have money in that bank, when you really don't have a penny there.

How to use worthless travelers checks as security, after you've spent, the money they originally cost you.

How to send letters or packages through the mail FREE. How to get your laundry done by a laundramat FREE. How to get rid of all your garbage FREE.

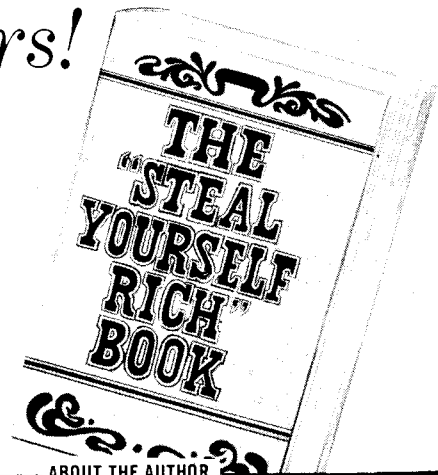
How to get a \$300 watch FREE from the company that makes it.

How to get an expense-paid trip to Las Vegas for two for exactly \$23.

How to buy direct from the government at nothing prices.

How to get FREE legal advice, if you need it.

How to charge hundreds of dollars worth of goods on your credit card, and never be required to pay a cent for any of it!



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

You can realize, of course, how the explosive nature of this material prohibits us from using the name of this nationally famous author here. However, we can say this:

"He has written articles in numerous magazines. He has been on T.V. many times including the David Frost and David Susskind shows. He has also appeared on the Merv Griffin and Johnny Carson shows. He is one of the most popular speakers on the college campuses and has been interviewed by Life, Look, Time, etc."

How to get FREE flowers. FREE drugs. FREE design-service for your apartment. FREE lessons in plumbing, electricity, woodworking, construction, jewelry-making. FREE pets. Even a FREE (or almost free) funeral if someone in your family needs it.

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We must point out to you, once again, that this is the most explosive, dangerous and downright subversive book we have ever read. Many of its techniques are actually illegal. We, ourselves, completely disavow them, and had an extended struggle within this firm as to whether we would sell this book to the public at all.

But we still firmly believe in the right of free speech in this country. This means the right for all opinions, all facts and all viewpoints to be exposed to the public.

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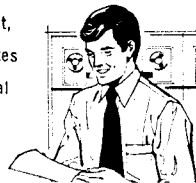
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